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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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Special Articles

Stories

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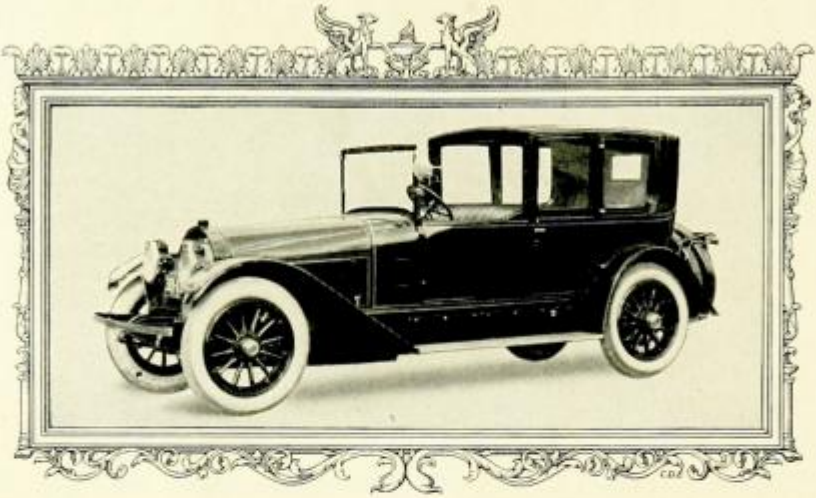

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Vol. LXXI. No. 1 January 1922

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Contents for JANUARY 1922

PUBLISHED MONTHLY. PRICE, 35 CENTS A NUMBER; $4.00 A YEAR

¶ You are urged to make use of the Fifth Avenue Shopping Service, pages 4–12, and the Investor's Service, page 53.

Scribner's Magazine

for FEBRUARY

Europe at Work By Whiting Williams

Whiting Williams, recently returned from working in the mines and steel plants of France, Germany and the Saar, writes with his usual vividness of the big-fisted, but equally big-hearted, common laborers with whom he ate, slept, and talked throughout the summer. He found the thoughts and feelings of these men reflecting the daily conditions of their working and living. These conditions bring into constant discussion not only such matters as the high cost of potatoes and the shortness of the weekly pay envelope, but also the League of Nations and Disarmament. His first article will deal with the conditions of the laborers, living, working and thinking in France.

(To be followed by "France, the Land of Hope," "German Workers in the Mines of the Saar.")

Depew as a Railroad Man

For fifty-six years Mr. Depew has been connected with the New York Central Railroad—a period covering most of the railroad development of the United States. There is no such record for continuous service with one company which, during the whole period, has been controlled by one family. His recollections begin with old Commodore Vanderbilt. He has known all the great railroad men—Thomas A. Scott, John W. Garrett, John Newell, Melville Ingalls —and tells incidents and anecdotes of them.

The Island of R. L. S.

Erraid, visited by Stevenson as a boy, became the scene of "The Merry Men" and "Kidnapped." It was recently visited by Llewellyn M. Buell, who describes it picturesquely with many photographs.

The Peril of Labor

It is interesting to have from so eminent a sociologist as J. Laurence Laughlin a well-considered view of just those perils which the most sensible laboring men are beginning to recognize.

What Shall I Believe?

Professor Spaulding, on the foundation of his article in January, "What Am I?", unfolds the bases of a reasonable belief for thinking men. Personality and spirituality are the essentials.

"Poking Fun at Grammar"

An amusing reply to Meredith Nicholson's recent paper is written by Professor C. H. Ward, with an introductory note by Horace Taft, head of the Taft School.

Stories, Departments

There will be four short stories, by Raymond S. Spears, Dorothy Livingston, Olivia Howard Dunbar, T. Walter Gilkyson; also *The Point of View* (anonymous), *The Field of Art* (Louise Eberle), and *The Financial Situation* (Alexander Dana Noyes).

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An Old Paneled Room at the Hampton Shops

THERE is a rare charm of mellowness in this old pine paneling brought from a historic English house and now installed in the Hampton Shops as a fitting background for such beautiful appointments as the hand-carved, lacquered desk and fine old Chippendale chair shown in this photograph.

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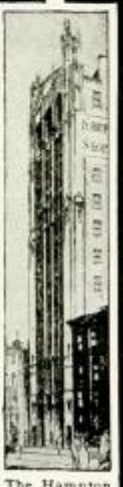

The Hampton Exhibits occupy this entire building.

Looking up Fifth Avenue above 58th Street, showing the recently completed improvements at the Park entrance. View from the new Heckscher building.

The FIFTH AVENUE SECTION OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

IN THE ART GALLERIES DURING JANUARY

JANUARY is one of the most important months in the Art Calendar, and the galleries along the Avenue have many treats.

Beginning at the lower end of Fifth Avenue, the Salmagundi Club have their Annual Auction Sale, consisting of small paintings and sketches by club members, which can be seen from January 28 to February 10. Almost the first Japanese one-man show in this country, portraits and landscapes by Kyohei Inukai, is on the last three weeks in January at Arlington Gallery.

F. Ballard Williams, back from an interesting summer in California exploring by automobile, and E. W. Deming, fresh from an expedition of exploration in the heart of South America, are showing pictures, developed as a result of their travels, at Macbeth Gallery—January 3 to 23—while in the block above, at the Public Library, we find the Meryon Memorial Exhibition, extended to December 31, and American Wood-Block Prints of to-day.

Dudensing Gallery during the entire month have a group of modern French and American paintings of exceptional merit. Pictures by Allen Tucker and Walt Kuhn fill the Montross Galleries, while at Knoedler's are recently completed portraits by De Laszlo. Quaint olden-time coaching prints are the attraction at the Ackermann Galleries. A collection of paintings by Albert Pinkham Ryder, are at Frederic Sherman's Studio on 47th Street; 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. the last three weeks in January.

Arden Galleries have portraits of mothers and children in painting and sculpture by eminent American artists from January 4 to 21.

Mrs. Sterner has an exceedingly interesting exhibition of drawings, etchings, and lithographs by well-known artists in her new gallery—the etchings and lithographs selling at $25.00 or under—an opportunity open until January 15. Inness, Blakelock, Wyant, and Duveneck canvases call for careful study at Ainslie Galleries, they are so full of beauty, while across the street we find a group of American and European paintings at the Howard Young Galleries. George Luks, whose characteristic and strong work has been seen at the Kraushaar Galleries before, is showing a group of recently completed paintings and water-colors. This exhibition extends for three

(Continued on page 9)

You will love this picture

You will, for its fine subject, rare color, charm of drawing, masterly handling. It is Carel Eugene Mulertt at his best. It is called "The First Lesson." Framed and hung, you could not tell print from original, side by side. Every movement of brush on canvas is repeated—soft as the sunshine peeping in at the window.

The realism of this piece astounds even artists. So truly is the subject reproduced that the paint seems to be still fresh, and seen in high relief. It is one of a collection of rare pictures by eminent American artists—good size, 21 x 26, and more than worthy a place in any home, school, club.

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(Continued from page 7)

weeks, ending January 25. At a new gallery—the Fearon Gallery on 54th Street—a delightful exhibition of drawings of French and English artists of the nineteenth century is on.

John Sargent water-colors form an important exhibition at the galleries of Scott and Fowles. Harlow Galleries exhibit a specially selected group of prints by old and modern masters. To those interested in decorative metal and jewelry the Marie Zimmermann exhibition may be seen until January 1, also portraits in three crayons by Weber at the Ehrich Galleries, followed by Mrs. Ehrich's group of antiques, pottery, and glass collected on her recent trip abroad.

In the building of the Art Centre on 56th Street an exhibition of the work of the members of the Advisory Art Committee of the Tiffany Foundation is on view. A group of Claude Monets are shown at Durand-Ruel.

From the 7th to the 21st we find California landscape and figure paintings by Douglas Parshall at the Milch Galleries, followed by a group of paintings by Daingerfield, Williams, Crane, and Smith. Along the same side of 57th Street, in the Mussmann Gallery, etchings by Shope, Little, Blampied, and Brangwyn demand the attention of the collector of etchings.

The Grolier Club until January 1 are showing illustrated books of the period 1472 to 1896. These include illustrations of Dürer, Daumier, Meissonier, Burne-Jones, and Whistler.

At the Metropolitan Museum of Art the Sixth Exhibition of Industrial Art is scheduled from January 15 to February 28. From December 28 to February 15 one may see Japanese paintings of the late nineteenth century.

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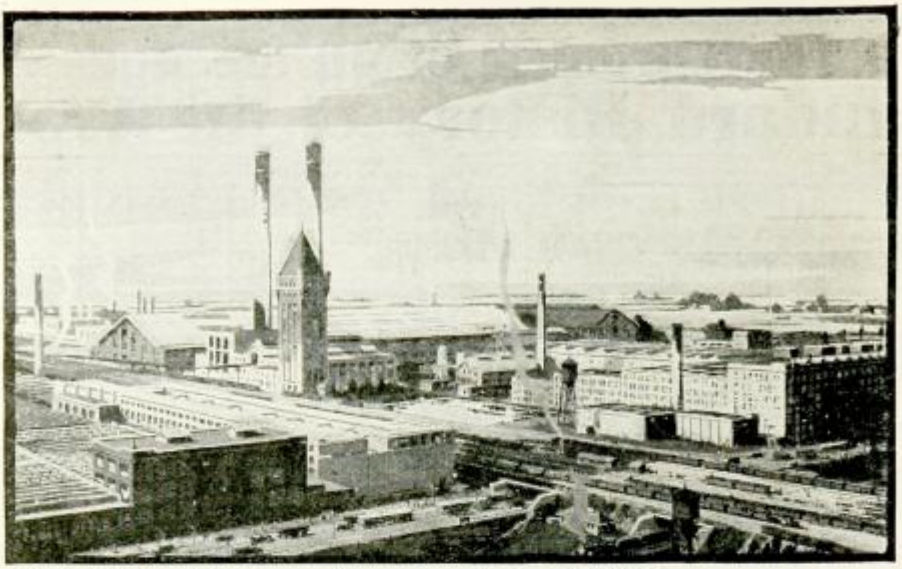

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MAGAZINE NOTES

PRINCESS CANTACUZÈNE is the granddaughter of General Ulysses S. Grant and the daughter of General Frederick D. Grant. She is the author of "Russian People" and "My Life Here and There." Since the Russian revolution she has made her home in this country.

C. A. SLADE, an American painter from Attleboro, Massachusetts, studied in Paris under John Paul Laurens. Being commissioned to paint some religious subjects, he went to North Africa for material, and during his stay there painted many Tunisian types.

CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS, author of many volumes and short stories, is the brother of Richard Harding Davis, whose "Letters and Adventures" he edited.

MARTHA HASKELL CLARK, whose poems have appeared in all the leading magazines, is the wife of a member of the Dartmouth faculty.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, famous lawyer and statesman, a man always in contact with the makers of history of his time, adds in this number new and engrossing chapters to his memories of over sixty years of public life.

EDWARD G. SPAULDING, professor of philosophy at Princeton, is the author of "The New Rationalism" and one of the authors of "The New Realism." He has also been for several years a lecturer at the Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD, a well-known collector of Americana, has written a number of articles about authors and their manuscripts. He lives in New York City.

EMMA SAREPTA YULE, whose many years in the Orient have given her intimate knowledge of social conditions in China and Japan, is the head of the English Department in the University of the Philippines.

WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS is a clergyman of Winchester, Virginia, and a frequent contributor of poems to SCRIBNER'S.

EDWARD CARRINGTON VENABLE, of Baltimore, is the author of the novel "Pierre Vinton" and of many short stories, always distinctive and original in style.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR, wife of the poet Ridgely Torrence, lives in Xenia, Ohio.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK, whose latest volume, "Dust and Light," has recently gone into a new edition, is known to all those who read the best of poetry written to-day.

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD needs no introduction to the SCRIBNER audience that has long enjoyed the excellent quality and particular flavor of her stories and essays.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS, head of the large advertising agency of Calkins & Holden, and noted for his keen interest in all matters of art, is the author of "The Business of Advertising."

HARTLEY ALEXANDER is professor of philosophy in the University of Nebraska. He has written widely on many subjects, and is an associate editor of *The Mid-West Quarterly* and of *The Midland*.

A. R. BRUBACHER has had long experience as an educator and school superintendent in Schenectady and Albany, New York, and is president of the New York State College for Teachers.

ROSSITER HOWARD, curator of educational work in the Cleveland Museum of Art, has lectured for many years on art and archæological subjects.

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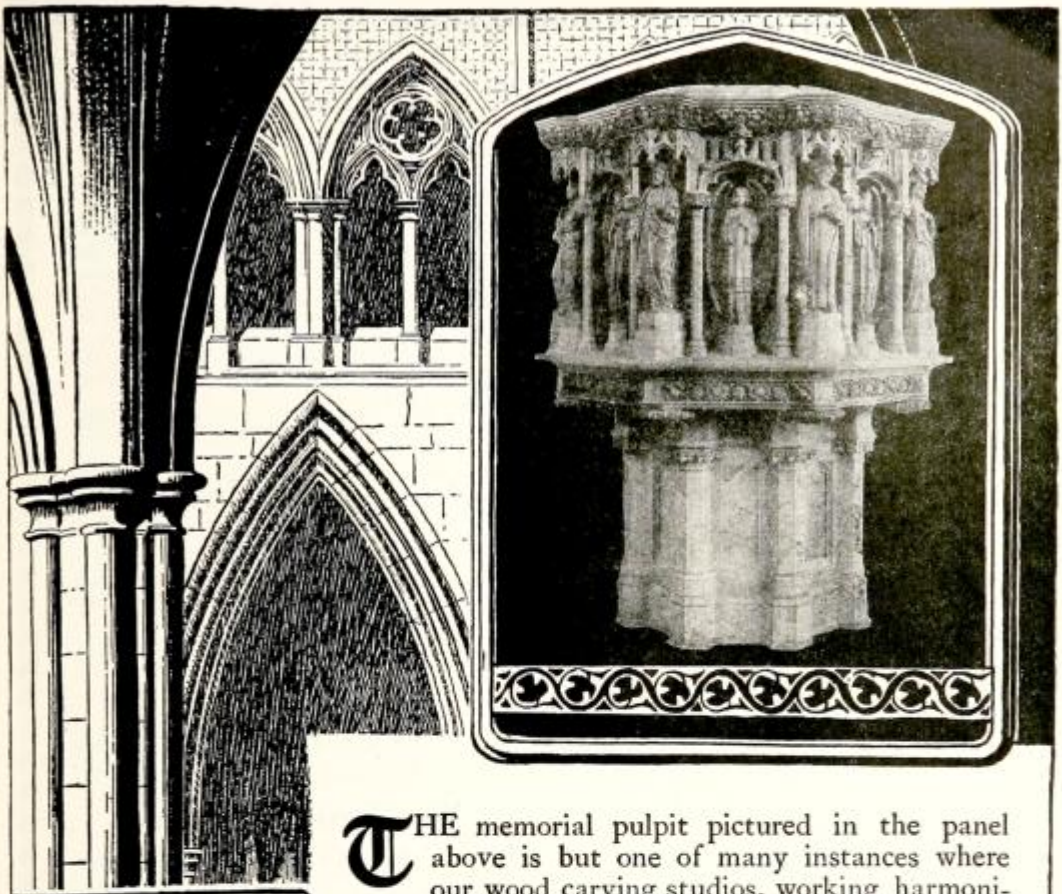

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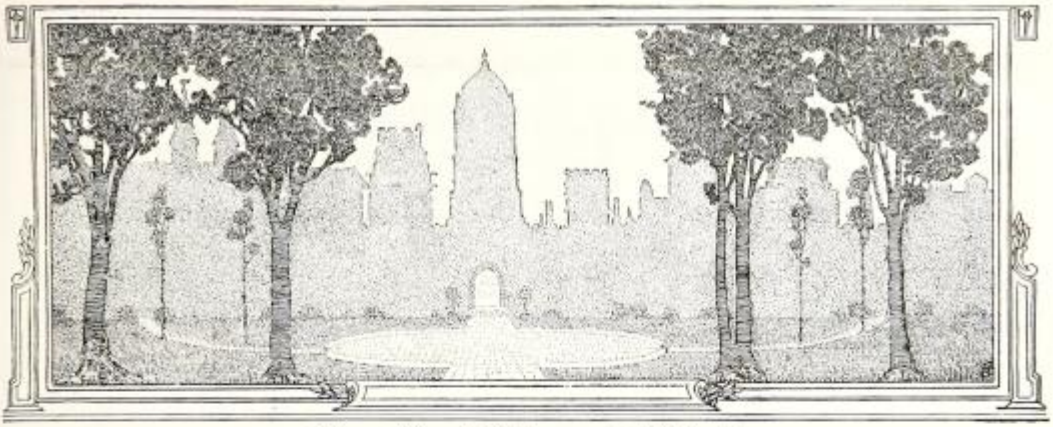

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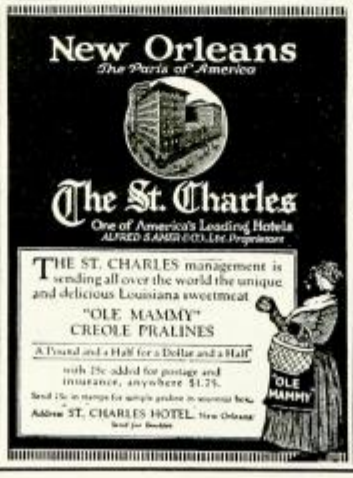

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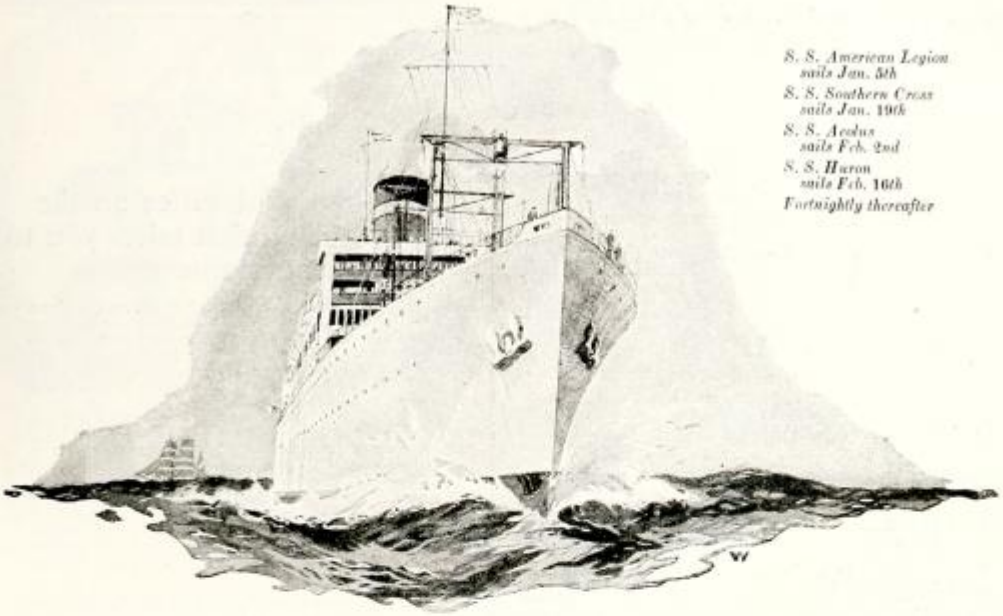

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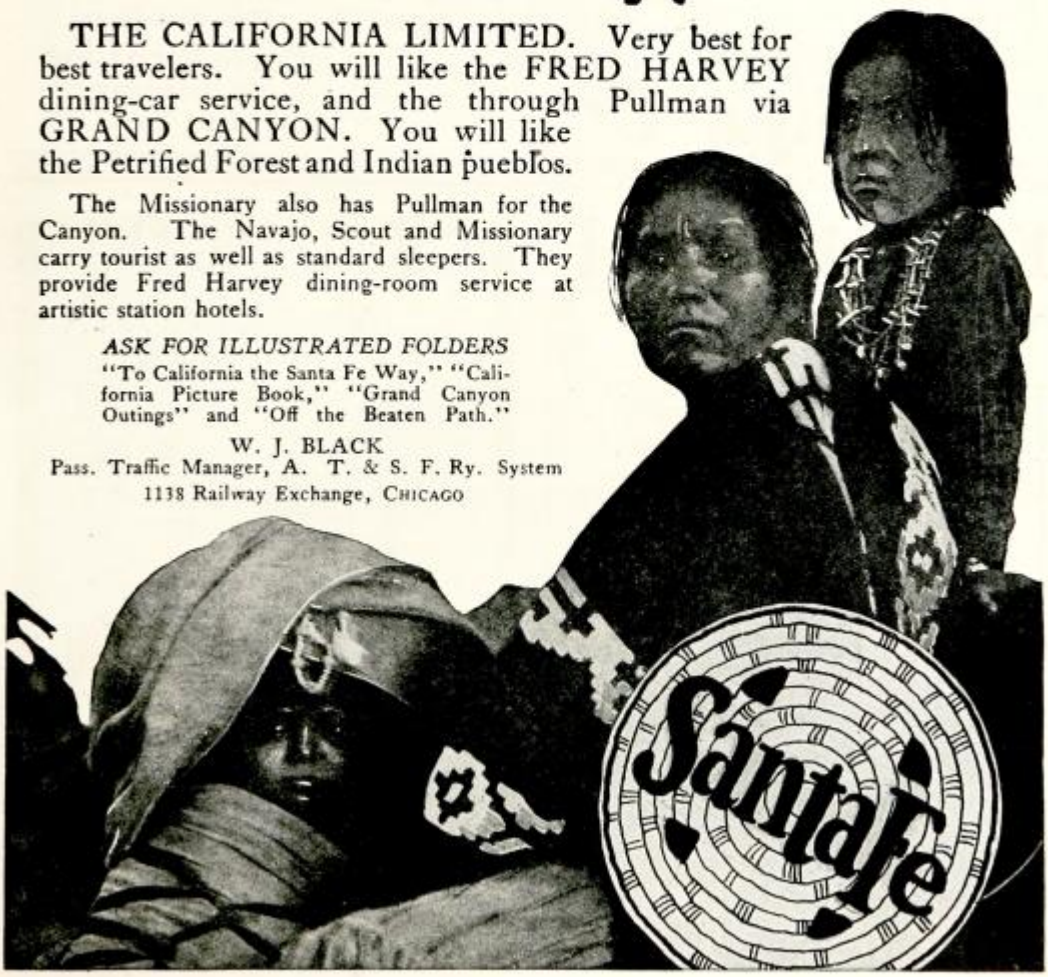

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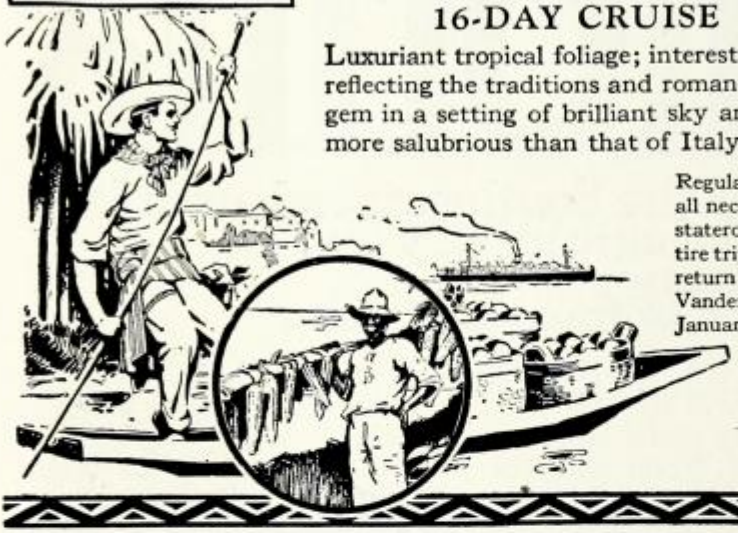

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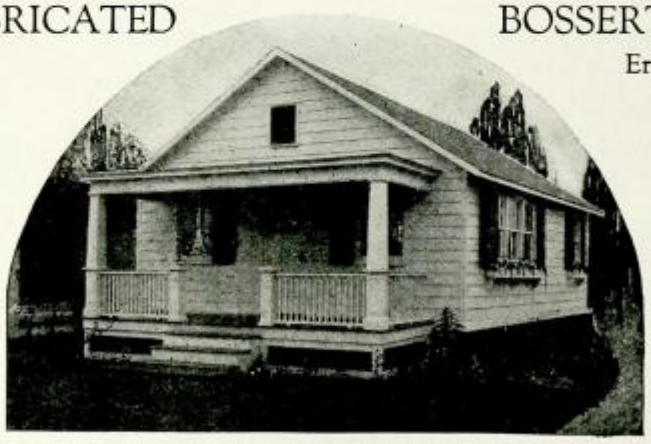

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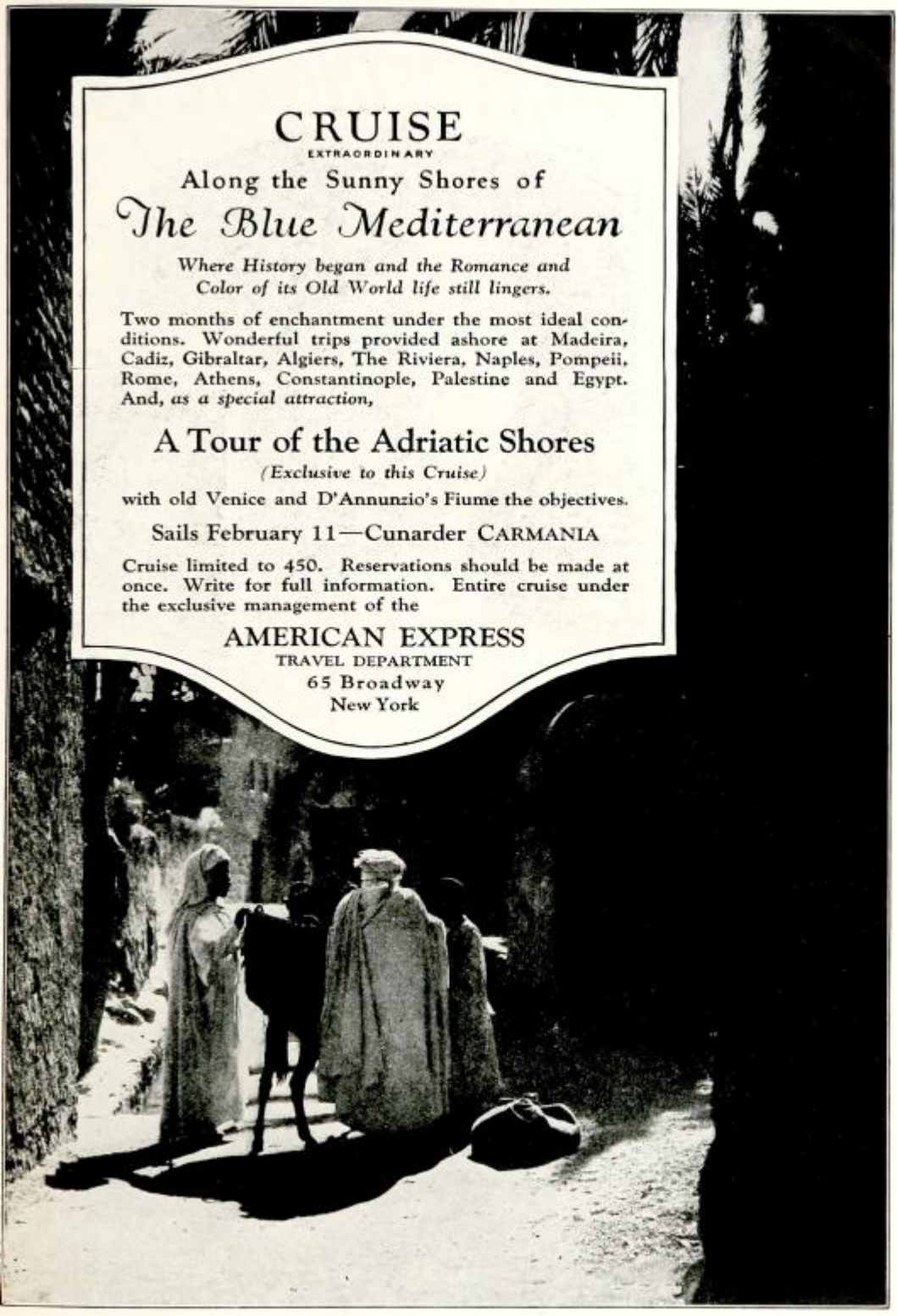

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—"Tunisian Types," page 16.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXI JANUARY, 1922 NO. 1

The Still Small Voice of Russia

BY JULIA CANTACUZÈNE SPÉRANSKY (NÉE GRANT)

AT this time there are Red propagandists paid to shout on the housetops of a false Utopia, in that land where their companions in crime are grinding a nation under heel, while they lie about it to us, talking of idealism misunderstood. There are speculators, with little or nothing to lose, who cynically seek the money of vague investors with which to fish in troubled waters for their own ends, and who talk of concessions, gains, and practicability of trade. There are those who in ignorance hold up a mirror to the pink paradise described to them, and who reflect this camouflage in loud enthusiasm.

Whether it is Trotzky-Bronstein from New York, or Vanderlip from California, or France from Maryland, the noise is great as they speak of Russia, and our American public reads or listens and grows ever more mystified. Why, with all they have, do the Russian people starve, and why does the benign Bolshevist government not prosperously administer the natural riches they have in their hands?

From Russia has come to me direct a still small voice with no press-agent in attendance. It tells the truth, and nothing but the truth. Perhaps hardly all the truth, however, for there is too much to tell, and it is all too horrid! Besides, terrible punishment is waiting for those who report the misery and cruel acts they see about them—not only punishment to men themselves who speak, but to women and children they love, and whom they still try to keep alive in the Hades where they live.

The martyrs generally do not know to whom they may address their stories. They are not seeking notoriety, but are merely stretching a hand out of the darkness which envelops them, into our civilized world beyond. They grope for a little sympathy, a little understanding, of their woes. Some of these tales have come to me either directly, in letters from men or women whom I knew in olden days, or have been passed to me by recipients of letters, when it was thought the descriptions were interesting or held a message for me.

The following story is a composite of a number of these communications. Because of the dire danger to the senders I have changed all names, all indications of exact surroundings and time, which might lead to the discovery of identities, and I have been content to offer only the facts. For the truth of these I vouch.

Most of the correspondents are still at the mercy of the Soviet authorities. They are marvellously patient and uncomplaining, while their resignation is only equalled by their faith, their hope, their courage, and their gentle charity to one another.

By way of introduction let me add one more detail, so that the pro-Bolshevik may not claim my news comes from some one group, whose view-point I espouse in prejudice. The material of these incidents and descriptions which I have knit together was gathered from sources ranging wide. I count peasants, clerks, professionals, officers, soldiers, servants, and landowners among my suppliers of

details, and when Red terrorism in Russia shall have passed away I am convinced all my assertions will be proved correct.

At Petrograd, late in September of 1920, as dusk fell one afternoon, with a mixture of drizzle and snow in the air, and the thermometer lowering to the point of man's discomfort, two figures emerged from a building which in old days had been a scientific institution of the imperial government. Now the fine walls held a Soviet government office, and, work hours being over, the officials and the clerks were free for the evening and came wandering out in groups.

These two in whom I was interested stood aside, to let the crowd pass them; then they, with slow, lagging steps, turned into the narrow, slippery street. They held on to one another and moved with caution, as do those who know they are being watched; yet their drawn white faces bore no trace of fear, and their two pairs of eyes looked calmly out upon the world. One was a man of fifty-five and the other was considerably older, but both looked ten years more than their years, and worn-out health showed in their parchment skins and shrunken features, their meagre bodies and drooping shoulders, on which shabby clothes hung loosely.

The older man had snow-white hair and delicate high-bred features, and when he spoke 'twas with a soft and cultivated voice. The other, tall and of a coarser build, showed more strength and vitality; one felt him sturdier to face the slow torture of his life, in spite of lack of food and constant strain of worry.

"Are you not weary, Boris?" he said. "I've not been ill like you, and for to-day you'd better take my arm and let me help you. This icy rain has made the stones slippery, and the dull twilight prevents our seeing well where the paving-blocks are up."

Boris, the elder, straightened himself with a movement of pride, and answered: "I'm no longer ill, only somewhat depressed with never hearing—knowing nothing. Of course, we all lack nourishment, and perhaps 'tis but that which weighs down our spirits. The waiting is so long, and one can never be sure of anything in this hideous system of suffering and bribery. But all my letters have gone; time and time again I've tried writing, first to one, then to another, and no reply has ever come back to me in three long years."

"It *is* hard," was the sympathetic comment of the younger man.

Boris continued: "I'm always thinking they are worrying about me, as I do over them. I know nothing of their circumstances, or whether they found shelter abroad and a welcome from our allied friends with means of livelihood; so they may believe that I am dead—three years is a long time!"

A silence, and he added with a gentle smile: "How nice it would be to go to bed some night in a warm room, with the open fire burning as in old days, and dream of all one's books and little treasures round one again. It would be so agreeable if just once, after the hideous misery of these winters that are passed, this could happen and if one's soul might drift away before morning, and one needn't wake up again to all this." And he waved his arm about, including all the scene which lay before them as they emerged into the Palace Square.

Bound by the once magnificent buildings of the Winter Palace and the General Staff Building, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Admiralty, the noble square, even in the waning light, had an air of shame and tragedy. It had not been cleaned for three years, and here and there grass, now dried and rotted, had grown or large holes stood open, while refuse lay wherever chance or carelessness had left it. The disfiguring stains and cracks caused by cold weather and machine-guns were barely discernible on the façades in the dimness, but there was a consciousness of these in the two men's minds as they looked about, as of the windows with their glass lacking, or of the architectural ornaments torn off the stucco walls. Disintegration and decay were everywhere.

Both men shivered, and the younger one spoke with force and bitterness: "Perhaps you are right, Boris, and that would be the easiest way out. I sometimes envy those who, having fought in our good cause, first against the Boche, then in the volunteer armies against these

criminals, were killed in battle, or even executed by the Soviet's murderous orders. At least they seem heroic; whereas we merely face slow death by famine here. Yet for my part I have not given up hope that by great care and circumspection I may live to strike a blow for freedom yet, and to kill some of these swine in a grand uprising. I would even now join Wrangel, were it not for the wife and children. I cannot leave them here as hostages in such foul hands, and the long trip across Russia on foot, to their delicate bodies, is impossible. We would all be recognized, caught, and punished. Also we have no money to move about. That held me in the beginning; then it was too late, so I worked and waited, plotted and hoped for the uprising which must surely come. When Youdénitch was at our doors up here, I thought we were all saved. But he was too poor in ammunition, and we had long since been disarmed. When our plot to aid him from inside was discovered there were the usual shootings. Once more we wait, now without knowing at what hour will be our call to vengeance; but when that call comes I personally mean to shed the blood of several tyrants. There are those whose deaths I saw and must revenge. So I stay now, and will not run away. I wait in patience. Meantime I work, and, because I'm strong of brain and body still, I get some extra rations and can just keep the wife and children all alive. I'm not a maker of history nor a martyr, Boris, like those who have died, but I am a Christian and a Russian; and till I've proved both, against these aliens of race and creed who hold the power, I mean to live. . . . Let me see you home now, for we have stood talking here and if we are noticed we may be arrested by some bloodhound of a Bolshevik."

The older man, after a slight protest that he was taking his companion's time, consented to being accompanied, because the latter said: "No, that part doesn't matter. Mania will feed the children first; and it is better thus, there is so little food. When I'm late I can say I've had some, and I take less from their small stores. Besides, the walk will do me good after the long day in our close workroom. I'm glad to have the air."

They went down the Millionaia slowly, past the Ermitage and the other shabby palaces, then turned into a side street. In the once crowded thoroughfares almost no one passed. Only occasionally some woman, with rags held close about her meagreness, against the wind and damp, drew into the wall's shadow with fear in her wide eyes; or now and then a man, in shabby clothes grown much too loose, slunk by in haste, his head down and his gait uncertain. Once a noisy motor-truck, tooting its horn, went by, carrying a party of armed soldiers who were singing and shouting. In their midst were prisoners, some women, who swayed and lurched about as the huge car jerked over the broken asphalt street. They were pushed roughly into place by the Bolshevists, amid ribald insults and laughter. Our two men looked up from their place on the sidewalk, and Boris's gentle eyes were full of tears. "Poor things," he said; "God help them!"

"The Bolsheviki tumbrils!" muttered the younger man, and clinched his fists. "Some day, please God, I'll see the Apfelbaums and Bronsteins, and all the others of their ilk, ride in them to a finish worthy of their crimes! My friend, have courage, for you and I must live to carry out our later duties; while those prisoners, men and women, will sleep in paradise tonight. Their work is done, their martyrdom nearly complete! God rest their souls!"

Once also, after the noise of the motor had quieted, a woman approached and touched Boris on the arm. He turned and looked at her with suspicion at first, then with pity, but without recognition in his eyes. She, after gazing at him for a few moments, said: "Do you not remember me? I am Mary B."

Whereupon the elderly man's face lighted up, and he exclaimed with pleasure: "But I thought you were dead, you disappeared so many months ago."

She sighed and answered: "Yes—when they set my husband free from prison and he fled across the frontier they seized me, and as a hostage shut me in the fortress, where I have been for eighteen months; and months that counted double!"

"I see," said Boris, "your hair is white and you have grown so thin there is no

possibility of recognition. Have you shelter and food?"

"Yes," answered Mary. "I have both in sufficient quantity to give me strength to wait. I am with ——, who kindly took me in, but I am still watched and I have no news from my husband. I have been wondering what is happening abroad over the frontier, and if the wars are over, and if I might escape? Should my husband see me he would not know me now, with my white hair. Even you, who know the circumstances of life here, and are used to seeing rapid changes, showed no recognition when I spoke to you. But one must have patience! Perhaps the Bolsheviki may fall? There are many plots against them. If I were not still being spied upon and regarded as a hostage, I would throw myself into whatever plotting against them there is going on; but I would be a hindrance more than an aid, just now, to any group I seemed to be in contact with. So I avoid such friends as I have, and only speak to them as I did with you to-night, on a dark street or in the line of those who wait for food at the distribution points."

"Will you not come on with my friend and me, and share my evening meal?" asked Boris, with hospitality still untouched by his lack of supplies in these days of hardship. But Mary shook her head and answered: "Thank you, I had better not. It would be much worse for you, were you seen with me, or were it rumored that I went to your home, than if you received almost any one else from among your old friends, because I am fresh from the prison; and, while I was put there for nothing I had done, the mere fact of the long confinement and of my old traditions would throw suspicion on you. It would be ingratitude for your generosity if I went, but I am glad to have seen you, and to know that you are still alive; and it has been a real pleasure to speak with you for a moment, and to hear your friendly voice answering me. If you write to those who are beyond the frontier, give them my warm remembrance." They shook hands and she turned and disappeared into the night, a ghost of her old brilliant self.

Talking, Boris and his companions had arrived in front of a shabby house with a well-barricaded gateway to its courtyard. One panel opened to his knock and password. He and the younger man stepped inside, and helped a lodger on duty to fasten down the iron bars again and make their home safe for the night. In these wild times each house was guarded as much as possible against surprises, whether from the Red soldiers sent on official errands by the commissars (to search, arrest, and confiscate) or from the casual criminal, who, in the absence of all law and order, harvested when and where he could either provisions to stay his hunger or valuables to satisfy his greed. Turn and turn about, one member of the population in these houses served as a sentinel, and this watcher gave a safer feeling to the others who slept, though he could do but little except give an alarm or waste a few minutes in opening the door if ordered. Arms had long ago been confiscated, and there was no resistance possible therefore to depredations.

Across the dirty courtyard the pair of friends went, waded through cesspools, and scrambled over piles of half-frozen rubbish to a back-stairs entrance. The older and more fragile man slipped and missed his footing frequently, but the other's ready hand steadied him and he did not fall. At the first landing of the stairs they stopped, knocked gently, and the door, after a question, was thrown open. Boris turned to his companion. "Will you not come in and share my soup to-night?"

The other said: "No, Boris, you will need it all, for you look cold and tired, my friend, and I must get some exercise and then go home, or the wife will be anxious. She will think one of those motor-trucks has carried me away. I'll see you though, as usual, to-morrow. Good night and God protect you!"

"The same to you and yours. Good night, my son!" And Boris turned in the door and locked it.

It was a fairly large apartment he entered in the entresol of a small palace of ancient days, well built, with solid walls; and now it had been used to harbor a number of the friends of its erstwhile owners. Boris turned into a small room, which was his share of the apartment's

space, and as he did so he spoke to his middle-aged woman servant, who had opened the door for him. "Good evening, Katia; have you something to eat?"

"Surely, barin,* there is soup from the bones of that duck Véra Mihailovna sent us up from the village two or three days ago—a full cup of it, and there might have been two had I not given one cupful to the poor woman who is so ill next door, whom they say is even dying. In her delirium she asked for some broth, which would be of old days. Of course, this isn't anything like old-days' soup, but 'tis real bones and strained water boiled, and it has a pinch of salt—a rare treat surely. When I took it in her daughter wept with gratitude, and I knew you would be glad, barin!"

"Yes, of course, you did right, Katia. If there is need we can always spare half our provisions, and we will divide the other half between us and be content."

Katia bustled about, first taking the old man's worn boots, which he had removed at once to save their soles. After wiping them she opened a panel in the wall and hid them—as far behind the woodwork as she could reach; then she gave him his slippers of old carpet, probably of her own making. "The barin must not wear his boots more than he can possibly help. It is the last pair, and winter is on us soon," she said under her breath.

His room was neat, crowded with the few modest belongings of an elderly bachelor, things left him after numerous raids. A small deal table had upon it the cheapest of utensils for writing purposes, but in sufficient quantity to show their owner spent much time working there.

Left alone, he removed his outside clothing and got into a dressing-gown patched and darned in many places, the mending evidently faithful Katia's work. She returned. "Barin has drunk his soup? Then here is half a big potato. I used the extra-big one to-night, for the cold sleet I thought would make you hungrier than usual, and you came late. Also I warmed both this room and my own, barin, and it took three of our precious little boards, although the stove is good, as are, thank God, also our walls and windows against this storm. Now the lamp is lighted, the fire may be allowed to go out, for that real kerosene will heat enough, and I can put the blanket across your knees, barin, as you write."

"Thanks, Katia; you are a good woman to save our small provisions as you do. Now have your soup also, and your half potato with it, so it won't seem too dry; and then go get your work or cards, and sit here also near the lamp to keep warm."

Katia returned soon with a cup full of water. "I boiled and passed it through a cloth, barin, at the same time I made our soup; so it is safe, should you be thirsty." Then she sat down and drew from a basket some small bits of material, from which she unravelled threads, winding these on an old empty spool. "I found these pieces of cloth on the Palace Place to-day, blowing from a pile of rubbish, and I caught them and brought them home. When I shall unravel them, I shall have threads to mend with," she said with a shade of triumph in her voice; and then, with the gentle friendly familiarity of the devoted Russian servant: "What shall you write to-night, barin—the book?"

"No, to-night I'm weary, and besides I heard to-day from a friendly clerk in our office that there is a chance to smuggle another letter out into the live world beyond our frontiers; so I thought I would try again to reach our people—the sisters and their little children—the other men too, who have gone out into Europe. I know they worry, and are as hungry for my news as I for theirs; yet I have sent many letters and doubtless so have they. Nothing has ever come into my hands in spite of all the trouble. . . . One almost gives up hope!"

"Nay, barin, the priest says we must never give up hope, and indeed I haven't done so; though the times are very hard. But God is good, and one must pray to him and have great faith. Who knows? 'Tis when we least expect it the miracle occurs. I well remember how in old days, for a long month once before Christmas, I was looking daily as I went to market into a window of the Gostinii-Dwor Bazaar at a beautiful red shawl with flowers on it and white fringe all around its edges.

*"Barin," the equivalent of the French "seigneur" or the English "sir."

And I never hoped to own it; but all the same I thought I'd say a prayer and put a taper for it in front of the Madonna's icon at the bazaar shrine. I was late from waiting in the crowd to get my taper that day, and when I came back home with the provisions for dinner old Mascha scolded me, and accused me of talking too long with Ivan the butcher boy. So then I told her of the shawl, and how I prayed for it to the Madonna, and she then still scolded me, but more gently, for my vanity, and said the icon would not care if I had finery or not. But I knew this was not so; and when Christmas came 'twas proved that I was right, for you, the barin, had chosen from all the presents in the whole world for me that very shawl I craved. I could scarcely believe it; and next day the Madonna received from me another taper, put before her shrine. So now I always believe and hope the end of our troubles will come, if we only pray, barin, and hope."

"That is right, Katia—and where is your shawl now—is it nationalized?"

"Oh, no, I have it; and it is so well hidden that, in spite of all the raids which we have suffered here, the villains have not guessed my hiding-place for that dear shawl nor for my earrings. These were my mother's, and when the storm of madness passes here, and we may go again in peace to hear our mass in proper clothes, I will wear them all. Meanwhile I save them. I would not walk with these Chinese or other foreign soldiers, anyhow. Dirty crew!"

Boris Michailovitch smiled kindly. "You are a good girl, Katia! You go on hoping and praying, believing and working, and I too will have faith that some day you shall go to mass wearing all your finery again. I am grateful to you that you make me so comfortable since old Mascha died, and that you stay with me. We are neither of us young, but your devotion makes the misery of these days much easier to bear, and if the few provisions I get help you to keep alive, it is but a fair exchange for all you do to aid me."

Then silence fell, and Katia went on pulling and winding threads, while the ancient "Excellency" drew his chair up to the work-table and began to write a letter. Should we lean over his shoulder we would see the cultivated handwriting which had been quite famous for its beauty, just as its owner had been famous for his talents before the revolution. He wrote:

"My friend—dear dear friend so far away—" But he got no further then, for at the outside hall door there was a knock, the gentle knock of a habitual visitor, not of the rough inquisitors who came to requisition and to arrest.

Katia, prudent from much experience, however, looked about to make certain everything they prized was hidden away—shoes, clothes, etc., and as she moved to the door the telltale sheet of foolscap was also put out of sight by the hand which had dared to write "so far away." Such words might mean sure death if this night visitor were a spy.

It wasn't. Katia reported that a man in soldier clothes, a Russian, "one of our own race and a Christian," had put a finger on his lips when she opened, and said: "Give this to Boris Michailovitch—he will be glad. And say, to-morrow I will call at night in case of a reply—you understand?" "So I took the packet, barin; possibly some one has sent you a piece of chocolate to eat. Only be careful it isn't poisoned!"

Boris took the package, removed the outside covering of dirty newspaper, and found in it a flat, thick envelope with merely his initials on it. Evidently directions to the mysterious bearer were verbal, for nowhere did the three missives inside carry his family name, nor his father's Christian name. There was nothing, should the package be lost, to incriminate him, nor rouse suspicions; but there was no mistaking the writings. Boris's eyes filled with tears, and then his trembling hands failed him and the letters dropped on the table near the lamp. Seating himself, he tried again to unfold their sheets. But suddenly his head went down on the pages, and sobs shook the thin shoulders for a while, as his tears flowed over these first messages from civilization after nearly three long years. Soon, with calm regained, and a tender smile playing on his pale face, Boris was able to read the long epistles. Twice he read them, then he called to Katia.

"Letters," he told her, "wonderful letters—the family are all alive and well, and say they are able to live out there; and that the war is over, the Great War against Germany. And they want me to go to them, but that of course I can't do now. . . . Stay, Katia, fill the lamp; for I must answer these to-night, even if I use up the kerosene supply of two evenings. My reply must be ready when the stranger comes to-morrow. They say he is trustworthy and will surely take my letters back."

Feverishly he drew the sheet he had begun to write on, from out its hiding-place, and following that first line written earlier and with such different feelings, he scribbled rapidly:

"This evening, in a letter from your wife from G, which came to me smuggled, I had the great joy of knowing that you were both still alive. Having news of you, of her and of our other sister and her children who are in France, is wonderful indeed! At last I know something of you all, of whose fate I was completely ignorant since more than two years past. I feel consequently younger by twenty at least, and again I'm full of hope and gratitude. Even at the risk that this letter should never reach you, I would try to give you the pleasure of receiving it, and some knowledge of what is around me here.

"Perhaps you are living in a land, or city, where I was when thirty years ago I went to America? For certain it has not changed there like this city has from which I write you. Thank God that by some extraordinary chance the efforts which I have been making since two years to enter into relations with you and our sister in France have finally been crowned with success. For I have also a letter now from her, and one from the children, brought in by the same person who smuggled yours. They are not only well, but seem to be getting on better than I had hoped or thought possible. The only thing now that is lacking is a direct word from you, from America. This news comes through your wife, and it would make me very happy to see your handwriting soon again. I do not despair of this happening if you will send a letter to —— now. If that should ever arrive I will have all the correspondence that can make me most happy. Even if my letters do not reach you, however, you will hear from your wife that we are alive and fairly well, going on better perhaps than most others about us, because my special scientific work brought me a position which gives me sufficient food.

"Considering the general situation here and other people's plight, I should not complain, especially now when it is still fairly warm; but the past winter was a nightmare, my lodging thermometer marked two degrees below freezing! I lived alone with the little old maid, who has remained so faithful. We were in our great house, which had emptied itself of tenants long ago; and we did without any water. Everything here is broken down. I finally gave up the idea of trying to remain in our old home. I cleared out our house as far as my furniture went, sold what I could and hid a few things which belonged to the family or which I love, and installed myself for this winter in one room of another house—in the ex-room of an old friend of mine. His whole apartment is now inhabited by various other acquaintances, some of whom are working in the same institution where I am. At least by this arrangement I may manage to keep warm through the coming winter. You know how I suffer from the cold. That is really the only thing which frightens me, for I can get on while eating very little.

"As far as the rest is concerned I have no right to complain, I suppose. Since the month of April, thanks to my scientific work, I have received a special ration which consists of a portion once a week of ten pounds of bread, a few potatoes, some cereals, with sometimes a little herring, or a little butter or other grease, a small portion of salt, and from time to time far removed, a little bit of sugar or even a little bit of chocolate. This is enough to keep one alive, which other people do not have around us, and none of these things can be bought in shops. They are difficult to find in any way, though some few manage to get them on the side through smugglers. Every kind of shop, except —— are closed. People simply get cards, and have to go and stand for hours on the chance of getting food, which

frequently they do not get; whereas we get our ration regularly once a week. It is a great satisfaction not actually to have to think of where each meal is to come from, and my devoted old woman-servant tries to take care of me; we divide my provisions. The distance we have to go for them is not great. I also get a somewhat vague lunch, which is given me and my comrades at a public table not far distant from where I work.

"Consequently, my life is more or less organized, and with such historical writing as I can do outside (but when it will be published, God only knows), I manage to make time pass, without counting it too much, or thinking much of all that is happening around us. My health seems to hold out against this régime, the sciatica and the rheumatism notwithstanding. I have regained my thin figure of schoolboy days, and though sometimes I notice my strength is not the same, I try to feel it is my fifty-seven years that count and not the conditions in which we live. My age, however, did not prevent me the other day from walking from here to the canal at the other end of town and back from there again, and also during the summer did not prevent me from taking part in the unloading of a boat where we could get some boards and a little firewood for our own use.

"With the proceeds from the sale of my collections, I have been able to supplement the rations by a few cigarettes at 20 roubles apiece. We live as if this were Portugal, where everything is counted in milreis (thousands of reis). So much for me!

"I can't imagine you alone in America. I would have had misgivings if I did not know that you are of those who realized what you were doing when you went there, and that you are also of those who generally manage to handle yourself and the situation, wherever you are. There is another thing which is a comfort to me, and it is that that old friend of ours who is really the friend of her friends, both good and charming, is on the same continent with you, and you probably see her. Give her my best and warmest regards, and all of their family, and tell her that I never pass before their little yellow palace without thinking of her; and I often pass there! Hearts are heavy here—mine among them—and life for all of us has made its weight felt. Happy are those who remember this world as it was in other days, or have died in time. One must be grateful for them—and yet in spite of this, our poor dear N., I cannot think of him without deep sorrow at his death, for he escaped nothing in his martyrdom here lately. The rest of his family we have no knowledge of, whether they escaped or not, and we live in a dark cloud of mystery and persecution.

"Dear friend, if we met how much I would have to tell you; but at present, since I have found you, at least I am beginning again to hope a little. A day will come when we may meet, and perhaps some time I may be able to leave this land? I would not do that now, however, leaving the sister still in our village, where she is very helpless. Besides I could never reach the far land where you are. You are not on this same continent with me, I know now.

"God be with you always and everywhere. What shall I tell you of our old friends who are still here? O. I see from time to time. D. and his wife have become completely demented, and are so vague in their minds that they live almost like animals in one cellar room in the courtyard of their great house. They sell little by little everything that was theirs, and when the end of that comes, I don't know what will happen. I know nothing of O——s. Olga is well, lives somehow, doing as everybody else does. She is about the only one who has managed to stay in her own apartment, but all her family is scattered, and she has no news of them. Another friend and his wife are hidden away in two rooms of their cellar, without any help from outside, and she does everything, all their heavy work, but they have not been molested a single time so far.

"As a curious experience, S. was arrested for a short time, by chance or a misunderstanding. Fell into an ambush, was held for five days without food, except such as the companions of his misery in the same room gave him of their small shares. Theirs was smuggled in to them from outside. Then S. was freed, probably also by misunderstanding or thanks

to his lucky star, instead of being sent as a hostage to —— or killed, like so many others who have disappeared or died of late.

"Dear friend, did we ever think what a struggle for life was reserved for us, without any preparation to face it, and that we should have to prove by ourselves the truth of Darwin's theory? However, we will prove it to the end, and will be among the strongest, I think—at least those of us who survive. I even hope that we may meet some day. So work out the problem of your life and fight your battle without flinching or weakness. If this letter reaches you it will be one step forward—if I have your answer it will be another. God keep you meanwhile.

"I am adding a postscript to say that for a month I have carried this around, having no opportunity to send it. The messenger did not come back and probably he was arrested and executed for carrying papers.

"Do not be anxious, for I will not make any effort to run away or risk the danger of being caught at the frontier and shot, unless I know that you have come back to Europe and that I might have the chance of meeting you somewhere, where we could make our life together.

"I regret you have not found work in France or England, but are making such a hard living in far America. Have you heard from any one of your old correspondents in the days when you did intellectual work here? Some of them might be of use to you now in foreign countries.

"I met M. who talked to me about the old life, as we stood with our baskets waiting for rations during two and a half hours the other day. The more I think of you the more I feel happy that you are safe and abroad, even alone. At least you have a normal life in more or less normal surroundings, and the more one sees here of things, the more one realizes that very little is really of importance or necessary to live. Tell me if you can some details of your present occupations —also what plans you make, if any, for the future?"

This first letter finally sent in November was followed by another from the same source, and I give it without other changes than the one above has suffered, this as before to protect the writer and his people from the fierce danger of Bolshevik anger at having real life under their rule exposed to view.

It must be remembered that our correspondent was in particularly favorable circumstances, better fed, housed, and cared for than those about him, since he had accepted work at the Soviet's government offices, either to keep from starvation or for other reasons which can be read between his lines, or perhaps because he was forcibly mobilized to serve his turn of the general slow martyrdom. This letter is of midwinter. It said:

"My Dear Good Friend:

"A few days ago a messenger who was unknown to me brought me a little packet from beyond the frontier, with these words written on it: 'This is the equivalent of $100, which your people, refugees in America, have sent you in case I could smuggle the money through.' In an unsealed envelope were 38,500 marks, and at the present rate of exchange here (40 marks to 1,000 roubles) it makes nearly the sum of one million roubles, which I could immediately realize. If I wait it will become more advantageous, however, as the exchange for outside money sends our worthless currency down daily. These figures, which are those of this actual moment, give you an idea what you have done for me, and make expressions of enthusiastic gratitude seem superfluous! Naturally I will not change this money, nor touch it, without an absolute necessity arising. That might come any time, for always here one must count with the unexpected.

"I would like to escape and join you refugees, if the possibility of making my flight a success offered. One reason, though, for remaining is the fact that some of the family are still on the estate—our sister and the child. I have not been able to see her for two years, because such as we are have no permission to travel with the knowledge of our rulers, and neither she nor I are allowed to move about freely. But I can be useful to her in

small things occasionally, and to know I am here seems to give her some vague moral support. I have been able once or twice to send her a little money, the savings of my salary, and I hold some money of hers here hidden in safety, the result of pawning and selling her jewels early in the time of this régime, when she fancied (alas mistakenly) the money to have more value than her ornaments. In the transaction, she had to sacrifice at least half her jewels' value, but she needed money to live at home, as she pays the peasants for everything they sell her from her own estate, grain, vegetables, etc. However, life there among the peasants is safer and much cheaper than here, also more comfortable, I make out from her messages—so I could desire nothing better for her, and have not encouraged her to move as long as I had no hope of further flight for any of us. She would not think of going abroad—you know how devoted she has always been to the old place and the people there. I feel I ought not to think of abandoning her to go abroad myself. With what you have sent us we can now wait quietly for what fate may have in store for us all.

"You have no idea what it means to have a reserve like this you have sent. One hundred dollars gives one a tranquil spirit to face the future, and I will certainly keep the foreign marks intact and unexchanged as long as that is possible. There is much talk of abolishing money completely in Russia, and you can imagine in case of such a measure by the Soviet government, roubles from their present low value would go to zero. So far my salary, plus little by little the proceeds from selling my things, have enabled me to keep alive. All those we know live this same way, unless they are in prison or starving. Many had everything burned or looted or requisitioned at once, and they have rarely survived.

"I have had better luck, and have even managed not to touch the things we were most fond of. The ancient family portraits are safe, hidden away; also certain of our finest books, a few volumes are hidden. But I had to sacrifice our Grandfather's library! Certain of my collections of rare small things are still safe too, but bulky objects one must separate oneself from, and be resigned to their sale or their loss.

"What makes me anxious is to think you have given up this $100 for me. It is a large sum of which I have deprived you, and I know how terrible was the cost of living in America even in old days. I imagine the sacrifice made by you, to supply me with what seems a fortune here! I try to console myself with faith in your strength. You always knew what you were doing, and what I have written above proves that your goal is attained, for we are now definitely protected from any eventuality that one can foresee in these times through which we are living.

"This is the third letter which I have written to you since I know you are in America. It will go by the same messenger who brought me your packet—consequently a reliable man. The other two letters left by different ways I had considered certain, and I hoped you may have received them too? I have nothing in the way of letters from you as yet, and do not know whether yours are lost or whether you have feared to write. Perhaps you could write to me through Véra. I wrote to her about various details of the tragi-comedy of our existence here, and I will try and send her a letter by the same messenger who carries this, asking her to forward it on to you. I am also telling her how she may by chance be able to communicate with me from time to time. Please be kind and write her as many details as you can on your life, the work you are doing and what your projects are for the future; especially about your health, how your respiration is after your heavy wounds. In one little message, which I got from her your health was not mentioned, so I am hoping that you are no worse than you were.

"It seems extraordinary that three years have passed since I saw you; that is longer than your whole trip into —— when you went exploring. What would I not do, or give, or risk, to join you, if I thought we were free from all duties other than to one another? but I do not feel I have the right to run away and leave our sister. At any rate I would not undertake anything without knowing that you were near enough to me in Europe for me to have a fair chance of

reaching you. Tell me, if you can, what you think of the general world situation, of which I can get no news here. Perhaps such knowledge of events will open new horizons to me and help me plan. In total ignorance as we are, we can judge of nothing, for we know nothing of the real condition of affairs outside this country; nor inside of it for that matter!

"A great many people think that when all the treaties are signed and commercial relations established, which we know to be impossible, the frontiers may be opened. Perhaps then whoever wants to leave can do so freely? I personally do not believe that this would be allowed, because in the first place so many people of us, the brains of the country, would make a mad rush out of it, and the authorities would find themselves without the least semblance of any element sufficiently intellectual to carry on any kind of organization, or get anything done. They, the Bolsheviki, would consequently, to my mind, immediately take measures to prevent their being caught in such a situation. Secondly, the foreign powers who would be absolutely invaded by these refugees, would be forced to put restrictions on our entering freely into their countries. I think consequently our captivity has no chance of ending.

"I have never believed in the success of any of the efforts to liberate us, except for a moment last year during the advance of Youdénitch's army. He was at Tzarskoe-Célo, which seemed too close to fail, and another group of the same army had reached Gatchina; but even then one felt their movement was not organized with any surety—they had neither provisions nor munitions, and were beaten, naturally.

"Wrangel's effort, from what we heard of it, must have been even less made for success, having less materials. According to my idea, any outside attack of that kind could have been a success only by an enormous and serious intervention of the Allies' armed forces on every side at once, all working together—but there is no hope of their ever doing that. Momentarily, during the winter, there is little possibility of an interior uprising that is co-ordinated, though one can scarcely tell what may come, and there is much doing which is kept quiet by the different elements, both the Bolsheviki and the anti-Bolsheviki. There is always evolution, and it has already begun among certain small groups, but it will be very long if one depends upon it entirely for saving Russia.

"As far as I am personally concerned, suppose I managed to run away? What would I do and where would I live? At my age it would not be easy for me to find employment, and if I found a position it would be so difficult, weak as I am, to fill it, that I would not succeed probably in being independent of you; and the consciousness of this would hardly balance the infinite delight of finding myself again in civilization and in a normal life. For a year, or a year and a half perhaps, I might manage to live by the help of friends who are abroad, and perhaps I might have enough money not to be suffering very much financially. But what would come afterward?

"My work of the past five or six years, editing of historical documents, I have almost finished. I even have the illustrations prepared for two big volumes. It makes a large box of manuscripts, and you know my dream was always to have it printed, half in Russian, half in French. It would be wonderful if I could get these books out of the country and have the thing done in Paris or elsewhere—and get work and live from that for a year or two. It might really pay me—but I would only go abroad in case in some way it could be arranged that I might come back again, if the sister needed me—and that is impossible under present conditions. It is merely a dream and the reality is very different! Here many years will pass before one can ever think of publishing an edition which would be worth while. Momentarily I am not working at the manuscript—am merely existing, trying to wait as patiently as possible and not to think of a complete expatriation—but to hold on to the hope that something may happen.

"I am too happy now to know that you at least are out of here and still alive, and to know that our sister is in better conditions than I had dared to hope, for since three or four years ago I have not been able to send her any money. With

this knowledge I can very well tolerate a great many things, of which the worst one is our atmosphere of general uncertainty, and our having nothing to look for in the immediate future. However, there is nothing one can do about this.

"Thank you again and again. Whatever happens, you have placed us in a position which relieves us of great strain and simplifies our gravest problem of the moment. To have this security, of a little money which is foreign, renews my energy, and proves to me again how easily we react to the least hope! It is strange what a remarkable rôle the unexpected takes in our existence, whether it is good or bad, in such times as these.

"This letter and the one to Véra, if they get out, should give you a tableau more or less exact of me as I am—old, dirty, with a long beard, but still able to move about, and with my mind still lucid enough to write a letter and to say what I mean.

"Do you see J. C.? Where is that family? Have you travelled at all? Write to me.

"P. S. I am adding a few words to tell you that I met M., who served here in the Museum, and O., whom I meet quite often at what was the old W.'s palace, where he is installed for his work. They always speak of you, and tell me, if I have the occasion, to send you their regards, and to say how much they envy you that you are not here. . . . O. is the most energetic of us all, but the other is more down than I am. He serves in the Oriental Department of his Museum, but as the museum is not heated, with the climate here, nobody goes in winter. The collections which were evacuated in 1914 and 1917—900 boxes with pictures, sculptures, silver, porcelains, etc.—have been brought back and are to be unpacked and reinstalled. There was a moment when they thought all these things would be spread around among the provinces. What an opportunity to steal! It was difficult to persuade those in command that this was a bad plan, but finally they have been dissuaded.

"In the evening I work at my manuscripts, and I hardly ever go out; sometimes on a Sunday I manage to go and see the Z——s. He is well comparatively, and they manage somehow, as does every one else who must live here. They live in a part of their lodging and try to preserve what they can intact, though they have several people occupying most of their flat. However, they have been left two small back rooms. He (Z) has aged terribly and lost ground, but he has discovered in himself a new talent for working metal. Sometimes he has managed to make at this craft 80,000 roubles a month paid by Bolshevik clients, who bring him their metals to work; but of course the money has almost no buying power. His wife does everything else—cooks, washes, goes out and fetches wood which she brings in, cutting it with an axe and making their modest fires. She does the heaviest work. Without her, I do not know what he would do, he is so broken down? But her courage, resourcefulness, and energy are wonderful!

"I think I have told you everything now that could interest you, so I finish this long letter. I hardly hope to get as long a one from you, but still I hope you will write and try to send one through.

"God keep you; write to me sometimes, and at any rate think of me. We will meet again—see if we don't!"

We heard no more after this, save from a refugee who sent us word the writer of the above was still well at the end of March. Somewhat later came another message: he was alive in the late spring. Whether because he was watched and could not write then, or because the carriers were captured and perhaps shot, no more letters have come from this correspondent, but from another source I received a message from Petrograd within the past month, which I am glad to give my readers as an ending.

The churches long closed have been thrown open again. Whereas till recently the Orthodox Russian priests were persecuted by the Soviets, now services are celebrated and the congregations as well as the clergy are left in peace. The Bolsheviki found they were rousing the population's ire by their persecution of religion, and the threatened serious uprisings of a city unarmed but desperate forced the frightened tyrants to allow Christian worship to progress according to Rus-

sia's faith. My information concerned this, and gave some further curious and sympathetic details.

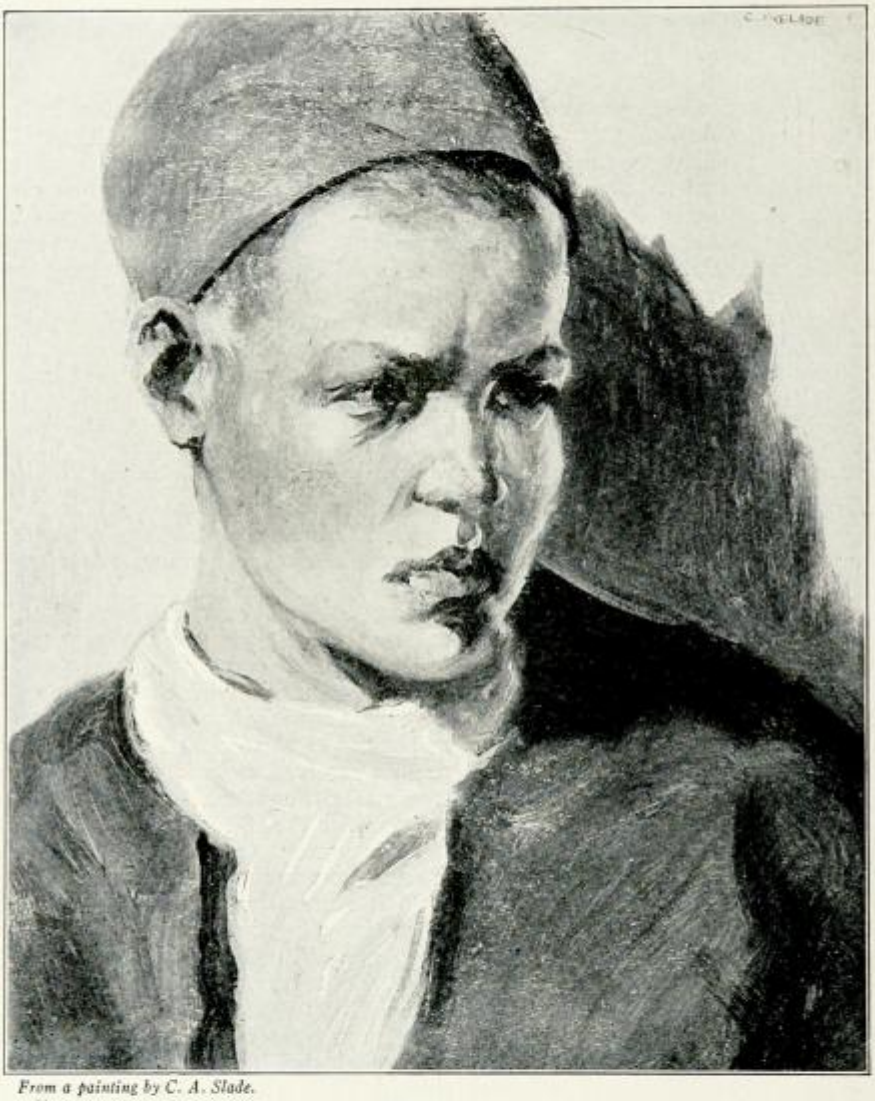
Through the main streets of Petrograd in open day, recently a great procession started—poor people praying loudly, singing anthems and psalms, with priests chanting, carrying banners and such icons as had not been stolen from their shrines in three years of bloody misrule. Slowly the procession wound its way about the city, slowly it gathered force, as group after group of passers-by joined themselves to the original members of the celebration. Finally, on one of the main streets it attracted the attention of the Bolshevik officials, always alert to spy. Astonished, they stared! They could scarcely believe their eyes! What was it being carried by the crowd there in its midst? The litany they chanted, too, had not been heard for many, many moons. The officials rubbed their eyes and looked again—they saw a bust of Nicolas II, emperor of all the Russias, with a crown of thorns upon his head, occupying the centre of this procession, all honor being paid to it as to the image of a saint and martyr! It seemed hard to believe what was spread out before them. They saw a people who were so thoroughly in hand, the Soviet thought; who had been beaten, intimidated, starved, and bled, whose belongings had long since been taken from them; who besides had been fed on the lying propaganda of a false idealism and false promises, with a millennium, which never came, constantly announced as being just around the next turn in their road of martyrdom; a people who had accepted all this (disarmed as they had been in the beginning) with only feeble struggles, on the whole seemingly resigned and patient, docile and believing, till they were thought to be completely in hand, from lack of nourishment and blows; so far they had asked persistently but for one thing—leave to pray; and this ridiculous desire in the Soviets' eyes had been granted. And here, now, these people, after three years of the heavy yoke, were suddenly marching through the street of Apfelbaum's own capital, openly carrying the statue of their murdered sovereign, acclaiming him as if he were a saint. But they should pay for it.

Quickly Bolshevik soldiers were called and ordered to "Clear the streets!" But to the surprise of all they joined the procession. Their own ruler, their own religion—it appealed to their race and to their souls. They were of Russian blood and Orthodox creed, and for three years they had seen the one flow and the other treated with contempt, by these swarthy foreign aliens, who had been such hard masters. The authorities called more troops, with a dawning awe of what this meant: Chinese and other foreign mercenaries were needed to quell a church procession, it would seem; and the "commissars" must themselves lead and encourage their henchmen. The movement was revolt and must be crushed at any cost.

No news of this event has been allowed to pass the censor, but on that day quite recently in Petrograd there were some of Bolshevism's bullying commissars who were most roughly handled by the crowd, and many of their picked and well-paid soldiers received wounds, some of which were mortal, doubtless. In the disorder of the skirmish the statue which had caused it disappeared; or so thought the onlooker who was my kind informant.

So it seems that Russia, in spite of much trampling through three long years of agony, still breathes in her faith and pity! These people, who in silence bore material destitution, even starvation, still rise to the touch of spiritual things!

A good sign to those outside, who through all its woes have believed in their nation's future greatness. Also a warning to the bastard tyrants, who thought that by their red terror they could conquer Russia's soul as they could crush her body.



From a painting by C. A. Slade.

An Arab boy.

TUNISIAN TYPES: EIGHT PAINTINGS BY C. A. SLADE

Memorizing the Koran is the first and foremost duty in the education of the Arab boy. Under a master's directions he repeats lines from it, at the full strength of his lungs, until it is indelibly impressed upon his memory. A room full of his little friends doing the same thing but not in unison does not seem to detract from his power of concentration. It is a strange babble that reaches the ears of the passer-by. (See also Frontispiece.)

From a painting by C. A. Slade.

An Arab girl.

Shyness of foreigners together with an almost fanatic superstition is common to the children of Tunis. Offers of money or trinkets seldom will induce one of them to pose for an artist. This may be accomplished sometimes through the influence of an elder brother, as was done in the case of the Arab girl on this page.

From a painting by C. A. Slade.

One of the most picturesque types.

The bronze face enshrouded in the pure-white burnoose is one of the most picturesque types. The Arabs range in color from nearly white to the ebony of the darkest negro. Color seems to carry with it no class distinction; the strains of Nubian blood from Central Africa account for the difference.

From a painting by C. A. Slade.

Our so-called "advanced civilization" is an unknown quantity among the Arabs of Tunis.

Camels and "burricos" furnish the power for his antiquated agricultural implements, and the selection of his wife is not governed by sentiment but depends upon position and the settlement of satisfactory pecuniary arrangements with the prospective father-in-law.

From a painting by C. A. Slade.

The child that is born simple or deficient is well cared for by all.

He need never worry as to the source of his food; the gentle Arabs seem to put themselves out for such unfortunates. The girl above was a traveller in many villages but always found shelter and nourishment.

From a painting by C. A. Slade.

At thirteen or fourteen the Arab girl of Tunis commences to veil her face.

She is never seen unveiled except in the privacy of her own home, which has no outside windows, but opens on a court-yard. She is always very careful that her hair is well "henna'd"; also her finger-nails and toe-nails. Watching the "fêtes" and marriages from her roof-top are her only diversions.

From a painting by C. A. Slade.

Young Arab girl.

Until the age of fourteen the life of the Arab girl is even more care-free than that of her Western sister, for such a matter as education means nothing to her and the rudiments of simple Arab housekeeping are the only distractions she has from her small Arab doll-babies.

The Ethics of Nelson Cole

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA

DURING the twenty years I had known the Madison Springs, the band attached to the quaint old Virginia hostelry had experienced many changes. For several seasons there was an orchestra composed of three aged gentlemen, and it required all of our youth and enthusiasm to dance to their offerings at all. These patriarchs were succeeded by four boys from an orphan asylum, who were as incompetent, owing to their youth, as the old men had been on account of their extreme old age. Then came all kinds of bands—bands composed of decayed Southern ladies, too proud to play or to meet the hotel guests, and one lady band in particular from the Middle West which was altogether too friendly with the male guests. And then to the curious (and most of the habitués of the Madison Springs were naturally curious) it was announced that the new band had been selected from the students of a conservatory of music in the Far South. We were assured that the three young ladies had been most carefully culled from this particular bed of beauties not only on account of their pulchritude and superior musical ability, but also owing to their high moral and social qualifications. True to the oldest traditions of the Springs, the band arrived just in time for the Fourth of July ball, and, as usual, the guests hung over the porch railing and, with an ill-concealed curiosity, drank in every detail of the faces, forms, and dress of the newcomers.

Impressions as to the members of the new band no doubt varied, but I know that mine were very distinct—that is, they were distinctly composite. One was short with brown hair, another was blonde and of medium height, and the third was tall and of a distinctly brunette type. All as different as different could be, and yet all so lacking in definite facial characteristics that my first impression and the one I carried for several days was no more distinct than a composite photograph of the graduating class of a girls' high school. However, as the days passed and I learned their names and which one played the piano, which the violin, and which the clarionet, to a certain extent the class photograph disintegrated, and in a rather vague way I recognized certain differences of face and manner if not in character. I think this vagueness must have been due to the fact that so far as I could judge all of the three were wholly lacking in personality, temperament, a sense of humor, or superlative good looks. Not that any one of them was ill-favored; in fact, they were all rather pretty girls—the prettiness common to small towns, where beauty must stand on its own and with no assistance from the adorning but expensive dressmaker or the beauty doctor, who for an extortionate price corrects the faults of nature. The scope of their minds seemed to be that of a very young girl who had been shut in continuously and extended no farther than the musical conservatory and their home town. To say that they were unsophisticated would be idle; the word could have no more place in a description of their character than it probably had in their simple vocabulary. I very much doubt if any of them knew whether Caruso was a violin-player or a trombone soloist, or if Farrar sang or played the harp. After I had become fairly well acquainted with the three young ladies, I found that their ambitions were apparently limited to a teacher's diploma and an engagement with a one-night-stand Chautauqua troupe. The cynical musical conversation of the casual visitor to the Metropolitan or to the concerts at Carnegie Hall would

have fallen on their pretty ears with no more meaning than a prose poem in ancient Hebrew.

However, in spite of this overwhelming ignorance of the pessimistic chatter common to the members of their chosen profession, the social success of the band was instant and unquestioned. Their very naïveté was a delight, and I have never known an instance when it was possible to give so much pleasure at so small an outlay. Of nature they seemed to know nothing, and they discovered it and abandoned themselves to its wondrous mountain beauties with the joyous zest of little children who for the first time had been suddenly transferred from a sweltering tenement to a field of sweet-smelling, new-mown hay. The sight of an isolated wild flower was greeted with cries of wonder and happiness, and all three girls would race for it over mossy banks and shelving rocks, and fight for its possession as if it had been a black pearl. It was small wonder that the guests vied with each other in giving the band picnics, and made the three musicians the especial guests on numerous excursions to the various neighboring grottos and rival resorts. But I noticed that these parties were always given to the band and never to any particular member of it. Not even the oldest male flirt at the Springs seemed to have any inclination to lead one of the young musicians into a dark corner of the long galleries. Had he done so, I am sure it would have been necessary to instruct her in the very A B C's of polite flirtation.

Of the hotel instrumentalists, it was the short, stout one, Flora Jenkins, the clarionet-player, who was perhaps the most popular. She was the youngest of the trio, and as she stood by the piano in the corner of the ballroom blowing lustily on her clarionet, she looked like a pretty child with the mumps. As was the case with her two fellow sisters in art, Flora could also play the piano, and had an extreme confidence in a light soprano voice; but confidence in her all-around ability was one of the clarionet-player's greatest assets.

"When I left my home town—that's Laury, Alabama"— she once said to me, "my friends down there didn't give me a chance—didn't think I'd ever amount to anything. But when they heard I'd been appointed clarionet-player of the Madison Springs orchestra, they were knocked all of a heap. Would you believe it, a committee of the Laury Musical Club asked me down there to play for them."

"And of course you accepted?" I said.

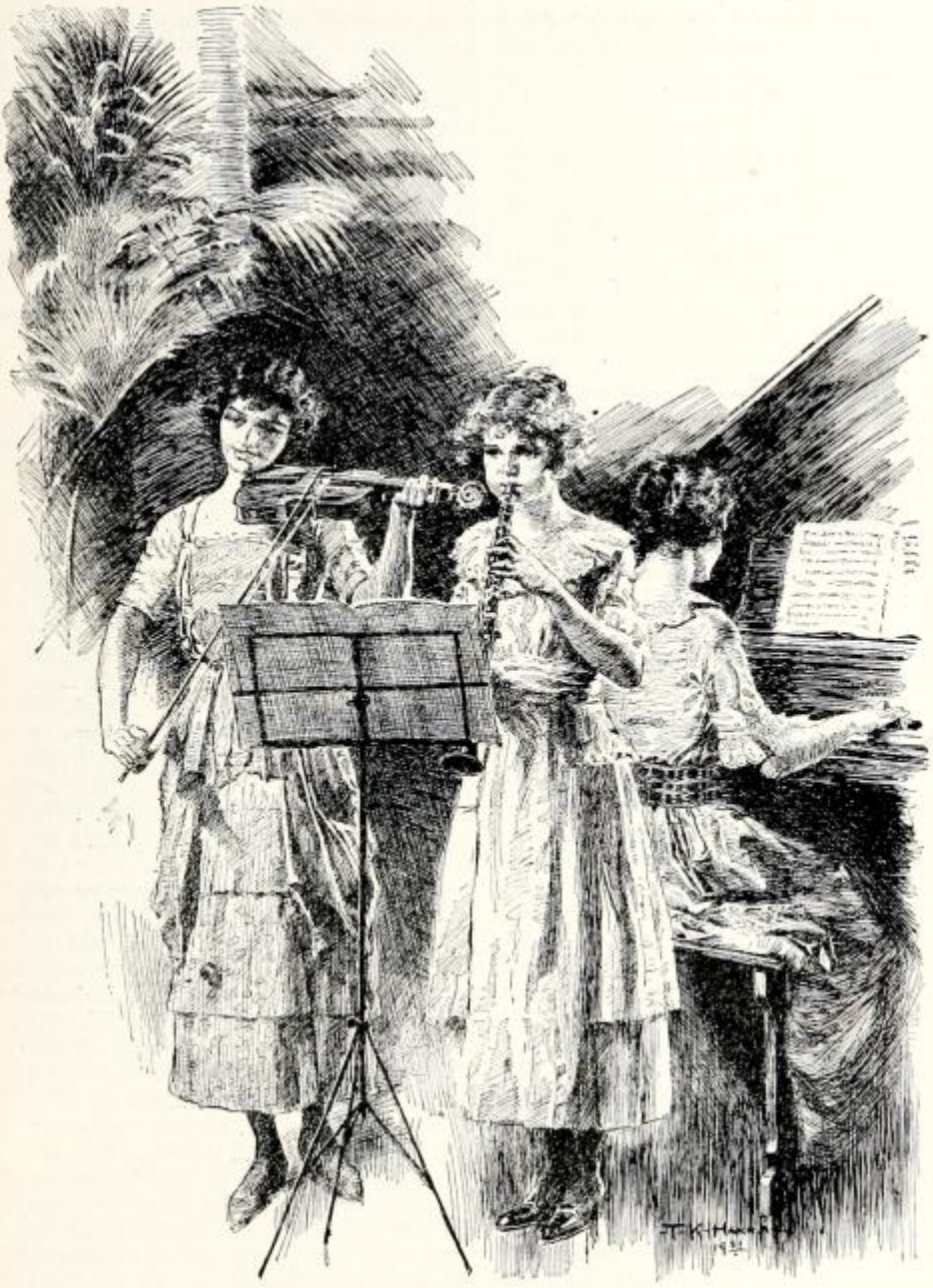
At the very suggestion, Miss Jenkins smiled condescendingly and slowly shook her head. "Not much, I didn't," she gurgled. "I went back to visit my folks but I didn't take my instrument. My playing would have been way over their heads."

This confidence of the clarionet-player was to a large extent shared by Harriet Nash, the pianist, and Rita Grinnell, who played the violin. There was nothing objectionable in this particular kind of vanity, and it was due solely to the fact that the musical conservatory, whose judgment was the only one they knew and which they regarded so highly, had granted each of them a teacher's diploma.

As to the music produced every night in the hotel ballroom by the combined efforts of the three certified students, opinion seemed to vary considerably. Personally, I should have said that they played with precision and correctness, but wholly without personality or the rhythm that impels the casual dancer to stop idle chatter and join in the merry whirl. Of the many guests, there was probably only one, Henry Ongley, who really knew much about music, and as Ongley knew pretty nearly everything about it, he preferred talking about anything else, especially to people like myself who were wholly ignorant of the subject. Ongley was an old man and during the evening preferred the pleasures of the whist-table to the ballroom. However, several days after the arrival of the band, I found him standing at an open window and, apparently with much interest, regarding the ladies of the orchestra, who at the moment were banging out a popular one-step.

"How good are they, Henry?" I asked.

Ongley turned from the window and smilingly blew a cloud of tobacco smoke from his cigar up toward the rafters of the piazza roof. "Morally," he said, taking my arm and moving away from the window, "I should say they were all very



Drawn by T. K. Hanna.

As she stood by the piano . . . blowing lustily on her clarionet, she looked like a pretty child with the mumps.—Page 24.

good, but if you mean musically, I don't really know. I'm afraid my interest was only that of an old man who is not so old that he has lost the power to admire three pretty girls. One hardly looks for a Kreisler or a Hofman in a hotel orchestra."

Ongley's words, especially coming from Ongley, assumed a significance that they probably did not deserve. As every one, at least every one in Boston and New York and the larger centres, knows, Henry Ongley has three hobbies—winter cruising among the tropical islands, the Madison Springs, and paying for the education of poor but promising musical students.

"But there is no particular reason," I suggested, still hoping, I imagine, to get some kind of criticism of the band from an expert, "why a Kreisler or a Hofman should not start in a hotel orchestra?"

"There's every reason," Ongley chuckled, "why they shouldn't start in a *ladies'* hotel orchestra, if only on account of their sex." Then the old man dropped my arm and, half turning, faced me.

"But why are you so keen on the lady band?" he asked.

For the moment I confess that I was somewhat confused and unprepared with an answer. However, at last I frankly said: "I am interested in them as a type I've never met, and I'll further admit that their very commonplaceness and naïveté intrigues me. I've never met three women before who apparently had no early advantage of environment or education, and whose knowledge of life began and ended in the four walls of a small-town musical conservatory. To me it's an entirely new specimen and I should like to know from some one who ought to know if they are any better or worse than any other three-piece hotel band."

Ongley smiled at my interest in the three ladies and shook his head. "I don't really know," he said; "when I was at the window just now I was using my eyes and my eyes only. It wouldn't be fair to do anything else when they were playing that rag stuff. But so long as you are so interested I'll tell you what I will do, and, believe me, it's considerable of a sacrifice. I'll go with you to one of those damned sacred concerts they give on Sunday nights, and we can sit there with the rest of the boarders and hear them play their solos and do their stunts and probably hear one of them sing 'The Palms.' And after I've suffered for you, I'll tell you my honest opinion for whatever it's worth. More I can do for no man."

True to his word, Ongley joined me after the next Sunday-night dinner, and arm in arm we solemnly entered the big drawing-room, and in an inconspicuous corner patiently awaited for the ladies to begin. To more worldly artists the mere presence of Henry Ongley might have caused a certain amount of trepidation or stage-fright, but to these three charming instrumentalists it meant no more than that of the old lady with the knitted shawl and the ear-trumpet who had moved her chair to within a few feet of the clarionet. The concert was long and, perhaps on account of the sacred character of the music, particularly monotonous. Flora Jenkins blew on the clarionet until the women in the room wondered how any girl could so disfigure her pretty face by deliberately adopting such an instrument as her life-work. Harriet Nash played the piano without a technical fault, and Rita Grinnell scraped the bow across her violin with a sure and confident touch. As the evening wore on its dreary course the young ladies, just as Ongley had anticipated, showed us various examples of their several accomplishments. Flora put away her clarionet and turned to the piano, while Harriet and Rita both played violins. Flora and Harriet sang a duet, and Rita obliged with a vocal solo. I understood that the young ladies had three ukaleles concealed in their bedroom, but beyond this accomplishment I am sure that before the sacred concert had reached its end the trio had thoroughly and ruthlessly shown us all their wares. When it was over and the rest of the audience had gathered about the band to express its gratitude, Ongley and I stole away to a corner of the piazza, and for several moments inhaled long drafts of the pure night air.

"Well," I asked at last, "how about it? Quite hopeless, I should say."

"That would be very brash of you,"

Ongley said, "and not quite fair. I suppose you were hoping to discover a phenomenon, but phenomena are very scarce in any craft. And then you must remember that most phenomena are the children of superlative artists. I don't mean that they inherit their talent, but they have had exceptional opportunities of environment. These girls have in all probability come of very plain people without any imagination, and the only opportunity they have ever had is to take a short course in a small-town musical conservatory, which is scarcely any opportunity at all. Their whole lives have no doubt been shut in, and there has been no chance to develop the big things that may be lying dormant."

"Do you mean to contend," I said, "that a musical course, even as meagre as these girls have had, would not develop the spark or personality or temperament, or whatever you choose to call it, that is essential to raising the true artist above her fellows?"

"Bosh," laughed Ongley. "The woman best known on the operatic stage to-day, and particularly famous for her personality and her excessive temperament, was the rather dull, phlegmatic daughter of a baseball player. It is as natural for most women to take on temperament as it is for them to slip into a sable coat. Give any one of those three girls a few years in the musical colony of Florence or Paris, and she is liable to develop more temperament than any impresario could deal with, and also there is no particular reason why she should not become a great artist."

However, still suffering from the sacred concert, I was not convinced. "As a layman," I said, "I can't follow you at all. With every advantage in the world, I don't believe any one of those girls could ever gain even a mild success. They are all, at least to me, hopelessly mediocre."

Ongley smiled and shook his head. "Mediocre, now, they may be," he admitted, "but not hopeless."

"Can you honestly say," I went on, "that you have ever backed a student for a musical education who could show no more ability than one of these girls?"

"Several," Ongley said, "and one or two of them won out. Of course you must remember that very few women or men ever become great artists, or, for that matter, great anything else." For a few moments he hesitated and then went on. "I can only afford to send one student abroad this fall, and I've got an even half-dozen applicants already, and for the life of me I can't make up my mind which one to send. Just to convince you and to side-step making a choice from the six, I've a great mind to send one of these girls—that is, if any of them happens to want the 'chance.'"

"I should imagine any one of them would jump at it," I said, "but I'd hate to make the choice."

"So would I," Ongley echoed; "but the very idea of giving one of these three babes in the wood the opportunity that so many thousands of others are fighting and scheming for, rather appeals to me." For a few moments he was silent. "I suppose the best way to find out the most deserving," he went on, "would be to consult the head of this conservatory where they were educated."

"Of course," I agreed, and the scheme, once presented, seemed to be the only logical one. "Why don't you write him?"

"I will," said Ongley; "and in the meantime don't say anything about it to any one. We ought to get a little innocent pleasure out of it, whatever happens."

The answer of the head of the conservatory to Ongley's letter was a good deal of a surprise to both Ongley and myself. Nelson Cole, which was the man's name, was sincerely appreciative and grateful, but what surprised us was the fact that he said he would himself come on and discuss the matter. It was a long and expensive trip to the Madison Springs, and we did not imagine that Cole's position could be a very lucrative one, but both Ongley and I were glad that he had decided to make the journey. It shifted the responsibilities largely from our own shoulders, and the results of the visit could hardly fail to be of advantage in making a choice.

"I suppose he wants to lay all the facts before you," I said to Ongley, "so that all three of the girls will have a fair chance."

"On the contrary," Ongley objected smilingly, "I'll wager you a dozen golf-balls that he is coming to plead for a particular girl. He probably won't admit it, but watch carefully and see if I'm not right. It's very difficult to eliminate the human element, and Cole, who is no doubt a musician of sorts, is probably human, and is going to try to put something over on us."

During the few days that intervened before the arrival of Cole, I tried to learn something of him from his three students, but I was not particularly successful. Apparently they all had the kind of hero-ownership that most girls have for their teacher, especially when he is a bachelor and retains a certain aloofness. But beyond the facts that Nelson Cole was unmarried, held strictly to the reserve due his position, and played no favorites amongst his women pupils, I learned really nothing, and was forced to retain my curiosity until the arrival of the man himself.

When Cole did make his unexpected appearance—that is, unexpected to the lady orchestra—the enthusiasm of their greeting knew no bounds. They fairly thrilled at the sight of him, and their cries of delight echoed far up and down the valley. I had never met the director of a small-town musical conservatory before, but Cole was a much younger man than I had pictured him. He was of medium height and narrow build, with stooping shoulders. The features of his rather pale, bloodless face were finely modelled, and there was something in his big dark eyes that was very appealing. He had a trick of staring curiously at you through his round horn glasses which was apparently not at all impertinent but rather gave one the impression that the man's mind was trying to thoroughly grasp the last remark it had received, and doing its utmost to frame a proper and worthy reply. Indeed, Cole's whole manner was tentative and shy and invited one's confidence. When his riotous greeting by the young ladies was over, and he had washed away the stains of his long journey, he at once sought out Henry Ongley and, in a somewhat diffident manner, made himself known. I was with Ongley at the time, and there was a striking contrast between the two men—Ongley, suave, immaculate in his flannels as in his manner, and the younger man, very sincere but a trifle nervous in the presence of a man of much power and a unique position in the world of music.

The hour was just before luncheon, and Ongley began the interview by asking us to adjourn to the casino porch and open our conference with a mint julep. I do not believe Cole wanted the julep, but I rather imagine he felt that it would make him appear unworldly if he refused, so he promptly accepted the invitation.

When we were seated at a small round table with the frosted glasses before us, Ongley came quickly to the purpose of his talk. "Mr. Cole," he said, "I greatly appreciate your interest in this matter which you have certainly shown in taking this long trip. To save time I am going to ask you frankly if you believe any one of the three young ladies is particularly worthy of this opportunity. I mean worthy in a musical way and—well, in every other way. Her record at your conservatory and her record at her home, of which you probably know something, is of course of inestimable value."

Cole gazed steadily at Ongley in his tentative and unimpertinent way, and the confidence which Ongley had so readily placed in him brought the suggestion of a blush to the young man's colorless face.

"That's very kind of you," Cole said, speaking very slowly, "but I came up here to talk it over with you rather than settle the question by correspondence." For a moment he hesitated and then went on. "Above all, I wanted to be fair. The chance would mean so very much to any one of these young ladies—it would mean—everything. Everything to them personally and to their families. They are all poor, very poor, and it is not possible that any one of them could obtain such an opportunity except it came from a philanthropist like yourself, which is really very much as if it had come straight from Heaven."

"You flatter me, Mr. Cole," Ongley laughed.

But Cole was in no mood for laughter. This was, indeed, a most serious matter to the young man, and he evidently re-

garded Ongley's altruistic offer as little less than inspired.

"But suppose Mr. Ongley had not made his very generous proposal?" I asked. "What would have been the probable fate of the young lady, and, as a matter of fact, what is probably going a humdrum, narrow existence, and—and yet——"

"And yet," Ongley repeated, "you mean it has its advantages even in contrast to the life of a successful artist?"

In his shy, nervous way, Cole smiled at us in turn. "Why, yes, Mr. Ongley,"

The enthusiasm of their greeting knew no bounds.—Page 28.

to become of the two who do not go abroad?"

Again Cole hesitated, and then slightly shrugged his narrow shoulders as if to imply that the situation was rather hopeless for the two unsuccessful candidates. "They would probably become music-teachers in a small way, or they might marry and give up their music. Most of the girls who marry in a small town like ours have to devote their time to looking after their children and to taking care of their home. Few of our young men have any money—it is rather he said; "surely, sir, there are worse fates for woman than motherhood and a home and a husband to care for her. And then suppose the girl doesn't succeed—what then? She has had her one golden opportunity and she has failed. It is not easy for her to return to a small-town life and all the drudgery and the limitations that go with it. For a few years she has lived. Of course the girl should be thankful for those years and be content. But—well, I doubt if it often works out that way. The chances are, so far as her happiness is con-

cerned, that her whole life will be a failure."

"And even suppose she succeeds," Ongley said, "there is still no guarantee that she will be happy. From my experience with successful artists, I shouldn't say that they were a particularly contented lot. The life usually makes them self-centred and selfish. But from my standpoint it doesn't make much difference what it does to the individual. I'm supposed to be a benefactor to struggling artists. As a matter of fact, I only consider the public. A great singer or a great musician gives pleasure to thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of people. It makes a lot of them better, helps them to forget their troubles. What is the life of any artist compared to the happiness their work spreads broadcast over the world? If I wanted to really help one of the three young ladies, I should build her a pretty bungalow in a commuter's paradise and set her young man up in some modest business. But I don't do that. I send her abroad and pay for her education, exactly as some men commission a great sculptor or a great artist to create a statue or a picture that would belong to the world, so that the world would be the gainer from its existence. It's the soul and the heart of the world that interests me and for which I'm willing to gamble my money; the soul and the heart of the artist whom I back is no more to me than that of the lifeless statue or the picture that the other man commissions to be moulded or painted." Ongley stopped talking and smiled somewhat apologetically at Cole. "I think that's all," he added. "You must forgive my long-winded dissertation, but I just wanted you to know where I stood."

"Thank you, Mr. Ongley," Cole said simply. "I understand you perfectly, sir, and I'm sure that that's the big way to look at it, but——"

Ongley finished his julep and, suddenly, as if intentionally interrupting Cole, got up from the table, and the talk was at an end. On our way to the hotel he put his arm through Cole's, and it was quite evident that he had already taken a distinct liking to the young man.

"Think it over," he said when we left him; "there's no hurry; that is, so far as I'm concerned."

At Ongley's suggestion, when luncheon was over we avoided Cole, and left him to his own devices and to reach a decision in his own way. Late that afternoon Ongley and I, as was our custom, took a long walk over one of the mountain roads but little used by the guests of the hotel—pleasant strolls, principally given over to long spaces of silent admiration of the gray-green hills covered with pine and chestnut and the nile-green meadows and pastures that lay below us and stretched as far as one could see up and down this lovely valley of peace.

"What do you think of the professor?" I asked bluntly.

"I suppose you mean Cole. Fine chap. I'm sorry for him, very sorry."

"Sorry, why?" I asked.

"Why?" Ongley repeated; "because he's up against it. When I got that letter from him I supposed he was coming to plead for a particular girl's happiness; now I know he's here to protect his own happiness. I suppose every man and every woman, too, runs into a cross-roads sooner or later, but generally we have plenty of warning and we approach it deliberately and slowly. This poor devil finds himself at the sign-post without any warning at all. He's suddenly asked to choose at once between happiness and heroism, and that's a hard one to put up to any man."

"Pardon me," I said, "but——"

"Surely, man, you can see he's in love with one of these girls," Ongley interrupted me rather testily. "Didn't you hear him raving about motherhood and a home and a devoted husband? Of course he's in love with one of them, and he had it all fixed in his own mind to marry her, when suddenly along comes a complete outsider who offers her a chance to be a great artist, which Cole, being quite blinded by his love for the girl, believes to be a sure thing. Fine for the girl, but it's the end of Cole. His love, the home he had planned, happiness, children, all the other dreams about to be realized, suddenly tossed into the scrap-heap!"

"Supposing you are right, and perhaps

From the girl's expression I could not venture any kind of a guess as to the thoughts that filled her mind.

you are right," I said, "which one of the girls do you think it is?"

"Ah, there you have me," Ongley smiled; and then, stopping suddenly and lowering his voice to a whisper, added: "No, you haven't. Look there."

Seated on a flat rock, perhaps a hundred feet from the road, we saw Rita Grinnell and, at her feet, the professor. Both of them were looking across the valley at the endless circle of hills that seemed to shut in our valley of peace and content from the rest of the world. So far as I could tell, they were for the moment quite silent. From the girl's expression I could not venture any kind of a guess as to the thoughts that filled her mind, but although Cole's face was partially hidden from me, it was not difficult to imagine of what he was thinking. Here at his side was the girl he loved, and in a few words he could offer her his protection and care and a simple home and children, perhaps. And it was fair to suppose that the girl would be delighted to accept all of this and consider herself blessed. But Cole also knew that almost within his grasp he held the key to this girl's paradise—the key that could open the gates to the great world that lay beyond the narrow cramped life that now bound them in. It was evident that Cole and the girl had not seen us, and from a sign from Ongley we turned and silently retraced our steps down the mountain road.

At the request of Cole, Ongley and I met him that night in the ballroom at eleven o'clock, the hour when the band ceased its efforts and the dancers vanished into the darkened recesses of the porches. He wanted us to hear his students perform their musical stunts, assisted on this occasion by their beloved instructor.

Flora Jenkins played her favorite selection on the clarionet and, with many flatted notes of which she was apparently wholly unconscious, sang a sentimental ballad. Harriet Nash played a soulless but technically correct nocturne on the piano, and, with Cole as her accompanist, Rita Grinnell performed on the violin. When the ordeal was over—that is, ordeal so far as Ongley and I were concerned, the ladies being quite unconscious of what it was all about—we men once more adjourned to the casino porch. Once more we sat about a round table and, while waiting for some one to begin the fateful conversation, consciously played with our straws rising from the frosted glasses. It was Cole who took the initiative.

"Well, gentlemen," he asked, "did our little concert bring you any nearer a decision?"

Being a mere onlooker, I remained silent, but Ongley shook his head and smiled genially at Cole. "I'm afraid not," he said; "I'm perfectly willing to look after the young lady's education but I don't feel up to taking on the responsibility of making the choice. Surely, Mr. Cole, you must know which one of the three has the greater possibilities?"

For a few moments Cole remained silent, and even in the darkness we could see the mental struggle going on in the man's mind. And then, throwing all his habitual reserve to the winds, he stared steadily across the table at Ongley. "Yes," he said, "there is one of the young ladies who, I believe, has a great talent and who would easily justify the chance you offer, but"—again he hesitated and then went on—"but I will be quite frank, gentlemen; I fear I am greatly prejudiced. I fear the personal equation is too strong with me to be fair to the other two." The professor drew his thin lips into a straight line and in a confused way glanced nervously at Ongley, then at me, and then back to Ongley again. "When a man's in love with a woman, sir," he went on doggedly, "his judgment isn't worth very much. Don't you agree with me, gentlemen?"

"I do," said Ongley; "quite useless, I should say. However, so long as you have been so good, Mr. Cole, to honor us with your confidence, I am going to be equally frank in asking you if your personal regard for this young lady would in any way affect a decision once reached?"

"In no way," Cole said quickly; "the young lady is quite ignorant of my regard. I fear the affection has been only on my side."

"Good," said Ongley; "then I am going to make a suggestion that will probably appeal to you gentlemen as quite absurd and altogether cowardly, especially after all the trouble Mr. Cole has taken in coming here. I propose we draw lots to see which of the young ladies is going to be sacrificed on the high altar of art."

There was nothing in the expression of Cole that would intimate what his feelings were in regard to this preposterous idea of Ongley, but Ongley's attitude had been so preposterous throughout the whole matter that I, too, remained silent. After all, it was Ongley's own money, to do with as he chose.

By the dim light of a kerosene-lamp that swung in a bracket against the wall of the casino, Ongley tore an envelope into three strips, and as he wrote the name of a girl on each slip, he folded the piece of paper, announced the name, and dropped it into the professor's straw hat.

"There we are," he said; "and may the best one win. Mr. Cole, I'm going to ask you to draw. The first name drawn is the winner."

Now that the fate of a human being had been taken out of Cole's hands, it would be natural to suppose that he would show some relief, but, on the contrary, his face went quite white and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. His long, tapering fingers trembled perceptibly as they groped about the upturned hat, and finally closed tightly on one of the three slips of paper. Through his horn glasses he looked steadily at the smiling, calm features of Ongley. Slowly and mechanically he opened the slip of paper and held it close to his face. Then his glance moved from Ongley to the writing on the paper.

"Rita Grinnell," he said.

In the momentary silence that followed the announcement, Cole took the two remaining pieces of paper from the hat and, placing them with the one he already held in his hand, tore them into small

pieces, tossed them over the porch railing, and watched them flutter to the lawn below. It was the kind of action that a man might take to conceal his emotions.

"That's fine," said Ongley; "there's a great opening for a woman violinist." He raised his half-finished glass, hesitated, and put it down. "I've an idea," he said; "that is, if Mr. Cole approves. Why not ask the young lady over here now and tell her of her good fortune? Think of what happy dreams she would have to-night and what a good excuse for us to have another julep and drink to her success."

His mind apparently in a complete daze, Cole nodded his assent, and, as I was only too glad to be in at the finish of Ongley's comedy or tragedy, whichever it was, I, too, promptly approved of the suggestion.

"And I further propose," Ongley said, "that Mr. Cole be appointed a committee of one to fetch Miss Grinnell to us."

Cole got up from the table and, with no more words, left us. Even after he had disappeared in the darkness we could hear his unsteady steps stumbling along the boardwalk that led to the hotel.

Ongley moved his shoulders in a manner that rather suggested a shudder, and in one long gulp finished his julep. "Poor devil," he said; "and it wasn't very pleasant for me to see a man sign his own death-warrant, even if I don't know the man very well."

"It was your own fault," I laughed. "Why in the name of all conscience did you make him do the drawing? Seemed to me the refinement of cruelty."

"That's easy," Ongley said. "Just as an acid test to his heroism. None of those slips of paper contained the name of Miss Grinnell. I wrote the name of Miss Jenkins on two of them, and Miss Nash on the other."

"Then the man's a liar," I said.

"Sure, he's a liar," Ongley agreed; "but he lied like a gentleman for the woman he loved—didn't he? And in doing it he gave up every vestige of hope for his own happiness, and scrapped his future like a man."

Before I could gather my somewhat confused thoughts, and had started to express my views on the ethics of the case of Cole, we heard the steps of the professor and Miss Grinnell approaching us along the boardwalk. When we were all seated about the round table, our faces barely showing to each other in the dim light of the solitary kerosene-lamp, Ongley arose and formally addressed Miss Grinnell, who was seated just opposite to him. Ongley had a wonderful old-time manner of courtesy and deference, and on this occasion it was particularly impressive not only to myself but, I am sure, to the other two guests who sat at his table.

"Miss Grinnell," he began, "through the inheritance of a good deal of money, for which I did nothing and no doubt but ill deserved, I have nevertheless been able to help those who were really deserving. The only question has been to choose those who were worthy of confidence. With the assistance of my two good friends here we have decided that you are particularly worthy of such confidence, and it has been arranged between us that, if agreeable to you, you shall go abroad and be trained to become a great artist in your chosen profession. No opportunity shall be denied you—that is, no opportunity that money and influence can buy—to become a world figure—that is, in the world of music, and that is a very big world and a very fine world to dwell in. The result will, of course, depend on your own untiring efforts, but at least I can say that we who are here to-night have every confidence in your ultimate triumph."

Ongley bowed and smiled at Miss Grinnell, sat down, and waited. The girl's eyes were extended wide with the wonder of the new world to which the door had so suddenly and so unexpectedly been opened to her. Even in the dim light one could see the scarlet blood rush to her face, diffusing her cheeks and temples, and as we looked at her, we saw a pretty girl transformed to a superb woman. It seemed as if even only the thought of this golden future had in a moment clad her in the rare personality which Ongley claimed needed only opportunity. I had never had the slightest confidence in Rita Grinnell's power to succeed, but now I had every confidence.

How long the silence lasted I do not know, but I know it seemed like many minutes. Miss Grinnell smiled at Ongley as if she were apologizing for her blushes, and then she looked at Cole, and in answer to his nod, evidently of approval and congratulation, she, too, nodded and smiled again.

"It's quite impossible," she began at last, "to even attempt to thank you, Mr. Ongley, for your kindness—quite impossible."

If the girl's words were conventional, even bromidic, there was a certain sureness and a confidence in her manner that impressed me greatly with the fact that she had herself well in hand. "It's a wonderful opportunity for any girl," she went on. "I know that. But strange as it may seem to you all, it is so different from the life I had planned, that I am going to be so ungrateful as to refuse."

For a few moments Miss Grinnell hesitated while she glanced about the table at the three certainly surprised and probably rather crestfallen faces. "Ever since I started to play the violin, and that is practically the time when I began to live," she went on, "I have depended on Mr. Cole. He has been my teacher and the best friend I have ever had, or any girl ever had, and I owe him—well, pretty much everything. Before I came up here, we had arranged that in the fall I should return to the conservatory and —and so I think I shall return to the conservatory and—and to Mr. Cole."

Miss Grinnell slowly turned her eyes and let them rest calmly and unafraid on those of Cole, and if any of us had harbored the thought that the girl was acting from a sense of duty or gratitude, the look of her eyes—the look that shows how greatly a woman can sometimes love a man—dispelled it at once and for all time.

I suppose that after the revelations of the past few moments Rita Grinnell and Cole had much to say to each other. In any case, I know that without any unnecessary excuses they got up from the table and left us, and Ongley and I watched them—watched them, hand in hand, like two happy children, disappear in the darkness.

For some time we remained silent, and then in the general direction of Ongley I directed a broad grin. "That was a sort of a body blow to art and philanthropy, wasn't it?" I asked.

Ongley stifled an ostentatious yawn and smiled grimly. "I suppose so," he agreed; "but when she turned those big eyes of hers on Cole, it was the jolt she handed bachelorhood that made me wince."

Trails

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

When I have passed the last, far hill-blue turning
Of life's long trail against the sunset burning,
If some can say: "I saw his camp-fire's flame
Gleam through the dark as up the trail I came,
Foot-weary, and discouraged,—and found rest.
He never thought to ask me for my name,
But filled the coffee-pot, and swiftly spread
Fresh-gathered balsam branches for my bed.
We talked until the low moon notched the west.
He said not much. But somehow when he spoke
Within my weary heart new courage woke.
Forgotten was the aching muscle-strain
Of plodding feet and lagging paddle-stroke.
The sullen Future turned a comrade-face,
The grim world seemed a kindly camping-place
The trail-end grew a gladder thing to gain!"
Then can I face the coming night with laughter
Till dawn-light gilds the trails of the Hereafter.

Leaves from My Autobiography

THE UNITED STATES SENATE—AMBASSADORS AND MINISTERS

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

[THIRD PAPER]

THE UNITED STATES SENATE

MY twelve years in the Senate were among the happiest of my life. The Senate has long enjoyed the reputation of being the best club in the world, but it is more than that. My old friend, Senator Bacon, of Georgia, often said that he preferred the position of senator to that of either president or Chief Justice of the United States. There is independence in a term of six years which is of enormous value to the legislative work of the senator. The member of the House, who is compelled to go before his district every two years, must spend most of his time looking after his re-election. Then, the Senate being a smaller body, the associations are very close and intimate. I do not intend to go into discussion of the measures which occupied the attention of the Senate during my time. They are a part of the history of the world. The value of a work of this kind, if it has any value, is in personal incidents.

One of the most delightful associations of a lifetime, personally and politically, was that with Vice-President James S. Sherman. During the twenty-two years he was in the House of Representatives he rarely was in the City of New York without coming to see me. He became the best parliamentarian in Congress, and was generally called to the chair when the House met in committee of the whole. He was intimately familiar with every political movement in Washington, and he had a rare talent for discriminatory description, both of events and analysis, of the leading characters in the Washington drama. He was one of the wisest of the advisers of the organization of his party, both national and State.

When President Roosevelt had selected Mr. Taft as his successor he made no indication as to the vice-presidency. Of course, the nomination of Mr. Taft under such conditions was a foregone conclusion, and when the convention met it was practically unanimous for Roosevelt's choice. Who was the best man to nominate for vice-president in order to strengthen the ticket embarrassed the managers of the Taft campaign. The Republican congressmen who were at the convention were practically unanimous for Sherman, and their leader was Uncle Joe Cannon. We from New York found the Taft managers discussing candidates from every doubtful State. We finally convinced them that New York was the most important, but they had gone so far with State candidates that it became a serious question how to get rid of them without offending their States.

The method adopted by one of the leading managers was both adroit and hazardous. He would call up a candidate on the telephone and say to him: "The friends of Mr. Taft are very favorable to you for vice-president. Will you accept the nomination?" The candidate would hesitate and begin to explain his ambitions, his career and its possibilities, and the matter which he would have to consider. Before the prospective candidate had finished, the manager would say, "Very sorry, deeply regret," and put up the telephone.

When the nomination was made these gentlemen who might have succeeded would come around to the manager and say impatiently and indignantly: "I was all right. Why did you cut me off?" However, those gentlemen have had their compensation. Whenever you meet one

of them he will say to you: "I was offered the vice-presidency with Taft but was so situated that I could not accept."

One evening during the convention a wind and rain storm drove everybody indoors. The great lobby of Congress Hall was crowded, and most of those present were delegates. Suddenly there was a loud call for a speech, and some husky and athletic citizen seized and lifted me on to a chair. After a story and a joke, which put the crowd into a receptive mood, I made what was practically a nominating speech for Sherman. The response was intense and unanimous. When I came down from a high flight as to the ability and popularity to the human qualities of "Sunny Jim," I found "Sunny Jim" such a taking characterization that it was echoed and re-echoed. I do not claim that speech nominated Sherman, only that nearly everybody who was present became a most vociferous advocate for Sherman for vice-president.

The position of vice-president is one of the most difficult in our government. Unless the president requests his advice or assistance, he has no public function except presiding over the Senate. No president ever called the vice-president into his councils. McKinley came nearest to it during his administration, with Hobart, but did not keep it up.

President Harding has made a precedent for the future by inviting Vice-President Coolidge to attend all Cabinet meetings. The vice-president has accepted and meets regularly with the Cabinet.

Sherman had one advantage over other vice-presidents in having been for nearly a quarter of a century a leader in Congress. Few, if any, who ever held that office have been so popular with the Senate and so tactful and so effective when he undertook the very difficult task of influencing the action of a Senate, very jealous of its prerogatives and easily made resentful and hostile.

Among my colleagues in the Senate were several remarkable men. They had great ability, extraordinary capacity for legislation, and, though not great orators, possessed the rare faculty of pressing their points home in short and effective speeches. Among them was Senator Frye, of Maine. He was for many years chairman of the great committee on commerce. Whatever we had of a merchant marine was largely due to his persistent efforts. He saved the government scores of millions in that most difficult task of pruning the River and Harbor Bill. He possessed the absolute confidence of both parties, and was the only senator who could generally carry the Senate with him for or against a measure. While wise and the possessor of the largest measure of common sense, yet he was one of the most simple-minded of men. I mean by this that he had no guile and suspected none in others. Whatever was uppermost in his mind came out. These characteristics made him one of the most delightful of companions and one of the most harmonious men to work with on a committee.

Clement A. Griscom, the most prominent American ship owner and director, was very fond of Senator Frye. Griscom entertained delightfully at his country home near Philadelphia. He told me that at one time Senator Frye was his guest over a week-end. He had, to meet him at dinner on Saturday evening, great bankers, lawyers, and captains of industry of Philadelphia. Their conversation ran from enterprises and combinations involving successful industries and exploitations to individual fortunes and how they were accumulated. The atmosphere was heavy with millions and billions. Suddenly Griscom turned to Senator Frye and said: "I know that our successful friends here would not only be glad to hear but would learn much if you would tell us of your career." "It is not much to tell," said Senator Frye, "especially after these stories which are like chapters from the 'Arabian Nights.' I was very successful as a young lawyer and rising to a leading practice and head of the bar of my State when I was offered an election to the House of Representatives. I felt that it would be a permanent career and that there was no money in it. I consulted my wife and told her that it meant giving up all prospects of accumulating a fortune or independence even, but it was my ambition, and I believed I could perform valuable service to the public, and that as a career its general

usefulness would far surpass any success at the bar. My wife agreed with me cordially and said that she would economize on her part to any extent required.

"So," the senator continued, "I have been nearly thirty years in Congress, part of this time in the House and the rest in the Senate. I have been able on my salary to meet our modest requirements and educate our children. I have never been in debt but once. Of course, we had to calculate closely and set aside sufficient to meet our extra expenses in Washington and our ordinary ones at home. We came out a little ahead every year but one. That year the president very unexpectedly called an extra session, and for the first time in twenty years I was in debt to our landlord in Washington."

Griscom told me that this simple narrative of a statesman of national reputation seemed to make the monumental achievements of his millionaire guests of little account.

Senator Frye's genial personality and vivid conversation made him a welcome guest at all entertainments in Washington. There was a lady at the capital at that time who entertained a great deal and was very popular on her own account, but she always began the conversation with the gentleman who took her out by narrating how she won her husband. I said one day to Senator Frye: "There will be a notable gathering at So-and-So's dinner to-night. Are you going?" He answered: "Yes, I will be there; but it has been my lot to escort to dinner this lady"—naming her—"thirteen times this winter. She has told me thirteen times the story of her courtship. If it is my luck to be assigned to her to-night, and she starts that story, I shall leave the table and the house and go home."

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, was once called by Senator Quay the schoolmaster of the Senate. As the head of the finance committee he had commanding influence, and with his skill in legislation and intimate knowledge of the rules he was the leader whenever he chose to lead. This he always did when the policy he desired or the measure he was promoting had a majority, and the opposition resorted to obstructive tactics. As there is no restriction on debate in the Senate, or was none at my time, the only way the minority could defeat the majority was by talking the bill to death. I never knew this method to be used successfully but once, because in the trial of endurance the greater number wins. The only successful talk against time was by Senator Carter, of Montana. Carter was a capital debater. He was invaluable at periods when the discussion had become very bitter and personal. Then in his most suave way he would soothe the angry elements and bring the Senate back to a calm consideration of the question.

When he arose on such occasions, the usual remark among those who still kept their heads was: "Carter will now bring out his oil can and pour oil upon the troubled waters"—and it usually proved effective.

Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, seemed to be a revival of what we pictured in imagination as the statesman who framed the Constitution of the United States, or the senators who sat with Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. He was a man of lofty ideals and devotion to public service. He gave to each subject on which he spoke an elevation and dignity that lifted it out of ordinary senatorial discussions. He had met and knew intimately most of the historical characters in our public life for fifty years, and was one of the most entertaining and instructive conversationalists whom I ever met.

On the other hand, Senator Benjamin Tillman, of South Carolina, who was an ardent admirer of Senator Hoar, was his opposite in every way. Tillman and I became very good friends, though at first he was exceedingly hostile. He hated everything which I represented. With all his roughness, and at the beginning of his brutality, he had a singular streak of sentiment.

I addressed the first dinner of the Gridiron Club at its organization and have been their guest many times since. The Gridiron Club is an association of the newspaper correspondents at Washington, and their dinners several times a year are looked forward to with the utmost interest and enjoyed by everybody privileged to attend.

The Gridiron Club planned an excur-

sion to Charleston, S. C., that city having extended to them an invitation. They invited me to go with them and also Senator Tillman. Tillman refused to be introduced to me because I was chairman of the board of directors of the New York Central Railroad, and he hated my associations and associates. We had a wonderful welcome from the most hospitable of cities, the most beautifully located City of Charleston. On the many excursions, luncheons, and gatherings, I was put forward to do the speaking, which amounted to several efforts a day during our three days' visit. The Gridiron stunt for Charleston was very audacious. There were many speakers, of course, including Senator Tillman, who hated Charleston and the Charlestonians, because he regarded them as aristocrats and told them so. There were many invited to speak who left their dinners untasted while they devoted themselves to looking over their manuscripts, and whose names were read in the list at the end of the dinner, but their speeches were never called for.

On our way home we stopped for luncheon at a place outside of Charleston. During the luncheon an earthquake shook the table and rattled the plates. I was called upon to make the farewell address for the Gridiron Club to the State of South Carolina. Of course the earthquake and its possibilities gave an opportunity for pathos as well as humor, and Tillman was deeply affected. When we were on the train he came to me and with great emotion grasped my hand and said: "Chauncey Depew, I was mistaken about you. You are a damn good fellow." And we were good friends until he died.

I asked Tillman to what he owed his phenomenal rise and strength in the conservative State of South Carolina. He answered: "We in our State were governed by a class during the colonial period and afterward until the end of the Civil War. They owned large plantations, hundreds of thousands of negroes, were educated for public life, represented our State admirably, and did great service to the country. They were aristocrats and paid little attention to us poor farmers, who constituted the majority of the people. The only difference between us was that they had been colonels or generals in the Revolutionary War, or delegates to the Continental Congress or the Constitutional Convention, while we had been privates, corporals, or sergeants. They generally owned a thousand slaves, and we had from ten to thirty. I made up my mind that we should have a share of the honors, and they laughed at me. I organized the majority and put the old families out of business, and we became and are the rulers of the State."

Among the most brilliant debaters of any legislative body were Senators Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, and John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin. They would have adorned and given distinction to any legislative body in the world. Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, and Senator Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio, were speakers of a very high type. The Senate still has the statesmanship, eloquence, scholarship, vision, and culture of Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts.

One of the wonders of the Senate was Senator M. W. Crane, of Massachusetts. He never made a speech. I do not remember that he ever made a motion. Yet he was the most influential member of that body. His wisdom, tact, his sound judgment, his encyclopædic knowledge of public affairs and of public men made him an authority.

Senator Hanna, who was a business man pure and simple, and wholly unfamiliar with legislative ways, developed into a speaker of remarkable force and influence. At the same time, on the social side, with his frequent entertainments, he did more for the measures in which he was interested. They were mainly, of course, of a financial and economic character.

One of the characters of the Senate, and one of the upheavals of the populist movement, was Senator Jeff Davis, of Arkansas. Davis was loudly, vociferously, and clamorously a friend of the people. Precisely what he did to benefit the people was never very clear, but if we must take his word for it, he was the only friend the people had. Among his efforts to help the people was to denounce big business of all kinds and anything which gave large employment or had

great capital. I think that in his own mind the ideal State would have been made of small landowners and an occasional lawyer. He himself was a lawyer.

One day he attacked me, as I was sitting there listening to him, in a most vicious way, as the representative of big corporations, especially railroads, and one of the leading men in the worst city in the world, New York, and as the associate of bankers and capitalists. When he finished Senator Crane went over to his seat and told him that he had made a great mistake, warned him that he had gone so far that I might be dangerous to him personally, but in addition to that, with my ridicule and humor, I would make him the laughing-stock of the Senate and of the country. Jeff, greatly alarmed, waddled over to my seat and said: "Senator Depew, I hope you did not take seriously what I said. I did not mean anything against you. I won't do it again, but I thought that you would not care, because it won't hurt you, and it does help me out in Arkansas." I replied: "Jeff, old man, if it helps you, do it as often as you like." Needless to say, he did not repeat.

I have always been deeply interested in the preservation of the forests and a warm advocate of forest preservers. I made a study of the situation in the Appalachian Mountains, where the lumberman was doing his worst, and millions of acres of fertile soil from the denuded hills were being swept by the floods into the ocean every year. I made a report from my committee for the purchase of this preserve, affecting, as it did, eight States, and supported it in a speech. Senator Eugene Hale, a Senate leader of controlling influence, had been generally opposed to this legislation. He became interested, and, when I had finished my speech, came over to me and said: "I never gave much attention to this subject. You have convinced me and this bill should be passed at once, and I will make the motion." Several senators from the States affected asked for delay in order that they might deliver speeches for local consumption. The psychological moment passed and that legislation could not be revived until ten years afterward, and then in a seriously modified form.

I worked very hard for the American mercantile marine. A subsidy of four million dollars a year in mail contracts would have been sufficient, in addition to the earnings of the ships, to have given us lines to South and Central America, Australia, and Asia.

A river and harbor bill of from thirty to fifty millions of dollars was eagerly anticipated and enthusiastically supported. It was known to be a give and take, a swap and exchange, where a few indispensable improvements had to carry a large number of dredgings of streams, creeks, and bayous, which never could be made navigable. Many millions a year were thrown away in these river and harbor bills, but four millions a year to restore the American mercantile marine aroused a flood of indignant eloquence, fierce protest, and wild denunciation of capitalists, who would build and own ships, and it was always fatal to the mercantile marine.

Happily the war has, among its benefits, demonstrated to the interior and mountain States that a merchant marine is as necessary to the United States as its navy, and that we cannot hope to expand and retain our trade unless we have the ships.

The country does not appreciate the tremendous power of the committees, as legislative business constantly increases with almost geometrical progression. The legislation of the country is handled almost entirely in committees. It requires a possible revolution to overcome the hostility of a committee, even if the House and the country are otherwise minded. Some men whose names do not appear at all in the *Congressional Record*, and seldom in the newspapers, have a certain talent for drudgery and detail which is very rare and, when added to shrewdness and knowledge of human nature, makes a senator or a representative a force to be reckoned with on committees. Such a man is able to hold up almost anything.

I found during my Washington life the enormous importance of its social side. Here are several hundred men in the two Houses of Congress, far above the average in intelligence, force of character, and ability to accomplish things. Otherwise

they would not have been elected. They are very isolated and enjoy far beyond those who have the opportunity of club life, social attentions. At dinner the real character of the guest comes out, and he is most responsive to these attentions. Mrs. Depew and I gave a great many dinners, to our intense enjoyment and, I might say, education. By this method I learned to know in a way more intimate than otherwise would have been possible many of the most interesting characters I have ever met.

Something must be done, and that speedily, to bridge the widening chasm between the Executive and the Congress. Our experience with President Wilson has demonstrated this. As a self-centred autocrat, confident of himself and suspicious of others, hostile to advice or discussion, he became the absolute master of the Congress while his party was in the majority.

The Congress, instead of being a co-ordinate branch, was really in session only to accept, adopt, and put into laws the imperious will of the president. When, however, the majority changed, there being no confidence between the executive and the legislative branch of the government, the necessary procedure was almost paralyzed. The president was unyielding and the Congress insisted upon the recognition of its constitutional rights. Even if the president is, as McKinley was, in close and frequent touch with the Senate and the House of Representatives, the relation is temporary and unequal, and not what it ought to be, automatic.

Happily we have started a budget system, which is a step in the right direction. But more is needed. The Cabinet should have seats on the floor of the Houses, and authority to answer questions and participate in debates. Unless our system was radically changed, we could not adopt the English plan of selecting the members of the Cabinet entirely from the Senate and the House. But we could have an administration always in close touch with the Congress if the Cabinet members were in attendance when matters affecting their several departments were under discussion and action.

I heard Senator Aldrich, who was one of the shrewdest and ablest legislators of our generation, say that if business methods were applied to the business of the government in a way which he could do it, there would be an annual saving of three hundred millions of dollars a year. We are, since the Great War, facing appropriations of five or six billions of dollars a year. I think the saving of three hundred millions suggested by Senator Aldrich could be increased in proportion to the vast increase in appropriations.

There has been much discussion about restricting unlimited debates in the Senate and adopting a rigid closure rule. My own recollection is that during my twelve years unlimited discussion defeated no good measure, but talked many bad ones to death. There is a curious feature in legislative discussion, and that is the way in which senators who have accustomed themselves to speak every day on each question apparently increase their vocabulary as their ideas evaporate. Two senators in my time, who could be relied upon to talk smoothly as the placid waters of a running brook for an hour or more every day, had the singular faculty of apparently saying much of importance while really developing no ideas. In order to understand them, while the Senate would become empty by its members going to their committee rooms, I would be a patient listener. I finally gave that up because, though endowed with reasonable intelligence and an intense desire for knowledge, I never could grasp what they were driving at.

AMBASSADORS AND MINISTERS

The United States has always been admirably represented at the Court of St. James. I consider it as a rare privilege and a delightful memory that I have known well these distinguished ambassadors and ministers who served during my time. I was not in England while Charles Francis Adams was a minister, but his work during the Civil War created intense interest in America. It is admitted that he prevented Great Britain from taking such action as would have prolonged the war and endangered the purposes which Mr. Lincoln was trying to accomplish, namely, the preservation of the Union. His curt answer to Lord John Russell, "This means war," changed the policy of the British Government.

James Russell Lowell met every requirement of the position, but, more than that, his works had been read and admired in England before his appointment. Literary England welcomed him with open arms, and official England soon became impressed with his diplomatic ability. He was one of the finest after-dinner speakers, and that brought him in contact with the best of English public life. He told me an amusing instance. As soon as he was appointed, everybody who expected to meet him sent to the book stores and purchased his works. Among them, of course, was the "Biglow Papers." One lady asked him if he had brought Mrs. Biglow with him.

The secretary of the embassy, William J. Hoppin, was a very accomplished gentleman. He had been president of the Union League Club, and I knew him very well. I called one day at the embassy with an American living in Europe to ask for a favor for this fellow countryman. The embassy was overwhelmed with Americans asking favors, so Hoppin, without looking at me or waiting for the request, at once brought out his formula for sliding his visitors on an inclined plane into the street. He said: "Every American—and there are thousands of them—who comes to London visits the embassy. They all want to be invited to Buckingham Palace or to have cards to the House of Lords or the House of Commons. Our privileges in that respect are very few, so few that we can satisfy hardly anybody. Why Americans, when there is so much to see in this old country from which our ancestry came, and with whose literature we are so familiar, should want to try to get into Buckingham Palace or the Houses of Parliament is incomprehensible. There is a very admirable cattle show at Reading. I have a few tickets and will give them to you, gentlemen, gladly. You will find the show exceedingly interesting."

I took the tickets, but if there is anything of which I am not a qualified judge, it is prize cattle. That night, at a large dinner given by a well-known English host, my friend Hoppin was present, and at once greeted me with warm cordiality. Of course, he had no recollections of the morning meeting. Our host, as usual when a new American is present, wanted to know if I had any fresh American stories, and I told with some exaggeration and embroidery the story of the Reading cattle show. Dear old Hoppin was considerably embarrassed at the chafing he received, but took it in good part, and thereafter the embassy was entirely at my service.

Mr. Edward J. Phelps was an extraordinary success. He was a great lawyer, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States told me that there was no one who appeared before that Court whose arguments were more satisfactory and convincing than those of Mr. Phelps. He had the rare distinction of being a frequent guest at the Benchers' dinners in London. One of the English judges told me that at a Benchers' dinner the judges were discussing a novel point which had arisen in one of the cases recently before them. He said that in the discussion, in which Mr. Phelps was asked to participate, the view which the United States minister presented was so forcible that the decision, which had been practically agreed upon, was changed to meet Mr. Phelps's view. I was at several of Mr. Phelps's dinners. They were remarkable gatherings of the best in almost every department of English life.

At one of his dinners I had a delightful talk with Browning, the poet. Browning told me that as a young man he was several times a guest at the famous breakfasts of the poet and banker, Samuel Rogers. Rogers, he said, was most arbitrary at these breakfasts with his guests, and rebuked him severely for venturing beyond the limits within which he thought a young poet should be confined.

Mr. Browning said that nothing gratified him so much as the popularity of his works in the United States. He was especially pleased and also embarrassed by our Browning societies, of which there seemed to be a great many over here. They sent him papers which were read by members of the societies, interpreting his poems. These American friends discovered meanings which had never occurred to him, and were to him an entirely novel view of his own productions. He also mentioned that every one sent him presents and souvenirs, all of them as appreciations and some as suggestions

and help. Among these were several cases of American wine. He appreciated the purpose of the gifts, but the fluid did not appeal to him.

He told me he was a guest at one time at the dinners given to the Shah of Persia. This monarch was a barbarian, but the British Foreign Office had asked and extended to him every possible courtesy, because of the struggle then going on as to whether Great Britain or France or Russia should have the better part of Persia. France and Russia had entertained him with lavish military displays and other governmental functions, which a democratic country like Great Britain could not duplicate. So the Foreign Office asked all who had great houses in London or in the country, and were lavish entertainers, to do everything they could for the Shah.

Browning was present at a great dinner given for the Shah at Stafford House, the home of the Duke of Sutherland, and the finest palace in London. Every guest was asked, in order to impress the Shah, to come in all the decorating to which they were entitled. The result was that the peers came in robes, which they would not have thought of wearing on such an occasion, and everybody else in any costume of honor possessed. Browning said he had received a degree at Oxford and that entitled him to a scarlet cloak. He was so outranked, because the guests were placed according to rank, that he sat at the foot of the table. The Shah said to his host: "Who is that distinguished gentleman in the scarlet cloak at the other end of the table?" The host answered: "That is one of our greatest poets." "That is no place for a poet," remarked the Shah; "bring him up here and let him sit next to me." So at the royal command the poet took the seat of honor. The Shah said to Browning: "I am mighty glad to have you near me, for I am a poet myself."

It was at this dinner that Browning heard the Shah say to the Prince of Wales, who sat at the right of the Shah: "This is a wonderful palace. Is it royal?" The Prince answered: "No, it belongs to one of our great noblemen, the Duke of Sutherland." "Well," said the Shah, "let me give you a point. When one of my noblemen or subjects gets rich enough to own a palace like this, I cut off his head and take his fortune."

A very beautiful English lady told me that she was at Ferdinand Rothschild's, where the Shah was being entertained. In order to minimize his acquisitive talents, the wonderful treasures of Mr. Rothschild's house had been hidden. The Shah asked for an introduction to this lady and said to her: "You are the most beautiful woman I have seen since I have been in England. I must take you home with me." "But," she said, "Your Majesty, I am married." "Well," he replied, "bring your husband along. When we get to Teheran, my capital, I will take care of him."

Mr. Phelps's talent as a speaker was quite unknown to his countrymen before he went abroad. While he was a minister he made several notable addresses, which aroused a great deal of interest and admiration in Great Britain. He was equally happy in formal orations and in the field of after-dinner speeches. Mrs. Phelps had such a phenomenal success socially that when her husband was recalled and they left England, the ladies of both the great parties united, and through Lady Rosebery, the leader of the Liberal, and Lady Salisbury, of the Conservative women, paid her a very unusual and complimentary tribute.

During John Hay's term as United States minister to Great Britain, my visits to England were very delightful. Hay was one of the most charming men in public life of his period. He had won great success in journalism, as an author, and in public service. At his house in London one would meet almost everybody worth while in English literary, public, and social life.

In the hours of conversation with him, when I was posting him on the latest developments in America, his comment upon the leading characters of the time were most racy and witty. Many of them would have embalmed a statesman, if the epigram had been preserved, like a fly in amber. He had officially a very difficult task during the Spanish War. The sympathies of all European governments were with Spain. This was especially true of the Kaiser and the German Government. It was Mr. Hay's task to keep Great Britain neutral and prevent

her joining the general alliance to help Spain, which some of the continental governments were fomenting.

Happily, Mr. Balfour, the British foreign minister, was cordially and openly our friend. He prevented this combination against the United States.

During part of my term as a senator John Hay was secretary of state. To visit his office and have a discussion on current affairs was an event to be remembered. He made a prediction, which was the result of his own difficulties with the Senate, that on account of the two-thirds majority necessary for the ratification of a treaty, no important treaty sent to the Senate by the president would ever again be ratified. Happily this gloomy view has not turned out to be entirely correct.

Mr. Hay saved China, in the settlement of the indemnities arising out of the Boxer trouble, from the greed of the great powers of Europe. One of his greatest achievements was in proclaiming the open door for China and securing the acquiescence of the great powers. It was a bluff on his part, because he never could have had the active support of the United States, but he made his proposition with a confidence which carried the belief that he had no doubt on that subject. He was fortunately dealing with governments who did not understand the United States and do not now. With them, when a foreign minister makes a serious statement of policy, it is understood that he has behind him the whole military, naval, and financial support of his government. But with us it is a long road and a very rocky one, before action so serious, with consequences so great, can receive the approval of the war-making power in Congress.

I called on Hay one morning just as Cassini, the Russian ambassador, was leaving. Cassini was one of the shrewdest and ablest of diplomats in the Russian service. It was said that for twelve years he had got the better of all the delegations at Pekin and controlled that extraordinary ruler of China, the dowager queen. Cassini told me that from his intimate associations with her he had formed the opinion that she was quite equal to Catherine of Russia, whom he regarded as the greatest woman sovereign who ever lived.

Hay said to me: "I have just had a very long and very remarkable discussion with Cassini. He is a revelation in the way of secret diplomacy. He brought to me the voluminous instructions to him of his government on our open-door policy. After we had gone over them carefully, he closed his portfolio and, pushing it aside, said: 'Now, Mr. Secretary, listen to Cassini.' He immediately presented an exactly opposite policy from the one in the instructions, and a policy entirely favorable to us, and said: 'That is what my government will do.'" It was a great loss to Russian diplomacy when he died so early.

As senator I did all in my power to bring about the appointment of Whitelaw Reid as ambassador to Great Britain. He and I had been friends ever since his beginning in journalism in New York many years before. Reid was then the owner and editor of the *New York Tribune*, and one of the most brilliant journalists in the country. He was also an excellent public speaker. His long and intimate contact with public affairs and intimacy with public men ideally fitted him for the appointment. He had already served with great credit as ambassador to France.

The compensation of our representatives abroad always has been and still is entirely inadequate to enable them to maintain, in comparison with the representatives of other governments, the dignity of their own country. All the other great powers at the principal capitals maintain fine residences for their ambassadors, which also is the embassy. Our Congress, except within the last few years, has always refused to make this provision. The salary which we pay is scarcely ever more than one-third the amount paid by European governments in similar service.

I worked hard while in the Senate to improve this situation because of my intimate knowledge of the question. When I first began the effort I found there was a very strong belief that the whole foreign service was an unnecessary expense. When Mr. Roosevelt first became president, and I had to see him frequently about diplomatic appointments, I found that this was his view, but with this modification; he said to me: "This foreign business of the government, now that the cable is perfected, can be carried on between our State Department and the

chancellery of any government in the world. Nevertheless, I am in favor of keeping up the diplomatic service. All the old nations have various methods of rewarding distinguished public servants. The only one we have is the diplomatic service. So when I appoint a man ambassador or minister, I believe that I am giving him a decoration, and the reason I change ambassadors and ministers is that I want as many as possible to possess it."

The longer Mr. Roosevelt remained president, and the closer he came to our foreign relations, the more he appreciated the value of the personal contact and intimate knowledge on the spot of an American ambassador or minister.

Mr. Reid entertained more lavishly and hospitably than any ambassador in England ever had, both at his London house and at his estate in the country. He appreciated the growing necessity to the peace of the world and the progress of civilization of closer union of English-speaking peoples. At his beautiful and delightful entertainments Americans came in contact with Englishmen under conditions most favorable for the appreciation by each of the other. The charm of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's hospitality was so genuine, so cordial, and so universal, that to be their guest was an event for Americans visiting England. There is no capital in the world where hospitality counts for so much as in London, and no country where the house-party brings people together under such favorable conditions. Both the city and the country homes of Mr. and Mrs. Reid were universities of international good-feeling. Mr. Reid, on the official side, admirably represented his country and had the most intimate relations with the governing powers of Great Britain.

I recall with the keenest pleasure how much my old friend, Joseph H. Choate, did to make each one of my visits to London during his term full of the most charming and valuable recollections. His dinners felt the magnetism of his presence, and he showed especial skill in having, to meet his American guests, just the famous men in London life whom the American desired to know.

Choate was a fine conversationalist, a wit and a humorist of a high order. His audacity won great triumphs, but if exercised by a man less endowed would have brought him continuously into trouble. He had the faculty, the art, of so directing conversation that at his entertainments everybody had a good time, and an invitation always was highly prized. He was appreciated most highly by the English bench and bar. They recognized him as the leader of his profession in the United States. They elected him a Bencher of the Middle Temple, the first American to receive that honor after an interval of one hundred and fifty years. Choate's witticisms and repartees became the social currency of dinner-tables in London and week-end parties in the country.

Choate paid little attention to conventionalities, which count for so much and are so rigidly enforced, especially in royal circles. I had frequently been at receptions, garden-parties, and other entertainments at Buckingham Palace in the time of Queen Victoria and also of King Edward. At an evening reception the diplomats representing all the countries in the world stand in a solemn row, according to rank and length of service. They are covered with decorations and gold lace. The weight of the gold lace on some of the uniforms of the minor powers is as great as if it were a coat of armor. Mr. Choate, under regulations of our diplomatic service, could only appear in an ordinary dress suit.

While the diplomats stand in solemn array, the king and queen go along the line and greet each one with appropriate remarks. Nobody but an ambassador and minister gets into that brilliant circle. On one occasion Mr. Choate saw me standing with the other guests outside the charmed circle and immediately left the diplomats, came to me, and said: "I am sure you would like to have a talk with the queen." He went up to Her Majesty, stated the case and who I was, and the proposition was most graciously received. I think the royalties were pleased to have a break in the formal etiquette. Mr. Choate treated the occasion, so far as I was concerned, as if it had been a reception in New York or Salem, and a distinguished guest wanted to meet the hosts. The gold-laced and bejewelled and highly decorated diplomatic circle was paralyzed.

Mr. Choate's delightful personality and

original conversational powers made him a favorite guest everywhere, but he also carried to the platform the distinction which had won for him the reputation of being one of the finest orators in the United States.

Choate asked at one time when I was almost nightly making speeches at some entertainment: "How do you do it?" I told him I was risking whatever reputation I had on account of very limited preparation, that I did not let these speeches interfere at all with my business, but that they were all prepared after I had arrived home from my office late in the afternoon. Sometimes they came easy, and I reached the dinner in time; at other times they were more difficult, and I did not arrive till the speaking had begun. Then he said: "I enjoy making these after-dinner addresses more than any other work. It is a perfect delight for me to speak to such an audience, but I have not the gift of quick and easy preparation. I accept comparatively few of the constant invitations I receive, because when I have to make such a speech I take a corner in the car in the morning going to my office, exclude all the intruding public with a newspaper and think all the way down. I continue the same process on my way home in the evening, and it takes about three days of this absorption and exclusiveness, with some time in the evenings, to get an address with which I am satisfied."

The delicious humor of these efforts of Mr. Choate and the wonderful way in which he could expose a current delusion, or what he thought was one, and produce an impression not only on his audience but on the whole community, when his speech was printed in the newspapers, was a kind of effort which necessarily required preparation. In all the many times I heard him, both at home and abroad, he never had a failure and sometimes made a sensation.

(To be continued.)

What Am I?

BY EDWARD G. SPAULDING
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IT is an age of questions. The psychologists made out their list, and by examining the 1,700,000 men in the army that constituted a "fair sample" of our population, ranked us all from age 10 to 19. Mr. Einstein came to America, and every one asked questions of him. The Eighteenth Amendment was adopted, and we are still asking how it happened. Indeed, one is moved to ask: "What have we to-day that is not questioned, or concerning which questions are not asked?"

Some questions are of interest to some people, but not to others; some are perhaps interesting to all; but whether there are any questions that are interesting to no one may be doubted.

Now a question that might be supposed to be of interest to all, though I know that it is not, is the query "What am I?" It would seem that this question would be of interest for the reason that every one is an "I." And yet I know not only that very few ever ask the question, but also that still fewer have an answer for it.

However, it is, fortunately, not necessary to know what the "I" is in order to be one. Also one may not answer the question and still be a successful professional or business man, make friends, have hobbies, grow old, and finally die. Nevertheless, upon giving an answer to this question may depend the answers that one gives to other important questions, such as the question as to what life means. And I am not sure but that upon the answer that is given there also depends much that one does and says in every-day affairs.

These are some of the reasons why the

question is of interest to me. But the chief reason is, perhaps, my intellectual curiosity. I confess that I should really like to know what I am, or what my "I" is.

If, now, having asked my question, I set about to find an answer to it, I am immediately inclined to appeal to science as a source of information. For, living in the twentieth century as I do, I find that perhaps the paramount characteristic of the intellectual spirit of the times is the claim of science to be the best source of answers for all the important questions that one can ask. In accordance, then, with the spirit of the times, I turn to natural science for information, and, first among the natural sciences, to biology.

Modern biology has centred around two theories, both based on observed facts. The one theory, evolution, is that present species of plants and animals have evolved from preceding species; the other, that individual living beings are made up of smaller parts called cells. The acceptance of the former theory is due, as is well known, chiefly to the influence of Darwin's "Origin of Species," first published in 1859, while the latter, the so-called "cell theory," was first propounded in 1838 by Schleiden and Schwann. The modern developments of each of these two theories give answers to our question.

Biology in general has established the fact that all the chemical elements, such as hydrogen and oxygen, and all the physical forces, such as electricity and heat, occurring in living beings, are also found in inorganic nature. What, then, is the difference between the living and the non-living? It is one of complexity and organization. The elements that are found in living beings are organized more complexly than they are in non-living nature. For example, organic molecules have many more atoms in them than have inorganic. But also, as a result of organization, living beings do certain things which inorganic things do not do. Thus, first, a living being, either plant or animal, grows, but only by transmuting the material which it ingests into such form as is suitable for its various tissues. Secondly, all living beings reproduce their kind, this process of reproduction being accompanied by development from youth to reproductive maturity, so that there is a series of cycles of reproduction and development. All flowering plants well illustrate this. Thirdly, living beings are acted upon by natural objects and forces such as light, heat, and food, but they react toward these forces in that way which is advantageous. For example, even the simplest living beings, such as the amœba, discriminate between food and other objects. This fact has led some biologists to claim that all living beings have the analogue of consciousness. No inorganic thing presents at least this particular combination of characteristics, even though it may manifest some of them singly, so that it would seem that it is the fact of the combination that is at least one of the distinguishing features of all living beings.

But living beings consist of cells, and it is this fact that also distinguishes the living from the non-living. Cells are vital units, that is, they are very minute individuals that have a relatively independent life of their own. Cells are also highly specialized in structure and function—for example, there are nerve-cells and muscle-cells. It is, therefore, necessary for them to co-operate, but this they do without losing their individuality and independent life.

A cell, however, is not a static entity. It is dynamic. Many processes are taking place not only within it, but also between it and the environment. These cell processes are the basis for all other bodily processes, such as the passing of a nerve current and the contraction of a muscle.

But all processes, both in organs such as nerves and muscles, and in the cells that make up such organs, at the same time that they are vital processes, are also chemical, physical, and mechanical. This means that a living being consists not only of cells and of those vital parts, such as the nucleus, of which cells themselves are composed, but also of the molecules, the atoms, and the electrons that make up the substance or material of the cell itself. For, as is well known, a molecule consists of atoms, and an atom of electrical charges, both positive and negative. But it also means that a living being is completely determined in all that it is and does, just as are the machines which man constructs, and the rocks and

winds and seas, the electric and mechanical forces, the stars and suns that form the world in which he lives. Law holds supreme in the one as in the other, and in neither is there such a thing as chance. In both, the same cause under the same conditions always produces the same effect.

The appeal to that part of biological science which deals with cells shows, then, in answer to my question, that I am a complex of various kinds of entities existing as it were at different levels, and of the processes that take place at each of these levels. Accordingly I am a being that conforms absolutely to the laws of biology, chemistry, physics, and mechanics. But I am not merely a complex. I am also an organization. Electrical charges are organized, not merely summed or added, to make atoms; atoms, to make molecules; molecules, to make cells; cells, to make organs; and organs, to make the body. This is the rule—the law. I am complex, tremendously so, but I am an organized complex of organized complexes. And I am also a being that conforms rigorously to physical law.

But "evolutionary biology" also has its answers to the question, What am I? Thus it is generally recognized, whatever specific theory of evolution may be accepted, that every organ or function of a living being is characterized by usefulness, either past, present, or future. The usefulness may be in relation either to the life of the individual, or to the life of the species, or to both. I am, then, a complex of organs and functions that are for the most part useful here and now. Shall we go so far as to place the same interpretation on all functions, on all processes, even those that we call rational and ethical?

Perhaps, however, the most interesting answer that "evolutionary biology" gives is derived from the results of the modern study of heredity as this has been guided in recent years by the knowledge of the Mendelian Law. Mendel found in 1865 that, as a typical example, the tallness and dwarfness of peas act in inheritance as a pair of characters that are quite independent of the smoothness and wrinkledness of the seeds, just as, when dealt, the aces in a pack of cards fall independently of the kings. Any one ace may, for example, in a hand at bridge, be in combination with any one of four kings, so that sixteen combinations of aces and kings are possible, the combination that occurs in any particular deal being entirely a matter of chance, or of the laws of probability. The case is not different in principle with the tallness and dwarfness, the smoothness and wrinkledness of the peas, and with a large number of other characters in both plants and animals which this example illustrates.

Into the elaborate details of recent discoveries in this field we cannot go, but there is no doubt that the modern science of genetics shows conclusively that the inheritance of all individuals of those species that reproduce sexually conforms to the Mendelian Law. Theory and observation both show, then, that a human being is a complex of unit characters, a combination—but a combination that is always so rare that it is never likely to be repeated. On the basis of the various factors involved, Conklin has made the computation that the number of differing human individuals that are possible is three hundred thousand billions. Any particular combination is likely to occur only once in that number of times.

The answer, then, which the modern study of heredity gives to my question is clear. What am I? I am an absolutely unique individual. My exact like probably will never occur again. Nature has dealt the cards, and I am one hand. I can play only with what I have drawn. It is useless to hope or wait for another deal, because, with that deal, I shall not be "I," but there will be other human beings.

There is a strong tendency on the part of the biologist to insist that his science, together with chemistry, physics, and mechanics, tells the whole story as to what I am. But the claim cannot be admitted. Must one deny that there is a building because there are bricks, a tree because there are leaves and branches and a trunk? As well deny consciousness in its various forms because there are brain and nerve cells, reflex acts and other reactions to stimuli. Consciousness may be but a characteristic of an organized complex, but I am such a complex.

Water is not like hydrogen and oxygen, a building is not like bricks and supports. Consciousness is not like nerve cells and muscles, although it may depend on these. This is the orthodox view in psychology, and the biologists and behaviorists who oppose it have not made out their case.

Orthodox psychology has, as is well known, its own scientific lingo. Every teacher of psychology has written a textbook in which are discussed sensations, percepts, memory images, imagination, concepts, reasoning, ideo motor action, will, habit, reflexes, instincts, emotions, association, dissociation, and the like, and there is no doubt that particular processes of these different types do take place from moment to moment, many of them, indeed, at the same moment. I can, for example, coincidently have sense-percepts, remember, reason, have emotions, and will to do something. I can also be conscious of myself—whatever the self may be—although it is evident that the consciousness of self does not disclose what the self is. But perceiving, remembering, thinking, and the like are processes, and a process is a change. There is a "stream of consciousness," as William James said. My consciousness now is not what it was a minute ago, nor what it will be a minute hence.

What, then, am I? Am I the present consciousness? If I am, then I am not the same self that I was or will be. I am, rather, many selves. And if I am this, which one of the many is *the* self?

But if I am not the *present* consciousness, but some consciousness that is past, then is the "I" a conscious I? Is it not, rather, a consciousness become subconscious, and organized either alone by itself, or both by itself and also with my present consciousness? If the "I" is, however, this particular complex of both present and past consciousness, then it is not exclusively either conscious or subconscious, but, rather, the organization of the two.

This possible solution of the problem raises the further question, however, as to what the nature of "the subconscious" is. Is the subconscious one in kind with consciousness, only less in degree or intensity? Or is it a "coconsciousness" of the same intensity as consciousness, but "split-off," as is shown to be possible by the fact of the existence in certain individuals of two or more disconnected personalities? Or, finally, is it purely physiological and, therefore, physical? What happens to me, for example, when I am in a dreamless sleep, or under the influence of an anæsthetic? Is there then a total lack of consciousness, or am I conscious, but subsequently unable to recall the specific conscious processes that took place? In the former case, either there is no longer an "I," or the "I" is purely physiological, and not in the least dependent upon or identical with consciousness. In the second case, while it is implied that the "I" is conscious, the "I" is nevertheless something that cannot be got at—something of which I cannot by volition be conscious.

Such considerations show that it is most difficult, if not impossible, to identify the "I" with a conscious being, and that in so far as orthodox psychology has endeavored to make this identification, the endeavor has failed.

For at least the time being, then, I leave the kind of psychology that deals with the conscious, and pass to the examination of that kind of evidence which shows that there is such a thing as the subconscious. This evidence is furnished by "abnormal psychology," or by psychiatry and psychoanalysis.

That we are never at any period of time conscious of all that we can be conscious of will be granted by all. But that there are experiences that are registered and conserved, and that profoundly influence our consciousness without themselves ever being in the field of consciousness, indeed with it impossible volitionally to bring those experiences into that field, will not be so readily granted. Yet that there are such subconscious processes is the only conclusion that will account for a host of observable facts.

The types of evidence which demand this conclusion are as follows:

First, it is found that memories of certain experiences are revealed in automatic writing, either under normal or under hypnotic conditions, that cannot voluntarily be brought into the field of consciousness. Further, the more precise details and circumstances of the occurrence of these experiences are revealed by

the subject when in hypnotic condition. There is no doubt, then, that these experiences are conserved. The further study of these experiences by the disclosures of the subject when automatically writing or when hypnotized shows that they account for certain conscious processes, for example, for phobias, which the subject consciously cannot account for at all. As conserved, yet as not accessible to volitional control, these experiences must be subconscious, while as accounting for the occurrence and persistence of specific conscious states they are subconscious influences.

Secondly, hypnotized subjects are often able to recall dreams that cannot be remembered in normal consciousness. Dreams are themselves the effects of conserved experiences that are not in normal consciousness, and that in the majority of cases cannot be brought into that consciousness by volitional effort. This is true, whatever further interpretation be made of dreams, that is, whether they be regarded as symbols, as fantasies, or as realistic reproductions.

Thirdly, there are certain perceptions which seemingly never enter even the fringe of the normal consciousness, and which nevertheless are conserved. Both the occurrence of such perceptions and their conservation are demonstrated by the recall of the perceptive experiences by subjects both when hypnotized and when automatically writing. As examples of the kind of things that can be thus subconsciously perceived one may mention paragraphs in newspapers and minor details of dress. These experiences cannot be volitionally recalled, but if a subject is hypnotized, they can be reproduced in the consciousness of that subject.

Fourthly, post-hypnotic phenomena give rich evidence of the fact of the subconscious. For example, if it be suggested to a subject in hypnotic condition that a specific arithmetical problem be solved and the answer given at a specified later time, and if the subject be awakened from the hypnosis before there is opportunity to solve the problem, then, in successful experiments, the subject will automatically and absent-mindedly at the time specified give the answer to the problem. Frequent success in such experiments shows that there are subconscious reasoning processes.

Fifthly, instances of so-called secondary personality demonstrate the reality of the subconscious, and of the possibility of its far-reaching influence on the conscious. But the subconscious in such instances tends to become what Doctor Morton Prince calls the "coconscious."

Doctor Prince says:

"A subconscious personality is a condition where complexes of subconscious processes have been constellated into a personal system, manifesting a secondary system of self-consciousness endowed with volition, intelligence, etc. Such a subconscious personality is capable of communicating with the experimenter and describing its own mental processes. It can, after repression of the primary personality, become the sole personality for the time being, and then remember its previous subconscious life. By making use of the testimony of a subconscious personality, we can not only establish the actuality of subconscious processes, but by prearrangement with this personality predetermine any particular process we desire and study the modes in which it influences conscious thought and conduct. For instance, we can prescribe a conflict between the subconsciousness and the personal consciousness, and observe the resultant mental and physical behavior. Subconscious personalities, therefore, afford a valuable means for studying the mechanism of the mind.

"The conclusion, then, seems compulsory that the subconscious processes in many conditions, particularly those that are artificially induced and those that are pathological, are *coconscious* processes." *

It has become the fashion in recent years, perhaps largely because of the influence of the Austrian psychoanalyst Freud and his school, to discourse on that development of the theory of the subconscious which has to do with all sorts of "complexes," suppressions, conflicts, and the like, and especially to regard the sex-complex as dominant. It lies, however, quite outside the purpose of this article either to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of Freud's views, or to dilate upon them. Basically, however, in their insistence

* "The Unconscious," pp. 159–160.

upon the rôle played by the subconscious, they are regarded as established. The subconscious has come to stay. In fact, it has always been with us.

Certain points stand out, however, as the result of the recent study of the subconscious that help us to answer the question with which we started:

First, in all automatic motor phenomena such as gesturing, playing a musical instrument, and speaking, it is the subconscious processes that are doing the work. The "I," when I think and speak, is very largely if it is not, indeed, solely the subconscious "I."

Secondly, ideas and experiences, both those that we get consciously and those that occur subconsciously, as in the case of subconscious perceptions, become organized into systems or complexes in which there may also be included emotions and feelings. Systems or complexes and their "elements" are, while in a state of conservation, and perhaps also as actively functioning complexes, subconscious. Yet that which makes "elements" into a system is "linkage," or organization, and a basis for this is found in the neurones, or nerve-fibres, that connect directly or indirectly practically all parts of the brain with all other parts. The systems that result differ in their characteristics. For example, some complexes include the conserved after-effects of strong emotions, and it is such emotional complexes that are the causes of certain specific emotional disturbances, such as hysteria. Other systems may in contrast be called "subject-systems," since they are relatively emotionless. Subject-systems constitute the conserved elements of the experiences that occur in those fields in which one is especially "interested" and active. Indeed, education may be defined as the process of organizing such specific complexes, so that, for example, in the case of a "liberally" educated person, there would be a "history complex," a "Greek complex," a "mathematical complex," and so on. But there might also be a "golf complex" and a "bridge complex."

Thirdly, subconscious complexes are themselves organized into still "higher" complexes, until the organization reaches in some cases such a degree or such an extent, one or both, that there is an emergence of *personality*. This emergence is characterized by such phenomena as the taking on of a name, the showing of a different emotional disposition from that of the normal personality, the possession of certain "ideals," the ability to act voluntarily and intelligently, the communicating with other personalities, and, finally, the manifestation of a consciousness of self. "The subconscious" thus becomes a personality, but one from which there is shut off the normal consciousness of the primary personality. Such a personality is secondary, and conscious. If, however, the organization of the subconscious, for example, in the case of a hypnotized subject, does not reach that degree in which a secondary personality emerges, but stops short of this, then the questions arise: What has become of the normal personality? Is there any personality at all for the time being? Is not all personality in abeyance? This last question must seemingly be answered with "yes," and yet so to answer it has important consequences. For, on the one hand, that the self is not the present span of consciousness has already been shown, and, on the other hand, it has also been found that the subconscious need not reach the degree of being a personality. The conclusion seems forced upon us, therefore, that the primary personality normally is the organization of the two, that is, of the present span of consciousness and the much larger range of the subconscious, when this last is not itself a personality.

This brings us to a new stage in the answering of our question. What am I? Certainly all that biology, physics, chemistry, and mechanics show that I am, and also all that orthodox psychology discloses me to be. But abnormal psychology compels the further conclusion that I am also a subconsciousness, indeed that this part of me is even more important in some respects than is my consciousness. Yet I am not exclusively any one of these "things." The study of the subconscious shows that it does not always become a personality. A certain degree of organization is necessary in order that personality shall emerge. And, normally, when there is only one personality, only one "I," it is the sub-

conscious and the conscious that are organized together.

Indeed, if we retrace our steps and look for some one characteristic that is present at each step or level in the building up of the personality, we find that that constant is organization. I am "electronic," but not exclusively so; I am atomic, but, again, not exclusively so. Yet whatever I am, electronic, atomic, molecular, cellular, subconscious, conscious, I am in each one of these respects also an organization.

Since organization is, then, the one constant or invariant thus far discovered, we must inquire as to what the further bearing of this is on our problem. Can any laws or principles or corollaries of organization be found? I think there can be, and that one of these principles is this: At every "higher" level of organization there is something, some quality, that is not present at any lower level. There is something that is qualitatively new, something that is of a different order from the preceding "lower" levels, and that at the level of the new order acts as a unit. Molecules are qualitatively different from atoms, and act under certain circumstances in relation to other molecules as units. Cells also are qualitatively different from their components and act as units in relation to other cells. The same principle holds good for the human personality.

What am I? I am different kinds of entities, some of them existing in tremendous numbers. I am electrons, atoms, molecules, cells, organs, and a body. But I am also as certainly subconscious and conscious as I am physical, chemical, and biological. Yet I am not merely any one or all of these. I am the organization of all of them. And as an organization of entities at successive different levels, I am a hierarchy. I am more complex as regards the electrons that are "me" than as regards the atoms. I am complex even as regards my subconsciousness and my consciousness. But is my "*I*" a complex? Or is there at the summit of the hierarchy a singleness or numerical oneness?

My answer is: "Yes, there is." Not only is there a newness of quality at each succeeding higher level, but there is also a unitariness. This is the second principle of organization that I now discover. Qualitative "newness" and "oneness" go together. That which is a "one" at each higher level is in some respects qualitatively new, and that which is "new" is a quality of that which is a "one" in relation to other things at that level, for example, molecules to molecules, cells to cells, personality to personality.

If, now, I apply these principles to the question, What am I? I am led to the important and rather unexpected conclusion that I am not only something more than electrons, molecules, cells, a body, but also something more than even a subconsciousness and a consciousness. There is an "I" that transcends all those different parts that are organized to make up the "I," and this "I" is not only *one*, but it is also qualitatively different, as regards some of its characteristics, from those parts. This "I" is as much my personality, my self, as are the constituents which make it up. Indeed, I conclude that it is much more my self than are they, since they as organized lead to it.

Practically all writers on the nature of the personality or of the self admit this argument, but do not draw the inevitable conclusion from it. For example, Professor E. G. Conklin in his recent book, "The Direction of Human Evolution," says: "New combinations give rise to *new* qualities. When hydrogen and oxygen combine, they produce *something which is different from either.*" * And in an earlier book, "Heredity and Environment," the same author speaks repeatedly of "the essential unity of the entire organism." Similarly Doctor Stewart Paton in his excellent recent volume, entitled "Human Behavior," clearly distinguishes the unity from the complexity and finds that the latter does not preclude the former. As well deny the unity of the personality, he says, as "deny the existence of unity to an organic chemical compound because it is composed of many parts." † Explicit recognition is thus made by these authorities, who but express the conclusions of the majority of writers in this field, of the facts of synthesis, of "newness" and of unity. But these facts are not emphasized nor are their implications developed.

* P. 10. Italics mine.
† P. 115.

One implication in particular, in addition to those already indicated, remains to be stated. The implication is that if at each level of organization there is something new—a difference of kind and not of degree—then each level is *free* from the limitations of all the preceding levels. Each level is a new kind of fact in the universe, and cannot be reduced to other kinds of fact. And its freedom consists in acting in agreement with those very characteristics that constitute its "newness."

Why, then, may not this "newness" in the case of the "I" that ultimately emerges as a result of organization, put this "I" into a realm of fact that the sciences cannot and do not deal with at all—a realm that is the ethical, the æsthetic, and the rational? My answer is that this is just what does happen. In other words, I find that as a personality I belong to a rational and to an ethical realm, and that as belonging to those realms I am free from the limitations of the other, the scientific realms to which I also belong. In the ethical and rational realms I am, however, not lawless. That is not the nature of my freedom. But law in those realms is a different kind of law from law in other realms, and so as a rational and ethical being I am free from the *limitations* of the laws of biology, chemistry, and physics. This is the third principle of organization.

In endeavoring to answer our initial question, we have traversed in brief the more important natural sciences, only to find that we are led ultimately beyond science. There is something that I am that natural science cannot disclose, and that there is this "something" is an implication of natural science itself. Only in an age, however, when natural science has developed so rapidly and become so efficient as to be induced to claim that it can solve all problems, would this result be doubted. In the periods of Greek and mediæval thought, when philosophy and religion were respectively the two dominant motives, it would not have been challenged.

Does our result mean, then, that we should return to that earlier attitude of mind, and forego the teachings of science? Impossible, even if advisory. But it does mean that natural science cannot answer all questions, perhaps for the very simple reason that not everything is part of nature, and that there are some facts that are not compassed by the whole range of science from mechanics to psychology. The "I," the personality at the apex of the hierarchy of the entities with which science does deal, is one of those facts.

What, then, am I at this level? The answer is that I am a unit, a personality, with characteristics different from those of all the parts of which I am composed. I am the kind of entity that, historically, religion, art, literature, ethics, politics, and philosophy have dealt with. I am not a thing, but a value, like goodness and beauty and truth. No "mechanical explanation" in terms of any science suffices to explain or even describe me. Much more, indeed, through those "bodies of knowledge" that deal with the lives, the successes and disappointments, the conflicts, the desires, the hopes, and ideals of men, do I discern what I am, what the human personality is.

I conclude, then, that it is to literature, art, ethics, religion, and philosophy that one must turn if one would find what the personality is. Personality is what personality does, and we do not find personality at any of those levels of which science treats. It is only at a higher, a non-scientific level, that personality exists, and at this level personality comes in contact with personality, with beauty, with the good, and with the immaterial, the ideal, and the spiritual.

Finally, if my argument is correct, this necessity is to be regarded as due, not to ignorance, which would allow one to say that in time, when science has progressed further, it will answer all questions, but to the nature of things. It is a necessity that is writ deep in the very structure of the universe. There are some things that can be measured, counted, correlated, and expressed in formulas according to the methods of science, but there are other quite as directly and as certainly experienced facts that do not submit to these methods. And personality is such a fact.

(Professor Spaulding's article "What Shall I Believe?" will be published in the February number.)

My Stevensons

BY WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD

With Facsimiles from Mr. Arnold's collection

IN Edinburgh, a few years before the Great War, while chatting with a Scot with whom I had a bookish acquaintance, I made an allusion to Robert Louis Stevenson. "Would you like to meet Cummy?" said my companion. I eagerly assented.

A few hours later, bearing a letter of introduction, my wife and I rang Alison Cunningham's door-bell. The old nurse gave us a glad greeting; she said she liked Americans. Conversation was difficult—Cummy was stone-deaf, so what we wished to say had to be written. Soon, in response to our messages, she became delightfully voluble.

One of the reminiscences of her "dear boy" was that at a time when he had been very, very naughty, Mrs. Stevenson gave directions to have him stand in a corner of the room. After half an hour Cummy successfully interceded for pardon. On telling Louis to come to her he said: "Sh-sh—don't talk to me; I'm telling myself a story."

Another tale was of the delicate child waking in the night after frightful dreams. He would cry, "Gie me the Bible! Gie me the Bible!" but with the coming of dawn his call was "Gie me the novel! Gie me the novel!"

Time and again the rigors of the Edinburgh winter impelled the boy's mother to take him to milder climes. In his fifteenth year, while at Torquay, he wrote a letter in rhyme to Cummy which, notwithstanding crudities, reveals incipient descriptive powers. I have never seen this letter in print, although several transcriptions have been made. My copy is the original that was sent to the beloved nurse. It seems quite worth while to give it here in full.

"This rhyming letter's writ to the (*sic*)
From Glen Villa at Torquay
It is raining plashing pouring
And without the wind is roaring
Among the cliffs that bound the sea
And through the boughs of every tree
With an untuneful melody
Not peculiar to Torquay
Oft I've heard it midst the shades
Of Drey Norns* lovely wooded glades
And now again we've got it here
Quite as bad as there I fear
Imagine to yourself a hill
And then another and one more still
Then mix together houses white
And cliffs of a stupendous height
And just as red as red can be
And then a landlocked bit of sea
Mix these together with each hill
And place three capes beyond that still
And then you'll have the fair Torquay
That is as near as near can be
But I've forgot the Port to add
Which really is a deal too bad
Our ill luck never seems to leave us
The weather here is quite as grievous
As it was in Edinburry
Which we left in such a hurry
For to try if we could find
A place more suited to Ma's mind
But now the lunch has been brought in
With bread and cheese and Burtons beer
So I must leave this preely letter
And occupation for a better
I being feasted take again
The Ink, the paper and the pen
So now you see I've writ to thee
A letter very long Ma'am
And as this rhyme took up much time
It needed patience strong Ma'am
Its I am ill and stay my fill
In Glen Villa Meadfoot Road
Which as you see will need to be
Till I get round again Ma'am.
Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson
Glen Villa
Torquay March /65"

* A wood near Colinton

The superscription is "Mrs. Cunningham, Torryburn, from Lewis."

One of the most highly prized volumes in my collection is the little blue-cloth book "A Child's Garden of Verses" which, it will be remembered, was dedi-

cated by Stevenson to the woman who did so much to make his young life happy. Mine is the "Dedication Copy," for on the title-page is inscribed:
"To Alison Cunningham from R. L. S."

I have an unpublished letter, written by Stevenson to his mother when the book was in preparation, which contains a paragraph that marks most emphatically his sense of gratitude and loyalty.

"I stick to what I said about Cummy: which was that she was the person entitled to the dedication; if I said she was the *only* person who would understand, it was a fashion of speaking; but to Cummy the dedication is due because she has had the most trouble and the least thanks. Ecco! As for auntie, she is my aunt, and she is a lady, and I am often decently civil to her, and I don't think I ever insulted her: four advantages that could not be alleged for Cummy. That was why, out of the three of you, I chose Cummy; and that is why I think I chose right."

After several years of training in engineering, Stevenson, in his twenty-first year, told his father of his disinclination for the pursuit and his desire to enter the profession of literature. This request was reluctantly granted with the proviso that he should at once begin the study of law so that he might have another profession to turn to in the event of failure in the realm of letters. His biographer, Graham Balfour, has this to say of a short diary kept on a folio sheet of paper at the time the young man first entered the law office where he was to learn conveyancing.

"I have printed nearly the whole of it for the sake of the contrasts; the high spirits and the sentiment, the humour and the immaturity, make a remarkable conjunction. Already it would be difficult for any one to read it without recognizing the author, or else prognosticating for him a future which, at any rate, should be neither commonplace nor obscure."

This folio sheet, now in my possession, is so significant and is such a charming disclosure of the mind of the author *in esse* that I venture to print it here in full; the omissions and verbal changes of Mr. Balfour are disregarded and the text of the manuscript meticulously adhered to.

"*Thursday May 9th.* Went to office for first time. Had to pass an old sailor and an idiot boy, who tried both to join company with me, lest I should be late for office. A fine sunny breezy morning, walking in. A small boy (about ten) calling out 'Flory' to a dog was very pretty. There was a quaint, little *tremolo* in his voice that gave it a *longing*, that was both laughable and touching. All the rest of the way in, this voice rang in my memory and made me very happy.

"*Friday May 10th.* Office work—copying, at least—is the easiest of labour. There is just enough mind-work necessary to keep you from thinking of anything else, so that one simply ceases to be a reasoning being and feels *stodged* and stupid about the head, a consummation devoutly to be wished for. Miss Fairfoul —girl at Wilson's the tobacconist's—married to Montieth, a nephew of Lord Mar's, the day before yesterday. Miss F. was a good friend of mine and I do not think she will disgrace her new whats-his-name.

"*Sunday May 21st.* My father and I walked over to Glencaise to church. A fat ruddy farm wench showed us the way; for the church, although on the top of a hill, is so buried amg tree tops that one does not see it till one trips against the plate. It is a quaint old building and the minister, Mr. Torrance (his father and grandfather were here before him) is still more quaint and striking. He is about eighty; and he lamed himself last summer dancing a reel at a wedding. He wears black, thread gloves; and the whole manner of the man in the pulpit breathes of last century. After church, my father and I were taken to Woodhouselee to lunch by Professor Tytler. It is a very interesting old place, and the family is *charmante.*

"*Monday May 12th.* In all day at the office. In the evening dined with Bob. Met Catton, who was quite drunk and spent nigh an hour in describing his wife's last hours—an infliction which he lured us to support with sherry ad lib. Splendid moonlight night. Bob walked out to Fairmilehead with me. We were both rather better than good, and in a state of mind that only comes to (*sic*) seldom in

a lifetime. We danced and sang the whole way up the long hill, without sensible fatigue. I think there was no actual conversation—at least none has remained in my memory: I recollect nothing but 'profuse bursts of unpremeditated song.' Such a night was worth gold untold. *Ave! pia testa!* After we parted company at the toll, I walked on counting my money and I noticed that the moon shone upon each individual shilling as I dropped it from one hand to the other; which made me think of that splendid passage in Keats, winding up with the joke about the 'poor, patient oyster.'

"*Wednesday 22nd.* At work all day at Court—work being periphrasis for sitting on my behind, taking three luncheons and running two errands. In the evening, started in the rain alone and seeing a fellow in front I whistled him to wait till I came up. He proved to be a pitworker from Mid Calder, and—faute de mieux—I bribed him by the promise of ale to keep me company as far as New Pentland Inn. I heard from him that the *Internationale* was already on foot at Mid-Calder, but was not making much progress. I acquitted myself as became a child of the *Propietariat* and warned him, quite apostolically against all connextion (*sic*) with this Abomination of Desolation. He seemed much impressed, and more wearied. He told me some curious stories of body-snatching from the lonely little burying ground at old Pentland, and spoke with the exaggerated horror, that I have always observed in common people, of this very excusable misdemeanour. I was very tired of my friend before we got back again; and so I think he was of me. But I paid for the beer; so he had the best of it.

"*Friday July* 5. A very hot, sunny day. The Princess Street Gardens were full of girls and idle men, steeping themselves in the sunshine. A boy lay on the grass under a clump of gigantic hemlocks in flower, that looked quite tropical and gave the whole Garden a southern smack that was intensely charming in my eyes. He was more ragged than one could conceive possible. It occurred to me that I might here play le dieu des pauvres gens and repeat for him that pleasure that I so often try to acquire artificially for myself by hiding money in odd corners and hopelessly trying to forget where I have laid it; so I slipped a halfpenny into his ragged waistcoat pocket. One might write whole essays about his delight at finding it."

Books formerly owned by Stevenson are not easily obtained, and those that become available are quickly snatched up by collectors. In the catalogue of a New York dealer, sent to me about a year ago, I found one of these rarities thus described:

STEVENSON'S COPY WITH AUTOGRAPH

250. ANTONINUS. The Emperor Marcus Antoninus. His Conversation with Himself. Together with the preliminary Discourse of the learned Gataker. Translated by Jeremy Collier. *Portrait by Van der Gucht.* 8vo, old calf in a full green levant-morocco slip-case.

London, 1708 $37.50

Inscribed on inside front cover: "R. L. Stevenson, Sept. 1869." A large number of passages are marked in pencil and there are a few notes. From Stevenson's Library, with book label signed Isobel Strong.

Not less than a thousand collectors had received the catalogue as soon as I, so there was only a little chance that my order would be the first, especially as the price, in my estimation, was only a fraction of the value of this book of unusual association. I read the catalogue of an evening and telephoned early the next morning; the volume was in my hands before night. A day later I received a letter from the dealer asking whether I was satisfied to keep the book—he had "received another order"—doubtless many more.

In the essay "Books Which Have Influenced Me," first published in his thirty-seventh year, Stevenson has this to say of the "Meditations." He had then owned his copy for eighteen years.

"The dispassionate gravity, the noble forgetfulness of self, the tenderness of others, that are there expressed and were practiced on so great a scale in the life of its writer, make this book a book quite by itself. No one can read it and not be moved. Yet it scarcely or rarely appeals to the feelings—those very mobile, those not very trusty parts of man. Its address lies further back: its lesson comes more deeply home; when you have read, you carry away with you a memory of the man himself; it is as though you had

touched a loyal hand, looked into brave eyes, and made a noble friend; there is another bond on you thenceforward, binding you to life and to the love of virtue."

He carried the old tome with him to the South Seas; it bears the Vailima ticket inserted after his death in each volume of his library. The old calf binding still shines with the coat of varnish applied to the covers of all of the books Stevenson had with him in his tropic home to preserve them from the ravages of insects.

Stevenson and George Meredith first met in the spring of 1878. Notwithstanding the wide difference of ages the two men immediately established a sympathetic relation. I have in my collection a letter written by the older friend which in a few words discloses the thoughtful regard in which he held the aspiring young writer.

The year date should be 1879—the common January mistake.

"Box Hill, Dorking
January 14th 1878

"My dear Stevenson,

"I wish you all good things, and best of all, good heart for work, through the year. We were sorry to have missed seeing you, and supposed that Christmas would whirl you off to Edinborotown.

"The Egoist is not yet out of my hands, and when it is I doubt that those who care for my work will take to it. How much better it is always to work in the grooves. From not doing so, I find myself shunning the date of publication: the old dream of pleasure in it has long gone by.— I sent Kegan Paul a poem for the first number of his N. Quarterly M,— He tells me he is not sure when your story will be ready and binds me to produce him one. We can work in the same field, and I am well satisfied to think that we work together. A host of rubbishy applicants assails him already.

"Is the play finished? I should imagine Mr. Henley to be an excellent collaborateur; shall be glad to have the title, and more to sit on the banks and thrill with your great invention. Also I am very curious about the tour. My wife would fain hear what prisons you were taken to, and the general bearing of officials toward you.

"By the way, if now you are at work on everything human, know that this is not to be done without record of an oath to take the Summer for idleness. I could do things had I yearly six months of inertness. What lights would not be seen in my vacancy! and you, bear in mind that you forfeit your richness by labouring it overmuch. At your age do nothing for ambition, nothing for money, so will your production be good and choice, while you now go on amassing treasure for the time when a man may reasonably write for ambition and will be too reasonable to do it. We claim you here to stay with us in the Spring. Present my compliments to your father & mother. My wife & the boy & girl are well. They often speak of you. As to my work, you shall hear of it when you come. Yours ever faithfully

GEORGE MEREDITH."

The "story" by Stevenson which was not yet ready was probably "The Story of a Lie," which appeared in the October number of the new magazine. The "play" was "Deacon Brodie," rewritten from many early experiments but not printed until 1880. The "tour" was "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes": the incidents of that unusual journey were doubtless related to amused listeners when Stevenson visited the Merediths in the following May. The book was not published until June.

No wonder Meredith was curious about the tour. In the previous autumn Stevenson had gone alone to the little mountain town of Monastier in central France. Here he spent nearly a month getting acquainted with the inhabitants, making preparations for the proposed journey, and writing articles with a view to publication. The deliberate object of the journey itself was the production of a book. The first chapter, as originally planned, was to be a description of Monastier and its people. Two separate manuscript drafts of this sketch each headed with the title adopted for the book are in my possession but neither of these trial efforts were included in the published volume. On second thought, the young

writer doubtless realized that as Monastier was not a part of the actual journey, it was scarcely pertinent to devote much space to what was merely the point of departure. The longer of these early drafts formed the major portion of an article entitled "A Mountain Town in France," first published in 1896 in the winter number of *The Studio*, accompanied by illustrations from drawings made by Stevenson himself during his sojourn.

I am fortunate in having three cheery little letters written from Monastier to the mother of the adventurous visitor. All three are hitherto unpublished.

"Sept. 1878.
Chez Marel
Monastier
Haute Loire

"My dear mother,

"I suppose you are now at Buxton, but as you have not sent me your address, I cannot address except to Swanston. I am much better, and in good spirits. The country is beautiful, rather too like the Highlands, but not so grand. The valley of the Gazeille below the village is my favorite spot; a winding dell of cliffs and firwoods with here and there green meadows. The Mézenc, highest point of central France is only a few miles from here. My company consists of one fellow of the Ponts et chaussées, two excise officers, and a precepteur de contributions directes. There are sometimes horrid scenes at table. The Engineer is the best.

"There is news!

Ever your afft son
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

"Chez Marel
au Monastier, Haute Loire

"My dear Mother,

"I heard that my father meant to give me coins for this little banishment. I am in a wager with the world to carry on my affairs at my own expense if I can. But if I am still to have my allowance of £25 a quarter, and you would not mind giving me the arrears of two quarters due, £50, I own I should take that gladly, and should not feel as I had lost my wager.

"I am ill to-day, having both overworked and over-walked yesterday. The people for miles round know me and my gaiters and my cane, by now. 'Vous Rentrez au Monastier?' they cry as I go past. The engineer is a very nice fellow, so my meals go well, and I take a walk with him in the evening before bed. The pension is 3½ francs, say three shillings, a day; and the food capital, really good and plenteous, and the wine much stronger and pleasanter than most ordinaires. Besides which, there is some Saint Joseph, of which I sometimes treat myself to a bottle, which is gaudy fine stuff. I like the country better almost every day, and get on with my sketching better than I could have expected.

Ever your afft son
R. L. S."

"Monastier
Sunday, Sept. 8, 1878.

"My dear mother,

"Rec'd Scots Worthies, *without notes*. However it is a rotten book, and not worth a rush at best. I sketch, I shoot with a revolver, I work, I take long walks; generally, I have a good time; above all I am happy to meet none but strangers; this pleases me greatly. In a little while, I shall buy a donkey and set forth upon my travels to the south; another book ought to come of it. In the meantime, I have scarce enough energy, and still too much work on hand. I must have a clean bill before I start. Tell me about Buxton, and who my father finds to flirt with. I cannot exactly say I wish I were with you, for indeed I am better here by myself; but I wish I wished so

ever your afft son
R. L. S."

What Stevenson put before us in "Travels with a Donkey" is really a quixotic and sentimental journey of the nineteenth century—a modest successor to the classic prototypes of Cervantes and Sterne.

We are told that the traveller wrote the account of his little tour during the ensuing winter, but the fact is that the book was virtually written in the twelve days of the journey itself. There is now in my happy possession the journal in which Stevenson, with a fulness of detail almost marvellous when we consider the circumstances, tells the story of his adventures. This journal, revised and

somewhat amplified, became the text of the book as published.

In view of the unusual character of the journal it seems to me quite worth while to put before the reader a few representative extracts, and to place next to them the same matters as they are related in the book.

The first of these takes us to the inn at which the traveller puts up the first night:

From the Manuscript Journal

"The sleeping-room was double bedded; I had one; and I will own I was somewhat abashed to find a young man and his wife and child in the act of ensconcing themselves in the other. Honi soit, que mal y pense; but I was sufficiently sophisticated to feel abashed. I kept my eyes to myself as much as I could; and I know nothing of the woman except that she had beautiful arms, full, white and shapely; whether she slept naked or in her slip, I declare I know not; only her arms were bare. To be thus admitted into the conjugal alcove struck me as so unaffectedly indiscreet that I sought to make peace with the husband, who told me, over a cup of my brandy, that he was a cooper of Valais travelling to St Etienne in search of work, and that in his spare moments he followed the fatal calling of a maker of matches. We were all tired however and soon slept the sleep of the traveller without fuss or after thought."

From the Book as Published

"The sleeping-room was furnished with two beds. I had one; and I will own I was a little abashed to find a young man and his wife and child in the act of mounting into the other. This was my first experience of the sort; and if I am always to feel equally silly and extraneous, I pray God it be my last as well. I kept my eyes to myself, and know nothing of the woman except that she had beautiful arms, and seemed no whit abashed by my appearance. As a matter of fact, the situation was more trying to me than to the pair. A pair keep each other in countenance; it is the single gentleman who has to blush. But I could not help attributing my sentiments to the husband, and sought to conciliate his tolerance with a cup of brandy from my flask. He told me that he was a cooper of Alais travelling to St. Etienne in search of work, and that in his spare moments he followed the fatal calling of a maker of matches. Me he readily enough divined to be a brandy merchant."

Next we have the succinct description of the village of Florac:

From the Manuscript Journal

"Florac itself, seated among its hills, is as perfect a little town as one could desire to see, with its old castle, its fountain welling from the cleft basin of the hills, its alley of planes, its rugged street corners and infinity of bridges."

From the Book as Published

"On a branch of the Tarn stands Florac, the seat of a subprefecture, with an old castle, an alley of planes, many quaint street-corners, and a live fountain welling from the hill. It is notable, besides, for handsome women, and as one of the two capitals, Alais being the other, of the country of the Camisards."

The contrasted accounts of a camp at night are particularly typical examples of the similarities and differences of the two texts:

From the Manuscript Journal

"A little hollow underneath the oak was my bed. Before I had fed Modestine and arranged my sack, three stars were already brightly shining and the others

From the Book as Published

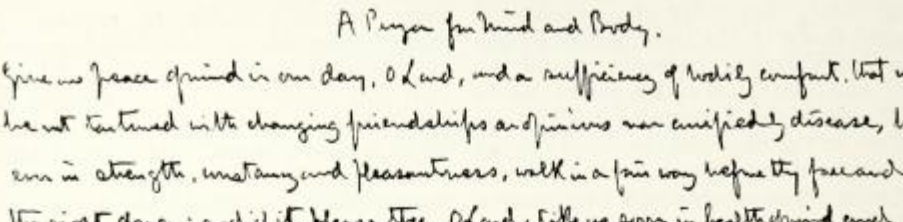
"A hollow underneath the oak was my bed. Before I had fed Modestine and arranged my sack, three stars were already brightly shining, and the others

were dimly beginning to appear. I slipped down to the river, which looked very black among its rocks, to fill my can; and then dined with a good appetite in the dark, for I scrupled to light my lantern in the near nieghborhood (*sic*) of a house, and thereafter lay and smoked a cigarette. The moon which I had seen a pallid crescent all afternoon, faintly illuminated the summits of the hills, but not a ray fell where I lay. The oak rose before me like a pillar of blackness; and overhead the heartsome stars were set in the face of the night. Peace fell from them upon my spirit like a dew. No one knows what a spell they exercise who has not slept afield; slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile*. There is no reason why a man's eyes should love to behold these far away worlds, sprinkled like tapers or shaken together like a silver mist upon the sky, or no more at least than why he should love his children or be ready to give his life for a woman. It is one of the brute facts of human nature; a coolness of the spirit, a content, a quiet gladness, comes from their contemplation; and all ill humours vanish from the soul."

were beginning dimly to appear. I slipped down to the river, which looked very black among its rocks, to fill my can; and dined with a good appetite in the dark, for I scrupled to light a lantern while so near a house. The moon, which I had seen, a pallid crescent, all afternoon, faintly illuminated the summit of the hills, but not a ray fell into the bottom of the glen where I was lying. The oak rose before me like a pillar of darkness; and overhead the heartsome stars were set in the face of the night. No one knows the stars who has not slept, as the French happily put it, *à la belle étoile*. He may know all their names and distances and magnitudes, and yet be ignorant of what alone concerns mankind, their serene and gladsome influence on the mind. The greater part of poetry is about the stars; and very justly, for they are themselves the most classical of poets. These same far-away worlds, sprinkled like tapers or shaken together like a diamond dust upon the sky, had looked not otherwise to Roland or Cavalier, when, in the words of the latter, they had 'no other tent but the sky, and no other bed than my mother earth.' "

While in the published book we find the author has added several paragraphs relating to the history of the region traversed and various reflections, there are in the journal many lines that are not included in the printed text. Among the most notable of these omissions are three little prayers which appear in connection with the incidental visit to "Our Lady of the Snows," and were doubtless the expression of thoughts inspired by the atmosphere of the monastery and intercourse with the devout brethren. The trio is given here with a few prefatory lines from the journal, also hitherto unpublished.

"Apart from all other considerations, the thought of this perpetual succession of prayers made the time seem pleasant to me in the Monastery of our L. of the S. I have, like other people, my own thoughts about prayer; I find some prayers among the noblest reading in the world; Often when I am alone, I find a pleasure in making them for myself, as one would make a sonnet. I share, but cannot approve, the superstition that a man may change, by his supplications the course of the seasons or the linked events of life. I have prayed in my day, like others, for wicked, foolish, or senseless alterations in the scheme of things. But these grasping complaints are not prayer; it is in prayer that a man resumes his attitude towards God and the world; the thought of his heart comes out of him clean and simple; he takes, in Shakespeare's language, a new acquaintance of himself and makes of that a new point of departure in belief and conduct. . . . As I walked beside my donkey on this voyage, I made a prayer or two myself, which I here offer to the reader, as I offer him any other thought that springs up in me by the way. A voyage is a piece of autobiography at best."


A Prayer for Mind and Body.

Give us peace of mind in our day, O Lord, and a sufficiency of bodily comfort, that we be not tortured with changing friendships or opinions nor crucified by disease, but ever in strength, constancy and pleasantness, walk in a fair way before thy face and in the sight of men; and if it please thee, O Lord, take us soon in health of mind and honour of body into thy eternal rest.

From the original manuscript.

A Prayer

"O God who givest us day by day the support of thy kindly countenance and hopeful spirit among the manifold temptations and adventures of this life, having brought us thus far, do not, O God, desert us, but with thy continued favours follow us in our path. Keep us upright and humble, and O thou who equally guidest all mankind through sun and rain, give us thy spirit of great mercy."

A Prayer for Mind and Body

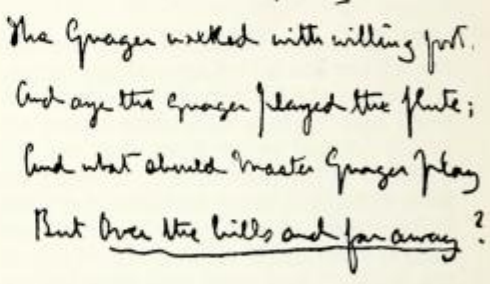
"Give us peace of mind in our day, O Lord, and a sufficiency of bodily comfort, that we be not tortured with changing friendships or opinions nor cru[c]ified by disease, but ever in strength, constancy and pleasantness, walk in a fair way before thy face and in the sight of men; and if it please thee, O Lord, take us soon in health of mind and honour of body into thy eternal rest."

A Prayer for Friends

"God, who hast given us the love of women and the friendship of men, keep alive in our hearts the sense of old fellowship and tenderness; make offences to be forgotten and services remembered; protect those whom we love in all things and follow them with kindnesses, so that they may lead simple and unsuffering lives, and in the end die easily with quiet minds."

On two of the front leaves of the book which was used by Stevenson for the daily record of his "Travels" is a closely written sketch in very small handwriting bearing the title "To the Pentland Hills." This is an early draft of a chapter of "Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes." The anecdote of the Gauger which concludes the manuscript is undoubtedly the genesis of one of the three poems written on several back pages of this same book. In the manuscript the title is "The Guager's* Flute"; this, on publication, was changed to "A Song of the Road." The first stanza will recall to many the lilting lines of the poem.

"The Guager walked with willing foot,
And aye the Guager played the flute;
And what should Master Guager play
But *Over the hills and far away?*"


The Guager's Flute

The Guager walked with willing foot.
And aye the Guager played the flute;
And what should Master Guager play
But Over the hills and far away?

From the original manuscript.

The inciting anecdote is here printed from the manuscript; the text was revised when published.

"Down below upon a stream the road passes Bow Bridge, now a dairy farm, but once a distillery of whiskey. It chanced in the last century, that the distiller was on terms of good fellowship with

* Stevenson was not an accurate speller; the word Gauger is always Guager in the manuscript of both anecdote and poem.

the visiting officer of excise. This latter was a man of an easy, friendly disposition, and a master of convivial accomplishments. Every now and again, he walked out of Edinburgh to measure his friend's stock; it was a double-faced predicament, agreeable enough when one's business lead one in a friend's direction, but painful to be the cause of loss to a host. Accordingly when he got to the level of Fairmilehead the guager would take his flute, without which he never travelled, from his pocket, fit it together, and as if inspired by the beauty of the neighborhood, proceed to play a certain air as hard as ever he could. At the first note, the distiller pricked his ears. A flute at Fairmilehead? and playing 'Over the hills and far away?' It was his friend the Guager. Instantly, a horse was put to: and sundry barrels were got upon a cart and driven furiously round by Hill-End, and concealed in the mossy glen behind Kirk Yetton. At the same time, you may be sure, a fat fowl was put to the fire, and the best napery brought out. A little after, the Guager having had his fill of music for the moment walked down with the most innocent air, and found the good people at Bow Bridge taken entirely unaware by his arrival, but none the less glad to see him. In the evening, the guager's flute and the distiller's liquors would combine to pass the rosy hours; and I dare say, when both were a little mellow, the proceedings would terminate with 'Over the hills and far away', to an accompaniment of knowing glances."

Another of the poems which follow the manuscript of the "Travels" has for title the name of the young peasant who, without military training but with a genius for war, was chosen brigadier of the Camisards at seventeen. The romantic career of John Cavalier readily appealed to Stevenson, who himself would have loved the life of a guerilla.

In fact, his interest was so aroused that he contemplated writing a story based on the marvellous life of the young hero. The reader of "Travels with a Donkey" will recall the allusions to the bloody battles of the rebellious mountaineers with the soldiers of the king, but here, for the first time, he may read the poem written by Stevenson while in the very country of the intrepid Camisards, who fought the fight of faith in those intricate hills more than two centuries ago.

John Cavalier

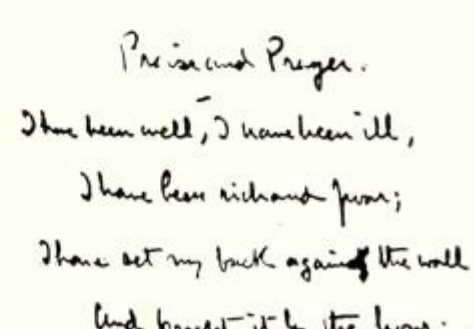
"These are your hills, John Cavalier.
Your father's kids you tended here,
And grew, among these mountains wild,
A humble and religious child.—
Fate turned the wheel; you grew and grew;
Bold Marshalls doffed the hat to you;
God whispered counsels in your ear
To guide your sallies, Cavalier.

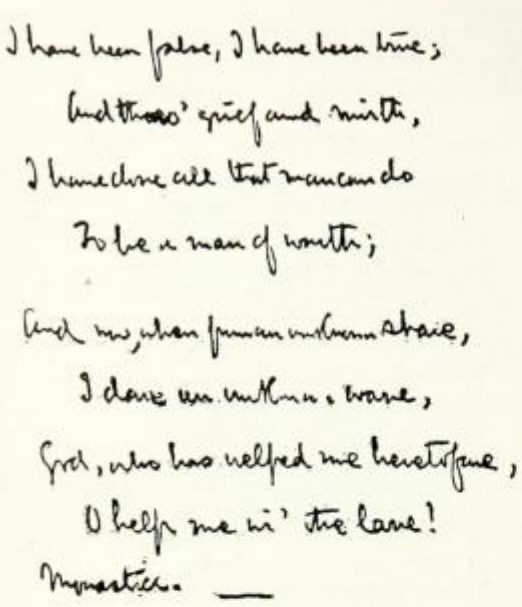
You shook the earth with martial tread;
The ensigns fluttered by your head;
In Spain or France, Velay or Kent,
The music sounded as you went.—
Much would I give if I might spy
Your brave battalions marching by;
Or, on the wind, if I might hear
Your drums and bugles, Cavalier.

In vain. O'er all the windy hill,
The ways are void, the air is still,
Alone, below the echoing rock,
The shepherd calls upon his flock.—
The wars of Spain and of Cevennes,
The bugles and the marching men,
The horse you rode for many a year—
Where are they now, John Cavalier?

All armies march the selfsame way
Far from the cheerful eye of day;
And you and yours marched down below
About two hundred years ago.
Over the hills, into the shade,
Journeys each mortal cavalcade;
Out of the sound, out of the sun,
They go when their day's work is done;
And all shall doff the bandoleer
To sleep with dead John Cavalier."

The third poem from the same source —as characteristic of the author as any from his pen—has also remained unpublished until now.





From the original manuscript.

Praise and Prayer.

"I have been well, I have been ill,
I have been rich and poor;
I have set my back against the wall
And fought it by the hour;

I have been false, I have been true;
And thro' grief and mirth,
I have done all that man can do
To be a man of worth;

And now, when from an unknown shore,
I dare an unknown wave,
God, who has helped me heretofore,
O help me wi' the lave!"

Monastier.

In the course of a few years several editions of the "Travels with a Donkey" were called for by a public gradually awaking to the charm of the new writer. We must now take leave of Modestine with this note of the author to his publishers:

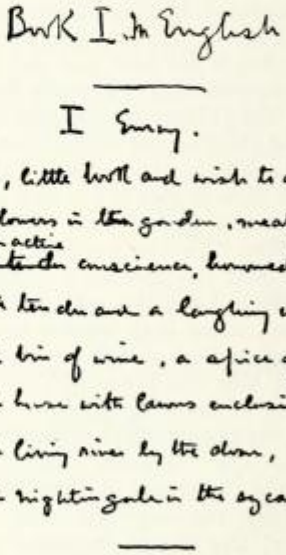
"Skerryvore
Bournemouth
June 5th 1886

"Messrs. R. & R. Clark
"Dear Sirs

"What has become of me and my donkey? She was never a fast traveller, but she has taken longer to come through Hanover Street than to cross Gévaudan. There must be carrots in your office. Please see to it, and let me hear

Yours truly
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

I have been more than fortunate in obtaining original manuscripts of Stevenson's poems; no less than ten of those contained in the first edition of "Underwoods" are in my collection. There is no material difference between the text of these manuscripts and that of the poems as published except in the "Envoy" and "Requiem." The "Envoy" was written at Bournemouth, and Stevenson in the little verse was describing in the "wish for all" his own home there, called Skerryvore, which Thomas Stevenson had bought as a gift for his daughter-in-law. In this, its original form, the poem has two extra lines, the third and fourth.

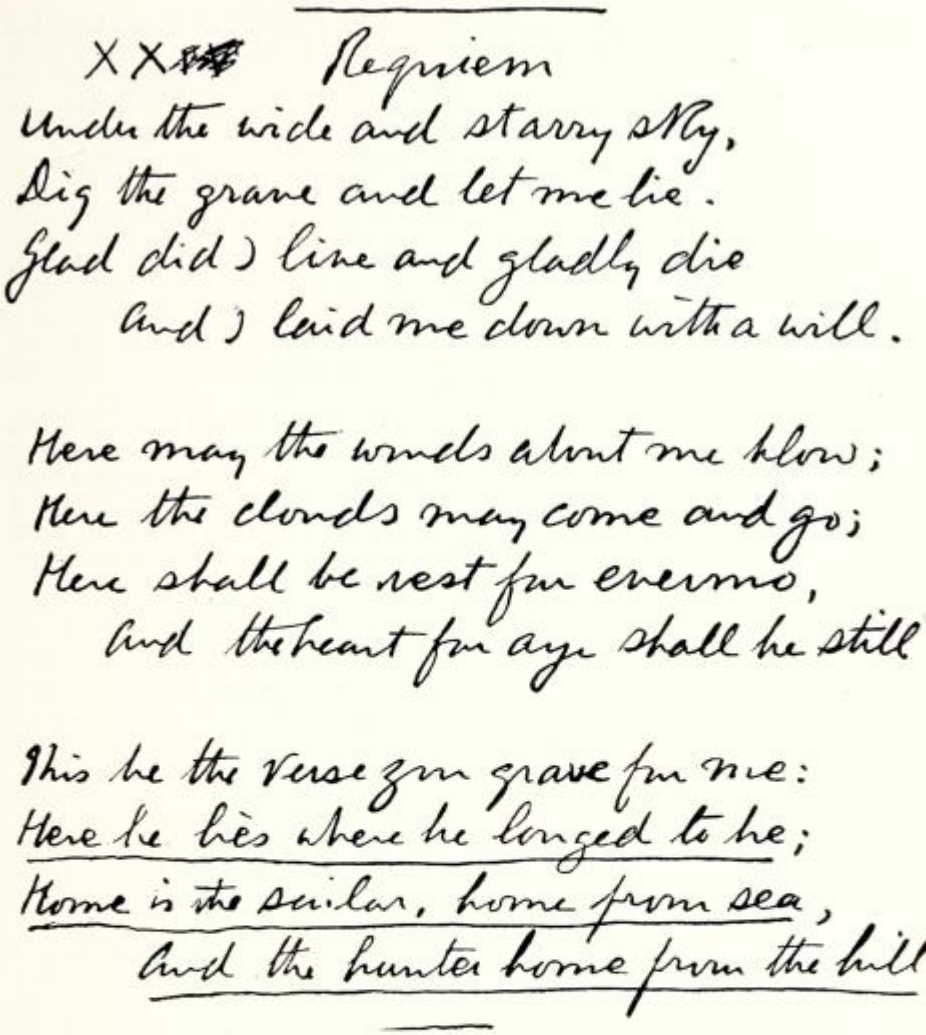


From the original manuscript.

I Envoy.

"Go, little book and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall
An active conscience, honored life,
A tender and a laughing wife,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore!"

The "Requiem," by general verdict Ste-



From the original manuscript.

venson's poetical masterpiece, has in the manuscript an extra stanza, placed between the two ever-familiar verses.

XX Requiem

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.

Here may the winds about me blow;
Here the clouds may come and go;
Here shall be rest for evermo,
And the heart for aye shall be still

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill"

I have, as well, manuscripts of eight more poems, most of them written in the South Seas, and I am also fortunate in the possession of a folio book, used by Stevenson for experiments in poetry. Here are scores of poems in the making, together with several quite complete. Altogether a manuscript volume to be treasured for all time.

Several years after the death of Stevenson his wife sent to Dodd and Livingston, of New York City, to be sold for her account, the title-page and first ten chapters of the original manuscript of "Kidnapped," comprising sixty-two folio leaves. I bought them. A few years later I obtained from the same source the manuscript of chapters eleven to twenty-six inclusive, and all but the last leaf of chapter twenty-seven, comprising one hundred and one folio leaves. Later still, a thorough search was made for the missing leaf and the last three chapters. Only the single leaf was found. This I have. No trace of the missing chapters has been discovered, but my collecting luck has been so remarkably good that I still have hopes of some day receiving an almost magic letter telling me how these lacking sheets were mislaid (perhaps by the printer) and offering them to me. It is needless to say that I stand ready to show my most generous appreciation if in this or in any other way I am put in a position to complete the manuscript.

Stevenson himself says of "Kidnapped": "In one of my books, and in one only, the characters took the bit in their teeth; all at once, they became detached from the flat paper, they turned their back on me and walked off bodily; and from that time my task was stenographic—it was they who spoke, it was they who wrote the remainder of the story."

There is a letter in my collection, written when the story was all but completed, which has already been printed in part. It is surely worth while to give it here in full (omitting only inconsequential postscripts) so as to further emphasize the author's own opinion of the tale. The letter is without place but was undoubtedly written at Bournemouth.

"Jan. 25th, 1886.

"My dear father,

"Many thanks for a letter quite like yourself. I quite agree with you and had already planned a scene of religion in D. Balfour, the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge furnishes me with a catechist whom I shall try to make the man. I have another catechist, the blind, pistol-carrying highway robber, whom I have transferred from the Long Island to Mull. I find it a most picturesque period, and wonder Scott let it escape. The Covenant is lost on one of the Torrans, and David is cast on Earraid, where (being from inland) he is nearly starved before he finds out the island is tidal. Then he crosses Mull to Torosay, meeting the blind catechist by the way; then crosses Morven from Kinlochaline to Kingairloch, where he stays the night with the good catechist; that is where I am; next day he is to be put ashore in Appin, and be present at Colin Campbell's death.

"Today I rest, being a little run down. Strange how liable we are to brain fag in this scooty family! But as far as I have got, all but the last chapter, I think David is on his feet, and (to my mind) a far better story and far sounder at heart than Treasure Island.

"I have no earthly news, living entirely in my story and only coming out of it to play patience. The Shelleys are gone; the Taylors kinder than can be imagined. The other day Lady Taylor drove over and called on me; she is a delightful old lady and great fun. I mentioned a story about the Duchess of Wellington which I had heard Sir Henry tell; and though he was very tired, he looked it up and copied it out for me in his own hand. The Vandergrifter is pretty vandergriftly; I am well, only for this touch of overwork which annoys me but does me no harm I think.

"I do trust Bath may do the trick; but I suspect the great thing is rest. Mind your allowance; stick to that: if you are too tired, go to bed; don't call in the aid of the enemy, for as long as you are in this state, an enemy it is and a dangerous one.

Believe me
Ever your most affectionate son
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON"

In another published letter, also in my collection, which was written to his father shortly after the book was issued, Stevenson makes this happy forecast:

"David seems really to be going to succeed: which is a pleasant prospect on all sides. I am I believe floated financially; a book that sells will be a pleasant novelty. I enclose another review; mighty

complimentary and calculated to sell the book too."

Let me remind the reader that David and Alan within sight of their goal turned back after the unsuccessful attempt to pass the sentry at the bridge of Forth. They stopped at a small inn in Limekilns and bought bread and cheese from the good-looking maid in charge. They departed, but a little later returned to the inn, and Alan then, by a bit of excusable deception, so worked on the sympathies of the susceptible lass that she promised to find means to put them over the water to Queensferry. In the book as published the intrepid girl who brought the refugees to safety is not mentioned by name. That Stevenson had intended definitely to identify her is disclosed in a few cancelled lines of the manuscript.

"To make a long story short, she was as good as her word and about eleven of the clock came by herself in a boat, and set us across near Carriden. Her name, she said, was Alison Hastie. She would have none of ours though I offered to tell her mine, and having shown herself in all things a very good friend to us, she shook us by the hand and got again into her boat for the return."

When I acquired the second batch of the manuscript I found with it a folio leaf containing a "Note to Kidnapped," incomplete, but very interesting as far as it goes. It is here first printed.

Note to Kidnapped

"I have prepared myself or begun to prepare myself for several works of history; the mountains were repeatedly in travail, and mice, in the shape of little story books, were the best of my results. The best of all my designs, a History of the Highlands from the Union to the Present day; social, literary, economical and religious, embracing the 15, and the 45, the collapse of the Clan System, and the causes and the growth of existing discontents, I bequeath to a more qualified successor. I was myself debarred by the difficulties of the Gaelic language and the state of my health which made of me an exile from my native country; but I desisted with regret, having grown more and more convinced of the utility and interest of the work. It was in the course of these highland studies that I bought, in the city of Inverness, the printed trial of James Stewart bound up with a critical examination of the evidence; I suppose the volume cost me a few shillings, and has proved certainly the best of my investments. I was taken with the tale from the beginning; no one so dull, but must have been struck with the picturesque details; no one at all acquainted with the Highlands, but must have recognized in this tragedy something highly typical of the place and time. Agrarian crime in Scotland had a colour of antique and disinterested virtue; it was in the cause of the exiled chief, not of the tenant —it was for another, not for himself, that the murderer acted. Hence a part of the pleasure with which I considered this old trial; hence, I determined to found upon it a narration of fact; and hence, in order to make certain of my local colour, I visited Appin in the early summer of 1880. It was the last of many journeys with my father. It was the first time I had travelled with him since we were at all on a footing of equality. The weather was very wild; we were confined whole days to the inn parlour, at Glenorchy, at Oban and elsewhere; but the time sped with that delightful comrade. I have rarely been well received among strangers, never if they were womenfolk; and I recall how it pleased and amused me to be a sharer in my father's popularity, and in the public sitting rooms to be the centre of delighted groups of girls: the stormy and tender old man with the noble mouth and the great luminous eyes, had, almost to the end, so great a gift of pleasing. At Balachulish, we had no difficulty in finding the cairn that still marks the place of death; and when we inquired after"

As the reader knows, this article, for the most part, is Stevenson's own writing; in fact there is so much by Stevenson and so little by William Harris Arnold that some may say, Why put your name to it at all? I don't want to go to that extreme, for I do desire recognition for bringing to light a considerable body of original Stevenson material, hitherto unpublished, which can now receive the attention it deserves.

Volunteer night-school teachers.
A most *advanced* picture; women and men both in *same* photograph.

Miss China

BY EMMA SAREPTA YULE
Author of "Filipino Feminism" and "Japan's New Woman"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WALLS surround the cities in China; walls surround the dwellings inside the city walls; in the country there are walls around the villages, even the farmstead is inclosed with some kind of a wall. Turn where you will, look where you will, a gloomy wall confronts you. To one accustomed to open domain, wide outlook, the walls are depressing, repressing, exasperating. One feels so shut out and so sorry for the shut-in.

Behind the walls, whether topped with brilliant blue or yellow tiles or just dull-gray stone or common clay, hollyhocks, ofttimes push their sturdy stems up tall enough for the gay blossoms to nod a bright greeting over the wall. Miss China, the new young woman in this oldest of old countries, like the hollyhocks, is pushing her way above the walls that have shut her in so long and is calling to the outside world a cheerful, hopeful "hello!" Poor soil, poor seed, frost, pinching back of bud and young stem by elders who face always the wisdom-paved past—these things keep the many too stunted to reach even peeking-over height, but the few who overtop are a cheering sight, as good to see among this custom-corralled people, as are the hollyhocks behind the dreary walls.

Miss China is doing more than looking

over the walls: she is getting outside. She is so plucky, so determined, that it is quite thrilling to watch her at work, making holes, climbing over, any way to get outside.

"The struggle between the new and old in China," is a current phrase. Instead of a struggle it appears to be more of a mighty holding on to the old by the old and the conservative young, a pathetic rebellion against change. In her grasp of the old as it touches her personal life, the hold of woman is fairly tenacious. The ideas, acts, ambitions of Miss China shock her soul and her soul's loyalty to her ancestral past. She is implacable to the arguments for emancipation, freedom. Always there are exceptions, but the new woman in China is essentially a young woman; a young woman who from the platform says: "Some lay all the blame of the dark condition of our country on our unenlightened government. I say that the most unenlightened of all are our Chinese women. First, we bind our feet; second, our minds are bound; third, we are the inferiors or servants of our husbands."

Miss China campaigning.

With this third condition allowance must be made for the hyperbole of oratory, it should not be taken too literally and too sweepingly. The world of the Chinese woman for so long that one can safely say *always*, has been limited to the space and life within her home walls; but in that world if she has the personality, the force, and is the mother of sons, she is dominant. The respect for parents is so emphasized by the doctrines of Confucius and other venerated teachers that the regard in which children hold their father and mother is almost worship, in fact it is the fibre of the religion of the country. This sanctified custom of filial reverence when the mother possesses ability and energy, makes her supreme in the realm of the household to a degree difficult for a Western woman to comprehend. Not only are her children dominated, frequently she exercises a formative and restraining influence over her husband's mind. Her counsels may not be wise always, the point is that they prevail. The Chinese mother, when she is of the controlling type, is often not loath to use her power to the utmost. The Empress Dowager is not the only woman autocrat China has known. This vigorous, sometimes tyrannical, sway of the household sceptre has preserved and developed virility in character and mind in the Chinese woman doomed for so many centuries to a life compassed by walls and restricted by adamant customs. To-day she is narrow in experience, limited in outlook, and usually with little learning gained from books, but she is not spineless, clinging. There are, of course, countless Chinese women who, weak, stupid, or both, are but shadows in their households. To them may be applied the Chinese saying: "Rotten wood cannot be carved, nor a clay wall be plastered." But apparently, there have always been enough of the type of the Old Buddha to keep intact and pass on, practical sagacity, a power

to direct, and a ready incisive tongue. Without this heritage of mind and spirit it would have taken more than one or even two generations of the "new education" to produce Miss China.

As a factor to be considered in public affairs, Miss China made her début in the mammoth student movement in 1919, when thousands of students in both private and government schools rose in protest against the part Japan was being permitted to take in the government of China. The definite protest was against three pro-Japanese officials in the government.

This student's movement is a sign of a national consciousness forming in China. It does not voice the North, or the South, it speaks for China. Some may characterize it as the effervescence of overzealous boys and girls or attribute it to more unworthy forces, but in China where the roots of dissension and sectionalism penetrate into a soil formed before Europe was even mapped, the unity of the movement shows that a new mentality, a new spirit is in the making in this country with a great Past and a possible great Future.

With one voice on a prearranged day, thousands of China's youth in the best schools said: "We attend no more classes until our demands regarding certain pro-Japanese officials are met." To give this protest added force they declared a boycott against Japanese goods. These strikers stirred citizens from their lethargy, aroused and formed public opinion to an astonishing degree; they established their own strength by orderly parades, street demonstrations, street-corner speeches. In the end Young China made concessions, but on the whole could claim victory. Peking's cabinet knew no more certain officials with ear prone to listen to the tinkle of the yen, or with rabbit hearts or chicken brains when Nippon's fist was raised, or her specious tongue spoke subtleties. In Versailles, China's delegation could stand firm in refusing to sign the treaty which they held dishonorable to their country, for China's aroused youth supported this stand. Smug age in China feels the power of long-ignored youth. Ability to read the printed page and the lengthening diameter of personal experience has given these young men and women clearer vision than their elders. Not being insulated by custom and self-interest they are electrified into action by the newer mental currents circling the world. It is idle to speak of this movement as mere youthful ebullition, to call their ideas "fantastic delusions." It is a new force in China, potent, as Japanese manufacturers and exporters, as well as statesmen, can testify—for who so radical, so extreme, as the young? Age may let convenience modify principle, but not youth.

Miss China's part in this movement and organization is by no means a minor one. And the men students, to their credit be it told, give Miss China her due in running over measure. They take a vast pride in her and her achievements. Parents in most cases objected forcibly to their daughters taking part in parades and street demonstrations. It filled the mothers with horror and shook the citadels of their feminine pride. But their wishes were disregarded and their commands disobeyed. In a country where obedience to parents is a religion this made a considerable breach in the wall of custom. Miss China in choosing, placed principle and patriotism against parental authority and regard for traditional standards. "We are taught by our sages to obey our fathers and mothers, but our Republic is the father and mother of four hundred millions. Therefore, we should place the interests of our greater father and mother above the wishes of our own parents," proclaimed a speaker at a mass-meeting in a girls' school. A Joan of Arc light illumined her face as she spoke these words of revolutionary heresy.

Many girl students were curbstone speakers who carried conviction to the crowds they drew. The voluble, forceful tongue of the household ruler has been handed on to the daughters for use in wider spheres. Queries as to whether the girls had unpleasant experiences from the crowds in street speaking and demonstrations always brought a negative answer. "What was the effect on the girls of this sudden radical breaking away from the usages as old as the race?" was asked a quiet, gentle, earnest young woman who had been active in two large centres. "In a few cases the girls became rather bois-

terous in manner and speech, but in general I could note no effect. We knew we were being severely criticised, so we were very careful. Then why should it make a girl less a lady to do her duty in public than in private? To march, to carry a banner, to stand on the street and tell our ignorant fellow citizens what must be done for the good of our country need not make a girl less a gentlewoman." This young woman's opinion as to the bearing of the girls is corroborated by older observers of both sexes. Many bear witness to the dignity and seriousness of the girl students in this period, for it was no mere incident.

In February, 1920, a year after the first public expression of the students, Miss China demonstrated that she could form her own opinion and keep it formed under heavy pressure. The Students' Organization, which claims some millions of members, decided to strike as a protest against China's entering into negotiations with Japan on the Shantung question. The girls did not approve of this, but being a minority, could not prevent it, but in Peking and Nanking and some lesser centres they decided they would not take part in any way. "This was a matter involving foreign diplomacy, and far too wide in its ramifications for young or old citizens to proclaim an ultimatum," was the way one prominent young college woman explained their stand. "We were willing to petition and show where we stood, but would go no further. The strike," she continued, "is a weapon, but to be effective it must not be used too often and only to stimulate and arouse public opinion. If it is used often the striker becomes like a stubborn child, who rolls on the floor and screams when it is not given what it wants." The boys coaxed, jeered as only enthusiastic youth can for its own ends, but the girls were immovable. And it was later conceded that they showed the better judgment, the better balance.

Zealous crusaders.

At right, Zee Yuh-tsung, first Chinese woman to teach men's classes; Wu-Yi-fong, at left, mathematics teacher in Girls' Higher Normal School.

There is a gallant audacity that makes the imagination flame and stirs the fighting blood, in Miss China's undertaking hand in hand with her brother, to set China in order, to form cosmos out of chaos. Such a massive mess as the country is! There is no ailment that a political-science doctor would not find present in a diagnosis. But, undaunted, Miss China purposes to devote her brain and body to the curing of these ailments. "We Chinese girls were often told at college that we were too serious," said a graduate just back from the United States. "We could only say in defense that though we, too, loved fun we had no time for it, we had so much to learn, particularly about sociology, political science, and especially municipal government. I said to some girls one day, 'Your grandfathers and fathers have worked out all these problems for you, so you don't have to worry, but we Chinese girls and boys must study and learn about these things,

for on us depends very largely the future of our country. Her only hope is in her young students who have such opportunities as we. That's why we seem serious.'"

"What are the duties that face the class of 1919?" asked the class orator in Ginling College. "They are national obligations, social obligations, college obligations, and family obligations." "Woman's only function is to produce sons and her life's duty is housekeeping," was the corner-stone and the cope-stone of this young orator's mother's education, and of her mother's and all Chinese mothers farther back than the mind's periscope can penetrate.

Obviously, the story of the new young woman in China is largely a story of education, of the new education from the West. Generally speaking, in all advancement education is the motive force, but in this eon-old country in this particular move forward, it is education in the sense of that obtained in schools that is specifically, literally the dynamics. One wonders if the teaching brought from across the Pacific at such an enormous outlay of devotion, energy, and material wealth may not be the stone cut out of the mountain in Nebuchadnezzar's dream. It certainly has done considerable smashing of images in the Celestial Empire. Just at present some of the bearers of the new education are looking with bewilderment at the product which they have helped to make. Elements outside of the classroom have quickened the recipient of the orthodox teachings into a creature entirely beyond the ken of the instructors. Miss China amazes them; they are aghast at her ideas, her actions. But Miss China is neither confused nor uncertain.

Clear-sighted, she sees that it requires a much greater store of facts and a clearer understanding of the relation of these facts, and infinitely more self-knowledge and self-adjustment, for one to live in the wall-less open in free intercourse with fellow beings than to spend one's life span safely immured. So she is eager for wider, more advanced education for herself. She also realizes that the leaven of knowledge must be put in the lower levels of the population to accomplish the leavening of all. "Little can be done with the older generations, but their day cannot be for long, and the coming generation must be prepared. Not only leaders must be educated but the masses also, at least, so they can read. There will be improved communication. In these two things lies the only hope of China's maintaining her integrity and becoming the nation that the character of the Chinese and the greatness of the country warrants," is the opinion of a young woman recently returned with her diploma from an American college.

With realization has come action. Miss China is at work without blare of trumpets or waving of banners, but with the true crusading spirit. "We must have a primary school in every village," said one crusader. "That means that thousands of girls now in school must have the courage to go to these villages and teach. It will take tact to create the desire for education in the children as well as the parents. It will take character to face the hard conditions of living as well. But we must do it if the China we are working for is to become a reality."

Consider the size, the topography of China. Look up a little on the communication and transportation facilities in the country. Try to visualize the villages, the interior towns. Try to conceive of the more than four hundred millions of population. Then do homage to the courage and patriotism of Miss China. And remember she knows the conditions. What gives one faith in her fight against the colossal mass of ignorance, is that while her vision is on the future she is busy with the little tasks at hand. In one large government Girls' Normal School, the students of their own accord conduct night classes for the employees of the school and their families; in China the employees in such an institution are far greater in number than in the West. To buy books and other necessities for the work the girls give entertainments. At a mission school many of the girls carry on neighborhood classes for adults and children. These two instances multiplied by all the girls' schools, both mission and government, in China, would give a product fairly well within the bounds of truth. An aid in this work is the new "Chinese Esperanto," which, it is claimed,

so simplifies reading that the art is within the possibility of acquirement by the masses, which it is not with the old ideographs, to a degree of ready book and newspaper reading.

Going to school is a new thing, a novelty for Chinese girls. It is only within the last fifteen years or so that there was any opportunity outside the mission schools for girls to become "book educated." Not that there were not educated women, and according to the standard highly so, but there was no provision for it. Education was not considered necessary, "a woman without talent was virtuous." "Why give books to girls, the only use they make of them is to keep their embroidery silks between the leaves," was and still is a very commonly expressed opinion in China. Only here and there was a girl, favored by the fates or the gods, taught even how to sip at the fount of learning. And her sipping was all done inside walls with no glimpse of the world outside. Even now when they are crowding around this old fount gulping and gurgling, in numbers enormously large in comparison with a decade ago, the percentage of the whole population is appallingly low. This percentage Miss China intends to increase, and at the same time sweep in her brothers and even some fathers and mothers; age and sex do not disqualify in her campaign against illiteracy.

"Going away to school," does not mean for many hundreds of Chinese girls attending the intermediate and normal schools, a tearful "good-by till Christmas," after an excited packing; then a comfortable trip of a few hours consoled by boxes of chocolates. No, little Miss China packs her little wooden box or maybe just a bag, says good-by for four, five, six or more years, and journeys for days, sometimes for three or more weeks over roads that were deeply rutted when Christ was born and have never known repair. She is transported by bull-cart, on donkey back, in wheelbarrow, and if she can afford it, in a sedan-chair. On wide river and narrow swift stream she travels in boats of the model popular in China when Ulysses was finding respite from stupid hearth and poky knitting Penelope in "smiting the sounding furrows." On the boat with Athena's acolyte is produce of divers kinds, both animal and vegetable and both odorous and malodorous. If the gods are good and the bad spirits keep their proper route she may cover the last part of the journey in style on a railroad train or steamboat. At last she reaches school, a lonesome homesick mite. Some way as one looks at these plucky pleasant-faced schoolgirls, one's faith in Miss China's education campaign stiffens. One wants to pin orders for heroic courage on their blouses, kiss them on both cheeks, and otherwise acclaim them as among the brave. They surely exemplify their own saying: "Love of knowledge without the will to learn casts the shadow of instability."

The old tragic tales about the unpopularity of girl-babies in China will soon take their place with Bluebeard, for the pouring of girls into schools will change their status. Pater China's objection to daughters, providing he has a son to see to his spiritual life after his earthly days are ended, is largely economic. She is a burden, a parasite, not only an unproductive item but her dower must be provided. This, in addition to maintenance, is a load in this land where the struggle to survive is so hard. But the possibility of a daughter's becoming a producer, changes the aspect. In speaking on this subject, a teacher, a mission-school product, the oldest of her family, said: "I am held in much esteem by my father and family and relatives, because at the age of fifteen I began to earn money teaching, and have been the main support of the family ever since, as my father is a paralytic. He calls me with pride, 'my son.' The whole question is economic, financial, aside from the desire of every father for a son to carry on his name and family."

With the influx of girls into the higher schools comes the inevitable question of co-education. It is now much to the fore as a topic of discussion in press, on platform, and over the teacup. In a popular vote the ballot would be "against" undoubtedly. The mission schools do not favor it, "not yet ready," although at Canton Christian College, girls take science courses with boys, and work with them in the laboratory. In the premedical school of the Union Medical

College recently opened in Peking by the Rockefeller Foundation, two girls entered in the fall of 1919. They did this without solicitation on the part of the college. To the question, "How did you happen to come?" one answered, "My father wished me to," the other, "I always wanted to be a doctor and my parents consented." These "co-eds" lived in the college compound, the only girl students. When asked if it had not been lonesome, they replied: "Not often, we've been too busy." Though not brilliant, they held their own in all classwork. Their American professors said that they would never have known from class attitude of both boys and girls that coeducation was not the usual thing. True, girls choosing a medical course would be of a serious turn of mind; still in talking with them they seemed not averse to life's lighter side. The two girls with a Chinese woman-doctor doing postgraduate work in the college, were often seen on the tennis-courts in a lively game of doubles or singles with their masculine college mates.

Wah Mo-yin, physical director, girls' middle school, Peking.

Considerable space is here given to coeducation, old and scuffed though the topic be, because it is not only a milestone in Miss China's advancing attack, but her views reveal something of her caliber. One gathers that when she favors coeducation it is not because of added diversion in her life, but for educational advantages. In all work above the most elementary, the government does not equip the girls' schools anything like so completely as the schools for boys. The mission schools cannot usually provide adequate laboratories and well-stocked libraries. So where and how is Miss China to secure proper modern teaching and opportunity? She probably never heard of Cleveland's classic "It is a condition not a theory that confronts us," but she recognizes the situation in her own vocabulary. So quite a swelling chorus is heard: "If you will not equip our schools, let us attend the boys' schools." She also claims that working together in the higher institutions will lead to that acquaintanceship and interchange of ideas with young men which is so essential for citizenship. Miss China never loses sight of her belief that she must be a real citizen of her country, not just a taxpayer.

A hyperprogressive principal of a teachers' college in Nanking, the old southern capital with its Ming tombs antedating the famed ones of Peking, defied his board last year and appointed Zee Yuh-tsung as teacher of Western history to boys. The board, to a man, was scandalized that so inferior a creature as woman should be put as instructor of males, and in so profound a subject as history. It is claimed that Miss Zee is the first Chinese woman to be appointed to teach masculine pupils above primary age; even in this grade the women teachers are a new thing. That Miss Zee made good is established by her reappointment without protest. She is also instructor in English to young men in this same institution.

With the sapient counsels of Confucius, which every Chinese girl must learn, are now being mixed the rules and the lore

A room used in an institute for mothers, Shanghai Y. W. C. A.

of the gymnasium. Muscles restricted by rules and formality are being loosened and brought into normal use in many schools. It was something of a revelation, as it was a genuine delight, to watch Wah Mo-yih, a graduate of the Y. W. C. A. Normal Physical Training Course, Shanghai, conduct a class in a girls' middle school in Peking. Her vim, snap, comprehension of what she was doing, and her magnetic personality made one long to leave the side-lines for the floor. The pride of the girls in their natty "gym" suits was delightful and most feminine. It is only a question of getting enough Miss Wah's trained to do the teaching, when physical training will be a part of the work in all the government schools. To predict Miss China, at no remote day, in riding togs of extreme cut, astride her mount, galloping over the country; in a bathing suit of textile-shortage design mermaiding in lake or surf, may appear flying high in prophecy, though it seems a moderate flight after one has seen her at a hotel tea dance held in a cabaret clasp by a brother or possibly cousin, tripping the light fox-trotting toe.

That the major part of the credit for the starting of the modern club idea among the women of China belongs to the Y. W. C. A. is a statement that would hardly be questioned. A world-wide woman's organization it logically, where it locates, becomes the mother of other organizations for women. That is part of its business. In December, 1920, at a reception by the American Woman's Club in Shanghai for the wife of the American representative for the Chinese Consortium, Mrs. H. C. Mei of the Y. W. C. A. of China, in an address, said: "There are ten Y. W. C. A.'s of as many cities engaging the energies of purely Chinese women directors, secretaries, and assistants. Women have accomplished good work in the Red Cross, flood, and famine relief. Women doctors and nurses, both home-and-foreign-trained, are patiently laboring for social amelioration, some conducting hospitals, dispensaries, and nursing schools, and with success and credit. Here and there are social-service leagues, alumnæ societies, and social clubs. In Shanghai there is a Returned Students' Club composed of women, an athletic association, and the recently organized Chinese Woman's Club. All

these societies have been formed for the purpose of promoting the common interest of women or in response to some vaguely felt, undefined, but none the less real, need of unity of plan and action."

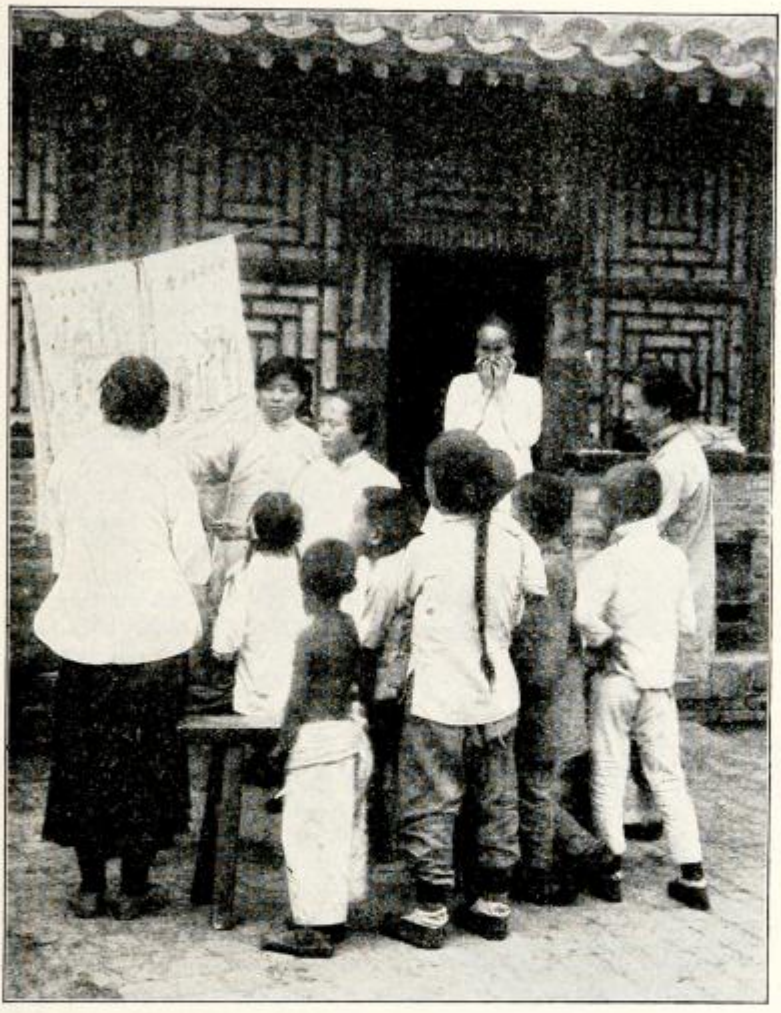
Of all the forms of club work, that which has for its object the practical helping of the needy, the unfortunate, is of the greatest interest, for China is strictly Oriental in the humane attitude. "Where further increase in population means increase in severity of the struggle for subsistence, aggressive benevolence is not likely to assume large proportions," is Doctor Dewey's explanation for this attitude in China. May it not be possible that through China's women learning how to give the cup of cold water a change may be wrought in spite of the hard struggle to live?

In Peking one woman's club, less than two years old, has among its members women of means and prominence. None were educated abroad and few are Christians. In its work, which is wholly along social-service lines, this club is associated with the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., and other organizations. There are seven departments in the club; health, craft work, and playground work indicate the lines of endeavor. The talks on health and hygiene in neighborhoods, sometimes in houses, more often in the streets, are given mostly by young women students and teachers. They show far greater interest and persistence than the young men. Last year a "better baby campaign" was enthusiastically carried out even unto the "best baby" prize-giving day. The department under which poor women gather and sew and receive the receipts for their work when sold, and are taught new hand crafts, calls to mind the well-worn pebble and the well-known lake, because of the certain results that this new, practical, sane form of helping the poor will have on woman's future charity work in China. Chinese women are not averse to giving, but they have not practised the real help of creating self-dependence, nor been interested outside their acquaintances. The playground is a joy dispenser to scores of children who otherwise would know no play. No children who attend any school are admitted. But the big thing is, that Chinese women are giving help to those not of their kin; are feeling responsibility for human beings not in their own courtyard. This club is cited as a type of those coming into existence in increasing numbers throughout the country.

Chinese young women are putting new vigor into the temperance work. One organizer said that this was necessary to offset the increase of breweries and other alcohol factories in China since the adoption of the prohibition amendment in the United States. "We do not want alcohol to get the hold opium was allowed to, because China was not organized against it," said this youthful Frances Willard. "Our work is directed against opium and gambling as well as alcohol."

Chinese women grasp opportunities to seek the open with pathetic curiosity and eagerness. In Chengtu, not long ago, four thousand women and girls gathered in a meeting of welcome to three secretaries of the Y. W. C. A. A report of the meeting tells of the eager mother faces in the large audience, the doll faces, the faces chiselled by experience, the alive faces of groups of girl students, the old wrinkled faces showing interest in the new ideas in the addresses, and nodding approval thereof, while restraining surprise that a woman should make a speech. Expensively dressed girls attended by servants mingled with cotton-coated mothers with round-faced babies in their arms. The women of whole families unto remote connections were there in groups. All for what? The singing? The moving-pictures? Yes, but the strongest magnet was the new notions, the glimpses of new things to add to their meagre experiences in their walled-in lives.

Dress is one thing in which Miss China needs no emancipation, for she has long, say an eon or so, worn the type of costume to which Western woman seems to be approaching. Apparently she is inclined to adhere to the basic garments, which are long trousers and a well-shaped coat-like blouse, and a skirt, which with her is a slip-on-and-off garment, much as the sweater and coat are in the West. If comfort or thrift suggests taking off the skirt in the house, off it comes. On the railroad train, Miss or Mrs. China may step out of her skirt, fold it up carefully, deposit it



Girl students giving house hygiene talk.

in the rack, then comfortably tuck an unimpeded trousered leg under her and slumber or idly scan the passing land. One always watches, furtively polite, of course, a Chinese woman's face off guard for some gleam of eye or ripple of muscle that will give a hint of what is going on in the cerebrum under the thatch of satin-smooth hair. Fruitless scrutiny! Probably if one could pierce the mask one would find prices, not poetry; rice, not romance; gossip, not goldfish. China is not all embroidered silk and apple-green jade. When our inscrutable lady prepares to leave the train, she carefully unfolds her skirt, steps into it, fastens it at both sides, and, unwrinkled and immaculate, detrains.

While not so erratic a despot as in the West, fashion's whims become decrees in China. The cut of trousers runs the entire gamut, from tight to loose, wide to narrow, heel to ankle length. Last year in some centres, trousers were ankle-length and quite tight. One seemingly popular style of skirt was made of black material not unlike coarse Spanish lace in appearance. When quite a new arrival in the country one did gasp a bit at the effect of this openwork black skirt

over light-colored, close-fitting trousers. China, male and female, probably did some gasping, also, at the effects of the blouses worn by the feminine Occidentals on the streets of the same city this same season. Costumes differ in China very much in different regions; Canton, Shanghai, Peking are each a Paris in promulgating styles, as are other cities. Whatever may be said of the grace or artistic effect of the costume of the Chinese woman much can be said for its common sense.

As to style of hair-dressing, Miss China is rather individual and simple. A few years ago when Japan was looked upon with more friendly eyes than now, students returning from this neighbor country brought in the style of the high pompadour, so pronounced a part of the Japanese coiffure. In several school centres the style quickly became popular and spread to some extent. Then when all things Japanese became abhorrent, pompadours, at once, fell flat. To-day, a girl

A winner, "better baby show."

with a high pompadour would be looked upon as a traitor. With Miss China principle would seem to be stronger than style.

One of the significant phrases used by young Chinese is, "the new home." The main features distinguishing the "new home" from the "old" is that the husband and wife entertain their friends together. In the "old," with the exception of near relatives, guests of each sex are entertained in separate apartments, and usually at different times. The wife does not meet her husband's friends nor does the husband's presence add interest to his wife's parties. Such a thing is unthinkable. Of the changes in this custom, Mrs. Mei, in her address, said: "From American homes they (Chinese girls) drank in the wholesome atmosphere of domestic harmony with which they are making normal households. . . . I might add that the large and growing number of homes patterned after your own is an index that the East and the West are getting closer together." One reason Miss China gives for her partiality for the "new home" is the human one, that it is "livelier and gayer than the old."

Closely related with the new home idea is the new idea on marriage; that is individual choice rather than family choice; "for love, not by purchase." Like the new home this will be a matter of slow evolution. For in China the individual is not thought of, or looked upon, as an entity; he is but a part of a family which is the unit, the entity, and which at all costs must be preserved and perpetuated. Hence, individual desires must be subsidiary to the wishes or the benefit of the family. The practice of this principle throughout the long centuries has instilled in children a submissiveness to parents, to family, that is engulfing of personality, though it is the steel that gives strength and form to the structure of the Chinese nation. The submissiveness is more than a conscious obedience; it is involuntary surrender. Consequently, though the new young woman may advocate the theory of personal choice in marriage, only the most radical really desire it or would dare wholly to follow it. In matters touching the soul centres, inheritance and tradition are always stronger than imported ideas, no matter how forcible their appeal to reason. Miss China still feels that in the matter of a life mate, the parents' judgment is the better. With more social freedom this confidence will undoubtedly weaken. But the chains of uncountable generations loosen very slowly and rarely break.

Occasionally a girl is permitted acquaintanceship with her betrothed. This concession gives her opportunity for rebellion should he prove repugnant, but only a mind unusually positive, a character unusually tough in fibre, will ever break the betrothal. Miss China's force in claiming the right to choose her husband is weakened by the divorce-court records of the West. These make her hesitate. She is rather fond of quoting Sir Robert Hart, who, after forty years of residence in China, voiced the following epigram: A Western marriage may be compared to putting a kettle of boiling water on a fireless stove and letting it cool, and a Chinese marriage to putting a kettle of cold water on a hot stove and letting it boil."

Ding Che-ching, chief executive secretary Y. W. C. A., Peking.

Much space is being occupied in women's journals in discussion of this subject of freedom of choice in marriage. One article on "Choosing a Husband," divided the counsel given under eleven heads: Appearance, knowledge, age, occupation, property, relations, as to how many and as to whether they interfere with his actions, health, living, that is as to habits and as to whether he has a balance at the end of the month, temper, character, purpose as to treatment of wife and number of wives he is planning on, and friends. The suggestions given under each head would seem wise, and those relating to maintenance very canny, as would be expected as a hold-over from the generations of carefully schemed matches and estimated dowers.

One thing Miss China has quite decided opinions about, and that is when she marries she desires her own home instead of following the old, old custom of going to the household of her husband's father, there to become not the head of a home, but a sort of upper servant of her mother-in-law, to bide her time until she in turn becomes a mother-in-law, and an object of respect and a ruler of a household and daughters-in-law. One can appreciate the human attitude of Chinese mothers-in-law. Each woman in turn gets even, as it were, for her early period of suppression as a son's wife, and so the wheel ceaselessly revolves. One suspects the Chinese wife's entreaty to the goddess, Kwan-in, to give her many sons may not always be for ancestor-worship alone, but also that she may have many daughters-in-law to exercise rule over. The more sons, the more subjects in the future realm where her every wish becomes a mandate. The new home under its own roof, with its own courtyard, will probably come in time, but it will take a long time, as the separate home would mean many radical economic changes as well as social, and with China's packed population where subsistence is always in danger of being on the wrong side of the ledger, these cannot be easily brought about, except with the few.

Intimately connected with the home and marriage in China is concubinage. On this, Miss China is unwavering in her stand. In clarion voice she insists on "one wife." She denounces concubinage, and in no moderate terms. And young Mr. China must join her if he would stand in favor. One only hopes he is as sincere as his sister. "There can be no home life with this system." The speaker in her earnestness pounded out on a nearby table each word with a tiny fist. "I

denounce it not only because of the unhappiness of the real wife, but also because of the unhappiness of the concubines. My uncle's concubines have come to me often crying bitterly, they so hated the life into which their fathers had sold them, not exactly against their will, they simply had no choice. And these girls are, I know, well treated. For the sake of the womanhood of China the practice must be crushed out, abolished." The poise of the slight body, the flashing eyes, the flushed face, the little fist pounding out the words, made one sniff the scent of battle and mentally exclaim, "Men of China, concubinage is doomed!" For the vehemence had been for an audience of only one.

On the attitude, socially, toward the concubines, opinion diverges. Many, assuming the position that the concubines, if not social outcasts, are at least below par, are immovably opposed to their being admitted into women's organizations. Others have more liberal views. Said one advanced young woman: "It is not right to push aside these girls. They are the victims of a custom centuries old which has never carried social odium. Let us use all effort to get rid of the custom, but with the present victims let us apply no new standards. It is not fair nor right."

Airing sometimes hastens disintegration of very old things. This frank, open discussion of concubinage may hasten the disappearance of this cause of thousands of women living miserably unhappy lives. Thousands? Many millions would be nearer truth. It is difficult to keep in mind China's size.

In the protest against the parent-arranged marriage, very particularly in the crusade against concubinage it is quite the thing for Miss China, either in groups or in secret, to take the vow of spinsterhood. A further reason advanced is that to accomplish the mission she has undertaken she feels that she must be free from entangling matrimonial alliances. There is really nothing very alarming in these vows as to danger of race-suicide in China. They are of importance only as indicating Miss China's heretical state of mind, and the effect on the elders. Perhaps no one of her advanced ideas causes such horrified consternation among the old-time good ladies of China. Not to marry; not to be a mother of men! Wherefore born? The whole idea is cataclysmic. In reality Miss China is very human. Should the time and the man concurrently appear, reasons for breaking her vow are found. One recreant, a graduate from an American college, explained her apostasy thus: "I came to realize in my more advanced studies in biology and eugenics that we were wrong, the nucleus of our new China should be the new home; the new race, the children of the new home. I became engaged in my senior year and hope to marry very soon."

Suffrage is a question that is not discussed with much fire outside of Canton, and there only spasmodically. Not that the importance of the ballot is not appreciated, so far as it can be under a government so new and chaotic as China's, a republic only in name. But Miss China pretty clearly realizes two things: One, that she has many objects to accomplish that are more vital to her development, and to the development and organization and unification of her country than the right to vote; the other, that in the present stage of China's trying to find herself the ballot is of little value. Young China knows that there is a deal of work to be done, both destructive and constructive before the ballot becomes in China the sacred and powerful thing it is theoretically. All in good time Miss China will vote, that she well knows. To quote further from Mrs. Mei's address: "The gradual realization that fifty millions American women have been enfranchised and made men's political equals will send a thrill through Chinese women, as they sense the significance. Triumphant feminism in America will, it is hoped, see its reflex in China in the not too distant day. It is not flattery to say that Chinese women look for feminist ideals and inspiration from America, the home of freedom, of equality, and of general goodness to womanhood."

The long practice within her house walls of expressing her opinion frankly without subtlety or side-stepping, serves the Chinese woman in good stead in the new place in the sun which she is taking, when she has things to say on matters of broader gauge than the household. At a

reception to the American representative on the Consortium and his wife, given by the Shanghai Chinese Woman's Club which claims to be the first club in China organized along the lines of American clubs, Mrs. Kung made a speech on what the women of China hope from the Consortium. Her trend is indicated in these two excerpts: "What do the women of China think of the Consortium one may ask? The evident answer is Socratic in nature; it has to be a counter-question, that is to say, our answer is, what does the Consortium stand for? Does it look upon China only as a field for exploitation? Is it simply a league of pawnbrokers out to wring the last cent? Or does it attempt to follow a fair and sound policy of financial and technical assistance to the development of China, a policy that will be of lasting benefit both to the borrower and lender? . . . We know we have in Mr. Stevens a product of that system of business integrity and fairness which will not lend a cent to a millionaire whose word is not as good as his bond, but may lend a million to an honest and capable business man without any security. For the hopes of China and Chinese women are not that the Consortium will regard us as objects of charity, but that it will be far-sighted enough to be fair to China, and to adopt a policy of 'live and let live.'" Is this a new tone in national affairs in China? Will the new woman bring an open diplomacy, honest-and-aboveboard speech in the conferences? Will she endeavor to make words say thoughts, not trickily conceal them?

Comparatively few Chinese girls are employed in any line of business, and government plums, large and small, fall into the hands of masculine China. But it looks as though the day of this natural monopoly was passing. Through the concentrated efforts of women's clubs in Canton in pressing the matter of recognizing woman's claim to a plum or two, a young woman has very recently been appointed to a government clerkship of responsibility, the first in the country it is said. Also, the Canton-Samshui railway and the Canton Telephone Company yielding to the club's pressure have voted to approve the employment of young women. In Peking, a commercial school for girls has just been opened. The capital also boasts of a savings-bank for women and girls, very new.

One index-finger that points to a possible future situation, is that even at this stage of woman's emergence from her home walls, women are found managing business operations, openly, not from behind a curtain. One authority states that around Canton no less than forty factories are owned and operated by women. These are not large plants; China's manufacturing is still carried on in small concerns. One knitting factory doing a business of fifty thousand dollars a year is managed by a woman. A department store entirely under the management of a Chinese woman trained abroad, is a recent innovation in the northern capital. In newspaper work, women are coming to the fore rapidly. Miss China points with pardonable pride to Miss Cheng who attended the Peace Conference as correspondent for several Chinese newspapers. That so many are up and doing in lines of endeavor that are not materially remunerative but help in making life less a burden to many, many poor, in work for the betterment of the home and the community, is after all the best guide-post to Miss China's future.

And what a future one visualizes for her! It is not a day's work she is facing, but she will keep pace with her opportunities. To add to her possibilities, to facilitate the changes she would work is the inherent democracy of the Chinese people. There is literally no fixed caste. The daughter of the coolie is not debarred by birth from being the intimate friend of the daughter of the rich merchant or government official. For long generations the scholar has been China's only recognized aristocrat.

Intelligence, patient courage, fidelity Miss China inherits from centuries of walled-in mothers; the legacy of China's fine culture is hers through her own language; to many, the wealth of Western modern culture is open through the English language. Thus equipped, China's new woman should and will trample down tradition, remove the blinders of superstition, and create a new era for Chinese women. For has she not come into the kingdom for such a work as this?

COMES GREAT-HEART

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

Decorations by Beatrice Stevens

How may young Great-heart dream to build a name
In these last days, when all is done and known
That Sirens sang Ulysses? Now no zone,
Nor either pole, the coming heirs of Fame
Awaits untrampled; and as War's red game
Sea-caves, and even the sky, has made Man's own,
And air-ships high o'er Oklahoma drone,
What star is left to light Ambition's flame?

What's left? To-morrow; Youth and Hope and Joy,
And since not Life and Love, but men, grow old,
Somewhere are Eldorados yet to gain,
And Galahad-quests to thrall the gifted boy;
Not all the golden stories have been told—
The great world's still outside the window-pane.

The Reverend James E. Markison

BY EDWARD CARRINGTON VENABLE
Author of "Pierre Vinton," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES CALVERT SMITH

WHEN Markison walked into the little Beach View dining-room the first night I was glad of the sight of him. It had always seemed to me that Slack Harbor needed him—not spiritually, perhaps, but as part of the spectacle. We lacked only the black coat of the priest to complete our motley, or, as we preferred to think of it, our infinite variety. For it was a multicolored company there that summer—with the group of violent young artists in every attitude of revolt and their entranced followers; and seekers of health, seekers of solitude, seekers of mere cheapness—for the village was cheap for the Maine coast. We had even a few dim fashionables, clinging to dinner-dress and memories and semi-precious stones. Altogether, we must have represented every possible way of thinking about everything—except Markison's way. When he arrived he completed what one may call the collection.

I knew he would do so as soon as I laid eyes on him, for Markison's "way" was as plainly marked on his appearance as his nose, and I was delighted to see him. He seemed quite as quickly to sense my sympathy, or, as was very much easier, every one else's hostility. For it amounted to hostility—the man's reception at the Beach View. He was too poor, too unresistingly poor, for the dim fashionables, and to almost all the others he was simply, I suppose, a benighted idiot or something of the sort. For Markison's way was to think only of God (and he had a tendency to pronounce it "Goad"), and that there was only one possible way to think about him. Among Vorticists, Communists, Tactilists, Dadaists, the poor man sat down to meat. To an idle-minded observer he was priceless, and to almost any sort of human being he was pitiable.

It would certainly never occur to Markison to think of himself in any regard priceless, but he plainly regarded himself as pitiable. He thought himself the most miserable of men, and possibly he was. I never met a man more profoundly unhappy. But he was unfortunately frank about it. He did not exactly parade his misery—it was impossible to do that,—but he made not the slightest effort to conceal it. It needs a very profound respect to endure a man of that sort, and I had no such feeling for him. I was decently polite to him, in the beginning, chiefly because nobody else was, but in three days, I longed to kick him. Those first three days were, unluckily for our understanding, the period of a northeast blow. The bare unceiled New England summer hotel hardly fifty yards from the surf was cold and damp. The little floor space in front of the fireplace was the only comfortable spot in the building. The whole company gathered there most of the time—Markison, gloomy, black, silent, chiefly conspicuous among them. And when at the first gleam of sunshine the cluster burst like a frightened covey, Markison alone remained, brooding over the empty fireplace like some strange bird blown in by the storm and left behind it. People shrank from him, I among them. It did not occur to me that, believing firmly that there was no help for him from his fellow creatures, he was utterly indifferent to them. I thought he was merely making a spectacle of himself. His spirit was wandering through an immense solitude; I thought he was parading some grievance before a household of freaks.

I was mistaken. My excuse is that I knew so little of him, and he was to the end so extraordinarily inarticulate. The

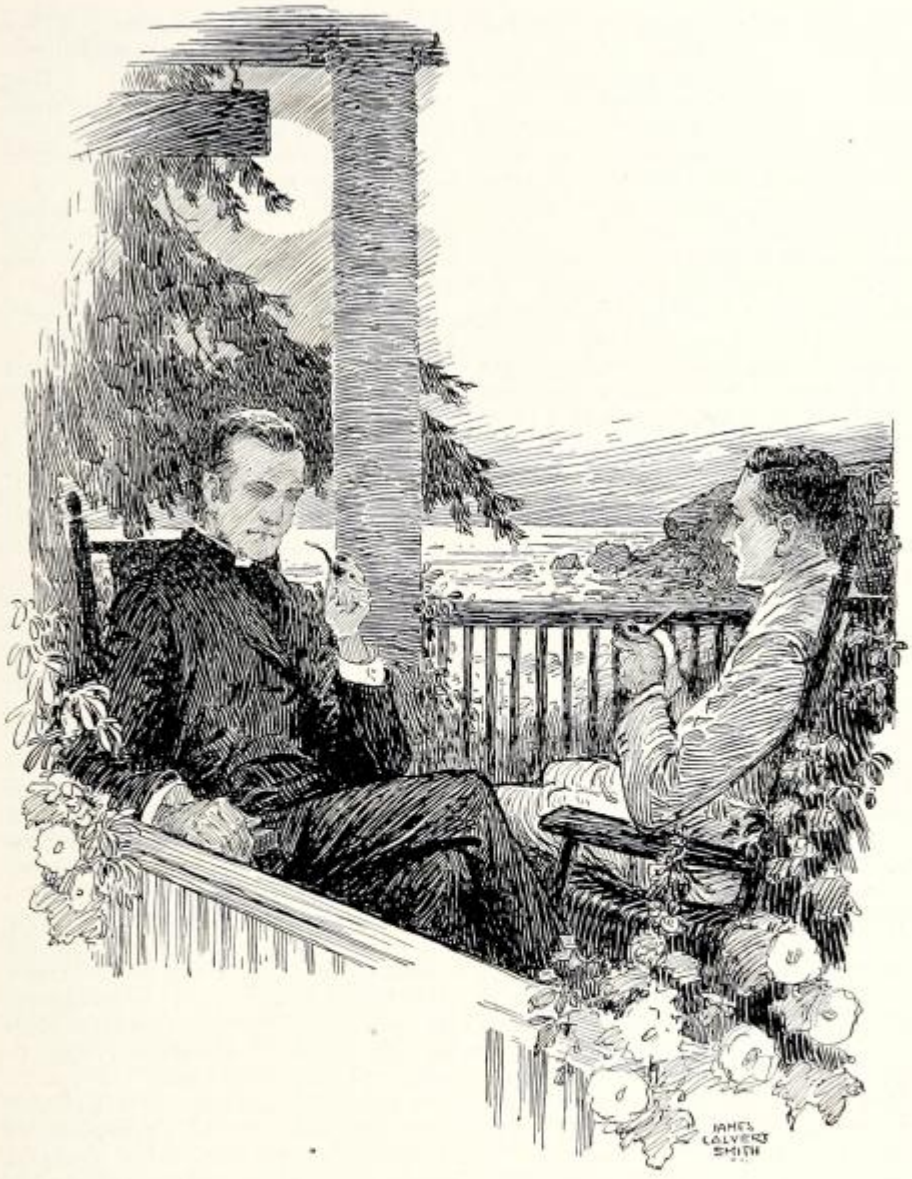
shabby inn register said "Rev. James E. Markison"; he told me the first night, when we smoked a pipe together on the porch after supper, that he had been the rector of the only Episcopal Church in Taylorsville. "Taylorsville, Virginia," he had added after a pause. I think he was quite resolved to complete solitude then, and his talks with me were merely the mechanical sociabilities which his profession had instilled and he could not control yet. They were generally, these talks, the shabbiest commonplaces. When they extended beyond the weather, or the food or the climate, they were chiefly of Taylorsville. But even so, sitting next him at table, and daily meeting him as many times between, I learned a surprising lot about Taylorsville. I grew familiar with Nunnally's drug-store, which served in some ways as a club, apparently, and the battle-field on Skipper's Run, and the First and Second Presbyterian Churches, and the First and Second Methodist, and the Washington Street Baptist. "I was raised Baptist myself," he explained once. "I always had a high respect for the Baptists. They are good people." It was then I understood what I might have perceived much sooner—his profound abstraction. The man was not really in Deep Harbor at all. If then I had been compelled to place him, I should have said he was in Taylorsville, which would have been wrong too, but not so stupidly wrong.

His own charge was Emmanuel. "It used to be the biggest church in the place, but when I got it, it was pretty near racked to pieces," he told me later. His wife, it seemed, was an invalid, and his vestry, he said mournfully, were "good, God-fearing men, but mighty slow." It was easy to guess that the others—I fancy he would not have hesitated at saying rivals—were good and God-fearing, too, and were not slow. The outline of the struggle slowly grew complete. And I insensibly grew interested. That it had been exhausting, and that it had been vain were easily seen. He was old and worn out in the early forties. Poor, harsh, and hopeless. Why, I used to wonder when I caught sight of him in his blacks in the varicolored tide of the little village's summer invasion, why could he not have been content, like his good, God-fearing vestry, and let the Second Methodist and the First Presbyterian prosper as they might. What benefit could his struggle have brought to God, whom he worshipped, or man whom he ignored? The secret probably lay in that queer little confession, "I was raised Baptist." It was, then, the zeal of the convert, or else the pride of the renegade. To change flags, and then surrender to the deserted colors! Yes, probably any struggle is better endured than that.

Whatever the motive, the result was the engagement of Evangelist Jones. That was his great stroke. Evangelist Jones! I had been talking to him in such desultory fashion for more than a month before we got this far. He asked me if I had ever heard of the evangelist. "He had done some mighty good work up here in New England." "And he converted more people in one month in Danville than the regular preachers had been able to get at in ten years." For the first time he seemed concerned by my reply. "He was widely known," he repeated. Then, a little later, he said:

"I thought I was mighty lucky to get him."

I greatly doubt if in the ordinary course of events we would ever have got any farther than that, the engagement of Evangelist Jones, and the implied, but not confessed, failure of it all. But the ordinary is luckily the rarest course of human events. Even in Deep Harbor, famous for its placidity, no season goes by without at least one happening sufficiently out of the ordinary to mark the year forever in local talk. This summer the event would have been startling anywhere. A young girl was drowned while swimming off the bathing beach. It was one of those inexplicable tragedies which terrify by their audacity. Within fifty yards of a sunny summer beach, where troops of little children played in the foam, the evil spirit of the sea crept up and clutched and killed. People shuddered and drew back from the water, and when I walked there the next day, the wide bright sands were as empty as in a January gale. For several days the village seemed to throw aside its midsummer inanity and recover the grim spirit



"Taylorsville, Virginia," he had added after a pause.—Page 82.

of early times when it was a community of fishermen and such things were common. All felt it, for almost all knew her—a singularly bright, happy girl, not more than twenty years old, who had spent almost all these summers there, followed by a troop of boys.

Yes, all felt it, and Markison most of all, though such a thing did not occur to me at the time. I did not see him even until the afternoon when he read the service of burial. There was no church in Deep Harbor then, and the services were held in the open air, where a little

strip of very green turf ran between two cliffs down to the waters of the cove, green to the verge. It seemed that the poor child had recovered from an illness of infancy there and grown strong and happy, and her mother wished to think of her there always. It was a rather beautiful last scene for any life—the solemnized people in the little cove between the great brown rocks, the priest in his white robes before us against the wide blue water, and no music except voices and the sound of the sea.

Later, the sky changed, and by night a chilly rain set in. I was in my little painter's cabin, comfortable with a driftwood fire, and a desultory letter half-written on my knee. There was a fumble at the door-latch, and Markison came in. He was dripping wet, without a hat, and carried a still unopened umbrella in his hand. Evidently somebody had forced it upon him, and he had promptly forgot all about it. But he took great trouble to stand it in a corner before he would sit down.

"And what on earth," I asked, "happened to your hat?"

His hair was plastered to his head with water. He put up his hand absently. "I mislaid it. I put it aside for the service, and forgot it. Were you there?" he asked suddenly.

I told him I had been, and thought it very beautiful.

"Beautiful?" he repeated. "Beauty—What's that? What's beauty?"

That is a dangerous question to put forward in a community like Deep Harbor. Oceans of talk had swept over my head, for that matter. He did not seem even to listen to my rather trivial evasions.

"That is the trouble with all these people up here. They are always talking about things they don't understand. They say Beauty, and Infinity and Love. They don't know what they mean."

"Perhaps they know they don't," I explained. "They only try to. That's harmless."

"Aye, but these people don't even know what the words mean." He sat up a little and, with his elbows on his knees, looked through his fingers at the flames. I was struck afresh how unbeautiful, unlovely a thing he himself was, and how unlovely a life he represented. "They make me sick," he muttered suddenly.

"The women," he went on. "They ain't women. Somehow it looks to me as if they don't want to be women."

"A great many don't," I agreed. "At least, not the kind you mean."

I think no answer could have astonished me more than the one he made, sitting immobile, gazing through his fingers at the fire.

"Well, maybe they are right. I don't know."

"But," he went on suddenly, "that one I read the service for this evening—she wasn't that kind. She was different."

"Quite," I answered. "Quite different."

"She reminded me of a girl I used to know in Taylorsville."

"This one was young and happy and gay. They are alike in that way, don't you think?"

"Not this one. She was different still. She was all that you said, too, but she was more, somehow. She used to play the organ in Emmanuel sometimes, when our regular organist—she was pretty old—couldn't get out. She wasn't religious either—at least not specially so; she did it just because she loved to play. She was better than our regular organist. But sometimes she used to play the congregation out of church with something that wasn't quite—that wasn't regular church music—a little too gay. I didn't mind it myself, but some of the congregation objected. She went right on playing, though I told her about it once or twice. She was headstrong."

It was the longest speech I had ever heard him make. I had a fancy that as he was speaking something resistant within had given way. It was not in gestures, for he made none, except to clasp his fingers and lean a little closer to the fire, but in his voice and in the concentration of his gaze.

"She reminded me of this one. I sat up with the family almost all last night, and when I was reading the prayers I felt that curious way you do feel sometimes that you had done something just like that a long, long time before, do you know?"

"Did she die?" I asked. "The girl in Taylorsville?"

"Her name was Fleming. Dorothy Madison Fleming. No. She isn't dead."

He coughed and, bending closer to the fireplace, seemed rather consciously to avoid my eyes.

"It was very tragic," I murmured. "Very."

"There you go," he burst out; "Tragic, Beauty, Love. How do you know it was tragic? How do you know anything about it?"

I told him I was speaking of the poor girl who was drowned the day before. "As for the other—I don't know anything about Dorothy Fleming."

"Don't you think it's a pretty name?" he asked. "The Flemings were about the best-known people in Taylorsville. Her father was Lawyer Fleming, one of my vestrymen. He was related to pretty near every one in the county. They used to say down there that there were only two things a Fleming couldn't do, tell lies and save money. Her father was like that. We were different. I was raised mighty simple in North Carolina. But he was mighty good to me, and to my wife too, who was sick."

"She got well?" I inquired.

"Who?"

"Your wife?"

"No. She won't ever get well. She is staying with her people in North Carolina."

He paused, sunk quite in reflection again, but of what, there was no slightest outward sign. He sat in the same slouchy way, his hands outstretched, now clasped, now palms outward, without ever lifting his eyes to me. It occurred to me then that his sermons would be very long and very dull, delivered in that uncadenced voice, without gesture, or with very little gesture. When he began to talk again, he talked of North Carolina. He asked me if I had ever been there. He said it was different.

I realize now that I did not understand what he meant by that word different he used so much. It was with him one of those key-words that each human being has in his vocabulary, and which, properly understood, reveal more of the speaker's soul than any gesture, any creed, any achievement. Napoleon had such a word in Destiny. So the Reverend James Markison had different. He used it, I think, as a man might who lived in a one-dimension world. There was a great deal of kindness, of simple wisdom, of what he would certainly have called democracy, in his use of it.

But I was not interested in North Carolina, and I was beginning to be very much interested in Taylorsville. Just as though he had divined my waning interest, he skipped.

"These people up here," he began, "I don't understand them. They tell me there's only one church, and that's only open twice a month. That's why we had the funeral to-day out of doors. You call it beautiful. Well, it may be, but it seemed sort of heathen to me. Down there it was different. In Taylorsville, the churches were everything."

"And Emmanuel," I suggested, "was the most."

"It ought to have been. At least, we thought so. It used to be in the old times. But it had sort of lost ground lately since the war. That was how I came first to think of that man I spoke of."

"Evangelist Jones?"

"That's him." He nodded, and fell silent.

"Of course," he added suddenly, "it was to be a sort of interchurch thing, but I brought him really. I was responsible for him. I know that. Lawyer Fleming never was really in favor of it, not even in the beginning. And, of course, pretty near the whole vestry said as he did."

"He preached in your church then?"

"No, no, no," he contradicted. "You don't understand. It was the biggest thing you ever saw. The town pretty near went crazy. We used the Old Street tobacco warehouse. That's the biggest warehouse in Taylorsville. It would hold pretty near a thousand people, and it was packed, jammed, every night. We brought over all the seats from the Academy of Music, and church benches and camp-stools, and the melodeon from Emmanuel's basement, and Miss Dorothy played on it—up there on the platform right by the pulpit. He didn't use the pulpit much. He used to start there, and then he would walk about, all about the

platform, praying and preaching; and he'd go clean through the aisles, touching people, sitting down by 'em if he thought they needed it. The third night even there must have been a hundred people up front on the mourner's benches, and two or three hundred more out in the congregation crying and singing and praying."

"And Lawyer Fleming," I asked. "Where did he sit?"

"Oh, he'd come round by then. Everybody had. The rich and the poor, the good and the wicked. There was one old man who had been tried for murder, and ran a saloon down on Albemarle Street, the lowest, wickedest hole in Taylorsville, he stood right up the first week and confessed his sins, and went down and broke up that saloon himself with an axe. And old Mr. Hartley, Lawyer Fleming's law partner, he stood up and said he had kept a bottle of whiskey in his safe ever since he was sixteen, and now he'd done with whiskey, God help him, forever.

"It wasn't only at night, either. You'd see people in the street stop and talk and drop right down on their knees and pray. And the churches were open, and people going in and out in broad daylight just like stores. It was the most wonderful time I ever saw. It was like the second coming to me.

"I had prayed for it." He sprang out of his chair and began to walk with his heavy, slow stride across the creaking floor, his clinched hands hanging at his sides. "I had prayed for it since I was a boy. It was a whole city turned to God. Day and night it was the same. People who couldn't get in the warehouse would stand outside, and when they heard the singing they'd take off their hats and join in the hymns. And such singing! Nothing new about it, just the old-fashioned hymn tunes everybody knew. And that little child dressed all in white leading it.

"All the ministers sat together on the platform. My chair was right next the organ where I could see her plainly. It was along in April then, just getting warm, and sometimes it was pretty hot in there with all these people, and I used to fan her and bring her a glass of water. I could see how it was telling on her. She was getting white, losing that pretty color she used to have when she was running around just enjoying herself. It worried me some to see her that way. But I knew the spirit of the Lord was working in her too. Her eyes used to get brighter, and lots of times, right while she was playing, I'd see the tears rolling down her cheeks. When she'd finished a hymn, she'd put her arms up on the music-stand and lay her face on them, and I could see her shoulders shake. Everybody could see it, all the congregation."

As he said that, he paused in his walk, resting his weight on one foot, exactly over a single loose plank that creaked shrilly under the pressure. And he remained there swaying imperceptibly so that the burdened timber seemed to shriek under his heel. And all the while he was looking straight past me into the fire. It was as if the picture of the girl in her white dress, bowed, weeping before her cityful, was too terribly vivid to him to leave. He must needs stand there on that shrieking plank, stamping it that way into my consciousness too. It was the effect of intolerable over-emphasis. I called out an almost involuntary "Stop."

At some invisible change of equilibrium the sound ceased. The stillness seemed profound.

"I might have said that," he went on quietly, "if I had been, like you are, looking on. But I was up there on the platform. I was leading it. It was my show. I thought I was serving God."

He didn't laugh, but the creaking under his shoes as he walked sounded to me like laughter; laughter literally, as the phrase is, dogging his heels. Whatever he had to tell, I didn't want to hear it with accompaniment. I kicked out a chair before him. He would not seat himself, but leaned over the back of it.

"She had a way of playing between the hymns, very low, so's you could hardly hear it, all the time he was walking out among the people, exhorting and praying. It used to help him, I noticed, that sort of feeling of music in the air. She stopped it suddenly and leaned forward, as I was telling you just now, for a minute, and then she got up and walked over to the front of the platform. Everybody noticed

She started off just like all the regular converts did.—Page 88.

the music stopping, and they were all looking at her. She stood just where the evangelist stood, right beside the pulpit.

"She started off just like all the regular converts did—though she didn't speak so loud. Only she didn't need to because it was so quiet, everybody knowing who she was. She said she had been there every night, just like they all had. She had come there to save others, but she couldn't stand it any longer. She was a sinner herself, and no sinner could help save others. They had to be cleansed first themselves.

"I never was so happy as when I heard her say that. I almost fell on my knees and thanked God out loud. I knew, I couldn't help it—that I would rather have saved her than everybody else in Taylorsville. It wasn't love like you people talk about up here. It was different. I wanted to present her to the Lord, a full, perfect, and complete sacrifice. I put up my hands over my face and cried with happiness. I thought it had come at last. That she was safe forever."

Markison was talking, as I imagine he preached, in a narrow monotonous cadence. His body seemed to sway a little back and forth on his arms.

"She said she had wrestled with the spirit of the Lord until she was worn out. She could struggle no longer. She was going to confess her sins, and ask everybody to pray for her. It was just like what they all said, only she was so young, and all in white, and she didn't cry out loud or shout. She just talked simply. I couldn't see her face, being behind her, but I could see the people out in front, and some of them were crying just like I was. Somebody got up and started to play the melodeon, softly, like she did, but she put out her hand sideways and stopped him.

"'Don't do that,' she said, 'I want everybody to hear me.'

"And then," said Markison, "she pilloried herself in shame before the congregation."

It was a rather involved figure, and I suppose I stared rather stupidly at him for a moment or two. Perhaps it was the best way I could have taken it.

"Don't you understand?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I said; "I understand."

He came around his chair, and sat down wearily. "If somebody else had said it, said it of Dorothy Fleming—that she was a—a—well, we would have killed him. Some of the younger men did threaten the evangelist next day, and he had to leave the very next day."

"So that ended it?" I asked.

"Yes, that ended it. That ended everything. Next morning the newspapers, which had printed big head-lines every day before and told the text of the sermons, and the names of the converts, just said: 'The usual religious services were held at the Old Street Warehouse last night.'"

The homeliness of the quotation, the vividness of his memory had a peculiar pathos as he repeated it—like an epitaph, a pathetically inadequate epitaph.

"That did end it completely, didn't it?"

"Oh, yes. It only happened this spring. So after a little while, I sent my wife back to her people, and I came up here to figure it out."

He sat, as at the beginning, his big hands outspread before the fire, staring at the flames "figuring it out," probably. As I had no possible answer to suggest, I joined in his silence. The weird blue flames of the driftwood made hardly any sound.

"Everything," he said to me once, "like an earthquake."

At last, he got up suddenly.

"Well, I am much obliged to you," and he put out his hand for his umbrella. It was extraordinary that I never knew how to talk with him. All I could think of was to offer to lend him a hat. He refused and shook hands. Then he walked out.

The rain, I remember, had stopped, but it was perfectly dark. From my door I could see the light of the inn up above us. The way up over the rocks was tortuous and winding, even dangerous for a stranger. But he would have no guidance, and set off alone. I held the door wide to light the first few feet of his path. As I closed it again, I reflected that no human being could ever do more.

He elaborately avoided me ever afterward, and though I saw him a score of times, we never spoke. Then I heard that he had left Slack Harbor.

A Home of Her Own

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR
Author of "Educating the Binneys" and "Scaling Zion"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LITLE

SOMEBODY had told me in the post-office the night before that one of the Snead girls, as usual, was engaged to one of the seminary students. According to the local pleasantry this had always happened by the middle of May at the latest, ever since Leota Snead, the oldest daughter, had marked a precedent by marrying Wilbur Binney, that notably godly youth, and starting out with him for a missionary post in India. And this time I was afraid it must be Beryl who was committing herself to the familiar fate—though I had hoped that this sister, so marked a variant from the family type, would interest herself in something or somebody unmistakably secular. But my informant, who scarcely knew the Sneads, couldn't tell me. I saw that I must make up hastily for my two years' absence from Circleville. So at eight minutes before eleven on Sunday morning I became a passive drop in the social stream.

"Our" bell had just ceased, but a dismal clangor of slightly varying sectarian accent was still sounding, so we could feel ourselves thoroughly in tune with the day and the institution as we moved with slow propriety toward the "First" Church. Although it was not yet June, the day was hot and moist. But I remembered that the Sabbath, as we still called it, with a pride in our pious tradition, was always hot and moist. That is, when it wasn't cold and windy. And in either case it had a queer empty soundlessness, like the inside of a balloon. Somehow that strong fragrance of peonies and syringa had a Sabbath character, too. Only it had a tinge, nowadays, of gasolene. "Family cars" that were really waiting to start out on some godless excursion, but hadn't the courage to admit it, stood shamefacedly outside silent houses wearing a false air of respectability and innocence.

Hardly a moment later, and we were swarming sociably in the vestibule, our backs and elbows touching, while we elaborately prolonged the conventional inquiries. Then, lowering our voices, we began in brisker accent to exchange our bits of news. But we were no more than comfortably under way when the sleek, smiling ushers made their deft wedges in the drifting mass—firmly waved us toward the bright, hot, stuffy, shiny interior. We choked a little as we crossed the threshold and tottered dizzily down the smooth decline. Within, there were no dim corners. Wherever you sat, you were within easy range of the preacher's eye and of every other. Looking about me with the frank curiosity that Circleville so powerfully stimulates and so mercifully permits, I tried to look as if I didn't know that I myself was being expertly scrutinized. How little change there was, after all! Down near the front sat the theological students, as they had always sat, a sparse, charmless group, the bright lure of youth quite absent from them. Two very central pews were occupied by the Reverend Wilbur Binney's fascinating family—father, mother, multitudinous blond progeny—a group whose complex function it was to represent the clergy, the missionary service, the family principle, the Christian home. Just behind them there had always sat Leota Binney's own family, the Sneads. I looked for Beryl, or for some damsel who should wear a consciously bridal look—but Albert Snead, the morose and unsuccessful grocer, sat alone. The presence of his oldest daughter gave me, however, a singular satisfaction. I found that it was Leota Binney whom I was blindly in

search of, Leota whom I must infallibly waylay. An hour later we were walking down the street together.

It proved possible to come to the point with but the briefest preliminaries.

"*Beryl?*" Leota repeated my question with evident surprise. "Oh, no, it's not Beryl. It's Carmen—that's the youngest. She's done fairly well, I think. They're down in Louisville, visiting *his* people for a few days. Of course, I'd rather that all the girls wouldn't marry preachers. But you know yourself how the home town boys go away before they're anything like old enough to marry. So if you don't elope with one of them at sixteen you're stranded here with the seminary students, and you simply have to help yourself to what there is. That is, if you're practical and want to get settled in life."

"But Beryl—it can't be she's been 'practical'!"

Leota looked at me sharply. "Do you mean to say nobody's told you about Beryl?" she demanded.

"You see I came only yesterday. But is she——"

We were nearing the Binneys' gate. The older children, charming cloud of seraphs that they always seemed to me, had preceded us and were already drifting into the yard. The youngest Binney, who for the first time in the history of this rapidly enlarging family was a graduate from the lurching wicker vehicle that Leota had so long propelled, clutched firmly his mother's hand. Being nearly three, he had long since been ripe for church attendance, as our customs go. Aggressive and a little noisy, he was of course Leota's favorite.

My companion laid an imperative hand upon my arm. "I want you to come in," she urged firmly. "It's cool under the trees. Wilbur won't be home for an hour, and we always have cold dinner on the Sabbath. I'll tell you the whole story."

Leota led the way to the rear of the house, where we found some shady seats not visible from the street. The infant Matthew, much too large for his mother's lap, nevertheless resolutely occupied it, in an overflowing fashion.

"You know how we've always felt about Beryl. How we were certain she would die an old maid," Mrs. Binney began, with the rigid expression and averted eyes of one exposing to view the tragedy or shame of kindred.

I ransacked my mind for the appropriate formula and found it. "But your mother must have been happy to have one grown-up daughter with her."

"Oh, yes," Leota indifferently agreed. "But she naturally wanted Beryl to have a home of her own. No mother likes to see a girl go on from year to year the way Beryl did without a man in sight. People begin to think she is queer. And Beryl *was* queer."

"She's a lovely creature, I always thought. I hope that if a man has discovered her, he sees her as she is."

Leota was silent. But somehow it was a richly communicative silence. I remembered almost with terror how things had a way of happening to people who were within the range of her formidable power. The small woman's colorless, ordinary appearance was so misleading. Her energy, free as it was from the slightest squeamishness, was so positive a power. Something pressed me on to confirm my intuition.

"It's happened, then! And I believe you brought it about."

"I did and I didn't," Leota admitted, with no air of triumph. "It wasn't as if I'd planned the thing from the beginning. But what chance had I? There was Beryl, quiet and serious, not a bit of life in her, so far as you could see, no sense of clothes and no way with her where men were concerned—and almost twenty-eight years old. She simply wasn't getting anywhere, living along at home that way, watching the other girls go to parties, helping out Saturday evenings at the store, and substituting when the grade-school teachers had the flu. Father didn't like her to work regularly and she wasn't strong anyway. There was all this to fight against. But I made up my mind to see that that girl got married."

To me this preface was not without a tinge of apology. With a fresh wave of compassion I recalled Beryl Snead's sensitive face.

Leota went on brightly. "It was while I was getting ready for the autumn

conference last October that I made up my mind about Beryl. And the week afterward the conference came off. Not as large a one as usual. In fact the only guest we expected, to stay with us, I mean, was Doctor Pettigrew. Though a man like that, at the head of the whole missionary movement, is as much trouble as a dozen others, with his telegrams and telephones and naps and extra lunches, and a girl up from the hotel to write his letters for him, to say nothing of Wilbur having to give up his study. But, after all, Doctor Pettigrew wasn't supposed to occupy but one room, so when at the last minute the arrangements for Arthur Littleby fell through and somebody suggested that he put up with us, we had to let him come. Especially as we had met him in India. He was to make an address on opening day."

"Another missionary, then!"

"A doctor. A medical missionary. Or that's what he ostensibly was. His actual serious interest was something quite different. I'll explain to you shortly.

"The two men both arrived in the afternoon. That night Doctor Pettigrew was to go to the seminary for supper, and Wilbur and I were invited too, but I had a good excuse for declining, as there was Doctor Littleby to attend to at home.

"Before he and the doctor started out together, Wilbur came to me with a queer look. 'Don't worry about entertaining Doctor Littleby,' he said. 'He'll probably be going out somewhere.'

"'I don't think he will,' I said. 'Beryl is coming over for supper.'

"Wilbur looked uncomfortable. He hates so to criticise anybody. 'Littleby isn't the man to meet your sister,' he sort of made himself say. 'He's not a man of God, Leota.'

"'Oh, Beryl is old enough to take care of herself,' I told him. 'And I think it's her duty to come and help me out now and then.'

"And after all, there was no reason why I shouldn't have had Beryl in. She had been meeting people right along for twenty-seven years without anything happening and so had Doctor Littleby, so far as I knew, for a good deal longer time. What troubled Wilbur, you see, was the impression of Littleby he'd brought back from India."

"Yet you hadn't known him?"

"No. Not known him exactly. We had different fields. We met him only once. But people talked. We couldn't help hearing. Perhaps I'd better give you an idea.

"You see, there's so much sickness there. And that was naturally Doctor Littleby's job. But people thought, I mean the missionaries thought, he didn't show enough energy in fighting it. He'd toss out some pills, they said, to the sick wretches that swarmed about, but he didn't really seem to *care*. And the hospital he was in charge of may have been rather badly run. But I can't say that it was. We were so far away.

"In any case, perhaps you couldn't blame him. He'd been there so long, and caught so many of their ways. He looks like them, too, though he has straight New Hampshire ancestry—he's so lean and dark and quiet, with something in his personality that just escapes you.

"The trouble was that he liked the life there more than is safe. It had gotten inside of him. If Wilbur and I had ever *liked* it, we should be there now! But we kept our own tastes and standards through it all and he didn't. He loved the climate and the kind of houses they have, and native servants. You know they will wait on you so that you get to the point where you don't want to stir. But that wasn't the worst of it. The really terrible thing was the craze he had for museum stuff—you know, artistic things, bronze and jade and all that. It was this that was the ruin of him.

"And it wasn't any recent hobby with him, either. That's what drew him out to India in the beginning—not any missionary impulse. And he had spent all the years he had lived there in accumulating a houseful of that queer junk that it would make a heathen of anybody to live with. Everybody that spoke of him said the only way you could ever rouse Doctor Littleby was to show him a piece of carved ivory or some old faded woven thing. Of course nobody should let himself think so much about bruised idols and decayed embroidery. It impairs your usefulness." Leota paused

self-righteously, and reflected for a moment.

"Oh, I couldn't remember all the things people have said. And I certainly forgot every one of them the afternoon that Doctor Littleby came. Nice quiet ways he has, always. I decided I couldn't have had an easier visitor. He didn't seem to have anything to do, though, so when the others had gone I took him out to the grape-arbor, over there, you can see, in the side yard opposite. I was there talking with him when Beryl came in at the front gate and sauntered up the walk. I called to her, but she smiled without stopping and went on in.

"Doctor Littleby watched her. After a minute he said, in a distinct, awfully educated way he has of speaking:

"'Is there any chance of seeing that exquisite creature again?'

"'It's my sister Beryl,' I said, 'and she'll be here for supper.'

"'Your sister—I suppose then you don't notice the way she walks or the shape of her head. I should say she is one of the most beautiful women I ever saw.'

"You know yourself that missionaries don't talk like that. And that it should be about Beryl! It had such a strange, bewildering sound to me that for a moment I quite forgot my secret plans for Beryl.

"'You should have seen Velma,' I said. 'She was married last June. Pink as a rose! And vivacious!'

"'Pink!' he laughed. 'Pink! That's what you Americans admire, I know. To me, the marvellous thing about this young lady is that you can forget her being made of blood and muscle. In fact, I refuse to believe she *has* a circulatory system. She's the work of an ancient tool in a cunning hand.' I remember that phrase of his because he used it more than once about her. 'The work of an ancient tool in a cunning hand.'

"His striking a note like that, after just one glance at Beryl, did upset me a little, I'll admit. I couldn't believe she'd know how to handle him, she'd had so little experience. If it had only been that cool-headed little Velma!

"We had supper shortly. Of course our meal-times, with all the youngsters on hand, are pretty distracting. And usually our company pays a good deal of attention to the children, for politeness or some other reason, but Doctor Littleby didn't look at one of them. He just looked at Beryl. Oh, I don't mean that he stared. Only he didn't try to disguise the fact that he was interested.

"Well, Beryl may not have had many beaux. But she knew when she was being looked at. And knowing it was becoming to her. She was dressed rather outlandishly, the way Beryl always is dressed, if you remember, in a thin black thing with a round neck and short sleeves. But she has rather a knack in winding that soft black hair of hers around her head. And I suppose she impressed Doctor Littleby more than if she had worn stylish clothes.

"It was plain enough to me that the girl wasn't a bit like herself that night. Excited, I think she was, and still almost afraid of something. She even wanted to avoid coming outdoors with us after supper—tried to go in the kitchen. But Maribelle and Jude always do the dishes and they're so careful about it there's no need of anybody helping them, so Beryl *had* to come with us. Inside of half an hour Doctor Littleby had asked her to go to walk with him and she went. And—well, that was about all I saw of either of them for the next three days.

"Busy as I am here at home, they always expect me to go to half the sessions of the conference, at least. That's what it is to be married to a minister and a missionary. So I happened to hear Doctor Littleby give his talk. And I believe it was the best speech that was made there, though it hadn't any religion in it. Entertaining—vivid. He talks wonderfully when he talks at all.

"But when that was over, do you think he went back to hear the rest of them stumble through their prosy papers? He went walking with Beryl instead. Though he hates to walk, and she never cared much for it either. Of course absolutely everybody saw them. There *couldn't* have been anything more public! Oh, it wasn't the right thing to do at all. Especially for one of us Sneads, with father down there on Main Street all day long in a mussy apron, either picking over

"Nice quiet ways he has, always. I decided I couldn't have had an easier visitor."—Page 92.

his wilted carrots on the sidewalk or measuring out somebody's lard or molasses inside the store. It isn't as if Beryl had been an Arrowsmith.

"Fortunately, Wilbur was so busy being chairman of the conference and making so many of those prayers they fill in with, that he was tired to death, and didn't half know what was going on. But I can tell you that Doctor Pettigrew knew—though you might suppose he'd be just as busy, and just as blind. There's a man that sees *everything!* Then he's accustomed to a great deal of deference—in fact, he's a little spoiled, maybe—and yet Doctor Littleby hardly said a word to him, even at meals. I was amazed, I'll admit, that a man who was even nominally a missionary should dare to neglect the doctor so. It wasn't only rude, it was—imprudent.

"I don't know that I need to reproach *myself* as to the way those two carried on. I tried to talk to Beryl, I tried to warn her. But she slipped completely away from me. And after all she wasn't a child. So Littleby had it his own way."

"But I don't understand Beryl's being so acquiescent," I interrupted. "She's not that kind of girl. She has plenty of character. Why should she have allowed this elderly jade collector to absorb her so?"

"Why, don't you see?—she liked it. Two minutes' talk with her, when at last I had her cornered, told me that."

"She had fallen in love?"

"Straight in love with him, in that reckless way girls have that aren't young any longer. Oh, it was her inexperience, partly. And then he talked to her in a way you might think fascinating about things she had never had a chance to talk about before. And he admired her so and praised her looks in the most exaggerated way. Hardly anybody here in Circleville had ever dreamed Beryl was good-looking.

"But when I saw how she had lost her head over a man that faded out of sight just as soon as he had thoroughly upset her—you can be sure I wished I'd never had them meet. It was bad enough for her to have gone in for such a conspicuous affair with him. Just the sort of thing that would make her more likely to be an old maid than ever. So I couldn't help telling her that I was thankful Littleby was gone and that I hoped we should never see him again.

"And what do you think she said? 'I'm engaged to him.'

"'Engaged! Where's your ring, then?' I asked her.

"'I suppose it's in India,' she said. 'Leota, what do rings matter?'

"Well, I had come to be so suspicious of Doctor Littleby that I could hardly believe they were engaged—or at least that he knew they were. Beryl had of course been brought up the way the rest of us were, to think that the minute a man forgets himself and kisses you, you are engaged automatically. But I felt very sure she didn't know how to work her end of it. I asked her when she was going to be married.

"'Don't ask me questions,' she said in that soft, gentle way. 'I'm so terribly happy.'

"And you *couldn't* ask her questions. You couldn't talk to her at all. She was so changed that she was impossible. None of the rest of us girls had been like that, you see. When we planned to marry, we knew what we were about, we kept our senses. But Beryl! Oh, it's a terrible thing to care for a man the way she cared for Littleby! Even Wilbur could see how beside herself she was, and there's hardly anything that Wilbur sees.

"This went on for about ten days. And I knew that Littleby was sailing for India in less than a month. I didn't dare ask her if she expected to see him again, though I knew they were carrying on one of those fearfully bulky correspondences that people seem to be able to manage when they don't know each other very well. And she hadn't a thought, of course, for the rest of us, with mother crying in the pantry the whole morning long because she was so sure that Beryl never *would* marry, and with everybody stopping me on the street to ask questions about Beryl that there wasn't any conceivable answer to. I don't go in for nerves—but for once I knew what people mean when they talk about them. Then, suddenly, Arthur Littleby appeared.

"Oh, Beryl was every bit as much surprised as we were. That I know. I have

no idea how she secretly interpreted that engagement of theirs, but I am sure there had been no understanding between them that he should come back and marry her before he sailed, and, if you will believe me, that is precisely what he had come to do.

"Right after breakfast the next morning, mother sent a hurry call for me to come and talk it over. Doctor Littleby stopped at the hotel this time. I hadn't seen either him or Beryl.

"'You're responsible for all this, Leota,' mother told me. 'And you must put a stop to it right away. Your father and I are not going to have Beryl talked about so. The man has treated her outrageously, leaving her in the air this way with no idea whether he meant to come back or not. And then giving her a two days' notice, or whatever it is, that he intends to marry her. I'd rather a daughter of mine would *never* marry!'

"'Oh, no, you wouldn't, mother,' I told her. 'I'm surprised you don't see that the minute he mentions marriage, if he *has* mentioned it, the whole situation is changed. The Littlebys are one of the best families in the East, and the doctor is educated way beyond the point where there's any need of being educated, and when you think of Beryl, actually *Beryl*, settled down in a home of her own, you can draw that long breath you haven't drawn for years.'

"It had been so easy for mother to marry off the rest of us, she didn't seem to understand how it was with Beryl, even though she had worried about her so. We *had* to make concessions, I reminded her, we had to overlook things. And that any man, whoever he was, should want to marry Beryl and take her to the ends of the earth after knowing her only three days, was *something*. It made a romantic story, don't you think? Though you may not think much of romance.

"In spite of all I could do, Doctor Littleby found mother and father pretty stiff. So he came to see me, to try to oil things up a little. Fortunately, I was alone.

"'I understand our charming arrangements have surprised you,' he began. His voice was very languid.

"'Not in the least,' I told him as briskly as I could. 'But I *should* have been surprised if it had turned out any other way. You compromised Beryl pretty seriously, you know, when you were here. There was nothing else for you to do but marry, was there?'

"He smiled. 'Do let's be frank with each other,' he said in a light, easy way. 'Of course, you don't really suppose I'm influenced by any such absurd motive as that.'

"'What motive does influence you, then?' I put it to him bluntly.

"'My dear Mrs. Binney, Beryl pleases me. She pleases me—enormously. She pleases me to the point where—well, you can see for yourself, here I am.'

"'Beryl is a sweet girl, and she could make a really nice home and all that. But you don't act as if you cared about those things.'

"He looked out of the window. 'Wouldn't a woman prefer to be desired for her beauty rather than for being able to cook or wash? Beryl is beautiful. But it's beauty that cries out for a background. She doesn't belong here. I can place her, as I have placed so many things, where her loveliness will count.'

"I had to leave it at that. For I was having trouble enough, not only with mother, but with Wilbur. It was simply unbelievable how Wilbur, who never thinks of anything but missions, or that long visit little Dorcas is making at the Pettigrews', took a stand on this and refused to be reconciled. And I *had* to reconcile him, because the wedding was coming off almost the next minute and you can see what a scandal it would have been if anybody else had performed the ceremony. I found that he couldn't forget a hint that somebody out in India had dropped to him about Littleby. Things do shock Wilbur, you know, that might not shock another man. I must say for him that he is innocent and good. And this thing I could hardly get him to repeat, even to me.

"Well, heaven knows, I didn't want bigamy in the family. Being an old maid was better than that. So I made Wilbur go right down to the hotel and call on Littleby and ask him straight out if there was any truth in this talk of a na-

tive wife out there in India. Poor Wilbur, you can imagine how he hated to. But he went. And Littleby swore to him by everything that was solemn that there was absolutely no reason why he shouldn't marry Beryl. That he had never married anybody, anywhere, in his life. Wilbur had to take his word for it, finally. But he couldn't like the man.

"Arthur gave Beryl something like four or five days to get ready in. That meant they would still have two weeks before they were to sail. Beryl was simply crazy over the idea of going to India. My having hated it so, and its having ruined Wilbur's health for life, meant nothing to her. It was enough for her that Arthur liked it and that it was so far away from Circleville and all of us that she had ever known. Beryl is like that.

"I told her I'd give her a wedding, and that I'd work day and night getting up some clothes for her.

" 'I suppose I'll need something for the steamer,' she said in a vague way. 'But nothing else. No new dresses. Arthur says I must wear only Indian things.'

"It was that way with everything. The poor girl was in a trance.

"Having such ideas as theirs, they didn't, of course, want a real wedding. But I made the house look pretty, and we had about twenty-five people and Wilbur did marry them, though his voice shook fearfully, and Beryl, I'll admit, didn't look a day more than twenty. That night they took the train for New York.

"The minute they were gone every one of us collapsed from the strain of it. I know I fastened myself in the woodshed, though the baby was awake and needed me, and there I simply sat down and cried. Just for relief. And I had scarcely ever cried before in my life. But I had been so afraid all the time it wouldn't go through. Anybody could see Arthur wasn't a marrying man, and that it was only by the strangest accident she'd gotten him. And I knew that if we hadn't brought this marriage off I could never have done anything with Beryl afterward—never could have gotten her settled, I mean, in the way a girl ought to be."

Leota paused for a moment. The child in her lap was heavily asleep and she shifted his position carefully, so as not to wake him. Her gentle movements suggested ample capacity for tenderness. I felt I had misjudged her.

"I could almost cry with relief, too," I said, laughing, as I rose to go. "I was so afraid from the way you began that Beryl had had some unhappy experience. And she's such a dear."

"Don't go just yet," said Leota, in her even voice, without moving. "I shouldn't have told you what I have if I hadn't meant to tell you all. It's because you're fond of Beryl."

"Oh, the story doesn't end, then—where stories do?"

"I don't know just what the ending is of this story. But there's more that you must know.

"For two or three days after Beryl was married we all felt as weak and happy as could be. Then we began to look for word from her. But nothing came. I had to keep reminding mother that she was Beryl and a bride, and that you really couldn't expect anything. Then, after a week, a letter came.

"But the letter wasn't to mother. It was to me.

"I don't see, myself, how Beryl could have brought herself to tell us. Especially as it made it so much harder for us, with people asking questions every hour in the day. It was a terrific blow. But Beryl *is* self-centred— Oh, I don't mind telling *you*.

"Of course, you know how it is with the board of missions. Their formalities, and all that. And since Doctor Littleby was on the point of returning, and Beryl was going for the first time, the red tape was quite formidable. And one of the important points was a physical examination for Beryl. None of us had thought of that. And it was this that she somehow failed to pass. Her heart wasn't right, it seemed, and there were other things the matter with her—and they simply wouldn't let her leave New York.

"I think still, and so does Wilbur, that if Littleby had been a different type of man he could have slipped her through. But it turned out that he had no prestige at all with the board. Doctor Pettigrew

"Wilbur did marry them, though his voice shook fearfully."—Page 96.

could have arranged it all for him in an instant. Just about anything can happen, if Doctor Pettigrew wants it to. And I've found out since that Arthur did telegraph him for help. But the doctor wouldn't move a finger. You see Arthur had been so rude to him here.

"From Beryl's point of view, this was almost bad enough, with India sounding like paradise to her. But worse followed. And bad as it was, she told most of it in the letter she wrote me. It seems that as soon as he found that Beryl couldn't go to India Arthur announced to her that he was going anyway—going alone. The truth was he had never for an instant considered life anywhere but in the Orient. He didn't intend to consider it. Being married to Beryl, and having her so crazily in love with him, didn't alter that.

"But here the board of missions stepped in again. And now I think of it, there's no knowing that Doctor Pettigrew wasn't behind the whole matter, from beginning to end. The board let Arthur see how much they disapproved of his leaving Beryl, when he was just married to her—some of this we found out later. They put it to him in some indirect way that if he insisted on going he wouldn't find much left of his official status. The big contributions his family had always made were what accounted, I suppose, for his having been retained so long. Because the missions people are great believers in the Christian home, and all that, and they don't care much about missionaries who aren't personally consecrated, even if they are doctors. And I've told you what Arthur is.

"But perhaps even without the board's interfering, Beryl would have seen for herself when things went as far as this. Seen, I mean, just how much romance amounts to. How risky it is to marry a man who talks too well and hasn't any domestic instinct."

"But you seem to have made it pretty plain that he was in love with her!"

"He was in love with her looks," Leota shrewdly discriminated. "But I told you he was a collector. He was in love with everything that he discovered and acquired—small cold things of stone or metal, of course, they mostly were. Then a good part of the joy for him was getting his treasures at a bargain. I don't know whether he'd really care for anything he'd been forced to pay too high a price for. And when he found what a trap the board had put him in, he probably decided that Beryl had cost him too dear, though at the time he must have supposed he was getting her cheaply, undemanding as she was. As it was, he'd paid the price of everything else that he liked—oh, of things that no doubt he liked far better than Beryl herself, things that he considered more beautiful. If he could, he would, of course, have packed her up in sawdust and returned her by express the next day. But just think what a wonderful protection for women marriage is! That's what Beryl doesn't seem to appreciate in the slightest—the actual advantages of her position, I mean. But there is more that I must explain to you.

"I can't tell you, though, all that happened, in those few days that they spent in New York together. It's only the barest facts that Beryl tells, after all. She's so queer and reserved and heart-broken when it comes to telling anything that he really said. But, good gracious, any married woman has to come up against hard things, sooner or later. Beryl simply had hers in a lump, to begin with.

"Oh, if she had been a different kind of a girl, she might have forced him to settle down with her in this country after all and lead a respectable life. Beryl could have had a nice little home here in Circleville, and the same interests that the other married girls of her age have—her little parties and all that. Which is just what we wanted for her.

"But there would have been drawbacks. Liking India as he did, liking heat and luxury and laziness and queer un-Christian things, had spoiled Littleby so. No, it wouldn't have been easy to make him live in America and *work*. So *I* think Beryl is well rid of him."

"Rid of him! What do you mean?"

"Why, he's in China. That is, so far as I know. He seized on a sudden chance to go as travelling physician to some rich New Yorker. And left the next morning. Just as free as if he'd never been married at all. Perhaps, after all, she really had to tell of it, in spite of our feelings. But it was terrible for mother."

"But, poor girl, what can have become of her?" I besought Leota.

"Well, here again Beryl has acted so differently from the rest of us. Whatever her husband did, there she was, Mrs. Arthur Littleby, with all the Littleby money and position back of her. Wouldn't you think she'd see how much better that was than being the not-yet-married Miss Snead? But the girl doesn't seem to understand what marriage implies, as mother often says. She won't accept a penny from the Littlebys. You can imagine how terribly we feel about it. And we've never had anything in the family the least bit queer or scandalous before."

"But I don't understand!"

"Why, the minute she picked herself together after her first collapse she went straight out to Cleveland and took a secretary's position at the Y. W. C. A. She's good at that sort of thing. She has a little flat there. Mother has just been paying her a week's visit. She says Beryl's flat is just as comfortable and pretty as the one Velma has in Chicago. Oh, it's made mother feel differently about Beryl. After all, she *is* married. And she *has* a home of her own. And I've known a good many cases where it would have been easier to have a husband in China than to have him on hand for midday dinner seven days a week."

Wilbur Binney clicked the gate-latch and I made my hasty good-bys.

"Of course, you won't tell anything I've told you," Leota admonished me. "But I wanted you to know what we've been through. And I thought you might be relieved to know that *something* had happened to Beryl finally!"

Legend

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

WHERE are you hid from me, belovèd one,
That I am seeking through the lonely world,
A wanderer on my way home to you?

Dark is the night and perilous the road:
At many a breast in longing have I leaned,
At many a wayside worshipped, and my heart
Is tired from long travelling.

Perhaps
In centuries to come you wait for me,
And are as yet an iris by the stream
Lifting her single blossom, or the faint
Tremulous haze upon the hills, and we
Have missed each other.

O if it be so,
Then may this song reach to the verge of doom,
Ages unborn, to find you where you are,
My lonely one, and like a murmuring string,
Faint with one music, endlessly repeat
To you, not even knowing I was yours,
Her plaintive burden from the dolorous past;
Telling of one upon a hopeless quest,
How in the dark of time he lost his way!

Boston Revisited.

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE title is not amiss, for it is twenty years since I inhabited Boston. In twenty years, I have perhaps twice spent a night there as a bird of passage. It is half a dozen years since I even set foot in the city. Now, in recent weeks, I have passed twenty-four consecutive hours in Boston—a thing, as I say, that I had not done before since the turn of the twentieth century. And the twice-seeing eye is like the twice-born soul: it means something better, in a way, than any virgin experience whatsoever. The first impression cannot, for example, register change; it cannot even be sure of changelessness.

The forefathers of New England marshalled their children and said to them, even as the Lord said to Israel through Moses: "Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse." I know not how it is in other sections of the country; but no thinking man who has been a New Englander for three centuries can fail to have a congenital uneasiness in the blood; a sense of conflict that accompanies every step of his mundane way. He never, like some others, denies or explains away or endeavors to shift his heritage. He is a New Englander, and that settles it. He cannot throw it off—so obviously cannot that there would be no sense in his pretending to try. Sometimes he is more conscious of the curse than of the blessing, and in some cases, no doubt, the blessing seems to fill his sky. The "New England conscience" gives him no peace, for he has inherited it from folk who thought peace, according to its quality, either ignoble or undeserved. No: the New England conscience never gave any one peace. It is the most hair-splitting conscience alive. The New Englander, you see, insisted on looking his God in the face. What wonder that so many of him fled down unanthropomorphic ways into Unitarianism? If you will not put sacraments between yourself and God, there is nothing else to do. We were, for very long, that terrible thing, a man-made theocracy; we were, even worse, a truly homogeneous community. Even now, Middle States, Southern States, Pacific States do not speak our language. We may love them passionately, but we are not at home among these alien folk. Real foreigners are almost easier.

I have known many people who wished they were not New Englanders; but never one who—had the chance really been afforded him—would not have drawn back in terror before the opportunity of change: terror because being, oneself, anything but a New Englander is to the New Englander impossible of comprehension. You simply cannot imagine what it would feel like, inside—to be anything else. In the end, you would shrink before the inconceivable. To be a real New Englander is to be self-conscious; and conscious, to the marrow, of being "special." You may kick against the curse; you may even deprecate the blessing; but to imagine yourself anything else is like imagining yourself a merman or an elemental, a cherub or a fairy. Something different: delightful, very likely, but incomprehensible.

What has it all to do with Boston, visited or revisited? Being a New Englander, I had not realized, until now, that that question could be pertinent, or that sequence muddy. Boston is the one great city in New England, and though you may centre your allegiance in Portland, Maine, or Providence, Rhode Island, or Hartford, Connecticut, you are not unaware of the super-city of your province. You may never have lived in Boston; you may not know it or care for it; but Boston is your metropolis and your capital. Alien to you personally it may be; but not as Chicago, Philadelphia, or St. Louis is alien. On the Western marches, New York is the magnet, no

doubt; New York may even be a habit of the march-dwellers. But Boston is the capital of New England, and all that is traditionally New English in the march-dweller will look thither with respect. You may shop, or go to the theatre elsewhere; but the temple, I think, is still in Boston. No Babylonish captivity can alter that.

So, to a New Englander, Boston is still and always important, with its own special importance. It has become a commonplace that "Boston is no longer a Mecca," etc., etc. Even that does not matter. The New Englander knows that, in a very intimate sense, Boston is, for him, a Mecca. Though they prove to us statistically that the Puritan centre of gravity has shifted from New England to the Middle West, they will never make us feel any corresponding lurch of our beings toward the Mississippi Valley. We do not mind being transplanted so much, perhaps, as some others, though we may not be happy in the spot of our transplanting. Again, it does not matter, because we were never happy in New England. A New Englander is not happy anywhere: he is not made that way. He may be fortunate, cheerful, contented; but happiness was not included in his blessing. His hair shirt is part of his skin. My own notion is that he likes immensely living in places where people do not grow hair shirts in the embryonic stage, but that he never really feels at home except where he knows that the people he meets in the streets are skinned like himself. No one seeks the exotic release with greater hope and more determination than the son of the Puritan or the Pilgrim; no one is so completely incapable of making that release a real escape.

Phenomena familiar and unfamiliar nearly brought the quick tear to the inward eye as I passed along the streets, as I stared across the Public Garden to Beacon Hill, or, later, from the Harvard Bridge across the river to the golden dome of the State House. The Esplanade was new to me; the single sky-scraper was new; the subway to Cambridge something never experienced by me before. Every color that the State House dome can take under any sky I knew already, and every tint of the Public Garden in spring; but much building, both public and private, had been done since my time. All the "improvements" at the foot of the hill, between Charles Street and the river, were new, as were the strange whitish masses of the Institute of Technology. Nor had I ever before seen (in Cambridge) Holworthy Hall pitiably blank and sunstruck with its guarding elms gone, or the Widener Library making its elders and betters look small. . . .

To the middle-aged revisitant, a smile as inevitable in Boston streets. I remembered my first impression, long ago, on leaving New England, gathered in cities of the Middle States—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore—which was of sheer wonder. European memories of childhood had become somewhat blurred in the intenser life of youth, and it was my honest sense (back there at the turn of the century) that I had never before seen "the man in the street"—which includes the woman—good-looking or well dressed, until I reached those other cities. Those healthy blooming animals, male and female, that were to be seen any fine day on Fifth Avenue, Chestnut Street, or Charles Street—were they a different race, or what? I am not speaking of private assemblages; only of the shops, the streets, the theatres, the happy hunting-grounds of the type, with a fair field and no favor for the striking individual. The occasional handsome man or woman, in Boston, did not even stand out from the crowd; the individual was swallowed up in that prevailing plainness of feature and garb. Whereas, in other cities, I found, the background did not eat good looks alive. All this I remembered. And when, the other day, I made my way up Boylston Street at the shopping hour, behold, it was true as it had always been: there was no beauty, or *chic*, to perceive. It was a plain world. Casual voices, on the other hand, were soothing—proof positive that it was, on the whole, civilized Boston that surrounded me; for in New England the voice is not soothing unless it has had "advantages." Our forefathers bequeathed to us nasality as well as a peculiar conscience. Nowhere else, on the other hand, is the educated voice so good. But that is a matter of culture. So I walked, as of old, the ear soothed,

the eye disturbed. This was indeed Boston.

The shop-windows were full of good clothes—a little less insistent in smartness, perhaps, than those on Fifth Avenue, but good, all the same. At least, they were good on the models. The gift of wearing clothes was not vouchsafed to us New Englanders at large. "Why," the late Henry James once asked me, "do all the women in Cambridge dress like the wardresses of prisons?" The real answer is that they do not, but that New England women are more apt than others to carry themselves as if uniformed. There is a desperate—if you like, a decent—lack of coquetry in the bearing: coquetry, which insists ever on its own subtle difference, though it is only a different flower in the hair, a different turn of the wrist in placing that flower. That, to my mind, is the true explanation of the old fallacy about every Frenchwoman's being well dressed. Setting aside, as complicating the issue, the fact that the best-bred Frenchwoman is less visible to the public eye than the corresponding American woman, it has never seemed to me that the much-repeated statement is true. The average American woman is certainly better dressed than the average Frenchwoman, as she is out and away better looking. What she lacks is the air of having spent private, personal thought on her clothes, of presenting herself to the gaze as a perhaps modest, but deliberate, product of intense reflection. Nowhere is this renunciation of any claim on public gratitude for a task performed in the public interest so evident as in New England, I fancy. And while it brings the smile, it brings the tear. For is it not a vestige, small but authentic, of a bequeathed tradition? The Puritan may have passed out of our conscious life; but he has sunk down into our instincts and found there a hospitable couch. There does not lack evidence that the "younger generation" in New England is more or less of a piece, in manners and conduct, with the younger generation elsewhere. But it has not yet changed the social complexion of Boston streets. If the tear follows hard upon the smile, that is because the tear, too, is reminiscent; because there is something deeply comforting as well as deeply amusing in seeing certain aspects of things unchanged. There are times when the sense of solidarity is pure irritation; there are also times when the sense of solidarity is a very present comfort: when to feel yourself, after absence and change, still one with the folk you were brought up to consider the world, as you and they are still recognizably one flesh with generations that moulder under quaint tombstones in New England graveyards, is the event of your inner life that most sustains your soul. If you know what you are, you can take your stand upon that. Whether you like your *pou sto* or not, footing is not to be despised. It is the hurrying millions, who know not what they are, that are to be pitied. God forbid that we should not improve our heritage . . . but we have to live up to it first. Permanence, unchangingness, may well lead to decay—the radical mood is right enough about that. Yet up to the crumbling point it is a sign of strength: a point of repair as well as a point of departure. People who have, spiritually speaking, nothing to come home to, may fare further, if only in desperation; but will they build such good roads, knowing neither whence nor whither? It is a good thing, one imagines, to know whence, since whither is always a little uncertain.

One tiny instance of the persistent Boston quality seemed to me in my receptive—perhaps oversensitized—mood, illuminating. I was travelling light, sleeping in a different place each night of my little journey, and had brought no books to weigh down my luggage. Something, none the less, I had to have to read myself to sleep with, that night at my hotel. I bought, automatically, a *Transcript* at the news-stand, then looked for magazines. It so happened that there were none I had not seen, except some I did not want. I started a little disconsolately to my room. Then the inward smile came again. Was I not in Boston? There, at my left hand, as it had been for twenty years, was the hotel library. I turned into the familiar, quiet room, and in five minutes left it with two books. "Where else," I thought to myself, "does a little Irish maid find you the Walter Scotts, and write down 'Woodstock'

against your name, without so much as asking you to spell it?" Few caravansaries there are, in any case, that lend you Walter Scott to read in your room, and none other, I am convinced, that does it with such an "air." Such an absence of "air," I think I mean, in truth; so natural and quiet an assumption that a traveller is not only a person who wants his clothes pressed, but also a person who wants something besides a telephone book to read himself to sleep with. One to Boston, I maintain.

I have left to the last the dominant impression of my little sojourn. That was, neither more nor less, the astonishing, the breath-taking beauty of Boston. It seemed to me, that first fine spring morning, that I had never seen an American city so beautiful as this. The beauty of Boston is old, not new. The Esplanade was a fine thing to achieve, but apart from that, I saw no new thing that was particularly welcome to the eye. It was a general beauty, and a beauty that had simply been forgotten. Curiously enough, the old landmarks, as such, were less impressive than of old. Trinity Church, for example, or the Shaw Monument. It may be because I have grown out of love with modern Romanesque; it may be because I have lived too long south of New York to like anything in the Shaw Monument except its technique. But, more than that, if you accept New York, once, as beautiful—and I did, long since—you accept a different scale and theory of municipal beauty. If you have once taken the sky-scraper to your heart, even Paris, in spots, looks a little mean. I still maintain that the cañon of Fifth Avenue, in the proper light, is more romantic than anything Boston can offer; and that, once having loved them, one can never quite do without the "topless towers" of Gotham.

Be that as it may, you set Gotham aside, and readjust yourself. You have to admit at once that it is not mere topography that gives Boston its charm. This is not the only city set upon a hill. Position for position, how can Boston compare with Seattle, or Portland, or San Francisco? Yet none of these cities has pulled it off as Boston has. Nor is it a mere matter of age and ripeness. Philadelphia is not a new town, for example; yet Philadelphia has, to the casual visitor, no quality at all. There is in Philadelphia this or that quaint corner, or fine colonial edifice, to be observed; but there is no point at which you stop, overwhelmed by the general scene. Is it the Public Garden, the Mall, the Hill, the river, the lower stretches of the Back Bay? It is all of these and none of them; you must neither confound the persons nor divide the substance. Detail by detail, it has all shrunk a little in the white light of later experience, and each landmark is less imposing than of old. Yet the whole is more positively beautiful, more complicated in charm, more distinct in character, than ever before.

Quality, I think, does it. Boston is more consistent than other cities, has accepted its type with a prouder patience, and has thereby achieved a personality that other cities have not. Its very æsthetic renunciations have counted to it for æsthetic merit, for in refusing to be lured into strange and thrilling new fashions, it has made the most of its own physiognomy. It has chosen its dress to suit its features, and has left experiment to others. And—let the non-New Englander laugh—it has thereby attained a moral beauty, having kept the morals of the æsthetic law. The only analogy I can think of is the woman who has stayed at home and cultivated her garden, and given her own type its perfect chance, refusing to be stampeded by new modes or strange decorative gospels. Certainly the beauty of the city, while it makes its full appeal to the senses, exhales a moral quality as well. It has, as some people might say, an aura. To the New Englander, it must needs sum up much. God knows what New York is trying to say to you; God knows what the new Pacific towns are preparing themselves to shout out when they shall become articulate. But any twice-born soul knows what Boston is saying, and its very limitations deepen and define the message.

This is, I dare say, the greatest plastic explicitness the Puritan will ever reach. Boston's beauty is New England to the core. It shows as much outward graciousness as the New Englander will ever achieve. Smaller towns may give you a

purer "colonial": Boston marks the extremest modification possible to the Puritan who is still a Puritan. It cannot compound any farther with the non-Puritan world without losing its own heritage. More cosmopolitan, more mundane, more eclectic than this, it would not be safe to be. Boston may yet be changed by the foreigner; by the dominant Irishman, the invading Pole. An Iberian, or a Semitic, or a Slavic breath may yet blow hot destruction over Beacon Hill. One does not forget that Old Hadley has lapsed to the foreigner, and that its colonial houses, its double avenue of elms, are now a living anachronism. But, so far, Boston is still New England, going strong.

The old cities of the South, they say, are losing all that made them homes of romance. Too dependent on a state of things that was highly artificial and bound to pass—having no prescience, you may say, of the Shaw Monument—they have sunk slowly as the props were withdrawn. Boston never was, like Charleston and New Orleans, a home of romance: the New England conscience did not see life that way. As I hinted before, it is as much its early renunciations as its acceptances that have given it a kind of Indian summer. The people who live within its gates have much the same qualities as the gates within which they dwell. They are complicated folk, to whom inhibitions are the law of life. Not here lie the great Philistine adventures—not here the splendid riot of physical life. Nor can they permit themselves to be true romantics, following "the light that never was on sea or land." But there is a quiet inclusiveness of reference, an implied recognition of the many things needed for happiness even though happiness be not easily come by, a rather long list of essentials prevailingly intangible. Souls much lived in, you would say. Not feasted in; still less, shut up with cedarn doors against moth and rust.

Indian summer sometimes prolongs itself incredibly. Those of us who do not feel that New England in the Mississippi Valley is quite the same as New England at home, will pray for winter to be belated. It is not all pleasure, this perception of Boston's beauty; for to perceive it one must enter the land where the free spirit still feels curbed by a rigidity that, strictly speaking, is relaxed, an austerity that no longer holds. Original sin, I think, is the name of the prison we enter when we cross the line into our own New England. New England may have thrown over the dogma—I do not know—but what does that matter if you keep the state of mind? I am convinced that the genuine New Englander, wherever he goes, is still imprisoned in that sense, and "drags a lengthening chain." For myself, I can get rid of it only by crossing the Great Divide and staring at the Golden Gate. And even that shock of liberation would probably not last. Robert Frost's searching words,

> "Home is the place where, when you have to go,
> They have to take you in."

seem to me to define, better than any others, the escaped New Englander's feeling about New English soil. He may have been happier elsewhere, but elsewhere he has no right. Only there is he at home. To this, at the end of life, whether he die beneath palm or pine, his spirit must inevitably return. And so it shall be, as "Fair Harvard" has it,

> "Till the stock of the Puritans die."

Living Up to His Advertising

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

Author of "The Business of Advertising"

FEW have noticed the remarkable effect of advertising upon those who use it.

Much has been written about its effect upon the advertisee. It has made him a better customer. It has changed his habits and enlarged his vocabulary. And it has equally given him better goods, more easily obtained, at lower prices.

But advertising has one of the qualities of Portia's celebrated brand of mercy. It works both ways. It lays the advertiser under the necessity of living up to his advertising. And the advertising up to which he must live is always a shade ahead of his business. The manufacturer who invokes publicity has given a hostage to the public. He has joined Gideon's band, broken his pitcher, and let his lamp shine. He cannot thereafter hide his light and creep back into comfortable obscurity. He must abide by his conspicuousness and all its consequences.

Twenty-five years ago I was a cub copy-writer on the staff of an advertising agency. One day my boss came into my cubicle and brought me a job.

"I have a friend," he said, "who owns a hotel."

He dropped on my desk a photograph of the wooden summer-resort hotel of that period.

"He wants a booklet written to send to prospective guests. I know nothing about the place—never saw it. I want you to write three thousand words about the kind of hotel you would like to spend your vacation at."

I did just that. I described a hotel where the service anticipated the wants of the guests, where the clerk was human and approachable, and the proprietor a sort of good angel hovering in the background.

My employer duly submitted my copy to his customer friend, along with a dummy of the proposed booklet.

The hotel man read it.

"This is bully!" he exclaimed, "but—you see—that isn't exactly the kind of hotel I keep."

"Maybe not," retorted the advertising man, "but it is the kind of hotel you ought to keep."

I wish I could go on and round out my anecdote by telling you how that hotel man, waiving the advertiser's vested right to edit and blue-pencil all copy, edited and blue-pencilled his hotel-keeping instead, until it resembled somewhat the thing I had imagined. Maybe he did. It is enough for my purpose that there is to-day at least one chain of great hotels whose advertised motto is "The guest is always right," and these hotels are in a way one result of the advertising man's laconic "It is the kind you ought to keep."

The kind you ought to keep, the goods you ought to make, the service you ought to render, have been displayed temptingly and suggestfully before the manufacturer's eyes by his own advertising until they have had with him something the result that Jacob's peeled wands had with the ring-straked lambs. They have made him over, unconsciously, but none the less effectively.

He has been changed by the very effort of making a worth-while appeal to the public. He cannot say one thing and do another, and since the thing he says, or permits his advertising man to say for him, is that more nearly ideal thing which he always meant his business to be, it is that thing which under the influence of the advertising urge his business gradually becomes. An actor sometimes plays one part so long and so earnestly that he comes to resemble the character he impersonates. Did not Joe Jefferson acquire some of the genial and lovable qualities of Rip Van Winkle?

There is nothing insincere about the advertising of the manufacturer I am describing. He does not talk himself into believing he is something he is not. But the total of all advertising produces a sort

of atmosphere of good-will, to which all advertisers contribute and by which all are affected. Let us see if an instance will not make that clearer.

Go into almost any shop to-day and you will find the prices of the goods plainly marked. This was not true fifty years ago. Then goods bore tags covered with mysterious symbols intelligible only to the proprietor and his salesmen. These symbols (each store had its own code) recorded the lowest price at which the article could be sold. But that was not often the selling price. The selling price was whatever the salesman could get over and above that bed-rock upset price, which was presumably the fair retail price for that article. The higher the price, the better the salesman. Every sale was a haggle, and it must be confessed that frequently the customer entered the game with as much gusto as the salesman. But the time and ability of the salesman were wasted—wasted trying to get as high a price as the customer could be made to pay. Instead, he might have been building good-will. He might have been turning a casual purchaser into a permanent customer. Neither the salesman nor his employer realized the potentialities of future business a casual purchaser represented. The modern idea that a sale that cost the store a customer's future business was a loss, no matter what the profit on that sale, was then unknown.

The secret price worked injury to the store. It was also an injustice to most customers. Only the good bargainers could beat the salesman at his own game. Most paid too much, and the same article was seldom sold at the same price to different individuals.

The condition was more or less true of all lines, but it was especially true of men's clothing. Men were (and are) poor judges of the value of the clothes they wear. When a man needed a suit he went to the store, picked it out, and then the bargaining commenced. The word "cheapening" was much used in those days for "marketing" or "shopping." "He was cheapening a suit" meaning he was beating down the seller. It was all well understood. No one but an easy mark accepted the first price asked. No one but the seller knew how little he would accept to make a sale. Now and then a shrewd buyer carried the price below the hieroglyphics marked on the tag. But the odds were always in favor of the bank.

Along came advertising. It is true that clothiers had advertised before. Newspapers carried the stereotyped cards: "Ezra Hemphill, Clothing, Hats, Boots and Shoes. 102 Main Street, opposite the Public Square." (How long, I wonder, after boots ceased to be worn did stores advertise *boots* and shoes?) But real advertising involved something more than a mere directory. Some clothier, feeling around for a message, a story that would give him the individuality at which all advertising aims, abolished the secret price, with all its attendant evils, and announced the fixed price: "All garments plainly marked."

How well I remember one such pioneer! On the flat rails of the fences around my native town was lettered in yellow paint the legend: "N. Boishall, the One-Priced Clothier." What Mr. Boishall meant was not that all his suits were the same price, but that the same suit was one price to all. But he did not need to explain it. The public of that day knew, though to-day the phrase is meaningless.

There was no revolution. Changes came slowly. Secret price marks are not yet entirely extinct. But they are confined to the smaller and more exclusive shops where the tradition still prevails that there is something vulgar about a price. I do not believe a secret price to-day means a fluctuating price, but perhaps Baedeker's familiar phrase will serve: "Bargaining suggested."

The buying of clothing was taken out of the category of games of chance by advertising. Few who made this change in their merchandising methods saw where it would eventually lead them. A new morale in selling had begun which was to continue until the purchaser, instead of marshalling all his faculties to buy a suit without being stung, was to become so pampered and coddled that not even his own mistakes would count against him, let alone the shortcomings of the store itself. What would N. Boishall, the One-Priced Clothier, have thought of men's furnishing stores where goods could be returned if unsatisfactory, money cheerfully refunded, without pressure to take other goods in exchange? Where the

seller's solicitude extended over the period of wearing the article, and where the customer's continued and lasting satisfaction was placed far higher than the profits on any sale. One such retailer in New York City advertised a few years ago urging all who had bought certain suits to bring them back, anxious to warn the until-now-unsuspicious purchasers that the suits were badly dyed and would not hold their color.

The sheer advertising value of this incident is great. It gave at once an attention-compelling story and a telling instance of the store's desire to keep faith with its customers. The loss on the suits —if there was loss, for probably this was passed back to the manufacturer—was a small price to pay for such constructive advertising.

An experience of my own stands out. I bought an overcoat of a salesman who had made himself so necessary to some of us that we always waited for him when he was busy, like a favorite barber. Going to that store a month later for another purchase, my salesman said:

"Is that the coat I sold you?"

I said it was.

"Let me have it a minute, please. The surface of the cloth seems to be wearing off."

I had no complaint, but he took the coat to one of the store experts, and when he came back he said:

"The management wants you to return this coat, and either select a new coat or let them return your money."

And it was so.

Was that good business? In the years since this happened I have told that story hundreds of times, in conversation, in advertising talks, and in things I have written, as I am telling it here.

Both these instances are about the same house, perhaps a more shining example of what I am trying to show than the average, but the house is on record that the losses from such a policy are negligible.

It is only within memory of men now living that it has been believed that both parties to a bargain could be satisfied. One of the textile houses has an amusing trade-mark, a survival of those early days. An old-time merchant stands with lips pursed, hands thrust deep into breeches pockets, staring at vacancy. The motto is "Sell and repent." It was more apt to be buy and repent, for *caveat emptor* had a real as well as a legal meaning. For thousands of years barter and sale had been one of the outdoor sports, as it is to-day in many countries, and as it is in all countries in some lines. Take the ethics of a horse trade, for instance, as told by David Harum.

Roy S. Durstine, in his book "Making Advertisements and Making Them Pay," observes: "The appalling fact about advertising is that it can and does change the character of an establishment. Just when you decide that the sort of quality copy used by a merchant is entirely out of keeping with a business, you wake up to find that it has completely changed the class of his trade and that he is moving his shop to a better neighborhood where his customers prefer to shop. The history of many leading merchants in our large cities is the strongest proof of advertising power as a democratic force. It has lifted countless struggling merchants out of the side streets and on to the boulevards. Its atmosphere can crystallize the ideal of a business more than many spoken words."

It must be confessed that advertising itself needed considerable regeneration before it could become an uplifter.

In the days before manufacturers had accepted it as the great right arm of selling, it was looked upon with justifiable suspicion, for those who used it most were exploiting the credulity of those who believed in it. Chief among them were the patent-medicine men. Advertising is the one essential ingredient of a proprietary remedy. Legitimate businesses have thrived without advertising, but no patent medicine could exist without it. The least harmful of these quacksalvers were those who merely took the victim's money and gave him nothing. Remedies costing one cent to manufacture were sold for a dollar. Habit-forming drugs disguised as tonics produced their own re-orders. It became tragic when hopeless people suffering from chronic diseases were led to depend year after year on worthless remedies until all help was too late. Testimonials of victims who had in the meantime died while depending on the remedy advertised to cure them were used in the advertising.

To the patent-medicine people must be added the out-and-out swindlers. Their schemes were ingenious and their defense impudent. They gave a touch of comedy to the prostitution of advertising. They bore heavily on the universal desire to get something for nothing. Two instances will suffice. One advertised a "complete sewing-machine for 25 cents." Another offered a "steel-engraving of General Grant for 25 cents." Those who sent their quarters to the first advertiser received a cambric needle. The steel-engraving was a one-cent postage-stamp. The amounts were so small that few took legal steps. Written complaints were merely ignored. When legal action was taken, the suits failed. The advertisers had done exactly what they promised. A cambric needle *was* a complete sewing-machine. *All* postage-stamps were steel-engravings. The government had only one recourse. The naïve process, "fraud order," was invoked. The advertiser's mail was stopped and the money returned to the senders, which gave an opportunity to learn the vast profits from this form of advertising. The advertiser changed his name and address and put out a new offer. The Post-Office Department could not keep up with such versatility.

Publications were issued solely to carry this sort of business. They were called mail-order journals, and the traffic mail-order advertising, thus bringing reproach on the name of what has since become a legitimate and beneficial form of selling goods. The only way of stopping this was to cut off publicity.

Then there was the advertising of worthless securities, technically known as "blue-sky" or "wildcat" stocks. These had no market other than that made by advertising to weak-minded individuals who believed everything they read in the papers and magazines. They contributed their share to discrediting publicity as a means of selling goods. The itinerary circus, far more common in those days, was a symbol of amusingly mendacious advertising. While few took seriously the orgy of adjectives and superlatives which were thought necessary to bring the crowd to the big tent, it helped to uphold the impression that sober, restrained, sincere advertising would accomplish nothing.

In all this the mediums which accepted such business complacently were aiders and abettors. Many publishers looked with equal favor upon the money of the patent-medicine man and the legitimate manufacturer. The idea they owed anything to their subscribers was then too far in advance of their primitive and short-sighted business instincts. The professional advertising man was the first to feel the handicap under which his clients were laboring. The better agencies of those days were beginning to refuse the accounts of proprietary remedies. The agencies used the weight of their legitimate accounts as a club. They refused to O. K. bills when their advertisements were run on the same page with patent medicines. It was obvious that advertising would never come into its own until the Augean stable was thoroughly cleansed.

A Hercules was in training. The publishers began to see that they were fouling their own nests in accepting business that destroyed the confidence that is the life-blood of advertising. Edward Bok, from his seat of power as editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, launched a crusade that stirred the patent-medicine world to its depth. There is no need to tell that story here. Mr. Bok has already told it, and told it well, in his book "The Americanization of Edward Bok." The *Journal* crusade was followed by one in *Collier's*. The magazines cleaned house. They were followed, more slowly and less completely, by the newspapers. It is possible to-day to advertise patent medicines, but only in a restricted way. The important thing is that the traffic has been placed under a ban. It is no longer an important source of advertising revenue, and many of the most offensive proprietaries, deprived of their essential ingredient, have followed their victims to the grave.

The attack of powerful magazines was only one of the forces at work to regenerate advertising. The magazines, brought to realize the real value of their columns, and the possibilities of advertising for industries that had never dreamed of using it, and never would while it was the chosen method of every disreputable swindler, took other steps to build up the integrity of their advertising pages. They began the creation of what is known as reader confidence. The first step was the guaranteeing of the advertising. Readers

were assured that the publisher stood behind every offer in his advertising, morally and financially. On this offer publishers sometimes had to make good. Occasionally more money was spent in reimbursing the subscriber than the publisher received for the space. Another innovation was imperative—the censorship of copy. The publisher refused advertising that even unintentionally would mislead the reader. In some instances the blue-pencilling of all extravagant claims was enforced. The advertiser was no longer allowed to say that his product was the best in the world, unless it was and he could prove it. No advertiser was allowed to reflect on a competitor's product. Each publisher as he made these reforms effective used advertising to inform the world. For some time the dominant note in advertising of magazines was the spotless integrity of their advertising pages.

The so-called *Printers' Ink* statute was another help. That publication, with the aid of competent lawyers, framed an act to punish fraudulent advertising. This act has now been put on the statute-books by twenty-eight States. The law has teeth. The Associated Advertising Clubs, an organization with fifteen thousand members, maintains a fund to enforce it.

All these things have helped to take advertising away from those who used it basely and prepare it for its service to legitimate business. But the principal influence that has modified the nature and scope of advertising is the character of the men who in the last twenty years have gone into it, or into businesses that use it. These are the graduates of the colleges and universities, men who in an earlier day gravitated into the so-called learned professions, then the only recognized field for a trained mind and a standard of self-respect. Such men now realize that business is the real field of high adventure, where the opportunities are greater and the rewards larger than in law, architecture, medicine, or any of the other intellectual professions. These men have taken their brains and their ideals—especially their ideals, for business did not entirely lack brains—into the selling end of business, and with the open-mindedness that only the outside point of view can give, have promptly adopted advertising as a means of selling.

Whatever this college type of man may be, he is usually a good sportsman, and the change that has come over the making and selling of goods savors strongly of sportsmanship. The large point of view, good-will, fair play, welfare work, are all results of a higher code of business ethics just as surely as they are a source of greater profits. Sometimes a son joins the ancestral factory. He takes a year in the shop, a year on the road, and a year in the office, and then he begins to tell the old man how to run the business. Frequently he is right, and frequently he prevails. Sometimes the argument lasts until the father dies or retires; sometimes the young man's theories about advertising, treatment of help, and co-operation with competitors wins over the older heads, and the business becomes a little less sordid, and correspondingly more profitable.

For the type of the advertising man has changed. Howells, Stevenson, Wells, Gissing, and Locke all drew the old type, of which the late Tody Hamilton, of glorious memory, was the living representative. The advertising man is no longer Fulkerson, Jim Pinkerton, Ponderevo, Luckworth Crewe, or Clem Sypher. He is less picturesque, less obvious, a finer and more imaginative type, saner, more reserved, and younger.

For advertising is inherently a young man's work. It requires faith, courage, vision, imagination more than it requires experience. Men from a world having little commerce with business have leavened the whole lump. The novelty, the constructive, creative building power of advertising has attracted them. They have adopted it as their main selling force, and having adopted it, they have not only made it impossible for the old gang to use it, but they have set it to work to accomplish things the most enlightened old-school advertising man never dreamed. For advertising is no longer concerned entirely with selling goods. In the last few years there has been much advertising of which selling goods was only the far-off ulterior purpose. This new advertising is being done for the building of business morale.

A quotation from a piece of advertising put out by an advertising agency will set briskly before you how modern advertis-

ing men regard the force with which they work:

The world is paying a new attention to morale. Morale has become a familiar word.

For this the advertising fraternity is duly grateful. For years the conscientious advertising man has been thinking of and dealing with such intangible things as morale, good-will, public consciousness—a state of mind.

More often than not he has had to talk of those things to a man who was thinking of and dealing with shoes and ships and sealing-wax.

This manufacturer naturally tended to limit his conception of advertising to the immediate sale of a shoe or a ship or a sealing-wax. And classed the advertising man as a gentle lunatic because his conception of advertising comprehended the creation of a state of mind that should result in continuous sales.

Hence the gratitude of the advertising man when any circumstance—even a deplorable world war—advertises the state of mind as an essential factor in any enterprise.

The morale of a business is fostered by advertising to a greater extent than any man realizes who has not gone into the subject seriously and thoughtfully.

The manufacturer of an advertised brand is held to high standards of quality, of improvement, and of service, by the fact that he is identified with his product. Responsible for it. And held responsible for it by the public because he has branded it as his. His advertised trade-mark is his promissory note to the buying public.

Greater efficiency in a factory follows the pride of employees in working at a business that is well known and favorably regarded. There are instances where the decrease in labor turnover has shown a profitable return on an advertising expenditure.

Advertising can create a certain atmosphere, a certain impression in the workingman's mind, the reaction from which is an added feeling of dignity in his employment and the place of employment. Other things being equal, a man would rather work for a house the standing of which was high than a house the standing of which was low. He would rather tell his friends that he worked in your factory than somewhere else, because he knows that in stating that fact his friends, by reason of their knowledge of your company, approve his condition.

This decreased cost of labor turnover is difficult to demonstrate, but the results seem to be indisputable.

In another subtle way, a personal sense of responsibility on the part of the workman for the task he performs is brought about, so that, in addition to the precautions you take, the quality of production becomes high because the workman unconsciously feels that these goods must live up to their reputation.

And greater efficiency results from the confidence and spirit of a selling force that is selling a well-known article of merchandise recognized as a leader.

A single by-product of this confidence on the part of your sales force is pregnant with opportunity for a great and desirable economy. Let your advertising create the right impression of leadership and authority and your salesmen will unconsciously insist on the acceptance of your goods as they stand, and find the trade readier to accept them. Your salesmen's orders will not be encumbered with so many special instructions and changes which must be carried out at a much higher manufacturing cost than if changes were not required by the dealer.

Advertised concerns are admittedly the preferred customers of sellers of raw material. Of what use is it for the seller of raw material to refer to a satisfied customer one never heard of? But a prospective customer lends a readier ear if he hears that well-known concerns are patrons. The seller of raw material also realizes that the advertised established brand is a steady customer.

All of this force of advertising making for the morale of business is a by-product, but sometimes a by-product is more important than the primary function of advertising, to make sales.

Such is the in no respect unusual belief of the modern advertising man in the possibilities of advertising. Human nature has not been made over. There are shysters and quacks in advertising just as there are in law and medicine, and there always will be. But there is also a code of ethics drawing its rigid line between the ranks of those delightful rascals, Clem Sypher and Ponderevo, and the community of real advertising men, who are not particularly distinguishable in a crowd from other sane and successful business men. The heroes of Locke's and Wells's books are English types, of course, but we had them here, still have them for that matter, only none of our native authors have yet put them so engagingly in books.

Even in the days when the boastful, vulgar, flashy type of advertising man flourished without let or hindrance, he was not regarded as representative by those who were engaged in what little constructive work was then being done. A fairer example is the late George P. Rowell, founder of *Printers' Ink*, of the *American Newspaper Directory*, and of one of the earliest advertising agencies. Mr. Rowell was a sane, long-headed New Englander, with scant sympathy for the "bunk" that permeated so much advertising. He had a wonderful faculty for going straight through it to the commonsense basis underneath. To him I owe a lesson in advertising that stands out sharply after nearly thirty years. My employer—the same who made the historic remark about the hotel booklet—had an order from Mr. Rowell for some advertising copy. He turned it over to me. With

the warped judgment of youth I tried too hard to be clever. My employer sent my stuff to Mr. Rowell, with this comment:

"Here is some copy one of my young men has written."

Promptly it came back, with the comment:

"One of your young men has written some d—— bad stuff."

Mr. Rowell has left behind him a book of reminiscences valuable as a history of the beginnings of modern advertising, but more than that intensely interesting as a human document and well worth reading for its own sake. It has something of the quaint charm of Pepys's "Diary" on account of its style, its frankness, and its humor.

Out of a bewildering array of modern instances of the refining influence of advertising upon those who use it, there is room to touch further on but one, and for that one the most striking is perhaps the effect it has had in minimizing what is known as cutthroat competition. There is one idea in business almost as old as that *caveat-emptor* principle, and that is hostility to a competitor. The desire to gain some great end by advertising has brought groups of competitors together. This great end is the one of educating the public to be better customers. Cement manufacturers have learned that it is better to teach more people to use concrete construction and thus make a bigger market for cement, than to fight each other for the smaller trade that already exists. Under the ægis of advertising paint manufacturers, tile-makers, orange-growers, raisin-driers, lumbermen, dairymen have joined the hands formerly lifted against one another. There is competition still, just as determined and far more intelligent than in the old days, but it is the competition of golf, all within the limits of a gentleman's game. Each one plays his own ball, the best he knows how, and when his competitor's ball is lost in the rough, he cheerfully joins in the search for it.

Men in a similar line of business, meeting to arrange a plan for the common good of the industry, and thus becoming acquainted, could never after hate one another with sufficient ferocity to resume the old tactics. "I hate that man," said Charles Lamb. "Why, you don't know him," replied a friend. "Of course I don't. How could I hate him if I knew him?" Anything that brings competitors together is desirable, but when co-operative advertising is the attraction, it is a preparation for lessening the stress of competition by providing a larger market for all.

No better word can be found for ending this attempt to present one of the nobler results of advertising than to quote the plea of Bruce Barton, himself an excellent example of the men who are giving advertising its idealistic tendency, which I find in a recent copy of *Associated Advertising:*

Give advertising Time: that is the thing it needs most.

The advertising agency is the precocious infant among the professions. One of the oldest agencies in New York prints on its letterhead the date of its founding, and that date, as I recall it now, is 1869! Think of it—almost ten years after the Civil War; and the boys of the Civil War are still alive among us.

Is it fair to expect perfection in a profession that counts only a single generation to its credit? Should it occasion surprise when even a well-laid advertising campaign goes wrong? Is it any wonder that workers whose chief raw material is human nature should have to confess that they cannot always tell in advance just how that raw material will act?

We are learning. We have just passed through one great cycle of inflation and deflation. We know now what happens to the automobile business and the shoe business and the perfumery business when prices go up like a rocket and come down like a stick. How much wiser counsellors to our customers we will be when another cycle swings around. How much better we will be able to read the signs of the storm, having passed through one such tempest.

I like the references in English novels to those old law firms—solicitors, I believe they call them—in which sons have succeeded their fathers to the third and fourth generation. Each new generation of lawyers has handled the affairs of the new generation among its clients, dealing out counsel based on records which run back for a hundred years or more. I see no reason why advertising agencies too should not outlive their founders and the successors of their founders, growing wiser with each generation and gathering a priceless possession of recorded experience.

Think of an advertising agency in 2020 being able to turn back in the records to 1920 and say to its clients: "In the Fall of 1920 *this* happened in silk, and *this* happened in leather and *this* happened in wheat, and the selling problems which followed were *so* and *so*. The present situation has certain aspects that are similar: and the recommendations which we are presenting are based on a recognition of that fact."

We are gaining experience; we are growing more and more valuable as advisers every year.

Don't expect the impossible.

Give advertising time.

American Indian Myth Poems

BY HARTLEY ALEXANDER

THE poetic spirit of the American Indian is a thing to be retrieved fragmentarily, partly through the echoes of old songs, partly through the dim rememberings of ancient beliefs. The native expression is seldom articulate after the manner of white men; it is too simply a communion with nature to need formal articulation. But it falls easily into the cadences of unaffected speech, interpreted but not misportrayed. The story of the never-ending strife of the Daughter of the South, Mother of Life, with the Wolf-Chieftain of the North; the naïve faith that to bathe the bare feet in the morning dews will bring youthful power; belief in Spirit-Men of the Mirage; old myths of birds or animals who have wished death into the world,—of such fragments as these are the inspirations for what is here given, tradition from the Indian, heritage for ourselves.

THE CITIES OF WHITE MEN

THOSE men build many houses:
They dig the earth, and they build;
They cut down the trees, and they build;
They work always—building.

From the elevation of the mountainside
I behold the clouds:
The clouds build many beautiful houses in the sky:
They build, and they tear down;
They build, and they dissolve. . . .

The cities of white men,
They are not beautiful like the cloud cities;
They are not vast, like the cloud cities. . . .

A wind-swept teepee
Is all the house I own. . . .

THE BLIZZARD

WHIPPED onwards by the North Wind
The air is filled with the dust of driven snow:
The earth is hidden,
The sky is hidden,
All things are hidden,—
The air is filled with stinging,
Before, behind, above, below,—
Who can turn his face from it? . . .
All the animals drift mourning, mourning. . . .
Only the Gray Wolf laughs.

Who are ye who wallow in the winds?
Who are ye who strike with stinging blows? . . .
Man-beings out of the North?

Beast-beings out of the North?
Snow-beings with fingers of thin ice? . . .
I am a Daughter of the South:
My lips are soft, my breath is warm,
My heart is beating wildly,—
I cannot live in the cold. . . .
All my animals drift mourning, mourning. . . .
Only the gaunt Gray Wolf is laughing.

To-morrow three suns will rise, side by side;
All the earth will be covered with dazzling snow,—
Cold, cold, and very quiet. . . .
The animals will lie buried in the snow,—
Cold, and very quiet. . . .
But the gaunt Gray Wolf will break a new trail,
Running, with three shadows blue upon the snow.

THE WET GRASS OF MORNING

In the spring when I bathe my feet in the wet grass of morning,
I see many smiles upon the meadows. . . .

There are drops of shining dew clinging to the blue harebells,
And the little white starflowers sparkle with dew, shining. . . .

Old Woman Spider has beaded many beautiful patterns,
Spreading them where the Sun's ray falls. . . .

He also is smiling as he catches the red of the blackbird's opening wing,
As he hearkens to the mocking-bird inventing new songs. . . .

I was an old man as I sat by the evening fire;
When I bathe my feet in the wet grass of morning I am young again.

MIRAGE

The footfalls of many feet are on the prairies,
Treading softly, like the rustling of shaken grasses;
In the air about me is a sound scarce audible,
As of the wings of silent birds, low-flying. . . .

What are they that move in the luminous mid-day,
Invisibly, intangibly? . . .

It is hot and whisperingly still;
I see only the quivering air, there on the far horizon,
And beyond it a lake of cool water lifted into the sky:
Pleasant groves are growing beside it,
Very distant I see them. . . .

Are these men come out of the silence to walk beside me?
Are these gods who flit with invisible wings?

THE GREAT DRUM

THE circle of the Earth is the head of a great drum;
With the day, it moves upward—booming;
With the night, it moves downward—booming;
The day and the night are its song.

I am very small, as I dance upon the drum-head;
I am like a particle of dust, as I dance upon the drum-head;
Above me in the sky is the shining ball of the drumstick.

I dance upward with the day;
I dance downward with the night;
Some day I shall dance afar into space like a particle of dust.

Who is the Drummer who beats upon the earth-drum?
Who is the Drummer who makes me to dance his song?

THE ORIGIN OF DEATH

IN the Day ere Man came,
In the Morning of Life,
They came together
The Father, the Mother,
Debating.

"Forever they shall live,
"Our Children,
"When they are born Men,
"Forever they shall live,"
Said the Father,
Said the Mother.

But the little Bird cried,
Ah, the little Bird cried:
"How shall I nest me—
"How shall I nest me
"In their warm graves
"If men live forever?"

THE SUN'S LAST RAY

UPON the blue mountain I stood,
Upon the mountain as he sank into the Rivers of Night:
The camps of the clouds in the heavens were shining with evening fires,
many-colored,
And the pools on the plain below gleamed with many reflections:
All things were made precious with the Day's last ray.

Farewell, my Father, the Shining One!
Farewell, whither thou goest,
Like an aged chieftain adorned with the splendors of many deeds!
Thou dost touch the world with many reflections,
With parting injunctions many—
Thy thought thou hast given us.

The Mother Tongue in School

BY A. R. BRUBACHER
President New York State College for Teachers

THE national spot-light of public effort is focussed on the English language to-day as never before. The obvious part of the Americanization movement consists largely in teaching English to the adult immigrant, but a greater although less obtrusive part consists of teaching English to the children of immigrants in the public schools of America. The ends sought go far beyond language, to be sure, but the getting of English is fundamental and indispensable. Then, too, English has claimed a growing part of the daily school programme of American school children generally until it is to-day the premier subject from kindergarten through the high school and the academy, while the colleges and universities give it at least equal place with other departments of the curriculum.

We take this as a matter of course, as if it had always been the rule, when the fact is that English is one of the newer subjects in the curriculum. If it is not wholly new, then it has recently assumed wholly new importance. Children of the elementary school are to-day required to do vastly more supplementary reading of English than formerly; and composition has taken a formal place in the day's work, whereas it used to receive only incidental attention. In the high school and in the academy the reading of English literature is a new and a voluminous requirement, while English composition has during the last twenty years at times and in places amounted to an obsession. The high school student to-day devotes from one-fifth to one-fourth of all his time to English, and the college student finds English the one universal requirement for the baccalaureate. But note the contrast with a very recent past. Up to the early nineties Yale, in common with a majority of American colleges and universities, set no entrance requirements at all in English. High schools and academies had no teachers of English unless there was perchance a teacher of rhetoric or of the history of literature. Andover Academy, for example, added its first "English teacher" in 1892. Some well-known New England academies did not add teachers of English before 1900. School graduates and college men and women generally, at the opening of the century, were ignorant of the "four forms of discourse" and the minutiæ of "paragraph development." These delights of learning came in during the nineties and have since then spread over the schools and colleges like an avalanche.

But in spite of this rapid growth in effort and time, controversy continues among teachers of English and educators generally over what to teach and how to teach it. The extreme position is occupied by a small band of irreconcilables, outside the ranks, who maintain that English is best learned by unconscious absorption in the nursery, at play, by association with refined, educated people. They cite the fact that English schools do not give the same amount of formal attention to the mother tongue that we do, and they say, with a bit of malice, perhaps, that the much teaching of Engligh since 1900 has not improved the quality of the written and spoken English that comes before us daily. Grammar is dead bones to some of them. Literature read under compulsion, even though it be academic compulsion, is believed to be a weariness of the flesh and death to good taste, while the daily theme is confidently recorded as one of the inventions of Satan.

We expect such bitter things from those without the light and leading of the profession, belligerent fellows beyond the pale. But even within the profession all is not well. Doctor Syntax is discredited in high places. A good-sized family quarrel goes on among teachers of English all the time, the disagreement swaying from rhetoric to spelling, from pro-

nunciation to logic, from versification to the history of literature, from incorrect syntax to the paragraph form, from the classics to the ephemeral and fugitive, from literary composition to oral English, to commercial English. Each phase of English teaching in turn receives vehement condemnation or emphatic praise. If we judge by the contrary winds of doctrine, there is no established philosophy of English teaching as yet. Even the cardinal points apparently remain undetermined. Can we teach the essence of literature so that the results of our teaching may be measured by the examination standards? Can we teach the elements of composition so that creative literature results? Can we teach the mother tongue, or is it truly a "curse that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue"? Is English so "easie of itselfe," as Sir Philip Sidney assures us, that it needs no teaching?

Before King Alfred wrote his chronicles the English language was almost wholly in a condition of oral flux. It was heard rather than seen. It had no literature; its form was indeterminate, varying with individual vocal peculiarities and according to the speech habits of the mass of the people. Each speaker put upon this speech the mintage of his own tongue, and the form of his language was only as enduring as the sound of the human voice. When his voice died away the word form was gone and the sentence form was merely a memory. Pronunciation without the stabilizing influence of script or print cannot give fixity to word forms. The very idea of spelling presumes a written or printed word, and hence the word orthography. Similarly the best specimen of spoken language cannot free itself of personal bias and individual characteristics, and acquire the social values of accuracy and definiteness and truthfulness. For oral speech is elusive and cannot be subjected to those polishing and corrective processes by which a much written and printed language assumes fixity and comeliness.

The unwritten language defies teachers and successful teaching. So the oral era in any language is in one very real sense the golden age of that language. It has no spelling reformers, no grammarians, no teachers, no tinkerers of composition who are probably the first evidence of fossilization if not of decadence in a language. An unwritten, unprinted language is in its pristine vigor. The common people, we may readily believe, use their mother tongue with complete abandon, being free to shape words and sentences solely in accordance with their need for self-expression. Experiences and emotions burst out in speech that is unrestrained and unconventional—words, gestures, and even facial distortions. Out of the fulness of the heart the tongue speaks an uncensored, grammarless speech. Unwritten speech may revel in the anarchy of formlessness and grammarlessness—up to the point where social need of common intelligibility places its limitations upon it. And the absence of fixed standards invites originality. Great epics spring forth. It is the beginning of literary things, in spite of the fact, partly because of the fact, that in this creative chaos neither the grammarian nor the critic had a place.

But this period of innocence did not last long in England, for English speech forms rapidly imbedded themselves in the literature of the printed page; words and sentences and paragraphs early became static, and users of English had a basis of comparison for their spelling and for their sentences. Standards were inevitably recognized, and stability of speech form increased rapidly to the point of crystallization. The record of this growth in stability is open to all, from Piers Plowman to Chaucer, to Shakespeare, to Addison, to Howells, to Woodrow Wilson. In the first place we can feel a crudeness as well as a spontaneity in the early specimens of the people's language; then we begin to discover an increasing self-consciousness in an effort to conform to standards recognized and coveted, and ever since a process of painstaking polishing has gone on by which speech forms have become fixed, and by which literary charm has been increased. Sometimes, it is true, spontaneity and primitive vigor are supplanted by formal correctness and studied effect. Refinement in any form is likely to sacrifice the grosser forms of power. But we are generally agreed that our English speech is a richer, better social instrument because of the refining process of more than a thousand years.

Our writers during the centuries have sought to improve their style, and have given elegance and fitness and adequacy to our language. The teacher has persistently extended his sway, citing example and grammatical precept. But the rule of grammar and rhetoric has been a beneficent rule, cheerfully accepted and loyally upheld by the makers of literature, and in consequence our mother tongue is consistently accurate and effective. Who, then, would exchange the beauty of diction, the charm of well-formed sentences, and the symmetry of paragraph and episode for the power which we may have lost with the grammarless uncouthness of pre-literary days?

But a cultivated language presupposes teachers and critics and reformers. Without them speech becomes fixed in death. And in our America of many tongues, the national language especially needs teaching to-day. So much Sir Philip himself would grant were he among us. It is because the English language is the common currency by which we exchange ideas, and because the free exchange of ideas in a democracy has very large social significance, that this, our national language, assumes such unusual importance in our scheme of education. And I take it as a political axiom that English shall be the common speech of the American people. The time has passed long since when any other language could have attained national significance in America. The many alien tongues must yield place to English, the common, national speech. Without such a common speech the forty-eight States will become a modern tower of Babel; with such a common language we may hope to build a homogeneous people, a tranquil nation, a stable government, a happy, peaceful, society. The chief business of the public school, therefore, is to give each child, whether native or adopted, such mastery of English that it will be an effective tool for successful industry and good citizenship. This is the first phase of the English teacher's problem. It is the irreducible minimum of education in America. And when I say mastery I mean that command of the English language which will serve the ordinary demands of business and politics and social life. The language habits of all the people must be sufficiently grammatical to be intelligible; the vocabulary must be large enough to encompass the daily experiences of the whole American people; and the pronunciation must be sufficiently accurate to enable the Maine lumberman, the Texas rancher, the Boston school-teacher, and the Western miner to understand each other mutually with facility.

The task is easy in the case of children from homes where good language habits prevail. It becomes increasingly difficult when you include children from slangy, slovenly, vulgar homes, or the first generation of the native-born, or, finally, the foreign-born child. That is, continual or even frequent and regular association with those who speak correctly will form in children similarly good speech habits. But children whose speech is incorrect, by inheritance and by association, will never form good habits until they acquire a speech consciousness, and such consciousness will become sharp and distinct chiefly through definite corrective exercises. The skilful teacher has many devices suiting the linguistic sins and the age of the child, but all must rest ultimately in grammar. You cannot convert the child's "I seen him," or his "me and him set together," into real American English without the use of grammar. You may conceal the text-book, and should, from the tender child and the earlier school years, but the teacher must never be without grammar as a lamp to her feet.

Grammar is frequently misconceived. To the conscientious objector it is a linguistic strait-jacket whose purpose is to hinder the natural movements of sentences and to compress the shape of words, arbitrarily, into fossil forms. This is a perverted view. Grammar is merely a record of usage. It seeks to show how the mother tongue is used by persons of education and good speech habits. It is the simplest means of making language intelligible to all alike. Grammar is to the language, as a whole, what the dictionary is to words alone. Without grammar our speech forms would tend to fly off at individual tangents. Be it said once for all that grammar never precedes usage, but always follows usage. Whenever usage takes a new departure gram-

mar must follow it, but while usage lasts, grammar shows the novitiate the right direction and brings the erring back from the hills of error into the fold with the ninety and nine who try to use correct speech.

Since the reading of good books also contributes to correct speech habits, our American school children may not let the cinema entirely displace the library. The subject of the reading is less important than the language of the book read. Let it be correct speech always, let the vocabulary be varied and used with precision. Avoid slang and dialect in children's books as you would any other pestilence. Dialect and slang literature is a phase of social pathology to be studied by adults, not read by children. In a word, books must supply to all school children that companionship with cultivated persons which is denied to so many in their homes and in their daily associations. As soon as the schoolboy has conscious pleasure and pride in the language of his book people, he will begin to shape his own language along similar lines. The hero stuff of the book is not very important, but the language of the heroics should be scrupulously correct. The motto over every elementary school and over every home reading-table in the land should be: Read good English, read and read and read.

The "movie" characters are filling the child mind to-day to the exclusion of the delightful book people whose conversation charmed the children in pre-cinema days. High school pupils in intimate private conversation talk little about book acquaintances, much about "Slim Knee Buckle" and "Charles Shapely." That the new acquaintances do not elevate speech standards is probable, for the cinema works in a medium where recorded speech is partly unnecessary and partly impossible. That is, the "movie" is merely negative as a speech influence. It can become a positive factor by wide circulation of its scenarios in good literary form. It will be a great day for the mother tongue when every good book is "screened" and every scenario is a good book.

But, of course, the vexing problems of English teaching lie beyond this irreducible minimum of the elementary school. The point of greatest variation in content of teaching is in the high school and the college, where our aims remain indefinite and our *modus operandi* changes frequently. We appear unable to find the common denominator of the matter. The oral English teacher, the public-speaking instructor, and the elocution expert play the same game, but under different rules. The composition teachers set up very variable aims, running the gamut from a bone-dry, commercial linguistic skeleton known as "business English" to the polished, well-formed style which aspires to the name "literary composition." Somewhere between these extremes will be found one who is pleased to call his course the "Logic" of English Composition. One teacher offers a course in the "Short Story," another in "War Poetry," another in the "Philosophy of Beauty in Tennyson." One school maintains rigorous requirements in grammar; another minimizes the importance of grammar; and yet another rules grammar altogether out of court. One school distinguishes carefully between the "four forms of discourse," another insists that these distinctions between description, narration, exposition, and argumentation are unimportant, while a third group does not even name these four classifications in its teaching.

Is it cause for surprise, then, that young men and women often fail to find common ground in conversation about literature and literary devices? Is it surprising that college freshmen get clauses into the place of sentences, confuse the passive voice with the past tense, and are unable to extract any meaning out of poetry? Is it possible, as a modest but witty teacher insists, that *vers libre* appeals to those who cannot penetrate the subtle, formal beauty of real poetry? This frivolous thought becomes pathetic if it is true that high school students do not enjoy such an assignment as "Il Penseroso." Perhaps it is a logical result of our present teaching methods that college men do little reading in general literature, that the demand for poetry in libraries is inconsequential, that business men charge school and college graduates with gross inability to write a good business letter, to speak intelligibly and clearly about their work. But even if it is logical, it is melancholy.

The English language bears in its body

certain intrinsic characteristics which will suggest one possible method of attack in this problem of English teaching. I refer to our vocabulary, rendered unique by its compositeness. What other language may be compared with it? English has indeed a wonderfully diversified vocabulary, reaching back as it does into the mental life of numerous, highly cultivated peoples for its stock of words—Greeks, Latins, Angles, Saxons, French. These are the major sources. Not only is our stock of words amazingly large, but individual words have great depths of meaning. Now, without special effort, we acquire very small vocabularies. Out of the four hundred and fifty thousand words defined in our dictionaries, many citizens must get on with a thousand or two, leaving the great treasury untouched. Even school and college graduates may remain unconscious of the richness of our English word stock. Some even accept the slavery to popular forms, commonly called slang, making the same word do service for a variety of meanings, thereby paralyzing their word-getting tendencies. "Dope," recently so popular on the campus, has been worked overtime doing service for any one of a dozen words in good standing—information, directions, assignment, outline, notice, record, story, news, secret, advice, formula, plan, etc.

Then there is the richness of word histories. The untrained person will get a single meaning for a word; that is, words are flat, two-dimension affairs to many of us. There is the word "politics." Its current meaning alone will give little indication of its real significance. Only when we get into its third dimension do we get beyond party intrigues and discover the administration of State affairs, the city-state or *polis* of the Greeks. The obvious or popular meaning is not only inadequate but its exclusive use by the generality tends to social deterioration. Could we implant the word "history" in the youthful mind the word would beget its own purification by its continual reaction on popular usage.

Merely to know that *friend* originally carried the fundamental idea of *love* will dignify and hallow our friendships; to know that *nag* is related to *gnaw* will have a deterrent effect, even on one who sins much; and to identify *endure* with the *hardness* that bears defeat or pain or grief in a great cause will make us better men and women.

Surely here is a phase of the English tongue that is not absorbed without conscious effort. It is a worthy object of our teaching. Children greedily devour new words if they know how to get new and mysterious messages with them, messages that were sealed in the writings of other lands in distant centuries, perhaps by great personages, to be opened and understood to-day by those who will form a word consciousness. And yet this field is largely uncultivated by teachers of English to-day. As we leave Latin and Greek more and more to the elect and few scholars, as we gradually enlarge the "practical" phase of modern language teaching, we become content with a flat English because the richness and deepness of our vocabulary grow obsolete.

A corollary of this word-getting has to do with exactness of meaning. A college graduate complained that the parents are "disinterested" in their children, when her charge clearly was "that the parents are *un*interested." In a recent magazine number appeared this ambiguous statement: "About that same time Dormouse did me a good turn in his inimical (inimitable?) way." Any issue of the daily press is likely to offer examples of confusion and abuse of word meanings. A metropolitan editorial recently gave us the delicious bit of news that Cotton Mather entered Harvard a year earlier (younger?) than did his own father. And so we go forward unashamed and unrebuked as word abusers, while English teachers are agitated about style and paragraph development. What virtue has the paragraph if the word meanings are distorted? And what shall the grand style profit if the truth has been violated by using the wrong word?

Composition teaching has gradually assumed a chief place in teaching the mother tongue. It has developed a very distinctive technic, dealing largely if not wholly, with an elaborate mechanism which the mature writer undoubtedly uses but of which he is not conscious. Balanced sentences, paragraph development by comparison and contrast, characterization in narration, the fundamental image in description, exposition by definition

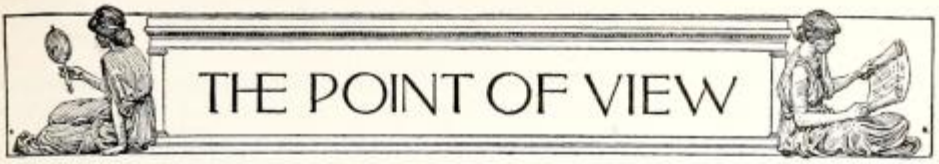
and the like, are parts of a supporting skeleton, but an author thinks of them no more than he thinks of his radius and ulna or the scapula while writing. The arm grows strong and skilful in exercise, in use, while the growing boy is yet blissfully ignorant of the physiology of it. But to the young high school student this skeletal machinery of writing is presented as a priority, an original *sine qua non*. He is led to believe, at a time when he has no ideas that demand expression, that ideas cannot walk across the written page unless and until they are conscious of these structural bones of composition. The process becomes a veritable blight to the student mind. It fails to facilitate expression; it sets up the machine as an end in itself; it bids the student set up an intricate mechanism before he knows how to relate it to his life, before he feels any need for such mechanism.

There is a living, throbbing, fundamental relationship between the matter of composition and the form. The matter grows out of experience and the intellectual and emotional reaction to that experience. Let the experience be definite, the mental reaction discriminating. Then, if the writer has social instincts, his nature will demand expression, and the form of expression, if it is unrestrained, natural—if it is self-expression—the form will have stylistic value even without a knowledge of formal rules of composition. That is to say, every person who has something to say and says it with the stamp of his own personality upon it, will find hearers and readers. He is already in a fair way to literary recognition.

But we teach composition in school in wilful disregard of the empty lives of those on whom we practise. The high school student necessarily has had a narrow range of experience, his field of observation has been limited and his social instincts are still immature, the desire for self-expression being physical rather than mental. On this unfortunate being we force a literary mechanism which he does not need, much less want. We seem to assume that it is wise to give the form in the hope that the substance will be found later. But as a matter of fact only a small percentage of high school boys and girls ever crave expression through writing. Few even write letters with pleasure. And so composition writing is unnatural to the vast majority, a distinct burden to many, a wasteful use of time to not a few.

It would appear, then, that the prior business of the school is to assist the child in getting experience, in making acquaintances, in obtaining knowledge of persons and things. Books are the readiest means of access to the widest possible range of contacts, and for this reason we use books so freely. Would that every child could have first-hand acquaintance with the things that constitute the fulness of life! But we should not cavil over the means if we can make the young life rich in interests and in knowledge, if we can charge it with emotion to the point where expression in intelligible speech is a pleasure, perhaps a relief. When this point is reached, no matter at what age, composition teaching becomes an easy, rapid, and profitable task.

It is a patriotic duty to promote the teaching of our national language, which is the English language. While we are not likely to prohibit the use of other languages in America, we are agreed that no citizen may remain innocent of English, and the ideal at which we aim is the mastery of English for the native-born. The nation is committed to speech habits that are unconsciously correct, but if they are incorrect, the school may be unashamed of grammar, which is the touchstone by which unsanctioned variables may be brought into accord with accepted standards. Shall we also confess our sins against words? Grievously do we sin daily in private conversation and in public print. The truth is poorly served by the vocabularies we have learned to command. We say what we do not mean, and mean what we do not say, and there is much unsoundness of speech in us. In this unhappy state we teach the young to shake the dry bones of composition, giving them an outward form of correctness while the springs of thought and feeling are dry, and no spirit quickeneth. But the schools of America are eager to cultivate a pure national speech. Let the nation support this effort. Let young and old together read copiously from the purest sources until their lives are charged to overflowing with high sentiment and refined emotion, until the daily use of our national speech is effective to truth-telling.



THE POINT OF VIEW

THE organization of the theatre in the United States is always under fire, as it was fifty and a hundred years ago, and just as it will be in A. D. 2021. It is not perfect now, and it never was perfect and never will be until the millennium arrives and we all live in Utopia. But it is not any worse to-day than it was yesterday; and it cannot be quite as bad as its assailants seem to believe, since it performs its chief function —it allows the drama to flourish. That the drama is flourishing in our language, both in the United States and in Great Britain, is evident to all of us. There are in the British Isles three or four dramatists, with Barrie at the head of them, far superior to any playwrights living in the first three quarters of the nineteenth century; and on our side of the Atlantic there are half a dozen or half a score of playmakers whose promise has ripened into performance. These American dramatists know the theatre, which is the first requisite. What they write is actable; and very often it is readable also. Their work stands the double test of the stage and the study.

The Old Comedies and the New Comedians

But if the organization of the American theatre is satisfactory in so far as it is bringing our native playwrights to the front, it is not so satisfactory in its secondary function of enabling us to see the masterpieces which have come down to us from earlier generations. Here in New York forty and fifty years ago we generally had the chance of seeing every winter half a dozen Old Comedies headed by the "Rivals" and the "School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer." They were not always as well played as they might be; and they were often rather shabbily mounted; but there they were and it was good to be able to see them, even if the performance might have its defects. And in those distant days we had occasion to see Shakspere's comedies and tragedies far more often than we do now; and although we used to complain that the companies which supported Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth, Modjeska and Mary Anderson, were not all they might be, still the actors then had had practice in wearing costume and in speaking blank verse. They had breadth and sweep, even if they were sometimes rather stagy in gesture and in emphasis.

It is not fair to say that our actors are now inferior to their predecessors of half a century ago. Although we have not now any Cushman or Booth, any Modjeska or Mary Anderson, the general average of skill is probably higher now than it was then; and our plays are better done on the whole than were those of our forefathers. The real reason why our actors cannot do to-day what our actors did yesterday, is that they have had to adjust their methods to a different kind of theatre. In the old days the footlights curved out into the auditorium and the performer walked out on the "apron" which bowed out far beyond the curtain. He was on a platform, so to speak, and close to the audience—so he had the large freedom of the orator. Now the curtain rises and falls in a picture-frame, which cuts the performer off from the audience. He is trained to restrain his gestures and his voice. He is warned "not to get out of the picture." And when he is suddenly required to appear in plays written with the boldness demanded by the platform-stage, he is all at sea; he does not know "where he is at." Probably the actor of yesterday would be equally puzzled if he could be summoned to play a modern part of quiet intensity without "a single speech that you can sink your teeth in"—as the old-school performer aptly put it in "Trelawny of the Wells." And if we are ever again to enjoy the Old Comedies it will only be after the clever comedians of our time have been afforded opportunity to acquire the larger method, the more highly colored manner, which the old-fashioned drama demands.

IF it was difficult for Booth fifty years ago and for Irving thirty years ago, to find well-graced actors to sustain the secondary characters in Shakspere's comedies and tragedies, it is far more difficult to-day when our dramatists, even when they are poets,

are rarely tempted to write plays in five acts and in blank verse. Our modern drama is composed in pedestrian prose; and the men and women of our theatres have little or no occasion to speak the language of the gods. They are used to a dialogue which aims at an apparent reproduction of the speech of every-day life; and therefore they have not been called upon to acquire the art of delivering the rhythmic utterance of tragic heroes and heroines. They are all striving to be "natural," as befits a stage whereon the scenery and the furnishings are, as far as may be, those of real life. They are likely to have a distaste for blank verse, which cannot but seem to them artificial, stilted, "unnatural."

Blank Verse in Every-day Life

Of course, no stage-dialogue can be natural, strictly speaking. It must be compact and significant; it must flow unbroken in the shortest distance between two points. But to-day actors and audiences alike are so accustomed to the picked and polished prose of Barrie and Pinero, of Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas, that this appears "natural" to them, because they do not note its divergence from the average talk that falls on their ears outside the theatre; whereas they cannot help feeling that the steady march of ten-syllabled iambics is a violent departure from our habitual manner of communicating information and of expressing emotion. In other words, even if our stage-dialogue to-day is "unnatural"—as stage-dialogue always has been and always will be—it is far less obviously "unnatural" than blank verse. A long and severe self-training is necessary before a performer can feel at home in blank verse, and before he can impart colloquial ease to it.

Yet it is a fact that we who speak English have a tendency toward the iambic rhythm when we seek to move an audience. This rhythm may be unconscious and it may be irregular; but it is unmistakable—in the death-bed scenes of Dickens, for example, where he was insisting on the pathetic; and in the orations of Ingersoll, where he was making his most powerful appeals. The Kembles were so subdued to what they worked in on the stage that they were prone to drop into blank verse on occasions when it was not appropriate. Mrs. Siddons is said to have startled the salesman who was showing her a piece of goods by asking, "And will it wash?" The first time she met Washington Irving after he had published the "Sketch-Book" she said to him, "Young man, you've made me weep"; and when she next met him after he had published another book, she said, "Young man, you've made me weep again!"

Her brother, John Philip Kemble, was a great friend of Sir Walter Scott; and once, when they were crossing a field together, they were chased by a bull. "Sheriff," said the actor to the author, "methinks I'll get me up into a tree." Fanny Kemble, whose reading of Shakspere Longfellow commemorated in a noble sonnet, was the daughter of Charles, another brother of Mrs. Siddons. Once when she went on the platform to read, she found that a cane-bottomed chair had been provided for her. She turned majestically to the gentleman who was escorting her and inquired, "And would you give my velvet gown the small-pox?" When her remote kinswoman who called herself Mrs. Scott-Siddons came to Fanny Kemble for professional guidance, the fragile amateur begged for advice about making points; and she was not a little frightened by the force of the swift retort—"Points, girl? I never was a point actress!"

This, all this, was long, long ago; and a great deal of water has gone under the bridge since those distant days. I have to confess that I never caught Edwin Booth or Henry Irving lapsing into blank verse off the stage.

WE have never failed to elicit gasps of horror and consternation from our hearers on those occasions when we have declared stoutly that we prefer the coal grate to the wood-fire. Of course, no mortal could be so benighted as to deny the charm of the latter; no one who had been given after-noon tea or after-dinner coffee before the wide hearth of some New England friend could be so utterly depraved. No one who had been hypnotized, as we have been, into midnight discussions before a dying blaze that lingered over one half-burned log, could forget them, or deny the hypnotism. Poetry and politics, ethics and

In Defense of the Coal Grate

education—we expressed our opinions on all of them, and, if it were late enough and the fire had power enough to strip from us the last bit of reserve, on the three final topics: God, love, and immortality. But—and with this we express our resentment of those who sneer at our Middle Western tastes—for the really heated discussion, the wood-fire is less satisfactory than the derided coal grate. For if one gets excited and gesticulates with the poker, and punctuates his remarks by spirited jabs at the burning logs, the fire collapses and dies. One falls silent, then, under the reproachful glances of the company, and argument languishes; and on one's next visit the poker is hidden. A coal-fire, on the other hand, may be poked and stirred and shaken, and with every rattle of the fire-tongs against the bars of the grate the flame leaps higher and brighter, as though to express its approval of each weighty point. We who were brought up in Pittsburgh or west of Pittsburgh demand in our fires the staying quality of our arguments.

If a fire is not to be the background for livelier interests, but is itself the centre of attention, then certainly the coal-fire is superior: it offers in itself more scope for the imagination, more inspiration for contemplation, it leads the mind on a journey back through an infinity of time to the First Cause. Why should thought linger over a burning pile of logs when one can step to the window and behold the living reality: a birch-tree, white in the moonlight, a tall pine by the roadside, groaning eerily in the winter wind. (If we were not sure that Moral Earnestness would have no weight with those who attack us for our preference, we should pause to say that in our opinion the wood should have been left through another winter to greet the coming spring—a birch on the hillside, a pine, like a Japanese print against the sky, or an oak, its russet leaves clinging even to the winter's end.) To look at a coal-fire and to meditate on the antiquity of the coal—"out of a bit of forest," as Charlie Hexam said, "that's been under the mud that was under the water in the days of Noah's ark"—is as breath-taking as an effort to understand new astronomical discoveries or those philosophies that "dodge conception to the very bourne of heaven." When we were children, ignorant of the immensity of geologic ages, we believed that the coal had been forest in the days of the mound-builders—for the mounds scattered through our valley were as familiar and as mysterious to us as the druidic relics of Dartmoor to Hardy and his heroes and heroines—and before the fireplace we reconstructed their lives: customs, clothes, and color; their loves, battles, and final annihilation.

For some of the delights of childhood, no doubt, a wood-fire answers almost equally as well as a coal grate. For warming one's flannel pajamas ready for the return from a bob-ride to Mary's father's sugar camp—but not for keeping hot the big, yellow-crockery bowl of bread and milk, since the wood-fireplace has no fender on which it may stand and wait, steaming. For popping corn and toasting marshmallows, a wood-fire serves. For roasting chestnuts? I have never tried it, and prefer not to jump to conclusions. But certainly not for toasting pumpkin-seeds, a delicate operation that requires the iron bars of a coal grate, on which a line of them may be laid, gingerly, while one keeps at hand a long hat-pin to turn them with if they do not snap off on to the fender of their own accord.

A coal-fire is smug, my friends say, complacent, mid-Victorian, while there is something of a noisy freedom, of adventure, in a fire of snapping logs. Perhaps any one thus deluded into thinking of a coal-fire as a neat, restrained, and unostentatious method of heating a room might believe that children would prefer the more enlivening spectacle of a burning log. But fires are not like that in the coal grates west of Pittsburgh. When we were children, the family used as a living-room the vast, dark, high-ceilinged "library." In the grate of that room, on winter evenings, blocks of coal as large as one's doubled fists were heaped up and up to the mouth of the chimney, and the fire, when lighted, went roaring to the sky. Father would rustle his paper anxiously, and would finally throw it down to stalk to the window and watch for the reflection of a burning chimney on the crusted snow; mother would call us back from the hearth at the first suggestion of scorched wool; we would cool our flaming cheeks on the horse-hair back of the sofa and watch the loosed element wide-eyed and a little frightened. When its first fury was spent, and the blaze reduced to comfortable proportions, we ad-

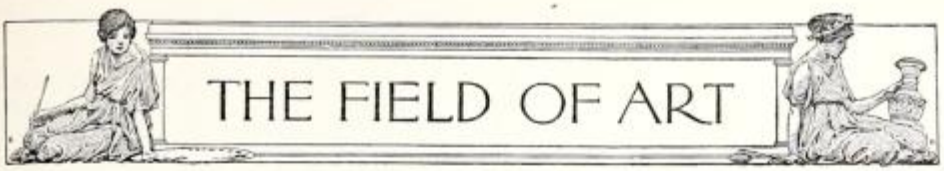
vanced to the hearth-rug again and sat, cross-legged, staring into its depths.

For stirring the imagination of one who would tell fairy-tales, there is nothing equal to the intense radiance of a half-burned-out coal-fire, especially if one is just tall enough, sitting on the floor, to be able to see into its heart. The blocks of coal, piled irregularly, have fallen together a little, but between them flaming passages lead into mysterious depths. There is a cavern with molten walls, glowing blue and rose and gold, where the conquest-defying dragon lives, spouting flame. There is a castle, blinding white, surrounded by a moat of curling flames, where the bewitched princess lies. The geography of countless stories—Parsifal and the Rheingold, Persephone and Pluto, St. George and the Dragon—can be determined by the way the coals have fallen on the night of the story. Or there is ample scope for the female imagination at its favorite game—"which house 'ud you rather have?" the one in the upper corner, reached by a narrow path around the cliff, with its door of magic sapphire flame, now here, now gone, ready to rise and destroy any would-be guest of impure heart and motive vile; or the one on the lower right, where the coals have piled themselves in such a way as to afford glimpses into each room, particularly the ballroom, without windows, to be sure, and with a dangerously slanting floor, as though there had been an earthquake in fairy-land, but immeasurably beautiful, because, like heaven itself, its wall is builded of jasper and the foundations of the wall are garnished with precious stones.

But the coal-fire as it is built west of Pittsburgh, has not yet been justly celebrated in American literature, so that no doubt the idea of the tidiness of such a hearth arose from a knowledge of England's Victorian novelists. Their immortal works touch upon the coal grate in almost every chapter, and all their heroes warm their toes before them, from little Jane Eyre, drearily alone before the nursery fire, to Joey Vance, climbing the flue to replace the three loose bricks. Certainly, the novels of Dickens were builded on the coal grate as a foundation. What would Sairey Gamp have done with her bottle—"brought reg'lar and drawed mild"—if she had not had the "chimley-piece." How could Lizzie Hexam have told fortunes, had it not been for "the hollow down by the flare"? The cricket could not have chirped so merrily before a wood-fire, nor the kettle sung on the hob. Where else could the ghost of Marley come to Scrooge, except before the Dutch-tiled fireplace? And where could Pip and Joe Gargery have gone to escape Mrs. Joe's "tickler" except to the chimney-corner in the kitchen?

As for the English poets, they were less specific than the novelists, and the exigencies of their metres prevented their adding the word or two to tell us what their fires were built of. Certainly, circumstantial evidence leads us to believe that they were of coal. It is not to be supposed that novelists as a class use one type of fire, while poets, one and all, insist upon the other. We are sure that Burns's Cotter gathered his family around a coal-fire for prayers, since Barrie's Sentimental Tommy, peeping at another Scotch household, saw the velvet glove of the Painted Lady hanging by the grate—the glove she used to handle the coals, though Tommy knew that "common folks lift coals with their bare hands, while society uses the fringe of its second petticoat." We are willing to concede Milton's "Glowing embers through the room," since only a stubbornly smoking log could "teach light to counterfeit a gloom." But the others, from Gray's blazing hearth to Masefield's dying embers, we believe were built of coal. Wordsworth, to be sure, says that his hearth fire was of peat, but what is peat save an immature sort of coal, burned by impatient mortals who have not the geologic ages before them? At least one poet proclaimed himself in favor of the coal-fire, and his description makes any defense of ours superfluous. For we have Keats's:

"Small, busy flames play through the fresh-laid coals
And their faint cracklings o'er our silence creep
Like whispers of the household gods that keep
A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls."



Changing Ideals of the Art Museum

BY ROSSITER HOWARD
Curator of Educational Work, Cleveland Museum of Art

"HERE lies the body, properly mummified and labelled, of Thalia, together with relics of her fair sisters and other antiquities." The house of the Muses had come to mean, some years since, some such dry collection of specimens, mildly curious to the tourist and sometimes useful to the scholar; or, if beauty were dominant, it was aristocratically superior to any taint of usefulness. But the twentieth century is seeing a change. Life, beauty, and poetry are being fused with service, and the multiplication of young art museums is creating in the country a great educational power.

This growth has come at a critical time in the development of museum ideals, when the parent institution, the Metropolitan Museum of New York, is leading the way in public usefulness and others are constantly trying experiments in service to industry, education, and community well-being.

The founders of the older institutions had high purposes of providing the inspiration of beauty for the people and help to the embryo artist. But art education a quarter of a century ago was almost entirely a matter of technical instruction. It was somewhat as if literature had been taught only through grammar and rhetoric, for the writer rather than for the reader. To-day it is as patent in art as in literature that appreciation is not created merely through elementary teaching of processes of production; and most schools, from the kindergarten to the university, offer instruction in art appreciation. The schools are dependent not only upon artists but upon industry to provide beautiful environment. Museum authorities have seen the light. They have realized that the influence they were founded to exert would function very mildly unless appreciation were actively fostered. The Metropolitan Museum, New York, has been vigorous in stimulating interest among the public, the industries, and the schools; the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, with a certain wise conservatism, has yet been in the forefront of art education; while the younger Toledo Museum represents the more radical mid-Western plunge into community activities.

The popular response to these changes has been so great that museums find themselves facing an educational opportunity scarcely within immediate grasp. The science of museums has in the past been one of collecting, preserving, and exhibiting, implying intensive scholarship in many fields. The collections have tended to express the interests of scholars and the enthusiasms of donors, resulting in a certain aloofness from common interests and common needs. But the recent efforts of the museums to help the public to understand and to use their collections have sometimes brought about a demand for more than the museums could provide, both in the way of collections adapted to the needs of the public and of a staff trained to museum instruction. The challenge is a healthful one, and the response must be no compromise of museum ideals of quality and precision of scholarship, but a reconciliation of those ideals with popular requirements — collections which touch common needs and instruction which shall be as enjoyable as it is accurate.

But these things are not enough to produce the desired result, for the majority of Americans are inclined to judge pictures rather than to enjoy them. To meet this need museums are more and more furnishing instruction in appreciation.

There can be little doubt that the growing attendance at the art museums is enlarging the public support of American painters and sculptors and is raising the

standard of beauty demanded in the industries of furniture, fabrics, and all sorts of decorative arts.

"God defend us from commercialism" is a conservative protest against a bugbear which disappears as the museums face it.

It is worth while to speak of this element of commerce boldly and without shame. Art lives on commerce, and commerce always produces art, good or bad. The museum is trying to help make it good, to the common advantage of art and industry. It is necessary to train designers and craftsmen for all the manifold things in which we expect beauty; the museum furnishes inspiration, standards of excellence, and frequently actual instruction supplementary to that of the art school. It is necessary for manufacturers to develop a vision of accomplishment of quality which will, at equal price, hold its own against the productions of Europe; the museum is cooperating with manufacturers in organizing popular and professional education in the taste needful for the manufacture and marketing of finer design, supporting at home industries capable of competition abroad. It is needful for salesmen to know the value of design and finish; the museum is working hand in hand with decorators and department stores to train the salesfolk and the public to an appreciation of finer merchandise. And finally, it is exceedingly important that the public, the great mass of consumers, be nurtured in a love of the qualities which go to make excellent art—sincerity, appropriateness, sensibility, fine relationship of elements.

In Europe certain industries have habitually turned to the museums for inspiration. In America it is the museums which have taken the initiative, especially the Metropolitan Museum, until to-day service to industries and commerce is expected of them. The Minneapolis Institute of Arts started exhibitions and courses of instruction in relation to local production, and the response of workers and trade papers was immediate.

Doctor Arthur Fairbanks, director of the Boston Museum, is content to explore these uncharted waters with caution. He says:* "The mere copying and reproduction of objects in an art museum for trade purposes almost surely creates a false sense of values, by emphasizing the general appearance of a work of art at the expense of its essential meaning. Apparently the only way for designers to get real profit from an art museum is by such sympathetic study of works of art as may guide their own creative efforts into better channels."

* In his last annual report.

There is a plausible fear on the part of the connoisseur that for an art museum to cater to the needs of a community may impair the interest of the collections. The problem is to maintain the satisfaction of the connoisseur while meeting the needs of the public. The task is not easy, but probably it can be accomplished. In cultivating public taste it is not necessary to begin with the poor and progress toward the excellent. One can begin with the easily comprehended and progress toward the more difficult—more complex and subtle, always on a high plane.

Never before in the history of our civilization have so many men and women demanded a high standard of household furnishings and desired to learn how to obtain them. The museum's opportunity to offer acquaintance with the finest things of the past, which will stimulate finer production, is equally important with the exhibition of painting and sculpture. The decorator asks: "Why spend so much money on second-rate old masters when the public needs furniture?" And it is true that finer quality may be purchased in a simple Renaissance table than in a vastly more costly painting of the same age. For while it is possible that the painter of the picture may have been of higher intelligence, it is certain that the designer of the table, being under less pressure to be original, retained more of the accumulated wisdom of past designers. The same is true of the designers of antique fabrics and ceramics. A Gothic painting may be good or bad; a Gothic textile is almost certain to be fine. All towns traffic in fabrics and other household furnishings, a field peculiarly available for beautiful exhibition. It is possible for a museum to answer the needs of such commerce without loss, nay, with probable gain, in standards of beauty.

"But," says some lover of antiques, "what beauty can we expect of modern manufacturers when everything is machine-made for quantity production?" The cry is more than four centuries old. The

Cleveland Museum of Art has just purchased, as educational material for use in the public schools, the fragment of a Gothic manuscript and a Gothic printed book the page of which is almost an exact reproduction of the page of the manuscript—the book a machine-made imitation, for quantity production, of the hand-made manuscript. Pope Alexander VI, like other fifteenth-century bibliophiles, would not have a machine-made book in his library. Yet the art of printing was one of the great contributions of the fifteenth century to the æsthetic wealth of the world.

Mr. John Jager, a Minneapolis architect, picked up an engine oil-cup in an exhibition of industrial art at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, and said of it: "No Louis fifteen and seven-eighths ever had a snuff-box as beautiful as this." The objects which Mr. Jager selected for this exhibition from the work of the Dunwoody Institute of Industrial Education, with his descriptive labels, were of more æsthetic value than exhibitions of exotic works difficult of popular understanding. The objects themselves, made by keen young mechanics proud of their developing craftsmanship, were certainly as beautiful in sensitive line and finish as the vases and figurines dug from Egyptian graves and always considered perfectly respectable in an art museum.

The most luxurious products of the machine to-day, in the realm of decorative art, are still skilful imitations of the work of ancient craftsmen, like the earliest printed books, showing that the dignity of the arts of the machine is not yet fully recognized. Museums may help create the recognition of the possibilities of artistic production through the unequalled means of our own day.

Certainly the gallery of paintings and sculpture has not given way in importance to exhibitions of industrial arts in a city museum; for the gift of joy in such pure arts, dissociated from utility, is the highest service which a museum can perform. Space devoted to paintings may, if necessary, be economized by raising the standard of quality, and the beauty of the paintings may be enhanced by a decorative setting. There is no need to say more on this point, for no art museum dreams of sacrificing the importance of its paintings and sculpture. There is, on the other hand, a tendency for museums to give music, the most abstract and subjective of all arts, an increasingly important place in museum activities.

Another field of service for the art museum is in its connection with the city schools. This offers alluring possibilities, and it is as yet barely touched. A great many museums co-operate with the schools of their cities, but they do so in such utterly different ways, only partially explained by difference in circumstances, that one must conclude that the problem is too young to be thoroughly understood. The visual education which is receiving such impetus from the moving-picture is sending teachers and pupils to the museum of art in search for a closer touch with reality in history, geography, literature, and languages, as well as in art. As the museum collections were not created to answer this purpose, there is still much fumbling, but team-work is sure to result.

It is many years since school children were made to study the natural sciences merely out of books. The children not only read about things; they study the things themselves. Why not, then, in history and geography? The very essence of age and country is found in the beautiful things which men have made. A great museum of art reveals the story of man with marvellous qualities of romance and actuality. The rise and fall of civilizations become like the acts of a play. The friends which the children have made in their reading—Greeks, Romans, knights, and explorers—take their places in the drama. If museum officials are jealous, as they should be, of the æsthetic purpose of their galleries, they need not be afraid of such educational use of their collections, because the associations thus formed by the children are of great value in the experience of the beauty in art.

There is, to be sure, a danger that a museum devoted to the service of the public schools may lose its pure art character and become in too great a degree scientific. It may acquire an object with too little regard for its quality because of a desire to complete a series or to illustrate some characteristic of period or country. But it need not do so. Indeed, in the long run, the scientific value of the collections will be higher if the quality is kept above reproach. The

Cleveland Museum of Art has adopted the expedient, not altogether new, of permitting its educational department to develop a collection of its own, which does not injure the appearance of the principal galleries because it is kept in the department itself and loaned to schools and libraries for educational purposes. The objects must not be of a character that will make them irreplaceable if lost or injured, but the æsthetic value is still always kept uppermost—the things must be beautiful. A series may be filled in with reproductions, and that frequently permits a higher degree of beauty than would be possible in a collection made up entirely of original works of art.

In any case the school use of an art museum is not chiefly scientific but artistic. The development of appreciation and talent is, in the museum of art, more important than the by-products of scientific knowledge. Actual practice in drawing, color, and design, as a means to attain a firmer grasp of the works of art, is carried on in connection with the work of the public schools in several museums, notably in Boston, Worcester, and Cleveland, with success in bringing out talent and in creating a delight in the essential qualities of form and color.

The problem of such work is greatest in the large cities and becomes simpler in the smaller places, where a greater proportion of the children may be reached.

The factory town has the greatest need of the museum of art to supplement its schools, not primarily as a factor in vocational training, but as a stabilizing influence among the laborers. Boys and girls who step from the eighth grade of the elementary schools into economic independence are an annually increasing danger to themselves and to society. There is no possibility of turning the calendar backward to the day when the majority of laborers could find pleasure in their work. Increasing hours of leisure must be filled with interests which are worth while. A small minority of the pupils will find employment in crafts and trades which furnish a degree of life interest; a majority will become mechanized operators of machines. The elementary schools are trying to give these children an interest in music, literature, and art, interests which will make them more reasonable citizens, able to appreciate the riches which the city offers freely to capitalist and laborer alike, men and women with a goodly life outside of their factory drudgery. If that is too much to hope for, it is not too much to try, and the museum of art is an invaluable aid to the schools in the task. Hundreds of the children of immigrants come weekly to the Cleveland Museum, eager to draw and to enjoy the entertainments planned to develop their interest in art. They all find counsel, and the most talented of them are put into a class for special instruction. These children, among the thousands in the city, are a symbol of those who are not reached. These children will probably not enter the body of unskilled labor, but their interest points to a cultural service which must be performed in the interest of society.

There is more, much more, to be done than has yet been dreamed of. The museum cannot go into every place in the city where its influence is needed, nor can it contain all the people who need its inspiration. But means are certain to be found—perhaps through branches, like those of the public library, perhaps through a larger development of lending collections. These problems are for a not distant future, nearer in the cities in which the museums are working out effective relations with the people.

Neither great wealth nor great population is necessary in order that a city may have a museum with collections of fine quality, adapted to serve the industrial, educational, and social needs of the community.

Business men, who such a little while ago thought of art as something for women and children, are coming to realize the importance of an art museum in the life of the city. An imposing thing to show to visitors, certainly; but it can grow into something much more than that, an active element in the community—lightening the life of the poor, chastening the tastes of the rich, vitalizing the work of the schools, improving the output of industry, creating more efficient salesmen in the stores, increasing the value of real estate, a possible community centre for music, drama, and all the arts which go to make the city a better place in which to live.

Such is the newer ideal. It is worth working for, and the struggle to gain it is certain to benefit the city which dares the attempt.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

THE
FINANCIAL SITUATION

Hopes and Uncertainties for the New Year

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IT is with curiously mixed ideas and expectations that the financial community awaits the end of the old year and the beginning of the new year. So far as regards the American outlook, considered by itself, markets have indulged in frequent alternation of feeling; but cheerfulness is altogether predominant at the last. The popular view of Europe's situation, however, and to a large extent the Wall Street judgment of it also, have come to be surrounded with an atmosphere of unalloyed pessimism. In its extreme form, this was reflected in the somewhat hysterical warnings by a London publication, not many weeks ago, of the "impending crash" which may "bring down the whole edifice of European credit," the "financial catastrophe which is ever drawing nearer" and which "only a miracle can avert." In what degree this interesting forecast (which, it must be admitted, resembled numerous other prophecies of the past two years, now forgotten) was based on the very remarkable predicament of Germany, we shall presently inquire.

Varying Ideas at the Year-End

In relation to the United States, however, pretty nearly every one now recognizes that New Year's reflections and New Year's expectations have taken on a brighter color at the present year-end than at any other similar occasion since the war. For one thing, this is the first "turn of the year" since the middle period of the war itself which has not been darkened by apprehension regarding our own country's immediate financial future. Indeed, even the enthusiasm of the war boom was always accompanied by a *memento mori;* the haunting sense of some terrific reckoning which would have to come when peace should return. If the impatient hopes of early autumn for a spectacular revival of trade before the end of 1921 have been disappointed, at least the American business community knows that its feet are on firm ground. The progress of recovery may be disappointingly slow, but at any rate we are now building up, not tearing down.

WHEN one looks back at the three or four past months, or looks forward into the new year, it is plain enough that progressive trade reaction and the progressive fall in prices have been checked. Recovery, financial or industrial, is always possible with low prices for commodities but never with uninterruptedly declining prices, and we knew in the period of industrial confusion, late in 1920 and early in 1921, that business depression could not end until prices of goods had reached a halt in their decline.

Question of Business Recovery

That has now happened. If no great revival of trade is yet in sight, still the market for American products as a whole has held steady since early summer, at higher average prices than in the middle of 1921. To a lower range of values, producer as well as consumer will adjust himself; but the consumer buys sparingly when the course of prices seems to mean cheaper goods a little later, and the merchant or manufacturer moves with great caution when the chances favor a market in which competitors who waited can undersell him.

With the general fall in prices now arrested during four or five consecutive months, it is reasonable to expect a change of attitude in 1922. At the same time, and notably in the past few weeks, there

has been going on before our eyes a wholesome readjustment in other directions where the key to the economic situation lies. The fall in cost of money from the extravagant heights to which it was carried, first by the war requisitions and then by the after-war inflation of credit, has been one aspect of this readjustment; the rush of investment capital into sound investments, on a scale not witnessed since the years before the war, has been another. It is impossible, under all the circumstances, to look at our own economic future with any other feeling than reasoned hopefulness.

The Arms Conference

TO what extent the Conference at Washington will play a part in realizing the new year's hopes, it is still too early to say. Even now, hardly a month after the convening of that conference, the ardent enthusiasm and glowing expectations which blazed up after Secretary Hughes had placed his explicit disarmament proposals before the international delegates, have considerably cooled. Practical obstacles, differences of opinion on details, signs of opposition, if not to the principles proposed at least to the immediate application of them, have come into view one after another, precisely as they did when the outburst of European popular enthusiasm over President Wilson's arrival in December, 1918, was chilled by the opening deliberations at Versailles. Nevertheless, the potential importance of the Washington Conference has been recognized by every one, and nowhere more fully and frankly than in the financial community.

The mere fact of an international conference held for such discussion with a serious purpose was momentous, yet that fact was perhaps less significant of itself than the further fact that our government was visibly moving to get back through another door into a League of Nations for the guarantee of peace. If other evidence of that fact were lacking, the attack on the Conference by the last political survivors of the Senate's Battalion of Death would have provided it. Such political and financial judgment as looks for a happier outcome of the second experiment in such a league than of the first, may partly be ascribed to circumstances which have made it possible for the Washington Conference to grapple with one international problem at a time and not with all at once.

Probably also, in so far as concerns our own government's position, this confidence arises from the feeling that one vital blunder committed at the Paris Conference has this time been avoided. Perhaps we are even now too near to the Conference of 1919 to get in full perspective the picture of what actually happened. One of President Wilson's political adjutants has given the story to the public in a spirit of disapproving criticism; another has told it in a spirit of somewhat patronizing adulation; on the whole, the reader was likely to conclude that Mr. Wilson fares best with the dissenting critic. But one inference is established, more or less unconsciously, by both versions of the episode—that the achievement of a momentous diplomatic task which was, to say the least, embarrassed and handicapped through personal assumption of the whole negotiation by the head of our government in 1919, without strong lieutenants sharing his plans, dividing the responsibility, and pursuing the work under his supervision, has been promoted in a high degree in 1921 through the entrusting of America's share in the Conference to a group of experienced and eminent statesmen; answerable to, but not over-obscured by, the Chief Executive.

Markets and the Washington News

THAT practically no response was made by financial markets to the events at Washington was a matter of wide-spread and generally puzzled comment. Even the Stock Exchange stood almost motionless on the first news of the Conference proposals; its subsequent movement was uncertain. Whether this apathetic reception of the news reflected an underlying spirit of scepticism, we shall perhaps be better able to say a little later. Yet the attitude was not so unusual in the light of past experience as Wall Street seemed to think. It is quite true that the stock market habitually reflects, in its larger upward or downward movements, financial judg-

ment on political as well as industrial occurrences, but it does not always exercise that power in relation to events whose influence on finance can be effective only in the more or less distant future.

Few events in our past political history had more profoundly important financial implications than the Resumption of Specie Payments. The law providing for such resumption was enacted in December, 1875, and its enactment did not cause a ripple of cheerful movement on financial markets. Instead of that, it was followed by a series of months which, in the words of a contemporary critic, "will be memorable in the annals of the stock market for the great depression of values." The reason was the knowledge of financial observers that in the best of circumstances it would be years before the purposes of the law could be carried into effect, and the fact that other and unfavorable influences immediately surrounding the economic situation entirely superseded, in the Wall Street mind, the decision for return to a sound currency.

Precedents of Financial History

REPEAL of the mischievous Silver Purchase Act in October, 1893, was a matter of the first financial importance; it was followed by violent decline on the New York stock market. The election of McKinley over Bryan in November, 1896, settled the gold-standard controversy; the market declined continuously during the months which followed that election. But the Repeal Bill passed when people were just beginning to discover what sort of wreck was left by the panic of 1893, and the six months after McKinley's election were marked by falling prices for commodities and continuing trade reaction. So, too, of the enactment of the Federal Reserve Law in December, 1913, an event which subsequent experience has fixed as one of the momentous events in our economic history. The markets of that day made no response whatever, except for a lapse into what seemed to be inertia and discouragement. Europe was drawing in its capital, from the United States as elsewhere, with uneasy misgiving over a situation which even then seemed to be dimly outlined at Berlin and which had memorable consequences in the German Government's action of seven months later.

In all these historic instances, the market's view was modified by knowledge of the necessary postponement of an economic influence. When specie payments were actually resumed in 1879, a notable financial and industrial revival followed instantly. The actual going into force of the Gold Standard Act of 1900 preceded by a very few months an extraordinary forward movement in American financial markets and American prosperity. The actual opening of its doors for business by the Federal Reserve in November, 1914, marked the reversal of the whole financial position of this country in the war.

It is conceivable, even if it is not yet definitely assured, that the longer sequel of the Arms Conference will resemble that which we now associate with those other historic episodes. The "scrapping" of the programme of the sea-power states was a momentous decision, but it bore on the longer future, and even then affected budgets of expenditure only in states which were financially very strong. The work of the conference could not, except indirectly, affect the land armament, the military programme, and the "army budgets" of that group of continental European states whose resources were being crushed under the existing strain of expenditure. The place of the Conference in financial history may therefore depend on whether it is to be an isolated diplomatic event, or the first in a series, extended to other states and to other problems.

The Rise of Investment Bond Prices

BUT if the course of the autumn stock market gave little sign of positive convictions, either political or economic, another financial market made up for that hesitation by a very remarkable forward movement. If, as seems to be the fact, a rising stock market indicates a cheerful year-end, it is quite as distinctly true that recovery in prices of investment bonds brings relief and peace of mind to a still larger portion of the community—not to Wall Street alone or primarily, but to that very wide circle of individuals and families

(Financial Situation, continued on page 39)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 37)

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The feeling of despondency which prevails among such investors when, as occurred in the seven years since the beginning of the war, the market value of their investment holdings falls 20 or 25 per cent from the purchase price, is in a certain sense illogical. If the thrifty citizen continues to lay by from his yearly income a surplus for investment, he is helped, not hurt, by a large decline in price. He can add to his holdings of a favorite 4 per cent security, paying $750 per thousand-dollar bond instead of the $1,000 which he paid for the same bond nine or ten years ago; or, to put it in another way, he can get nearly 5½ per cent interest on the money invested, instead of 4. Meantime his older holdings will yield him exactly the same income as they did in 1913.

But that is not the usual way of looking at the matter, and there are reasons why it should not be so. Quite apart from the mental uneasiness as to the soundness of his investment which is sure to be occasioned by a 20 per cent fall in price, there is no investor, large or small, who may not be forced by circumstances to turn his securities into cash. Business reverses, sickness, the need of ready money to build a home, even the division of an estate, are incidents which make such depreciation in the market price of bonds a personal calamity. When along with such possibilities one considers the thousands of instances in which patriotic citizens subscribed to the limit of their means for Liberty bonds at par in the "drives" of 1917 and 1918, sometimes with borrowed money, only to be compelled within a year or two to sell the very same Liberty bonds at 90 or 85, it is easy enough to see why this season's recovery of the war loans to nearly or quite the original subscription price, and the simultaneous advance of all other investment bonds to the highest price since the early days of war, should have brought to the year-end markets an atmosphere of cheerfulness.

The Bond Market since 1914

FROM the day when war was declared in 1914 down to the middle of the present year, no market has been more perplexing in its action and more subject to erroneous expectation than the market for investment bonds. On general principles, it seemed as if the course of that market could easily be foreshadowed. As with all previous great wars, the outbreak of war in Europe meant unprecedented

(Financial Situation, continued on page 41)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 39)

requisitions by governments on the accruing income and accumulated capital of their citizens. The floating of the war loans whose individual amount at once ran to the billions of dollars, whereas hundreds of millions had been the previous maximum of history, itself seemed to foreshadow displacement on an enormous scale of capital invested in existing fixed-revenue securities.

In August, 1914, it seemed to mean a good deal more; for the breakdown of international credit, the sudden stopping of payment on obligations due by merchants or bankers of one belligerent state to merchants or bankers of another, suggested that the creditor, with home indebtedness of his own to meet, would be compelled to realize instantly and at any price on such of his investments as could be sold at once on the Stock Exchange. Prices of many investment bonds had, indeed, already fallen 2 to 10 per cent in the week or two when war was threatening. Exactly what would have happened to them in the days of financial bewilderment and panic immediately following the declaration of war, we shall never know; for every stock exchange in the world had closed its doors before Germany sent the ultimatum to Russia or France. There was no market open for sale of investment securities anywhere.

Prices during the War

NOT until four months afterward did the New York Stock Exchange venture, with many precautions and much misgiving, to try the experiment of reopening. Its resumption of business found investors willing to bid for good bonds, at a surprisingly small decline from the price of July 30. In the course of a month or two, steady recovery was under way. By the close of 1915, the greater number of well-known investment bonds were selling above the prices quoted in the middle of 1914.

Alternate declines and recoveries occurred as the war went on. Generally the course of investment values was downward, especially after our own country entered the war, but the change was slow and the aggregate fall in prices during war-time astonishingly small. The average price for a list of forty typical investment bonds worked out at 82¾ when the Stock Exchange closed down in 1914; at 81¼ when it reopened at the end of that year; at 89½ in January of 1917, the high price of war-time; at 74¼ in December of 1917, when the lowest war-time average was reached, and at 82 on the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 43)

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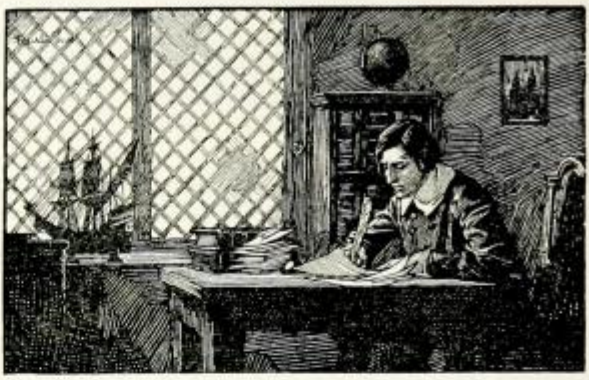

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day before the armistice was signed in November, 1918. The reason for this comparative stability of values, despite the raising of inconceivably great sums through war loans by half a dozen powerful governments, was not grasped at once.

Later, it began to be understood that the war was being financed by immense inflation, not of currency alone but of credit also, yet that the borrowed capital was turned back so speedily into the general money market that interest rates were kept down at the pre-war level, notwithstanding government requisitions. During most of the war, indeed, the older outstanding 4 and 5 per cent bonds gave as large an income yield as could be had from investment of the same capital in war bonds or in the open money market. There was no 7.30 per cent interest rate on Treasury borrowings, as in our Civil War; no selling of British 3 per cent Consols at 50, as in the war with Napoleon.

When the War was over

WHEN the war ended, a very considerable body of investors and of investing institutions reasoned that, with requisitions on private investment capital by the War Departments virtually at an end, the mere change in supply-and-demand conditions on the market for investment bonds would insure a great recovery in prices. This was only one of the day's financial illusions, but few of its illusions were more complete. Instead of being at the end of the period of depreciation, the bond market turned out to have been, in November, 1918, only at the beginning of it.

Released from government control and supervision and subjected to urgent demands on credit by expanding trade, rising prices, and increasing speculation, the rate for money rose from the war-time 3 and 4 per cent to 8 or 10. A mass of new loans, hurriedly placed by every kind of borrower on the investment market, had to conform their terms to these new conditions. When first-class European governments and high-grade American industrial companies were compelled to grant interest rates of 7 and 8 per cent on loans floated for them in Lombard Street or Wall Street, the older market price of outstanding 4 and 5 per cent bonds could not possibly be sustained. It was bound to fall until the income yield to purchasers at the lower level matched the interest rate actually paid on their par value by the newly issued bonds.

The resultant inevitable process of severe readjustment culminated in May of 1920—a

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 43)

date which represents as closely as it can be fixed the culminating point of the memorable after-war inflation. It was in that month that even United States war loans, for which original subscribers had paid par in 1917 and 1918, reached such prices as 82 for the 4¼ per cent loan of October, 1918, and 94¾ even for the 4¾ per cent Victory bonds, due for redemption at par in May of 1923. As against the lowest average of 74¼, which we have seen to have been reached in war-time by the general bond market, and the average of 82 in armistice week, those investments also had depreciated to an average of 65½ in May of 1920.

But at the close of November, 1921, after the autumn's recovery, the average was 76⅓. This was still considerably below the price at the armistice or at the outbreak of the war, but 11 points above the low price of the period. Meantime, the Victory 4¾ per cents, which in May of 1920 sold at 94.70, had again reached par, the subscription price, and the "fourth 4¼s," which changed hands at 82 a year and a half ago, sold freely on the Stock Exchange at the beginning of this December above 98.

THIS momentous change—a parallel to what business men in the trade revival of forty years ago used to describe as the "fall in the cost of money" after 1873—was immediately a consequence of the reduction of federal bank rates from the 7 per cent of 1920 to this autumn's 4½ per cent, almost the lowest rate in the Reserve system's history; also to the lowering of the Treasury's interest rate on short-term loans to 4¼ per cent, as against the 6 per cent of December, 1920. Those reductions clearly indicated a great change in the price of capital. No doubt, the season's rush of capital into the investment bond market partly reflected and foreshadowed a period of inactive trade, as a consequence of which bankers and merchants who employ their private fortunes in productive industry were investing the unused surplus in loans to established enterprises or institutions. But this did not alter the larger aspects of the movement—notably its evidence (confirmed, as it happens, by the federal income-tax returns) of the rapid increase in the country's accumulated wealth.

The Fall in Cost of Capital

It has repeatedly been declared by banking-houses during the past few weeks that the public's demand for investment securities was running, in a manner wholly unforeseen by them, beyond the available supply. This has happened before, though not in many years. In one parallel situation, that of 1899 after the

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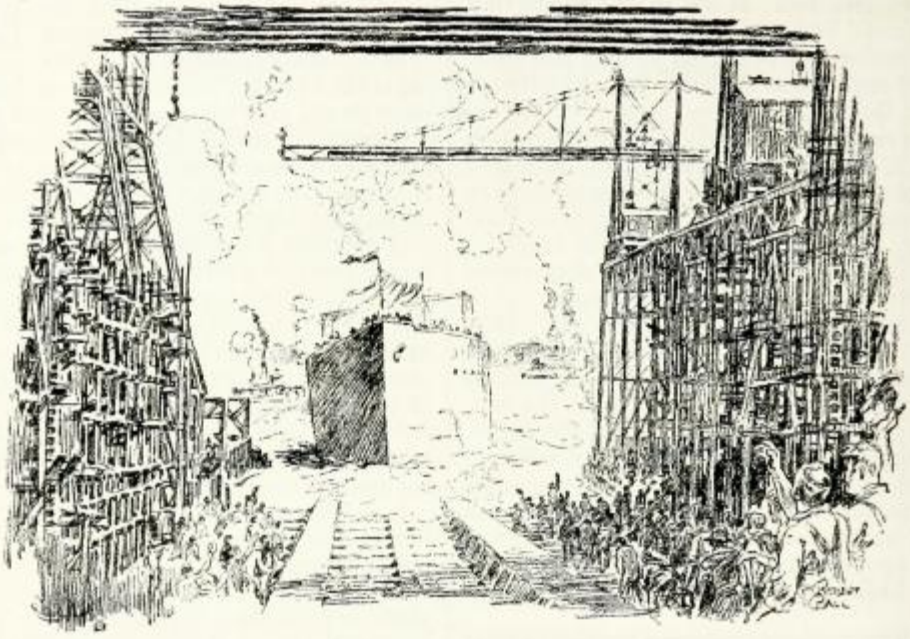

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long readjustment following 1893, the overflowing investment fund went into the stocks of newly organized industrial combinations. In another, that of 1880, when the depression of the seventies had terminated, it went into construction of new railways. Neither is a probable outlet on the present occasion; for most industrial plants are over-equipped as a consequence of war activities and, in so far as new investment capital goes to the railway companies, it will not be in purchases of shares of new transportation lines (for which there is no need) but in loans to existing companies to bridge over what remains of the transition period from war-time revenue deficits.

There will therefore undoubtedly remain, after all these requisitions, a reservoir of American capital, now for the first time coming into plain view, which must find some other investment and on a very extensive scale. When the most casual observer of this season's movement on the New York market sees, even now, that in many respects the most active demand and most rapid rise of prices has occurred in the bonds of thirty or forty foreign governments or cities, mostly European and including even internal loans expressed in foreign currencies, as against less than half a dozen which our investors bought before the war, mainly of neighboring states to the south of us, the direction which American investment of the future promises to take is pretty clearly suggested.

American Lenders and European Borrowers

IT will not have escaped the reader's notice that this situation in our investment market occurred at precisely the moment when the foremost problem before the world was financial reconstruction of the recent belligerents of Europe; which assumes the use of outside capital. It also occurred, however, at the moment when a great part even of the financial community was taking a more dismal view of financial possibilities in these European states than it has taken since the armistice. Neither retrospect nor forecast reflected in the case of Europe anything of that spirit of hopefulness which brightens the new year's outlook for America. Especially among those numerous people who interpret contemporary history as Mr. H. G. Wells interprets the history of preceding centuries, in the light of personal prejudice and limited information, there has been certainly more talk than at any previous year-end of a ruined world, a Germany bankrupt because it could not pay the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 49)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 47)

reparations, a France about to be bankrupt when Germany refuses payment, and an England crippled financially because it could not collect what the Continent owes it.

I have shown in previous numbers of this magazine the reasons why such talk as applied to France and England is extravagant; particularly in view of the long steps taken in 1921 by both those countries toward liquidating debt, reducing inflated paper currencies, and correcting an abnormally maladjusted balance of export and import trade. The foreign-exchange market is now, and has been ever since the war, a far better measure of actual financial judgment of the European position than random impressions of Wall Street gossips or newspaper paragraphers. That market has approached the year-end with the pound sterling above $4 instead of below $3.50, as it was a year ago, the French franc at 7½ cents instead of 5⅞, and the Italian lira at 4¾ cents instead of 3⅜. While France has been steadily funding into interest-bearing bonds her paper promises to pay, England has just redeemed in full another $150,000,000 war loan placed during 1916 in the United States, and has announced her purpose of paying during 1922 the regular interest on its $4,200,000,000 debt to the United States Treasury. The gloomiest prognosticator must at least admit that these are not the usual signals of approaching insolvency.

The Case of Germany

HE will probably reply that the case of Germany is altogether different, and his statement will be correct. Even the foreign-exchange market has lately rated the German mark at three-tenths of a cent, against 1½ cents a year ago and 1¾ even in the middle of 1921. One of the Berlin government's official industrial advisers has predicted, with a meticulous regard for details which smacks of the German process, the bankruptcy of Germany next May. At the end of last November something happened in the German markets which reduced to entire confusion the perplexity over the situation already existing in the American public mind. Prices of German merchandise, and particularly prices of stocks on the German Boerse, had been advancing wildly during the fall of the mark on foreign exchange. In the middle of November, with the mark at its lowest, the average of dividend-paying stocks on the Berlin market had risen 40 per cent from the already very high prices of September.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 51)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 49)

They were seven times as high as at the close of 1919. In October the average of commodity prices, taking the January, 1920, average as 100, rose from 184 to 248; in November it went higher still. So huge did the profits of industry appear to be that the large manufacturing companies increased their capital (by sales of new shares to the German public) on such a scale that the total of new stock issued in the ten months ending with October footed up nearly five times as much in nominal value as the entire capitalization of German industrial companies before the war. Meantime, wages were rising, unemployment decreasing, and outward signs of what people call prosperity appeared to be in evidence.

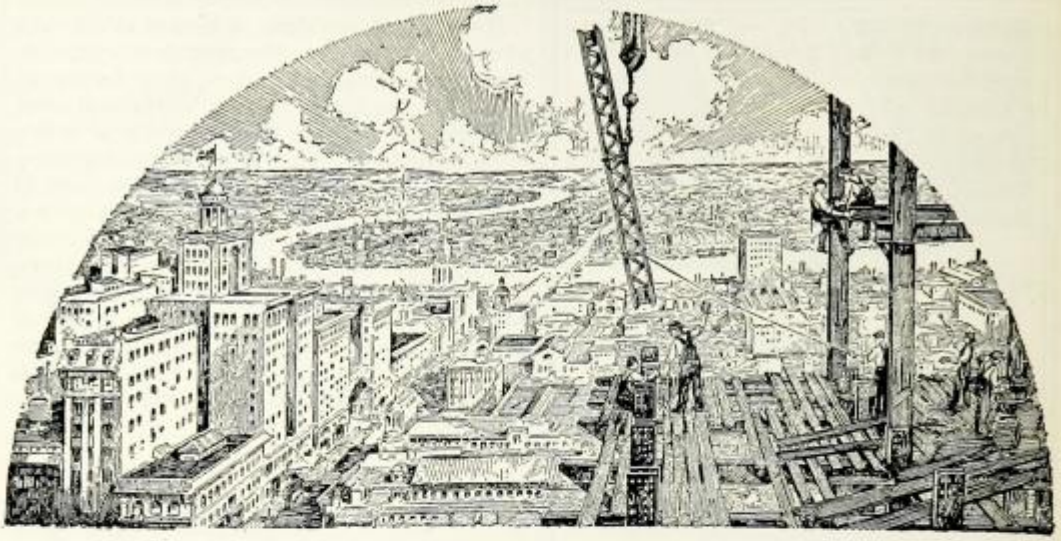
"Black Thursday" at Berlin

ALL this happened while the mark was falling toward a purely nominal valuation. At the opening of this present December, on a rumor that the Allies might relax reparations requirements (a proposal which, to the simple outsider, might have seemed to mean a windfall of good luck to German finance) the Stock Exchange responded by a collapse in prices which was described as surpassing all precedent. Shares of the great industrial companies declined from 900 to 600, from 1,000 to 700, from 3,500 to 2,500, with prices of German commodities simultaneously falling 20 and 40 per cent.

These extravagantly violent upward and downward movements of the markets, which have so greatly puzzled plain observers, merely represented once more at work the economic principle which operated when France was pouring out her revolutionary assignats, when our own government was inflating its already depreciated paper money after the Civil War, and, in fact, during every past period of governmental experiment with fiat money. In proportion as the gold value of such paper currency declines, prices measured in that currency necessarily advance. That advance is the harvest of the speculator; even, on the face of things, of the manufacturing concerns which sell their goods on a rapidly rising market.

That the prosperity is fallacious, that it can end in nothing but disaster, has been illustrated not alone by these older historic instances, but by this very fact of a wreck of German values on the first sign of even partial return toward normal conditions and a gold value for the currency. What German markets now describe as "Black Thursday," December 1, 1921, was only duplication on an exaggerated scale of our

(Financial Situation, continued on page 53)



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(Financial Situation, continued from page 51)

own famous "Black Friday" of September 24, 1869, when the bubble of excited speculation in merchandise and stocks, caused by the rise in gold, as measured by the paper dollar, from 130 to 165, was pricked by its sudden fall from 165 to 131, with a consequent furious rise in money rates and a long succession of business failures.

The Real Problem of Germany

THESE occurrences on the German markets must be considered independently of the question of reparations. The markets' problem will continue to exist—indeed, it might outwardly be accentuated—even with the granting of a moratorium, postponing for a year or more the payments prescribed for war damages of the German Government. The primary question is what policy Germany will adopt regarding her paper currency; which, standing at 17,000,000,000 marks in armistice week and at 69,000,000,000 seven months ago, had been raised to 100,000,000,000 in November. This problem the German Government and the German people have to solve, whatever happens in the reparations controversy.

It must frankly be admitted, then, that the financial outlook for Germany is not bright at the approach of the new year. Germany has precisely the same task ahead of her as is before the Austrian, Polish, and Balkan Governments, as confronted the United States in 1869 and France in 1795. Until there is some sign that statesmen of these Central European countries are facing the paper money problem honestly—and not, as has been the case even with eminent German financiers, contenting themselves with assertions that high prices have not resulted from currency inflation and that the Entente Allies drove the government to the recourse of paying its bills with the output of the printing-press—prediction is not easy. There is only this reasonable probability: that the countries which grapple intelligently with their paper-money problem will find the way gradually opening for access to the capital of the outside world, including that of America.

INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained without cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

"Tomorrow's Bond Prices," "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities," and "Municipal Bonds Defined" are a series of booklets recently published by William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. The first explains the significance of the present investment situation and the opportunity to obtain high returns over a period of years. The other two describe the various kinds of municipal bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

The Guaranty Company of New York has published a new booklet, "Investment Recommendations," which will be sent to investors on request.

The surprising results of systematic investment and reinvestment are set forth interestingly in a new book entitled "A Sure Road to Financial Independence," now being distributed by Halsey, Stuart and Company. The booklet will be of value to any investor who desires to stimulate the amount of his savings and investments.

"Who Buys Bonds," an analysis recently published by Wells-Dickey Company, of Minneapolis, shows a surprisingly wide-spread interest in sound securities. Write for your copy.

"1922 Investments," a new booklet describing a wide variety of securities offered and recommended by H. M. Byllesby and Company, of Chicago and New York, will be sent upon request.

BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

Bankers Trust Company of New York will send on request its booklet, "Why a Trust Company," an informative little pamphlet explaining the advantages of appointing a trust company instead of an individual as executor and trustee under wills.

How individuals, firms, and corporations can be helped by a large trust company in their private and business affairs is explained in "Equitable Service," a booklet written in non-technical language and issued by The Equitable Trust Company, of New York, 37 Wall Street, New York City.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has published for free distribution a booklet entitled "Trust Service for Corporations."

"The Giant Energy—Electricity," a booklet in popular form, which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by the National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, aiding the investor to determine the gross yield he must get on a taxable bond to correspond to the yield on a tax-free municipal, is being distributed by Stacy and Braun, 14 Wall Street, New York.

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

The American Bond and Mortgage Company, Chicago and New York, has published a book entitled "Building with Bonds," beautifully illustrated, handsomely bound, and dealing comprehensively with the familiar forms of investment, especially First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. Copy on request.

The Title Guaranty and Trust Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.

"A Guaranteed Income" is an interesting booklet for those appreciating the added protection of a guarantee against loss. Write the Prudence Company, Incorporated, 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

"The True Story of Plain Tom Hodge" describes in detail a new partial-payment plan for selling farm-mortgage securities. Write George M. Forman and Company, 105C West Monroe Street, Chicago.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, will send on request their "January, 1922, Investors' Guide," containing a selected list of safe and sound First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds and various articles pertaining to safety for investors.

"National Capital First Mortgage Investments" is the title of a free booklet for investors issued by The F. H. Smith Company, Washington, D. C.

The advantages of securing 8% First Mortgage Investments in the cities of Miami and Miami Beach are explained in a little booklet recently issued by the First National Company of Miami.

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus and Company, Fifth Avenue at 46th Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of first mortgage 6% and 7% bonds offered by this house.

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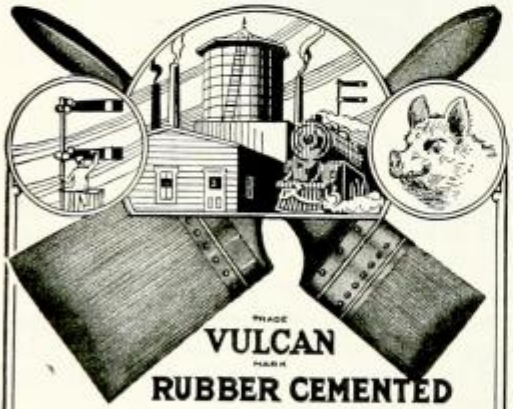

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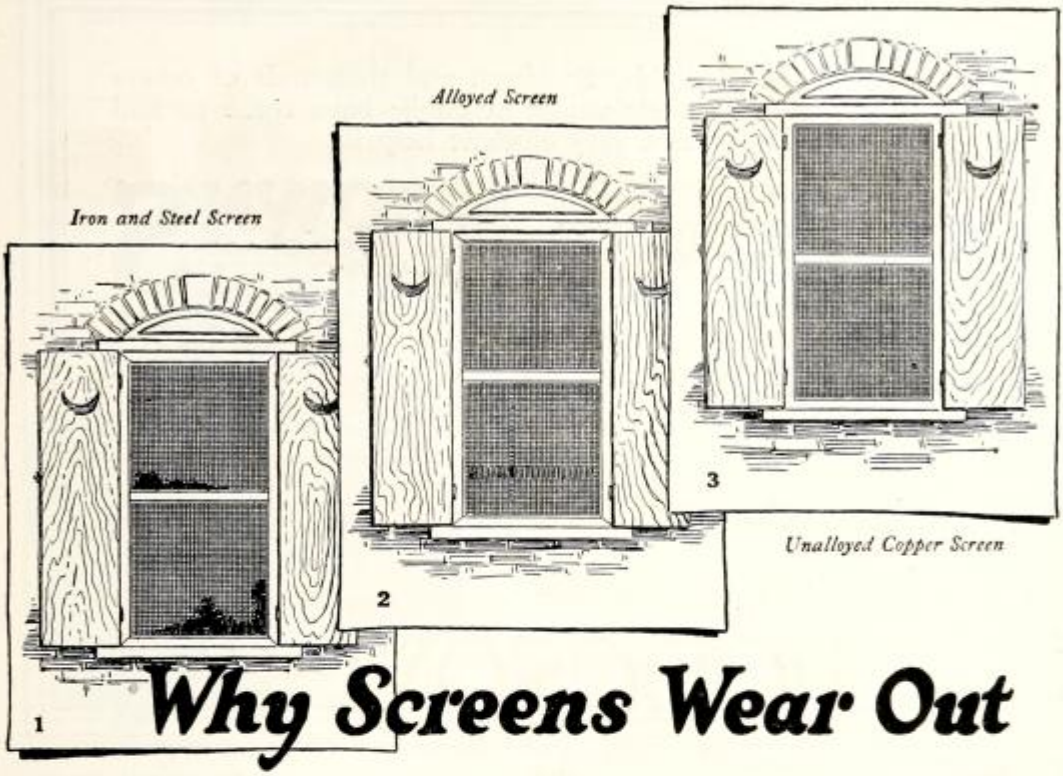

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Most illness is caused by constipation. Johnson's Fresh Table Bran gives almost instantaneous relief to most distressing cases. A big fresh bag sent postpaid to your table for $1.00. Made from choicest wheat, every kernel washed and scientifically milled. Use in baking or as a cereal. Good for children and grown-ups. Enjoy perfect health without drugs and medicine. Only fresh bran possesses full strength. Get yours direct. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send today.

JOHNSON'S FLOUR MILLS, Box 101 AR Milwaukee, Wis

Don't Wear a Truss

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

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Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

Brooks Appliance Co., 118B State St., Marshall, Mich.

Warmth Without Weight
Freedom Without Danger

WINTER
Athletic Underwear *for Men*

Never before have men been able to enjoy Athletic Underwear comfort in WINTER without risking the treacherous non-protection of an all-cotton garment. Never before have men been able to secure proper Winter protection without bothering their bodies with heavier undergarments than are good for them.

But now comes the happy, healthy medium between these two extremes:

A
Knee-length, Sleeveless
Union Suit
Knit of WOOL mixed with Cotton

For the first time in your life you can now have the unrestricted freedom of the lightest cotton Athletic Union Suit, combined with the warmth and protection hitherto found only in heavy, full length undergarments.

Your regular furnisher should be able to supply you with this new and much wanted underwear. If he cannot, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

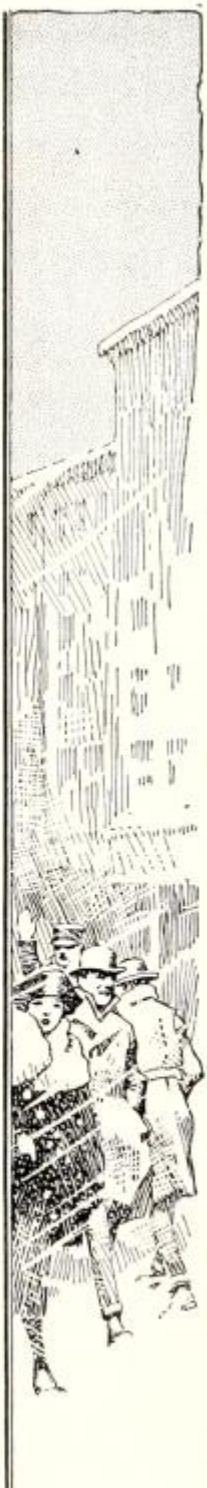
Made only by the

AMERICAN HOSIERY CO.

Makers also of the famous Shuttle Meadow Coat, the genuine Heath Jacket, and "Amho" Fashioned Bathing Suits for Men

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

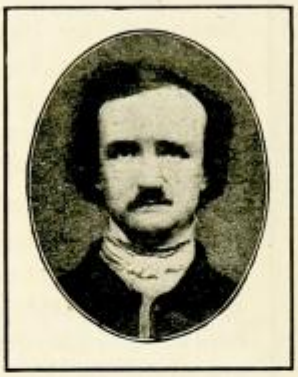
AN AMHO PRODUCT



"Above Expectation"

A man of affairs in California recently wrote us:

"I received to-day my special set of the Stedman-Woodberry Edition of Edgar Allan Poe, and I can assure you that it was quite a bit above expectation. It is indeed a beautiful edition and one that any one would be proud to own, as indeed I am."



Poe, the creator of the detective story, and its master, has been the source of envy and admiration to his imitators for half a century.

These books, and the works of Poe, are both "above expectation."

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

The set is enriched with a remarkable series of well-authenticated portraits, views of scenes connected with Poe, and eighteen illustrations from drawings by Albert Edward Sterner, all reproduced in photogravure, to which are added two facsimiles of the author's manuscript.

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The type is the large and handsome 12-point Scotch. Specially made paper bearing the author's initials in water-mark, careful printing, and elegance and taste of the highest degree in the binding, combine to make the manufacture of these books representative of the finest art of the book-maker of to-day.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Sc. 1-09

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Send, without obligation on my part, information in regard to the complete works of Edgar Allan Poe, and how I may secure them on your special plan. Also send information concerning the other sets I have checked.

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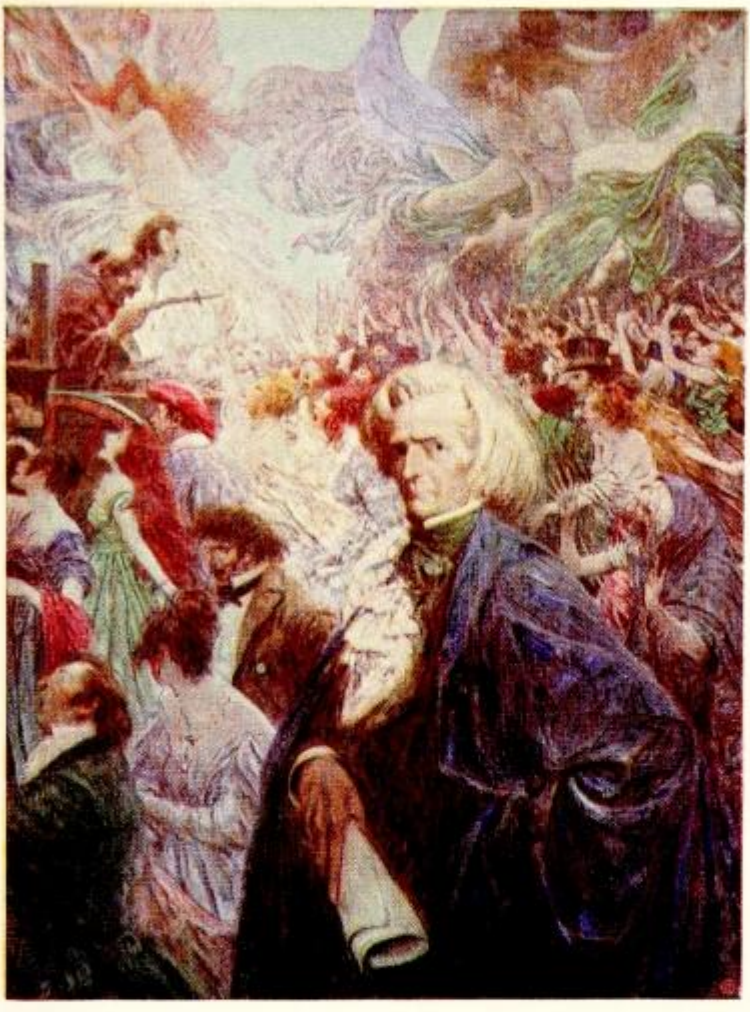
One set at a time or all at one time—you should own these books



BERLIOZ
and the
Fantastic Symphony

Painted for the
Steinway
Collection
by Harvey Dunn

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

THREE score years ago a new genius flashed upon the musical world. He was a composer, not of musical scores, but of musical instruments. His name was Henry Steinway—his masterwork was a piano. No sooner was his instrument given to the world than it was hailed as America's first great contribution to musical art. Hector Berlioz, he of the flaming locks and flaming soul, was one of the first of the masters to hear the Steinway. Forthwith he wrote to its creator: "You have contributed to music a progress for which all true artists are infinitely indebted to you." One by one the great musicians heard the Steinway, or played it, and chose it for their own. Wagner, Liszt, Rubinstein, Gounod—these were only a few of those who came under the spell of Steinway tone. From that day to this the Steinway has been the instrument which the world has recognized as the piano of pianos. The music of the Immortals and the instrument of the Immortals live on together. In homes where you find the one, there also is the other.

Steinway & Sons and their dealers have made it conveniently possible for music lovers to own a Steinway. Prices: $875 and up, plus freight at points distant from New York.

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Tel-U-Where

Information Bureaus will help you find any Advertised Article

FOR INSTANCE, how would you go about it to find any of the advertised-trade-named things listed* on this page if you didn't have TEL-U-WHERE at your elbow?

* *As they came over the TEL-U-WHERE wires.*

We venture to say, before you had hunted many hours, you would be glad to take the something "just as good"—which is one very good reason for TEL-U-WHERE.

The service is free. Simply 'phone any of the Bureaus listed below, give the name of the product or products you wish to find, and a list of dealers together with booklets will be mailed you at once.

If it happens the article is not listed (the manufacturer not yet a subscriber to TEL-U-WHERE Service) the information will be obtained, but may cause a few days' delay.

TEL-U-WHERE Bureaus now open in these cities

Akron	Erie	Newark	Savannah
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Cincinnati	Knoxville	Portland, Me.	Toledo
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Columbus	Little Rock	Providence	Troy
Dallas	Los Angeles	Reading	Utica
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Dayton	Lowell	Rochester	Wichita
Denver	Lynn	Sacramento	Wilkes Barre
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Detroit	Memphis	Salt Lake City	Worcester
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Consult your telephone book for the number

What store sells—?

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Electric Washer

HOOVER
Suction Sweeper

ARMSTRONG
Table Stove

HOLEPROOF
Hosiery

PREMO
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BURROWES
Rustless Screens

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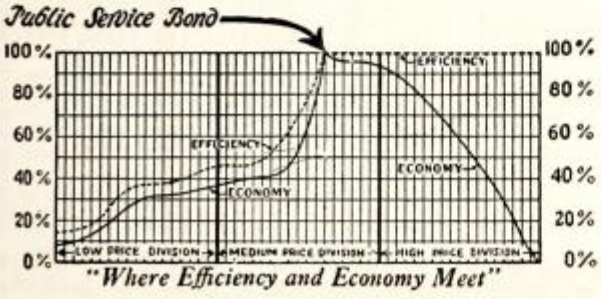
"Particularly at this time — it exactly meets our requirements"

Writes one Executive: "Our business is good, yet we have need of economy to meet price changes in our industry. But economy which is not parsimony, for never in our history was there so much to be done, or was it so necessary to keep our best foot forward." Or, as we have so often said, economy with efficiency, and that in business paper *is* Public Service Bond. And Public Service Bond does exactly meet the requirements of present business, because neither waste nor retrogression is now in order.

PUBLIC SERVICE BOND No. 24 White Vellum Finish is *guaranteed*. Unless your stationery on this paper is thoroughly satisfactory in appearance, it costs you nothing. Paper and printing are inseparable. One either helps or hinders the other. The Association of Master Craftsmen was formed upon this basis. Printers who are members are dependable. Their names will be furnished you, but your name will not be referred to them. This should not be taken as a reflection upon the work or service of non-members.

"Your Business Letter Paper" is an interesting booklet, among other things telling you *why* Public Service Bond is at the point "Where Efficiency and Economy Meet." This booklet, samples of Public Service Bond, and a roster of Association of Master Craftsmen in your town, will be sent on request, without obligation to you.

Taylor-Logan Co. Papermakers
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS.



"Where Efficiency and Economy Meet"

Public Service Bond
made for Business Stationery

Did you see it?
Then turn right back to page 5.
You cannot afford to miss
Scribner's Fifth Avenue Section

FOR USES WHICH INVITE DECAY, YOU SHOULD SPECIFY, AND INSIST ON "ALL-HEART" WOOD. IT WILL PAY YOU.

Buy your Cypress by the Cypress Arrow.

Look for this on every board or bundle offered as Cypress. It identifies the TIDE-WATER product, the true "Wood Eternal."

AND SPECIFY "ALL-HEART"

NEW ONE

The Cypress "Pergola-Garage"

Why should a garage be homely? This one isn't.—(Is it?)

The man driving out is the owner. He is well satisfied with the fact that he has enhanced the beauty of his grounds at the same time that he has protected his car.

The picture shows how *your* garage may look if you will allow us to send you, with our compliments, and with no obligation at all, the

Complete Working Drawings (on sheet 24 x 36 inches)

including full specifications—enough for any good carpenter to build from. Perhaps you enjoy such work yourself. If so, you can't go wrong.

It might even be possible to remodel your present garage on these lines. If you do so, of course you will know what kind of lumber to buy. "If you build of Cypress you build but once." You know "the Wood Eternal" is the champion pergola lumber—does not tend to shrink, swell or warp like so many woods—takes paint and stain beautifully, but *does not need either*, except for looks—lasts and lasts and lasts without them. (See U. S. Govt. Rept., reprinted in full in Vol. 1, Cypress Pocket Library. Just mention that you'd like this book, also.)

This Pergola-Garage is AN ADDED SUPPLEMENT

to the 9th big reprint of VOLUME 28 of that home-lovers' guide, counselor and impartial friend, the famous Cypress Pocket Library. It's FREE. Will you write?

When planning a Pergola, Mansion, Bungalow, pasture-fence or sleeping porch, remember, "*With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE*"

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We are manufacturers of about 20,000 articles, including valves, pipe fittings and steam specialties, made of brass, iron, ferrosteel, cast steel and forged steel, in all sizes, for all pressures and all purposes, and are distributors through the trade of pipe, heating and plumbing materials.

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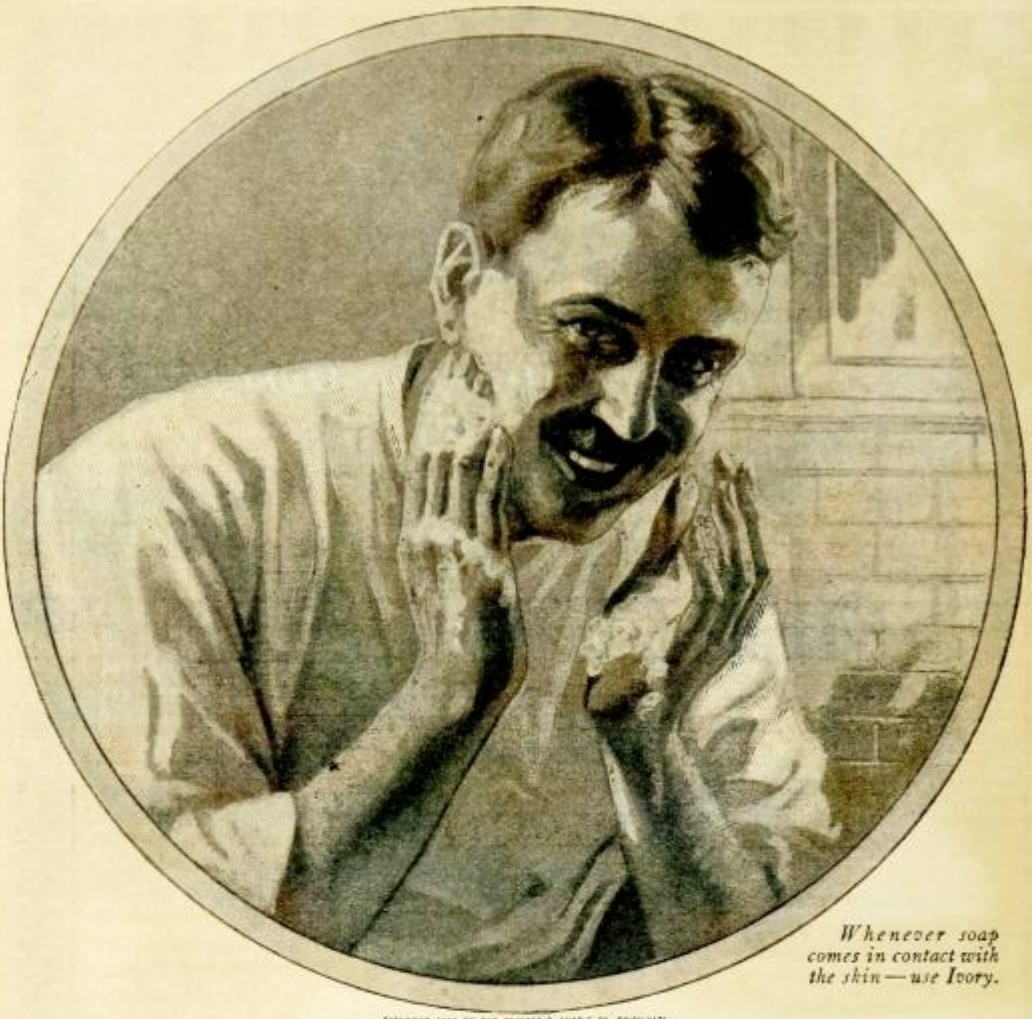

Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin — use Ivory.

Hygiene and good taste lay down these requirements for soap:

Abundant Lather.....for quick thorough cleansing.
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Mildness.....to avoid even the slightest feeling of irritation.
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You will find all these seven essential qualities in Ivory Soap. This is why it is unsurpassed for so many uses: daily bath, toilet, shampoo, nursery, fine laundry,—and in all housework where soap comes in contact with the skin.

IVORY SOAP 

99 44/100% PURE

How to Recognize Genuine Mahogany

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, prime minister of England, in order to conciliate the powerful Guild of Cabinet Makers, removed the duty on Mahogany logs in 1733. Mahogany furniture and interior trim immediately became popular and the four Master Furniture Builders of the Georgian period: Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, the Adam Brothers, and their contemporaries, used Mahogany to the exclusion of other woods.

Chippendale, in his widely quoted book on furniture, writes of "building for the future," and it is a fact that the magnificent grain and mellow red tones of the early English Mahogany have come down to us unimpaired.

Genuine Mahogany when it is properly finished always shows the beautiful characteristic grain of this "King of Woods." True Mahogany in grain and color is so typical that it needs to be seen but once to be always recognized.

Imitation Mahogany, so called "Mahoganized" furniture, fails to show the open pattern and the delightful mellow tone of Genuine Mahogany. It is true that imitation Mahogany furniture can be stained an approximate Mahogany color, but the beautiful open grain of Genuine Mahogany cannot be successfully imitated.

Remember this when you are buying Mahogany furniture. Look for the open characteristic grain and as a further safeguard, insist upon the real Mahogany color. Do not buy furniture that is stained so dark that you cannot distinguish the true Mahogany pattern.

Your dealer can further protect you. Ask him to guarantee that the article you are buying is Genuine Mahogany.

And when you note the Genuine Mahogany grain and diversified mellow color, you can rest assured that the Genuine Mahogany furniture you are buying today, will be treasured by your children's children.

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is pure and good, delicious and nutritious.

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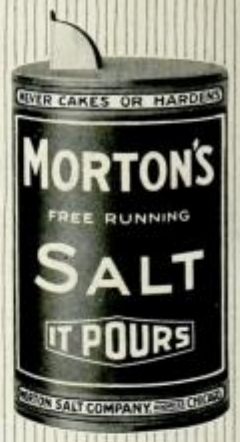

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator

Purely vegetable, guaranteed non-narcotic and non-alcoholic, it is a simple, highly efficacious remedy for all baby's digestive troubles. The open published formula appears on every bottle.

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There's sound sense in this plan—

And there's complete satisfaction, and healthfulness in Postum instead of coffee.

"There's a Reason"