

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Beginning in this Number

THE HEART OF THE HILLS

the new serial story by

JOHN FOX JR.

*Author of "The Trail of the
Lonesome Pine" and "The Little
Shepherd of Kingdom Come"*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER, PRESIDENT
ARTHUR H. SCRIBNER, TREASURER
O. R. D. SCHIEFFELIN, SECRETARY

153-157 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK • TEMPLE HOUSE, TEMPLE AVE. LONDON, E. C.



When
all is
said
and
done—

SAPOLIO

is the cleaner that never disappoints. It Cleans, Scours, Polishes paint, woodwork, floors, pans and kettles—and what is very important—it

Works Without Waste

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

APRIL 1912

CONTENTS

Drawing by F. C. Yohn, to accompany "The Heart of the Hills," reproduced in tints.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE HEART OF THE HILLS John Fox, Jr.	385
CHAPTERS I-IV. (<i>To be continued.</i>)	
Illustration by F. C. Yohn.	
A SONG OF THE BY-WAYS.	Corinne Roosevelt Robinson 394
CADENABBIA	Mary King Waddington 395
Illustrations by E. C. Peixotto.	
WITCHING HILL STORIES	E. W. Hornung 411
III.—A VICIOUS CIRCLE.	
Illustrations by F. C. Yohn.	
THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER	Robert Grant 422
CHAPTERS VII-VIII. (<i>To be continued.</i>)	
"THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING"	Eleanor Stuart 432
THE ALBANY TRAIL TO JAMES BAY	George T. Marsh 433
THIRTEEN HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE.	
Illustrations from photographs by the author.	
MONARCHICAL VERSUS RED SOCIALISM IN GERMANY	Elmer Roberts 449
TWO CAPITALS.—MOSCOW—PEKING. Poem.	Harriet Monroe 454
Illustrations by C. B. Falls.	
ZALLI	Barry Benefield 456
Illustrations by W. L. Jacobs.	
PRAYER BEFORE PLANTING TREES. Poem.	Walter Malone 466
HALF-TOLD TALES.	Henry van Dyke 468
THE DOWNFALL OF STRONGHOLD.	
Illustrations by Garth Jones.	
PETUNIAS—THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE	Dorothy Canfield 473
Illustrations by E. M. Ashe.	
KISA-GÔTAMI. Poem.	Arthur Davison Ficke 481
IN DEFENCE OF THE AMERICAN CITY	Frederic C. Howe 484
THE TURNSTILE	A. E. W. Mason 491
CHAPTERS XXV-XXVIII. (<i>To be continued.</i>)	
THE POINT OF VIEW—The Dangerous Profession—The Teeming Country—My Unseen Interlocutors.	
505	
THE FIELD OF ART—A New Portrait of Cervantes. (<i>George Tyler Northup.</i>)	
Illustrated.	
509	



Index to Advertisements

On this page and page 4 will be found each month a list of all advertisements in the issue. Alphabetically arranged and grouped under special headings you have here, for instant reference, the names of products of the best manufacturers in the country.

Scribner's Magazine is practically alone in the arrangement and classification of its advertising pages. The marked advantage of our plan to readers and advertisers alike becomes more apparent each month. Test the real service of our department classification for yourself. Compare the general order of the advertising pages in Scribner's Magazine with the pages of any other magazine you read. The result will be that you will find greater pleasure, more real service, in the advertising pages of Scribner's than any other magazine.

Building—Furnishing

PAGE		PAGE		PAGE	
Amcr. Telephone & Telegraph Co.	39	Meriden Britannia Company	48	Dreer's Garden Book	42
Automatic Vacuum Cleaner Co.	53	Monroe Refrigerator Company	51	B. H. Farr—Seeds	46
Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.	50	National Fireproofing Company	45	Musical Instruments	
Boyle & Co.—Floor Wax	49	New Jersey Zinc Company	44	John Church Co.—Pianos	51
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.	44	Ostermoor Company	46	Farrand Organ Company	51
Craftsman Fireplace Company	52	Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co.	52	Kranich & Bach Piano	38
Enterprise Foundry & Fence Co.	42	Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.	75	Tel-Electric Piano Player	5
Essex Incubator Company	42	Tiffany & Company	3	Victor-Victrola	34-35
Fiske & Co.—Tapestry Brick	53	Western Electric Company	43	Wilcox & White—The Angels	47
Hartshorn Shade Rollers	42	Witt Cornice Company	48	Office Appliances and Stationery	
Karpen & Bros.—Furniture	50	Garden		H. Bainbridge & Co.—Pens	61
Keystone Varnish Company	42	Bobbink & Atkins—Seeds	49	Esterbrook Pen Company	59
William Leavens & Co.—Furniture	53	Davey Tree Expert Company	49	Spencerian Pen Company	60
Macheth-Evans Glass Co.	42	Food Products			
McCray Refrigerator Company	48				

Food Products

PAGE		PAGE		PAGE	
Apenta	54	Horlick's Malted Milk	54	Post Toasties	37
Cresca Food Delicacies	54	Huyler's Chocolate	54	Postum	33
Crisco	32d	Libby's Tomato Catsup	3d Cover	Sen-Sen Chiclet Company	56
Evans' Ale	56	Liqueur Peres Chartreux	55	Shredded Wheat Company	32h
Grape Nuts	4th Cover	National Biscuit Co.—Nabisco	41		

TIFFANY & Co.

SILVERWARE MADE IN TIFFANY &
Co.'S OWN SHOPS IS SOLD ONLY BY
THEMSELVES

TIFFANY & Co.'S BLUE BOOK GIVES
FULL INFORMATION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Index to Advertisements—Continued

Travel—Resorts—Tours

PAGE		PAGE	PAGE
Baltimore-Bremen Co.—Tours . . . 66	Etretat (France) _____ 66	Peak Hydro' Hotel _____ 66	
Bankers Trust Company . . . 68	Graham Tours _____ 64	Raymond & Whitcomb—Tours . . 64	
Bureau of University Travel . . 64	Johnson Tours _____ 64	Southern Pacific Steamships . . 68	
Collver Tours _____ 64	North German Lloyd 64	Southern Railway _____ 67	
Thomas Cook & Son—Tours . . . 66	Northern Pacific Railway . . . 65	Temple Tours _____ 64	
DePotter Tours _____ 64	Dr. & Mrs. H. S. Paine—Tours . 64		

Books, Magazines, etc.

PAGE		PAGE	PAGE
Architectural Record Magazine . 46	Grolier Society _____ 17	Scribner's Magazine Agency . . 26	
Book Supply Company 16	Houghton-Mifflin Company . . 7	Scribner's Magazine Notes . 32c-32f	
Century Company 8-9	The House Beautiful Magazine 76	Charles Scribner's Sons . . . 20-25	
Craftsman Magazine 44	Life Publishing Company . . . 15	F. A. Stokes Publishing Co. . . 11	
Curtis & Cameron—Copley Prints 16	G. & C. Merriam Publishing Co 14	System Magazine _____ 58	
Dodd, Mead & Company 10	Outing Publishing Company . . 16	Eliz. Towne Co.—The Nautilus . 14	
Encyclopædia Britannica . 16a-16b	Review of Reviews Company . 12-13	Vogue Publishing Company . 18-19	

Automobiles and Accessories

PAGE		PAGE	PAGE
American Electric Co. 60	B. F. Goodrich Co. _____ 69	Oldsmobile _____ 73	
Anderson Electric Vehicle Co. . 72	Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. 70-71	Stearns _____ 78-79	
Baker Motor Vehicle Co. 74			

Articles of Wear

PAGE		PAGE	PAGE
American Woolen Company . . . 36	Hart Schaffner & Marx 77	Stein & Co.—Paris Garters . . 57	
Cheney Bros.—Silks 58	Kremenz Collar Button 57	Studd & Millington—Togas . . 57	

Miscellaneous

PAGE		PAGE	PAGE
Allen's Foot Ease _____ 62	N. Y. Real Estate Security Co. . 63	Fairy Soap _____ 32g	
W. F. & J. Barnes Co.—Lathes . 62	Stevens Arms & Tool Co. . . . 62	Ivory Soap _____ 80	
Susanna Cocroft _____ 63	Vapo-Cresolene _____ 60	Mennen's Borated Talcum . . . 61	
Detroit Boat Co. 52, 57, 58, 63	Vinol _____ 62	Park & Tilford . _____ 63	
V. J. Evans & Co.—Patents . . . 60	John B. Wiggins Co. _____ 66	Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush . . 61	
Goerz American Optical Co. . . . 62	The Worthington Company . . . 60	Sapolio _____ 2d Cover	
Keeley Cure _____ 60			
Mahin Advertising Agency . 50, 58	Proprietary Articles	Schools and Colleges	
Michigan Steel Boat Co. 51, 60	Cuticura Soap. 59		
N. Y. City Car Adv. Co. 40	Electro Silicon 59	See pages _____ 27-32c	

The Advertising pages in Scribner's Magazine are peculiarly interesting. The cleverness and inventiveness shown in the preparation of advertising copy, the assured integrity of the advertisers, the great variety of things advertised, the very make-up of the advertising section with its numerous **Departments** under which advertisements of similar character are grouped together, give them an alluring effectiveness which will take Scribner readers all the way through.



By the use of the
marvellous
expression devices of

The Tel-Electric Piano Player

you realize the pleasure of personally producing music. You realize it more fully than any other kind of a piano-player because your *hands* alone are employed.

You do not have to pump the TEL-ELECTRIC, and therefore you can concentrate your attention on the regulation of its tempo, expression, pedals and touch. A mere touch of the finger and a turn of the wrist give you complete control over this wonderful player.

You have at your command the whole range of musical composition.

You can play with the technique of a master musician the symphonies of Beethoven and the *etudes* of Chopin or the selections from the latest operettas.

THE TEL-ELECTRIC is the most artistic and responsive of all piano-players. Its touch is all but human. Its control may be learned in a few moments.

Exclusive Tel-Electric Features

It can be attached to any grand or upright piano. The expression devices act instantaneously with the touch of your fingers.

Its music rolls are made of metal and are indestructible.

It requires no pumping.

The proper expression is cut into the rolls and even without your assistance it will play any music exactly as the composer indicates.

It does not in any way obstruct the key board of your piano which is always free for hand playing.

Price attached to your piano \$350

Send to us for Illustrated Catalog

The Tel-Electric Company

299 Fifth Avenue

Tel-Electric Building

New York City

Branches
Chicago
Boston-

Agencies
in all
large cities

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

The MAY SCRIBNER

The number will contain a remarkable group of articles on

Water and Power in Industry

The story of how the great water-ways are being harnessed to industry throughout the country.

The Power Planters

By Benjamin Brooks, author of "Below the Water Line," tells the romantic story of the men who locate the sources and measure the available water supplies, and of the planning and building of a great power plant.

Water Power in Industrial Life

By David B. Rushmore. The author describes the present application of water power throughout the United States, including the recent great developments in the West and on the Pacific coast.

A Ditch in the Desert

By E. Roscoe Shrader. The wonderful way water was carried from the high Sierras across the great Mojave Desert into Los Angeles.

The Deepest Siphon Tunnel in the World

By Robert K. Tomlin, Jr. The story of New York's wonderful new water-way hundreds of feet under the Hudson River.

The Heart of the Hills, The New Serial by John Fox, Jr.

The Convictions of a Grandfather, by Robert Grant.

Pierre Auguste Renoir, by Walter Pach. Illustrated.

Another Witching Hill Story, *The Angel of Life,* by E. W. Hornung.

Out There, a story of the East and West, by Arthur Ruhl.

The Turnstile, by A. E. W. Mason.



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY'S

Important Spring Books



Meredith Nicholson's

Greatest Novel

A Hoosier Chronicle

A buoyant, enthralling story of love and politics in a typical American state in which the influence of an unusual heroine is keenly felt throughout the many dramatic situations.

"A Hoosier Chronicle" is the kind of novel which the reader puts down with a sense of having known intimately its characters and been a participant in the stirring scenes described.

Illustrated in color by F. C. Yohn. \$1.40 net; postpaid \$1.56



Christopher By Richard Pryce

"A refreshing book for the reader who knows and loves human nature, who delights in the quiet realities of life."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"A story altogether worth knowing . . . done with amazing insight."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"The charm of the story and the leisureliness of its narration remind one of DeMorgan's 'Joseph Vance.'"—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Mr. Pryce is unmistakably in the front rank of English novelists."—*Washington Star*.

\$1.35 net; postpaid \$1.47

Lost Farm Camp

By HARRY H. KNIBBS

An exhilarating story of the pine woods of Maine, where a young man from the city finds adventure, red-blooded life, and—"Swickey."

Illustrated. \$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.36

Alexander's Bridge

By WILLA S. CATHER

The story of a great engineer and the two women who play a part in his life.

\$1.00 net; postpaid \$1.10

The Promised Land

By MARY ANTIN

This autobiography of a Russian immigrant is remarkable for its humor and pathos.

Illustrated. \$1.75 net; postpaid \$1.90

Lee the American

By GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

A brilliantly searching and sympathetic study of the great Southern leader.

Illustrated. \$2.50 net; postpaid \$2.68



Polly of the Hospital Staff

By EMMA C. DOWD

Grown-ups and children, doctors and nurses, lovers of Rebecca, of Mary Cary, and of Little Nell will enjoy this book. It is full of cheery inspiration and of that subtle quality which has been best described as "the smile within the tear, and the tear within the smile."

Illustrated in color. \$1.00 net; postpaid \$1.08

Boston

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

New York

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

The Six Best Sellers



Do you ever stop and consider how little The Century costs as compared with current popular books you buy so easily and read so quickly? Here are the six books which are the "best sellers" for the month of January as reported by "The Bookman." They are all extra long books—the average length is 129,000 words; the average price \$1.35. They are good value for the money. You have bought enough of them at this price to make them best sellers.

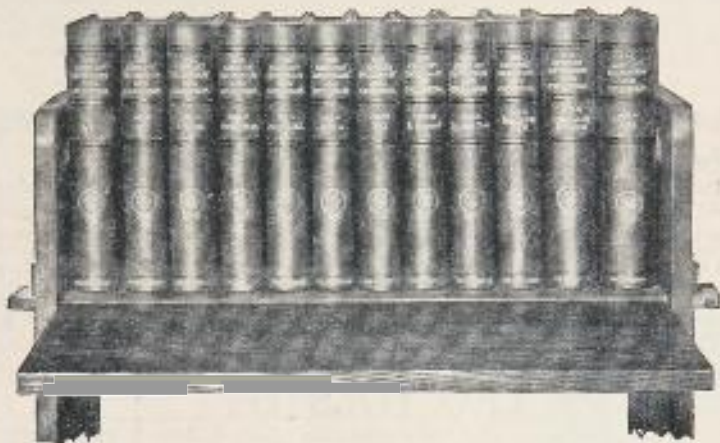
The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia and Atlas contains 24,000,000 words, 192 times as many as a best seller, and costs 56 times as much. What you pay for The Century will buy only 56 such books as these "best sellers," while if The Century were printed in the form of a popular novel it would fill 112 volumes of the largest novels sold for \$1.35.

The CENTURY

New and Revised Edition

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

The Real Best Seller



Then consider how much more use to you and more value to you is every word in The Century than any word in a novel, without including the 10,000 pictures, plates in color, charts and maps, and you will see what a bargain The Century really is.

Any novel which sells 50,000 copies is a best seller. If it sells over that number, it is a best seller for many months. 100,000 copies is an exceptional sale.

The Century has Sold 200,000 Sets

It is a "best seller" in every sense. It is cheaper than a novel, it has sold more copies than most novels in the same time, and it is a more lasting and valuable investment than a whole library of novels or of any other kind of books.

The Century Co., Union Sq., New York

Dictionary Cyclopedia & Atlas

Use this Coupon to ask for information

THE CENTURY CO.
Union Square
New York City

Send me today full information about the new edition of The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia and Atlas, with the understanding that this request incurs no obligation or expense on my part.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ State _____

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

Noteworthy Spring Publications

The Detective Story of the Season
Cleverer than "THE HOLLADAY CASE"
More mysterious than "THE MARATHON MYSTERY"

With illustrations by Thomas Fogarty
12mo, \$1.30 net. Postage, 13c. extra

MY LADY CAPRICE

By Jeffery Farnol

Author of "The Broad Highway," "The Money Moon"

Jeffery Farnol has yet to write a brighter, sweeter, more delicious love story than this, his first book, which was published in an expensive, illustrated edition before the author had made his reputation. Issued now for the first time as a novel, it will come to the author's thousands of admirers as a new story.

Frontispiece. 12mo, \$1.00 net
Postage, 10c. extra

INTIMACIES OF COURT AND SOCIETY

An Unconventional Narrative
of Unofficial Days

By the Widow of an
American Diplomat

"Not for many moons has there appeared a book of court and society gossip that could match this one in excellence of matter, style and spirit."
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"One of the most entertaining books of its class yet published in this country."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Illustrated 8vo. \$2.50 net
Postage, 29c. extra

SECRET SERVICE

By William Gillette

Dive into a novel by CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Those who have seen the play can thrill and gasp all over again with this book in their hands; and those who have never seen the play, and wanted to be waked up, and worked up, and stirred up, have a treat before them when they begin to read "Secret Service."

Illustrated by the Kinneys. 12mo, \$1.25 net
Postage, 12c. extra

A Powerful Story by a New and Remarkably
Promising American Author

12mo, \$1.30 net
Postage, 13c. extra



THE BUTTERFLY HOUSE

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

Author of "A New England Nun," etc.

The author of those wonderfully realistic stories of New England, "A New England Nun," and other books, here depicts the life of a suburban community with that keenness of insight and fidelity to nature which made her famous.

Illustrated by Paul Julien Meylan. 12mo, \$1.20 net
Postage, 12c. extra

DEATH, AN ESSAY

By Maurice Maeterlinck

Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

Death as a beginning, not Death as an end, has kindled the imagination of the great mystic philosopher. What the foremost figure in contemporary literature has to say upon Death and Immortality cannot fail to impress profoundly all thoughtful readers.

Small 12mo, \$1.00 net
Postage, 10c. extra

THE ESSENTIAL THING

By Arthur Hodges

A powerful novel, done on bold and striking lines, of society life in New York. And it is written not from hearsay or guesswork, not by a man who never got nearer to New York than State Street, Chicago, but by a man who knows what he is talking about, a man who understands New York society because he is clever, and a part of it.

Frontispiece in color by Harrison Fisher
12mo, \$1.30 net. Postage, 13c. extra

A man who has wealth, breeding, and a New England conscience; a woman who possesses refinement, ambition, and a rough diamond of a husband—so much for the situation. But it is impossible to convey in this brief note how cleverly the situation is handled, with what originality and strength. Here is a novel to provoke thought, start discussions, stick in the memory.

The Last Unpublished Works of LEO TOLSTOY

Publication in the United States Authorized by
Arrangement with His Heirs

"When Turgenev was dying he sent this message to Tolstoy: 'I am writing to you specially to say how glad I have been to be your contemporary, and to express my last and sincere request. My friend, return to literary activity! That gift came to you whence comes all the rest. . . . Great writer of our Russian land, listen to my wish!'"

"For three years Tolstoy did not pay heed to the appeal of his great rival. Then he broke silence with the play, 'The Power of Darkness,' as powerful as anything he ever wrote. His long novel, 'Resurrection,' came next. And his final works as a great artist are those which are now making their belated appearance."—*N. Y. Evening Sun*.

Hadjji Murad. A Novel. 12mo, \$1.20 net. Postage, 12c. extra.

The Forged Coupon, and Other Stories. 12mo, \$1.25 net. Postage, 12c. extra.

Father Sergius, and Other Stories. 12mo, \$1.25 net. Postage, 12c. extra.

The Man Who Was Dead (The Living Corpse) and The Cause of It All. Two Dramas. 12mo, \$1.20 net. Postage, 10c. extra.

The Light That Shines in Darkness. A Drama. 12mo, \$1.20 net. Postage, 10c. extra.



By W. R. Castle, Jr.

PUBLISHERS

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

NEW YORK

On April 5th we shall publish

THE MONTESSORI METHOD of Scientific Pedagogy, by Dr. MARIA MONTESSORI

With introduction by Prof. HENRY W. HOLMES of Harvard University. The most important book on the training of children published in years.

Cloth, 8vo, \$1.75 net; postpaid \$1.90

Also

STOVER at YALE, by OWEN JOHNSON, Author of "The Varmint"

An exciting, important novel on the college society system, interesting to *everyone* aside from college affiliations. *Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.37*

F. A. STOKES CO.
443 Fourth Avenue,
New York City

Please send me full
descriptive circular
about "The
Montessori
Method."

Sc.
4-12

BUTTERED SIDE DOWN

By EDNA FERBER, Author of "Dawn O'Hara"

Miss Ferber's sudden "arrival" was one of the most sensational events of the past year in the literary world.

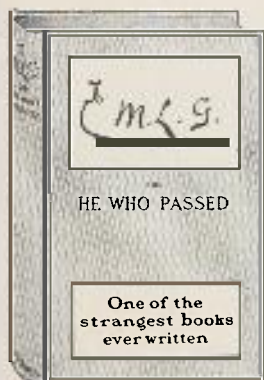
In these stories we see not the demi-gods of society fiction, but the soda-water clerk at the country drug-store, the shop girl who practices beauty-culture as expounded in the evening newspaper, and the people that pass in the street and exist in millions. Miss Ferber shows them not as drab, uninteresting members of a crowd, but as essentially romantic human beings. And her strong humorous insight brings to the reader many smiles of delighted appreciation.

*Col. frontispiece and 4 illus. in black-and-white
\$1.00 net; postpaid \$1.12*



*Ready
March 29th*

"To M. L. G."



is making such a sensation that a third large edition was necessary two weeks after publication.

"We have studied hundreds of grand passions by eminent novelists far less real."—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

*\$1.25 net; postpaid
\$1.37*

A PAINTER of SOULS

By DAVID LISLE

A brilliant Irish portrait painter of fascinating personality sets social Rome by the ears through his absolute candor and originality. His love story is an intense one, and draws his magnificent personality to its full height. It is a book full of intellectual brilliance, the atmosphere of art, and fiery emotions.

\$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.37

Publishers

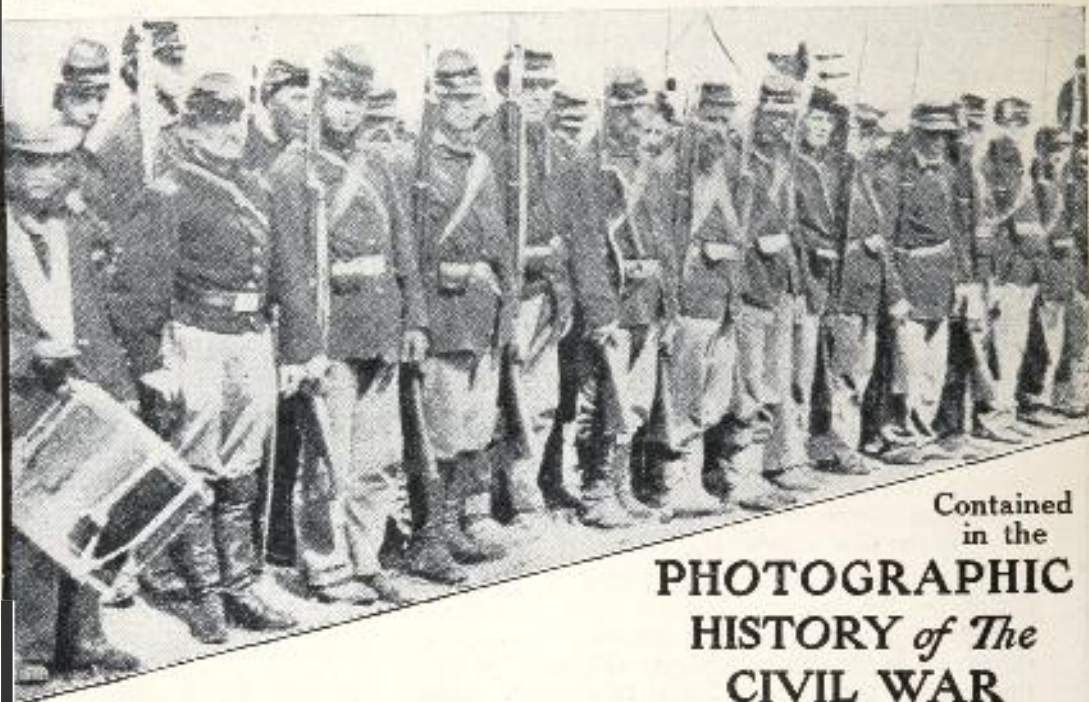
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

New York

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

FROM Raw Recruit to Veteran

In 3800 Newly Found Photographs



Contained in the

PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY of The CIVIL WAR

In its pages you watch 4,000,000 untrained boys as they become trained armies. Buried for 50 years, these photographs at last bring before you the Civil War soldier in life and death. You see him as, just enlisted, he wore his first spic-and-span uniform, much impressed with his own gold-lace, shining sword or gun and magnificent military appearance. And then you see him after his baptism of fire—a veteran! His tinsel has vanished. Ragged, unshaven, bronzed, he moves before you in plain blouse and soft hat, but with the unmistakable dignity of accomplishment. You see in his eye that he has learned both to obey and to command.

You watch the new recruits drilling in "the awkward squad," cooking, building and making themselves comfortable in camp; and you see their spades and picks and axes flying as they build roads, bridges and trenches. You see them on dangerous duty escorting the precious cavalry ammunition train; and after the fierce battle of Spottsylvania, with their guns thrown aside, eagerly digging potatoes.

Photographing the Biggest American War

MATHEW BRADY, famous photographer of New York and Washington, was the first on the field of war with his camera. Braving the financial ruin which actually overwhelmed him—facing the ruined health which became his portion—continually in danger of his life, this man of far vision was the first in the history of the world to photograph an actual war. Later others followed him.

Cook, the Confederate camera-leader, managed to get chemicals through the lines to Richmond and Charleston from the same New York firm that supplied Brady. Lytle, the Louisiana Confederate, risked the death of a spy while photographing Federal outposts along the Mississippi—for the benefit of the Confederate Secret Service! It was Brady's own pupil, Gardner, who accompanied the Army of the Potomac campaign after campaign.

Peace came, and in the confusion of reconstruction the thousands of photographs were lost. Brady died in poverty and despair. Fifty years they lay buried and the American people did not know that they existed. Now, at last, they have been recovered by the Review of Reviews Company and gathered together in the ten big volumes of the Photographic History.

Price going up. Send Coupon on next page for sample pictures FREE

Low Price Extended to April 20th YOUR LAST CHANCE

It was announced that the Wanamaker low price club would close on March 23rd. But so enthusiastic has been the reception of this work—so great the disappointment of thousands who were late—that we have been granted an extension by the publishers until April 20th. On that date the price will go up. This is your last chance to save money on this work. Don't miss it.

Only four months after its publication 30,000 Americans have sent orders for sets of the Photographic History—an investment aggregating more than one million dollars. This, we are informed, eclipses all previous records made by any large subscription work in the United States or Europe. The discerning people of the country have welcomed this work, not only because it is fascinating and instructive, but also because this is a reference work that will increase in value. It cannot be duplicated, because no other photographs exist to produce a work like it. With each succeeding year these beautiful pictures will become more valuable. The further away from the great conflict we get, the more precious and rare will be these photographs—these 3800 undying witnesses. They will be young and fresh and true—and of incalculable value—when the human hands and brains that shaped the war have long slipped into the past. Send the coupon at once for sumptuous specimen pages from the set—with large reproductions of these strange photographs. At the same time we will also send you—also free—the romantic story of Brady, of the taking, loss, and rediscovery of the photographs. And we will tell you how to get your set *now* of the Photographic History at the special low Club price and convenient monthly payments.

**30,000
SETS—
More Than
a Million
Dollars**

FREE

Some of
the
Pictures

Send the Coupon

Remember, you must allow yourself time to mail this Coupon and receive our reply on or before April 20th, because your order must be postmarked not later than that date. Send the coupon today TO MAKE SURE.

**John Wanamaker
New York**

CUT AND MAIL COUPON TODAY

JOHN
WANAMAKER
New York

Send me free your sumptuous book containing specimen pages from the Photographic History of the Civil War with reproductions of some of the beautiful photographs and the full romantic story of their taking, loss and rediscovery. At the same time tell me how I can get a complete set of the Photographic History until April 20th, through your club at low price and small payments.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Here is the TEST:

Look for
the name

MERRIAM

on the back
of the book.

Merriam on a WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY has a like significance to the government's stamp on a coin. It is then Genuine. The latest and best is

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

400,000 Words.
6000 Illustrations.
Cost \$400,000.00.
2700 Pages.

This new creation is the *authority* for the STATE SUPREME COURTS. Weigh this statement. It can be made of no other Dictionary.

YOU well know the advantages of owning the *best*,—the *genuine*.

GET THE BEST.

Write for specimens of the new divided page, illustrations, etc. Mention SCRIBNERS and receive FREE a set of pocket maps.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,

For Nearly 70 Years
Publishers of the Genuine
Webster's Dictionaries.

Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.



Get "THOUGHT FORCE FOR HEALTH"

By **JULIA SETON SEARS, M.D.**

We will send it with a copy of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's New Thought booklet and a three months' trial subscription to THE NAUTILUS, magazine of self-help, for 10 cents.

Address

THE ELIZABETH TOWNE CO.
Dept. 465, HOLYOKE, MASS.

The Bookbuyer A Monthly Review

The BOOKBUYER, a monthly review, is designed to inform those interested, of the nature of books published or imported by us in the course of a year. It is sent free of charge. We should be very glad to put you on our list.



Send Name and Address

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

LIFE

En-
closed
find One
Dollar
(Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign
£1.20). Send
LIFE for three
months to

This trial offer is open only to new sub-
scribers; no subscription renewed at this
rate. Order should come to us direct; not
through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 34 West 37, New York.

ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)

Please include letters containing currency.



¶ The publication of "The Winning of Barbara Worth" broke the world's record for big editions. Barbara has made nearly Three Million reader friends, lovers and admirers. You will catch the spirit of love and romance when you read

Harold Bell Wright's New Novel

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH

Illustrations by Cootes
Cloth, 12mo, \$1.30 Net

¶ **New York World**—It is a romance pure and simple—a romance not of love alone but of human struggle, of contending human passions, of national development.

¶ **Boston Globe**—To the reader the characters will appear as real as friends they know—all of their aims, and likes and hatreds being portrayed as true to life as snapshots caught by moving-picture cameras.

¶ **Cleveland Plain Dealer**—"The Calling of Dan Matthews" was a fine tale, "The Shepherd of the Hills" was an inspiration. And now he sends us "The Winning of Barbara Worth"—the best thing he has done so far ** a twentieth century epic.

Other Novels by Mr. Wright Uniform With Above
That Printer of Udell's
The Shepherd of the Hills
The Calling of Dan Matthews

For Sale Wherever Books Are Sold

Or by the Publishers—The Book Supply Company

Our mammoth catalog, size 8½x5½ inches, advertises books of all the publishers at big savings. Bibles, Periodicals, etc. Write us for it today. Bargains on every page. Books on all subjects. **Hundreds of Fine Sets and Fine Bindings for your library.** Every book carried in stock. Orders filled promptly. Big savings. Catalog sent postpaid, free on request.

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY
Publishers and Booksellers

Established 1895

E. W. REYNOLDS, President 231-233 West Monroe St., CHICAGO



Abbey's Valley Forge

and his other last mural decorations, as well as his famous Holy Grail, are reproduced exclusively in

The Gopley Prints

As to quality, Abbey himself said, "I could not wish better." At art stores or sent on approval. **Illustrated catalogue**, nearly 400 cuts—practically a Handbook of American art—**sent for 25 cents** (stamps accepted). This cost deducted from a purchase of the prints themselves.

Exhibitions for schools, clubs, churches, etc. **Family Portraits** done on private order from daguerreotypes, tintypes, old photographs, etc.

CURTIS & CAMERON 305 Pierce Building BOSTON
(Opp. Public Library)

¶ *"The best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse"*
said Oliver Wendell Holmes.

¶ Add fishing tackle, gun, canoe, golf clubs and other paraphernalia of out-door sport and you have the whole truth.

¶ **OUTING** summarizes each month what is best for a man—inside and out.

¶ A six months' subscription for \$1.00 will give you *real* help and suggestions in out-door work and play.

¶ Will you try it to-day?

OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY
OUTING MAGAZINE YACHTING OUTING HANDBOOKS
801 445 WEST 10TH ST NEW YORK 122 S. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO

1768-71
(3 vols.)

140 Years of Supremacy ¹⁹¹¹ (29 vols.)



First Edition

3 Volumes, Edinburgh, 1768-71;
2,679 pages; 160 illustrations
(plates); articles contributed main-
ly by one hand.

History of a Great Book

1st edition	3 vols	1768-71
2nd "	10 "	1777-84
3rd "	18 "	1788-97
Supplement	2 "	1801
4th edition	20 "	1801-10
5th "	20 "	1810-17
Supplement	6 "	1816-24
6th edition	20 "	1823-24
7th "	22 "	1830-42
8th "	22 "	1853-61
10th { 9th ed.	25 "	1875-89
{ Supp't	11 "	1902
11th edition	28 "	
	and index	1910-11

THE NEW ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

Eleventh Edition (10 Previous Editions Since the First (1768-71). The Oldest, Largest and Most Authoritative Work of Reference in English—Now Completely Published—Constituting a Fresh and

UP-TO-DATE SURVEY OF HUMAN THOUGHT RESEARCH AND ACHIEVEMENT

(Displacing and superseding all previous editions).

COMPLETE SETS—Printed on Ordinary (or Thick) paper, and on Thin Opaque India Paper, Available for Shipment on payment of only \$5.00.



INDIA PAPER EDITION

29 volumes printed on India paper, each but one inch in thickness, a reduction in bulk (amounting to $\frac{3}{4}$) which has revolutionized the physical form of the Encyclopædia Britannica and multiplied its usefulness a hundred fold.

A few COMPLETE Articles from the 1st Edition (1768-71) of the Encyclopædia Britannica

WOMAN, the female of man. See **HOMO**.

VIRGINIA, one of the British American colonies, situated between seventy-four and eighty degrees west long. and between thirty-six and thirty-nine degrees of north lat. bounded by the river Patowmack, which separates it from Maryland, on the north; by the Atlantic Ocean, on the east; by Carolina, on the south; and may be extended as far westward as we think fit.

LAUGHTER, an affection peculiar to mankind, occasioned by something that tickles the fancy.

In laughter, the eye-brows are raised about the middle, and drawn down next the nose; the eyes are almost shut; the mouth opens, and shews the teeth, the corners of the mouth being drawn back and raised up; the cheeks seem puffed up, and almost hide the eyes; the face is usually red, and nostrils open, and the eyes wet.

JAPAN, or *Islands of JAPAN* are situated between 130° and 144° of E. lon. and between 30° and 40° N. lat.

NEW 11th EDITION

28 volumes and index.
44,000,000 words of text,
40,000 articles written by
1,500 contributors
from 21 countries.
7,000 text cuts.
450 full page plates.
569 maps.
Cost to produce, \$1,500,000
before a copy was sold.

**7 styles of binding,
Printed on ordinary
paper, each volume
2 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. thick,
and on thin but strong
India paper, each
volume but 1 in. in
thickness.**

Over 37,000 Subscribers

have now registered orders for the Encyclopaedia Britannica (11th Edition), a complete and modern exposition of thought, learning and achievement, an inventory of all recondite not less than of all common things, a register of contemporaneous life and progress in every field of activity. Complete sets (with or without a book-shelf) are available for immediate delivery on payment of cash in full, or a first payment of only \$5.00.

THE STRONGEST TESTIMONY

From a Professor of Law at Harvard
PROF. ROSCOE POUND, HARVARD
LAW SCHOOL

"The India Paper and Flexible Binding make these volumes the most serviceable that I have ever had."

From a Librarian

ROBERT K. SHAW, WORCESTER
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY

"We believe the new edition to have maintained the high scholarship for which the Britannica has long been famous."

From a Former University President and Diplomat

HON. ANDREW D. WHITE,
ITHACA, N. Y.

"I am astonished and delighted to find the various improvements made in the new edition."

From the President of a Theological Seminary

REV. DR. AUGUSTUS H. STRONG,
ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY

"In portableness and typographical beauty it is a great advance on all its predecessors."

From an Inventor

FRANCIS BLAKE, WESTON, MASS.

"The most valuable reference book in my library."

From a United States Senator

HON. T. E. BURTON OF OHIO

"In comprehensiveness of details, in scientific accuracy and in clearness of style it excels any other publication of its nature with which I am familiar."

From a Professor of Astronomy

PROF. DAVID TODD, DIRECTOR OF
THE OBSERVATORY, AMHERST,
MASS.

"Each new volume is simply a marvel; all previous encyclopædias skulk into the background . . . Who would have thought it possible that an encyclopædia could ever compete with the latest novel?"

From a Famous Editor

HORACE WHITE, NEW YORK

"The saving in weight and space effected by this edition has more than doubled the value of the work for my uses."

From a Rear-Admiral Retired

A. I. KENNY, U. S. N.

"For the form in which it is now presented, the Cambridge University Press has earned the gratitude of the reading world."

From a Manufacturer

ALBA B. JOHNSON, PRESIDENT

BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS

"A perfect piece of book-making."

From an Engineer

CHARLES SOOYSMITH, 71 BROAD
WAY, NEW YORK

"The thought came to my mind that I should always have at least one volume with me on any trip I should take, as out of the articles of any one volume one would certainly find a subject interesting for any time or mood."

From a Congregational Clergyman

REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.

"The New Britannica is the only encyclopædia of its kind that any man should have on the shelf of his library."

From a Harvard Professor

EDWARD C. MOORE, D.D.

"It is a publication which puts the world under great obligation."

From a Baptist Clergyman

REV. CHARLES F. AKED, D.D.

"The change from the ponderous forbidding volumes of the past to this charming India paper issue, represents nothing less than an inspiration of genius."

From a Johns Hopkins Professor

JACOB H. HOLLANDER

"Both as a scholarly performance and as a technical product, the new edition seems to me to be a really great achievement."

From a Judge

HON. JAMES P. GORTER, BALTIMORE, MD.

"Every professional man and every family with growing children seeking information should have this invaluable work in the library."

From a Physician

JOSEPH I. FRANCE, M.D., BALTIMORE, MD.

"I should advise any one who might be thinking of beginning to collect a library to buy this encyclopædia before any other single work."

From a Member of the Boston Bar

ROBERT M. MORSE

"I congratulate you and the multitude of your subscribers and readers on the wonderful work you have accomplished."

From a Head Master

REV. H. G. BUEHLER, HOTCHKISS SCHOOL,
LAKEVILLE, CONN.

"The new Britannica is wonderfully attractive. There has never been anything like it."

From a Railroad Actuary

M. C. BRADLEY, BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD

"The first impression was one of satisfaction and surprise, and the last impression is one of surprise and satisfaction."

From a Medical Practitioner and Author

GEORGE M. GOULD, M.D., ITHACA, N. Y.

"The only book I am taking with me on a three months' vacation is the 11th Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica."

From a Professor of Latin

W. G. HALE, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

"The new edition is as tempting to me as the old one was forbidding. My children feel the same fascination in it that I do. It is a marvel of book making."

From a Professor of Chemistry

J. W. MALLEY, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

"No one who can afford to own this work should be without it."

Application for the India Paper Prospectus—164 pp.



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

(Encyclopaedia Britannica Department)

35 WEST 32d STREET NEW YORK
149 TREMONT STREET BOSTON
KENT BLDG., 156 YONGE STREET TORONTO

Send me by mail the India Paper Prospectus of the 11th Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica with particulars of prices, bindings, deferred payments, bookcases, etc.

SC12-12

Name _____

Profession or Business _____

Residence _____

The Greatest Gift to Growing Minds

Answers Every Question a Child Can Ask

15 Great Departments of Knowledge

What is electricity?
How does a camera take a picture?
Why is iron colder than wood?
What makes coal burn?
Why has a star five points?
Why do we dream?
What makes the heart beat?
Is there gold in the sea?
Why does a match strike?
Where did the water in the oceans come from?



The United States and All Other Countries
Natural History
Plant Life
Stories and Legends
Men and Women
Our Own Life
Book of Wonder
Famous Books
The Earth
Poetry and Rhymes
School Lessons
Golden Deeds
Familiar Things
Things to Make and Do

The Book of Knowledge

The Children's Encyclopedia

Simplicity the Secret

It is a great achievement to arrange the important and essential knowledge of the world in such a comprehensive scheme, and tell it in such simple language that the mind of a child might not only grasp it, but enjoy it and remember it. It is this *simplicity of style and statement, coupled with sound learning*, which is the secret of the success and usefulness of THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, not only to children, but also to adults, especially those who have not been able to complete their training in the schools and colleges.

President John H. Finley of the College of the City of New York, in his introduction, says: "Suppose a boy of ten were to spend fifteen minutes a day in reading these pages, . . . he would at thirteen know more about the earth and the life on it than the wisest men knew a few generations ago."

The Most Profitable Investment

We expend time and care in selecting the proper food for the growing body, because we realize that it is a profitable investment, but it is equally important and imperative that the growing mind should have the food which will stimulate its rapid and healthy development, and *it is the most profitable investment*. Let the children, especially between the ages of five and eighteen, read THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, and study the wonderful educational pictures, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. It means a saving of time and money, *better work in the school and happier children in the home*.

10,000 Wonderful Pictures! 350 Colored Plates

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE will never be surpassed in the value of its educational pictures; pictures of the starry universe, The Sun and His Family of Worlds; pictures of animals, foreign and familiar; pictures of flowers, trees and shrubs; charts and diagrams of our own marvellous bodies; portraits of famous men and women, artists, authors, statesmen and scientists; pictures of our own country and a hundred other countries, showing the cities, the people and their customs; reproductions of beautiful paintings and sculpture; the picture-story of important industries; the whole beautiful, wonderful world is before us in nearly 10,000 pictures, which *tell a story or illustrate a fact in a way that can never be forgotten*.

The Press, the Pulpit, the People Endorse it

Let the Children Decide

They will be delighted with the beautiful illustrated booklet mailed free, giving the contents of the 15 Departments of Knowledge—The valuable pamphlet, "THE MIND OF A CHILD," also presented.

Mail Coupon for TWO FREE BOOKLETS

**The Grolier Society, 2 West 45th Street
New York**

FREE COUPON

THE GROLIER SOCIETY, 2 West 45th Street, New York:
Please mail me descriptive booklet of THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, and pamphlet "THE MIND OF A CHILD."

NAME

ADDRESS

4 Not necessary to cut coupon if you mention Scribner's.

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



Spring Millinery Number

**The Spring Millinery Number of Vogue is now ready
for you—presenting the final and approved models
in Paris hats for the Spring and Summer of 1912
Now on sale at all news-stands—25 cents a copy**

CHOOSING your new hats is a simple matter if you provide yourself with a copy of Vogue's Spring Millinery Number. ☞ For weeks our staff correspondents and artists have haunted the showrooms of the great Paris milliners, besides making sketches and notes wherever the fashionable world of Paris is on review. Aboard the fastest greyhounds of the Cunard this great store of invaluable fashion news has been rushed across the ocean to be given you in the Spring Millinery Number of Vogue.

IN the Spring Millinery Number you will find the characteristic touch of each Paris designer—the verve and charm of Carlier; the supreme originality of Paul Poiret; the ever fascinating conceptions of Suzanne Talbot; the witchery of Georgette and Alphonsine. ☞ The result is a number of Vogue that gleams like a great shop window set in the heart of Paris—a window in which each notable designer has placed his most successful creations—a window in which you can see all that is newest and best in the millinery of the moment.



**25 cents a copy—at the next
news-stand you pass. And after
the Millinery Number—but read
the page opposite** ➡



\$2 Spent for Vogue May Save You \$200

YOU are about to spend for your Spring hats and gowns hundreds of dollars.

The really expensive gown is the gown you buy and never wear; the really expensive hat is the hat you wear only because it is bought and cannot be returned.

Will you pay \$2 to insure yourself against such costly mistakes in the choice of your Spring hats and gowns?

Thanks to the unequaled fashion service of Vogue, the woman who relies upon Vogue for her gowning is armed with a range of models and a discriminating taste that guards her completely against expensive errors.

By Paying \$2—

a tiny fraction of your loss on only one ill-chosen hat or gown—for the following twelve numbers of Vogue, which you will receive semi-monthly during the next six months—you will have Vogue continually at your side; you will be sure of distinction in your dress; and you will practically insure yourself against costly mistakes in the choice of your wardrobe:

Spring Millinery	April 1	Travel	July 1
Spring Fashions	April 15	Hot Weather Fashions	July 15
Brides'	May 1	Vacation	August 1
European	May 15	Children's	August 15
Summer Homes	June 1	Autumn Millinery	Sept. 1
Outing Fashions	June 15	Forecast of Autumn Fashions	Sept. 15

The Spring Millinery Number (see opposite page) is now on the news-stands. Get a copy, and leave an order with your newsdealer for the issues to follow; or use this coupon and receive the copies in your home promptly on publication, beginning with the Spring Millinery Number.

VOGUE

CONDE' NAST

PUBLISHER

443 Fourth Avenue

New York



COUPON

VOGUE, 443 Fourth Ave., New York:
For the enclosed \$2 (Canadian address, \$2.65; Foreign, \$2.75),
send me the next twelve issues of Vogue, beginning with
the April 1st number.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

S4

Scribner Spring Publications and Importations

Of any and all books mentioned on this, or the next five pages, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS will be glad to give a more complete description by letter or circular.

SEE PAGES 20 TO 25



FATHERS OF MEN — HORNUNG



SCRIBNERS



By E. W. Hornung

Author of "Raffles," etc.

Everybody remembers the fights and troubles and adventures of "Tom Brown at Rugby." This story of "Tiger" Rutter at Winchester recalls Tom Brown in the vividness and truth of the pictures of school life, the interest of incident, and the strength of its characters. It is as much a book for men and women as for boys.

"He has invented a situation, quite new in school stories, which is excellently adapted to test the public school system—a situation which dominates the whole story from the entrance of the hero to his exit on the last page. . . . A fresh and penetrating study of that eternal problem—the human boy."

—*The Spectator.*

\$1.30 net; postpaid

\$1.40

It

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

The vivacious wit, the delightful sentiment, the fantastic humor that enliven Mr. Morris's stories, and the astounding skill with which he tells them, make them the brightest and most amusing sketches in fiction of American life around us to-day. There are twelve stories in this new volume, ranging from adventures on desert islands to golf games at Aiken, from love stories in the Adirondacks to tragedy in the South Seas.

\$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.35

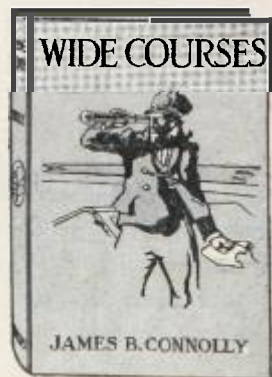


Wide Courses

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

Rousing tales of adventure, both on land and sea—but chiefly the latter—their scenes, ranging from among the ice of the Arctic Circle to the shimmering sands and blazing waters of the tropics. Mr. Connolly puts into his style the very feel of the sun and wind and sea-spray.

Illustrated. \$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.35



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

THE CHINK IN THE ARMOUR

A New Novel by Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES



Lacville, near Paris, scene of the novel

Civilized Society is the foe to murder, yet murders are committed. That is the chink in the armour through which Mrs. Belloc Lowndes shows us an intensely thrilling drama. The heroine is a widow, young, ingenuous, and beautiful, and the freshness and charm of her unusual wooing throw the horror of the patiently plotted murder, which forms the central part of the book, into even bolder relief.

\$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.35

Mr. Wycherly's Wards

By L. ALLEN HARKER

Author of "Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly," etc.

"We have to thank Mrs. Harker for a charming and tender comedy of Youth and Age which is none the less welcome as a wholesome and genial corrective to the pessimism of much latter-day fiction."

—*The Spectator.*

\$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.35

Master and Maid

"A pure, sweet, and picturesque romance, in which the characters are both lovable and amusing."—*Chicago Tribune.*

\$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.37

A Local Colorist

By ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

Author of "Fishin' Jimmy," "Story-Tell Lib," etc.

The kindly humor and exquisitely tender sentiment that distinguished "Fishin' Jimmy" and "Story-Tell Lib" give the four stories in this new book the same enduring charm and interest.

With frontispiece. 75 cents net; postage extra

The Sad Shepherd

By HENRY VAN DYKE

"One of the most exquisite little things that has been offered for a long time."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

*Cloth, 75 cents net; postpaid 85 cents
Limp leather, \$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.35*



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



THE COUNSEL ASSIGNED

By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Author of

The Perfect Tribute

As Mrs. Andrews presented Abraham Lincoln, the President, in her famous "The Perfect Tribute," so now she presents Lincoln, the young lawyer. She shows him turning his back on a great personal opportunity in answer to a request for help from those who had helped him; shows him in court, shrewd, rugged, eloquent, his own ambition submerged in the defence of a boy on trial for murder, whose parents had once given him a home. Like "The Perfect Tribute," this story is a marvellous revelation of that heroic character who was so ever ready to surrender his own private aims for the sake of friend or principle.

50 cents net; postpaid 55 cents

A Knight in Denim

By RAMSEY BENSON

Denim is not a village on the Rhine, but a kind of material, as every woman knows, out of which overalls and aprons are made—in this case overalls. Mr. Benson's "knight in denim" is Bill Harbaugh, "one of that vast body of soldiery which wonderfully melted back into civil life at the close of the great war." How he adopted the Nebraska farming community which is the background of the story, and became the oddest of its oddities; how he played the part of man of all work and knight in denim to his lady, the Mistress of Throstlewood Farm, are told with a fine humor and pathos that should have a wide appeal among the novel-reading public.

\$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.35

Ethan Frome

By EDITH WHARTON

"So absorbing is the book that you want to read it at a sitting. You can read it that way, with the result that the total impression is as vivid as on going away at the close of the performance of a great play."—*New York Evening Sun*.

\$1.00 net; postpaid \$1.10

Peter and Wendy

By J. M. BARRIE

"For the latest generation what 'Alice in Wonderland' was for a former. Children will enjoy this book as much as they did the play, and it will survive even the play."—*London Athenaeum*.

\$1.50 net; postpaid \$1.65

SIMILAR BOOKS

Each 50 cents net; postpaid 55 cents

The Courage of the Commonplace

By MARY R. S. ANDREWS

"A college story with an underlying truth which will appeal to all who read it."—*Chicago Post*.

The Lifted Bandage

By MARY R. S. ANDREWS

A touching story of how one man is brought to believe in the hereafter.

The Consul

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

"One of the best of his good stories."—*N. Y. Evening Sun*.

Robert Louis Stevenson

By ISOBEL STRONG

A strong intimate impression of Stevenson by his step-daughter.

The Success of Defeat

By MALTBIE DAVENPORT BABCOCK

Many persons have found inspiration and fresh courage from the clearly expressed truths of Dr. Babcock's sermon.

The Messenger

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

Tells how one woman who had suffered became through her splendid faith the bearer of hope and comfort to another.

The Master of the Inn

By ROBERT HERRICK

"The atmosphere of it, the dignity, and, in spite of the unusual personality with which it deals, the reality of it are impressive and uplifting."—*The Outlook*.

The Angel of Lonesome Hill

By FREDERICK LANDIS

Tells how Theodore Roosevelt pardoned the son of an old couple of Lonesome Hill.

By Robert Louis Stevenson

A Christmas Sermon

"Full of the man's individuality and charm."—*New York Sun*.

Prayers Written at Vaillima

"They are characteristic of the simplicity, reality, devoutness, and gift of perfect expression which have endeared Robert Louis Stevenson to the hearts of men."

—*Princeton Theological Review*.

Aes Triplex

Stevenson's beautiful and heartening essay on life and death.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

WHY SHOULD WE CHANGE OUR FORM OF GOVERNMENT? Studies in Practical Politics

By **NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER**

President of Columbia University

Which examines the Referendum and Initiative, the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, the question of governmental control of corporations, and other pressing political problems, some of which will be the critical issues of the approaching election.

75 cents net; postage extra

Original Narratives of Early American History Series

Narratives of Early Pennsylvania, Delaware, and West Jersey, 1630-1708

Edited by Dr. ALBERT COOK MYERS

Illustrated with maps and facsimiles. \$3.00 net; postage extra.

A new volume in Original Narratives of Early American History Series. This book includes a number of the most important first-hand accounts of the beginnings of the settlements of Early Delaware, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

Each \$3.00 net

Narratives of Early Carolina

Narratives of Early Maryland

The Northmen, Columbus and Cabot, 985-1503

The Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States, 1528-1534

Early English and French Voyages

The Voyages of Samuel de Champlain

Narratives of Early Virginia, 1606-1625

Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, 1606-1646

Governor John Winthrop's Journal, The History of New England, 1630-1649

Narratives of New Netherland

Wonder-Working Providence of Sions Saviour in New England, 1628-1651

The Great Duke. By W. H. Fitchett. 2 vols. With maps and portrait. \$3.00 net.

The Spanish-American War. By Rear-Admiral F. E. Chadwick. With maps. 2 vols. \$7.00 net.

Memories of Two Wars. By Brigadier-General Frederick Funston. Illustrated. 8vo. \$3.00 net; postpaid \$3.30.

Life in the Legion. By Frederic Martyn. \$2.00 net.

The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the United States. By General Francis Vinton Greene. With maps. \$2.50 net; postpaid \$2.75.

The Initiative, Referendum, and Recall in America

By **ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER, Ph.D.**

"An indispensable book for the student of public affairs and a volume to be read by every citizen who cares to take forethought with respect to the governmental problems of the day."—*New York Evening Sun*.

\$2.25 net

The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences

By **HILARY A. HERBERT, LL.D.**

With a Preface by JAMES FORD RHODES

This volume throws a strong light on the causes of the Civil War, from a new angle. Mr. Herbert, of Alabama, Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland, who won distinction in the Confederate army, believes that a wide-spread early sentiment in the South against slavery would have finally led to some form of peaceful emancipation but for the fanaticism of the Northern abolitionists, and the counter-fanaticism their words and acts set ablaze. The book is a graphic study of abolitionism which, in the writer's treatment, is given a new and even more weighty significance than it usually receives.

12mo. \$1.00 net; postage extra

Robert E. Lee: Man and Soldier

By **THOMAS NELSON PAGE**

"A volume which is brilliant in its narrative of Lee's military exploits and the other incidents of his life, while it is inspiring in its reflection of a character in which it can justly be said there was no king but conscience."

—*Springfield Republican*.

"The most charming and delightful volume on Robert E. Lee which has seen the light of print—written in that glow of sympathy and love which is ever fine and true and never gushing."—*Washington Herald*.

With a photographic portrait and maps. \$2.50 net; postage extra

Recollections, Grave and Gay

By **Mrs. BURTON HARRISON**

"Presents four main pictures—a hint of the old South, a full-length portrait of Richmond in war-time, and lighter sketches of Paris of the declining Emperor and New York of regnant Boss Tweed. . . . This autobiography is to others what 'Trilby' is to other novels—delightful to read at top speed, and completely disarming to the critic."—*The Nation*.

\$2.50 net; postage extra

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

By George Barton Cutten, Ph.D.

Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing

\$1.50 net; postpaid \$1.65
"Dr. Cutten has done an important service to medicine, to religion, to psychology, and to practical life by gathering together for us here in America, where 'surely no nation needed it so much,' the scattered details of the history of mental healing."
—*The Nation*.

The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity

\$2.50 net
"A really valuable contribution to the psychology of religion."
—*The Independent*.

Elements of Physiological Psychology

A Treatise of the Activities and Nature of the Mind from the Physical and Experimental Points of View. By GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD, LL.D., Emerson Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale University, and ROBERT SESSIONS WOODWORTH, Ph.D., Professor of Psychology in Columbia University. \$4.00 net
"The work undoubtedly fills a gap which has been of late quite noticeable in the English literature of the subject."
—Professor R. M. Ogden, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

PLAYS

By John Galsworthy

The Pigeon

A Fantasy in Three Acts.
60 cents net; postpaid 70 cents.
This play, so gently ironical and generally sympathetic, is a striking instance of the writer's versatility. "The Pigeon" himself is a character of great charm, an artist, in whose studio the action takes place. The other characters are various types of reformers, sketched with delightful irony, and several picturesque vagabonds, of whom the most picturesque is the romantic Ferrand, and the most interesting, the pretty and pathetic Guinevere Megau.

The Little Dream

An Allegory in Six Scenes.
50 cents net; postpaid 53 cents.
"Can there be found anything more poetic in thought, more exquisite in expression? Truly, in these few pages, Mr. Galsworthy has outdone himself."
—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Justice

The Play that Changed the English Prison System. 60 cents net.
"Endowed with an appalling and inescapable significance."
—*Life*.

From Ibsen's Workshop

Translated by A. G. Chater. With an Introduction by Wm. Archer.
Cloth, \$1.25 net; limp leather, \$1.50 net.
Includes the drafts of "Rosmersholm," "Hedda Gabler," "The Lady from the Sea," "Little Eyolf," "The Master Builder," "Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," and "The Wild Duck."

By Hermann Sudermann

Morituri

\$1.25 net
Three One-Act Plays translated by Archibald Alexander. "Teja," "Fritzchen," "The Eternal Masculine."

Roses

\$1.25 net
Four One-Act Plays translated by Mrs. Tenney Frank. "Streaks of Light," "Margot," "The Last Visit," "The Far-Away Princess."

The Joy of Living.

(Es Lebe das Leben). \$1.25 net
Translated by Edith Wharton. A Play in Five Acts.

Suggestion and Psychotherapy

By GEORGE W. JACOBY, M.D.

Dr. Jacoby, one of the most eminent of New York neurologists, has in this book popularized for the intelligent layman a subject about which every one is talking, but which is as intricate as it is important. He asserts "the influence of the mind in the causation and cure of disease," but his conclusions of detail with regard to this influence are based purely on scientific facts, analyzed and argued with the impartiality of a savant to whom pure speculation is irrelevant.

With illustrations. \$1.50 net; postpaid \$1.65

Plays by August Strindberg

Translated with Introduction by EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

Strindberg, the foremost figure in Scandinavian literature to-day, and admittedly one of the greatest of living dramatists, is represented in this volume by three of his most characteristic plays—"The Dream Play;" "The Link," in one act; and "The Dance of Death," Parts I and II, a drama of tremendous power, generally considered his masterpiece.

With portrait. \$1.50 net; postpaid \$1.65

The Sources of Religious Insight

A New Volume of the Bross Lectures

By JOSIAH ROYCE, Professor of Philosophy, Harvard University

Contents: "The Religious Problem and the Human Individual," "Individual Experience and Social Experience," "The Office of the Reason," "The World and the Will," "The Religion of Loyalty," "The Religious Mission of Sorrow," "The Unity of the Spirit and the Invisible Church."

\$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.35

The Religions of Modern Syria and Palestine

By FREDERICK JONES BLISS, Ph.D.

This is a New Volume of the Bross Library and is an expansion of the Bross Lectures delivered in 1908.

12mo. \$1.50 net; postage extra

By JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, Ph.D.

President of Princeton University

The Philosophy of the Enlightenment

"A lucid, compact, enjoyable account of the course of philosophical thought in the age that stretched from Locke through Berkeley, Hume, Leibnitz, and Rousseau to its natural climax in the reconciling and co-ordinating mind of Kant."—*London Post*.

"Professor Hibben's book is scholarly, thoughtful, and readable."—*The Nation*.

\$1.50 net; postpaid \$1.65

A Defence of Prejudice and Other Essays

"He has yielded to the impulse to translate his vision into the language of everyday life and apply it to the solution of practical problems of the hour. The essays are pleasingly written in simple, straightforward, effective English. There is not a technical term in the book."—*Yale Review*.

"It is with delight—a calm and rational delight—that the reflective reader makes his way through this little book."—*The Dial*.

\$1.00 net



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

NEW SCRIBNER IMPORTATIONS

The Unvarying East

MODERN SCENES AND ANCIENT SCRIPTURES. \$2.00 net.

By the Rev. J. HARDY, author of "How to Be Happy Though Married."

Charming accounts of observations in Biblical lands which show, in comparison with incidents described in the Bible, how slight have been the changes in the Orient of the last two thousand years; a comparison that intensifies the beauty, meaning, and force of the Biblical text.

By LEWIS R. FARNEILL, D.LITT., M.A.

Greece and Babylon

A COMPARATIVE SKETCH OF MESOPOTAMIAN, ANATOLIAN, AND HELLENIC RELIGIONS. \$3.00 net.

Higher Aspects of Greek Religion

From the Contents: Introductory Sketch; The Religious Bond of the Family; Tribal and Civic Religion; National and Humanitarian Religion; Personal and Individual Religion. \$1.75 net.

On the Backwaters of the Nile

By the Rev. A. L. KITCHING, M.A., author of "An Outline Grammar of the Gang Language." \$3.50 net.

This intensely interesting book embodies the experiences and observations of ten years among the outlying tribes of the Uganda Protectorate, picturing the life of races still savage in the agitation of a first contact with "other customs," "other minds."

By Desert Ways to Baghdad

By LOUISA JEBB (Mrs. Wilkins). With a map and 74 illustrations from photographs taken by the Author. Cheap Edition. \$1.50 net.

"Miss Jebb has been wonderfully successful. In this record of pilgrimage by desert ways to Baghdad she has been able, by careful observation of the passing phase, the panorama of life leisurely unfolded, to soak into her pages the very sense and flavor of the East. . . One of the most entertaining and most illuminative books of Eastern travel that have recently been issued." —The Nation.

Alone in West Africa

By MARY GAUNT. Illustrated. \$3.50 net.

Beginning with an overland journey along the Gold Coast, she turned inland by canoe up the Volta River, and then by paths that none but one white man had traversed, crossed hilly country into the German territory of Togo. Then she visited the sleeping-sickness camp at Mount Klutow, journeyed through Ashanti, then to Sunyani, the heart of the rubber forests. The result is a graphic and exciting narrative illustrated from a splendid collection of photographs.

Ranching, Sport, and Travel

By THOMAS CARSON. With 16 illustrations. \$3.00 net.

Mustang-hunting, bronco-busting, shooting scrapes, cattle-stealing, sport, natural history, Indian incidents in Arizona and Mexico form the principal part of this entertaining book. But a chapter on tea-planting gives a good idea of processes and of a planter's life; and those on travel, covering many parts of the world, though condensed, include nothing but interesting information.

Japan of the Japanese

A New Volume in the Countries and Peoples Series

By J. H. LONGFORD. \$1.50 net.

An able, graphic description of the Japanese people, their country and their life, which aims first of all to make the reader acquainted with the Japanese personality.

BIOGRAPHY

Lord Broughton's Recollections of a Long Life

6 volumes. \$18.00 net.

"We cannot do anything like justice to books which contain a pen picture on practically every page. One of the richest of gold mines."—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

Charles Dickens in America

By W. GLYDE WILKINS.

Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A complete and very intimate account of Dickens's visit to America, quoting the impressions he made on the Press and on distinguished men in this country.

Some Pages of My Life

A volume of Reminiscences. By the Rt. Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, late Bishop of Ripon.

Illustrated. \$3.75 net.

A fascinating biography of this famous man, who was so delightful a personality, and knew so many leading characters and took part in such notable events.

The Great Duke

By W. H. FITCHETT.

2 volumes. \$3.00 net.

A popular and most entertaining account of the life and campaigns of Wellington, throwing a vivid light on his unique character and career.

TRAVEL

A Naturalist on Desert Islands

By O. R. LOWE.

Illustrated. \$2.00 net.

A most interesting account of the wanderings among hardly known islands of the Caribbean Sea, which includes the description of the life of a veritable Robinson Crusoe family of Americans.

Life in the Legion

By FREDERIC MARTYN.

\$2.00 net.

A book that reads like a romance, giving a thrilling and often amusing account of active service in the most famous fighting organization in the world—the French Foreign Legion.

Trekking the Great Thirst

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN THE KALAHARI DESERT.

By LIEUT. ARNOLD W. HODSON.

Preface by F. C. SELOUS.

Maps and 48 full-page illustrations. \$3.50 net.

The Canadian Rockies

By ARTHUR P. COLEMAN, Ph.D., F.R.S.

With 3 maps and 41 illustrations. \$3.50 net.

Argentine Plains and Andine Glaciers

By WALTER LARDEN, Lecturer at the Royal Naval Engineering College.

Map and 60 illustrations. \$3.75 net.

My Climbing Adventures in Four Continents

By SAMUEL TURNER, F.R.G.S.

Illustrated. \$3.50 net.

Baedeker's Guides for the Mediterranean Countries

THE MEDITERRANEAN. Seaports and Sea Routes, including Madeira, the Canary Islands, the Coast of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia.

With 38 maps and 49 plans. \$3.60 net.

Greece	\$2.40
Italy (from the Alps to Naples)	2.40
Italy (Northern)	2.40
Italy (Central) and Rome	2.25
Italy (Southern) and Sicily	1.80
Egypt	4.70
Spain and Portugal	4.30
Switzerland	2.40
Palestine and Syria	3.60

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

*Here is a way to make some money
and NOW is the time to
take advantage of this opportunity*

Scribners easily leads all magazines in character and genuine interest.

The inducements that it offers to man, woman, boy, or girl who can secure subscriptions for it are so varied, attractive, and liberal that it is possible for all Scribners representatives to easily make a lot of money.

Now is the time to begin. Some new and especially interesting feature appears every month. Subscriptions may begin at any time.

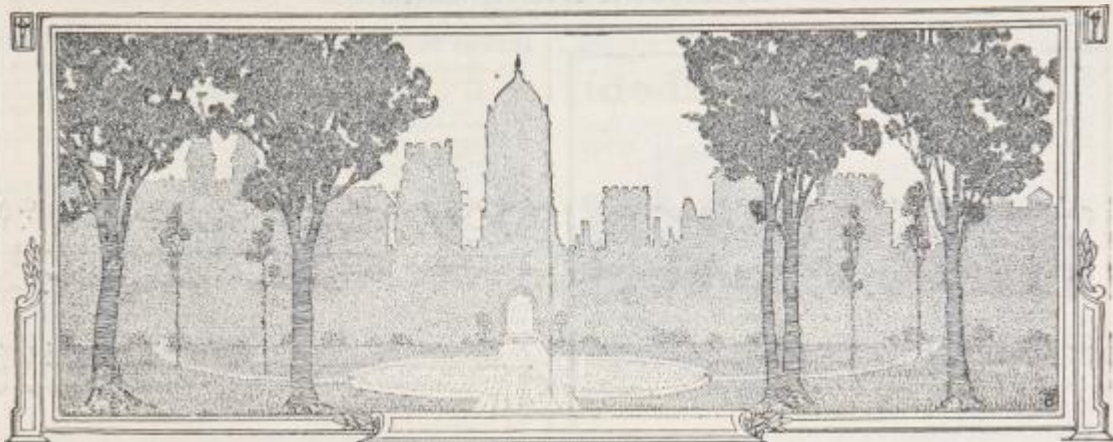
Remember, *Scribners pays liberal cash commissions and gives extra cash prizes. Send for booklet giving full particulars.*

Sample copies, advertising material, etc., sent free.

Address Desk S—Scribner's Magazine,
155 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Scribners readers can confer a favor upon some friend by calling attention to this page

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY

THE MISSES TEWKSBURY'S SCHOOL

A country school for a limited number of girls, 45 minutes from New York. Catalogue on request.
Irvington-on-Hudson, New York.

MRS. HELEN M. SCOVILLE'S HOME AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Advantages of city. Physical Culture, Riding, Swimming, Dancing, Regular Courses, Special opportunities for post-graduates, Music, Art, Home Economics. Individual care, social privileges. European travel classes. 2042 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

A School for Girls, 18 miles from New York. Number limited. Healthful location; spacious buildings. Excellent advantages in music and art. General and college preparatory courses. Miss Miriam A. Bytel, Principal, Garden City, Long Island, New York.

THE GRAHAM SCHOOL

For Girls. 97th year opened Oct. 4th. Resident and day pupils. General and college preparatory courses. Unrivalled location overlooking Riverside Park and the Hudson.
Mr. and Mrs. Howard D. Miner, 42 Riverside Drive, New York.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS IN NEW YORK CITY

Best Features of Country and City Life. Out-of-door Sports on School Park of 35 acres near the Hudson River. Academic Course—Primary Class to Graduation. Music and Art. Terms \$1000.
Miss Bangs and Miss Whiton, Riverdale Ave. and 252d St.

MRS. HAZEN'S SUBURBAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Half-hour from Grand Central Station, New York.
Mrs. JOHN CUNNINGHAM HAZEN, Principal.
Miss SARAH LOUISE TRACY, Associate.
Pelham Manor, New York.

KENT PLACE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

College Preparatory and Academic Courses. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith and Wellesley. Gymnasium. Physical Director. 20 miles from New York. Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul, Principal. Hamilton Wright Mabie, LL.D., Prest. Board of Directors, Summit, New Jersey.



THE BEST MEDIUM for school advertising is the one which has weight and influence in the homes where the advantages of the Private School are recognized, appreciated and acted upon. Such a medium builds up an institution by supplying it with students who will be a credit to it.

MISS SPENCE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

For Girls. Number in each class limited to eight pupils. Removed from 6 West 48th Street to new fireproof building, 30 West 55th Street. Residence 26 West 55th Street.

ELINOR COMSTOCK MUSIC SCHOOL

A resident and day school. Leschetizky method. Piano teachers all Leschetizky pupils. Vocal, Violin, Harmony, Ensemble playing, Sight reading, Lectures on current operas and concerts. Classes in French, Classic Dancing, Literature and History of Art. Catalogues. Miss Elinor Comstock, 1000 Madison Ave., New York City.

THE VELTIN SCHOOL

For Girls. College Preparatory and General Course. Number of pupils limited to twelve in each class. Fireproof building thoroughly equipped. 160 and 162 West 74th Street.

THE GARDNER SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Resident and Day Pupils. (57th year.) Exclusive location. Regular and Special Courses. Music, Art, Elocution. Physical culture. Aesthetic dancing. Outdoor life. City advantages with delightful home life. 607 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE KNOX SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

In the Pocantico Hills near the Hudson. 50 minutes from New York. Mrs. Russell Houghton, Principal.
P. O. Box 22, Briarcliff Manor, New York.

THE HOLBROOK SCHOOL

Situated on Briar Cliff, overlooking forty miles of the Hudson, 47th year. Fits boys for College. Ample equipment and grounds. Individual care. Satisfactory references as to character necessary. For catalogue address The Holbrook School, Ossining, N. Y.

THE FINCH SCHOOL

A boarding and day school for girls from sixteen to twenty years of age, corresponding to college, which develops individuality, cultivates the human interests and sympathies, and is abreast of modern thought. Curriculum includes Psychology, Ethics, Economics, Sociology, Law, English, Living Languages, Music and Art. New fireproof ten-story building equipped with every appliance essential to safety and comfort. Basket-ball and tennis court.

Mrs. Jessica Garretson Finch, A.B., LL.B., Principal,
61 E. 77th Street, New York City.

NEW YORK STATE

OSSINING SCHOOL

For Girls. Suburban to New York. 45th year. Academic, Music, Art and College Preparatory Courses. Certificate privileges. Post Graduate and special work. Naramore Hall, separate house for younger girls. Year book on request. Principals, Clara C. Fuller, Martha J. Naramore, Ossining-on-Hudson, New York.

MACKENZIE SCHOOL

Equipped and administered for the thorough preparation of 150 boys for college, technical schools, and higher business careers. Catalogue and illustrated booklets upon request. James C. Mackenzie, Ph.D., Director, Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, New York.

WALLCOURT

Miss Goldsmith's School for Girls. (Formerly The Wells School.) Thorough preparation for any college. General academic and special courses. Aesthetic dancing, boating and tennis. Physical culture. Booklet. Address Miss Anna R. Goldsmith, A.B., Principal, Aurora, Lake Cayuga, N. Y.

ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL

For Girls. Full academic and college preparatory courses. Music, Art, Domestic Science. Certificate admits to leading colleges. Fully equipped gymnasium. Tennis, basketball, skating, horseback riding, and aesthetic dancing. Catalogue.
Mrs. Helen H. Van Winkle, Principal, Buffalo, New York

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

NEW YORK STATE (CONTINUED)

Emma Willard School

99th
Year

for
Girls



On the hills 400 feet above the city of Troy. Four beautiful, new, fire-proof buildings, the gift of Mrs. Russell Sage. Campus 30 acres. Tennis courts, hockey, basket ball. Gymnasium, with swimming pool, bowling alleys. Resident nurse. A broad variety of work, including college preparation and courses for girls not going to college. Special advantages in Music and Art. Practical courses in Domestic Science. Certificate admits to Wellesley, Smith, Vassar and Mt. Holyoke Colleges. Illustrated catalogue on request.

Miss Eliza Kellas, Ph.B., Principal, Troy, N. Y.

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

A successful school with a magnificent equipment. Special practical business course for boys not going to college. On Hudson River Highlands near West Point. Separate department for boys under 14. For catalogue, address

Sebastian C. Jones, Supt., Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York.

IRVING SCHOOL

For Boys. 25 miles from New York, in the beautiful, historic "Irving" country. 75th year. 21 years under present Head Master. New site and buildings 1904. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Individual instruction. Athletic Field. Swimming Pool. New Gymnasium. I. M. Furnan, A. M., Head Master, Box 903, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York.

MISS C. E. MASON'S SUBURBAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Upper School for girls 13 to 25; Lower School for girls 8 to 13. All departments. Special courses in Art, Music, Literature, Languages. Certificate admits to leading colleges. New York City Annex. European travel class. For illustrated catalogue address

Miss C. E. Mason, LL.M.,
Lock Box 707.



MOUNT PLEASANT ACADEMY

Founded in 1814. It has won the reputation of *thoroughly* preparing boys for college, scientific schools or business. Rationalized military system. Manual training. Location only 31 miles from New York. MOUNT PLEASANT HALL is for boys under 13. Write for catalogue to Charles Frederick Brusie, Box 508, Ossining-on-Hudson, New York.



PEEKSKILL ACADEMY

80th year. New Buildings. Alumni Hall (boys 10-13). Address J. C. Bucher, A.M., or C. A. Robinson, Ph.D., Principals. Peekskill, N. Y.

BRANTWOOD HALL

Bronxville, New York. (In beautiful Lawrence Park) School for Girls. Kindergarten to college. Three buildings—Residence, Recitation Hall, Gymnasium. Extensive grounds. Swimming Pool. For catalogue address

Miss Mary T. Maine, Principal.

RYE SEMINARY

A School for Girls.

Mrs. S. J. LIFE, The Misses STOWE,

Rye, N. Y.

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY

76th year. A home for the better kind of boys. It looks beyond college entrance. Instruction is thorough, sane. Equipment modern. Its influence makes for manhood. Military officer detailed by Secretary of War. 76 years of consecutive management. For catalogue, address

Joseph B. Bisbee, A.M., Box 705, Poughkeepsie, New York.

MRS. DOW'S SCHOOL

For Girls. For circular, address Mrs. Mary E. Dow, Principal, Briarcliff Manor, New York.

THE LADY JANE GREY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and other colleges. General Course. Music, Domestic Science. New gymnasium. Principals, The Misses Hyde, Ella Virginia Jones, A.B., Binghams, New York.

MOHEGAN LAKE SCHOOL

Thorough preparation for College, Technical School or Business. Average number of pupils in a class, eight. Modern buildings. Healthful location on Mohegan Lake. Physical Culture and Athletics under competent Director. Booklet. Address Box 61. A. E. Jinder, A.M., Chas. H. Smith, A.M., Principals, Mohegan Lake, Westchester County, New York.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON SEMINARY

The Smallwood-Wilbur School for Girls. Regular and advanced courses. Catalogue on request.

Mrs. G. T. Smallwood, Mrs. Wm. A. Wilbur, Principals.

2103-09 S Street, Washington, D. C.

MISS MADEIRA'S SCHOOL

For Girls. College preparatory with certificate privilege to Vassar, Smith and Wellesley. Complete academic course for pupils not going to college. Two years' advanced course for High School graduates. Music and art. Gymnasium and athletics.

Miss Lucy Madeira, 1326 19th St., Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL CATHEDRAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Fireproof building, enlarged on account of increased pupilage from 80 to 100 boarding pupils. In Cathedral Close of 40 acres. Unrivalled music, art and special courses. Certificates to college. The Bishop of Washington, Pres. Board of Trustees; Mrs. Barbour Walker, M.A., Prin., Mount St. Alban, Washington, D. C.

BELCOURT SEMINARY

Home and Day School for Girls. Unexcelled location. Exceptional social and educational advantages of the Capital. Course leading to diploma, college preparatory, and special courses. Certificate admits to college. Music, Art, Expression, and Languages by specialists. Outdoor sports. Address Mrs. M. B. Somervell, Principal, Washington, D. C.

MARTHA WASHINGTON SEMINARY

For Young Women. In finest residential section of National Capital. Two years' course for High School graduates, general and special courses. Domestic Science, Outdoor sports. \$575-\$650.

Edward W. Thompson, Principal,
1601 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL CATHEDRAL SCHOOL

For Boys. An Episcopal country school occupying its beautiful new home. Prepares for Colleges and Universities. Bishop of Washington, Pres. Board of Trustees. For catalogue address E. L. Gregg, Headmaster, Box T, Mount St. Alban, Washington, D. C.

BRISTOL SCHOOL

For Girls. French Residence. Special, Preparatory, Academic and two years' Collegiate Courses. New \$50,000 fireproof building, connecting French and English houses. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Basketball, tennis. Capital advantages. Location high and healthful—park of five acres. Miss Alice A. Bristol, Principal, Mintwood Pl. and 19th St., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE

For Girls and Young Women. Located within the National Capital; park of 10 acres; choicest educational and social advantages; refined associations, most beautiful home life. Preparatory, Certificate and College Courses. Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Literature on request. Address F. Menefee, President, Washington, D. C.

CHEY CHASE COLLEGE AND SEMINARY

A Home School for Young Ladies. Special advantages in Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Campus of eleven acres. Golf and other outdoor sports. Healthful location at Chevy Chase, "Suburb Beautiful." Artesian water. Address Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Barker, Principals, Drawer 841, Washington, D. C.

FAIRMONT

A home school for girls. Playground adjoining. Catalogue on request. Washington, D. C.

GUNSTON HALL

A School for Girls. Established 1802. Preparatory and Elective courses. Certificate privilege. Music, Art, Expression. New building, specially planned for the school. Athletics. Mrs. Beverley R. Mason, Principal; Miss E. M. Clark, LL.A., Associate, 1906 Florida Ave., Washington, D. C.



THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SCHOOLS of to-day began to advertise in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE years ago for pupils for to-day. To-day these schools are advertising for to-morrow.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

MASSACHUSETTS

Miss Hall's

Town and Country School

FOR GIRLS

In the Berkshire Hills, on the Holmes Road to Lenox. One thousand feet above the sea level. Forty-five acres of woodland and campus.

Miss MIRA H. HALL, Principal
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Lasell Seminary

Auburndale, Mass. Ten Miles from Boston.



Courses in Language, Literature, Science, Music and Art, with thorough instruction in the theory and practice of Household Economics. Training is given in the Art of Entertaining, House Furnishing and Management, Marketing, Cooking, Dress-Making and Millinery. Tennis, Boating, Swimming, Riding and other sports are encouraged. Address,

G. M. WINSLOW, Ph. D., Principal,
110 Woodland Road

Rogers Hall School For Girls

38 minutes from Boston.

Faces Rogers Fort Hill Park

This school offers thorough preparation for college, with interesting Advanced Courses for Graduates of High Schools. Special advantages in Music, Domestic Science, Arts and Crafts. The school building is a beautiful Colonial mansion, surrounded by spacious grounds, affording opportunity for all outdoor sports. Experienced instructors in charge of all athletics. New Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. For catalogue address

Miss OLIVE S. PARSONS, Principal, Lowell, Mass.



CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist. Franklin T. Kurt, Principal. 557 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.), Boston, Mass.



THE MACDUFFIE SCHOOL

For Girls. Four houses in beautiful grounds. New Gymnasium. College Certificate. General and Post Graduate Courses. Music, Art, Household Arts and Domestic Science. Year book and pictures on request. Springfield, Mass.

THE MITCHELL MILITARY BOYS' SCHOOL

For boys from eight to sixteen. A country school with every modern equipment. Booklet upon request. Alexander H. Mitchell, Head Master, Billerica, Massachusetts. (20 miles from Boston.)

HOUSE IN THE PINES

A school for girls. Intermediate and academic courses. Languages—native teachers. Music, Household Arts. Every attention, not only to habits of study, but to each girl's health and happiness. Miss Cornish and Miss Hyde, Principals, Norton, Massachusetts (40 minutes from Boston).

ABBOT ACADEMY

A School for Girls. Founded 1828. 23 miles from Boston. Address The Principal, Andover, Mass.

MISS CHAMBERLAYNE'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

General, Special, and College Preparatory Courses. The Fenway 28, Boston.

MISS MCCLINTOCK'S SCHOOL

For Girls. General and College Preparatory Courses. Music, art, arts and crafts, domestic science. Resident and day pupils. Miss Mary Law McClintock, Principal, Box G, 4 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

WALNUT HILL SCHOOL

A College Preparatory School for Girls. Seventeen miles from Boston. Twenty Acres. Athletic Fields. Four Buildings. Gymnasium. Miss Conant, Miss Bigelow, Principals, Natick, Mass.

HOWARD SEMINARY

For Girls and Young Ladies. Healthful and beautiful location, 25 miles from Boston. Academic, College Preparatory and Special Courses. Two years' course for High School graduates. Domestic Science. Art and Music studios. Miss Sarah E. Laughton, A.M., Principal, West Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

THE WESTON SCHOOL

For Girls. A city school with country advantages. Fits girls for life as well as for examinations. Mrs. Elisabeth Mathews-Richardson, A.B., Miss Lucy Jane Dow, A.B., Principals, 43 St. James Street, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

LESLEY NORMAL SCHOOL FOR KINDERGARTNERS AND GRADE TEACHERS

Courses given by Harvard educators. Prepares for kindergarten, playground, first, second and third grades. Address, Secretary, 29 Everett Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

WHEATON SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN

78th year. Large endowment permits moderate terms. Certificates to College. Advanced courses for high-school graduates and others. Art and Music. Ample grounds and buildings. Gymnasium. Sports. Catalogue and views. Rev. Samuel V. Cole, A.M., D.D., Pres., Norton, Mass. (30 miles from Boston).

THE BURNHAM SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Founded by Mary A. Burnham in 1877, is continuing without interruption under the direction of Miss Helen E. Thompson and Miss Martha C. Burnham. Preparatory, Graduating and Special Courses. Correspondence should be addressed to Miss Helen E. Thompson, Headmistress, Northampton, Mass.

MISS CAPEN'S SCHOOL

For Girls. Miss Capen announces that her school, for many years known as "The Burnham School," will in the future be called "Miss Capen's School for Girls." Correspondence should be addressed to Miss B. T. Capen, Principal, Northampton, Mass.

BRADFORD ACADEMY

FOR YOUNG WOMEN
Main Street, BRADFORD, MASS.

One hundred and ninth year.
Thirty miles from Boston, in the beautiful Merrimac Valley. Extensive grounds and modern equipment. Certificate admits to leading colleges. General course of five years and two years' course for High School graduates. Address Miss LAURA A. KNOTT, A.M., Principal.



SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

MASSACHUSETTS (CONTINUED)

**Buildings Modern
Equipment Complete
Physical Laboratory
Chemical Laboratory
Manual Training Shop**

ROCK RIDGE School

114 CLIFF ROAD
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

**Gymnasium
Bowling Alleys
Athletic Field
Swimming Pool
Tennis Courts**

Location high, dry and healthful in one of New England's most beautiful residential villages.

ROCK RIDGE HALL for boys of high school age. Thorough preparation for any college or for business. Masters able, experienced, mature. Every boy an object of constant thought and care: hence well-regulated daily lives, marked improvement, rapid progress.

THE HAWTHORNE HOUSE for young boys. Home-like atmosphere. Experienced teachers. Manual training. Constant supervision.

"THE ELMS" SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

A city school with outdoor sports. Certificate for college. Household arts and domestic science. Music. 46th year. Modern buildings. Address Miss Porter, Principal, Springfield, Mass.

POWDER POINT SCHOOL

For Boys. By the Sea. Mild climate. Land and water sports all year. Athletic fields. Extensive and beautiful estate on Plymouth Harbor. Modern equipment. College or business preparation. Address Henry P. Moulton, Jr., Principal.
90 King Caesar Road, Duxbury, Massachusetts.

WORCESTER ACADEMY

For Boys. 79th year. All advantages of a large school. Master teachers. Comprehensive equipment; 8 buildings, 22 acres. "Megaron," a noble recreation hall. Gymnasium. Swimming pool. Athletic field. Quarter-mile track. Opens Sept. 11, 1912.

J. W. Abercrombie, L.L.D., 94 Providence St., Worcester, Mass.

QUINCY MANSION SCHOOL

For Girls. In historic Quincy. Attractive estate, 6 miles from Boston. Ample grounds. Outdoor sports. Special and graduate courses. Advantages in Music, Art, Languages. Domestic Science. College preparation and certificate. Mrs. Horace M. Willard, Principal, Wollaston (Quincy), Massachusetts.

NEW JERSEY

DWIGHT SCHOOL

For Girls. College preparatory and special courses. Certificates accepted by leading colleges. Limited number of pupils insures individual attention. Spacious grounds. Suburban to New York. Gymnasium. Tennis, riding. Address Box 697, Miss Creighton and Miss Farrar, Principals, Englewood, N. J.

KINGSLEY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

In the New Jersey hills, 22 miles from New York. Prepares for all colleges and scientific schools. Individual attention in small classes. Gymnasium and extensive grounds for athletics and sports. For Catalogue address
J. R. Campbell, M.A., Headmaster, Box 82, Essex Fells, N. J.

ST. MARY'S HALL FOR GIRLS

18 miles from Philadelphia. General and College Preparatory Courses. Exceptional advantages in Music and Art. Domestic Science Course. Especial attention given to Physical Culture and Outdoor Sports, also aesthetic dancing and horseback riding. New Building with fine dining hall and gymnasium. Tuition \$600. Mrs. Fearnley, Principal, Burlington, New Jersey.

PENNINGTON SCHOOL

For Boys. 75th year begins September 18. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. 20 masters. Modern gymnasium; swimming pool. Isolated heating plant. No fire danger. Several athletic fields. All sports. Elocution, Music, Pipe Organ. Early application guarantees choice rooms. Separate Junior Department for boys under 14. Rates \$400 to \$500. For Year Book address
Frank MacDaniel, A.M., Head Master,
Box 3, Pennington, N. J.

MISS BEARD'S SCHOOL

For Girls. A country school, 13 miles from New York City. College preparatory and special courses. Music, Art, and Domestic Science. Illustrated catalogue on request. Address Miss Lucie C. Beard, Orange, N. J.

MONTCLAIR ACADEMY

Has a distinct personality and method. Fine equipment. College or business preparation. Write for booklet "Your Boy and Our School," with direct message to all boys' parents. Address
John G. MacVicar, A.M., 22 Walden Place, Montclair, N. J.

BLAIR ACADEMY

64th year. Prepares for any American College. Campus 100 acres. Thorough equipment; liberal endowment justifies low rate of \$350. Opened Sept. 14th. John C. Sharpe, A.M., D.D., Principal. P. O. Box N, Blairstown, New Jersey.

FREEHOLD MILITARY SCHOOL

For Boys 8 to 13, also

NEW JERSEY MILITARY ACADEMY

For Older Boys. Half-mile distant but under same management. Military but not reformatory. For catalogue of either school, address
Major Charles M. Duncan, Box 47, Freehold, N. J.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

Our first aim is to make strong, manly, successful men—physically, mentally, morally. College and business preparation. Write for catalogue. Rev. T. H. Landon, A.M., D.D., Principal; Lieut.-Col. T. D. Landon, Commandant, Bordentown-on-the-Delaware, N. J.

VIRGINIA

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY FOR BOYS

A BRANCH OF THE RANDOLPH-MACON SYSTEM. In the Valley of Virginia. Equipment cost \$100,000. Large gifts make rates \$250 a year. Prepares for College or Scientific Schools. Gymnasium and Athletics. 20th Session opened Sept. 19th. Address Chas. L. Melton, A.M., Principal, Box 408, Front Royal, Va.

HAMPTON COLLEGE

Preparatory school for girls, admitting by certificate to best colleges. Special courses in Music and Art. Mild and healthful climate, historic and beautiful surroundings. Ten minutes' ride from Old Point Comfort. For catalogue and further particulars, address Miss Fitchett, Hampton, Virginia.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

Largest private academy in the United States. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business. Gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. New \$125,000 barracks. Charges \$360. For catalogue address Capt. Wm. H. Kable, A.M., Principal, Staunton, Va.

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

A College for Women, of the grade of Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and Bryn Mawr. Four years of collegiate and two years of preparatory work are given. On Southern Railroad south of Washington. Catalogue and views sent on application to
Dr. Mary K. Benedict, Pres., Box 108, Sweet Briar, Va.

STUART HALL

68th Session. Home School for Girls, Church Influences. Catalogue 126 on request. Maria Pendleton Duval, Principal, Staunton, Virginia.

HOLLINS

A College for Young Women. Founded 1842. College, Elective and Preparatory Courses. Music, Art, etc. Located in Valley of Virginia. 700 acres. Seven miles north of Roanoke. Invigorating mountain climate. For catalogue address
Miss Matty L. Cocke, President, Box 308, Hollins, Virginia.

SOUTHERN FEMALE COLLEGE

40th year. An ideal College Home, after highest Virginia standards. Social training. Five buildings with gymnasium. Regular and special courses, Music, Art, Elocution. Domestic Science. New Pianos. Steam Heat, Electric Lights, Outdoor Athletics. \$250 to \$350. Catalogue. Arthur Kyle Davis, A.M., Box 214, Petersburg, Va.



THE BEST MEDIUM for school advertising is the one which has weight and influence in the homes where the advantages of the Private School are recognized, appreciated and acted upon. Such a medium builds up an institution by supplying it with students who will be a credit to it.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

PENNSYLVANIA



The Baldwin School FOR GIRLS (Inc.)

BRYN MAWR, PENNA. (20 Minutes from Philadelphia)
Preparatory to Bryn Mawr, Smith, Vassar and Wellesley Colleges. Also strong general course, with diploma for girls not going to college. With in 21 years 247 students from this school have passed the entrance examinations for Bryn Mawr College. Certificate privileges. Resident native French and German teachers. Fireproof stone building. Extensive grounds. Athletics. **Jane L. Brownell, A. M., Head of the School**
Elizabeth Forrest Johnson, A. B., Associate Head of the School
For circulars address

The Baldwin School, P. O., Box F, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

DEVELOPS women of culture and personality. But does far more: discovers each student's ambitions and abilities along practical lines, and fits her for any remunerative vocation which she may need or desire to pursue later in life. And does each thoroughly. Early training for possible emergencies is most wise and prudent. No daughter should be left unprepared.

College Preparatory, College Departments, Conservatory of Music, Art, Arts and Crafts, Oratory. Courses in Domestic Arts and Sciences, Secretarialship, Normal Kindergarten, as electives. Free, healthful country life near Philadelphia. Unusual buildings. Rooms with private bath. Moderate terms.

Apply for catalogue to

Beechwood

A Cultural and Practical School

M. H. REASER, Ph.D., President
Mrs. THEODORA B. RICHARDS, Associate
Jenkintown, Pa.

For Young Women

THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL, INC.

For Girls. An excellent school, offering either Academic or College Preparatory Courses. Beautiful and healthful location in the mountains. On Main Line P. R. R. Gymnasium. Physical training. For catalogue address

A. R. Grier, President, Box H, Birmingham, Pa.

MERCERSBURG ACADEMY

Offers a thorough physical, mental and moral training for college or business. Under Christian masters from the great universities. Located in the Cumberland Valley, one of the most picturesque spots of America. New gymnasium. Equipment modern. Write for catalog.

William Mann Irvine, LL.D., Headmaster, Mercersburg, Pa.

MISS MARSHALL'S SCHOOL

For Girls. Academic and Music Departments. College Preparatory and Special Courses. Ideal location. New building. Comfortable home life and out-door sports. For catalogue, address **Miss E. S. Marshall, Oak Lane, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.**

LINDEN HALL SEMINARY

Organized 1746, aims to develop home loving and home making young women.

Rev. Chas. D. Kreider, Principal,
Lititz, Lancaster Co., Pa.



Rates for School and College Advertising in Scribner's Magazine

1 page . . . \$250.00	1/2 page . . . \$31.25
1/2 page . . . 125.00	1 inch . . . 17.50
1/4 page . . . 62.50	1/2 inch . . . 8.75

Time discounts: 20% on yearly orders. 10% for six months. Seven lines minimum space accepted.

The extent of SCRIBNER'S circulation—The character of SCRIBNER'S readers—The cost of SCRIBNER'S service—make SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of first importance in school advertising. Especially in 1911.



SOUTH WING—MAIN BUILDING

OGONTZ SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES

The individual needs of each pupil are fulfilled by well regulated courses in Language, Literature, History, Art, Music, Science, Economics and Domestic Science. Experienced teachers, one to every five girls.

The healthful social and home life and supervised physical exercise are marked features of the school. The modernly equipped buildings are delightfully located in a suburban park of 65 acres of lawns and woodland, 20 minutes to Philadelphia—affording the educational advantages of the city. Catalogue and views.

Miss Silvia J. Eastman,
Miss Abby A. Sutherland,
Principals

Box H,
Ogontz School P. O., Penna.



ENTRANCE TO SWIMMING POOL

The Misses Shipley's School

Preparatory to Bryn Mawr College

Instruction: Individual instruction of limited number of pupils by specialists in all departments. An average of one teacher to every six girls. Two resident French teachers.

Courses: Diploma in College Preparatory and Academic Courses. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith and Wellesley.

Situation: In healthful suburb, with the special educational and social opportunities of situation opposite Bryn Mawr College.

Building: Specially designed Colonial building, with every improved appointment for homelike comfort.

Athletics: Carefully supervised, indoors and outdoors, by resident English Director.

Younger Pupils: Instruction and daily life varied to suit the personality, health and mental needs of each child.

For catalogue, address **The Secretary, Box J, Bryn Mawr, Pa.**

GEORGE SCHOOL

Under management of Society of Friends. Thorough college preparation. Beautiful grounds. 227 acres. New Gymnasium and Laboratories. Large athletic field. Healthful location, 25 miles north of Philadelphia. For catalog address **George A. Walton, A.M., Prin., George School P. O., Bucks Co., Penna.**

WALNUT LANE SCHOOL

For Young Ladies. Prepares for Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, Holyoke and Bryn Mawr. Modern language and special courses. Music, domestic science. Tennis, basketball, hockey, boating. **Miss S. Edna Johnston, A.B., Principal.** **Miss Edith Holmes Gregory, A.B., Registrar, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.**

MISS COWLES' SCHOOL

For Girls. (Highland Hall.) **Emma Milton Cowles, A.B., Head of School.** Preparatory to Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, Wellesley and other colleges. Healthful location, 1000 ft. altitude. Swimming pool. Catalog. Address

The Secretary, Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania.

PENN HALL

School for Girls. College preparatory, modern language and special courses. Certificate admits to leading colleges. Music, Art, Domestic Sciences, Tennis, basketball, hockey, boating. Rooms with private bath. Rates \$425.00, no extras. **Frank S. Magill, A.M., Principal, Box B, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.**

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

MARYLAND

Maryland College FOR WOMEN

1853

1912



Suburbs of Baltimore. Near Washington. Campus, 12 acres. 200 forest trees. Five buildings. Large and elegant new fireproof buildings, some rooms with private baths. New furniture throughout. Every modern convenience. Large faculty. New Pipe Organ. Superior Music Conservatory. Field sports, gymnasium, swimming pool. For High School graduates two and three year courses leading to Lit.B. and A.B. Send for catalogue.

Charles Wesley Gallagher, D. D., Box G, Lutherville, Md.

THE TOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS

An Endowed Preparatory School. Tuition \$700. Illustrated book on request.

Thomas Stockham Baker, Ph. D., Port Deposit, Md.

THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE

Offers a practical, well-balanced course, including electives, leading to B.A. degree. Preparatory Department. Diplomas granted in Music, Art and Elocution. Practical and Normal courses in Domestic Science. Terms, \$300. Joseph H. Apple, Pd.D., President, Frederick, Md.

NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

A College for Women—conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame to train the body, mind and spirit—to develop true womanhood. Magnificent buildings in a beautiful park of 70 acres. Rowing, basketball, tennis, hockey. Instructors all specialists. Regular and elective courses. Music, Art. Write for catalog. Charles Street Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

INDIANA

ELMHURST

Only high grade, non-sectarian country school for girls in the Middle West. Preparatory, Academic and Advanced courses. Music. Preparation for Foreign Travel. Only school in the United States with Mensendieck Physical Training. Estate of 130 acres. Private lake, court golf, tennis. Elmhurst School, Box 2, R. D. 6, Connersville, Indiana.

VERMONT

FARWELL HALL

A school for girls. Academic, College Preparatory and Vocational Courses. \$500 a year. Catalogue on request.

Mrs. L. C. Rollins, Principal, Wells River, Vermont.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HOLDERNESS SCHOOL

For Boys. Prepares for Colleges and Technical Schools. Ranks with the highest grade schools of New England, yet by reason of endowment the tuition is moderate. New gymnasium. 33rd year. Rev. Lorin Webster, L.H.D., Rector, Plymouth, N. H.



THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SCHOOLS of to-day began to advertise in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE years ago for pupils for to-day. To-day these schools are advertising for tomorrow.

CONNECTICUT

MISS BAIRD'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

37th year. Intermediate, College Preparatory and general courses. Unusual advantages in music, art and the languages. Gymnasium. Real training of body, mind and manners.

Miss Cornelia F. Baird, Principal,

64 West Avenue. Norwalk, Conn.

INGLESIDE

A School for Girls. Founded by Mrs. Wm. D. Black. School year opens Tuesday, October 1st, 1912.

Mrs. William Black Pell, Patroness.

New Milford, Litchfield Co., Conn.

SALISBURY SCHOOL

A school for 65 boys. In the Berkshire Hills. 180 acres. Modern buildings. New gymnasium. \$850.00. Address

Rev. Geo. E. Quaile, M.A., Salisbury, Conn.

TACONIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Overlooking a beautiful lake in the Berkshire Hills. Girls taught how to study. Miss Lillian Dixon, A.B.; Miss Bertha Bailey, B.S., Lakeville, Conn.

WYKEHAM RISE

A Country School for Girls. Miss Davies, Principal, Washington, Connecticut.



HILLSIDE

Founded by Elizabeth B. Mead, 1883. A school for girls. One hour from New York City. Certificate admits to leading colleges. General and special courses. Outdoor sports. Catalog. Margaret R. Brendlinger, A.B., Vassar, Principal. Vida Hunt Francis, B.L., Smith, Associate, Norwalk, Conn.



The Ely School

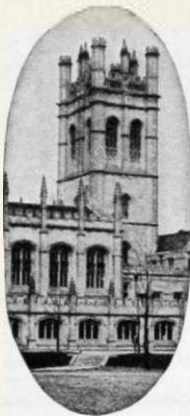
For Girls
Greenwich, Conn.

Building new and specially designed for the school. 50 minutes from New York City. College preparatory. General courses, including music, painting and modelling, domestic science and household arts. Athletic fields. Gymnasium.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

ILLINOIS CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

The University of Chicago



Offers instruction during the Summer Quarter on the same basis as during the other quarters of the academic year.

The undergraduate colleges, the graduate schools, and the professional schools provide courses in **Arts, Literature, Science, Law, Medicine, Education, and Divinity.** Instruction is given by regular members of the University staff which is augmented in the summer by appointment of professors and instructors from other institutions.

Summer Quarter, 1912
1st Term June 17--July 24
2nd Term July 25--Aug. 30

Detailed announcements are now ready for distribution, and will be sent upon application.

The University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

Rockford College

FOR WOMEN

64th Year

THE only college in the Middle West awarded first rank in scholarship by the Commissioner of Education (Report 1910, v. 2, p. 962.)

Write for catalog to

Julia H. Gulliver, Ph.D., LL.D., Box 3, Rockford, Ill.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S COLLEGE

One of the best. A standard college. Centrally located. Ideal home life. Unusual advantages for candidates for the A. B. degree. High scholarship. Address for catalog President Harker, Box H, Jacksonville, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

STUDY **LAW** at Home

Become a Lawyer

Legal Diploma

We make your home a university. Leading Correspondence Law Course in America—recognized by resident colleges. New text, specially prepared by 20 Deans and Univ. law school teachers. We guarantee to coach free any graduate failing to pass bar examination. Special Business Law Course. "Legally trained men always succeed." Over 10,000 students enrolled. Begin now. Easy terms. Catalog and Particulars Free.

La SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Box 1274 Chicago, Ill.

"The Original Phonographic Method"



LANGUAGES

**GERMAN—FRENCH—ENGLISH
ITALIAN—SPANISH**

or any other language learned quickly and easily by the Cortina-Phone Method at home. Write for free booklet today: easy payment plan.

CORTINA ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES
673 Mecca Bldg.,
1600 Broadway, cor. 48th St., N. Y.

CORTINA-PHONE



Stop "Making Steam" for the Other Fellow

THE majority of workers are "stokers"—making "steam" to help *some other man* win success.

WHY not win success for yourself and work your way to the top of your chosen trade or profession by sheer force of ambition? The I. C. S. can help you to do this.

IF you are willing to spend a small part of your idle hours, gaining the knowledge that will put you ahead of your fellow workers, the I. C. S. will show you how.

JUST mark and mail the coupon and without further obligation on your part, detailed information will be sent you telling how the I. C. S. will lead you to success.

Mark and mail the coupon now

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 922 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark **X**.

Automobile Running
Mine Superintendent
Mine Foreman
Plumbing, Steam Fitting
Concrete Construction
Civil Engineer
Textile Manufacturing
Stationary Engineer
Telephone Expert
Mechan. Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Architectural Draftsman
Electrical Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.

Civil Service
Architect
Chemist
Languages
Commercial English
Building Contractor
Industrial Designing
Commercial Illustrating
Window Trimming
Show Card Writing
Advertising Man
Stenographer
Bookkeeper
Salesmanship
Poultry Farming

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____

State _____

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

TRAVEL



BE A TRAVELING SALESMAN

—or Saleswoman and earn from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year and your expenses. We will teach you to be an expert Salesman or Saleswoman by mail in eight weeks and our Free Employment Bureau will assist you to secure a good position where you can earn good wages while you learn Practical Salesmanship. If you want to enter the best paid, most independent profession in the world, write today for our handsome free catalogue, "A Knight of the Grip," also testimonial letters from a thousand students we have recently placed in good positions; list of positions now open and full particulars of the special offer we are now making new students.

Address our nearest office, Dept. 127
NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
 CHICAGO NEW YORK KANSAS CITY SEATTLE NEW ORLEANS TORONTO



STAMMER NO MORE

Learn to speak without stuttering or stammering. Established 1870. Total course including Home Instruction, with 200-page book, FREE. Answer at once. George Andrew Lewis, 12 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

APPLIED ART



IT PAYS TO BE AN ARTIST

STUDY drawing at home under expert faculty. We have successful students in every part of the world. Turn your talent into money. Our Students are filling high-salaried positions. If you are successful teacher. Endorsed by high authorities. Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing. Teachers' Normal and Applied Art, Engraving, Culture. Thoroughly Equipped Residence School. Address a CARD FREE to Edward Soderberg, SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART, 715 Applied Art Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

THE THOMPSON-BALDASSERONI SCHOOL OF TRAVEL FOR GIRLS

Sails in October with Principal for twelfth school year of travel and study abroad. Usual courses. Music no extra. Extensive itinerary. Fine home abroad. Mrs. Helen Scott, Sec'y, Central Ave., Dover, N. H.

EUROPEAN ART EPOCHS

University of Maine Travel Course, sailing June 15th, Greece, Italy and the North. Two specialists as leaders. Enrollment limited to twenty. A unique tour for the lover of art and history. Ask for plan and outline of reading. Commissions executed for schools and colleges in purchase of photographs and other reproductions. THE MAINE TOUR, Orono, Maine.

MR. SARGENT'S TRAVEL SCHOOL FOR BOYS

EUROPE and ROUND the WORLD in alternate years.

College Preparatory and Commercial Courses.

Illustrated Booklets explain it.

Address PORTER E. SARGENT, Cambridge, Mass.

DRAMATIC ARTS



AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
 FOUNDED IN 1884

Connected with
Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

Franklin H. Sargent
 President

For Catalogue and Information, apply to
 The Secretary, Room 150, Carnegie Hall, New York

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY

Largest School of Oratory, Literature and Pedagogy in America. Summer Sessions. 32nd year opens Sept. 24th. Address Harry Seymour Ross, Dean, Huntington Chambers, Boston.



ALOHA CAMPS FOR GIRLS

Lake Morey, Vt., and Lake Katherine, N. H. Eighth Season. Healthful location. Pure water. Safe sanitation. Water sports. Tennis, golf and handicrafts. Nature study, horseback riding, mountaineering. Substantial house. Board floor tents. Experienced counselors. Girls' welfare our first care. Booklet. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gulick, care Miss Farnsworth, Lexington, Mass.

CAMP WONPOSET, BANTAM LAKE, LITCHFIELD HILLS, CONN.

8th season, 100 miles from New York, for boys under fifteen. Illustrated booklet.

Robert Tindale, 31 East 71st Street, New York.

KINEO CAMPS FOR BOYS

Long Lake, Maine, and Port of Mt. Washington, N. H. Select and Limited. Well-furnished cabins, spacious, comfortable buildings. All sports. Rustic life. Tenth Season. Our highest equipment. Illustrated Booklet. Satisfaction assured.
 Irving A. Mitchell, 20 West 34th Street, New York City.

CAMP WACHUSETT

Lake Asquam, Holderness, N. H. Tenth season. Boating, canoeing, fishing, swimming, water and land sports. Instruction by a specialist in Natural History. Tutoring if desired. Highest references. No tents. Fisher huts. Circular. Rev. Lorin Webster, L.H.D., Holderness School, Plymouth, N. H.

KAMP KILL KARE, ST. ALBANS, VT. ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Summer Camp for Boys on Lake Champlain. Senior and Junior Camps. Location healthful and sanitary. Excellent cuisine. All land and water sports. Resident physician. Supervisors are college graduates. Tutoring optional. Sixth season. Booklet on request. Ralph F. Perry, Box 11, Pennington, N. J.



CAMP WINNISQUAM

Lake Champlain, Milford, Vt. One mile of beach on the lake. Canoeing, swimming, water polo and all sports. Cottage, two baseball diamonds, golf course, horseback riding. Trained supervisors. Illustrated book. M. H. Mosey, Box 64, Waterbury, Vt.

CAMP OTTER, CANADA, "HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO."

Summer Camp for Boys. A sane, health-giving vacation, amid surroundings that inspire habits of clean thinking and right living, and that suit the rugged as well as the less robust. Real camp life. Land and water sports. Write for booklet. Charles V. P. Young, Professor of Physical Training at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

REPTON CAMP, LAKE CHAMPLAIN

SEASON: June 20th—Sept. 1st. ADVANTAGES: Limited numbers. Proper care and experienced direction. Safe Bathing. Boating, Fishing, Mountain Tramps. Tent Life. Organized sports in charge of able leaders. KATES: Moderate. A thoroughly enjoyable vacation is assured every boy who enters. Address Box C-5, Repton School, Tarrytown, N. Y.



SUMMER CAMP, BANTAM LAKE, LITCHFIELD HILLS, CONN.

Eighth Season. 1100 feet altitude. Splendid facilities for all aquatic and athletic sports. Coaching under supervision of Head Master of Irving School. Address J. M. Furman A.M., Box 903, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York.

CAMP ACADIA, LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE, N. H.

A Home Camp for Young Girls. Fourth Season. All outdoor sports, fine grove and beach; under care of experienced physician. Councillor positions all filled. Illustrated booklet. J. Grant Quimby, M.D., Lakeport, N. H.

ADIRONDACK SUMMER SCHOOL

June to October. Art, Manual Training, Nature Study. Address J. Liberty Tadd, Director Public Industrial Art School, Philadelphia. Near Lake Saranac and Lake Placid, New York.

QUANSET

THE CAPE COD CAMP FOR GIRLS. EIGHTH SEASON. *Swimming, canoeing, sailing taught under safest conditions.* Exceptional training in Land Sports. Original musical comedy under able leadership. Send for illustrated booklet.

Mrs. E. A. W. Hammett, 31 Norway Park, Hyde Park, Mass.

WYONEGONIC CAMP FOR GIRLS

ON MOOSE POND

Eleventh Season. Denmark Inn and Camp for Adults. Open throughout the year. Send for illustrated literature.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cobb, Denmark, Me.

ROCKLAND PARK CAMPS

(Fifteenth Year.) Mascoma Lake, White Mountains, N. H. Camp Rockland for Senior boys, Junior Rough Riders for boys fifteen years old and under. High grade. Moderate rates. All games and sports. Baseball, Tennis, Boating, Sailing, Riding, Driving, Tally-Ho Coaching, etc. For circulars address, Elmer E. French, A.M., Enfield, N. H.

CAMP UTOPIA FOR BOYS

CANADA



Summer, athletic and educational camp, Lake Utopia, New Brunswick, Canada. Trout and Salmon fishing. Swimming and canoeing. Baseball. Land and water sports. Ages 10 to 20. Tutoring by college graduates of high standing. Send for booklet. J. B. Brine, Director, 108-110 West 34th St., New York City.



The Summer Place For Your Boy

Not a school, but where he can get the sunshine, splendid air, and just the right outdoor exercise under the personal direction of a Physical Training expert. Fresh milk, eggs, and poultry and the best of provisions every day.

A REAL HEALTH FARM

Where your boy will grow strong, healthy and rugged. Gymnasium, handball, tennis courts, shower baths, boating and fishing. Everything a boy likes and which will give him strength, and a most enjoyable summer. For full particulars address MAC LEVY, BABYLON, Long Island.

CAMP FARWELL FOR GIRLS

Located in a pine forest, by a lake on top of the mountains, 8 miles from Wells River, Vermont. 10th season opens July 1st. Well built cottages. Modern appointments. Direct long distance phone. Open-air, wire-screened sleeping apartments optional. All outdoor sports. Until June 1st address Miss J. H. Farwell, Director, "The Castle," Tarrytown, N. Y. After June 1st, Wells River, Vermont.

MAPLEWOOD CAMP AND SUMMER HOME

50th year. Opens June 12. Ideal outing. Tent life, boating, bathing, sports. Health first consideration. Special care to small boys. Our own milk and vegetables. Instruction if desired. Terms \$135. Booklet. School year opens Sept. 19. J. C. Shortlidge, Prin., Box 68, Concordville, Delaware County, Pennsylvania.

A COLORADO CAMP

For boys. Located in one of Colorado's many beauty spots a few miles from Denver, yet in the heart of the Rockies. Mountain climbing, fishing, general athletics. Excursions to famous scenic points. Military discipline. Real camp life for the boy. Handsome illustrated booklet with terms and description sent on request. Address Frank G. Pabor, Director, Boulder, Colo.

WINONA CAMPS FOR BOYS, ON MOOSE POND

Fifth Season. Tutoring Camp for Older Boys. Junior Camp for Younger Boys. For Illustrated Booklet, Address C. E. Cobb, Supt., Denmark Inn, Denmark, Me.

CAMP Pok-O'-Moonshine

ON LONG POND, ADIRONDACKS

Unquestionably one of the finest camps in the country, offering as much, if not more than camps charging double.

ASK THE BOY OR PARENT WHO KNOWS

Total charges, \$125+\$15. 21st season (seventh season under present management). Membership 1911: 86 boys, 11 masters, 9 servants (same 7 years). \$10,000 equipment. Only 2½ miles from railroad, yet in wilds of mountains.

For circular address

Dr. C. A. ROBINSON, Principal, Peekskill Academy, Peekskill, New York

Ideal Vacation for a Boy

Culver offers the most delightful as well as the most beneficial vacation ever devised for boys. Three wonderful Summer Schools appeal to every type of normal boy—Naval School, Cavalry School, and the new Woodcraft School, under Dan Beard, which is open to boys as young as twelve. Catalogues on request. Indicate the one you wish. Address





Crisco Marble Cake

Light Part

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | 1 teaspoon cream of tartar |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk | 4 eggs (white only) |
| 1 teaspoon soda | $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco, add salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Dark Part

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1 cup brown sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco, add salt | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses | 4 eggs (yolks only) |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, allspice, cloves and nutmeg. |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour | |

A shortening richer than butter! You will think that such a product is impossible until you use Crisco where you now use butter. For example, use it in Marble Cake, which requires a cup of butter. The best creamery butter that you can secure is nearly *one-fifth* water, whereas Crisco is *all* shortening. There being no moisture in Crisco to dry out, Marble Cake made with it may be kept twice as long without loss of its original delicate flavor. You can secure this fine flavor at every season of the year, for Crisco never varies. You can realize that this is a decided improvement over cooking butter which does vary both in flavor, in color and in richness during the different seasons. Every package of Crisco

is just as rich as your first one and remains so, for it never gets strong as cooking butter does.

Use this recipe for Crisco Marble Cake. You will find that Crisco makes the white part equal to angel food in whiteness, and gives both the light and dark parts a fine, soft texture and a richer flavor than you have ever been able to secure before.

You will find that it gives actually better results than butter at *half the cost*.

Packages 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 except in the Far West

On request we shall mail a fully illustrated booklet, showing many other advantages of Crisco, the most and best for cooking, strictly vegetable product for frying, for shortening and for general cooking. Address Dept. X, THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., Cincinnati, O.





Rainbow Falls, Missouri River.

MAGAZINE NOTES

The great primary energizing power of the future, after the present deposits of coal have been exhausted, will be water. Millions of horse-power are available in the United States for electrical and industrial use, and the importance of conserving and regulating the use of this power has been already made a serious problem by the government. Something of what it means to bring into use the vast water power of the country will be made plain by a group of articles that will appear in the May SCRIBNER. There will be four of these, covering in a clear and most interesting way the significance of "Water and Power in Industry." No one who has ever read the story of some great engineering achievement will need to be told that here is a subject full of the romance of the life of the men who do things. The modern engineer is both explorer and discoverer. He blazes a way through the unknown wilderness and in his wake follows civilization. He builds a water-way hundreds of miles long commencing, maybe, up in the high mountains, and the desert is made to bloom.

It is not the mechanical side of such enterprises that appeals to the average reader—that may be left to the scientific journals and papers—but there is a human side, that has all of the fascination of fiction, and it is this that

the authors of the four articles in this number bring out with full force.

The story of the harnessing of Niagara has been a familiar one for a long time, but other even more remarkable undertakings are going on all over the country.



Many readers will recall several articles in the Magazine written by Benjamin Brooks. One of them, "Below the Water Line," related the experiences and sensations of a young engineer in the depths of an ocean liner. It was full of picturesque detail and gave a vivid impression of the life below decks. In the May number he will tell the story of "The Power Planters," beginning with the lonely wanderings of a young man high up in the mountains whose mission it is to hunt out and test the value of the water supply of various streams whose energies may be gathered and transmitted for use in distant places. Day after day he makes his tests. He is the forerunner of the army of workmen, and load after load of giant machinery that later are to cut through miles of seemingly impassable country. "How very much this engineering depends upon imagination!"

At last the work is done, the dramatic moment at hand, the water ready to be turned on, and the wheels that are to furnish power for light and the turning of other wheels miles and miles away are set going.

With the rapid development of the United States from an agricultural to an industrial country the increased consumption of coal for fuel has been enormous and at the present rate "the extinction of our known coal deposits will be a question of a comparatively few years." With the passing of coal the water power of the country will be more and more of value.

The present and future use of "Water Power in Industrial Life" is the subject of David B. Rushmore's article in the May number.

"It has been estimated by the Geological Survey that the available water power of the United States at minimum flow is approximately 36,000,000 horse-power, and that this can be increased five or six times by suitable storage facilities. A recent census states that 1,600,000 horse-power has been developed for electrical purposes and 1,900,000 horse-power for industrial use."

Among all the wonderful achievements of modern engineering none of them seems more convincing of the power, skill, indomitable courage, and resource of the men who accomplish them than the bringing of water to Los Angeles across the famed Mojave desert.

"The real tussle of the job was to bring the ditch through the Mojave, and there it stood, its thirsty miles of mountains and plain defying the wits of a whole corps of engineers, in just the same way it had defied the lone prospector, adrift with his burro."

Nothing seems impossible any more. But the story of how "A Ditch in the Desert" was constructed, written by E. Roscoe Shrader, in the May number, fills you with profound respect for the men who undertake and carry to a successful finish, against seemingly prohibitive natural obstacles, such undertakings as this. The author succeeds in giving a vivid impression of the tremendous human interest, spirit, and courage that make such things possible.

It has been said that last summer New York was in graver danger of a shortage of water than any but a very few, in a position to know, realized. With the completion of the new Catskill aqueduct this danger will disappear. This aqueduct, on which it would take a week to walk from one end to the other, will cost some-

thing like \$162,000,000. Its construction has presented many difficult engineering problems. Of them all, the great task was the conveying of the water across the Hudson River. This has been accomplished by the construction of "The Deepest Siphon Tunnel in the World." Robert K. Tomlin will tell in the May number how it was built. It crosses the Hudson at one of its most picturesque and romantic points.

"Any one who has ever sailed up the Hudson on the Albany day boat remembers the two big mountains which tower up from the water's edge a few miles beyond West Point. Storm King, on the west side, and Breakneck, on the east, form a mighty gorge through which the river flows on its way to New York harbor. These massive piles of granite, the result of some geologic convulsion, stand guard over the Hudson River siphon, for underneath the narrow band of water between them lies the mighty water-works tunnel, deep down in bed rock. The scene is one of silent bigness, of huge black shadows, and tons of giant boulders poised on the mountain sides ready to break loose."

The promise given by the first chapters of the new story, "The Heart of the Hills," by John Fox, Jr., that it will take its place among his best liked novels, will be amply fulfilled as it moves along. The scene shifts from the familiar mountain country to the Blue Grass region, and as the story progresses it will deal with some of the most dramatic and exciting political incidents of the last decade. The careers of Jason and Mavis, of Gray Pendleton and Marjorie will be followed with as much interest as those of Chad and June.

Judge Grant's "The Convictions of a Grandfather" is certainly being talked about. Any one who is finding it difficult to keep up a flow of entertaining conversation at dinner parties or other social functions or in the quiet corner of a favorite club, will find material in them for topics of the time. In the May number he touches upon some especially interesting matters—old-age pensions, punishment of crime, and the publicity methods of a certain element in social life.

One of the most interesting and by many considered one of the greatest of modern painters, Pierre Auguste Renoir, will be the subject of an article in the May number by Walter Pach. It will be illustrated by a number of the artist's pictures.

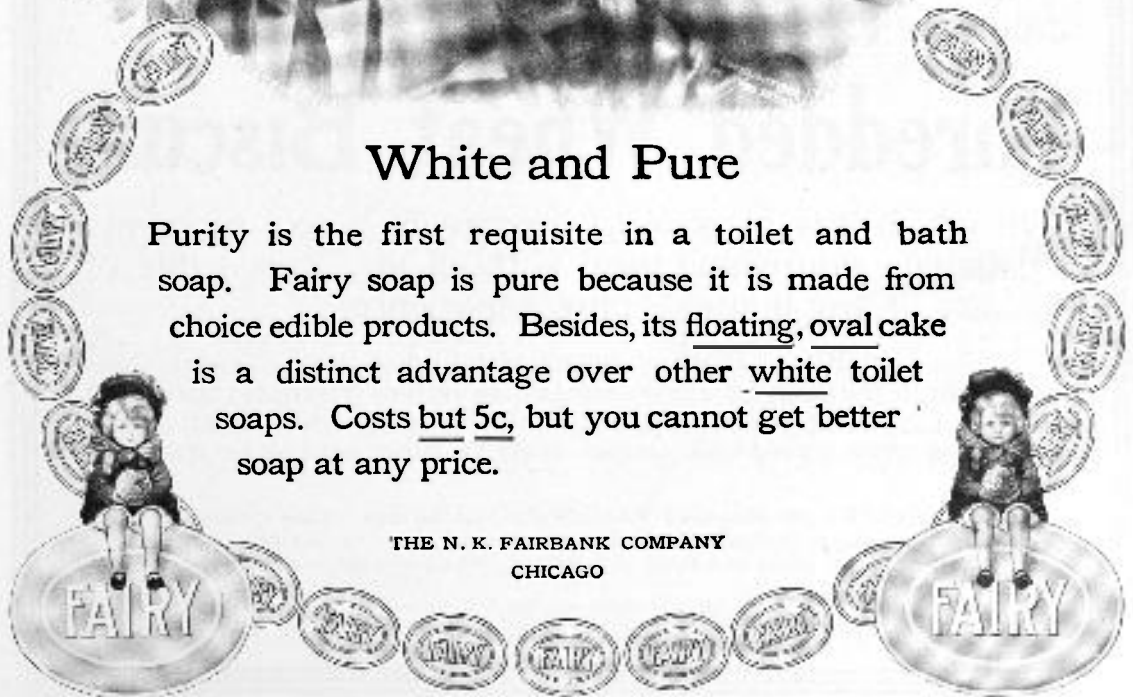
"HAVE YOU A LITTLE 'FAIRY' IN YOUR HOME?"



White and Pure

Purity is the first requisite in a toilet and bath soap. Fairy soap is pure because it is made from choice edible products. Besides, its floating, oval cake is a distinct advantage over other white toilet soaps. Costs but 5c, but you cannot get better soap at any price.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO



In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Woman's World and Work



grow larger with her increasing freedom from household drudgery. Food sense and food knowledge have opened up larger opportunities for intelligent home-management. When cooks fail and servants fail and other duties are pressing hard there is

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

with which it is so easy to prepare in a few moments a delicious, nourishing meal without any knowledge of cookery or any housekeeping experience.

Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. Simply heat the Biscuit in the oven for a few moments to restore crispness; then pour over it hot milk and salt or sweeten to suit the taste. It is delicious and wholesome when served with canned pears or other canned or preserved fruits.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat Wafer—all the meat of the golden wheat steam-cooked, shredded, compressed into a wafer and baked. It is eaten as a toast with butter, soft cheese or marmalades.

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company

Niagara Falls, N. Y.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"EF ANYTHING HAPPENS"—HE PAUSED, AND THE GIRL NODDED HER UNDERSTANDING—
"YOU AN' ME AIR GOIN' TO STAY HYEH IN THE MOUNTAINS
AN' GIT MARRIED."

—"The Heart of the Hills," page 392.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LI

APRIL, 1912


NO. 4

THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

I

WIN spirals of blue smoke rose on either side of the spur, crept tendril-like up two dark ravines, and clearing the feathery green crests of the trees, drifted lazily on upward until, high above, they melted shyly together and into the haze that veiled the drowsy face of the mountain.

Each rose from a little log cabin clinging to the side of a little hollow at the head of a little creek. About each cabin was a rickety fence, a patch of garden, and a little cleared hill-side, rocky, full of stumps, and crazily traced with thin green spears of corn. On one hill-side a man was at work with a hoe, and on the other, over the spur, a boy—both barefooted, and both in patched jean trousers upheld by a single suspender that made a wet line over a sweaty cotton shirt: the man, tall, lean, swarthy, grim; the boy grim and dark, too, and with a face that was prematurely aged. At the man's cabin a little girl in purple homespun was hurrying in and out the back door clearing up after the noonday meal; at the boy's a comely woman with masses of black hair sat in the porch with her hands folded and lifting her eyes now and then to the top of the spur. Of a sudden the man impatiently threw down his hoe, but through the battered straw hat that bobbed up and down on the boy's head, one lock tossed on like a jet-black plume until he reached the end of his straggling row of corn. There he straightened up and brushed his earth-stained fingers across a dull-red splotch on one cheek of his sullen set face. His heavy

lashes lifted and he looked long at the woman on the porch—looked without anger now and with a new decision in his steady eyes. He was getting a little too big to be struck by a woman, even if she were his own mother, and nothing like that must happen again.

A woodpecker was impudently tapping the top of a dead burnt tree near by, and the boy started to reach for a stone, but turned instead and went doggedly to work on the next row, which took him to the lower corner of the garden fence, where the ground was black and rich. There, as he sank his hoe with the last stroke around the last hill of corn, a fat fishing-worm wriggled under his very eyes, and the growing man lapsed swiftly into the boy again. He gave another quick dig, the earth gave up two more squirming treasures, and with a joyful gasp he stood straight again—his eyes roving as though to search all creation for help against the temptation that now was his. His mother had her face uplifted toward the top of the spur; and following her gaze, he saw a tall mountaineer slouching down the path. Quickly he crouched behind the fence, and the aged look came back into his face. He did not approve of that man coming over there so often, kinsman though he was, and through the palings he saw his mother's face drop quickly and her hands moving uneasily in her lap. And when the mountaineer sat down on the porch and took off his hat to wipe his forehead, he noticed that his mother had on a newly bought store dress, and that the man's hair was wet with something more than water. The thick locks had been combed and were glistening with oil, and the boy knew these facts for signs of courtship; and though

Copyright, 1912, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

he was contemptuous, they furnished the excuse he sought and made escape easy. Noiselessly he wielded his hoe for a few moments, scooped up a handful of soft dirt, meshed the worms in it, and slipped the squirming mass into his pocket. Then he crept stooping along the fence to the rear of the house, squeezed himself between two broken palings, and sneaked on tiptoe to the back porch. Gingerly he detached a cane fishing-pole from a bunch that stood upright in a corner and was tiptoeing away, when with another thought he stopped, turned back, and took down from the wall a bow and arrow with a steel head around which was wound a long hempen string. Cautiously then he crept back along the fence, slipped behind the barn into the undergrowth and up a dark little ravine toward the green top of the spur. Up there he turned from the path through the thick bushes into an open space, walled by laurel-bushes, hooted three times surprisingly like an owl, and lay contentedly down on a bed of moss. Soon his ear caught the sound of light footsteps coming up the spur on the other side, the bushes parted in a moment more, and a little figure in purple homespun slipped through them, and with a flushed, panting face and dancing eyes stood beside him.

The boy nodded his head sidewise toward his own home, and the girl silently nodded hers up and down in answer. Her eyes caught sight of the bow and arrow on the ground beside him and lighted eagerly, for she knew then that the fishing-pole was for her. Without a word they slipped through the bushes and down the steep side of the spur to a little branch which ran down into a creek that wound a tortuous way into the Cumberland.

II

ON the other side, too, a similar branch ran down into another creek which looped around the long slanting side of the spur and emptied, too, into the Cumberland. At the mouth of each creek the river made a great bend, and in the sweep of each were rich bottom lands. A century before a Hawn had settled in one bottom, the lower one, and a Honeycutt in the other. As each family multiplied, more land was cleared up each creek by sons and grandsons un-

til in each cove a clan was formed. No one knew when and for what reason an individual Hawn and a Honeycutt had first clashed, but the clash was of course inevitable. Equally inevitable was it, too, that the two clans should take the quarrel up, and for half a century the two families had, with intermittent times of truce, been traditional enemies. The boy's father, Jason Hawn, had married a Honeycutt in a time of peace, and, when the war opened again, was regarded as a deserter, and had been forced to move over the spur to the Honeycutt side. The girl's father, Steve Hawn, a ne'er-do-well and the son of a ne'er-do-well, had for his inheritance wild lands, steep, supposedly worthless, and near the head of the Honeycutt cove. Little Jason's father, when he quarrelled with his kin, could afford to buy only cheap land on the Honeycutt side, and thus the homes of the two were close to the high heart of the mountain, and separated only by the bristling crest of the spur. In time the boy's father was slain from ambush, and it was a Hawn, the Honeycutts claimed, who had made him pay the death price of treachery to his own kin. But when peace came, this fact did not save the lad from taunt and suspicion from the children of the Honeycutt tribe, and being a favorite with his Grandfather Hawn down on the river, and harshly treated by his Honeycutt mother, his life on the other side in the other cove was a hard one; so his heart had gone back to his own people and, having no companions, he had made a playmate of his little cousin, Mavis, over the spur. In time her mother had died, and in time her father, Steve, had begun slouching over the spur to court the widow—his cousin's widow, Martha Hawn. Straightway the fact had caused no little gossip up and down both creeks, good-natured gossip at first, but, now that the relations between the two clans were once more strained, there was open censure, and on that day when all the men of both factions had gone to the county-seat, the boy knew that Steve Hawn had stayed at home for no other reason than to make his visit that day secret; and the lad's brain, as he strode ahead of his silent little companion, was busy with the significance of what was sure to come.

At the mouth of the branch, the two came upon a road that also ran down to the river,

but they kept on close to the bank of the stream which widened as they travelled—the boy striding ahead without looking back, the girl following like a shadow. Still again they crossed the road, where it ran over the foot of the spur and turned down into a deep bowl filled to the brim with bush and tree, and there, where a wide pool lay asleep in thick shadow, the lad pulled forth the ball of earth and worms from his pocket, dropped them with the fishing-pole to the ground, and turned ungallantly to his bow and arrow. By the time he had strung it, and had tied one end of the string to the shaft of the arrow and the other about his wrist, the girl had unwound the coarse fishing-line, had baited her own hook, and, squatted on her heels, was watching her cork with eager eyes; but when the primitive little hunter crept to the lower end of the pool, and was peering with Indian caution into the depths, her eyes turned to him.

"Watch out thar!" he called, sharply.

Her cork bobbed, sank, and when, with closed eyes, she jerked with all her might, a big shining chub rose from the water and landed on the bank beside her. She gave a subdued squeal of joy, but the boy's face was calm as a star. Minnows like that were all right for a girl to catch and even for him to eat, but he was after game for a man. A moment later he heard another jerk and another fish was flopping on the bank, and this time she made no sound, but only flashed her triumphant eyes upon him. At the third fish, she turned her eyes for approval—and got none; and at the fourth, she did not look up at all, for he was walking toward her.

"You air skeerin' the big uns," he said shortly, and as he passed he pulled his Barlow knife from his pocket and dropped it at her feet. She rose obediently, and with no sign of protest began gathering an apronful of twigs and piling them for a fire. Then she began scraping one of the fish, and when it was cleaned she lighted the fire. The blaze crackled merrily, the blue smoke rose like some joyous spirit loosed for upward flight, and by the time the fourth fish was cleaned, a little bed of winking coals was ready and soon a gentle sizzling assailed the boy's ears, and a scent made his nostrils quiver and set his stomach a-hungering. But still he gave no sign of interest—even when the little girl spoke at last:

"Dinner's ready."

He did not look around, for he had crouched, his body taut from head to foot, and he might have been turned suddenly to stone for all the sign of life he gave, and the little girl too was just as motionless. Then she saw the little statue come slowly back to quivering life. She saw the bow bend, the shaft of the arrow drawing close to the boy's paling cheek, there was a rushing hiss through the air, a burning hiss in the water, a mighty bass leaped from the convulsed surface and shot to the depths again, leaving the headless arrow afloat. The boy gave one sharp cry and lapsed into his stolid calm again.

The little girl said nothing, for there is no balm for the tragedy of the big fish that gets away. Slowly he untied the string from his reddened wrist and pulled the arrow in. Slowly he turned and gazed indifferently at the four crisp fish on four dry twigs with four pieces of corn pone lying on the grass near them, and the little girl squatting meekly and waiting, as the woman should for her working lord. With his Barlow knife he slowly speared a corn pone, picking up a fish with the other hand, and still she waited until he spoke.

"Take out, Mavie," he said with great gravity and condescension, and then his knife with a generous mouthful on its point stopped in the air, his startled eyes widened, and the little girl shrank cowering behind him. A heavy footfall had crunched on the quiet air, the bushes had parted, and a huge mountaineer towered above them with a Winchester over his shoulder and a kindly smile under his heavy beard. The boy was startled—not frightened.

"Hello, Babe!" he said coolly. "Whut devilmint you up to now?"

The giant smiled uneasily:

"I'm keepin' out o' the sun an' a-takin' keer o' my health," he said, and his eyes dropped hungrily to the corn pone and fried fish, but the boy shook his head sturdily.

"You can't git nothin' to eat from me, Babe Honeycutt."

"Now, looky hyeh, Jason——"

"Not a durn bite," said the boy firmly, "even if you air my mammy's brother. I'm a Hawn now, I want ye to know, an' I ain't goin' to have my folks say I was feedin' an' harborin' a Honeycutt—'specially *you*."

It would have been humorous to either Hawn or Honeycutt to hear the big man

plead, but not to the girl, though he was an enemy, and had but recently wounded a cousin of hers, and was hiding from her own people, for her warm little heart was touched, and big Babe saw it and left his mournful eyes on hers.

"An' I'm a-goin' to tell whar I've seed ye," went on the boy savagely, but the girl grabbed up two fish and a corn pone and thrust them out to the huge hairy hand eagerly stretched out.

"Now, git away," she said breathlessly, "git away—quick!"

"Mavis!" yelled the boy.

"Shet up!" she cried, and the lips of the routed boy fell apart in sheer amazement, for never before had she made the slightest question of his tyrannical authority, and then her eyes blazed at the big Honeycutt and she stamped her foot.

"I'd give 'em to the meanest *dog* in these mountains."

The big man turned to the boy.

"Is he dead yit?"

"No, he ain't dead yit," said the boy roughly.

"Son," said the mountaineer quietly, "you tell whutsoever you please about me."

The curiously gentle smile had never left the bearded lips, but in his voice a slight proud change was perceptible.

"An' you can take back yo' corn pone, honey."

Then dropping the food in his hand back to the ground, he noiselessly melted into the bushes again.

At once the boy went to work on his neglected corn bread and fish, but the girl left hers untouched where it lay. He ate silently, staring at the water below him, nor did the little girl turn her eyes his way, for in the last few minutes some subtle change in their relations had taken place, and both were equally surprised and mystified. Finally, the lad ventured a sidewise glance at her beneath the brim of his hat and met a shy appealing glance once more. At once he felt aggrieved and resentful and turned sullen.

"He throwed it back in yo' face," he said. "You oughtn't to 'a' done it."

Little Mavis made no answer.

"You're nothin' but a gal, an' nobody'll hold nothin' agin you, but with my mammy a Honeycutt an' me a-livin' on the Honeycutt side, you mought 'a' got me into trouble

with my own folks." The girl knew how Jason had been teased and taunted and his life mademiserable up and down the Honeycutt creek, and her brown face grew wistful and her little chin quivered.

"I jes' couldn't he'p it, Jason," she said weakly, and the little man threw up his hands with a gesture that spoke his hopelessness over her sex in general, and at the same time an ungracious acceptance of the terrible calamity she had perhaps left dangling over his head. He clicked the blade of his Barlow knife and rose.

"We better be movin' now," he said, with a resumption of his old authority, and pulling in the line and winding it about the cane pole, he handed it to her and started back up the spur with Mavis trailing after, his obedient shadow once more.

On top of the spur Jason halted. A warm blue haze transfused with the slanting sunlight overlay the flanks of the mountains which, fold after fold, rippled up and down the winding river and above the green crests billowed on and on into the unknown. Nothing more could happen to them if they went home two hours later than would surely happen if they went home now, the boy thought, and he did not want to go home now. For a moment he stood irresolute, and then, far down the river, he saw two figures on horseback come into sight from a strip of woods, move slowly around a curve of the road and disappear into the woods again.

One rode sidewise, both looked absurdly small, and even that far away the boy knew them for strangers. He did not call Mavis's attention to them—he had no need—for when he turned, her face showed that she too had seen them, and she was already moving forward to go with him down the spur. Once or twice, as they went down, each glimpsed the coming "furriners" dimly through the trees; they hurried that they might not miss the passing, and on a high bank above the river road they stopped, standing side by side, the eyes of both fixed on the arched opening of the trees through which the strangers must first come into sight. A ringing laugh from the green depths heralded their coming, and then in the archway were framed a boy and a girl and two ponies—all from another world. The two watchers stared silently—the boy noting that the other boy wore a cap and

long stockings, the girl that a strange hat hung down the back of the other girl's head—stared with widening eyes at a sight that was never for them before. And then the strangers saw them—the boy with his bow and arrow, the girl with a fishing-pole—and simultaneously pulled their ponies in before the halting gaze that was levelled at them from the grassy bank. Then they all looked at one another until boy's eyes rested on boy's eyes for question and answer, and the stranger lad's face flashed with quick humor.

"Were you looking for us?" he asked, for just so it seemed to him, and the little mountaineer nodded.

"Yes," he said gravely.

The stranger boy laughed.

"What can we do for you?"

Now little Jason had answered honestly and literally, and he saw now that he was being trifled with.

"A feller what wears gal's stockings can't do nothin' fer me," he said coolly.

Instantly the other lad made as though he would jump from his pony, but a cry of protest stopped him, and for a moment he glared his hot resentment of the insult; then he dug his heels into his pony's sides.

"Come on, Marjorie," he said, and with dignity the two little "furriners" rode on, never looking back even when they passed over the hill.

"He didn't mean nothin'," said Mavis, "an' you oughtn't—"

Jason turned on her in a fury.

"I seed you a-lookin' at him!"

"Tain't so! I seed you a-lookin' at her!" she retorted, but her eyes fell before his accusing gaze, and she began worming a bare toe into the sand.

"Air ye goin' home now?" she asked, presently.

"No," he said shortly, "I'm a-goin' attar him. You go on home."

The boy started up the hill, and in a moment the girl was trotting after him. He turned when he heard the patter of her feet.

"Huh!" he grunted contemptuously and kept on. At the top of the hill he saw several men on horseback in the bend of the road below and he turned into the bushes.

"They mought tell on us," explained Jason, and hiding bow and arrow and fishing-pole, they slipped along the flank of the

spur until they stood on a point that commanded the broad river-bottom at the mouth of the creek.

By the roadside down there was the ancestral home of the Hawns with an orchard about it, a big garden, a huge stable for that part of the world, and a meat-house where for three-quarters of a century there had always been things "hung up." The old log house in which Jason and Mavis's great-great-grandfather had spent his pioneer days had been weather-boarded and was invisible somewhere in the big frame house that, trimmed with green and porticoed with startling colors, glared white in the afternoon sun. They could see the two ponies hitched at the front gate. Two horsemen were hurrying along the river road beneath them, and Jason recognized one as his uncle, Arch Hawn, who lived in the county-seat, who bought lands and was always bringing in "furriners," to whom he sold them again. The man with him was a stranger, and Jason understood better now what was going on. Arch Hawn was responsible for the presence of the man and of the girl and that boy in the "gal's stockings," and all of them would probably spend the night at his grandfather's house. A farm-hand was leading the ponies to the barn now, and Jason and Mavis saw Arch and the man with him throw themselves hurriedly from their horses, for the sun had disappeared in a black cloud and a mist of heavy rain was sweeping up the river. It was coming fast, and the boy sprang through the bushes and, followed by Mavis, flew down the road. The storm caught them, and in a few moments the stranger boy and girl looking through the front door at the sweeping gusts, saw two drenched and bedraggled figures slip shyly through the front gate and around the corner to the back of the house.

III

THE two little strangers sat in cane-bottomed chairs before the open door, still looking about them with curious eyes at the strings of things hanging from the smoke-browned rafters—beans, red pepper-pods, and twists of home-grown tobacco, the girl's eyes taking in the old spinning-wheel in the corner, the piles of brilliantly figured

quilts between the foot-boards of the two beds ranged along one side of the room, and the boy's catching eagerly the butt of a big revolver projecting from the mantel-piece, a Winchester standing in one corner, a long, old-fashioned squirrel rifle athwart a pair of buck antlers over the front door, and a bunch of cane fishing-poles aslant the wall of the back porch. Presently a slim, drenched figure slipped quietly in, then another, and Mavis stood on one side of the fire-place and little Jason on the other. The two girls exchanged a swift glance and Mavis's eyes fell; abashed, she knotted her hands shyly behind her and with the hollow of one bare foot rubbed the slender arch of the other. The stranger boy looked up at Jason with a pleasant glance of recognition and got for his courtesy a sullen glare that travelled from his broad white collar down to his stockinged legs, and his face flushed; he would have trouble with that mountain boy. Before the fire old Jason Hawn stood, and through a smoke cloud from his corn-cob pipe looked kindly at his two little guests.

"So that's yo' boy an' gal?"

"That's my son Gray," said Colonel Pendleton.

"She's my cousin," said the lad, and Mavis looked quickly to little Jason for recognition of this similar relationship and got no answering glance, for little did he care at that moment of hostility how those two were akin.

Old Jason turned to the father.

"Well, we're a purty rough people down here, but you're welcome to all we got."

"I've found that out," laughed Colonel Pendleton pleasantly, "everywhere."

"I wish you both could stay a long time with us," said the old man to the little strangers. "Jason here would take Gray fishin' an' huntin', an' Mavis would git on my old mare an' you two could jus' go flyin' up an' down the road. You could have a mighty good time if hit wasn't too rough fer ye."

"Oh, no," said the boy politely, and the girl said:

"I'd just love to."

The blue-grass man's attention was caught by the names.

"Jason," he repeated; "why, Jason was a mighty hunter, and Mavis—that means 'the song-thrush.' How in the world did they get those names?"

"Well, my granddaddy was a powerful b'ar-hunter in his day," said the old man,

"an' I heerd as how a school-teacher nicknamed him Jason, an' that name come down to me an' him. I've heerd o' Mavis as long as I can rickellect. Hit was my grandmammy's name."

Colonel Pendleton looked at the sturdy, mountain lad, his compact figure, square shoulders, well-set head with its shock of hair and bold, steady eyes, and at the slim, wild little creature shrinking against the mantel-piece, and then he turned to his own son Gray and his little niece Marjorie. Four better types of the blue-grass and of the mountains it would be hard to find. For a moment he saw them in his mind's eye transposed in dress and environment, and he was surprised at the little change that eye could see, and when he thought of the four living together in these wilds, or at home in the blue-grass, his wonder at what the result might be almost startled him. The mountain lad had shown no surprise at the talk about him and his cousin, but when the stranger man caught his eye, little Jason's lips opened.

"I knowed all about that," he said abruptly.

"About what?"

"Why, that mighty hunter—and Mavis."

"Why, who told you?"

"The jologist."

"The what?" Old Jason laughed.

"He means ge-ol-o-gist," said the old man, who had no little trouble with the right word himself.

"A feller come in here three year ago with a hammer an' went to peckin' aroun' in the rocks here, an' that boy was with him all the time. Thar don't seem to be much the feller didn't tell Jason an' nothin' that Jason don't seem to remember. He's al'ays a-puzzlin' me by comin' out with somethin' or other that rock-pecker tol' him an'—" he stopped, for the boy was shaking his head from side to side.

"Don't you say nothin' agin him, now," he said, and old Jason laughed.

"He's a powerful hand to take up fer his friends, Jason is."

"He was a friend o' all us mountain folks," said the boy stoutly, and then he looked Colonel Pendleton in the face—fearlessly, but with no impertinence.

"He said as how you folks from the big settlemint was a-comin' down here to buy up our wild lands fer nothin' because we

all was a lot o' fools an' didn't know how much they was worth, an' that ever'body'd have to move out o' here an' you'd get rich diggin' our coal an' cuttin' our timber an' raisin' hell ginerally."

He did not notice Marjorie's flush, but went on fierily: "He said that our trees caught the rain an' our gullies gathered it together an' troughed it down the mountains an' made the river which would water all yo' lands. That you was a lot o' damn fools cuttin' down yo' trees an' a-plantin' ter-baccer an' a-spittin' out yo' birthright in terbaccer-juice, an' that by an' by you'd come up here an' cut down our trees so that there wouldn't be nothin' left to ketch the rain when it fell, so that yo' rivers would git to be cricks an' yo' cricks branches an' yo' land would die o' thirst an' the same thing 'ud happen here. Co'se we'd all be gone when all this tuk place, but he said as how I'd live to see the day when you furriners would be damaged by wash-outs down thar in the settlements an' would be a-pilin' up stacks an' stacks o' gold out o' the lands you robbed me an' my kinfolks out of."

"Shet up," said Arch Hawn sharply, and the boy wheeled on him.

"Yes, an' you air a-helpin' the furriners to rob yo' own kin; you air a-doin' hit yo'self."

"Jason!"

The old man spoke sternly and the boy stopped, flushed and panting, and a moment later slipped from the room.

"Well," said the colonel, and he laughed good-humoredly to relieve the strain that his host might feel on his account; but he was amazed just the same—the bud of a socialist blooming in those wilds! Arch Hawn's shrewd face looked a little concerned, for he saw that the old man's rebuke had been for the discourtesy to strangers, and from the sudden frown that ridged the old man's brow, that the boy's words had gone deep enough to stir distrust, and this was a poor start in the fulfilment of the purpose he had in view. He would have liked to give the boy a cuff on the ear. As for Mavis, she was almost frightened by the outburst of her playmate, and Marjorie was horrified by his profanity; but the dawning of something in Gray's brain worried him, and presently he, too, rose and went to the back porch. The rain had stopped, the wet earth was fragrant with freshened odors,

wood-thrushes were singing, and the upper air was drenched with liquid gold that was darkening fast. The boy Jason was seated on the yard fence with his chin in his hands, his back to the house, and his face toward home. He heard the stranger's step, turned his head and mistaking a puzzled sympathy for a challenge, dropped to the ground and came toward him, gathering fury as he came. Like lightning the blue-grass lad's face changed, whitening a little as he sprang forward to meet him, but Jason, motioning with his thumb, swerved behind the chimney, where the stranger swiftly threw off his coat, the mountain boy spat on his hands, and like two diminutive demons they went at each other fiercely and silently. A few minutes later the two little girls rounding the chimney corner saw them—Gray on top and Jason writhing and biting under him like a tortured snake. A moment more Mavis's strong little hand had the stranger boy by his thick hair and Mavis, feeling her arm clutched by the stranger-girl, let go and turned on her like a fury. There was a piercing scream from Marjorie, hurried footsteps answered on the porch, and old Jason and the colonel looked with bewildered eyes on the little blue-grass girl amazed, indignant, white with horror; Mavis shrinking away from her as though she were the one who had been threatened with a blow; the stranger lad with a bitten thumb clenched in the hollow of one hand, his face already reddening with contrition and shame; and savage little Jason biting a bloody lip and with the lust of battle still shaking him from head to foot.

"Jason," said the old man sternly, "whut's the matter out hyeh?"

Marjorie pointed one finger at Mavis, started to speak and stopped. Jason's eyes fell.

"Nothin'," he said sullenly, and Colonel Pendleton looked to his son with astonished inquiry, and the lad's fine face turned bewildered and foolish.

"I don't know, sir," he said at last.

"Don't know?" echoed the colonel. "Well——"

The old man broke in:

"Jason, if you have lost yo' manners an' don't know how to behave when thar's strangers around, I reckon you'd better go on home."

The boy did not lift his eyes.

"I was a-goin' home anyhow," he said, still sullen, and he turned.

"Oh, no!" said the colonel quickly; "this won't do. Come now—you two boys shake hands."

At once the stranger lad walked forward to his enemy and confused Jason gave him a limp hand. The old man laughed. "Come on in, Jason—you an' Mavis—an' stay to supper."

The boy shook his head.

"I got to be gittin' back home," he said, and without a word more he turned again. Marjorie looked toward the little girl, but she, too, was starting.

"I better be gittin' back too," she said shyly, and off she ran. Old Jason laughed again.

"Jes' like two young roosters out thar in my barnyard," and he turned with the colonel toward the house. But Marjorie and her cousin stood in the porch and watched the two little mountaineers until, without once looking back, they passed over the sunlit hill.

IV

ON they trudged, the boy plodding sturdily ahead, the little girl slipping mountain-fashion behind. Not once did she come abreast with him, and not one word did either say, but the mind and heart of both were busy. All the way the frown over-casting the boy's face stayed like a shadow, for he had left trouble at home, he had met trouble, and to trouble he was going back. The old was definite enough and he knew how to handle it, but the new bothered him sorely. That stranger boy was a fighter, and Jason's honest soul told him that if interference had not come, he would have been whipped, and his pride was still smarting with every step. The new boy had not tried to bite or gouge or to hit him when he was on top—facts that puzzled the mountain boy; he hadn't whimpered and he hadn't blabbed—not even the insult Jason had hurled with eye and tongue at his girl-clad legs. He had said that he didn't know what they were fighting about, and just why they were Jason himself couldn't quite make out now; but he knew that even now, in spite of the hand-shaking truce, he would at the snap of a finger go at the stranger again. And little Mavis knew now

that it was not fear that made the stranger girl scream—and she, too, was puzzled. She even felt that the scorn in Marjorie's face was not personal, but she had shrunk from it as from the sudden lash of a whip. The stranger girl, too, had not blabbed but had even seemed to smile her forgiveness when Mavis turned, with no good-by, to follow Jason. Hand in hand the two little mountaineers had crossed the threshold of a new world that day. Together they were going back into their own, but the clutch of the new was tight on both, and while neither could have explained, there was the same thought in each mind, the same nameless dissatisfaction in each heart, and both were in the throes of the same new birth.

The sun was sinking when they started up the spur, and unconsciously Jason hurried his steps and the girl followed hard. The twin spirals of smoke were visible now, and where the path forked the boy stopped and turned, jerking his thumb toward her cabin and his.

"Ef anything happens"—he paused, and the girl nodded her understanding—"you an' me air goin' to stay hyeh in the mountains an' git married."

"Yes, Jasie," she said.

His tone was matter of fact and so was hers, nor did she show any surprise at the suddenness of what he said, and Jason, not looking at her, failed to see a faint flush come to her cheek. He turned to go, but she stood still, looking down into the gloomy, darkening ravine below her. A bear's tracks had been found in that ravine only the day before. "Air ye afeerd?" he asked tolerantly, and she nodded mutely.

"I'll take ye down," he said with sudden gentleness.

The tall mountaineer was standing on the porch of the cabin, and with assurance and dignity Jason strode ahead with a protecting air to the gate.

"Whar you two been?" he called sharply.

"I went fishin'," said the boy unperturbed, "an' tuk Mavis with me."

"You air gittin' a leetle too peart, boy. I don't want that gal a-runnin' around in the woods all day."

Jason met his angry eyes with a new spirit.

"I reckon you hain't been hyeh long."

The shot went home and the mountaineer glared helpless for an answer.

"Come on in hyeh an' git supper," he called harshly to the girl, and as the boy went back up the spur, he could hear the scolding going on below, with no answer from Mavis, and he made up his mind to put an end to that some day himself. He knew what was waiting for him on the other side of the spur, and when he reached the top, he sat down for a moment on a long-fallen, moss-grown log. Above him beetled the top of his world. His great blue misty hills washed their turbulent waves to the yellow shore of the dropping sun. Those waves of forests primeval were his, and the green spray of them was tossed into cloud-land to catch the blessed rain. In every little fold of them drops were trickling down now to water the earth and give back the sea its own. The dreamy-eyed man of science had told him that. And it was unchanged, all unchanged since wild beasts were the only tenants, since wild Indians slipped through the wilderness aisles, since the half-wild white man, hot on the chase, planted his feet in the footsteps of both and inexorably pushed them on. The boy's first Kentucky ancestor had been one of those who had stopped in the hills. His rifle had fed him and his family; his axe had put a roof over their heads, and the loom and spinning-wheel had clothed their bodies. Day by day they had fought back the wilderness, had husbanded the soil, and as far as his eagle eye could reach, that first Hawn had claimed mountain, river, and tree for his own, and there was none to dispute the claim for the passing of half a century. Now those who had passed on were coming back again—the first trespasser long, long ago with a yellow document that he called a "blanket-patent" and which was all but the bringer's funeral shroud, for the old hunter started at once for his gun and the stranger with his patent took to flight. Years later a band of young men with chain and compass had appeared in the hills and disappeared as suddenly, and later still another band, running a line for a railroad up the river, found old Jason at the foot of a certain oak with his rifle in the hollow of his arm and marking a dead-line which none dared to cross.

Later still, when he understood, the old man let them pass, but so far nobody had surveyed his land, and now, instead of trying to take, they were trying to purchase.

From all points of the compass the "fur-riners" were coming now, the rock-pecker's prophecy was falling true, and at that moment the boy's hot words were having an effect on every soul who had heard them. Old Jason's suspicions were alive again; he was short of speech when his nephew, Arch Hawn, brought up the sale of his lands, and Arch warned the colonel to drop the subject for the night. The colonel's mind had gone back to a beautiful woodland at home that he thought of clearing off for tobacco—he would put that desecration off a while. The stranger boy, too, was wondering vaguely at the fierce arraignment he had heard; the stranger girl was curiously haunted by memories of the queer little mountaineer, while Mavis now had a new awe of her cousin that was but another rod with which he could go on ruling her.

Jason's mother was standing in the door when he walked through the yard gate. She went back into the cabin when she saw him coming, and met him at the door with a switch in her hand. Very coolly the lad caught it from her, broke it in two, threw it away, and picking up a piggin went out without a word to milk, leaving her aghast and outdone. When he came back, he asked like a man if supper was ready, and as to a man she answered. For an hour he pottered around the barn, and for a long while he sat on the porch under the stars. And as always at that hour the same scene obsessed his memory when the last glance of his father's eye and the last words of his father's tongue went not to his wife, but to the white-faced little son across the foot of the death-bed:

"You'll git him fer me—some day."

"I'll git him, pap."

Those were the words that passed, and in them was neither the asking nor the giving of a promise, but a simple statement and a simple acceptance of a simple trust, and the father passed with a grim smile of content. Like every Hawn the boy believed that a Honeycutt was the assassin, and in the solemn little fellow one purpose hitherto had been supreme—to discover the man and avenge the deed; and though, young as he was, he was yet too cunning to let the fact be known, there was no male of the name old enough to pull the trigger, not even his mother's brother, Babe, who did

not fall under the ban of the boy's deathless hate and suspicion. And always his mother, though herself a Honeycutt, had steadily fed his purpose, but for a long while now she had kept disloyally still, and the boy had bitterly learned the reason.

It was bedtime now, and little Jason rose and went within. As he climbed the steps leading to his loft, he spoke at last, nodding his head toward the cabin over the spur:

"I reckon I know whut you two air up to, and, furdernore, you air aimin' to sell this land. I can't keep you from doin' it, I reckon, but I do ax you not to sell without lettin' me know. I know somep'n 'bout it that nobody else knows. An' if you don't tell me—" he shook his head slowly, and the mother looked at her boy as though she were dazed by some spell. "I'll tell ye, Jasie," she said.

(To be continued.)

A SONG OF THE BY-WAYS

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

I SING to the joy of the By-ways,
The road that is grass overgrown,
That leads from the dust of the High-ways
To the meadow that never is mown;
The subtle seduction of places
Where Silence her magic has wrought,
And the Dream, or the Vision, effaces
The thralldom of thought.

The hour we wantonly wasted—
How rich in its passing, how fleet!
The fruit that we should not have tasted,
How perilous, transient, and sweet!
The dim and unfathomed recesses
Where flushes the bud of desire,
The swift, half acknowledged caresses,
The moth and the fire!

Then search for the flower that grows not
Except where the pathway is blind,
And the breath of the blossom that blows not
Where its beauty is easy to find;
For the thrill of its scent aromatic
No gardens of ease ever give,—
Where Life is fulfilment ecstatic
And, to love is to live.

For the heart is the Lord of the By-ways
And bids us forever to climb
To the distant and delicate shy ways
Where even the Conqueror, Time,
Must pause on his march for a minute
To yield us the consummate right,
For the sake of the bliss that is in it,
To our Dream of Delight.

CADENABBIA

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO



ANYTHING more lovely than the view which I have before me this morning cannot be imagined. It is a bright, warm September day. I am writing on the loggia; vines, creepers, climbing roses make a shady green awning over my head. Roses are hanging over the wall so close that I have only to stretch out my hand to pick them. The yellow ones are quite beautiful—just the color of the sun. Through the twisted branches of an old gray olive tree I get a glimpse of the lake—blue and calm, not a ripple on its surface. Just opposite I see the point of Bellaggio, with the trees coming down to the edge of the water, dipping into the lake—the little town stretching itself along the shore, the pink and blue houses with bright green shutters making a line of color against the dark hills behind.

This villa stands high. We have quite a steep climb from the lake. It is an ordinary, large, square, yellow house on the slope of the hill, in the middle of a big garden.

From every window there are balconies hanging over the lake—some of them so broad they are quite like another room. Just in front of my windows, which are in the middle of the house, is a flight of shallow red-brick steps leading down to the lake. On each side there is a stately row of tall black cypresses, at the end a fountain. The garden is filled with roses, oleanders, begonias, geraniums—some very pretty pink ones—all kinds of bright, sweet-smelling flowers.

Behind the house the garden is quite wild, a tangle of trees and bushes, and little green paths running up the side of the hill—a pergola, of course, which must be a delightful refuge on a hot day. We are out of town at one end of the long street which constitutes Cadenabbia—out of the region of hotels and shops, under the shadow of the mountain, which rises up directly behind the house.

The rooms are large and high, crowded with furniture—the most motley collection, pictures, Egyptian carved screens, Italian embroideries, tapestries, church ornaments, gold eagles, china frogs, engravings, family portraits in old gilt frames, cushions, clocks, rows of glass and china vases and cups on shelves running around the rooms; some low, deep, comfortable arm-chairs, such as one sees in English libraries, and some stiff high-backed arm-chairs covered with brocade, looking quite like the seat of the chatelaine in some of the old French chateaux; books in all languages everywhere. One would think a large family had lived in this house and that the various members had brought back from their travels, all over the world, any object that struck their fancy, and put it anywhere in the house. What was most curious were the texts and inscriptions all over, painted on the walls. I have seen some occasionally in German houses—a tablet set in the wall of a hall with a few verses of welcome, and illuminated card-board texts hung up in English nurseries—but original poems all over the house in all the rooms were a novelty to me. I could not make them all out, but I liked very much the one in my bedroom, the guest-room: "He gives His angels charge of those who sleep, but He Himself watches with those who wake."

We made the most beautiful journey from Zurich to this place over the Saint Gothard to Lugano, where we found a little funicular at the station, which took us to the lower town—a typical Italian town, though Lugano, I believe, is in Switzerland.

We walked through queer, crooked, dirty streets, with glimpses of the lake at the end of the narrow openings; through arcades with little dark shops—sausages, tomatoes, grapes, figs, and branches with tiny birds tied to them hanging over the door, next to bright-colored petticoats and shawls; and in one shop we saw red, blue, and green corsets dangling over our heads. Dirty little

bedraggled children were playing about in the middle of the streets, and slatternly mothers with awful unkempt locks straggling over their eyes and necks standing in the door-ways looking at the long file of "forestieri" (strangers) who passed on their way to the boat.

The pier was animated enough—automobiles, carriages, and omnibuses with luggage continually passing, and little boats with awnings and red cushions (a good many motor-boats) starting off in all directions. Quite a number of people were waiting on the pier. The porter told us our boat was late and would not be there for nearly an hour, though it was due in twenty minutes. It was quite an hour before it appeared, but we loitered about—sat on cold stone benches, and were amused looking at the people, some of them so impatient and grumbling, "Why were Italian boats never on time?" etc.

The sail was interesting though the afternoon was dull. There was no sun and the mountains looked rather grim and forbidding. The lake had not at all the sunny, smiling aspect that one always remembers and expects in Italy. We zigzagged from one side to the other of the lake, stopping at many little places. They all looked picturesque enough from the water. The lines of bright-colored arcades and green terraces were charming, but not very tempting as a residence. There were one or two large villas near Lugano.

We left the boat at Porlezza and went by a little railway, through a lovely country, to Menaggio, on the Lake of Como. We crossed a beautiful valley with deep green ravines on each side of the road, and the descent upon the lake, with the clouds breaking a little and a wonderful orange light on the mountains, was enchanting.

Cadenabbia is no distance from Menaggio, a lovely sail, but it was quite dark when we arrived and we had no idea where our villa was. As we had telegraphed from Zurich that we would arrive at four o'clock at Como, there was naturally no one to meet us at Cadenabbia at seven. There didn't seem to be any carriages. One gentleman proposed a "barca," but H. would not hear of that, in the dark and not knowing where we were going. However, we finally got a carriage and a short drive brought us to our destination, where we

were most warmly received. The son of the house had gone to Como (two hours by boat) to meet us, and carriages and servants had been sent to all the Como boats, but naturally they had never thought of the Menaggio boat, coming from quite another direction and at a different hour. The porter of the "Baur au Lac" at Zurich made a mistake and thought we arrived at Como. They had quite given us up, for that night at any rate. We were glad to dine and go to our rooms, as we had had a long day.

The next morning was warm and lovely and we took advantage of it to go to Bellaggio to see the "festa" and procession. Unfortunately, it began to drizzle a little when we started, but we didn't mind that. The "vaporino" (motor-boat) took us over very quickly. The town was crowded with people—all going the same way, up the steep streets and steps to the main street, where the red awnings stretched across and the draperies hanging from the windows marked the route of the procession. We only saw the end of it—girls in white veils and older women in black ones, carrying crosses and banners and baskets with offerings of all kinds, which were to be sold afterward at auction in the public square. We found our way there easily. There were a good many people (English and Americans, of course). Boys were doing a brisk business letting out chairs. We found some perched on a wall, from where we could see everything. A tall, broad-shouldered young man was standing on a table holding up to the public the various objects that were brought to him. There were baskets of fruit, flowers, and nice yellow butter, all very well arranged in the baskets made there of light straw, pink and blue, and any color, in fact. Three or four branches, with two partridges and a rabbit tied to them, had a great success; also a cake with very unhealthy sugar icing on it of various colors. The man spoke in Italian, occasionally breaking into French—"tre franchi—deux soldi"—when he caught the eyes of any foreigners.

When we had seen and heard enough we went into the church. There were lights on the altar, banners and canopies in the chancel. Some of the girls, still in their white veils, were kneeling before the statue of the Virgin—who was dressed in a white satin dress with a wreath of flowers in her



The point of Bellaggio and Lake of Lecco.

hair—singing a hymn which sounded very pretty, as their voices were young and true.

The days pass quickly—too quickly. When the sun shines and the lake is as blue as the sky, and soft, white, fleecy clouds float softly over the tops of the mountains, the place is a paradise. What a charm there is in the Italian atmosphere! Life seems so easy; no one is in a hurry; no one seems to have anything to do, or, if they have, do it in the most leisurely manner. The other day we saw some women washing clothes on the stone wall opposite the Hotel Bellevue, where a great many people were walking about and sitting on all the benches. A heap of dirty linen was lying on the walls and they were doing their washing quite simply, piece by piece, scrubbing hard with a brush and some yellow soap, taking the water from a pail on the ground. I asked one of them why they did not go down to the lake just under the walls. They were quite surprised. Said they would take their linen down to the lake for a final dip when it was *clean*. They looked very smiling—so does everybody we meet.

Just as we were getting to our gate, a ragged, brown-legged little girl came singing down the road. She smiled up at us with a “Buono giorno, signora,” quite simply.

We went to Menaggio one morning, in the vaporino, to shop. Villas and gardens are dotted all along the shore. Several boats were drawn up on the beach—one enormous motor-boat, flying (of course) the stars and stripes, with two smart-looking boatmen in white shirts and trousers and red sashes. The boatmen are quite a feature here and look very smart in their dark-blue clothes and colored sashes. In all the private houses they serve at table like yacht stewards. There are two in our friend's villa who serve every night at dinner dressed in white with yellow sashes.

At Menaggio we wanted, among other things, some wool, and were told we would find it at the bazaar, where apparently they sell everything except wool, but the padrone gave us one of those delightfully descriptive vague Italian directions. Said we must go on to a small street near the church; there was a pink house on the cor-

ner, but it wasn't that one. We must go a little farther—opposite a balcony filled with flowers, where there was a yellow door, and next to that the shop. We found it without any difficulty and got what we wanted, then went to the baker's and bought a large

Cadenabbia. The walk from the Hotel Bellevue, through an avenue of catalpa trees, is charming—quantities of booths with lace, beads, tortoise-shell mosaics, postal cards; along the lake, boats with gay awnings and red cushions, ready to take



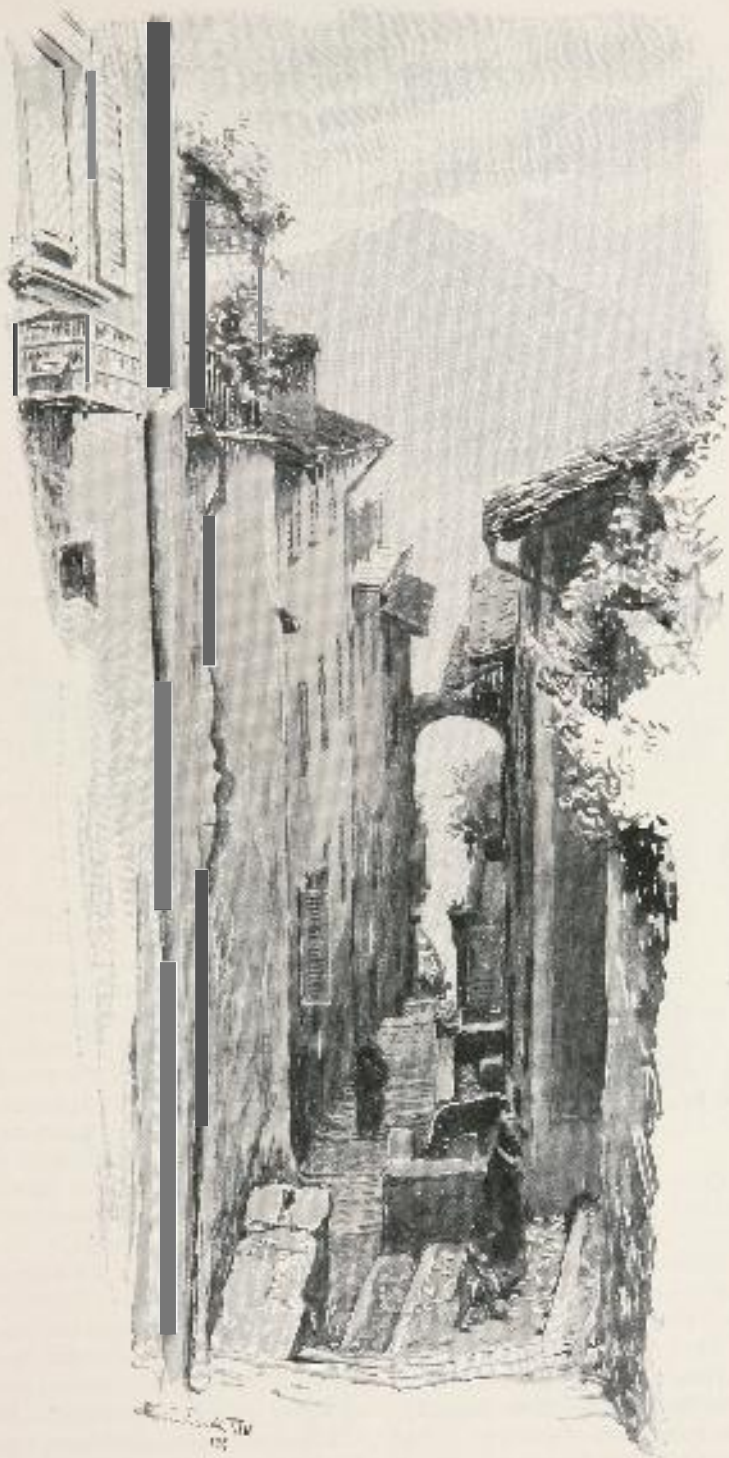
The Arcade, Bellagio.

fresh "panettone"—the great cake in these parts, a sort of sweet bread with raisins and spice in it.

Milan is the famous place for panettone, and when Nigra was Italian ambassador in Paris he used to send me an enormous one in a wooden box from Milan every New Year's day. The little town is not particularly interesting. Some old Roman tablets built into the walls of the church might be instructive for the history of the town and lake. One of the prettiest villages is Tremezzo, almost a prolongation of

tourists anywhere. It was very warm and we were glad to get into the main street, with its arcades and low shops, all their wares displayed outside.

What were most charming and perfectly Italian were the steep paths and flights of steps leading from the street to the mountains. I went half-way up one of them. At a little distance from the streets, on the steps, was a shop with most varied wares—slippers, stockings, pots, canes, lace, piles of stuff, all arranged outside. A little higher up, a child, with eyes and hair as black as



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

A descent to the lake.—Varenna.

jet, bare brown arms and legs, a scanty red frock that hardly covered her, was sitting in the middle of the steps. She did not move or get out of my way, only looked hard at me out of her big black eyes. Still higher up, about half-way, was a Madonna in a shrine, a bush of red oleanders drooping over it. A woman was kneeling before it telling her beads, but looking about her and taking a lively interest in all that was going on. Then more gray steps and green terraces, and the great barren mountain behind, and over all the deep-blue Italian sky.



Gossips.

It would have made a beautiful picture; one couldn't have exaggerated the color.

Just as I turned to come down, a boy leading three pretty little pink pigs appeared at the bottom of the steps. They were tied together and he was trying to drive them before him, but they all pulled different ways—were getting entangled in his legs. Instantly the whole street was in a commotion. Men and women came out of their shops, heads appeared at every

window; everybody talked at once, giving directions to the boy, and friendly little slaps and pushes to the pigs, who grunted and squealed and made sudden dashes into the shops. It was perfect babel for a few moments, then suddenly quieted down when the boy and the pigs disappeared around the corner.

It was very warm walking back about twelve o'clock. We would have liked a little shade, but the natives were quite happy, sitting on the wall in the full sunlight or sprawling on benches on the pier. All

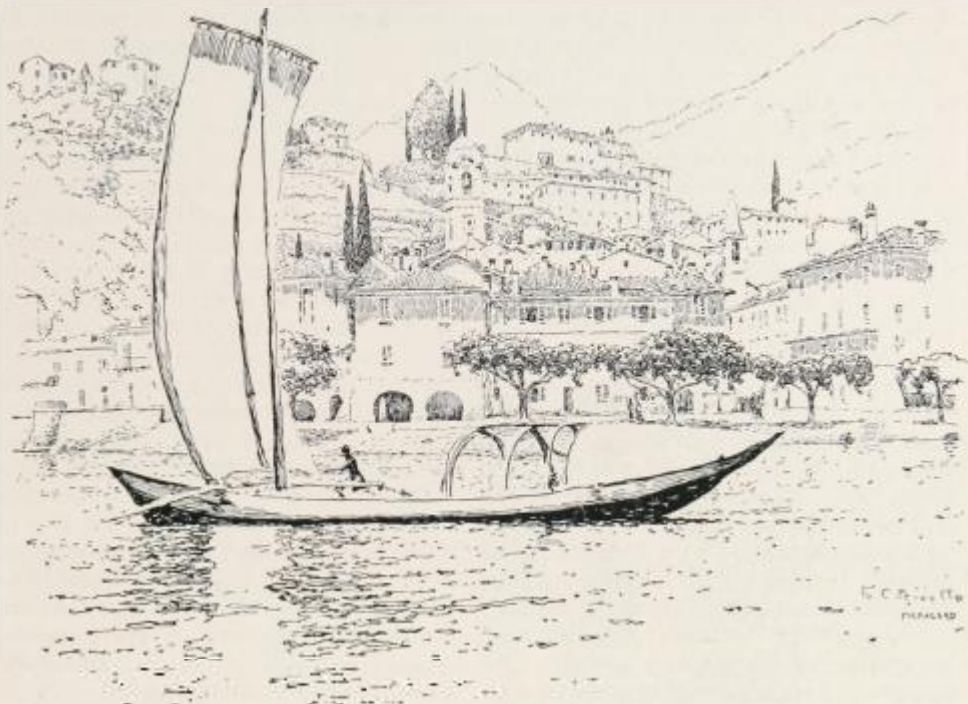
Italians love sunshine. I said the other day to our sweet-faced, soft-voiced Italian Teresa, who brings me my breakfast, "*Oggi abbiamo davvero il bel sole d'Italia*" (To-day we have really a beautiful Italian sun), to which she replied at once, "*Sì, signora, pare un altro mondo*" (Yes, madame, it seems another world). I like so much, too, the Italian *s*, which completely changes the phrase. One gray, cool morning I said something about the damp. Her answer was so sympathetic: "*Sì, signora, siamo sfortunati questi giorni*" (We are unfortunate these days).

We had one delightful afternoon in the gardens and loggia of the villa Arconati Visconti, generally called the Balbianello Gardens. The villa and gardens were built and planned by Cardinal Darini in the sixteenth century and called after one of his estates. This accounts for the beauty of the situation, as the princes of the church always chose the most beautiful and healthy positions and generally built upon heights.

We started at half-past three, in the vaporino. The light on the lake and the mountains (all the little villages pink and smiling in the sunlight) was enchanting. We met several motor-boats, all flying the stars and stripes or the union-jack. Now and then a "*barca*" (row-boat). That, too, is changed. Instead of the old-fashioned, broad-bottomed row-boat, where a whole family could be seated, with two sunburnt, brown-throated boatmen rowing leisurely along, pointing out every village and town and ruin, the motor-boat rushes past,

leaving a long streak of white foam behind it and making little waves which quite disturb the surface of the lake. You mustn't speak to the man at the wheel, and one

some hotel terrace. Gradually the voices and footsteps died away and we had the place to ourselves. The stillness was extraordinary. The gardens and the great



Menaggio.

loses a great deal of local information and peasant lore handed down from one generation to another.

The villa is beautifully situated on a wooded point jutting out into the water. The loggia, with its three noble arches, stands out splendidly as one comes near. We went in by the water-gate—the steps coming straight down to the water's edge—and were received by an old gardener who is quite a character. His mistress has not been to the villa for seventeen years, but he is always there, keeps up the garden, and is delighted to show it to visitors. We walked up a pretty winding path to a fine terrace with a marble balustrade overhanging the lake; then still higher through the garden, bright with flowers, to the loggia, which is detached from the house. It was divine sitting there, the lake all around us, and not a sound. Happily there were very few people in the gardens. They had all gone off to have tea at a "latteria" or on

spaces between the arches looked enormous and mysterious in the waning light. One felt it was a deserted garden, a thing of the past—but not a dead past like Venice. There was light and life on the water below and in the little villages, only one was above it all.

When we were strolling about the gardens I had quite a talk with the gardener, whose sentiments and conversation were decidedly above his position. I said to him, "How beautiful this place is!" "Sì, signora, un luogo di pace e di poesia" (A place of peace and poetry). Then speaking of his mistress, who never came to the villa, he remarked that when she went to paradise, as he hoped she would, Saint Peter would certainly reproach her for having neglected so long her earthly paradise. The upper garden is rather neglected—no flowers, all gray and green, with olive trees and cypresses, and high bushes with very light green leaves, almost white, which

looked rather ghostly against the background of black cypresses; but there were lovely bits of blue water shining through the branches, and the mountains opposite were getting a beautiful soft pink color in the sunset light. The place is for sale, but it would need a fortune to make it habitable.

We did not see the house—or rather houses—for there are two side by side. Some of our party had been over them and said there were many rooms—none of them very large—but nothing modern in the way of heating, lighting, or water. There is not even a carriage road, only a rough path which a pony with a small solid cart might take. It is only really accessible by water on a fine day. When the lake is smooth and the water laps lazily over the rather slippery stone steps, it looks quite simple to approach by water; but in bad weather (and the storms come up very suddenly on the lake) one would be storm-bound. It seems quite impossible to imagine storms and naval disasters and fleets destroyed in such peaceful water as we have around us to-day. If anything, the lake was too blue and still, almost like a “*décor de théâtre*” or the wonderful “*affiches*” one sees in all the stations of the southern routes. One reads with amazement of princely voyages from Como to Colico with ships and galleys tossing about on the waves.

Como has had its history, being so near Milan and a water-way to Switzerland and Austria. Lombardy had been for years the battle-field of Europe, passing through the various dominations of France, Spain, and Austria. There are still traces in many of the castles and villages of the different rules and of the fierce struggles between Guelphs and Ghibellines, which continued through two centuries.

Our evenings at our hospitable villa were very pleasant. Our hostess liked every one to go their own way during the day. There was golf and tennis, boating and shopping. Somebody always wanted something from Bellaggio or Menaggio, and the little vaporino went all day; but dinner brought the whole household together and there was plenty of talk. The varied experiences and appreciations of people and books and lives were very interesting. They say that in this twentieth century there is no individuality left, that we are all cast in the same mould; but I think that when six or seven

people say honestly, without any pose for the gallery, what they think and feel, one would still find a good deal of originality. We interrupted the conversation often by making excursions out on the balcony to see the moon rising over the point of Bellaggio and making a long silver streak across the lake. The lake is always interesting and changing.

One of the first nights I was at Cadenabbia I was awaked by sudden gleams of a bright light that lit up my room even to the farthest corners. I could not imagine what it was—thought at first H. must be turning on all the electricity in her room—but I soon realized that it came from the water; then I thought one of the big hotels at Bellaggio, just across the lake, must be on fire, but after a few minutes the light disappeared and the room was again in utter darkness. After a short time the light came again and continued at regular intervals until daylight. I asked one of the Italian servants what it meant. He told me it was the search-light of a government boat which is stationed all night in the middle of the lake to keep off the “*contrebandieri*” (smugglers), who are always smuggling tobacco and silks across to Switzerland. Some people say that the government officials have an understanding with the smugglers and don’t see the little boats gliding along the shore under the shadow of the mountains, but I can hardly believe the Italian government would spend so much money keeping the light going all night if no practical result came from it.

One night, in the absolute stillness, I heard a sound I couldn’t understand. It was something like the faint touch of a guitar or mandolin, only not sustained enough. I was always waiting for two or three chords or voices. Occasionally it sounded rather louder, like a bell, but always far off, and at irregular intervals coming from the lake. Again I asked the Italian servants, who told me they were the fishermen’s bells. They put them on the nets they leave out all night, as they cannot see them in the dark, but the bells tell them exactly where their nets are. I used to listen for them afterward; they sounded very friendly in the dead of night.

I should not think they were a very musical race at Como. I never hear the boatmen or people in the fields singing.



Drawn by E. C. Peixotto

Tremezzo.

Flights of steps leading from the streets to the mountains.—Page 398.

We made an expedition one day to the town of Como, starting at 9.30 and getting to Como at 11.30. We went by steamer, as the vaporino would have taken too much time. The day was perfect and the sail enchanting. We went backward and forward across the lake, stopping continually at the numerous little ports. People got in and out everywhere, principally English and Americans, no Italians, a few Germans. The first hour we went through a beautiful part of the lake, wide and wild—the mountains rising straight out of the water, with sometimes an old ruined tower or monastery standing high, almost in the clouds, and little villages with no apparent road leading to them. The last hour, as we got near Como, the lake narrowed very much—seemed more like a river. There were countless villas and gardens all over the hills, and many boats of all kinds moving about. It was much less interesting than our end of the lake. There were some fine villas with very elaborate carved and painted façades, and gardens with fountains and vases, statues, and lovely walks and alleys of cypress trees along the shore; but they all looked new and rich, and had not at all the charm and Old-World look of those at the other end of the lake.

Como looks a most prosperous, cheerful town. It does a flourishing business in silk. In summer one of the sights of the place is to see the silk-worms at work on the mulberry leaves, and most repulsive objects they are. The silk is beautiful in quality, very soft and smooth, and wears very well.

There was quite a bustle—for Italy—on the pier: porters and hotel omnibuses and fiacres. We were to lunch at a well-known Italian restaurant and had time to “flaner” a little in the town before it was ready. There were several broad, clean streets; arcades, of course, and some tempting shops. We walked to the cathedral in the Piazza del Duomo, which is a curious specimen of the two styles of architecture, Gothic and Renaissance. The doors are wonderfully carved—quantities of figures and designs. Close to the cathedral, touching it, in fact, is the old town hall of Como, all the front of colored marble, black, red, and white, with high, narrow, pointed arches, through which we passed to a square where the market is held. We

went into the church by a side door opening into the square. There are some beautiful tapestries, but it was too dark to see them well. In fact, we couldn’t see anything at first, were half blind, coming in from the blaze of sunshine and glare of white stones.

However, by degrees we made out a rose-window at one end of the church and a fine statue of Saint Sebastian in white marble. We loitered a little in the market coming out, but there was not much to buy. Neither fruit nor flowers were very tempting—not even the grapes. I was rather surprised. I remembered such beautiful fruits, grapes, nectarines, etc., when I was last in Italy at this season, but this has been a very bad year, so rainy and cold, and the fruit never got any sun.

We found our way back to the restaurant, where we had a very good Italian breakfast—little fish-like sardines they call “agoni,” macaroni, of course, and a very good bottle of Chianti. It was very very warm when we came out of the restaurant and we took carriages to go to the silk-shop, leaving our men behind us; they did not want to come with us and we certainly did not want them. Men in shops are generally unbearable.

We made quite a turn in the town, passing several handsome houses with large court-yards and gardens. When we finally arrived at our destination, I never should have imagined it was a shop. We walked into a low, dark room on the ground-floor, across a passage and another room, all filled with men—with their hats on, walking about, talking, and smoking cigarettes, but taking no notice of us, nor, in fact, of anybody. Piles of stuff were on the shelves and on the floor, and people were pulling them about and looking for what they wanted. It seemed quite hopeless at first, but Mrs. B., our cicerone, knew their ways and finally unearthed the “padrone” and explained that we wanted to buy some silk. He was very polite and sympathetic—unrolled several pieces of beautiful soft silks and satins, but didn’t seem to care very much whether we bought anything or not, and retired at intervals to talk to his friends in corners of the shop, and was quite engrossed for a little while with rather a pretty painted “ondulée” lady smoking a cigarette. She came, too, and gave her

opinion when we were hesitating between different shades of blue. It was the most casual shopping I ever saw.

While the others were looking and choosing, I wandered out into a square, open

cornices. There were pots of geraniums on the balconies, and on one, quite high up, a tall oleander tree, with a quantity of pink flowers, in a tub. A woman was washing on one of the balconies, soaping her linen



The Scalinata, Villa Balbianello.

The steps coming straight down to the water's edge. — Page 401.

court-yard to get some air. Piles of colored blankets and cotton stuffs were lying on the ground. On one side was a high pink house, with clothes of every description and color hanging out of every window; on the other was a rather dilapidated house which had probably once been a palace, with balconies, marble balustrades, and sculptured

and stretching it on the edge. On another, two girls with laughing eyes and dazzling white teeth, with red fichus or shirts, were leaning over the balustrade looking down into the streets, talking to some men who were lounging and smoking at the door, which had a grating of fine iron-work through which a donkey's head looked out



Villa Balbianello.

We went in by the water-gate.—Page 401.

on one side (they make a great deal of iron-work all along the lake; there are small factories in many of the villages), and children, of course, playing in the middle of the street, tumbling over the filthy heaps of rubbish one always sees in Italian streets. They were all talking hard, the men calling up to the girls on the balcony, but the voices were soft, the language was soft, the air was soft. It was all delightfully untidy and idle and southern and Italian.

Our sail home was quite enchanting, the afternoon lights were so changing and beautiful on the mountains. As it was Saturday afternoon, there were many more people about. All the women of all ages seemed dressed in bright colors—red and yellow petticoats and blouses, and the older ones with silk or woollen handkerchiefs on their heads. At one of the small ports where we stopped, a woman—not a very young one either—caught the rope that was

thrown from our steamer and fastened it around the post. I wondered if that was “lavoro di donna” (“woman’s work”), as they used to say in Rome when there was a particularly heavy bundle to carry, and the woman always took it on her head, the man walking alongside.

At one of the villages, with a very steep flight of steps leading straight up the hill, a great many donkeys were waiting for either travellers or luggage. We saw one or two starting off, with bags on one side and a woman on the other, and some, heavily loaded with big white bags, walking off alone and mounting the steps, picking their way very cleverly.

The lake was quite enchanting as we got into the wider part near Cadenabbia—the mountains were not so near us and looked much bigger in the distance. The beautiful loggia of the Balbianello (Visconti Gardens) was thrown out from a mass of orange

clouds and the great bare mountain behind. The point of Bellaggio took a gorgeous golden-pink color that seemed to light the whole lake. A few boats heavily laden close down to the water's edge, with a square

the Italian September moon, which always seems fuller and yellower than the cold northern moons, with their sharp contrasts of black and white. The fishermen's bells hardly sounded, the lake was so still, but



North portal, Cathedral of Como.

sail in front, drifted lazily along, and one or two row-boats—the men standing to row—were dotted over the lake. It was perfectly still—not a ripple on the water; a few lights just beginning to twinkle in the houses and villas on the shore and on the hills, and a far-off sound of bells came faintly over the water. The night was beautiful, the sky almost as blue as in the middle of the day, and a splendid yellow moon—

they could certainly see the little floating bits of wood to-night which mark the place of the nets. Our visit is coming to an end, and we grudge every hour that is not spent on the lake. We have had some dark, rainy days, but the rain never lasted all day. The lake was quite transformed. The water looked black, deep, and mysterious; dark clouds covered the tops and sides of the mountains, which seemed to

close around us, shutting out all the air and light. The lovely blue lake with its pink villas and hamlets glowing in the sunshine, and the soft purple mist that settled on the hills after sunset, had completely disappeared. The stillness was oppressive. One hardly heard the patter of the rain upon the leaves, and I suppose our moods harmonized with the spirit of the lake.

The house felt damp, the rooms looked dark, and one realized sadly that one more summer was finishing, and it was a pleasure after dinner to see the fire in the big library. The inside of the fireplace is painted red, which added to the glow of the flame. It was not very artistic, perhaps, but did not seem out of place in this wonderful house, with all its color and combinations and *comforts*—for most comfortable it certainly is.

Cadenabbia is absolutely an Anglo-Saxon colony. All the villas are built and inhabited by English and Americans; the hotels are filled with them. One hears nothing but English on the long strip of shore from the Bellevue Hotel to the other end of Cadenabbia, and as the English always carry their own life and habits with them wherever they go, there are naturally an English church, golf, tennis, tea-rooms, etc. I did not see an English boating club, but that will certainly come. They are firmly convinced that Italians know nothing about boats or rowing. I am sure we shall see English boats and crews on the lake, rowing with their long, regular, Cambridge stroke, which certainly is not Italian fashion.

Our last Sunday was a beautiful warm day and we made a charming excursion to the other end of the lake. It is not very long, only forty-five kilometres from Como to Colico. We went in an automobile—a Fiat—with a very good Italian chauffeur. I sat in front with him, and found him a most agreeable companion. He was a native of Menaggio and knew the lake well. First told me all his own domestic history and showed me his child—a baby standing at an open door to see “papa pass”—then showed me all the iron factories and boat-builders as we passed through the villages. I should not think they were very flourishing industries; certainly not enough to give work to all the able-bodied young men that we saw all along the road. I asked him what the men did in winter, when there were no strangers nor boating nor excursions,

to which he answered, “They go away.” Italians are so natural; never familiar. He answered all my questions quite simply; when he did not know, said so. I think a good many people in our rank of life might follow that example—when I remember the people who have talked to me for hours about things of which they knew nothing.

As it was Sunday the whole population was out, attired, as usual, in very bright colors, and there was a fine collection of the red and blue cotton umbrellas of the country, carried by men and women indiscriminately. We bought some for the garden at home. They are said to be waterproof, but I am rather doubtful and have visions of little trickles of blue and red over white dresses.

We passed under the ruins of the old castle of Musso, but there is not much left to see—bits of wall and old towers. The climb up to the castle looked so steep straight up the mountain in the full sunshine that we had not the courage to undertake it. Musso was a famous castle and fortress in its time, when its owner—one of those extraordinary Italian adventurers one reads of in the Middle Ages—held sway over the lake. “Il Medighino”—born a Medici—had a wonderful career. He obtained possession of his castle by killing one of his best friends in ambush, then fortified and added to it till it became a menace, not only to the lake, but even to Milan. For forty years he fought and intrigued and murdered, and when he died he had a splendid funeral in the Cathedral of Milan. His powerful fleets and armed galleys were always cruising in the waters of Como and Lecco, striking terror into the hearts of the people at Como and the few villages scattered about in the mountains.

In one of the small harbors we passed we saw two or three “torpedinieri” (torpedo-boats), black, ugly things looking quite out of place in that peaceful little cove, with the green hills coming down to the edge of the water. I asked the chauffeur if they often caught the smugglers, to which he replied, with a funny little smile, that it was very difficult to see the boats which crept along shore and crossed the lake at the Colico end. The lake is much narrower just there, where the Adda flows into it, and is not particularly interesting.

We crossed a very primitive bridge, which did not look very solid as we got near, but the chauffeur said it was all right and went over it slowly and carefully.

We stopped at Gravedona on our way back, to see the palace—quite the finest one on the lake. One sees it from a great distance, as it stands high, with imposing square towers and bastions rising straight up out of the water, and a beautiful, grace-

high dignitaries of the church and the great nobles surrounded themselves in those times! One is astounded, in reading memoirs of the Renaissance, by the extravagance and luxury of the lives of the "grands seigneurs." Quantities of servants and armed retainers, all richly dressed and equipped; the masters in finely chiselled armor inlaid with gold and silver; the women in costly brocades, velvets and furs, and



Gravedona . . . with imposing square towers and bastions rising straight up out of the water.

ful loggia hanging over the lake. It was built in the sixteenth century by Cardinal Gallio, and must have been a noble residence for a prince of the church. The hall, which runs straight through the house, from the entrance to the loggia, with rooms opening out of it on both sides, is splendid. It all looked very bare and uncomfortable to-day, though it is inhabited. The present owner comes there for several months of the year, but he is a bachelor and has evidently very simple tastes. We stood some time in the loggia looking down on the lake through the arches. We were so high that the passing boats looked like toy steamers, and no noise of life got up to us. The atmosphere was beautifully clear and the sun dazzling. It was a relief to get back into the great dark hall.

What a magnificent frame it must have been for the pomp and state with which the

priceless jewels. They were, too, munificent patrons of the arts, and had musicians, painters, and poets attached to their households. When a daughter of one of the great houses married, or a son was made an ambassador, they travelled with suites and escorts like sovereigns.

Standing in the hall of Gravedona we could quite well picture to ourselves the brilliant motley crowd in the anteroom—prelates of every description, from the courtly purple-robed monsignor to the humble priest in his black soutane; the secretaries and chaplains of his Eminence; fair women, too, who had something to ask for sons and husbands and lovers. It was curious how all sorts of visions of days long since passed were conjured up by the great height and space and desolation of the place.

We went upstairs, but there was nothing interesting there—a long corridor with rooms on each side, like a monastery. There were some carved chests and chairs in the corridor, which, the servant told us, had belonged to the cardinal, but I think that statement was prompted by a kindly wish to please the “forestieri.”

There is little left of the garden—some fine cypress trees and quiet, shady corners where one could sit and dream of the past. I wonder why one always goes back to the past in Italy more than anywhere else. I think there must be something in the atmosphere that takes one out of modern life. The mountains and the lakes and the ruins have a glamour of romance and mystery which appeals at once to the imagination. One feels more in sympathy with the people who lived and loved and fought five hundred years ago than with the young Italy of to-day, though she has fought and struggled bravely enough to take her place among the nations.

The great pile looked splendid as we left it behind us, rising *à pic* out of the water,

the square gray towers outlined on the bright blue sky, frowning down on the lake—a perpetual menace to an imaginary foe.

The drive back toward the sunset was enchanting. I think I like Lake Como best in the evening half-light. Such a beautiful pink-purple haze lingers over everything when the lights are faded out of the sky. Everything is still and peaceful and the busy world (if an Italian world *ever* is busy) is resting.

We had a beautiful moon for our last evening, and quite a ripple on the lake. We could really hear a little swash of waves on the shore and the fishermen's bells sounded very near. We were very sorry to say good-by to our gracious hostess and leave this charming house, with its loggias and gardens and its divine views morning and evening over the lake. But everything must finish. We must put the Alps between us and this place of “peace and poetry,” to quote the old gardener of beautiful Balbianello.

September, 1910.



Balbiano.

WITCHING HILL STORIES

BY E. W. HORNUNG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNS

III.—A VICIOUS CIRCLE



THE Berridges of Berylston—a house near my office in the Witching Hill Road—were perhaps the very worthiest family on the whole Estate.

Old Mr. Berridge, by a lifetime of faithful service, had risen to a fine position in one of the oldest and most substantial assurance societies in the City of London. Mrs. Berridge, herself a woman of energetic character, devoted every minute that she could spare from household duties, punctiliously fulfilled, to the glorification of the local vicar and the denunciation of modern ideas. There was a daughter, whose name of Beryl had inspired that of the house; she was her mother's miniature and echo, and had no desire to ride a bicycle or do anything else that Mrs. Berridge had not done before her. An only son, Guy, completed the *partie carrée*, and already made an admirable accountant under his father's eagle eye. He was about thirty years of age, had a mild face but a fierce mustache, was engaged to be married, and already picking up books and pictures for the new home.

As a bookman Guy Berridge stood alone.

"There's nothing like them for furnishing a house," said he; "and nowadays they're so cheap. There's that new series of Victorian Classics—one-and-tenpence-half-penny! And those Eighteenth Century Masterpieces—I don't know when I shall get time to read them, but they're worth the money for the binding alone—especially with everything peculiar taken out!"

Peculiar was a family epithet of the widest possible significance. It was peculiar of Guy, in the eyes of the other three, to be in such a hurry to leave their comfortable home for one of his own on a necessarily much smaller scale. Miss Hemming, the future Mrs. Guy, was by no means deficient in peculiarity from his people's point of

view. She affected flowing fabrics of peculiar shades, and she had still more peculiar ideas of furnishing. On Saturday afternoons she would drag poor Guy into all the second-hand furniture shops in the neighborhood—not even to save money, as Mrs. Berridge complained to her more intimate friends—but just to be peculiar. It seemed like a judgment when Guy fell so ill with influenza, obviously contracted in one of those highly peculiar shops, that he had to mortgage his summer holiday by going away for a complete change early in the new year.

He went to country cousins of the suburban Hemmings; his own Miss Hemming went with him, and it was on their return that a difference was first noticed in the young couple. They no longer looked radiant together, much less when apart. The good young accountant would pass my window with a quite tragic face. And one morning, when we met outside, he told me that he had not slept a wink.

That evening I went to smoke a pipe with Uvo Delavoye, who happened to have brought me into these people's ken. And we were actually talking about Guy Berridge and his affairs when the maid showed him up into Uvo's room.

I never saw a man look quite so wretched. The mild face seemed to cower behind the truculent mustache; the eyes, bright and bloodshot, winced when one met them. I got up to go, feeling instinctively that he had come to confide in Uvo. But Berridge read me as quickly as I read him.

"Don't you go on my account," said he gloomily. "I've nothing to tell Delavoye that I can't tell you, especially after giving myself away to you once already to-day. I daresay three heads will be better than two, and I know I can trust you both."

"Is anything wrong?" asked Uvo, when preliminary solicitations had reminded me that his visitor neither smoked nor drank.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Good God!" cried Delavoye. "That's the very ring we saw last night!"—Page 416.

"Everything!" was the reply.

"Not with your engagement, I hope?"

"That's it," said Berridge, with his eyes on the carpet.

"It isn't—off?"

"Not yet."

"I don't want to ask more than I ought," said Uvo, after a pause, "but I always imagine that, between people who're engaged, the least little thing——"

"It isn't a little thing."

And the accountant shook his downcast head.

"I only meant, my dear chap, if you'd had some disagreement——"

"We've never had the least little word!"

"Has she changed?" asked Uvo Delavoye.

"Not that I know of," replied Berridge; but he looked up as though it were a new idea, and there was more life in his voice.

"She'd tell you," said Uvo, "if I know her."

"Do people tell each other?" eagerly inquired our friend.

"They certainly ought, and I think Miss Hemming would."

"Ah! it's easy enough for them!" cried the miserable young man. "Women are not liars and traitors because they happen to change their minds. Nobody thinks the worse of them for that; it's their privilege, isn't it? They can break off as many engagements as they like; but if I did such a thing I should never hold up my head again!"

He buried his hot face in his hands, and Delavoye looked at me for the first time. It was a sympathetic look enough; and yet there was something in it, a lift of the eyebrow, a light in the eye, that reminded me of the one point on which we always differed.

"Better hide your head than spoil her life," said he briskly. "But how long have you felt like doing either? I used to look on you as an ideal pair."

"So we were," said poor Berridge readily. "It's most peculiar!"

I saw a twitch at the corners of Uvo's mouth; but he was not the man for sly glances over a bowed head.

"How long have you been engaged?" he asked.

"Ever since last September."

"You were here then. if I remember?"

VOL. LI.—42

"Yes; it was just after my holiday."

"In fact you've been here all the time?"

"Up to these last few weeks."

Delavoye looked round his room as a cross-examining counsel surveys the court to mark a point. I felt it about time to intervene on the other side.

"But you looked perfectly happy," said I, "all the autumn?"

"So I was, God knows!"

"Everything was all right until you went away?"

"Everything."

"Then," said I, "it looks to me like the mere mental effect of influenza, and nothing else!"

But that was not the sense of the glance I could not help shooting at Delavoye. And my explanation was no comfort to Guy Berridge; he had thought of it before; but then he had never felt better than the last few days in the country, yet never had he been in such despair.

"I can't go through with it," he groaned in abject unreserve. "It's making my life a hell—a living lie! I don't know how to bear it—from one meeting to the next—I dread them so! Yet I've always a sort of hope that next time everything will suddenly become as it was before Christmas. Talk of forlorn hopes! Each time's worse than the last. I've come straight from her now. I don't know what you must think of me! It's not ten minutes since we said good-night." The big mustache trembled. "I felt a Judas," he whispered; "an absolute Judas!"

"I believe it's all nerves," said Delavoye, but with so little conviction that I loudly echoed the belief.

"But I don't go in for nerves," protested Berridge; "none of us do, in our family. We don't believe in them. We think they're a modern excuse for anything you like to do or say; that's what we think about nerves. I'm not going to start them just to make myself out better than I am. It's my heart that's rotten, not my nerves."

"I admire your attitude," said Delavoye, "but I don't agree with you. It'll all come back to you in the end—everything you think you've lost—and then you'll feel as though you'd awakened from a bad dream."

"But sometimes I do wake up, as it is!" cried Berridge, catching at the idea. "Near-

ly every morning, when I'm dressing, things look different. I feel my old self again—the luckiest fellow alive—engaged to the sweetest girl! She's always that, you know; don't imagine for one moment that I ever think the less of Edith; she always was and would be a million times too good for me. If only she'd see it for herself, and chuck me up of her own accord! I've even tried to tell her what I feel; but she won't meet me half-way; the real truth never seems to enter her head. How to tell her outright I don't know! It would have been easy enough last year, when her people wouldn't let us be properly engaged. But they gave in at Christmas when I had my rise in screw; and now she's got her ring, and given me this one—how on earth can I go and give it her back?"

"May I see?" asked Delavoye, holding out his hand; and I for one was grateful to him for the diversion of the few seconds we spent inspecting an old enamelled ring with a white peacock on a crimson ground. Berridge asked us if we thought it a very peculiar ring, as they all did at Berylston, and he babbled on about the circumstances of its purchase by his dear, sweet, open-handed Edith. It did him good to talk. A tinge of health returned to his cadaverous cheeks, and for a time his mustache looked less out of keeping and proportion.

But it was the mere reactionary surcease of prolonged pain, and the fit came on again in uglier guise before he left.

"It isn't so much that I don't want to marry her," declared the accountant with startling abruptness, "as the awful thoughts I have as to what may happen if I do. They're too awful to describe, even to you two fellows. Of course nothing could make you think worse of me than you must already, but you'd say I was mad if you could see inside my horrible mind. I don't think she'd be safe; honestly I don't! I feel as if I might do her some injury—or—or violence!"

He was swaying about the room with wild eyes staring from one to the other of us and twitching fingers feeling in his pockets. I got up myself and stood within reach of him, for now I felt certain that love or illness had turned his brain. But it was only a very small scrap of paper that he fished out of his waistcoat pocket, and handed first to Delavoye and then to me.

"I cut it out of a review of such a peculiar poem in my evening paper," said Berridge. "I never read reviews, or poems, but those lines hit me hard."

And I read:

"Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss
The brave man with a sword!"

"But you don't feel like that!" said Delavoye, laughing at him; and the laughter rang as false as his earlier consolation; but this time I had not the presence of mind to supplement it.

Guy Berridge nodded violently as he held out his hand for the verse. I could see that his eyes had filled with tears. But Uvo rolled the scrap of print into a pellet, which he flung among the lumps of asbestos glowing in his grate, and took the outstretched hand in his. I never saw man so gentle with another. Hardly a word more passed. But the poor devil squeezed my fingers before Uvo led him out to see him home. And it was many minutes before he returned.

"I have had a time of it!" said he, putting his feet to the gas fire. "Not with that poor old thing but his people—all three of them! I got him up straight to bed, and then they kept me when he thought I'd gone. Of course they know there's something wrong, and of course they blame the girl; one knew they would. It seems they've never really approved of her; she's a shocking instance of all-round peculiarity. They little know the apple of their own blind eyes—eh, Gilly?"

"I hardly knew him myself," said I. "He really must be mad! I never thought to hear a grown man go on like that."

"And such a man!" cried Uvo. "It's not the talk so much as the talker that surprises me; and by the way, how well he talked, for him! He was less of a bore than I've ever known him; there was passion in the fellow, confound him! Red blood in that lump of road metal! He's not only sorry for himself. He's simply heart-broken about the girl. But this maggot of morbid introspection has got into his brain and—how did it get there, Gilly? It's no place for the little brute. What brain is there to feed it? What has he ever done, in all his dull days, to make that harmless

mind a breeding-ground for every sort of degenerate idea? In mine they'd grow like mustard and cress. I'd feel just like that if I were engaged to the very nicest girl; the nicer she was the worse I'd get; but then I'm a degenerate dog in any case. Oh, yes, I am, Gilly! But here's as faithful a hound as ever licked his lady's hand. Where's he got it from? Who's the poisoner?"

"I'm glad you ask," said I. "I was afraid you'd say you knew."

"Meaning my old man of the soil?"

"I made sure you'd put it on him."

Uvo laughed heartily.

"You don't know as much about him as I do, Gilly! He was the last old scoundrel to worry because he didn't love a woman as much as she deserved. It was quite the other way about, I can assure you."

"Yes; but what about those almost murderous inclinations?"

"I thought of them. But they only came on after our good friend had shaken this demoralizing dust off his feet. As long as he stuck to Witching Hill he was as sound as a marriage bell! It's dead against my doctrine, Gillon, but I'm delighted to find that you share my disappointment."

"And I to hear you own it is one, Uvo!"

"There's another thing, now we're on the subject," he continued, for we had not been on it for weeks and months. "It seems that over at Hampton Court there's a portrait of my ignoble kinsman, by one Kneller. I only heard of it the other day, and I was rather wondering if you could get away to spin over with me and look him up. It needn't necessarily involve contentious topics, and we might lunch at the Mitre in that window looking down stream. But it ought to be to-morrow, if you could manage it, because the galleries don't open on Friday, and on Saturdays they're always crowded."

I could not manage it very well. I was supposed to spend my day on the Estate, and, though there was little doing thus early in the year, it might be the end of me if my Mr. Muskett came back before his usual time and did not find me at my post. And I was no longer indifferent as to the length of my days at Witching Hill. But I resolved to risk them for the man who had made the place what it was to me—a gar-

den of friends—however otherwise he might people and spoil it for himself.

We started at my luncheon hour, which could not in any case count against me, and quite early in the afternoon we reckoned to be back. It was a very keen bright day, worthier of General January than his chief-of-staff. Ruts and puddles were firmly frozen; our bicycle bells rang out with a pleasing brilliance. In Bushy Park the black chestnuts stamped their filigree tops against a windless radiance. Under the trees a russet carpet still waited for March winds to take it up. The Diana pond was skinned with ice; goddess and golden nymphs caught every scintillation of gold sunlight as we trundled past. In a fine glow we entered the palace and climbed to the grim old galleries.

"Talk about haunted houses!" said Uvo Delavoye. "If our patron sinner takes such a fatherly interest in the humble material at his disposal, what about that gay dog Henry and the good ladies in these apartments? I should be sorry to trust living neck to what's left of the old lady-killer." It was the famous Holbein which had set him off. "But I say, Gilly, here's a far worse face than his. It may be my rude forefather; by Jove, and so it is!"

And he took off his cap with unction to a handsome, sinister creature, in a brown flowing wig and raiment as fine as any on the walls. There was a staggering peacock-blue surtout, lined with silk of an orange scarlet, the wide sleeves turned up with the same; and a creamy cascade of lace fell from the throat over a long cinnamon waistcoat piped with silk; for you could swear to the material at sight, and the colors might have been laid on that week. They lit up the gloomy chamber, and the eyes in the periwigged head lit them up. The dark eyes at my side were not more live and liquid than the painted pair. Not that Uvo's were cynical, voluptuous, or sly; but, like these, they reminded me of deep waters hidden from the sun. I refrained from comment on a resemblance that went no further. I was glad I alone had seen how far it went.

"Thank goodness those lips and nostrils don't sprout on our branch!" Uvo had put up his eyebrows in a humorous way of his. "We must keep a weather eye open for the evil that they did living after them on Witching Hill! You may well stare at his

hands; they probably weren't his at all, but done from a model. I hope the old rip hadn't quite such a ladylike——"

He stopped short, as I knew he would when he saw what I was pointing out to him; for I had not been staring at the effeminate hand affectedly composed on the corner of a table, but at the enamelled ring painted like a miniature on the little finger.

"Good God!" cried Delavoye. "That's the very ring we saw last night!"

It was at least a perfect counterfeit; the narrow stem, the high, projecting, oval bezel—the white peacock enamelled on a crimson ground—one and all were there, as the painters of that period loved to put such things in.

"It must be the same, Gilly! There couldn't be two such utter oddities!"

"It looks like it, certainly; but how did Miss Hemming get hold of it?"

"Easily enough; she ferrets out all the old curiosity shops in the district, and didn't Berridge tell us she bought his ring in one? Obviously it's been lying there for the last century and a bit. Bear in mind that this bad old lot wasn't worth a bob toward the end; then you must see the whole thing's so plain, there's only one thing plainer."

"What's that?"

"The entire cause and origin of Guy Berridge's pangs and fears about his engagement! He never had one or the other before Christmas—when he got his ring. They've made his life a Hades ever since, every day of it and every hour of every day, except sometimes in the morning when he was getting up. Why not then? Because he took off his ring when he went to his bath! I'll go so far as to remind you that his only calm and rational moments last night were while you and I were looking at this ring and it was off his finger!"

Delavoye's strong excitement was attracting the attention of the old soldierly attendant near the window, and in a vague way he attracted mine. I glanced past the veteran, out and down into the formal grounds. Yew and cedar seemed unreal to me in the wintry sunlight; almost I wondered whether I was dreaming in my turn, and where on earth I was. It was as though a touch of the fantastic had rested for a moment even on my hard head. But I very soon shook it off, and mocked the vanquished weakness with a laugh.

"Yes, my dear fellow, that's all very well. But——"

"None of your blooming 'buts'!" cried Uvo, with almost delirious levity. "I should have thought this instance was concrete enough even for you. But we'll talk about it at the Mitre and consider what to do."

In that talk I joined, into those considerations I entered, without arguing at all. It did not commit me to a single article of a repugnant creed, but neither, on the other hand, did it impair the excellence of Delavoye's company at a hurried feast which still stands out in my recollection. I remember the long red wall of Hampton Court as the one warm feature of the hard-bitten landscape. I remember red wine in our glasses, a tinge of color in the dusky face that leant toward mine, and a wondrous flow of eager talk, delightful as long as one did not take it too seriously. My own attitude I recapture most securely in Uvo's accusation that I smiled and smiled and was a sceptic. It was one of those characteristic remarks that stick for no other reason. Uvo Delavoye was not in those days at all widely read; but he had a large circle of quotations which were not altogether unfamiliar to me, and I eventually realized that he knew his *Hamlet* almost off by heart.

But as yet poor Berridge's "pangs and fears" was original Delavoye to my ruder culture; and the next time I saw him, on the Friday night, the pangs seemed keener and the fears even more enervating than before. Again he sat with us in Uvo's room; but he was oftener on his legs, striding up and down, muttering and gesticulating as he strode. In the end Uvo took a strong line with him. I was waiting for it. He had conceived the scheme at Hampton Court, and I was curious to see how it would be received.

"This can't go on, Berridge! I'll see you through—to the bitter end!"

Uvo was not an actor, yet here was a magnificent piece of acting, because it was more than half sincere.

"Will you really, Delavoye?" cried the accountant, shrinking a little from his luck.

"Rather! I'm not going to let you go stark mad under my nose. Give me that ring."

"My—*her*—ring?"

"Of course; it's your engagement ring,



"It's all I'm fit for, death!" groaned Guy Berridge, trying to tug the fierce mustache out of his mild face —Page 418.

isn't it? And it's your duty, to yourself and her and everybody else, to break off that engagement with as little further delay as possible."

"But are you sure, Delavoye?"

"Certain. Give it to me."

"It seems such a frightful thing to do!"

"We'll see about that. Thank you; now you're your own man again."

And now I really did begin to open my eyes; for no sooner had the unfortunate accountant parted with his ring, than his

ebbing affections rushed back in a miraculous flood, and he was begging for it again in five minutes, vowing that he had been mad but now was sane, and looking more himself into the bargain. But Delavoye was adamant to these hysterical entreaties. He plied Berridge with his own previous arguments against the marriage, and once at least he struck a responsive chord from those frayed nerves.

"Nobody but yourself," he pointed out, "ever said you didn't love her; but see

what love makes of you! Can you dream of marriage in such a state? Is it fair to the girl, until you've really reconsidered the whole matter and learnt your own mind once for all? Could she be happy? Would she be—it was your own suggestion—but are you sure she would be even safe?"

Berridge wrung his hands in new despair; yes, he had forgotten that! Those awful instincts were the one unalterably awful feature. Not that he felt them still; but to recollect them as genuine impulses, or at best as irresistible thoughts, was to freeze his self-distrust into a cureless cancer.

"I was forgetting all that!" he moaned. "And yet here in my pocket is the very book those hopeless lines are from. I bought it at Stoneham's this morning. It's the most peculiar poem I ever read. I can't quite make it out. But that bit was clear enough. Only hear how it goes on!"

And in a school-childish singsong, with no expression but that involuntarily imparted by his quavering voice, he read twelve lines aloud.

"Some kill their love when they are young,
And some when they are old;
Some strangle with the hands of Lust,
Some with the hands of Gold:
The kindest use a knife, because——"

He shuddered horribly——

"The dead so soon grow cold.

"Some love too little, some too long,
Some sell, and others buy;
Some do the deed with many tears,
And some without a sigh:
For each man kills the thing he loves,
Yet each man does not die."

"It's all I'm fit for, death!" groaned Guy Berridge, trying to tug the fierce mustache out of his mild face. "The sooner the better, for me! And yet I did love her, God knows I did!" He turned upon Uvo Delavoye in a sudden blaze. "And so I do still—do you hear me? Then give me back my ring, I say, and don't encourage me in this madness—you—you devil!"

"Give it him back," I said. But Uvo set his teeth against us both, looking almost what he had just been called—looking abominably like that fine evil gentleman in Hampton Court—and I could stand the whole thing no longer. I dived my own hand into Delavoye's pocket. And down

and away out into the night, like a fiend let loose, went Guy Berridge and the ring with the peacock enamelled in white on a blood-red ground.

I turned again to Delavoye. His shoulders were up to his ears in wry good humor.

"You may be right, Gilly, but now I ought really to sit up with him all night. In any case I shall have it back in the morning, and then neither you nor he shall ever see that unclean bird again!"

But he went so far as to show it to me across my counter, not many minutes after young Berridge had shambled past, with bent head and unshaven cheeks, to catch his usual train next morning.

"I did sit up with him," said Uvo. "We sat up till he dropped off in his chair, and eventually I got him to bed more asleep than awake. But he's as bad as ever again this morning, and he has surrendered the infernal ring this time of his own accord. I'm to break matters to the girl by giving it back to her."

"You're a perfect hero to take it on!"

"I feel much more of a humbug, Gilly."

"When do you tackle her?"

"Never, my dear fellow! Can't you see the point? This white peacock's at the bottom of the whole thing. Neither of them shall ever set eyes on it again, and then you see if they don't marry and live happy ever after!"

"But are you going to throw the thing away?"

"Not if I can help it, Gilly. I'll tell you what I thought of doing. There's a little working jeweller, over at Richmond, who made me quite a good pin out of some heavy old studs that belonged to my father. I'm going to take him this ring to-day and see if he can turn out a duplicate for love or money."

"I'll go with you," I said, "if you can wait till the afternoon."

"We must be gone before Berridge has a chance of getting back," replied Uvo, doubtfully; "otherwise I shall have to begin all over again, because of course he'll come back cured and roaring for his ring. I haven't quite decided what to say to him, but I fancy my imagination will prove equal to the strain."

This seemed to me a rather cynical attitude to take, even in the best of causes, and



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

With one hand he caught the offending urchin, and in the other I was horrified to see his stick, a heavy blackthorn, held in a murderous poise.— Page 421.

it certainly was not like Uvo Delavoye. Only too capable, in my opinion, of deceiving himself, he was no impostor, if I knew him, and it was disappointing to see him take so kindly to the part. I preferred not to talk about it on the road to Richmond, which we took on foot in the small hours of the afternoon. A weeping thaw had reduced the frozen ruts to mere mud piping, of that consistency which grips a tire like teeth. But it was impossible not to compare this heavy tramp with our sparkling spin through Bushy Park. And the hot and cold fits of poor Guy Berridge afforded an inevitable analogy.

"I can't understand him," I was saying. "I can understand a fellow falling in love, and even falling out again. But Berridge flies from one extreme to the other like a ball in a hard rally."

"And it's not the way he's built, Gilly! That's what sticks with me. You may be quite sure he's not the first breeder of sinners who began by shivering on the brink of matrimony. It's a desperate plunge to take. I should be terrified myself; but then I'm not one of nature's faithful hounds. If it wasn't for the canine fidelity of this good Berridge, I shouldn't mind his thinking and shrinking like many a better man."

We were cutting off the last corner before Richmond by following the asphalt footpath behind St. Stephen's Church. Here we escaped the mud at last; the moist asphalt shone with a cleanly lustre; and our footsteps threw an echo ahead, between the two long walls, until it mixed with the tramp of approaching feet, and another couple advanced into view. They were man and girl; but I did not at first identify the radiant citizen in the glossy hat, with his arm thrust through the lady's, as Guy Berridge homeward bound with his once beloved. It was a groan from Uvo that made me look again, and next moment the four of us blocked the narrow gangway.

"The very man we were talking about!" cried Berridge without looking at me. His hat had been ironed, his weak chin burnished by a barber's shave, the strong mustache clipped and curled. But a sporadic glow marked either cheek-bone, and he had forgotten to return our salute.

"Yes, Mr. Delavoye!" said Miss Hemming with arch severity. "What have you been doing with my white peacock?"

She had a brown fringe, very crisply curled as a rule; but the damp air had softened and improved it; and perhaps her young gentleman's recovery had carried the good work deeper, for she was a girl who sometimes gave herself airs, but there seemed no room for any in her happy face.

"To tell you the truth," replied Uvo, unblushingly, "I was on my way to show it to a bit of a connoisseur at Richmond." He turned to Berridge, who met his glance eagerly. "That's really why I borrowed it, Guy. I believe it's more valuable than either of you realize."

"Not to me!" cried the accountant readily. "I don't know what I was doing to take it off. I hear it's a most unlucky thing to do."

It was easy to see from whom he had heard it. Miss Hemming said nothing, but looked all the more decided with her mouth quite shut. And Delavoye addressed his apologies to the proper quarter.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Hemming! Of course you're quite right; but I hope you'll show it to my man yourselves——"

"If you don't mind," said Berridge, holding out his hand with a smile.

But Uvo had broken off of his own accord.

"I think you'll be glad"—he was feeling in all his pockets—"quite glad if you do"—and his voice died away as he began feeling again.

"Lucky I wired to you to meet me at Richmond, wasn't it, Edie? Otherwise we should have been too late," said the accountant densely.

"Perhaps you are!" poor Uvo had to cry outright. "I--the fact is I--can't find it anywhere."

"You may have left it behind," suggested Berridge.

"We can call for it, if you did," said the girl.

There was something in his sudden worry that appealed to their common fund of generosity.

"No, no! I told you why I was going to Richmond. I thought I had it in my ticket pocket. In fact, I know I had; but I went with my sister this morning to get some flowers at Kingston market, and I haven't had it out since. It's been taken from me, and that was where! I wish you'd feel in my pockets for me. I've had them picked—picked of the one thing that wasn't mine and was of value—and now you'll neither of

you ever forgive me, and I don't deserve to be forgiven!"

But they did forgive him, and that handsomely—so manifest was his distress—so great their recovered happiness. It was only I who could not follow their example, when they had gone on their way, and Delavoye and I were hurrying on ours, ostensibly to get the Richmond police to telephone at once to Kingston, as the first of all the energetic steps that we were going to take. For we were still in that asphalt passage, and the couple had scarcely quitted it at the other end, when Delavoye drew off his glove and showed me the missing ring upon his little finger.

I could hardly believe my eyes, or my ears either, when he roundly defended his conduct. I need not go into his defence; it was the only one it could have been; but Uvo Delavoye was the only man in England who could and would have made it with a serious face. It was no mere trinket that he had "lifted," but a curse from two innocent heads. That end justified any means, to his wild thinking. But, over and above the ethical question, he had an inherited responsibility in the matter, and had only performed a duty which had been thrust upon him.

"Nor shall they be a bit the worse off," said Uvo warmly. "I still mean to have that duplicate made, off my own bat, and when I foist it on our friends I shall simply say it turned up in the lining of my overcoat."

"Man Uvo," said I, "there are two professions waiting for you; but it would take a judge of both to choose between your fiction and your acting."

"Acting!" he cried. "Why, a blog like Guy Berridge can act when he's put to it; he did just now, and took you in, evidently! It never struck you, I suppose, that he'd wired to me this morning to say nothing to the girl, probably at the same time that he wired to her to meet him? He carried it all off like a born actor just now, and yet you curse me for going and doing likewise to save the pair of them!"

It is always futile to try to slay the bee in another's bonnet; but for once I broke my rule of never arguing with Uvo Delavoe, if I could help it, on the particular point involved. I simply could not help it, on this occasion; and when Uvo lost his temper, and said a great deal more than I would have taken from anybody else, I would not

have helped it if I could. So hot had been our interchange that it was at its height when we debouched from St. Stephen's passage into the open cross-roads beyond.

At that unlucky moment, one small suburban Arab, in full flight from another, dashed round the corner and butted into that part of Delavoye which the Egyptian climate had specially demoralized. I saw his dark face writhe with pain and fury. With one hand he caught the offending urchin, and in the other I was horrified to see his stick, a heavy blackthorn, held in murderous poise against the leaden sky, while the child was thrust out at arm's length to receive the blow. I hurled myself between them, and had such difficulty in wresting the blackthorn from the madman's grasp that his hand was bleeding, and something had tinkled on the pavement, when I tore it from him.

Panting, I looked to see what had become of the small boy. He had taken to his heels as though the foul fiend was at them; his late pursuer was now his companion in flight, and I was thankful to find we had the scene to ourselves. Delavoye was pointing to the little thing that had tinkled as it fell, and as he pointed the blood dripped from his hand and he shuddered like a man recovering from a fit.

I had better admit plainly that the thing was that old ring with the white peacock set in red, and that Uvo Delavoye was once more as I had known him down to that hour.

"Don't touch the beastly thing!" he cried. "It's served me worse than it served poor Berridge! I shall have to think of a fresh lie to tell him—and it won't come so easy now—but I'd rather cut mine off than trust this on another human hand!"

He picked it up between his finger nails. And there was blood on the white peacock when I saw it next on Richmond Bridge.

"Don't you worry about my hand," said Uvo as he glanced up and down the gray old bridge. "It's only a scratch from the blackthorn spikes, but I'd have given a finger to be shot of this devil!"

A flick of his wrist sent the old ring spinning; we saw it meet its own reflection in the glassy flood, like a salmon-fly beautifully thrown; and more rings came and widened on the waters, till they stirred the mirrored branches of the trees on Richmond Hill.

THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

BY ROBERT GRANT

VII



IS the modern woman as intrinsically unselfish and lovable as her predecessor?

I was present yesterday at what the newspapers would call a symposium where the foregoing proposition was considered, and where I was the only man. Of course, a symposium was originally a merry feast with drinking. But on this occasion we had nothing more convivial than iced tea. Nor could the meeting appropriately be termed merry; on the contrary, it was eminently serious, though on the piazza in midsummer. My capacity was that of bottle-holder or prompter to my wife Josephine, who suddenly found herself in the thick of a discussion concerning the modern woman with her daughter Winona, her daughter-in-law Lavinia, and Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote as antagonists; a discussion which, starting with the appearance of the harvest moon, lasted until that brilliant orb, which at this season of the year has a tendency to sit up all night, had sunk below the horizon. Three against one. A most unequal contest from point of view of numbers. Even when I secretly agreed with the adversaries, I proffered Josephine moral and statistical support. But her protection lay in the inability of the allies to agree among themselves, which caused each of them in turn to swap sides at critical stages of the controversy.

It was Mrs. Foote who put the inquiry just after we had finished our evening meal; and Lavinia's exclamation, "What an interesting subject!" reflected the general consciousness that here was a question which had been secretly haunting us.

"Let's eliminate the non-essentials in the first place," continued my daughter-in-law. "Votes for women to begin with. Of course this is a burning issue among us all. For example, Mrs. Foote and I believe that they

are coming; that human society as well as woman will be the gainers thereby, and that our sex is equal to the responsibility. Winona, who is quite as intelligent and no less solicitous for woman's welfare, is rootedly hostile. The arguments on either side are worn threadbare. Every one knows them by heart. Democracy has enough to digest already in universal suffrage for man. Women should differentiate themselves from men, not imitate them; and can accomplish more by indirection than by becoming an integral factor of practical politics. Statistics prove that the experiment is a failure in the communities where it is being tested. What does woman in this country of all countries hope to gain by the ballot? She has in most of our jurisdictions separate property rights, equal custody with her husband over her children, is not obliged, as in England, to prove that her husband is a brute as well as a libertine before she can obtain a divorce from him, and, in short, she has her foot, metaphorically speaking, on the neck of man. And we reply that woman's self-respect demands it. That its withholding is an implication of inferiority undeserved. That enlarged responsibility which breeds intelligence should not be shirked. That the indirect or direct whisper of the pillow or hearth is a toy expedient compared with the concrete ballot which can be counted. And most vital of all, that votes for women will prove the key to many industrial and social reforms for her relief and the betterment of society."

Like most men, I dare say, when I hear the vibrant words "Votes for women," the modern equivalent of "Female suffrage," which somehow had a slightly opprobrious sound, I feel like stuffing cotton wool in my ears or hiding. Having long ago joined in the masculine chorus that woman can have them whenever she is able to demonstrate that they are desired by a considerable proportion of her sex, I like to think that I have washed my hands of the situation except

for a polite willingness to listen under police protection to her report of progress at decent intervals. In every-day speech I am liable to employ that prudent generality, "Woman suffrage is sure to come; but the world is not ready for it." A similar amiable supineness of attitude on this subject, which my wife characterizes as craven, led me on this occasion to reinforce my daughter-in-law's concluding words with the knowing prediction that its coming will be the result of some sudden conflagration of sentiment—a lighted straw igniting a continent—among the wage-earners in aid of some measure, either definitely moral or ameliorating feminine industrial conditions.

This was too much for Josephine, who was smarting under the recent announcement of our granddaughter, Dorothy Perkins, that she had joined the suffragettes. "Don't forget," she exclaimed, "that in one of the five Western States where women have the right to vote they have made themselves notorious by stuffing ballot-boxes and by active service on behalf of liquor dealers."

To my astonishment—such is the free-masonry of women—Lavinia, instead of controverting this statement, turned on me.

"You ought to be on one side or the other, grandpapa; not on the fence. The attitude of so many men in regard to this question, on which we all feel so intensely one way or the other, is what I call smug. 'Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die.'" Whereupon Lavinia brandished something which in the moonlight resembled a ballot, but which proved to be merely a section of the voluminous newspaper. She is a well-informed and keen-minded young woman, who, like her brother, Luther Hubbard, aims to be representative of our social democracy. I think in her secret soul that she regards my equally intelligent daughter Winona as aristocratic, but this is rather because of Winona's reverence for certain conventions or traditions, social and religious, than from any disapproval based on costume or manners. There was a period when the fervent exponents of democracy in certain portions of this country could not bare their necks and shoulders in company without thinking of themselves as unchaste; but the same wave of sophistication which has almost reconciled their vision to the nude in art has sterilized these frigid at-

tempts to reform the social world. It is manifest that the woman of the future is to be neither masculine, prim, nor unprepossessing. No man could remain in the society of either of these members of my family without recognizing that the ability to express her views clearly and without apology is far from synonymous with any desire to gloss over the distinctions of sex or to dispense with that art of pleasing, which was woman's only weapon except tears in her days of servitude. My wife Josephine has a will of her own, an appearance of firmness; but she is in reality a clinging creature. I speak of her fondly as my equal, but she knows that she is not and does not mind. In talking with Winona or Lavinia, I am conscious of facing a new dynamic force, fervent, yet well poised, and executive. They tend their children and cater for their husbands with a clear-sighted devotion which seems to say, "We the free-limbed daughters of the morning do this out of love; and only through love may we be tethered."

If Winona wears smarter clothes, it is because she believes that woman's first duty is still to charm. But her sister-in-law's wardrobe betrays none of those domestic economies or makeshifts on which her brother Luther rather prides himself. Democratic to the core as she regards herself, Lavinia recognizes that feminine democracy, in order to be "efficient" (to quote its watchword of the moment), must not rest content with that sumptuous trilogy, soap, water, and starch. She intends her garments to be becoming; hygienic and not too ornate, yet harmonies of outline and color, which lose nothing from her capacity to give them the essential touch with her own fingers. Their tastes are not dissimilar. Winona was athletic in her youth, and this tendency abets her ambition to continue slender, and fosters the yearning for open air and liberty, which is the substitute the conventional girl, brought up in an atmosphere of Kipling, finds for open-air adventure among the primeval forces. She loves to spend the day with her children in exploring nature, and she does not disguise the joy she feels in living. Lavinia is less demonstrative, but though incisively direct when definite issues are presented, she seeks for refreshment romantic solitudes where she can commune with the pines or

the stars or the sea. Neither lacks sentiment or imagination. Their clear-browed responsiveness is a new dignity well differentiated from self-assertion. But what one says to either is not blindly accepted as law or wisdom, as it used to be; though they pretend occasionally for a purpose—ordinarily to their husbands.

In spite of my daughter-in-law's endeavor to smoke me out, I continued to temporize by remarking that if woman's chief ground for desiring citizenship is that her rain of ballots may serve as a sort of agricultural phosphate to our social system, we ought to be assured by accurate statistics that women in the aggregate would support moral reforms more steadfastly than men.

At this juncture we heard Mrs. Foote murmur, "Woman will never be happy till she gets it"—a sort of echo to my own weak-kneed fatalism. Whereupon Lavinia exclaimed:

"Exactly. That's why I dismiss it as a non-essential; as having no real bearing on the question whether woman is more intrinsically selfish and less lovable than she used to be. And another non-essential is the divorce question."

It was evident from Lavinia's abrupt pause that she was conscious of paradox and did not expect this statement to pass unchallenged. She took advantage of the silence which followed to explain.

"It is useless not to face the reproach that the emancipated woman is mainly responsible for the increase in divorce. Grim statistics prove indisputably that almost exactly three-quarters of the divorces granted are on the petition of wives—of injured wives—some more, some less injured, a few not at all—seeking the avenue of escape which the laws provide from the immorality, cruelty, stinginess, and sloth of man. Clergymen are too apt to discredit this or to gloss it over because it seems to suggest that they are losing their hold on our sex. So are we ourselves because in theory woman is the protecting angel of the home. But the modern woman declines to cling to the husband who is unfaithful to her, beats her, starves her, scrimps her, forsakes her, or who is a slave to liquor."

"And as a consequence," I remarked parenthetically, "in 1906, at which exact tabulation ceases for the moment, over

72,000 divorces were granted in the United States. According to the census of 1900, our country had the honor of standing second only to Japan, 55,000 against 99,000, as compared with France and Germany, with less than 9,000 apiece. The growth in the rate during the last decade shows an enormous increase over its predecessor, and it should be added that this tendency is noticeable over the civilized world."

"Scandalous," murmured Josephine. But she immediately added, "I would never have put up with being beaten, Fred; and a persistently intoxicated husband must be unendurable."

"You forget," resumed Lavinia in her clear, calm voice, "that divorce is a remedy like a surgical operation. Every household shrinks from it, but it sometimes becomes necessary, like the removal of the appendix. As these figures demonstrate, there is no question that the spiritual and economic independence of woman inclines her to escape from a repugnant marriage by dissolving the marriage tie. But does this indicate she is deteriorating? I claim not. Divorce with the right of remarriage is the relief which democracy has wrung from clerical and aristocratic privilege. 'Once married, married until death,' cries the church on the authority of the Scriptures and for the integrity of the family, and still menaces with its penalties those who disobey. But the revolt is world-wide in greater or less degree. If we have utilized the relief more freely than the rest of civilization, is it not chiefly because the women of this country seek spiritual comradeship in marriage and decline to put up with the abuses and misery which those of other nations endure?"

"In other words," cried Josephine, "our women make the security of the marriage tie individual caprice instead of mutual forbearance. There are moments in the early years of every woman's married experience when, if she were free to follow her whims, she would welcome liberty, if not a change. Yet if she got either, she would in the average case weep her eyes out later."

I had never realized before how irretrievably I might have lost Josephine had she not been the clinging creature I have described. The reproach of the discovery was somewhat allayed for me by her acknowledgment that she would have deplored subsequently the desperate step which seemed

justified at one time, though she chose to leave me in the dark as to which of my shortcomings had worn on her most. But though her words rang in my ears, my strong academic interest in the theme struggled so effectually against the personal application that I found myself saying:

"It's a mistake to suppose that our nation has a monopoly of easy causes for divorce. On the contrary, we have never in terms gone so far as several of the Continental countries of Europe, where the marriage tie can be severed by mutual consent, or on the ground of what is called invincible aversion."

"Invincible aversion!" echoed Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote. "A ruthless phrase. Our more euphemistic term, I suppose, is incompatibility, which in a large percentage of the divorces in this country is probably the true reason rather than one of the sundry specific grounds sanctioned by law."

Observing that she paused from a commendable impulse to cite chapter and verse, I hastened to supply them. "Adultery; bigamy; conviction of crime resulting in imprisonment for two years; wilful desertion for two years; habitual drunkenness for two years. These are all orthodox causes sanctioned and recommended for adoption in every State by the National Congress on Uniform Divorce Laws, some of whose members are clergymen."

"But I fail to see how the modern woman's tendency to break the marriage tie on trivial grounds can be consistent with unselfishness," asserted Josephine. "The old-fashioned wife endured too much, I agree; but the American wife of to-day refuses to endure anything."

"It is interesting to note, by way of comparison," I remarked, "that through all the provinces of our neighbor, Canada—in most of which divorces are granted only by Act of Parliament—there were only 197 divorces in the ten years from 1897 to 1906, with the male petitioners slightly in the ascendant."

"In other words," soliloquized Winona, "are easy divorces indispensable to the best development of women? Have we gone so far in this country that we ought to call a halt, or will the woman of the future be less and less inclined to hold to the man she finds uncongenial?"

This was so clearly the real issue that we waited for her to proceed.

"By stating it is a non-essential, Lavinia means—and, of course, I agree with her—that as a vital remedy divorce has been universally accepted by democracy. Its propriety in cases of dire need is no longer debatable except from the strictly clerical stand-point. Those who have recourse to it lose little caste, even in fashionable society, provided their justification is clear. As a bitter remedy it provides relief from intolerable conditions which both sexes in the past, especially women, were compelled to put up with. Nor does the modern woman take seriously the church's ban against those who marry again. Save Roman Catholics, who are obliged to remain obedient or leave the church, the mass of womankind accepts with less and less demur the new hope of happiness which is offered, and suffers no loss of self-respect thereby. Sensitive Episcopalians can usually find some one to perform the marriage service. The churches ask: 'Why not be content with separation?' The obviously rational answer is, first, that to do so would put a premium on immorality and foster illicit relations such as are widely winked at by European communities on the plea of protection to the family; and, second, that the modern woman sees no reason why, because of a dreadful mistake, she should remain single for the rest of her life if a desirable opportunity for remarriage offers. Our divorce figures are alarming, but in what country are there more happy marriages—where husband and wife are genuine comrades—than in ours?"

"And yet," interposed my wife, "if it be true that ninety-nine wives out of a hundred across the Canadian border manage to endure the treatment they receive from their husbands, it would seem as if our women were laying too much emphasis on the right to happiness, and too little on the obligation to remember that though marriage be regarded as a contract, it is the most solemn obligation in the world, to be broken only on the direst provocation and after much spiritual struggle. One reason why the modern American girl marries hastily is that the marriage bond signifies so little to her. And her poor children become the worst sufferers."

"I hadn't nearly finished, mother," exclaimed Winona. "I was on the point of explaining why on the whole I think that

we have gone too far. But as to marrying hastily—the clergy encourage that. At least any runaway couple—the girl who elopes with her father's chauffeur—can invariably find some clergyman to marry them in the middle of the night, and plume himself on it as a virtuous deed. But, at least, the modern woman marries the man she likes instead of the man she is told she ought to like. And as to the children—of course, there are two sides to that.”

“Yes, indeed,” said Lavinia. “The French have piled up agony on account of the children in the novel and play dealing with divorce. The child of separated parents is easily made the dramatic factor in the situation, and French writers have made the most of this appeal for artistic purposes. But as a practical matter, is a child better off in a home where loveless discord reigns beneath a varnished surface than if committed by agreement of parties or the decree of a court to the custody of one or the other parent? As I’ve suggested already, divorce is a distressing remedy; it affects all concerned; perhaps it should always entail social stigma. But for womankind and mankind at large its consequences appear to me far less disastrous than to continue to endure cruel wrongs in order to preserve merely the shell of the marriage relation.”

Although I should have been proud of Josephine had she discarded me in favor of some one else, if I had beaten her, I offered this historical comparison in her support:

“The degeneracy of Rome was marked by the prevalence of divorce—the putting away of wives by husbands from caprice. Conversely now, is not our American civilization suffering from a similar tendency fostered by wives? And the example promises to breed contagion, for Canada’s favorable showing is impaired by the fact that more than a third of the foreign couples divorced in the United States during the last ten years were Canadians who had acquired a domicile here—presumably in most instances to take advantage of the liberality of our laws.”

“Of course, the modern woman must behave herself,” answered Winona, eager to complete her argument. “In case she does not, she cannot complain if civilization out of sheer disgust heeds the fulmina-

tions of the Catholic Church and abolishes divorce. That is what the church hopes for; its sole chance of success. We women are on trial. The laws—laws framed by men—permit us to sunder the tie which binds us to an unworthy husband. If we avail ourselves of these without sufficient cause, are we not false to our best selves? And what is sufficient cause? If we say that there can be no hard and fast rule, and that each woman must be the judge of her own necessity, surely we must at the same time insist that the mere discovery that she does not love her husband—the favorite bold, pathetic plea nowadays—is not a race-serving justification. Otherwise the church is right, and the divorced woman places herself on the same moral level as the concubine. She must have some tangible, adequate reason.”

“Assuredly. But may it not be argued that the most tangible, adequate reason of all—after a woman has tried her best and is certain—is the consciousness that she has ceased to love?”

It was my radical daughter-in-law who spoke, and I noticed Josephine shiver protestingly and glance at me by way of mute, appalled reprobation.

“I do not maintain,” continued Lavinia calmly, “that the modern woman is likely or can venture for a long time to come to insist on the endurance of love—for what is incompatibility but its failure?—as the condition of permanent marriage. It is, of course, one tenet of socialism that the first obligation of husband or wife is to retain the other’s affection, and that inability to do so justifies the forming of a new tie. If this seems chaotic, it is less repellent than the other extreme, which the so-called conservative elements of society still seek to enforce, that the marriage tie shall be dissolved for no cause whatever, or for only a single cause, and that one human being’s happiness shall be permanently at the mercy of another. But whether or not incompatibility be recognized in the future as a legitimate ground for divorce, we are, as Winona says, on trial; we must justify our emancipation by our behavior. Any woman who travels cannot fail to learn that, though divorce has become a world-wide institution to relieve crying needs, the foreigner, and in particular the rest of the English-speaking peoples, look with hor-

ror on the American woman's prodigal recourse to it. It equally disgusts and puzzles them. They ask, Whence the necessity? If the adage be true that the American husband is less of a despot than any man in the world, why does the American wife so constantly divorce him? Undeniably the burden is on us women to prove that our circumstances require it—that it is best for civilization that we should so frequently put away one husband and presently marry another. Are we thereby holding men up to some nobler ideal of marriage than the rest of the world entertains? Or does it mean that the American woman is more capricious than her sisters, less stable and tender in her affections, and shallower in her social intelligence—in short, less unselfish and less lovable? If the latter be true, there must be underlying reasons. And that's what I meant by terming the divorce issue a non-essential in our discussion. Divorce is clearly a symptom either of new virtues or of grave shortcomings."

VIII

As my daughter-in-law paused, I found myself admiring the clever way in which she had both spiked the guns of Josephine's resentment and at the same time extricated us from the meshes of a topic which is unsavory at best. So conclusively had she made her point, that the speech by which Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote renewed the conversation was received by us all as the first step in a transition to our real theme.

"As bearing on the attitude of the English regarding us," she said, "I heard recently an anecdote which is illuminating. A young and charming girl became infatuated with and married an English army officer, who was later ordered to India. They have five children. She lives in England by his direction, and his furlough is spent, not with her, but in killing big game. One-half of his income, which is not large, he reserves for himself, the other he sends to his wife and children. What would an American girl say to that?"

"If she had any spirit, of course no American girl would stand it for a minute!" exclaimed Winona promptly.

"She would certainly discover some way of rectifying it," admitted my wife.

"And, of course, the poor thing just simply bears it the best way she can," said

Lavinia. "The Englishwoman when bullied accepts the lot her lord and master deals out to her, and pretends to like it. She is educated to pretend to like it, and the church does its best to encourage her to think she likes it. Naturally she is horrified when the woman who declines to be treated as a mere possession asserts herself."

"It is an extreme instance of gross selfishness in her husband's class," Mrs. Foote continued, "just as wife-beating is in the lowest class, and it may be that the average Englishman is far less arbitrary in his treatment of the women of his family than the average German; but the episode is typical nevertheless. As a result, however, of pondering it, I began to ask myself whether the American man isn't in much the same fix as the English or German woman—obliged to bear it the best he can."

"Admirable!" exclaimed Josephine, and she hastened to add, "If he bears it in any other way, his wife finds she has ceased to love him, which according to some constitutes the best ground for a divorce and marrying again."

Not being the aggressor, I watched with considerable gusto the flight of this shaft, which seemed aimed to pierce one of her daughter-in-law's ultra modern theories which rasp Josephine at times. She does not always agree with Winona, but can invariably follow her; whereas she declares that Lavinia leads her to strange conclusions which make a lady stare.

Both of the younger women laughed melodiously, and both their replies were characteristic.

"It isn't really true that he is in the same fix; or if he is it's his own fault." Thus Winona.

But her sister-in-law's comment was more subtle. "Because he has the effect of being in the same fix, are we necessarily culpable? If we are, I suppose it must follow that we are more selfish and less lovable."

As I listened to these remarks from purely feminine sources, I began to conjure up sundry testimony which seemed to bear out Mrs. Foote's deduction. Before my mind's eye trotted in single file and chronological order certain familiar, not to say hackneyed, specimens of American manhood, wearing the motley of comic-weekly or interna-

tional-fiction notoriety—the industrious but unpresentable husband of a generation ago toiling at home while his wife parades her diamonds and her daughters abroad; the conscientious, matter-of-fact, persistent native lover discarded not solely for a title (English, French, or Italian), but for the social elegance, charm, and courtship graces of its possessor; the latter-day breadwinner (constantly a millionaire), an easy-going materialist unable to see that his beautiful young wife is starving to death because his aspirations are confined to the stock-market and golf; the domestic male tyrant who clamors for several children and for appetizing meals, and fails to recognize that the truly intelligent woman should regard these as old-fashioned duties to be performed either by specialists or co-operative methods.

Pathetic figures these, and yet there was once color for the travesty. Undeniably the American husband absorbed in his business used to feel that his wife required nothing from him but a full pocket-book. Habitually faithful and indulgent, he took her constancy for granted, nor suspected that the lamp of feminine conjugal ardor required trimming. It was true also that he was unpresentable in the sense that he possessed most of the solid virtues, but none of the social hypocritic graces which made the foreigner a prince of the fairy tale to the American maiden. Nor was it surprising when, as sometimes happened (for the situation bristled with paternal obstacles), she decided not to become a countess and accepted her persevering native lover instead, that she should find him matter-of-fact and unromantically domestic by comparison. The wife of a more recent date has had grounds, too, for the complaint that the effect of the closer contact with civilization which the new wealth has offered, both abroad and at home, to the American man has been carnal. While she studies picture-galleries, cathedrals, and settlement work (after she has finished her shopping), his enthusiasm centres on some form of athletic diversion. Instead of visiting San Paolo Fuori le Mura, he inclines to bask in an open-air café reading newspapers (from home) and experimenting with light Italian wines. All within his respectable masculine rights, of course; but how dull and almost exasperating! Might not a husband more sensi-

tive to the world of imagination be preferable, even though he pricked up his ears occasionally at sight of another woman?

Yet in the face of this procession of inferior masculine figures I found myself remarking, "Your sex must certainly agree that the American husband has redeemed himself wonderfully of late. He makes no less money than formerly, and gives his wife even more. He takes suitable vacations and spends them with her. If he goes off to kill big game, she has the chance to accompany him. She can be just as sure of his constancy as ever, but she has far less cause to think of him as unpresentable. He not infrequently passes for English or Russian in the capitals of Europe. If he is still unable to tell a woman that he is in love with her, when he is not, so convincingly as some, he has learned the importance of creating an illusion in the mind of her whom he desires to marry. Though he may occasionally dodge a gallery in favor of golf, his efforts to render himself a fit companion for his wife have been so eager and docile that he is beginning to be puzzled and even to ask himself, In what respect have I failed? What more does she expect from me? And by way of reaction some invidious souls are beginning to inquire, Can it be that we have spoiled her? Can she even prepare an appetizing meal if she does the cooking, or know how it should be prepared in case she does not?"

"In too many cases, no, alas!" So pleaded Mrs. Foote to the last count of my indictment. Then with the suppleness characteristic of the well-equipped club-woman she continued: "You must bear in mind, however, that some serious thinkers maintain that the home in its old-fashioned sense belongs to the past. That more and more the drudgery of household life will be obviated by co-operative devices—the preparation of food in wholesale quantities by expert workers outside, and, if I may so term it, the reincarnation of the domestic servant. It would be interesting and a big feather in her bonnet," she added musingly, "if the American woman who has persistently refused to enter domestic service herself should atone for the seeming inconsistency she displays, in haunting intelligence offices the moment her husband makes money, by raising household work for pay to the dignity of

other labor, and thus making real George Herbert's verse, written nearly three centuries ago:

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine.
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

"And her first step," exclaimed Josephine incisively, "should be to treat housework with dignity herself, as something worthy—a fine art even. To cook her husband's meals or superintend her household with the same enthusiasm, to attain perfect results, as the mechanic erecting a building or a sculptor chiselling his block. We were speaking just now of invincible aversion. This might pardonably become the eventual attitude of any husband toward the woman who daily set before him unsavory messes, or who treated her domestic duties as so many chores to be hurried through sketchily or heedlessly. We pride ourselves that the day of the subservient, timidly acquiescing, blindly adoring woman is over, though she had her virtues, poor thing; but if her modern successor neglects to give domestic efficiency the first place on her programme, she is certain to compare very unfavorably with her great-grandmother in the long run."

Notwithstanding the seriousness of Josephine's remarks, I noticed my daughter and daughter-in-law exchange glances of what appeared to be amusement.

"We don't dispute that you are right, mother dear," responded Winona. "But surely you exonerate both Lavinia and me from setting unsavory messes before our husbands."

My wife looked a little disconcerted, and no wonder. For, though I have a suspicion that when my daughter married, she could not have poached an egg for her husband, had it been her lot to walk into the kitchen, and that his digestion was sorely tried by her early struggles with inefficient cooks, it must be admitted that she has triumphed in the end, but at the cost, I believe, of ten dollars a week, which she appears to be able to afford. As for my son David's wife, she is ostensibly a born artist; that is, she frequently demonstrates her gastronomic skill in the family circle by preparing on a blazer dishes so consummately appetizing that I am in-

variably helped a second time; and, though she is merely the presiding genius of her household on ordinary occasions, she is certainly a creditable exponent of democratic efficiency.

But Josephine proved equal to the occasion. "You, Winona," she said, "have learned by bitter experience and a comfortable income. I did my best when you were eighteen to familiarize you with food values, but you were obdurate. Like most modern girls, you thought your soul above them, and that such material things could wait. If your husband had been a poor man, he would have been miserable while you were learning. In Lavinia, I admit, David found a culinary jewel from the outset; but she is a bright exception in the galaxy of native-born women. I exclude both of you, however, from my argument, for each of you keeps several servants. I had in mind the ninety and nine women out of a hundred—those who have no servants or only a single one. Especially the latter, for they are at their wits' end to secure competent assistants. The face of the American woman is set against domestic service, and yet at the same time she is clamoring for some one to be her servant. We are dependent on the foreign-born, the overflow of Europe. When this supply gives out, what is to become of us? There is only one remedy; Mrs. Foote is absolutely right—we must dignify domestic service; take away the social stigma which is attached to it and raise it to the level of other manual pursuits, so that the self-respecting American girl need not be driven into the store or factory, but may turn her hands and her head to what the average woman prefers at heart to everything else—some kind of household employment."

Perhaps I should have realized that the aspersion cast by me on the meals which the average American woman sets before her husband and children would precipitate sooner or later a discussion of that ever-burning but threadbare topic, the servant question. I noticed in the clear moonlight that every trace of amusement had vanished from the faces of the other disputants; that Winona appeared wistful but harassed, Mrs. Foote eagerly acquiescent yet pensive, and that my daughter-in-law's evident enthusiasm was tempered by sundry carking doubts. The spirit moved me to say:

"On certain subjects you perceive grand-mama is more progressive than any of you."

"Not more progressive. I agree with every word. Only—" Lavinia dwelt long enough on the qualifying conjunction to permit Josephine to interject:

"But for you, Fred, I think we would have avoided this particular topic on such a heavenly night."

If she spoke less urbanely than is her wont, it may have been because the form of address which I had employed sounds endearing only on the lips of the third generation. "But since you have dragged it in," she continued, "I acknowledge it as a hobby. I am constantly surprised that the clever American women who are perpetually agitating some issue do not unite and grapple in dead earnest with this most vital and threatening of all modern feminine problems. Every one groans, but the situation seems to paralyze us and we avoid concerted action. It isn't the rich or the well-to-do who are chiefly concerned. Exorbitant wages plus much travail of the spirit will provide them with servants enough to last our time. It's the every-day woman of restricted income. Our upper classes cherish the fatuous idea that presently the native-born girl will change her mind under the spur of pecuniary necessity."

"Never," murmured Lavinia and Mrs. Foote in the same breath.

"Never, undoubtedly, under present conditions," continued Josephine. "We all of us know perfectly well that we in her shoes would prefer any other occupation to that which keeps us incessantly at the beck and call of another woman who treats us with disdain as social inferiors."

This was so eminently a lady's battle that I was glad to hold my tongue and listen.

"But, mother, how are we to manage practically? Ideally the existing state of affairs is indefensible and distracting. But an eight-hour day would leave us without a maid in many an emergency, and a relay system would bankrupt most people." It was Winona, who spoke still wistful and still harassed.

"The eight-hour day is not the solution. I have no patience with the eight-hour day. A woman employed in housework doesn't labor at the top of her powers like a mechanic or mill operative," answered Joseph-

ine, who had evidently taken the bit of this special topic between her teeth and had no mind to relinquish it. "Neither is to treat her as a member of the family the solution—that specious but exploded product of half a century ago when the social differences between nearly all classes in this country were inconsiderable. She doesn't wish to be so treated any more than the clerk, stenographer, or trained nurse desires it, all of whom maintain their independence by contract as distinguished from servitude. She should have clearly defined duties and definite hours of exemption from every call, and above all she must be regarded as an individual like other employees, not hectored and required to be humble. A trained nurse has duties more trying to the sensibilities than any maid, yet she preserves her self-respect. And they, on their side, must be prepared to offer certificates of efficiency to dignify their calling: the equivalent of a diploma setting forth their attainments, which shall be the measure of their wages. If the poor man is wise, he will demand one from the woman he hopes to marry. But I'm sure that the next generation will insist on civil-service examinations for cooks. You needn't smile. The paucity of really proficient household assistants on this side of the water—indeed, all over the world, if rumor be true—is one of the social evils of the day. As to details—the precise ways and means—they are for you younger and better-equipped women to work out. As Fred says, I speak only from the point of view of a grandmother."

As Josephine concluded, there was a ripple of sound which was partly a sigh and partly spontaneous applause. She had not been interrupted, which signified to me they were listening to home truths which could not be gainsaid. This tribute solved, as it were, my offence in having unwittingly let this lion loose. The simile is not my own, for it was Mrs. Foote who now asserted:

"Every word is true. The subject lies like a lion in the pathway of the industrial woman and the woman of limited means, not to mention all the rest of us. Until we do something definite and effective there is not the smallest hope that the native-born American girl will consent to relieve the existing stringency."

"And until we succeed in doing something," said Lavinia, "I don't see but that the modern woman will have to admit" (and here she turned toward me) "that this shortcoming is a sign that she is more selfish than she used to be. In other words, that in her desire for individuality and a broad horizon, she has managed to neglect her nearest duties."

I do not know whether I was the more pleased by my daughter-in-law's logic or her magnanimity. It remained for Winona to complete the confession and at the same time to minimize it. "My conscience told me to eat humble-pie; but I'm glad that you've done it for me, Lavinia, in such philosophic terms," said she. "But in what other respects are we spoiled, father? You, as the champion of the down-trodden American man, intimated that we were."

"Exactly the question I was about to ask," cried Lavinia with new animation.

"And I was treasuring it up for the first opportunity," added Mrs. Foote.

I felt myself suddenly wofully outnumbered, like one who is beset by three in a narrow road; yet I strove to array my wits. Was it wifely loyalty or the belief that I had nothing valuable to adduce which caused Josephine to come to my relief?

"Children—good people all," she said—"do you realize what the hour is? I cannot permit you to keep this down-trodden American husband up all night."

"Just a moment," cried Winona, and as she leaned toward me in token of her earnestness, her mobile, spirited face took on in the moonlight a celestial aspect denied to the lords of creation. Obviously her womanly self-esteem, wounded by my thrust, yearned to vindicate itself.

"I think I can state in a few sentences just what he—or any man—would be able to allege, and our answer to it. Spoiled? Less unselfish and less lovable? From his stand-point, yes; from ours, no. Egoists—that's the favorite crucial charge. That the absorption of the modern American woman in her own personality and self-development renders her deaf to her domestic responsibilities. That in this age of keen competition, when man's energies must be completely fixed on his work if he hopes for distinction, she acts as a clog because of her vanity, ignorance, and disdainful regard of economy. That if she needs a

carrot she buys a peck, and keeps his nose everlastingly at the grindstone to satisfy her helpless extravagance. That she lays stress on her own career when, except in the case of genius, a married woman should have none. That she overindulges her children and encourages her daughters to grow up in self-sufficient ignorance of everything which will fit them to be housewives and mothers. Have I run the scale of our failings as you interpret them?"

The inquiry was manifestly addressed to me, but Josephine took upon herself to answer it. "What a painfully accurate picture of the modern woman, Winona! No man could put it half so understandingly. You have omitted nothing but the diminution of that tenderness which used to be her essential weakness, yet her essential strength."

"Now, if I may say so, you are talking like a grandmother indeed, mama dear."

"Do not mind her; go right on, Winona," said my daughter-in-law soothingly.

"Her essential weakness, yet her essential strength. It should have been included, and it chimes in with the rest," continued Winona. "I suppose there must be some color to these aspersions, but it's chiefly the color which comes from contrast, the color given it by man petulant because we have left the niche which he prescribed for us and have stepped out into the world. The blue line which St. Cuthbert drew in Durham Cathedral, beyond which no woman should pass, is still pointed out to the visitor, and it was but a few feet inside the porch. What a stride to the position she has reached to-day! Though even to-day, as has been pointed out, the Englishwoman still lacks equal custody with her husband over her children, and must bear his infidelities without redress provided they are clandestine and not brutal. For us over here, these glaring wrongs have been righted. It is our assertion of subtler but no less imperative needs, not yet universally recognized, which draws forth the diatribes of men and the hostility of the conventional or old-fashioned portion of our sex. For instance, our right to face and comprehend the real facts of life and place our own construction on them; the married woman's right not to be treated with parsimony in money matters, and to have her domestic labors at least abstractly rated as a money contribution;

the single woman's right and need to support herself regardless of precedent and to safeguard her industrial status. And as to tenderness, does the woman of to-day lack depth of devotion for her children, and for the husband whom she loves and who remains worthy of her love? It is only because she refuses longer to keep turning her other cheek, like a patient Griselda, to the man who starves her love by his selfishness or ill-treatment that the surface world is disposed to rate her as metallic and shallow."

As my daughter finished her spirited reply, I felt moved to cry "Bravo!" which was spontaneous and far removed from irony. It proved, however, that I would have done better to adhere to my policy of non-interference. For at the sound of my voice she suddenly turned on me with a directness suggestive of a Goneril or a Regan rather than a Cordelia.

"But if it be true that we are spoiled—that in our righteous protest against ancient thralldom we have overstepped the bounds and are running riot—who is to blame? Not ourselves solely, but the men who have ceased to be our masters and who permit us to be extravagant, capricious, and egotistical. However modern she may be, how-

ever impatient of restraint, every woman loves in her heart to be forced to curb herself by some one stronger than she. If we waste men's money and neglect our wifely duties, why do they not interfere and compel reform? They are still the physical masters of creation. No, the modern man stands between two dilemmas: either his grievances against the modern woman are in the main without foundation, and he knows it, or he is unfitted to exercise his masculine prerogatives."

All the women eagerly applauded this sentiment. I felt discomfited, yet it was on the tip of my tongue to point out that if the American husband ventures to raise his voice above a whisper in token of authority, his outraged wife leaves him and takes the baby (over which she has equal custody) with her; but the others had risen and I heard my wife saying summarily:

"It's an absorbing subject; and we've had an illuminating discussion. We can't all agree about the modern woman; but the American man as usual comes out second best."

"Yes," I assented mournfully. "That seems to be his destiny. And yet we are constantly reminded that he is the best husband in the world."

(To be continued.)

"THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING"

By Eleanor Stuart

THE willows hang their veils of green
Athwart a dreaming sky
And tulips thrust into the scene
Where Death is passing by.

His widow hangs her veil of woe
Before her dear, blind eyes
Which did not see he was to go
To God's far Paradise!

All the wide world was lovely here
Nor was his youth all past,
Yet still we follow by his bier
Close to him till the last!



Pattison's dog team.

THE ALBANY TRAIL TO JAMES BAY

THIRTEEN HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



HAVE you ever made map journeys? Have you traced your imaginary way down wilderness streams through silent forest country or over wide plains to nameless mountain ranges? Always, to me, the study of maps has been a source of much pleasure, and to this interest was due my making the acquaintance, last summer, of a great river that has its source in a lake lying far over the Height of Land, about two hundred miles north-west of Lake Superior. This river, the Albany, flows from Lake St. Joseph six hundred miles in a north-easterly direction and empties into James Bay, an arm of Hudson's Bay, that great inland sea of the north. Forming, as it does, the boundary between the unexplored solitudes of Kewatin and the almost equally unknown Ontario hinterlands, it seemed to offer the most alluring possibilities for a long canoe journey.

There are three other possible canoe routes to James Bay from the south; the

Abitibi, the Missinaibi, and the Kenogami or English River routes. These rivers are all interesting, but the canoe of the sportsman had already found its way to the salt-water by the first two. And the last, though little known, had not the same appeal to the imagination as had the Albany, rising far over the Height of Land and keeping its lonely course through a wilderness as primeval as on the day, two centuries ago, when the first Hudson's Bay Company men fought their way up its rapid current, four hundred and fifty miles, to build Fort Hope. But many months of correspondence failed to put me into communication with any one who had even so much as dipped a paddle in the waters of the Albany River. Finally I learned that Mr. Albert W. Pattison, Hudson's Bay Company factor at Lac Seul, had once travelled up the river in summer. At last I had discovered the needle in the wilderness haystack.

My plans, which were soon made, were as follows: To reach the Albany by way



Mouth of the Albany River.

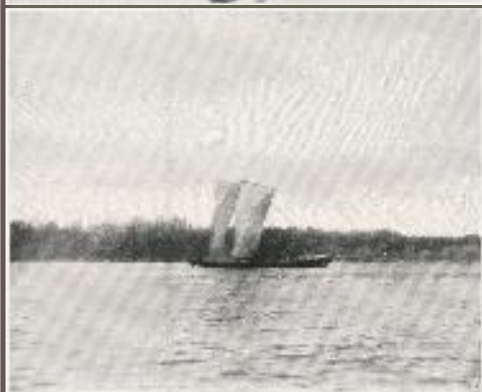
Lac Seul, a magnificent specimen of the Canadian lake, is one hundred and thirty miles long and of varying width. Owing to its irregular shape, it is supposed to have a shore line of over fifteen hundred miles. The post at Lac Seul, the only habitation of white men on the lake, is the supply post for Osnaburg, two hundred miles north on Lake St. Joseph, and for a number of smaller stations beyond. Two years ago from these posts were sent seventy thousand dollars' worth of pelts of the fox, mink, fisher, lynx, marten, and otter. This is also a beaver country, but the Canadian Govern-



Upper Albany River.



Thirty-pound
Maskinonge,
Lost Lake.



York boat
under sail,
Martin's Falls.



French com-
pany canoes,
Nepigon Trail.



Moose
swimming
Lost Lake.

ment has protected the beaver for some years past.

A wild uproar from the husky dogs greeted us as we landed beside the little steamer used for towing supplies up the lake, while a number of Ojibways straggled to the shore to inspect the strangers. At the company's trading-house we met the hospitable Pattison, who, during two long evenings, held me quite hypnotized with the tales of his adventures in the silent places.

Pattison's life for the past thirty years, spent entirely in northern Quebec and Ontario, would read like romance. Stationed, as he has been, at Lake St. John and Lake Mistassini, far on the Labrador border, at Lac Seul, a thousand miles west, and at Fort Albany and Moose Factory, on James Bay, his career probably covers as wide a variety of experience as that of any native of eastern Canada. One winter, years ago, he broke through the ice on the upper St. Maurice, losing sled, dog team, and companion. Four days later, delirious from cold and starvation, he managed to reach the nearest post. Another time, Pattison travelled for ten days carrying on his sled the frozen body of a friend. His description of sleeping night after night beside the corpse, while the husky dogs, disturbed by the presence of death, howled their protest to a freezing moon, was the most gruesome account to which I have ever listened. As a special instance of his good nature, Pattison hitched his crack dog team, which has a record of fifty miles in seven hours, to a cariole sled and gave me a midsummer ride on the flat sand beach. Even under these trying conditions, the dogs dragged the sled so fast that it was impossible to stand in it. The dog-sleds are not steel-shod, but the wooden runners are plastered with a combination of clay and mud which, when frozen, is planed smooth. These clay runners are then coated with ice, and treated in this way run more easily than a metal shoe.

From Pattison I learned that Fort Albany was a month's hard paddling and portaging—there being about fifty carries—from Lac Seul, and that in order to get out of the lake and into the Root River which rises within a short distance

of Lake St. Joseph, we would need an Ojibway guide, as any one not knowing the lake might spend a week hunting through the maze of islands and bays for the mouth of the river. Accordingly, we persuaded one of the Lac Seul Indians, Whiteduck by name, which, in picturesque Ojibway, is Wabininishib, to show us the way to Osnaburg. On the following morning we bade Pattison good-by and started north.

The islands at the head of the lake seemed to be a favorite camping ground for the Indians. In fact, this locality is a veritable summer Riviera for some three hundred Ojibways. On our way, a running fire of primitive repartee directed at our Lac Seul guide, Whiteduck, from the tepees on the shores of the islands, was most amusing. I asked Charlie, who was in my canoe and who spoke Ojibway, what was the drift of the conversation. "Dey ask Whiteduck," said he, "who de white men are. He say, 'One is a Big Knife and de oder a Bix Axe.'" As one of the Ojibway synonymes for American signifies big or long knife, having its origin in the fact that the first Americans seen by the Ojibways wore swords, the ironical use of the term Big Axe seemed to be considered a huge joke by our red friends on the neighboring island. "Dey ask Whiteduck where white men go," continued Charlie, with his customary frankness, "and he say, 'De two white fool go to de Big Water.' Den dey say, 'It is many sleeps to de Big Water. Dey grow lonely on way. Let 'em come ashore and get wives, for we have plenty squaws here widout husband.'" This sally had evoked much laughter and giggling from the young squaws sitting around the tepees. It is superfluous to add that we did not accept the invitation.

For forty miles we followed the ram's-horn-shaped head of Lac Seul, and at the mouth of the Root River found a white man and his squaw camped at the big cache of the company. The squawman said he had shot seven moose in the river near his camp that summer, and from the bones and hides lying in the water, we had no reason to doubt him. He appeared to be sick, and on learning his symptoms, Tom, with a long face,



Gray geese.

Osnaburg
York boats.Crees poling up
Abitibi River.Lake
St. Joseph.



Black ducks.

pronounced it typhoid fever, and thereupon gave him bountifully from our medicine kit, from quinine to a porous plaster. This seemed to arouse the envy of the squaw, who straightway began to groan and writhe with pain. She insisted on white men's medicine, so nothing would do but that we also must leave her pills of many colors.

When we left, I noticed a puzzled expression on Tom's face: "Say, that squaw seemed to be so dead set on those red pills that it kind of made me suspicious. You don't suppose she was going to make beads of 'em, do you?" he asked.

As we paddled up a stretch of dead water on the Root River, the measured click of oars on thole-pins broke the silence. Soon around a bend came the Osnaburg York boats. Stripped to the waist in the August sun, their crews of perspiring Ojibways heaved the large craft through the water, shouting and singing as they rowed. Sweeping down upon us, these sixty-foot broad-beamed York boats, each propelled by eight oars, seemed more like Grecian galleys or the vessels of marauding Vikings than Canadian wilderness freighters. Huddled in bow and stern, red-shawled squaws and children, urging the men to renewed efforts, added to the uproar. As they passed they called to the Ojibway, who answered them—probably at our expense—but he only smiled his sphinx-like smile when I asked him what they said.

On Root portage at the head of the river we met more of the Ojibways waiting for the return of the York boats with their supplies. Here at a little log landing lay the crude lake steamer of McLaurin, a free-trader who competes with the Hudson's Bay

Company at Lake St. Joseph for the furs of the region. In command of the steamer was an interesting young Englishman who told me his name was Clough and that he was a graduate of London University. When Clough had gathered the Indians for a picture, he remarked facetiously, with a wave of his hand:

"Behold the noble red man of the forest, heir to the wilderness. And how treasures he his heritage? By murdering every living thing he meets. Last winter these gentle creatures slaughtered one hundred moose yarded in by the deep snow at the head of the lake here. Tiring of shooting them, they put out their eyes with sharpened sticks and left them to die of starvation. Behold the noble red man, heir of the ages—and reserve your pity!"

During the delivery of this gentle anathema, the Ojibways sat smiling blandly at their traducer.

Our way to Osnaburg post led ninety miles down picturesque Lake St. Joseph. Here for the first time we set our net, to find in the morning more doree, pike, and whitefish than I had ever before seen. Out in the deep water there were lake-trout, to be taken by deep trolling. Back on a little barren behind our first camp, where the forest fire had once swept, were patches of blueberries with bear signs everywhere, for bruin dearly loves berries. Later, while at breakfast, two families of partridges came down to the shore to visit us, alas! to their grief. Ninety miles of wooded islands and crescent sand beaches, with once or twice on each of two quiet afternoons the long wake of a swimming moose or caribou ruffling the still surface in which sky and timbered shores lay mirrored, made memora-



Oblate Fathers' mission, Fort Albany.

ble those August days on this unknown northern lake.

We were one day wind-bound in a cove where there were many islands on one of which an Indian family was encamped. Hardly had we got up our tent when two squaws in a canoe paddled over and asked in Ojibway who we were. "Two great medicine-men from a country many moons to the south," replied Whiteduck. This got us into difficulties at once, for the squaws insisted on our going to their camp to treat an old Indian crippled with rheumatism and a squaw with an injured arm. Not without many misgivings, we took the medicine kit and paddled to the island where the Indian sat groaning in a tepee. Tom's dressing of a badly infected wound on the squaw's arm would have done honor to a graduate in surgery, but the old man stumped us. Finally I volunteered the suggestion that he drink plenty of lake water, which advice was greeted by the squaws with groans of contempt.

"Must we go to medicine-men for lake water," sarcastically cried one in Ojibway, "when we camp on an island? Tell them to give us some Long Knife's medicine!"

When this was communicated to us, Tommy and I felt that the reputation and honor of our race was at stake, so we gravely selected a number of pills from phials in the medicine kit, and ordered, under pain of death, that one should be taken each day until the Evil Spirit of Rheumatism took unto himself wings. This savored of the talk of true medicine-men and was more to their liking. After Tom had made a few passes in the air over the old Indian, we distributed tobacco and tea, and, amid much hand-shaking, chattering of squaws, and

barking of dogs, left them and returned to camp.

On our way up the lake, I asked Whiteduck when we should reach Osnaburg. He turned and pointed low into the west, saying: "When sun is dere, we camp at post." Whiteduck never wasted words, and, after all, how could he have better answered my query? He was a silent Indian and I often wondered what were his thoughts.

So late does the sun set in the northern summer that, although nearly seven o'clock, it was still light enough to take a photograph of Osnaburg House, in charge of which, in the absence of Williams, the factor, who has an Ojibway wife, was a young Englishman by the name of Wood. Here Whiteduck, who evidently disliked the half-breed, turned back. He had already come two hundred miles, which is about the limit of travel of the northern Indian, who is not a company voyageur. It is very difficult to get a woods Indian to travel into a country he does not know. He seems to have no curiosity concerning the world beyond his ken, and some little fear of it.

The next morning we paddled down the narrowing arm of the outlet past many fires burning along the shores where the Indians were smoking moose meat. Then running some small rapids, we were in the Albany at last. For a hundred miles the upper reaches of the river as it leaves the Height of Land are one succession of rapids and quick water. Farther on it becomes more tranquil, alternately widening into lakes and contracting again to race wildly through deep chutes. The lakes, some of which are miles in length, are but vaguely intimated by the map. In fact our crown maps, published by the Dominion Geologi-

Revilon
Freres
trading post,
Fort Albany.



On the
portage.



Camp on
James Bay.



Captain
Freakley,
Camsell, and
McAlpine,
Moose
Factory.



cal and Agricultural Surveys, proved utterly useless in establishing our whereabouts on this section of the river. These waters seemed to be breeding-grounds for sturgeon, for all around us late in the afternoon they broke the surface. One still evening when the dying sun had turned the lake on which we were to liquid gold, we paddled for miles right through these great fish playing and splashing on the surface of the water. We were wind-bound for several days in this lake region, and from sunset, when the wind died, travelled late into the moonlit nights, soon accustomed to heed the antics of the leaping sturgeon as little as the rising of so many trout. A sturgeon rises from the water his full length and falls over on his back, splashing more like a log than an animate thing, and, in fact, the first one I saw I took for a stick of timber for some mysterious reason upending on the quiet surface of the lake. The flesh is reddish in color and firm in fibre, more like meat than fish, and of a fine flavor.

No one in the north country travels without a net, for if the canoe comes to grief in the rapids and provisions are lost or water-soaked, the net furnishes food until the nearest post is reached. In these lakes whenever we set our net we were sure of pike, doree, and whitefish, but caught no sturgeon as it was not strong enough to hold them. Often, on taking up the net in the morning, a great hole in its torn meshes bore eloquent witness to the passage of one of these huge fish, which in these waters grow to seven feet in length.

Paddling from dawn to dusk, sometimes fishing the rapids for brook-trout, we travelled into the north. On the way we had much sport with the doree, which runs to three pounds in weight in the Albany and is a splendid, gamy little fish, taking a fly or a spoon with the avidity of the trout.

There is a wealth of bird life on the Albany. Ducks are confined largely to the marshes of the lake country and to the flats at the mouth, but many varieties of snipe breed throughout the length of the river, and seldom were we out of hearing of the welcome whistle of the yellow-legs. Partridge, birch, and spruce are very plentiful, and ptarmigan and pinnated grouse

are natives of the muskegs. The pipe of thrush and warbler accompanied us far down into the cliff country. Kingfishers chattered querulously from the shores or scurried across the river ahead of our canoes, resenting the coming of trespassers into the peace of their northern solitude. One evening we paddled for miles where night-hawks by the hundred, foraging for their supper, filled the air. From the stunted spruce of the high shores, down in the desolate cliff country, ravens croaked dismally as we passed, and often high above the cliffs eagles sailed, black specks against the sky.

One source of surprise regarding the bird life was to find that our own robin-red-breast long before us had wandered down the river to the bay where we saw him on the marshes. Another was to miss that feathered friend of all campers, the Canada jay, better known as the moose-bird or whiskey-jack. Not until we reached the islands of the Albany delta did I catch sight of this impudent Jack Sheppard of the air whose free way of making himself at home and of purloining the choicest bits from the frying-pan add much to the pleasure and amusement of every wilderness camp. Here in the far north the robber had lost much of his effrontery and only when we sat quite still would he come close to our fire.

At last we camped at the head of the long portage. This carry which Pattison had said was the longest and most difficult on the Albany—by running two miles through a swamp—cuts off three miles of churning rapids in a bend of the river. Some Indians had told us that the portage was four smokes long, meaning that if a man were to take a load across in one trip he would stop four times and smoke while he rested. Carrying a heavy load on a tump-line through a spruce swamp, where one sinks sometimes to the knees in the mud and moss, is the most exhausting work I have ever known. I was returning from my first trip when I met Charlie with one of the canoes.

"Tom fell and broke his back," said he, without the slightest trace of excitement.

With visions of carrying an injured man hundreds of miles through the wilderness, I hurried back along the trail to find



Cree cradle.

Half-breed
Crees, Moose
Factory.Chief Esau's
teepee,
New Post.

Cree cradle.



Beach at low tide, James Bay.

Tom lying by his canoe seemingly in great pain. When he was able to speak, he explained that he had slipped and fallen under the canoe, severely wrenching his back and shoulder. We applied a large plaster and bandaged him up as well as we knew how, but for many days he suffered greatly from his injuries.

This surely seemed to be a day of misfortune, for as I came out with the last load to the top of the cliff below the long rapids, I caught my foot in a root and fell headlong down the steep trail. I got to my feet with what I thought was a badly strained side, but which afterward proved to be a broken rib. Over our lunch of tea, bread, and bacon, we dubbed the long carry "The Portage of Many Sorrows."

Fort Hope, one hundred and fifty miles below Lake St. Joseph, on Eabemet Lake, is the northernmost post at which the Ojibways trade. After paddling up the lake all day in a vain effort to reach the fort, we learned from some travelling Indians that we were still twenty miles out of the way. So we gave it up and turned back into the river.

As we went ashore below Fort Hope to look at a long stretch of white water, a rustling in the bushes caused us to look up in time to see, surveying us inquisitively, the soft eyes of a yearling caribou. But he was away through the brush before I could focus my camera. From now on caribou tracks on the shores became more frequent, and the anticipation of photographing a band swimming the river kept us continually on the lookout. But we never got our caribou photograph, although twice we saw bands swimming the river. Later, when our bacon was gone and we needed meat,

we regretted not having shot a moose when chances offered above Fort Hope. However, we were not to wait long for moose steak, for in a slough at a bend of the river we ran upon a cow, a calf, and a yearling. When I had photographed the calf in the middle of the slough, Tom shot the yearling, and the meat famine was ended.

Both in summer and in winter the rivers are the thoroughfares of the Canadian wilderness. As soon as they are strong enough to lift pole and paddle, the Indian children are taught to handle the canoe in the quick water. What seems to the untutored eyes of a tenderfoot a veritable maelstrom of white water may to an Indian canoeman reveal a safe and sure channel for his birch-bark. It is one of the most interesting sights of wilderness travel to watch a Cree, Ojibway, or Algonquin stand in his canoe at the head of a rapid searching for a possible way through, and then, having satisfied himself of the whereabouts of a channel, plunge fearlessly into the white water, now paddling like mad, now seizing his pole and checking the headway of his craft, to shoot off in another direction, until finally he comes clear through the "boilers" at the foot without having as much as scraped one of the bowlders that, with seemingly certain destruction, menace his path. But even among the red men of the rivers there is a wide difference in ability as canoeemen. Although, of course, experience is indispensable, a canoeeman is born, not made. Judgment, skill, and a total ignorance of fear seem to be the prime requisites, and even then, as in many arts, an added touch of genius for the work is necessary to round out the finished whole of a first-class voyageur. An



Moose Factory.

Ojibway saying has it: "Not every moon sees a canoeman born."

Sixty miles below Fort Hope we passed the Nepigon Trail. Here, at last, Charlie admitted, what we had long suspected, that he had never been on the Albany below this point. Our early conviction that the half-breed, although an able canoeman and packer, was an unmitigated liar was thus confirmed. However, as we had run the rapids of the upper Albany without serious mishap, we hoped, with luck, to get through.

The portages of the middle Albany, being so little used, are difficult to find, and more than once we missed them and ran into ugly rapids which the Indians carry around. Running rapids blindly, without first looking them over from the shore, while exciting sport, often results in smashing a canoe and losing kit and provisions. This would have been a grave matter on the Albany, many days travel from a post. We had not run many rapids before we realized that our Maine canoes were unfitted for travelling on the great northern rivers. Although very light and easy-running, they were altogether too small for this kind of work, as invariably we shipped water in the "boilers" at the foot of all big rapids.

Many times in the still August afternoons we ran for hours without speaking—the depression of the silence stifling all desire for conversation. Save for the scream of a hawk wheeling above spruce forests, and the wash of hurrying waters on stony shores, no sound met our ears. The graceful birches and poplars, swaying in their long white frocks like slender Burne-Jones ladies, beckoned and nodded as we passed, while in the background their swarthy husbands, the ever-present black spruce, kept

jealous guard. At times, hypnotized by the silence, I dozed over my paddle until I missed the water entirely and waked with a start, nearly capsizing the canoe, much to the disgust of the surprised Tom deep in reveries of his own. Then, often, breezes in the tree tops became to ears bewitched by the spirit of the solitudes the strains of great orchestras, and the babel of many voices filled the air.

One night when, driven ashore by a thunder-storm, we sat by the fire in front of our tent, guyed and braced to resist the onslaughts of the wind and rain, I asked Charlie if he had ever come near to starvation.

"Well, we come too close one tam over on de Missinaibi. Some of us lads, we bin up to Brunswick House from Moose. On de way up, we cache plenty flour so when we come back we only take bacon and flour to last us till we get to cache. When we see cache we find bear bin dere too. Somehow he pull dat cache all to pieces where we build it in good shape. Well, we were two hunder mile from Moose wid a few pounds of flour and bacon to see us tru. It was in de spring wid de river high, so two feller took all grub but little an' travel night an' day for Moose, wile de rest fish der way 'long and trust to pick up moose to eat till de two feller wid grub come up de river to meet us. We got no net an' fishin' on lower Missinaibi ain't good, fer you can't ketch whitefish on de hook and we got no big hook for sturgeon. So by tam we meet dose feller we sent ahead comin' back wid grub, we bin five day widout eatin' much. But it wasn't so bad fer we know we only little piece from de post anyway. While bein' shy grub is

bad, it's when you're lost and don't know how many day or week you go before strikin' post or meetin' Indians dat make a feller sick."

At Martin's Falls, three hundred miles above Fort Albany and nearly five hundred miles by water from the Canadian Pacific, we found, in charge, the son of the half-breed factor Iseroff. The Iseroff family is well known in the James Bay country; Joe Iseroff, a nephew of the factor, crossed Labrador with Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard. As we were the first sportsmen to come to Martin's Falls, we were objects of much curiosity. That evening, as we camped inside the dogs' stockade, we anticipated no trouble from the huskies. But in the middle of the night a tremendous hubbub waked us. We rolled out of our blankets to find the stockade full of hungry huskies each with a provision bag. One dog, in attempting to get at a small piece of bacon, had his head and shoulders wedged inside the pack basket, while the others, jealous of his strategic position, pulled at his hind legs. Driving the dogs out of the stockade with sticks of firewood, we rescued our provision bags. Some careless Indian had left the gate open and the dogs had taken it as an invitation to the feast. "If I had thought that the huskies were as hungry as that," said Tommy, always the philosopher, "I'd have fed 'em last night."

The little daughters of the factor were very friendly and never failed to appear at meal time. By actual count, these two maids of the north, of seven and ten years respectively, and of seemingly limited capacity, found at one sitting a resting-place somewhere within their diminutive selves for twenty-five pancakes. This is not so surprising as it was their first encounter with maple syrup, a small can of which we had brought all the way. When I congratulated Tom on such a delicate compliment to his cooking, he replied haughtily:

"My cooking? Well, I guess not! You'll have to look further than that for the reason. From Yellowstone Park to San Domingo, my winnin' ways have drawn the ladies around me like flies around molasses."

"Or maple syrup," I added.

Philip, the head man, wanted to take us on a caribou hunt into the muskeg country, but we had to refuse. It was al-

ready September and Albany was ten days away.

As we bade good-by to our friends at the post, around the bend in the river below appeared two York boats under full sail. We presently passed them as they came bravely up through a stretch of quick water where the rocks everywhere poked their ugly noses. These boats were carrying winter supplies and provisions to Fort Hope, and with their chattering red-shawled women huddled in bow and stern and the men steering, and trimming the great square sails, while the wind drove them up against the current, they were most picturesque sights.

In the evening of the first day out from Martin's Falls we were running along in the early dusk searching the shore for a possible camping ground when the sunset quiet was rent by an uncanny whooping. Soon, far below, we made out three large birds standing on a sand spit. As we drifted toward them, they repeated, at intervals, the strange cries more like maniacal laughter than the calls of feathered creatures.

"Cranes!" whispered the Cree as we neared them.

When we were within fifty yards they got up clumsily and flapped away down the river. Disturbed by the rising of the whooping cranes, a number of gray shadows swung up from a grassy island below and in a long line speedily disappeared. It was a genuine thrill that the "gou-louk! gou-louk!" of the first gray geese of the trip gave me that evening.

"Mebbe dose geese not taste good for supper? By damn!" groaned the hungry Charlie, as they faded into the splendor of the red sunset. From now on we were to see them every day, and they added much to the pleasure of the lower Albany. These geese are not migratory birds, but breed in the muskogs back of the river.

Below Martin's Falls we entered the cliff country through which for one hundred desolate miles runs the river. Through these cliffs the wild freshets of spring, bringing the snows from a country greater in extent than the combined area of many of our States, have eaten out a deep channel in the clay soil. In places the shores rise vertically to a height of two hundred feet. The cliffs themselves, eroded and seamed

by the surface water and floods, and undermined and torn by the spring freshets, have, in places, the aspect of a convulsion of nature. Frequently along the precipitous banks we noticed gouged ruts where moose and caribou had slid down trampling deep into the wet lower shores on their way across the river. Truly, a more deso-

the wolves again, but much farther away, and was glad to know the caribou had thrown them off the trail by crossing the river. This animal must have been a young cow or yearling bull, for seldom do wolves attack caribou in the summer, and then only a lone yearling or fawn, the adults being fully capable of protecting them-



Cree camp, Abitibi River.

late country than this hundred miles of cliffs on the Albany River could be found only in some of the canyons of the West.

At the mouth of the Sturgeon River I sat two hundred feet above the shore enjoying the breeze and gazing down the winding valley of the river at my feet, when from somewhere far up the Sturgeon floated the unmistakable half-yelp, half-howl of wolves on a fresh trail. From where I stood, the Sturgeon, in places, was visible through the forest for miles, and I waited, hoping that the caribou which the wolves were running would cross the river somewhere in sight. Soon the yelps became more distinct, and presently, about half a mile up the valley of the little river, the hunted caribou leaped into the shallows and with a few jumps disappeared like a gray streak into the forests of the opposite shore. I heard

selfes. The Indians say also that they have never known the wolves to bother a full-grown moose, winter or summer, as even a cow moose would trample them to death or crush them against the trees in the thick timber.

Two days out of Albany we camped at the mouth of the Ghost River, where we met the last of the York boats on its way to Fort Hope with supplies. The Fort Hope Ojibways with the boat told us that they had been over a week getting up through the shallows with their heavily loaded craft. The Ghost River gets its name from the massacre of three white men of the Hudson's Bay Company many years ago. They were camped here guarding a cache of supplies and trade goods which some wild Crees coveted. The Crees surprised and killed the men at the cache and started

up the river intending to lose themselves in the Kewatin barren lands, but a friendly Indian found the burned cache with the bones of the murdered men and brought the word to Albany. A body of Albany Crees, led by a Hudson's Bay man, set out at once and, overtaking the plunderers of the cache two hundred miles to the west, slaughtered them to a man. Thus did the friendly Crees at Albany prove their loyalty to the Great Company.

At last we entered the delta of the Albany, and making our way through its many islands, on the 9th of September came in sight of the fort. Mr. Gillies, the factor, the first white man we had seen since leaving Osnaburg, six hundred miles away, gave us a wilderness welcome and kindly offered the use of an empty cabin during our stay. Here we learned that we were the first sportsmen who had ever been at Fort Albany.

Fort Albany is located on an island in the delta some fifteen miles above the mouth of the river proper which enters the bay through several channels, in all many miles in width. Every spring the fur brigades laden with their winter hunt, consisting largely of the pelts of the fox, mink, lynx, fisher, and marten, descend the Albany, and come down the west coast of the bay to the fort, to return with the coming year's supplies and trade goods. Every June the fort is gay with Indian tepees. Ojibway voyageurs from Fort Hope gossip with the wild runners from the posts to the north-west. Long-haired savages in caribou-skin coats and red company's sashes, speaking strange dialects, mingle with the local Crees. Hunters of the silver fox from Akimiski Island, fur-clad Eskimos—called Huskies in the north, as are their dogs—from the Twin Islands, with skins of the seal and the polar bear and the ivory of the walrus; all these, come to trade with the Great Company and with its new competitor, the Revillon Freres, at Fort Albany.

The Oblate Fathers, an order of Catholic missionaries, have recently erected a mission, and a hospital presided over by three sisters allied to the order, and the Church Missionary Society of England has a resident clergyman. So the souls of the Crees coming to Albany to trade are in no very immediate peril.

Bidding good-by to the hospitable Gillies family, we left Albany for James Bay

carrying the mail for Moose Factory. In our honor the red emblem of the company, bearing the white letters H. B. C., a flag that has waved for two centuries in the solitudes of the north, flew from the staff.

The south and west coast of James Bay is probably the flattest shore on the continent. Except in a few places where sand spits extend far into the bay, most of the shore line consists of great marshes miles in width and quite bare of anything but grass, save for occasional clumps of juniper, willow, and alder. Far inland a long line of scrub spruce stands on perpetual guard over the frontiers of Ontario and Kewatin. At Albany an old Indian had said, "When de tide go out, you not see water from de spruce," and he did not exaggerate. The distance from the first spruce to the sea at low tide must, in many places, have averaged six or eight miles.

On our first night out from Albany we were driven ashore by a stinging north-easter and forced to camp on a marsh, where, in the morning, we waked surrounded by the tide, with our canoes adrift. Here the storm held us for days, willing prisoners, until our empty water-keg forced us on to fresh water. To attempt to describe the excitement of hiding in the willows or in a blind out on the open marshes while flock after flock of gray geese, blue geese, and wavies—most appropriately named from their resemblance in flight to a white streamer waving in the sun—passed overhead, would require a more vivid pen than the writer's. It is certainly royal sport, and the trip to James Bay, even by the long trail of the Albany, is well repaid by the geese-shooting on the marshes. Teal, pintail, golden eye, and black duck were flying in clouds up and down the shore, but we had eyes and ears for the geese alone. To lie down to sleep with the ceaseless clamor of the geese in the muskeg behind the spruce in our ears, and to wake at dawn to the music of endless caravans of the air passing from their night roosting-places behind the timber out to the shore to feed, made the tea boiled with salt-water almost palatable, but our thirst finally drove us up the coast.

Often, back toward the timber line, we found the round-toed track of the caribou and the larger and more deeply pointed signs of moose which have only recently appeared on the bay, and one day in the

soft mud of the shore we saw where two wolves had come down for a whiff of sea air. Most appropriately in a goose country, an ever-wise nature has provided large patches of delicious bog cranberries which Tommy discovered while exploring back of the spruce. Everywhere on the dry ground were the vines of wild strawberries, and in

Although in September, on the bay, a bright, clear day was unusual, yet often at evening the clouds would break, to reveal the splendor of a matchless sunset, and when the moon was full many of the nights were beyond description. The Milky Way banded the heavens with a dense whiteness unknown to lower latitudes. Up



Crossing of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

one place we gathered enough for a mess. Myriads of snipe of many varieties, including yellow-legs, and black snow-birds make their homes on the south shore of the bay. An amusing native of the great marshes is the hawk-owl, which on dark days (and most of September in this country is rainy) can be seen flying above the willows and alders in search of unwary mice and moles.

The waters of the coast of James Bay are quite gray from the mud of the shores and bottom, and never during the three weeks that we were on it was the sky above the sea long clear of low-lying clouds. The feeling of compression that this nearness of masses of leaden clouds produces is one I never before experienced. Truly a sullen sea and a sombre, this great sub-arctic bay.

from the sea-line the ribboned lights of the aurora borealis pulsed and wavered, or streamed across the heavens in fantastic shapes, ever changing—now opaque, now diaphanous, faintly veiling the sky.

Once on such a night Tom and I sat thrilled with the wonder of it all. We had finished our supper of goose and salt tea, apropos of which Tom had remarked: "Even a down-East old maid would give up the habit if she had to make her tea with salt-water." Our keg was empty and the nearest sweet water was the Moose River. Flour, bacon, and erbswurst were gone, and a tiresome round of goose, duck, and salt tea awaited us unless we moved on. For an hour we silently watched the glory of the northern lights. Suddenly the long

streamers gathered and converged, then extending to the zenith, curled into a cosmic interrogation point, and over the gray sea hung suspended against the stars. Tom gazed long at the omen, then turned on me a pair of questioning eyes and quietly said:

"Say, if that is meant as personal, I guess it's about time two Yankees I know made tracks for Moose."

"You don't mean to tell me that a hard-headed Maine man can be superstitious," I ventured.

"No, I ain't exactly superstitious," he replied, "but it's sure putting it up to us when they flash that on you. If we get wind-bound here without water and nothing to eat but these blamed duck and geese, we're in for trouble."

Tom's logic was irrefutable. The next morning we started for Moose.

Twelve miles above the mouth of the Moose on one of the numerous islands of the delta stands Moose Factory, the metropolis of the north and the company's head-quarters on James Bay, with a population of from twenty to thirty whites. Shrouded with dust in the old storehouse lie records of the company dating back two hundred years. Most interesting are the journals of the factors, kept in the eighteenth century, recording everything of importance that happened at the post. For a whole century, during which time England

and France were almost continually at war, the little settlement was ever on the lookout for raiding parties coming down the Abitibi from Montreal, or for French ships of war cruising into the bay through the straits.

We found Mr. Camsell, inspector of the district, Captain Freakley, of the company's steamer, and Mr. McAlpine, post factor, most hospitable gentlemen. Here Charlie succumbed to the blandishments of Indian-made sugar beer. Intoxicated, he came to the tent in search of trouble, and he found it. It was with no little satisfaction that we got rid of the half-breed. For two days it looked as if we might not get out before the ice came in late October, but fortunately Chief Esau and Bertie, two Abitibi Crees, paddled in with a government engineer. We sold our shattered Maine boats, and within an hour started with the Crees in a new Peterborough canoe to go home by the Abitibi.

A hundred miles up this wild river, which races most of the time, we paddled, poled, and tracked to New Post, where we found Mr. Sidney Barrett, the factor, the most genial and interesting of men. A day with Barrett and we pushed on past autumn woods in the thrall of the Indian-summer, picking up a young moose and racing with a bear on the way. There was snow in the air of the late October afternoon on which we paddled up to the crossing of the new Grand Trunk Pacific, and our days of hardship and delight in the silent places were ended.



Long Sault, Abitibi River.

MONARCHICAL VERSUS RED SOCIALISM IN GERMANY

By Elmer Roberts



EMPEROR WILLIAM, democrat and monarchist. As democrat the Emperor lives intellectually in all the progressive thought of the time, striving with compre-

hensive plan to advance the German in mental training, in technical efficiency, in physical and spiritual well-being. He welcomes the distribution of wealth and ideas, and leads in the crown socialism that is transforming economic Germany. As monarchist he is tenacious of prerogative, glorifying the services of the Hohenzollerns to Germany, resisting almost immovably those who seek to share what is his by hereditary right, determined to pass on the splendid estate unimpaired to his children. The statesmanship of this duplex personality conserves therefore every privilege of semi-autocracy and yet uses the forces of the state for a proportional development of the whole. The monarchy and the powers of government associated with it have advanced in swiftly succeeding stages, considering the life of nations, to a peculiar aristocratic socialism. Political power remains in ancient forms and yet takes over the direction of modern economic forces. Monarchists meet the deep currents of socialism by making their own some principles of the new economy and retaining resolutely the entire application of them. An extraordinary mental and political civil war is in full movement, in which monarchical socialism keeps the mastery of material development against republican revolutionary socialism. Although monarchical socialism is in possession, the vast organized striving of another class socialism, the workingman's socialism, causes conservatives annoying apprehension.

The rise of socialism as a political force in Germany in the sixties and seventies was looked upon by Bismarck as tending to destroy the monarchy, the church, the family, and the very means of material well-being. He advised the crown to make the

expression of socialistic ideas a crime. The anti-socialistic laws were devised, fining and imprisoning those found guilty of approving socialism as taught by the Social Democratic party. They were enforced relentlessly during twelve years, with the complete thoroughness of a strong and efficient government. They could not arrest discussion nor reduce, except temporarily, the socialist vote. The vote did fall from 493,300 in 1877 to 437,600 in 1878, and again in 1881 to 312,000, but thereafter the vote rose to 550,000 in 1884 and to 763,000 in 1887. When Bismarck, in 1890, the last year of his chancellorship, asked the Reichstag to re-enact the socialist laws and make them a permanent statute, he failed to convince a majority, no doubt because it was privately known that the present Emperor, who had in the meantime come to the throne, had small confidence in their effectiveness.

Correlated with Bismarck's legislation repressing republican collectivism were his wide schemes of state socialism spreading over German economic life. By these he sought to conciliate the working classes. The thought and sustained effort that Bismarck gave to social modification issued directly from his religious and monarchical convictions. "A state," said he, "consisting for the most part of Christians, should be permeated to some extent by the principles of the religion it professes, especially in regard to the help one gives to his neighbor and sympathy with the lot of old and suffering people." "The votes given to a socialist candidate," said he on another occasion, "denote the number of persons who are discontented. . . . This discontent with one's condition is natural to man. The desire to improve one's position—to get on—is a desire that God has implanted in man and those who vote for the socialists do so in the hope of bettering themselves."

Bismarck, talking long afterward to W. H. Dawson, upon the origin of the industrial insurance laws, said:

"My idea was to bribe the working

classes, or shall I say, to win them over, to regard the state as a social institution existing for their sake and interested in their welfare."

"It is not moral," said the Prince, "to make profits out of human misfortunes and suffering. Life-insurance, accident insurance, and sickness insurance should not be the subjects of private speculation. They should be carried on by the state or at least insurance should be on the mutual principle and no dividends or profits should be derived by private persons."*

Emperor William II grew up in the midst of political thought of an advanced sort. He was taught the economic philosophies of Wagner and Schmoller, state socialistic systems purely. Under William I and Bismarck the Prussian and the imperial governments had taken the first far steps in the direction of a socialistic state. Emperor William II and his advisers living in the same order of political thinking have continued the reaching out of the state into fields of economic effort reserved in most other modern states to private persons and companies. The imperial government has adopted numerous measures limiting individual control in private business, the most interesting of which to the student is that curious law of 1910, placing potash mining under the control of the Federal Council which fixes prices and the proportion of foreign and home sales. The imperial government has passed two laws, those of 1909 and 1910, taking for the imperial and state treasuries a percentage of the so-called "unearned increment" in land values. The four per cent dividend valuation of properties owned by the imperial and state governments of Germany, as explained in a previous article, is \$7,000,000,000.†

The extraordinary thing about this to the foreign observer is the utilization by the monarchists of what one of them has called the master force of the age to maintain old sovereignties. That which is still considered destructive socialism in some countries is appropriated by the Crown and called monarchy in Germany. Every collectivist addition to the responsibilities of the state brings a new corps of employees under the immediate control of the functionaries of

government. The monarchy extends its power over the individual fortunes of its subjects. The new ascendancy operates both economically and socially. The employee of any government-owned undertaking feels that he is a part of the glittering paramount social institution that commands the world, the world as it is known to him. He is treated by the agents of this remote centralized splendor with mingled severity of discipline and favor. The certainty of employment throughout life, if his behavior and his principles are sound, a pension in old age, a differentiation socially from those not employed by the state, work toward his satisfaction with the order that is. He is probably entitled to wear a uniform and after an interval of years his sovereign sends him a medal of honor.

Society and wealth are interwoven more solidly with the government in Germany than in the United States, or in England, or in France. It is as though the White House stood at the summit of exclusive society, not only of New York but of all America, and by means of social realities had a predominant influence over the wealth and rank of the country. In such a country as Germany, social position is the cement that holds in place wealth, talent, and rank. While democratic socialism has ceased to be a felony before the law court, it has become a social offence without commutation of sentence or recognition of extenuating circumstances. No one may hold any position in the public service, not even that of a section hand on a railway, and admit that he is a socialist, nor may he teach in any school or university. The "color-line" that places the member of the Social Democratic party below caste is also a force that simplifies leadership above. Aristocratic socialism, when the initiative is with the sovereign, draws easily with it the nobility, the great industrialists, and all lesser gradations of position and wealth, even to the "white-collar proletariat," as red socialists call clerks and office employees. Only two or three times in forty years have the Conservatives departed from their principle of steady unquestioned support of crown policies, socialistic or otherwise. In 1873 they gave only partial approval to certain tax proposals in Prussia, and in 1909 they refused to concur in Prince Bülow's inheritance taxes. They joined in the criticism uttered in the

* Dawson's "Modern Germany," vol. II, 340.

† SCRIBNERS for January, 1910.

Reichstag in November, 1908, against the Emperor's having talked freely in England in private conversation about German foreign affairs and the anti-English feeling of a majority of his people.

Over against respectability finely and traditionally organized with the church both Protestant and Catholic, the schools and universities, much of the press and that wonderful body of men that leads militant industry and enterprise, stands implacable workingmen's socialism. This theoretic collectivism is a philosophy, or a religion, or a political platform, or a materialistic hope of four million four hundred thousand German men who supported the candidates of the Social Democratic party at the last general parliamentary elections in January, 1912. This was one-third of the total electorate and returned 110 members out of a total of 397.

Doctrinaire socialism is subtle enough and comprehensive enough to give its followers adequate mental footing. In a monarchist and aristocratic country the principles of socialism have behind them the emotional forces that have won the long battles for political liberty in England and by inheritance in the United States. Free-thinkers find in it a new theology and as a projected system of government and political economy it engages the hopes and the imaginations of those who see the failures and limitations of the things that are. I know nothing like German socialism in the politics of other countries, for the grip it has on the thoughts and emotions of the men and the women who have equal rights within the party. The party organization is quite extraordinary, extraordinary for immediate results in the campaign and more for the long look ahead. The mothers and fathers are persuaded that, while material ease and happy social conditions will most likely never be theirs, their children may win them if they know how to take hold of the levers that the socialist party offers to their hands. Therefore, the child must learn the meaning of socialism and all that it may do for himself and his class. Socialist mothers undertake to put their children on the path. Numerous little stories and romances with a socialist moral are in circulation for young people and the socialist lecturer with magic lantern entertains and informs. Dramatic and operatic perform-

ances, with socialist motive, are given in all cities of importance. Pictures, texts, and mottoes with the party thrill in them are on the walls of half a million dwellings. The party owns seventy-six daily newspapers, a press association, several illustrated periodicals, and fifty-seven publishing houses. The literature, including a considerable range of excellent non-socialistic books, is immense. The party has two hundred central circulating libraries and three hundred and seventy-seven branches. The management of the party acts upon the principle that all stimulating scientific, poetic, philosophic and romantic literature advances the cause. A variety of special books, designed to detract from the reverence and respect for the Emperor taught in the schools, are circulated. They are written boldly, yet with caution sufficient to keep them within the laws against *lèse majesté* and sedition. The party is heavily officered by writers and speakers, some of whom make it a kind of game to shoot their arrows as near the royal reputation as they may and still escape prison. The "muck-raker" is numerous and active in Germany and assails the high by witicism, cartoon, cool analysis, and passion-wrought phrase.

The party maintains an academy at Berlin for instructing the paid provincial secretaries and organizers on the intellectual bases of socialism. National economy, as examined in the light of socialistic dogmas, is taught there, the history of socialism, the history of the development of society, the history of Germany, the arts of expression in speaking and writing, practical journalism, the rights of working people under the law, and the legal boundaries of agitation. The party has something of the unity of the Catholic Church. All agitators say the same thing.

Of the forces that work for republican collectivism in Germany, the one most powerful, slow-moving, and enduring is class consciousness. Trades-unions have been developing group consciousness during three generations. The socialist would extend this consciousness to the mass, choosing as the limit of his sympathies a level about one-quarter below the apex. Beyond that strata he would have his class regard mankind as dehumanized, thus transposing the formula of the Austrian archduke who said that, "Humanity begins with the Count." So-

cialist leadership, through local organization in which good-will and equal individual rights decide things, does succeed in making the hand-worker feel that he is not alone as against the official, the employer, the land owner, the noble, the magistrate, or any one whosoever, either by inheritance, personal dexterity, or accident, as he may think, has a position above him. This putting of class against class is stimulated by the easy habitual superiority of the quarter at the top. The school-master's sharpness, the caste spirit of the whole body of permanent civil servants, even that of the clerk in the post-office, the somewhat harsh discipline in the army, the system of manners and class etiquette and the remoteness of one social division from another, give the daily incitement to class unity below, organizing around convictions of what appears to be economic and political right. As the numbers and strength of the organization increase—and they do increase with a regularity that seems almost like the operations of a natural law—the workers without are made to feel that by non-participation they are betraying their own people. The zeal of partisans during election time leads to instances of terrorism against the froward. This flourishing class consciousness is the subtlest adversary of the existing order.

Aristocratic socialism and its works, far as they go when observed from more individualistic countries, are rejected by thorough-going collectivism as trifling with a great cause. The Emperor and his advisers of the state socialistic school are looked upon as having harnessed a wonderful verity to the service of monarchy and of a modified individualism. Imperial socialism is regarded as vitalizing sick and fading institutions, as hindering the passing of economic and political forms that have been essential to progress but are ceasing to be so. Governmental socialism replies that class socialism from below is a monster of teeth and claws, without a brain, tearing at the national life, that the driving emotions are hatred, covetousness, envy, and silly destructiveness.

Monarchical socialism for all the fervor of the republican collectivists and their numbers occupies positions of commanding strength. The agitations of the Social Democratic party, the possibilities of real danger in the movement, brace the mon-

archists to efficiency and prudence in administration. Hostile criticism searches out the weak places in the system and they are repaired by the government. The constant effort is to make the monarchy with large powers a rational and ethical general manager of a joint-stock company. Mere numbers do not appear to count against trained talent, placed so abundantly at the disposition of the government, especially when talent takes care to act upon standard principles. Were the large officer class indolent and self-indulgent instead of being kept working up to the edge of nervous strain, or were the permanent civil servants lax concerning public money and incapable, or were ambitious devotion to the Crown working hap-hazard and not according to plan, the tide from below might submerge them. More than all, the prosperity of Germany, while it has demonstrated that the rich are getting richer, has not demonstrated that the poor are getting poorer. The prosperity of the country and the arrangements of the state for allowing the mass of workers below to share somewhat in it, have lifted the whole people, except that sad thin strata of the defective and inefficient at the bottom. The aristocratic government has for the present a grasp of the representative system which will be hard to loosen. The territorial outlines of the imperial parliamentary districts have not been changed since the empire was founded. Population relatively has shifted from the country to the cities. The cities and the industrial municipalities are precisely where workingmen's socialism is strong. Old traditions have kept their hold on the rural communities. Hence a farm-hand's vote has three times the elective value of the factory operative's. A great city, such as Berlin, returns six members, five of them Social Democrats, while according to population the capital should have sixteen seats. Some industrial districts, which measured by numbers should have four members, now have but one. In several country districts members are returned who have only received one-twelfth as many votes as those necessary to elect a member in Berlin. Therefore, the nominal constitutional equality of individuals does not exist. In the state legislatures the influence of property is strangely beyond the ratio in any other modern country. Thus

in Prussia, with a population of forty-one millions out of the total sixty-five millions, the three-class property franchise gives fifteen per cent of the voters two-thirds of the electoral power. These inequalities, although the subject of fierce agitation, are clung to with unshaken tenacity. Such inequalities must, of course, yield in the end, although in Prussia the end is likely to be long delayed. The middle classes, quite as much as landed squiredom, refuse equality of ballot to those in the third or small property class. Collective ownership economists, affirming that their theory of industrial organization becomes yearly more necessary to the nation, urge patience. No violence, no threats, but steady appeal to the reason and self-interest of the mass. The results, as marked at the Reichstag elections during forty years, have been:

1871 . . .	124,700	1890 . . .	1,427,000
1874 . . .	352,000	1893 . . .	1,789,700
1877 . . .	493,300	1898 . . .	1,107,100
1878 . . .	437,600	1903 . . .	3,010,800
1881 . . .	312,000	1907 . . .	3,259,000
1884 . . .	550,000	1912 . . .	4,400,000
1887 . . .	763,000		

These impressive figures change their character somewhat upon examination. The Social Democratic programme is a wide one and attracts a secret ballot from many a man of convictions on subjects unrelated to the ownership of the "instruments of production." The Social Democrat would make religion a private matter by separating Church and State, thus depriving the Lutheran, the Catholic, and the Jewish churches from their proportionate share of taxes collected for religion. He would stop increasing the army and navy, give the ballot to all women twenty years old, secure to communities local self-government, provide free instruction in the higher schools, and require the yearly assessment of taxes by representative assemblies instead of having large categories of taxes run permanently without annual examination. The great enterprises of government such as railway ownership, have no sure check on the votes of employees. They may wear the uniform and yet hold heretical opinions privately, expressing them only by ballot.

Social Democrats in thought like to elevate their movement above national boundaries and feel that they have hold of principles that will transform the life of the world.

Every success in Germany is regarded as having an influence throughout Europe and America. The ruling Committee of Seven gave a subsidy of ten thousand marks to the principal socialist newspaper in New York last year and ten thousand francs to a newspaper undertaking in Spain. German socialists are strongly committed to agitation in Russia, and give help freely to the Scandinavian brotherhoods.

From what has been written here, it might be supposed that the two schools of socialism—monarchical and republican—divide German political thought between them. That would not be a complete generalization. An important body of opinion, especially among the commanders of industry, holds to the old individualism and gives assent to government ownership or control either as a forced compromise or as reasonable only in national undertakings such as transportation or forestry. It would seem as though these influential individualists are obliged to form a following acting with the conservative parties, without being strong enough to decide policies. The great manufacturers, so powerful in England and the United States, are singularly weak politically in Germany. In the Reichstag and the state diets they are always in an inferior position to the landed Conservative and to the Catholic parties. As a political influence they are only mildly articulate.

From action and recoil, economic adventure and class compromise, German institutions are being changed strangely. Thus far the efficiency and the gathering momentum of the national life do not appear to have been weakened. German thought, research, and discovery are studied attentively in foreign laboratories, universities, and workshops. German enterprise is met in every market. In European politics and diplomacy the German shadow falls across the aspirations of great neighbors who do not feel free to act without consultation and combination. The observer from another continent, whatever his angle of observation, may allow another generation or two to pile up results before trying to forge a sure judgment. The German cannot wait. He is deep in the battle of ideas and is forced to conclusion because he must choose a side and act. He cannot avoid the urgencies and possibly the terrors of his progress.



TWO CAPITALS

By Harriet Monroe

MOSCOW

*White Moscow of the pearly towers
And golden domes for praise
And chiming hours!
Red Moscow of the Kremlin walls
And bloody battle ways
And fire-scarred halls!*

Beautiful Moscow brave and bright,
Whose banners floated toward the light
When Asia knocked at Europe's door
And bleeding tzars paid off our score—
Ah shining city, far away
Your gaudy spires salute the day
Like opal-hearted iris flowers
Decking the blue transparent hours.
Now from your seat the slim rails run
Through Asia to the rising sun,
Along the ancient highway made
By caravan and cavalcade.
Still East and West meet at your gate,
That Kremlin gate where once in state
Great Europe's conqueror, seeking room,
Marched through triumphant to his doom.
Proud Moscow of barbaric tzars,
Of gorgeous crownings and dark wars,
Jewel-encrusted, rich with age,
Heir of a lordly heritage,
Look out from Ivan's tower of bells—
See, the vast East is proud with day!
Soon to your ancient citadels
The world will march the Asian way.

*White Moscow of the pearly towers
And golden domes for praise
And chiming hours!
Red Moscow of the Kremlin walls
And bloody battle ways
And fire-scarred halls!*



PEKING

Under her yellow roofs adream
The imperial city sleeps in state,
While warrior nations, flags agleam,
Come marching through her fortress gate.
Beneath her towered wall one by one
The slow contemptuous camels tread,
And through it eager engines run
Over the dust of ages dead.
Peking! close bound in triple walls
Between the old and new she lies;
The yellow dragon guards her halls,
The blare of trumpets fills her skies.
She stirs out of her age-long sleep
By the worn temples chill and still
Where Sung and Ming and Mongol keep
Their ghostly watch from hill to hill.
Over the graves of dynasties
The winds of dawn blow free and far,
Heralds of hastening centuries,
With banners flown for peace or war.

*Oh brooding East !
Oh winds of dawn !
From the night-long feast
The kings are gone.
What guests will come
Down the world's highway
At the roll of the drum
For the day ?*

ZALLI

By Barry Benefield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. L. JACOBS



PELLETIER'S itinerant saw-mill sat down on the side of the bayou thirteen miles north of Touraine, La., in the spring, and by the end of autumn all the desired pine timber within commercial reach had been cut into lumber, hauled away, and sold; but the boss had not had his usual success in buying ahead another lot of big trees, wherefore he said the little mill could not move until he had found more timber that could be purchased, the negro hands drifted back to the farms and plantations from which they had been recruited, the mules and oxen were put out at cheap board, and the several more or less skilled white men went to Touraine to find work, while their women folks and children seized the opportunity to visit relatives, all except Zalli.

The little mill sat silent on the side of the dark bayou, surrounded by the sawdust which the weather had already changed from a rich golden color to a dead brown; and all the scattered and ragged settlement of weather-stained board shacks were suddenly still and forlorn, except the two-room house of Will Leslie, the saw-filer, who had selected as a site in the spring the centre of a tangled old orchard that had once belonged to a small and solitary farm on the bayou, and the one-room shanty of Mat Reynolds, the commissary man, who was to be the watchman over the boss's property. Only the tall and faultless pines are used by these itinerant saw-mills, so that the dark and whispering forest that crept up to the lonely mill on all sides seemed not to have been touched.

In Will Leslie's two-room house in the old orchard was Zalli, the mixed-Latin wife he had got when the mill was away down in the southern end of Louisiana; in Reynolds's shack, at the edge of the settlement on the other side of the mill, was only Old Mat himself, for he had no family to send away.

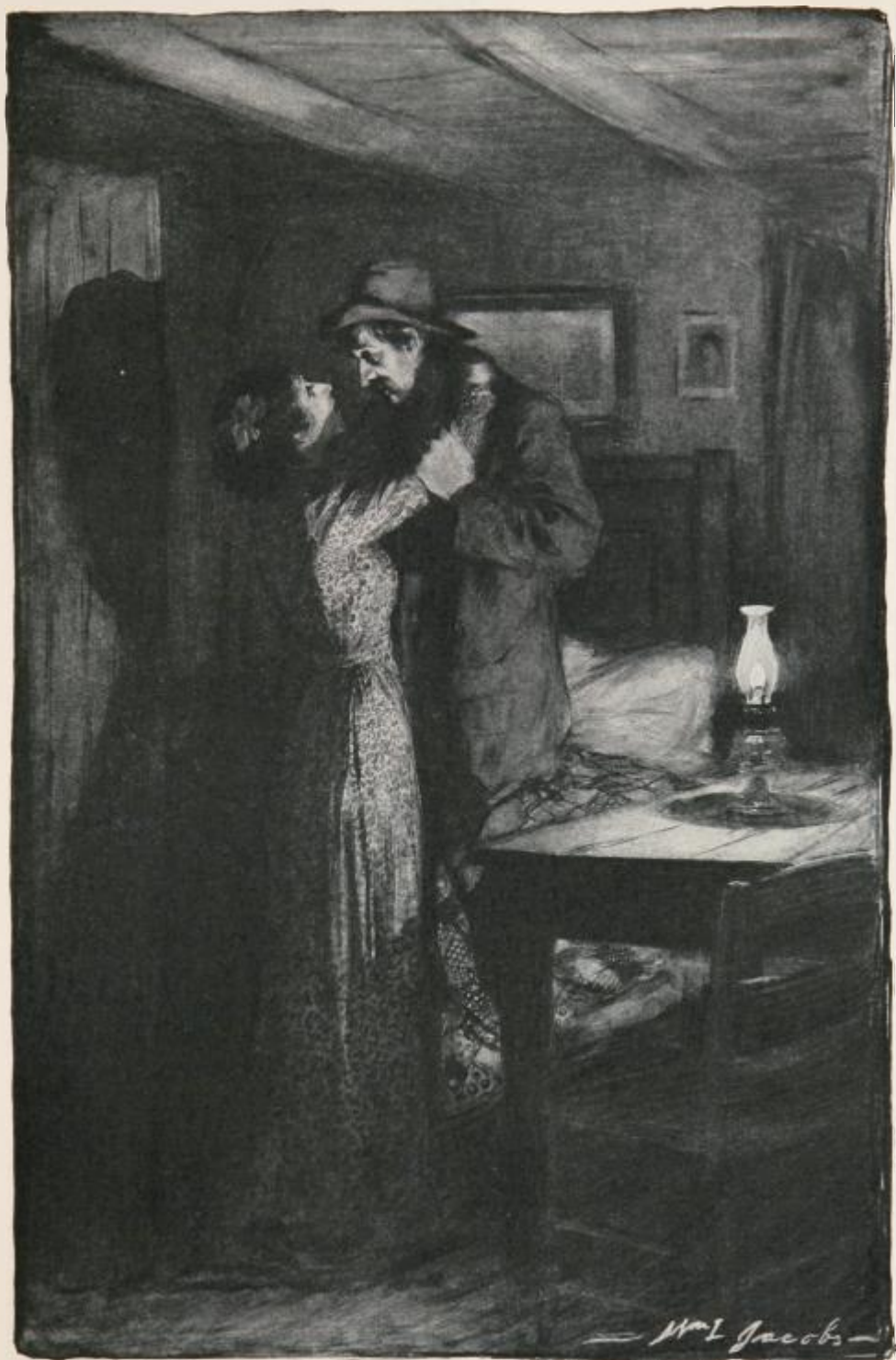
"Oh, you'll be all right, Zal," Bill had said with easy confidence when he started for Touraine with the other white men. "The boss will get some more timber in a week or two, and then we'll all be back here to move. I'll pick up a few dollars in Touraine in the meantime. I'll walk back on Sundays when I can. Old Mat, as I told you, will take his meals at my shack; no use in two kitchens runnin'. He is to furnish the groceries an' you the cookin'. Besides, you'll be company to each other. Ask for anything else you want at the commissary; my credit's good. Good-by, Zal. Look after my game rooster."

"Good-by, Beel," she said. Zalli was not demonstrative.

He bent down and kissed her, picked up his violin case, and walked over to the commissary, where the wagon was waiting to take the boss and the white men to town.

The still-faced young woman, who had for three or four days been grieving silently over the impending separation, stood in front of the shack watching the wagon, which was soon lost to sight in the forest, though from time to time the voices of the men singing, as if they were off on a lark, drifted back to her. Then they could be heard no more, the dark forest seemed to draw in closer with sinister sighings and whisperings, and the mill, which jumps and rattles and hisses and shrieks when at work, seemed wrapped in the exaggerated stillness of sudden death. With a dull pain at her heart, her red-brown eyes misting with tears, in which was a vague and unaccustomed anger at Beel, Zalli went back into the shack and set about cooking the white beans, which alternate with cabbage as winter vegetables in lumber camps.

Her mind was busy with Old Mat, though she didn't notice that it was; and about eleven o'clock, having decided that she must have a can of tomatoes to go with the beans, she walked over to the commissary in the centre of the ragged settlement. In



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

She threw her arms around his neck . . . "Beel, are dere wimmens in dis boardin'-'ouse?"—Page 458.

the back of the dark store, odorous with coffee and sugar and hay and molasses and all the supplies that a mill uses, he was leisurely at work straightening up the remaining stock by the light of a tallow candle, which is cheaper for illumination than window glass in a temporary structure.

With a new interest Zalli considered him: his thin, sandy hair; his long nose with its hump up near his eyes; his small, gray eyes (which were kindly, though, she thought); his wide, full-lipped mouth; his almost cadaverous, sallow face; and, finally, his only defence against complete ugliness—a middle-sized figure that was put together compactly and symmetrically. Now she noted definitely his slow and timid and deprecating speech and spirit. It was clear why everybody said, "Old Mat," though he was but thirty.

Zalli went back to the shack with a new and easy confidence in her, and at noon gayly blew the horn to call Old Mat to dinner. It went off smoothly; they talked about the probability of the boss soon finding more timber, the woman leading the conversation, he deferring to her in all things. There was a growing contempt for him in her mind.

He piddled around the store all afternoon, she washed and hung out to dry some clothes in the old and gnarled fruit trees around the house, and the pines sighed and the scattering oak trees gave up their dead leaves to the ground. Then came supper, after which Old Mat, before going to his shack, said diffidently, "Will you be scared?" Her brown eyes ran sneeringly over his figure, not much larger than her own. "Ah, *non*, I thing I am all safe," she said. "Well, if you ever do need me for anything," he went on, "just blow three times quick on the horn."

As they stood at the door Zalli noted for the first time a small pit left on the point of his right cheek by a boil, and she was vaguely and unaccountably glad of that discovery.

"Good-night," he said.

She turned back into the house without answering.

This was the first week in November, which dragged out to the end before Beel—everybody called him Beel—came home for Sunday. The boss had not found any timber that he could buy, but was after some, he reported; as for himself, he was at work at a lumber-yard in Touraine, and boarding. Zalli discovered a new admiration in herself

for this adventurous and successful husband of hers who adapted himself so easily to circumstances, and at midnight, when he got ready to walk back to town, she tiptoed and threw her arms around his neck, kissing him three or four times passionately.

"Beel, are dere wimmens in dis boardin'-'ouse?" she asked jealously.

"Shucks, no, child; this is a man's boarding-house."

"Take me to dad boardin'-'ouse, Beel."

"Who'll look after the chickens and things then?" he asked. "Who'll look after Old Mat? He can't cook." Beel laughed. "Treat him well, Zal. After all, Old Mat is a mighty fine fellow."

Zalli lay awake listening to the pine forest outside; it seemed to be bending down over the shack and sighing, "Old Mat is a mighty fine fellow."

December came in, and now, even in this warm climate, it was often cold enough at night to freeze a skim of ice over the still, dark face of the bayou. Old Mat, using a lumber truck, kept a pile of scantlings, sawed into the proper lengths, in front of Zalli's door, a service she accepted without thanks. Discovering herself putting a blue ribbon in her black-brown hair one Sunday just before tooting the horn for dinner, she tore it out, threw it on the floor, and stamped on it. She did not deign to dress for Old Mat even on Sundays.

Beel wrote a letter, which was brought by the mail-carrier, who came two miles out of his way, saying that he could not come home for Christmas; he was very busy. On the two previous Christmases of their married life he had gone to town with all the other men and celebrated the event in liquor, which was a common practice; so Zalli did not lose a great deal more this year than usual, she argued defensively.

The letter came three days before Christmas. The next day Old Mat walked into Touraine and brought back celery, cranberries, sweet-potatoes, and a store-bought fruit-cake; and, as a present for Zalli, a photograph album. "Santa Claus sent you this," he said nervously, handing her the red plush album. "I'll go over to the lake to-morrow and kill a wild goose for the roast. These other things will do, maybe."

"Ah, yass; why nod?" she answered.

The ribbon was in her hair at the Christmas dinner.



Their hands seemed to stick as if magnetized, and she was looking at him instead of the squirrel.—Page 460.

The new year crept in with no celebration at Pelletier's saw-mill thirteen miles north of Touraine, and the life there drifted on as before. Old Mat arranged and rearranged everything in the commissary forty times; he polished and superpolished all the brass and nickel parts of the mill's engine and boiler. Zalli cooked, washed, looked after the small flock of chickens that ran almost wild in the woods, and, getting much cloth from the commissary, made up cloth-

ing enough for herself and Beel to last two years.

"I weesh dad meel was run like de debil," she broke out impatiently one day at dinner. "Id is almoz' lonesome here, eh, Misty Reynolds? I am hongry for dad meel run again, an' make beeg slam-bang."

Old Mat went down to the mill that afternoon, partly filled the boiler from the bayou with a pail, assembled a pile of scant-

lings in the engine-room, started a fire, and raised a strong head of steam. It hissed and moaned and shrieked through the aged boiler and engine. Pulling the whistle-string, Old Mat sent a screeching bellow into the black, whispering forest that made it draw back affrighted. Zalli hurried over, almost smiling in her joy, and he set the fly-wheel and some of the machinery racing around, thus creating the slambanging she had longed for. They sat on a truck in front of the fire-box, silently watching the red embers drop through the grate, listening gratefully to their huge improvised music-box that was playing in the midst of the whispering forest for them only.

"I sank you ver' much, Misty Reynolds," she said, rising suddenly, and walked away toward the two-room house, frowning.

There came a letter from Beel saying that he had gone to Nopelousas, ten miles east of Touraine, where he had got better-paying work for a week or so. The boss had bought no timber.

Zalli and Old Mat did little talking at table; the pines spoke more than they, though the pines only mourned in whispers. When they were apart, Old Mat whistled snatches of tunes he knew, and Zalli sang over her sewing-machine in the afternoons when the sun shone bright; she would not sing if it was cloudy. Zalli had never talked a great deal, anyway; there was a leisurely, languorous, sultry, almost sullen quality in her, opposed to effervescing vivacity, hinting at profound fires that had never burned enough of an outlet to show themselves. Old Mat was timid and deprecating, she was hostile and scornful, and conversation did not thrive between them.

So that presently when the loneliness of the mill came to weigh oppressively even on him, who was used to loneliness, he would, most afternoons, shoulder his gun and go out across the bayou to hunt squirrels. It was what woodsmen call still-hunting; that is, he simply sat perfectly quiet against a tree trunk until a squirrel, mistaking silence for safety, came down out of a tree near by to dig among the brier roots for food. Zalli longed for noise to interrupt the brooding and sinister whisperings of the pines, he knew, but he did not ask her to go out with him, though he always walked by Beel's house when he started for the pin-oak bottoms.

He had thus passed more than a dozen times when, one cloudy, dark afternoon, he found her by his side.

"I muz' hear dis gun boom-boom," she explained quietly. "My blood is freeze wid de stillness."

Penetrating far into the bottom before halting, they finally sat down under a huge pin-oak, hardly breathing. Gray moss hung thick and heavy from most of the oaks, and upon the flat bottom-land lay a crushing gloom. After a short, tense wait that seemed very long to them, they heard a scratchy rustling on the bark of a near-by tree, after which a gray squirrel appeared in view creeping cautiously down the bole of a tree some twenty feet in front of them. It had been agreed that Zalli should have the first shot. As he passed the gun over to her his hand touched hers; their hands seemed to stick as if magnetized, and she was looking at him instead of the squirrel; and then, suddenly, she dropped the gun, which went off with a roar that seemed preternaturally loud and violent in that gray bottom.

Not saying a word, Zalli rose and walked back through the woods to the house. Old Mat went deeper into the pin-oak bottom, returning with four squirrels for supper.

The next morning Zalli hurried up the mill road to the big road, two miles distant, where she handed to the mail-carrier a letter to Beel, spelled out in her somewhat meagre public-school English, which said:

"I am well and doing well, hoping you are the same, dear Bill. Your game ruster is well. He had a fight last weak with the large white ruster, which was sorry for it afterwards. When are you coming home? The hens quit giving eggs about Christmas times. They always do. I wish you were here, Bill. The weather is very cold here and ice is on the bayou sometimes. It is lonely and I wish I was listening to you playing the mocking bird on the violin. We could live here without it costing anything a great deal. There never is any money left over, anyhow, Bill. The bayou is full of wood ducks now. You must never leave me alone again, Bill.

"Your loving wife, "ZALLI.

"Ps. Old Mat is well. He is very good. He is getting not to be ugly to my eyes. It is droll. Come home, dear Bill.

"Your loving wife, "ZALLI."



She kept repeating, as if it were a spell: "Ol' Mad is ogly, ogly, ogly!"

That day at dinner she purposely disarranged her black-brown hair, which usually lay, parted in the middle, on her round head; nor did she sit at table, pretending to be busy at the stove and in serving Old Mat. In the afternoon, as she leisurely went about the work in the two-room house, she kept repeating, as if it were a spell: "Ol' Mad is ogly. Ol' Mad is ver' ogly. Whad a long nose Ol' Mad have. Whad lill ogly eyes Ol' Mad have. Ol' Mad is ogly, ogly, ogly!"

When the time came to feed the chickens, and they had gathered at the back door of the house, Zalli gave to the dingy, bedrag-

gled, black-and-white, frizzle-feather rooster the name of Ol' Mad. She laughed about it with an unaccustomed, nervous loudness.

"'Ave you halways been so ogly as now, Misty Reynolds?" she asked him at supper, gazing intently at him, and laughing insultingly without waiting for an answer. "Id is ver' hard an' tough, I say so, yass; id is ter'ble. Was you all your life so ogly?"

"Oh, yes, I reckon so," he said wearily, and then, with unusual spirit, asked her, "Have you always been so mean?"

"Ah, yass, I reckon so too." The smile left her face. "I am nod mean to Beel."

He ate on in silence, but whenever she rose from the table to get something from the stove he watched intently the languorous, sultry, golden-brown woman.

"'Ow do peoples ged to dad Nopelousas?" she asked Old Mat the next morning. "I am go to my 'usban' for a lill bit w'ile, any'ow."

Old Mat did not show any surprise; he seemed, indeed, to be pleased. If she would walk up to the big road and wait, he advised, she would doubtless catch a wagon bound for Touraine, through which, late in the afternoon, passed the train that stopped at Nopelousas. And that was such a small town she could easily locate Beel when she got there. She could be with him by seven o'clock that night, he believed.

"And don't worry about the chickens or anything," he went on soothingly. "I'll look after them all right."

"Ah, I worry 'boud you lill bit, Misty Reynolds, now. Beel say you blame no-'count chef."

"Bill's wrong. I am a good cook. Don't worry about me at all; I'll get on fine. Stay until the folks all come back to move the mill if you can."

In an excited hurry Zalli put on her best clothes, that Beel's probable anger at seeing her away from home without his consent might be dulled at once; made up a bundle of things she would need, and set out up the mill road, not stopping at the commissary. It seemed more intensely lonely on the road than at the mill. The pines sighed and whispered over her and about her with even more sinister accents. She hurried along faster; the day ahead was filled with what seemed tremendous actions, so that she felt of it in advance as a very long day; she could not see the end of it clearly. She was apprehensive of it, yet hungry for it.

When the mill road led her into the big road, Zalli was too impatient to spend any time waiting. Passing wagons are only occasional even on the big road in this part of Louisiana, for the country is but sparsely settled. She would walk on; perhaps a wagon would overtake her, though she knew in the back of her mind that one walks as fast as a loaded wagon. After all, there was only eleven miles to go now.

At the eight-mile board Zalli took off

those new shoes with the patent-leather tips on them; they were too beautiful to sully with the red dust, too much like hot ovens on her feet to wear except at ceremonial times. For Touraine, for the train, for the Nopelousas company in which Beel, with his enchanting violin moved—there she would wear the new shoes with the patent-leather tips. The bundle gave up a pair of old and comfortable shoes. Tying together the strings of the ceremonial footwear, she tenderly hung them across her left arm and walked on. She would have liked to make the same disposition of the ceremonial corsets, but put aside that idea immediately as preposterous. There was an atmosphere of publicity about the big road even if it had been deserted all day so far.

At the seven-mile board Zalli rested, trying to think out how Beel would receive her. Would he be very angry? She could see him draw up his tall, thin figure, twisting his very long and drooping mustaches—and so proud and haughty; that was Beel in anger. But if she could only get to him while he was playing the violin, or just afterward, he would not be angry. When Beel was in music or in liquor he was the best-hearted man; you could do anything with him then and he would only laugh easily. Yet there would be a double board-bill to pay; she hadn't thought of that before. Surely, though, he was making money enough to pay that; all Beel's money was always spent, anyway.

At the five-mile board she ate a cold lunch she had brought with her, thinking about how Ol' Mad must now be fussing around his stove. She laughed; then she felt a shade of worriment come over her about him. How lonesome at the mill it would be for him now! They hadn't talked a great deal, but each had felt the other's presence, had heard each other singing and humming and talking to themselves. Now he would hear only the pines mourning and sighing and whispering all around him. That was not good.

At the three-mile board Zalli began thinking of the intricacies of town life, with its trains and streets and questioning people—its staring, laughing people. She'd rather die than be laughed at. The mill was so free and easy, after all.

As she passed the two-mile board she was thinking what might happen if Ol' Mad



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"I am come, Ol' Mad."—Page 465.

was taken down with malarial fever and no one there at all to help him. Ol' Mad wasn't resourceful and spirited; he could lie there and die for the lack of some one to do things for him.

From the red hill just beyond the one-mile board the dust-covered woman saw Touraine squatting in its flat by the side of Big Cypress Bayou; Nopelousas would be like that. She thought how peaceful it was to sleep at the mill. Sometimes the pines were good to listen to, sometimes they crooned you off to sleep so easily, sometimes they seemed to be whispering to you with a sweet sadness that was good to hear and feel.

If a wagon had come along bound for Touraine she would yet have asked to be taken there. A wagon came up the hill going in the opposite direction; for it was the middle of the afternoon and the planters were getting out of town. There were two spring-seats in the wagon, on one of which was a man and a woman, undoubtedly his wife.

"Which way are you bound?" he asked Zalli, who had seated herself on the side of the road.

"To Pelletier's saw-meel, pliz," she answered without hesitation, rising to her feet.

"Jump in then; I'll take you there, to the head of the mill road at least; the walk from there is only two short miles."

Old Mat was waked up the next morning by Zalli's horn blowing sullenly. Hurrying over to the two-room house, he found on the table, with the rest of the breakfast, waffles—light, fretted, delicious waffles, which he had diffidently hinted for at times as being great favorites of his, but to which he had never been treated before by her.

Zalli came slowly in from the living-room, frowning.

"Hello, and so you didn't catch a wagon to town?" he asked. "You must have had a long wait. Well, try again to-morrow. Fred Florence always goes up with a load of fish on Fridays, but he passes early in the morning."

"I am stay in dis place here, Misty Reynolds," she said severely, "w'ich my 'usban' lef' me in. Beel goin' to took me w'en he is ready."

Leaving the mill early one morning, several days after that, Old Mat walked, and rode in passing wagons, through the twenty

miles to the Reynolds farm in the next parish, and that night drove back in a wagon with his mother, a frail, white-haired little woman with a small chronic sore on her left cheek which she always kept dusted with white calomel, two sallow sisters as homely as himself, and a lusty young nephew of fifteen. There was plenty of house and stable room, and the party stayed until the end of the week.

"It's just to cheer up Mat a bit," explained the old woman to Zalli. "The mill must be dreadfully lonesome. I declare I believe he was homesick the other day when he came home. He would have us to come for a while."

The circling forest drew back and seemed to stop whispering while visitors were at the mill; visitors did make the place sound human again. Mat's gun was booming frequently in the woods and along the bayou in the interest of fresh meat for the table. Twice he got up steam and made the mill rattle and bang and hiss for exhibition purposes. At night the party sang hymns and plantation songs.

When the wagon started back Old Mat induced his mother to stay on, for company's sake, until the other mill people should come back; he was sure that would not be long now. She could live with Zalli. The wagon drove off, and the forest drew in and began whispering again.

There came a letter from Beel saying little more than that he, too, was "well and doing well, hoping you are the same." Zalli answered at once and told about Old Mat's mother coming to live with her and keep company. The postscript said: "Old Mat is well."

On two Sundays he left the mill after breakfast and did not come back until long after supper. The little, white-haired woman, under questioning, "guessed" that he had "been to see the Irby girls."

"Are doze girls pritty?" asked Zalli casually.

"Oh my, yes, *very* handsome," ran on the old woman in her constant strain of professional optimism. "Twins they are, an' I don't know whether it's Alice or Lucy he likes the best. Fine girls; very sensible; good workers, too."

And the Monday morning following Old Mat's third Sunday out Zalli stepped softly into the dark commissary—with the soft-

ness of a tigress. She asked for a pound of coffee, and as he wrapped it up she purred richly, clasping and unclasping her hands under the counter.

"Doze Irbee yo'ng ladies ver' pritty, eh, Misty Reynolds? Aleece, eh? Lucee, eh? Wheech is id, Misty Reynolds, dad you love? Ha, ha, dad is a ver' foolish question, eh? Peoples tell nod doze sicrits, eh, Misty Reynolds? Aleece! Lucee! Ah, yass, doze is pritty yo'ng ladies, I bed you."

Laughing, as if at the very names of these persons, and not waiting for anything from Old Mat, the burning woman swept out of the dark frame building into the light, where her face dropped its mask of laughter. Taking in quick, quivering breaths, she hurried to the two-room house.

Ribbons were in her hair every meal after that.

The following Sunday, when Old Mat came over for breakfast, Zalli was dressed in the best she had, even to the new shoes with the patent-leather tips that hurt her feet.

"Maybe Misty Reynolds shall go an' see doze pritty switthearts dis day," she suggested, winking 'at the aged, white-haired woman.

"What sweethearts?" he asked, looking at his mother, who paid not the slightest attention to him.

"Ah, yass, we know doze twin switthearts—Aleece an' Lucee Irbee."

"Not to-day, I reckon," he answered, gazing out of the one window in the combined kitchen and dining-room. "They're not sweethearts."

Now came on the spring, for as early as February the earth begins to thrill along the shore of the Mexican gulf. On the banks of various little brooks that slipped down to the bayou appeared shadowy companies in white-green, companies then in yellow-green, regiments in rich dark-green velvet. Along the boughs of the black skeleton trees ran signal buds in red, and after them the myriad companies of the season's swelling army of green. Under the eaves of fallen trees, and in dark, wet places, purple and white violets gathered. Over all brooded the ever-green pine forest, whispering of the coming conquest of the season. The air was filled with a furious subtle fire that was fusing into all things that had life in them.

It was Wednesday afternoon. Old Mat had eaten dinner and gone down to the silent mill. At two o'clock, after piddling aimlessly and helplessly among the machinery, he walked haltingly back to the two-room house in the old orchard. Stepping just inside the kitchen door, he heard, in the adjoining room, the slow, heavy breathing of sleep.

He tripped softly over to the cupboard and took absent-mindedly out of a bowl a pinch of sugar. Then he moved noiselessly to the open window and stood there gazing out at the gnarled old fruit trees now in full bloom. They had been neglected too long to produce any but bitter and sour fruit, yet they blossomed in the spring with the splendor and magnificence of great days which might still have been theirs.

Now there was some one standing by Old Mat's side, but he did not look around. He knew.

"Your mozzer is asleep," she whispered. "We muz' nod wake her."

He leaned against the jamb of the window, saying nothing. A slight wind gently stirred the air, and the trees shook down some of their blossoms. A mocking-bird flew to the top of one of the apple trees, balanced on a swaying bough, picked his feathers until they sat to suit him, and burst out singing to a mate he had only in his mind. A brown hen, lying sidewise on the ground in the sun with a leg and a wing stretched luxurious to their full length, sang a low monotony of content and happiness. The game-rooster chased a bee across the yard. Into the room drifted the heavy perfume of a hundred blossoming things—sweet and fiery perfume.

"Peaches bloom pink, eh, Misty Reynolds," whispered Zalli disconnectedly, sighing.

"Yes, they bloom pink."

"An' apples white?"

"Yes, apples white."

"An' pears white also? Look to me, Ol' Mad."

"I am going out of here, out there," he breathed, not turning his head. "Are you coming?"

"I am come, Ol' Mad."

The pine forest pressed forward whispering.

Beel came home singing two weeks later, the boss rushed down with news of a year's

cutting of timber ten miles west of Touraine, and the little mill was moved over there, accompanied by Beel, the saw-filer, Zalli, his wife, and Old Mat, the commissary man. It was over there, the next winter, that the

shooting took place out of which came two funerals and one of those lowly, discredited, desperate widows, this one sullenly ready for the abyss that was inevitably but unjustly hers.

PRAYER BEFORE PLANTING TREES

By Walter Malone

LORD, we are setting in this chosen ground
 These tender nurslings, trusting in thy grace
 To cherish them through infancy, to guide
 Their tiny rootlets through the darksome earth,
 To lift their boughs to heaven, and give them power
 To yield their tribute unto grateful men
 In fruit or flower or shade. For who but thou,
 And thou alone, O God, amidst the gloom
 Of never-ending night beneath the sod,
 Can weave the net-work of those fragile roots,
 And make their long antennæ feel the way
 To nooks of moisture and fertility?
 And who but thou can pilot up the stem
 The warm sweet sap, like green blood making glad
 The veinlets of the utmost little twig?
 And who but thou, O Lord, in mystic wise,
 With alchemy divine, can from the earth,
 This sordid earth, extract pure essences
 To paint the cheeks of blossoms, scent their breath,
 To swell the fruits with lusciousness, and make
 The leafy boughs one mass of heavenly green,
 Haunts for the song-birds, cool retreats for men?

Yea, all these powers are thine. But on this day,
 In lowly imitation of thine own
 Parental care, we plant these infant trees
 To be a blessing in the far-off years
 Unto our children and our children's children,
 When we ourselves shall tread the earth no more.
 Unselfish in thy bounty, thou hast strewn
 Blessings around us, though partaking not
 Thyself of that abundance which thy hand
 Alone created. In the by-gone years,
 To please us thou hast reared thy goodly trees,
 Glowing with fruitage, spreading green with shade,
 Or clustered with delightful odorous blooms.
 Shall we thy largess take with selfish ease,
 And not in some small way, though feeble, seek
 To emulate thy goodness, and bequeath
 Unto succeeding generations, gifts
 We never can share ourselves? O God of Love,

Make us unselfish in this task: our hearts
Uplift; and move our hands to speed with joy
In this, our labor, whereby we shall seek
To bless the lives of others yet to come,
When we ourselves have mingled with the dust
Wherein we plant these trees.

In days to be,
When we are long-forgotten, may these boughs
Rustle with gladness in the winds of Spring:
Amongst them let the thrush at dusk and dawn,
And the sweet mock-bird on moon-silvered nights,
Warble their wildwood lays: here let the dove,
Soft-cooing, woo his mate, and wooing, win,
So that the two together here may brood
Over their nest of love. Upon these boughs,
From April unto April, June to June,
Hang the soft blossoms through the emerald glooms,
Wafting sweet odors, and with honey-dew
Burdening the murmuring bees. Here let the sheep
And cattle through the fervid blaze of noon,
Chewing the cud, dozing and drowsing, rest
Free from the torrid glare. Here hang thy fruits,
Ruddy or tawny, apple, peach or pear,
To make the hearts of barefoot urchins glad
When school is over, and the lads go free,
Shouting and romping gleefully: for they,
O Father, are thy children, and we know
Their clamorous joyhood thou wilt mark with smiles,
Pleased that these thoughtless ones are happy. Here
Let gentle lovers in the friendly shades,
With scattered petals at their feet, and songs
Of sweet encouragement from sprays above,
Wander in joy, and vow the dear old vows
Of love that we ourselves, in our lost youth
Of unforgotten years of long ago,
Were thrilled with bliss to hear.

And in those days,
Dear Father, when our names from minds of men
Have all been cancelled, and we lie alone,
Forsaken and forgotten, dust in dust,
Perchance thine eyes may look upon these trees,
Still hale and green and sturdy, and thy heart
Incline to pity and to mercy: so
For sake of these, from records of our souls
Thy hand may blot some past transgression. Then,
O Father, as thou liftest up to heaven
The tree in verdure and in flower and fruit,
Uplift us likewise from our dungeon-cell
In the dark earth, and in the radiant skies
Let us rejoice to see Thy Light again.



HALF-TOLD TALES

by
HENRY VAN DYKE

Illustrated by Garth Jones

THE DOWNFALL OF STRONGHOLD.

IT rose upon the rock like a growth of nature; secure, commanding, imperturbable; mantled with ivy and crowned with towers; a castle of the olden time, called Stronghold.

Below it, the houses of the town clung to the hill-side, creeping up close to the castle wall and clustering in its shadow as if to claim protection. In truth, for many a day it had been their warden against freebooter and foreign foe, gathering the habitations of the humble as a hen gathers her chickens beneath her wings to defend them from the wandering hawk.

But those times of disorder and danger were long past. The roaming tribes had settled down in their conquered regions. The children of the desert had learned to irrigate their dusty fields. The robber chiefs had sobered into merchants and money-lenders. The old town by the river had a season of peace, laboring and making merry and sleeping and bringing forth

children and burying its dead in tranquility, protected by forts far away and guarded by steel-clad ships on distant waters.

Yet Stronghold still throned upon the rock, proudly dominant; and the houses full of manifold life were huddled at its foot; and the voices of men and women and little children, talking or laughing or singing or sobbing or cursing or praying, went up around it like smoke.

Now the late lord of the castle, in the last age of romance, had carried off a beautiful peasant girl with dove's eyes, whom he married on her death-bed where she gave birth to their son. The blood of his father and of his mother met in the boy's body, and in his soul their spirits were mingled, so that he was by times haughty and gentle, and by turns fierce and tender, and he grew up a dreamer with sudden impulses to strong action. To him, at his father's death, fell the lordship of the castle; and he was both proud and thoughtful; and he considered



the splendor of his ancient dwelling and the duties of his high station.

The doors of Stronghold, at this time, were always open, not only for the going out of the many retainers and servants on their errands of business and mercy and pleasure in the town, but also for the citizens and the poor folk who came seeking employment, or demanding justice, or asking relief for their necessities. The lord of the castle had ordered that none should be denied, and that a special welcome should be given to those who came with words of enlightenment and counsel for him, to interpret the splendor of Stronghold and help its master to learn the duties of his high station.

So there came many men with various words. Some told him of the days when Stronghold was the defence of the land and the foreign foe was broken against it. Some walked with him in the long hall of portraits and narrated the brave deeds of his ancestors. Some explained to him the history of the heirlooms, and showed him how each vessel of silver and great carved chair and richly faded tapestry had a meaning which made it precious.

Other men talked to him of the future and of the things that he ought to do. They set forth new schemes of industry by which the castle should be changed into a central power-house or a silk-mill. They unfolded new plans of bounty by which the hungry should be clad, and the naked fed, and the sick given an education. They told him that if he would do these things, in the course of a hundred years or so all would be well.

But the trouble was that their counsels were contradictory, and their promises were distant, and the lord of the castle was impatient and bewildered in mind. For meantime the manifold voices of the town went up around him, and he knew that under that smoke some fires of trouble and sorrow must be burning.

Then came two bare-faced and masterful men who told him bluntly that the first duty of his high station was to abandon it.

"What shall I do then?" he asked.

"Work for your living," they shouted.

"What do you do for your living?" he inquired.

"We tell other men what to do," replied they.

"And do you think," said he, "that your job is any harder than mine, or that you

work more than I do?" So he gave order that they should have a good supper and be escorted from the castle, for he had no time to waste upon mummers.

But the confusion in his mind continued, because the spirits of his father and his mother were working within him, and the impulse to sudden action gathered force beneath his dreams. So he was glad when the next visitor came bearing the marks of evident sincerity and a great purpose.

His beard was untrimmed, his garb was rude, his feet were bare, like an ancient prophet. His voice was fiercely quiet, and his eyes burned while he talked, as if he saw to the root of all things. He called himself John the Nothingarian.

The lord of the castle related some of the plans which his counsellors had made for his greater usefulness.

"They are puerile," said the Nothingarian, "futile, because they do not go to the root."

Then the young lord spoke of the legends of his forefathers and the history of Stronghold.

"They are dusty tales," said the Nothingarian, "false, because they do not go to the root."

"How shall we get to the root?" asked the young lord, trembling with a new eagerness.

"There is only one way," answered the prophet. "Come with me."

As they went through the outer passageway the old man pressed hard with his hands against one of the stones in the wall, and a little door slid open.

"The secret stair," said he, "by which your fathers brought in their stolen women. Your Stronghold is honey-combed with lies."

The young lord's face was red as fire. "I never knew of it," he murmured.

In the vaulted crypt beneath the castle the old man found a lantern and a pickaxe. He went to an alcove walled with plaster and picked at it with the axe. The plaster fell away. On the floor of the alcove lay two crumpled bodies of men long dead; the clothes were rotting upon the bones and a dagger stuck fast in each back.

"They were stabbed as they sat at meat," said the old man, "for the gain of their gold. Your Stronghold is cemented with blood."



The young lord's face grew dark as night. "I never knew of it," he muttered.

"Come," said the other, "I see we must go a little deeper before you know where you stand."

So he led the way through the long vaults, where the cobwebs trailed like rags and the dripping pendules of lime hung from the arches like dirty icicles, until he came to the foundation of the great tower. There he set down the lantern and began to dig, fiercely and silently, close to the corner-stone, throwing out the rubble with his bare hands. At last the pick broke through into a hollow niche. At the bottom of it was the skeleton of a child about five years old, and the cords that bound her little hands and feet lay in white dust upon the sunken bones.

"You see!" said the old man, wiping his torn hands on his robe. "The corner-stones were laid for safety on the body of a murdered innocent. Your Stronghold is founded on cruelty. This is the root."

The young lord's face went white as death. "Horrible!" he cried. "But what to do?"

"Do away with it!" said the Nothingarian. "That is the only thing. Come!"

He went out into the night and the young lord followed him, the sudden impulse to strong action leaping in his heart and pounding in his temples and ringing in his ears, like a madness.

They passed around behind the great tower, where it stood close to the last pinnacle of the rock and rose above it, bolted to the low crest of stone by an iron bar.

"Here is the clutch of your Stronghold," said the old man urgently. "Break that and all goes down. Dare you strike to the root?"

"I dare," he cried, "for I must. A thing built on cruelty, cemented with blood, and worm-eaten with lies is hateful to me as to God."

He lifted the pick and struck. Once! and the castle trembled to its base and the servants ran out at the doors. Twice! and the tower swayed and a cry of fear arose. Thrice! and the huge walls of Stronghold rocked and crashed and thundered down upon the sleeping town, burying it in wild ruin!

Dead silence for an instant—and then, through the cloud of dust that hung above the flattened houses, came a lamentable tumult. Voices of men and women and little children, shrieking in fear, groaning with pain, whimpering for pity, moaning in mortal anguish, rose like smoke from the pit beneath the wreck of Stronghold.

The young lord listened, dizzy and sick with horror. Then he looked at the Nothingarian whose eyes glittered wildly. He swung up the pickaxe again.

"Damn you," he cried, "why didn't you tell me of this?" And he split his head down to the beard.



PETUNIAS—THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE



It was a place to which, as a dreamy, fanciful child escaping from nurse-maid and governess, Virginia had liked to climb on hot summer afternoons. She had spent many hours, lying on the grass in the shade of the dismantled house, looking through the gaunt, uncovered rafters of the barn at the white clouds, like stepping-stones in the broad blue river of sky flowing between the mountain walls.

Older people of the summer colony called it forlorn and desolate—the deserted farm, lying high on the slope of Hemlock Mountain—but to the child there was a charm about the unbroken silence which brooded over the little clearing. The sun shone down warmly on the house's battered shell and through the stark skeleton of the barn. The white birches, strange sylvan denizens of door and barn-yard, stood shaking their delicate leaves as if announcing sweetly that the kind forest would cover all the wounds of human neglect, and soon everything would be as though man had not lived. And everywhere grew the thick, strong, glistening grass, covering even the threshold with a cushion on which the child's foot fell as noiselessly as a shadow. It used to seem to her that nothing could ever have happened in this breathless spot.

Now she was a grown woman, she told herself, twenty-three years old and had had, she often thought, as full a life as any one of her age could have. Her college course had been varied with vacations in Europe; she had had one season in society; she was just back from a trip around the world. Her busy, absorbing life had given her no time to revisit the narrow green valley where she had spent so many of her childhood's holidays. But now a whim for self-analysis, a desire to learn if the old glamour about the lovely enchanted region still existed for her weary, sophisticated maturity, had made her break exacting social engagements and sent her back alone, from the city, to see how the old valley looked in the spring.

Her disappointment was acute. The first impression and the one which remained with her, coloring painfully all the vistas of dim woodland aisles and sunlit brooks, was of the meagreness and meanness of the desolate lives lived in this paradise. This was a fact she had not noticed as a child, accepting the country people as she did all other incomprehensible elders. They had not seemed to her to differ noticeably from her delicate, æsthetic mother, lying in lavender silk negligees on wicker couches, reading the latest book of Mallarmé, or from her competent, rustling aunt, guiding the course of the summer colony's social life with firm hands. There was as yet no summer colony, this week in May. Even the big hotel was not open. Virginia was lodged in the house of one of the farmers. There was no element to distract her mind from the narrow, unlovely lives of the owners of that valley of beauty.

They were grinding away at their stupefyingly monotonous tasks as though the miracle of spring were not taking place before their eyes. They were absorbed in their barn-yards and kitchen sinks and bad cooking and worse dress-making. The very children, grimy little utilitarians like their parents, only went abroad in the flood of golden sunshine, in order to rifle the hill pastures of their wild strawberries. Virginia was no longer a child to ignore all this. It was an embittering, imprisoning thought from which she could not escape even in the most radiant vision of May woods. She was a woman now, with a trained mind which took in the saddening significance of these lives, not so much melancholy or tragic as utterly neutral, featureless, dun-colored. They weighed on her heart as she walked and drove about the lovely country they spoiled for her.

What a heavenly country it was! She compared it to similar valleys in Switzerland, in Norway, in Japan, and her own shone out pre-eminent with a thousand beauties of bold sky-line, of harmoniously "composed" distances, of exquisitely fairy-like detail of foreground. But oh! the



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

They were talking of her. "Well, you needn't," said the voice of Mrs. Pritchard. . . . "You can't get nothin' out'n her."—Page 475.

wooden packing-boxes of houses and the dreary lives they sheltered!

The Pritchard family, her temporary hosts, summed up for her the human life of the valley. There were two children, inarticulate, vacant-faced country children of eight and ten, out from morning till night in the sunny, upland pastures, but who could think of nothing but how many quarts of berries they had picked and what price could be exacted for them. There was Gran'ther Pritchard, a doddering, toothless man of seventy-odd, and his wife, a tall, lean, lame old woman with a crutch, who sat all through the meal-times, speechlessly staring at the stranger, with faded gray eyes. There was Mr. Pritchard and his son Joel, gaunt Yankees, toiling with fierce concentration to "get the crops in" after a late spring. Finally there was Mrs Pritchard, worn and pale, passing those rose-colored spring days grubbing in her vegetable garden. And all of them silent, silent as the cattle they resembled. There had been during the first few days of her week's stay some vague attempts at conversation, but Virginia was soon aware that they had not the slightest rudiments of a common speech.

A blight was on even those faint manifestations of the æsthetic spirit which they had not killed out of their bare natures. The pictures in the house were bad beyond belief, and the only flowers were some petunias, growing in a pot, carefully tended by Grandma Pritchard. They bore a mass of blossoms of a terrible magenta, like a blow in the face to any one sensitive to color. It usually stood on the dining-table, which was covered with a red cloth. "Crimson! Magenta! It is no wonder they are lost souls!" cried the girl to herself.

On the last day of her week, even as she was trying to force down some food at the table thus decorated, she bethought herself of her old haunt of desolate peace on the mountain-side. She pushed away from the table with an eager, murmured excuse, and fairly ran out into the gold and green of the forest, a paradise lying hard by the pitiable little purgatory of the farm-house. As she fled along through the clean-growing maple-groves, through stretches of sunlit pastures, azure with bluets, through dark pines, red-carpeted by last year's needles, through the flickering, shadowy-patterned birches, she cried out to all this beauty to set

her right with the world of her fellows, to ease her heart of its burden of disdainful pity.

But there was no answer.

She reached the deserted clearing breathless, and paused to savor its slow, penetrating peace. The white birches now almost shut the house from view; the barn had wholly disappeared. From the finely proportioned old doorway of the house protruded a long, grayed, weather-beaten tuft of hay. The last utilitarian dishonor had befallen it. It had not even its old dignity of vacant desolation. She went closer and peered inside. Yes, hay . . . the scant cutting from the adjacent old meadows . . . had been piled high in the room which had been the gathering-place of the forgotten family life. She stepped in and sank down on it, struck by the far-reaching view from the window. As she lay looking out, the silence was as insistent as a heavy odor in the air.

The big white clouds lay like stepping-stones in the sky's blue river, just as when she was a child. Their silver-gleaming brightness blinded her. . . . "*Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh . . . warte nur . . . balde . . . ruhest . . . du . . .*" she began to murmur, and stopped, awed by the immensity of the hush about her. She closed her eyes, pillowed her head on her upthrown arms and sank into a wide, bright reverie, which grew dimmer and vaguer as the slow changeless hours filed by.

She did not know if it were from a doze, or but from this dreamy haze that she was wakened by the sound of voices outside the house, under the window by which she lay. There were the tones of a stranger and those of old Mrs. Pritchard, but now flowing on briskly with a volubility unrecognizable. Virginia sat up, hesitating. Were they only passing by, or stopping? Should she show herself or let them go on? In an instant the question was settled for her. It was too late. She would only shame them if they knew her there. She had caught her own name. They were talking of her.

"Well, you needn't," said the voice of Mrs. Pritchard. "You can just save your breath to cool your porridge. You can't get nothin' out'n her."

"But she's travelled 'round so much, seems's though . . ." began the other woman's voice.

"Don't it?" struck in old Mrs. Pritchard assentingly, "But 'tain't so!"



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

Virginia heard congratulations over the berries and exclamations over their sun-flushed cheeks. "Why, Susie, you look like a pickled beet in your face. Set down, child, an' cool off."—Page 478.

The other was at a loss. "Do you mean she's stuck-up and won't answer you?" Mrs. Pritchard burst into a laugh, the great, resonant good-nature of which amazed Virginia. She had not dreamed that one of these sour, silent people could laugh like that. "No, *land* no, Abby! She's as soft-spoken as anybody could be, poor thing! She ain't got nothin' to say. That's all. Why, I can git more out'n any pack-peddler that's only been from here to Rutland and back than out'n her . . . and she's travelled all summer long for five years, she was tellin' us, and last year went around the world."

"Good land! Think of it!" cried the other, awe-struck. "China! An' Afriky! An' London!"

"That's the way we felt! That's the reason we let her come. There ain't no profit in one boarder, and we never take boarders, anyhow. But I thought 'twould be a chance for the young ones to learn something about how foreign folks lived." She broke again into her epic laugh. "Why, Abby, 'twould ha' made you die to see us the first few days she was there, tryin' to get somethin' out'n her. Italy, now . . . had she been there? 'Oh, yes, she *adored* Italy!'" Virginia flushed at the echo of her own exaggerated accent. "Well, we'd like to know somethin' 'bout Italy. What did they raise there? Honest, Abby, you'd ha' thought we'd hit her side th' head. She thought and she *thought*, and all she could say was 'olives.' Nothing else? 'Well, she'd never noticed anything else . . . oh, yes, lemons.' Well, that seemed kind o' queer vittles, but you can't never tell how foreigners git along, so we thought maybe they just lived off'n olives and lemons; and Joel he asked her how they raised 'em, and if they manured heavy or trusted to phosphate, and how long the trees took before they began to bear, and if they pruned much, and if they had the same trouble we do, come harvest time, to hire hands enough to git in th' crop."

She paused. The other woman asked, "Well, what did she say?"

The echoes rang again to the old woman's great laugh. "We might as well ha' asked her 'bout the back side of th' moon! So we gave up on olives and lemons! Then Eben he asked her 'bout taxes there. Were they on land mostly and were they high and

who 'sessed 'em and how 'bout school tax. Did the state pay part o' that? You see town meetin' being so all tore up every year 'bout taxes, Eben he thought 'twould be a chance to hear how other folks did, and maybe learn somethin'. Good land, Abby, I've set there and 'most died, tryin' to keep from yellin' right out with laugh to see our folks tryin' to learn somethin' 'bout foreign parts from that woman that's travelled in 'em steady for five years. I bet she was blindfolded and gagged and had cotton in her ears the hull time she was there!"

"Didn't she tell you anythin' 'bout taxes?"

"Taxes? You'd ha' thought 'twas bumble-bees' hind legs we was askin' 'bout! She ackshilly seemed s'prised to be asked. Land! What had she ever thought 'bout such triflin' things as taxes. She didn't know how they was taxed in Italy, or if they was . . . nor anywhere else. That what it come down to, every time. She didn't know! She didn't know what kind of schools they had, nor what the roads was made of, nor who made 'em. She couldn't tell you what hired men got, nor *any* wages, nor what girls that didn't get married did for a living, nor what rent they paid, nor how they 'mused themselves, nor how much land was worth, nor if they had factories, nor if there was any lumber-in' done, nor how they managed to keep milk in such awful hot weather without ice. Honest, Abby, she couldn't even say if the houses had cellars or not. Why it come out she never was *in* a real house that anybody lived in . . . only hotels. She hadn't got to know a single real person that b'longed there. Of course she never found out anything 'bout how they lived. Her mother was there, she said, and her aunt, and that Bilson family that comes to th' village summers, an' the Goodriches an' the Phippses an' the . . . oh, sakes alive, you know that same old crowd that rides 'roun' here summers and thinks to be sociable by sayin' how nice an' yellow your oats is blossomin'! You could go ten times 'roun' the world with them and know less 'bout what folks is like than when you started. When I heard 'bout them being there, I called Eben and Joel and Em'ly off and I says, 'Now, don't pester that poor do-less critter with questions any more. How much do the summer folks down to th' vil-

lage know 'bout the way we live?' Well, they burst out laughin', of course. 'Well, then,' I says, 'tis plain to be seen that all they do in winter is to go off to some foreign part and do the same as here,' so I says to them, same's I said to you, Abby, a while back, that they'd better save their breath to cool their porridge. But its awful solemn eatin' now, without a word spoke."

The other woman laughed. "Why, you don't have to talk 'bout foreign parts or else keep still, do ye?"

"Oh, it's just so 'bout everythin'. We heard she'd been in Washington last winter, so Eben he brisked up and tried her on politics. Well, she'd never heard of direct primaries, they're raisin' such a holler 'bout in York State; she didn't know what th' 'nsurgent senators are up to near as much as we did, and to judge by the way she looked, she'd only just barely heard of th' tariff." The word was pronounced with true New England reverence. "Then we tried bringin' up children, and lumberin' an' roads, an' cookin', an' crops, an' stocks, an' wages, an' schools, an' gardenin', but we couldn't touch bottom nowhere. Never a word to be had out'n her. So we give up, and now we just sit like stot-in' bottles, an' eat—an' do our visitin' with each other odd minutes afterward."

"Why, she don't look to be half-witted," said the other.

"She ain't!" cried Mrs. Pritchard with emphasis. "She's got as good a head-piece, natchilly, as anybody. I remember her when she was a young one. It's the fool way they're brung up! Everythin' that's any fun or intrust, they hire somebody else to do it for 'em. Here she is a great strappin' woman of twenty-two or three, with nothing in the world to do but to trapse off 'cross the fields from mornin' to night—an' nobody to need her there nor here, nor anywhere. No wonder she looks peaked. Sometimes when I see her set and stare off, so sort o' dull and hopeless, I'm so sorry for her I could cry! Good land! I'd as lief hire somebody to chew my vittles for me and give me the dry cud to live off of as do the way those kind of folks do."

The distant call of a steam-whistle, silvered by the great distance into a flute-like note, interrupted her. "That's the milk-train, whistling for the Millbrook crossin'," she said. "We must be thinkin' of goin' home before long. Where be those young

ones?" She raised her voice in a call as unexpectedly strong and vibrant as her laugh. "Susie! Eddie! Did they answer? I'm gittin' that hard o' hearin' 'tis hard for me to make out."

"Yes, they hollered back," said the other. "An' I see 'em comin' through the pasture yonder. I guess they got their pails full by the way they carry 'em."

"That's good," said Mrs. Pritchard with satisfaction. "They can get twenty-five cents a quart hulled, off'n summer folks. They're savin' up to help Joel go to Middletown college in the fall."

"They think a lot o' Joel, don't they?" commented the other.

"Oh, the Pritchards has always been a family that knew how to set store by their own folks," said the old woman proudly, "and Joel he'll pay 'em back as soon as he gets ahead a little."

The children had evidently now come up, for Virginia heard congratulations over the berries and exclamations over their sun-flushed cheeks. "Why, Susie, you look like a pickled beet in your face. Set down, child, an' cool off. Grandma called you an' Eddie down to tell you an old-timey story."

There was an outbreak of delighted cries from the children and Mrs. Pritchard said deprecatingly, "You know, Abby, there never was children yet that wasn't crazy 'bout old-timey stories. I remember how I used to hang onto Aunt Debby's skirts and beg her to tell me some more."

"The story I'm goin' to tell you is about this Great-aunt Debby," she announced formally to her auditors, "when she was 'bout fourteen years old and lived up here in this very house, pretty soon after th' R'volution. There was only just a field or two cleared off 'round it then, and all over th' mounting the woods were as black with pines and spruce as any cellar. Great-aunt Debby was the oldest one of five children and my grandfather—your great-great-grandfather—was the youngest. In them days there wa'n't but a few families in the valley and they lived far apart, so when Great-aunt Debby's father got awful sick a few days after he'd been away to get some grist ground, Aunt Debby's mother had to send her 'bout six' miles through th' woods to the nearest house—it stood where the old Perkins barn is now. The man come back with Debby, but as soon as he saw great-

grandfather he give one yell—'small-pox!'—and lit out for home. Folks was tur'ble afraid of it then an' he had seven children of his own an' nobody for 'em to look to if he died, so you couldn't blame him none. They was all like that then, every fam'ly just barely holdin' on an' scratchin' for dear life.

"Well, he spread the news and the next day, while Debby was helpin' her mother nurse her father the best she could, somebody called her over toward th' woods. They made her stand still 'bout three rods from 'em and shouted to her that the best they could do was to see that the fam'ly had vittles enough. The neighbors would cook up a lot and leave it every day in the fence corner and Debby could come and git it.

"That was the way they fixed it. Aunt Debby said they was awful faithful and good 'bout it and never failed, rain or shine, to leave a lot of the best stuff they could git in them days. But before long she left some of it there, to show they didn't need so much, because they wasn't so many to eat.

"First, Aunt Debby's father died. Her mother and she dug the grave in th' corner of th' clearin', down there where I'm pointin'. Aunt Debby said she couldn't never forget how her mother looked as she said a prayer before they shovelled the dirt back in. Then the two of 'em took care of the cow and tried to get in a few garden seeds while they nursed one of the children—the boy that was next to Debby. That turned out to be small-pox, of course, and he died and they buried him alongside his father. Then the two youngest girls, twins they was, took sick, and before they died Aunt Debby's mother fell over in a faint while she was tryin' to spade up the garden. Aunt Debby got her into the house and put her to bed. She never said another thing, but just died without so much as knowin' Debby. She and the twins went the same day, and Debby buried 'em in one grave.

"It took her all day to dig it, she said. They was afraid of wolves in them days and had to have their graves deep. The baby, the one that was to be my grandfather, played 'round while she was diggin', and she had to stop to milk the cow and git his meals for him. She got the bodies over to the grave, one at a time, draggin' 'em on the wood-sled. When she was ready to shovel the dirt back in, 'twas gettin' to be twilight, and she said the thrushes were beginnin' to

sing—she made the baby kneel down and she got on her knees beside him and took hold of his hand to say a prayer. She was just about wore out, as you can think, and scared to death, and she'd never known any prayer, anyhow. All she could think to say was 'Lord—Lord—Lord!' And she made the baby say it, over and over. I guess 'twas a good enough prayer too. When I married and come up here to live, seems as though I never heard the thrushes begin to sing in the evening without I looked down there and could almost see them two on their knees.

"Well, there she was, fourteen years old, with a two-year-old baby to look out for, and all the rest of the family gone as though she'd dreamed 'em. She was sure she and little Eddie—you're named for him, Eddie, and don't you never forget it—would die, of course, like the others, but she wa'n't any hand to give up till she had to, and she wanted to die last, so to look out for the baby. So when she took sick she fought the small-pox just like a wolf, she used to tell us. She had to live, to take care of Eddie. She gritted her teeth and *wouldn't* die, though, as she always said, 'twould ha' been enough sight more comfortable than to live through what she did.

"Some folks nowadays say it couldn't ha' been small-pox she had, or she couldn't ha' managed. I don't know 'bout that. I guess 'twas plenty bad enough, anyhow. She was out of her head a good share of th' time, but she never forgot to milk the cow and give Eddie his meals. She used to fight up on her knees (there was a week when she couldn't stand without fallin' over in a faint) and then crawl out to the cow-shed and sit down flat on the ground and reach up to milk. One day the fever was so bad she was clear crazy and she thought angels in silver shoes come right out there, in the manure an' all, and milked for her and held the cup to Eddie's mouth.

"An' one night she thought somebody, with a big black cape on, come and stood over her with a knife. She riz up in bed and told him to '*git out!*' She'd have to stay to take care of the baby!' And she hit at the knife so fierce she knocked it right out'n his hand. Then she fainted away agin. She didn't come to till mornin', and when she woke up she knew she was goin' to live. She always said her hand was all bloody that morning from a big cut in it, and she

used to show us the scar—a big one 'twas, too. But I guess most likely that come from somethin' else. Folks was awful superstitious in them days, and Aunt Debby was always kind o' queer.

"Well, an' so she did live and got well, though she never grew a mite from that time. A little wizened-up thing she was, always; but I tell you folks 'round here thought a nawful lot of Aunt Debby! And, Eddie, if you'll believe it, never took the sickness at all. They say, sometimes, babies don't.

"They got a fam'ly to come and work the farm for 'em, and Debby she took care of her little brother, same as she always had. And he grew up and got married and come to live in this house and Aunt Debby lived with him. They did set great store by each other! Grandmother used to laugh and say grandfather and Aunt Debby didn't need no words to talk together. I was eight, goin' on nine—why, Susie, just your age—when Aunt Debby died. I remember as well the last thing she said. Somebody asked her if she was afraid. She looked down over the covers—I can see her now, like a old baby she looked, so little and so light on the big feather-bed, and she said, 'Is a grain o' wheat scared when you drop it in the ground?' I always thought that wa'n't such a bad thing for a child to hear said.

"She'd wanted to be buried there beside the others and grandfather did it so. While he was alive he took care of the graves and kept 'em in good order; and after I married and come here to live I did. But I'm gettin' on now, and I want you young folks should know 'bout it and do it after I'm gone.

"Now, here, Susie, take this pot of petunias and set it out on the head of the grave that's got a stone over it. And if you're ever inclined to think you have a hard time, just you remember Aunt Debby and shut your teeth and *hang on!* If you tip the pot bottom-side up, and knock on it with a stone, it'll all slip out easy. Now go along with you. We've got to be starting for home soon."

There was a brief pause and then the cheerful voice went on: "If there's any flower I do despise, it's petunias! But 'twas Aunt Debby's 'special favorite, so I always start a pot real early and have it in blossom when her birthday comes 'round."

By the sound she was struggling heavily to her feet. "Yes, do, for goodness' sakes,

haul me up, will ye? I'm as stiff as a old horse. I don't know what makes me so rheumy-ticky. My folks ain't, as a general thing."

There was so long a silence that the girl inside the house wondered if they were gone, when Mrs. Pritchard's voice began again: "I do like to come up here! It minds me of him an' me livin' here when we was young. We had a good time of it!"

"I never could see," commented the other, "how you managed when he went away t' th' war."

"Oh, I did the way you do when you *have* to! I'd felt he ought to go, you know, as much as he did, so I was willin' to put in my best licks. An' I was young too—twenty-three—and only two of the children born then—and I was as strong as a ox. I never minded the work any! 'Twas the days after battles, when we couldn't get no news, that was the bad part. Why, I could go to the very spot, over there where the butternut tree stands—'twas our garden then—where I heard he was killed at Gettysburg."

"What did you do?" asked the other.

"I went on hoein' my beans. There was the two children to be looked out for, you know. But I ain't mindin' tellin' you that. I can't look at a bean-row since without gettin' so sick to my stomach and feelin' the goose-pimples start all over me."

"How did you hear 'twan't so?"

"Why, I was gettin' in the hay—up there where the oaks stand was our hay-field then. I remember how sick the smell of the hay made me, and when the sweat run down into my eyes I was glad to feel 'em smart and sting—well, Abby, you just wait till you hear your Nathan'l is shot through the head and you'll know how I was—well, all of a sudden—somebody took the fork out'n my hand an'—an' said—'here, you drive an' I'll pitch'—and there —'twas—'twas—"

"Why Grandma Pritchard! You're—"

"No I ain't, either! I ain't such a fool, I hope! Why, see me cry like a old numskull! Ain't it ridic'ulous how you can talk 'bout deaths and buryin's all right, and can't tell of how somebody come back from the grave without—where in th' nation is my handkerchief! Why, Abby, things ain't never looked the same to me from that minute on. I tell you—I tell you—I *was real glad to see him!*

"Good land, what time o' day do you

suppose it can be? Susie! Eddie! Come, git your berries and start home!"

The two voices began to sound more faintly as the old woman's crutch rang on the stones. "Well, Abby, when I come up here and remember how I farmed it alone for four years, I say to myself that 'twan't only th' men that set the slaves free. Them that stayed to home was allowed to have their share in the good—" The syllables blurred into an indistinguishable hum and there fell again upon the house its old mantle of silence.

As if aroused by this from an hypnotic spell, the girl on the hay sat up suddenly, pressing her hands over her eyes; but she did not shut out a thousand thronging visions. There was not a sound but the loud throbbing of the pulses at her temples; but never again could there be silence for her in that spot. The air was thick with murmurs which beat against her ears. She was trem-

bling as she slipped down from the hay and, walking unsteadily to the door, stood looking half-wildly out into the haunted twilight.

The faint sound of the brook rose liquid in the quiet evening air.

There where the butternut tree stood, had been the garden!

The white birches answered with a rustling stir in all their lightly poised leaves.

Up there, where the oaks were, had been the hay-field!

The twilight darkened. Through the forest, black on the crest of the overhanging mountain, shone suddenly the evening star.

There, before the door, had stood the waiting wood-sled!

The girl caught through the gathering dusk a gleam of magenta from the corner of the clearing.

Two hermit thrushes, distant in the forest, began to send up their poignant antiphonal evening chant.

KISA-GŌTAMI

By Arthur Davison Ficke

YOUNG Kisa-Gōtami, the purely fair
As a white pearl brought from the unknown caves
Of sparkling sea—she who was late the song
Within her father's house—now being wed,
Bore a frail man-child; in whose little face
The flickering light of life for one day shone
And then departed like a mystery.

Thereupon, when her strength had half returned,
Still clasping to her breast the lifeless form
None dared take from her, Kisa-Gōtami
Wandered the streets; as though her weary feet
Sought for some marvel, seen in vision strange,
Which should restore the child and to a dream
Turn the bewildered anguish of her soul.
When noon was golden down the waving fields,
And when the purple shadows of the dusk
Crept from the hills, still the poor traveller
Stayed not her aimless passagings, distraught,
Wandering with the wandering moon. At dawn,
Passing beyond the borders of the town,
Unto a grove of pipal trees she came
On a low hill-side; where Siddhartha—whom
Light smote in Gaya with revealing beam
And men thereafter called the Buddha—risen

For meditation in the clear sweet air
 Of early morning, sat in deep repose.
 And looking with wild eyes up to his face,
 Whereon the aspect of a holy man
 Brooded ineffably, a sudden flood
 Of utterance from her long-unopened lips
 Poured—as a river, feeling close ahead
 The presence of the wide infinite sea,
 Rolls with a sudden and importunate gush
 Its troubled current into the calm deep.

“O Lord, my grief exceeds all mortal grief.
 I shall not ever look on peace again
 Unless I find the herb. Somewhere on earth
 It must be growing now. Thy face is kind,
 And wise as with great knowledge. I am worn
 With seeking; and I am not wise. O Lord,
 Can'st thou not help me in my hour of pain?”

To her the Buddha, with compassionate eyes,
 Spake—“What is this thou seekest?”

And she said—
 “I seek the herb that bringeth life again,”
 While her glance touched the dead child in her arms.

Then the deep eyes of Buddha dwelt on her,
 Seeming to fold her in a brooding gaze
 Of comprehension and profoundest thought,
 Wherein the tides of pity rose and fell
 And swept beyond her; as his inward sight
 Opened on wider vistas and beheld
 The web of sorrow that enfolds the world.
 Until at length his musings died away;
 And his heart saw her like a pitiful dove
 Smitten and sinking in the lost abyss.

Gently he looked upon her, and then spake.—

“Be thou not troubled: let the dawnlight lay
 Cool fingers on thy brow: go thou in peace
 Into the city; there a simple herb
 Thou shalt procure—a little mustard-seed,
 The commonest thing that grows. Of such is made
 The cure for all thy grief, and this thy child.
 Heed only this—if from its strength shall come
 Aught that may profit thee in thy desire,
 Thou must obtain it from a happy home
 Wherein no child nor spouse nor sire has died.”

Then Kisa-Gōtami, white gentle one,
 Laughed loud for joy, crying—“I go, I go.”
 With simple trust, before the Buddha's feet
 She laid the dead child; and then turned in haste
 And sped unto the city with light steps,
 Nor looked behind her.

And the Buddha sat
 Brooding upon the hill-side; strange slow thoughts
 Dwelt in his eyes, and voiceless mysteries
 Swept o'er his brow like cloud-shadows that move
 Across the silent mountain-slopes at noon.
 Thus meditation ruled upon his soul
 While the dawn spent its pale and gorgeous gleams,
 And morning rose out of the wine-hued east
 Into a dome of turquoise, and the sun
 Measured its noontide height to sink again
 Slowly to westward.

Softly from the west
 Came the first evening breath; and with it came,
 Out of the city, Kisa-Gōtami,
 With quiet steps. And in her eyes the light
 Glimmered less wildly under the pale brow,
 As to the Buddha she held out her hands—
 Empty: she smiled; and tears fell; and she spake.—

“O Lord, my search is ended, and I know.
 Unto each home I went, and begged of each
 A little boon—a grain of mustard-seed.
 And all with uttermost kindness would have given,
 Save that I asked if child or spouse or sire
 Out of their midst had died; and every house
 Replied—‘Nay, we have lost a well-loved one.’
 From door to door I passed, but still the same.
 Until at length a grave and aged man
 Answered me—‘Child, the living are but few,
 The dead are many.’ And the sudden thought
 Filled me of all the other mourning hearts;
 And in the great grief I became but one—
 A tiny mote amid immensities
 Of the world's sorrow; and their kinship spread
 Like a warm cloak around me: I beheld
 All other burdened souls stretch out to me
 Infinite sisterhood. That which was I
 Ceased then to be; I knew myself a part
 Lost in the greater life. And lo! my soul
 Seemed purged and lightened and no more afraid
 Ever of the pain that filled it. Now I come
 To bear my dead unto my home again,
 And give him sepulture, and strew young flowers,
 And reassume what life may hold.”

Deep speech
 Trembled upon the Buddha's lips, and ebb'd
 As ebbs a great tide on a starless shore.
 And stretching forth his hand, in the last dusk
 Of ghostly twilight, he, with voice wherein
 Dwelt all the joys and sorrows of the world
 And the wild bitterness and the final calm,
 Spake gently—“My disciple, go in peace.”

IN DEFENCE OF THE AMERICAN CITY

By Frederic C. Howe



THE belief is very general that the city is our most conspicuous political failure. I question if this is true. Men feel more hopeless about the city than they do about the State or the nation. I believe this is not justified. It is a commonplace that our cities are inefficient, if not generally corrupt. I believe this opinion is greatly exaggerated.

And the causes generally assigned for these conditions are, first, the indolence of the voter; second, the prevalence of partisan politics; and, third, personal self-interest and the absorption of the American people in money-making. These, in substance, are the reasons assigned by Mr. James Bryce as the causes of our political failures.

I do not believe these are what the lawyer would call the "proximate causes" of our municipal failures. They are rather secondary causes, possibly results which follow from antecedent conditions. They are personal, political, ethical explanations of what a more thorough analysis will show to be economic, social, and institutional faults.

In the first place, we are not fair in our judgment of the American city. Our standards are taken from the continent of Europe. We compare the cleanliness, orderliness, and beauty of the German city with the disorder, dirt, and ugliness of our own. We forget that the American city is, for the most part, a very new thing. It was born but yesterday. And it is an industrial child. The cities of Europe, on the other hand, have centuries of tradition. They were planned as capital cities, as the *Hauptstaedte* of kings, princes, and feudal overlords, rather than as industrial centres. Continental towns were but part of a feudal domain. Dresden, Munich, Mannheim, and Düsseldorf were planned by their rulers much as a retired business man might plan an estate in this country. Moreover, most of the cities of Europe were old before our cities were born. They have a heritage of love, veneration, and beauty, and they delight in this heritage.

With the exception of those of the seaboard, our cities are new. They have grown from village to town, and from town to city, with little expectation of a larger growth. Street has been laid by street to meet the demands of business. Officials are still absorbed in the most elementary problems. Highways have to be paved, sewered, and kept in repair. School-houses must be built to keep pace with the inrush of people. The American city is not unlike the first generation of pioneers which built its dugouts on the prairies as protection from the storm. Our cities have not had time to become cities. They are mere aggregations of individuals, having no racial ties in common, and few political, industrial, or social traditions which make for cohesion. All these things must be taken into consideration in our criticism of the American city. They explain in part the difference between our cities and those of the Old World.

There are still other considerations to be borne in mind in our criticism of the city. There are legal limitations which burden officials and render development almost impossible. By far the most serious of these burdens on the city is its poverty of power. It has no autonomy, no home rule, little authority to act in a sovereign way. Our cities are not free to solve their problems as they will. Charters have been drawn for the most part by legislatures distrustful of the city or by special interests solicitous only of property or special privileges in danger of regulation or control. These interests include street-railway, gas, electric-light, and telephone companies, steam railroads, docks, factories, and tenements, all of which are politically powerful and all of which readily combine to maintain a supremacy above and beyond the law. They oppose any generous grant of power to the cities. They fear municipal ownership or competition. They ward off regulation and control. The tax rate is limited. So is the bonded indebtedness. Cities cannot undertake any large enterprises until they first carry on an exhaustive campaign before the legislature or for a

constitutional amendment. By the time the power has been secured, the administration which promoted it has passed out of office or the opportunity for its use is no longer available.

The powers of the city have been kept down to routine functions, while the rights of individual property have been invested with a sacredness that is almost inviolable. The city cannot control the laying out or planning of streets or suburban allotments; it cannot determine the nature, style, or height of structures. The orderly growth of the city is left to the selfish, unregulated interest of land speculators and builders. Comprehensive planning or the development of a big municipal programme is impossible.

Even the details of police and health administration, the method of building, cleaning, and repairing streets, of controlling slums, factories, and tenements, are narrowly prescribed by laws which follow many years beyond the evils to be regulated. Nor has the city any large control over transportation, over the public utility corporations, over the building of docks, harbor, and terminals which supply the services of transit, light, heat, and power.

Nor can the city frame its own machinery of government. In many States, all cities, no matter what their size, are compelled to adopt a uniform charter. In others, partisan, political, or other considerations lead to special legislation designed in the interest of individuals, a party, or a class. The American city is a ward of the State, not unlike the infant in chancery, which the legislature watches over as though it were unable to care for itself. It is the Cinderella of our politics. It is distrusted by some, treated by many as if it were an evil in itself.

In the sense we think of the cities of Greece, mediæval Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, the American city is not a city at all. It is an agent of the State like a county, a township, or some other local civil division. Many of our city failures should be laid on the principal, not on the agent; on the State, not on the municipality.

This servitude of the city to the State is the heaviest burden it has to carry. The wonder is, not that our cities have done so badly, but that they have done so well.

Nearly all the really great cities of the world have been free cities. Athens was

free, and Athens produced the wonderful city civilization that has inspired subsequent centuries. Her people had a city sense, a city pride in their city state. Rome, too, was free, as were the Roman communities, which dotted the civilized world. During the Middle Ages there sprang up in Italy, Germany, France, and the Netherlands cities that were little republics. They obtained their freedom from feudal overlords by purchase or conquest. Their merchant princes embellished these cities with magnificent halls, structures, and cathedrals that have remained the wonder of the modern world. Some idea of the magnificence of these mediæval cities is apparent in Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, and the old free cities of Nuremberg, Frankfurt, Hamburg, and Bremen.

Again, in the twentieth century, we find the freest of all cities in Germany. The municipality can do as it wills with itself. In an autocratic caste-controlled country the city has nearly absolute freedom. It can experiment as it wills. It can levy taxes as it chooses. It can own, regulate, or control street railways, gas, and other public services. It can build splendid docks, harbors, and opera-houses, theatres, art-galleries, and museums. It can promote education—primary, secondary, or higher education—in any way it sees fit, once it has satisfied the minimum standards of the state. There is no real limit to the amount it can raise in taxation or the way it secures it. No statute or constitution confines its bonded indebtedness to a low percentage of its assessed valuation. One finds German towns no larger than Buffalo, Pittsburg, or Indianapolis with a debt of one hundred and twenty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars per head, or two or three times the per capita indebtedness of the American city.

Within its own confines, the German city is almost sovereign, nearly as sovereign as were the free Hanseatic towns of an earlier age. It can plan its growth far out in the suburbs, acquire forests and parkways, purchase interurban street railways and water powers, and build with the pride and love of the beautiful that inspired the merchant princes of mediæval times.

The German city is the most finished as well as the most efficient political agency in the modern world because it is free, free to experiment, free to have dreams and to

realize these dreams in its own way. This awakens the people. It inspires them to effort. It gives them a sense of affection for their city like that which they have for the Fatherland. There is the greatest rivalry among German cities. They compete with one another to be centres of commerce, education, art, and culture. The phenomenal development of modern Germany is quite largely attributable to the unhampered freedom of her cities.

The American city labors under still another limitation that is not known abroad. Municipal administration is confused by sumptuary and excise questions which are a universal cause of trouble. They arise in almost every campaign. They divert city administrations. A large percentage of the people in our larger cities has little sympathy with the rigorous Sunday and excise laws enacted by distant State legislatures, and aimed at the control of the liquor traffic. New standards of what is right and wrong, to which the foreign population is not accustomed, and which are at variance with the desire of a large part of the working people, have lured the foreign-born population, the saloon-keeper, and their friends and allies into politics.

It is not a question of whether these excise laws are right or wrong. It is the alien issue which they raise that causes the trouble. For the laws passed by the State have to be enforced by city officials. And in most reform movements they are a "red herring" drawn across the administration. The saloon question is injected into the campaign. Candidates are called upon to declare in advance whether they will enforce the State laws and use the police force in the interest of crusades and a policy of repression. These issues are emphasized by a large portion of the community to the exclusion of every other question. The big questions of efficient administration are lost sight of. An honest candidate cannot evade the question, and if he declares for the vigorous enforcement of State laws, he cements against him an organization of the underworld, those of liberal views and traditions, whose instinct is for the enjoyment of pleasures or privileges which they look upon as a natural right.

This excise issue does not enter into municipal politics in Europe. City administration is free from this confusing issue which wrecks many of our reform

movements. The emphasis abroad is upon the bigger questions of city administration.

There is yet another word to be said in extenuation of the American city, and that relates to our political tools. For the most part they are very unworkable. That is the intention of many of our city charters. They are not adjusted to democracy, which has at most a biennial chance at their control. They are adjusted to those who have the means and the time to devote to politics. Our city charters are complicated. Elections are frequently held along with State and national ones when the attention of the voter is centred on other questions. The local election is merely accidental. Moreover, the charter itself is confusing. The mayor hides behind the council, the boards which manage the various departments, boards which are frequently selected by the State or other officials over whom the people have no control. Relatively simple as is the charter of New York, I doubt if there are more than a few hundred people who know, or are in a position to find out, the powers of the various officials. They would not understand the charter if they read it.

Possibly the worst evil of all is the long ballot, which confuses all save those who have sufficient time and interest to secure the nomination and election of their own representatives to office. With from forty to fifty names in each column, and with national and State questions of commanding importance before the voter, and with a charter which only the initiated can understand, it is not greatly to his discredit if the man on the street votes a straight ticket or washes his hands of the city election as an inextricable and hopeless problem.

In recent years two movements have made great headway for the correction of these institutional or political evils. One is the commission plan of city government, the other is the principle of direct legislation. The commission plan is simple, direct, and comprehensive. It involves the election of three or five men who are intrusted with all legislative and executive functions. There is no attempt to maintain the tripartite distribution of power, which has been a political feticch since the making of the Federal Constitution. In many cities party emblems have been abolished. The names of candidates bear no partisan designation. In the cities of the West, where this experi-

ment has had a fair trial, one hears the comment from business men that "You can understand the city now. It is being run just as I run my business. There is no mystery about it." The traditions of inefficiency and graft have been almost forgotten and the city seems to have acquired a new reputation by the mere alteration in the tools with which the people govern themselves.

Responsiveness and responsibility have been secured through the initiative, referendum, and the recall. These have awakened a feeling of power on the part of the voter that has changed the psychology of the city still further. The voter feels that he can get what he wants when he wants it sufficiently hard. And he rests easy in the knowledge that nothing very bad can be done because of the final veto which he holds over legislation as well as over the officials whom he has chosen to do his work for him.

Many of our reforms in America come in through the back door. The commission form of government abolished at one stroke the long blanket ballot, the party emblem, and the old party convention. We have come close to the methods of nomination and election in the English and German cities by throwing on the scrap-heap the American idea that safety is only to be secured through a wide distribution of power and responsibility and the preservation of a system of checks and balance between officials.

In England, when an elector goes to the polls at a municipal election he votes for but one office, a member of the city council. The ballot is as short as it can be made. He is not confused by candidates for Parliament, not even by a school ticket. Elections for these offices are held on another year. The same thing is true in Germany. Moreover, the system of administration in Germany and England is so simple that any citizen can understand it. In England he knows that his councilman represents him; that he can secure a hearing either before the proper committee or the manager of a department in which he is interested. The same thing is true in Germany.

There is another burden on the American city from which the cities of Germany and England are free. Our cities suffer greatly from the political activities of the public utility corporations that use our streets under franchises and grants from

the council. Their most valuable asset is frequently the privilege of remaining free from regulation, from competition, or from municipal ownership. The rights they enjoy are of colossal value. They have been heavily capitalized. Their stocks and bonds have been sold in expectation of freedom from control. The securities are owned by banks and trust companies or held by them as collateral for loans.

These corporations constantly seek to control the city government. They contribute to campaign funds, select the party committee, and are influential in the party organization. They are consulted when nominations are made for the mayoralty, for tax assessors, and for members of the city councils. They are influential in city conventions and in alliance with the city boss. Their pecuniary interest lures them into politics. They fear direct primaries, the abolition of party emblems, the initiative and the referendum, and any change in the machinery of government which puts an end to the confusion which only they can understand.

Disclosures in a dozen cities have traced the control of the city to the doors of these corporations. Their interest in politics is inevitable. They are in constant contact with the departments of public works, of streets, and of taxation. Loss of this control may involve an increase of millions in taxes. It may mean they will be compelled to place their conduits underground, to pave streets which they injure, to reduce their rates and charges. In a hundred different ways they are dependent on the goodwill of public officials. And it is of the utmost importance to them to control the party organizations, the machinery of nomination, and those who have favors to grant or whose hostility they fear.

Unfortunately, this political activity does not end here. Those who own the public utility corporations are interested in the banks as well. The favors they have to grant run into the business of the city. They very generally own or control a portion of the press, or through advertising patronage are able to coerce the newspapers into silence or activity in their behalf. The social clubs, professions, and the avenues of political and social advancement are in the hands of the same class. How completely this organization can be used to destroy any man who dares to challenge its

power has been shown in such cities as Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, San Francisco, and elsewhere. During the controversies in these cities lines were drawn as in the border cities during the Civil War. Old friendships were sundered, business men were boycotted, and all thought of city matters was suspended until the duel between the public and private forces was at an end.

This conflict of public and private interests excludes much of the talent and ability of the city from active service in city politics. Business men dare not enter the council because of this conflict of interests. Nor can the professional man. He knows that his friends and business associates are interested in some one of these corporations. He may disapprove of their methods, but he either does not dare or does not care enough to undertake the cost which a conflict involves. It is this and the distrust on the part of the people of those who are identified with large business interests that keeps the business and professional man out of city politics.

That capable and successful men are not excluded from local politics by democracy is seen in the fact that our school and library boards are filled with men of this class. When free to do so they serve their community gladly without pay and with the utmost self-sacrifice. And the public is willing to trust them and is glad to do so in such places. But it is equally true that the people do not trust the business man in those positions where franchise interests are involved. They fear the influence of association, of prejudice against the rights of the public, and refuse to return business men to the council or to executive positions.

The efficiency, the honesty, and the comparative freedom from criticism of those departments of our cities which have no relations with the privileged interests strongly support the conviction that the failures of our cities are not due to democracy so much as to the ascendancy of privileged business. For wherever democracy is free, wherever there are no prizes to be gained from the control of the agencies of government, in the schools, the parks, and the library departments, we secure efficiency of a high order. On the other hand, where business interests fear efficiency, where honesty is not compatible with the preservation of spe-

cial privileges, there we have not only inefficiency but dishonesty as well.

We have generally ignored these burdens in our criticisms of the American city. They are limitations which the European city has never known. The franchises of the public utility corporations in England are under the control of Parliament. They are granted not by the city, but by a special legislative act after local inquiry has been made. The city has practically no control over franchise questions. Moreover, most of the British and German cities own the street-railway, electric-lighting, and water companies, while more than sixty per cent of the gas plants in Great Britain are in public hands.

Of the fifty largest cities in Great Britain and Germany, the following number own their public utility services:*

	GREAT BRITAIN	GERMANY
Water supply . . .	39	48
Gas supply . . .	21	50
Electricity supply . . .	44	42
Street railways . . .	42	23
Slaughter-houses . . .	23	43

These cities have been freed from the conflict of interest which divides the American city into classes, a conflict which detaches and identifies the most influential portion of our people from the city.

It is these causes rather than the indifference of our people, the absorption in money-getting, or the prevalence of partisanship in city elections that seem to me to explain our cities. The causes are economic and social, rather than personal or ethical. They are traceable to the injection of false issues, to confusing machinery, and the absence of that opportunity for city building that lures big men into politics and awakens people to a love for that which they believe to be their own. These, it seems to me, are the "proximate causes" of our failures. And until we have given our cities home rule, so that the talent and patriotism of the city can express itself; until we have freed our cities from the petty charter limitations placed upon them by the State; until we have given democracy tools that are simple, direct, and easily understood, and made it possible for the skill and talent of the community to engage in local affairs without that duality of interest that now exists; until we have done these things, we

* Taken from "Municipal Year Book of Great Britain for 1909" and the "Kommunales Jahrbuch of Germany."

should not cast up the accounts against democracy which we have never fairly or fully tried. Nor is it fair to assume that the American people are less able, less honest, or less intelligent in things political than the people of Great Britain and Germany, until we have had a fair test under comparable conditions.

Despite all these burdens the American city has achieved a degree of efficiency in certain departments that is equal to the best of any cities in the world. In some respects our cities are in advance of any in Europe. This is particularly true in the matter of taxation, bad as we think our taxing systems to be. The methods by which the city collects its revenue are as important, possibly more important, than the ways in which it spends it. And we collect our local revenues more justly than do any cities of Europe. This is one-half the problem of municipal administration. The bulk of our local taxes comes from an ad valorem tax on real estate. Probably fifty per cent of our revenues comes from land values alone. For many years the cities of Boston and New York have assessed their land and improvements with accuracy and far more scientifically than is done any place else in the world. For some years German cities have been adjusting their real-estate taxes to American methods. About 1889 the Prussian Interior Department authorized cities to assess the capital valuation of land rather than its rental value; to tax land at what it is worth rather than at what it is actually yielding. Cabbage-patches had been taxed on their income as cabbage-patches, even though the land was worth thousands of dollars an acre. Cities eagerly availed themselves of this opportunity. They adopted the American method (with some modifications) and greatly increased their revenues from real-estate values in consequence.

In Great Britain the cities have been struggling for years to get away from what is in effect a survival of the feudal system of collecting local rates or taxes from the occupier. An organization of five hundred cities and local authorities have petitioned Parliament over and over again to permit them to assess land values as is done in this country. For the English cities collect practically all their revenues from a tax on the tenant; *i. e.*, the city takes in taxes a certain percentage of the rent paid to the

owner. If property is not rented, it pays no taxes. If land is not improved, it bears no burden.

The local taxing system of English cities is most unjust. It throws almost the whole burden on the poor. This, too, explains the terrible congestion, the tenements, and the slums. For land can be held out of use in and about the English cities and pay no taxes until it is actually built upon.

New York City alone secures a larger revenue from land values than do the much-heralded "unearned increment" taxes of all the cities of Germany and all the taxes of the revolutionary Lloyd George budget of 1909 combined. The total collections of New York City from this source amount to approximately sixty million dollars a year. I think it may fairly be claimed that we have made more progress in local taxation than have any cities of the world.

It must be remembered, too, that many activities of the American city are efficiently performed. Our library systems are models. In this we have been pioneers. The rapid development of public and private libraries, the extension of branches, the opening of reading-rooms and library centres, the use of pictures and children's departments show the possibilities of our municipal democracy—when the laws of the State permit it to grow as it will.

Commissions come to America to study our library methods just as commissions go from this country to Europe to study their municipal achievements. The park systems of our cities are of the same high order. Our development in recent years has been phenomenal. Not only are our parks generous in area, but they have been laid out by experts in a far-sighted way. The Boston system is said to be the most comprehensive of any in the world, while those of Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Kansas City, Denver, and a score of lesser cities compare favorably with those of any cities of Europe.

America, too, led the way in playground development, as well as in the wider use of the school-house and the social centre. The exhibits of the American city in these activities at the Berlin Town Planning Exposition were accepted as in advance of those of Europe.

From the very beginning our fire departments have been honestly and efficiently administered. These, too, have been mod-

els for foreign cities. For the most part, they have been free from the spoils system. Merit has been recognized in the selection of chiefs. New appliances have been rapidly introduced and an *esprit du corps* has been created like that of the army and the navy.

Our common schools have always been a source of pride. Expenditure is generous. Teachers, for the most part, are well trained and school equipment is of an elaborate sort. Increased appropriations for high-schools, for technical, manual training, and kindergarten training have followed one another with great rapidity. Our schools are, for the most part, honestly administered, and with a relatively high degree of intelligence and foresight. All things considered, our schools are in advance of those of any country in Europe, with the possible exception of Germany and Denmark. It is in the technical and manual-training schools that the former country excels.

Within the past ten years the American city has awakened to the idea of city beautification, to the building of civic centres, the grouping of public buildings, and the erection of public structures on an ambitious scale. Nearly one hundred cities are engaged on projects of city planning, in the opening up of congested business centres, the building of boulevards in the suburbs, and the laying out of outlying land in an intelligent and far-sighted way. The colossal undertaking inspired by the Commercial Club, of Chicago, estimated to cost over one hundred and fifty million dollars, is comparable with the work of Baron Haussmann in Paris, under the direction of Napoleon III. Cleveland is carrying through a group of public buildings on the lake front at a cost of nearly fifteen million dollars. An old section of the city is being razed of buildings. The city hall, courthouse, public library, Federal building, and Union Station are being grouped about a downtown plaza opening on to Lake Erie. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Rochester, Buffalo, Hartford, and a score of cities have awakened to this idea within a very short period.

This sort of city building has seized hold of the imagination of the American city as has no other idea in a generation, and the generous response which democracy has made to the demand is a conclusive com-

mentary on the desire of the people for a better city.

Moreover, entire cities are, for periods at least, practically free from that kind of vulgar graft with which we assume our cities are honey-combed. New York under its present administration is intelligently, honestly, and for the most part faithfully facing the problems of city administration. It is hampered by State laws and subject to legislative control in ways that prevent a big vision of city building. But for three years officials have been perfecting the city's administration so as to secure economy and efficiency in its expenditure.

Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Milwaukee, and a score of cities have been free from the scandals with which we associate city administration, while some of these cities have been governed with a high order of talent and service.

The most costly failures of our cities are not personal or political, as is usually assumed; they rather relate to the physical side of the city. We have not yet acquired that big-visioned outlook on city building that characterizes city administration in Germany, Austria, France, and, within the last few years, Great Britain as well. We have fixed our thoughts on political and legal problems to the neglect of the far more important physical things. We have not thought in city terms, have not begun to build cities, to consider comfort, convenience, and beauty. We have not controlled the harmonious development of the community with an eye to the future, and with our thoughts on coming generations. It is the absence of conscious city plans, it is our mistaken reliance on the free play of individualism, that has made our cities unattractive and wanting in the charm and comfort of those in Europe.

Officials of the American city have not yet realized that the city is a permanent thing, to be built for all time and, with a conscious, intelligent outlook on the needs of community life. We have failed to control property in the interest of the community, failed to assert the sovereignty of the city over things as we have over people. It is the economic foundations that have been neglected.

This is where we have most signally failed, and it is in these things that the next forward movement of our cities is to express itself, as it has in recent years in the wonderful cities that industrial Germany has built.

THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

XXV

COLONEL CHALLONER'S REVOLT



We will have to make a great stand next year, Rames," said Robert Brook. "We must organize. We have time, thank goodness. There are ten of us now. A lot more will join us."

"But will they vote? That's the point," returned Rames. "Will they vote against the government's bill on its second reading?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Brook replied enthusiastically. "There are a lot of discontented people in our majority. We'll have voters—Challoner, for instance. Besides, you have friends."

Rames laughed.

"Yes, I know the kind of friends—fellows who come to you in your seat after you have spoken, pat you on the back, whisper that they are with you, and then troop like tame mice into the government lobby against you. I've watched them."

Brook, however, was not to be damped. He threw himself for the rest of that session into the work of organization. A halting speaker and an ineffectual personage, he had sat for twenty years in the House of Commons and was not tired of it. He was without distinction, he was the confidant of no minister, he was never caricatured, he was never the chairman of a committee, he rarely spoke. The recruits of each new Parliament took almost its duration before they assigned individuality to his features or honored him with a name. He was mediocrity's last word. But he had charming manners and won to a kind of friendly pity those whose acquaintance he gently made. He was born for private life, but the House of Commons had caught him as in a net. He had no other interests, he had no wife, he did not any longer even aspire to office. To be busy in the House of Commons—that was life-blood to him and a re-

newal of youth. His chance had come now. He hurried from man to man, discreet and furtive. He arranged private meetings. He hooked his little wagon to Rames's star. He approached Colonel Challoner.

Challoner, the party hack, was instinctively outraged. Was the list of ministers closed forever? No! But as he was about to repel Robert Brook's advances, the very holder of the office which he coveted stung him into revolt.

It was quite toward the end of the session. Colonel Challoner was walking through the division lobby late at night when he saw the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Charles Bradley, in front of him. There was some stir at the time because certain Indian emigrants had suffered in one of the disturbances of Southern Persia. Colonel Challoner hurried officiously to Mr. Bradley's side.

"Bradley," he said, "don't you think it would be good policy to repatriate those Indians at our expense? What?"

Mr. Bradley, a florid gentleman, youthfully middle-aged, with a sweet voice, a pompous manner, and perhaps a bare sufficiency of brains, turned to the colonel with condescending kindness.

"As a member of the government," he said importantly, "I can no longer speak freely. Ah, my dear Challoner, I tell you I regret day after day that corner seat on the front bench below the gangway, and the opportunity of supplementary questions. But that happy time has gone. You might, if you like, raise the question on the adjournment or the Appropriation Bill next week. I could then reply to you."

Mr. Bradley smiled benignantly upon Colonel Challoner as from heights of sunrise, and passed on. He had grown very lordly since his elevation to office. Still, a few paces further on it seemed worth his while to stop until Challoner rejoined him. He did not notice that the colonel had grown rather red in the face.

"If you do raise the question, Colonel Challoner, could you introduce into your

speech 'Civis Romanus sum'? I should like to hang my speech upon that. Thank you."

Even a party hack will turn if he be sufficiently trodden upon by minor ministers, and Colonel Challoner did now.

"Mr. Bradley," he asked with a most elaborate politeness, "have you ever calculated how many Under-Secretaries of State, past and present, there are alive to-day? Or how many of them have names which are even faintly familiar to the public?"

Mr. Bradley gasped and stared. This was Challoner—old Challoner—talking! Bradley was quite unprepared to cope with so unparalleled an outrage. The colonel actually went on, and in accents of raillery:

"'Civis Romanus sum.' Now, why quote a phrase so banal. Surely, Mr. Bradley, it has had its day. We can do better than that if we put our heads together. Civis Romanus sum! God bless my soul! But I am willing to help you with a tag of Latin. I will introduce another sentence. Balbus shall build a wall—upon my word he shall—and you can hang your speech onto that, and be damned to you."

Mr. Bradley, however, had suffered enough of this unseemliness. He hurried forward and passed between the clerks who recorded the votes with a heightened color. Colonel Challoner followed him. But he waited at the door for Robert Brook to emerge, and then drew him by the arm into the outer lobby.

"I have been thinking over what you proposed, Brook," he said. "Certainly, certainly, we must make a stand against Fanshawe's bill. We have a duty to our constituents. We must show the government we are not to be trifled with."

Robert Brook responded with warmth.

"I thought that upon reflection you would look upon it in that way. You will be a pillar of strength to us, Challoner."

"That's very good of you," said Challoner. After all, there were some, it seemed, who knew his worth. "We must meet in the autumn—just those on whom we can depend—and arrange a plan of campaign."

"Yes," said Brook. "But where? We want, don't you think, to mask our batteries until the time comes for opening fire. We might meet at Rames's house—but it is known that he is opposed to the measure." He looked invitingly at his new ally.

"Yes, I see, I see," said Colonel Challoner a little doubtfully. There was a pro-

posal in his mind—he was not quite sure whether he would make it. It was a bold one—it was the burning of his boats.

"Well, why not?" he suddenly said. "Why not meet at my house in Dorsetshire? I have some partridges. They will provide the excuse. Let us meet in October. Let me have the names and I'll quietly ask the men before the session ends."

Mr. Brook was delighted. He called mysteriously upon Harry Rames.

"We have got Challoner," he said.

Rames shook his head.

"He'll back out."

"I don't see how he can. He is asking us all to meet at Bramling in the autumn."

Harry Rames sat back in his chair.

"How in the world did you manage that, Brook? We must go, of course."

Challoner spoke to Rames that evening. "It's to be quite an informal little party," he said with a wink, and took Rames and Brook each by the arm. Now that he had tasted the delights of revolt, Colonel Challoner too was a different man. He lost his dreariness. No longer he moulted; no longer he dripped melancholy on all who stood near to him. He passed ministers with a high head and an arrogant smile. "We'll show 'em," he said. "Yes, sir, we'll show 'em." And as he saw Bradley approaching him, "Here's Civis Romanus," he cried in tones loud enough to carry to the Under-Secretary's ears. The Under-Secretary flushed and hurried on. Colonel Challoner had told his story freely, and Civis Romanus Mr. Bradley remained for the rest of that Parliament. Colonel Challoner resumed: "We'll meet on the eighth of October. A little partridge shoot, eh? Just a few of us, jolly fellows all. You'll bring your wife, Rames, won't you? The others will."

That was a precaution which had been suggested by Brook.

"Some one is sure to let out that we are meeting at Bramling," he said. "If the men go without their wives, the gathering will have the look of a conspiracy. With them it will just be an ordinary autumn shooting party."

"Quite so," said Rames.

The House rose at eleven o'clock that night, and when Harry went home, he found his wife just returned from a dinner party. She came with him into his study and while

they sat and talked he told her that she too was to be included in the visit to Bramling. Cynthia's face clouded.

"I would rather not go," she said. "I don't think there is any need that I should."

"The other men will bring their wives."

"There will be enough then. It won't matter if one wife doesn't go."

She was looking at Harry Rames directly, but with a great disquiet in her eyes. Harry, however, persisted.

"I think you are wanted, Cynthia. We have a difficult job to keep these men together and agree upon a line of concerted action. Some women could be very useful at a juncture like this. You are one of them."

Cynthia rose with a quick movement to her feet. She stood before him, her broad forehead troubled, her lips mutinous and by her attitude she made all the more plain his need of her. The room was Rames's own study which had been lined with mahogany, and against the bright dark panelling, in her white dress, she gleamed slim and fair and beautiful as silver. Harry Rames looked her over with a smile. She was, as he put it to himself, exquisitely turned out. She had the grace and delicacy natural to a family nursed in good manners through a century, and with all her beauty she had simplicity and a desire to please.

"Yes, I want you, Cynthia," he said, and the blood rushed hot to her face and throat. She turned from him swiftly and went out of the open window onto a balcony which overhung their tiny square of garden. Rames's eyes followed her curiously. Something had gone wrong; that was clear. He could see her leaning over the rail in the darkness, her face between her hands.

Rames's survey of her had brought back to her recollection that distant morning by the wheat-field in South America when her father had looked her over horribly from head to foot and had valued her for a market. There had been just a touch of appraisal in her husband's look now. Almost she traced a resemblance in the two men's thoughts, the two men's examinations.

Harry left her to herself for a few minutes. Then he followed her:

"I think I understand, Cynthia," he said gently. "Of course it isn't a very high and lofty business we're engaged on. That's

right enough. And when you consider the sort of people our party's going to be composed of—the dissatisfied, the ambitious, the timid, and just a few who believe Fanshawe's bill a bad thing—the manoeuvre doesn't look very pretty. So if you don't want to go, don't."

But Cynthia had changed her mind.

"No. I'll come, Harry," she said. "It's too late to be half-hearted now. I'll certainly come."

She turned back into the room, and picking up her gloves from a table went upstairs. Harry Rames had no doubt that he had hit upon the reason of her disinclination to go to Bramling. But as Cynthia ran up the stairs she kept saying to herself nervously, like one who would frighten fear away with words:

"Perhaps no one will notice it. Very likely no one will notice it. And if they do, they will think it an accident."

She had not been considering at all the worthiness of these autumn manoeuvres. She had been thinking of a picture by Romney which hung in the dining-room of Bramling, a picture which she had never seen, but which yet she knew to be a portrait of herself. She had, however, promised to help in the making of the great career and this was one of its critical moments. It was, as she had said to Harry, too late to be half-hearted. If she failed him now, she failed him altogether. She must take the risk that others would notice the resemblance—and amongst the others, perhaps even her grandfather Colonel Challoner himself. To one determination, however, she clung. She would admit no kinship with the Challoners. Nothing should persuade her, neither the old man's loneliness nor his disappointed hopes. She held the name and the family in horror, though the name and the family were her own.

XXVI

THE PICTURE AT BRAMLING

BRAMLING is the very house for a conspiracy. It lies in Dorsetshire, hidden away at the back of the grass-walled town of Wareham on the road to nowhere. A stream runs past its door down to Poole Harbor, and its windows look across grass meadows to where the sea-cliffs lift against

the sky. Hither through one October day came in old-fashioned flies and private motor-cars the inhabitants of the Cave—Cynthia amongst the last of them with a foot which hesitated to cross the threshold. There were thirty in all assembled in the drawing-room when the dinner-gong sounded, eighteen men and twelve women. Colonel Challoner, to Cynthia's satisfaction, had to give his arm to Lady Lorme, the wife of an ex-Under-Secretary of the home office who had quarrelled with his chief and resigned. She herself was taken in by Robert Brook. Reluctance and curiosity struggled for mastery within her as she entered the dining-room, and took her seat. She would not look up at the walls, yet she could hardly but look up, and she sought furtively around the dinner-table whether any noticed the picture and her resemblance to it. But no one was looking at any picture at all. Not a remark was made or a glance thrown to show her where it hung. She looked more boldly at her companions, and coming to a greater ease began with enjoyment to laugh at herself. Not one person at the table was devoting a thought to her at all. They were all very busy, drinking their soup and talking rapidly like uncomfortable people who fear that if once their speech flags, they will never find anything more to say. They were in truth an uncongenial company, held together by a single link, their eagerness to harass their own government. Even Robert Brook, who knew Cynthia well, was talking to her with incoherence in his agitation lest the gathering at Bramling should fail. She heard Sir Faraday Lorme, a big red-faced man of sixty with a bull-neck, say across the table to Charles Payne, one of the eight who genuinely thought Fanshawe's bill a bad experiment:

"Of course, as a rule, you know I don't act with you, but—" and the rest of the sentence was lost to her ears, but it seemed to her that fully half of those present might have said as much to their neighbors. Further along the table she caught sight of Mr. Andrew Fallon, a dark, white-faced man who had only joined them because his wife had been signally and publicly snubbed by the wife of a Cabinet Minister. Cynthia could see the wife on the opposite side of the table, a portly overdressed woman with an overbearing voice; and on behalf of all her sex she felt grateful to the Cabinet Minister's wife.

A singularly gentle voice drew her attention. She turned away from Robert Brook, to find at her other side Mr. Howard Fall.

"We have spoken in the lobby, Mrs. Rames," said Howard Fall timidly. "Captain Rames was kind enough to introduce me."

"Yes, indeed," said Cynthia. "Oh, I am glad that you are here."

To her Howard Fall was, with the exception of her husband, the most interesting man in the room. She welcomed his presence whole-heartedly. He was intellect, he was modesty. Even now at her implied compliment he was blushing like a young girl and his eyes shone with dog-like gratitude. Howard Fall was then about fifty years of age; and though he was but a contemporary of Harry Rames in the House of Commons, he had already acquired there a special place of high distinction. Of too acute and logical a mind to be a good party-man, he harried with a pleasant voice and most destructive criticism, now his own party, now his opponents. He had one great quality in common with Cynthia, he was quite without affectation. He would make a brilliant speech with extraordinary diffidence. But he made it, and a genuine word of praise or thanks delighted him, as a school-boy is delighted with a sovereign. With the mild manners of a curate he combined the courage of a soldier. If he had ideas to express—and he generally had—no thought of prudence could hinder him from expressing them. Indeed, he drew a gentle contentment from the knowledge that as a rule they were troublesome to those whom he nominally supported. Cynthia had heard him more than once from the ladies' gallery, and had admired his honesty and his courage. For the moment she was enheartened by his presence. It put confidence into her. With him to help, Harry might indeed put up a fight against Mr. Devenish.

"I didn't know," said Howard Fall, "that Captain Rames was going to speak against Fanshawe's bill. Otherwise, of course, I should have been in the House to support him"; and the "of course" struck all Cynthia's comfort from her. It was so significant of the man. He was born predestined always to revolt. Any party of two had him for a third. Cynthia glanced disconsolately to where her husband sat at the

end of the table. But he showed no sign of misgiving. He was talking energetically to the four people nearest to him, and he only paused when her eyes rested upon his face. She turned away again and there above the head of Colonel Challoner, who was sitting exactly opposite to her, she saw at last the portrait glowing upon the wall.

For the moment she had forgotten it. Now it caught away her breath. She sat and stared at it. It was the portrait of a girl of seventeen, dressed in white from the big straw hat with its flapping brim to the shoes upon her feet. There was but one touch of color, a broad shining ribbon of bright blue looped about the crown of the hat, and thus dressed, the girl stood in a field of sunlight and corn, looking straight out from the picture, with a great curiosity and eagerness in her dark blue eyes. She seemed to be looking upon the gates of a world of wonder—gates which with a most tantalizing tardiness were slowly opening to let her through.

Was she herself indeed like that? The question rushed into Cynthia's mind. As pretty as that? It was impossible. Yet she had been recognized because of it. Just so then she must have looked that morning when after sending her neglected telegram to Captain Rames she had stood at the edge of the wheat on the Daventry estancia. Yet nobody recognized her now. She had the features of the girl in the portrait, the broad forehead, the straight delicate nose, the fair hair, the big dark blue eyes. Yet nobody recognized her. Perhaps, however, she had gone off. She was getting old. A gentle melancholy descended upon Cynthia. The fear lest her likeness to the girl in the picture should be remarked had quite gone since she had seen the picture. She was now rather hurt and indignant that no one had noticed it.

Lady Lorme gave the signal a little while afterward, and the ladies rose and left the men to their cigars and their discussion. Colonel Challoner opened the proceedings with a pompous, unnecessary little speech. He welcomed his guests, and he reminded them at considerable length of the object of the gathering. He concluded with a question as to whether any honorable member present had any views as to the best procedure to be adopted.

"Yes," said Harry Rames, "if I may make a suggestion. There are eighteen of

us here. I propose that we now go carefully through the list of members and consider how many more we can get to join us, upon whom we can count. I have Vacher's list here"; and he drew out from his pocket the familiar little paper-covered book with the names and addresses of the members.

"I think that's the first thing to be done," a man agreed from the other end of the table. He was a Mr. Edgington, a little, square, bald man with short side-whiskers, who seemed a cross between an attorney and a stable-boy. He was one of the many men in the House who have a subject. He had mastered the Housing question; he really knew the facts, he had the figures at his fingers' ends, and he had counted upon his knowledge to take him straight through the doors of the Local Government Board. But the doors had remained closed, and he had turned gadfly in consequence—a gadfly that trumpeted but had no sting. "To be sure about the men who will stand out against the pressure of the Whips, who will not be frightened into line by their local Associations, who retain, in a word, some self-respect and some veneration for the independence of the House of Commons—that is our first requisite," he said floridly.

The company then went carefully through the list and marked off twenty fresh names as the names of men who might be inclined to join the revolt. It was arranged that discreet letters should be written to them on the following day, and Robert Brook was appointed secretary by an unanimous vote.

"Of course we sha'n't get them all," said Lorme.

"And of those we do get, some will shirk when the division bell rings," added Howard Fall.

"No doubt," said Rames. "But if we can carry thirty men into the opposition lobby on the second reading, we shall have made a demonstration which will go far to kill the bill. It will mean sixty on a division. It will leave the government with a comfortable majority. We all want that of course,"—a chorus of approval, more or less sincere, greeted the remark—"But it will also mean that the government will hardly be able to force the bill through its committee stages by a drastic use of the closure."

"Exactly," said a tall, bearded man with a strong Scotch accent, who up to this mo-

ment had held his tongue. He represented a Northern town of Scotland, and was one of the eight who were opposed to the measure first and last because they believed it harmful to the country. "Exactly. The demonstration is very well, but if the bill is to be killed, we will have to kill it in committee. And to prepare for that must be our chief work here, Colonel Challoner."

"Yes," said Rames. "Mr. Monro is right. We must go word by word through those clauses of Fanshawe's bill, which we are fairly certain Devenish will incorporate in his measure. We must formulate amendments, and we ought, I think, to agree, to some extent, upon the speakers to move them. It will, of course, have to be a provisional arrangement—" and he was interrupted by a strident voice which belonged to a sandy-haired hunting-man with a broad red face who would have seemed totally out of place in any conspiracy.

"Yes. Devenish may sell us a pup. He's a deuce of a clever fellow is Devenish. Let him get wind of your partridges, Challoner, and he'll sell us a pup for a sure thing."

"All the more reason we should keep our gathering quiet," said Challoner. He looked round the table with an impatience which had been growing upon him during the last half-hour. "I think that's all we can do to-night."

"About all," said Monro. "There is just this suggestion I would like to make. I know a man whose business is land, and he is most experienced in it; and I thought that if you would like, I would send him a telegram to-morrow, and we could employ him to help us in framing these amendments. He is a partner in Beevis and Beevis, the land-agents in Piccadilly."

"By all means do," said Challoner. "We all agree to that, don't we? And now let us join the ladies."

He sprang up and opened the door like a man in a great hurry. When he entered the drawing-room, he crossed it at once to Cynthia's side.

"I was sorry, Mrs. Rames, that I couldn't take you in to dinner to-night. I would have liked very much that on your first evening at Bramling you should have come in with me. For, as you know, I somehow associate you with this house."

He looked at her with a very direct inquiry in his eyes. But Cynthia would not

respond to it; and he sat at her side with a wistfulness in his voice and his words against which she had a little trouble to protect her heart. But she did, for she was alarmed. When she had met him before he had spoken rather as though he wished that they were related. To-night he spoke as if he suspected that they were.

Mr. Beevis arrived the next afternoon, and for the rest of the week, while the morning was given to the partridges and the amusements of the country, the afternoon and the evening found the Cave busy upon the bill. Amendments were formulated and shared out amongst them, whilst it was by general consent left to Rames to raise the question, first of all, on the Address at the beginning of the session and then to move the rejection of the bill later on when it came before the House upon its second reading. Good progress, in a word, was made, and, to the delight of all, no whisper of this conspiracy crept into any of the daily papers. They were examined anxiously every day upon their arrival at eleven, and laid down with relief. Cynthia could not but laugh.

"I never would have believed that you could have found so many members of Parliament reluctant to see their names in the papers," she said to her husband.

"Yes, it's astonishing what modesty they can develop," he replied.

But though Cynthia laughed, the work, the concealments, the sort of restrained excitement which was diffused through the house, began to have their effect upon her. She was getting color into her life at last, she assured herself, even if it was only a dingy color. Moreover, she had the opportunity to compare her husband with his rivals in the career. Indeed, he had but one real rival in that House, Howard Fall. And though he lacked the subtlety of his intellect, he had a swifter initiative, a more telling vigor of phrase. As for the rest he stood head and shoulders above them all, and they knew it and looked to him to lead them. If he did not share the strong convictions of the honest men, he overtopped them by sheer ability, and as to the others he knew nothing either of their malice or their fear. Thus they all came hopefully to the last day of their visit; and then at one o'clock in the day the thunder-bolt fell.

It was a Sunday and the whole party had just settled down to luncheon when the whir of a motor-car floated into the room. It was followed by the sound of a door opening and shutting, a pleasant and familiar voice was heard to inquire for Colonel Challoner, and the next moment, ushered in by the butler, Mr. Devenish entered the room. Consternation ran round that luncheon-table like a wind across a field of corn. Colonel Challoner sprang up hastily with every sign of discomfort.

"My dear Devenish. I am delighted to see you, I am sure. You are just in time for luncheon." He called to the butler to lay another place at his side. "I didn't know you were in the neighborhood. You should have let me know."

"I didn't mean to do that," said Devenish dryly. He ran his eye from face to face with a twinkling glance. Cynthia herself could hardly restrain a laugh. The independent members of the nation's Parliament looked so singularly like a set of school-boys caught by a master in the planning of a rebellion.

"Quite a large party, eh, Challoner?" he said with a smile.

"Yes, yes," replied the colonel. "The partridges, you know."

"Ah, the partridges, to be sure. But I didn't know that Howard Fall shot at anything but ministers. And even they only get winged, eh, Fall?"

Mr. Devenish strolled round the table and shook hands with Fall. Fall, however, was one of the few who was quite undisturbed.

"Yes, but I am looking to practice to improve my shooting," he said.

A place was now laid for Devenish. Colonel Challoner called to him.

"Will you come and sit here, Devenish?"

"Certainly," replied the smiling minister. "But I should first of all like to shake hands with all my friends"; and quite slowly he walked round the table and shook hands with each of the men present and those of the ladies whom he knew. He was in the best of tempers, he had a cordial word for every one except for Captain Rames. To him he merely said:

"Ah!" and the accent of his voice had in it no note of surprise. It was the ejaculation of a man establishing something which he had suspected. Then he walked to his place and sat down.

"There are eighteen members of Parliament, Challoner," he said pleasantly. "I hope that I have forgotten no one. Let me see!" Again his eye ranged round the table, obviously registering in his memory the identity of Challoner's guests. "No, eighteen members of Parliament. Have you got a partridge left?"

Rames leaned forward and met smile with smile.

"We have just left one for next year," he said, "and we have been making a careful note of the piece of land on which we think we shall get him."

Howard Fall was delighted. For he loved courage. But the others of that company were more than ever confused and disconcerted.

"He's giving us away," said one of the weak-kneed in an indignant whisper to Andrew Fallon. Fallon's white face was twisted in a grin.

"He's cutting down the bridge behind you, my friend. And I don't think he's a bad judge."

Meanwhile Devenish returned the direct gaze of Captain Rames. There was no pretence between these two. Their eyes met; they challenged each other, Rames with perfect good-humor, Devenish with a certain grimness in his smile. He nodded his head toward Rames and tightened his lips. There was not a man at that table who could not construe the gesture into words.

"You are the leader here, Rames. Very well, we'll see."

Mr. Devenish turned to his neighbor. It was Cynthia, and even to her he talked for a little while with reserve. Rames had been correct in his diagnosis of the man. A good-humored fighter as a rule, he lost his good-humor when the attack was made upon his flank. He had begun his own political career with side-shots at his leaders from the front-bench below the gangway; but he did not rejoice when the same disposition of battle was planned against himself. However, luncheon and the proximity of a beautiful woman appeased him as they should. He began to talk freely; his smile lost its grimness, his natural geniality flashed bright.

"Tell me one thing," he said suddenly.

"It depends—" said Cynthia warily.

"Very well then. Tell me another thing. Why does your portrait hang in this house?"

Cynthia's cheeks flamed. She looked swiftly across Devenish at Colonel Challoner. But he was giving no heed to them.

"Do you think it's like me?" she asked.

"It is you," he replied.

"No one else has noticed the resemblance all this week," said Cynthia.

Mr. Devenish glanced along the table.

"Well, look at 'em," he said contemptuously, and they both laughed. Lady Lorme rose at that moment from the table, and Mr. Devenish, pleading the distance he had to travel, took his departure.

"I have enjoyed myself very much, Challoner," he said as the colonel came out with him to the doorway, "I can't tell you how glad I am that I thought of dropping in upon you for luncheon. I am going back to London now. Good-by."

He mounted into his car and drove gaily off. In the dining-room behind him, the sandy-haired man was saying over and over again to the dismayed conspirators:

"He'll sell us a pup. He'll sell us a pup. I'll bet you a monkey, he'll sell us a pup."

That night, when the men went upstairs, Rames passing from his dressing-room into his wife's bed-room found her still up and sitting by her fire.

"We go back to-morrow, Cynthia. It has been a long week. I hope you haven't been bored?"

"No," she said. "I haven't."

"What do you think of them? Will they run away when the fight comes?"

"Not all," said Cynthia. "But even of those who stay with you, there's not one who is a match for Mr. Devenish."

She spoke with some warmth in her voice.

"You like him?" said Harry Rames.

"I think he's a big man," she replied.

Rames, who was standing looking into her mirror, suddenly swung round.

"Shall I tell you why you say that, Cynthia?"

"Yes."

"Because he's the only man except myself who has noticed your likeness to that very pretty girl on the wall of the dining-room. I heard him mention it to you at luncheon."

He burst out into a laugh as he spoke; and in a moment or two Cynthia joined in the laugh. So Harry Rames, too, had no-

ticed the resemblance. She laughed and her eyes laughed with her lips.

"After all," said Harry Rames, "we get some fun out of it, don't we, Cynthia?"

"Yes," said Cynthia and her laughter died away. "We get some fun out of it, Harry. That's just what we do get"; and her eyes turned away from him to the fire.

XXVII

DEVENISH REPLIES

CAPTAIN RAMES had arranged to travel by a train which ran directly into Warwickshire through the outskirts of London. It left Wareham at mid-day, some two hours later than the fast London trains, and though Cynthia had wished to escape in all the hurry of the general departure, she had found no sufficient reason. She and her husband were thus the last of that company at Bramling, and when all but they had gone Colonel Challoner turned from the front door whence he had been speeding his guests and invited her to walk with him in the garden. Cynthia in a flurry began to search for excuses and before she found one realized that the moment for excuses had already gone. She turned and walked with Colonel Challoner into the red-walled garden where his fruit and flowers grew. The half-hour which ever since the first evening at Bramling she had intended to avoid was, after all, upon her.

"There is not very much to see now, Mrs. Rames," said the colonel, and without any change of voice he added, "I learnt just before the session ended that you had come from South America."

"From the Argentine," said Cynthia.

"But you are English-born, of course?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Cynthia. "But I never came to England until five years ago. I was brought up partly in Buenos Ayres and partly on the Daventry estancia, two hundred miles to the south-west of Buenos Ayres. My name was Cynthia Daventry."

Cynthia rattled off her story to spare herself his questions, and for a few minutes he walked by her side in silence. But he was not altogether to be deterred.

"I had a son in South America," he continued. "He went out under—rather unhappy circumstances. He took a young

wife with him. She ran away to join him. They went to Chile. There a daughter was born—my granddaughter.”

“On the other side of the Andes,” said Cynthia.

“Yes,” said Colonel Challoner. “You were never in Chile, I suppose?”

Cynthia answered without any hesitation and in a voice schooled perfectly to indifference.

“Oh, yes, once. I have seen Valparaiso.”

Colonel Challoner was deceived by her indifference. To him, with the particular intention of his question filling his mind, it was as though she had said she had never been in Valparaiso at all.

“I knew nothing of what my boy was doing, Mrs. Rames,” he continued, “nor that he had a daughter. He left England under a cloud. I gave him what money I could afford and—I had done with him. Perhaps I was harsh—I did not think that I was. But—well, it’s not so easy to have done with people when they are your own flesh and blood, and after a time I began to make inquiries. I heard of the daughter then.”

“Yes?” said Cynthia. She looked up into his face inquiringly. She had dreaded this half-hour of acting lest the changes of color in her face, and the unevenness of her voice, should betray her. Yet now that the half-hour was here she played her part with ease, was conscious of her ease, and feared no probing question from his lips since for all questions she felt herself prepared.

“I heard that Jim and his wife and his child had all perished in one of the earthquakes, eighteen years ago. And there was I, you see, alone again, but alone for life now.”

“I am sorry,” said Cynthia.

“But the news was wrong,” the old man continued with a sudden violence. “My son—died,” and he plainly substituted that verb for another, “only five years ago. I received a cutting from a newspaper. I sent out again at once to South America a man whom I could trust; and I discovered that Jim was not killed by the earthquake, nor was his daughter. He carried her up the valley toward the Andes—tramped away, since Valparaiso was ruined, with his daughter in his arms. He wouldn’t leave her behind. No, he must have carried her across the Continent. There was good in Jim, after all, you see—only I, his father hadn’t the sense to see it.”

Colonel Challoner was not aware that it was just the weight of the little daughter in Jim’s arms which had made his journey across the Andes possible and profitable. Cynthia left him all the comfort of his delusion, and all its remorse, since the remorse was so completely outweighed by the comfort.

“That’s the last I have been able to find out,” Colonel Challoner resumed. “They disappeared up into the mountains together, and years after Jim—died—in the Argentine. As for the daughter, I have come upon no trace of her. She may have lived. She may have died. Had she lived she would have been just about your age, Mrs. Rames.”

“Indeed?”

“I suppose that you never heard of her?”

“What was her name?”

“Even that I can’t tell you. There was a daughter. That’s all I know.”

Colonel Challoner waited with his eyes upon Cynthia’s face. He longed, yet he hardly dared to hope for an answer. It would be such a wonderful thing for him if the girl facing him here in his trim brick-walled garden had when a child eighteen years ago been carried in Jim’s arms over the stupendous passes of the Andes. Surely if it were so, she must admit it now out of gratitude for Jim’s devotion. But Cynthia made no reply and he moved slowly to the door of the garden and held it open for her to pass out. She went from Bramling with her secret still her own, though some remorse now was her penalty for keeping it. She could not quite get rid of the picture of the old man at the open door in the high red-brick wall waiting wistfully for an answer to a question which he could only suggest. But she had made her plan and with a certain stubbornness—almost a hardness which marked this phase of her life—she had abided by it. If Colonel Challoner had said clearly and formally that he made no claim upon her, that he did not ask her to take her place in the family of Challoners, then she would have acknowledged what he plainly suspected. But he had imposed upon himself no such condition. On the contrary, she had been led to believe that he would claim her; and that was intolerable to her thoughts. She did not argue or reason; she recollected. And what she recollected was a night of horror when her father had claimed her for the ruin of her body and her soul.

"It's a strange thing," said Harry Rames as they were travelling across the country, "that two strangers to Bramling, Devenish and myself, noticed your extraordinary likeness to that picture on the wall, and Challoner who has sat beneath it most nights of the week for years didn't. It had become so familiar to him, I suppose, that it had ceased to have definite features."

"That's how things happen," said Cynthia and this time she uttered the phrase with relief. "When you know people very well, you cease to notice the changes, you lose count of how they look. But when we first met at Ludsey he did claim to recognize me, though he could not fix upon the place or time. I have no doubt it was because of that picture."

Harry Rames agreed. None of Colonel Challoner's suspicions had even occurred to him. He drifted off to the great subject which occupied his thoughts. How were the revolvers to be held together?

"Devenish won't be idle, Cynthia," he said. "I wonder what his next move will be."

Speculation upon that point did not help him. But he quickly acquired certainty that Mr. Devenish was not idle. For on the Tuesday morning, the very day after he had reached home, the *Times* brought him news which sent him out of his study in search of his wife.

"Look, Cynthia," he said and he handed to her the paper. Cynthia read the paragraph at which he pointed.

"Mr. Devenish returned to London on Sunday evening, and, putting off two deputations which had been arranged for Tuesday, left London hurriedly on Monday afternoon to join the Prime-Minister in Scotland."

Cynthia laid down the paper with a genuine sense of consternation. She was astonished to realize how much she now longed for the success of Harry's rather dingy plot. Fear was written upon her face.

"That means—?" she said.

"That we must look out," replied Rames. He laughed a little as a man will when the joy of battle is upon him. "Luckily, Devenish can't get at my constituency. I don't know that he would try to in any case. But he can't."

"You have Arthur Pynes with you."

"Yes. And I pledged myself before I was elected to resign at once if any respon-

sible number of my supporters objected to any action I thought it my duty to take in the House. Do you see, Cynthia?" and he laughed again. "That pledge is my safeguard. I thought it would be when I made it. If any one tries to put pressure upon me, I can always point to that pledge. I can always ask whether they would like me to resign."

"Suppose they said yes," cried Cynthia in alarm.

"I'd get in again if they did. I'd keep nine-tenths of my own people and get a good lot of the other fellow's because of my independence. But they won't! No one wants a bye-election at Ludsey. Ludsey is too busy."

"No, I suppose that's true," said Cynthia with a smile of relief. Once more she had occasion to recognize the accuracy of her husband's foresight. But there was a little change. It was no longer, or, at all events it was not at this moment, accompanied with regret that the foresight was not being used in a higher cause. She was just relieved that on this side at all events the great career was not open to attack.

Rames took a turn across the room and stopped at the window.

"But I wonder what his next move will be," he said.

In a month he knew. The movement was swift and dramatic. Rames was summoned to London by a letter from the Prime-Minister. He travelled up from Ludsey in the morning; he reached home again in time for dinner.

"They are raising Lamson to the peerage," he said to Cynthia. "That means the under-secretaryship of the local government board will be vacant. It was offered to me."

Cynthia was radiant.

"That's splendid," she cried.

"I refused it," said Harry Rames.

Cynthia stared at him. Here was a definite step onward, a step refused.

"Why?" she asked in her perplexity.

"It would have meant the end of me, had I accepted it. It was offered me to make an end of me, to break up the opposition to Devenish's bill, to show me a traitor to my friends, and an enemy who could be silenced by a bribe. If I had taken it, not merely the government but the House, the whole House, would have despised me. I should have been done for. I should be an under-secretary for a year, two years, three

years—after that nothing and never anything so long as I lived. I refused it, Cynthia”; and he bent over the table toward her.

“You mustn’t blame me. I am not failing you. I was thinking of you, my dear, when I refused office. An under-secretaryship? You remember Challoner’s question to Bradley? I should have failed you had I taken it.”

Cynthia was almost conscious of disappointment. She liked definite things and here was a tangible sign of Harry Rames’s advancement. But she received confirmation very soon that he had been right in refusing it.

It was at the reception at the Foreign Office in January which marked the beginning of the session. Mr. Devenish himself came up to her with a smile. For a moment Cynthia felt an awkwardness at meeting him, but he was quick to put her at her ease.

“Captain Rames did well to refuse office, he said. “I congratulate you, for I suppose that you had some share in the decision.”

“No,” she replied honestly. “To tell you the truth I was not sure that he was right. I am not sure that I was not a trifle disappointed.”

Mr. Devenish shook his head.

“His whole reputation was at stake. It’s character which counts in the House of Commons. If he had taken that under-secretaryship, he would have been pigeon-holed. We should have had the measure of him. We should not have troubled our heads about him again. For once, Mrs. Rames, you were wrong; he was right.”

Cynthia looked at him, her great eyes full of a gentle reproach.

“Wasn’t it a little unkind of you to offer it then? You are a friend of mine, aren’t you, Mr. Devenish?”

There was no anger in her voice, only a wondering melancholy, a kind of piteous despair that she was living in so graceless a world. Mr. Devenish stared, then he smiled, and he looked at Cynthia with enjoyment.

“It wants a woman to use that argument, Mrs. Rames. No man alive would have the nerve. You are out for a fight with me. Yes, but I am a friend of yours, so I mustn’t defend myself.” He shook his head. “The House of Commons isn’t a nursery, Mrs. Rames. You have got to stand by yourself if you’re going to stand, neither being kind nor expecting kindness. Captain Rames stands—and he stands to fight me. Very well—but you can’t expect me to prop him up.”

“I quite understand,” said Cynthia in her iciest manner. “I am not at all hurt or offended. You mustn’t think that, Mr. Devenish,” she bowed to him distantly and sailed off with great dignity. But she had humor enough to appreciate her discomfort, and, even as she turned her back, her lips were twitching into a smile which she did not mean him to see. But ten minutes later in another of the rooms she came face to face with him again. He looked at her whimsically and with a blush and a laugh she made friends with him again.

“Tell me,” he said. “Your husband refused the post with decision after the merest pause for thought, though the offer surprised him. I know that. Was he troubled about his decision afterward?”

“Not at all,” said Cynthia. “He slept perfectly; he ate his dinner with absolute contentment.”

“Now I am afraid of him,” said Mr. Devenish and he added a shrewd saying to explain his fear. “Here’s the great difference which makes art and politics incompatible. The men who succeed in politics are the men who don’t worry. The men who succeed in art are the men who do. By the way, why isn’t he here to-night?”

“He was here,” Cynthia replied. “But he had to go home. Some one called at home and telephoned to him here. I don’t know who it was.”

Mr. Devenish saw Cynthia into her carriage and she drove home. The visitor was still with Harry Rames in his study when she reached home. As she went up to her room she heard his voice through the door, and once she waked up from her sleep and in the silent hours she again heard his voice. He was in the hall taking his leave of Harry Rames. Cynthia switched on the light and looked at her watch. It was three o’clock in the morning. Drowsily she asked herself who this visitor could be, but she was asleep again almost before the question was formulated in her mind.

XXVIII

WIRELESS

CYNTHIA told Harry Rames of her conversation with Mr. Devenish, the next morning as they sat at breakfast. He came down

late and she looked at him with anxious eyes as she spoke.

"I quarrelled with Mr. Devenish, but I made friends with him again before I left. You were kept late in your study?"

"Yes."

Harry Rames laid down his Sunday newspaper.

"Walter Hemming came here to find me and telephoned."

"Hemming?"

To Cynthia the name was quite unfamiliar. There had been no Walter Hemming at Bramling. She put him down for a new recruit until Harry Rames gave to him his identity and importance.

"He was one of my officers on the *Perhaps*. He has got together some money, has bought the old ship and is off to the south."

"He takes up your work?"

"Yes. He kept me up half the night talking about his prospects. I never saw a man so enthusiastic. Suppose he reaches the Pole, what then?"

Harry Rames laughed contemptuously.

"Aren't there discoveries to be made, maps to be drawn of that continent and something to be learned from the soundings?" asked Cynthia, recollecting Harry Rames's own book upon his voyage. He shook his head.

"That's all trimmings, Cynthia. You have got to surround your expedition with a scientific halo. It gets you money, and gets you official support; it gets you the countenance of the learned societies. But the man who goes south into the Antarctic goes with just one reason—to get to the Pole. Why? You can't give a rational answer to that, Cynthia. No one can. Such men are just driven on by a torment of their souls."

No stranger watching Harry Rames as he speculated with an indulgent smile upon the aimlessness of Walter Hemming's long itinerary could have imagined that he had once himself led just such an expedition. Even Cynthia found the fact difficult of belief. By so complete a dissociation of spirit he was cut off from the race of the wanderers. "Let a man be touched with insanity in the East," he said, "and he's looked upon as a holy man, touched by the finger of God. The fellows who go South and north and are driven east of Turkestan are our holy men of the West."

He turned back again to his newspaper, and then uttered an exclamation:

"They have offered that under secretaryship to Edgington!"

"Of course he'll refuse it," said Cynthia.

"Not he. He has taken it. There's the first defection."

"A traitor. I never liked him. He was thinking of himself all the while," said Cynthia, with a heat which made Harry look toward her curiously. She had not been wont to side so heartily with him and his plans in the days of the contest at Ludsey. He wondered at the remarkable change which had come over her character since that date. She who had blamed him with all the enthusiasm of a romantic girl because he would not take the high road, now walked the low road herself with her eyes concentrated upon the pathway at her feet even more narrowly than were his. A momentary pang of remorse made him wince.

"I shouldn't wonder," he answered drily, "if Devenish says the same of me."

But his comment fell upon inattentive ears. Cynthia's eyes had been caught by the blank, cheerless look of the street outside. It was a morning of black frost. There was no fog, but there was no glint of sunlight, either. London lay unburnished, like an ill-kept yacht, and the emptiness of Sunday made it dreary beyond all words. The chill of that day and the fevers of the week to come caused Cynthia's heart to sink. A vision rose before her eyes with unexpected vividness of another place where life ran occupied with smoother matters. Not in Warwickshire, but over far seas. She thought with a sudden poignancy of longing of the Daventry estancia where to-day the golden leagues of corn would be rippling to the sun and the cattle searching for the rare blades of green in the burnt pastures. A pang of remorse came with the vision. So seldom had she thought of that spacious and wide place which had lain so close to her adopted father's heart. He had prayed her to go there from time to time. Greatly she wished that she were there now.

"You have a critical week before you, Harry," she said. "It's a pity Mr. Hemming stayed so late."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Harry. "My amendment can't come on before Wednesday. It may not be chosen at all."

There are certain to be a number of amendments. And there's always the possibility that the Land Bill may not be mentioned in the King's speech. However, that's not likely. We shall know to-morrow."

The Land Bill was mentioned as one of the principal measures of the session, and Harry handed in at the clerk's table his humble prayer to His Majesty that no solution of the land question would be found lasting or real which did not provide opportunities for the acquisition of small farms as freehold properties. Thursday was set aside for the discussion of Rames's amendment, and the fact that it was deemed of sufficient importance to take precedence of a host of other amendments was in itself regarded as a triumph by his adherents.

"Go your own way over it," Robert Brook advised in an agitated voice. "Don't sink your personality in a conventional speech. You must strike a special note on Thursday. The third bench below the gangway and the corner seat. That will be the best place for you. You command the House from there. And we'll be all together around you. It's a great thing to have some voices to cheer you at your elbow. Howard Fall will speak in support of you. He always gets called." Robert Brook ceased from his stage-managements to whisper with a lengthened face, "By the way, have you heard?"

"What?" asked Harry.

"That Challoner's weakening. Yes, it's true. The whips have been getting at him, I expect. At all events he came to me pleading that the amendment need not be pressed to a division if we get anything like a friendly reply."

Harry Rames smiled.

"We shan't get that. I'll take care not to get it. So you can agree with Challoner. We can't afford to let anyone break away now. I'll speak to him myself."

The colonel strenuously disavowed any faintness of heart. "You must go to a division, Rames, unless you get a satisfactory reply. That's understood. We've got to stick to our guns. I think we all know that. Edgington's example isn't one any of us would care to follow. No. All my idea was that perhaps the government might be willing to take our view, but unable at this moment to say so publicly. However, don't you worry about us. Think of

your speech, Rames. We look to you to do something unusual on Thursday."

Harry went away to his study and from his documents and blue books labored to hammer out some spark of his own which should set fire to the Thames or to that portion of it at all events which flows under Westminster Bridge. He woke at five o'clock on the Thursday morning, and lying in bed repeated his speech word by word to himself. Then he dismissed it into the chamber of his memory to wait until it was needed. But the knowledge that the day was to be one of supreme importance to his career hung over him all that forenoon. The labor was over and therefore the strain upon him was the heavier. His nerves had free play and he wandered restlessly from room to room, calm outwardly except for some spasmodic movements which people unacquainted with him would never have remarked, but inwardly a creature in torment. He had pitted himself against his own government. The enormity of his presumption grew with every lagging hour. Failure to-day would cover him with ridicule. He saw himself as one of those bubbles ripe for pricking with which the House of Commons is perpetually iridescent. Before twelve o'clock he was already looking at his watch lest he should be too late to fix before prayers the card in the slot at the back of his seat which would reserve his place for him during the day.

Cynthia, with a covert fear, watched his fever, but said never a word, either of comfort or inquiry. It was her part to notice nothing of his agitation. She had claimed, when he had asked her to marry him, her share in the troubles and the terrors which went before the public success. But married life had taught her that much of her share must come to her by guess-work, by intuition, by observation, by any means except those of question and answer. So she said little and left Harry Rames mostly to himself, only coming upon him now and again on some indifferent errand, when they would speak for a moment or two, he chiefly at random and upon any chance subject which came uppermost in his mind. Thus once he said abruptly:

"There was a stamp struck. Did you ever see it, Cynthia?"

"No," she answered; "you must show it to me."

"I will; I have a specimen somewhere. I'll look it out."

"Do," said Cynthia in a voice which conveyed that it would be a particular joy to her to see that stamp.

But she was quite in the dark about it. She had no notion at all that he was speaking of that great territory which he had discovered far to the south, beyond the ice-floes, beyond the open blue water. It had no inhabitants, but the penguins, yet since Rames had spent a winter of darkness on its inhospitable shores and had annexed it for Great Britain, a penny stamp had been struck and postage duly established. The recollection passed in and out of Harry Rames's head, with a hundred trivial thoughts and memories. And it was the mark and consequence of his agitation that his mind acquired an extraordinary and unnatural lucidity so that his thoughts became swift visions of things with a small but surprisingly clear definition, as though he saw them through a diminishing glass.

In this supersensitive spirit he walked down Parliament Street at half-past one in the afternoon on the eastern side of the road; and when he had come opposite to the Horse-Guards he suddenly stopped. Behind the Horse-Guards Arch and a little to the north rose the great red building of the Admiralty where Cynthia and he had been made acquainted with one another. But it was not of that first meeting nor of the quarrel which ended it that Harry Rames was thinking. He was not looking at the main mass of the Admiralty Building, but only at the three grayish-blue domes which surmounted it. From these domes rose three tall spars at the points of a triangle, each of them rigged and dressed with wires to which were attached curious little hoops and contrivances of cane like Catherine wheels set for a night of fireworks. He was gazing at the mechanism of wireless telegraphy.

He had passed those poles either just here or on the other side of the Horse-Guards' Parade in St. James's Park on every day when Parliament was in session; and no doubt he had often enough lifted his head and seen them with the blind eyes of a man for the landmarks he habitually walks by. But this morning his imagination was made acute by a night of wakeful-

ness and the tension of his nerves, and he was sensitive to all the suggestion of that aerial toyshop of contrivances. He stopped. He almost fancied that he heard—so keen was the lucidity of his senses—the messages of distant ships, here tumbling on seas of storm, there upright on seas of sunshine, whizzing homeward to the dim smoke-wreathed city, crowding the air. He almost fancied that he saw them, the myriad bright spokes of an illimitable wheel which hung poised roof-high over all the world. His thoughts were swept quite away from England, and the roar of Whitehall died from his ears. He saw the big roadsteads of the East and West Indies and anchored ships mirrored in waveless seas. He saw the meetings of ships in the narrows of the great trade-routes, barkentine and schooner, tramp and liner, and in and out amongst them like the gray shadows of sharks seen beneath the water, the long cruisers of the fleet.

He walked on like a man in a dream. He left the busy harbors and the great trade-routes behind him. The stately procession of vessels receded and now he saw only one—a little, full-rigged, black-hulled ship quite alone on a silent sea, the *Perhaps*, reeling down with all her canvas drawing from her sky-sail to her spanker, reeling from her jib topsail to her mizzen, reeling down with the water breaking from her broad stern bows into the mists of the south. The picture was so vivid in his mind that he could see the brightness of the binnacle and the wheel spinning in the helmsman's hands. He paused again to consider why with a curious sense of comfort. Once before, on the occasion of his maiden speech, the vision of a ship had risen before his eyes. But then it was fear which had evoked the picture. He had longed to be safely upon its bridge doing the thing he knew how to do. Now he had no such fear. He was nervous, strung to a high pitch, but he had no desire to run away, he had no terror that the necessary words would fail him, he had no longing to stand upon the deck of the *Perhaps*. He was strung up for the contest of the afternoon. He walked slowly on and turned in at the gate of Palace Yard, and still the *Perhaps* fled southward before his eyes.

(To be continued.)

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

The Dangerous
Profession

IN these philanthropic days we hear a great deal about the dangerous trades—that is, the trades which threaten their workers with physical deterioration. But there are other dangers than physical dangers. There are professions which threaten a special deterioration of the mind, very marked and always insidious. Our youths and maidens enter such careers unwarned. No one tells the young school-teacher of the perceptive blight, the didactic manner, the desperate intention to speak the final word on every imaginable subject, which within a few short years may stamp him or her as unmistakably a pedagogue. No one explains to the law student that surely as the earth turns round, a day will come when in every detail of life it will become his habit to find his opinion first and his reasons afterward—reasons which become more subtle, more closely knit, and more convincing to himself as his opinions grow more and more at variance with common experience. And is the physician made aware that in the exercise of his priest-like task he is ever in danger of relying more and more on his manner—stern or soothing, honeyed or hypnotic—and less and less on his information?

These risks, although impalpable, are important and real, but graver still are those attending the profession of the house-keeper. Few there are who, in the pursuance of their daily duties, are exposed to a more poisonous atmosphere than she—the combined effect of a limited field, an arbitrary power, and the complete absence of competition. Good house-keeping, if it be a virtue, is one to which many others must be sacrificed; and yet how little this is understood. How seldom any one steps forward to warn our sheltered women against the many risks, moral and mental, which they are obliged to run. In the first place, there is the risk of becoming inhospitable; for, contrary to popular opinion, this is the danger, not of the *bad*, but of the *good* house-keeper. Eager to offer her guests perfection, she is rarely willing to offer them anything less. She is always getting ready to play and never playing; occupied with arranging her house rather than with enjoying it. Spring and autumn cleaning, with improving on the last cook, and

repainting the kitchen keep the household in a continual state of abnormality, so that there is only occasionally a *dies non* on which a guest may creep in and be welcome.

And if she lacks hospitality upstairs, how much more is the area-gate closed against the unexpected visitor. How quickly can she trace the depletion in the tea-chest and the disappearance of an egg when the cook has had a friend to supper. Generosity, hospitality, and democracy are alike swallowed up in the higher duty of keeping the bills down.

Then come the risks and dangers of mean-spiritedness, and of the pernicious effects of suspicion and disappointment in small things, of laying traps for dust and deceit, and of the Eye—the well-known house-keeper's eye—which is always roving, roving in search of household crimes.

Worst danger of all is that of a slow atrophy overtaking all her human relationships, for in making the frame she only too often ruins the picture. Or, to vary the simile, she is apt to be as little a part of the drama of life as the scene-shifter is of the play. You drop in to tea. The silver is bright, the food delicious, yet your hostess sees not you, but the dent in the tea-kettle; hears not you, but the voice of a strange man in the kitchen. She looks habitually, not at her husband, but at the new laundress's touch on his shirts. She sees in her children, not their warm hearts, but their dirty hands.

The same blight is on her mental activities. Realizing that there is no hour in the twenty-four when the boiler may not burst, the little ones maim themselves, or tradesmen present hypothetical bills, she soon learns that she must either abandon the home in some greater or less particular or else give up all forms of concentrated thought. Actuated by a high conscientiousness, she usually chooses the latter alternative. This explains her strangely vague and intermittent attention. This is why she touches even the subjects of ordinary conversation as lightly as a humming-bird, which knows, if humming-birds do know such things, that at any moment it may have to go winging away to its cellar or its medicine-chest.

Last comes the danger of making a god of routine, and so losing the very object for which

she has made her sacrifices—the comfort of those she loves. For comfort cannot be attained by rule. It is a subject for independent thought and individual attention. Many, indeed, of the time-honored rules and regulations of the house-keeper are directly inimical to true comfort. To cite one is to illustrate them all. Take, for example, the great Coffee-Cup-Rule. After dinner we have just settled down comfortably to coffee and cigars when a servant enters to take away the cups. The cups are doing no harm to any one, but rather good, for many of them are serving as ash-trays in a house in which no one would dare to drop ashes on the floor. But one of the hall-marks of a good house-keeper is not to allow coffee-cups to stand, and so willy-nilly they must be removed. The servant, breathing hard after the manner of his kind, stumbles over our feet, pushes apologetically between us, as he peers about for the cups where we have cannily stowed them. He turns helplessly to his mistress and receives a telegraphic signal which seems to mean: “Look behind the vase on the mantel-piece.” That one he runs to earth, but is long baffled by another hidden in a flower-pot. Will he find it? We drop our best story, or wake from our revery, as the case may be. Yes, well-trained man that he is, he has found them all, like a second Bo-Peep. At last he departs, stumbling over feet again, and leaving us resentful or apprehensive for the rest of the evening.

Nowadays when a man asks me to stay with him in the country I feel inclined to ask: “Is your wife a good house-keeper?” For if she is I know how it will be. When I go up to dress on a hot summer evening all my shutters will be shut and the lights burning for me like furnaces. When I come down again, the book I was reading will be put away and I shall never be able to find it. I shall be waked at dawn by the sound of a brush on the stairs, and when I go away the simple articles of my toilet will be rolled so heavily in tissue paper that my bag won’t close. No, the good house-keeper should make a study of a little wholesome neglect. And, to be honest, I find that most of them have.

IN the midst of the throes of “moving in,” I sat down to read one of Aunt Augusta’s wails of pity for me, exiled to the desolate isolation of life in the country. In those days I read with apprehensive attention Aunt Au-

gusta’s letters on this subject. Now I would laugh aloud, if it were not for the pity I feel for my poor old relative, still, like all her city-bred acquaintances, roaming The Teeming
Country the world, Ishmaelish club in hand, in hostile solitude. I do not blame them. I myself have worn but a short time the mental garb of civilization. I, too, once sullenly trod the lonely city paths.

In fact the wrench which first loosened my clutch on my stone tomahawk befell me that first day, even as I was reading Aunt Augusta’s foreboding words.

The man who had come to put in the telephone had finished his work and departed. Nowadays, when he comes to mend it, he is as welcome as if he brought the next instalment of an exciting serial story, so many continued narratives are in progress in his life. He is trying out a new variety of sweet-corn, which, if he reports favorably, may be in all our gardens next year; he has a baby which may have a new tooth; his oldest boy is beginning to wonder what he will learn to do for a living . . . there are a dozen questions to be asked and answered, for he must know about our corn and our baby too.

But the first time, I was encased in the chilled-steel armor of the city habit of impersonality. He was “the telephone man” and nothing more. I could not have told if he were four feet or six feet tall. I would as soon have thought whether he had a baby or not, as whether the chairs I was so wearily unpacking had preferences as to the color of their upholstery. So I noticed his departure only to be thankful that I could now communicate with the general store in the village. I looked up the number and took down the receiver.

“What number?” asked a girl’s voice, as it does all over the country.

“Forty-two . . . ring seven,” I answered, enunciating with the labored distinctness of one’s brief colloquies with the Power which sits before the switchboard.

“That line’s busy,” said Central, as she does all over the world. But now she added this astounding code: “But Mr. Warner isn’t there anyhow, Mrs. F—; I just see him go by to his dinner. There isn’t anybody in the store but Eddie Elwood and he don’t know a thing about stock. I’ll just connect you with the house and Mr. Warner can take your order while his wife’s putting the things on the table.” I clung to the receiver from force of habit and gave my order to my grocer, who, oddly enough,

appeared for the first time before my mental eye as a man with a house and a wife and a dinner waiting for him; but when I had finished, I sat down in a half-unpacked chair quite weakly, to recover from a tingling shock like an encounter with a prickling electric battery when one had thought to pick up a piece of dead metal.

I will not pretend that I am naturally so superior to other city-bred people that the shock was a pleasurable one. I had much of the typical, citified horror that any one should presume in that bold, forward, self-assured, prying manner to do me a service! Straight through my armor-plate, chilled steel though it might be, had penetrated some one's unasked-for interest in my affairs. I was so astounded as to be almost alarmed, I was vaguely resentful, and very much bewildered. How, pray, did the creature know my name already and the instrument that minute installed?

For a time, nothing more of the sort occurred. I breathed arithmetical combinations into the mouth-piece and was startled by no more emanations of humanity from the other end of the line. Then suddenly lightning flashed again.

"Twenty-two . . . ring eleven," I commanded monotonously, my mind all on my Sunday dinner.

"They've gone to Rutland on the morning train, to see the circus," came back over the line, "but if 'twas 'bout those broilers, they said to tell you that they were all ready and dressed, on the pantry shelf under a crock. The gall-bladder broke in one, so there's only one liver, but she's sure they'll be tender, because they were hatched in May. You can get the key at Mrs. Foster's, next door." I hung up the receiver silently. The whole countryside was in a conspiracy of promiscuity against my sacred privacy. The idea of my Sunday broilers being in every one's mouth, so to speak! It was horribly repugnant to the delicacy of personal dignity so admirably fostered by the isolation of city life.

After that, for a few days, I was fairly pelted with personalities. I was told when I remarked with my most *grande dame* manner, "Twenty-one . . . ring seven," that, "You'd better wait till ten, or a little after, to call her. She never gets her morning work done up till then and the kitchen's so far away she can't hear the bell."

A request for "Thirty-one . . . ring two" brought out the intimate information, "He's got such a tur'ble cold in his head he can't hear a thing to-day. But I'll call up the Phippses for

you and when Johnny goes over for the milk he can take your message."

I asked with stern impersonality for "Fourteen . . . ring twelve," and was put off with, "She's gone to Elbury to visit her sister for the day. I see her go by real early, with the milk team. And he's out t'work. But he's ploughing that field next the Arrowsmiths', and I'll ask Mrs. Arrowsmith to holler out th' window for him to come to the 'phone."

It was astonishing, how they lived and breathed—my unseen interlocutors—after the suggestive art of such introductions.

It was not merely a bodiless voice which answered my questions about weaving rag rugs or putting up a fence. It was Mrs. Prentiss herself, fresh in a white apron, in the self-congratulatory peace of mind which comes from having "done up" the morning work; it was a great-shouldered, mighty-thewed ploughman, with the thrilling scent of newly upturned earth clinging about him.

Insensibly, under the constant tugging of the invincible humanness of these phenomena, the joints of my armor loosened. I began to breathe more freely than I had thought possible. One by one the steel plates slipped to the ground. I was light as air! When I called up "Twenty-two . . . ring eleven," I was astonished to hear myself asking with genuine interest how the children liked the circus. I looked over my shoulder guiltily, for a cynically amused city acquaintance, as I dropped into this plebeian and rustic partaking of others' lives, but I can say for myself that I laughed unreservedly over the account of Pete's harnessing the calf to his express wagon when he got home, and of the subsequent wild course of events.

At that time I had never seen Pete or his mother. When I did, I found out that she did not wear white aprons, but clean gingham ones. It was but a detail. I had divined her as a human being. The spirit at last was there. I had discovered my eyes, my ears, my tongue. I had emerged from the solitary imprisonment of life in a city of four million inhabitants into the densely populated world of a valley which, on Town-Meeting Day, can muster at least a hundred votes. I am a citizen of the world!

Now when I open the telephone to see if the line is busy, and catch this scrap of conversation, ". . . but they do get so black when

My Unseen
Interlocutors

they're old and Joel says it'll be three weeks before they're big enough to dig," I say with as spontaneous an impulse as though I had never lived in a lonely stone cañon of a street, "Oh Miss Maria, if you'll put a few drops of lemon juice in the water you boil them in, they'll be as white and mealy as new ones."

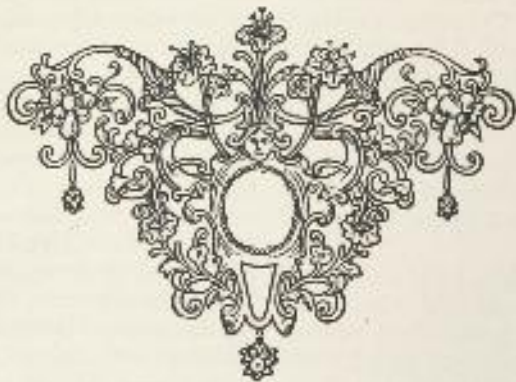
There is no pause of horrified resentment at my intrusion. A friendly voice says, "That you, Mrs. F——? Much obliged. I'll try it. Don't forget 'bout th' church supper to-night."

I take not only in good part but quite as a matter of course, Central's request to me: please when I see Mr. Prindle go by, will I call out to him that his wife forgot to put cotton thread, number sixty, three spools, on the list.

I call up Central to ask how the little Wharton boy is to-day. She will know, I am sure. Probably the doctor has stopped in to tell her, so that, without disturbing the poor mother, she can answer the anxious questions that come from far and near about the little child every one loves so well. I ask her if she has heard the train whistle for the Millbrook crossing, for if she hasn't, I have time to catch it. I call her wildly with a catch in my voice to say the baby's throat is worse and the doctor's wife says he is at the Wilsons'. Will she please "tell Mrs. Wilson to send him up here at once." I ask her how the sunset looks, for we'd like to plan a picnic to-morrow and the sunset sky in the Notch, which we can't see from our house be-

cause of Hemlock Mountain, is a sure indication of the next day's weather. I ring her up breathlessly, forgetting to use her proper title, and cry, "Oh Maggie, there's a fire started in our pine woods in Pitt Hollow. Do please phone the folks in North District where it is and ask 'em to send their men folks up there." I ask her what blackberries are worth in the village to-day, so that I may know what to pay the barefooted, tanned, sharp-eyed little Yankee who stands waiting, pail in hand. I ask her—but why multiply instances?

The essential fact is that I never ring the magic bell which set me down two miles away, without pitying my city friends. They are back in the limbo where "Line's busy" means an impenetrable wall which not Napoleon or Cæsar could break down; where "They don't answer" is a statement as grimly final as a death verdict. Why, I wonder, do they not all come out and join our community which invisibly fills the long, sweet, empty, green spaces of our valley with friends communing, offering and receiving service, advice, companionship, and comfort. Why do they not join the invisible choir which chants along the glistening wires strung through our silent forests? That is our real community—not the one of our heavy, stationary, aging bodies, but the impalpable, aerial one of our free, roaming voices, subject to one force, following one leader—but that one with well-merited devotion—the will of Central!



THE FIELD OF ART

A NEW PORTRAIT OF CERVANTES

THAT Cervantes once sat for his portrait is made probable by the following passage from the prologue to his *Exemplary Novels*: "I should like if it were possible, most loving reader, to excuse myself from writing this prologue, because it was not so well for me with that which I prefixed to my *Don Quijote* that I should be anxious to repeat the experience with this. For this a friend is to blame, one of the many whom in the course of my life I have gained rather by my temper than by my genius. This friend would have been well able, as is use and wont, to engrave me and sculpture me on the first leaf of this book, since the famous Don Juan de Jáuregui would have given him my portrait, and with this my ambition would have been satisfied and the desire of some who would be glad to know what face and figure he has who ventures to come out with such imaginings into the marketplace of the world before the eyes of the people, placing below the portrait: He whom you here behold with aquiline visage, with chestnut hair, smooth and unruffled brow, with sparkling eyes, and a nose arched, although well-proportioned, a silver beard, although not twenty years ago it was golden, large mustache, small mouth, teeth not important, for he has but six of them, and those in ill condition and worse placed because they do not correspond the one with the other, the body between two extremes, neither large nor small, the complexion bright, rather white than brown, somewhat heavy-shouldered, and not very nimble on his feet; this, I say, is the portrait of the author of the *Galatea* and of the *Don Quijote de la Mancha*."

Evidently the author had been disappointed in a hope which he had entertained of seeing an engraved portrait of himself as frontispiece for the first edition of the *Exemplary Novels*. The friend whom he so good-naturedly blames may have been either some delinquent engraver or the too thrifty publisher, Juan de la Cuesta. Most critics infer from the above passage that the painter Juan de Jáuregui y Aguilar actually painted a portrait of his friend, that he did so prior to 1613 (the date of the writing of the prologue), and furthermore that at the said date the picture still remained in his

possession. The only dissenting voice seems to be that of the English commentator Ormsby, who holds that the language is ambiguous, and that the words "would have given him my portrait" may be taken to mean nothing more than that Jáuregui stood ready to paint the portrait if desired. It must be admitted that the language is vague, but the simpler explanation, that held by most scholars, appears the more plausible. However this may be, the world is grateful to Cervantes for the detailed description which he has left of his personal appearance. For three centuries this whimsical verbal portrait has remained our only authentic source of information regarding Cervantes's physiognomy; for all the hitherto known paintings and statues of Cervantes are imaginary portraits made with this description in mind. Cervantes died three years after writing the passage quoted, and, as he nowhere else makes mention of other portraits, it is highly improbable that any other authentic likeness was ever made.

From that day to this, nothing has been heard of the Jáuregui portrait. It has long been considered irretrievably lost. Consequently, Cervantophiles, the world over, are greatly stirred by a report emanating from Madrid that a painting has been discovered which purports to be the long-lost portrait referred to by Cervantes himself. The discovery was first made public by the distinguished Cervantes scholar, Señor Rodríguez Marín, in the illustrated Madrid weekly, *A B C*, June 16, 1911. Subsequently, Señor Angel M. de Barcía, of the National Library, has announced the find to scholars in the *Revista de Archivos*. Owing to the recentness of the discovery, it cannot yet be positively affirmed that the portrait is genuine. Art critics and scholars have still to pass on many questions. Nevertheless, those who have seen the original feel that there is a strong presumption in its favor.

The picture represents a man well past the prime of life, with a high forehead, arched nose, chestnut hair, silvery beard, large mustache, small mouth, light complexion—in short, a man in every respect conforming to the description which Cervantes has left of himself. And yet the note of individuality is so strong that one feels that this portrait must have been painted from the living model. This man must have

walked the streets of Toledo and Madrid. If we compare this portrait with any one of the imaginary likenesses drawn from the description, it becomes apparent that in the one case we have modelling, in the other an absence of the same; in the one case the treatment is

questioned authenticity with which comparison may be made. Jáuregui undoubtedly enjoyed some reputation as an artist, for his work is praised by Pacheco, Carducho, and Palomino; but he is now better known as a poet and the translator into Castilian of Tasso's *Aminta*



A familiar apocryphal portrait of Cervantes.

realistic, in the other the subject is idealized and conventionalized. The Cervantes of the imaginary portraits is a Renaissance dandy. The heavy-mustached figure in the new likeness suggests far more convincingly the grizzled veteran of Lepanto. Clearly this is no vulgar forgery. We have to do with an old painting, and, if it be not authentic, the resemblance must be due to chance.

The portrait bears at the top the following inscription: "D. Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra"; and below: "D. Juan de Jaurigui Pinxit. Anno 1600." In the year 1600 Cervantes was fifty-three years of age, which appears to correspond to the age of the man in the portrait. The alleged painter would in the same year have been slightly under thirty. Señor Barcia detects in the drawing the inexperienced touch of a young man laboring under the influence of El Greco. It is unfortunate that there exists no work by Jáuregui of un-

Doubtless it was their mutual love for letters which brought about the friendship between the great prose writer and the poet-painter.

Unfortunately the inscription does not afford conclusive evidence regarding the picture's authenticity. There is a slight philological difficulty which renders doubtful the assumption that the inscription was painted in 1600. Cervantes, in the original text, spells his friend's name, Xaurigui. This is the orthography to be expected at the date in question. Yet the lexicographer, Covarrubias, writing in 1611, states that the substitution of j for x before the vowels a, o, and u, was already beginning to be made. It is noteworthy, however, that the name is not spelled in its modern fashion, Jáuregui. A modern forger would probably have either looked up the ancient spelling or else have used the current form in which the name appears. All students of art know that inscriptions of this sort are untrustworthy.



A presumed authentic portrait of Cervantes by his friend, the painter, Don Juan de Jauregui y Aguilar, recently discovered in Spain.

But the rejection of the inscription would not necessarily prove that the picture itself was not what it purported to be. The lettering does not appear to be modern, and Jauregui, who is supposed to have still retained possession of the picture in 1613, and who did not die until 1640, may have added the inscription at a date subsequent to that when the portrait was painted. Or some later possessor who knew the facts respecting sitter and artist may have added it.

It is to be regretted that those who have announced the discovery have not yet taken the public fully into their confidence regarding the

former possessors of the painting. The question of pedigree is all important. The only information as yet vouchsafed is that the portrait came into the possession of a certain Señor Albiol, who acquired it from a person whose name is withheld. Are we to suppose that Señor Albiol is respecting the pride of some ruined family reluctantly forced to part with a cherished heirloom? Or is Señor Marín withholding facts until further researches shall enable him to offer a completed study? The character of these gentlemen is such that nobody will suspect their motives;

but art lovers and students of literature are naturally impatient to have all mystery dispelled. Señor Albiol has shown praiseworthy disinterestedness in refusing to derive financial profit from his discovery. Like a true hidalgo, he has presented the canvas to the Royal Spanish Academy, its most fitting repository.

Of the various pseudo-portraits of Cervantes, the earliest is George Vertue's copper engraving of a drawing by William Kent. This appeared in an edition of the *Don Quijote* published in London in 1738. It is admittedly drawn from the novelist's description of himself. A very similar portrait is one attributed to Alonso del Arco, presented to the Spanish Academy in 1773. The resemblance to the Kent portrait is so strong that it has been supposed that the one derived from the other. If such a relationship exists, the Kent drawing must be the earlier, for there is no reason for doubting that this likeness was drawn from the description. At the time of the presentation, the Academy, desirous of settling the matter, appointed a commission of artists to pass judgment. They decided that the del Arco painting must have been done in the seventeenth century, and therefore could not derive from the English engraving. This opinion has frequently been challenged, but the matter has never been authoritatively determined. From these two portraits derive nearly all the later engravings, medals, statues, and busts which pretend to represent the lineaments of Spain's greatest author. Equally fanciful is the portrait preserved in the Arland museum of Lausanne, Switzerland. This has been attributed in turn to Velázquez, Pacheco, and Jáuregui; but it has been conclusively shown that the costume worn is that of the late seventeenth century. The unfortunate monarch, Charles IV, was negotiating for its purchase at the moment when he was driven from his throne by Napoleon. In 1864 Señor José Ascensio thought he had discovered a Cervantes portrait in one of the figures of a fresco painted by Francisco Pacheco upon the walls of the Mercenarian convent, in Seville. The fresco represents the ransoming from Algiers of certain Christian captives. But aside from the fact that Cervantes owed his freedom to the Trinitarian brotherhood, not to the Mercenarians, the face in question did not correspond closely to the verbal portrait. After a heated controversy, Señor Ascensio's claim failed to win acceptance. In 1879 Señor Luis Carreras thought he had found a Jáuregui painting, and identified one tiny figure of a group as a portrait of Cervantes.

Señor Carreras never succeeded in convincing anybody but himself. A palpable forgery was perpetrated in 1887 when there was offered for sale in Madrid an alleged portrait of Cervantes, signed: "Paulo Wever, 1604." This was speedily identified by the artist, Luis de Madrazo, as a poor copy of an imaginary likeness which he himself had painted some years previously.

The foregoing brief account of Cervantes portraiture shows that there have been many reported discoveries similar to the one recently announced. The wish is father to the thought, and Spaniards, in their patriotic eagerness to possess an adequate likeness of their great compatriot, are prone to self-deception. This fact should be carefully weighed in forming a judgment as to the authenticity of the present portrait. All that can now be said is that a stronger case has been presented this time than in any of the preceding instances. A final opinion must be reserved until the facts relating to the pedigree are revealed, and until other competent art critics are given the opportunity of inspecting the original. The genuineness of the inscription is doubtful. The strongest evidence in favor of accepting the picture as authentic is the fact that we have an old painting, manifestly drawn from a living model, and which nevertheless agrees perfectly with Cervantes's description of himself.

Does the portrait satisfy our ideal of Cervantes's personal appearance? It represents the grave, dignified, serious face of the typical Spanish gentleman of the epoch. The expression is sad rather than cheerful. The countenance is not so much that of the humorist and the poet as of one who has said of himself that he was "more experienced in reverses than in verses." It is the intellectual face of a gentleman who, had we no other reason for thinking the portrait to represent the lineaments of Cervantes, might have been supposed to be some eminent author, some distinguished jurist, or merely a private individual of no distinction whatsoever. At least, that is Señor Barcía's cautious judgment. Genius is not always manifest on the exterior. The man of the portrait may have been a genius or a mediocrity. Those enthusiastic critics who see in the painted features the unmistakable stamp of genius are imagining more than they see. But when all is said, this new likeness, though the work of a mediocre artist, comes nearer than any previous one to realizing our ideal of what Cervantes must have been.

GEORGE TYLER NORTHUP.

This May Be Just What You Need

Beyond all question, some of the every-day beverages are harmful to heart, nerves and digestion.

Many mothers refuse coffee and tea to their children, yet by strange inconsistency use these beverages themselves.

In consequence, sooner or later, and according to the degree of natural strength of the individual, there comes a time when ill results are surely felt.

Then, it is well to heed Nature's warning.

Every member of the family can drink

POSTUM

with certainty of benefit.

A change from coffee and tea to Postum has proven a revelation of comfort to thousands, and the delightful flavour of this wholesome food-drink makes the change easy and pleasant.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



Victor

Every home
should have a
Victor-Victrola

because

this instrument satisfies the love of music that is born in every one of us; touches the heart strings and develops the emotional part of our nature; freshens the tired mind and lightens the cares and worries of every-day life.

because

the Victor-Victrola brings to you the best music of all the world and gives you a complete

understanding of the masterpieces of the great composers such as you can acquire in no other way.

because

the Victor-Victrola places at your command the services of the world's greatest opera



Victor-Victrola XVI, \$200
Mahogany or quartered oak



Victor-Victrola IV, \$15
Oak



Victor-Victrola VI, \$25
Oak

New Victor Records
are on sale at all
dealers on the
28th of each month



Victor-Victrola VIII, \$40
Oak

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

-Victrola

stars, who make records exclusively for the Victor, besides a host of famous instrumentalists, celebrated bands and orchestras, and well-known comedians and entertainers.

because

the Victor-Victrola is universally recognized as the world's greatest musical instrument, occupies a place of honor in homes of wealth and culture everywhere, and has awakened millions to a proper appreciation of music.

because

with Victor-Victrolas ranging in price from \$15 to \$200 and Victors from \$10 to \$100 no home can afford to be without one of these wonderful instruments.

because

any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the Victor-Victrola.

**Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Records
played with Victor Needles—
there is no other way to get the
unequaled Victor tone.



Victor-Victrola IX, \$50
Mahogany or oak



Victor Steel Needles
6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles
50 cents per 100
(can be repointed and
used eight times)



Victor-Victrola X, \$75
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XIV, \$150
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XI, \$100
Mahogany or oak



The Fabric that is SURE to meet with your Approval!

"Well, how is it, Mr. Tailor?"

"How do *you* like it?"

"It looks good to me. I'm *sure* the cloth is right because you can't go wrong on the American Woolen Co.'s Puritan Serge. It's becoming and it stands up. But you are the doctor as to fit and tailoring."

"Well, sir, I'm proud to say the work in that suit is worthy of the cloth. It's a pleasure to make a suit of Puritan Serge because, no matter how long it's worn, it's a credit to the workmanship put into it."

PURITAN SERGE
1620

A thoroughbred style fabric for the man who cares — is one of the most beautiful rich shades of blue ever woven. It is a distinctive serge, with the warmth of sunlight in it, with a draping quality and feel that mark the true style fabric. Pure wool, through and through. Thoroughly dependable. Width 58-60 inches. — London shrunk.

Tell your tailor you want Puritan Serge. He has it or can get it. Puritan Serge is also used for high-grade ready-to-wear suits. The name **PURITAN SERGE** is stamped on the back of the cloth.

If unable to obtain Puritan Serge, send us the name of your clothier or tailor, with money order or check for quantity required at \$3.00 per yard (3½ yards for man's suit), and you will be supplied through regular channels, as we do not sell at retail.

American Woolen Company

Wm. M. Wood, President.



Selling Agency

American Woolen Co. of N. Y.
AMERICAN WOOLEN BLDG.
4th Ave., 18th and 19th Streets
NEW YORK

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

**Any Time
O' Day**



Post Toasties

With cream and sugar or fruits are wholesome and please the palate.

Crisp bits of Indian corn, cooked and toasted to an appetizing golden brown.

Ready to serve direct from the package.

A Minnesota woman writes:

"I use Post Toasties because they are liked by all my family, making a convenient food to serve on any occasion.

"I use it for a breakfast food; then again with canned fruit or preserves, as a most delicious dessert for dinner or supper — each one desiring more.

"My experience is, all who taste want more."

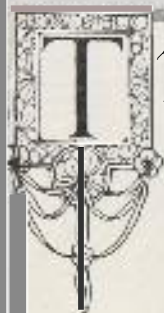


Post Toasties

"The Memory Lingers"



Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A. Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Windsor, Ontario



The Perfected Grand Piano

There is one supreme instrument in every field of musical expression—the Stradivarius Violin, the Bohm Flute, etc.

In all the world there is only one Grand Piano so perfectly constructed that the evenness of tone is not destroyed when the soft pedal is applied, but, on the contrary, the tone volume remains perfectly proportioned throughout the scale from loudest to softest.

Such tone shading is only possible with the Isotonic Pedal, and the

Kranich & Bach Grand

is the only piano in the world that contains it.

*Sold on convenient monthly terms,
if desired.*

NOTE—It will interest you greatly to read a little book describing the famous Isotonic Pedal—it cannot be comprehensively treated in this space. The book, together with our new catalogue, will be sent on request.

Kranich & Bach
New York





The Pony Express

A Pioneer of the Bell System

FIFTY years ago the Pony Express became the most efficient messenger service ever known.

Pony riders carried messages from Missouri to California, nearly two thousand miles across mountains and deserts, through blizzards and sand storms, constantly in danger of attack by hostile Indians.

Fresh horses were supplied at short intervals, and the messages, relayed from rider to rider, were delivered in the record-breaking time of seven and one-half days.

Railroad and telegraph took the place

of the Pony Express, carrying messages across this western territory. Today the telephone lines of the Bell System have done more, for they have bound together ranch and mine and camp and village.

This network of telephone lines, following the trails of the Indians, connects with the telegraph to carry messages throughout the world.

By means of Universal Bell Service the most remote settler is no longer isolated, but has become a constantly informed citizen of the American Commonwealth.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



An Organized Selling Force

For over 15 years we have been controlling the advertising space in the New York City Surface Cars.

In that time we have helped many small firms into national prominence.

They had the good judgment to experiment with us for a year or two, with the result that they are now popular and successful concerns.

We are long past the experimental stage.

For years we have been a well-organized selling force, helping reputable advertisers to introduce reputable articles and making them household words in this city and through the nation.

Can we help YOU in a similar way?

We have the exclusive control of all the advertising space in all the

New York City Surface Cars Fifth Avenue Busses


Study the Cards — We Have a Standard

New York City Car
Advertising Company

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Telephone 4680 Madison

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



AMID the richness of silken tapestry and storied marble, where taste is cultivated and commands the best—there is found unvarying appreciation of Nabisco Sugar Wafers.

Whether the service be simple or elaborate, this charming dessert confection is always appropriate and it always pleases.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins



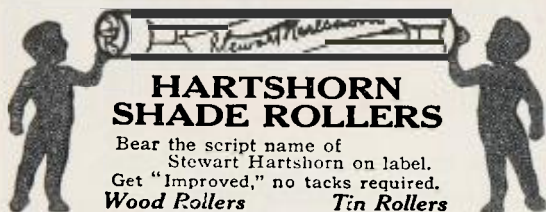
CHOCOLATE TOKENS—another delicate sweet with a coating of rich chocolate.

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Building, Furnishing



KEYSTONE FOR WALLS
AND
KEYSTONE CEILINGS
GOES ON LIKE PAINT; LOOKS LIKE WALL PAPER; YOU CAN WASH IT
A beautiful illustrated book of 24 colors and Photographs sent free. Send
your name and address to the
KEYSTONE VARNISH CO., - Brooklyn, N. Y.



**HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS**
Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers **Tin Rollers**



CHEAPER THAN EVER!

Every Kind of Woven Wire Fence, also
Wrought Iron Picket Fences, Gates,
Etc. **Write for free Catalog.**
Enterprise Foundry & Fence Co.,
1154 E. 24th St., Indianapolis, Ind.

DON'T Start Poultry Keeping

till you have read the Six Free Chapters written by Robert
Essex after a Quarter Century's Experience in the busi-
ness. They tell *How to Make Money With Poultry*; *How*
to Build Low-Cost Poultry Houses. They tell Fanciers,
and Women, and Farmers how to *START RIGHT*, and also tell
all about America's Largest Line of Incubators and Brooders.
The book is FREE. Write today. Address:
ROBERT ESSEX INCUBATOR COMPANY
230 Henry St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Light is Money

You waste money and get
poor light if you use the wrong
shades or globes. *Alba* shades
and globes are best
for almost every
purpose.


They get the most
value out of the cur-
rent you pay for;
they soften the
light; make reading
easy on the eyes; and they
are handsome.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Get *Alba* from your dealer or send for our cata-
logue of every kind of shade and globe (we make
them all) and give us your dealer's name.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company
Pittsburgh



**The Best
Flowers and
Vegetables**
that ever delighted the eye
or appeased the appetite
can be grown without any
trouble—even by the most
inexperienced—if guided by
the simple directions in
**DREER'S
GARDEN BOOK**
A COMPREHENSIVE
work of 288 pages.
Splendid photo-reproduc-
tions on each page. Beauti-
fully illustrated with 4 color
pages and 6 duotone plates.
Full Directions Given
for the growing of almost every plant and vegetable.
Read of our collection of flowers and vegetables. See
our offering of World's Best Roses—strong 2-year-old
plants that will bear a full crop this year.
*Dreer's Garden Book mailed free to
anyone mentioning this publication.*

Dreer's Superb Asters. The finest strain,
either for garden decoration or cutting.
Packets contain enough seed to produce
more than one hundred plants. Made up of
eight beautiful colors. Ten cents per packet.
Dreer's Garden Book with each order.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.



Western Electric

Household Helps

It Depends On You

whether you are a slave to the drudgery of housework, or make it easy through the more extensive use of electricity in your home.

Use the well proven Western Electric Household Helps. They cost surprisingly little to buy, and less than 2 cents an hour will pay the current bill for any one of them.

As an investment they will pay for themselves many times over. For their utility and convenience, you'll wonder how you ever did without them.

**Everything Electrical for Home,
Business and Factory.**

Write to-day for Booklet No. 9123.

Western Electric Company

New York
Kansas City

Chicago
San Francisco

Offices in All Principal Cities

Use OXIDE of ZINC Paints



THE UNITED STATES NAVY, as the result of exhaustive tests, has adopted an anti-corrosive paint containing 65% of **OXIDE OF ZINC** and an anti-fouling paint containing 40% of **OXIDE OF ZINC**. Service on the bottom of a warship is a real test of paint.

Durable Paints are paints containing
OXIDE OF ZINC

Does **your** paint contain Oxide of Zinc?

We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in oil. A list of manufacturers of Oxide of Zinc Paints mailed on request.

The New Jersey Zinc Co.

NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING

55 Wall Street, New York

Big 1912 Model \$31⁷⁵ Oak Refrigerator Opal Glass Lined

Direct from Factory to User

The exterior is solid oak. The food compartment and door are lined with the famous opal glass, 7-16 inch thick. "Better than marble." Opal glass is the most sanitary lining produced by science. It is as easily washed as a pane of glass. **Double refrigeration from every pound of ice is given** by our exclusive system of construction.



MEASUREMENTS
Height 45 in. Width 36 in. Depth 21 in.
Ice Capacity, 100 lbs.

The Wickes 1912 Model No. 230, Only \$31.75

Conforms in every respect to the high standards set by The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, manufacturers for over 60 years. The name back of this refrigerator is the highest insurance of its merit.

Our Money-Back Guaranty. Your money refunded if the Wickes is not exactly as represented.

You buy the Wickes Refrigerator direct from the factory at actual factory prices.

The Exterior—German-Silver Trimmed—same size \$45
refrigerator, specially priced

Send for Free Beautiful Art Catalog

It shows you the famous Wickes Refrigerators of all sizes—inside and out. Guaranteed and sold by

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

(Established Over 60 Years)

Dept. 77, 324-328 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Dept. 77, 29-35 W. 32d St., New York

130-132 E. Sixth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

(76)

CRAFTSMAN HOUSE PLANS FREE



Designed by GUSTAV STICKLEY

Send 6 cents for a copy of "24 CRAFTSMAN HOUSES" showing exterior and floor plans of 24 houses that cost from \$900 up to build. To interest you in our magazine, "THE CRAFTSMAN," our **FREE HOUSE PLANS**, and in Craft articles, we will also send you a beautifully printed 32-page booklet entitled "The Craftsman House." If you are interested at all, both of these books will be very useful to you.

"THE CRAFTSMAN IDEA" means REAL HOMES, not mere houses; it shows you how to save money on useless partitions—how to avoid over-decoration, how to get wide sweeps of space (even in a small house), restful tones that match and blend—and enables any one always to have a beautiful and artistic home.

"THE CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE" treats of building, furnishing and beautifying homes—of art—embroidery—cabinet work—and kindred topics. In the Magazine each month are published the plans of two new and entirely different houses. Already we have shown 130 houses, and you can have your own choice of them.

"CRAFTSMAN HOMES," by Gustav Stickley, 205 pages, beautifully bound and printed, treats of home building, home making, home furnishings in full.

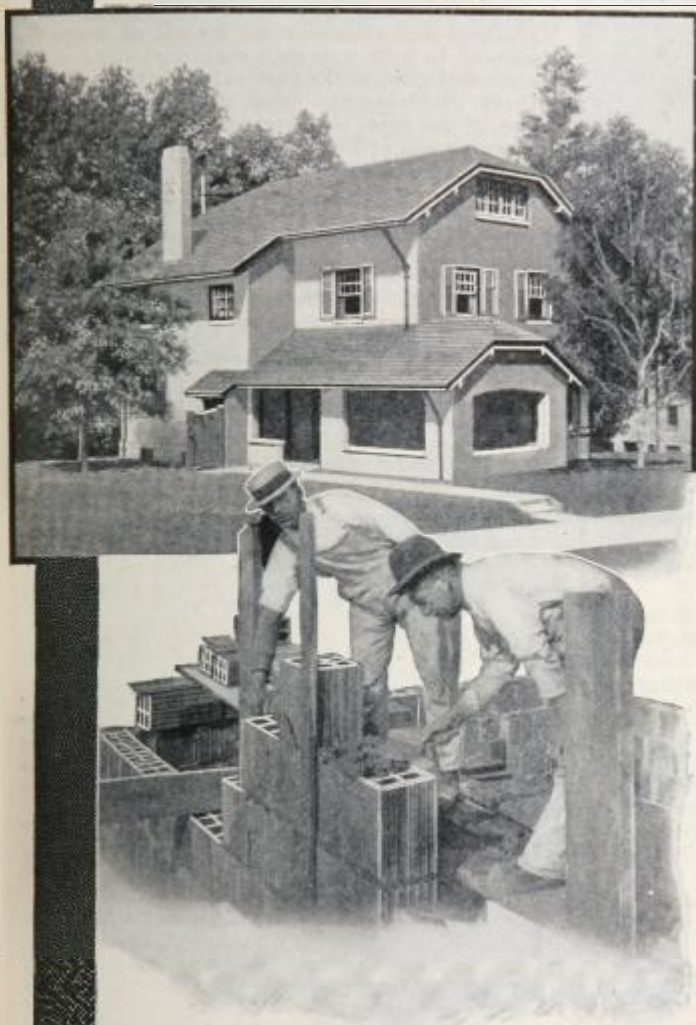
Ben Wiles, Cir. Manager, "THE CRAFTSMAN"
Room 352, 41 West 34th Street, New York City

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Whatever price per square foot you may plan to pay for a substantial residence or other moderate sized building, its construction will be far superior in every way when built of

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

The name "NATCO" stamped on each tile assures you it is the same material as is used in the fireproof construction of the world's tallest skyscrapers and greatest public buildings.



YOU can build your outer walls of NATCO at no greater cost than for brick, brick and wood, stone and wood or concrete. You will gain enormously in fire-safety, in maintenance economy, in investment value. The all-around inbuilt blankets of air reduce greatly the winter heating expenses, assure a remarkably dry interior at all seasons, in hot weather keep the house amazingly cool.

At a very reasonable advance in first cost, you can also plan the construction of all partitions, floors and roof in NATCO. Such a house represents a standard far beyond comparison with any other form of construction. It brings about the *total* elimination of interior and exterior fire-hazards. No structural deterioration is ever possible. It realizes a perfection of construction from every standpoint, not to be approached with older standards.

NATCO construction is fireproof, age proof, moisture proof, sound proof, vermin proof, warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

Send 10 cents in postage for our elaborate 96-page handbook, "Fireproof Houses."

Every detail of NATCO HOLLOW TILE construction explained, with technical drawings and typical floor plans, also illustrations from photographs of forty-five houses built of NATCO HOLLOW TILE, ranging in cost from \$4,000 to \$200,000. An invaluable guide to the prospective builder. Write today.



NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING·COMPANY

Dept. D Pittsburgh, Pa.

Organized 1889

Offices in All Principal Cities

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



Don't fail
to see the name
Ostermoor woven in
the edge, also this OSTERMOOR
trade mark sewn on the end.

They are your guarantee of America's standard high-grade mattress—the Ostermoor which brings comfortable, nerve-and-body-resting sleep to millions.

The Ostermoor method, used and controlled exclusively by us, *builds* a mattress that keeps its inviting softness indefinitely, never mats or packs, and never needs re-making. Three generations of service proves this statement.

MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid
Best blue and white tick
4' 6" wide, 45 lbs., \$15.
In 2 parts, 50c extra
Dust-proof Satin Finish
Ticking, \$1.50 more
Mercerized French Art
Twills, \$3.00 more.

Write for Big FREE Book

With Samples

Get it whether you're thinking of buying an Ostermoor or not. It should be read in every household. Just drop a postal.

Ostermoor

Mattress

"Built—**\$15.**
Not Stuffed"

Avoid imitations; look for our trade mark. When necessary we'll ship a mattress, express charges prepaid, on the day check or postal order is received. Packed so it reaches you clean, dry, shapely. Money back if not satisfied after thirty nights' trial.

OSTERMOOR & CO.
108 Elizabeth St., New York



THE Coming of Spring at WYOMISSING NURSERIES

I am watching with greater eagerness than ever before this April for the first signs of Spring—the heralds of another flower-pageant.

Do you know the joy of watching this miracle in your own garden?

Surely you have room for at least a few plants, which, if properly chosen, will afford you endless pleasure and satisfaction. I shall be more than pleased to help you plan such a garden. I have acres and acres of the choicest varieties of *Peonies*, *Irises*, *Phloxes*, and other grand hardy plants—one of the most complete collections in existence. Growing and selling these plants is my pleasure, as well as my business. My book

"Farr's Hardy Plants"

is free on request. Many critics pronounce it the best and most helpful work of its kind ever published.

BERTRAND H. FARR, Wyomissing Nurseries
643 S. Penn Street, READING, PA.

N.B.—ROSES: Dickson's celebrated Irish Roses, the best in the world, heavy, dormant two year old plants, raised especially for me by these celebrated Irish Rose Growers, ready for shipment NOW.

Important to those Who Expect to Build



WHEN PLANNING TO BUILD, get the ideas of leading architects, regarding best design, proper interior arrangement and most appropriate furnishings. This will aid in deciding about your *own* plans, when you consult your architect and builder, and can be obtained from the *several hundred* designs beautifully illustrated in six numbers of the

Architectural Record

The National Magazine for Architects, Owners and Builders, with the largest circulation in the field

In these six numbers are *also* illustrated and described numerous building specialties that add much to the comfort, convenience and value of the modern home, without materially increasing initial cost; *this* information may mean *saving* of many dollars to you.

SPECIAL OFFER We have limited supply of these six numbers, invaluable to those who expect to build or make alterations. Although regular price is \$1.50, we make special offer of \$1.00 for the six, while they last, if you mention SCRIBNER'S. Will soon be sold. Order to-day; to-morrow may be too late.



First Floor Plan
Greatly Reduced

This \$1.00 Should Save You Hundreds

ARCHITECTURAL RECORD, 240 Metropolitan Annex, New York. Enclosed is \$1.00. Mail six numbers containing CITY and COUNTRY HOUSE illustrations, according to special offer in SCRIBNER'S.

Name _____

Address _____

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

The ANGELUS PLAYER PIANO

The Instrument of Personality

WAGNER

GOUNOD

MOZART

CHOPIN

LISZT

GRIEG

MASSENET

SCHUBERT

NO two musicians play the same composition alike. It is doubtful if any piece of music has ever been played twice alike.

Pianissimo, in written music, means play softly—but how softly?

Accelerando, means play rapidly—but how rapidly?

Only the instinct of the individual can decide or govern these questions, and that is wherein the Angelus is wonderful. It enables the player-pianist to infuse his individuality into the composer's style.

With the Phrasing Lever, the Melody Buttons and the guidance of the Artistyle Music Rolls, you can give your own interpretation of what the composer wrote exactly as a great musician does by means of his fingers.

Or you may employ the Melodant to pick out the melody of the composition so it sounds clear and distinct above the accompaniment, while you yourself, by reading the Artistyle marking with the Phrasing Lever, give the beautiful tempo effects indicated, thus producing a delightfully artistic rendition.

The Diaphragm Pneumatics, by exactly imitating the human touch, give to the music produced by the Angelus-pianist the last element needed to make it like that of the most skilled hand playing.

The owner of an Angelus has no musical limitations other than his own musical sense. The Angelus is just as dependent upon the player-pianist for its highest possibilities as is the harp or the violin, but—it enables anyone to produce music which is perfect in technique and correct in expression so far as the composer's intentions have been indicated in the written score.

The patented devices and exclusive features which make the Angelus a *new musical instrument* and not a mechanical piano, are found in no other instrument.

Knabe-Angelus

The world-famous Knabe Piano and the Angelus.

Angelus-Piano

A splendid piano built expressly for the Angelus.

Emerson-Angelus

The sweet-toned Emerson Piano and the Angelus.

The

Gourlay-Angelus in Canada

DEBUSSY

MOSKOWSKI

CHAMINADE

NEVIN

DONIZETTI

GLINKA

PUCCINI

SCHUMANN

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY

Pioneers in the Player-piano Industry Agencies all over the world

MERIDEN, CONN.

233 Regent Street

London

Send for This Free Book



which explains the danger of unsanitary, germ infested, zinc lined refrigerators, that poison milk and other foods. Zinc lined refrigerators are positively dangerous because the zinc corrodes and forms zinc oxide, a virulent poison. Damp, poorly insulated refrigerators, with poor air circulation, are equally dangerous. Many families have traced cases of serious illness to their unsanitary refrigerators.

This handsomely illustrated 52 page book gives a vast amount of valuable information about refrigerators that you should know. We will gladly send you a copy free on request. It also tells why the celebrated

McCray Refrigerators

keep all food fresh, untainted and healthful. You ought to know why the McCray Patent System of Refrigeration and Air Circulation gives a dry, clean, thoroughly sanitary refrigerator, free from all odors, germs or poison. The book explains.

McCray Refrigerators are made in all sizes for every purpose, and are guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. They can be arranged for icing from the rear porch so that the ice-man need not enter the house, and can be equipped with special ice water cooler, racks for wine, beer, mineral water, etc., and other special features if desired.

We also send any of the following catalogues free on request:

No. 88 Regular Sizes for Residences.

No. A. H. Built-to-Order for Residences.

No. 49 for Hotels, Clubs and Institutions.

No. 68 for Grocers.

No. 72 for Florists.

No. 59 for Meat Markets.

McCray Refrigerator Co.

389 Lake St.

Kendallville, Ind.

Branches in all Principal Cities.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., of the highest grade carry the above trade mark.



MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

(International Silver Co., Successor)

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

Send for catalogue "R-41."

There's a menace to your health

in that battered garbage can! Dogs knock it over—nose off the loose-fitting lid and scatter the disease-breeding garbage around the yard, where it is a constant source of danger to the health of you and your children. *Avoid this danger!* Get

Witt's CAN—for ashes and garbage PAIL—for general use

Made of galvanized corrugated steel that stands the roughest handling without becoming battered. The lid fits closely down over the rim, keeping in the odor, keeping out dogs, flies, etc. Witt's Cans and Pails are *clean* and *sanitary*—outlast two of the ordinary kind.

Three sizes of can and pail. If your dealer hasn't Witt's, write us and we will see that you are supplied at once.

THE WITT CORNICE CO., Dept. 6, 2118 Winchell Ave., Cincinnati, O.

LOOK for the YELLOW LABEL



A battered garbage can attracts dogs, cats, flies



In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

BOBBINK & ATKINS'

New Hybrid
Giant-Flowering Marshmallow



(Actual size
10 inches wide)

THESE plants will grow and bloom in every garden. This is the most striking floral wonder of the age. Three plants, red, white, pink, and our beautiful Illustrated General Catalogue, describing our World's Choicest Nursery Products, will be mailed upon receipt of \$1.50. We plan and plant grounds and gardens everywhere.

Nurserymen and
Landscape Gardeners

Rutherford, N. J.



Make Your
Floors
LOOK
Their
Best

Old English
Floor Wax

is the finish which brings out every bit of beauty your floors, wood-work or furniture possesses—often much more than you believe there is in them. Makes their care a lot easier because the finish will not hold dust nor show scratches and it lasts. Prove it.

Send for Free Sample and Book

"Beautiful Floors, Their Finish and Care"

A. S. BOYLE & CO.
1928 W. 8th Street, Cincinnati, O.

Send
Booklet
and FREE
Sample O.E.

Name _____

Address _____

Dealer _____

Save the Trees

A sound living tree is too precious to neglect because it has a money as well as a sentimental value.

The Davey Tree Experts Do

a class of work accomplished by no other men
—they save trees.

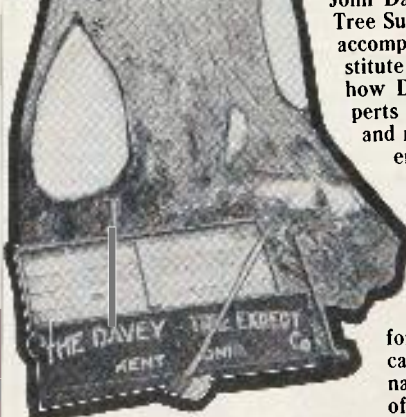
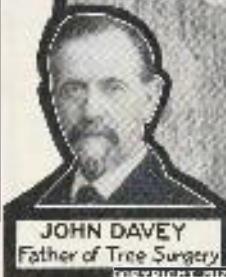
Don't let any man touch your trees, unless his credentials prove him an expert. All graduates from the "Davey Institute of Tree Surgery" carry such credentials—they are employed by the Davey Tree Expert Company.

We Never Let Good Men Go

If you own a home with trees write for our book containing the story of John Davey, Father of Tree Surgery—what he accomplished—the institute he founded and how Davey Tree Experts are saving trees and money for property owners.

Mention the number of trees you own and their species.

Write today for the book, because "Procrastination is the Thief of Trees."



The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc.

226 Filbert Street

Kent, Ohio

Branch Offices: New York, N.Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Toronto, Can.

Canadian Address: 630 Conf. Life Building, Toronto, Ont.

REPRESENTATIVES AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE.



Karpen Furniture is Quality Furniture

Karpen Furniture is the most widely used upholstered furniture in the world, made so by maintaining the highest standard of quality, established when the business was founded.

To-day you may purchase a piece of Karpen Furniture possessing intrinsic value at any price your income justifies. But whether the price be small or large, you may be assured that the cabinet work, the materials and the quality of the designs are up to the Karpen high standard. No attempts are made to cheapen any detail at the expense of quality.

That you may accept our statements and be guided by them in purchasing, we offer you the protection of our guarantee of money back if

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture

bearing our trade-mark is ever found other than as represented.

That mark means that Karpen Furniture is the one safe make to purchase.

Karpen Furniture is sold by leading dealers.

Ask to see our trade-mark when shopping.

Our Free Book of Designs "SA" with its hundreds of pictures and pages of practical information for buyers will assist you in selecting.

Write for Book "SA" to-day.



No. 5305. English
Fireside Chair in
Fabric Coverings

Karpen
Guaranteed
Upholstered
Furniture

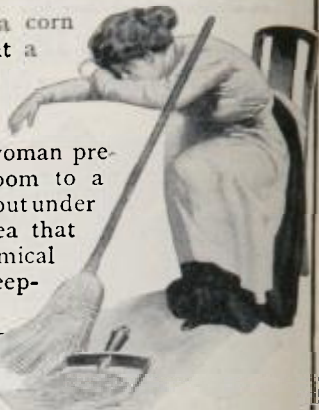
(15)

**S. Karpen &
Bros.**

Chicago, Karpen Building
New York, Karpen Building
Boston, 20 Sudbury Street

Why Waste Your Energies

sweeping with a corn broom, when at a small cost you can procure a BISSELL Sweeper? No woman prefers a corn broom to a carpet sweeper, but under the mistaken idea that it's more economical she continues sweeping in the old, laborious, back-breaking way. For every reason, including that of economy, the



BISSELL Carpet Sweeper

is the only satisfactory appliance for daily use on carpets and rugs, and if you will take a few moments to consider its merits you will not let a day pass until you have purchased one.

The "BISSELL" lessens the labor of sweeping 95%, brightens and preserves your carpets and rugs, raises no dust, making sweeping a pleasant task instead of a drudgery.

For sale by all first-class trade.

Price \$2.75 to \$5.75. Booklet on request.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Dept. 39 A
Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Largest Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers
in the World.**

Will you accept this book for Ten days Free Inspection

Answers Over 100,000 Questions on sales and business problems. The Mahin Advertising Data Book (12th edition) contains an authentic answer for practically every question of detail in the subject of advertising. It gives accurate, complete information about newspapers, periodicals, outdoor advertising, explains half-tones, zincs, electro-types, etc. Thousands find it indispensable. 556 pages printed on Bible paper, leather bound - vest pocket size.

\$3 value for \$2 If at the end of ten days you feel you cannot do without it, send us \$2 and we will send you the Mahin Messenger for one year; the subscription price of which is \$1, containing up-to-date advertising talks.

Mahin Advertising Company
844 Am. Trust Bldg.
Chicago

FREE INSPECTION

By Price Collier The West in the East

From An American Point of View

"One of the most amusing, suggestive, and thoughtful works of travel that has been written in our time."

—London Spectator.

\$1.50 net; postpaid \$1.65



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Leads in Tone Quality in America

The EVERETT PIANO

One of the three great
Pianos of the World

Regular
Styles
from
\$550
to
\$1500

Special
Art
Cases
made
to
Order

Send for your selection. We will then mail you FREE a book containing a song and the best all-known compositions for piano.

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
Cincinnati New York Chicago
Owners of
The Everett Piano Co. Boston



The Home of Wholesome Food

A Snow-White Solid Porcelain Compartment

It does away with cracks, joints, crevices, corners and other natural hiding places for dirt, odors, decaying food and dangerous microbes found in other refrigerators.

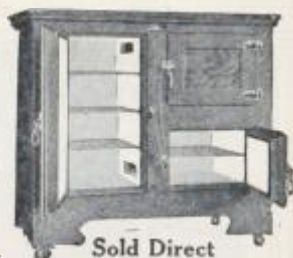
SEND FOR OUR VALUABLE FREE BOOK ON HOME REFRIGERATION. It tells you how to keep your food sweet and wholesome—how to cut down ice bills—what to seek and what to avoid in buying any

refrigerator. Every housewife and home owner should have one.

It also describes the wonderful advantages of the "MONROE." The one refrigerator with each food compartment made of a solid piece of unbreakable snow-white porcelain ware—every corner rounded like above cut. The one refrigerator accepted in the best homes and leading hospitals because it can be made germlessly clean by simply wiping out with a damp cloth. The one refrigerator that will pay for itself in a saving on ice bills, food waste and repairs. The "MONROE" is sold at factory prices on 30 days' trial. We pay the freight and guarantee "full satisfaction or money back." LIBERAL CREDIT TERMS IF DESIRED.

MONROE REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Station 19, Lockland, Ohio

The "Monroe"
The Lifetime Refrigerator



Sold Direct



Magnificent Steel Launch \$96

Complete With Engine, Ready to Run

18-20-25 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. The Safe Launch—absolutely non-sinkable—needs no boathouse. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust. We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, lock-seamed steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world. Free Catalog. Steel Rowboats, \$20. (83)
MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO., 1519 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.



The Heroines of Genoa and the Riviera

By EDGUMBE STALEY, author of "The Tragedies of the Medici," etc. With 24 full-page illustrations. \$3.50 net.

Deals with many romantic and picturesque personages and dramatic events incident to their careers.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

CRAFTSMAN FIRE-PLACE



A Complete Heating and Ventilating System

Burns Wood, Coal or Coke

IF you are intending to build a new home or remodel an old one and would be interested in HEATING THE ENTIRE HOUSE WITH WARM AIR, OR HOT WATER, FROM AN OPEN FIRE-PLACE, write to me for full information. It is guaranteed.

GUSTAV STICKLEY

Inventor and Manufacturer

41 West 34th St., N. Y. City



The Sohmer Cecilian The Farrand Cecilian

The Cecilian Piano

—that any one can play—



A tribute to the superior merits of the "Cecilian"
—perfect under all weather conditions

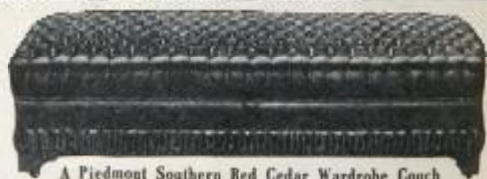
The Farrand Company, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—This photograph shows the Cecilian Piano in the cabin of my steam yacht "Galatea," where it has been for six years. Without a single repair, my Cecilian is as perfect in tone and mechanism as the day you installed it, after traveling almost everywhere on the Great Lakes, and being frozen in six winters through, with the "Galatea" in her slip. (Signed) E. L. FORD, Detroit, Feb. 10-'12

Will you allow us to give you a demonstration of the beauty of tone and touch on the "Cecilian." Your address on a postal please. Address Department 27.

THE FARRAND CO., Detroit, Mich.

Moth-Proof Cedar Couch



A Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Wardrobe Couch

is a luxurious lounge, a roomy cedar chest and a most desirable piece of furniture in every respect—especially for apartments, small rooms or other places where space is a consideration. Finest upholstery and wide choice of materials. Holds and preserves one's wardrobe just the way you wish, and is most attractive in appearance. Elegant wedding or birthday gift. **Perfect Protection Against Moths, Mice, Dust and Damp.** Many sizes and styles. Shipped **DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY AT FACTORY PRICES ON 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** ALL FREIGHT CHARGES PREPAID BY US. Send for free booklet, "The Story of Red Cedar," and big illustrated catalog showing full line of Couches, Chests and Chiffoniers. **WRITE US TODAY.**

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 12, Statesville, N. C.



Best grade cedar canoe for \$20

We sell direct, saving you \$20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 216 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Read "Small Country Houses of To-Day"

Edited by LAWRENCE WEAVER. With numerous illustrations. 4to. \$5.00 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



"TAPESTRY" BRICK
makes the most beautiful house in the world.

Costs less than wood and paint.

Our free illustrated book tells all about it.

FISKE & CO., Inc.
1846 Arena Bldg., New York



**A \$25.00
AUTOMATIC
VACUUM CLEANER
FOR \$18.00**

In order to introduce our highest grade \$25.00 1912 Automatic Vacuum Cleaner in every city, village and neighborhood, we will

furnish for immediate delivery one cleaner completely equipped with 3 different cleaning tools, observation glass and handsome woven vacuum hose for \$18.00. We pay the freight. These cleaners are sold as samples and only one to each person. We guarantee them to have the most powerful suction, to be thorough cleaners and to give excellent service generally. Money quickly refunded if not thoroughly satisfactory. You take no risk. Send order or write today. *Booklet free.*

AUTOMATIC VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
22nd Street, Bloomington, Ill.

**LEAVENS
FURNITURE**



THE LAST WORD

¶ In simplicity, refinement, construction, finish and moderate cost.

¶ The furniture in harmony with the best expression of American Home Life, possessing those particular essentials which preserve it from generation to generation.

¶ Send for collection of over 200 illustrations (free) and color chart for selecting your own finish.



WILLIAM LEAVENS & CO
32 CANAL ST.
BOSTON, MASS.

Food Products



ORIGINAL—GENUINE HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Delicious, Invigorating

The Food-Drink for all ages.

Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations — Ask for "HORLICK'S" — Everywhere



CRESCA DELICACIES

A hundred of the richest, choicest, daintiest foods grown the world over completely described, with new recipes, in "Cresca Foreign Luncheons," our illustrated color booklet sent for 2c. stamp.

CRESCA COMPANY, Importers, 345 Greenwich St., N. Y.



FOR WOMAN, CHILD AND HOUSEHOLD.



BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

By Marion Harland

The National Cook-Book

An entirely new work by MARION HARLAND and CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK. 12mo, \$1.50

The Cottage Kitchen

A New Edition with Supplementary Receipts by CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK. 12mo, \$1.00

Common-Sense in the Household

A Manual of Practical Housewifery. Majority Edition, New and Revised. 12mo, \$1.50



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

153-157 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK

The same high quality, same experience and methods, that make *Huyler's* Bonbons and Chocolates better than any other, are embodied in

Huyler's Premium Chocolate

For Cooking and Baking

Smooth and unsweetened, with the full rich flavor that has given all Huyler products their prestige for quality. *Huyler's* Vanilla Chocolate (pink wrapper) is a sweetened chocolate of the same high quality.

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE
NEW YORK CITY

Sold by Grocers
and Druggists
everywhere



3½-lb. cake 20c

½-lb. cake 20c



BAKING CHOCOLATE

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for the United States.



"Say, Mister, have ye got anything to cure a pain wot ye git from eatin' green apples?"

"Great Scott! have you been eating some?"

"No, but I'm goin' to."

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered
Candy Coated
Chewing Gum

Look for the Bird Cards in the packets. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album FREE.

Half a million folks of all kinds—including grown-ups, children, teachers, etc., are collecting our wonderful **Bird Studies**—faithful reproductions of American birds in full colors, with description of the birds' plumage, habits, and how to know them on sight. You will find one beautiful bird picture in each packet of Chiclets. Send us any fifty of these pictures with ten cents in stamps and we will send you—**free**—our splendid Bird Album.

The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the true mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c.,
10c. and 25c. Packets

SENSE CHICLET
COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



Evans' Ale

“ Possesses qualities so unique and exclusive that they take it out of the general and place it in a specific class as a standard product—a type of perfection. These qualities are not easily described—a sort of subtle impalpable something that you taste and enjoy but cannot define or trace. They may come from old associations, influence of tradition; possibly from the natural advantages of its birthplace, the singular virtues of the sparkling springs that furnish the water or the choiceness of hops and malt, the blending formula, the 126 years' brewing experience, or the brewery bottling. It may be some of these things or all collectively that make EVANS' ALE the perfect, natural, healthful, strengthening, comforting, delicious beverage it really is. ”

In splits if desired. Leading Dealers and Places.
C. H. EVANS & SONS Established 1786
Brewery and Bottling Works, HUDSON, N. Y.



YOUNG HUSBAND—If you don't mind my saying so, darling, I think perhaps you've put just a trifle too much water in the coffee—er—or is it tea?

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



FOR
Semi-Dress Occasions
Stag dinners, and the like—there is nothing more appropriate than these Black Mother-of-pearl Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons with black enameled, platinum, engine turned borders.

We make a large variety of other styles for evening dress and business wear, in all grades, from the most expensive, set with jewels, to Krementz Quality Rolled Gold Plate.

Goes in like a Needle and Holds like an Anchor.

Ask any leading jeweler or haberdasher to show them, or write for booklet and name of jeweler who can.

KREMENTZ & CO.
107 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.
Makers of the famous Krementz Collar Buttons



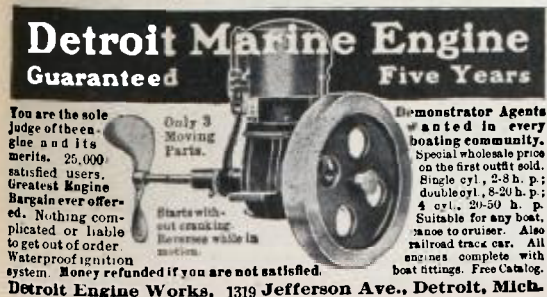
The Overcoat Shop,
51, Conduit Street, LONDON, W.

"TOGAS"
for Town or Country Motor-
ing and Sporting use.

Ready - to - wear
From \$16.00
or made to order

"TOGA COATS" are obtainable only from us and our American Agents, and may be identified by the label which guarantees,
Authentic Style
Perfect Tailoring
and True Quality

Studd & Millington,
TAILORS AND OVERCOAT SPECIALISTS,
51, Conduit Street, LONDON, W.



Detroit Marine Engine
Guaranteed Five Years

You are the sole Judge of the engine and its merits. 25,000 satisfied users. Greatest Engine Bargain ever offered. Nothing complicated or liable to get out of order. Waterproof ignition system. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

Only 3 Moving Parts.
Starts without cranking. Reverse walk in motion.

Demonstrator Agents wanted in every boating community. Special wholesale price on the first outfit sold.
Single cyl., 2-8 h. p.;
double cyl., 8-20 h. p.;
4 cyl., 20-50 h. p.
Suitable for any boat, canoe to cruiser. Also railroad track car. All engines complete with boat fittings. Free Catalog.

Detroit Engine Works, 1319 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.



A concealed dress essential
is what the best dressers
in the country call *Paris*
Garters.

You get *constant comfort,*
tidy ankles and sock security
by wearing

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

You can be sure of getting
the right kind by looking
for the name **PARIS**, which
is on each garter.



They are
guaranteed
perfect.

25 cents
50 cents

At All Dealers

A. STEIN & CO
CHICAGO, U. S. A.
New York, Flatiron Bldg.

Tailored to Fit the Leg

CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY SILKS INCLUDE "SHOWER-PROOF" FOULARDS. DRESS SILKS OF EVERY KIND, FLORENTINES, DECORATIVE SILKS, UPHOLSTERY GOODS. VELOURS, VELVETS, RIBBONS, CRAVATS. VELVET RIBBONS, SPUN SILK YARNS, REELED SILKS, ETC.

CHENEY BROTHERS. SILK MANUFACTURERS



Will you accept this book for 10 days free inspection

Over 100,000 answers to sales, advertising and business problems. The Mahin Advertising Data Book (12th edition) contains an authentic answer for practically every question of detail in the subject of advertising. It gives accurate and complete information about newspapers, periodicals and outdoor advertising; different styles and sizes of type; explains half-tones, zincs, electrotypes, etc. Practically indispensable to any advertiser, 556 pages printed on bible paper and leather bound—vest pocket size.

\$3 value for \$2 If at the end of ten days, you feel you can not do without it, send us \$2 and we will send you the Mahin Messenger for one year—the subscription price of which is \$1—containing up-to-date advertising talk. Use the Data Book for accurate reference—time-saving—conveniently indexed—nothing like it. **Ten days free inspection. Write for it today on your business letter head.** Mahin Advertising Co. 843 American Trust Bldg., Chicago

9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men, may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free book deals with

- How to manage a business
- How to sell goods
- How to get money by mail
- How to buy at rock-bottom
- How to collect money
- How to stop cost leaks
- How to train and handle men
- How to get and hold a position
- How to advertise a business
- How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation; yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege, when it involves only the risk of a postal—a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet". Send to

SYSTEM, Dept. 53-4, Wabash and Madison, CHICAGO



Complete Launch With Engine \$94.50 Ready to Run

16, 18, 20, 23, 27, 28 and 35 footers at proportionate prices, including Family Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Hunting Cabin Cruisers. We are the world's largest Power Boat Manufacturers. **A NEW PROPOSITION TO DEMONSTRATING AGENTS** Sixty-four different models in all sizes ready to ship, equipped with the simplest motors made; start without cranking; only three moving parts; ten-year-old child can run them. Boats and engines fully guaranteed. 12,500 satisfied owners. Write today for large Free Illustrated Catalog. **DETROIT BOAT CO., 1094 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT, MICH.**

SUFFRAGE IN UTAH.



"Dear Senator, can't we enlist you in the noble cause of woman's suffrage?"

"Why Madam, do you wish to ruin me? What chance would my little wife have at the polls against the Mesdames Jonathan Smith?"

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

The standard
of the world

Be
sure to
get
Esterbrook's
Fine, medium
and broad points

At all Stationers

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John St., New York
WORKS: Camden, N. J.

Red Rough Hands Made Soft and White



By Cuticura Soap and Ointment

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends, with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Directions: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. For sample of each, with 32-p. book, free, address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. At stores or by mail, 25c.



You Can Blame the Girl

when she breaks a dish, but who is to blame if your SILVERWARE is not properly cleaned—not the girl—she uses what you give her. The only proper material to clean Silver with is

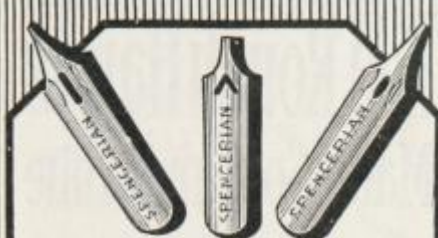
ELECTRO Silver Polish SILICON

give her that and she will save your Silver and her time and your Silverware will be an ornament rather than a detriment to your table setting. If she is using any other silver polish the sooner she "drops it" the better for your Silverware. Send address for

FREE SAMPLE

Or, 15c. in stamps for full sized box, post-paid,
The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.
Sold by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere.





There's Science in the Shaping and Tempering of a Pen.

SPENCERIAN

STEEL PENS

have the correct design that means even feeding of ink without splotch or splutter; the proper tempering that means just the right combination of elasticity and firmness; and the smooth points that mean easy writing on any paper.

Pick Your Proper Pen

We will send you for 10 cents a card of 12 different pens and 2 good penholders, polished handles, from which you can select a pen that will fit your handwriting.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
349 Broadway, New York.



SAMSON ELECTRIC HORNS

LOUD-SIMPLE-STRONG-RELIABLE

Third season. Big factory back of guaranty. Assure your safety—don't wait for an accident. Write for special delivered price now.

AMERICAN ELECTRIC COMPANY
SOLE MANUFACTURER
6467 State Street
CHICAGO



Vapo-Cresolene
(ESTABLISHED 1879)

for Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

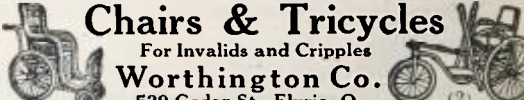
Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.


THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.



Chairs & Tricycles
For Invalids and Cripples
Worthington Co.
529 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free opinion as to patentability. Guide Book, List of Inventions Wanted, and 100 Mechanical Movements free to any address. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress. Sample copy free.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.



Kowboat #20
MONEY IN BOAT LIVERY!
Can ship in any quantity. Need No Boat House. Never Leak, Rust, Check, Crack or Rot. Absolutely safe. Every boat has water-tight compartments, so cannot sink. 20 different designs. Demonstrator Agents Wanted in Every Community. Write TODAY for FREE Illustrated Catalog and Special Factory Prices.
Michigan Steel Boat Co., 216 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.



THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific remedy that has cured nearly half a million in the past thirty-two years. Administered by medical specialists at Keeley Institutes only. Write for particulars

To the Following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.
Los Angeles, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
Jacksonville, Fla.

Atlanta, Ga.

Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Crab Orchard, Ky.
Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me.
Kansas City, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo.
Manchester, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y.
Columbus, Ohio.
Portland, Ore.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.

Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Columbia, S. C.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Toronto, Ontario.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
London, Eng.

MENNEN'S

"FOR MINE"



Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

Newark, N. J.

Trade Mark



"That youngster of mine said a smart thing."
 "Can't hear what ye say."
 "That boy of mine got off a bright thing."
 "Ye'll have to speak plainer."
 "I say how is that boy of yours?"
 "Great! wait till I tell ye his latest."



Next to a
good dentist,
the best
friend to your
teeth is a

Pro-phy-lac-tic

TOOTH BRUSH

You cannot clean teeth by brushing *over* them. Nor can you properly reach the *back* teeth with an ordinary straight brush.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic is the only brush that thoroughly cleanses in and around *all* the teeth—its curved handle and irregular tufts are designed for this purpose. The individual yellow box protects against handling. Rigid or flexible handle. Prices—25c, 35c, 40c.

Every brush fully guaranteed. We replace if defective. Our interesting booklet is yours for the asking.

FLORENCE MFG. CO.

130 Pine Street. Florence, Mass.
Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes.

Write as
Smooth
as
Gold Pens



Ball
Pointed
Pens

The **Ball** is the improvement. And it's the first *real improvement* in the whole history of steel pens.


They can't scratch—and don't blot.

They glide over the roughest paper smoothly and easily. They write light or heavy, as you desire, with a long life made possible by the finest Sheffield steel. Silver-grey, \$1.00; Gold coated, \$1.50 per gross. Get them of any Stationer, or Sample Box, by mail, 24 for 25 cents.

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO.

99 William Street, New York

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



Vinol

THE
COD LIVER
PREPARATION
WITHOUT
OIL

*A famous reconstructive tonic
improved by modern science*

Especially Valuable for Old People
and delicate children, weak, run-down persons,
after sickness, and for all pulmonary troubles

Vinol is a delicious *modern* Cod Liver preparation without oil, made by a scientific extractive and concentrating process from fresh Cod's Livers, combining the two most world famed tonics, peptonate of iron and all the medicinal, healing, body-building elements of Cod Liver Oil *but no oil*. Vinol is much superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions because while it contains all the medicinal value they do, unlike them Vinol is deliciously palatable and agreeable to the weakest stomach.

FOR SALE AT YOUR LEADING DRUG STORE
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded by all agents
Exclusive Agency Given to One Druggist in a Place
If there is no Vinol agency where you live, send us your
druggist's name and we will give him the agency.

TRIAL SAMPLE FREE
CHESTER KENT & CO. Chemists Boston, Mass.


Pictures that are Worth Money
are those that show lines of detail
that the eye can not grasp and re-
tain. The pictures snapped with

**GOERZ LENSES
CAMERAS**

record scenes that can not be posed
actions that transpire and are gone for-
ever. That is why Goerz Lenses and
Cameras are so widely used by special
correspondents and professional pho-
tographers. A Goerz Lens can be
fitted to the camera you now own.

Our Book on "Lenses and Cameras"
will be sent to you for the asking

C. P. Goerz American Optical Co.
823A East 34th Street, New York

STEVENS
RIFLES

THE STEVENS FIREARMS


is the most complete line of
in the World.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE MATTER ON
Stevens New Rifles and Shotguns

Ask Your Dealer for STEVENS

STEVENS
SHOTGUNS

J. STEVENS
ARMS & TOOL
COMPANY
155 Main Street
Chicopee Falls
Mass.



**A QUARTER CENTURY
BEFORE THE PUBLIC**
Over Five Million Free Samples Given
Away Each Year.

The Constant and Increasing Sales
From Samples Proves the
Genuine Merit of

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Shake Into Your Shoes



"In a pinch,
use Allen's
Foot-Ease."

Address, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.**

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic
powder for the feet. Are you a trifle
sensitive about the size of your shoes?
Many people wear shoes a size
smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease
into them. Just the thing for aching,
hot feet and for Breaking in New
Shoes. If you have tired, swollen,
tender feet, Allen's Foot-Ease gives
instant relief. We have over 30,000
testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold
everywhere, 25c. Do not accept any sub-
stitute. **FREE TRIAL PACKAGE** sent by mail.



LATHES

For Gunsmiths, Tool Makers,
Experimental and Repair Work, etc.

Lathe Catalogue Free.

W. F. & Jno. Barnes Co.
528 Ruby St., Rockford, Ill.

In answering advertisements please mention **SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE**

NEW YORK REAL ESTATE SECURITY CO. 6% Mortgage Bonds

Offered at Par (100) and Interest
Denominations \$100, \$500, \$1000

are legally safeguarded, and provide a net fixed income from a security that is the standard of the world—improved, income-producing New York City real estate. They provide the safe investment that the prudent investor desires. Payment of principal and interest is secured by a mortgage of the Company's real estate and of its other assets to a prominent trust company of New York as trustee for the bondholders. Write for booklet 47.

42 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Assets, \$10,000,000

Capital Stock, \$3,950,000



You Can Weigh

What

You Should Weigh

You can, I know it, because I have reduced 25,000 women and have built up as many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms; I can build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; can teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as nervousness, torpid liver, constipation, indigestion, etc.

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength."

Another says: "Last May I weighed 106 pounds, this May I weigh 126, and oh! I feel SO WELL."

Write to-day for my free booklet.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 3
624 Michigan Boul., Chicago

Author of "Growth in Silence," "Self-Sufficiency," etc.

SANDOW MARINE ENGINE

8 h. p., 2 cylinder, \$125.00
4 h. p., 1 cylinder, 57.00
2 h. p., 1 cylinder, 39.75

BUILT LIKE AN AUTOMOBILE ENGINE.

2 to 20 h. p., ready to ship; gasoline or kerosene.

Drives boats of all kinds; starts easy; can not backfire; almost noiseless.

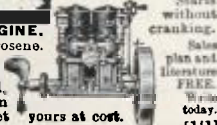
5-Year ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE—30-Day Trial.

Three moving parts—women and children run it. Demonstrate an engine for us and get yours at cost.

Be first in territory to get offer.

Detroit Motor Car Supply Co.,

21 Helen Avenue, Detroit, Mich.



Starts without cranking.

Sale plan and literature FREE.

Write today.

[141]

The
Spirit of the Flowers
elusive, yet alluring, fills the heart of
Cœur de Jeannette
(HEART OF JEANNETTE)
It is the glory of all the flowers, embodied in an exquisite odor by the world's acknowledged creator of finest perfumes—
HOUBIGANT
PARIS
For women of fashion, who demand distinction in toilet accessories. Use sparingly. Daintily boxed, 2-ounce bottle, \$3.15.
Sample of Cœur de Jeannette for 20c—actual cost, postage, etc.
PARK & TILFORD
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Sole Agents in the United States

Ranching, Sport, and Travel By Thomas Carson, F.R.G.S.

A graphic description of ranch life in Arizona and New Mexico, at the time when shooting scrapes and cattle theft were common, forms the main part of this interesting narrative. Except for a brief account of the processes of tea growing in India, and the planter's life there, and some chapters descriptive of travels in Europe and about the American continent, its three hundred and nineteen pages are filled with adventures of mustang hunting, broncho busting, and cattle raising. There is a freshness and vividness in this narrative, which holds the reader's attention without any effort on his own part.

With 16 illustrations

\$3.00 net

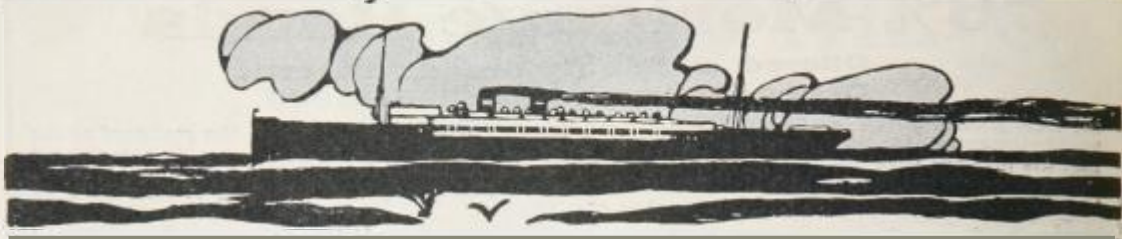


CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Travel Resorts Tours



UNIVERSITY TRAVEL

Leisurely Travel. Europe and the Orient interpreted by scholars. Private Yacht in the Mediterranean. Write for announcements.

Bureau of University Travel, 4 Trinity Place, Boston

EUROPE TOURS DE LUXE and Practical Tours

A Well-Planned Trip Is an Education.

Send for Itineraries (33¢ year) **DE POTTERS TOURS CO., Ltd.** Established 1844 New York

EUROPE AND ORIENT

Best Way to Travel at Moderate Cost
Send for Booklet

The IDEAL Way

J. P. Graham, Ideal Tours. Box 1055-S, Pittsburg

Europe via Mediterranean ORIENT GREECE

Select spring and summer tours. 60 to 107 days. 14th year. Illustrated booklet with maps.

JOHNSON TOURS, 210 E. Preston St., Baltimore



EUROPE AND ORIENT

31st Year. Limited Parties. Comfort and Leisure. Thorough Sightseeing. Expert Guidance. Strictly first-class. Special Tours for Private Parties.

Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Paine, Glens Falls, N. Y.

EUROPE \$260

8 BEACON STREET, BOSTON
TEMPLE TOURS

THE COLLYER TOURS

"THE BEST IN TRAVEL."

ROUND-THE-WORLD. Most exclusive arrangements; *tours de luxe.* Westward, Sept. 14. Eastward, Oct. 5, and Nov. 16.

JAPAN. Summer Tour.

A brief comprehensive tour; sail June 28.

SOUTH AMERICA. The new travel world in the Southern Hemisphere. Three months' tour; sailing July 6.

THE COLLYER METHOD—THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
Send for announcements 22 Trinity Place, Boston, Mass.

INDEPENDENT

AROUND-THE-WORLD TRIPS

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

\$618.00

ITALY — EGYPT — INDIA

MODERN TWIN SCREW STEAMERS; LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS; UNEXCELLED CUISINE; LIGHT, AIRY CABINS. UNUSUALLY LOW RATES TO AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND AND TASMANIA, VIA EUROPE AND SUEZ CANAL.

TRAVELERS CHECKS GOOD ALL OVER THE WORLD
Write for "Around-the-World" Booklet C

OELEICHS & CO., General Agents, 5 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

H. CLAUSSENIUS & CO. R. CAPELLE ALLOWAY & CHAMPION

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK, ST. LOUIS

Europe

Our tours are in effect private parties—practically independent travel.

We know what to see and when to best see it. Each tour is under personal escort. You travel with pleasant companions free from all bother so that you can spend all your time sightseeing.

SPRING AND SUMMER TOURS

- APRIL 13 Italy, Switzerland, Paris, and London
 - MAY 11 Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Netherlands, Paris, and London
 - MAY 23 British Isles, Netherlands, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy
 - JUNE 11 Grand Swiss Tour
 - JUNE 18 The North Cape, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany
 - JUNE 20 British Isles, Netherlands, Germany, Switzerland, and France
 - JUNE 29 British Isles, Netherlands, and France
- Also later tours to all countries.

AUTOMOBILE TOURS

arranged to cover any desired itinerary. *Send for Tour Book* giving itinerary of seventeen European tours.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.

306 Washington Street, Boston
225 Fifth Avenue, New York
1006 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, San Francisco



Three "Seeing America" Trains

Through the Storied Northwest

North Coast Limited

From Chicago
via C. & N. W.-
Northern Pacific

Northern Pacific Express

From Chicago
via C. B. & Q.-
Northern Pacific

Puget Sound Limited

From St. Louis
via C. B. & Q.-
Northern Pacific

Electric-lighted service of highest order and latest type, with dining car meals that are world-famous---identifying "Northern Pacific" as the "Route of the Great BIG Baked Potato": the line with its own bakery and butcher shops and a poultry and dairy farm.

Low Fares---Summer 1912

To Yellowstone Park and North Pacific Coast. Specially Low Fares on certain dates, account Annual Rose Festival and Grand Lodge of Elks at Portland, Golden Potlatch Carnival at Seattle and Carnival of Nations, Tacoma.

Stop off at Spokane and visit beautiful Hayden Lake.

Northern Pacific Ry

Illustrated literature on request with full particulars of fares and service.

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent
Saint Paul

Original, direct and only line to Gardiner Gateway--
Official entrance to Yellowstone Park
Panama Pacific International Exposition--San Francisco, 1915



Travel, Resorts, Tours

Have You Always Considered A European Trip Beyond Your Means?

You'll change your mind when you have the "facts and figures" we want to give you for a delightful, invigorating ocean trip and a vacation in Europe.

The unsurpassed facilities and reasonable rates of the

Baltimore - Bremen Service

present every reason why you should travel to Europe this summer.

Now is the time to engage staterooms on our large modern ONE-CABIN (11) steamers. Comfort without luxury. Delicious meals. Wireless telegraphy and submarine signaling.

Send to cents in stamps TODAY for new edition "How to See Germany, Austria and Switzerland," fully illustrated, essential in planning your tour, and full particulars of rates and sailings.

A. SCHUMACHER & CO., Gen'l Agts.
227 S. Gay St.
BALTIMORE, MD.



North German Lloyd

ETRETAT

FRANCE
(NORMANDY)

ETRETAT

has every attraction for a summer sojourn.

bathing. Golf Club. Tennis courts. CASINO, where concerts, balls and theatrical representations are constantly given during the season.

Charming resort on the North coast of France, only three and a half hours from Paris and one hour from Havre.

Splendid cliffs. Extremely picturesque country, traversed by fine motor roads. Good motorbuses. Good bathing. Golf Club. Tennis courts.

EUROPE

70 Spring and Summer Tours

to all parts of the Continent, comprising *Tours de Luxe* (with Motor Car Tours) and Long and Short Vacation Tours. Also a Special series at popular prices. A complete range of tours for selection, via the Mediterranean and North Atlantic routes.

Special Midnight Sun and Russia Tours. Spain and Morocco Tour. Summer Tour to the Orient

ROUND THE WORLD *Tours de Luxe*
leave Westbound
Aug. 23, Sept. 14, 27. Eastbound Nov. 2, 26, Jan. 4. South-
bound (South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, etc.) Oct. 30.

Send for Programme desired

THOS. COOK & SON

NEW YORK: 245 Broadway, 264 Fifth Ave.

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES MONTREAL TORONTO

Cook's Traveller's Cheques Are Good All Over the World

BUXTON, England

The Centre of the Most
Picturesque Locality

The Peak Hydro' Hotel

is THE PLACE to stay
at when in this part of the Country

FASHIONABLE
MODERATE

Apply to Manageress for
Tariffs and Prospectus

Venice and Her Treasures

By HUGH A. DOUGLAS. 77 illustrations. \$1.50 net

A convenient and comprehensive little guide to Venice and her pictures and palaces, attractively gotten up.



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
153-157 Fifth Avenue - New York

Our Smart
Card in
Case



A PEERLESS CARD

Just what the time implies—Prestige, an approach, unequalled, unrivaled, is an accurate description of the

Peerless Patent Book Form Cards

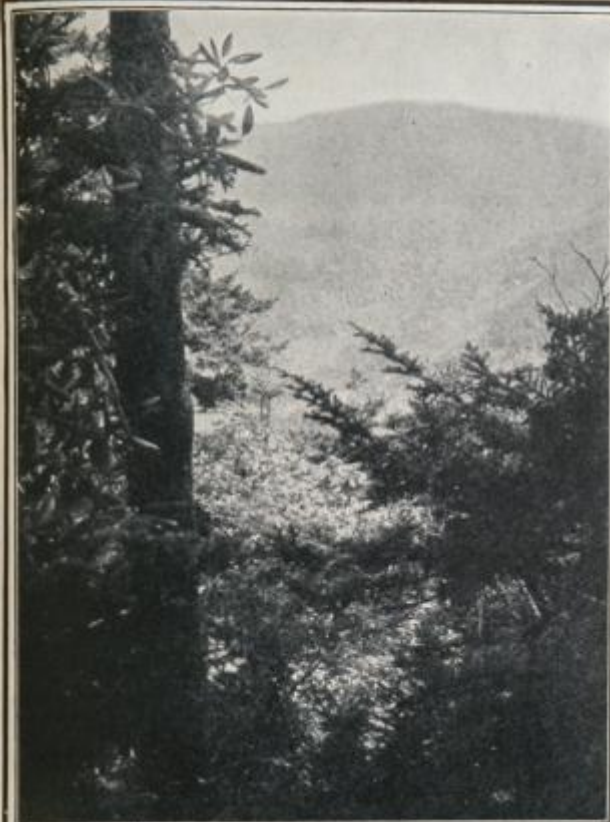
They are more than a card; they are an expression of personality, individuality. They are not only better, but they represent actual economy, because they eliminate waste. Being in book form, every card is used just when detached. They are always flat, unmarred and clean, and all the edges are perfectly smooth and sharp. They can only be appreciated by being seen and used. Send today for a sample tab and detach the cards one by one as you would use them. Their perfection will thrill you.

Established 1857.

The John B. Wiggins Company

Engravers, Plate Printers, Die Embossers

55-57 East Adams St., Chicago



WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS

THE LAND
OF THE SKY

ASHEVILLE and Vicinity

Most Beautiful Mountains in all America
Loftiest Peaks East of the Rockies
Particularly Delightful at this Season
Out-door Life, Golfing, Motoring, Horseback
Riding, etc.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

PREMIER CARRIER OF THE SOUTH

Operates Splendid Through Passenger Trains Daily from the
NORTH, EAST, SOUTH and WEST to this Glorious Country

Apply to any Agent of Southern Railway or Connecting Lines

New York Office, 264 Fifth Avenue
Chicago Office, 56 W. Adams Street

St. Louis Office, 719 Olive Street
Washington Office, 705 Fifteenth Street, N. W.

N. B. { Southern Railway System embraces territory offering unusually attractive and remuner-
{ ative places for investment in agriculture, fruit culture, farming and manufacturing.

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

At All Hotels

HOTEL people all over the world will be glad to accept your "A. B. A." Cheques in payment of bills. They know that these cheques are *safe*, are *good for full value*, and *identify* the stranger presenting them.

Do not ask the hotel man to accept your unknown draft or check; it is not fair to him and may be embarrassing for you.

"A. B. A." Cheques (\$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100) are being used to pay the way of thousands of travelers in all parts of the globe.

They have a great many uses and advantages which are described in "The Best Form of Travelers' Funds," sent free upon request.

This little book has colored plates of steamship funnels and flags, directions for forwarding mails, United States Customs rules and other needful information for travelers.

Write to Bankers Trust Company, Wall St., New York, for the booklet and information as to where "A. B. A." Cheques may be obtained in your vicinity.

**BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.**

FOR YOU! —

There's "Life on the Ocean Wave"

The Sea Trip

along the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts

NEW YORK to NEW ORLEANS

on luxuriously appointed 10,600 ton

Southern Pacific Steamships

gives Health, Comfort
and Pleasure

\$40 One Way **\$70** Round Trip

Including Berth and Meals

L. H. Nutting, G. P. A., 366 Broadway, New York



In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

35,600 replies



A Wonderful Ballot.

We sent out cards to an ordinary automobile mailing list. We wanted to get from motorists generally—irrespective of what tire any one of them might be using—their frank, uninfluenced opinion of tires, based on personal experience. Of the 35,600 replies, 15,300 reported

GOODRICH TIRES

used. Balance divided among users of eleven other makes.

These reports proved conclusively that users average $51\frac{1}{2}\%$ more mileage from Goodrich Tires than is guaranteed.

They showed that an average of one-fifth of Goodrich Tire users never have a puncture or blowout in a full season's run.

Six hundred users of other tires complained about the tread separating from body of tire. . . not a single Goodrich complaint of this order.

80% of these 35,600 reported that they

specify "Goodrich" when new tires are needed. A frequent statement was "I am using Goodrich Tires to replace tires which came on car."

The great bulk of Goodrich Tires are sold to fill a *personal* demand from *experienced* tire users. It is needless for you to experiment when you can profit by what other motorists have learned.

Our book about these reports puts in your hands the tire experiences of 35,600 car owners. They are *qualified* to tell you which tire is best! Mailed on request.

The B. F. GOODRICH CO., Akron, O.

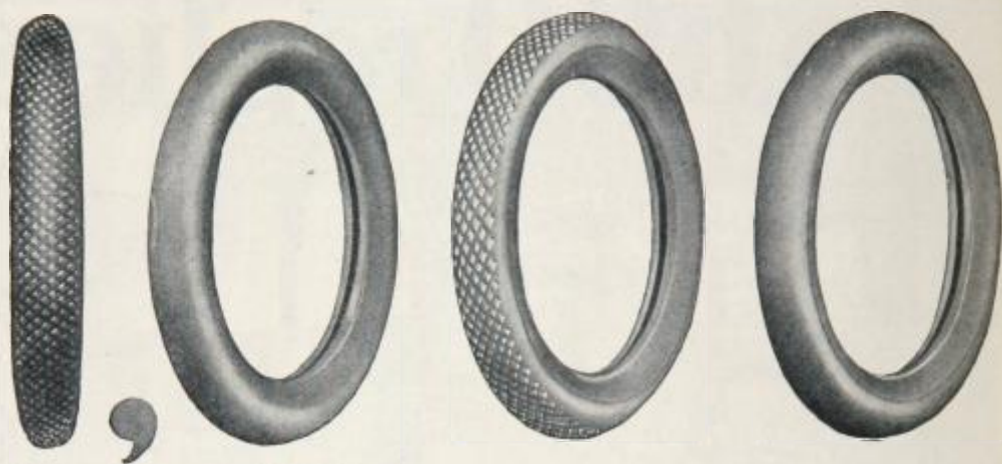
Largest in the World

Branches in the
Principal Cities

Wholesale Tire
Depots Everywhere



In answering advertisements please mention *SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE*



No-Rim-Cut Tires

(10 % *Oversize*)

Touch the Million Mark

This month we celebrate.

A million Goodyear Automobile Tires have now gone into use.

Over half that number have been used within the past 12 months. Yet this is our 13th year.

Think what that means. More used this last year than in 12 years altogether.

Just because No-Rim-Cut tires—our patented type—suddenly became the sensation.

A few men proved them out. Then thousands proved them—then tens of thousands more.

Now a million tires. Now a trebled demand over last year. Now a larger sale than any other tire commands.

200,000 Users— 127 Makers Adopt Them

No-Rim-Cut tires have been tested, probably, on 200,000 cars. And this flood-like demand is the result of that testing.

For the year 1912, 127 leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyear tires.

That means the reign of a new-type tire—a tire that cuts tire bills in two.

It means that men who know, want tires that can't rim-cut. They want oversize tires, to save the blow-outs due to overloading.

They want hookless tires. And they want tires which embody the final results of 13 years spent in perfecting them.

They get all these features in No-Rim-Cut tires. Yet they cost no more than other standard tires.

So these 200,000 demand these tires, as you will when you know.

Old-Type Tires

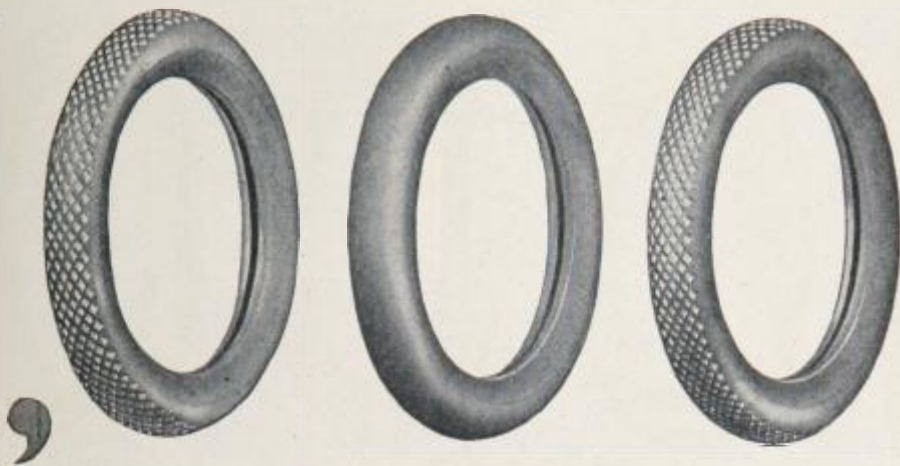
The old-type tires which No-Rim-Cuts are displacing are known as clincher tires.

They have hooks on the base, which hook into the rim flange.

When the tire is run wholly or partly deflated by neglect or accident, the rim flanges cut it. Such tires are often ruined in a single block.

No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. Yet they fit any standard rim. These tires make rim-cutting forever impossible, as a glance at the tires will show you.

And they are twice as easy to detach as old-type clincher tires.



Why the Average Saving Is 48 Per Cent

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires are rim-cut.

No-Rim-Cut tires forever end that worry and expense.

Then No-Rim-Cut tires are 10 per cent over the rated size. That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent greater carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Thus we figure 48 per cent. It varies, of course, with proper use or abuse. Your cost for tire upkeep depends somewhat on you.

But this saving of rim-cutting, plus the added size, will cut the average tire upkeep in two. And tens of thousands have proved it.

No Extra Price

No-Rim-Cut tires now cost no more than other standard tires. They used to cost one-fifth extra.

Think what that means.

Tires which can't rim-cut cost the same as tires that do. Oversize tires cost the same as skimpy tires.

You are offered your choice at an equal price. Which tire will you take?

We Control Them

We control by patents the only way to make a practical tire of this new type.

Three flat bands of 126 braided wires are vulcanized into the tire base.

Other devices are employed to make a hookless tire, but in use they have proved very unsatisfactory.

That is why the demand for this new-type tire has centered on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

When you change from the old type—as you will—do not adopt an experiment. Get the tire of which one million have been tested out.

No-Rim-Cut tires, in these days of tire wisdom, far out-sell all others. Get these tires.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

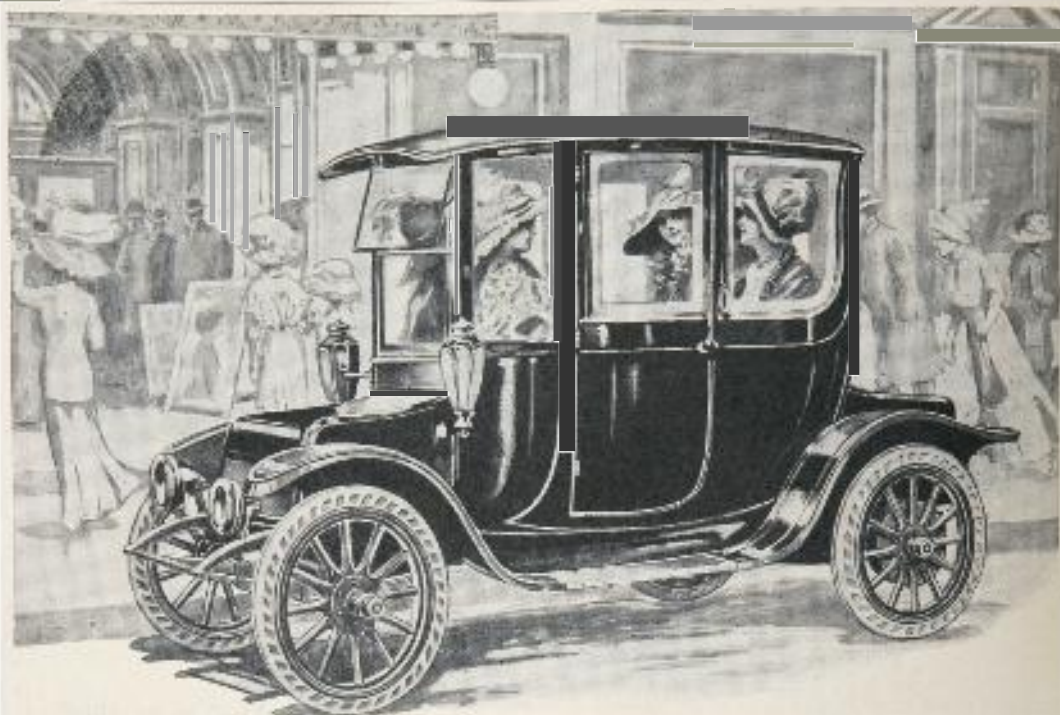
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years spent in tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities. We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont. (544)

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



Society's Town Car

MORE and more the Detroit Electric is becoming one of the necessary appointments in the social life of American families.

Not one, but *many* features have contributed to its ascendancy as Society's Town Car.

For those not familiar with the latest development in electric automobiles, we append a brief outline of the *latest* innovations, as a guide in the selection of a car. They are:

"Chainless" Shaft Drive:—The word "Chainless" is used to distinguish our true Direct Shaft Drive from so-called "Shaft Drives" in appearance only, but with *concealed* chain or gear reductions housed between the motor and shaft, underneath the car. There are no chains *anywhere* on the Detroit Electric to loosen, rattle, wear out and waste power.

Horizontal Controller Lever:—Fitted into the side of the car itself, allowing *full seat room*.

Brakes:—Four extra powerful brakes (2 sets), act on the rear wheels. Certain, simple and easy to operate.

Aluminum Fenders "Closed-In":—More substantial than leather, lighter than steel and do not rattle.

Aluminum Body Panels:—Add to the strength of the body, life of the car and beauty of finish. They do not check, warp or crack.

Divided Front Window:—Adjustable from one inch to full depth without disturbing the occupants. The top half swings out like a wind shield-protection in storm—plenty of fresh air in summer.

Motor:—Our own *exclusive* design, built and speeded expressly for an electric automobile. Made in our own shops, of course.

Batteries:—Edison nickel and steel for which we have *exclusive* rights in electric pleasure cars—or the Detroit Electric Guaranteed Lead Battery.

The many advantages offered in the Detroit Electric are so preponderant that there are no vexing doubts or questions to settle in your choice of an electric. Simply select from our nine beautiful designs the one particular model—all in correct taste—that suits your individuality.

Illustrated catalog sent upon request.

Buffalo
Brooklyn
Cleveland
Kansas City
Minneapolis
St. Louis

Anderson Electric Car Co.
407 Clay Avenue, Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches:
New York, Broadway at 80th Street Chicago, 2416 Michigan Avenue
(Also Branch at Evanston, Ill.)

Selling representatives in all leading Cities

THE
Detroit
ELECTRIC
"Chainless"
Shaft Drive



The Limited started right

Here is a brief, "inside" history of the most remarkable, high-powered, six-cylinder automobile ever produced.

In 1906 we made plans to build an automobile "Six" which should be actually superior to all existing types, in touring comfort, speed, silence and reliability.

In 1907, after exhaustive shop tests, the first car was completed and road tests began. In 1908 an officer of the company drove a finished car many thousand miles.

In the course of these try-outs, the running gear received as much consideration as the motor. It was found that, within certain limits, the larger the diameter of wheels and tires, the more luxurious were the riding qualities.

In 1909 regular deliveries to the public were made. Then the wheel diameter was increased and the famous 42-inch tires became the standard equipment. The output was over-sold.

Veteran motorists were amazed at the riding qualities revealed by the large tires. Ruts, bumps and cobble-stones seemed to disappear by magic. Record high mileages were secured, sometimes treble the previous average.

The Limited of today, with its wonderful, long-stroke motor and a multitude of improvements and refinements, is far ahead of the Limited of 1907. By the same token, it is ahead of other six-cylinder cars.

Although the seven-passenger touring car now runs on 43 x 5 inch tires, it is designed so skillfully that body, bonnet and wheels are in proper artistic proportion. The center of gravity is low, entrance and exit are made easy and all the lines are graceful and pleasing. While daringly original five years ago, the principles of its construction were sound, so we may say that—

The Limited started right, has been perfected to the utmost — and is today without serious competition.

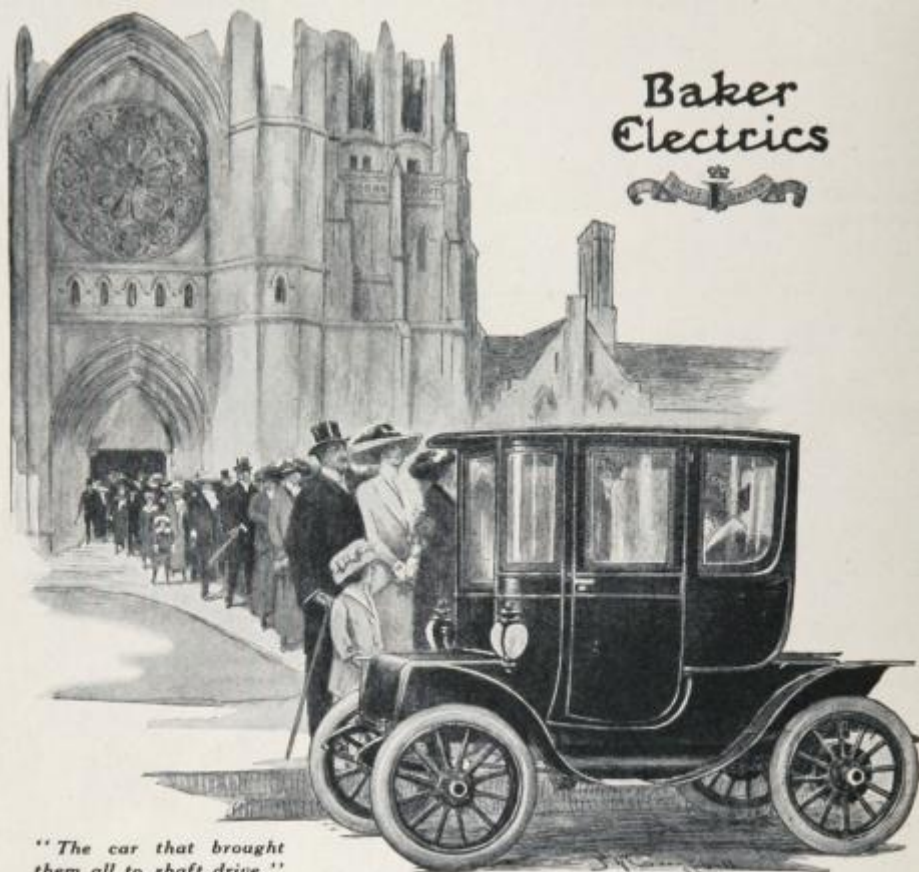
Touring, Tourabout, Roadster and Limousine bodies. Prices, \$5000 to \$6300. The Oldsmobile catalogue describes all styles of the Limited, the Autocrat and the Defender. Sent gratis.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICH.

Branches in the Principal Cities

COPYRIGHT 1914 OLDS MOTOR WORKS

Dealers from Coast to Coast



"The car that brought them all to shaft drive."

IN this day of rapid changes in the electric vehicle industry, when new cars are springing up every season, the long Baker record of efficiency stands out as a known and well tested value for the purchaser's guidance. This record is more than a dozen years old.

Special electric pneumatic or Motz high efficiency cushion tires. Exide batteries standard equipment.

THE BAKER MOTOR-VEHICLE COMPANY

Also Makers of Electric Commercial Cars

54 West 80th St., Cleveland

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



“Standard”

GUARANTEED
PLUMBING
FIXTURES

CULTIVATING the desire for cleanliness among children used to be difficult. Since the advent of “Standard” Sanitary Bathroom fixtures, habits of cleanliness have not needed cultivating. Their attraction creates the desire to bathe. The practical utility, the beauty and the enduring quality of “Standard” fixtures makes them an everlasting joy to every generation in the home.

Genuine “Standard” fixtures for the Home and for School, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who

demand “Standard” quality at less expense. All “Standard” fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label*. In order to avoid the substitution of inferior fixtures, specify “Standard” goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. C PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York — 35 W. 31st Street
Chicago — 415 Ashland Block
Philadelphia — 1128 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can. — 59 Richmond St., E.
Pittsburgh — 106 Sixth Street
St. Louis — 100 N. Fourth Street

Nashville — 315 Tenth Avenue, So.
New Orleans, — Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can. — 215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston — John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville — 319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland — 648 Huron Road, S. E.
Hamilton, Can. — 20-28 Jackson St., W.

London — 53 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Houston, Tex. — Preston and Smith Sts.
San Francisco — Metropolis Bank Bldg.
Washington, D. C. — Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio — 311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex. — Front and Jones Sts.

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



If you want your home —
to represent your taste and ideals you will enjoy

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

It tells you by word and picture how others have made their homes both distinctive and livable. Profiting by their examples, you can go a step further and achieve effects in your home that would be impossible without the expert advice you receive from month to month in *The House Beautiful*.

It will tell you what color to tint your dining room, etc.; what disposition to make of a basement or attic chamber; how to know good furniture; how to care for your lawn and home surroundings, and many other things you want to know. Each issue contains 90 pages with 15 splendid features written by experts and beautifully illustrated.

TRIAL OFFER With Complimentary Portfolio

The subscription price is \$3.00 per year. But to introduce *The House Beautiful* to new readers, we are making a special trial offer, outlined below. For \$1.00 we will send you *The House Beautiful* for FIVE months, beginning with the current issue, and also make you a present of "The House Beautiful Portfolio of Interior Decoration." The Portfolio is a collection of plates, many in colors, picturing and describing rooms which are unusually successful in their decoration and furnishing. The Portfolio alone is a prize money could not ordinarily purchase.

To avail yourself of this offer, cut out the attached coupon, pin a one dollar bill to it, fill in your name and address and mail it to-day to

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, 315 Fourth Ave., New York City

I accept your trial offer and request that you send me
The House Beautiful for FIVE months and also
The House Beautiful Portfolio of Interior Decoration. I enclose \$1.00, covering this special rate.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Clothes that "make good"

YOU young men are strong for style in your clothes; got to have the smart, lively ideas; it's apt to be the most important thing to a young man. We agree with you; we're making your kind of clothes.

You may just as well have more for your money than style alone; you want style that stays stylish; that keeps its smartness as long as you pay for. You want clothes that "make good;" style must have something back of it if it's to stay.

Back of our style you'll find all-wool fabrics properly shrunk; and the best tailoring. Our mark in a garment means best style, plus. Next clothes you buy, see that our mark is in them; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

The Stearns-Knight Car

The Vital Point

Remember that the engine is the heart of your car. All else is of minor importance. So the points discussed here overshadow all others if you want a modern car. They call for your attention.

10,000 Cars

Have Knight-Type Engines in Them

These cars bear names which stand the world over for the utmost in automobiles.

They were built by engineers who have always led in this industry.

They are owned by men who demand the best.

Those 10,000 cars—the greatest cars in existence—have

proved that Knight-type engines are the coming type.

Daimler—England's foremost car—controls the British rights. That has been a Knight-type since 1908, and its sales have quadrupled since then.

Mercedes controls the German rights. Panhard for France, Minerva for Belgium.

Thus the master engines of the world have been displaced by Knight-types.

A Knight-type engine won the Dewar Trophy in the greatest engine test on record.

It won the Scottish Economy Trophy. It holds world's records on points that count for most.

That's why we adopted it for the Stearns-Knight, after two years of rigorous tests.

"Wait and See"

Makers of poppet-valve engines say, "Wait and see."

But the Knight-type is six years old. Daimler has used it since 1908.

One after another, the greatest makers in Europe have been forced to pay royalty for

it. It is used now in 17 famous makes of cars.

Some \$25,000,000 has been already invested in Knight-motored cars of the highest grade.

And the demand for Knight-type cars today is three times the possible output.

How much longer is it wise to wait?

We waited three years after Europe came to it. We were not willing converts.

But we know when progress can't be longer stopped. The cars of the future will be Knight-type cars.

We were compelled by the evidence—as you will be—to come to this type of car.

Like Coasting

It is almost like coasting all the time to ride in a Stearns-Knight car.

The silence is almost uncanny.

No valves to pound open, no valves to spring shut—hundreds of times a minute.

No cams to grow noisy, no timing gears to hum.

No valves to grind. No carbon to cause leakage.

There is luxury of motion in a Stearns-Knight, known in no old-type car.

It's like gliding on the road. All the evidence of effort to

which you are accustomed is lacking in this car.

There is wondrous flexibility. There is that continuous power for which electric motors are famous.

And the engines grow better with use. They show more and more power. We have Knight-type engines run for six years which are as quiet and efficient as when new.

Hundreds Know

Hundreds of Stearns-Knight cars, in the hands of owners, have covered thousands of miles of road. The owners are

men who know cars—men who demand the best.

The letters we get from them form the highest tribute ever paid to an American car.

The facts which won them will win you when you know them. They are the same facts which won 10,000 buyers in Europe.

They are irresistible to any man who wants the utmost in a car.

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

The Stearns-Knight Car

One-Half More Power

Stearns-Knight engines are rated on the poppet-valve basis.

But we guarantee the engines to show at least 50 per cent more than the rated power.

This is due in part to the spherical firing chamber. It is

mostly due to the saving of leakage.

Poppet valves are rarely tight. When carbon accumulates the waste of power is enormous.

Judge for yourself what this saving means during the life of a car.

These are advantages too great to be disregarded.

The greatest engineers have had to adopt them. And most of the others are now seeking ways to end the poppet valve.

The time is fast coming when all high grade cars must have a new-type engine.

A Costly Change

Engineers have spent over \$1,000,000 in perfecting the Knight-type motor.

We have ourselves spent \$200,000, plus two full years, to meet American requirements.

Then this engine requires far more careful construction in every detail of the car.

Noises which were drowned by the old-type motors show up with the Silent Knight.

So this innovation was costly.

But our sales have doubled since the Stearns-Knight came out. They have compelled a new factory. At times our output was three times oversold.

This multiplied demand makes the Stearns cost less than any other Knight-type in America.

The Future Type

The evidence is that the leading cars of the future are bound to be Knight-motored cars.

History shows that what Daimler, Mercedes and Pan-

hard adopt will soon mark the best cars the world over.

In buying a car for years to come, this fact should be well considered. You want the

coming, not the passing type.

In two more years Knight-types will be common among high grade cars—as in Europe now. Today the Knight-type, in its perfection, means in America a Stearns-Knight car.

Go See This Car

Go to our local dealer and see this Stearns-Knight car.

But first write for our books.

Get all the facts. Then judge for yourself if Knight-type is the future type.

Write now for these books. The Stearns-Knight car is the topic of the year in Motordom. Cut out this coupon, mail it to us, and we'll send all the interesting facts.

THE F. B. STEARNS COMPANY



Dealers and Branches in
125 Principal Cities

Equipment

Warner Auto-Meter, Model K
Banker Windshield
Silk Mohair Top and Cover
Vesta Dynamo Electric Lighting System
Continental Q. D. Demountable Rims (2 extra rims)
Klaxon Horn—also Bulb Horn
Trunk Rack, Robe Rail, Foot Rest, etc.

Touring Car }
Toy Tonneau } **\$3,500**
Roadster }

Coupon

THE F. B. STEARNS CO. 5-A
Cleveland, Ohio

Mail me all of your pamphlets about the Stearns-Knight.

Name _____

Address _____

In answering advertisements please mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



Delicate though they are—made of sheer lawn, linen, swiss, fine net, some of them of lace—the vestments of church choirs must be kept spotlessly white and, when used, must be laundered every week.

The fact that Ivory Soap is used to wash them is but another instance of the widespread recognition of its value.

Ivory Soap cleanses without injuring the fabric, because it is absolutely pure soap.

How to Wash Sheer Materials to Lengthen their Life

Use water that is warm, not hot, and if the water is hard, soften with borax. Make a thick lather with Ivory Soap. The soap should never be rubbed on the fabric. Soak the pieces thoroughly in the lather; then rub the spots gently with the hands, "sousing" the material up and down in the suds. Rinse in several warm waters, until all traces of the soap are gone. Rinse once again in boiling water, followed immediately by rinsing in as cold water as you can obtain. Dry in the sun, if possible.

Ivory Soap . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure

(EX)AP2
154



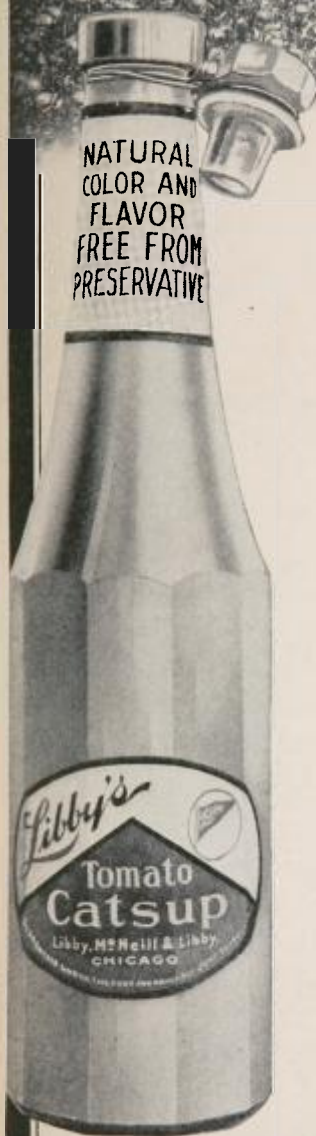
*The Brand
You Can Trust*

Libby's
**Tomato
Catsup**

**Uniform
Dependable
Highest Quality**

*Made from red, ripe,
juicy tomatoes*

Libby, McNeill & Libby - Chicago



Always buy Libby's  *- at your Grocer's*

Many a Chair of Power Stands Empty

Awaiting The Man

with keen, active Brains and good health—

Brains that can “do things”
that can deliver the *Service*.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

builds good bodies and healthy
Brains—

“There’s a Reason”

