VOL. LXXXII, No. 3 JULY, 1911 PRICE, 35 CENTS

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MCMXI

THE CENTURY CO·UNION SQUARE·NEW YORK

FRANK H. SCOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, SECRETARY AND TREASURER. DONALD SCOTT, ASSISTANT TREASURER. UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.
 (Trade-Mark Registered Oct. 18, 1881.) [Entered at N. Y. Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter

The New Shampoo

The troubles you have had with the usual shampoo have been due both to the means and the method. The ordinary shampoo removes much of the dust and dandruff, but also takes away the natural oils of the hair and scalp, leaving them dry and lifeless. *Hand Sapolio* by its special ingredients cleanses even more thoroughly than "special" preparations, and its delicate vegetable oils furnish a stimulating health and richness to the hair and scalp that make shampooing delightful and profitable. *Hand Sapolio* has made a new quality to the Toilet, Bath and Shampoo.

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Washburn-Crosby Co., Largest Millers in the World, General Office, Minneapolis, Minn.

CONTENTS OF THE CENTURY FOR JULY, 1911.

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

Terms in the United States and its possessions: —$4.00 a year in advance; 35 cents a number. Booksellers and Postmasters receive subscriptions. Subscribers may remit to The Century Co. in P. O. or express money-orders, or in bank checks, drafts, or registered letters. Money in letters is at sender's risk.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

FRANK H. SCOTT, President.
WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, Secretary and Treasurer.
DONALD SCOTT, Assistant Treasurer.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

Terms in the United Kingdom, the British possessions, and the continent of Europe: 16s. a year, payable in advance; 1s. 4d. net a number. All subscriptions for and all business matters in connection with the European edition of The Century Magazine should be addressed to

HODDER & STOUGHTON, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E. C., England.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada.

THE AUGUST CENTURY

The Midsummer Holiday and Fiction Number

EDITH WHARTON will be represented by the second half of her suggestive, brilliant story, "Other Times, Other Manners"—a notable picturing of New York society's attitude toward marriage and divorce.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER will contribute a most appealing story of humble life romance and tragedy, "The Blind Ass of the 'Dobe Mill."

ANNE WARNER calls her story "Between Scylla and Charybdis." It is a love story of delicious humor.

GEORGE PHILLIPS has written—and delightfully—of East Side children at play, in "The Joyous Adventure of Etta."

ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK will tell a curious and very unusual kind of love tale in "The Little Gray Dove."

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER has written a humorous account of a sculptor's search for a worthy Moses in "Spektor in Search of a Model."

MARY MEIGS ATWATER'S "El Medico" is a tale of life in Mexico—and of human nature.

W. T. NICHOLS will have a story called "The Ambassador," a richly humorous account of the inside history of a newspaper office.

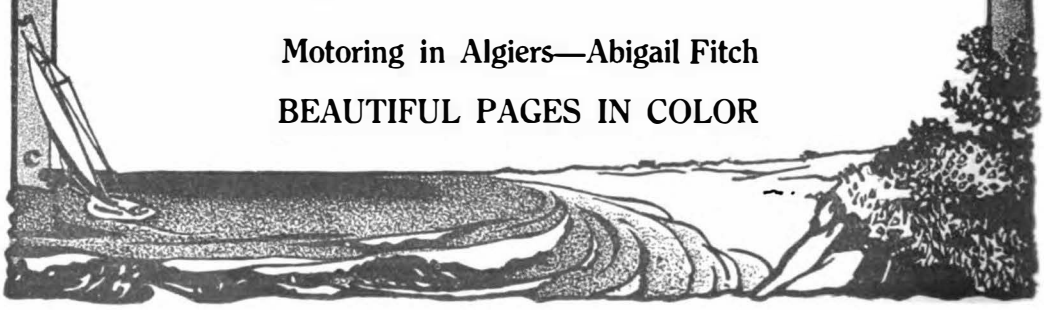
UNIQUE MOUNT DESERT

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER, author of "Romantic Germany," etc.

A delightful pen picture of that most wonderful of American resorts, Mount Desert, unique for its beauty, its altruism, and its variety.

Motoring in Algiers—Abigail Fitch

BEAUTIFUL PAGES IN COLOR



NEW HARPER BOOKS

JACK AND THE CHECK-BOOK

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

Mr. Bangs turns his light and ingenious fancy to the task of retelling the familiar fairy tales of our youthful days. In several of them it is Wall Street that replaces the land of "Never-Never" and "Once Upon a Time," and the personages in the drama are more interested in high finance than in fairy treasures. It is all admirable fooling, and done in the author's best vein.

Illustrated by Albert Levering.
12mo, Cloth, $1.00 net

ESSENCE OF HONEYMOON

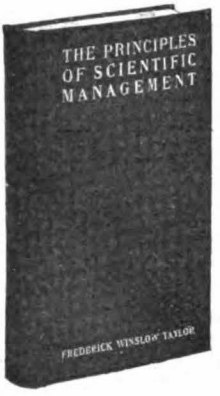
By H. PERRY ROBINSON

"When a married couple leave a hotel," I said to Euphemia, "the wife should walk quite independently of the husband. You need not cling to me"—

"But I wasn't going to," said Euphemia.

"Walk straight on to the front door and strive to convey the impression that you are accustomed to having a husband around." Everybody who has ever indulged in a honeymoon will laugh over the delicious humor of the situations, and everybody who hasn't been honeymooning would better steer clear of the book altogether—it is too fine, too dainty for the uninitiated.

Illustrated by George Brehm. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.50



The Principles of Scientific Management

By FREDERICK WINSLOW TAYLOR, M.E., Sc.D.

Mr. Taylor, former president of the American Society, for nearly thirty years has been at work on the principles he sets forth in this book. Here, for the first time, its details are given—fully—by its inventor. It is the birth of a new science—one which will go far toward revolutionizing present business and industrial methods. Wherever it has been adopted thus far, it has wholly changed the relationship of the employer and the employee. *Octavo, Cloth, $1.50 net*

HARPER'S CAMPING AND SCOUTING

CONSULTING EDITORS
George Bird Grinnell, Editor Forest and Stream
Dr. Eugene L. Swan, Director Pine Island Camp

The idea of doing for one's self is the keynote of this book of camping, woodcraft, and various phases of the outdoor life. It is an American book, intended to show how to prepare for outdoor life, how to make camp, how to live in camp. One important part explains fully for the first time the life and methods of organized boys' camps. Another part is devoted to Boy Scouts.

Uniform with Harper's Practical Series
Fully Illustrated. Cloth, Crown 8vo, $1.75

THE YOUNG PITCHER

By ZANE GREY
Author of "The Young Forester," "The Heritage of the Desert"

Here is a ripping baseball story for the boy of sixty — or sixteen. Between its pages is the quick pulse of the breathless crowd on the bleachers — the zest of that instant when a double play is hanging in the balance — with the manly appeal for fair play and genuine sport to boot. Ken Ward's career, his battles for his reputation, and his skill in pitching games that *win* make what the *Boston Globe* calls "A home-run narrative as vivid as the flight of the ball in a world-championship game."

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.25

HARPER & BROTHERS

MRS. MAXON PROTESTS

By

ANTHONY HOPE

"A strong book, most admirably written."
—Philadelphia Press.

This is pre-eminently Anthony Hope's novel of modern life. In it he wittily and sympathetically expresses his inmost feeling about love and marriage and society. The crisp speeches remind one of "The Dolly Dialogues," but the theme is much deeper. Here we see the real world of society, with its respectability, its narrowness, its curiously one-sided and inconsistent codes of morality, as they look to a man so sensitive to the romantic side of life as Anthony Hope. Mrs. Maxon is married to a cold, stern man who doesn't understand her. Finding that she can no longer endure her life with him, she decides upon a separation. Later she is left in her false position. How she works out her destiny is a story of great human appeal.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ
Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.35 net

By the author of MARY CARY —and Mary herself is in it

MISS GIBBIE GAULT

By KATE LANGLEY BOSHER

The verdict is—even better than "Mary Cary"

Woman's intuition recognized Mary Cary and drew the child into the hearts of thousands. So many thousands, in fact, that the rest of her story had to be written. And here it is in this new book "Miss Gibbie Gault." There will be a charm for every woman in the surroundings of Mary Cary—the story of her environment as she grows up in Yorkburg—its society, institutions, the Needlework Guild, the town council, the subtle-tragic influence of gossip. And not only Mary Cary, but Gibbie Gault, too. She's a woman in a thousand, is Gibbie. And romance also touches Mary Cary as she grows and blooms into young womanhood. This new story is a book to read and to love.

With Frontispiece
Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.20 net

KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE

By IRVING BACHELLER

"The story is brimful of chuckles."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"A keen satire—witty, humorous, poetic and pathetic—with a deep insight into human nature and strong characterization."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Mr. Bacheller tells with shrewd humor * * * the whole story of the mad rush for wealth, display, pretence * * * that characterizes our age. He does it pleasantly, lightly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"'Keeping Up With Lizzie' serves a purpose in ethics which takes rank with 'The Man Without a Country' and 'The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg.'"—*Rochester Herald.*

Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1.00 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM, RECALL

BURTON J. HENDRICK, of the McCLURE staff, has been spending several months on the Pacific Coast, studying the practical workings of progressive legislation. In the July McCLURE's he will begin a series of articles giving the results of these investigations. The most interesting State in the Union at the present time is Oregon. Here the governmental ideas that now occupy so largely the public mind have been in active operation for several years. For nine years Oregon has had the Initiative and Referendum; for seven years the direct primary and election by the people of United States Senators. Its political history during this period ought to answer many questions that the American people are now asking.

THE ACTRESS ON THE ROAD

By MARY SHAW

SEVERAL years ago, when she was dragged into court for producing Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," in New York City, Mary Shaw commanded the sympathy of the intelligent public. She has long been one of the interesting figures on our stage, and has endeared herself to people of taste by her championship of whatever is new and interesting in the drama. Miss Shaw has been described as "an intelligent woman who happens to be able to act, rather than an actress who happens to be intelligent." Originally a school-teacher in New Hampshire, Miss Shaw came to the dramatic profession with her eyes open, and has given more thought to the difficulties of an actress's career than a woman born to the profession would be apt to do. Her present article has to do with some of the dangers and difficulties that confront the actress on tour.

SHORT STORIES

"A TALE OF THE CORAL SEA," a remarkable story of submarine adventure, by *Randolph Bedford*; "THE WOLF," by *M. Gauss*; "THE MEASURE OF MARGARET COPPERED," by *Kathleen Norris*; "THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL," by *Mrs. Ward*.

FOR JULY

"DREAMS IN LACE"

Another Story of Nazileh and Little Antar

By LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE

IT is against the policy of McCLURE'S to print the letters that come from our readers, expressing their satisfaction with stories or articles; but so many letters have been received about Mrs. Van Slyke's Syrian stories that we have decided to print one or two letters that take the stories up in very different ways. One, from a well-known artist in New York City, is written from the standpoint of a jaded magazine reader:

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE—*Gentlemen:*

After years of magazine reading, I swore off from fiction a few months ago in disgust at the stereotyped man and girl who always go through a few antics and end by getting married and living happily ever after.

A friend told me last month I might venture again, that the spell was broken by a new type of story without a single one of the magazine conventions; I was still skeptical and contrived to get my wife to read the story. It was the Syrian story of the rugs, and when she enthused I broke my oath; moreover, I was captivated, my faith in the magazine is again restored, and I am hereafter a willing subscriber.

It is even better this month, and I am profoundly grateful to know that there is one literary shop still manned by able-bodied editors who are brave enough to throw the magazine girl out of the window and give the poor public something new, different, and really artistic.

The following letter, from a prominent New York attorney, expresses the interest of a man who happens to have made a study of the Syrian people:

EDITOR OF McCLURE'S—*Dear Sir:*

We probably please the Editor best if we read what he publishes and don't bother him. A clever story in your February issue, however, entitled "The Rug of Her Fathers," gave me enjoyment, and I shall venture to tell you so.

The story shows an earnest study of the Syrian and his particular art; for the Oriental rug-maker is not merely following a calling or vocation: he is an exponent of that art and his talent is his heritage. He wants no new ideas in his work or his customs of life, but only a faithful adherence to traditions. I have observed these people, and I have reason to appreciate the faithful reproduction of their lingo as given in the story.

Indeed, it is the correctness in this regard that especially attracts me, because the failure to get dialect right spoils a lot of good stories.

Mrs. Van Slyke, in taking up English Syrian, sought pastures new, relatively so at least, and, as they say in the classics, she got there with a wallop.

Chancellor Day of Syracuse University writes:

My family has been very much interested in reading the stories by Mrs. Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. You are fortunate in enlisting her on your great magazine. It is a compliment to the university from which she graduated which we appreciate.

Octavia Roberts, the well-known short-story writer, says of "The Rug of Her Fathers":

The Turk who mends our rugs begged it from me, and his eyes kindled as he read the description of the wall of Eden.

The Miller of Old Church

By

ELLEN GLASGOW

Author of "The Voice of the People," "The Romance of a Plain Man," "The Battle-Ground," etc.

A romance of the South in the days when the snapping of the bonds of the older social order put new power into the hands of the plain people. It is a love story of abiding power and sturdy characters. Beautifully decorated wrapper.

Fixed price, $1.35 (postage, 13 cents)

Rolf in the Woods

By

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Author of "Boy Scouts of America," "Two Little Savages," etc.

The adventures of a boy Scout and Indian Quonab in the War of 1812. A tale of thrilling outdoor adventure.

Many illustrations. Fixed price, $1.50 (postage, 15 cents)

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, N.Y.

9

BIG SUMMER BOOKS

The Golden Silence
By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

Joyce of the North Woods
By HARRIET T. COMSTOCK

The Cabin
By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Panther's Cub
By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE

Fenella
By H. L. STUART

Two on the Trail
By HULBERT FOOTNER

Freckles
and
A Girl of the Limberlost
By GENE STRATTON-PORTER

The Root of Evil
By THOMAS DIXON

A "JOYOUS" KIND OF BOOK

THORPE SAYS:

"Sin means doing what is n't done, or saying what is n't said. You can sin by being behind or ahead of your time."

THORPE'S WAY

By Morley Roberts

This is the story of Thorpe, whose radical views of marriage, religion, and morals suggest George Bernard Shaw.

The situation is piquant. Thorpe, in love with the beautiful and unconventional daughter of Philistine parents, runs amuck through middle-class prejudices to the scandalization of his prospective family-in-law and the joy of his delightful Molly. "Gloomy Fanny" is in it, too — do get acquainted with "Gloomy Fanny."

It is good fun and good story-telling, too, for Thorpe is an ardent wooer and the love story is bright with real romance.

A 12mo of 374 pages.
Price, $1.20 net; postage, 12 cents.

THORPE SAYS:

"In the middle classes morality consists in being the same as your neighbor until your neighbor is found out."

A BOOK OF SPICE AND SHOCKS

THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

" By all odds the best thing Mrs. Dillon has written since her ' The Rose of Old St. Louis.' "

"The most enchanting little figure I have ever looked upon."

MISS LIVINGSTON'S COMPANION

By Mrs. Mary Dillon,

Author of "The Rose of Old St. Louis," "In Old Bellaire," etc.

One meets many noted historical personages in the book, and gallant men, and beautiful women; and adventure and romance crowd the pages.

Mrs. Dillon tells a story which thrills and charms to the last page; and tells it with a pleasing quaintness and simplicity.

There are unusually attractive illustrations by E. A. Furman.

12mo, 434 pages. Price, $1.30 net; postage, 13 cents.

"A brilliant and entertaining piece of fiction."

WHEN HALF-GODS GO

By Helen R. Martin,

Author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid," "The Crossways," etc.

A story of husband and wife, the husband's brother, the other woman — "with some masterly strokes in the portrayal of character, showing a subtle insight into motives and springs of action."

12mo, 154 pages. Price, $1.00 net; postage, 7 cents.

MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE

By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

Life says:

"Any one who is looking for a chance to forget the workaday world for an hour can get it by letting Eleanor Hallowell Abbott introduce him to 'Molly Make-Believe.'"

One man, one girl, and then another girl — that is all. But

THERE IS A RARE CHARM IN THE TELLING.

That most of it is impossible is one of its charms, for it is

A STORY OF LOVE'S FAIRY-LAND

where things do not happen as they do in the world "which is the world of all of us" but as the heart eternally wishes them to happen.

There are clever and delightful pictures by Tittle.

16mo, 211 pages.
Price, $1.00 net; postage, 8 cents.

THE CENTURY CO. **UNION SQUARE** **NEW YORK**

"Buoyant with youth and sparkling with love and life."

AN ARDENT AMERICAN

By Mrs. Russell Codman

A record of an ardent young American girl's impressions on her first visit to her fatherland, told with singular appreciation of the people and the life of West Point, Newport, Bar Harbor, the settlements of a big city; and a patriotic love story of much appeal.

12mo, 411 pages.
Price, $1.20 net; postage, 12 cents.

There is a frontispiece in color by Flagg; and twelve "half-title" drawings by Leonard.

"Grips like a steel trap." — Chicago Record-Herald.

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

By Robert Hichens

Author of "The Garden of Allah," "Bella Donna," etc.

A story of the occult — "The old charm of style, the old insight into human nature, the old power of characterization which makes the people of the book living creatures, and the old power of early establishing an interest which grows with increasing force to the dénouement, are all present."

12mo, 273 pages.
Price, $1.10 net; postage, 10 cents.

JOHN SHERWOOD, IRONMASTER

By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell

Here are portrayed with Dr. Mitchell's masterly skill the loneliness of a solitary childhood, the rise of a strong man from poverty to wealth, the development of his intellectual and spiritual life in the woods, the beauty of the coming, late in life, of a great love.

"The great charm of Dr. Mitchell's work is, as usual, the quality of his English and the soundness of his views."

12mo, 316 pages. Price, $1.20 net; postage, 12 cents.

DR. MITCHELL'S
More Notable Novels

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER
(20th edition selling)

THE RED CITY
(8th edition selling)

CONSTANCE TRESCOT
(8th edition selling)

THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

MAKE THIS BOOK YOUR VACATION COMPANION

—"the most important and fascinating travel book of the last decade."

A Vagabond Journey Around the World

·HARRY·A·
·FRANCK·

Unique!
Different!
Deliciously Humorous!

Royal 8vo.
Richly Illustrated.
Price, $3.50 net; postage, 22c.

"SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY NEW IN THE WAY OF TRAVELS!

"Any young man who has the 'nerve' and originality to circumnavigate the globe without any money except what he earned on the way is sure to have a story worth reading; but Mr. Franck got so far from the beaten track and did such daring things that his book takes on THE FASCINATION OF A TALE OF ADVENTURE.

"It is full of action, of the spirit of youth, of vivid character sketches — French innkeepers, German tramps, American refugees from justice, Arab fanatics, high and low caste Hindus, gullible English commissioners, a remarkable Irish bishop of Buddhism — all uniting to give the book THE HUMAN INTEREST OF A NOVEL."

THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

NEW-YORK, Millbrook, Dutchess County.

THE BENNETT SCHOOL for GIRLS

Full academic course. Full two years' course for high school graduates. College preparatory. Voice culture, domestic science, gymnasium work and esthetic dancing open to all pupils. Music, art, and riding the only extras. Fully equipped riding-school. Location in a section noted for its great natural beauty and wonderful winter climate. Twenty-two acres. Golf, hockey, tennis, basket-ball, skating, tobogganing. The Bennett uniform required. Catalog sent on request. MISS MAY F. BENNETT, P. O. Box 401, Millbrook, N.Y.

NEW-YORK, New-York City, 1000 Madison Ave.

The Elinor Comstock Music School

A resident school for music pupils. Piano, Vocal, Harmony, Sight Reading, Ensemble Playing, Lectures, Recitals. Selective course arranged for pupils desiring study outside of music. Catalogues.

NEW-YORK, New-York, 607 Fifth Avenue.

The Gardner Home School for Girls

Exclusive location. Regular and special courses. Music, Art, Elocution. Physical Culture, Esthetic Dancing. Individual care, much outdoor life. All advantages of city with delightful home life.

NEW-YORK, New-York City, 144 Riverside Drive.

The Benjamin Home and Day School

FOR GIRLS. General Courses and College Preparatory Work. Special advantages in Languages, Music, and Art. The seventh year begins October 4, 1911. MRS. MAURICE C. BENJAMIN, Principal.

NEW-YORK, New-York, 61 E. 77th Street.

THE FINCH SCHOOL

A boarding and day school for girls from sixteen to twenty years of age, corresponding to college, which develops individuality, cultivates the human interests and sympathies, and is abreast of modern thought.

Curriculum includes Psychology, Ethics, Economics, Sociology, Law, English, Living Languages, Music and Art.

New fireproof ten-story building equipped with every appliance essential to safety and comfort. Basket-ball and tennis court.

MRS. JESSICA GARRETSON FINCH, A.B., LL.B., Principal.

NEW-YORK, New-York, 127 East 62d Street.

Miss Fawcett and Miss Hodge

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

A school for individual work. Will remove to 127 East 61st Street September 1st.

NEW-YORK, New-York, 520 West End Ave.

Gordon Winston

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS *Specializing.* Corner building—well equipped. Curriculum includes Music, Mathematics, English, Art, History, Languages, Philosophy, Ethics, Sociology, Sewing, and Cooking.

MRS. MARY WINSTON SOMERVILLE, A.M.

NEW-YORK, New-York, 241 Central Park West, cor. 84th St.

The Semple Boarding and Day School

for Girls. A city school with country advantages. House directly opposite Central Park. Music, Art, Languages. Social recreation. Outdoor sports. MRS. T. DARRINGTON SEMPLE, Principal.

NEW-YORK, New-York, 338 Lexington Avenue.

Miss Louise F. Wickham

will reopen her Home School Oct. 4. Girls received who wish to study Art, Music, Languages, etc. Nineteenth year.

NEW-YORK, New-York, 2042 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Helen M. Scoville's SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Music, Art, Home Economics. Regular courses and special studies. Lawn for outdoor exercise. Gymnasium. Swimming. European travel parties. Home care and social life. 15th year.

NEW-YORK, New-York, Riverdale Avenue, near 252d St., W.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

in New York City.

Best Features of Country and City Life.

Out-of-door sports on School Park of 35 acres near the Hudson River. Full Academic Course from Primary Class to Graduation. Upper Class for Advanced Special Students. Music and Art. Summer Session.

Certificate admits to College.

Coaches Meet Day Pupils at Subway and in Yonkers.

MISS BANGS and MISS WHITON.

NEW-YORK, New-York.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

FOUNDED IN 1884

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

Recognized as the leading institution for dramatic training in this country.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT, President

DANIEL FROHMAN JOHN DREW

AUGUSTUS THOMAS BENJAMIN F. ROEDER

For catalogue and information apply to

THE SECRETARY, ROOM 149, CARNEGIE HALL.

NEW-YORK, New-York, 30 West 55th Street.

Miss Spence's Boarding and Day

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

NEW-YORK, New-York City, Avenue A, 63d and 64th Sts.

Have You Chosen a Profession?

There are Opportunities in Medicine, especially Homœopathic Medicine. Send for Catalogue A. NEW YORK HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE AND FLOWER HOSPITAL, Royal S. Copeland, A.M., M.D., Dean.

NEW-YORK, Pelham Manor.

Mrs. HAZEN'S SUBURBAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Half hour from Grand Central Station, New York.

MRS. JOHN CUNNINGHAM HAZEN, Principal.
MISS SARA LOUISE TRACY, Associate.

NEW-YORK, Scarsdale. (40 minutes from New York City)

Heathcote Hall

THE MISSES LOCKWOODS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

All the advantages of the metropolis with fullest opportunity for wholesome outdoor life; riding, tennis, field hockey, skating, gymnasium. General and College Preparatory Courses, Music and Art.

NEW-YORK, Rye.

RYE SEMINARY

A School for Girls.

MRS. S. J. LIFE, The MISSES STOWE.

NEW-YORK, Poughkeepsie. Box 802.

Putnam Hall

VASSAR PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS Refers to Dr. James M. Taylor, Pres. Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Dr. Wm. Arnold Shanklin, Pres. Wesleyan University; Dr. Talcott Williams, of the Philadelphia Press. Certificate admits to leading colleges. ELLEN CLIZBE BARTLETT, A.B., Prin.

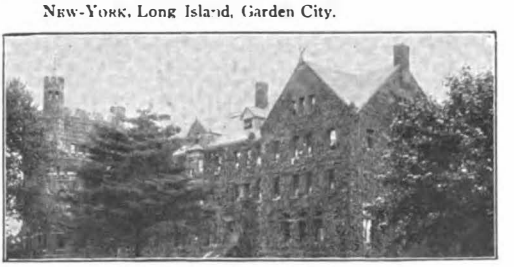
NEW-YORK, Briarcliff Manor.

MRS. DOW'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

For circular address,

MRS. MARY E. DOW, Principal.

NEW-YORK, Long Island, Garden City.



ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

A School for Girls, 18 miles from New York. Number limited. Healthful location; spacious buildings. Excellent advantages in music and art. General and college preparatory courses.

MISS MIRIAM A. BYTEL, Principal.

NEW-YORK, Pawling.

PAWLING SCHOOL
For Boys

LOCATION: Pawling, N. Y.; 65 miles from New York City on Harlem Division of New York Central R.R.; 700 feet above sea-level; in a most picturesque section of the Berkshires.

OBJECT: To prepare boys for college and scientific schools; to foster systematic study and consistent physical development.

EQUIPMENT: Main building represents the best type of academic architecture — providing single bedrooms, infirmary, common room, study hall, dining-room, library, recitation-rooms, masters' apartments; electric light, and modern sanitary appointments.

ADMINISTRATION: Course of instruction covers five years and is directed by men of experience and culture; general supervision by faculty of all out-door sports; relations of mutual confidence between boys and masters encouraged in all departments of school organization. For catalogue and particulars, address

FREDERICK L. GAMAGE, D.C.L., Headmaster.

NEW-YORK, Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson.

MACKENZIE SCHOOL

DOBBS FERRY-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Equipped and administered for the thorough preparation of 150 boys for college, technical schools, and higher business careers. Catalogue and illustrated oklets upon request.

JAMES C. MACKENZIE, Ph.D., Director.

NEW-YORK, Troy.

EMMA WILLARD SCHOOL

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

MISS ELIZA KELLAS, Ph.B., Principal.

NEW-YORK, Binghamton.

THE LADY JANE GREY SCHOOL

for Girls. Twenty-ninth year.

MRS. JANE GREY HYDE, Founder.
MISS MARY R. HYDE, MISS JANE BREWSTER HYDE } Principals.

NEW-YORK, Irvington-on-Hudson. (40 minutes from New York.)

The Misses Tewksbury's SCHOOL. A limited number of girls. Affords a wholesome transition from home life to a noble womanhood in college or other spheres. Music, Art, Domestic Science, gymnasium, outdoor recreations. "House-mother" creates home atmosphere.

NEW-YORK, Manlius.

VERBECK HALL SAINT JOHN'S SCHOOL

MANLIUS SCHOOL

MANLIUS, N. Y.

Designated by the War Department as "Distinguished Institution, 1904-'05-'06-'07-'08-'09-'10," this being the highest honor paid by U. S. Government. Most successful application of military principle to preparation for college or business, because this high grade of military work is attractive and thoroughly stimulates and produces results in honor system, building of character and habits of study not attained in such degree by most military or civilian schools.

WM. VERBECK, President.

GYMNASIUM

New York Military Academy

Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York

A famous school with the most modern and complete military equipment in the country, excepting only that at West Point. Four new fireproof buildings, equipped with every appliance and convenience for the work and comfort of its cadets. Certificate privileges to all colleges accepting certificates.

Special practical business course for boys not going to college. Located in a no-license, quiet village in the Hudson River Highlands, four miles north of West Point, a region long a favorite health resort, and famed for its beauty and historical association. Army officer detailed by the War Department.

BARD HALL, for boys under 14, has its own buildings, grounds and faculty. For catalogue address

SEBASTIAN C. JONES, Superintendent

NEW-YORK, Aurora, Lake Cayuga.

WALLCOURT MISS GOLDSMITH'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. (Formerly The Wells School.) Thorough preparation for any college. General academic and special courses. Aesthetic dancing, boating and tennis. Physical culture. Booklet. Address MISS ANNA R. GOLDSMITH, A.B., Prin.

NEW-YORK, Union Springs-on-Cayuga Lake.

The Oakwood Seminary Endowed boarding school for boys and girls under management of Friends. College preparation. Strong Christian faculty. Board and tuition, $275. Capacity 75. Patronage not limited to Friends. Catalogue. WALTER HALLOCK WOOD, A.B., Principal.

NEW-YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson.

The Misses Metcalf's BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. College Preparation and Physical Culture. A department for girls under twelve. Moderate rates.

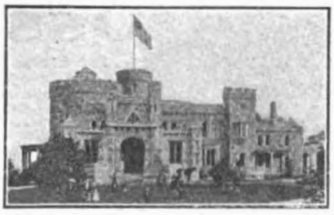
TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

NEW-YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson.

Irving School for Boys Prepares for all colleges and scientific schools. In the historic "Irving" country, 25 miles from New York. Gymnasium, swimming pool and fine athletic field. Address

J. M. FURMAN, A.M., Head Master, Box 909.

NEW-YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, The Castle.



Miss C. E. Mason's Suburban School for Girls and Young Women

Upper School for girls 13 to 25; Lower School for girls 8 to 13. An ideal union of home and school life. Advantage of close proximity to the academies of art and science of New York, yet environed by the most beautiful surroundings and beneficial influences. College preparatory, graduating, and special courses; all departments. Certificate admits to leading colleges. New York City Annex. European class for travel and study. For catalogue, address,

MISS C. E. MASON, LL.M., Lock Box 701.

The Ely School

For Girls
Greenwich, Conn.

One of the best equipped schools for girls in the count y. Beautifully located, overlooking Long Island Sound, 50 minutes from New York City. Building new and specially designed for the school. College Preparatory and general course. Modeling, drawing, painting, choral and sight singing included in every grade. A Department of Domestic Science. Gymnasium. Athletics. Outdoor Sports.

CONNECTICUT, Stamford.

Manor School for Boys

Excellent equipment; prepares for all colleges and scientific schools. Requires of its pupils good, hard work. Refers by permission to leading Christian Scientists throughout the country. For information, address LOUIS D. MARRIOTT, A.M., Headmaster.

CONNECTICUT, Brookfield Center.

Is Your Young Son

old enough to go to boarding school? Would you not like him to be one of thirty boys who live in the master's family, and to have an attractive room to himself? to learn to handle and account for his spending money, and to carry responsibilities of many kinds in work that every capable boy ought to know how to do? above all to live in a school without a low undercurrent? This he can do in

The Curtis School for Young Boys

FREDERICK S. CURTIS, Master.
GERALD B. CURTIS, Ass't Master.

The Taconic School
FOR GIRLS

Lakeville, Connecticut.

Overlooking a Beautiful Lake in the Berkshire Hills

Girls taught how to study. Thorough college preparation. Music, Art, Literature. Tennis, basket ball, boating. Winter sports. Separate home for girls from 13 to 15 years of age.
Catalogue on request.

MISS LILIAN DIXON, A. B.
MISS BERTHA BAILEY, B. S.

COTTAGE FOR YOUNGER GIRLS

CONNECTICUT, Litchfield Co., New Milford.

INGLESIDE—A School for Girls.

Founded by Mrs. Wm. D. Black.
School year opens Tuesday, October 3d, 1911.
MRS. WILLIAM BLACK PELL, Patroness.

CONNECTICUT, Chaplin.

Home Tutoring School

ARTHUR WILLIAMS, Yale B.A. (*Formerly principal of Dwight School, N. Y. City.*) A country home. Individual Instruction. Thorough preparation for any college or Scientific school. School year opens September 28. Limited number of pupils. Address Meadow View.

CONNECTICUT, Cheshire.

The Cheshire School

In Central Connecticut within easy reach of New Haven. Thorough preparation for all Colleges and Scientific Schools. Athletic Field. Well-equipped Buildings. Catalogue. PAUL KLIMPKE, M.A. (Yale), Headmaster.

CONNECTICUT, Salisbury.

SALISBURY SCHOOL

A first-class school for 65 boys in the Berkshire Hills.

Address REV. GEO. E. QUAILE, M. A., Headmaster.

CONNECTICUT, Cornwall, Litchfield County.

RUMSEY HALL

A home school for young boys in the Berkshires. Careful preparation for secondary schools. *Particular attention to the formation of manly character and good habits.* Athletics and gymnasium.
For catalogue address LOUIS H. SCHUTTE, Headmaster.

CONNECTICUT, Washington.

WYKEHAM RISE

A Country School for Girls.
MISS DAVIES, Principal.

CONNECTICUT, Washington, Litchfield County.

The Gunnery School for Boys

Founded in 1850 by Frederick W. Gunn. Upper and Lower Schools.

JOHN C. BRINSMADE, Headmaster.

NEVADA, Reno.

MACKAY SCHOOL OF MINES
University of Nevada

Best equipped mining school in the country—all buildings of special construction. Faculty composed of prominent engineers and every department is in charge of experienced instructors. Located close to great mining district—students can make money and gain practical experience during vacations. Splendid climate—every opportunity for outdoor life amidst beautiful surroundings. Summer school of Mine Survey and Geology be ins May 18th. (Eight weeks' course.) Regular term opens Aug. 14th. Endowed by Clarence H. Mackay, 253 Broadway, New York. For detailed information address

JOSEPH E. STUBBS, President, Dept. 8, Reno, Nevada.

MASSACHUSETTS, Dedham.

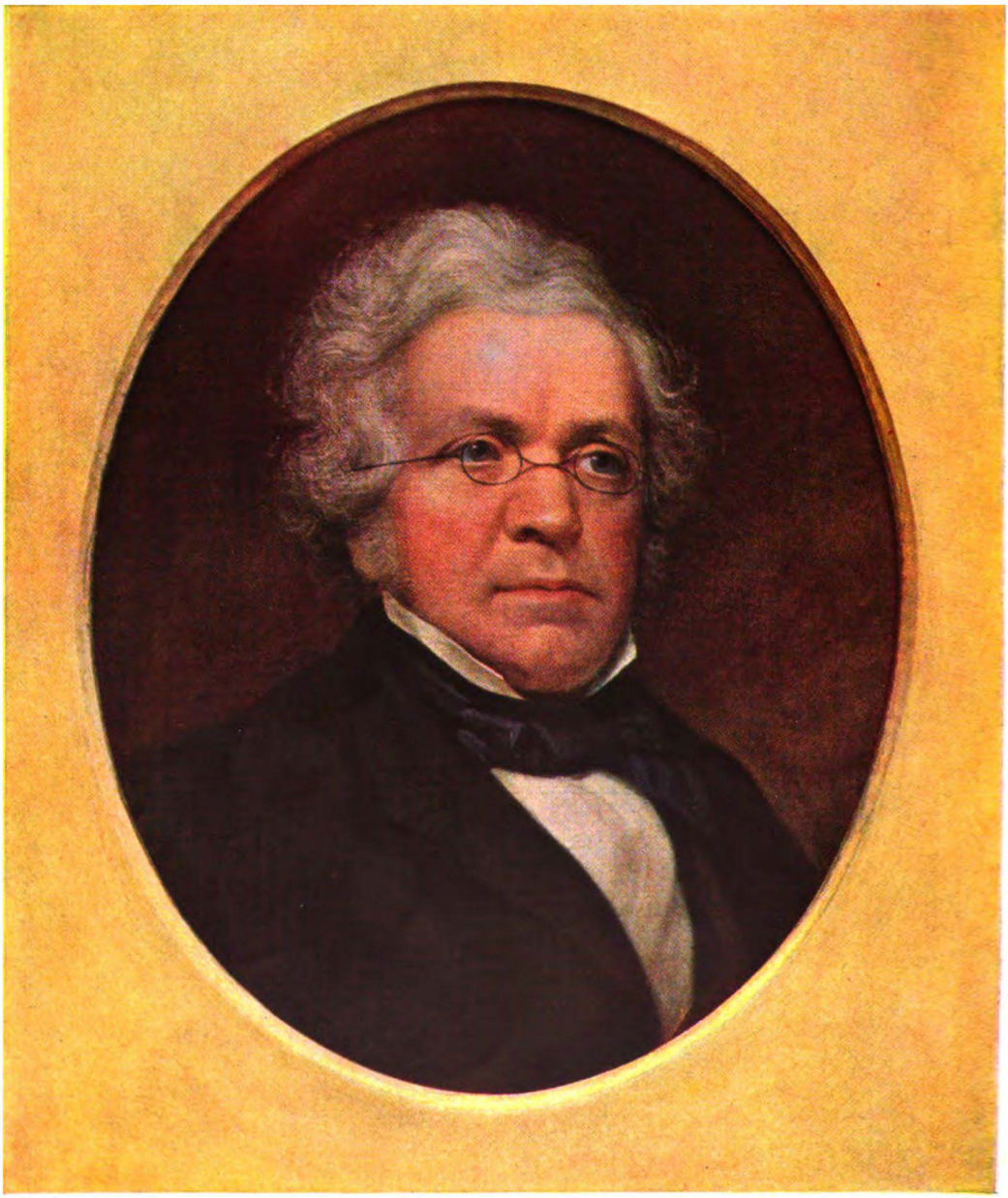
Miss Faulkner's School

12 miles from Boston.
A school for the training of gentlewomen.

MASSACHUSETTS, Wollaston.

Quincy Mansion School.

FOR GIRLS. Fine estate, 6 miles from Boston. Ample grounds. Outdoor sports. Special and graduate courses. Advantages in Music, Art, Languages. Domestic Science. College preparation and certificate. MRS. HORACE M. WILLARD, Principal.



Owned by Major William H. Lambert

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

The portrait is in oil, three quarters life size, and was made by James B. Lambdin, who was one of the Philadelphia coterie who entertained Thackeray in 1855-56. It was purchased out of the Joseph Harrison collection by Albert Rosenthal, who sold it to Major Lambert in 1910.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXII JULY, 1911 No. 3

THACKERAY'S LONDON

BY LEWIS MELVILLE

Author of "The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray," etc.

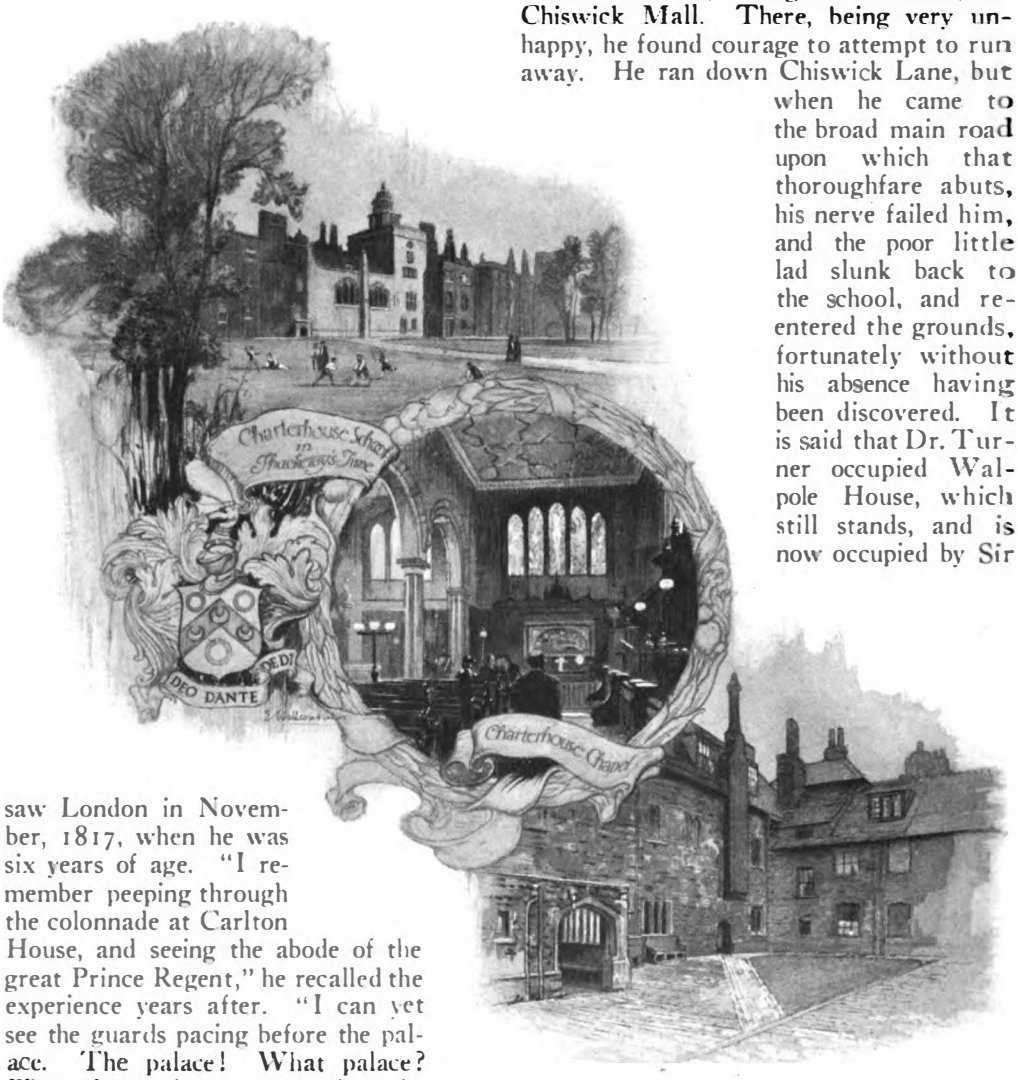
WITH PICTURES BY ERNEST WALL-COUSINS AND FREDERICK GARDNER

NO man, not even Charles Lamb, has loved London better than Thackeray. Thackeray might enjoy himself well enough at Brighton, find pleasure on a Continental tour, and derive satisfaction from a visit to America; but London was always shining in his inner eye. Thackeray loved his London, and no man was better acquainted with it; but his London had its limits. It was not the London of the antiquarian, or of the topographer, but of the man about town. He could easily have lost himself in the neighborhood of Fulham, and it is extremely improbable that he ever ventured into that vast space airily described by dwellers at the other end of the metropolis as the "East End"; of the northern suburbs he knew little or nothing, and the Thames was his southern boundary. He might locate Alderman Sir William Dobbin's house at Denmark Hill, and place some other worthy citizen at Highbury; but he was about as unfamiliar with these regions as with Timbuctoo, the charms of which place he sang in some of his earliest verses. Thackeray's London stretched from Holland House in the west to Clerkenwell in the east, and it embraced the royal borough of Kensington, the aristocratic region of Mayfair, the clubland of St. James's, the Strand, the Temple, Covent Garden, and the unfashionable district of Bloomsbury.

The student of Thackeray's life, turning to the writings of the novelist, will observe how often the places with which Thackeray was acquainted figure in his works. The districts in which he lived, the inns of court in which he had chambers, the Bohemian haunts he frequented, the clubs to which he belonged, all are impressed into the service, even as were the experiences of his life and many of the people he knew. It would be nearly as easy to recreate certain parts of London from his books as to trace the genealogy of many of his characters. He was not, indeed, always exact in his books in the matter of locality, but his daughter, Lady Ritchie, has related that, walking beside her, he would point out the houses in which he imagined the creatures of his brain to have lived. He would show the Osbornes' house in Russell Square, the house where

Colonel Newcome lived in Fitzroy Square, Becky Sharp's house in Curzon Street, and so on. His characters were so real to him that often he was at pains to present them with a definite habitation.

Thackeray, who was born in India, first saw London in November, 1817, when he was six years of age. "I remember peeping through the colonnade at Carlton House, and seeing the abode of the great Prince Regent," he recalled the experience years after. "I can yet see the guards pacing before the palace. The palace! What palace? The palace exists no more than the Palace of Nebuchadnezzar. It is but a name now. Where be the sentries who used to salute as the royal chariots drove in and out? The chariots, with the kings inside, have driven to the realms of Pluto; the tall guards have marched into darkness, and the echoes of their drums are rolling in Hades. Where the palace once stood, a hundred little children are paddling up and down the steps to St. James's Park." Carlton House was, indeed, demolished ten years after the little boy saw it, and the pillars of the colonnade that he remembered now support the portico of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. This was all Thackeray knew of the metropolis before he went to Dr. Turner's school, facing the Thames, on Chiswick Mall. There, being very unhappy, he found courage to attempt to run away. He ran down Chiswick Lane, but when he came to the broad main road upon which that thoroughfare abuts, his nerve failed him, and the poor little lad slunk back to the school, and re-entered the grounds, fortunately without his absence having been discovered. It is said that Dr. Turner occupied Walpole House, which still stands, and is now occupied by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and that at Walpole House it was where Miss Pinkerton had her school—the school immortalized by the fact that among her pupils were Rebecca Sharp and Amelia Sedley.



Drawn by Ernest Wall-Cousins

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL IN THACKERAY'S TIME—THE CHAPEL—WASH-HOUSE COURT

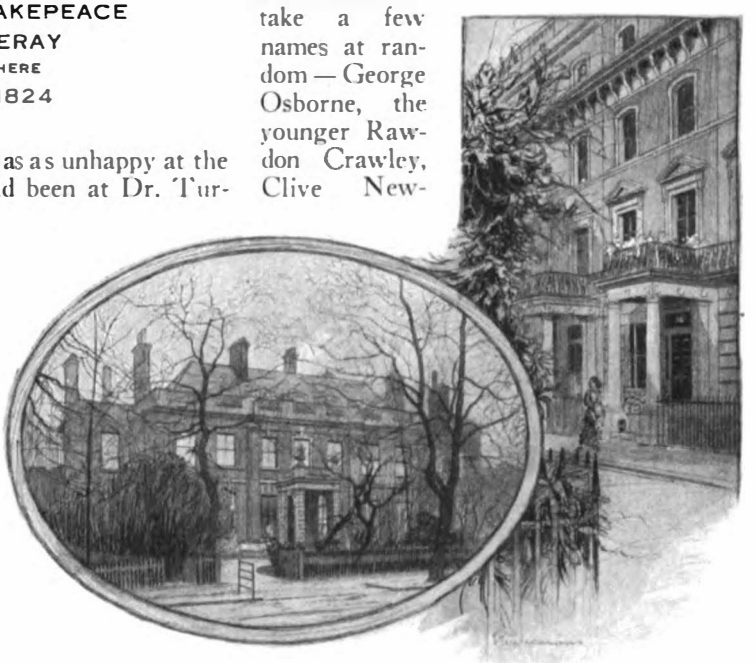
At Chiswick little William Makepeace remained until 1822, when his mother,

who had married Major Carmichael Smyth, returned to England, and decided that he should go to the Charterhouse, at the other end of the town, where two of the English humorists of the eighteenth century, Addison and Steele, had been educated. Thackeray now became a boarder in the house of an assistant master, the Rev. Edward Penny, who lived in Wilderness Row, Clerkenwell Road, and whose house was connected with the school-grounds by a tunnel running under the road. The house is still in existence, and upon it has been placed a tablet, the rough lettering of which states:

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE
THACKERAY
LIVED HERE
1822–1824

Thackeray at first was as unhappy at the Charterhouse as he had been at Dr. Turner's. He was a quiet, nervous lad, and was perhaps a little frightened by the crowds of rough boys, most of them older than himself, that he encountered in the playground. He remained at the school until May, 1828, but the last four years he spent at No. 7 Charterhouse Square, where Mrs. Boyes made a home for lads at the Charterhouseand the Merchant Taylors' schools. There, if not content, he was at least far less miserable than in the previous years. He was older and better able to take care of himself, and he had made friends with Mrs. Boyes's son, and with Leech and George Stovin Venables. Venables it was who broke Thackeray's nose in a fight at Penny's; and when it had been successfully set, it was deliberately broken again by a brutal bully. "I got at last big enough and strong enough," Thackeray has put on record, "to give the ruffian the soundest thrashing a boy ever had." These are the only known pugilistic encounters in which Thackeray indulged. He had no love of fighting for fighting's sake, nor did he care for any boyish games; he was happiest, like Dobbin after him, lying under a tree in the playground or, maybe, in the quaint Charterhouse Square, at the gates of the school, reading, for choice, a novel, or drawing thumbnail sketches in the margins of his books.

As time passed, Thackeray came to look back on the Charterhouse with an eye that became more and more kindly, until the "Slaughter House School" of the earlier stories became the "Grey Friars" of "The Newcomes." Thackeray, who sent to his old school—to take a few names at random—George Osborne, the younger Rawdon Crawley, Clive Newcome, and Philip Firmin, in later years frequently found his way to the Charterhouse. "To other than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly," he wrote. "Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it; and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back to those scenes of childhood." It was his delight to give pleasure to the boys there—and to how many other boys elsewhere! "There 's A's son, or B's son, as the case might be," he would say to a companion; "let 's go across and tip him."



Drawn by Ernest Wall-Cousins

PALACE GREEN

His advocacy of tipping in one of "The

Roundabout Papers" is too well known to be repeated here, but in this respect at least he practised what he preached. "It is all very well to say that boys contract the habit of expecting tips, that they become avaricious, and so forth," he exclaimed.

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

BECKY LEAVING MISS PINKERTON'S SCHOOL.

"Fudge! boys contract habits of tart and toffee-eating which they do not carry into after-life. On the contrary, I wish I did like tarts and toffee." It was not only his money he gave to boys; he was always willing to devote his time to amusing them. He would take them to the pantomime, and he would give them dinner first. On one occasion he took Herman Merivale, then a lad, to dinner at the Garrick Club. Years later Merivale asked the great man if he remembered having done so. "Why, of course," said Thackeray, promptly; "and what is more, I remember I gave you beefsteak and apricot omelet." The young man was delighted that his host should recollect even the details of the entertainment and expressed his satisfaction. "Yes," said Thackeray, twinkling, "I always gave boys beefsteak and apricot omelet."

In his later days, however, it was the hospital that sheltered the Brethren of the Charterhouse rather than the school that attracted Thackeray, and the beautiful, sympathetic description in "The New-

comes" of the retreat that Thomas Sutton provided for poor gentlemen is known to all of us, and admired and loved. It was there that the *preux chevalier* Colonel

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

CAPTAIN COSTIGAN

Newcome sought refuge from the terrible Campaigner, and there that he said *"Adsum"* when his name was called. The Charterhouse has changed in many respects since Thackeray visited it on Founder's Day, 1863, a fortnight before he died. The school, to which his daughters presented his bed as a souvenir, has been removed to Godalming; but Thomas Sutton's hospital stands to this day with its ancient buildings and its fine quadrangle but little disturbed. It is still a place of great peace, where a man who has done his life's work may well be content to await the summons to another and a better world with such patience and resignation as was shown by Colonel Newcome.

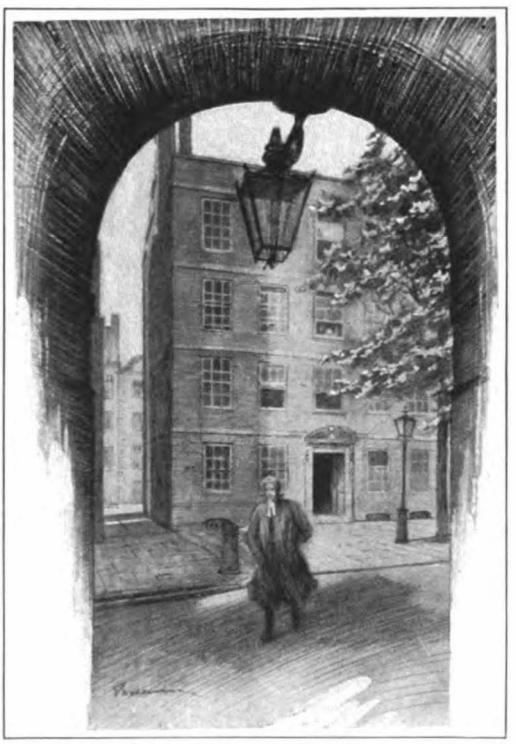
For three years after leaving the Charterhouse, Thackeray was absent from London, first studying at his stepfather's house in Devonshire, then going to Cambridge University, and afterward staying at Weimar. When he returned to the metropolis in the autumn of 1831, it was to prepare for the bar. He read with the conveyancer Taprell, who occupied the ground floor of No. 1 Hare Court, Temple, and he had chambers, either then or subsequently, at No. 2 Brick Court, close by, where Oliver Goldsmith had lived. "I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were Goldsmith's, and passed up the staircase which Johnson and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith," he said, in one of his lectures on the English humorists, "—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door." Subsequently he removed to chambers at No. 10 Crown Office Row, in the block of buildings where Charles Lamb was born. The quaint old Temple, with its traditions, always made a strong appeal to the romance that was within him. "The man of letters," he wrote, "can't but love the place which has been inhabited by so many of his brethren, or peopled by their creations, as real to us at this day as the authors whose children they were—and Sir Roger de Coverley walking in Temple Garden, and discoursing with

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

BECKY SHARP

Mr. Spectator about the beauties in hoops and patches who are sauntering over the grass, is just as real a figure to me as old Samuel Johnson, rolling through the fog with the Scotch gentleman at his heels, on their way to Mr. Goldsmith's chambers in Brick Court; or Harry Fielding, with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight for the 'Covent Garden Journal,' while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage."

Thackeray added to the literary associations of the Temple, for he peopled it with his characters. Therein Pendennis shared chambers with George Warrington in Lamb Court, and Timmins, who gave the "Little Dinner" his creator has so graphically described, went every day to Fig Tree Court; while Pump Court housed the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace and Mr. Richard Blewitt, who were barristers officially, but who lived on their wits in preference to pursuing their profession. It was the prototypes of these last two gentlemen who inveigled Thackeray as a young man into card-playing, and eased him, then a most gullible pigeon, of fifteen hundred pounds. Once, at Spa, Thackeray pointed out a man to Sir Theodore Martin. "That," he said, "was the original of my Deuceace. I have not seen him since the day he drove me down in his cabriolet to my brokers in the City, where I sold out my patrimony, and handed it over to him. Poor devil!" he added, "my money does not seem to have thriven with him!"



Drawn by Ernest Wall-Cousins

BRICK COURT, TEMPLE

Thackeray was not content to annex only the Temple, but he spread his net wide and captured Shepherd's Inn, which may have been Clement's Inn. There the gate was kept by Mrs. Bolton and her pretty daughter Fanny. Captain Costigan and Mr. Bows lived on the third floor of No. 4, and to them once came Lady Mirabel, the daughter of the captain, and professionally known as Emily Fotheringay, the beloved of Arthur Pendennis in his nonage. Next door, for a while, resided Colonel Altamont and Captain the Chevalier Edward Strong. It was there that Mrs. Bonner recognized Altamont as the ex-convict Amory, and Blanche Amory, of "*Mes Larmes*" fame, met her father for the first time for many years.

It is some little way from Clement's Inn to Furnival's Inn, which place is historic as having witnessed the first meeting of Dickens and Thackeray. Dickens at the time was writing "Pickwick," and he wanted in great haste an artist to take the place of Buss, the successor of Robert Seymour, as illustrator of the novel. Thackeray, who had been studying art at Paris, called upon Dickens with two or three drawings, which did not impress the author, and so he retired, dejected. Ever after, Thackeray humorously persisted in referring to the rejection of his offer as "Mr. Pickwick's lucky escape." Not far from Furnival's Inn was Newgate Prison, where Thackeray, who had desired (and failed) to be present at the execution at Paris of Fieschi and Lacénaire, went, in 1840, with Richard Monckton Milnes to see the hanging of Courvoisier, the murderer of Lord William Russell. The scene made a deep impression on him. "I confess, for my part," he wrote, "to that common cant and sickly sentimentality, which, thank God! is felt by a great num-

ber of people nowadays, and which leads them to revolt against murder, whether performed by a ruffian's knife or a hangman's rope; whether accompanied by a curse from the thief as he blows his victim's brains out, or a prayer from my lord on the bench in his wig and black cap." Later, he expressed the opinion that he was wrong, and declared that his feelings were overwrought at the time of writing. "These murderers," he said, "are such devils, after all." But when invited to attend another hanging, "Seeing one man hanged is quite enough in the course of a life," he replied. "*'J'y ai été,'* as the Frenchman said of hunting."

Though, after he abandoned the law, Thackeray came to London to edit the "National Standard," he did not again settle in the metropolis until the spring of 1837, when he was summoned to take command of his stepfather's newspaper venture, "The Constitutional," which occupied most of his time until July 1, when it ceased to appear. Thackeray was now married, and he and his wife, after a brief stay with Major and Mrs. Carmichael Smyth at No. 18 Albion Street, Hyde Park, took a house in the old-fashioned quarter of Bloomsbury, No. 13 Great Coram Street, in which resided their friends John Leech and John (afterward Archdeacon) Allen, the prototype of Dobbin. Bloomsbury figures largely in Thackeray's writings. In Great Coram Street lived Mr. Todd, the junior partner in the firm of Osborne & Todd: old Osborne lived a few minutes away in the more expensive Russell Square, close by his dear friend Sedley, the father of Jos and Emmy, with whom he remained on the best of terms until Sedley became bankrupt. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hoggarty lived in Lamb's Conduit Street, which abuts upon the forecourt of the Foundling Hospital, where Osborne erected a monument to his unforgiven son: "Sacred to the memory of George Osborne, Junior, Esq., late a Captain in His Majesty's —th regiment of foot, who fell on the 18th of June, 1815, aged 28 years, while fighting for his king and country in the glorious victory of Waterloo. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" The list might be greatly extended, but farewell must be taken of Bloomsbury after the bare mention that not far away was the British Museum, where Thackeray often worked. There, in 1858, Motley found him writing the ninth number of "The Virginians." "He took off his spectacles to see who I was, then immediately invited me to dinner the next day (as he seems always to do, every one he meets), which invitation I could not accept," the historian has recorded; "and he then showed me the page he had been writing, a small, delicate, legible manuscript. After that, we continued our studies."

When Thackeray's home was broken up by his wife's illness, he became, until his children were old enough to live with him, a man about town, and, to some extent, a Bohemian. He belonged to the Garrick and Reform clubs, and later was elected to the Athenæum, and he used and delighted in them all. In his earlier years especially he loved the Garrick, and it was there he made the acquaintance of Andrew Arcedeckne, a gentleman who unconsciously sat for Foker in "Pendennis." The portrait is like to have been lifelike, but Arcedeckne naturally was not pleased, and he waited patiently for a chance to score off Thackeray. After the first lecture on "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," when Foker, who had been present, found Thackeray in the smoking-room of the club, receiving congratulations from a group of friends and acquaintances, "Brayvo! Thack, me

Drawn by Ernest Wall-Cousins

YOUNG STREET, KENSINGTON

boy!" he cried enthusiastically. "Uncommon good show! . . . But it 'll never go without a pianner!"

The Reform Club has made its contribution to "The Book of Snobs" and "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town," and on the wall of the Strangers' Room hangs in the place of honor Laurence's well-known portrait of the novelist. Looking at the menu in the coffee-room of the Reform one day, Thackeray noticed that among the dishes for dinner was "beans and bacon," which he dearly loved. He was engaged to dine with a distinguished person that evening, but he could not resist "beans and bacon." After a struggle between duty and inclination, which ended as most such struggles do, he sat down and wrote to his host that he deeply regretted having to break his engagement, but he had just met an old friend whom he had not seen for years, and he must beg to be excused.

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

COLONEL NEWCOME

Another story may be given as a companion to this. More than once the novelist was seen going east at an hour of the day when all the world was moving westward for dinner, and a friend of his, whose curiosity was aroused, "stalked" him one evening, and found that he made his way to the Gray's Inn Coffee House, where he dined in solitary state. Cordy Jeaffreson was the man who followed him, and years after he made his confession. "Ah! that was when I was drinking the last of that wonderful bin of port," Thackeray laughed and explained. "It was rare wine. There were only two dozen bottles when I came upon the remains of that bin, and I forthwith bargained with mine host to keep them for me. I drank every bottle and every drop myself. I shared never a bottle with living man; and so long as the wine lasted, I slipped off to the Gray's Inn Coffee House, with all possible secrecy short of disguise, whenever I thought a good dinner and a bottle by myself would do me good."

All these clubs are still in existence, and it is perhaps more interesting to dwell on the haunts, since demolished, which Thackeray frequented in the days when he was living *en garçon*, first in Jermyn Street, and then at No. 88 St. James's Street, opposite St. James's Palace. In some respects Thackeray's tastes were simple, and he found pleasure in the fare provided by such places, forerunners of the music-halls of to-day, as the "Cyder Cellars," the "Coal Hole," and "Evans's late Joy's," as the punning inscription on the lamp ran. The "Coal Hole," off the Strand, on the site now occupied by Terry's Theater, was the least popular of these; but the "Cyder Cellars," not far away in Maiden Lane, next to the stage-door of the Adelphi Theater, was a rendezvous for the contributors to "Fraser's Magazine." There Ross, the comedian, sang his famous song, "Sam Hall," the chant of a blasphemous chimney-sweep, who was to be hanged for murder the next morning. The "Cyder Cellars" was the original of the "Back Kitchen," where George Warrington took Arthur Pendennis, and introduced him to the *habitués*. There is in "Pendennis" a graphic description of the company frequenting the "Cyder Cellars."

Healthy country tradesmen and farmers, in London for their business, came and recreated themselves with the jolly singing and suppers of the Back Kitchen,—squads of young apprentices and assistants, the shutters being closed over the scenes of their labours, came hither, for fresh air doubtless,—rakish young medical students, gallant, dashing, what is called "loudly" dressed,

and (must it be owned?) somewhat dirty,—were here smoking and drinking, and vociferously applauding the songs;—young university bucks were to be found here, too, with that indescribable genteel simper which is only learned at the knees of Alma Mater;—and handsome young guardsmen, and florid bucks from the St. James's Street clubs;—nay, senators English and Irish; and even members of the House of Peers.

At these places, over his gin and water, Thackeray listened to the songs that in the early days, when he was about the town, were too often of the equivocal nature that provoked Colonel Newcome's onslaught when that soldier took Clive to the "Cave of Harmony" (i.e., "Evans's") "to see the wits," and was so unfortunate as to hear one of drunken Captain Costigan's ribald songs. The colonel expressed his opinion of the song, the captain, and the company in his own frank and virile manner, and, before he left, "that uplifted cane of the colonel's had somehow fallen on the back of every man in the room." Perhaps within Thackeray's knowledge, perhaps even when he was present, some such incident had occurred. The songs were not all indecent, and the objectionable items became fewer and fewer as the years passed, and the thirties became the forties, and the forties became the fifties. But by this time Thackeray had lost his way to Bohemia, though to the end of his days he maintained that Prague was the most picturesque city in the world.

In later days Thackeray met James Russell Lowell outside "Evans's," and he looked so ill that the poet asked what was the matter. "Come inside, and I 'll tell you all about it," said Thackeray. They entered and sat down in a quiet corner. "I have killed the colonel," said Thackeray; and, drawing from his pocket some pages of manuscript, he read the chapter in which the death of Thomas Newcome is described. The novelist was much affected as he read, and when he had finished the tears ran down his face.

In the summer of 1846, Thackeray's daughters came to live with him, and he took a house in Kensington, No. 13 (now 16) Young Street, where he remained for seven years. The two semi-towerlike embrasures delighted him, and he declared that they gave it the air of a feudal castle. "I 'll have a flagstaff put over the coping of the wall," he said laughingly, "and I 'll hoist a standard when I 'm at home." It was in this house that he wrote "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "Henry Esmond." "Down on your knees, you rascal," he exclaimed mock-heroically years later when passing the house in company with J. T. Fields, "for here 'Vanity Fair' was penned. And I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." When he returned from his first visit to the United States, Thackeray removed to No. 36 Onslow Square, Brompton; but early in 1862 he returned to his favorite Kensington, and bought an old house, No. 2 Palace Green, close by the royal palace, and facing the fine old park, with its magnificent trees. He pulled down the old building, and erected, in the style of Queen Anne, "the reddest house in all the town," as he described it to his American friends, the Baxters. "Upon my word," he said enthusiastically, gazing upon the new structure, "it is one of the nicest houses I have ever seen." It was there that, on the Christmas eve of 1863, he passed away.

There have been many changes in London since Thackeray lived. Soho has become more and more squalid. Bloomsbury has become a vast boarding-house, and the Baker Street region (which Thackeray always hated) has become more and more genteel, such fashion as was there having moved westward. St. James's has not greatly altered since Thackeray resided there, though the house in which he had stayed has been rebuilt; but the smaller streets are very much as they were in the days when Major Pendennis had chambers in Bury Street, and Colonel Newcome and James Binnie, before migrating to Fitzroy Square, put up at Nerot's Hotel in King Street. Mayfair has changed not at all, and it is still the most aristocratic area in the world. At one time or another Thackeray lived on every side of this small district, yet never in it, though it is the Thackeray district *par excellence*. Within it resided innumerable characters of his creation. In Bond Street, its eastern boundary, once for a while lodged Harry Warrington, the "Fortunate Youth" of "The Virginians"; in Park Lane, its western boundary, Sir Brian Newcome lived, not far from the house occupied by Miss

Crawley, the aunt of Rawdon Crawley and the patroness of Becky Sharp. The family mansion of the Crawleys was in Great Gaunt Street. "Having passed through Shiverly Square into Great Gaunt Street, the carriage at length stopped at a tall, gloomy house between two other tall gloomy houses, each with the hatchment over the middle drawing-room window, as is the custom of houses in Great Gaunt Street, in which gloomy locality death seems to reign perpetual,"—thus runs the passage in "Vanity Fair" describing Becky's arrival at Sir Peter Crawley's, when she went to take up her engagement as governess to his daughters. Leading out of Great Gaunt Street is Gaunt Square, one side of which is occupied by Gaunt House, the residence of the Most Honorable George Gustavus, Marquis of Steyne. Gaunt Square is the aristocratic Berkeley Square, and the private palace that suggested Gaunt House to Thackeray stands to-day as it did when he described it, though now, as then, all that can be seen of it is the vast wall in front, and over the wall the garret and bedroom windows and the chimneys.

Not far away, and in the heart of Mayfair, is Curzon Street, where at No. 201 lived for a while the Honorable Frederick Deuceace. When that gentleman absconded, Raggles, once Miss Crawley's butler, purchased the house and furniture, and let it to Colonel and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. There Lord Steyne became a constant visitor, and there he was thrashed by Rawdon, who, with all his faults, was not *un mari complaisant*. "He struck the peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious." This is the finest scene in "Vanity Fair"; it is, indeed, one of the most magnificent scenes in any novel. "When I wrote that scene," Thackeray remarked, "I slapped my fist on the table, and said, 'That is a stroke of genius.'"

From a Thackeray sketch, owned by Major William H. Lambert, Philadelphia

AN ACTOR AND THE BUST OF SHAKSPERE

Drawn by Garth Jones

THACKERAY IN AMERICA

WITH LETTERS AND SKETCHES BY THACKERAY OWNED IN THE UNITED STATES[1]

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON

AS this year marks the centenary of the birth of William Makepeace Thackeray (he was born at Calcutta, July 18, 1811, his father being in the civil service of the East India Company), special interest attaches to memorabilia of the distinguished novelist. The undying legion of his admirers has eagerly sought and treasured whatever it could discover of Thackeray's personality, and most of this has been published; but it was the writer's good fortune to find in the extensive collection of Major Lambert of Philadelphia, two illustrated letters and two sketches from his pen that I think have never been made public. They portray him, whom Carlyle acidly characterized as "a half-monstrous Cornish giant," in his gentlest, most considerate, and merriest moods.

After the appearance of "The Yellowplush Papers" (first published in Philadelphia in 1838, and the earliest book of Thackeray's to appear on either side of the Atlantic), "From Cornhill to Grand Cairo," and some minor volumes, Thackeray gave to the world, in January, 1847, the first monthly part of "Vanity Fair," and before that work was completed he had won an unquestioned position as a novelist of distinction, in fact, completing with Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens the triumvirate of leading British novelists of the nineteenth century.

The letter which follows (given in part in facsimile on page 335) was written to a brother of Bulwer the novelist, well known to the citizens of this country as the negotiator, in 1850, with Senator John M. Clayton of Delaware, Secretary of State, of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which guaranteed the neutrality and encouragement of lines of interoceanic travel across the Isthmus of Panama. He was appointed British minister to the United States in April, 1849, remaining in Washington three years. During that time his secretary was his nephew, Lord Lytton, afterward Viceroy of India, and known in literature as "Owen Meredith."

"*Kensington,* Friday 1848

"DEAR SIR HENRY BULWER:

"I am very sorry indeed that I am engaged on Sunday; and wanted to make a bold proposal to you last night relative to a dinner which comes off here to-day and of which Dorsay has been good enough to say he will partake, but just as I was com-

[1] This publication is made with permission of Lady Ritchie and of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., the London publishers of Thackeray's Works.

ing up to you, Sartorissa [something omitted] and before I could turn her, you were gone. The dinner will take place about 7¾ clock. I don't know how it arose or how many are coming, but as it only consists of various joints of meat and a pudding, anybody may come who is disengaged & will do me the favor. Smoking commences at an early hour: so that gentlemen may bring their dressing gowns. Ambassadors to appear in brocade, but literary gentlemen in the robe de chambre which you admired the other day.

From an etching by Hollyer. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

"I intend to send a copy of 'Vanity Fair' to a gentleman whom I have been admiring and making fun of all my life.[1]

"Faithfully dear Sir Henry Bulwer,

"W. M. Thackeray."

Thackeray came to the United States impending journey to America. The letter is in part as follows:

"My time is drawing near for the *ingens sequor:* I have taken places for self and Crowe Jr. by the *Canada* which departs on the 30th of this month, a Saturday, and all you who pray for travellers

After the painting by George Richmond, R.A. From "Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle." (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons)

JANE OCTAVIA BROOKFIELD AT THE AGE OF THIRTY

for the first time in 1852 to deliver a series of lectures, "The English Humourists." In a letter, dated October 6 of that year, he wrote to his much attached friend, Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, the author of "Rab and His Friends" of the by land and sea (if you do pray in your Scotch church) are entreated to offer up supplications for me. I don't like going at all, have dismal presentiments sometimes, but the right thing is to go; and the pleasant one will be to come back again

[1] The gentleman here referred to was Sir Henry's brother, Lord Lytton, whom earlier in life Thackeray immortalized as SAWEDWARDGEORGEARLITNBULWIG!

with a little money for those young ladies. I hope to send you 'Henry Esmond' before I sail; if not it will follow me as a legacy."

mother and you two girls. And I think, if I have luck, I may secure nearly a third of the sum that I think I ought to leave behind me by a six months' tour in the States."

From a water-color by D. Dighton, owned by Major William H. Lambert

THACKERAY IN ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK, LONDON

To his eldest daughter, now Lady Ritchie, he also wrote of the voyage:

"I must and will go, not because I like it, but because it is right I should secure some money against my death for your

For fellow-passengers aboard the *Canada,* Thackeray had James Russell Lowell, fresh from his first visit to Italy, and Arthur Hugh Clough, the English poet, who, as a youth, had spent several years in the

United States. After a rough voyage, the steamer reached Boston on Friday, November 10, and six days later Thackeray arrived at the Clarendon Hotel, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, New York, replaced in 1910 by a lofty office building. An eager audience of about twelve hundred filled every seat in Dr. Bellows's church on Broadway, below Prince Street, when Thackeray gave his first lecture on the English humorists, his subject being Swift.

Five years later Thackeray met his old friend James E. Freeman, an American artist whom he had known in Rome, and said to him:

"Since I saw you last I have been lecturing in your vast and wonderful country, and my visits were well repaid. I was delighted with both nature and man in America, and I gained the first money that I have ever been able to put aside for the future. But I very much fear I shall not be able to repeat my visits with equal success, inasmuch as in one of my lectures I spoke of your immortal Washington as Mr. Washington. Do you believe your countrymen will ever forgive me?"

Owned by the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia

THACKERAY READING ONE OF HIS LECTURES, "THE FOUR GEORGES." SKETCHED BY HIMSELF

Among women, Mrs. Jane Octavia Brookfield was Thackeray's dearest friend. She was the wife of the Rev. William Henry Brookfield, a Cambridge classmate and lifelong friend, and is believed to have suggested the character of Lady Castlewood in "Henry Esmond," who has been described as "perhaps the finest picture of splendid, lustrous physical beauty ever given to the world." Mrs. Brookfield, a portrait of whom accompanies this article, was a famous beauty and a cousin of Arthur Hallam, who inspired Tennyson's "In Memoriam." For many years Thackeray was Mrs. Brookfield's constant correspondent when absent from London. She died very suddenly of heart failure in 1901, and to the last was fond of speaking of "dear Thackeray," who sent her many letters written in the United States. Her only daughter married the elder brother of Sir Richmond Thackeray Ritchie, husband of Lady Ritchie. In his first letter from the Clarendon to Mrs. Brookfield, the delighted novelist, with slight exaggeration, stated that he was receiving for his lectures "almost a pound a minute!"

From Buffalo, on December 29, 1852, Thackeray wrote to his mother, Mrs. Carmichael Smyth:

"If my health holds out I must go on money-grubbing for some months to come. They have paid me nearly 1600£ in 2 months of wh. I have spent 200 in travelling—it is awfully dear work—next month will be another profitable month—afterwards in the South not so much profit but more pleasure for February & March—afterwards profit again & afterwards—Oh ye Gods, won't I be glad to come back leaving 500£ a year behind me [invested] in this country! Then grim death will not look so grim. Then the girls will have something to live upon or to bestow upon the objects of their young affections—then, when the house is paid for, we may live and take things easily—then, when I have written 2 more novels, for wh. I shall get 5000£ apiece—why then, at 50, I shall be as I was at 21. You will be only a young person of 69 then, and will

From a daguerreotype owned by Miss Amy Weeks. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

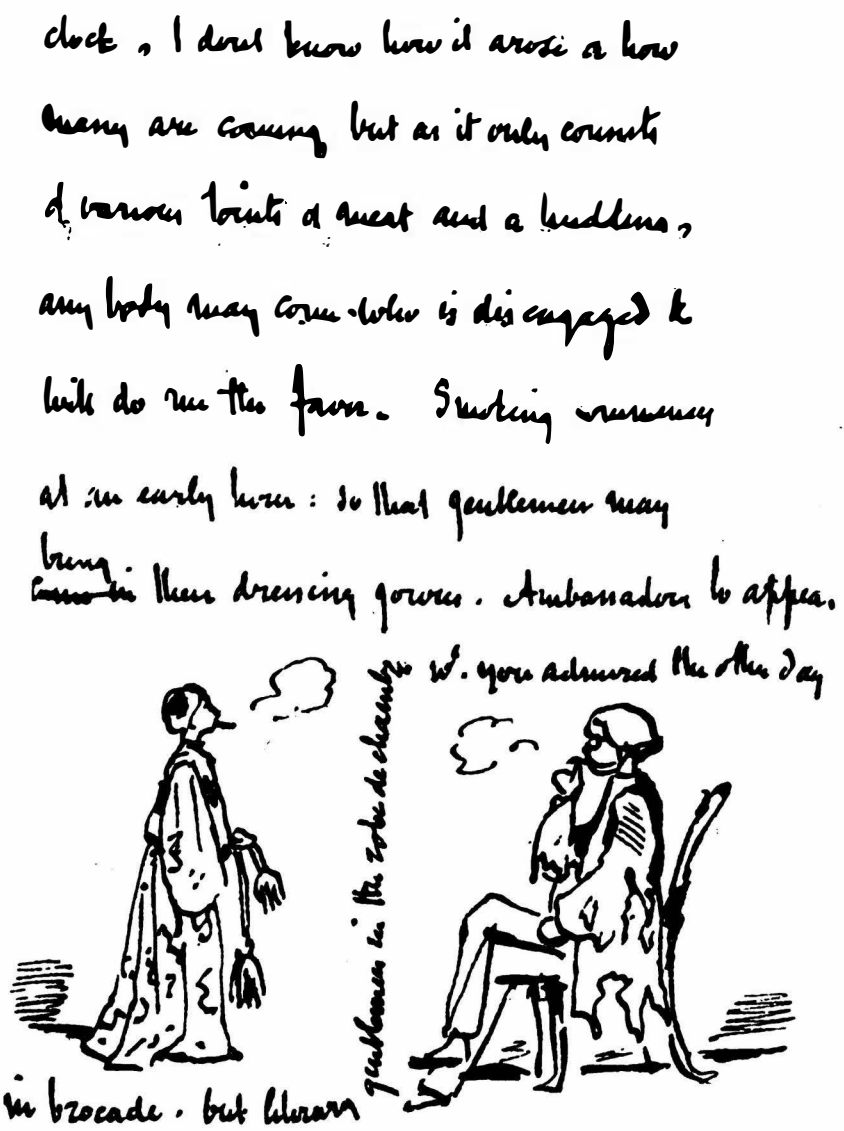
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

This portrait was taken in New York during Thackeray's first visit to America.

look after your great grandchildren. I used you know to hanker after parliament, police magistracies & so forth—but no occupation I can devise is so profitable as

He concluded with his usual tenderheartedness:

"And so God bless my dearest old ones and young ones in this and all succeeding



From the original, owned by Major William H. Lambert

PART OF A LETTER AND SKETCH BY THACKERAY TO SIR HENRY BULWER

that wh. I have at my hand in that old inkstand."

After an amusing account of a "Daguerreotypist" who requested that Thackeray "would step over" and have his "mug taken off," which he "declined with thanks," and of an alarm of fire at the Buffalo hotel, he added, "Fancy how I clutched at the desk and the sermons."

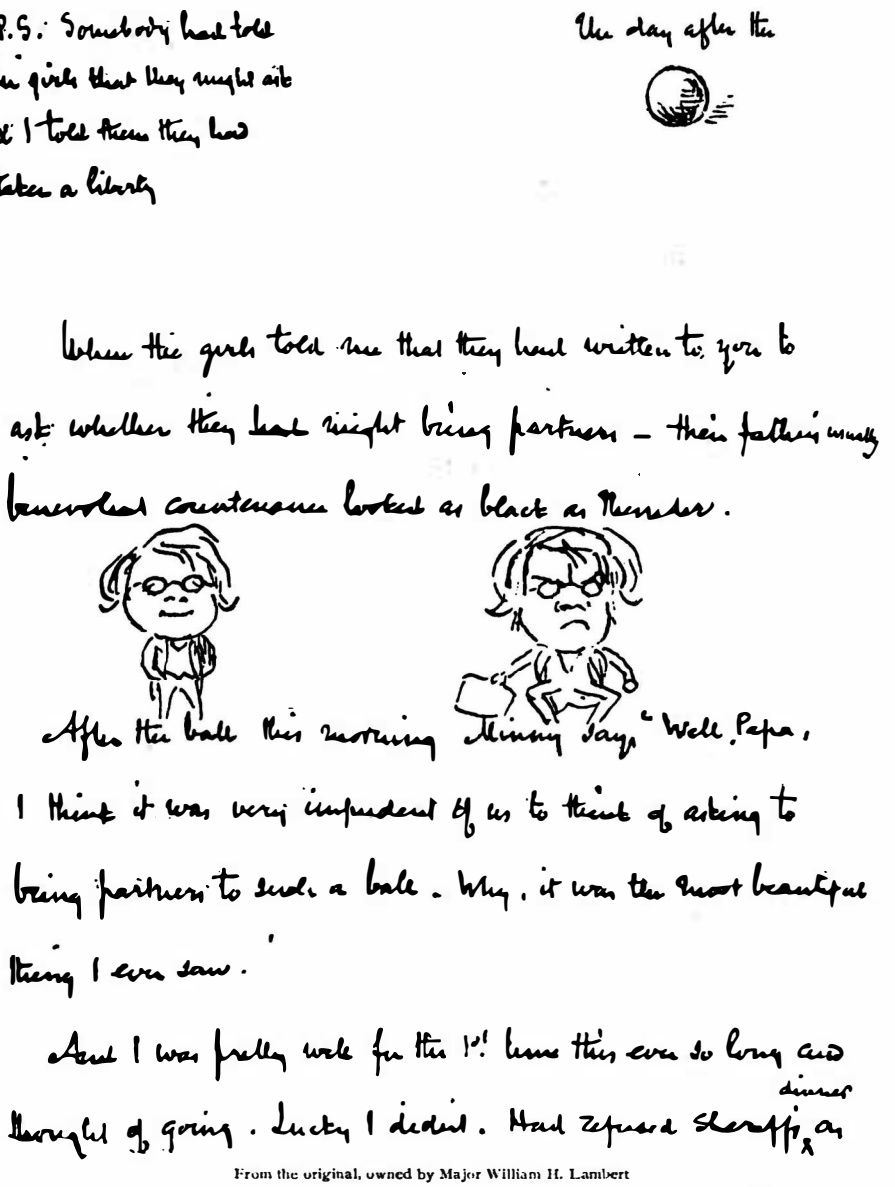
years. Have you & the girls any favoured poor? Give them 100 francs with thanks to God for our abundance."

Early in 1853, Thackeray wrote the following letter to Dr. John Brown:

"*Charleston, S. C.* March 25, 1853.

"MY DEAR BROWN—I thought this very day how I would write a letter to Rutland

Street, Edinburgh, and shake hands with some friends there: and behold this morning your letter comes and remembrances pleasant and sorrowful of you all. I hope indeed and indeed your wife is better. I have been inventing plans for coming to Scotland in the summer, but who knows how Fate will lead a man so many weeks hence. The same post brings me news that my dear old stepfather has had a brain attack from which he has recovered, but at seventy-two my mother will not like to be away from him nor the children to be away from her, and when I go home it must be to them. So Dr. Last drives in his chariot now! so lui fais mon compliment, I wish it was driving to the railway to meet me. What is this about my being in love Miss Mackenzie has told you? That was but a very mild attack of the disease; or an infinitesimal dose of *similia similibus,* I defy the fever pretty



From the original, owned by Major William H. Lambert

PART OF A LETTER BY THACKERAY TO AN UNKNOWN PERSON

much now, and rather wish I could catch it.

"I have no time to write letters scarcely, much more a book. I eat as usual 7 dinners a week, at other folks' charges, the lectures do pretty well, and I have laid by but at 8 per cent. (that is the common interest here) £200 a year; 6 weeks more will give me £50 a year more, and next year—I come home of course *interea*—will help to £150 more. This will make me easy against the day when work will be over, and then, and then who knows what Fate will bring. The idleness of the life is dreary and demoralizing though; and the bore and humiliation of delivering these stale old lectures is growing intolerable. Why, what a superior heroism is Albert Smith's, who has ascended Mont Blanc 400 times!

"It 's all exaggeration about this country—barbarism, eccentricities, nigger cruel-

From a Thackeray sketch, owned by Major William H. Lambert

THACKERAY AT A DANCE, WHEN EIGHTEEN

ties, and all. They are not so highly educated as individuals, but a circle of people knows more than an equal number of English (of Scotch I don't say: there in Edinburgh, you *are* educated). The negroes are happy whatever is said of them, at least all that we see, and the country —not that there are not hundreds of pleasant people and kind, affectionate dear people, but O for Kensington and home! Goodbye, and how do you do, my dear Mrs. Brown, and remember, Sir and Madam, that I am always yours affectionately,

"W. M. Thackeray."

From Thackeray's water-color drawing for "Our Street," owned by the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia

THE MAN IN POSSESSION

This and the three following pictures were redrawn in outline, and somewhat differently, for "Our Street."

planters beg and implore any Englishman to go to their estates and see for themselves. I think these four sides of paper might contain all I have got to say regarding the country, which I can't see for the dinners, etc. To-morrow I go to Richmond on my way to New York and thence into Canada; and in July or before I hope to see that old country again which is after all the only country for us to live in,

Soon after his return from the first visit to the United States, Thackeray writes to Miss Holmes, adding a postscript on the inside of the envelop, and on the third sheet draws a sketch of Bulwer and himself standing behind a lady seated at a piano. He writes:

"There is a comfortable Hotel in this street kept by a respectable family man, the charges are Beds gratis, Breakfast,

thank you, dinner and tea, ditto, servants included in these charges. Get a cab from the station and come straitway to No. 13.[1] I dine out with the Dean of St. Paul's (you have heard of a large meeting house we have between Ludgate Hill and Cheapside with a round roof?). Some night we will have a select party, but *not* whilst you are staying here. When you are in your lodgings—why, I will ask Sir Edward George Earle Lytton, Bulwer Lytton himself. Bulwer's boots are very fine in the accompanying masterly designs (refer to sketch), remark the traces of emotion on the cheeks of the other author (the notorious W. M. T.), I have caricatured Dr. Newman (with an immense nose) and the Cardinal too, you ought to know that."

In a letter written in Paris to Percival Leigh in 1854, he refers to his "Newcomes" and alludes to Charles Dickens as follows: "I have seen for the first time the engravings of 'Newcomes,' some of which I like very much indeed. Why, Doyle ought to bless the day that put the etching needle into his hand. He does beautifully and easily what I wanted to do and can't. Some of the wood blox have been awfully mangled. I hear the artists

From Thackeray's water-color drawing for "Our Street," owned by the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia

CAPTAIN AND MRS. BRAGG

[1] 13 Young Street, Kensington, London.

are consumedly angry, I don't know for y. There 's a bit from 'Hard Times' quoted in the Examiner to-day representing such a character as I have drawn in several varieties; but I think I know whose the best English is of the 2 writers. I wonder there is not some young fellow come up to knock us both off the stage."

The following undated letter, which mentions Dickens, was probably written in 1855:

"36 Onslow Sq[r] Friday M.?

"(Private)

"*My dear Sir*

"I go to Paris to-morrow morning where a member of my family is very unwell and desirous to see me; and shall probably not return to London until the beginning of August: If your meetings are still going on there, and I can be of any use in speaking I shall be glad to do my best in the service of the A. R. A.

"I would even come back for the meeting of Wednesday week (I am free on the S E Line so that the expense w[d] be very trifling to me) should you think my presence desirable. One literary man will probably be enough, and you have a most accomplished & certain orator in my friend Mr. Dickens. Whereas, from the very little practice I have had, I am just as

From Thackeray's water-color drawing for "Our Street," owned by the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia

THE STREET-DOOR KEY

From Thackeray's water-color drawing for "Our Street," owned by the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia

THE HAPPY FAMILY

likely to fail as not. If you think, however, that two of us might be likely to 'draw a house' I am at your service. Unless you want me, or if I shall do as well on a latter day, I had rather of course spare myself the time and travel.

"Believe me very faithfully yours

"*W. M. Thackeray*.

"My address at Paris is chez M^me^ Ritchie, 36 Rue Godot-Mauroy.

"P.S. You need not write. I shall see whether you want me by the advertisement of the names of Speakers in the Times."

Thackeray came to this country a second time in October, 1855. As on his previous visit, he arrived in Boston, where he was most cordially welcomed, and his lectures on "Town Life and Manners in the Reigns of the Georges" were well received, as they were also in New York early in November.

In answer to his friend William B. Reed of Philadelphia, who asked him his opinion of this country, Thackeray replied: "You know what a virtue-proud people we English are. We think we have got it all ourselves. Now that which impresses me here is that I find homes as pure as ours, firesides like ours, domestic virtues as gentle: the English language, though its accent be a little different, with its

homelike melody, and the Common Prayer Book in your families. I am more struck by pleasant resemblances than by anything else."

On the day of his departure from America, which was sudden, he sent the following note to Mr. Reed:

"MY DEAR REED,—When you get this, . . . remum-mum-ember me to kick-kick-kind ffu-fffu-ffriends . . . a sudden resolution — to — mum-mum-morrow . . . in the *Bu-bu-baltic*. Good-by, my dear kind friend, and all kind friends in Philadelphia. I did n't think of going away when I left home this morning; but it 's the best way. I think it is best to send back 25 per cent. to poor Hazard.[1] Will you kindly give him the enclosed; and depend on it, I shall go and see Mrs Booth when I go to London, and tell her all about you! My heart is uncommonly heavy: and I am yours gratefully and affectionately.

"W. M. T."

In an undated letter relating to the death of G. A. à Becket, who died in August, 1856, written to F. M. Evans from Aix-la-Chapelle, Thackeray says:

"I have only just read of our dear good à Becket's death, and think how I saw him only six weeks since, with his children about him. Whose turn is next? God help us. Whoever heard him say an unkind word? Can't we as his old comrades, do something to show his poor widow and family our sense of his worth? It is through my connection with Punch that I owe the good chances which have of late befallen me, and have had so many a kind offer of help in my own days of trouble that I would thankfully aid a friend whom death has called away."

The merry, unsigned note which follows (shown on page 336, in facsimile) is addressed to an unknown lady, as it bears no name:

"The day after the [ball]

"P.S. Somebody had told the girls that they might ask & I told them they had taken a liberty.

"When the girls told me that they had written to you to ask whether they might bring partners—their father's usually benevolent countenance looked as black as thunder.

"After the ball this morning Minny says 'Well, Papa, I think it was very impudent of us to think of asking to bring partners to such a ball. Why, it was the most beautiful thing I ever saw.'

"And I was pretty well for the 1st time this ever so long and thought of going. Lucky I did n't. Had refused Sheriff's dinner on plea of being too unwell to dine out.

"I am glad it was such a success and will sign my name some other day as that of your most humble servant."

In an earlier letter to Mrs. Brookfield, while "Vanity Fair" was in course of publication in monthly numbers, Thackeray wrote, "You know you are only a piece of Amelia, my mother is another half, my poor little wife *y est pour beaucoup.*"

Being in London and free from any engagement for the favorable morning of July 18, 1906, the ninety-fifth anniversary of Thackeray's birth, I drove out to Kensal Green with a friend to see his grave, as well as that of his American admirer, John Lothrop Motley, which is not far distant. They are among an army of more than one hundred thousand who have been buried in the famous cemetery during the last seven decades. It is about two miles beyond Paddington on the road to Harrow. "At Paddington," wrote Leigh Hunt in 1843, "begins the ground of my affections, continuing thro mead and green lane till it reaches Hampstead." It was thought that Thackeray would be buried in Westminster Abbey, but some obstacles stood in the way, as they also did to his being placed by the side of Goldsmith in the Temple churchyard; and so a grave was selected for him in Kensal Green. An ivy-covered, recumbent granite stone bears the simple record:

"William Makepeace Thackeray, born July 18, 1811: died December 24, 1863."

Of all his intimate friends and contemporaries included in the throng of some fifteen hundred at the cemetery on that mild and springlike morning, it is believed that Sir Theodore Martin was the last survivor. Carlyle was too ill to be present at the burial of his friend.

[1] Willis P. Hazard, a young bookseller under whose auspices Thackeray repeated in Philadelphia his lectures on the Georges, which were not a success; in fact he lost money by the speculation.

Lady Ritchie, referring to two articles by the present writer that appeared in THE CENTURY for December, 1901, and January, 1902, descriptive of her father's visits to the United States, writes:

"How happily you have brought back the feeling and atmosphere of those old times! My Father, who went away to America so ill and depressed, came back cheered and made happy by the friends' welcome he found there. I think indeed it has gone on till now! and the welcome and friendship he so appreciated have not ceased. I often wish he could have known how many to come there were to understand and appreciate not *him* so much as the things he loved and believed in and respected. For he cared more for sympathy than for actual personal appreciation, though he loved friendship too. . . . How often I have heard my Father speak of his many good friends in America."

Drawn by Garth Jones

ACROSS STAR-SPACES

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON

LAST night I dreamed I saw my Love
Among the heavenly host;
Amid that joyous, radiant throng
She seemed but a gray ghost.

"Now, why go you so dim," I said,
"Among your shining peers?"
She sighed: "The glory of my face
Is dimmed by your hot tears.

"Each hopeless drop that falls for me
Weighs down my soul like lead.
How can I join my living mates
When you will have me dead?

"The bliss that should be mine is changed
To mourning by your gloom;
Can I be glad when you are sad?
This sorrow is my tomb.

"Oh, time and space are naught," she said,
"And death is but a name;
'T is grief alone makes deaf the ear;
'T is doubt bedims love's flame.

"Across star-spaces deep and wide
My heart yearns out to you;
The shroud of woe that shuts you in
I may not venture through.

"Throw wide the windows of your soul
And let the sunlight in,
That to your heart, my refuge once,
My soul again may win.

"Fain would I lean above your chair,
And come and go each day
In mine own wonted place. I knock;
Will you not bid me stay?"

. . . .

Waking, I go about my tasks
With never sigh or tear:
My grief I lay within its grave,
But love bides with me here.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS

IN TWO PARTS: PART I

BY EDITH WHARTON

Author of "The House of Mirth," "The Letters," etc.

I

MRS. LIDCOTE, as the huge, menacing mass of New York defined itself far off across the waters, shrank back into her corner of the deserted deck and sat listening with a kind of unreasoning terror to the steady onward drive of the screws.

She had set out on the voyage quietly enough,—in what she called her "reasonable" mood,—but the week at sea had given her too much time to think of things, had left her too long alone with the past.

When she was alone, it was always the past that occupied her. She could n't get away from it, and she did n't any longer care to. During her long years of exile she had made her terms with it, had learned to accept the fact that it would always be there, huge, obstructing, encumbering, much bigger and more dominant than anything the future could possibly conjure up. And, at any rate, she was sure of it, she understood it, knew how to reckon with it; she had learned to screen and manage and protect it as one does an afflicted member of one's family.

There had never been any danger of her being allowed to forget the past. It looked out at her from the face of every acquaintance, it appeared suddenly in the eyes of strangers when a word enlightened them: "Yes, *the* Mrs. Lidcote, don't you know?" It had sprung at her the first day out, when, across the dining-room, from the captain's table, she had seen Mrs. Lorin Boulger's revolving eye-glass suddenly pause and the eye behind it grow as blank as a dropped blind. The next day, of course, the captain had asked, "You know your ambassadress, Mrs. Boulger?" and she had replied that, No, she seldom left Florence, and had n't been to Rome for more than a day since the Boulgers had been sent to Italy. She was so used to these set phrases that it cost her no effort to repeat them. And the captain had promptly changed the subject.

No, she did n't, as a rule, mind the *past*, because she was used to it and understood it. It was a great concrete fact in her path that she had to walk around every time she moved in any direction. But now, in the light of the dreadful event that had summoned her from Italy,—the sudden, unanticipated news of her daughter's divorce from Horace Pursh and immediate remarriage with Wilbour Barkley,—the past, her own poor, miserable past, started up at her with eyes of accusation, became, to her disordered fancy, like the "afflicted" relative suddenly breaking away from nurses and keepers and publicly parading the horror and misery one had, all the long years, so patiently screened and secluded.

Yes, there it had stood before her through the long, agitated weeks since the news had come,—during her interminable journey from India, where Leila's letter had overtaken her, and the feverish halt in her apartment in Florence, where she had had to stop and gather up her possessions for a fresh start,—there it had stood grinning at her with a new balefulness which seemed to say, "Oh, but you 've got to look at me *now*, because I 'm not only your own past, but Leila's present."

Certainly it was a master-stroke of those arch-ironists of the shears and spindle to duplicate her own story in her daughter's. Mrs. Lidcote had always

fancied somewhat grimly that, having so signally failed to be of use to Leila in other ways, she would at least serve her as a warning. She had even at times consciously abstained from defending herself, from making the best of her case, had stoically refused to plead extenuating circumstances, lest Leila's impulsive sympathy should lead to deductions that might react disastrously on her own life. And now that very thing had happened, and Mrs. Lidcote could hear the whole of New York saying with one voice: "Yes, Leila 's done just what her mother did. With such an example, what else could you expect?"

Yet if she had been an example, poor woman, she had been an awful one; she had been, one would have supposed, of more use as a deterrent than a hundred blameless mothers as incentives. For how could any one who had seen anything of her life in the last eighteen years have the courage to repeat so disastrous an experiment?

Well, logic in such cases did n't count, example did n't count, nothing, she supposed, counted but having the same impulses in the blood; and that presumably was the dark inheritance she had bestowed upon her daughter. Leila had n't consciously copied her; she had simply "taken after" her, had been, so to speak, a projection of her own long-past rebellion.

Mrs. Lidcote had deplored, when she started, that the *Utopia* was a slow steamer, and would take eight full days to bring her to her unhappy daughter; but now, as the moment of reunion approached, she would willingly have turned the boat about and fled back to the high seas. It was not only because she felt still so unprepared to face what New York had in store for her, but because she needed more time to dispose of what the *Utopia* had already given her. The past was bad enough, but the present and future were worse, because they were less comprehensible, and because, as she grew older, surprises and inconsequences troubled her more than the worst certainties.

There was Mrs. Boulger, for instance. In the light, or rather the darkness, of new developments, it might really be that Mrs. Boulger had not meant to cut her, but had simply failed to recognize her. Mrs. Lidcote had arrived at this extraordinary hypothesis simply by listening to the conversation of the persons sitting next to her on deck—two lively young women with the latest Paris hats on their heads and the latest New York ideas beneath them. These ladies, as to whom it would have been impossible for a person with Mrs. Lidcote's primitive categories to determine whether they were married or unmarried, "nice" or "horrid," or any one or other of the definite things which young women, in her youth and her society, were of necessity constrained to be, had revealed a familiarity with the world of New York that, again according to Mrs. Lidcote's traditions, should have implied a recognized place in it. But in the present fluid state of manners what did anything imply except what their hats implied—that one could n't tell what was coming next?

They seemed, at any rate, to frequent a group of idle and opulent people who executed the same gestures and revolved on the same pivots as Mrs. Lidcote's daughter and her friends: their Coras, Matties, and Mabels seemed at any moment likely to reveal familiar patronymics, and once one of the speakers, summing up a discussion of which their neighbor had missed the beginning, had affirmed with headlong assurance: "Leila? Oh, *Leila 's* all right."

Could it be *her* Leila, the mother had wondered, with a sharp thrill of curiosity and apprehension? If only they would mention surnames! But their talk leaped elliptically from allusion to allusion, their unfinished sentences dangled over abysses of conjecture, and it was one of the marks of their state that they gave their bewildered hearer the impression not so much of talking only of their intimates, but of being intimate with every one alive.

Her old friend Franklin Ide could have told her, perhaps; but here was the last day of the voyage, and she had n't yet found courage to ask him. Great as had been the joy of discovering his name on the passenger-list, and seeing his friendly, hirsute countenance among the throng against the taffrail at Cherbourg, she had as yet said nothing to him except, when they had met, "Of course I 'm going out to Leila."

She had said nothing to Franklin Ide because she had always instinctively shrunk from taking him into her confidence. She was sure he felt sorry for her, sorrier per-

haps than any one had ever felt; but he had always paid her the supreme tribute of not showing it. His attitude allowed her to imagine that compassion was not the basis of his feeling for her, and it was part of her joy in his friendship that it was the one relation seemingly unconditioned by her state, the one in which she could think and feel and behave like any other woman.

Now, however, as the cloudy problem of New York loomed nearer, she began to regret that she had not spoken, had not at least questioned him about the hints she had gathered on the way. He did not know the two ladies next to her, he did not even, as it happened, know Mrs. Lorin Boulger; but he knew New York, and New York was the sphinx whose riddle she must read or perish.

Almost as the thought passed through her mind his stooping shoulders and grizzled head detached themselves against the dazzle of light in the west, and he sauntered down the empty deck and dropped into the chair at her side.

"You 're expecting the Barkleys to meet you, I suppose?" he asked composedly.

It was the first time she had heard any one pronounce her daughter's new name, and it immediately occurred to her that her friend, who was shy and inarticulate, had been trying to say it all the way over and had at last shot it out at her only because he felt it must be now or never.

"I don't know. I cabled, of course. But I believe she 's at—they 're at—*his* place somewhere."

"Oh, Barkley's; yes, near Lenox, is n't it? But she 's sure to come to town to meet you."

He said it so easily and naturally that her own constraint was relieved, and suddenly, before she knew what she meant to do, she had burst out, "She may dislike the idea of seeing people."

Ide, whose absent, short-sighted gaze had been fixed on the slowly gliding water, turned in his seat to stare at his companion.

"Who? Leila?" he said, with an incredulous laugh.

Mrs. Lidcote flushed to her faded hair, and grew pale again. "It took *me* a long time—to get used to it," she stammered, forcing a smile.

His look grew gently commiserating. "I think you 'll find—" he wavered for a word—"that things are different now—altogether easier."

"That 's what I 've been wondering—since we started." She was determined now to speak. She moved nearer, so that their arms touched, and she could drop her voice to the lowest murmur. "You see, it all came on me in a flash. My going off to India and Siam on that long trip kept me away from letters for weeks at a time; and she did n't want to tell me beforehand—oh, I understand *that,* poor child! You know how good she 's always been to me; how she 's tried to spare me. And she knew, of course, what a state of horror I 'd be in. She knew I 'd rush to her at once and try to stop it. So she never gave me a hint of anything, and she even managed to muzzle Susy Suffern—you know Susy is the one of the family who keeps me posted about things at home. I don't yet see how she prevented Susy's telling me; but she did. And her first letter, the one I got up at Bangkok, simply said the thing was over,—the divorce, I mean,—and that the very next day she 'd —well, I suppose there was no use waiting; and *he* seems to have behaved as well as possible, to have wanted to marry her as much as—"

"Who? Barkley?" he helped her out. "I should say so! Why, what do you suppose—" He interrupted himself. "He 'll be devoted to her, I assure you," he said.

"Oh, of course; I 'm sure he will. He 's written me—really beautifully. But it 's a terrible strain on a man's devotion, a terrible test. I 'm not sure that Leila realizes—"

Ide sounded again his little, reassuring laugh. "I 'm not sure that you realize. *They 're* all right."

It was the very phrase that the young lady in the next seat had applied to the unknown "Leila," and its recurrence on Ide's lips flushed Mrs. Lidcote with fresh courage.

"I wish I knew just what you mean. The two young women next to me—the ones with the wonderful hats—have been talking in the same way."

"What? About Leila?"

"About *a* Leila; I fancied it might be mine. And about society in general. All their friends seem to be divorced; some of

them seem to announce their engagements before they get their decree. One of them, —*her* name was Mabel,—as far as I could make out, her husband found out that she meant to divorce him by noticing that she wore a new engagement-ring."

"Well, you see Leila did everything 'regularly,' as the French say," Ide rejoined.

"Yes; but are these people in society? The people my neighbors talk about?"

Ide shrugged his shoulders. "It would take an arbitration commission a good many sittings to define the boundaries of society nowadays. But at any rate they 're in New York; and I assure you you 're *not;* you 're farther and farther from it."

"But I 've been back there several times to see Leila." She hesitated and looked away from him. Then she brought out slowly: "And I 've never noticed—the least change—in—in my own case—"

"Oh," he sounded deprecatingly, and she trembled with the fear of having gone too far. But the hour was past when she could be held by such scruples. She must know where she was and where Leila was. "Mrs. Boulger still cuts me," she brought out with an embarrassed laugh.

"Are you sure? You 've probably cut *her;* if not now, at least in the past. And in a cut, if you 're not first, you 're nowhere. That 's what keeps up so many quarrels."

The word roused Mrs. Lidcote to a renewed sense of realities. "But the Purshes," she said—"the Purshes are so strong! There are so many of them, and they all back each other up, just as my husband's family did. I know what it means to have a clan against one. They 're stronger than any number of separate friends. The Purshes will *never* forgive Leila for leaving Horace. Why, his mother opposed his marrying her because of—of my situation. She tried to get Leila to promise that she would n't see me when they went to Europe on their honeymoon. And now she 'll say it was my example."

Her companion, vaguely stroking his beard, mused a moment upon this; then he asked with seeming irrelevance, "What did Leila say when you wrote that you were coming?"

"She said it was n't the least necessary, but I 'd better come, because it was the only way to convince me that it was n't."

"Well, then, that proves she 's not afraid of the Purshes."

She breathed a long sigh of remembrance. "Oh, just at first, you know—one never is."

He laid his hand on hers with a rapid gesture of intelligence and pity. "You 'll see, you 'll see," he merely promised her.

A shadow lengthened down the deck before them, and a steward stood there, proffering a wireless despatch.

"Oh, now I shall know!" she exclaimed.

She tore the message open, and then let it fall on her knees, dropping her clasped hands on it in silence.

Ide's inquiry roused her: "It 's all right?"

"Oh, quite right. Perfectly. She can't come; but she 's sending Susy Suffern. She says that Susy will explain." After another silence she added, with a sudden gush of bitterness, "As if I needed any explanation!"

She felt Ide's hesitating glance upon her. "She 's in the country?"

"Yes. 'Prevented last moment. Longing for you, expecting you. Love from both.' Don't you *see,* the poor darling, that she could n't face it?"

"No, I don't." He waited. "Do you mean to go to her immediately?"

"It will be too late to catch a train this evening; but I shall take the first to-morrow morning." She considered a moment. "Perhaps it 's better. I need a talk with Susy first. She 's to meet me at the dock, and I 'll take her straight back to the hotel with me."

As she developed this plan, she had the sense that Ide was still thoughtfully, even gravely, considering her. When she ceased, he remained silent a moment; then he said almost ceremoniously: "If your talk with Miss Suffern does n't last too late, would it be indiscreet of me to ask to see you when it 's over? I shall be dining at the club, and I 'll call you up at about ten, if I may. I 'm off to Chicago on business to-morrow morning, and it would be a satisfaction to know, before I start, that your cousin 's been able to reassure you, as I know she will."

He spoke with a sudden, shy deliberateness that, even to Mrs. Lidcote's troubled perceptions, sounded a long-silenced note of feeling. Perhaps the breaking down of

the barrier of reticence between them had released unsuspected emotions in both. The tone of his appeal moved her curiously and loosened the tight strain of her fears.

"Oh, yes, come—do come," she murmured, rising. The huge threat of New York was imminent now, dwarfing, under long reaches of embattled masonry, the great deck she stood on and all the little specks of life it carried. One of them, drifting nearer, took the shape of her maid, flanked by luggage-laden stewards, and signing to her that it was time to go below. As they descended to the main deck, the throng swept her against Mrs. Lorin Boulger's shoulder, and she heard the ambassadress call to an interlocutor, over the vexed sea of hats: "So sorry! I should have been delighted, but I 've promised to spend Sunday with some friends at Lenox."

II

Susy Suffern's explanation did not end till after ten o'clock, and she had just gone when Franklin Ide, who, complying with an old New York tradition, had caused himself to be preceded by a long, white box of roses, was ushered into Mrs. Lidcote's sitting-room.

He came forward with his shy, half-humorous smile and, taking her hand, looked at her for a moment without speaking.

"It 's all right," he then pronounced affirmatively.

Mrs. Lidcote returned his smile. "It 's extraordinary. Everything 's changed. Even Susy has changed; and you know the extent to which Susy stood for old New York. There 's no old New York left, it seems. She talked in the most amazing way. She snaps her fingers at the Purshes. She told me—*me,* that every woman had a right to happiness, that self-expression was the highest duty. She accused me of misunderstanding Leila; she said my point of view was conventional! She was bursting with pride at having been in the secret, and wearing a brooch that Wilbour Barkley 'd given her!"

Franklin Ide had seated himself in the arm-chair of green art-velvet that she had pushed forward for him under the electric chandelier. He threw back his head and laughed. "What did I tell you?" he exclaimed.

"Yes; but I can't believe that Susy 's not mistaken. Poor dear, she has the habit of lost causes; and she may feel that, having stuck to me, she can do no less than stick to Leila."

"But she did n't—did she?—openly defy the world for you? She did n't snap her fingers at your husband's family?"

Mrs. Lidcote shook her head, still smiling. "No. It was enough to defy *my* family. She did that, almost. It was doubtful at one time if they would tolerate her seeing me, and she almost had to disinfect herself after each visit. I believe that at first my sister-in-law would n't let the girls come down when Susy dined with her."

"Well, is n't your cousin's present attitude the best possible proof that times have changed?"

"Yes, yes; I know." She leaned forward from her sofa-corner, fixing her eyes on his thin, kindly face, which gleamed on her indistinctly through a sudden blur. "If it 's true, it 's—it 's dazzling. She says Leila 's perfectly happy. It 's as if an angel had gone about in all the cemeteries lifting gravestones, and the buried people walked again, and the living did n't shrink from them."

"That 's about it," he assented.

She drew a deep breath, and sat looking away from him down the long perspective of lamp-fringed streets over which her windows hung.

"I can understand how happy you must be," he began at length.

She turned to him impetuously. "Yes, yes; I 'm happy. But I 'm lonely, too—lonelier than ever. I did n't take up much room in the world before; but now—where is there a corner for me? Oh, since I 've begun to confess myself, why should n't I go on? Telling you this lifts a gravestone from *me!* You see, before this, Leila needed me. She was unhappy, and I knew it, and though we hardly ever talked of it, I felt that, in a way, the thought that I 'd been through the same thing, and down to the dregs of it, helped her. And her needing me helped *me.* And when the news of her marriage came, my first thought was that now she 'd need me more than ever, that she 'd have no one but me to turn to. Yes, under all my distress there was a fierce joy in that. It was so new and wonderful to feel again

that there was one person who would n't be able to get on without me! And now what you and Susy tell me seems to have taken my child from me; and just at first that 's all that I can feel."

"Of course it 's all you feel." He looked at her musingly. "Why did n't Leila come to meet you?" he then inquired.

"Oh, that was really my fault. You see, I 'd cabled that I was not sure of being able to get off on the *Utopia,* and apparently my second cable was delayed, and when she received it, she 'd already asked some people over Sunday—one or two of her old friends, Susy says. I 'm so glad they should have wanted to go to her at once; but naturally I 'd rather have been alone with her."

"You still mean to go, then?"

"Oh, I must. Susy wanted to drag me off to Ridgefield with her over Sunday, and Leila sent me word that of course I might go if I wanted to, and that I was not to think of her; but I know how disappointed she would be. Susy said she was afraid I might be upset at her having people to stay, and that, in that case, she would n't urge me to come. But if *they* don't mind, why should I? And of course, if they 're willing to go to Leila, it must mean—"

"Of course. I 'm glad you recognize that," Franklin Ide exclaimed abruptly. He stood up and went over to her, taking her hand with one of his quick-unexpected gestures. "There 's something I want to say to you," he began—

THE next morning, in the train, through all the other contending thoughts in Mrs. Lidcote's mind there ran the warm undercurrent of what Franklin Ide had wanted to say to her.

He had wanted, she knew, to say it once before, when, nearly eight years earlier, the hazard of meeting at the end of a rainy autumn in a small, deserted Swiss hotel had thrown them for a fortnight into unwonted propinquity. They had walked and talked together, borrowed each other's books and newspapers, spent the long, chill evenings over the fire in the dim lamplight of her little pitch-pine sitting-room; and she had been wonderfully comforted by his presence, and hard, frozen places in her had melted, and she had known that she would be desperately sorry when he went. And then, just at the end, in his odd, indirect way, he had let her see that it rested with her to have him stay if she chose. She could still relive the sleepless night she had given to that discovery. It was preposterous, of course, to think of repaying his devotion by accepting such a sacrifice; but how find reasons to convince him? She could not bear to let him think her less touched, less inclined to him than she was: the generosity of his love deserved that she should repay it with the truth. Yet how let him see what she felt, and yet refuse what he offered? How confess to him what had been on her lips when he made the offer: "I 've seen what it did to one man; and there must never, never be another?" The tacit ignoring of her past had been the element in which their friendship lived, and she could not suddenly, to him of all men, begin to talk of herself like a guilty woman in a play. Somehow, in the end, she had managed it, had averted a direct explanation, had made him understand that her life was over, that she existed only for her daughter, and that a more definite word from him would have been almost a breach of delicacy. She was so used to behaving as if her life were over! And, at any rate, he had taken her hint, and she had been able to spare her sensitiveness and his. The next year, when he came to Florence to see her, they met again in the old friendly way; and that till now had continued to be the tenor of their intimacy.

And now, suddenly and unexpectedly, he had brought up the question again, directly this time, and in such a form that she could not evade it: putting the renewal of his plea, after so long an interval, on the ground that, on her own showing, her chief argument against it no longer existed.

"You tell me Leila 's happy. If she 's happy, she does n't need you—need you, that is, in the same way as before. You wanted then, I know, to be always in reach, always free and available if she should suddenly call you to her or take refuge with you. I understood that—I respected it. I did n't urge my case because I saw it was useless. You could n't, I understood well enough, have felt free to take such happiness as life with me

might have given you while she was unhappy, and, as you imagined, with no hope of release. Even then I did n't feel as you did about it; I understood better the trend of things here. But ten years ago the change had n't really come; and I had no way of convincing you that it was coming. Still, I always fancied that Leila might not think her case was closed, and so I chose to think that ours was n't either. Let me go on thinking so, at any rate, till you 've seen her, and confirmed with your own eyes what Susy Suffern tells you."

III

All through what Susy Suffern told and retold her during their four-hours' flight to the hills this plea of Ide's kept coming back to Mrs. Lidcote. She did not yet know what she felt as to its ultimate bearing on her own fate, but it was something on which her confused thoughts could stay themselves amid the welter of new impressions, and she was inexpressibly glad that he had said what he had, and said it at that particular moment. It helped her to hold fast to her identity in the rush of strange names and new categories that her cousin's talk poured out on her.

With the progress of the journey Miss Suffern's communications grew more and more amazing. She was like a cicerone preparing the mind of an inexperienced traveler for the marvels about to burst on it.

"You won't know Leila. She 's had her pearls reset. Sargent 's to paint her. Oh, and I was to tell you that she hopes you won't mind being the least bit squeezed over Sunday. The house was built by Wilbour's father, you know, and it 's rather old-fashioned—only ten spare bedrooms. Of course that 's small for what they mean to do, and she 'll show you the new plans they 've had made. Their idea is to keep the present house as a wing. She told me to explain—she 's so dreadfully sorry not to be able to give you a sitting-room just at first. They 're thinking of Egypt for next winter, unless, of course, Wilbour gets his appointment. Oh, did n't she write you about that? Why, he wants Rome, you know—the second secretaryship. Or, rather, he wanted England; but Leila insisted that if they went abroad, she must be near you. And of course what she says is law. Oh, they quite hope they 'll get it. You see Horace's uncle is in the Cabinet,—one of the assistant secretaries,—and I believe he has a good deal of pull—"

"Horace's uncle? You mean Wilbour's, I suppose," Mrs. Lidcote interjected, with a gasp of which a fraction was given to Miss Suffern's flippant use of the language.

"Wilbour's? No, I don't. I mean Horace's. Oh, there 's no bad feeling between them, I assure you. Since Horace's engagement was announced—you did n't know Horace was engaged? Why, he 's marrying one of Bishop Thorbury's girls: the red-haired one who wrote the novel that every one 's talking about, 'This Flesh of Mine.' They 're to be married in the cathedral. Of course Horace *can,* because it was Leila who—but, as I say, there 's not the *least* feeling, and Horace wrote himself to his uncle about Wilbour."

Mrs. Lidcote's thoughts fled back to what she had said to Ide the day before on the deck of the *Utopia.* "I did n't take up much room before, but now where is there a corner for me?" Where indeed in this crowded, topsyturvy world, with its headlong changes and helter-skelter readjustments, its new tolerances and indifferences and accommodations, was there room for a character fashioned by slower, sterner processes and a life broken under their inexorable pressure? And then, in a flash, she viewed the chaos from a new angle, and order seemed to move upon the void. If the old processes were changed, her case was changed with them; she, too, was a part of the general readjustment, a tiny fragment of the new pattern worked out in bolder, freer harmonies. Since her daughter had no penalty to pay, was not she herself, by the same stroke, released from the long toll that life had taken of her? The rich arrears of youth and joy were gone irrevocably; but was there not enough left to accumulate new stores of happiness? That, of course, was what Franklin Ide had felt and had meant her to feel. He had seen at once what the change in her daughter's situation would make in her view of her own. It was almost—wondrously enough!—as if Leila's folly had been the means of vindicating hers.

EVERYTHING else for the moment faded for Mrs. Lidcote in the glow of her daughter's embrace. It was unnatural, it was almost terrifying, to find herself suddenly standing on a strange threshold, under an unknown roof, in a big hall full of pictures, flowers, firelight, and hurrying servants, and in this spacious, unfamiliar confusion to discover Leila, bareheaded, laughing, authoritative, with a strange young man jovially echoing her welcome and transmitting her orders; but once Mrs. Lidcote had her child on her breast, and her child's, "It 's all right, you old darling!" in her ears, every other feeling was lost in the deep sense of well-being that only Leila's hug could give.

The sense was still with her, warming her veins and pleasantly fluttering her heart, as she went up to her room after luncheon. A little constrained by the presence of visitors, and not altogether sorry to defer for a few hours the "long talk" with her daughter for which she somehow felt herself tremulously unready, she had withdrawn, on the plea of fatigue, to the bright, luxurious bedroom into which Leila had again and again apologized for having been obliged to "squeeze" her. The room was bigger and finer than any in her small apartment in Florence; but it was not the standard of affluence implied in her daughter's tone about it that chiefly struck her, nor yet the finish and complexity of its appointments. It was the look it shared with the rest of the house, and with the trim perspective of the gardens beneath its windows, of being part of an "establishment"—of something solid, avowed, founded on sacraments and precedents and principles. There was nothing about the place, or about Leila and Wilbour, that suggested either passion or peril: their relation seemed as comfortable as their furniture and as respectable as their balance at the bank.

This was, in the whole confusing experience, the thing that confused Mrs. Lidcote most, that gave her at once the deepest feeling of security for Leila and the strongest sense of apprehension for herself. Yes, there was something oppressive in the completeness and compactness of Leila's well-being. Ide had been right: her daughter did not need her. Leila, with her first embrace, had unconsciously attested the fact in the same phrase as Ide himself, as the two young women with the hats. "It 's all right, you old darling!" she had said; and her mother sat alone, trying to fit herself into the new scheme of things which such a certainty betokened.

Her first distinct feeling was one of irrational resentment. If such a change was to come, why had it not come sooner? Here was she, a woman not yet old, who had paid with the best years of her life for the theft of the happiness that her daughter's contemporaries took as their due. There was no sense, no sequence, in it. She had had what she wanted, but she had had to pay too much for it. She had had to pay the last bitterest price of learning that love has a price: that it is worth so much and no more. She had known the anguish of watching the man she loved discover this first, and of reading the discovery in his eyes. It was a part of her history that she had not trusted herself to think of for a long time past: she always took a big turn about that haunted corner of her conscience. But now, at the sight of the young man down-stairs, so openly and jovially Leila's, she was overwhelmed at the senseless waste of her own adventure, and wrung with the irony of perceiving that the success or failure of the deepest human experiences may hang on a matter of chronology.

Then gradually the thought of Ide returned to her. "I chose to think that our case was n't closed," he had said. She had been deeply touched by that. To every one else her case had been closed so long! *Finis* was scrawled all over her. But here was one man who had believed and waited, and what if what he believed in and waited for were coming true? If Leila's "all right" should really foreshadow hers?

As yet, of course, it was impossible to tell. She had fancied, indeed, when she entered the drawing-room before luncheon, that a too-sudden hush had fallen on the assembled group of Leila's friends, on the slender, vociferous young women and the lounging, golf-stockinged young men. They had all received her politely, with the kind of petrified politeness that may be either a tribute to age or a protest at laxity; but to them, of course, she must be an old woman because she was Leila's mother, and in a society so dominated by

youth the mere presence of maturity was a constraint.

One of the young girls, however, had presently emerged from the group, and, attaching herself to Mrs. Lidcote's side, had listened to her with a blue gaze of admiration which gave the older woman a sudden happy consciousness of her long-forgotten social graces. It was agreeable to find herself attracting this young Charlotte Wynn, whose mother had been among her closest friends, and in whom something of the soberness and softness of the earlier manners had survived. But the little colloquy, broken up by the announcement of luncheon, could of course result in nothing more definite than this reminiscent emotion.

No, she could not yet tell how her own case was to be fitted into the new order of things; but there were more people—"older people" Leila had put it—arriving by the afternoon train, and that evening at dinner she would doubtless be able to judge. She began to wonder nervously who the new-comers might be. Probably she would be spared the embarrassment of finding old acquaintances among them; but it was odd that her daughter had mentioned no names.

Leila had proposed that, later in the afternoon, Wilbour should take her mother for a drive: she said she wanted them to have a "nice, quiet talk." But Mrs. Lidcote wished her talk with Leila to come first, and had, moreover, at luncheon, caught stray allusions to an impending tennis-match in which her son-in-law was engaged. Her fatigue had been a sufficient pretext for declining the drive, and she had begged Leila to think of her as peacefully reposing in her room till such time as they could snatch their quiet moment.

"Before tea, then, you duck!" Leila with a last kiss had decided; and presently Mrs. Lidcote, through her open window, had heard the fresh, loud voices of her daughter's visitors chiming across the gardens from the tennis-court.

(To be concluded)

SONG

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

OUT of the dusky midnight,
Over the silver dew,
A spirit came
With a heart of flame,
Singing of you, of you.

Dawn rose over the mountains,
Gold on the farthest height;
And the robins sang
Till the wildwood rang
Only of Love's delight.

Midnight and dawn and sunset,—
Rose of the East and West,—
Again I wait
At your garden-gate,
And the thorn is in my breast!

MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS WORK

EIGHTH PAPER: HE IS CONDEMNED AT WORMS AND HIDDEN IN THE WARTBURG, WHERE HE TRANSLATES THE NEW TESTAMENT

BY ARTHUR C. McGIFFERT

Professor of Church History in Union Theological Seminary, New York

PRECEDED by the imperial herald Caspar Sturm and accompanied by his colleague Nicholas Amsdorf, an Augustinian brother, John Petzensteiner, and one of his students, a young Pomeranian nobleman, Peter Swaben, Luther left Wittenberg on April 2, 1521, riding in state with his companions in a covered wagon. The city magistrates provided the conveyance and the university added funds for the journey. Condemned heretic though he was, town after town showed him distinguished honor as he passed through. The papal legate Aleander reported that his entire journey was nothing less than a triumphal procession. At Leipsic the city council sent him a gift of wine. At Erfurt, where his old friend Crotus was rector of the university, he was met outside the walls by an imposing deputation, and was greeted with an oration by the rector and a poem by Eoban Hesse, the most celebrated poet of the day.

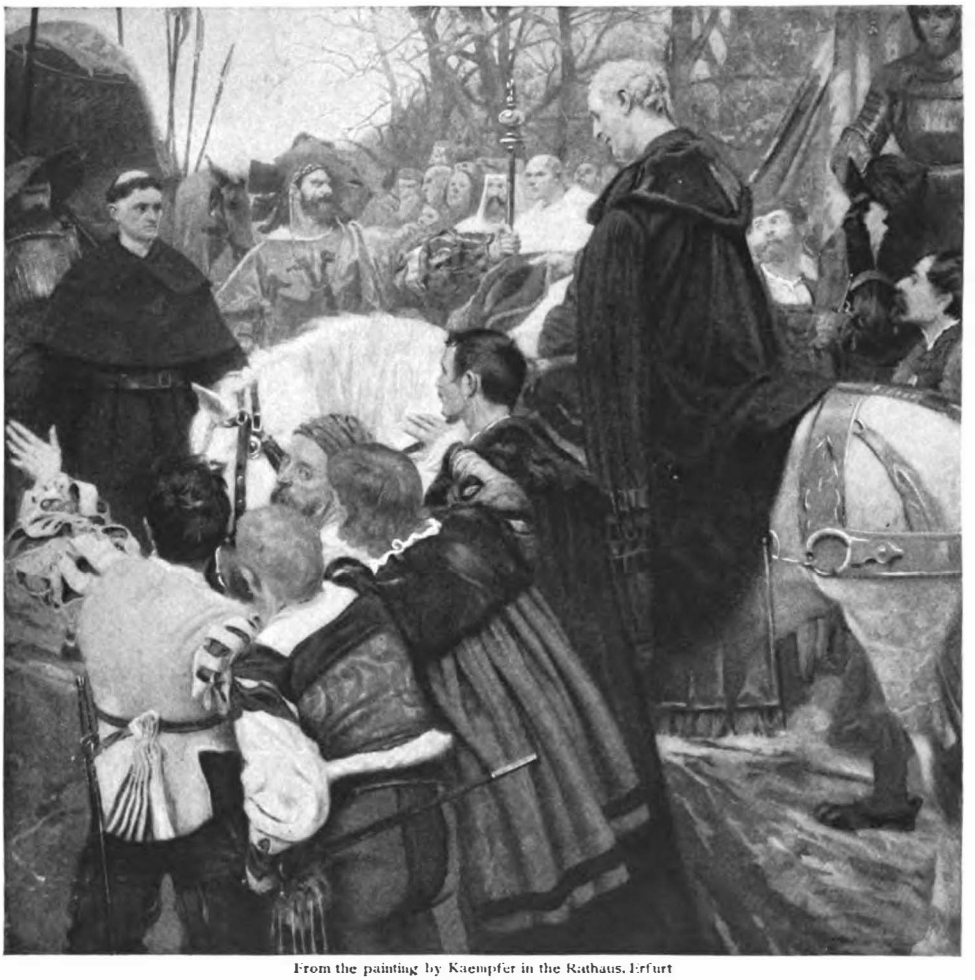
Early in his journey he was unpleasantly surprised to learn of the imperial mandate requiring the sequestration of his books. He was alarmed, he says, and trembled at the news, for it showed that the emperor was against him and he could hope for little from his own appearance at the diet. But his resolution to proceed remained unshaken.

According to his friend Myconius, when warned that he would be burned to ashes by the cardinals and bishops at Worms, and reminded of the fate that befell Hus at Constance, he replied, "Even if they kindled a fire as high as heaven from Wittenberg to Worms, I would appear in the name of the Lord, in obedience to the imperial summons, and would walk into behemoth's mouth, between his great teeth, and confess Christ." Though Myconius is not a very trustworthy reporter, the words have a genuine ring.

From Frankfort, where he stopped over night, Luther wrote Spalatin, who was already at Worms with the elector:

> We are coming, my Spalatin, although Satan has tried to stop me with more than one sickness. The whole way from Eisenach here I have been miserable and am still in a way not before experienced. Charles's mandate I know has been published to frighten me. But Christ lives, and we will enter Worms in spite of all the gates of hell and powers of the air. I send a copy of the imperial letter. I have thought it well to write no more letters until I arrive and see what is to be done, that Satan may not be puffed up, whom I am minded rather to terrify and despise. Arrange a lodging for me therefore. Farewell.

A year later, in a letter to the elector he remarked: "The devil saw clearly the mood I was in when I went to Worms. Had I known as many devils would set upon me as there were tiles on the roofs, I should have sprung into the midst of them with joy." Long afterward, in talking about his journey, he repeated the same words, and added: "For I was undismayed and feared nothing, so foolish can God make a man! I am not sure I should now be so joyful."



From the painting by Kaempfer in the Rathaus, Erfurt

LUTHER AT ERFURT ON HIS WAY TO WORMS

He was greeted by a delegation of burghers, and professors and students of the university. One of the town dignitaries is on horseback, and in the background is seen the imperial herald, waving the crowd back with uplifted staff.

He reached his journey's end about ten o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the sixteenth of April. His coming was announced by a trumpeter, and though it was the hour of the midday meal, the whole town poured out to see him. Aleander sent one of his attendants to witness the great heretic's arrival, and afterward wrote the papal vice-chancellor: "About a hundred horsemen, presumably Sickingen's, accompanied him to the city gate. Sitting in a wagon with three companions, he entered the city, surrounded by some eight riders, and took up his lodging in the neighborhood of his Saxon prince. When he alighted, a priest threw his arms about him, touched his garments three times, and went away exulting, as if he had handled a relic of the greatest of saints. I suspect it will soon be said he works miracles. This Luther, as he stepped from the wagon, looked about with his demoniac eyes and said, 'God will be with me.' Then he entered a chamber where many gentlemen visited him, with ten or twelve of whom he dined, and after dinner everybody ran in to see him."

In spite of the pressure he was under, he took the time the next morning to visit a sick nobleman who had expressed the desire to see him. After offering him spiritual consolation, he heard him confess, and administered the sacrament. It was a thoroughly characteristic act, for he was never too busy to heed such calls. Always to the end of his days he remained a de-

voted and self-sacrificing pastor and spiritual guide.

At four in the afternoon he appeared before the diet, sitting at the time in the bishop's palace, where the Emperor Charles and his brother Ferdinand were staying. The hall was filled with a large and distinguished company of princes, noblemen, high ecclesiastics, representatives of the various states and free cities of Germany, and ambassadors of foreign powers, including two from England. It was an impressive occasion, fraught with consequence not only for Luther himself, but for the empire and the world as well. The case of the condemned monk was only one of many items of business to engage the attention of the diet, and doubtless most of the members were far more interested in other matters of local or national concern. Few realized the seriousness of the situation, and fewer still appreciated the world-wide significance of the monk's appearance before the German emperor and estates. But all were curious to see and hear the man who had made such a stir, and it is not surprising that the hall was crowded, as well as the streets outside.

Aleander was scandalized to see the Wittenberg monk enter the hall with a smiling face and let his eyes rove over the assembled company instead of exhibiting the humility and fear appropriate to one in his situation. The humanist Peutinger, a delegate from the city of Augsburg, where he had entertained Luther at the time of his appearance before Cajetan, happened to be standing near and was greeted cheerily with the words, "What, you here, too, Herr Doctor?" Peutinger afterward saw him frequently during his stay in Worms, and reported to the Augsburg authorities that he found him always in excellent spirits.

As soon as he had reached his place, Luther was peremptorily required to say whether he acknowledged as his own a pile of some twenty books collected by the diligence of Aleander and arranged upon a table before him, and whether he would retract the whole or any part of their contents. He wondered, as he later remarked, where so many of his writings had been picked up; but when their titles had been read, he promptly acknowledged them as his own, adding that he had written many others besides. In reply to the second question, he asked for time to consider the matter, since faith and salvation and the divine word were involved, and to answer without premeditation might work injury to the word and endanger his own soul. The papal legates and imperial counselors were surprised and annoyed, but after some hesitation he was granted a delay of twenty-four hours.

THE CATHEDRAL AT WORMS, WHICH WAS STANDING IN LUTHER'S TIME

THE LUTHER MEMORIAL AT WORMS

About Luther, the central figure, are seated four precursors of the Reformation: Hus, Savonarola, Wyclif, and Peter Waldo; the standing figure at the right of Luther is Melanchthon, and a figure of Reuchlin, at the left, is hidden by the statue of Frederick the Wise, at the corner, with uplifted sword; the outside figure, at the right, is Philip the Magnanimous of Hesse.

Much speculation has been indulged in as to the reason for this request. In one of the many extant reports of the occasion from the pen of the Frankfort representative, Fürstenberg, Luther is said to have spoken in a low voice, as if he were frightened and confused. This has led to the common assumption that he was overawed by the august assembly and too much upset to take a firm stand such as might ordinarily have been expected of him. It would perhaps not be surprising if he were. For the first time face to face with the leading princes of the empire and the greatest sovereign of the world, almost any man might be pardoned if he were dazzled by the spectacle and disconcerted by the hostility shown in the abrupt demand for a retraction. But the evidence is insufficient to support the conclusion. No one else, so far as we are aware, shared Fürstenberg's opinion that Luther was frightened, though many who have left reports of the occasion had a much better opportunity than he to observe the monk's attitude.

We must not be misled by the dramatic contrasts of the scene—a poor monk of peasant birth standing alone against the world. If he had been standing alone, the emperor and diet would never have wasted their time with him. He was no mere individual, on trial for his life, but the champion of a great and growing party, of political, as well as religious, importance. Nor was he a simple-minded, inexperienced monk, thrust suddenly into the lime-light of publicity, but a seasoned warrior, long aware of the national significance of the battle he was engaged in. At Worms he had a host of influential supporters, and was surrounded by sage counselors. It is impossible to suppose he entered the hall ignorant of what he had to expect and without a carefully arranged plan of procedure. Apparently the plan did not altogether please Luther himself, for he later complained that under the influence of his friends he was milder at Worms than he would have liked to be. Doubtless his supporters were greatly divided as to the best way to meet the situation, and many of them must have hoped some compromise could be reached whereby the crushing of the whole movement might be prevented. Very likely he was induced to ask for delay until there was time for further discussion, in the light of the impression made by his first appearance. During the following night we are told he was in constant consultation with his friends, so that he got no sleep at all. And when he appeared before the diet the next day, firm as his final answer was, it was phrased very carefully, and in such a way as to give as little offense as possible.

Speaking in a louder voice than at his first appearance, so as to be heard by everybody in the hall, he apologized for any lack of respect he might have shown the members of the diet the previous day, through ignorance of the forms and customs of the great world, and then gave his answer to the crucial question at con-

siderable length, first in German and afterward in Latin.

His writings he divided into three groups. Some of them, he said, concerned faith and morals, and were so simple and evangelical that even his enemies confessed them harmless and worthy to be read by Christian people. Others attacked the pope, and these he could not retract without giving support and encouragement to his abominable tyrannies. Still others were directed against individuals who opposed his gospel and defended the papacy. In these he confessed he had often been more violent than was seemly, for he did not claim to be a saint; but if he withdrew them, impiety under his protection would prevail more widely than ever. At the same time, repeating the words of Christ, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil," he professed himself ready to submit and recant provided he were proved wrong. If his teachings were out of harmony with the Bible, he would be the first to throw his books into the fire.

When reproved for not speaking to the point, and asked to give a categorical answer without horns, whether he would recant or not, he replied:

> Since, then, your Majesty and Lordships demand a simple response, I will give one with neither horns nor teeth to this effect. Unless convinced by the testimony of Scripture or by clear reason—for I believe neither pope nor counsels alone, since it is certain they have often erred and contradicted themselves,—having been conquered by the Scriptures referred to and my conscience taken captive by the word of God, I cannot and will not revoke anything, for it is neither safe nor right to act against one's conscience. God help me. Amen.

A discussion ensued touching the authority of councils, when the emperor, as it was already growing late, interrupted the colloquy and abruptly closed the session.

Arrived at his lodgings, Luther threw up his hands, according to the report of an eye-witness, and cried with joy, "I am through, I am through!" The strain must have been tremendous even for him, and his relief that it was all over and he had held his ground without flinching was proportionately great. A few days later, in a letter to his friend Lucas Cranach, he made the following characteristic comment upon the whole affair: "In my opinion the emperor ought to have gathered a number of doctors and conquered the monk by argument. Instead of that, I was simply asked, 'Are the books yours?' 'Yes.' 'Will you recant them?' 'No.' 'Then begone.' Oh, we blind Germans, how childishly we act and how contemptible we are to allow the Romans to make such fools of us!"

The impression made by Luther upon the members of the diet was very diverse. According to Aleander's report, written at the close of the first day, many even of those friendly to him, after seeing him, thought him crazy or possessed, while others considered him a pious man, full of the Holy Spirit. Later the legate wrote

BAS-RELIEF ON THE LUTHER MEMORIAL AT WORMS

From the photograph by Hanfstaengl of the painting by J. S. von Carolsfeld

LUTHER BEFORE THE EMPEROR CHARLES V AND THE GERMAN PRINCES, AT THE DIET OF WORMS, IN 1521

that his coming had had excellent results. The emperor saw in him only a dissolute and demented man, and exclaimed disdainfully, "He will never make a heretic of me." In fact, his appearance and conduct had destroyed altogether the reputation he had hitherto enjoyed.

On the contrary, according to another eye-witness, Luther conducted himself so bravely, Christianly, and honorably that the Romanists would have been very thankful if he had not come.

The Elector Frederick was delighted with him, and said privately to Spalatin, "The father, Dr. Martin, spoke well before the emperor and all the princes and estates of the realm in Latin and German. He is much too bold for me."

In pursuance of the agreement reached before he was summoned, the emperor wished to have sentence at once passed upon the refractory heretic; but some of the influential members of the diet thought it possible, in view of his promise to retract if he were convinced of his errors, that he might yield to instruction or persuasion. At any rate, to condemn him without making an effort to show him wrong, it was felt, would lead the populace to think him unfairly treated. There were those, too, who hoped his great influence might be used to promote the reformation of ecclesiastical abuses. As at previous diets, impatience with the exactions of the Curia found frequent expression at Worms, and even so good a Catholic as Duke George of Saxony presented a long list of grievances. A committee appointed to consider the matter drew up a document containing a hundred and two gravamina against the papacy and clergy, and, though never acted upon by the diet, it showed clearly enough the temper of many of the members. With Luther's doctrinal innovations few of them were in sympathy. They had little enough idea of what they were, but they feared their unsettling effects and were sure they ought not to be tolerated. Hus and the Bohemian uprising were constantly before their minds, and the dread of similar trouble in Germany acted continually as a check. With Luther himself the situation was reversed. He was willing to yield in the matter of ecclesiastical abuses, and keep silent for the sake of the peace of the church, but he would not dissemble his doctrinal beliefs. He had attacked the pope, he said, not because of his bad life, but of his false teaching. The word of God, he insisted, must not be bound, and preach it he would as he understood it, whatever the consequences might be. With such convictions it was quite impossible for him to enter into the sort of compromise many of the princes wished. Matters in their opinion of minor concern he considered of fundamental importance, and they ultimately discovered, to their great disgust, that he was quite intractable. So long as there was hope that he could be controlled and made use of, they were anxious to protect him, but when it became evident that he would go his own independent way and bring about changes they did not like, they dropped him altogether.

But, in the meantime, the emperor having finally consented, in spite of Aleander's protests, to grant a brief delay, negotiations with Luther were carried on under the lead of the Archbishop of Treves, a liberal and fair-minded prelate and a personal friend of the Elector Frederick. A series of interviews was held, which must have proved more trying to Luther than his appearance before the diet. Every form of persuasion was brought to bear upon him. His patriotism, his loyalty to the emperor, and his love for the church were appealed to. Theological argument was tried and Biblical scholarship invoked, but all to no purpose. At one time it was believed he was about to yield, and the archbishop was much encouraged; but the belief was due to a misunderstanding, and it was soon discovered that nothing could be done.

From the pen of John Cochlæus, a Frankfort theologian, later one of Luther's principal opponents and author of the first unfriendly biography of the Reformer, we have a long and interesting account of a protracted discussion he had with Luther and his friends. Visiting them in their lodgings, he attempted single-handed to meet the whole company in debate, and he was obliged to submit to considerable banter and to suffer some hard knocks from those present. The interview was enlivened by a tilt between Cochlæus and the Wittenberg Augustinian Petzensteiner. When Cochlæus addressed him contemptuously as "Little Brother," and asked him disdainfully if he thought there were no wise men except in Wittenberg, Luther,

who happened to enter the room at the moment, quieted the threatened disturbance with the jocose remark, "My brother thinks he is wiser than all of us, especially when he has been drinking hard." The words brought a laugh and restored the company's good humor.

At another point Cochlæus asked Luther whether he had received a revelation, and after some hesitation the Reformer replied in the affirmative, to the no small scandal of the Frankfort theologian, who accused him of contradicting himself and asserting at one moment what he denied at another. As a matter of fact, the question was not an easy one to answer. Luther firmly believed his gospel came from God, and yet he naturally hesitated to claim supernatural illumination, and as a rule was careful not to do so. But all his conduct was that of a man believing in divine inspiration and aware of his own divine call. The two disputants finally separated in a friendly spirit, but Cochlæus assured Luther of his intention to write against him, and the latter promised to answer him to the best of his ability.

After a week of futile effort on the part of the Archbishop of Treves and others called in to assist him, the Reformer begged to be allowed to depart, and on Friday, the twenty-sixth of April, left Worms with an imperial safe-conduct good for twenty days. He was ordered not to preach on the way home, but refused to be bound by the prohibition.

After his departure, Aleander was intrusted by the emperor with the task of preparing an edict of condemnation. That the papal legate should be called upon to do this was an interesting indication of Charles's attitude. He was a devout Catholic, and though in political matters he might deal with the pope as with any other civil ruler, when legal effect was to be given the papal condemnation, he recognized the pope's representative as the proper person to formulate the decision. The result was not a brief and summary state document, but an elaborate account of Luther's errors and of the means employed to bring him to reason. Particular stress was laid upon his alleged anarchical principles and his incitement of the masses to uproar, bloodshed, and war. Evidently the need was felt, as in the bull Exurge Domine, of justifying the action before the people of Germany, whose devotion to Luther had been the chief obstacle in the way of his condemnation.

The edict put Luther unconditionally under the ban of the empire, and thenceforth to the end of his life he remained an outlaw. He was to be seized wherever found and sent to the emperor, or held in safe-keeping until his fate was decided upon. All his books were ordered burned, and to publish, sell, buy, or read any of his writings was strictly forbidden. To support or follow him was to involve oneself in his guilt, and to befriend or hold communication with him openly or secretly was to commit the crime of lese-majesty. The document was approved by the emperor on the eighth of May and received his signature on the twenty-sixth of the month. It was not submitted to the diet, but it had the assent of the leading princes still on the ground, the Elector of Saxony having left Worms some time before, and in view of the earlier decision to condemn Luther if he did not recant, its proclamation was entirely in order.

Aleander was overjoyed at the outcome of the difficult and complicated affair. He had spent many anxious months over it, and when it was finally brought to a successful completion, his exultation knew no bounds. He even broke into poetry in the despatch announcing the final decision, and his satisfaction with the emperor was expressed in glowing terms. "I cannot refrain," he exclaimed, "from adding a few words about this most glorious emperor, whom I have always spoken of in my despatches as the best man in the world. As appears more clearly day by day, he is superior to every one else in wisdom as well as in goodness. Daily can be seen in his acts a judgment more than human." Though Charles had purposely postponed the adoption of the edict and had often acted as if opposed to the wishes of the pope, Aleander declared it was simply in order to secure the assent of the princes to other matters of the utmost importance. The delay, he thought, had really proved of great benefit, and the effect of the edict was far better than if it had been published at the opening of the diet.

THUS Luther's appearance at Worms, to which he had looked forward as a splen-

did opportunity to proclaim his gospel before the princes and lords of Germany, and from which, in his faith in the power of the spoken word, he had expected great things, apparently resulted in a complete victory for his enemies and in the destruction of the cause he had at heart. Condemned both by church and state, it seemed as if the end had come both for him and for his work. His only possible course, it would seem, was to flee the country and make his way to some land like Bohemia, where neither emperor nor pope held sway, and whence he might easily continue his agitation and scatter his writings over Germany. This Aleander and many others actually feared he would do; but the Elector Frederick, true to his policy of supporting his professor without too openly incurring blame for his heresies, formed other plans for him. According to Spalatin, while Frederick was fond of Luther, and would have been very sorry to see any harm befall him, he was at this time somewhat faint-hearted and unwilling to incur the anger of the emperor. He therefore conceived the idea of concealing his condemned professor for a time, and secured his assent before he left Worms, though Luther would much have preferred to remain in the open.

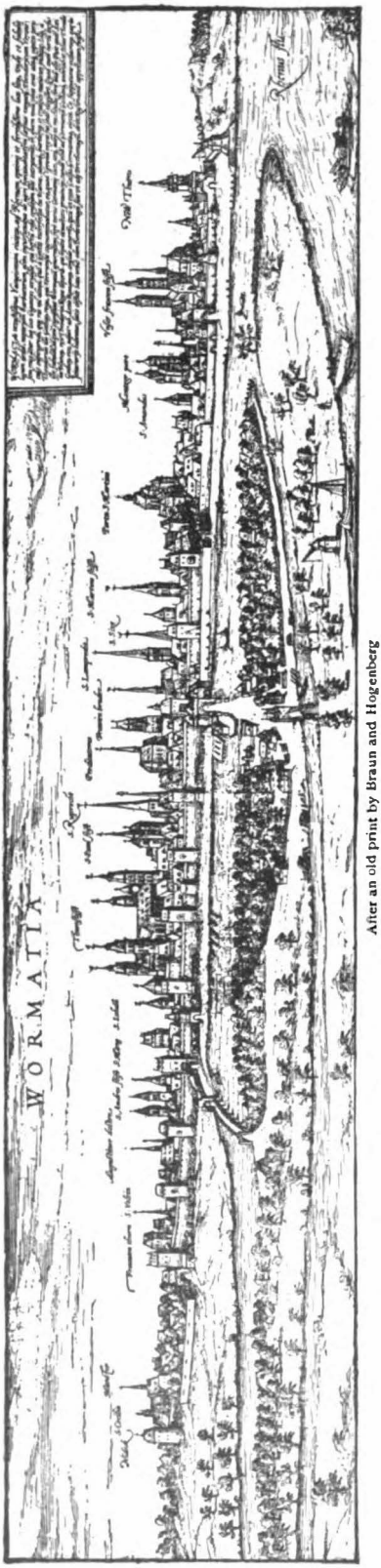
Writing from Frankfort on the morning of Sunday, the twenty-eighth of April, to his friend Lucas Cranach, Luther remarked, "I am allowing myself to be shut up and hidden; I don't know where. Though I should rather have suffered death at the hands of the tyrants, especially the raging Duke George of Saxony, I must not despise the advice of good people until the hour comes."

The same evening, after arriving at Friedberg, he wrote, at Spalatin's request, a long letter in Latin to the emperor and in German to the electors, princes, and estates of the realm, explaining and defending his course. As he had so often done, he asserted again his readiness to yield if he were convicted out of the Scriptures, and expressed in warmest terms his love for the Fatherland and his conviction that he was acting for its good. This conviction, indeed, did much to sustain him during all the troubles of these years. "I was born for my Germans," he once exclaimed, "and them I serve."

He was received by one after another of the towns through which he passed as warmly as on his way to Worms. At Hersfeld he was welcomed by the city council and handsomely entertained by the Benedictine abbot, who insisted on his preaching in the convent, although Luther warned him it might cost him his position. He also preached at Eisenach, where the parish priest, fearing possible consequences to himself, went through the formality of filing a protest before a notary, privately excusing himself to Luther for doing so. After being hospitably treated in the little city where he had spent the happiest years of his boyhood, he left, on the third of May, to visit his relatives in the near-by village of Möhra, his father's birthplace, where many of his kindred still lived. The next afternoon he started on again, taking a road through the forest in the direction of Waltershausen and Gotha. Shortly before dark, not far from the castle of Altenstein, the travelers were suddenly set upon by a company of armed horsemen. Most of Luther's companions, including the imperial herald, had already been got rid of on one or another pretext, and only Amsdorf and Brother Petzensteiner were with him. The latter at once took to his heels and made his way on foot to Waltershausen. Amsdorf, who had been forewarned of what was to happen, was permitted to return with the driver to Eisenach. Luther himself was taken back through the forest by devious paths to the Wartburg, one of the strongholds of the Elector Frederick, where he arrived late at night, half dead from fatigue.

The large and imposing castle, already more than four hundred years old and crowded with historical memories and legendary tales, stood upon the wooded heights just outside the walls of Eisenach, commanding the town itself and the beautiful Thuringian country for many miles round. There, in honorable captivity, Luther made his home for nearly a year, while the great movement which owed so much to him went on without him.

His disappearance was the signal for a tremendous outcry in all parts of Germany. In the absence of accurate information, rumors flew thick and fast. Many believed he was held in confinement by his enemies. Some thought he had been carried off by Sickingen, others that he had been murdered, and circumstantial tales were told



After an old print by Braun and Hogenberg

A VIEW OF WORMS IN 1572, FIFTY-ONE YEARS AFTER LUTHER'S CONDEMNATION

The episcopal palace, in which the imperial diet was held, stood near the cathedral, the church with four towers.

of the finding of his body in this or that spot. When the news reached Albrecht Dürer, who was traveling at the time in the Netherlands, he made a long entry in his diary expressing in impassioned terms his devotion to Luther and his sorrow at his death. "O God, is Luther dead, who will henceforth proclaim the gospel so clearly to us? O God, what might he not still have written for us in ten or twenty years!"

Luther himself reports that a Romanist wrote to the Archbishop of Mayence, "We are rid of Luther, as we wished to be; but the people are so stirred up that I suspect we shall scarcely escape with our lives unless with lighted candles we seek him everywhere and bring him back."

Aleander, as well as many others, guessed the truth, but neither he nor any one else knew where the condemned monk was hidden. Even the elector remained in ignorance of his whereabouts, that he might be able publicly to deny all knowledge of what had become of him. His identity was carefully concealed. He allowed his hair and beard to grow, put on the costume of a knight, wore a gold chain, carried a sword, and engaged occasionally in the sports and occupations of a young nobleman. He went by the name of Junker Jörg, and was generally supposed to be a knight living in temporary retirement. He had some difficulty in maintaining the character he had assumed, and in his rides and walks the attendant who always accompanied him frequently had much ado to keep him from betraying himself by his interest in books, so foreign to one of his supposed class, and by his tendency to enter into theological discussion with those he happened to meet.

His letters to his friends dated from "the region of the birds," from "the desert," or from "the Island of Patmos," show how lonely he was and how eager for news of the progress of events in Wittenberg and elsewhere. To be set aside as he was, and unable to go on with the great work, was a sore trial. He wrote to Melanchthon, begging to know what he thought of his retirement, and expressing the fear that it might be supposed he had fled from the conflict in cowardice. To his friend Agricola he wrote: "I am an extraordinary captive, sitting here willing and unwilling at the same time. Willing, because the Lord wills thus; unwilling, because I should prefer to stand publicly for the word, but not yet am I worthy." At first he was very impatient, but gradually, amazing as it

seems in one like him, he grew accustomed to his enforced confinement, and even felt relief at being once more by himself and apart from the strife and turmoil he had endured for three years. "What is going on in the world I care nothing for," he wrote Spalatin. "Here I sit in quiet."

The largeness and generosity of his nature were strikingly shown in his complete freedom from petty jealousy and from regard for his own importance. His letters reveal no trace of annoyance because the movement he had started was going on as prosperously under the lead of others. On the contrary, he was continually rejoicing to find himself unnecessary to it, and when his friends lamented his absence and longed for his return, he kept assuring them with unmistakable sincerity that the cause was better off without him. "I rejoice so greatly in your fullness," he wrote Amsdorf, "that I bear my absence most tranquilly. For I see it is not you who need me, but I who need you." To Spalatin he wrote, "I am pleased with the news from Wittenberg, and give thanks to Christ who has raised up others in my place so that I see they now have no need of me, though Philipp gives way too much to his affections and bears the cross more impatiently than becomes a disciple, still less such a master." And to Melanchthon himself:

You are already full, you reign without me, nor do I see why you desire me so greatly, or what need you have of my labors. You seem to invent difficulties, for your affairs go better in my absence than when I am present. Although I should most gladly be with you, since you have all you need, I should not be reluctant to go to Erfurt or Cologne or wherever else the Lord might think good to open a door for me to preach. How great is the harvest everywhere, and there are no laborers! But you are all laborers. We ought not to think of ourselves but of our brethren scattered everywhere, lest perchance we live for ourselves, that is, for the devil, and not for Christ.

Nevertheless, he began now to suffer a return of the mental depression of his earlier days. For some years he had apparently been almost free from it; but being again by himself and without absorbing activities, he was once more plagued by what he called the assaults of Satan. His own references to the devil's nightly visitations were richly embellished by his early biographers, and a whole crop of legends has grown up about the chambers he occupied in the lonely castle. Creaking shutters, gnawing rats, howling winds, the thousand and one noises which hammer at the ears of the sleepless and make night hideous when the nerves are all awry, were interpreted as demoniacal attacks, and were met by Scriptural quotation or muttered prayer. Poor health, due to his unaccustomed mode of living, had something to do with his troubles; loneliness and loss of the engrossing occupations and responsibilities of recent years even more. He was plagued not only with physical manifestations of the enmity of the evil one, but also with excruciating doubts and fears. What if he were all wrong and were deceiving and leading to perdition the multitudes who were looking to him for leadership? "Are you alone wise, and has all the world gone wrong until you came to set it right?" was a taunt that caused him many an agonized hour. Struggle as he might, anxiety would overwhelm him at times, until he wished he were dead or had never been born.

Relief he found sometimes in prayer, sometimes in out-of-door excursions, in the course of which he now and then visited the surrounding towns and mingled unrecognized with the crowds in market-place and inn. On one occasion he even took part in a two-days' hunt. His description of it in a letter to Spalatin is beautifully characteristic:

Last week I followed the chase for two days that I might taste that bitter-sweet pleasure of heroes. We caught two hares and three poor little partridges—a worthy occupation indeed for men of leisure. Even there among the nets and dogs I reflected upon theology, and great as was the pleasure of the scene, I was made sorrowful and wretched by the thoughts it suggested. For what else did it signify than the devil; who pursues these innocent little beasts with his snares and impious dogs of teachers, the bishops and theologians? Only too sensible I was of this sad picture of simple and believing souls. A still more dreadful symbol followed. When by my exertions a little

hare had been preserved alive, and concealing him in my sleeve I had withdrawn to one side, the dogs found the poor beast and bit it through my coat, breaking its leg and strangling it. Thus the pope and Satan rage that they may destroy even saved souls regardless of my efforts. I have had enough of such hunting. It is sweeter, in my opinion, to slay with darts and arrows bears, wolves, wild boars, foxes, and impious teachers such as these. But I comfort myself with the thought that it is a symbol of salvation when hares and harmless beasts are caught by a man rather than by bears, wolves, rapacious hawks, and similar bishops and theologians. For in the latter case they are devoured, as it were, for hell, in the former for heaven. I have written you this pleasahtry that you may know that you hunters at court will also be the hunted in paradise whom Christ, the best of hunters, shall scarcely with the greatest effort seize and save. When you are having sport in the chase, it is you who are sported with.

Relief from his mental distress Luther found still oftener in work. Though he was continually complaining of his indolence and lack of occupation, he really did an enormous amount of study and writing. "Here I sit with nothing to do, like a freeman among prisoners," he wrote Amsdorf; but for an idle man he accomplished extraordinary things. Though his place of concealment was kept a secret from the world at large, he did not hesitate to publish freely on all sorts of questions, and it was not long before enemies and friends alike knew the Reformer was still alive and in touch with all that was going on.

One of the most interesting incidents of his stay at the Wartburg was his tilt with Archbishop Albert of Mayence. Made bold by Luther's disappearance from the scene, the archbishop ventured to open a new sale of indulgences at Halle, where he had gathered an extraordinary collection of relics, beside which the treasures of the castle church at Wittenberg paled into insignificance. From the proceeds of this new traffic he hoped to replenish his exhausted exchequer and also to build a university at Halle to rival the one at Wittenberg. When the matter came to Luther's knowledge, he sat down in the first flush of indignation to write a severe tract "Against the Idol at Halle," informing Spalatin of what he was doing. The elector promptly protested and ordered Luther to leave the Archbishop of Mayence alone. The one thing Frederick did not want was to have his professor get embroiled again with so prominent a prince of the realm. He was secretly defying the emperor and diet in protecting Luther, but he hoped the excitement would soon quiet down and the whole affair be forgotten. If the condemned monk were again to break the peace in such a fashion, Frederick's policy would be altogether shattered, and his position, he felt, would become intolerable. His command, communicated through Spalatin, drew from Luther the following fiery protest:

A more displeasing letter I have scarcely ever read than your last one, so that I not only put off answering it, but even determined not to reply at all. In the first place, I will not endure what you say, that the prince will not permit Mayence to be written against or the public peace disturbed. Rather I will lose you and the prince himself and every creature. For if I have withstood his creator the pope, why should I yield to his creature? Beautifully indeed you say that the public peace must not be disturbed while you suffer the eternal peace of God to be broken by the impious and sacrilegious acts of that son of perdition. Not so, Spalatin! Not so, Prince! For the sake of Christ's sheep, this most terrible wolf must be resisted with all one's powers, as an example to others. Therefore I send the little book against him, finished before your letter came. I have not been moved by what you write to make any alterations, although I have submitted it to the pen of Philipp that he may change it as he sees fit. Beware you do not return the book to Philipp, or dissuade him from publishing it. It is settled that you will not be listened to.

A few weeks later he took matters into his own hands and wrote Archbishop Albert one of his characteristic letters, threatening to pillory him before all the world if he did not at once put an end to his new indulgence campaign.

Your Electoral Grace perhaps thinks that, now I am off the scene, you are safe from me and the monk is smothered by his Imperial Majesty. That may be as it is, but

your Electoral Grace shall know that I will do what Christian love demands, regardless of the gates of hell, to say nothing of the unlearned, popes, cardinals, and bishops. It is so well known that indulgences are mere knavery and deception, and Christ alone ought to be preached to the people, that your Electoral Grace cannot excuse yourself on the ground of ignorance. Therefore your Electoral Grace is hereby informed in writing, if the idol is not done away with, I shall be unavoidably compelled, for the sake of divine doctrine and Christian salvation, to attack your Electoral Grace openly as well as the pope, to denounce the undertaking merrily, to lay at the door of the Bishop of Mayence all the old enormities of Tetzel, and to show the whole world the difference between a bishop and a wolf. I have no pleasure in your Electoral Grace's shame and humiliation, but if a stop is not put to the profaning and desecrating of God's truth, I and all Christians are in duty bound to maintain His honor, although the whole world, to say nothing of a poor man, a cardinal, be thereby disgraced. I shall not keep still, and even if I do not succeed, I hope you bishops will no longer sing your little song with joy. You have not yet got rid of all those whom Christ has awakened against your idolatrous tyranny. Within a fortnight I shall expect your Electoral Grace's favorable reply, for at the expiration of that time my little book "Against the Idol at Halle" will be issued if a public answer is not received.

The wholesome respect in which Luther's pen was held is shown by the complete submission of the frightened ecclesiastic. At the end of three weeks he wrote the irate monk an apologetic letter full of expressions of personal humility, assuring him that the traffic had been already stopped and that he would do nothing unbecoming a pious clergyman and Christian prince. The archbishop's prompt submission made the publication of the tract against him unnecessary, and it never saw the light.

FAR and away the most important fruit of Luther's stay at the Wartburg was his translation of the New Testament, begun at Melanchthon's solicitation in December, and completed in less than three months. After a careful revision it was hurried through the press, and in September appeared in its first edition in a large folio volume embellished with many woodcuts. It was soon followed by a translation of successive books of the Old Testament, until, in 1534, the whole Bible was issued together. Even then Luther did not stop, but went on revising and improving until his death, and no fewer than ten editions of the complete work were published during his lifetime.

He was not the first to put the Scriptures into the German language. Vernacular translations were very common and had a wide circulation among the people. During the previous half-century, eighteen German editions of the whole Bible had been published, and some of Luther's own acquaintances were engaged in the task of translating before he began. Writing to his friend Lang, who had recently issued a German version of the Gospel of Matthew, he urged him to go on with the work, and expressed the wish that every town might have its own translator, that the Bible might be the better understood by the people.

That he had many predecessors diminishes in no degree the importance of Luther's work. Though his was not the first German Bible, it soon won its way to general favor and crowded all others out of use.

The contrast with the earlier versions was very great. They were based on the Latin Vulgate, the official Bible of the Catholic Church, and smacked largely of their source. Written in a curious Latinized German, most of them were unattractive and sometimes almost unintelligible. Luther translated his New Testament direct from the Greek, and his Old Testament from the Hebrew. Besides getting nearer to the original, he was thus able to avoid the deleterious influence of the Latin, and produce a translation genuinely German in style and spirit.

His qualifications for the work were many. Though he was not one of the great philologists of the day, he had an excellent knowledge of both Hebrew and Greek, and a very unusual faculty, quite out of proportion to his grammatical attainments, for getting at the meaning of an author and divining the sense of obscure and difficult passages. He could also call upon Melanchthon and other eminent lin-

guists in Wittenberg for assistance when needed.

His long and intimate acquaintance with the Bible likewise stood him in good stead. Ever since his Erfurt days he had been a diligent student of it and had fairly saturated himself with its spirit and contents. His profound religious experience gave him a sympathy with it he could have gained in no other way. He found his own innermost feelings expressed in it, and his translation of many a passage was as truly the free and spontaneous expression of his own heart as the reproduction of the words of another. He doubtless had this in mind when he wrote: "Translating is not everybody's gift. It demands a genuinely pious, true, industrious, reverent, Christian, learned, experienced, and practised heart. Therefore I hold that no false Christian or sectary can translate correctly, as appears, for instance, in the Worms edition of the prophets. Great labor was employed in its preparation, and my German was closely imitated; but the translators were Jews, with little loyalty to Christ, and so their art and industry were vain."

His intimate contact in the confessional with the religious emotions, aspirations, and weaknesses of his fellows had also thrown light upon his own experiences and sharpened his insight into the hearts of men. He had a profound knowledge of human nature, as his letters, sermons, and tracts abundantly show, and it enabled him to understand as few have understood the most widely and variously human of all the world's books.

Most important of all was his extraordinary command of the German language. It is not often a writer of the first rank gives himself to the translation of another's work. Such a writer Luther was, and his version remains one of the great classics of the world. He had a command of idiomatic, racy, colloquial German seldom equaled and never surpassed, and he undertook to make the Bible really a German book.

In a tract on the subject of translating, defending his work against the strictures of his enemies, he remarked, "I have tried to talk German, not Latin and Greek"; and again, "You must not get your German from the Latin, as these asses do, but you must get it from the mother in the home, the child in the street, the common man in the market-place." The difficulties of the task he indicated in the words, "In translating I have always made the effort to write pure and clear German; and it has often happened that we have sought a fortnight or even three and four weeks for a single word, and then sometimes not found it." And in a letter to his friend Link: "How great and laborious a task it is to force Hebrew writers to talk German! How they strive against it and rebel at being compelled to forsake their native manner and follow the rough German style! It is just as if a nightingale were made to give up its own sweet melody and imitate the song of the cuckoo, though disliking it extremely."

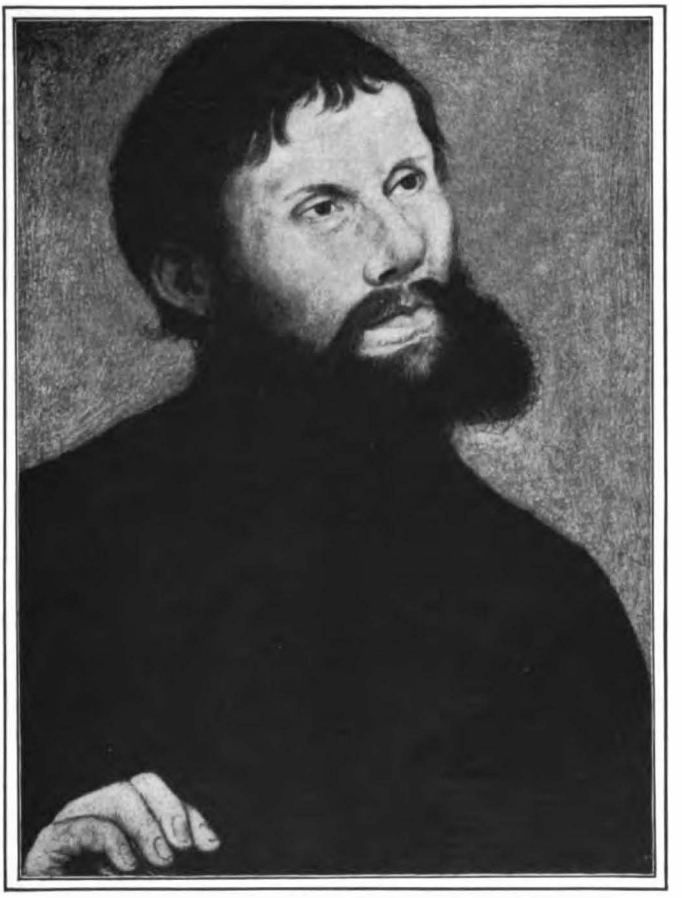
He did not try to transport his readers back into Bible days, but to bring the Bible down to their own day. It was not a scholar's book he aimed to produce, done so literally that it might be retranslated into the original languages, but a people's book, so idiomatic and modern that its readers might forget it was written in a foreign tongue, in a distant land, and in an age long past. He therefore allowed himself many liberties with the text, often substituting the name of a more for a less familiar object, and adding words freely where needed to bring out the sense or to make the scene vivid and real. The result of his efforts was a Bible translation which, after the lapse of four centuries, still stands unapproached in its vital and compelling power.

The German employed by him was not his own creation, but it owed him much. The dialects of the day were many and various, so that people living only a few score miles apart, as he once remarked, could scarcely understand each other. But a common diplomatic language had already developed, and become the medium of official communication between all the principalities of the land. This he made the basis of his written German. "I use no special dialect of my own," he once said, "but the common German language, that I may be understood by all alike. I use the speech of the Saxon chancery, which is followed by all the princes and kings of Germany."

Formal, stilted, and clumsy enough it was as employed in the state documents of the day, but Luther greatly modified and

enriched it, making it more flexible and colloquial, and enlarging its vocabulary from the language of the people, spoken and written. He had a wide knowledge of current literature, devotional and otherwise, and an enormous fund of popular saws and proverbs, and his style, as a rule, was not only simple and clear, but wonderfully vivid and picturesque. It was no exaggeration when a contemporary declared, "Dr. Martin is a real German Cicero. He has not only taught us the true religion, but has reformed the German tongue, and there is no writer on earth who equals him in it." His writings did much to promote the spread of the German he used and to give the whole country a common language. He was not the only agent in promoting this development, but he did more than any other single man, and above all books his German Bible contributed most.

But even more than the oneness of language promoted by it was the unity of sentiment to which it contributed. Divided the land was still, and torn for many a day with conflicts more bitter than it had ever known, but the Luther Bible went on generation by generation nourishing similar ideals and serving as few other agencies to unify the spirit of the German-speaking race.



From a photograph by the Berlin Photographische Gesellschaft, of the painting by Lucas Cranach in the City Library at Leipsic

LUTHER'S APPEARANCE WHILE SECLUDED IN THE WARTBURG, WHERE HE WAS KNOWN AS JUNKER JÖRG (SIR GEORGE)

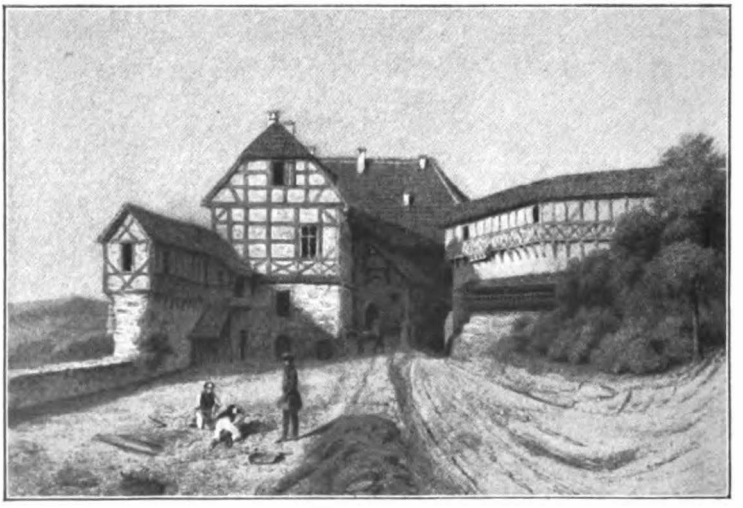
Thus the Reformer's enforced retirement bore rich fruit. Set aside from his active work as leader of the Reformation, he employed the quiet weeks of winter

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographische Gesellschaft, of the painting by Hugo Vogel

MARTIN LUTHER PREACHING IN THE WARTBURG

solitude in the lonely castle in a stupendous task, which, had he done nothing else, would alone have won for him the lasting gratitude of his native land.

(To be continued)



VIEW IN THE COURTYARD OF THE WARTBURG BEFORE ITS RESTORATION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

The room which is to-day shown as Luther's workroom, where, supposedly, he translated the New Testament, is in the large gable end and is lighted partly by the lower of the two windows.

CHAVEZ

BY MILDRED McNEAL SWEENEY

(Georges Chavez, after crossing the Alps in his aëroplane, fell and was killed Sept. 23, 1910.)

SO hath he fallen, the Endymion of the air,
And so lies down, in slumber lapped for aye.
Diana, passing, found his youth too fair,
His soul too fleet and willing to obey.
She swung her golden moon before his eyes—
Dreaming he rose to follow—and ran—and was away.

His foot was wingèd as the mounting sun.
Earth he disdained—the dusty ways of men
Not yet had learned. His spirit longed to run
With the bright clouds, his brothers, to answer when
The airs were fleetest and could give him hand
Into the starry fields beyond our plodding ken.

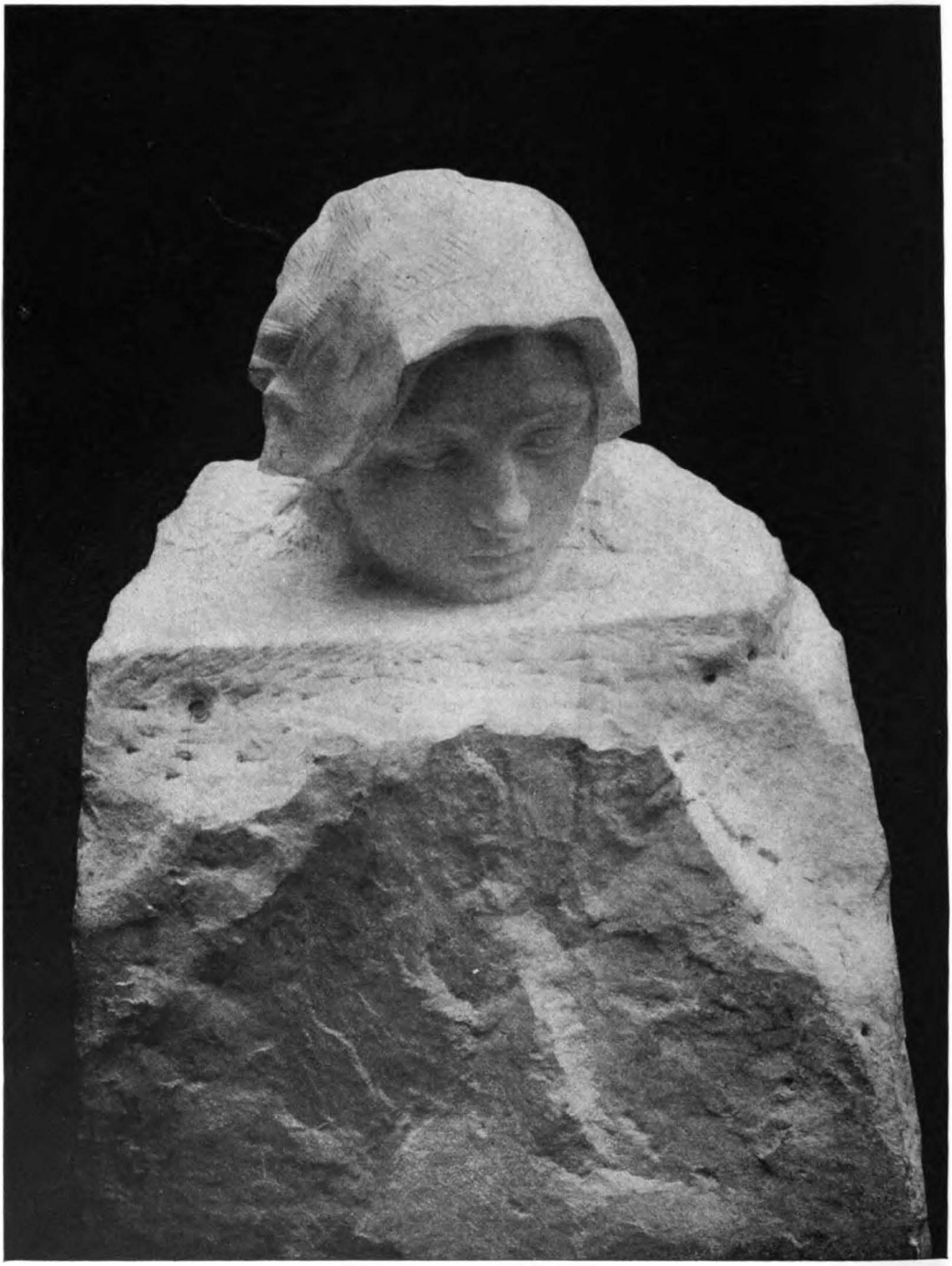
All wittingly that glorious way he chose,
And loved the peril when it was most bright.
He tried anew the long forbidden snows
And like an eagle topped the dropping height
Of Nagenhorn, and still toward Italy
Past peak and cliff pressed on, in glad, unerring flight.

Oh when the bird lies low with golden wing
Bruisèd past healing by some bitter chance,
Still must its tireless spirit mount and sing
Of meadows green with morning, of the dance
On windy trees, the darting flight away,
And of that last, most blue, triumphant downward glance.

So murmuring of the snow: "*The snow, and more,*
O God, more snow!" on that last field he lay.
Despair and wonder spent their passionate store
In his great heart, through heaven gone astray,
And early lost. Too far the golden moon
Had swung upon that bright, that long, untraversed way.

Now to lie ended on the murmuring plain—
Ah, this for his bold heart was not the loss,
But that those windy fields he ne'er again
Might try, nor fleet and shimmering mountains cross,
Unfollowed, by a path none other knew:
His bitter woe had here its deep and piteous cause.

Dear toils of youth unfinished! And songs unwritten left
By young and passionate hearts! O melodies
Unheard, whereof we ever stand bereft!
Clear-singing Schubert, boyish Keats—with these
He roams henceforth, one with the starry band,
Still paying to fairy call and far command
His spirit heed, still winged with golden prophecies.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

LA PENSÉE (THOUGHT)

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY AUGUSTE RODIN

BELOVED

THIS BEING THE STORY OF THE SCHISM AT THE LITTLE STONE CHURCH

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "Heart's Desire," "The Singing Mouse Stories," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. C. YOHN

"IS thee ready, Cousin Mar' Ellen?" asked Aunt Mary Alice. She paused for a moment at the door of a little house the brick front of which was well-nigh covered with morning-glories, and the short, straight walk of which gave directly upon the single street of Warrenford. "It is almost time, thee knows."

A gentle voice replied from somewhere among the morning-glories. A small bird chirped sweetly in its cage at the window, and a big bee buzzed almost as loudly among the phlox which grew along the brick walk. Such always were almost the only sounds on the single street of Warrenford on a day like this. The summits of the Blue Ridge seemed more than ever softened to-day, the wavering light of the kindly summer day tempered by some quality which left the landscape more than usually tender. All the world was gentle and quiet here. Rather, the world itself had passed by long ago, and left this little spot to tell, to such few as chanced or cared to see it, of another and different day, albeit also one of rest and quiet. Nothing but peace and calm had been known here from the old times of Lord Fairfax up to the days of the Civil War. Since that upheaval, some of the younger men of Warrenford had passed away beyond the mountains in search of other homes; but Warrenford itself, quaint and wholly old-fashioned, remained but little changed. Its one winding street still crawled at the edge of the hills; its bright and shallow stream still crossed the street as of old, unbridged; the old mill-wheel hung silent, as it had for years. The names on the chance signs here and there were those known for a century or more. The garb of the two old ladies who now passed down Cousin Mary Ellen's brick walk to the little front gate was one that had remained unchanged in cut or color for a century or more. It was that once most commonly seen hereabout, the dull-colored habit of the Society of Friends, shaped as their mothers and grandmothers had worn it.

They made a quaint and unworldly picture, these two, as they stepped out upon the shaded street. They walked slowly, gently, fitting perfectly into the quiet picture which lay about them. At the post-office, far behind them up the street, there might have been half a dozen village loiterers, but on the street itself there was no commerce. If a slow figure passed here or there, it was that of an old man or old woman. Youth had almost wholly departed from the place.

"I hope that Lucy Maxwell will be ready, as thee always is, Cousin Mar' Ellen," commented Aunt Mary Alice, presently. "Tch! tch! It is not seemly to be late at the meeting-house. Does it seem to thee, Cousin Mar' Ellen, that it is harder to be prompt now than once it was?"

"But Lucy Maxwell is younger than we are, Aunt Mar' Alice," rejoined her companion, "and thee knows she is mostly very punctual."

When they arrived at the home of Miss Lucy Maxwell, the latter was dis-

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

"THE HOME OF MISS LUCY MAXWELL"

closed to be not unlike that of Cousin Mary Ellen. It also was of brick, with creeping and flowering vines. A short brick walk also led up from a little gate which opened upon the street. There was also a little bird in a cage at the screened window, and there were big bees among the quaint, old-fashioned flowers along the walk. As to Miss Lucy Maxwell herself, she fully bore out the reputation accorded her by Cousin Mary Ellen. Even as they touched the gate-latch she appeared at the door and greeted them. A quaint yet not unlovely picture she made as she stood there drawing on her mitts. Younger than either of the others, she was clad in the same colorless costume, cut with small grace of line. There remained in her face, pale though it was, something more of the color of life itself, and life beamed from her gentle brown eyes; yet naught of sprightliness remained in any word or gesture, and she blended perfectly in the group which now passed down the shady street of Warrenford.

Like her two friends, Miss Lucy Maxwell dwelt alone in this abandoned old town. None might say how Warrenford itself existed, still less how its lonely women got on in life. From some place back in the encircling hills the ravens of the Lord came down. Some said that Warrenford lived on its pension money, derived from the Civil War; for certainly not even these unwarlike Quaker folk had escaped the compelling militarism of the generation just gone by. Warrenford itself had lain directly in the path of the contending armies, and first one, then the other, again and again had swept it clean and bare. Its few public buildings still bore the marks of shot and shell, its surviving population also bore scars, losses, griefs, handed down from the great contest. There were pensions, yes.

As to Miss Lucy Maxwell, however, quiet rumor accorded her certain means inherited from some ancestor who, though his house and barns were open to all the Society of Friends at the times of the quarterly meetings, nevertheless had been worldly enough to accumulate property in farming-lands. Miss Lucy Maxwell herself lived with two ancient negro serving-people, and had few activities in life beyond making book-marks. In her house were such pieces of mahogany as collectors covet, but rarely see on sale. She lived on, the last one of her family left in this little valley, where acres once princely had been divided and subdivided, enriched, impoverished, increased, lost, squandered, or abandoned, as chance has these matters in the history of families. She herself remained in Warrenford, one of the very few accepted figures remaining of the Society of Friends.

"Does thee think we shall be late at the meeting-house, Miss Lucy Maxwell?" asked Aunt Mary Alice, as she always did at precisely this hour of each Wednesday morning in the year. And Miss Lucy Maxwell, as she always did on each Wednesday morning of the year, replied to her gently: "No, I do not think we shall be late, Aunt Mar' Alice. It is but a short distance now, thee knows." And then, as they always did at this time, they unhastening bent their steps up the easy slope of the village street where it turned to ascend a gentle, tree-crowned hill.

Through the green of the foliage they could now see the modest and spireless edifice of the Little Stone Church of Warrenford. We must give this name in large letters, for although in the valley it was better known as the Quaker Meeting-house, and among the Friends themselves was called simply the meeting-house, it stands in the country's military records as the Little Stone Church of this certain county in old Virginia. No one seems to know when or by whom this little gray building was erected, except that the Friends built it some time in the far past. After the Civil War the Friends replaced the broken stones, repaired the roof, set all in order, to become gray and moss-grown again, as it had been so long. Carving or gilding it never knew. No bell ever has surmounted it to call worshipers thither. Its saints sat in the plain and uncarved pews, and did not blossom in the stained glass of any lustered windows. Decoration it knew not in any feature, and not even a pulpit reared itself for the propounding of the faith. Colorless, gray, silent, wholly plain, patient, enduring, apparently unperishing, it stood, changed as little as any proud cathedral of the Old World. As it was, so it had been. As it had been, so now it seemed fit to remain, year after year, indefinitely.

Up to the gray door of this gray building came now these three gray figures, themselves not much more changed from the fashion of days gone by. If no bell summoned them thither, any such summons had been idle. They did not look about them to see whether others also came up the winding little road. They knew no one else would come. They were the last to keep the faith, and to open the meeting-house of the Society of Friends for the midday hour of Fourth-Day. It had been so for years and years. They three alone had not failed in the faith.

Once perhaps there had been larger congregations, at least on Fourth-Days. These hitching-racks, built of sturdy oak in another generation, had once been gnawed by many horses; and although the grass had now grown into most of the hollows, the ground beneath had been stamped out by long rows of waiting hoofs. Now hoof-marks and tooth-marks were toned down, weathered out, themselves bitten by the tooth of Time. Grass grew even up to the weathered boards of the little stoop—sweet, strong, almost purple blue grass of the sort which crossed the Blue Ridge more than one hundred and fifty years before this time.

The blue grass also grew thick and strong to the edge of the low, gray stone wall, which, beyond the hitching-racks, fenced off a green and well-shaded hillside. Out of the covering of green, which was little injured by the shade of the stately trees, there rose, on the summit and along the gentle slope of the hillside, many low gravestones of gray sandstone. They were uniform in height, none over two feet above the surface of the purple grass. There is not, even in old England itself, a calmer and more unchanged spot than the old Warrenford burying-ground of the Society of Friends. Here they lay,

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

"DOROTHY . . . GAZED IN TURN FROM ONE TO ANOTHER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS"

unpretentious, seemly, silent, the men and women of two centuries.

Line, color, the pomp of fretted stone, the voice of music, the sounds of ceremony and of form, may call others to the gatherings of this or that religion in different corners of the world; but these worshipers, silent and gray, came now to a silent, gray, unornamented household of spiritual appeal alone. Almost it seemed as if the old meeting-house must have grown quietly and gently, without sound of discordant hammer or scrape of trowel, certainly without accompaniment of song, later to be tenanted by those who worship in silence in a faith austerely shorn of all formality.

As they entered, they found places upon that side of the meeting-house always accorded to their sex, which might not mingle with the men of the congregation, although no man had been seen here for many years. Empty as the little church was, it did not sound empty, as do certain other tenantless rooms.

Here, now, before the congregation of three, was no priest or minister, nor had there ever been. There was no lip service here. This spot demanded only the devotion of the heart. These three, following the custom of their creed, now sat with heads bowed slightly, each with her hands folded in her lap. There were no books of song or of prayer. Music had never been known to them. Worship was unsoftened in any way. Unsoftened, did we say? Could that be, when there were present these dove-colored figures, gentle, faithful, reverent? These being here, how softly radiant seemed all this calm interior!

At last, after an hour unbroken by any cough, shuffling, or movement due to unregulated nerves, Aunt Mary Alice arose, turned to Miss Lucy Maxwell, and shook her by the hand. They both shook Cousin Mary Ellen by the hand. Then without word, the services being thus concluded, they turned toward the door. Without much deviation, this had been their custom on Fourth-Day noon every week of the year for many years. They were old ladies now, only one of them less than fifty.

As they now turned their steps down the little stoop, they glanced across, as they often did, to catch the peaceful picture of the sun and the grass and the trees of the burying-ground of the Friends. They hesitated for a time, then drew nearer to the old, gray wall of stone. They looked over into the plot where so long the Friends had buried their dead, an ancient greensward, scarce upheaved even by the more recent mounds. The letters of the small, gray sandstone slabs, unchanging monuments of the Society of Friends, were in some cases almost obliterated by the years. Close observation might have informed the curious that here lay dead, at this or that day, of this or that numbered month of the two centuries ago, Isaac or William or Joseph or Mary or Elizabeth or Rachel, born at such a numbered, not named, time of the calendar, long, long ago. Once in a while some one had cut the grass here. Against the trunks of one or two trees leaned certain gray headstones done in ancient, scrawling script, by accident detached from their proper places, and now never properly to be replaced.

In the soft harmony of this scene was one discordant note. Leaning against the angle at the corner of the wall, so highly polished that the rays of the sun were reflected from its spotless sides, there reclined a shaft of white marble, evidently the work of modern hands. In the inscriptions on the gravestones of the Friends the record of birth and death was held sufficient; and all folk were held even and alike in the eyes of the Lord. All these lay in a democracy of death. No gravestone taller than two feet above the grass had ever been erected here. But here was a pretentious monument four or five feet high at least. It was slender, and well executed in its way, done in the shape of a broken lily. At the base of the stone, well carved, was an inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of Henrietta, Beloved Wife of Hiram Farwell, who Departed this Life June 21, 19—. A Loving Wife, a Gentle Soul. This Shaft, Typical of Her Purity and Innocence, is Erected by Her Sorrowing Husband. Pity His Grief, and Model your Life upon Hers, thus Untimely Ended.

There were two dates, following the fashion of our calendar, not that of the Friends. The wife had been very young at the time of her death; but there had

gone with her one yet younger. Below the lettering of the main inscription was another, simple and impersonal. It bore no dates, but two dashes, and read, "Infant Son of Henrietta and Hiram Farwell." Below this was the supplication, "God be Merciful to Us All!"

"Thee knows," said Aunt Mary Alice, turning to her companions at length, "that I loved Henrietta as my own sister. But now look at this. Tch! tch! To think of such vanity and worldliness as this, here in the Friends' burying-ground!"

The others at first made no comment. It seemed understood that the subject was not altogether new. It was Miss Lucy Maxwell who at last ventured a word.

"But there was—thee very well knows, Aunt Mar' Alice—there was the baby." Her eyes, brown and gentle, sought the kindly face of Cousin Mary Ellen. The latter nodded slowly.

"Pride of the flesh," rejoined the elder woman, promptly, with a sniff, almost a snort. "Vanity. Yes, indeed; thee needs only go to Balt'mer or to Washington to see in the burying-grounds gravestones very much larger than any of these. But what of the reckoning before the Lord when the dead shall rise? I ask thee that, now, Lucy Maxwell; and I ask thee, Cousin Mar' Ellen."

"Does the Lord on high judge between the colors on gravestones, Aunt Mar' Alice?" demanded Miss Lucy Maxwell with rising courage. "This is so white and plain, it seems to have no pomp about it. *'Beloved!'* "

"The Lord's face is set against vanity, that thee well knows, Lucy Maxwell," answered Aunt Mary Alice. "Henrietta Doane, either before or after her marriage, did not vaunt herself above her neighbors. Why should the husband vaunt for her? See now, if this marble were set up there in our burying-ground, it would show distinct from all the others. Such pridefulness has never been known in this valley. And that thee both knows very well."

Miss Lucy Maxwell spoke almost as though she had not heard when presently she resumed:

"That little babe—that little, little child! Thee sees, Aunt Mar' Alice, it never knew its mother. It could not vaunt itself overmuch."

"But the child's mother—look at that inscription!"

"She died not having knowledge of her child. Neither lived. They should not be separated now. And, besides, I knew Henrietta Doane as well as any of thee. She was white as the lily itself, as good and sinless. What worldliness is there in calling her 'Beloved' before God? Besides, the Society of Friends is not what once it was."

Aunt Mary Alice's ire arose. "Let Hiram Farwell raise this monument in his own yard, if he likes, but not here, where for two hundred years the brothers and sisters have lain down in peace. As they lived plain, so they lie plain there; so they will arise plain before the Lord."

But the soft voice of the other rejoined: "If Hiram Farwell forgot all the ways of the Friends, at least he has not forgotten the wife that he found here among us Friends; and neither has he forgotten her little child. He could have had a much more worldly gravestone than this. It says, 'Beloved.' "

Her gentle protest did not convince the other sister in the church. "Lucy Maxwell, I say thee grieves me, that thee does. Such words of stubbornness—it is not seemly in thee. Thee raises thy will against the ways of the Lord and against the custom of the Society of Friends. Thee must have more care, Lucy Maxwell."

The slender figure opposite her stiffened into lines as rigid as her own. The pink in the face of the younger saint deepened yet more, schooled though she was to meekness and consent.

"What does thee mean, then, Lucy Maxwell?" cried Aunt Mary Alice, horrified.

"Only this, Aunt Mar' Alice: if we do not agree, then how can we sit together in the meeting-house? There are Hicksite Friends, as thee knows, and others, the Orthodox Friends, as thee knows; yet both societies are sincere, and that is the test. If I am sincere, how can I sit in thy company in the meeting-house, saying all the time in my heart: 'Aunt Mar' Alice, thee is wrong. Thee is wrong'?"

"But it is *thee* that is wrong, Lucy Maxwell," broke out the other. "Thee would end the society here in Warrenford, that is what thee would do. But

thee would come, Cousin Mar' Ellen; that I know, at least."

She was not prepared for the reply which met her. Cousin Mary Ellen, habitually silent even beyond the habit of the Friends, now surprised even herself.

"I feel to speak to thee, Aunt Mar' Alice," she began. "We should sit there only in harmony, as Friends."

"But thee knows I am right," interrupted the older woman.

"It may be, Aunt Mar' Alice. We have sat with thee many years. But I am thinking of that little child."

It was schism. After these many years, elements other than those of time were coming into these gray and quiet lives. The older woman drew herself up, tall and stern, somber in her frowning rebuke. The others faced her as stoutly as did ever Hicksite face Orthodox or Orthodox face Church of England. All were silent for a time, and silence lay all about them. The bees droned on upon their errands, a robin chirped in the oak beyond; but that was all. The sun shone warm and kind, flecking the dark green of the grass in golden bars beneath the boughs of the oaks.

Slow, gray, sad, their heads bowed, the three passed, but spoke no more. Side by side they turned and walked slowly down the hill. Aunt Mary Alice did not extend her hand and say, in the fashion of the Friends, "Farewell," at Miss Lucy Maxwell's gate, but stalked on down the street, her face turned squarely away from the other two, who tarried. Cousin Mary Ellen, however, turned back even as she left the little gate.

"Thee sees Lucy Maxwell," she began. "It is a question of tongue. In many tongues, and in dialects of those tongues, as thee well knows, Lucy Maxwell, and as Aunt Mar' Alice should know also, I may say, 'Beloved.' If only Hiram Farwell had had it made in gray, I would agree with thee entirely, yes, Lucy Maxwell. But if we may not sit in harmony, I also agree with thee; then let us part and go our ways."

And so indeed it came to pass. On next Fourth-Day noon, the three doors failed to frame their plain-garbed figures. For the first time in nearly two hundred years, as best tradition has it, the weathered door of the Little Stone Church of Warrenford knew no Fourth-Day opening. The robins and the bees were there, the sun lay as yellow on the purple mantle of the blue grass. The church itself, gray, silent, self-effacing, stood as of old, and in the corner of the old, gray wall there reclined the slender headstone with its white, broken lily. Warrenford was stunned, and for weeks remained so.

Now, as this pathetic confusion of faith had arisen by reason of argument over a little child, what more fitting than that a little child should in turn lead all these perturbed ones out of their confusion? Somewhere it was written thus, and by Some One that mission was given to Dorothy, child and grandchild of Quaker parents, almost the only child or grandchild in all Warrenford.

Dorothy made not wholly a Quaker portrait that evening in late summer when she escaped from her guardians and ran off up the curving road toward the top of the hill. Her frock was short, but sophisticated, her hat a bright red, her little coat also red. Dorothy was eight, and acted it. It would be well-nigh impossible for so bright a figure to pass on the deserted street unobserved, even were not Dorothy known to all Warrenford, observed by most who dwelt there, and loved as well. It was quite natural that Aunt Mary Alice, passing at the foot of the street, should catch sight of Dorothy as she ran off up the hill. Now, since there was once one automobile on that hill, Warrenford dwelt in fear that there might some day be another. If this should be while Dorothy was there alone! Aunt Mary Alice hurried her elderly steps.

But when she made the upper turn of the road and came in view of the open space about the meeting-house, Dorothy was not to be seen. From the interior of the meeting-house there came the sound of happy, childish song, the first, perhaps, ever heard within those gray walls. Dorothy, finding the door unlocked, had gone upon a journey of exploration. Aunt Mary Alice also passed within the door.

Now it chanced that Cousin Mary Ellen was headed for the grocery store to buy some allspice for the making of her watermelon-rind preserves, when all at once she saw Aunt Mary Alice passing along the curved road well toward the top of the hill where lay the meeting-

house. Not having seen Dorothy, Cousin Mary Ellen could assign only one reason for this act of Aunt Mary Alice: the latter was going alone to the meeting-house! Now, that must not be. Were they not sisters, after all?

It chanced also that Miss Lucy Maxwell, who was attending her flower-beds near the gate at the end of the little brick walk, looked down the street just as Cousin Mary Ellen turned out of sight at the entrance of the curving road. A sudden flush of hesitation, of resolution, came upon Miss Lucy Maxwell's face. Cousin Mary Ellen must be going alone to the meeting-house. Ah, were they not sisters, after all? Miss Lucy Maxwell turned into the house and emerged an instant later, tying the strings of her dove-colored bonnet. Her feet flew up the hill faster than ever they had before.

So this is how Cousin Mary Ellen found Aunt Mary Alice when she timidly pushed open the door, and how Miss Lucy Maxwell found them both when she also timidly pushed open the door. The three looked at one another; and as they looked, Dorothy ceased her prattle, and gazed in turn from one to another of the Society of Friends. Quietly, as of yore, the three sank into seats. Silence remained upon them all for some time. At length one of them rose, moved by the Spirit to say some word.

But which one of the three it was who rose, or what was said, I do not know. All I know is that when they came out of the door somewhat later their arms were about one another and their eyes were wet. The red hat and coat of Dorothy showed very plainly against their quiet, dove-colored garb as they passed down the old steps. When they turned into the curving road, each of them had a hand for Dorothy, Defender of the Faith. The Society of Friends was quite at peace.

THE RED SENTRY

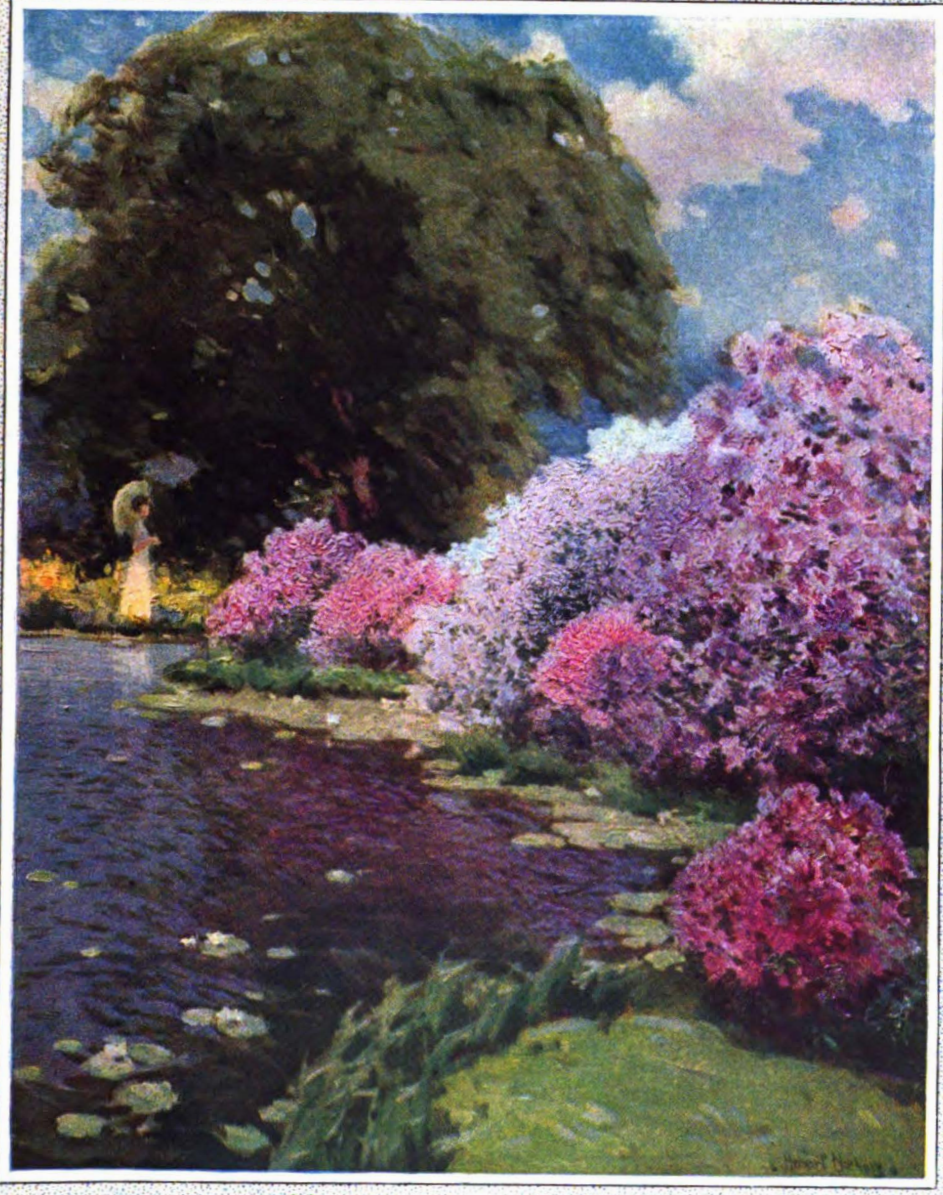
BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

THE CHALLENGE:

RED sentry in my breast,
Sleep! for I have need of rest.
The morns and noons are fugitive;
I seek more peace than night can give.
Though like a lark thou singest,
The bird knows nesting-time;
Though like a bell thou ringest,
Bells, too, must halt their chime.
Why dost thou urge thy clamor
Within these walls of flesh?
It seems thy pauseless hammer
Destroys, then builds afresh.
Though thou throbbest like a drum,
Peace strikes e'en the tambour dumb.
Though sullen, hungry, wild
Be thy crying, like a child;
Yet when its mouth is filled,
It sleeps. Then be thou stilled.
Go rest thee, crimson sentinel;
The hour is come, and all is well.

THE REPLY:

The vigil that I keep
Knows no release in sleep.
And the crypt that I must shield
To one voice alone shall yield.
Birds drowse, yet they awaken
To quire through the land;
The bells in steeples shaken
Toll to the ringer's hand.
Faithful, unpausing, peaceless,
My fountain in the dark
Leaps high while I guard ceaseless
Life's throned and templed spark.
Let my stout drum, unafraid,
Beat until my hand be stayed;
If my cry be rash and wild,
Learn its meaning from the child—
Learn, though fierce the battle swell,
I must guard this citadel.
Patience! I have a trust to keep;
Then I shall rest—and thou shalt sleep.



The Rhododendrons.
Country Place of
Professor Charles S. Sargent, Brookline, Mass.
Painted for the Century
by Hobart Nichols.

THE WEDDING-GIFT

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies," "The Call of the Sea," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES J. POST

"MY liddle hacienda iss very becoming to the Señora Pascala, *nicht wahr?*"

It was Schwartz who spoke. We had seated ourselves on the wide, tile-paved gallery, Schwartz, Passos, Barzilla, and I, ostensibly to watch the gorgeous passing of the day. The upper air was still luminous, and high in its white radiance a single vulture, like a tiny, black scroll, seemed painted on the sky; to the east, the violet peaks of the Andes rose as insubstantial as clouds: but the clumps of greenery below the house looked almost black, and in the hush of the twilight, as she moved about the lawn, the laugh of the Señora Pascala came up to us like the sound of a silver bell. She wore a crimson gown, with a black mantilla over her hair, and I fancy our interest in the twilight had paled before the charming picture she made.

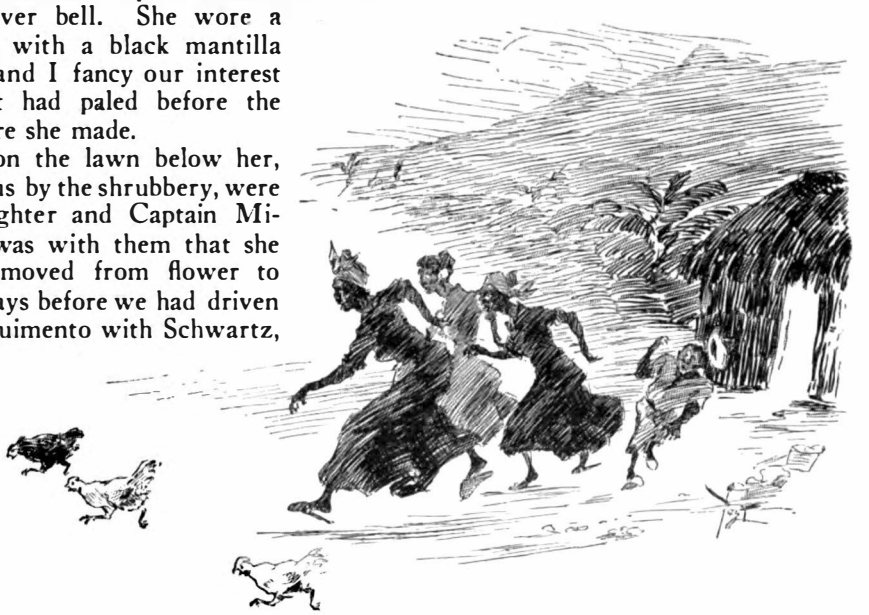
Somewhere on the lawn below her, screened from us by the shrubbery, were seated her daughter and Captain Miranda, and it was with them that she talked as she moved from flower to flower. Two days before we had driven out from Pasaquimento with Schwartz, and it was vaguely understood to be our last holiday together before the marriage of Captain Miranda and the Señora Pascala, and their departure on his vessel for his home in the Cape Verd Islands. It was the hour for sentiment.

We murmured a heartfelt assent to Schwartz's query, and he, nodding his head, went on:

"*Lieber Gott!* does she nodt make it to blossom like the rose? Dere iss no more the loneliness."

"But when she shall go backward to Pasaquimento, shall it not be of a loneliness the more sadder?" suggested Passos.

"I t'ink dat also," acquiesced Schwartz. "*Yas,* dat iss so. The hacienda shall be lonely; but dat picture I shall haf mit me."



Drawn by Charles J. Post

"AND THEN THEY WENT ON IN FULL CRY"

He moved his head toward the shadowed lawn, where, at that moment, the Señora Pascala was bending above a tall, white flower like a lily, her face, in the dusk, like another lily there.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"WITH AN UNERRING INSTINCT FOR LOST CAUSES"

In upon our melancholy contemplation—three of us had been her lovers—a series of shrieks arose from the rear of the house, and into our view across the side lawn swept what must have been the entire staff of the kitchen. There was a huddle of flying skirts bunched together, and then they went on in full cry, disappearing in the dusk amid the shrubbery that screened the outbuildings from sight. Intermingled with the treble of feminine voices I fancied I caught the distracted cries of frightened fowl. For a moment Schwartz stood at gaze, then, with a guttural, *"Lieber Gott!"* ponderously took up the chase.

For twenty minutes we saw him no more, and then, as he came wearily up the slope and into the light of the open door, we saw dolor and wrath on his countenance. He paused before us.

"Mein frients," he said brokenly, "der supper haf run avay!"

There came a smothered giggle from the Señora Pascala, from which I decorously tried to draw attention by remarking that it must have been uncommonly scared; but Schwartz was past all levity.

"Dose lazy hussies in der kitchen haf kilt dose hens not till alretty joost now," he explained, "und now dey ledt dem slip from der box avay. Dey are running alretty yet."

"Caramba! are they not some more hen' to the hacienda?" exclaimed the señora. "Poss*ib*ly those shall not be so scare'."

"Efery one roosts in der trees," explained Schwartz, hopelessly, "und der poys haf gone to der *fiesta.*"

"Aha!" cried the señora, delightedly, "we shall make the hunt for those supper. Tha' 's ver' great pleasure, yas."

Spurred on by her enthusiasm, we set forth, armed with sticks, and speedily came to the region that Schwartz assured us was the roosting-place for his fowl. It was now dark, and we moved about under the trees, followed by a sort of hysterical Greek chorus from the maids, who seemed bent on convincing us that the supper had itself broken jail: the three hens had flown out of the box just as Maria Josefa had gone for a knife; and there was not a hole in the box that one could put his hand through.

"May St. Lawrence broil me on my own gridiron if that is not just as I say," piously declared Maria Josefa, with her hands under her apron.

We heard a smothered squawk, an exultant shout from Passos, and we hurried to meet that gentleman as he came toward us out of the dusk, waving a fluttering thing. We clustered about him, and I lighted a match. In the light it cast there came to view a huge cock with a battered comb.

Maria Josefa threw her apron over her head, laughing hysterically.

"It is Chito himself, the great-grandfather of all the flock," she explained in Spanish, and the señora obligingly translated for me. "Ah, Señores, he is old—older than I, who am no chicken. He would broil like a stone."

"It is the will of God that we kill not His creatures," piously exclaimed Carlota. "Is it not already proved?"

Schwartz turned fiercely upon the chattering maids.

"To the house go alretty!" he stormed. "You have scared all mit der tongue."

"I, too, shall go to help with those sup-

per," said the Señora Pascala, and hurried up the slope after the maids.

Barzilla, with the stout man's secret ambition for agility, had somehow mounted into a tree; but, with an unerring instinct for lost causes, had selected a thorny one. For twenty minutes the time of the entire party was consumed in extricating him, when he retired from the hunt, thoroughly convinced that Carlota was no mean prophet.

Passos meanwhile had again come upon his first quarry, and being convinced at last that it was indeed the aged Chito, was only restrained from stamping out the life of the creature by the dissuading hand and voice of Captain Miranda.

"Do nothing in the anger, Señor," Captain Miranda had gently chided. "Even to the old life is sweet."

It was growing darker, but coming to a bare tree at the edge of the plantation,

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"WE HAD BROUGHT IN TWO TURKEY BUZZARDS"

Captain Miranda and I saw distinctly outlined against the starlighted sky a bough whereon half a dozen forms huddled together. The captain gripped my arm.

"Together we shall ascend," he whispered, "each to select one. The far one shall be yours, the most nearer, mine. Try not for too much. The greedy hand sticks in the jar, you know, Señor."

We were successful, and with a shout came to earth, and with the now happy Schwartz set out for the house. At the door of the kitchen the smiling señora met us, the eager maids at her shoulders.

"*Caramba!* you have succeed'!" she cried, and leaned forward eagerly. Then we saw her hands go up to her face; an unmistakable giggle escaped her. Captain Miranda and I glanced down quickly, and with a single impulse threw our captives from us. We had brought in two turkey buzzards.

" 'T is the will of God, like Carlota declare'," the señora assured us, solemnly, though her eyes were dancing. "Yet shall you have the nice supper. 'T is prepare'. You all ver' hongry with so ver' hard working, yas?"

It was indeed a good supper, and though it began in silence, grew gay at the close. Only Schwartz would not be comforted, and when he, Barzilla, and I at last withdrew to the cool gallery, he turned to us gravely, saying:

"It iss not goot for man the house to keep, no. Of dat he knows noddings. But the Señora Pascala! *Himmel!* dat iss a voman! Alretty haf I said I shall to Chermany return; now I go. But der liddle hacienda shall I gif to the señora. Iss it not becoming to her? Herein shall she remain mit der captain."

"*Hola!* some wedding-gift!" murmured Barzilla.

"Dat iss it, dat iss it," cried Schwartz —"the vedding-gift! 'T iss petter than to sell for noddings."

"But she goes to the Cape Verd, you know," I suggested, amused at the absurdity of a fancy that so patently ignored the señora's future.

"When?" demanded Barzilla. "Tell me that, Señor; when? Does not the señor capitan bec-ome ver' tiresome bec-ause she manufac' so longly the delay? Does not his ship wait, so long ready to sail? Aha! I shall make the explain: the señora is scare' of those sea', yas. With so nice wedding-gift, she shall say: 'Señor Capitan, I will remain by the nice pre*sent*. You going remain also?' Shall he not un'stand tha' 's ver' wise? Sure-lee. A

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'WHEN?' DEMANDED BARZILLA. 'TELL ME THAT, SEÑOR; WHEN?'"

hacienda is more better than a ship, yas. Those ship' is ver' lonesome and also ver' seasick. *Caramba!* I know, who have sail'."

Rising, Schwartz walked ponderously to the edge of the gallery and called to the señora.

"Come," he said as she looked up. "Also der captain und der liddle daughter —all come qvick."

He ceremoniously placed chairs for them all, and, standing before the señora, smiled down upon her as he asked:

"You like my liddle hacienda, Señora?"

"Like!" she cried. *"Caramba!* Señor, I lofe it—so nice like that heaven, you un'stand? No noise and fight, like those Pasaquimento; no hot street; no hot house in the long row—no mens." She giggled, looking at us under lowered eyelids.

"No mens, Maria Pascala?" said Passos. "How you—"

"Not *many* mens," she corrected herself; "just small, lit' im*per*fection."

"They vill go, der men," declared Schwartz; "but you, Señora—you vill remain yet. I gif it to you, der hacienda—der vedding-gift. *Ach!* You t'ink dat iss goot?"

She sprang to her feet, wondering bewilderment in her wide eyes.

"To me—the hacienda!" she cried. *"Madre de Dios!* Señor, you going get crezzy?"

"Not *very* crazy," he mimicked her. "I go to Chermany alretty, but der liddle place I leaf to you for der vedding-gift. *Gewiss,* it iss very becoming to you."

"But, Señor—" she looked at Captain Miranda and cast down her eyes—"but—"

"Ah, Señor," said Captain Miranda, gently, "you un'stand how the señora beholds that difficult'? 'T is ver' much appreciate', yas. *Hola!* I myself have the tear to my eye bec-ause of the ver' gr-reat gener*ous*ness; but, Señor, you behol' how she shall depart in similar manner to you? Therefore shall that wedding-gift be left desert'."

"Like the rice thrown after a bride," I suggested.

Captain Miranda turned to me and bowed.

"Ver' much similar to that," he said

gravely; "and that is ver' impolite to leave present in such manner, you un'stand?"

"But why shall she be desert'?" eagerly demanded Barzilla. "'T is this manner, Señor. The Señor Schwartz he declare the hacienda is ver' becoming to the señora. We behol' the perfectness. Ver' well. But is the Cape Horn, the high sea, also perfectness? Señor, I shall display the truth: Maria Pascala is going get ver' scare' by them."

"I am scare' this ver' minute," confessed the Señora Pascala.

"Aha! did I not relate the truth?" cried Barzilla, triumphantly. "Ver' well, is not all smoothed by so fine present? You shall sell your ship, and return to the perfectness. We shall welcome you—all present inclusive—to be countrymens to us. Behol', Señor Capitan, how all is nicely manufac' by us to gr-reat perfectness."

The señora's face was alight with eager joy.

"*Caramba!* da' 's ver' nice!" she cried. She looked at Captain Miranda's thoughtful face, hesitated, sighed, and then said: "But, no; da' 's all some joke—fonny like that—to give so nice present. I become ver' much 'shamed to think in that manner. 'T is nonsent."

"I say I vill gif it, und I vill gif it," declared Schwartz. "'T iss petter than to sell for noddings; 't is gif from der heart."

The señora sighed in wondering happiness.

"Ah! da' 's ver' beautiful, I think, to live always in so lovely place, so near my lit' small daught' and my kind friends, and consider no more those sea'! *Basta!* I think so much of those sea', my heart shall jump like the cat—quick in those manner." She turned to Schwartz, her face beaming, her eyes pools of liquid gratitude. "Dear, kind friend, I think you so nice like some angel." She faced Captain Miranda, a new timidity in her voice as she asked: "You like, Señor? You consider those present beautiful like me?"

"The Señor Schwartz is ver' large to the heart," replied Captain Miranda; "yas, tha' 's so." He rose, wrung Schwartz's hand, then turned to the señora. "But, Señora," he said, "you are ver' much mistak' concerning this sea. She is ver' loving; spoil', perhaps, like some beautiful childs, but yet loving, Señora. Do I not know, who have known her so lengthily? You are scare' of her firstly, but lastly you love her. She shall rock you to sleep in my little sheep, and you shall laugh at the scare, Señora. You shall behol' all as I say."

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'SHE IS VER' LOVING; SPOIL', PERHAPS, LIKE SOME BEAUTIFUL CHILDS'"

The señora placed her hand lovingly on his shoulders as she said in a troubled voice:

"Tha' 's all correc' like you say, of co'se, Señor, but—but my heart is scare' all the same. Tha' 's ver' foolish,—yas, of co'se,—but that frightness is in my heart so much I think I going get crezzy off it. Tha' 's ver' sad business to get crezzy, I think, yas."

It was then that Barzilla spoke again, breaking in eagerly upon Captain Miranda'shesitation.

"Pardon, Señor," he began, "you were going say how? But firstly I may ask some question, perhaps? *Gracias,* Señor. 'T is only the lit' small question: you have loaded your vessel too deep, is it not so?"

Captain Miranda laughed and waved his

hand lightly, in disparagement of Barzilla's serious tone.

"Perhaps, Señor," he replied. "Yas, 't is confess'; a little. But, *caramba!* I load always in such manner, and am I not here after many such loading'? Those lit' small vessel', are they not similar to the donkey, to be loaded much to make the pay? Otherwise the loss, yas."

"And she leaks, is it not so?" Barzilla went on relentlessly. "Each morning the crew is to the pumps; they become ver' tiresome."

"*Como no?* Why not?" demanded the captain. "A little leak,—a few hundred stroke',—what is that? *Basta!* It is trifle." He snapped his fingers.

"Ah, tha' 's all just like I hear to the landing," said Barzilla. "Some peop' they behol' your vessel, and they shake the head. 'Ha!' they declare, 'she is load' too deep. Oh, those reckless! They load too deep, yet they arrive; yet some day they shall not arrive.' Señor—" Barzilla leaned forward and solemnly laid his hand on Captain Miranda's knee—"consider if on that day you arrive not, the Señora Pascala arrive not also. Consider that, and also how she was ver' scare' to those sea and those vessel."

"But if that vessel is sell," broke in the Señora Pascala, eagerly, "is there not the hacienda yet, Señor? You want desert so nice pre*sent* off the Señor Schwartz. You want make him ver' sawrry?"

"I want make nobuddy sawrry, Señora," replied Captain Miranda, humbly, "and leastly of all peop' you. Therefore shall it be like you desire. *Caramba!* what other shall I ask but your desire? You desire it so? *Hola!* it *is* so. You shall remain by that wedding-gift."

"And you also, Señor?" she asked; "of co'se. Tha' 's ver' foolish to ask. I think I get crezzy."

"I shall go, but to return," he replied. "It is not pos*sib*le to sell my lit' sheep here. *Caramba!* no. Therefore, 't is necessar' to go; but only to return, you un'stand?"

She stooped and kissed him before us all.

"*Vaga con Dios!* Go with God, Señor!" she murmured. "He shall bring you back to me ver' quick."

He smiled up into her face.

"We shall burn some candle' to St. Anthony to watch on me," he said tenderly.

"They shall burn always before his shrine till you come," she declared.

"And if I come not bec-ause those sea'—"

She placed her hand quickly over his lips.

" 'Sh!" she cried. "You going let St. Anthony think you think he cannot fix those sea nice—unbeliever?"

"Not unbeliever, Señora," he replied; "but when you desire the heaven ver' much, and think 't is ver' near, and, *caramba!* you find 't is ten thousand mile' off you, you think mebbe—you think—" Then he paused.

"You think how, Señor?" she asked almost sharply. Her brow was wrinkled with anxiety.

"Nothing, Señora."

"You think what, Señor?" she repeated. "You un'stand how I ask you some question?"

He bowed as he said:

"You think those ten thousand mile' is ver' far off those heaven, Señora—just that manner."

"Señor, you think more. Please to declare all," she said, and stood back, eying him sternly.

"Tha' 's all—*almost* all," he answered stoutly. "Of co'se you think long distance like that ver' lonesome; but, *caramba!* the more lonesomeness firstly, the greater gladness lastly, you un'stand?"

She still stood doubtful.

"Señor," she said slowly, "I ask you recollec' those ship too much load' and those leak' and those sea. Now,—you recollec' all?—now, did you not think meb*be* those ten thous' mile' to bec-ome nevair—you nevair get back once more? Did you? Please to tell me."

He laughed light-heartedly as he cried:

"*Zut!* you try make me get scare' off those long ways, Señora? *Caramba!* I shall *swim* so far like that for such heaven." He looked up into her face and smiled, and she returned the look, gravely smiling.

"I shall pray to St. Anthony to make it not necessar' to swim," she cried.

Schwartz, rapidly walking to and fro on the gallery, now paused beside us. I think he had scarcely heard our talk.

"It grows dark," he said. "I t'ink ve shall enter der house, *nicht wahr?*"

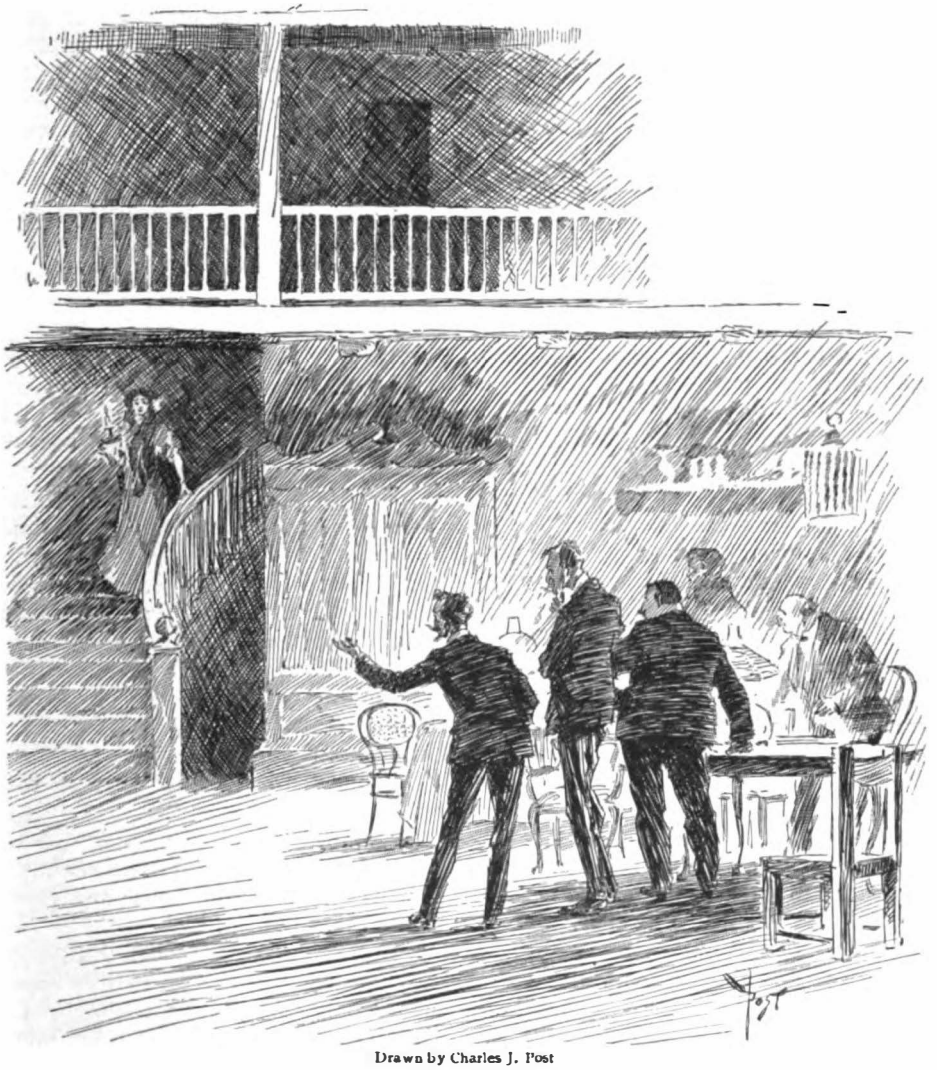
We trooped into the great living-room, where lamps were already lighted, with something of new interest in it for all of

us, I think. It had belonged to Schwartz when we left it, and now it was to be the Señora Pascala's. The very thought changed the place, imbued it with a romantic glamour. I saw the señora's face glow as she paused in the middle of the room and look about her. Schwartz paused at her side.

"You vill not change it, Señora?" he said. "I vill be gladt to t'ink of der room like dis, mit you herein."

"No, Señor," she promised.

The night wind, blowing through, set candles flickering and shadows dancing on the walls. The spacious room looked very airy and cool, with its broad stairway and its wide, railed upper gallery, leaving the room in which we stood mainly uncovered to the roof. Near the window a parrot swung and screamed in its cage, and through an open door we could hear the maids chattering together as they craned their necks in unconventional and open curiosity in our doings.



Drawn by Charles J. Post

"'SEÑORA,' HE SAID—'SEÑORA, BE PLEASE' TO RETURN A LITTLE'"

So the señora stood in rapt joy, turning slowly on her heels, till suddenly, with a little cry, she darted across the tiled floor to the rear of the room, where, in a deep niche in the wall, a tall, red water-cooler stood. She took the water-cooler down, and, holding it in her arms, turned to Schwartz.

"This alone, Señor," she said—"this alone is it permit' to change? Here shall stand that image of St. Anthony; here shall burn those candle'. You forgive those lit', small change, Señor. You get sawrry for those?"

"*Gewiss!*" Schwartz cried, "I vill myself place dot imache dere."

"St. Anthony of Padua, you un'stand, Señor?" warned Captain Miranda. " 'T is he that watches on sailormens. You can procure him to the lit', small shop of the Señor Barca. Tha' 's behine those cathedral, you know—lit' yaller house."

"I vill get him," Schwartz promised.

"I have the lit', small image to him in my cabin," said the captain.

"You have him to your cabin?" said the señora, delightedly.

"Always, Señora," he answered. " 'T is he that bring me to you firstly; he shall return me back once more."

"Sure-lee," she agreed. "How anybuddy going trust him once more when he fail in such manner?"

"Nobuddy," he replied.

"Tha' 's how I think, yas. Also, Señor, twice the day, in the mornings by seven, in the nights by seven, I shall tell him to return you back. You going recollec' those hour'?"

"Yas; and ask him similar like you," he declared.

"Ah!" she cried triumphantly, and for the rest of the evening she was very gay and joyous.

We drank to the health and happiness of the new mistress of the house before we separated for the night, and when she finally left us, we stood together in the middle of the room and watched her go. But as she reached the turn in the stairs and glanced smilingly back, Captain Miranda took a step forward.

"Señora," he said—"Señora, be please' to return a little."

She laughed and obediently turned back, stepping down slowly, her hand on the rail.

The captain raised his hand.

"There!" he cried,—"remain there, Señora mia."

With a wondering little laugh she stood still as she said gently:

"Tha' 's ver' fonny, Señor. What you desire?"

For a moment he gazed at her without speaking, then gently waved his hand in dismissal.

" 'T is obtain' already—that desire," he replied. "You see, behol'ing you go, I recollec' ver' sudden how you shall go up and down those stair' efery day, and I shall not behol' you; but now my heart shall behol' you far off where I am,—the image, you un'stand?—similar like you are this minute. *Buenas noces,* Señora. The pleasant dream." He turned quickly and went out of the door, to walk the tile-paved gallery alone, the better to fix the image in his mind, perhaps.

For a moment she stood and watched him go, with a look on her face that I had never seen there before; for it held neither joy nor fear, hope nor dread, but only an abiding, resolute peace, like that of an aged nun who had put the world behind her, and lived each hour as it came, with no backward or forward look. Then, without a glance at us, she turned and went slowly up the stairs again.

Early in the freshness of the morning, when the dew was on the grass and the hacienda was looking its best, we stood about the carriage that was to take us back to Pasaquimento and waited for the señora to appear. She came around the corner of the house at last, ready for the ride, and holding in her hands a small pot of mignonette. She held it out toward Schwartz, saying timidly:

"Señor, is it permit' to take the lit', small flower?"

He laughed.

"Señora," he said, "iss it not all yours—flower and garden, house and eferyt'ing—der vedding-gift?"

"Señor," she replied, "I think you ver' nice like some angel—gen*e*rous like that; but, Señor, this lit', small flower is those wedding-gif'. I go in those lit' ship with my hoosban'."

In the face of the storm of protest she only smiled and said:

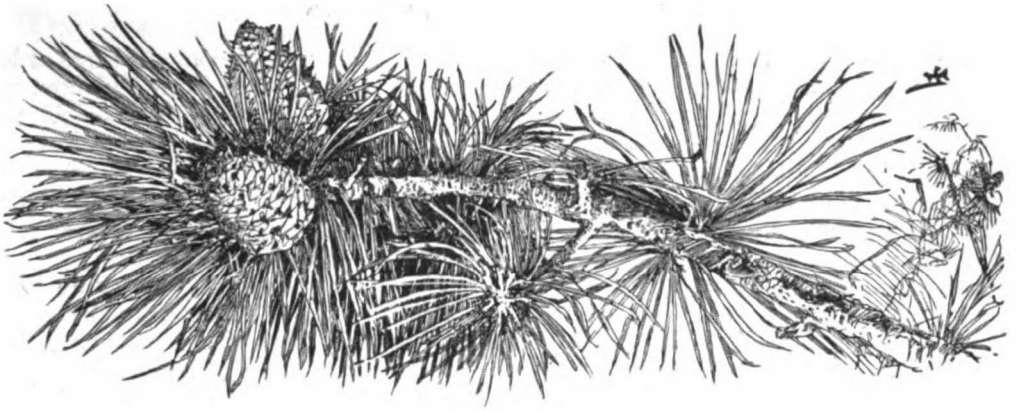
"Yas, tha' 's all just like you say, Señores; but when he declare' last night how his heart shall see the image to me going up and down those stair', Señores, I think I going die bec-ause of those lonesome heart. Tha' 's ver' fonny wedding-gif', to sep'rate ever'buddy in those manner. This is those gift—this lit', small flower, yas. 'T is all I ask; for then shall there be no those heart to nobuddy."

Owned by Mr. Alex C. Humphreys

AN AISLE OF THE SEA

FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)



MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

(KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES)

VIII. NUCKY'S BIG BROTHERS

BY LUCY FURMAN

Author of "Stories of a Sanctified Town"

FROM the beginning of the term in August, Miss Loring and the cottage boys at the Settlement School on Perilous heard large and frequent tales from Nucky Marrs about his two big brothers Blant and Ezry. With pardonable pride he recounted their deeds of valor, which had begun in their early teens, when, by reason of their father's health having been shattered by a gunshot-wound, they had been obliged to take upon themselves the defense of the family honor in the hereditary "war" with the Cheevers. By the time Blant was twenty-one and Ezry nineteen, the two had done much to enhance the reputation of Trigger Branch, Powderhorn Creek, and even of "Bloody Boyne," the county in which they lived. Needless to say, the other eleven cottage boys listened to these accounts with envy and jealousy. Not one of them had an active "war" going on in his family; not one lived in a neighborhood where, in favorable seasons, "they bring a dead man down the branch every week"; not one had big brothers as brave, as daring, as quick with the trigger, as Blant and Ezry. Nucky's one regret was that he had come along so many years after the big boys and had been unable to assist them materially in the family quarrel. Of course he had helped in small ways, such as spying, keeping a lookout, and the like, and had lost no opportunity to "layway" and ambush infant Cheevers, and "tole" them into desperate encounters; but he longed for the day when he might emulate Blant and Ezry and rid the earth of some of the enemies.

Blant and Ezry had not only these social duties to perform for their family, but various others, some of an unusual character. It goes without saying that, since Mr. Marrs's lung had been punctured by a Cheever bullet, they were the breadwinners. They "tended the crop" on the steep mountain-sides in summer, and logged, cleared new-ground, and did other Herculean labors at other seasons; and, since the death of their mother a year before Nucky's arrival at the school, they had also sustained many of the cares of the household. Three or four days after the birth of her last child, Mrs. Marrs had gone out to hoe in the onion-patch one day when the boys were away, and had been overtaken by a sudden, drenching shower, catching cold, and dying within the week. She was intensely devoted to her eight children, and on her death-bed she had requested her husband never to put a "stepmaw" over them, and had instructed Blant

and Ezry to assist their father in raising the younger ones, confiding to Blant's special care the week-old baby, "your paw being too puny to set up with it of nights." After the two big boys there was a gap in the family caused by the death of four children from typhoid; then followed Nucky, who was eleven, and the five younger children. Blant and Ezry accepted their trust with sincere devotion. Their father was able to do a good deal of the cooking and housework, but they assisted him even in this, and, when not at work outside, tirelessly and tenderly minded the children. At night "the babe" always slept at Blant's side,—or, rather, the first three colic months it did not sleep, and Blant patiently walked the floor with it, jolted it on his knees, toasted its little feet before the fire, warmed its bottle, gave it generous doses of corn liquor, and, as Nucky said, "made it sugar-teats and soot-tea as good as a woman."

During the latter part of this colic-time, Mr. Marrs became so desperate by reason of being constantly disturbed in his sleep that he concluded there was nothing for it but to get a woman in the house; and one evening he sadly and secretly started off across Elbow Mountain to propose to a capable widow over in Sassafras Hollow. On the very summit of the mountain, he was confronted by his wife's spirit, which, with denunciation and warning, turned him back, trembling and repentant, to renew his promise to the children that they should never have a stepmaw, and from that day to settle down to the lonely estate of a "widow-man."

From all accounts, Nucky's mother had been a woman of remarkable mind and heart, worthy of the rare affection her children cherished for her. Nucky was proud of telling that, although she had never seen the inside of a school-house, she had yet been a "scholar," and able to read, write, and figure, her great-grandfather, when a very old man of nearly a hundred, and unable to do anything but sit by the fire, having imparted to her a portion of his own learning. She had proved such an apt, eager pupil that, on his death, he had left her his most valued possessions—a few ancient books. One of these was a Bible, another a story-book, with pictures, "about a man by the name of Christian, that fit with devils, and come near being et up by a jont ten times as big as him." The latter book had been the chief delight of Nucky's infancy. All this was most interesting to Miss Loring, as being another proof that the early settlers were men of an education which isolation and the hard struggle for existence made impossible to their descendants.

Nucky was continually expecting Blant and Ezry over to visit him at the school, and getting word from passers-by that they aimed to come soon; and Miss Loring and the cottage boys were most eager to see the heroes materialize. But it appeared that, although the babe was now more than a year old and done with colic, Blant was still unable to make up his mind to leave it overnight.

The autumn passed, and almost any story Miss Loring read or told Nucky would be able to match with performances of Blant and Ezry and their best friend Richard Tarrant, who always assisted them in their undertakings. Blant, however, was the star actor on every occasion. When, for instance, along in December, they were reading the story of Ulysses, and reached the place where the hero and his friends escape from the cave of Polyphemus, Nucky told of the last time Blant had been arrested for necessarily killing a Cheever (when a Cheever and a Marrs met it was only a question of the quickest trigger), and how, on the way to the county-seat afterward, the officers and prisoner were overtaken by darkness and compelled to stop all night at a wayside house. Blant went to bed in an upper room, handcuffed, between the sheriff and a deputy, each of whom retired with a loaded revolver in his hand. In the morning, when the officers awoke, the prisoner was gone, while the quilt that had covered the three swung from the window, and beneath it, on the ground, lay the two revolvers, placed neatly side by side.

Christmas came and went, and still no Blant and Ezry appeared. The children had returned from their holiday visits home, and the first Saturday evening thereafter, which happened to be the fifth of January, Miss Loring and her boys sat around the fire, again reading Ulysses. There was a violent interruption, however, when Ulysses permits Scylla to snatch six of his friends out of the ship for a meal. "Dad burn him! I 'm

done with him!" "Why n't he grab his ax and chop off them six heads when he seed 'em a-coming?" "Any man can't fight for his friends better be dead!" "Ongrateful 's worse 'n pizen!" "Don't want to hear no more about no such puke-stocking as him!" "Better shet up the book!" were some of the sentiments. Miss Loring bowed to the storm and shut the book, and conversation finally simmered down to smoother levels, touching upon the adventures of the boys themselves during the holidays. These seemed to Miss Loring exciting enough; but nearly every boy was bewailing the fact that he had had to return to the school before Old Christmas.

"I 've heard you boys speak of Old Christmas a number of times," said Miss Loring. "Now, what on earth is it?"

"Old Christmas is sure-enough Christmas," replied Taulbee, gravely. "You brought-on women thinks New Christmas is Christmas, but it ain't. Real Christmas comes to-morrow, on the sixth of January; and to-night is real Christmas eve."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, all the old folks says so, for one thing, and I think they knows better than young ones; and, for another, I think the beastes and plants knows better still. To-night 's the night when the elder blossoms out and the cattle kneels down and prays. You can hear 'em a-lowing and a-mowing at midnight if you stay awake and listen."

Miss Loring had some recollection of the English calendar having been set forward eleven days in the middle of the eighteenth century, and of the refusal of many of the people to accept the new dates, and specially the new-style Christmas. This survival in the mountain country seemed to her as wonderful as that of the old English ballads, and the good old Shaksperian words, obsolete elsewhere.

"What do people do on Old Christmas? Do they give presents?" she asked.

"No, indeed," said Taulbee. "They never heared tell of such a new-fangle thing. The old folks they cook up a week or two beforehand, and lay in a good stock of cider and liquor, for hospitality, so 's they can offer a-plenty to eat and drink, and then when Christmas comes they set around and hold their hands all day (it would be a sin to work then), and tries to keep the young folks from antikin' around too much, for they claim it 's a solemn season. But the girls they mostly gets out and visits and sees what little fun they can (th' ain't no real fun no time, though, for women), and the boys they take their nags and pistols and jugs and rides up and down the road or the creek, hollering and shooting and making what noise they able to. It 's what you might call a dangerous time to be out in."

Miss Loring and the boys all agreed to wake up at midnight that night and hear the cattle "lowing and mowing"; but they failed to set the alarm-clock, and unfortunately slept through the miraculous hour.

On the Tuesday following, Miss Loring was passing through the school-yard on her way to dinner at noon when she saw a crowd rapidly gathering at the fence. A man on horseback outside was talking and gesticulating. As she joined the crowd, he was telling how, on Old Christmas morning, Blant and Ezry Marrs, Rich Tarrant, and a lot of the boys, were galloping up and down Powderhorn, drinking, shooting, and celebrating the day, when Rich recklessly and foolishly dashed out on Blant from behind a large rock, and Blant, with his ever-ready instinct for the Cheevers made more keen by liquor, fired on the instant, before he saw who it really was, killing Rich dead. Blant, said the news-bearer, was in a deplorable state of mind, first attempting to end his own life, and, foiled in this, sending word to the sheriff to come and arrest him. Though Blant lived in Boyne, the shooting had occurred on the lower reaches of Powderhorn, in Kent County, and the sheriff and deputies were now bringing both Blant and Ezry to the jail in the village near the school, Ezry having opposed Blant's surrender and fired into the posse when it arrived, and being arrested for "contempt."

All the rest of that day, with pale face and straining eyes, Nucky watched the road; and the other boys kept just as near the front fence as possible. A little before dark, the cavalcade came along. Between two armed men rode Blant, his face rigid with misery and horror; Ezry, sullen and defiant of aspect, was behind, between two others. Nucky leaped into Blant's stirrup and rode along with him to the jail, the

faces of both as white and unseeing as the dead.

Thereafter Nucky spent every possible moment with his brothers in the jail, and several times Miss Loring stopped in with him. Blant's anguish was terrible to see. In vain Nucky and Miss Loring, Ezry and the other prisoners, and even the jail-keeper, argued with him and tried to convince him he should not reproach himself so bitterly or give way to such utter despair and grief. His one reply was: "I have killed my best friend. My heart is broke'. Life has no more charms for me. I hope to God the law will kill me and put me out of my misery." The strange fact also developed that he had had a forewarning of Rich's death. For three consecutive days before Old Christmas, once when he was riving boards for the roof, once when he was climbing the mountain in search of a lost cow, once when he was sitting with the babe in his arms before the fire, he had had visions of Rich standing beside him, headless; and so strong had been the impression that he had told Rich the first thing when they met Christmas morning, and had warned him to be specially careful what he did that day.

For weeks he was thus inconsolable and desperate. The first relief came one Saturday when Nucky and Miss Loring were at the jail. A neighbor from over on Trigger stopped his nag at the jail window, and told Blant, through the bars, that "the babe just whimped and cried day and night for him, and could n't be pacified noway." At this Blant laid his head on the table where the other prisoners were playing cards and wept, the first tears he had shed, and they seemed to wash away some of his burden. A day or two later, a message came from Powderhorn which should certainly have comforted him some: Mrs. Tarrant, Rich's mother, sent word to him that though he had "darkened the light of the sunball" for her, she freely forgave him.

The following Friday, Nucky asked and received permission to make a visit home over the week-end; and the next afternoon Miss Loring was surprised to see him out in the road in front of the cottage, on his paw's nag, with a small bundle carried very carefully on one arm. This he unwrapped to show Miss Loring. It was the babe, a beautiful little girl, with big, gray eyes like Nucky's and Blant's, and such a tiny, white face, and so pathetic and patient a smile, that Miss Loring's heart was wrung within her.

"Seem' like it 'll pine to death if it don't get to see Blant," explained Nucky; "so I brung it over."

"Please bring it back to spend the night with me!" implored Miss Loring.

But Blant would by no means consent to this; not for an instant should it depart from his arms during the time it had to stay. Nucky reported afterward: "It just grabbed aholt of him the minute it seed him, and laid its head on his breast, and would n't turn him a-loose even to eat or sleep.. All the other boys tried to get it to come to them, but it would n't go even to Ezry. And Blant he set up and helt it in his arms all night."

The process of separating the babe from Blant next day was such a painful one that there was not a dry eye in the jail.

Court was not to sit until the middle of March, when the trial of Blant and Ezry would come off. Of course Ezry would be acquitted,—"contempt" was nothing,—and at first it was hoped that Blant would be acquitted, too, the absence of intention in his killing of Rich was so patent, and his grief so cruel and overwhelming a punishment in itself. But as the weeks passed on there was a growing sentiment among the solid men of the county that a short penitentiary sentence in his case would be a very good thing, and would make all the young men in the region more careful with their guns in the future. Of course if Blant had killed a Cheever, it would not be so imperative for the law to step in,—the Cheevers were perfectly able to attend to their own affairs,—but this thing of shooting wild and killing the wrong man was a menace to the whole community, and ought not to go unpunished. Also, Kent County was, and prided itself on being, more law-abiding than Boyne; and this chance to make an object-lesson of a Boyne boy was not to be overlooked.

These various rumors as to public opinion were carried to Blant by passers-by, callers, and the jail-keeper himself; while from Trigger came more and more distressing news every day. The Cheevers, taking advantage of the situation, were

marauding, shooting hogs, burning fodder-stacks, etc. Mr. Marrs was worn out and distracted in his mind by the unaccustomed load of cares, and as for the babe, its grief was working on it to a dangerous extent. "It 's fairly pindling away," "Nothing but a pitiful little passel of bones," "Some days don't touch ary morsel of victuals," "Favors a little picked bird," "Aiming to die if he don't get back to it soon," were successive messages that reached the jail.

The situation was freely discussed by Blant and Ezry and the other prisoners, mostly nice boys, arrested for only slight offenses, such as moonshining and celebrating Christmas too enthusiastically, and by the jail-keeper; and one day Blant expressed his mind as follows:

"Yes, I don't know as I like the notion of going down there to Frankfort very well. If the law would just hang me, I 'd feel better. But I reckon there ain't no hopes of that; I ought to have recollected the prejudice they got again' hanging in this country. The way I look at it, a life for a life is just common justice. But what good or justice it will do anybody to coop me up in Frankfort for a couple of year' or more when I 'm so bad' needed at home, I fail to see. Here I am, with a living to make for the folks, and the outdacious manœuvers of the Cheevers to keep down, and the babe to raise,—you might say with my hands running-over full,—and now they aim to shut me up where I can't do none of it! It ain't reasonable. Now, if they was to send me off to the Philippynes or somewheres to *fight* for 'em, I could see some sense in that, because then I 'd do 'em a heap of good. But just to shut me up where I can't never see no sunshine, or do nothing but set and think, why, seems like it 's more than I want to face."

"You ought to have thought of that sooner," admonished the keeper. "You done a mighty near-sighted job when you sent for the sheriff; I would n't have believed it of you, Blant. Nobody would n't have thought of arrestin' you; they 'd 'a' knowed you never meant no harm to Rich. But I reckon your mind was clean unhinged by misery. And now you 've made your bed, you got to lay in it. Whatever you do, take warnin' and don't try no tricks here on me. Because, whatever happens, and however well I like you, law is law, and I 'm obligated by my oath, and aimin' to do my whole duty. I really think a heap of you, Blant, and I 'd hate right smart to have to kill you."

One Tuesday morning early in March, Miss Loring started down to the village post-office. When she reached that place in the road where it was necessary to walk the fence some distance on account of the frightful mud-holes, she was surprised and delighted to see that a gang of men were working the road, and to recognize in them Blant and Ezry and the other prisoners. They were picking the shale from the mountain-side, and shoveling it into the bottomless holes. All appeared happy to feel the warm sunshine and breathe the fresh air again, and worked with a will, talking merrily with chance passers-by, the keeper, who leaned on his rifle, entering amiably into the conversation. Miss Loring was relieved to see Blant's face relaxed and almost cheerful, and to know that time was in a measure healing his sorrow. She hoped that the last news she had had from Trigger—that the babe was nothing but a feather and would soon blow away—had not reached him.

The two succeeding days the cottage boys made every excuse to go up the road and exchange words with the road-gang. By great good fortune, Nucky had the kitchen-job, and, running errands for the housekeeper to and from the village, had frequent chances to see his big brothers. Friday noon he brought word that the mud-holes were filled, and the boys were now preparing to blast out rock and widen the road at a point still nearer the school. All that afternoon heavy detonations rent the air, and puffs of smoke were visible from the school-garden, where it was almost impossible for Miss Loring to keep her boys at work.

Saturday, too, the blasting continued at intervals. About two in the afternoon the wash-girls had finished their labors and were out "passing the ball" in the school-yard, and the boys, under Miss Loring's supervision, were washing the last windows and scrubbing the last floor in the cottage. Joab, on his knees, plying a scrubbing-brush, with an occasional droll glance at Miss Loring, was chanting monotonously,

"Let the women do the work, do the work,
do the work,
Let the men do the laying around,"

when several loud, near-by gunshots sent everybody flying to the front yard. Up the steep mountain-side facing the cottage two men were leaping, while down in the road below ran a third, stopping only to aim and fire.

"It 's Blant and Ezry!" called out a dozen voices. "Go it, boys! Run! oh, run!"

All the school was by this time at the fence, breathlessly watching the hard ascent. The mountain was cleared half-way up, not a tree or a rock affording shelter. The keeper, selecting a vantage-ground just outside the cottage gate, took his stand there, and grimly proceeded to do his "whole duty," firing calmly, swiftly, and surely at the flying figures. In running accompaniment to the gunshots, Nucky's voice rang out sharp and clear. "Keep to the right a little grain!" "Drap down in the swag there, so 's he can't hit you so easy!" "Make for the timber!" Bullets raised tiny clouds of dust about the feet of the fugitives, and in the slope just ahead of them. The seconds seemed ages; the watchers' hearts stood still. Once Blant stopped short, clutching his left arm; then he ran on again more swiftly than ever, the arm dangling strangely. Nucky's voice, edged with agony, faltered no more than did the bullets. "Can't you move no quicker 'n that? Once you reach them trees, he 'll never hit you. Oh, hurry! hurry! Seems like I could crawl faster. You 're getting near now. The trees! the trees! the trees! Oh, God, they 're to 'em! They 're safe!"

After a few parting shots into the timber, the keeper shook his head, philosophically shouldered his gun, and turned to the other prisoners, who had come down the road behind him. "Well, boys," he remarked, "I done my best, as the law required. But they got too good a start on me. It was right pyeert of 'em to stand on the far side from me when that last blast went off, and gain that much of a start. That was as plucky a race for life as ever I see; and I hain't sorry I never killed 'em. I put Blant's arm out of business for a while, but I 'm free to say I 'm glad it was n't no vital. Yes, sir, I don't know when I ever made the acquaintance of two nicer, cleverer boys than them; and I think it was mighty sensible of 'em not to stay and stand trial. That 'ere Blant is as perfect a gentleman as ever I seed, and hain't got a criminal bone in him. To send him to Frankfort would be just plumb ridiculous and scandalous. He never ought to have give' himself up when he killed Rich; that was the dad-burn foolishest thing ever I beheld. But of course he was momentarily distracted by grief and not accountable. Well, I hope it has learnt him a lesson to think twice in future. And now I reckon he 'll lay out in the woods a spell, though I 'm sure nobody would n't be low-down enough to hunt him, and it 's again' the law, anyhow, that a man's life shall be twice in jeopardy for the same offense, and then he 'll go home, and settle the Cheevers, and cheer up his pap, and raise what 's left of that pore little babe."

From the painting in the Luxembourg Palace, Paris

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE. BY EDMOND AMAN-JEAN

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—XXIII)

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE

BY

EDMOND AMAN-JEAN

THE WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS

THIRD PAPER: THE DAUGHTERS OF AGRIPPA

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

TIBERIUS[1] had now broken with Augustus, he had lost the support of public opinion, he was hated by the majority of the senate. At Rhodes he soon found himself, therefore, in the awkward position of one who through a false move has played into the hands of his enemies and sees no way of recovering his position. It had been easy to leave Rome; to reënter it was difficult, and in all probability his fortune would have been forever compromised, and he would never have become emperor, had it not been for the fact that in the midst of this general defection two women remained faithful. They were his mother, Livia, and his sister-in-law, Antonia, the widow of that brother Drusus who, dying in his youth, had carried to his grave the hopes of Rome.

Antonia was the daughter of the emperor's sister Octavia and of Mark Antony, the famous triumvir whose name remains forever linked in story with that of Cleopatra. This daughter of Antony was certainly the noblest and the gentlest of all the women who appear in the lugubrious and tragic history of the family of the Cæsars. Serious, modest, and even-tempered, she was likewise endowed with beauty and virtue, and she brought into the family and into its struggles a spirit of concord, serenity of mind, and sweet reasonableness, though they could not always prevail against the violent passions and clashing interests of those about her. As long as Drusus lived, Drusus and Antonia had been for the Romans the model of the devoted pair of lovers, and their tender affection had become proverbial; yet the Roman multitude, always given to admiring the descendants of the great families, was even more deeply impressed by the beauty, the virtue, the sweetness, the modesty, and the reserve of Antonia. After the death of Drusus, she did not wish to marry again, even though the *lex de maritandis ordinibus* made it a duty. "Young and beautiful," wrote Valerius Maximus, "she withdrew to a life of retirement in the company of Livia, and the same bed which had seen the death of the youthful husband saw his faithful spouse grow old in an austere widowhood." Augustus and the people were so touched by this supreme proof of fidelity to the memory of the ever-cherished husband that by the common consent of public opinion she was relieved of the necessity of remarrying; and Augustus himself, who had always carefully watched over the observance of the marital law in his own family, did not dare insist. Whether living at her villa of Bauli, where she spent the larger part of her year, or at Rome, the beautiful widow gave her attention to the bringing up of her three children, Germanicus, Livilla, and Claudius. Ever since the death of Octavia, she had worshiped Livia as a mother and lived in the closest intimacy with her, and, withdrawn from public life, she attempted now to bring a spirit of peace into the torn and tragic family.

Antonia was very friendly with Tiberius, who, on his side, felt the deepest sympathy and respect for his beautiful and virtuous sister-in-law. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that in this crisis Antonia, who was bound to Livia by many ties, must have taken sides for Livia's son Tiberius. But Antonia was too gentle

[1] In the June paper on Tiberius's mother, Livia, and his step-sister, Julia (the daughter of Augustus by a former wife), Professor Ferrero described the intrigues of these two women, the first for the advancement of Tiberius to the place of heir of Augustus, and the second to secure the place for her son Caius Cæsar.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Co.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

FROM THE PAINTING BY L. ALMA TADEMA

and mild to lead a faction in the struggle which during these years began between the friends and the enemies of Tiberius, and that rôle was assumed by Livia, who possessed more strength and more authority.

The situation grew worse and worse. Public opinion steadily became more hostile to Tiberius and more favorable to Julia and her elder son, and it was not long before they wished to give to her younger son, Lucius, the same honors which had already been bestowed upon his brother Caius. Private interest soon allied itself with the hatred and rancor against Tiberius; and scarcely had he departed when the senate increased the appropriation for public supplies and public games. All those who profited by these appropriations were naturally interested in preventing the return of Tiberius, who was notorious for his opposition to all useless expenditures. Any measure, however dishonest, was therefore considered proper, provided only it helped to ruin Tiberius; and his enemies had recourse to every art and calumny, among other things actually accusing him of conspiracies against Augustus. Even for a woman as able and energetic as Livia it was an arduous task to struggle against the inclinations of Augustus, against public opinion, against the majority of the senate, against private interest, and against Julia and her friends. Indeed, four years passed during which the situation of Tiberius and his party grew steadily worse, while the party of Julia increased in power.

From the statue now in the Vatican, Rome

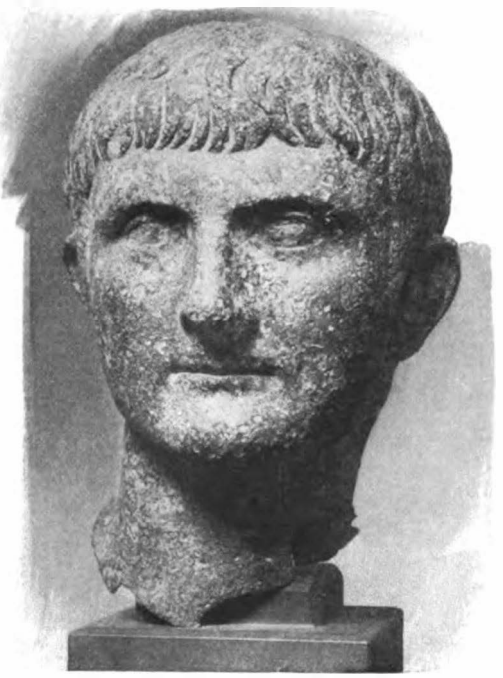
MARK ANTONY

Finally the party of Tiberius resolved to attempt a startlingly bold move. They decided to cripple the opposition by means of a terrible scandal in the very person of Julia. The *lex Julia de adulteriis,* framed by Augustus in the year 18, authorized any citizen to denounce an unfaithful wife before the judges, if the husband or father should refuse to make the accusation. This law, which was binding upon all Roman citizens, was therefore applicable even to the daughter of Augustus, the widow of Agrippa, the mother of Caius and Lucius Cæsar, those two youths in whom were centered the hopes of the republic. She had violated the *lex Julia* and she had escaped the penalties which had been visited on many other ladies of the aristocracy only because no one had dared to call down this scandal upon the first family of the empire. The party of Tiberius, protected and guided by Livia, at last hazarded this step.

It is impossible to say what part Livia played in this terrible tragedy. It is certain that either she or some other influential personage succeeded in gaining possession of the proofs of Julia's guilt and brought them to Augustus, threatening to lay them before the pretor and to institute proceedings if he did not discharge his duty. Augustus found himself constrained to apply to himself his own terrible law. He himself had decreed that if the husband, as was then the case of Tiberius, could not accuse a faithless woman, the father must do so. It was his law, and he had to bow to it in order to avoid scandals and worse consequences. He exiled Julia to the little island of Pandataria, and at the age of thirty-seven, the brilliant, pleasing, and voluptuous young woman who had dazzled Rome for many years was compelled to disappear from the me-

tropolis forever and retire to an existence on a barren island. She was cut off by the implacable hatred of a hostile party and by the inexorable cruelty of a law framed by her own father!

The exile of Julia marks the moment when the fortunes of Tiberius and Livia, which had been steadily losing ground for four years, began to revive, though not so rapidly as Livia and Tiberius had probably expected. Julia preserved, even in her misfortune, many faithful friends and a great popularity. For a long time popular demonstrations were held in her favor at Rome, and many busied themselves tenaciously to obtain her pardon from Augustus, all of which goes to prove that the horrible infamies which were spread about her were the inventions of enemies. Julia had broken the *lex Julia*,—so much is certain,—but even if she had been guilty of an unfortunate act, she was not a monster, as her enemies wished to have it believed. She was a beautiful woman, as there had been before, as there are now, and as there will be hereafter, touched with human vices and with human virtues.



From a photograph. Copyright by Anderson

BUST OF TIBERIUS IN THE MUSEO NAZIONALE, NAPLES

As a matter of fact, her party, after it had recovered from the terrible shock of the scandal, quickly reorganized. Firm in its intention of having Julia pardoned, it took up the struggle again, and tried as far as it could to hinder Tiberius from returning to Rome and again taking part in political life, knowing well that if the husband once set foot in Rome, all hope of Julia's return would be lost. Only one of them could reënter Rome. It was either Tiberius or Julia; and more furiously than ever the struggle between the two parties was waged about Augustus.

Caius and Lucius Cæsar, Julia's two youthful sons, of whom Augustus was very fond, were the principal instruments with which the enemies of Tiberius fought against the influence of Livia over Augustus. Every effort was made to sow hatred and distrust between the two youths and Tiberius, to the end that it might become impossible to have them collaborate with him in the government of the empire, and that the presence of Julia's sons should of necessity exclude that of her husband. A further ally was soon found in the person of another child of Julia and Agrippa, the daughter who has come down into history under the name of the Younger Julia. Augustus had conceived as great a love for her as for the two sons, and there was no doubt that she would aid with every means in her power the party averse to Tiberius; for her mother's instincts of liberty, luxury, and pleasure were also inherent in her. Married to L. Æmilius Paulus, the son of one of the greatest Roman families, she had early assumed in Rome a position which made her, like her mother, the antithesis of Livia. She, too, gathered about her, as the elder Julia had done, a court of elegant youths, men of letters, and poets,—Ovid was of the number,—and with this group she hoped to be able to hold the balance of power in the government against that coterie of aged senators who paid court to Livia. She, too, took advantage of the good-will of her grandfather, just as her mother had done, and in the shadow of his protection she displayed an extravagance which the laws did not permit, but which, on this account, was all the more admired by the enemies of the old Roman puritanism. As though

openly to defy the sumptuary law of Augustus, she built herself a magnificent villa; and, if we dare believe tradition, it was not long before she, too, had violated the very law which had proved disastrous to her mother.

Thus, even after the departure of Julia, mere permission that Tiberius might return to Rome, under the conditions, however, that he retire to private life, that he give himself up to the education of his son, and that he in no wise mingle in public affairs. The condition of the empire was growing worse on every side; the fi-

From a photograph. Copyright by Alinari

STATUE, SUPPOSED TO BE OF ANTONIA, DAUGHTER OF MARK ANTONY AND OCTAVIA, AND MOTHER OF GERMANICUS, IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

her three children, Caius, Lucius, and Julia the Younger, constituted in Rome an alliance which was sufficiently powerful to contest every inch of ground with the party of Livia; for they had public opinion in their favor, they enjoyed the support of the senate, and they played upon the weakness of Augustus. In the year 2 A.D., after four years of exhaustive efforts spent in struggle and intrigue, all that Livia had been able to obtain was the nances were disordered, the army was disorganized, and the frontiers were threatened, for revolt was raising its head in Gaul, in Pannonia, and especially in Germany. Every day the situation seemed to demand the hand of Tiberius, who, now in the prime of life, was recognized as one of the leading administrators and the first general of the empire. But, for all Livia's insistence, Augustus refused to call Tiberius back into the government. The Julii

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

JULIA, THE DAUGHTER OF AUGUSTUS, IN EXILE AT PANDATARIA

DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

were masters of the state, and held the Claudii at a distance.

Perhaps Tiberius would never have returned to power in Rome had not chance aided him in the sudden taking off, in a strange and unforeseen manner, of Caius and Lucius Cæsar. The latter died at Marseilles, following a brief illness, shortly after the return of Tiberius to Rome, August 29, in the year 2 A.D. It was a great grief to Augustus, and, twenty months after, was followed by another still more serious. In February of the year 4, Caius also died, in Lycia, of a wound received in a skirmish. These two deaths were so premature, so close to each other, and so opportune for Tiberius, that posterity has refused to see in them simply one of the many mischances of life. Later generations have tried to believe that Livia had a hand in these fatalities. Yet he who understands life at all knows that it is easier to imagine and suspect romantic poisonings of this sort than it is to carry them out. Even leaving the character of Livia out of consideration, it is difficult to imagine how she would have dared, or have been able, to poison the two youths at so great a distance from Rome, one in Asia, the other in Gaul, by means of a long train of accomplices, and this at a moment when the family of Augustus was divided by many hatreds and every member was suspected, spied upon, and watched by a hostile party. Furthermore, it would have been necessary to carry this out at a time when the example of Julia proved to all that relationship to Augustus was not a sufficient defense against the rigors of the law and the severity of public opinion when roused by any serious crime. Besides, it is a recognized fact that the people always incline to suspect a crime whenever a man prominent in the public eye dies before his time. At Turin, for example, there still lives a tradition among the people that Cavour was poisoned, some say by the order of Napoleon III, others by the Jesuits, simply because his life was suddenly cut off, at the age of fifty-two, at the moment when Italy had greatest need of him. Indeed, even to-day we are impressed when we see in the family of Augustus so many premature deaths of young men; but precisely because these untimely deaths are frequent we come to see in them the predestined ruin of a worn-out race in history. All ancient families at a certain moment exhaust themselves. This is the reason why no aristocracy has been able to endure for long unless continually renewed, and why all those that have refused to take in new blood have failed from the face of the earth. There is no serious reason for attributing so horrible a crime to a woman who was venerated by the best men of her time; and the fables which the populace, always faithful to Julia, and therefore hostile to Livia, recounted on this score, and which the historians of the succeeding age collected, have no decisive value.

The death of Caius and Lucius Cæsar was therefore a great good fortune for Tiberius, because it determined his return to power. The situation of the empire was growing worse on every hand; Germany was in the midst of revolt, and it was necessary to turn the army over to vigorous hands. Augustus, old and irresolute, still hesitated, fearing the dislike which was brewing both in the senate and among the people against the too dictatorial Tiberius. At last, however, he was forced to yield.

The more serious, more authoritative, more ancient party of the senatorial nobility, in accord with Livia and headed by a nephew of Pompey, Cnæus Cornelius Cinna, forced him to recall Tiberius, threatening otherwise to have recourse to some violent measures the exact character of which we do not know. The unpopularity of Tiberius was a source of continual misgivings to the aging Augustus, and it was only through this threat of a yet greater danger that they finally overcame his hesitation. On June 26, in the fourth year of our era, Augustus adopted Tiberius as his son, and had conferred upon him for ten years the office of tribune, thus making him his colleague. Tiberius returned to power, and, in accordance with the wishes of Augustus, adopted as his son Germanicus, the elder son of Drusus and Antonia, his faithful friend. He was an intelligent, active lad of whom all entertained the highest hopes.

On his return to power, Tiberius, together with Augustus, took measures for reorganizing the army and the state, and sought to bring about by means of new marriages and acts of clemency a closer union between the Julian and Claudian

branches of the family, then bitterly divided by the violent struggles of recent years. The terms of Julia's exile were made easier; Germanicus married Agrippina, another daughter of Julia and Agrippa, and a sister of Julia the Younger; the widow of Caius Cæsar, Livilla, sister of Germanicus and daughter of Antonia, was given to Drusus, the son of Tiberius, a young man born in the same year as Germanicus. Drusus, despite certain defects, such as irascibility and a marked fondness for pleasure, gave evidence that he possessed the requisite qualities of a statesman—firmness, sound judgment, and energy. The policy which dictated these marriages was always the same—to make of the family of Augustus one formidable and united body, so that it might constitute the solid base of the entire government of the empire. But, alas! wise as were the intentions, the ferments of discord and the unhappiness of the times prevailed against them. Too much had been hoped for in recalling Tiberius to power. During the ten years of senile government, the empire had been reduced to a state of utter disorder. The measures planned by Tiberius for reestablishing the finances of the state roused the liveliest discontent among the wealthy classes in Italy, and again excited their hatred against him. In the year 6 A.D., the great revolt of Pannonia broke out and for a moment filled Italy with unspeakable terror. In an instant of mob fury, they even came to fear that the peninsula would be invaded and Rome besieged by the barbarians of the Danube. Tiberius came to the rescue, and with patience and coolness put down the insurrection, not by facing it in open conflict, but by drawing out the war to such a length as to weary the enemy, a method both safe and wise, considering the unreliable character of the troops at his command. But at Rome, once the fear had subsided, the long duration of the war became a new cause for dissatisfaction and anger, and offered to many a pretext for venting their long-cherished hatred against Tiberius, who was accused of being afraid, of not knowing how to end the war, and of drawing it out for motives of personal ambition. The party averse to Tiberius again

From the statue in Naples

LIVIA, THE MOTHER OF TIBERIUS, IN THE COSTUME OF A PRIESTESS

raised its head and resorted once more to its former policy—that of urging on Germanicus against Tiberius. The former was young, ambitious, bold, and would have preferred daring strokes and a war quickly concluded. It is certain that there would have risen then and there a Germanican and a Tiberian party, if Augustus, on this occasion, had not energetically sustained Tiberius from Rome. But the situation again became strained and full of uncertainty.

In the midst of these conflicts and these fears, a new scandal broke out in the family of Augustus. The Younger Julia, like her mother, allowed herself to be caught in violation of the *lex Julia de adulteriis,* and she also was compelled to take the road of exile. In what manner and at whose instance the scandal was disclosed we do not know; we do know, however, that Augustus was very fond of his granddaughter, whence we can assume that in this moment of turbid agitation, when so much hatred was directed against his family and his house, and when so many forces were uniting to overthrow Tiberius again, notwithstanding the fact that he had saved the empire, Augustus felt that he must a second time submit to his own law. He did not dare contend with the puritanical party, with the more conservative minority in the senate,—the friends of Tiberius,—over this second victim in his family. Without a doubt everything possible was done to hush up the scandal, and there would scarcely have come down to us even a summary notice of the exile of the second Julia had it not been that among those exiled with her was the poet Ovid, who was to fill twenty centuries with his laments and to bring them to the ears of the latest generations.

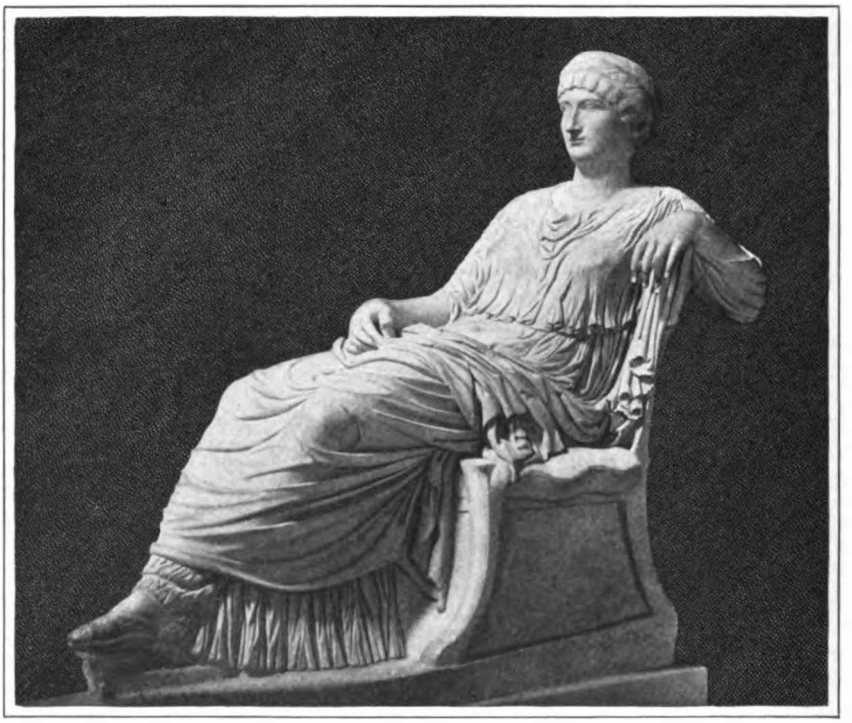
Ovid's exile is one of those mysteries of history which has most keenly excited the curiosity of the ages. Ovid himself, without knowing it, has rendered it more acute by his prudence in not speaking more clearly of the cause of his exile, making only rare allusions to it, which may be summed up in his famous words, *carmen et error.* It is for this reason that posterity has for twenty centuries been asking itself what was this error which sent the exquisite poet away to die among the barbarous Getæ on the frozen banks of the Danube; and naturally they have never compassed his secret. But if, therefore, it is impossible to say exactly what the error was which cost Ovid so dearly, it is possi-

From the statue in the Lateran Museum, Rome

OCTAVIA, THE SISTER OF AUGUSTUS

ble, on the other hand, to explain that unique and famous episode in the history of Rome to which, after all, Ovid owes a great part of his immortality. He was not the victim, as has been too often repeated, of a caprice of despotism; and therefore he cannot be compared with any of the many Russian writers whom the administration, through fear and hatred, deports to Siberia without definite reason. Certainly the error of Ovid lay in his servative and puritanical part of Roman society to vent upon him a long-standing grudge the true motives of which lay much deeper.

What was the standing of this poet of the gay, frivolous, exquisite ladies whom they wished to send into exile? He was the author of that graceful, erotic poetry who, through the themes which he chose for his elegant verses, had encouraged the tendencies toward luxury, diversion, and



From a photograph. Copyright by Alinari

STATUE OF AGRIPPINA THE YOUNGER, IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, ROME

having violated some clause of the *lex Julia de adulteriis,* which, as we know, was so comprehensive in its provisions that it considered as accessories to the crime those guilty of various acts and deeds which, judged even with modern rigor and severity, would seem reprehensible, to be sure, but not deserving of such terrible punishment. Ovid was certainly involved under one of these clauses,—which one we do not, and never shall, know,—but his error, whether serious or light, was not the true cause of his condemnation. It was the pretext used by the more con- the pleasures which had transformed the austere matron of a former day into an extravagant and undisciplined creature given to voluptuousness; the poet who had gained the admiration of women especially by flattering their most dangerous and perverse tendencies. The puritanical party hated and combatted this trend of the newer generations, and therefore, also, the poetry of Ovid on account of its disastrous effects upon the women, whom it weaned from the virtues most prized in former days—frugality, simplicity, family affection, and purity of life. The Roman ladies

of the aristocracy, as we have seen, received considerable instruction. They read the poets and philosophers, and precisely for this reason there was always at Rome a strong aversion to light and immoral literature. If books had circulated among men only, the poetry of Ovid would perhaps not have enjoyed the good fortune of a persecution which was to focus upon it the attention of posterity. The greater liberty conceded to women thus placed upon society an even greater reserve in the case of its literature. This Ovid learned to his cost when he was driven into exile because his books gave too much delight to too many ladies at Rome. By the order of Augustus these books were removed from the libraries,

From the cameo in the Cabinet des Médailles, Paris

THE GREAT PARIS CAMEO

This is the largest ancient cameo known, and is said to have been sent from Constantinople by Baldwin II to Louis IX. It represents the living members of the imperial family protected by the deified Augustus. In the center Tiberius is shown seated, as Jupiter, with his mother, Livia, at his left, as Ceres. In front of them stand Germanicus and his mother Antonia.

which did not hinder their coming down to us entire, while many a more serious work —like Livy's history, for example—has been either entirely or in large part lost.

After the fall of the second Julia up to the time of his death, which occurred August 23, in the year 14 A.D., Augustus had no further serious griefs over the ladies of his family. The great misfortune of the last years of his government was a public misfortune —the defeat of Varus and the loss of Germany. But with what sadness must he have looked back in the last weeks of his long life upon the history of his family! All those whom he had loved were torn from him before their time by a cruel destiny: Drusus, Caius, and Lucius Cæsar by death; the Julias by the cruelty of the law and by an infamy worse than death. The unique grandeur to which he had attained had not brought fortune to his family. He was old, almost alone, a weary survivor among the tombs of those dear to him who had been untimely lost through fate, and with the still sadder memories of those who had been buried in a living grave of infamy. His only associates were Tiberius, with whom he had become reconciled; Antonia, his sweet and highly respected daughter-in-law; and Livia, the woman whom destiny had placed at his side in one of the most critical moments of his life, the faithful companion through fifty-two years of his varied and wonderful fortune. We can therefore understand why it was that, as the historians tell us, the last words of the old emperor should have been a tender expression of gratitude to his faithful wife. "Farewell, farewell, Livia! Remember our long union!" With these words, rendering homage to the wife whom custom and the law had made the faithful and loving companion, and not the docile slave, of her husband, he ended his life like a true Roman.

STATUE OF A YOUNG ROMAN WOMAN

If the family of Augustus had undergone grievous vicissitudes during his life, its situation became even more dangerous after his death. The historian who sets out with the preconceived notion that Augustus founded a monarchy, and imagines that his family was destined to enjoy the privileges which in all monarchies are accorded the sovereign's house, will never arrive at a complete understanding of the story of the first empire. His family did, to be sure, always enjoy a privileged status, if not at law, at least in fact, and through the very force of circumstances; but it was not for naught that Rome had been for many centuries an aristocratic republic in which all the families of the nobility had considered themselves equal, and had been subject to the same laws. The aristocracy

avenged itself upon the imperial family for the privileges which the lofty dignity of its head assured it by giving it hatred instead of respect. They suspected and calumniated all of its members, and with a malicious joy subjected them, whenever possible, to the common laws and even maltreated with particular ferocity those who by chance fell under the provisions of any statute. As a compensation for the privileges which the royal family enjoyed, they had to assume the risk of receiving the harshest penalties of the laws. If any of them, therefore, fell under the rigor of these laws, the senatorial aristocracy especially was ever eager to enjoy the atrocious satisfaction of seeing one of the favored tortured as much or more than the ordinary man. There is no doubt, for example, that the two Julias were more severely punished and disgraced than other ladies of the aristocracy guilty of the same crime. And Augustus was forced to waive his affection for them in order that it might not be said, particularly in the senate, that his relatives enjoyed special favors and that Augustus made laws only for others.

Yet as long as Augustus lived, he was a sufficient protection for his relatives. He was, especially in the last twenty years of his life, the object of an almost religious veneration. The great and stormy epoch out of which he had risen, the extraordinary fortune which had assisted him, his long reign, the services both real and imaginary which he had rendered the empire —all had conferred upon him such an authority that envy laid aside its most poisonous darts before him. Out of respect for him even his family was not particularly calumniated or maltreated, save now and then in moments of great irritation, as when the two Julias were condemned. But after his death the situation grew considerably worse; for Tiberius, although he was a man of great capacity and merit, a sagacious administrator and a valiant general, did not enjoy the sympathy and respect which had been accorded to Augustus. Rather was he hated by those who had for a long time sided with Caius and Lucius Cæsar and who formed a considerable portion of the senate and the aristocracy. It was not the spontaneous admiration of the senate and of the people, but the exigencies of the situation, which had made him master of the government when Augustus died. The empire was at war with the Germans, and the Pannonico-Illyrian provinces were in revolt, and it was necessary to place at the head of the empire a man who would strike terror to the hearts of the barbarians and who on occasion would be able to combat them. Tiberius, furthermore, was so well aware that the majority of the senate and the Roman people would submit to his government only through force, that he had for a long time been in doubt whether to accept the empire or not, so completely did he understand that with so many enemies it would be difficult to rule.

Under the government of Tiberius, the imperial family was surrounded by a much more intense and open hatred than under Augustus. One couple only proved an exception, Germanicus and Agrippina, who were very sympathetic to the people. But right here began the first serious difficulties for Tiberius. Germanicus was twenty-nine years old when Tiberius took over the empire, and about him there began to form a party which by courting and flattering both him and his wife began to set him up against Tiberius. In this they were unconsciously aided by Agrippina. Unlike her sister Julia, she was a lady of blameless life; faithfully in love with her husband; a true Roman matron, such as tradition had loved; chaste and fruitful, who at the age of twenty-six had already borne nine children, of whom, however, six had died. But Agrippina was to show that in the house of Augustus, in those tumultuous, strange times, virtue was not less dangerous than vice, though in another way and for different reasons. She was so proud of her fidelity to her husband and of the admiration which she aroused at Rome that all the other defects of her character were exaggerated and increased by her excessive pride in her virtue. And among these defects should be counted a great ambition, a kind of harumscarum and tumultuous activity, an irreflective impetuosity of passion, and a dangerous lack of balance and judgment. Agrippina was not evil; she was ambitious, violent, intriguing, imprudent, and thoughtless, and therefore could easily adapt her own feelings and interests to what seemed expedient. She had much influ-

ence over her husband, whom she accompanied upon all his journeys; and out of the great love she bore him, in which her own ambition had its part, she urged him on to support that hidden movement which was striving to oppose Germanicus to the emperor.

That two parties were not formed was due very largely to the fact that Germanicus was sufficiently reasonable not to allow himself to be carried too far by the current which favored him, and possibly also to the fact that during the entire reign of Tiberius his mother Antonia was the most faithful and devoted friend of the emperor. After his divorce from Julia, Tiberius had not married again, and the offices of tenderness which a wife should have given him were discharged in part by his mother, but largely by his sister-in-law. No one exercised so much influence as Antonia over the diffident and self-centered spirit of the emperor. Whoever wished to obtain a favor from him could do no better than to intrust his cause to Antonia. There is no doubt, therefore, that Antonia checked her son, and in his society counterbalanced the influence of his wife.

But even if two parties were not formed, it was not long before other difficulties arose. Discord soon made itself felt between Livia and Agrippina. More serious still was the fact that Germanicus, who, after the death of Augustus, had been sent as a legate to Gaul, initiated a German policy contrary to the instructions given him by Tiberius. This was due partly to his own impetuous temperament and partly to the goadings of his wife and the flatterers who surrounded him. Tiberius, whom the Germans knew from long experience, no longer wished to molest them. The revolt of Arminius proved that when their independence was threatened by Rome they were capable of uniting and becoming dangerous; when left to themselves they destroyed one another by continual wars. It was advisable, therefore, according to Tiberius, not to attack or molest them, but at the proper moment to fan the flames of their continual dissensions and wars in order that, while destroying themselves, they should leave the empire in peace. This wise and prudent policy might please a seasoned soldier like Tiberius, who had already won his laurels in many wars and who had risen to the pinnacle of glory and power. It did not please the pushing and eager youth Germanicus, who was anxious to distinguish himself by great and brilliant exploits, and who had at his side, as a continual stimulus, an ambitious and passionate wife, surrounded by a court of flatterers. Germanicus, on his own initiative, crossed the Rhine and took up the offensive again all along the line, attacking the most powerful of the German tribes one after the other in important and successful expeditions. At Rome this bold move was naturally looked upon with pleasure, especially by the numerous enemies of Tiberius, either because boldness in politics rather than prudence always pleases those who have nothing to lose, or because it was felt that the glory which accrued to Germanicus might offend the emperor. And Tiberius, though he did disapprove, allowed his adopted son to continue for a time, doubtless in order that he might not have to shock public opinion and that it might not seem that he wished to deprive the youthful Germanicus of the glory which he was gaining for himself.

He was nevertheless resolved not to allow Germanicus to involve Rome too deeply in German affairs, and when it seemed to him that the youth had fittingly proved his prowess and had made the enemies of Rome feel its power sufficiently, he recalled him and in his stead sent Drusus, who was his real, and not his adopted, son. But this recall did not at all please the party of Germanicus, who were loud and bitter in their recriminations. They began to murmur that Tiberius was jealous of Germanicus and his popularity; that he had recalled him in order to prevent his winning glory by an immortal achievement. Tiberius so little thought of keeping Germanicus from using his brilliant qualities in the service of Rome that shortly after, in the year 18 A.D., he sent him into the Orient to introduce order into Armenia, which was shaken by internal dissensions, and he gave him a command there not less important than the one of which he had deprived him. At the same time he was unwilling to intrust things entirely to the judgment of Germanicus, in whom he recognized a young man of capacity and valor, but, nevertheless, a young man influenced by an imprudent wife and incited by an irresponsible

court of flatterers. For this reason he placed at his side an older and more experienced man in whom he had the fullest confidence—Cnæus Piso, a senator who belonged to one of the most illustrious families in Rome.

It was the duty of Cnæus Piso to counsel, to restrain, and to aid the young Germanicus, and doubtless also to keep Tiberius informed of all that Germanicus was doing in the East. When we remember that Tiberius was responsible for the empire, no one will deny him the right of setting a guard upon the young man of thirty-three, into whose hands had been intrusted many and serious interests. But though this idea was warrantable in itself, it became the source of great woe. Germanicus was offended, and driven on by his friends, he broke with Piso. The latter had brought with him his wife Plancina, who was a close friend of Livia, just as Germanicus had brought Agrippina. The two wives fell to quarreling no less furiously than their husbands, and two parties were formed in the Orient, one for Piso and one for Germanicus, who accused each other of illegality, extortion, and assuming unwarranted powers; and each thought only of undoing what the other had accomplished. It is difficult to tell which of the two was right or in how far either was right or wrong, for the documents are too few and the account of Tacitus, clouded by an undiscerning antipathy, sheds no light upon this dark secret. In any case, we are sure that Germanicus did not always respect the laws and that he occasionally acted with a supreme heedlessness which now and then forced Tiberius to intervene personally, as he did on the occasion when Germanicus left his province with Agrippina in order that, dressed like a Greek philosopher, he might make a tour of Egypt and see that country, which then, as now, attracted the attention of persons of culture. But at that time, unlike the present, there was an ordinance of Augustus which forbade Roman senators to set foot in Egypt without special permission. As he had paid no attention to this prohibition, we need not be astonished if we find that Germanicus did not respect as scrupulously as Tiberius wished all the laws which defined his powers and set limits to his authority.

However that may be, the dissension between Germanicus and Piso filled the entire Orient with confusion and disorder, and it was early echoed at Rome, where the party hostile to Tiberius continued to accuse him, out of motives of hatred and jealousy, of forever laying new obstacles in the way of his adopted son. Livia, too, now no longer protected by Augustus, became a target for the accusations of a malevolent public opinion. It was said that she persecuted Germanicus out of hatred for Agrippina. Tiberius was much embarrassed, being hampered by public opinion favorable to Germanicus and at the same time desiring that his sons should set an example of obedience to the laws.

A sudden catastrophe still further complicated the situation. In 19 A.D., Germanicus was taken ill at Antioch. The malady was long and marked by periods of convalescence and relapses, but finally, like his father and like his brothers-in-law, Germanicus, too, succumbed to his destiny in the fullness of youth. At thirty-four, when life with her most winning smiles seemed to be stretching out her arms to him, he died. This one more untimely death brought to an abrupt end a most dangerous political struggle. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the people, whose imagination had been aroused, should have begun to murmur about poison? The party of Germanicus was driven to desperation by this death, which virtually ended its existence, and destroyed at a single stroke all the hopes of those who had seen in Germanicus the instrument of their future fortune. They therefore eagerly collected, embellished, and spread these rumors. Had Agrippina been a woman of any judgment or reflection, she would have been the first to see the absurdity of this foolish gossip; but as a matter of fact no one placed more implicit faith in such reports than she, now that affliction had rendered her even more impetuous and violent.

It was not long before every one at Rome had heard it said that Germanicus had been poisoned by Piso, acting, so it was intimated in whispers, at the bidding of Tiberius and Livia. Piso had been the tool of Tiberius; Plancina, the tool of Livia. The accusation is absurd; it is even recognized as such by Tacitus, who

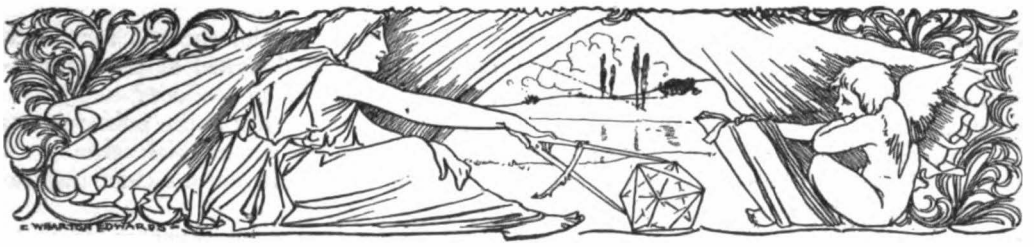
was actuated by a fierce hatred against Tiberius. We know from him how the accusers of Piso recounted that the poison had been drunk in a health at a banquet to which Piso had been invited by Germanicus and at which he was seated several places from his host; he was supposed to have poured the poison into his dishes in the presence of all the guests without any one having seen him! Tacitus himself says that every one thought this an absurd fable, and such every man of good sense will think it to-day. But hatred makes even intelligent persons believe fables even more absurd; the people favorable to Germanicus were embittered against Piso and would not listen to reason. All the enemies of Tiberius easily persuaded themselves that some atrocious mystery was hidden in this death and that, if they instituted proceedings against Piso, they might bring to light a scandal which would compromise the emperor himself. They even began to repeat that Piso possessed letters from Tiberius which contained the order to poison Germanicus.

At last Agrippina arrived at Rome with the ashes of her husband, and she began with her usual vehemence to fill the imperial house, the senate, and all Rome with protests, imprecations, and accusations against Piso. The populace, which admired her for her fidelity and love for her husband, was even more deeply stirred, and on every hand the cry was raised that an exemplary punishment ought to be meted out to so execrable a crime.

If at first Piso had treated these absurd charges with haughty disdain, he soon perceived that the danger was growing serious and that it was necessary for him to hasten his return to Rome, where a trial was now inevitable. One of Germanicus's friends had accused him; Agrippina, an unwitting tool in the hands of the emperor's enemies, every day stirred public opinion to still higher pitches of excitement through her grief and her laments; the party of Germanicus worked upon the senate and the people, and when Piso arrived at Rome he found that he had been abandoned by all. His hope lay in Tiberius, who knew the truth and who certainly desired that these wild notions be driven out of the popular mind. But Tiberius was watched with the most painstaking malevolence. Any least action in favor of Piso would have been interpreted as a decisive proof that he had been the murderer's accomplice and therefore wished to save him. In fact, it was being reported at Rome with ever-increasing insistence that at the trial Piso would show the letters of Tiberius. When the trial began, Livia, in the background, cleverly directed her thoughts to the saving of Plancina; but Tiberius could do no more for Piso than to recommend to the senate that they exercise the most rigorous impartiality. His noble speech on this occasion has been preserved for us by Tacitus. "Let them judge," he said, "without regard either for the imperial family or for the family of Piso." The admonition was useless, for his condemnation was a foregone conclusion, despite the absurdity of the charges. The enemies of Tiberius wished to force matters to the uttermost limit in the hope that the famous letters would have to be produced; and they acted with such frenzied hatred and excited public opinion to such a pitch that Piso killed himself before the end of the trial.

The violence of Agrippina had sent an innocent victim to follow the shade of her young husband. Despite bitter opposition, the emperor, through personal intervention, succeeded in saving the wife, the son, and the fortune of Piso, whose enemies had wished to exterminate his house root and branch, and Tiberius thus offered a further proof that he was one of the few persons at Rome who were capable in that trying and troubled time of passing judgment and of reasoning with calm.

(To be continued)



EDISON ON INVENTION AND INVENTORS

CAN INVENTION BE TAUGHT?—HIS METHODS OF WORK—VIEWS ON THE MATERIAL UNIVERSE—WAYS OF STIMULATING THE IMAGINATION—HIS HUMILITY

AN INTERVIEW BY WALDO P. WARREN

WHEN I stepped into the library of Thomas A. Edison, in one of the group of buildings comprising the great plant at Orange, New Jersey, it was to meet and talk with a man whose many wonderful achievements had fired my imagination since my childhood days.

To talk with Edison, and ask him questions, and try to grasp some secret of the mental attitude which has kept his mind open to the reception of many great fundamental ideas—that was my desire. And the pleasure is doubly mine in being able to share some of those ideas with the world—that world every inhabitant of which in this and future ages is or will be a beneficiary of the genius and labor of one of the most prolific inventors the world has ever known.

The immediate object of my visit was to get Mr. Edison to express more at length his views in regard to the possibility of teaching men how to develop their latent inventive instinct. It was a subject that had long engaged my interest, and I had only recently read this statement:

"Edison regards the art of inventing very much in the light of a profession which may be 'learned' almost as successfully as soldiering or acting or even 'doctoring.' Thousands of men, he thinks, might have become inventors had they but cultivated their ideas, for the creative germ lies hidden in most minds."

This impressed me as being the germ of a great idea, and I wished to see it developed. Who knows, thought I, but the day may come when our educational systems will more adequately recognize the importance of the creative faculty, and will be keyed to develop the individual mind, instead of forcing the mind to lose much of its individual initiative by being passed through a mold of a dead-level average intelligence? If Edison, the acknowledged "king of inventors," declares that inventiveness can be learned and developed the same as any other faculty of the mind, what an interesting thing for our initial educators to ponder over! Perhaps, even, some of our moneyed men whose fortunes have been made from the ideas of the inventors might make endowments to further such instruction. At any rate, it was an interesting thing to think and talk about, and would afford an opportunity to meet Mr. Edison on a matter that already commanded his interest.

The Edison plant is composed of a number of large buildings, similar to those of hundreds of other factories, and, like them, filled with odd, intricate, and noisy machinery and busy workmen. The library building is at one corner of the grounds, a little apart from the factory buildings. Here, in a large room filled with books and statuary and various bits of paraphernalia which doubtless belong somewhere

else when not in use, I found Mr. Edison sitting at a flat-top mahogany desk, which was covered with the usual array of office papers.

After explaining more fully the object of my visit, I asked him a number of questions calculated to engage his thought upon matters of general interest. Having heard of his deafness, and not knowing how difficult it might be to talk with him, I had prepared a number of questions along the line of the intended interview. These I handed to him in type-written form.

He looked them over and remarked, "You have some hard ones here." Then he reached for my fountain-pen, which he saw sticking out of my coat-pocket, and, picking up a pad of yellow paper, began to write down numbered answers to my written questions.

The list of questions, and his answers, are as follows:

Q. Do you believe that inventiveness can be taught?

A. Yes, if the person has ambition, energy, and imagination.

Q. At what age is one most likely to respond to such instruction?

A. About twelve years.

Q. What method of instruction would be most valuable?

A. Problems to be solved.

Q. Should it be done through schools and books?

A. Books and actual demonstration.

Q. What of the advantage of ordinary shop experience?

A. Great advantage to have actual personal knowledge of how things are done.

Q. What do you think of instruction by correspondence?

A. The cheapest and best way for a poor man, if the college is reputable.

Q. What frame of mind helps to bring ideas?

A. Ambitious.

Q. Is it true that an inventor has to be more or less abnormal?

A. Abnormal persons are never commercial inventors.

Q. What of intuition and technical training? Which is the most prolific of ideas?

A. Imagination supplies the ideas, and technical knowledge helps to carry them out.

Q. Do you consider the end for which an instrument is designed or the immediate effect you wish to produce?

A. Consider always if the public wants the invention—its commercial value.

Q. What is an inventor's chief inspiration?

A. If he is a good inventor, it is to make his invention earn money to permit him to indulge in more inventions. If he is a one-idea inventor, the incentive is generally money only.

When he had finished writing these answers he leaned back in his chair and began to talk over the subject in general.

One of the first things he said was:

"Do you want to know my definition of a successful invention? It is something that is so practical that a Polish Jew will buy it."

This I found was to be a sort of keynote to his whole attitude—a consideration of the practical. He said that he just works along, feeling after results, to find the right tack, but is not much given to reducing his experiments to generalizations. He seemed at least to have attained a working hypothesis in the belief that the open mind was better than making broad generalizations from fragmentary experiments. This was not exactly the kind of psychological secret I had expected to find to account for his deep insight into things, but it explained more than the most cherished theory would have done.

But I was interested to know what kind of ideas he would have about big things—the laws of the universe and our relation to them. For surely a man whose life had been spent working with fundamental laws would have some interesting impressions about them. To open up the conversation on such things, I asked:

"Is a settled concept of the universe important as a background for deep thinking?" I had heard it said that a man needs to have his mind fairly at rest on the big points of life before he can do much sound creative work.

He waved the question aside with a gesture of head and hand, and smiled as he said: "No; I always keep within a few feet of the earth's surface all the time. At least I never let my thought run up higher than the Himalayas. All my work is rather earthy."

He soon contradicted this limitation,

however, by showing that he could readily let himself out when he wished. "We don't know very much," he said; "practically nothing, when you think of it. There is the infinitely large, and the infinitely small. The sun is a big ball of fire, and every star is like the sun, and around them are planets like ours. They run into millions upon millions. No man can imagine how many and how big. Then everything runs down to the infinitely small, and each cell of everything is as wonderful in its way as the bigger things. A man can't really know anything about the universe — just a few little things here on the surface."

"Don't you think of the universe as a complete whole?"

"Oh, it probably is, but we can't grasp it. We may be like cells in a great big body. Everything is held together by wonderful laws."

"Do you think of the laws as inherent in matter or manifested through it?"

"The laws don't seem to be in matter. I do not think of a tree as having life. It looks to me as if it was the abode of, and was constructed by, a highly organized unit, so small as to be far beyond the limits of the microscope. We see only the grosser aspect. Science cannot reach any other conclusion than that there is a great intelligence manifested everywhere."

"What do you think of the relation of mind and matter?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied in a tone indicating that this is beyond the possibility of human knowledge. "As far as I can see, we do not think with the brain; that is only a recording-office for things brought to it by our five senses. It 's like a phonograph-record. I understand that there is a certain fold in the brain called Broca's convolution, which is about the size of a short lead-pencil, and everything the senses pick up is therein recorded for future use. Injuries to this convolution have proved that it is the seat of memory. Our first impressions are recorded at its base, and as we advance in age the seat of the record advances from the base. If the base is injured, we forget our mother tongue and remember only things learned later in life. If the other end is injured, we remember only things recorded in early life. What makes us do things is that mysterious thing called the will.

"If a man has a powerful will, he can force an unwilling brain to record things that seem to be repellent to it, like acquiring Latin, etc. I can understand or imagine that the brain can record impressions, but I cannot understand the will that forces it to take records.

"Returning to Broca's convolution, I once made a calculation if it were possible to record in so small a space the whole record of a man's life, supposing him to have a perfect memory. And I found that if it were possible to make a cylinder of diamond three quarters of an inch in diameter and four inches long, by shaving off the records after each layer was made there could be recorded thereon all that a person could say in talking ten hours a day for thirty years, and none of it would be beyond the limits of the microscope. So this branch of the thing is not so wonderful.

"But the will of man, that is the mystery. Our body is highly organized and made up of cells, all symmetrical and beautifully arranged. Is it the combined intelligence of the whole of the cells which we call 'will-power,' or is our body only a building in which these cells are bricks without intelligence and the will resides in a highly organized unit which everywhere permeates our body, and which is beyond the range of vision even with the most powerful microscope, just as I imagined in the case of the tree?

"When we consider that there is apparently no end to space, that every time we increase the power of our telescopes we see more unknown suns of gigantic size, then why should there not be the infinitely little?

"Matter, as shown by radium, is a grain, fine enough to make a living aggregate or being as highly organized and as complicated as a man, and still be beyond recognition by the microscope. Of course these remarks are fanciful and remind one of the great physicist Clerk-Maxwell, who, when working out his theories, used a hypothetical little demon, which he said he sent in among the molecules to gather information."

Returning to activities he said:

"I have tried so many things I thought were true, and found I was mistaken, that I have quit being too sure about anything. All I can do is to try out what seems to be

the right thing, and be ready to give it up as soon as I am convinced that there is nothing in it."

"Do you find," I asked, "that you can force a solution by making yourself think hard along a given line?"

"Oh, no," he said. "I never think about a thing any longer than I want to. If I lose my interest in it, I turn to something else. I always keep six or eight things going at once, and turn from one to the other as I feel like it. Very often I will work at a thing and get where I can't see anything more in it, and just put it aside and go at something else; and the first thing I know the very idea I wanted will come to me. Then I drop the other and go back to it and work it out."

"Tell me more," I said, "about how the ideas come to you. Do you read much for mental culture or do you confine yourself chiefly to scientific works? Do you like poetry?"

"Oh, I read everything," he said. "Not merely scientific works, but anything that helps the imagination. But I can't stand jingle. Where the thought is twisted out of shape just to make it rime—I can't stand that. But I like 'Evangeline,' 'Enoch Arden,' and things like that. These I call true poetry."

Then, as if suddenly remembering the best point of all, he spoke in an enthusiastic way: "But, ah, Shakspere! That 's where you get the ideas! My, but that man did have ideas! He would have been an inventor, a wonderful inventor, if he had turned his mind to it. He seemed to see the inside of everything. Perfectly wonderful how many things he could think about. His originality in the way of expressing things has never been approached."

"Then you think, do you, that our ideas do not have to be closely connected with our work to be useful?"

"All kinds of ideas help to set the mind going. If a man has enough ideas to be an inventor, he can turn the same force in another direction, if he wishes to, and be a business man, an architect, or anything."

"Then in teaching inventiveness, it would not be necessary to confine it to men who expected to be inventors?"

"Oh, no. It 's the same thing, whatever a man does. It 's the creative faculty. The more it is developed, the more successful a man should be in any line of work."

Glancing at the notes he had written, which were then before me, I noticed where he had set down twelve years of age as the time when instruction would perhaps be the most effective. Reminding him of this point, he went on:

"Yes, at about that age a boy is interested in knowing how things are done, and you can build on that interest easily. It is hard to teach a man anything if he is n't interested in it. But if you can get him when he is, then everything you do to instruct him counts. His brain or recording department wants work and receives it with pleasure."

"Do you think toys could be made to perform a real service in developing inventiveness, even in a much younger child?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. That will come. There are great possibilities in starting the mind right with toys. Give them problems to work out that will make them think for themselves."

As a vision of the commercial and educational possibilities of an "Edison system" of instruction by means of toys flashed over me, I said, "Maybe you will get around to that some day—making scientific toys?"

He made a gesture with both hands, as much as to say that that was somewhat out of his usual line, and said: "That will come. It 's a good thing, a scientific kindergarten. Somebody will work it out. Plenty of time yet."

Returning to the subject of education of boys, he went on:

"They take up too much time teaching things that don't count. Latin and Greek—what good are they? They say these train the mind. But I don't think they train the mind half so much as working out practical problems. Work is the best kind of school to train the mind. Books are good to show the theory of things, but doing the thing itself is what counts."

"Have you any suggestion to make about how boys should be taught?"

"Oh, it all depends. They 'll work that out. That 's a business by itself. It 's working out."

Thinking of the possible effects of endowments to stimulate educational effort

in the direction of inventiveness, I asked for his views on that subject.

"Money can help, of course."

"Are experiments costly? Would it help much if there were endowments to promote experiment?"

"Some experiments don't cost much—hardly anything at all; just a little time and material. The working out or commercializing an invention costs money, hut that is usually done by the company that expects to make money out of it. What they need is to do something so the inventor can make money out of his invention and not have it all go to the company that buys up his rights. If an inventor could make $50,000 out of his first invention, he would turn right around and put that money into making other inventions—some that might be worth millions to the public. That is a characteristic of a true inventor. Inventors have insufficient means to fight a patent case with the present methods of procedure in the courts, and it amounts to a nullification of the patent as far as the inventor is concerned. There are many corporations that know this and make a business of appropriating every patent of value. Sometimes a competing company will give the inventor enough to pay a little on his debts and fight the pirating company, but the inventor gains nothing if they are successful. I think courts ought to protect the inventor against business men, for I never knew one that had the faintest idea of modern business methods. If the English court practice was adopted in this country, it would be a great thing for the inventor."

"Is it true," I asked, repeating one of my written questions for further elucidation, "that inventors are abnormal people, doing their work in a sort of frenzy of illumination?"

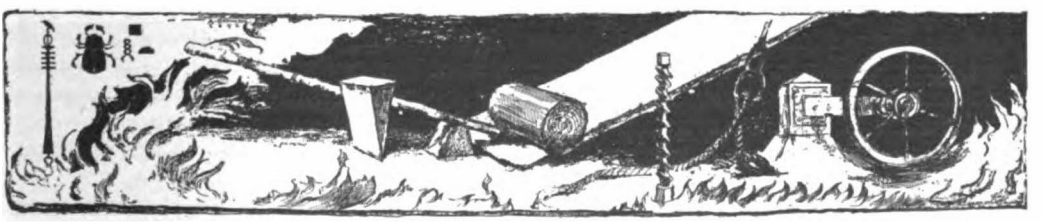
"Nothing to it," he assured me. "Those long-haired fellows that act queer and figure out queer things, I don't call them real inventors. Once in a while they may hit something, but not often. There are perhaps five hundred real inventors in the world—men with scientific training, and imagination. They have made about ninety-five per cent. of all the good things in the way of inventions and improvements. They are usually connected with some big plant; you may not hear of them, but they are there, working out all kinds of machines and processes. They are the real inventors, not the long-haired kind."

"If you had any maxims or conclusions you could give to those men,—things you have found out, fundamental laws, you know,—what would they be?"

"Ah, these men know more about their own work than I could tell them. I have n't any conclusions to give; I am just learning about things myself. They are doing the same. They are working out their things, and I am working out mine."

"Do you ever speculate about the inventions we may have fifty or a hundred years from now?" I asked.

"No, not very much. Nobody can tell what the conditions will be. We may discover laws that will upset all our calculations. We discover what we think are fundamental laws, then they are upset by another discovery. The only thing to do is to work along and bring out every practical and useful fact we can."



THE STEPMOTHER

BY KATHERINE METCALF ROOF

Author of "A Lighted House"

I

CIRCUMSTANCES had so ordered Mildred Tremain's life that the experience of falling in love at what is usually conceived to be the susceptible age had been denied her. She had had other interesting, if more impersonal, experiences. In her nomad life on the Continent with her invalid father she had observed, thought, enjoyed, and had arrived at that expensive stage of development where her pleasures, if more completely realized, were rendered less in number by the process of discrimination and elimination. The chances of her falling in love at all had therefore become reduced as the likelihood of her finding an adequate object became less. Yet the miracle happened, after all, in her late twenties. In Gilbert Fleming she found a being apparently designed to meet every side of her rather complex nature.

Too essentially tactful to arouse antagonism, Mildred Tremain was admirably adapted to a companionable human existence. She was artistic in her appreciations, yet content to enjoy the fruits of art instead of mistaking her appreciation for creative talent and joining the army of dilettante amateurs and imitative producers.

Although Gilbert Fleming had given her her first experience in love, she felt no pang in the realization that, aside from those more or less superficial affairs that most men over thirty have had, Fleming himself had had the far more tangible and penetrating experience of matrimony. He had been married for nearly three years to a woman he had loved, and they had had one child, a boy whom Mildred had not seen before her engagement. That first love and marriage, she decided in her innermost communion with herself, could not have contained such complete understanding as existed between Gilbert and herself. She had seen Amy's picture—an intense, delicate face with a high forehead and great eyes, a serious concentrated face. Amy had been a "college woman," one, Mildred felt, with a life dedicated to progressive movements and ideals and, she was convinced, with no sense of humor. She wondered sometimes how companionable Gilbert had found her—Gilbert with his gay, whimsical point of view, his sensitive, cultivated American mind, which met all discomforts, as well as deeper troubles, with a light, courageous philosophy. Yet she felt not the faintest pang of jealousy toward the dead wife or toward the child, to whom Fleming was unselfishly devoted.

Mildred was not a woman possessed of a wide and overflowing maternal instinct. That is to say, her heart did not go out toward every child she saw simply because it was a child. It is possible that she would not have suffered deeply if denied the experience of motherhood. At the same time she was far from being devoid of maternal instinct. She took children upon the same basis of selection as grown people, liking some, finding others unsympathetic; but her heart had gone out in advance to Fleming's son. She felt stirred at the thought of him. She hoped he was like Gilbert. She had seen a picture of him taken two years before,—he was six now,—a beautiful boy with a mass of curls and large eyes, a picturesque child of a type that lent itself to the photographer's art.

It happened that it was a bare month before the wedding when she first saw Arthur. His father, intensely alive to the significance of the meeting, brought him.

It was not surprising that the child should shrink from a stranger, Mildred reminded herself afterward; she had prepared herself beforehand for such a possibility. But Arthur had been too young when his mother died to remember her, and his grandmother, far from consciously or unconsciously seeking to prejudice him against his new mother, was sincerely pleased with Gilbert's choice. Yes, it was natural enough, yet something in the way the child turned his shoulder, in his fretful, inarticulate sound of repulse, gave a chill to Mildred. Wisely, she did not attempt effusive overtures.

"I believe in letting children alone when they are shy, instead of trying to force their interest," she said to Gilbert, who agreed as he passed his hands lovingly over the child's curls.

"He is a little out of sorts to-day. He is n't like himself," he apologized. The meeting was not quite as he had imagined it.

Arthur climbed up into his father's lap and regarded Mildred frowningly over his shoulder a minute, then buried his face in Fleming's arm.

"He does n't look like you." Mildred had searched the child's features in vain for any resemblance to Gilbert's strong, keen, responsive face.

Arthur, whimpering, began to try to attract his father's attention. "You must n't interrupt, dear," Fleming reproved him gently; but Arthur continued to keep up a fretful undertone of protest while they talked. In a way, he was a beautiful boy, Mildred reflected, observing the child without letting him become aware of it. Yet somehow the impression left her let down, chilled. There was something about Arthur's face—the large, cold, dark eyes, the long upper lip; the relaxed mouth, which dropped at the corners and was seldom closed—that was not pleasing. She caught the thought back half formulated. She would love Gilbert's child, of course, and he would love her; she would win his love.

II

A FEW days after they had returned from their honeymoon, and were settled in their new house on the Sound, Arthur was brought home by his grandmother. It was natural, Mildred told herself again, that the child should cling to his grandmother, natural that he should cry in parting with her. She reproached herself for the reflection that Arthur's roars—of unexpected volume, for his speaking voice was low—seemed more suggestive of anger than of sorrow.

She set herself to work unobtrusively to win the little boy's love. She gave him books and toys, she read to him, she told him stories. He accepted these attentions impersonally, listening solemnly. He was an intelligent child with an excellent memory. She took him into town to the hippodrome, but he was afraid of the animals, and cried to be taken home. All attempts to amuse him that met with his approval he accepted; personal demonstration of any kind he instantly rejected. For the first time in her life Mildred worked to please, and without success. Arthur continued literally and figuratively to turn a cold shoulder upon her advances. He continued to regard her attempts with somber eyes and the relaxed lips that seemed to be part of his unfriendly stare. With his father he was always demonstrative, demanding of him his undivided attention. The moment Gilbert's interest was centered upon Mildred, Arthur would begin to whimper and pull at his hand. Indeed, the second day after the stepson's arrival, Mildred realized that he was jealous of his father's affection for her and that, child as he was, his interruptions to their conversations were intentional. Well, that was natural, too. She fought back any lack of sympathy in herself, willing to be patient; but Arthur did not become reconciled to the situation. Any demonstration between herself and her husband in his presence produced such a tempest of tears that it was abandoned by tacit consent. Gilbert, however, was disposed to take the child's attitude lightly.

"Poor little chap!" he exclaimed with a tender amusement. "I really believe he is jealous, he has always had me so absolutely to himself. We must deal gently with him. It will wear away in time."

And Mildred assented, smiling sympathetically. Indeed, she did not at this time admit her doubts to herself. But Arthur's feeling did not wear away, and at the end of four months Mildred was forced to admit that she had made no progress in his affections.

Arthur had a nurse over whom he tyrannized, ruling her by persistent fretting and by what Mildred could not but believe to be an organized system of tears, so that there was little real necessity for Mildred to deal with him. Yet all her attempts to assume little duties that the nurse or grandmother had performed for the motherless child were resisted by him. Gilbert, coming home late in the afternoon after Arthur's supper-time, remained unaware of the true nature of the situation. The hour before the child's bedtime he gave up to him, as his custom had been since the death of Arthur's mother. The intensity of his devotion to his son was obvious. Mildred felt no pang in this, neither did the relation between herself and Arthur in any way connect itself in her mind with Arthur's mother. The thing that was beginning to trouble her was her feeling toward the child himself.

Aside from his obvious unfriendliness toward her, Arthur was everything that she did not like in a child. She had tried in vain to find anything lovable about him. He was perfectly healthy, but he was cowardly. He was afraid of almost everything. If a dog came toward him with friendly wagging tail, he would run with his fretful cry to his nurse or father. She had given up her beloved little Boston bull on Arthur's account. Barkis, who was almost maudlin in his devotion to children, had persisted in his attentions to Arthur at their first introduction, and the child had stood clinging to his nurse, bawling—Mildred felt that no other word was adequate—with rage and terror. When Barkis, undiscouraged, had planted persuasive paws upon the boy's knickerbockers, Arthur, nerved to action in his panic, had struck out at him with a stick. Arthur was fond of carrying large sticks, which he would brandish to the danger of neighboring eyes. Barkis, bewildered, his doggish feelings as well as his humorous features wounded by the child's blows, had trotted off, and Mildred had sent him to a cousin who had long coveted him.

She tried to dwell upon the child's good points,—his affection for his father, his intelligence,—yet even in that there seemed a suspicion of the prig. She reminded herself that he was a truthful child despite his timidity, and that was much. She must not let herself dislike him. It was serious enough that the child disliked her, and of that fact there was no longer any room for doubt. With that sense of shock with which we discover in young children characteristics that are associated in our minds with maturity, she began to realize the workings of an unmistakable malice in Arthur.

"You can't send a ball *half* as far as Aunt Eva can," he observed to Mildred at a golf game that he was permitted to follow. Such remarks were frequently upon his lips. When his aunt's excitable little fox terrier—viewed calmly by Arthur from the security of the motor—refused to come at Mildred's call, Arthur's face was radiant. "Dick does n't like you," he exclaimed gleefully.

Yet, fortunately, Mildred felt, Gilbert did not realize any serious significance in these things. To him Arthur's vagaries remained the idiosyncrasies of a beloved child.

One day Mildred sat watching Arthur as he played intently with a train of cars on the veranda, his loose mouth open. She observed that the child's habit, which, while it irritated her, she would not have ventured to correct, was due to a relaxation of the jaw rather than to the artless trick of early childhood. It had an unpleasant suggestion of weakness of character; yet, she reflected, Arthur was peculiarly persistent. At that moment he raised his eyes and glanced in her direction, his forehead—his mother's intellectual forehead—for the moment uncovered by his picturesque curls. Something shot through her sharply. She covered her face with her hands. Was it possible that she disliked Gilbert's child! It seemed an enormity to feel that way toward any child, most of all one bound to her by such a tie, the son of the man she loved.

Yes, it was true; but she must overcome it, for it was inescapable. Arthur would be a problem in her life for many years to come. It would be nine years at least before Gilbert would be willing to send him off to school. As she sat there thinking deeply, Gilbert himself came up and sat down beside her. Arthur paused in his play and ran up, claiming his father's knee. A servant came out on the porch, taking Mildred's attention for the mo-

ment. As she stood there beside her husband and his child, determined to resist her impulse of antagonism, she dropped her hand upon Arthur's curls; but he shook it off, frowning.

"Why, Arthur!" exclaimed Gilbert. "What is the matter! Apologize at once to your mother, and tell her you are sorry."

"I won't. I 'm not sorry," Arthur whimpered, beginning to cry.

With a grave face his father put him down and told him to go off and play by himself. Arthur remained immovable. "Arthur, did you hear me?"

Still Arthur did not obey.

"Arthur!" Gilbert's voice became stern. Arthur stared a moment in shocked unbelief; it was the first time he had heard such a tone from his father. Then very slowly he turned and began to walk away, his voice rising in a crescendo of sobs. Gilbert turned to his wife. Their eyes met.

"I am afraid he does n't feel quite at home with me yet," she said.

Gilbert's face was troubled. "He is a peculiar child. A little difficult at first, perhaps; but once you have him, he is yours." How far Gilbert was from understanding! She smiled. "You may have to work a little to win him," he concluded.

It was not a reproach. It may have been the irony of the suggestion or merely that the tension of her nerves had reached the cumulative point; but she made the confession she had never intended to make to him.

"I have tried, but I seem to have failed."

"Surely any woman can win the love of a little child, a baby!"

She turned and met his eyes again, and in that moment realized that it would be impossible for him to hold the child in any way responsible. For the first time since she had known him his expression seemed unsympathetic. For the first time it struck through her sharply, agonizingly that Gilbert's child might come between them.

One day toward spring Mildred and Gilbert, starting for a week-end, left Arthur screaming in the arms of his nurse. Gilbert listened with a worried face to the diminuendo of cries as they drove away.

"I don't know what 's come over Arthur. He can't be well," he said.

"I am afraid he has been a little bit spoiled," Mildred replied, and the next minute she was sorry for the speech.

"Possibly I have spoiled him, the little chap being left motherless so young. I must watch myself about that." Gilbert was plainly disturbed, and Mildred hastened to reassure him.

When they returned Monday, Arthur was pale and heavy-eyed. He had cried incessantly, his nurse said. Mildred coaxed him, picture-book in hand, and even tried to lift him up into her lap, a familiarity she had ventured upon only once before. But Arthur, wriggling violently from her clasp, burst again into noisy tears. His father, entering the room in time to see the whole episode, reproved him severely. Arthur, his sob caught halfway, stared a moment, then his tears broke out again with renewed violence. Gilbert, with a set face, carried him wailing dismally from the room and left him in solitary confinement in the nursery. But at tea-time the nurse came down with an anxious face.

"Please, sir, could you come up and see Master Arthur? He seems to have a fever."

Gilbert hurried up the stairs, to find his son tossing about with flushed cheeks. That night Arthur developed croup. The nurse was in a panic. The croup kettle was mislaid. She could not put her hands on the usual nursery remedies. She completely lost her head. Mildred moved noiselessly about, filling hot water bottles, making poultices. Unfamiliar with the geography of the nursery, she quickly discovered oil for rubbing, and all the other necessary paraphernalia of this distressing seizure of childhood. Gilbert sat beside the crib, the child's hand in his, his anxious eyes never leaving the boy's flushed face; and Mildred, watching him, realized as she never had before what his son was to him.

She felt in some vague way responsible. She wondered if Arthur was not one of those people who have that mysterious faculty of putting others in the wrong. She apprehended without personal bias that his mother had been like that—not a woman who nagged or criticized, but one whose very presence was a reproach to the shortcomings of others. Of course Arthur had not made himself ill on purpose, although

his continued crying had undoubtedly been the cause. Why was it that the whole thing seemed to her like the behavior of a hysterical woman? She must not let herself think such thoughts. She must guard herself against any possibility of being unjust to Gilbert's child. The shadow that she now fearfully glimpsed upon their clear horizon must not come nearer, wax larger.

She approached the bedside, poultice in hand. Arthur moved to push it away with feeble protest. "It won't hurt, dear; it will make you well," Gilbert explained with anxious tenderness.

"Papa! Papa!" Arthur attempted to indicate his wishes, but words and gesture were broken into by the dread wheezing cough.

Gilbert whitened. "We must have the doctor. He can hardly breathe."

"Meantime he must have this on." Mildred spoke quietly.

Gilbert's worried gaze went to the shapeless steaming mass in his wife's hand. "Dear little chap! he wants me to do everything for him. Perhaps—" But Mildred took the helm with the firmness of woman exercising her natural function. "I think I can do it better. We can't consider his preferences just now."

"Of course not." Gilbert held the writhing, coughing child while Mildred deftly placed the poultice.

The operation over, she stood at the foot of the bed apart from them, watching them. To Gilbert his son's wilfulness had been only the natural pettishness of a sick child; but Mildred knew. Suddenly the thing pierced her like a red-hot iron and left her shivering.

Had the cloud sent out a lightning flash, illuminating the darkest recesses of her soul? No, no, it was not that, not a wish, she assured herself passionately, an irresponsible thing from without, not born of her own feeling. It was the last thing she would have happen. A glance at her husband's face calmed her with the consciousness of her right feeling. She wished only for Gilbert's happiness. She would be incapable of wishing anything that could hurt him ever so little, least of all such a terrible thing as that loss would be to him. It was dreadful that such visions could come to one, that such a thought unbidden could enter the mind. She moved softly toward the door.

Gilbert glanced up. "Where are you going?"

"To telephone the doctor."

"He seems easier now. Perhaps it is n't necessary."

"Best to be on the safe side."

He heard her light step going down the stairs and later the half-audible sound of her voice at the telephone. He drew a long sigh of relief and thankfulness. What a comfort to have a woman like that in one's home! How devoted she had been to his child!

III

THE Saturday following Arthur's attack of croup they had planned a sail to an island some distance up the Sound. It was the half-yearly celebration of their wedding, and they had promised themselves an entire Saturday and Sunday together, free from social obligations.

The day was perfect, and they made enthusiastic plans at breakfast, a meal at which Arthur was not present. Mildred had often reflected with satisfaction that it would be at least two years before Gilbert would expect to have the child with them for luncheon and breakfast, while the time for including him in the evening meal was agreeably remote.

On the veranda, however, they were immediately joined by Arthur. Although he did not know of the intended excursion, his intuition, curiously quick in such matters, divined the situation from the first allusion.

"Papa, take me," he pleaded.

Gilbert glanced at Mildred, then back at the child, whose face had grown intense. "Why, I don't know, old man—do you want to go so much?"

He received no clue from Mildred's face, and was obliged to ask, "How about it, dear?"

She turned an instant. Yet civilized, disciplined as she was, he divined a reservation in her face. After all, Arthur was not her child, he reflected. "You would rather not, perhaps?" his tone was still that of question.

"Just as you feel about it." Her voice was even; only a corner of her face was visible.

Prompted by an anxious pull at his

hand, Gilbert looked down again into the child's eager eyes. "It would be awfully jolly, the three of us, if you see it that way." She noted the wistfulness in his tone, but her answer came an instant late. "Of course I want anything that will add to your pleasure."

Gilbert's face fell. "You would rather not have him," he said.

She gripped her courage in both hands. She was aware of Arthur's large, cold eyes, hostile, apprehensive, but she smiled. "On the contrary, I should rather have him." He wanted to be convinced,—dear old Gilbert!—she saw that. She added emphasis, gave commands theatrically gay, to hurry the preparations, and so with a buoyancy not altogether artificial bore down his perfunctory objections.

But, alas! after all, the day was not a success! Arthur, making insistent, restless demands upon their attention, was not happy. Gilbert was worried with an imperfect sense of some lack of harmony. Arthur was afraid of the water, and cried when a big wave slapped the boat; to crown all, he was seasick, and in time even Mildred's courageous efforts to create the illusion of a joyous holiday were useless.

The little party walked in a subdued mood from the boat-landing to the waiting motor; Gilbert, at Arthur's request, carried the child, whose tear-wet lashes went to the father's heart.

"I am afraid it has spoiled your day," Gilbert said slowly. In planning it, he had called it "our day," Mildred recalled; then she was ashamed of her trivial introspectiveness.

"No, indeed," she assured him quickly. "And it would have spoiled yours if we had left him." The last words slipped out unintentionally.

Gilbert glanced at her, and in his turn made denial.

"I mean you enjoy things more when he is included," Mildred replied. She had not intended the formal coloring that she realized in her tone after she had spoken.

"I do, of course," Gilbert's tone also was not natural. "And it always seems a pity to deny a child the little things that give him pleasure."

"I think so, too," Mildred agreed generously.

"Only we must manage so that his pleasure is not at the expense of yours," he concluded gently, yet gravely.

Mildred was essentially tactful, yet at that moment her effort to preserve impersonal ground and avoid the wounding did not prove healing. "It is only too bad that Arthur is afraid of the water, so that he did n't enjoy it."

Gilbert had been a champion in athletics in his college days, and his face fell. "The child has been too much with women," he said. "He must play more with boys."

She forbore to remind him that Arthur did not like to play with boys, but preferred little girls, over whom he domineered exultingly. "He will grow up soon enough." It was not like Mildred to resort to formula. Fortunately at that moment they reached the motor. They made the swift journey home in a silence not unusual after an exhausting day's work in the pursuit of pleasure. Mildred was struggling against the conviction that what Arthur needed was an old-fashioned spanking, a thought that had occurred to her before. She glanced from time to time at Gilbert, aware of his preoccupation. Catching her eye once, he smiled. She had known that he was not unjust enough to misunderstand, but that he should understand was more than she could expect.

Before dinner he joined her on the veranda. She had put on his favorite pale violet muslin, but he did not comment upon the fact. She knew that he had just come from his bedtime talk with Arthur; but he did not arrive as usual with some amused, loving anecdote of the child. Instead, he remarked in an oppressed tone that he must "get at" certain long-delayed papers after dinner. Mildred's heart sank, but she smiled, commiserating him. "Poor old Gilbert! What a horrid way to spend your evening!" There must not be any sense of constraint between them about Arthur. She put the question at once, striving to exclude from her tone any suggestion of the perfunctory:

"Did Arthur seem tired after his day?"

"No, indeed, but—" He turned something less than his profile toward her—"it was a mistake to take him."

That statement, although punctiliously denied on her part, marked, she felt, the end of Gilbert's unconsciousness. So long as realization lay with her alone, their har-

mony was not threatened. Now it lay naked, admitted, between them, the discordant, irreconcilable element.

So it had come at last, the edge of the shadow had touched her.

IV

THE shadow did not deepen, neither did it advance, but it remained definitely threatening upon the outskirts of their consciousness. They had in effect accepted a ground upon which they could not meet. In Arthur's presence they were self-conscious. In referring to the boy, Gilbert's manner became tinged with an unintentional formality. His small requests concerning the child's welfare were invariably accompanied by such phrases as, "If you will be so kind," "If it is not too much trouble." And Mildred, after her first hurried protestations denying the implication of effort, accepted the significant formula, replying in kind. There were moments when it seemed to have made no difference in their relation, yet, she felt, there was a difference.

It was a week or ten days after the sail, when the courteous formality had become a habit, that Gilbert's sister sailed for Europe. They had planned to go into town to see her off. Eva was one of those who highly value such attentions. She not only successfully maintained a large correspondence, but kept a record of friends' birthdays, which she celebrated by the writing of congratulatory letters. Christmas and Easter she recognized by carefully selected cards of remembrance. Steamer letters were, therefore, a rigorous part of her social system. Such being the case, the necessity to commemorate her departure was obvious. Accordingly they had all planned to be present. At the last minute, however, it happened that Gilbert was unable to get away; so the party was composed of Mildred and Arthur, accompanied, at his own request, by his nurse. Arthur behaved himself beautifully upon the ship, and received much adulation from admiring ladies. It was in the confusion of leaving the boat that Mildred got separated from the nurse and the child, and when she found herself upon the pier among the laughing and weeping crowd she could not find them. She was not worried, for the nurse, in spite of the fact that she was wax in Arthur's hands, was a competent girl in routine attendance. It was as the boat seemed about to depart, and the sailors were standing in attitudes by the gang-plank, that Mildred, scanning the crowd, discovered the nurse. The girl hurried toward her—alone!

"Why, where is Arthur!" both exclaimed simultaneously, with the same reply, "I thought he was with you."

"He must be on the boat still!" Mildred exclaimed. "We must go back at once." She started forward as she spoke, the frightened girl following her. She had not lost a minute, yet the thought had shot through her with a fierce sensation of joy. It was scarcely framed in words—just a vision of the bliss of life for a time without Arthur! If he were on the boat, and should be carried to the other side of the ocean with his Aunt Eva! It was unthinkable; Gilbert would be horribly worried. It could not happen, anyway; the child would be sent back in the pilot-boat. She stood a second motionless. A few days, weeks, alone with Gilbert, free from that small, pale interfering presence! There was a sound in her ears. Her blood seemed to beat audibly in her veins. She was roused by an uncouth sound at her side.

"He has been kidnapped," the Irish girl said, and burst into noisy tears. "Sure, the Black Hand has him! I seen two Eyetalians lookin' after him on the pier. We 'll never see him again."

"Nonsense!" Mildred retorted sharply. "He could n't have been stolen from your side in broad daylight." She was walking swiftly through the crowd. "He 's on the boat still. We shall find him."

Mildred had reached the gang-plank by this time; but it was not even necessary for her to explain herself to the haughty official who stood guarding the way; a little boy with dark curls was even then being led weeping down the narrow incline by a pleasant, reassuring steward.

That was all there was to the incident. The tears of nurse and child were soon dried, and the trio returned unharmed to Tilbury; but the day's experience had consequences.

V

THE Flemings' place, which had been a farm in the days before that part of the country became suburban, had a pond at

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"ONE DAY MILDRED SAT WATCHING ARTHUR AS HE PLAYED INTENTLY WITH A TRAIN OF CARS" (SEE PAGE 422)

the back, which had been made by the damming-up of a little brook. Over this dam in the middle the water flowed in a swift stream, forming a strong current as it reached the edge. Although constituting no danger for the adult navigator, it was unsafe for one not expert with oars. Arthur of course was forbidden to go upon the water at all, although it was his habit to play upon the banks. This seemed to be entirely safe, since his nurse was always with him. Mildred often reflected that although most boys of Arthur's age were scornful of a nurse, he was as dependent upon Carrie as a baby, and he was naturally a careful child, who seemed instinctively to keep out of dangerous situations.

The afternoon after his Aunt Eva's departure, however, it happened that it was Carrie's afternoon out, and Mildred was left in charge of Arthur. He chose to play by the pond, and she sat under a tree close by to read, with, nevertheless, a conscientious eye upon him. A heavy, flat-bottomed scow lay by the little wharf beside a canoe with which she occasionally amused herself and a light rowboat. Arthur, working hard at his play, after the manner of children, had taken one of the loose seats from the boat, and planting it against the scow in imitation of a gang-plank, was playing steamer. It made Mildred a little nervous and she called out to him:

"I should rather you did not play that game, dear." Arthur acted as if he had not heard. She rose and went down to the edge of the pond. "I am afraid you will fall into the water. Then you would get all cold, and you would n't like that."

"Yes, I would," was Arthur's reply, and he kept on walking to and fro upon his improvised gang-plank. Then she spoke more decisively: "I want you to come on the shore right away, Arthur. Your father would n't like you to do that."

Again Arthur acted as if he had not heard.

"Arthur, come here at once."

Arthur did not move. Then Mildred reached out her hand to take him forcibly. Her action was without anger, but it was the action of superior force, and it increased the child's wilfulness. He dodged away from her hand, calling out a familiar defiance of childhood, "You can't get me; you can't get me." In that moment, looking into Arthur's face, Mildred felt that she hated him.

Suddenly she became aware that his motion had loosened the boat, which had evidently not been moored securely, and, to her horror, she saw it floating out into the stream. It must not get into the current. Once there, it might be drawn over the falls; besides, Arthur might capsize the boat before that. Already he was frightened. After a moment of standing immovably staring at the water, he burst into tears, for, unlike most children, he seemed to receive quickly the sense of danger. In a flash Mildred took in the situation: the canoe paddle and the oars were in the stable; the canoe was useless for rescuing purposes; the rowboat was tied by some amateur hand into a hard knot. There was only one way—to swim. She cast an agonized glance about. There was no one in sight. There was not a minute to lose; already the scow approached the current. She was a fair, though not an expert, swimmer. She pulled off her shoes and waded in. The current had seized the boat now; it began to draw it. She hesitated an infinitesimal instant. The terrified child might easily tax her beyond her resources, making rescue impossible. There was the chance of losing all,—Gilbert, life, happiness. Then horror roused her. Arthur, stamping in his terror, screamed piercingly and rushed to the edge of the boat; he was over in the water, he sank from sight! Aware of no process between that catastrophe and her own action, Mildred swam toward him with all her strength. She reached him as he rose the second time, caught him by his long hair, contrived to get her hand under his chin despite his blind, terrified efforts to fight against her, his vise-like clutch of her arm. In a moment he became heavier. It was hard for her to swim with one arm and support his weight with the other, but the distance was not great. She seemed to become an embodied will. Somehow she reached shallow water, touched bottom, lifted Arthur, now limp, in her arms, and walked the rest of the distance. He was not unconscious, for she felt the instinctive clasp of his arms around her neck. She put him down, detaching his arms with difficulty. She had an indistinct

vision of Gilbert running toward her, then came oblivion.

She came to consciousness out of a nightmare of remorse—the steamer carrying Arthur away, the small figure with outstretched hands pleading with her, the water widening between them, Arthur defying her with his childish malice, and she looking into his eyes and hating him—hating one moment, the next in an agony of terror seeing him struggling in the water, sinking, sinking, while she stood upon the shore, mute, dumb, powerless to save, to atone—she, Mildred, the silent, willing cause of his death, and a whole long lifetime of torment, of remorse, stretching out before her.

She heard Gilbert's voice, her name. She opened her eyes to see him bending over her.

"Arthur?" she said faintly.

"He is safe," Gilbert answered.

Her eyes closed again, but the tears gathered thickly under the lids. She heard Gilbert's voice again, "My dearest, I 'd no idea you cared so much."

She nodded, wordless. It was true. She did care. Somehow the miracle had happened. There was a bond now binding her to Gilbert's child—the bond of that vision of temptation, the shock of her discovery of her own smothered hatred. She could love him now that she had saved him. She could wait and work against his childish antagonism, now that her own was dead forever.

THE RETURN

BY JOHN ERSKINE

WALKING in the garden
At the heart of noon,
In my hand a flower,
On my lips a tune,

I saw a face before me,
Dim eyes—dim eyes I knew!
I saw a shadow-woman;
The garden glanced her through.

She hid no branch behind her;
Through her the rose-bough ran;
She was a ghostly woman,
To meet a living man.

"What change—what change, my lover!
Ah, heedless God!" she cried,
"If love or prayer could help thee,
Dear lad, thou hadst not died!"

" 'T is *thou* art dead," I faltered;
"The futile prayers are mine;
My foot still marks the garden-walk;
No print nor sound from thine."

"Lie soft," she cried, "vext spirit
That once wert true and brave!"
Her dim eyes sorrowed on me
As though they watched my grave.

"Wouldst sell me as the living sell—
An old love for a new?
Dream not so wild! Thou hast nochoice—
Lie soft! The dead are true.

"From their life-molded passions
Didst dream the dead were free?
The rose thou comest bringing
Thou bringest still to me.

"Wouldst sing to another bosom
Love-rhythms phantom-fine?
Still, still thou comest singing
Thy heart-beats set to mine.

"Yea, though her magic call thee
To rise and put death by,
Though thy body walk to meet her,
Thy perished heart have I.

"For the lure the maiden fashions
To snare the ghost of thee,
Ere thou wert dead, my lover,
Was what thou lovedst in me."

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin

IN China to-day one may observe a state of society which has not been seen in the West since the Middle Ages, and which will probably never recur on this planet. For many generations the Chinese, loath to abandon to the careless plow of the stranger the graves that dot the ancestral fields, and reluctant to exile themselves from the lighted circle of civilization into the twilight of barbarism, have stayed at home, multiplying until reproduction and destruction have struck a balance, and society has entered upon the stationary stage. To Americans, who have had the good fortune to develop their life and standards in the cheerful presence of unlimited free land, the life and standards of a people that for centuries have been crowding upon the subsistence possibilities of their environment cannot but seem strange and eccentric.

The most arresting feature of Chinese life is the ruthless way in which the available natural resources have been made to minister to man's lower needs. It is true that childish superstitions have held back the Chinese from freely exploiting their mineral treasures. It is also true that from five to ten per cent., in some cases even twenty per cent., of the farms is given up to the grave-mounds of ancestors. But, aside from these reservations, the earth is utilized as perhaps it never has been elsewhere. Little land lies waste in highways. Throughout the rice zone the roads are from foot-paths one to three feet wide, yet the greedy farmers nibble away at the roads on both sides until the undermined paving-stones sink dismally into the paddy-fields. Pasture or meadow there is none, for land is too precious to be used in growing food for animals. Even on the boulder-strewn steeps there is no grazing save for goats, for where a cow can crop herbage, a man can grow a hill of corn. The cows and the water-buffaloes never taste grass except when they are taken out on a tether by an old granny and allowed to browse by the roadside and the ditches, or along the terraces of the rice-fields.

The traveler who, in dismay at stories of the dirt and vermin of native inns, plans to camp in the cleanly open is incredulous when he is told that there is no room to pitch a tent. Yet such is the case in two thirds of China. He will find no roadside, no commons, no waste land, no pasture, no groves or orchards, not even a dooryard or a cow-pen. Save the threshing-floor, every outdoor spot fit to spread a blanket on is growing something. But, if he will pay, he may pitch his tent on a submerged rice-field, in the midst of a bean-patch, or among the hills of sweet potatoes.

In one sense it is true that China is cultivated "like a garden," for every lump is broken up, every weed is destroyed, and every plant is tended like a baby. So far, however, as the word "garden" calls up visions of beauty and delight, it does not apply. In county after county you will not see altogether a rood of land reserved for recreation or pleasure—no village green, no lawns, no flower-beds or ornamental shrubbery, no parks, and very few shade-trees. To be sure, there are men of

fortune in inner China, but they are relatively very few. I doubt, indeed, if one family in two thousand boasts a garden with its fern-crowned rockery and its lotos pond overhung by drooping willows and feathery bamboos. One is struck, too, with the rarity of grape-arbors, vineyards, orchards, and orange-groves. In the country markets one sees mountains of vegetables, but only a few paltry baskets of flavorless fruit. The demand for luxuries that appeal to the palate is too slight, the call for sustaining food is too imperious, to withdraw much land from its main business, which is to grow rice and beans and wheat and garlic to keep the people alive.

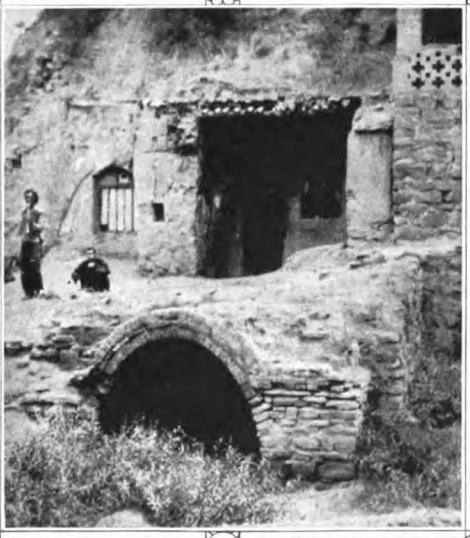
To win new plots for tillage, human sweat has been poured out like water. Clear to the top the foot-hills have been carved into terraced fields. On a single slope I counted forty-seven such fields running up like the steps of a Brobdingnagian staircase. And the river-bed below, between the thin streams that wander over it until the autumn rains cover it with a turbid flood, has been smoothed and diked into hundreds of gemlike paddy-fields green with the young rice. In the mountains, where the mantle of brown soil covering the rocks is too thin to be sculptured into level fields, the patches of wheat and corn follow the natural slope, and the hoe must be used instead of the plow. Two such plots have I seen at a measured angle of forty-five degrees, and any number tilted at least forty degrees from the horizontal. Of course the wash from these deforested and tilled mountain flanks is appalling. A thousand feet below, the Heilung, the Han, or the Kialing, slate-hued or tawny when it should be emerald, prophesies of the time when all this exposed soil will be useless bars in the river, and the mountain will lie stripped of the humus slowly formed through geologic time. Indeed, one hears with a shudder of districts where the thing has run its course to the bitter end. Mountains, dry, gray skeletons; the rich valley bottoms buried under silt and gravel; population dwindled to one family in four square miles!

Nowhere can the student of man's struggle with his environment find a more wonderful spectacle than meets the eye from a certain seven-thousand-foot pass amid the great tangle of mountains in west China that give birth to the Han, the Wei, and the rivers that make famed Szechuen the "Four-river province." Save where steepness or rock-outcropping forbids, the slopes are cultivated from the valley of the Tung-ho right up to the summits, five thousand feet above. In this vertical mile there are different crops for different altitudes—vegetables below, then corn, lastly wheat. Sometimes the very apex of the mountain wears a green-peaked cap of rye. The aërial farms are crumpled into the giant folds of the mountains, and their borders follow with a poetic grace the outthrust or incurve of the slopes. In this colossal amphitheater one beholds a thousand fields, but only two houses. Here and there, however, one detects in a distant yellow bank a row of dark, arched openings like gopher-holes. It is a rural village, for most of these highlanders carve their habitations out of the dry, tenacious loess.

The heart-breaking labor of redeeming and tilling these upper slopes that require a climb of some thousands of feet from one's cave home is a sure sign of population pressure. It calls up a picture of a swelling human lake, somehow without egress from the valley, rising and rising until it fairly lifts cultivation over the summits of the mountains. In June these circling tiers of undulating sky-farms are an impressive, even a beautiful sight; yet one cannot help thinking of the grim, ever-present menace of hunger that alone could have forced people to such prodigies of toil.

Rice will thrive only under a thin sheet of water. A rice-field, therefore, must be level and inclosed by a low dike. Where the climate is friendly, the amount of labor that will be spent in digging a slope into rice-fields and carrying a stream through them is beyond belief. In one case I noticed how a deep-notched, rocky ravine in the flank of a rugged mountain had been completely transformed. The peasants had brought down countless basketfuls of soil from certain pockets at the foot of the cliffs. With this they had filled the bottom of the V, floated it into a series of levels, banked them, set them out with rice, and led the water over them. So that now, instead of a barren gulch, there is a staircase of curving fields, perhaps four

I



II

III

IV

V

I. FOREST OF MASTS, KINGKIANG

II. CAVE-DWELLING OF A CHINESE COAL-MINER

IV. CHINESE CASH THE EQUIVALENT OF $3.15. WEIGHT, FIFTY POUNDS

VI

III. WATERFRONT HOMES AT CHUNG-KING

Which may be swept away by the summer rise of the Yang-tse.

V. A SLOW FREIGHT ON THE GREAT NORTHERN ROAD

Each carrier travels from eight to fifteen miles a day.

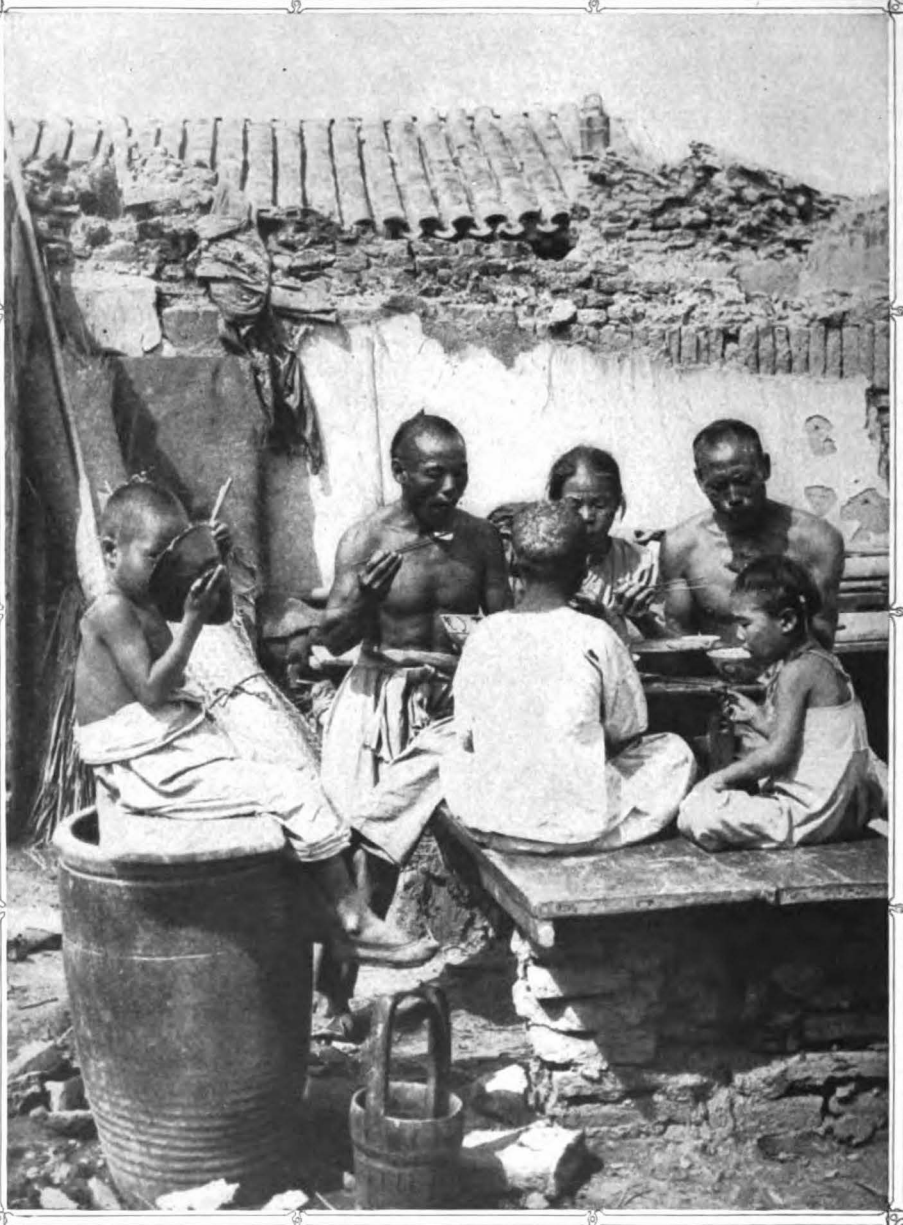
VI. RIVER HOUSE-BOATS, CANTON

rods wide, and differing in level by the height of a man. I have also seen the sides of a gully in which a child could not stand undiscovered cut into shelves for making a string of rice-plots no larger than a table-cloth, irrigated by a trickle no bigger than a baby's finger. One of these plots, duly banked and set out with nineteen rice-plants at the regulation eight inches, could be covered by a dinner napkin!

Were it not for an agriculture of incredible painstaking, the fertility of the soil would have been spent ages ago. In a low-lying region like Kiang-su, for example, the farmer digs an oblong settling basin, into which every part of his farm drains. In the spring, from its bottom he scoops for fertilizer the rich muck washed from his fields. It is true the overflow from his pond carries away some precious elements, but these he recovers by dredging the private canal that connects him with the main artery of the district. In the loess belt of north China the farmer simply digs a pit in the midst of his field and scatters the yellow earth from it as a manure. A Chinese city has no sewers nor does it greatly need them. Long before sunrise, tank-boats from the farms have crept through the city by a network of canals, and by the time the foreigner has finished his morning coffee, a legion of scavengers have collected for the encouragement of the crops that which we cast into our sewers. After a rain, countrymen with buckets prowl about the streets scooping black mud out of hollows and gutters or dipping liquid filth from the wayside sinks. A highway traversed by two hundred carts a day is as free from filth as a garden path, for the neighboring farmers patrol it with basket and rake.

No natural resource is too trifling to be turned to account by the teeming population. The sea is raked and strained for edible plunder. Seaweed and kelp have a place in the larder. Great quantities of shell-fish, no bigger than one's fingernail, are opened and made to yield a food that finds its way far inland. The fungus that springs up in the grass after a rain is eaten. Fried sweet potato-vines furnish the poor man's table. The roadside ditches are bailed out for the sake of fishes no longer than one's finger. Great panniers of strawberries, half of them still green, are collected in the mountain ravines and offered in the markets. No weed or stalk escapes the bamboo rake of the autumnal fuel-gatherer. The grass tufts on the rough slopes are dug up by the roots. The sickle reaps the grain close to the ground, for straw and chaff are needed to burn under the rice-kettle. The leaves of the trees are a crop to be carefully gathered. One never sees a rotting stump or a mossy log. Bundles of brush, carried miles on the human back, heat the brick-kiln and the potter's furnace. After the last trees have been taken, the far and forbidding heights are scaled by lads with ax and mattock to cut down or dig up the seedlings that, if left alone, would reclothe the devastated ridges. We asked a Szechuenese if he did not admire a certain craggy peak with gnarled pines clinging to it. "No," he replied; "how can it be beautiful when it is so steep that we cannot get at the trees to cut them down?"

The cuisine of China is one of the great toothsome cuisines of the world; but for the common people the stomach and not the palate decides what shall be food. The silkworms are eaten after the cocoon has been unwound from them. After their work is done, horses, donkeys, mules, and camels become butcher's meat. The cow or pig that has died a natural death is not disdained. A missionary who had always let his cook dispose of a dead calf noticed that his calves always died. Finally he saturated the carcass of the calf with carbolic acid and made the cook bury it. Thereafter his calves lived. In Canton dressed rats and cats are exposed for sale. Our boatmen cleaned and ate the head, feet, and entrails of the fowls used by our cook. Scenting a possible opening for a tannery, the governor of Hong-Kong once set on foot an inquiry as to what became of the skins of the innumerable pigs slaughtered in the colony. He learned that they were all made up as "marine delicacy" and sold among the Chinese. Another time he was on the point of ordering the extermination of the mangy curs that infest the villages in the Kowloon district because they harassed the Sikh policemen in the performance of their duties. He found just in time that such an act would "interfere with the



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood

A FAMILY BREAKFAST IN CHINA

food of the people," something a British colonial governor must never do.

Though the farmer thriftily combs his harvest-field, every foot of the short stubble is gone over again by poor women and children, who are content if in a day's gleaning they can gather a handful of wheat-heads to keep them alive the morrow. On the Hong-Kong water-front the path of the coolies carrying produce between warehouse and junk is lined with tattered women, most of them with a baby on the back. Where bags of beans or rice are in transit, a dozen wait with basket and brush to sweep up the grains dropped from the sacks. On a wharf where crude sugar is being repacked squat sixty women scraping the inside of the discarded sacks, while others run by the bearer, if his sack leaks a little, to catch the particles as they fall. When sugar is being unloaded, a mob of gleaners swarm upon the lighter the moment the last sack leaves and eagerly scrape from the gang-plank and the deck the sugar mixed with dirt, that for two hours has been trampled into a muck by the bare feet of twoscore coolies trotting back and forth across a dusty road.

Haunted by the fear of starving, men spend themselves recklessly for the sake of a wage. It is true that the Chinese are still in the handicrafts stage, and the artisans one sees busy on their own account in the little workshops along the street go their own pace. The smiths in iron, tin, copper, brass, and silver, the carvers of ivory, amber, tortoise-shell, onyx, and jade, the workers in wood, rattan, lacquer, wax, and feathers, the weavers of linen, cotton, and silk—all seem, despite their long hours, less breathless and driven, less prodigal in their expenditure of life energy, than many of the operatives in our machine industries, who feel the spur of piece wage, team work, and "speeding up." Still, it is obvious that those in certain occupations are literally *killing* themselves by their exertions. The treadmill coolies who propel the stern-wheelers on the West River admittedly shorten their lives. Nearly all the lumber used in China is hand-sawed, and the sawyers are exhausted early. The planers of boards, the marble polishers, the brass filers, the cotton fluffers, the treaders who work the big rice-polishing pestles, are building their coffins. Physicians agree that carrying coolies rarely live beyond forty-five or fifty. The term of a chair-bearer is eight years, that of a rickshaw-runner four years; for the rest of his life he is an invalid. Moreover, carriers and chair-bearers are afflicted with varicose veins and aneurisms because the constant tension of the muscles interferes with the return circulation of the blood. A woman physician in Fuhkien who had examined some scores of carrying coolies told me she found only two who were free from the heart trouble caused by burden-bearing.

In Canton, city of a million without a wheel or a beast of burden, even the careless eye marks in the porters that throng the streets the plain signs of overstrain: faces pale and haggard, with the drawn and flat look of utter exhaustion; eyes pain-pinched, or astare and unseeing with supreme effort; jaw sagging; mouth open from weariness. The dog-trot, the whistling breath, the clenched teeth, the streaming face of those under a burden of from one to two hundredweight that *must* be borne, are as eloquent of ebbing life as a jetting artery. At rest the porter often leans or droops with a corpse-like sag that betrays utter depletion of vital energy. In a few years the face becomes a wrinkled, pain-stiffened mask, the veins of the upper leg stand out like great cords, a frightful net of varicose veins blemishes the calf, lumps appear at the back of the neck or down the spine, and the shoulders are covered with thick pads of callous under a livid skin. Inevitably the children of the people are drawn into these cogs at the age of ten or twelve, and not one boy in eight can be spared till he has learned to read.

There are a number of miscellaneous facts that hint how close the masses live to the edge of subsistence. The brass cash, the most popular coin in China, is worth the twentieth of a cent; but as this has been found too valuable to meet all the needs of the people, oblong bits of bamboo circulate in some provinces at the value of half a cash. A Western firm that wishes to entice the masses with its wares must make a grade of extra cheapness for the China trade. The British-American Tobacco Company puts up a package of twenty cigarettes that sells for two cents. The Standard Oil Company sells by the million a lamp that costs eleven cents and retails,

chimney and all, for eight and a half cents. Incredibly small are the portions prepared for sale by the huckster. Two cubic inches of bean curd, four walnuts, five peanuts, fifteen roasted beans, twenty melon-seeds, make a portion. The melon-vender's stand is decked out with wedges of insipid melon the size of two fingers. The householder leaves the butcher's stall with a morsel of pork, the pluck of a fowl, and a strip of fish as big as a sardine, tied together with a blade of grass. In Anhwei the query corresponding to "How do you make your living?" is "How do you get through the day?" On taking leave of his host, it is manners for the guest to thank him expressly for the food he has provided. Careful observers say that four fifths of the conversation among common Chinese relates to food.

Comfort is scarce as well as food. The city coolie sleeps on a plank in an airless kennel on a filthy lane with a block for a pillow and a quilt for a cover. When in a south China hospital the beds were provided with springs and mattresses, supplied by a philanthropic American, all the patients were found next morning sleeping on the floor. After being used to a board covered with a mat, they could not get their proper slumber on a soft bed.

Necessity makes the wits fertile in devising new ways of earning a living. In some localities people place about the floors of their chambers and living-rooms flea-traps, tiny joints of bamboo with a bit of aromatic glue at the bottom which attracts and holds fast the vermin. Recently in Szechuen—where there is a proverb, "The sooner you get a son, the sooner you get happiness"—some wight has been enterprising enough to begin going about from house to house cleaning the dead fleas and dried glue from the traps and rebaiting them with fresh glue. For this service he charges each house one twentieth of a cent!

The great number hanging on to existence "by the eyelashes" and dropping into the abyss at a gossamer's touch cheapens life. "Yan to meng ping" ("Many men life cheap"), reply the West River watermen when reproached for leaving a sick comrade on the shore to die. In a thronged six-foot street I beheld a shrivveled, horribly twisted leper on his back, hitching himself along sidewise inch by inch and imploring the by-passers to drop alms into his basket. It held four cash! In Canton the Government furnishes lepers two cents a day, which will buy two bowls of cooked rice; for other needs the lepers must beg. Ax and bamboo are retained in punishment, and prison reform is halted by the consideration that unless the way of the transgressor is made flinty, there are people miserable enough to commit crime for the bare sake of prison fare. Not long ago the commissioner of customs at a great south China port—a foreigner, of course,—impressed by the fact that every summer the bubonic plague there carried off about ten thousand Chinese, planned a rigid quarantine against those ports from which the plague was liable to be brought. When he sought the coöperation of the Chinese authorities, the *taotai* objected on the ground that there were too many Chinese anyway, and that, by thinning them out and making room for the rest, the plague was a blessing in disguise. The project was dropped, and last summer again the plague ravaged the city like a fire. But the *taotai* was not unreasonable. After all, it is better to die quickly by plague than slowly by starvation; and, as things now are, if fewer Chinese perished by disease, more would be swept away by famine.

In a press so desperate, if a man stumbles, he is not likely to get up again. I have heard of several cases where an employee, dismissed for incompetence or fault, returned starving again and again, because nowhere could he find work. In China you should move slowly in getting rid of an incompetent. Ruthless dismissal, such as we tolerate, is bitterly resented and leads to extreme unpopularity. Again, no one attempts to stand alone, seeing the lone man is almost sure to go under. The son of Han dares not cut himself off from his family, his clan, or his gild, for they throw him the life-line by which he can pull himself up if his foot slips. Students in the schools are strong in mass action, strikes, walkouts, etc., for their action, however silly or perverse, is always unanimous. The sensible lad never thinks of holding out against the folly of his fellows. The whole bidding of his experience has been "Conform or starve." Likewise no duty is impressed like that of standing by your kinsmen. The official, the arsenal

superintendent, or the business manager of a college, when he divides the jobs within his gift among his poor relatives is obeying the most imperative ethics he knows.

It is an axiom with the Chinese that anything is better than a fight. They urge compromise even upon the wronged man and blame him who contends stubbornly for all his rights. This dread of having trouble is reasonable in their circumstances. When a boat is so crowded that the gunwale is scarce a hand's-breadth above the water, a scuffle must be avoided at all costs, and each is expected to put up with a great deal before breaking the peace.

In their outlook on life most Chinese are rank materialists. They ply the stranger with questions as to his income, his means, the cost of his belongings. They cannily offer paper money instead of real money at the graves of their dead, and sacrifice paper images of the valuables that once were burned in the funeral-pyre. They pray only for material benefits, never for spiritual blessings; and they compare shrewdly the luck-bringing powers of different josses and altars. Some sorry little backwoods shrine will get a reputation for answering prayer, and presently there will be half a cord of tablets heaped about it, testimonials to its success. If a drouth continues after fervent prayers for rain, the resentful cultivators smash the idol. Yet no one who comes into close touch with the Chinese deems this utilitarianism a race trait. They are, in fact, capable of the highest idealism. Among the few who have come near to the thought of Buddha or Jesus one finds faces saintlike in their depth of spirituality. The materialism is imposed by hard economic conditions. It is the product of an age-long anxiety about to-morrow's rice and is not to be counteracted by the influence of the petty proportion the circumstances of which lift them above sordid anxieties.

Most of the stock explanations of national poverty throw no light on the condition of the Chinese. They are not impoverished by the niggardliness of the soil, for China is one of the most bountiful seats occupied by man. Their state is not the just recompense of sloth, for no people is better broken to heavy, unremitting toil. The trouble is not lack of intelligence in their work, for they are skilful farmers and clever in the arts and crafts. Nor have they been dragged down into their pit of wolfish competition by wasteful vices. Opium-smoking and gambling do, indeed, ruin many a home, but it is certain that, even for untainted families and communities, the plane of living is far lower than in Western countries. They are not victims of the rapacity of their rulers, for if their Government does little for them, it exacts little. In good times its fiscal claims are far from crushing. The basic conditions of prosperity, liberty of person and security of property, are well established. There is, to be sure, no security for industrial investments; but property in land and in goods is reasonably well protected. Nor is the lot of the masses due to exploitation. In the cities there is a sprinkling of rich, but out in the province one may travel for weeks and see no sign of a wealthy class—no mansion or fine country place, no costume or equipage befitting the rich. There are great stretches of fertile agricultural country where the struggle for subsistence is stern, and yet the cultivator owns his land and implements and pays tribute to no man.

For a grinding mass-poverty that cannot be matched in the Occident there remains but one general cause, namely, the crowding of population upon the means of subsistence. Why this people should so behave more than other peoples, why this gifted race should so recklessly multiply as to condemn itself to a sordid struggle for a bare existence, can be understood only when one understands the constitution of the Chinese family.

It is believed that unless twice a year certain rites are performed and paper money is burned at a man's grave by a male descendant, his spirit and the spirits of his fathers will wander forlorn in the spirit world, "begging rice" of other spirits. Hence Mencius taught "there are three things which are unfilial; and to have no posterity is the greatest of them." It is a man's first concern, therefore, to assure the succession in the male line. He not only wants a number of sons, but, since life is not long in China and the making of a suitable match for a son is the parent's prerogative, he wants to see his sons settled as soon as possible. Before his son is twenty-one he provides him with a wife as a matter of course, and the young

couple live with him till the son can fend for himself. There is none of our feeling that a young man should not marry till he can support a family. This wholesome pecuniary check on reproduction seems wholly wanting. The son's marriage is the parents' affair, not his; for they pick the girl and provide the home. In the colleges one out of twenty or ten, but sometimes even one out of five, of the students is married, and not infrequently there are fathers among the members of the graduating class.

As the bride should be younger than the groom, early marriage for sons makes early marriage for daughters. The average age of Chinese girls at marriage appears to be sixteen or seventeen years, although some put it at fifteen. In the cities reached by foreign influence the age has advanced. In Peking it is said to be eighteen, in Shanghai twenty, in Wu-chau twenty, in Swatow sixteen or eighteen, in Chungking seventeen or eighteen, where formerly it was fourteen or fifteen. Schooling, too, postpones marriage to about twenty, but not one girl in two thousand is in a grammar school. About two years ago the board of education at Peking ruled that students in the government schools should not marry under twenty in the case of girls and twenty-two in the case of boys.

At twenty virtually all girls save prostitutes are wives, and nine tenths of the young men are husbands. This means that in the Orient the generations come at least a third closer together than they do in the Occident. Even if their average family were no larger than ours, they can outbreed us, for they get in four generations while we are rearing three. But their families are larger because their production of children is not affected by certain considerations which weigh with us. Clan ties are so strong that if a poor man cannot feed his children, he can get fellow-clansmen to adopt some of them. Thanks to ancestor-worship, there is a great deal more adopting than we can imagine. In fact, the demand for boys to be adopted by couples who have no son has been eager enough to call into being a brisk kidnapping trade that is giving trouble to the Shanghai authorities. Then there are funds left by bygone clansmen for the relief of necessitous members. These stimulate procreative recklessness precisely as did the parish relief guaranteed under the old poor law of England.

The burden of the child on the parent is lighter than with us, while the benefit expected from the male child is much greater. Lacking our opportunities for saving and investment, the Chinese rely upon the earnings of their sons to keep them in their old age. A man looks upon his sons as his old-age pension. A girl baby may be drowned or sold, a boy never. In a society so patriarchal that a teacher forty years old with a family still turns over his monthly salary to his father as a matter of common duty, the parents of one son are pitied, while the parents of many sons are congratulated.

Moreover, the very atmosphere of China is charged with appreciation of progeny. From time immemorial, the things considered most worth while have been posterity, learning, and riches, in the order named. This judgment of a remote epoch when there was room for all survives into a time when the land groans under its burden of population. So a man is still envied for the number of descendants in the male line who will walk in his funeral train. Grandchildren and, still more, great-grandchildren are counted the special blessing of Heaven.

Hence a veritable passion to have offspring, more offspring—as many as possible. I am told that in Kwangtung the women are so eager for many children that a mother places her suckling with a wet-nurse so as to shorten the interval between births. In the Occident there are plenty of parents willing to unload their superfluous children upon an institution, whereas a Chinese parent never gives up a male child until he is in sore straits, and he reclaims it the moment he is able. The boy is a partly paid-up old-age-endowment-policy that will not lapse if he can help it. What children's home with us would dare undertake, as does the Asile de la Sainte-Enfance among 320,000 Chinese in Hong-Kong, to care for all children offered, and to give them back at the parents' convenience?

With us a rich man may not lawfully beget and rear more children than one wife can bear him. In China the concubine has a legal status, her issue is legitimate, and a man may contribute to the population his children by as many women

as he cares to take to himself. With us one sixth of the women between thirty and thirty-five are unmarried. In China not one woman in a thousand remains a spinster, so that nearly all the female reproductive capacity of each generation is utilized in child-bearing.

Thus all things conspire to encourage the Chinese to multiply freely without paying heed to the economic prospect. The domestic system is a snare, and no Malthus has ever startled China out of her deep satisfaction with her domestic system. She believes that whatever may be wrong with her, her family is all right, and dreams of teaching the anarchic West filial piety and true propriety in the relations of the sexes. It has never occurred to the thinkers of the yellow race that the rate of multiplication is one of the great factors in determining the plane on which the masses live. Point out this axiom of political economy to a scholar, and he meets it with such saws as "One more bowlful out of a big rice-tub makes no difference," "There is always food for a chicken," "The only son will starve" (i.e., will be a ne'er-do-well). Or he may argue that there can be no relation between density and poverty by citing big villages in which people are better off than in neighboring little villages!

If people will blindly breed when there is no longer room to raise more food, the penalty must fall somewhere. The deaths will somehow contrive to balance the births. It is a mercy that in China the strain comes in the years of infancy, instead of later on dragging down great numbers of adults into a state of semi-starvation in order to thin them out sufficiently. The mortality among infants is well-nigh incredible. This woman has borne eleven children, and all are dead; that one is the mother of seven, all dying young; another has only two left out of eleven; another four left out of twelve. Such were the cases that occurred offhand to my informants. One missionary canvassed his district and found that nine children out of ten never grew up. Dr. McCartney of Chungking, after twenty years of practice, estimates that from seventy-five to eighty-five per cent. of the children born there die before the end of the second year. The returns from Hong-Kong for 1909 show that the number of children dying under one year of age is eighty-seven per cent. of the number of births within the year. The first census of Formosa seems to show that nearly half of the children born to the Chinese there die within six months.

Not all this appalling loss is the result of poverty. The proportion of weakly infants is large, probably owing to the immaturity of the mothers. The use of milk is unknown in China, and so the babe that cannot be suckled is doomed. Even when it can, the ignorant mother starts it too early on adult food. In some parts they stuff the mouth of the week-old infant with a certain indigestible cake. The slaughter of the innocents by mothers who know nothing of how to care for the child is ghastly. About the sixth and seventh years there is an unusual mortality among girls, owing to the practice of foot-binding.

Still, much of the child mortality is the direct consequence of economic pressure. A girl is only a burden, for she marries before she is of use to her parents and is lost into her husband's family. Small wonder, then, that probably one female infant in ten is done away with at birth. Again, when the family is already large, the parents despair of raising the child, and it perishes from neglect. In Hu-peh a man explaining that two of his children have died will say: "Tiu lio liang ko hai tsi" ("I have been relieved of two children"). Another factor is lack of sufficient good food, which also makes many children very small for their age. The heavy losses from measles, scarlet fever, and smallpox are closely connected with overcrowding.

For adults over-population not only spells privation and drudgery, but it means a life averaging about fifteen years shorter than ours. Small wonder, indeed, for in some places human beings are so thick that the earth is literally foul from them. Unwittingly they poison the ground, they poison the water, they poison the air, they poison the growing crops. And while most of them have enough to eat, little has been reserved from the sordid food quest. Here are people with standards, unquestionably civilized, peaceable, industrious, filial, polite, faithful to their contracts, heedful of the rights of others; yet their lives are dreary and squalid, for most of their margins have been swept into the hopper for the production of population. Two coarse, blue cotton garments clothe them. In

summer the children go naked, and the men strip to the waist. Thatched mud hut, no chimney, smoke-blackened walls, unglazed windows, rude, unpainted stools, a grimy table, dirt floors, where the pig and the fowls dispute for scraps, and for bed a mud *kang* with a frazzled mat on it. No woods, grass, or flowers; no wood floors, carpets, curtains, wall-paper, table-cloths, or ornaments; no books, pictures, newspapers, or musical instruments; no sports or amusements, few festivals or social gatherings: but everywhere children, naked, sprawling, squirming, crawling, tumbling in the dust—the one possession of which the poorest family has an abundance, and to which other possessions and interests are fanatically sacrificed.

A newspaper paragraph notes that the herdmen for a country district of eleven square miles in Anhwei return 14,000 souls, nearly 1300 to the square mile, or two to the acre! Yet it would be an error to assume that at any given moment all parts of China are saturated with people. In Shansi thirty-odd years ago seven tenths of the inhabitants perished from famine, and the vacant spaces and the crumbling walls that often meet the eye there show that the gaps have never been quite filled. Since the opening of the railroad to Tai-yuan, the capital, wanderers from man-stifled Shan-tung are filtering into the province. The same is true of Shen-si, which, besides losing five million of its people in the Mohammedan uprising of the seventies, lost three tenths of its people by famine in 1900. Kan-su, Yunnan, and Kwangsi have never fully recovered from the massacres following great rebellions, and one often comes on land, once cultivated, that has reverted to wilderness. The slaughters of the Taipings left an abiding mark on Kiang-su and Che-kiang. Kwangtung and Fuhkien, the maritime provinces of the South, have been relieved by emigration. The tide first set in to Formosa and California, later it turned to the Dutch Indies, Malay, Indo-China, Singapore, the Philippines, Burma, Siam, Borneo, and Australia. About ten millions are settled outside of China, with the result of greatly mitigating the struggle for existence in these provinces. Within recent years $9,000,000 has flowed into the Sanning district, from which the first Kwangtung men went out to California and to Singapore. It has all been brought back or sent back by emigrants. An equal amount is remitted annually through Amoy by Fuhkien men. The fine burnt-brick farm-houses with stone foundations, the paved threshing-floors, and the stately ancestral halls that astonish one in the rural villages along the coast of Fuhkien, are due to remittances from emigrants. In the tiger-haunted, wooded hills thirty miles from Fu-chau one comes on terraces proving former cultivation of soils which it is no longer necessary to till.

The near future of population in China may be predicted with some confidence. Within our time the Chinese will be served by a government on the Western model. Rebellions will cease, for grievances will be redressed in time, or else the standing army will nip uprisings in the bud. When a net of railways enables a paternal government to rush the surplus of one province to feed the starving in another, famines will end. The opium demon is already well-nigh throttled. The confining walls of the city will be razed to allow the pent-up people to spread. Wide streets, parks, and sewers will be provided. Filtered water will be within reach of all. A university-trained medical profession will grapple with disease. Everywhere health officers will make war on rats and mosquitos, as to-day in Hong-Kong. Epidemics will be fought with quarantine and serum and isolation hospitals. Milk will be available, and mothers will be instructed how to care for their infants. In response to such life-saving activities, the death-rate in China ought to decline from the present height of fifty or sixty per thousand to the point it has already reached in a modernized Japan, namely, twenty per thousand.

But to lower the birth-rate in equal degree, that, alas! is quite another matter. The factors responsible for the present fecundity of fifty-five or sixty per thousand—three times that of the American stock and nowhere matched in the white man's world, unless it be in certain districts in Russia and certain parishes in French Canada—will not yield so readily. It may easily take the rest of this century to overcome ancestor-worship, early marriage, the passion for big families, and the inferior position of the wife. For at least a generation or two China will produce people

rapidly, in the Oriental way, who will die off slowly in the Occidental way. When the death-rate has been planed down to twenty, the birth-rate will still be more than double, and the total will be growing at the rate of over two per cent. a year. Even with the aid of scientific agriculture it is of course impossible to make the crops of China feed such an increase. It must emigrate or starve. It is the outward thrust of surplus Japanese that is to-day producing dramatic political results in Korea and Manchuria. In forty or fifty years there will come a powerful outward thrust of surplus Chinese on ten times this scale. With a third of the adults able to read, with daily newspapers thrilling the remotest village with tidings of the great world, eighteen provinces will be pouring forth emigrants instead of two. To Mexico, Central and South America, Southeastern Asia, Asia-Minor, Africa, and even Europe, the black-haired bread-seekers will stream; and then "What shall we do with the Chinese?" from being in turn a Californian, an Australian, a Canadian, and a South African question, will become a world question.

THE MYSTIC

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

THERE is a quest that calls me
In nights when I am lone,
The need to ride where the ways divide
The Known from the Unknown.
I mount what thought is near me
And soon I reach the place,
The tenuous rim where the Seen grows dim
And the Sightless hides its face.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the sea,
I have ridden the moon and stars.
I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.
And everywhere
Through the earth and air
My thought speeds, lightning-shod,
It comes to a place where, checking pace.
It cries, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me out of the darkness,
It calls me out of sleep,
"Ride! ride! for you must, to the end of Dust!"
It bids, and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of Being,
Where there is Gulf alone;
And through a vast that was never passed
I listen for life's tone.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
From the vaults of death like a chilling breath
Over eternity.
And everywhere
Is the world laid bare—
Ether and star and clod—
Until I wind to the brink and find
But the cry, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me and ever calls me,
And vainly I reply,
"Fools only ride where the ways divide
What Is from the Whence and Why."
I 'm lifted into the saddle
Of thoughts too strong to tame,
And down the deeps and over the steeps
I find—ever the same.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies
With far intent through the firmament,
And each to each allies.
And everywhere
That a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod,
Only to stand at last on the strand
Where just beyond lies God.

THE STORK OF THE WOODS

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

WITH PICTURE BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IF we should visit a collection of living birds and watch the daily life of a wood-ibis, he would not be likely to occupy a high place in our estimation as regards beauty or intelligence. Poor fellow, even his names are awry or meaningless, for he is more of a stork than an ibis, and as to his scientific name (*Tantalus loculator*), it signifies nothing.

Few birds appear more stupid in captivity than a wood-ibis. His bald pate, his staring eyes, and his awkward motions perhaps prejudice one against him, but it gives one a feeling of irritation to see him fall over his own feet, and, through lack of wit, stand in a cement-lined pool and for hours patiently tap the bottom with his foot, trembling with eagerness the while as he watches for impossible worms to come to the surface. Even when he takes to wing, the effort is such that his head and legs rack back and forth until it seems as though they would part from his body.

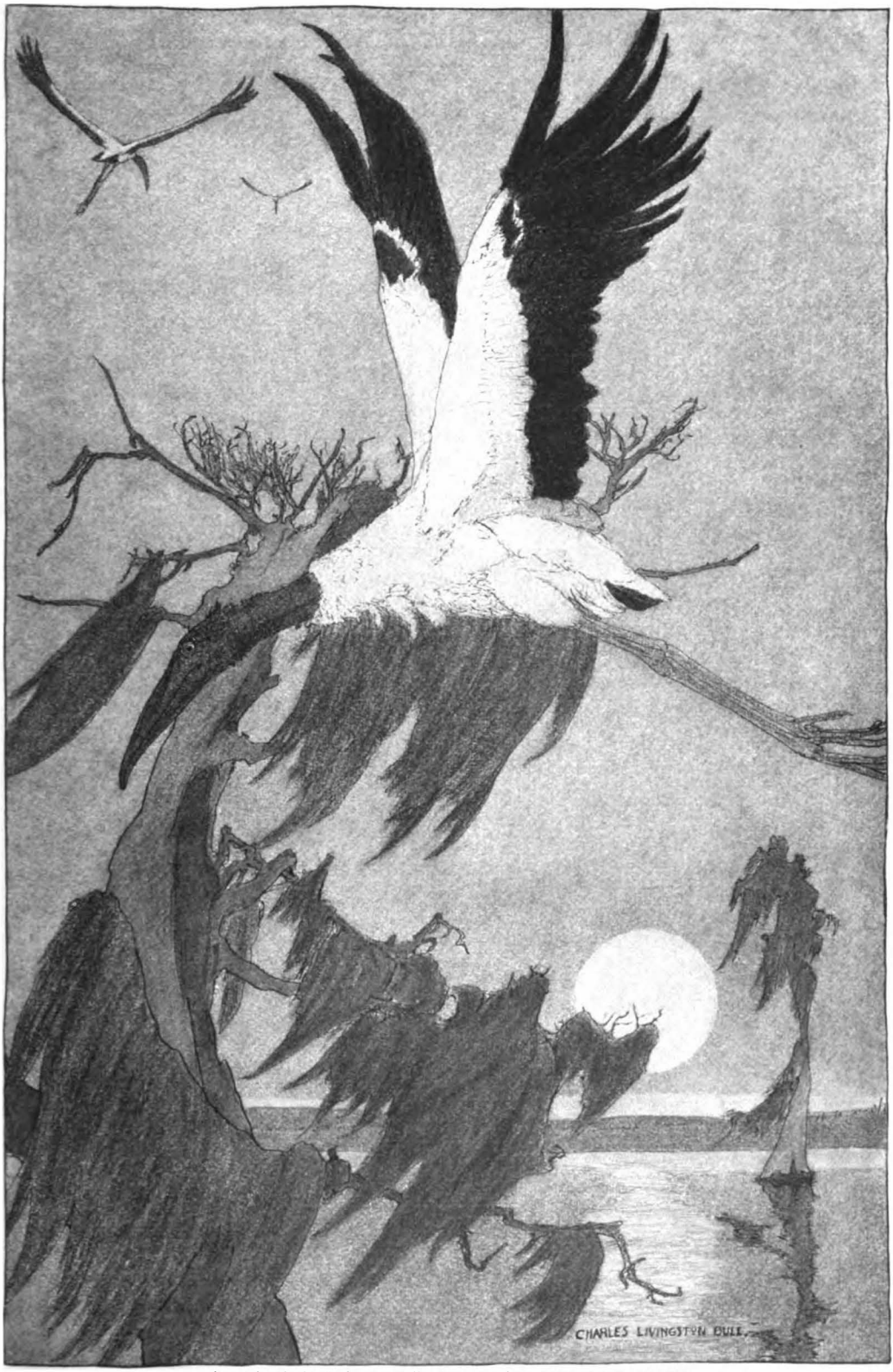
Yet he is happy in captivity, for his meals of fish are regular and abundant, and to eat is his greatest joy. Simply inordinate is the bulk of fish which he can consume. Nature has been kind to him in this respect at least, for if any sharp fins or spines irritate his distended digestive system, it is no trouble at all for him to unload, and reswallow his meal, taking care this time that it is more comfortably packed. His coat of feathers often waxes dingy in confinement, his inner man, or, rather, bird, demanding so much of his attention.

But it is unfair to judge him thus. Nature did not adapt all creatures for display in a cage, even though it be of generous proportions. Before condemning the wood-ibis altogether, we should visit him in his native home, some cypress-shadowed bayou in Florida.

High up in the dead cypresses, half hidden by the swaying moss, we may see many nests—large loosely built platforms. As we approach the dismal solitudes, moccasin-snakes, blacker even than the water through which they undulate, move sluggishly away. We hear the loud reveille of a pileated woodpecker, and as we noisily splash over a hidden, sunken log, a loud flapping of wings is heard, and the woodpecker's roll is drowned in a confused clatter of beaks—the only voice of the wood-ibis. A flock of snow-white forms passes out from the cypress darkness into the bright sunlight.

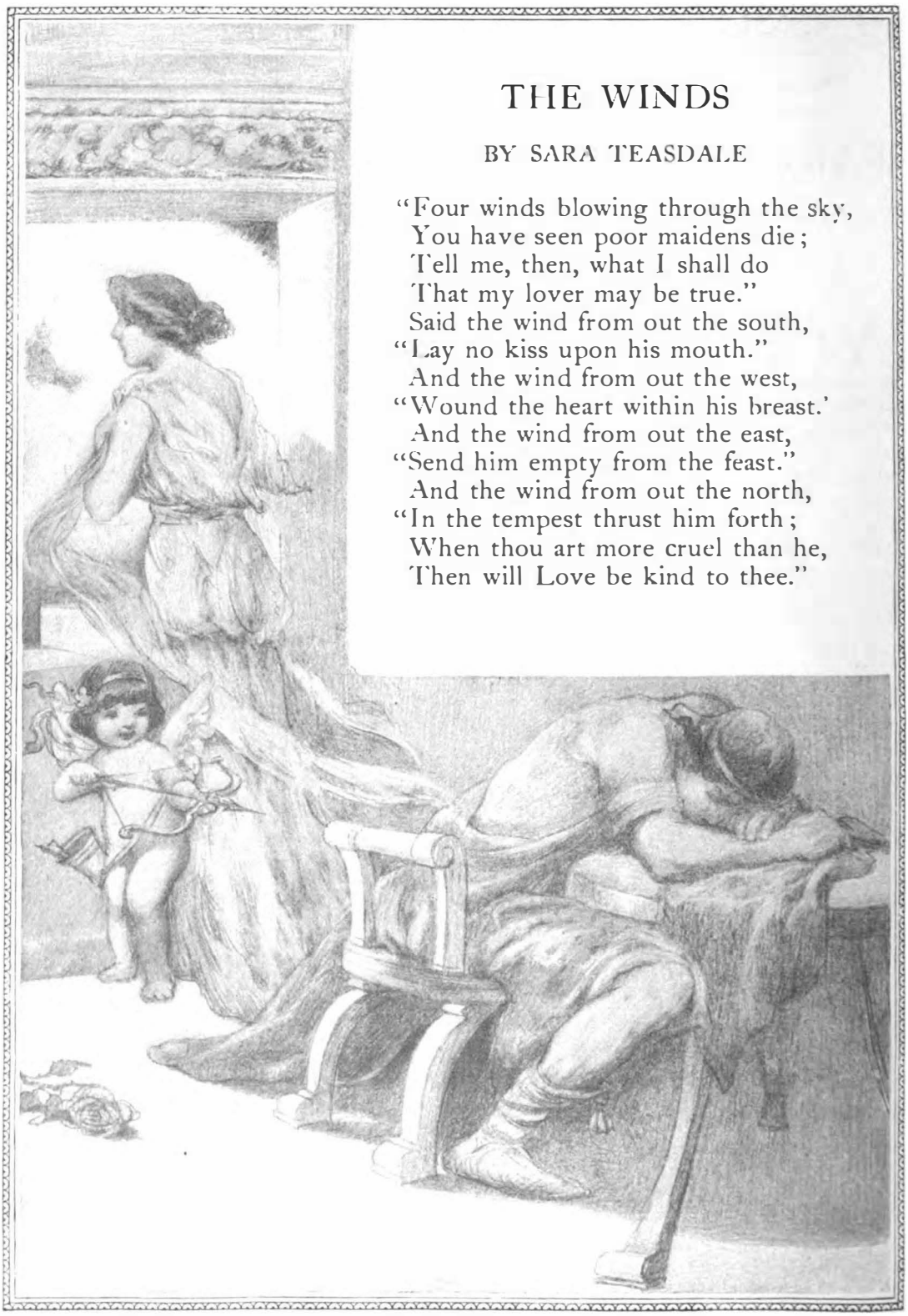
And now if we retrace our steps to the pine-land prairie, we shall see the wood-ibis at his best. Here the moccasin gives place to the rattler, the green scum and the reeds to bright flowers, the drumming of the woodpecker to the scream of the eagle. High above all, awkwardness shaken off, neck and legs no longer clumsily apparent, the ibis looks down and shames us. His black pinions, contrasting with the snowy white of his body, are set and motionless. As gracefully as a swallow he swings round and upward; as lightly as a feather he drifts with the breeze or turns in a beautiful curve, soaring back over his aërial path. Perfect master of his art, we realize that he is one of the finest flyers among the birds.

Higher and higher he goes, circle upon circle, flapping or sailing at will, until our sight marks him as a speck against the blue. He disappears, comes into view again as the sunlight glints from his back, and vanishes from our straining eyes.



Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE STORK OF THE WOODS, OR WOOD-IBIS



THE WINDS

BY SARA TEASDALE

"Four winds blowing through the sky,
You have seen poor maidens die;
Tell me, then, what I shall do
That my lover may be true."
Said the wind from out the south,
"Lay no kiss upon his mouth."
And the wind from out the west,
"Wound the heart within his breast.'
And the wind from out the east,
"Send him empty from the feast."
And the wind from out the north,
"In the tempest thrust him forth;
When thou art more cruel than he,
Then will Love be kind to thee."

FARTHEST NORTH BY MOTOR-CAR

A JOURNEY ON WHEELS BEYOND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

BY HOWARD S. HAMILTON

AS befitting true pioneers, we had only a vague idea as to how we were to accomplish our object of making a record in motoring toward the Farthest North. Our program was to go to Stockholm by way of Denmark, and then to skirt the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, and, having penetrated Lapland as far north as possible, to return south through Finland. We had arranged for a guide familiar with the tongues of the people we should encounter; the rest was to be very much a matter of good fortune.

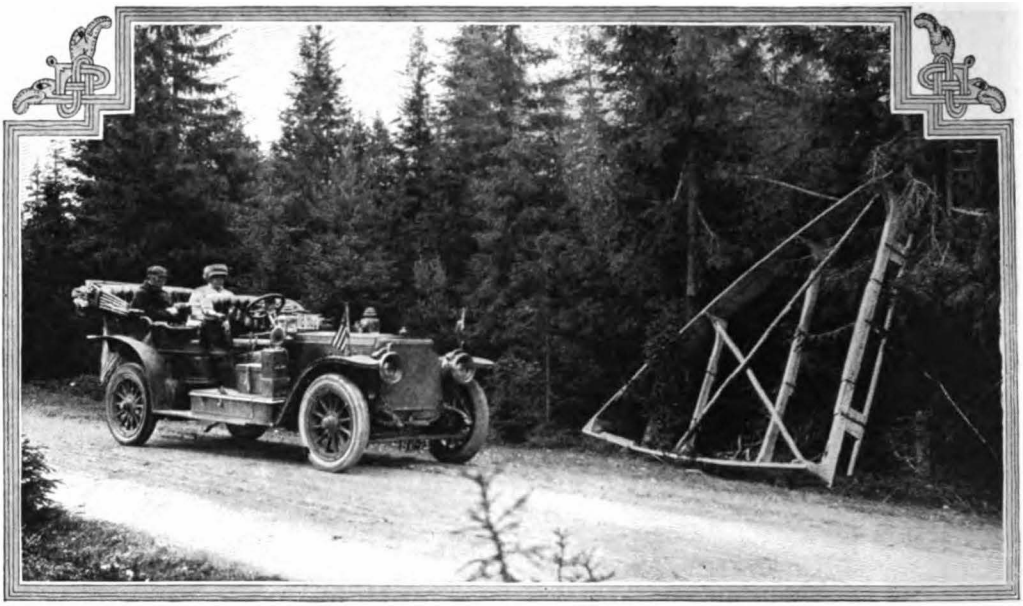
Our easy passage through the Swedish customs tended to encourage this irresponsibility. The entrance duty amounted to fifteen per cent. on the value of the car,—about $650,—a deposit to be returned to us on leaving the country. In addition, there was a charge of twenty-six kroner (seven dollars), of which ten kroner covered the official examination of the car, which we were amused to find consisted of a perfunctory inquiry as to the number of brakes we had and whether the car was safe on the road. After its four years of good and faithful service in out-of-the-way parts of Europe, we were able to give our car a clean bill of health. The other sixteen kroner were for the license proper and two number-plates—red letters on a white background.

We must have tempted the fates sorely from the very first. At the Stockholm Automobile Club, people looked askance at us, and shook their heads dubiously when they saw the big, high-powered car of long wheel-base with which we intended to penetrate the North, and which had to carry a dead weight of more than two tons along roads that were not of the best and over bridges and ferries that were not likely to prove equal to the task. At first the news dismayed us, but our courage straggled back when we discovered that there would be roads awaiting us miles beyond the 67th parallel of latitude. We learned, too, that the best objective point into Lapland was the mining settlement of Malmberget, a few kilometers north of Gellivare. Thus we constructed an itinerary, and on a favorable day in June, 1910, much refreshed in spirit, we two and our polyglot guide set out from Stockholm on our novel trip.

Happily our confidence had not been misplaced so far as the roads were concerned, because, as the sequel showed, we had good, hard, and comparatively level surfaces nearly all the way. Of course there were exceptions. The first stretch of the journey, for instance, between the capital and Upsala, and thence to Gefle, was none too good. The roadway was small, flat, and very dusty, the deep ruts giving us no end of steering trouble, as the narrow tread of the country carts permitted us to keep only one wheel in the worn groove, while the other labored through the loose sand.

We arrived in Gefle on the occasion of the great midsummer holiday of the 21st of June, encountering the usual holiday concomitant, the maximum of inconvenience to the stranger. As the town was enjoying a three-days festival, it was extremely difficult to procure gasolene. After rummaging about, we finally found an obliging paint-shopkeeper who provided a supply put up in twenty-liter cans, at fifty cents a gallon. Thus fortified, we started northward along the coast.

The coast was a blessing to us. In sight of the sea, we managed to keep reasonably cool, but the moment we headed inland and lost the fan of the sea-breeze



A COMMON SIGHT ALONG THE SWEDISH ROADS WHERE THE SNOW-PLOWS ARE SEEN PROPPED AGAINST THE FIRS AND PINES READY FOR WINTER SERVICE

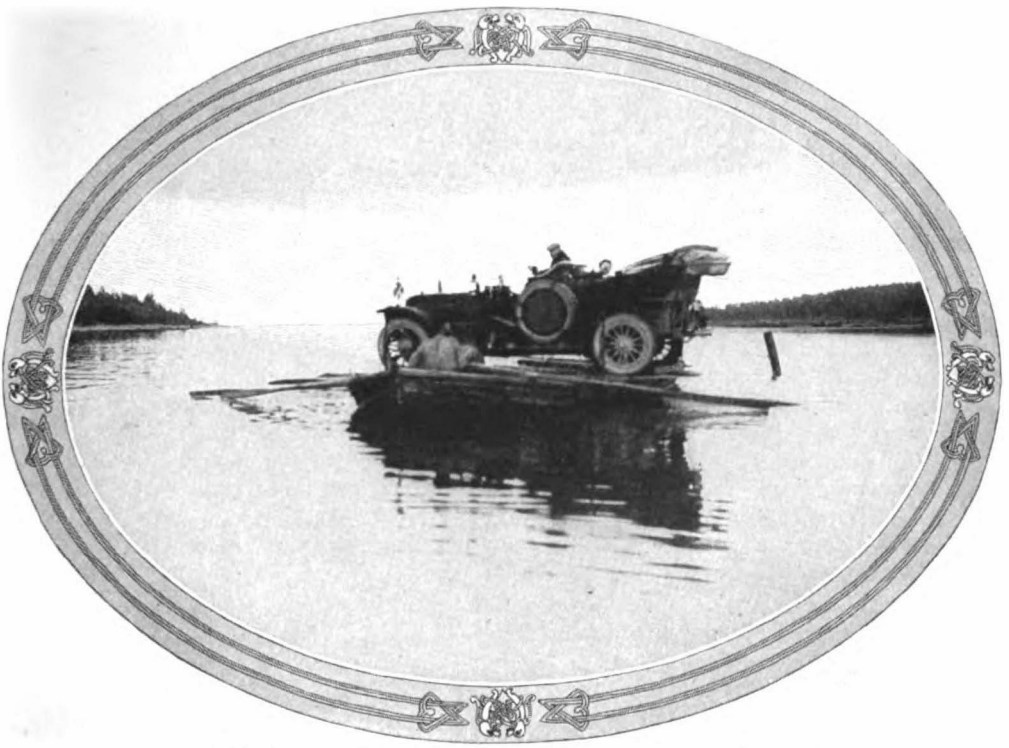
"WE GAVE A FARMER'S CART TOO MUCH ROOM"

we found ourselves cloaked in a heat which even the motion of the car made it difficult for us to endure. Sometimes we were actually compelled to stop to cool off both ourselves and the tires.

Sweden has had a method of road maintenance which, aside from being unique, doubtless works out better in theory than in practice. The care of the highway is supposed to devolve upon the owner of the adjacent land. He is required to erect a small wooden sign or a stone bearing his name in plain letters, so that he may be easily reported in case of dereliction. But it was evident to us that few reports, if any, are ever sent in. Perhaps one of the best descriptions of Swedish roads is that they are "wavy," a condition we found very disagreeable, owing to the bouncing motion given to the tonneau, which was certainly an imposition upon the springs.

As we fared into the Northland there was a noticeable difference in the length of the days. In Sundsvall, which we reached in one day from Gefle, it was still dusk at midnight, although the sun had set at about eleven o'clock. From here we still had a long run to make before we should reach the northern shore of the Gulf of Bothnia, and we therefore took the wise precaution of providing our car the first extra supply of gasolene and oil. We purchased a sixty-five-liter can, and we also filled up with an extra 210 liters.

Figured out on the basis of two and a half miles to the liter, some idea may be gained of the amount we carried. But the precautionary measures of the trip had not really begun there. Knowing that the success of most expeditions depends as much upon careful preparation as upon moral "sand," we had given directions in Stockholm to have an extra supply of shoes and inner tubes shipped northward, and these we eventually picked up at Lulea, which we made in four days from Sundsvall, after many an adventure and mishap. It is difficult to be much of a stoic when a new spring-hanger does not fit and threatens a mechanical collapse; and we confess to a bad quarter of an hour when we caught sight of the pocket edition of the



ROWED ACROSS THE PITSUND FERRY AT NINE-THIRTY AT NIGHT, WHILE STILL LIGHT

POSTING-STATION OF HEDEN, NEAR THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

steam-ferry at Högsjö, which threatened to go to the bottom of the river if ever our trusty car was placed upon it. But a friendly barge, in tow of the toy steamer, relieved our despair, and after three hours of waiting, necessitated by unloading the barge of its original freight, we ran aboard and went on our way rejoicing. We had the satisfaction of knowing that this operation had saved us a detour of at least 150 miles. Everybody spoke English from the captain down, and we still retain vividly a picture of his pretty, blonde daughter offering us her welcome sympathy in our own tongue.

The next day was one of ill fortune and

ACROSS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE WITH NATIONAL AND CLUB FLAGS FLYING

dismay. First there was water in the engine; then, as if this were not enough, the perverse day took it into its head to deluge us with rain. But this was only a beginning, bless you! We gave a farmer's cart too much room. The road was soft, and caved in, and down we went, helplessly in an incredibly short time both the cripple and the sofa were lying in the ditch. It was with a sense of the keenest relief that we saw the cripple crawl out of his difficulty uninjured, but clamoring for moral and physical damages, which we paid him to the extent of about one fourth

"THE FINNISH PEASANT WE FOUND TO BE UNPICTURESQUE"

stalled until, with the aid of some stout timbers and several willing natives, we were able to work the car out of the mire. After that the loss of forty-five minutes by taking the wrong road did not improve our tempers, already sorely tried by the seemingly interminable days of the North. But the climax was not yet. It came when we met a man leading a horse attached to a wagon in which was a cripple seated upon a sofa. The horse shied, and of his original demand. It was only upon arriving at Umea at half-past ten that night that we at last felt ourselves in anything like sanctuary, though not, however, without having to bend once more to fate by building our own bridge before we could cross a bad, open space in the road. Otherwise the roads had been from fair to good, and we had managed to cover 180 miles.

There was another ferry in store for us at Pitsund, and nine o'clock on Friday

IN FINLAND A MOTOR-CYCLIST WAS OF GREAT ASSISTANCE AS PATHFINDER

morning, July 1, saw us at Lulea, with a watery crossing before us.

Our route now lay far to the east of the Swedish state railway to Gellivare. This line, over which runs the Lapland express, is the northernmost railroad in the world and traverses a monotonous forest-land in order to reach the iron-ore mountains of the district. There is much uninviting swamp and lake country hereabout, and farther to the north the conditions of transport are such that the region is left almost exclusively to the nomad Lapp and the government agent. Few travelers, indeed, have penetrated these inhospitable, untracked wastes.

We now bade farewell to the friendly shore of the Gulf of Bothnia as we set our faces toward Morjarv. From Stockholm had come the new tires and inner tubes, and these had lightened our hearts, because tires and inner tubes and gasolene were the only things which now counted.

After six hours on the road (it was then Friday, July 1), we accomplished about eighty miles, which ran through cultivated land and stretches of wooded country, and at eight o'clock in the evening we drew up at the wooden posting-station of Heden. Only thirty kilometers lay between us and the Arctic Circle! A long line of dark green marked the background of forest; the foreground was occupied by a primitive derrick well, which we welcomed as an old friend. There was no prodigality of comfort in the plain hostelry of this Northland region, but the clean beds and the simple fare were indeed welcome to us. The good folk of the place were much interested and unquestionably curious about our adventuring.

When the morrow came, we arose wondering what the day would bring forth. We trusted it might be "gas," although we had been told that the only supply-station north of us was Malmberget. However, we started away hopefully at a quarter after eight, undaunted by the cloudy sky. We had been assured that the road was "all right all the way," but after nine miles it ended abruptly at a stream the bridge over which had broken down. There was nothing for us to do but to build another, so we gathered what we could of timber and native help, and in record time our bridge was built, and we fared across. Then came more trouble. There was an evident drop in the road beyond, and several men at work there held up their arms and gesticulated excitedly. We crept on, and found a frail-looking, temporary causeway which had to accommodate all traffic until the erection of a stone bridge was completed. The descent to the causeway was bad enough, but the ascent was through deep sand, with a gradient of twenty degrees. The rear wheels spun round ominously and sank deeper and deeper, but the sturdy workmen, recovered from their astonishment, came to our rescue, and the danger was passed.

In a few minutes we were due to cross the Arctic Circle and leave behind the native and more congenial atmosphere of the temperate zone. We looked out for some

official evidence of the circle. We appreciated that anything would serve—a blazed path, a cairn, or, maybe, a substantial boundary-line of metal, with polar bears rampant in high relief, set up by some enthusiastic arctic club. We began to fear that, without some such index to apprise us, we should cross the line without being aware. We argued that there must be, or at least should be, a finger-post; for the Arctic Circle is a geographical possession of sufficient romance to make any nation proud to own a share of it and adequately to indicate that share. But there was nothing, and it was our odometer alone which told us when our rolling wheels had carried us across the romantic line. We were disappointed with Sweden, and took our photographs of the crossing indifferently. We were not half so enthusiastic as we had expected to be. Did not Peary, by the way, take his famous picture of the pole with a sense of the utter commonplaceness of the scene?

Once across, we fell to musing about the beyond. Therein was something worth the while. We had come to the end of civilization—such civilization as, in that frigid region, the railroad alone had brought. But the road must soon end—the most northern road in Europe, perhaps in the whole world. Beyond it lay what? We gazed and wondered.

Two hours later we crossed into Lapland. Here at last was something for which nations have a wholesome respect—a boundary-line. It was a well-defined, wide, sharp line cut through the forest, completely cleared of trees and underbrush, and as distinct as a cañon of our own West. Half an hour later we made a hasty, impromptu luncheon of ham and eggs at the Lapp village of Schroeven. We were now nearly a hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, and our destination, Gellivare, was almost in sight. Our road was rough and deserted and much in need of repair. The houses along the way were scarcely less than twenty miles apart, and between these habitations the single electric wire which ran above us was the sole reminder of civilization.

And so at last we came to Gellivare. The telephone, the modern tocsin of these strange Northern people, had given notice of our coming, and the entire town seemed drawn up outside the hotel as we sprang from our car almost into the arms of our beaming host. The natives pressed about us as we alighted, and, as a kind of sop to their curiosity, we photographed the car and them. It was amusing to see them posing and "looking pleasant" as they awaited the snap of the shutter. There were bicycles and all other kinds of conveyances gathered about, for some had evidently ridden far to see "the lions of the hour." That night, just as midnight was striking, we took several more pictures, the old Lapp chapel and its graveyard standing out sharply in the light, which was that of our late afternoon.

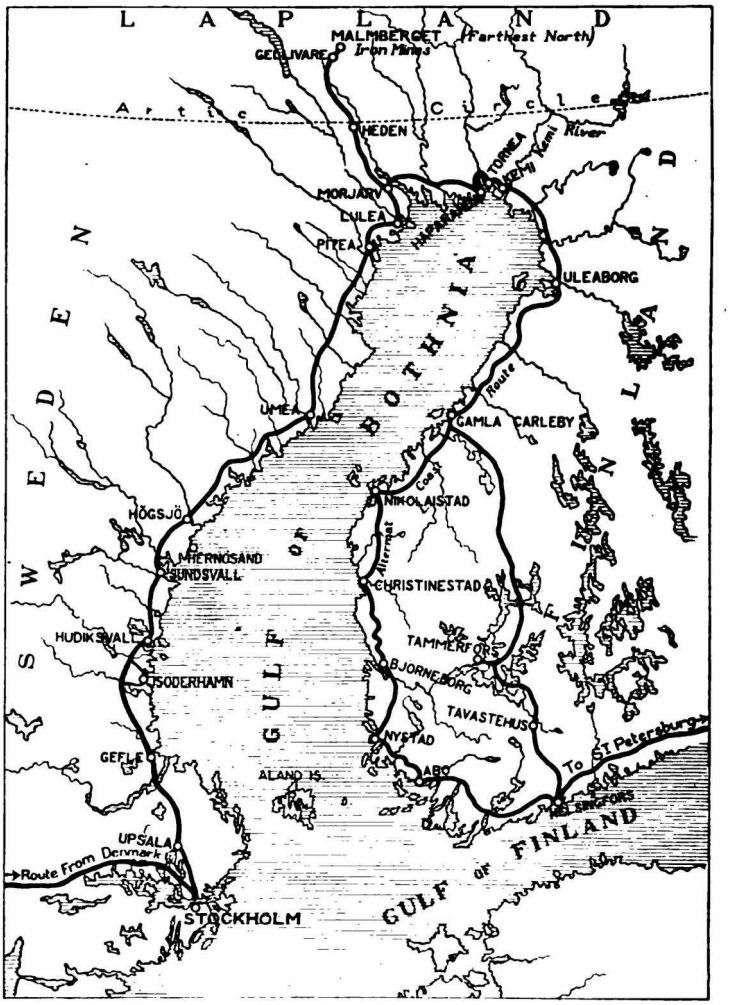
On the following day we decided to run a few kilometers farther north to the mines of Malmberget, which for many generations has proved a lodestone to those desiring to make a home in this otherwise desolate region. Our route through the town was a veritable *via triumphalis,* the inhabitants lining the wayside in their Sunday clothes, waving handkerchiefs, aprons, and caps, and giving us many a hearty cheer. It made us curious to know in just what fashion we had been described to these folk of the mining town by the telephone operator at Gellivare. It must have been glowing, to say the least of it.

On arriving at the mines, we met the manager, and were delighted to find in him a sort of English-speaking compatriot. He had been in America more than four years, and, in his view, "nothing was too good for an American." We needed gasolene, and an abundance of it was placed at our disposal. When we mentioned payment, we were met with a prompt, "No, siree!" The only thing that would please our good-natured host was for us to help ourselves. And we accepted it—200 precious liters, be it known—with a gratitude that we did not attempt to conceal. A profusion of gasolene so far north was easily explained. It was used to operate a twenty-five horse-power truck that was in daily service at the mines. It is probably the only car in use beyond the Arctic Circle, and we were told that it was chiefly employed in conveying tools to the workings.

We estimated the population of Malmberget at about seven thousand. The town presented something of an American appearance, with its churches, schools, banks, and stores, and in many instances the origi-

nal wooden structures had been replaced by those of stone. The iron mountain, which consists of gneiss, the ore being embedded in nearly vertical veins, is overgrown with pines and birches almost to its peaks, although human labor has been employed here since the eighteenth century.

ooze and treacherous morass and swamp, to find nothing save the foundations of some peasant houses cluttered with the charcoal of roof-tree and wall, and all about them a fire-swept forest. Had we cared to venture on foot, we might have come across the Lapps, with their wander-



MAP OF THE JOURNEY "FARTHEST NORTH BY MOTOR-CAR"

It was here that the Northern road came to an end. Beyond lay the wilderness, across which, when the sun is beating down, even the nomad Lapp would be hard put to it to find a path. All bird life has perished or fled. The winged creatures which hold possession are the horse-fly and the mosquito. Farther our car could not have gone, for we had heard of travelers venturing afoot into those wilds, scrambling for days through the slimy

ing herds of reindeer feeding on the yellow mosses of the dreary earth-patches of the Lapp mark. Also we might have seen something of those battered, shaggy semi-wrecks of men and sallow, pigeon-chested women of that far Northland, the victims of generations of inbreeding, existing in veritable wallows, amid toil and starvation, the strain of the wilderness, and the fever from insect bites and wretched food.

But we preferred civilization, and so

returned to Gellivare, with that pleasant sense of relaxation which comes of a deed accomplished. We had broken away from only a few of the things associated with the complex fabric of highly organized society, but as before going southward we halted there at the frontier of human industry and habitation, we could look ahead and see where the trail, leaving the bounds of exact ownership, frayed like a rope's-end and fluttered across the wastes of the frozen North.

It was in the evening that we reached Heden, and six hours after leaving Malmberget we again put up at the posting-station. From Heden our route took us back to Morjarv, and there the road forked to the left for Haparanda and the land of the Finns. We were rapidly forgetting our Northern experiences and the belated exhilaration over our accomplishment in the eagerness with which we contemplated making the acquaintance of the race which, though subject to a Russian yoke, has strange kinship with the Magyar of Hungary. At first the roads were none of the best, but after six hours of continuous running we managed to make the frontier at Haparanda and once more to catch a glimpse of the Gulf of Bothnia. There we stopped and recovered the money which we had deposited as duty upon entering Sweden. The Russian duty we paid at the neighboring Finnish town of Tornea, where we enjoyed the rare spectacle of a beautiful sunset at half-past eleven at night. The following day we had the unique experience of crossing from one town to the other by sail-ferry. There were several more ferries to be crossed in that long run down the superb Finnish coast and through the country, over a good post-road at twenty-five miles an hour all the way to Helsingfors. Occasionally we saw two-wheeled carioles taking the steep pitches in the roads at full gallop behind the sturdy Finnish horses.

As we drew near our Southern goal, the Finnish capital, the days became perceptibly shorter; but there was no cessation of the heat, and our enemies, the mosquitos and flies, were still with us, so that we had to take refuge beneath veils. At all hours the insects swarmed about us, eagerly seeking the slightest opening in our veils. We were told that the only fortification against these thirsty enemies of man in the Northern summer is to saturate the head in the smoke of young twigs, very much as a ham is cured; but, needless to say, we preferred hand-to-hand conflict to a procedure which savored of suicide.

The Finnish peasant we found to be unpicturesque, a figure in strong contrast to his country, which, in its alternation of lake and stream and hillside, was a rare delight to the eye. The deep green of boundless forests accorded a sharp but not unpleasant note to the red which dominates Finnish architecture and is the official color of the country. It was in these Northern forests that we obtained a lively conception of the old Norse gods' habitation—Vidar's impenetrable, primeval woods, where reigned deep silence and solitude. We saw stretching before us boundless expanses of lofty trees, almost without a path among them, regions of monstrous shadows and cloistered gloom, and we felt the grandeur of the idea which forms the basis of Vidar's essence. It seemed as though we were amid the beginning of all things, in the very presence of the Norseman's All-father.

And as we look back now upon the days we passed deep in the solitudes of the North, we feel that it was a wonderful world the fringe of which we crossed. We had come into touch with strange and wonderful people, living in days that had no end—a people whose minds have conceived of a world created from a strange admixture of fire and ice, wherein the forces of nature, the good and the bad, are ceaselessly struggling.

Note: Readers will recall two unique records of motor-experiences which have appeared in The Century: "Motoring in a Cactus Forest" in March, 1910, and "A Motor Invasion of Norway" in December, 1909. The present paper will soon be followed by others on trips by automobile in Tunis and in Algiers, and we shall take pleasure in giving consideration to accounts that may be offered of similarly novel trips in out-of-the-way regions.—The Editor.

"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER KNEW"

I. WILLING TO DIE FOR A FRIEND

BY HENRY WATTERSON

A YOUNG fellow of two and twenty, Andrew Wake Holman, was a private in Company C, of Colonel Humphrey Marshall's Regiment of Kentucky Riflemen, which reached the scene of hostilities upon the Rio Grande in the midsummer of 1846. He had enlisted from Owen County,—"Sweet Owen," as it used to be called,—and came of good stock, his father, Colonel Harry Holman, a frontier celebrity in the days of aboriginal fighting and journalism. Company C, out "on a scout," was picked off by the Mexicans, and the distinction between United States soldiers and Texan rebels not being clearly established, a drum-head court-martial ordered "the decimation."

This was a decree that one of every ten of the Yankee captives should be shot. There being a hundred of Marshall's men, one hundred beans, ninety white and ten black, were put in a hat. Then the company was mustered as on dress-parade. Whoever drew a white bean was to be held prisoner of war; whoever drew a black bean was to die.

In the early part of the drawing Andrew Wake Holman—we always called him "Wake"—drew a white bean. Toward the close came the turn of a neighbor and comrade from Owen County who had left a wife and baby at home. He and "Wake" were standing together. Holman brushed him aside, walked out in his place, and drew his bean. It turned out to be a white one. Twice within the half-hour death had looked him in the eye and found no blinking there.

I have seen a deal of hardihood, endurance, suffering both in women and men, splendid courage on the field of action, perfect self-possession in the face of danger; but I rather think that Wake Holman's exploit that day—next to actually dying for a friend, what can be nobler than being willing to die for him?—is the bravest thing I know, or have ever been told of mortal man.

Wake Holman went to Cuba in the Lopez Rebellion of 1851, and fought under Pickett at the battle of Cardenas. In 1855–56, he was in Nicaragua, with Walker. He commanded a Kentucky regiment of cavalry on the Union side in our War of Secession. After the war, he lived the life of a hunter and fisher at his home in Kentucky, a cheery, unambitious, big-brained, and big-hearted cherub, whom it would not do to "projeck" with, albeit, with entire safety you could pick his pocket; the soul of simplicity and amiability. To have known him was an education in primal manhood. To sit at his hospitable board, with him at the head of the table, was an inspiration in the love of life and the art of living. Yet was there a reserve, not to say a reticence, touching himself. During all my intimacy with him, extending over thirty years, I never heard him refer to any of his adventures as a soldier.

It was not possible that such a man should provide for his old age. He had little forecast. He knew not the value of money. He had humor, common sense, and courage. I held him in real affection and honor. When the Mexican War Pension Act was passed by Congress, I took his papers to General Black, the Commissioner of Pensions, and related this story. "I have promised General Cerro Gordo Williams," said General Black, referring to the then senior United States Senator from Kentucky, "that his name shall go first on the roll of these Mexican pensioners. But," said the General as he looked beamingly into my face, "Wake Holman's name shall come next." And there it is.

II. A BRAVE RESCUE FROM DROWNING

BY C. S. REX

I WAS a boy fourteen years of age when I witnessed the following deed of rare courage and bravery.

The winter of 1878–79 was severely cold for two months prior to February, when several days of unsettled rainy weather caused a tremendous rise in the Maumee River. The breaking up of the two-foot ice in the river was the source of much damage for miles up and down the valley. Among other disasters was the demolishment of a half-mile wooden bridge across the stream at Napoleon, Ohio.

As the rainy weather cleared the Maumee of ice, steps were taken for the building of a ferry over the river, which divides the town into two parts. A cable was firmly anchored on each shore, and by means of pulleys a flat-bottomed boat, capable of carrying a considerable load, was put in use for the transportation of man and beast. This was in use only in the daytime.

The waters continuing to rise, the river became a mass of mad, swirling, muddy water. In the middle of the stream the water overflowed the ferry-cable for a distance of a hundred feet or more. The swiftly running current would carry the cable to its utmost tension, and, when released, it would spring up-stream with a wicked swish, like the snapping of a bowstring.

About nine o'clock on the night of February 15, word came to Duncan Dore, an uncanny Scot, who resided on the south side of the river, that his mother, over on the north side, was seriously ill. Scotch stubbornness must have had something to do with his determination to attempt a crossing of the turbulent stream.

An intimate friend of Dore's, one Ortez Randall, being the owner of a small skiff, Dore secured it and determined to cross alone. Randall, however, begged so hard to accompany him that Dore finally yielded, and the two men launched their boat. Being extremely anxious to reach the other side as quickly as possible, they ignored the advice of several men who went with them to the bank, and launched their boat up-stream from the ferry-cable, but without taking into calculation the swiftness of the current in midstream.

Less than fifteen minutes after they had left the shore the men, who were waiting to hear the cry, "All 's well," were startled by agonizing shouts for help. It was surmised that Dore and Randall had been caught by the bowstring ferry-cable and their boat overturned. The cries continuing to come out of the blackness of the night, the men on shore reasoned that the two men had caught the cable as their boat was wrecked, and were clinging to it.

This was exactly what had happened, and the swiftly running water carried the two men to the limit of tension in the rope and then rebounded through icy water to the place of starting. Men could not long endure that experience.

Among the men who had heard the cries for help was a herculean woodsman by the name of Allen Mann. Calling to the others to help him launch another boat below the ferry-cable, he quickly divested himself of superfluous clothing and pushed out into the stream.

For half an hour he bravely battled with the current before his efforts were of any avail and he was in a position to help the men, whose cries were becoming fainter.

Finally reaching a point just below the spot where the cable left the water on its rebound, he turned his boat up-stream and rowed as man never rowed before.

In the meantime Dore and Randall had worked their way along the rope until they were near together, and as they were swept downward toward the waiting rescuer, Mann yelled, "Let go!"

The two men heard him and, realizing that help was below, obeyed his command. Mann ceased rowing, reached over the side, seized the two men, worked them around to the stern of the boat, and by a tremendous effort of strength pulled both in, where they sank exhausted. They landed a mile below, but were quickly conveyed to anxious friends and relatives.

This was before the day of Carnegie medals, and no special attention was given to the bravery of Allen Mann.

APOSTLES OF REASONABLENESS

THE LEIBNITZ-BOSSUET EFFORT TO REUNITE CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM—SPINOLA, THE CATHOLIC "MARTYR OF MODERATION"—THE ENGLISH LATITUDE-MEN—FALKLAND AND HALES—EXAMPLES OF TOLERANCE FOR OUR DAY—THE ACCELERATED MOVEMENT TOWARD CHURCH UNITY

BY THE REV. NEWMAN SMYTH, D.D.

READING history is much like traveling through a picturesque country: every one is expected to see the striking features, which the guide-books will not fail to point out. But of the quiet places by the wayside, the hidden valleys, and the mountain springs—of these the tourist, hurrying through history, will know but little.

There are not a few such unfamiliar but interesting side paths in religious history. The great leaders and reformers we know; but besides the conspicuous actors, there have been from time to time men of moderation, fashioned in a gentler mold and of lucid reasonableness, characters once of much attractiveness in the circles of those who felt their influence, whose names have been almost forgotten, and whose writings are preserved, but rarely read, in unfrequented recesses of old libraries. Yet we owe much that is best and fairest in the life and ideals of our time to this succession of men of large-minded charity in ages of intolerance, a truly apostolic succession, although uncanonized, after the order of that great Apostle who left to his followers this injunction, "Let your moderation"—or, as the word may be read—"Let your reasonableness be known unto all men."

One of these byways of history well worth our following is disclosed in the letters of Leibnitz, Mme. de Brinon, and others who in the latter part of the seventeenth century were engaged in serious efforts to restore the lost unity between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches. Though our histories scarcely notice this episode, it was a scene in which were interested princes and princesses; theologians and statesmen; the Protestant Leibnitz, at that time the greatest philosophical mind of Europe; the Roman Catholic Bossuet, the most famous orator of France; the Emperor Leopold, ruler of the Holy Roman Empire; the French King Louis XIV; and two popes, Innocent XI and his successor. Some of the most notable women of the time were likewise so deeply interested in it that, it is said, they did not find the long epistles of learned scholars and divines dry reading. One of them, Mme. de Brinon, through whose hands many of the letters passed, was indefatigable in her zeal to bring the matter to successful issue, giving the correspondents little rest in her endeavors to keep up the negotiations. It was of her that Pellisson, a French Catholic, who was engaged in the correspondence, wrote to Leibnitz: "Madame de Brinon finds fault with me on your account. She says, and I believe she is right, that we think of nothing else but your dynamics, and not at all of your conversion, which is the one object of her desire, as of mine."

This movement, though carried on for thirty years, made little noise. The letters were purposely not printed, and remained for many years afterward unpublished. The whole narrative of it might well be recalled now because it contains much of suggestive value in relation to present questions concerning the reconciliation of the unhappy divisions of the church.

To this object at that time, a Roman

Catholic bishop of Spanish descent, Royas de Spinola, literally devoted his life. As early as the year 1661 the Emperor Leopold entered into a project for the pacification of the troubles of religion which desolated Germany, and with all the zeal, it was said, that could be desired of a Christian prince. He commissioned Spinola with full power to treat with the princes of Germany, charging him to make all practicable efforts of conciliation. Spinola, having later been empowered, though with some secrecy, to represent Pope Innocent XI, entered into correspondence with leading Protestant theologians, and succeeded in formulating twenty-five propositions, drawn up with great moderation, setting forth the views of Protestant divines, which were gravely considered, so Leibnitz states, and received sanction at Rome. So near, and yet so far, came the two main currents of modern religious history toward meeting at that point in one broad stream.

Spinola, as we are told in the preface of an early account of these endeavors, was well fitted for this by his "character of sweetness, of piety, and of moderation seldom found among controversialists, especially in the heat of their disputes." He maintained, on his part, that the "difference between the Roman Church and the Protestants does not consist in the fundamentals of salvation, but only in matters that have been added." Unwearied in his labors, and always pursuing his ever-receding hope, Spinola spent his days in ceaseless travels from court to court; nor did he rest even when suffering excruciating pains, laying down his life at last, without receiving the blessing promised to the makers of peace, but worthy to be remembered as "a martyr of moderation." As this instructive episode of religious history drew toward its close, it lost its earlier hopefulness, and passed into a more sharply defined debate between Bossuet the orator and Leibnitz the philosopher. Leibnitz's description of his method commends itself as the method to be pursued in any discussion the object of which is not to change opinions so much as to reconcile them. "In important matters," he wrote to Mme. de Brinon, "I like reasoning to be clear and brief, with no beauty or ornament—such reasoning as accountants and surveyors use in treating of lines and numbers." Of his correspondents on the other side he wrote: "The force and beauty of their expressions charm me so far as to rob me of my judgment; but when I come to examine the reasoning as a logician and calculator, it escapes my grasp." Yet afterward this same dispassionate thinker, when all his logic failed to reach terms of agreement, wrote to Bossuet, "I believe an overture of the heart is necessary to advance these good designs."

Bossuet's biographer, Cardinal Bausset, cannot understand why these negotiations, which had opened so hopefully and in which so much talent, learning, and goodwill had been engaged, came, as by some fatality, to no results. A later editor of the correspondence said "the union failed through the fault of men and things." Leibnitz himself said it failed because of "reigning passions." He had entered into the effort for religious pacification because he believed it to be right and that there was nothing in the nature of things to prevent it; but, besides the theological differences which he deemed not irreconcilable, were "men and things," especially the French king, with his ambition to assume the same authority in the church that Henry VIII had in England. Moreover, the Protestant world, still filled with bitter resentments on account of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and apprehensive for the future, was in no temper for the mediation of these makers of peace. Leibnitz and those pacific theologians could not foresee how the alliance of church and state, the union of religious and temporal powers, has rendered it impossible for the church to rise above all political fortunes and to realize its own spiritual unity, as over two centuries of inheritance of religious divisions is at length teaching the Christianity of the present age to understand it. Though the hope then entertained of the reunion of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism may still seem to be only a Christian sentiment and a philosopher's dream, at least the political causes of strife in religion are being done away with now that Italy celebrates the jubilee of Cavour's achievement of a free church in a free state and the American Catholic Church flourishes in a land of democracy.

When Leibnitz was disappointed in the

project of reunion, he wrote to one of his friends: "I, too, have worked hard to settle religious controversies, but I soon discovered that reconciling doctrines was a vain work. Then I planned a kind of truce of God, and brought in the idea of toleration." This is a thought to be laid to the heart of our common Christianity, that toleration is indeed a means to a higher unity, but that a "kind of truce of God" among the churches is not the full measure of peace and catholicity.

One other reflection of Leibnitz, as he reluctantly abandoned his futile correspondence with Bossuet, seems to anticipate by two centuries the laymen's movement, which is becoming significant and powerful in the modern church. "That the business may progress with greater justice and agreement," he said, "and be less liable to failure, I think it ought not to pass through the hands of the clergy, who have their own special views, which sometimes are more allied to their own prejudices and passions than to the good of the church. Not that this is the case from any evil intent on their part, but from a kind of necessary consequence." So he urged that "associating laymen in the enterprise might give it a character likely to insure success." The lay power to which Leibnitz appealed failed him; but now, if the theologians and ecclesiastics fail, the Christian laymen may take the matter of church unity into their own hands, and make a success of it.

In England, likewise, ever since the time of the Reformation there has been an almost unbroken succession of men of irenic spirit and largeness of view even during times of civil and ecclesiastical strife. Toward the end of this same seventeenth century in which Leibnitz and his correspondents labored and failed, a company of "Men of Latitude" were gathered at the University of Cambridge. A pamphleteer of the times describes them in this passage, well worth quoting, for it serves to characterize cleverly a partizan use of names still employed in current conversation, both political and religious:

> I can come into no company of late but I find the chief discourse to be about a new sect of Latitude-men. On the one side I hear them represented as a party very dangerous both to the King and Church, seeking to undermine them both; on the other side I cannot hear what their particular opinions or practices are that bear such dangerous aspect. The name of Latitude-men is daily agitated amongst us both in taverns and pulpits, and very tragical representations made of them. A Latitude-man therefore (according to the best definition I can collect) is an image of Clouts, that men set up to encounter with for want of a real enemy; it is a convenient name to reproach a man with; 't is what you will, and you may fix it on whom you will.

These men so named were the Cambridge Platonists, the highest-minded and most spiritual teachers of their age, of whom Bishop Burnet in his "History of his own Time" thus speaks:

> Men who studied to examine further into the nature of things than had been done formerly. They loved the constitution of the church, and the liturgy, and could well live under them; but they did not think it unlawful to live under another form. They wished that things might have been carried with more moderation. And they continued to keep a good correspondence with those who differed from them in opinion, and allowed a great freedom both in philosophy and divinity, from whence they are called men of latitude.

Without dwelling upon their opinions, we select from a somewhat earlier group in this succession of apostolic reasonableness two men of whom in their ideals and efforts Matthew Arnold's words are true: "They kept open their communication with the future. Their battle is ours too; and that we pursue it with fairer hopes than they did, we owe to their having waged it and fallen." One of these, who is best known from Lord Clarendon's incomparable portraiture of him, was Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland. We recall him to grateful memory because he was among the foremost in an age of mutually intolerant Puritanism and Episcopalianism to see with clearer vision what the peaceable unity of the church in liberty might be; and his conception of it, which his time could not understand, was as the dawning of that ideal of the one comprehensive church which, in the beginning of this

twentieth century, has risen full before all the churches.

In the earlier period of his too brief life Lord Falkland was one of Ben Jonson's friends, much sought after and admired in that company of poets and wits in the "Apollo," in London, who were known "as sealed after the tribe of Ben." In 1631 he retired to a country-seat in the village of Tew, not far from Oxford, where his house, with its large library, was the resort of a choice company of scholars and "men of the most eminent parts"—a "University bound in a less volume," as Clarendon describes it. There Falkland, forsaking poetry for divinity, was engaged in studies and discussions with his friends concerning the "what" and the "wherefore" of the problems of thought and life, being, we are told, of a very open and pleasant conversation. The times, however, were growing urgent, and the first alarms of the civil war called Lord Falkland away from "this happy and delightful conversation and restraint." In the Long Parliament he became the leader of the small party of conciliation. In political affairs a constitutionalist, supporting Hampden in resisting the ship-money, yet raising his voice against vindictive haste in the impeachment of Strafford; in ecclesiastical matters agreeing with the Puritans in their demands for the reform of the church, yet refusing to follow the "Root and Branch" party in destroying the established order of the church; opposing what, from its severity, was called the "Thorough" policy of Archbishop Laud in dealing with dissenters, yet reluctant to consent to his impeachment; and when at last the stress of the times compelled him to make his choice, being neither a Roundhead nor a Cavalier, accepting high office, yet contradicting the king, says Clarendon, "with bluntness and sharp sentences," going to the war broken-hearted and with the word, "Peace, peace," upon his lips, yet riding forth with a cheerful countenance to meet death—Lord Falkland stands forth against the background of a tempestuous age as an example of large and hospitable open-mindedness, possessing in a rare degree that virtue of intellectual charity—the wisdom both pure and peaceable—which above all is needed in the religious statesmanship of the present, if the church of the future is to compose the unhappy divisions which are its heritage from the past.

A pathetic interest invests the last scene of Lord Falkland's life. When his friends would have snatched him from the peril of the battle-field, he answered from the trenches "that his case was different from other men's; that he was so much taken notice of for an impatient love of peace that he should likewise make it appear that it was not out of fear of the utmost hazard of war." At the head of a regiment advancing between hedges lined by the enemy's musketeers, in his thirty-fourth year he fell mortally wounded by a musket-shot.

Alike in church and state the partizan who succeeds is the hero of the hour, the champion who wins the fight is crowned; but the peacemaker who fails may wait until history shall call him blessed. His influence is not lost, though his reward lingers. Macaulay was too partizan in his history to appreciate so "severe a lover of justice and so precise a lover of truth" as Clarendon says Lord Falkland was; Carlyle dismisses him from the hall of his heroes with this single line of contempt, "Poor Lord Falkland in his clean shirt was killed here." But in 1878 a monument in his memory was erected on the spot where he fell, and Matthew Arnold restored him to his rightful place in history when he wrote, "He was the martyr of lucidity of mind and largeness of temper, in a strife of imperfect intelligences and tempers illiberal."

A few of Falkland's utterances are worth repeating, as they have some point and pertinency in relation to current religious questions. Thus, in his first speech on episcopacy in the Long Parliament, he said of the bishops, "Maister Speaker, a little search will serve to find them to have been the destruction of Unity under the pretense of Uniformity." That charge could not be answered when it was made in 1641; the only sufficient answer to it was made in 1908, when from the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster the Anglican bishops, gathered in convention from all the world, sent forth this noble message to all other communions: "We must constantly desire not compromise, but comprehension, not uniformity, but unity." But what Lord Falkland so long ago saw

clearly ought to be, still waits in this twentieth century to be made accomplished fact.

While the separated churches are now reconsidering their divisions, some other words of Falkland may be serviceable; as, for instance, this happy characterization of that type of churchmen "who seek to deduce themselves from Rome." We may also recall a simple but quite fundamental principle of good government if we repeat concerning politicians a remark which he made concerning certain ecclesiastics: "I doubt not the bishops may be good men; and give but good men good rules, and we shall have good government and good times."

Concerning the two opposing forms of church government, the episcopal and the presbyterial, he denied the claim of either to a divine right, while maintaining the established order on the ground of its antiquity and utility. "I neither consider them as necessary nor as unlawful, but as convenient and inconvenient." Again, he said, "Where it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change." So this reasonable visionary made a hopeless stand against conflicting extremes, which were hastening toward disruption, himself a prototype and herald of the church statesmanship the immediate practical task of which now is to gather together and to lead as one power the religious forces of the people.

Another attractive character in this group of men of religious reasonableness is to be known by a small book which a friend gathered up from his few extant writings, and published three years after his death under the title, "The Golden Remains of the Ever Memorable Mr. John Hales of Eton College." His life was uneventful save for the misfortune and loss which befell him in the revolutions of his times; but his quiet influence has entered into the purest and best religious thought of England. At one time Hales, like Falkland, was occasionally one of that company of wits in the "Apollo," among whom

> Hales, set by himself, most gravely did smile,
> To see them about nothing keep such a coil.

He had been a good listener, and a reporter in his letters, at the theological debate between the Calvinists and the Arminians in the Synod of Dort, where, as he wrote at one of the sessions, "I bade good night to John Calvin," although, as Principal Tullock observes, "he did not say good morning to Arminius." In his earlier life he wrote a short essay on "Schism and Schismatics," intended only for private circulation among his friends, which, however, attained much notoriety, and was called to the notice of Archbishop Laud, that "rigid surveyor," as Clarendon characterizes him, "of all things which bordered never so little upon schism." To his credit however it should be remembered that after a long interview with Hales in his garden, Laud let him go with some offer of preferment which Hales did not care to accept. This single-minded lover of truth was not so fortunate when the "Thorough" method of Laud was followed by the success of the "Root and Branch" work of the Puritan commonwealth; for the storm of the revolution which uprooted the church and swept over the universities broke up the circle of his friends, and left him dispossessed and in poverty, compelled to seek refuge in the cottage of an old servant, and to part with the library of choice books among which he had lived. It is indeed a pathetic picture, this man of "prodigious learning, excellent judgment, and unbounded charity," who in his better days had said of himself that he thought he "should never die a martyr," suffering in his old age the loss of all things, but still "gravely cheerful," as the solitary friend, who had found him in his last loneliness, has described him—the friend who buried him, as directed in his will, not in the church at Eton, to which as benefactor he might give nothing, but in the churchyard without, "in plain and simple manner, without any sermon or ringing of the bell, or calling the people together." But his thought lingers as the ringing of a sweet-toned bell, and his ideas prevail to call Christian people together.

The following sentences are taken from his "Golden Remains," and a few other writings of his which were subsequently found and printed. He saw, as few before him had seen, that differences of theological opinions are not religious differences when he wrote: "It is not the variety of opinions, but our perverse wills, who think it meet that all should be conceited as

ourselves are, which hath so inconvenienced the church. Were we not so ready to anathematize each other, we might in heart be united, though in our tongues we were divided, and that with singular profit to both sides." It is the general recognition of this simple principle of theological charity that renders it possible now for the Episcopal Church in America to summon with ready responsiveness from all sides a world conference on questions of faith and order to consider existing differences as well as agreements as a first step toward unity. John Hales with the same just discernment placed the responsibility for schisms in many cases upon both parties to it, as he pithily said of the first great schism—that between the Eastern and the Roman Church. "I cannot see but that all the world were schismatics," he said. If all the Christian world to-day, both Greek, Roman Catholic, and Protestant, should confess their common share in the moral iniquity, as well as the economic waste, of continued separation, the feast of reconciliation might not seem so far distant. While, on the one hand, Hales rejected any "superiority by title" of the bishops, he raised an interrogation-point against the continuance of denominational divisions when he defined schism as "an unnecessary separation of Christians from that part of the visible church of which they were once members." There is also still need, although a vanishing one, of recalling this bit of satire concerning heresy-hunting:

> Heresy and schism are two theological scarecrows, which they who uphold a party in religion use to fight away such as, making inquiry into it, are ready to oppose it if it appear either erroneous or suspicious. For as Plutarch reports of a painter who, having unskilfully painted a cock, chased away all cocks and hens, so that the imperfection of his art might not appear by comparison with nature; so men willing for ends to admit of no fancy but their own, endeavor to hinder an inquiry into it by way of comparison of somewhat with it, peradventure truer, so that the deformity of their own might not appear.

Those prelates and teachers who fear to advise men "to search into the reasons and grounds of religion lest it might breed disquiet" he did not hesitate to compare to the "Sybarites, who for their own ease banished the smiths because their trade was full of noise." Hales struck a clear note, unheeded amid the civil strife and religious discords of the time, which is now become the key-note to which our common Christianity responds, when he said, "To carry marks and devices may well become the world which is led by fancy and show; but the church is like Amphiarus, she hath no device, no word in her shield, mark and essence with her are all one, and she hath no other note than to be." Not our sectarian devices, not our denominational names, mark the essence of the church: "mark and essence with her are all one, and she hath no other note than to be."

From the rich anthology of these forgotten books of the past one other passage must suffice. In a sermon which Hales left on "Christ's Legacy of Peace to his Church" there is a prayer otherwise of rare liturgical feeling and beauty, in which occurs this quite unliturgical and quaint petition, an outburst of Hales's pent-up hatred of "the brawls which have grown from religion": "Look down, O Lord, upon thy church torn with discord. . . . Be with those we beseech Thee, to whom the prosecution of church controversies is committed, and like a good Lazarus drop one cooling drop into their tongues and pens, too much exasperated against each other."

These apostles of reasonableness, of whom their world was not worthy, have not failed. Once understood only by the few, the multitude now would go forth to hear them. The warfare of other days for liberty is accomplished; the once irrepressible conflict between opposing doctrines has given place to an age of church reconstruction. The welcome word among all denominations is, "Let us have peace." The higher life of the whole country demands a united Christianity. A whole church is needed to do the work of the church throughout the world. Modern civilization cannot be saved by a Christianity divided against itself. And the sign of this coming time—is it not already to be discerned in the notable call, sounded for all the Christian world to hear, by the last General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America? In the

simultaneous action, looking toward the same end, of the National Council of the Congregational Churches, and in the readiness of other denominations to fall into line as this forward movement becomes organized and sweeps on? Its momentum no man can stop, and no sect can withstand. It means that something is being done to render the vision of church unity real. The work so auspiciously undertaken will require several years of preparation; it will involve a campaign of mutual education before it can be brought to successful issue. But it means that unity is henceforth to be made the *business* of the church. It is not longer to be tolerated that the several denominations shall remain side by side like so many disconnected and ineffectual cells; they are to be bound together as in a live battery; they are to gain dynamic unity, so that their full energy may be transmitted wherever moral and religious power and light are needed.

TAKING AMBITION OUT OF THE WORKING-MAN

IT has been the crowning boast of the American system of government that whatever may be its defects, it offers, by its freedom of play, to the citizen of humblest means and station an opportunity to acquire any reward of honor or fortune to which his deserts, his labor, or his public services may entitle him. The history of our country is full of examples of those who have risen from the ranks to positions of legislative, executive, or financial eminence, and, with all our increase of wealth, it is still a point in favor of a man that he should have made his initial successes against the handicap of poverty or despite intellectual disadvantages. Twenty-five years ago there were no limits to the ambition of the working-man. Strangely enough, the limits which it is now sought to place to his ambition are made by some of those of his own class who profess to lead him to a better day.

However selfish, greedy, and oppressive individual employers may be, there is, in the main, in the United States nothing but good-will toward the laboring classes, and it is deeply to be regretted that some of their leaders have hastily put themselves into antagonism to one recent movement which not only promises to do much for the health and prosperity of the workingman,—by promoting his efficiency through the scientific management of certain businesses,—but also promises to do much to civilize certain employers of large numbers of men and women.

We have already set forth in THE CENTURY the achievement of Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth in economizing the motions of bricklayers. This system, reducing these motions from eighteen to five or six, enables a first-class workman to lay 350 bricks an hour with less effort than he formerly expended in laying one third that number. The benefits of the system are shared by employer and employed, since it enables Mr. Gilbreth to pay, and his men to earn, $6.50 per day instead of the old rate of $4.50. Demonstrably productive though it was of economic gain and advantage to all the parties to the contract, Mr. Gilbreth's men refused to permit its introduction. They went on strike virtually against a raise of wages! The strike was ordered by the Glens Falls (New York) local union on the representations of some of the less efficient of Mr. Gilbreth's men who were unable to earn more than the minimum wage of fifty-five cents an hour, while the competent men earned seventy-five cents. They feared that the new system would lead to the dismissal of the men who could not do an average day's work.

This appears to be the view quite generally taken by organized labor. In the discussion of the scientific management of

industrial plants that followed a recent dinner of the Economic Club, a representative of the unions, Mr. James Duncan, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, declared that it meant simply "speeding up"; that the extra wage earned at first would be blood-money; that the system would turn normal laborers into specialists, condemned to monotonous tasks month after month, until they were driven to the verge of insanity. They would be worn out, health and strength would fail, discharge would follow, and new men would take their places.

This view, as must appear from any intelligent study of the system itself, is wrong as to facts, and wholly erroneous in its assumption of the effect of scientific management on the workmen. The error is exposed, too, by the testimony of those by whom it has been applied. In saving motion,—useless motion,—the system saves backaches, sore muscles, strain, fatigue, and exhaustion. Saving labor cannot exhaust the laborer any more than saving money can exhaust the purse. Glaring as is labor's error in respect to the facts, its blunder in theory is yet more deplorable. What it amounts to is that organized labor puts its veto on the general introduction of .better methods of work, which, as Mr. Brandeis puts it, by "removing the obstacles which annoy and exhaust the workman" would result in larger production with less expenditure of labor and money. Here is a reform that, if its apostles may be believed, would save in the industries of this country hundreds of millions annually. Labor forbids its adoption. It means real economic gain. Labor decrees that economic waste shall continue. Why? Avowedly because of labor's fear that fewer men will be employed, or only the best, the most efficient men, the unskilful and the incompetent thereby being doomed to unemployment.

In that way and for that reason, more than half a century ago, labor set its veto on the introduction of labor-saving machinery. In English factories hand operatives smashed the machines. In Ohio the men of the sickle and the grain-cradle destroyed the wheat-harvesting machine. All the work would be done by the machines, they said, and they would be left to starve. Was their prediction true? Have their fears been realized? On the contrary, were not these destroyers of machines egregiously wrong?

What they failed to see and understand is precisely the truth to which labor is now blind in its opposition to motion-saving systems, namely, that increase in product means increase in demand for labor. Commodities produced cheaply through economies, through labor- and cost-saving processes, find a ready market, for they can be sold at prices within the consumer's reach. Agricultural machinery brought our prairies under cultivation, made us among all the nations first in exports of food-stuffs, and more than quintupled the number of men engaged in tilling the soil. Would labor have been the gainer if, under its ukase, we had stuck to the hand-loom and put a ban on spinning-machinery? In 1905 our textile industries employed 1,156,305 operatives and the wages paid amounted to $419,841,630.

There is another fundamental truth that labor altogether ignores. Merit, ability, and efficiency will not long continue to be unequally yoked with mediocrity and incompetence. The strike was caused by the men who could not "keep up" with Mr. Gilbreth's best bricklayers. Is it the policy of the unions to safeguard the interests of the men only who cannot "keep up"? Is the pace of the marching column to be the pace of the slowest man in the ranks? This policy must eternally be at war with the inborn ambition of the better man, with his desire to rise in the world, to earn more money, to enjoy new comforts and higher conditions. It introduces an element of division in the unions themselves, a sundering force that tends inevitably to break the iron yoke of uniformity on the lower level. The capable, the industrious, and the thrifty will not forever submit to that self-denying ordinance. There will be two kinds of labor-unions. The higher wage always in view of those who know that they can earn it will powerfully move them to break the thrall laid upon them by this short-sighted policy of organized labor.

In general, what the working-men most need at the present time is to bring forward as leaders their conservative, intelligent, law-abiding men—leaders who will set their faces against violence, men with apostolic devotion to their fellows, and with clearness of vision to see that their

cause cannot be advanced by injustice to others, whether working-men or capitalists, or by flying in the face of human nature.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE BANANA PEEL

MR. HENEY, the distinguished San Francisco attorney, recently criticized severely the lack of patriotism of a man whom he overheard saying that he "would like to leave this country and move to England, where 'Keep off the Grass' *means* keep off the grass,"—a significance, he said, that does not attach to the phrase in America. We sympathize with Mr. Heney: the discontented American ought to remain here and fight for the grass,—even against Mr. Heney's willingness to destroy Hetch Hetchy Valley. But we regret that Mr. Heney did not also say that the man had hit the target exactly: that the fundamental difficulty we have is to obtain respect for law as a principle. Nor is this an academic question. In all our cities it is one of great practical importance. Take, for instance, the unrestrained littering of the streets with paper and banana peels. To object to this, while, every day burglaries and murders are being committed, seems to many an undue anxiety about the anise and cummin of good government. They do not see the value of enforcing public cleanliness not only for itself but as a discipline in obedience to law.

But what is the effect, present and remote, upon the newly arrived immigrant—to say nothing of the more settled population—of seeing that laws are not made to be enforced?

PUTTING THINGS THROUGH IN CONGRESS

WE once heard of a man of business whose main principle was never to trust the judgment of the moment. Procrastination was to him the chief of virtues. To-morrow's opinion was always better than to-day's. Present to him a letter or a memorandum on a matter of importance, and he would say, "Yes, I 'll give it careful consideration," and straightway would put aside the document, actually believing that something had been accomplished by the process of filing it. When the necessity of dealing with the topic became necessary, he would take the document out of the pigeonhole of his desk and say, "Yes, I 've been thinking that over," and he actually thought he *had* been thinking. But he was no better qualified then to give his decision than at the moment it was first called for. He had simply indulged himself in a timid habit of mind.

It is refreshing to see how promptly the House of Representatives has carried out its proposed program of legislation, and whatever may be done by the Senate, there is no reason it should not be done as promptly. It is not to the interest of anybody that days and weeks and months should pass in an inertia of neglect of public business. Institutions are only men, and that any legislation is accomplished is due to the determination of a few members. It is of course surprising to see a body of legislators at work in the prompt and orderly methods of a board of railway or bank directors, but when this occurs, it does not behoove a coördinate branch to "plead surprise," as the lawyers say. The questions at issue have not been sprung upon anybody. Both representatives and senators have been considering them for years. Elaborate committee hearings are not for the purpose of satisfying the legislator so much as satisfying the public, and permitting those concerned to "blow off steam."

The lawmaker, if he is wide-awake and a man of affairs, has been considering the leading questions in many ways,—in reading, in conversation, in investigation, —and while he must keep himself open-minded to the last, he should have large sources of judgment on all current topics.

Sometimes dilatory tactics for the defeat of an obnoxious measure are allowable, and, moreover, with regard to unobnoxious measures there is safety in a multitude of counselors. What we are speaking of is the pigeonholing of measures for sheer lack of willingness to make prompt decisions, such as one has a right to expect from mature minds. What is certain is that the postponement of many questions till the very close of a session has given us not well-considered, but really hasty legislation. If Raw Haste be half-sister to Delay, then Delay may be assumed to be half-brother to Raw Haste.

Within little more than six weeks of the extra session the House of Representatives

has passed five measures of importance: The Canadian Reciprocity Resolution, the Free List Bill, the Publicity of Campaign Expenses Bill, the Bill to submit the Constitutional Amendment for the Direct Election of Senators, and the resolution to admit New Mexico and Arizona as States of the Union. Whatever may be the judgments of the Senate on these measures, the country has a right to expect that they will be made with no unnecessary delay.

In no administration since the Civil War has there been so nearly a continuous session of Congress as in Mr. Taft's. This is a source of enormous expenditure, and we believe the country would welcome shorter periods of legislative work, and these can be brought about only by more businesslike methods.

The watchword of our commercial world to-day is Efficiency; before long it must become that of our law-makers.

THE THREEFOLD POWER OF THACKERAY

THE centenary of Thackeray, which occurs July 12, has attracted comparatively little attention—nothing like the popular interest already aroused by the centenary of his great contemporary, Dickens, still half a year away. This is natural, and in harmony with the kind of popularity attained by each of these men of genius. We may find a parallel in the United States, where the centenary of Longfellow was celebrated everywhere, while the hundredth birthday of Hawthorne passed almost unobserved. To be sure, Hawthorne had the bad luck to be born on the fourth of July.

It is rather curious how often great writers appear in pairs, and are forced by the reading public into the false position of rivals. This is true not only of Thackeray and Dickens, but of Richardson and Fielding, Goethe and Schiller, Tennyson and Browning, Hardy and Meredith, Longfellow and Whittier, Hauptmann and Sudermann, Björnson and Ibsen, Turgenieff and Tolstoi. There is, however, an advantage to such double stars in our intellectual firmament in the stimulus given to general discussion and analysis of their respective claims to immortality.

Although Thackeray's achievements with pen and pencil were many and various, the five pillars in Thackeray's hall of fame are "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians"; and they seem built of indestructible material—material that laughs at the capricious winds and storms of public applause and public scorn, that defies even those more dangerous foes, the boring moth of neglect and the corrupting rust of years. The supply of this building material seems exceedingly limited, though it is diligently sought for by all literary architects except those who cater for a short summer season, and whose reputation is like breath on a mirror. Of the dozen names, from DeFoe to DeMorgan, that have made English fiction illustrious, he would be a bold critic that should place any above Thackeray. For he excelled in both the great divisions of the novel—realism and romanticism. In "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair" he gave us permanent and truthful pictures of English life and English character; in "Esmond" he wrote what is probably the greatest historical romance in our tongue. In the last analysis, the highest distinction of Thackeray is not found in his "fable," or in his style, or in his thought, but in the persons of his imagination into whom he has breathed the breath of life. These people, immense in variety, are all real people, and they are real because they exhibit the marvel and the curse of humanity, the astonishing mixture of good and evil. To know them intimately is to know life.

Besides the divine power of creation which inspired Thackeray, he enjoyed to a high degree the less rare faculty of criticism—the criticism of men and the criticism of books. This was developed early in his life by his skill and practice with the crayon, for he was a born artist in caricature. A large amount of his thirteen solid volumes consists of critical work, sometimes in the shape of formal literary essays, sometimes in the more charming manner of firelight conversation, reminiscence, and speculation. His lectures, which delighted American audiences on two memorable journeys, naturally exhibit some of the range of his reading and the extent of his sympathies. But the real charm of these disquisitions on Swift, Sterne, and the four Georges, lies almost wholly in the revelation of their maker's

personality. It was the author of "Vanity Fair" that filled the halls in New York, Boston, Savannah, and St. Louis; but as the crowd passed into the night, they carried away to their homes the memory of a big, lovable man. He closed the first series in New York by saying, "I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world."

Thackeray was not only a great creative artist and a notable critic; he was a tremendous moral force. He was not content with finding sermons in stones; he thrust them into all his books. He was always on the side of the angels, and struck redoubtable blows at sin, whether it appeared in uniform or in disguise. He cheerfully sacrifices the canons of art to drive home a moral idea. Never was a man more ineptly called a cynic; for his nature was the exact opposite: he was an arch-sentimentalist. His life was filled with

> . . . little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love.

Some one has said that the function of religion is to add zest to life. Perhaps there never lived a man who got more fun out of good deeds. In 1853, a writer in "Putnam's Magazine" said that the popular notion of Thackeray before his arrival was that of a scoffer and sneerer; but that, after he was known, he convinced all of his intellectual integrity; "there is no man more humble, none more simple." Whatever in the future may be thought of his work, no matter how high his genius may be rated, it is now abundantly clear that his character was as great as his mind.

OPEN LETTERS

ON A CERTAIN KIND OF TABLE-TALK

Being a Remonstrance Offered by Miss Agatha Reynolds to her Unoffending Friend Mrs. Felix Mackenzie

No, Sara dear, I am not going to dine with you, nor with any one else, until I am robustly capable of dining. I know that you are ready to soften the brilliant iniquities of your table to meet my limitations, and I know that you are able to surround me with fellow-sufferers; but a dinner-party is one thing, and a clinic is another, and the combination does n't suit my taste. You see, I was brought up in an age which talked a great deal about food until it was eaten, and about drink until it was drunk, but which preserved a decent silence as to what happened afterward. Our personal relations with our nourishment was held to be a topic unfit for polite conversation. The nearest approach to it I can remember was when dear old Dick Chisholm (who died of gout like a gentleman thirty years ago) gave me the menu of a supper he had eaten at Wallace Rendle's two weeks before. "Now, that was n't a heaven-defying supper, was it?" he asked, with his queer, twisted smile, made up of fun and pain. "Yet I have n't crawled into the sunshine since."

But in these well-informed days my neigh-

bors at table seem to know just what effect each and every article of food will have upon each and every part of their anatomy, and they enlighten me concerning their most intimate processes of digestion. Their organs, specially their organs which happen to be out of order, are discussed with the unseemly freedom of a patent-medicine advertisement. Last week I lunched with Amy Middleton. Alice Alison opened the ball by asking Mrs. Tom Butcher if Dr. Phillips allowed her to eat grape-fruit. You see, we made an early start. Mrs. Butcher might have said yes or no, and closed the subject; instead of which she plunged rapturously into her diet, and her chalky deposits, and other things too disagreeable to mention. That started Miss Sedgewick (you know her —Tom Sedgewick's aunt, and fearfully stout), and she told us about three separate dietaries which had been made out for her in a year, one by her Philadelphia doctor, one by her doctor in Carlsbad, and one by a Viennese gout specialist, and which apparently did not have a single item in common. I thought that rather funny, but the humor of the situation was marred by Miss Sedgewick's pathetic endeavor to recall which of the three doctors had said she might eat potatoes. She was still struggling over that point when Katharine Kenyon swept the ground from under her faltering feet by announcing that a wonderful new man in New York—somebody who treated gout and rheumatism, and nothing else—had told her she might eat anything she pleased, provided that she touched no stimulant. Alcohol in any form was fuel to the flame, and it arrested, instead of hastening, as we used to think, the process of absorption. Katharine rather wanted to explain to us just what the process of absorption meant, and had gotten as far as the solvent action of her gastric juice when Mrs. Butcher, who felt that her chalky deposits had been slighted, said she did not care what any New York doctor said; she *knew* that uncooked food was bad for gout. Why, if she ate an apple, which was the least acid of fruits, she was sure to feel it in her fingers the next day. Whereupon Amy, thinking perhaps that it was her duty as hostess to fall in with the humor of her guests, suddenly remarked that apples were the most indigestible things the earth produced. If she ate the smallest piece of one, it went nowhere at all, at least nowhere that it should have gone. It hung, like Mohammed's coffin, in space, and she felt the pressure for hours.

Now, Sara, I give you my word of honor that I am not exaggerating. And I do think such conversations odious. Have we outgrown the false shame we used to feel at being ill at all, only to wallow unreservedly in our symptoms? Sometimes the wallowing is really comic. I mean when people who do it are quick-witted enough to see the comedy. The other afternoon I asked my niece to hand a cup of tea to an elderly visitor, and the child said reproachfully: "Oh, Aunt Agatha, *don't* interrupt me! I have just found somebody new to whom I can tell my diet." This is the blessed gaiety of youth which gilds even the doctor's pill; but if the rising generation begins dieting at nineteen, I shall be glad to be spared the conversations of the future. Meanwhile I 'll sip my gruel at home, and confide my ailments to my physician, whose duty it is, and whose pleasure it ought to be, to hear them. I am like the old grumbler in "Robert Elsmere" who said, "In my youth, people talked about Ruskin; now they talk about drains."

Your affectionate friend,
Agatha Reynolds.

TO A SENIOR IN A QUANDARY

Being a Sympathetic Consideration of a Common and Depressing Experience

My dear Nephew:

I am not surprised to hear from you in the vein of your letter of May 20. I am only surprised that you should have left the writing of it so late in your academic course.

The fact is that this is the fourth letter which I have received from a member of your class asking my advice as to his life-work. I think you need not consider yourself singular in the fact that although you have devoted yourself to your university work, as I believe, with fair, if not too blameworthy, conscientiousness, you find yourself no nearer to a decision on this subject in your senior year than you were as a sophomore. I doubt if two thirds of your class, or of any other university class, have made up their minds. The tendencies of college at the present time are not calculated to awaken in a man a distinct desire to go into this or that profession, and one must have a very decided bent early in the course to lead him to shape his work and studies to a definite purpose. So far from taking a conceited view of his position as a graduate, the average man is usually hamstrung by humility, and has his moments of desperate wandering by the canal, considering whether, after all, it has not been a

terrible mistake, this going to college. He finds himself, in Emerson's words,

> Amid the Muses . . . deaf and dumb;
> Amid the gladiators, halt and numb.

But I think you should not consider your time thrown away by reason of the fact that after four years you are no nearer to what is conventionally required of a man of twenty-two. You may well be without a decided leaning toward the law or literature or medicine or even finance without being on that account any the less a cultivated man, since you have a mind capable of adjustment to any work it may have to do. Don't make a mistake: a college education —presuming you have n't forgot to get one —will make you fitter for any sort of work.

It is n't perhaps the fault of the university that you find yourself in this situation, —though it might well give fuller consideration to the subject,—and the fact that you are not in robust health makes it all the more desirable that you should have the assistance of your friends in working out something practical at this time. How sympathetically and how wisely your father would have dealt with your dilemma! I remember how he loved and helped young people. He was very different from a woman I knew who, during Jack Llewellyn's apprentice-time, when he was hard at work at his writing and needed all the encouragement of family and friends, kept saying, "Why does n't he take a salaried position and earn a living?" I hope she has forgotten this, now that Jack has made his "hit" and more than a competence.

Well, I have a suggestion for you. No, it is n't that you should "take to ink." When you 've something to say, you 'll have plenty of opportunity to be heard. And even if you were ready for the literary life, you could pursue that with the smallest material equipment—only pen, ink, and paper. Unless you have to, don't rush into that crowd. Usually the weeks about commencement-time are busy ones for the editors and publishers of this country by reason of the large number of applications which they receive from recently graduated young men, a very small proportion of whom could be provided for in these lines of business, even if every position were made vacant for them.

My suggestion may prove more practicable than at first appears. It is this: You have formed very strong friendships in college, as I judge from the fact of your election to two societies and from the number of fine fellows whom I have met at your mother's house during vacations. Should you find among these friends two or three others who are in a similar quandary, would it not be worth while for you to consider the organization of a joint-stock company for the purpose of helping one another to a firmer foothold in life? In other things besides hunting burglars, two or three timidities may make a total of boldness. Could you not undertake something together, not exactly as purse-companions, but as partners? For example, could you not raise enough money to buy or lease land in the Northwest for a fruit ranch? Whatever might be your individual weakness or strength, it would be supplemented or utilized by some quality in your comrades. And your pride and your mutual obligations would spur you to your best. If the experiment should not prove a great success during the first year, you would all have had at least a twelvemonth of vigorous outdoor life, a touch of reality and experience in dealing with various kinds of men, a better knowledge of the resources of your country, and the time and opportunity to work out something else for yourselves. This last may seem to you rather poor consolation, but sometimes the pause before the active work of life is as important as an interval in music.

I 've spoken of the fruit ranch, almost at random; no doubt you could hit upon something else. The point is, to give reality to comradeship. What is the value of all the four years of college intimacies—to the cultivation of which so much of scholarship is sacrificed—if in such an emergency it cannot be drawn upon to advantage you all?

Affectionately yours,

Walter Cripplegate.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by C. F. Peters

HOMESICKNESS

BEAUTY: Don't you sailors get dreadfully homesick at times?
BO'SUN: Bless yer heart, Miss, we ain't never home hardly long enough.

THE FATE OF THE "BUZZARD QUEEN"

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

'T was Benjamin Bejoram sailed
The airship *Buzzard Queen;*
Its run was 'Frisco and New York;
Its color, clover green.

The boldest man was Skipper Ben,
Who such vocation dares;
But though he cruised the atmosphere,
It never gave him airs.

Now westward bound, o'er Kansas State,
The good ship swept along;
The skipper smoked a stogie stout
And hummed a little song.

When right ahead a frightful cloud
Came rolling into view.
"Oh, let us luff our steering-vane!"
Besought the startled crew.

But Skipper Ben rebuked with: "Fie!
Ye chicken-hearts, avaunt!
There lifts not any cloud in sky
The *Buzzard Queen* can daunt."

So slickers donned now every man,
As drove the vessel on;
The skipper not one jot he veered
From that dread portent yon.

Till suddenly they saw too late
With what that portent swarmed:
This mighty cloud which spread before
Of grasshoppers was formed!

The *Buzzard Queen* enveloped was
In less time than I tell,
As thick upon her green expanse
Those hungry 'hoppers fell!

And by a hundred thousand jaws
Thus greedily beset,
The *Buzzard Queen,* and crew, and all,
Here in mid-air were et!

The mangled remnants dropped to earth,
A shower of steel and bones
(And killed a yellow Kansas dog
Belonging to one Jones).

And this the end encountered by
The airship *Buzzard Queen;*
Remember, skippers, and avoid
That fatal color, green.

WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE SAIL

BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE

WITHIN the shadow of the sail,
I and my love sit nigh.
"Dear one, O dearest one," I say—
"Duck!" comes the captain's cry.

A moment more, I feel secure,
I will my heart speak out:
"Dear one, O dearest one," I say—
"Duck!" comes the captain's shout.

I try a thousand times and one
My heart's true love to tell;
Each time, oh, curses on that sail—
"Duck!" comes the captain's yell.

TO A CHILD

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN PERRY

I HAVE stolen a look
In the sibyl's book,
I have seen the back of a star,
The panther sleek
I have heard her speak,
I have slept in the jinnee's jar,
In the sweet-pea's snood
I have honey brewed,
On the python ridden to war,
I have fetched the spring
On the blue-bird's wing—
Oh, my magic goes long and far;
But I 'm all o'erthrown
By the charm you own
And the magical thing you are!

A BALLADE OF BUILDING

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

A NEW house seemed the natural thing
When John had made his modest pile.
So first we wrote an endless string
Of "must haves." Then we studied style.
John favored shingles. I love tile
For roofs, but John thinks plaster 's cold,
And brick 's too stubborn. So I smile.
"I think we 'd better stand the old."

Nan likes colonial, with a wing,
Tom saw a villa on the Nile—
"A corker!" he declares. I cling
To baths and sleeping porches, while
John 's firm for fireplaces. Oh, I 'll
Be bound no house will ever hold
The things we want! Though we revile,
I think we 'd better stand the old.

Our lot 's unbought; we 're balancing
'Twixt hill and valley sites. "A mile
From town," rules John, "where birds will sing;
A pool, a pergola, a dial."
For me the city has its wile.
Who 'd think such problems would unfold!
Well, though it *is* a daily trial,
I think we 'd better stand the old.

ENVOY

Friend, do not trust (put this on file)
Your dream to wood or stone; untold
The snares that builders' steps beguile:
You 'd far, far better stand the old.

A FEW WORDS AT PARTING

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON

(Scene: A suburban parlor. The visitor rises.)

"AND now I must go, for I have n't forgotten that you have a sewing-woman this morning, which means that you have n't a minute to spare; for my experience is that they are all alike and liable to make the most ridiculous mistakes if you leave them alone for a second, and even if you don't, which I never do myself in any circumstances. As for cutting every single, solitary trouser leg for the same side, they make a practice of it, which is a comparatively small matter if you can match the goods—though of course it 's always as provoking as it can be; but once I had the sweetest flowered organdie ruined that way—pink moss-roses climbing on sort of porch pillars in gray and green on a white background—perfectly lovely, and it was a remnant, and not another scrap to be found, though I looked everywhere.

"What? Oh, for myself, of course, though I don't often have my dresses made at home; but this time I thought I would, and the consequence was that it was a perfect botch. I did succeed, it is true, in getting a piece for the sleeve that was remarkably like, considering it was entirely different,—plain roses instead of moss, and another background altogether—so much so that everybody that I apologized to for it said they had n't noticed it, which was very gratifying, of course; but I never could bear the dress myself, and neither could my husband, though I 'm sure I don't know why, and I doubt if he did.

"You know how men are; they take such unreasonable likes and dislikes! It certainly was n't the sleeve with him, for if the whole dress had been different he would n't have thought it mattered a particle; and he probably considered the sleeve an improvement even, for he never could bear moss-roses, though they are a perfect passion with me, and I never will be satisfied until I have a bush of my own. I have set out fully half

a dozen, and they have all died. He says they look like cheap china, but I believe it is really an excuse because he hates so to bother with planting things out, and I never will dig myself, I 'm so desperately afraid of earthworms—fishing-worms, the children

Drawn by Mark Fenderson

"'I 'M SO DESPERATELY AFRAID OF EARTHWORMS'"

call them. One of the very first things my little Wellington learned to say was 'fishing-worm.' He always said it when he wanted to be very bad, and my husband said it was a form of profanity, and I ought to whip him for such language. But I did n't know whether you could really consider it language, and, anyhow, I had n't the heart to whip him, and as for my husband, he simply laughed at him; you know men never will take any responsibility. I often say I have the whole management; and as for choosing where we will go in the summer—where are *you* going, by the way? Oh, are you? I hear there was a very motley crowd there last year. Mrs. Baker says so; but then she is so motley herself I don't think she need talk about anybody else. But that 's always the way. Do you know, she actually had the impudence to tell Mrs. Sykes that my family were worthy people or respectable people or good, honest people, Mrs. Sykes did n't remember which; but, anyhow, it was perfectly horrid, and not true *at all.* Why, my father—

"Oh, I expect to go back where we were last summer. My husband always leaves me the burden of choosing,—he says one place is about as bad as another,—but he does say that we might as well go to the Browns' again as fly to ills we know not of; that 's what Shakspere says, you know, and I think it 's very sensible, particularly in the case of children. They are a nice, quiet old couple: two souls with not a single thought, my husband says, but that is not so at all; I never saw better vegetables, and—

"Yes, indeed—just as busy as I can be getting ready; but all next week I expect to have a sewing-woman myself, and *then*—

"No, indeed; no time for *anything.* Mrs. Tompkins says supervising them is too much like Egyptian bondage for her, and she is n't going to have any more sewing done in the house except what she does herself. Her experience has been worse than mine. Miss Jinks cut an entire dress wrong side out for her and *utterly*—

"Yes, Miss Jinks. You don't mean to say you 've got *her!* Why—

"Oh, they would have tried turning it, of course, if turning had been any use, but it was n't, not the least in the world; she just had to make two waists of it, identically alike, which was the greatest pity, because her things are always longer wearing out than anybody's I ever saw, and those two looked liked one that was simply going to last forever; though all clothes are mortal, of course, as I know to my cost, particularly children's stocking knees.

"What? Oh, the most careless I ever saw! I do wish I could have warned you, though I would n't injure Miss Jinks for the world. It is n't that she does n't know, you understand; it is just that she does n't put her mind on what she is doing. Even if you sit right by her and give her the most minute directions, she has a kind of dazed look, as if she was n't half taking it in. I would n't trust her myself with anything I was particular about any sooner than I would my little Elizabeth; in fact, she has n't half as much common sense: but then, if I do say it that should n't, that child is really remarkable—so practical, so judicious! For instance, whenever I give her a little money to spend for herself when she is out with me, instead of squandering it perfectly at random as most children do, she always says to the man at the counter, or the woman, if it is a woman, 'What is the price of your ten-cent dolls?' or 'What is

the price of your five-cent candy?' just that way, and so—

"It is very lovely of you to say so, but to tell the truth, I *do* think she gets her cast of mind from me; for her father is n't that way at all. I would be the last person in

Drawn by Mark Fenderson

"'I AM GETTING ALMOST DISCOURAGED ABOUT FLYING-MACHINES'"

the world to run him down, but, still, I must say he and I are very different. Now, I can't bear to waste *anything*—though, by the way, they do say nothing in the world is really wasted. I 've just been reading the most charming piece in the 'Ladies' Companion'—

"Time? Oh, I don't know; I suppose that 's included, but the piece was about rags and bones and old bottles and cigar-ends and peanut shells and tin cans, and things like that—perfectly fascinating, showing how clever people are getting about disposing of *everything*.

"Yes, that is what I think—one of the most valuable of *all* arts; for all of us do sometimes have things on our hands—

"Yes, indeed! I must bring you that piece; you would be just charmed with it. Not, of course, that it shows how we ourselves can turn peanut shells and things to account, which must be done on a large scale and in regular factories; but it is so interesting and full of information about the way people do things now, so different from old times. Progress is a wonderful thing, is n't it? And so rapid! Oh, not always, of course, and not in every case—I am getting almost discouraged about flying-machines—

"Do you really? Rapid transportation is a very important thing, of course, but I can't agree with you that it is the *most* important. There 's education, now. Only yesterday, my little Gladys came to me and asked me to hear her say her Presidents, which I thought astonishing in a child not eight years old until the twenty-sixth of next month. It is true she said Washington, Adams, Cleveland, Indigo, and Violet, but it shows—

"Oh, I don't mean at all to undervalue rapid transportation, you understand. I never lose an opportunity of riding in an automobile, though I 'm always literally scared to death, and, as I was saying, I 'm always wishing they would hurry up with the flying-machine, which, of course, would be more perfectly charming still; but there are so many lovely inventions nowadays, and I 'm so interested in everything new—

"A new latch? On the front gate? Yes, I must see it. I did n't notice it as I came in. What sort is it? *That* kind! Why, I got one like that *ages* ago! If the agent told you it was new—

"No, nothing under the sun, of course, as Solomon says; for they say the Chinese know all about everything and always have; though of all the stupid-looking people! The simplest plan, it seems to me, would be to go straight to them for anything anybody wants to invent, and get it ready-made. Think what a lot of time it would save, and how—

"Can't bear to think of *time!* Why, how strange! Though we all realize, of course, how quickly it is passing and—

"Oh, yes, I do—*often!* Though I can't say I ever get *wild* about it.

"Yes, indeed, I understand how *that* is. Sometimes it seems that you positively can't stand things that at other times you don't mind at all. There 's everything in a person's mood—and the weather. I myself am as sensitive as a flower; the least hint or suggestion of a thunder-storm, for example—

"Why, *no,* indeed! Did you? But you think it might have been thunder? And

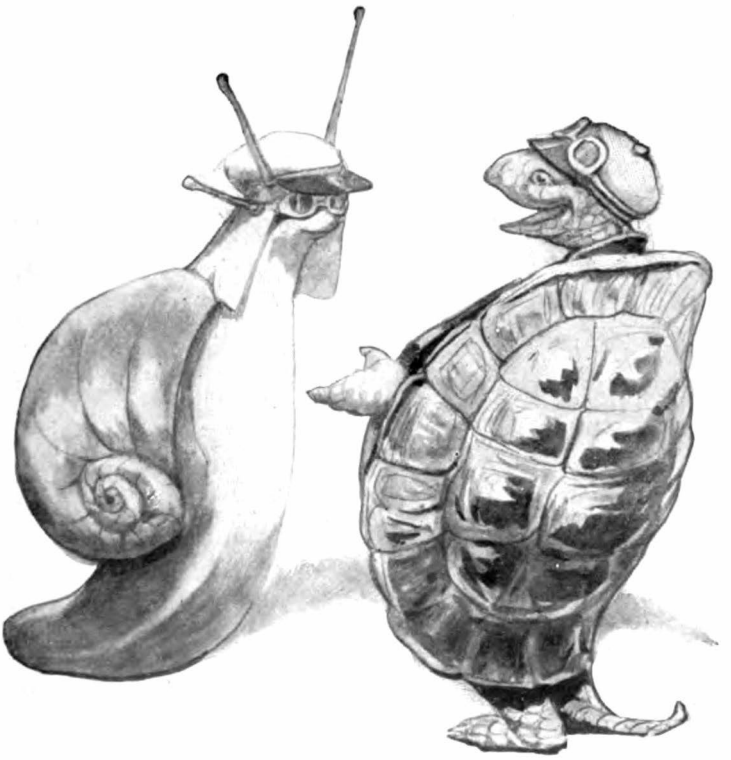
there is n't a cloud in the sky, which makes it so much worse! You know, they say there 's nothing so bad as a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I never saw one, but I 've always had the greatest horror— *Don't* think I mean to be abrupt, but I always get between two feather-beds; I keep them for the purpose. Good-by, good-by; so glad to have found you at home. Come to see me really soon; any time but next week, when the sewing-woman will be there. You know what *that* is!"

THE BOASTERS

TEXT AND PICTURE BY OLIVER HERFORD

SAID the Snail to the Tortoise: "You may
Find it hard to believe what I say;
You will think it absurd,
But I give you my word,
They fined me for speeding to-day."

"Well, well!" said the Tortoise. "Dear me!
How defective your motor must be!
Though I speed every day,
Not a fine do I pay:
The police cannot catch me, you see."



"'WELL, WELL!' SAID THE TORTOISE"

Belinda.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

V

It happened that, one Saturday, Belinda
went to spend
A week-end in the country with a little
school-girl friend.

The next-door neighbors, when they saw
Belinda drive away,
Dropped in that evening, "quite by chance,"
a game of bridge to play.

It pleased Belinda's parents to see the
neighbors throng;
They had n't had a game of cards for
goodness knows how long.

Now, just as luck would have it, Belinda's
friend that day
Had caught the measles; so of course
Belinda could n't stay.

The time was speeding merrily, the game
was at its height,
When suddenly Pa dropped his cards and
Mother's face turned white.

The neighbors rose without a word, and
melted from the place,
Leaving the wretched parents with Belinda
face to face.

"THE TIME WAS SPEEDING MERRILY, THE GAME WAS AT ITS HEIGHT"

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK


There are 28 Miles of Pores in Your Skin
This sanitary drainage system throws off about two pounds of waste matter every day, and plenty of good soap and water is essential to keep the pores from clogging.
The best soap to use is Fairy — an undyed white soap, made from edible products. The high grade of pure materials used in Fairy render it not only safe, but effective and sanitary.
A handy, floating, oval cake of Fairy will cost you but 5c — and keep your skin clean, fresh and clear.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO
"Have You a little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"
FAIRY

Don't Grow Old Too Fast

"A man is as old as his arteries," says the Doctor who examines you for life insurance. Old age is merely a hardening of the arteries—and hardening of the arteries comes from many causes, chief among them being the excessive eating of high-protein foods. Cut down the high-protein diet for awhile and eat

Shredded Wheat

It supplies all the body-building material in the whole wheat prepared in a digestible form.

The excessive eating of indigestible foods brings on stomach and bowel disorders — and these can be prevented by a daily diet of thoroughly cooked cereals. Shredded Wheat is best for this purpose because it is steam-cooked, shredded and twice baked, retaining the bran coat of the whole wheat which is so valuable in keeping the bowels healthy and active

Nothing so delicious and wholesome in Summer when the stomach rebels against heavy meats and soggy pastries as Shredded Wheat Biscuit with raspberries or other fresh fruits served with milk or cream and sugar. Two Biscuits with a little fruit will supply all the strength needed for a half-day's work or play.

THE ONLY BREAKFAST FOOD MADE IN BISCUIT FORM

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Three Daisies

Fresh—crisp—delicious
Won its Favor through its Flavor
Made from Selected White Corn
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

Victor

The Complete Garden Scene from Faust in eight parts—by Farrar, Caruso, Journet and Mme. Gilibert

The Rigoletto Quartet by Caruso, Sembrich, Severina, Scotti. (96001). By Caruso, Abott, Homer, Scotti. (96000).

Music such as you have never heard before—right in your own home

Just think of it—to hear in your own home the soul-stirring arias and concerted numbers that have immortalized the names of Verdi, Gounod, Donizetti, Mozart, Wagner, Puccini, Leoncavallo and all the other great composers; to hear the masterpieces of music that before the days of the Victor were hidden mysteries which few indeed could ever know and understand.

And of course the instrument that perfectly renders the highest achievement of a Caruso or a Melba can be depended upon to do equally well with the lighter forms of music.

It is only a matter of the choice of records, and in

The Great Aida Duet Finale to Act IV, in two parts, by Gadski and Caruso. (La fatal pietra) (89028) (O terra addio) (89029)

The Famous Sextet from Lucia by Sembrich, Severina, Caruso, Scotti, Journet, Daddi. (96200)

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

looking through the catalog of Victor Records, you will find that there is a variety of entertainment to satisfy every taste.

If you haven't recently heard a Victor, you haven't a clear understanding of its wonderful perfection. And as music is so necessary to every American home, it is one of the great duties you owe yourself to go to any Victor dealer's and hear this most wonderful of all musical instruments.

And be sure to hear the Victor-Victrola

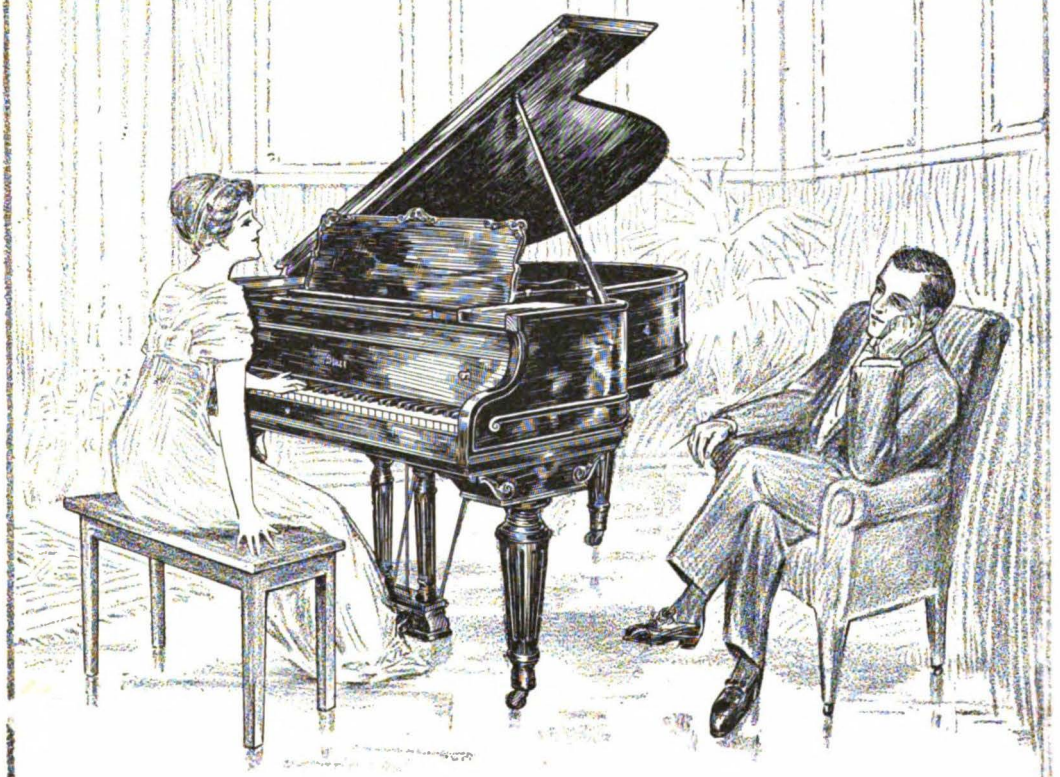
Always use Victor Records, played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

The Starr Piano

PRE-EMINENTLY THE PIANO OF AMERICA



Just as beautiful in its proportions as it is superb in its musical qualities, this compact little Minum Grand model challenges the admiration of the observer just as it charms the ear of the trained musician.

Price, $700. (Freight and Handling Additional)

Handsome Art Catalog on Request

THE STARR PIANO COMPANY

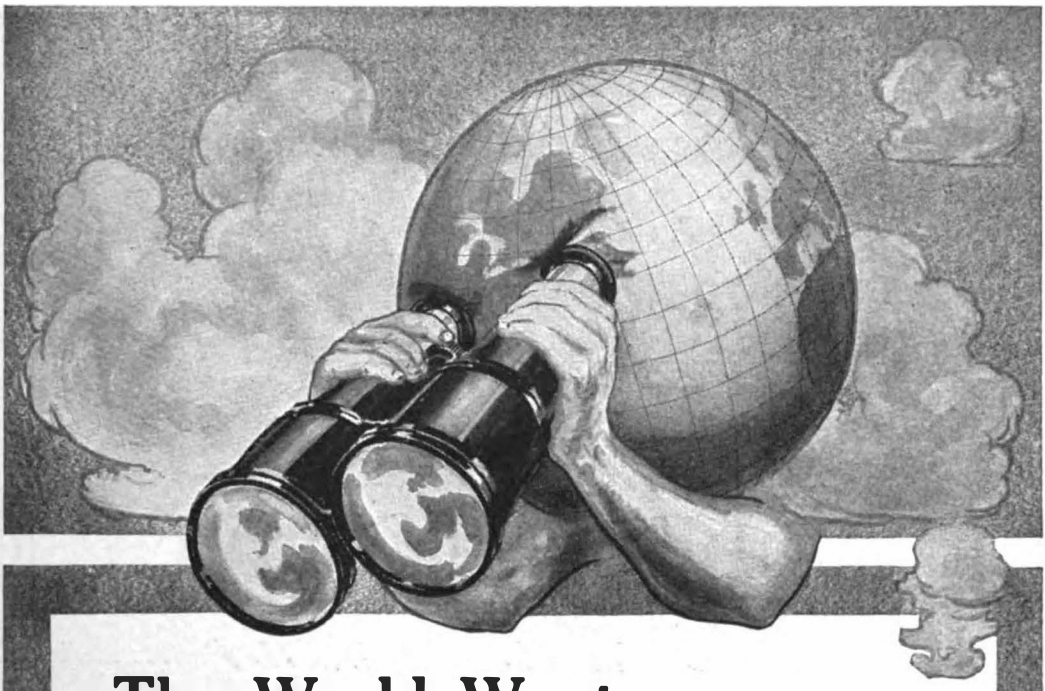
FACTORY AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES — RICHMOND, INDIANA

ALABAMA—BIRMINGHAM, 1921 Third Avenue
MONTGOMERY, 108-112 Dexter Avenue
CALIFORNIA—LOS ANGELES, 628-632 S. Hill Street
FLORIDA—PENSACOLA, 8 S. Palafox Street
GAINESVILLE, 307 E. Main Street
INDIANA—EVANSVILLE, 124 Main Street
INDIANAPOLIS, 138 and 140 N. Pennsylvania Street
MUNCIE, Delaware Hotel Bldg.
RICHMOND, 933-935 Main Street
MICHIGAN—DETROIT, 110 Broadway

OHIO—AKRON, Mill and High Streets
CINCINNATI, 139 W. 4th Street
CLEVELAND, 1220-1224 Huron Road
DAYTON, 4th and Ludlow Streets
HAMILTON, 10 S. Third Street
SPRINGFIELD, 51 High Street
TOLEDO, 329 Superior Street
TENNESSEE—CHATTANOOGA, 722 Market Street
NASHVILLE, 240-242 Fifth Avenue, North

"Starr" THE MARK OF QUALITY RICHMOND, IND.

SELLING AGENTS IN ALL CITIES



The World Wants Brainy Men

"Brains" are always in demand and are paid a "premium," because brainy men do things.

Brains wear out as certainly as the body if not properly nourished.

Grape-Nuts

is a true Brain and Body Food. It nourishes and strengthens the nerve centres — feeds the nerve cells.

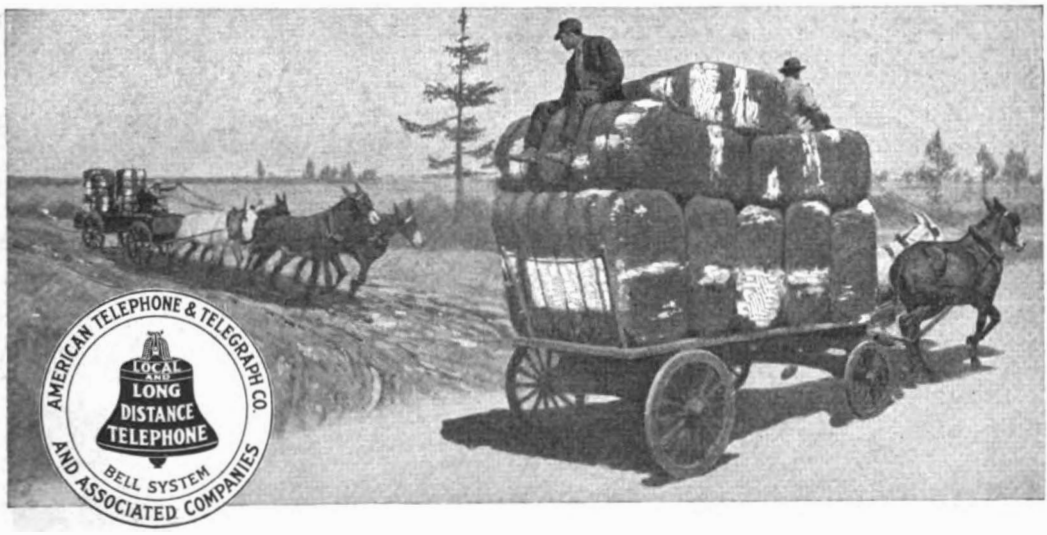
Daily wear and tear is replaced by the natural food elements stored by Nature in the Wheat and Barley of which Grape-Nuts is made.

Grape-Nuts food does much to keep one right for business or frolic.

"There's A Reason"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



The Good Road For Universal Service!

Every man's home faces on a road which connects with every other road and leads to every other home throughout the whole land.

Main highways connect with cross-roads so that a man can go where he chooses, easily and comfortably if conditions are favorable. But the going is not always the same; some roads are good—some are bad.

The experts in the South illustrate the difference by showing four mules drawing two bales of cotton slowly over a poor, muddy cross-road, and two mules drawing eight bales of cotton rapidly over a first-class macadam highway.

The Bell Telephone lines are the roads over which the speech of the nation passes.

The highways and byways of personal communication are the 12,000,000 miles of wire connecting 6,000,000 telephones in homes on these highways. Steadily the lines are being extended to every man's home.

The public demands that all the roads of talk shall be good roads. It is not enough to have a system that is universal; there must be macadamized highways for talk all the way to every man's home. A single section of bad telephone line is enough to block communication or confine it to the immediate locality.

Good going on the telephone lines is only possible with one policy and one system. Good going everywhere, at all times, is the aim of the Bell system.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

Cooling Breezes Anywhere Anytime with

Electric Fans

BEFORE the age of electricity people wished for cooling breezes—and waited. No longer need any one wait for the restful comfort that cooling breezes bring on sultry summer days and nights.

G-E Fans are all equipped with three-speed switches, making available any breeze from a gentle zephyr to a hard blow.

These fans are ready for service day or night in any house or building wired for electric light. They can be attached to any convenient socket as easily as an electric light. Place the fan on a table or hang it on the wall and tip it to direct the breeze up or down, to right or left as desired.

The oscillating types turn automatically from side to side several times a minute and thus send cooling breezes regularly to every part of the room.

The name plate or monogram of the General Electric Company is a guarantee of quality by the largest electrical manufacturer in the world. The monogram appears in the center of the fan guard.

Most electric lighting companies and supply dealers sell G-E Fans but, if you cannot get one readily, write and we will see that you are supplied promptly.

Desk and bracket fans in 8, 12 and 16-inch sizes;

Oscillating types of desk and bracket fans in 12 and 16-inch sizes;

12 and 16-inch exhaust fans;

Ceiling, floor-column and counter-column fans in 52 and 58-inch sizes.

General Electric Company

Schenectady, N. Y.

2930

For Summer Appetites

A wise mother realizes the importance of selecting food best adapted to summer needs.

Appetizing flavour, wholesome nourishment and convenience of serving are all found in

Post Toasties

No wonder the little folks are on tiptoe with anticipation when they see a package of this crisp, delicious food.

Post Toasties are ready to serve direct from the package with cream, and sugar if desired.

"The Memory Lingers"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

VICTORY

COLT Automatic Pistol

Just adopted by the

U. S. Government!

THE REASON:

(Extracts from Official Report)

"The Colt is superior, because it is more reliable, the more enduring . . . and the more accurate."

"The Colt Pistol embodies all the features considered essential, desirable and preferable by the Board."

The Colt is adopted in consequence of its marked superiority to any other known pistol.

THIS DECISION

Settles the Question of Automatic Pistol Supremacy

No matter what other manufacturers may claim, the COLT is the

PROVEN STANDARD of the FIREARMS WORLD!

Send for Folder No. 94
It gives FACTS, not theories.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

OVER
6000
consecutive shots fired from this pistol in one test without a jam, misfire or broken part!

A PERFECT SCORE!

SILENCE

PEERLESS

COMFORT

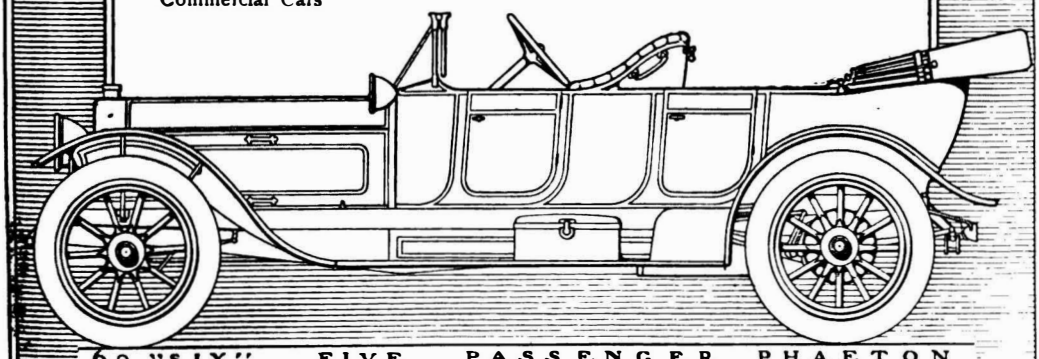
ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

Comfort in motoring demands ease of both mind and body. This means confidence that the car will respond easily, quietly, smoothly to every call made upon it; that safety is assured; and that these qualities are enduring. It also requires construction and appointments that absorb and dissipate the shocks of the roughest highway and give smoothness to the riding motion.

Among the important conveniences of the 1912 Peerless are the Dynamo Electric Lighting System, which supplants the gas tank and oil lamp, and affords a brilliant effective light for every lamp on the car. Also a power-driven air pump with which inflation of tires is neither hard work nor an inconvenience.

The Peerless Motor Car Company
Cleveland Ohio

Makers also of Peerless
Commercial Cars



60 "SIX" FIVE PASSENGER PHAETON

The EVERETT PIANO

One of the three great Pianos of the World

The John Church Company
Cincinnati New York Chicago
Owners of
The Everett Piano Co. Boston

PEARLINE VS POPPED WASHING POWDERS

This picture shows simply an exaggerated case of what happens when Soap Powder is made by the new method.

Each Grain of Soap Powder is POPPED—FLUFFED—FLAKED—it Fills more space—yet does no more work.

Besides—Water is added to Increase the Weight—again Decreasing the value of the Powder.

PEARLINE IS NOT POPPED, FLUFFED, FLAKED, WATERED,

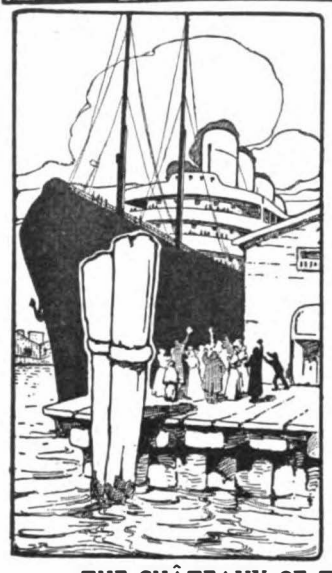
PEARLINE is the same DRY—DENSE—CONDENSED—EFFICIENT Soap Powder it has been for 30 years. A tablespoonful will do the work of several of these Popped, Look-Big Powders. PEARLINE is more than ever

BEST BY TEST

Simply a Matter of Intelligence.

THIS PHOTO SHOWS SIXTY KERNELS OF CORN BEFORE AND AFTER POPPING.
60 KERNELS OF UNPOPPED CORN WEIGH 6 GRAMS AND FILL 9/20 OF A CUBIC INCH.
60 KERNELS POPPED WEIGH 6 GRAMS AND FILL 7 1/5 CUBIC INCHES.
WEIGHT REMAINED THE SAME—VOLUME INCREASED 16 TIMES.

To Take With You on the Steamer



Delightful Guides to Appreciation of Europe's Best

FRENCH CATHEDRALS

Monasteries and Abbeys and Sacred Sites of France

Text by Elizabeth Robins Pennell

Exquisite reproductions, in tint and in black, of 187 etchings, pen-drawings, wash-drawings, etc., by Joseph Pennell.

For the student, the architect, the traveler, the general reader, this book has a value and authority no other volume has yet possessed. A beautifully made and bound volume.

Royal 8vo. $5.00 net; postage, 34 cents.

Uniform with French Cathedrals

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

Text by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer

154 illustrations from drawings by Joseph Pennell.

For the untraveled, unprofessional American who wants to understand in a general way why the great churches of the Old Country deserve to be admired, and for his traveled brother who wants to realize a little better why he himself admired them. $6.00.

Travelers' Handbook Edition, $2.50.

THE CHÂTEAUX OF TOURAINE

Text by Maria Hornor Lansdale

16 illustrations in color from paintings by Jules Guerin, and over 40 reproductions in black and tint from photographs.

Printed in two colors on special plate paper. Sumptuously bound. $6.00 net; carriage, 27 cents.

ITALIAN VILLAS AND THEIR GARDENS

Text by Edith Wharton, author of "The House of Mirth," etc.

50 illustrations, in color and in black, by Maxfield Parrish, and from photographs.

Printed in two colors on special plate paper. Royal 8vo. $6.00 net; carriage, 27 cents.

HOW TO STUDY PICTURES

By Charles H. Caffin

An ideal companion for every lover of pictures and for every person who would know how to appreciate the best in art. *56 full-page insets, reproductions of great paintings. Complete index and glossary. $2.00 net; postage, 19 cents.*

By the Same Author

THE STORY OF DUTCH PAINTING

No such entertaining, helpful, and inspiring guide to an intelligent study and appreciation of Holland's great share in the world's progress and Holland's great gift to the world's art has been written before. It is elementary enough to be instructive, yet sufficiently constructive and original to be new.

32 full-page reproductions of notable Dutch canvases. $1.20 net; postage, 12 cents.

THE STORY OF SPANISH PAINTING

The admirable qualities of Mr. Caffin's earlier books mark this latest work, which is a continuation of the series commenced in "The Story of Dutch Painting." It is at once historical, biographical, critical, and appreciative, and the best condensed handbook in print on Spanish art.

32 half-tone reproductions of notable Spanish canvases. $1.20 net; postage, 12 cents.

ROMANTIC GERMANY **By Robert Haven Schauffler**

60 full-page illustrations by famous German artists—all unusual in their patriotic and sympathetic spirit.

Its reading will greatly enhance the pleasure of a trip to Germany. *Royal 8vo. $3.50 net; postage, 19 cents.*

Unconventional information sugar-coated with fun

SEEING FRANCE WITH UNCLE JOHN

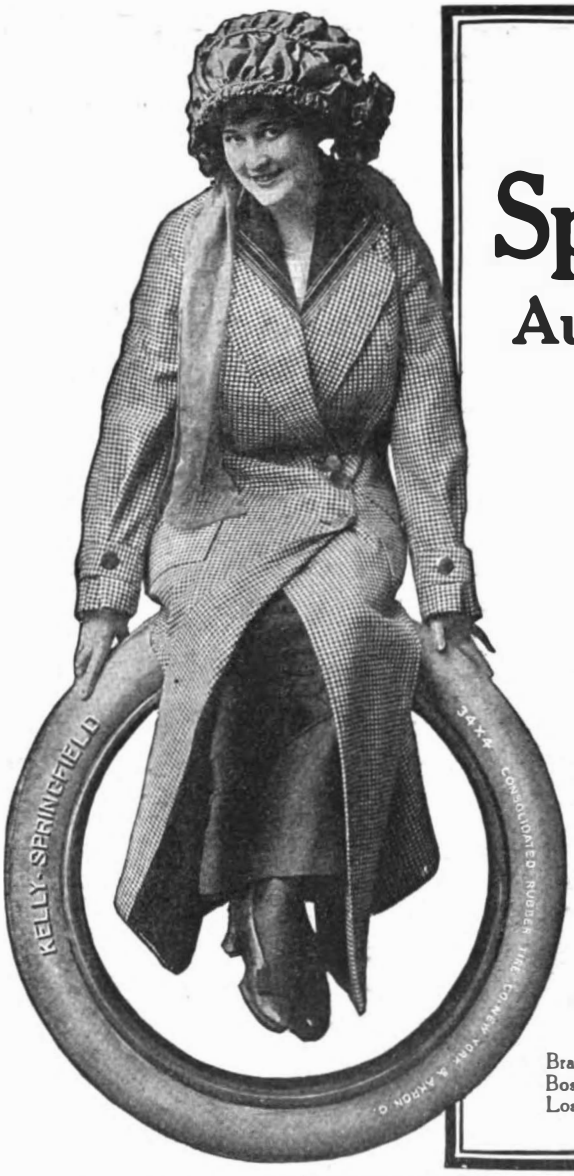
SEEING ENGLAND WITH UNCLE JOHN

By Anne Warner

Here are two books which make you forget the world has anything but chuckles in it. The reader gains much information he is glad to have; but all the time Uncle John's unconscious humor never fails. Anne Warner's clever pen makes him funnier and funnier and funnier on every page.

Funny pictures in both. Each, $1.50.

THE CENTURY CO. **Union Square** **NEW YORK**



Kelly-Springfield
Automobile Tires

The endurance of the Kelly-Spring eld Carriage Tire was due to the rubber composition. While the Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tire is a different construction from the Carriage Tire, quality counts just as much there as it did in the Carriage Tire.

I desire to express the perfect satisfaction the two Kelly-Springfield casings you sold me have given. I have now run the tires over 8,000 miles on the rear wheels of the machine, and have had 2,000 miles use out of them since changing them to the front wheels, and they look good for many more miles.

L. E. KINCAID, Manager.
kl nd Fence Co struction Co., Oakland, Cal.

Specify Kelly Springfield Tires on your automobile. They cost no more than any first-class tire and are better

Consolidated Rubber Tire Co.
20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch Offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Atlanta and Akron, Ohio.

"Reeco" Water Supply System.

Look into the wonderful simplicity and economy of the "Reeco" System and you will understand why nearly 50,000

"Reeco" Rider and "Reeco" Ericsson Hot Air Pumps

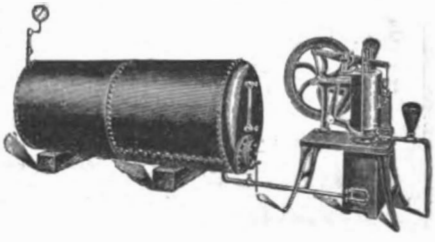
are delivering water under all kinds of conditions to any part of the factory, house, barn, garage, or lawn, of as many pleased purchasers.

By our system you get a pressure sufficient to raise water to any required height and are prepared for fire which is possible at any time.

The tank can be placed in the cellar or an outbuilding or underground.

No unsightly or unreliable windmill; no tank in the attic.

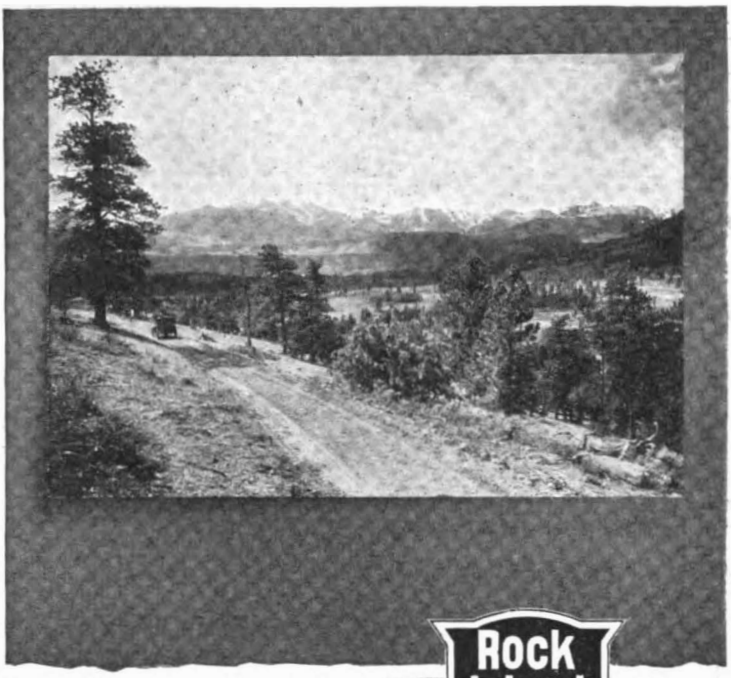
The advantages of the "Reeco" System are fully explained in Catalogue **R.** Write to nearest office.



RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.

New York. Boston. Chicago. Philadelphia. Montreal, P. Q. Sydney, Australia.

Also Makers of the "Reeco" Electric Pumps.



Go for a Rest in COLORADO

Rock Island

but see to it that you go the most restful way

YOU'RE right! Colorado is *the* Summerland. There's rest in the majesty of the mountains — rest in the clean, fresh air — rest in the crystal nights.

In all the wide, wide world there's no "rest cure" like Colorado.

But how you dread the Journey!

Now dispel imagination and listen to the truth.

There is a restful way to Colorado. A unity of luxurious travel—the Rock Island Lines and the deservedly famous

ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIMITED

—from Chicago every day in the year—

The Road and *the* train.

And such a train! When you enter your car you literally *feel* the hospitality, the forethought, the desire to please and satisfy that surrounds you. It is indeed a princely lodging for one memorable night. Servants to attend every want. Refreshments for mind and body. Hotel—Club—Home—with all their composite elements of comfort and pleasure as a "restful" introduction to the summer's rest in Colorado.

The Mountaineer (every night) and other fast trains daily from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

We have illustrated the restful beauties of Colorado in a booklet, "Under the Turquoise Sky," which will be sent you on request. L. M. Allen, Passenger Traffic Manager, 18 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ills.

Hymns of The Living Church

A rich selection of hymns and tunes, emphasizing the living, vital, "modern-social" spirit of the Church. Forty pages of prayers, chants, and responses.

Responsive Readings from the American Standard Edition of the Revised Bible.

Hymns of Worship and Service

Church Edition
Published, April, 1905
Revised and Enlarged, October, 1909

Sunday-school Edition
Published, October, 1908

Chapel Edition
Published, October, 1906

These books have stood in the front rank of church music compilations ever since their publication. They contain the best of the old hymns set to familiar tunes, with new hymns voicing the awakened social sense.

Used and liked in Two Thousand Churches

Returnable samples sent on request

THE CENTURY CO. Union Square New York City

How to Develop a City

Why should not a city be advertised so as to produce sure and permanent benefits, rather than a mere temporary boom which would accomplish no lasting good?

The Mahin Advertising Company knew that this could be done, and when the Greater Des Moines advertising was put into our hands we proceeded to prepare for the campaign along safe and sane lines, as is done with all our accounts.

After the most careful and thorough analysis of local conditions, and outlining the results to be achieved, the plan of the campaign was decided on and the work of preparing was begun.

As an evidence of the satisfaction which the Committee felt in their selection of an agency, and the work done, note the following letter from the Greater Des Moines Committee.

The Greater Des Moines Committee

Des Moines, Iowa

April 5, 1910.

"Mr. Wm. H. Rankin, the Vice President of the Mahin Advertising Company, has asked us to tell you why the Greater Des Moines Committee determined to employ the Mahin Company for its Municipal Advertising campaign. This is merely an explanation for the following statement.

When the Greater Des Moines Committee determined to spend $30,000 in advertising Des Moines, its members agreed that the best advertising service was certainly not too good. We invited the representatives of all the leading advertising agencies of the United States to appear before the Committee and present their cases. Later, when the special advertising Committee was appointed, the four agencies which had made the best impression on the general Committee were allowed to again send their representatives to Des Moines and each spent an afternoon with the special committee. During this final round-up the leading men —officers of the agencies—themselves solicited the business. Few public organizations make a selection of counsel by so painstaking a process of elimination.

The fundamental reason for deciding upon the Mahin service was the success of Mr. Mahin in initiating advertising campaigns in absolutely new fields. Although Kansas City, Dallas, Texas, Oakland, Calif., and a few other municipalities have made more or less erratic ventures in advertising, none of them have achieved sufficient success to establish a precedent.

While the advertising of hats, or shoes, or hundreds of other articles, has been tested sufficiently to demonstrate the safe and unsafe methods of publicity, cities have proceeded only far enough to indicate that advertising might be made to pay if persistently followed. Municipal advertising is, therefore, an absolutely uncharted field. While the 'record of results' and the experience of general advertising agencies might be extremely valuable in mercantile publicity, the thing we wanted most in our city campaign was initiative.

The copy thus far submitted by the Mahin Advertising Company has been eminently satisfactory. It is written in a sane, direct way, and is founded on a thorough knowledge of the substantial opportunities existing in Iowa.

Were we again to decide upon an agency, we would decide upon the Mahin Service. We can conceive of no stronger recommendation.

While this letter is sent upon the request of Mr. Rankin, we want you to know that we would not write it unless the service of the Mahin Company had earned our appreciation. No member of the Greater Des Moines Committee has any interest whatever in the Mahin Company except to obtain from it the highest efficiency as an advertising counselor."

THE GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE

1500 Per Cent. Dividends

One year later the Greater Des Moines Committee submitted their report of Results Obtained. It reflects great credit on every member of the Committee, the City of Des Moines and the advertising campaign. The Booklet is called: "The Only Corporation in Des Moines Paying More Than 1500 per cent. in Dividends." We will gladly send copy of this report to any interested advertiser or city official. We are now in position to serve five large advertisers, who want National Service in advertising and sales co-operation.

Call, telephone, wire or write—

Mahin Advertising Company

JOHN LEE MAHIN, President WM. H. RANKIN, Vice-President H. A. GROTH, Secretary

American Trust Building, 125 Monroe Street, Chicago

Newspaper, Magazine, Farm Paper, Trade Paper, Street Car and Outdoor Advertising

Talks to Sad People

Are you melancholy, blue,
With no special reason for it?
With the summer coming too,
Do you shudder and abhor it?

Do you shrink at cheerful thought,
And at fun are you a scoffer?
Then for Heaven's sake you ought
To consult LIFE'S Special Offer.

COMING SPECIALS

Boy's Number
Her Number
Coquette's Number
Bathing Girl's Number
Nicotine Number

At Any Newsdealer's
Every Tuesday
Ten Cents

"Washington is dead, Lincoln is dead and I'm not feeling very well myself, but—while there's LIFE there's hope."

Obey That Impulse

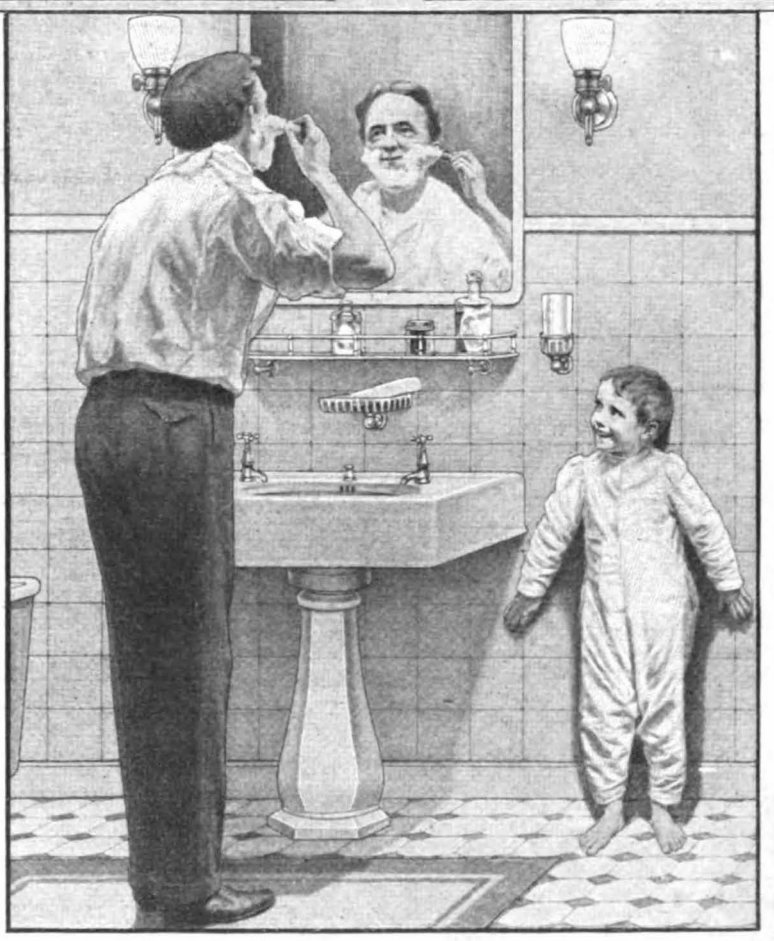
Avail yourself immediately of LIFE'S Special Offer, open only to new subscribers. Send One Dollar (Canadian, $1.13; Foreign, $1.26) at once and be a regular subscriber for three months. This offer is net. No subscriptions renewed at this rate.

Address LIFE,
65 W. 31,
N. Y.

STARTING THE TRIP

Don't start without Peter's Milk Chocolate. It is ideal for travelers. As sustaining as it is delicious. You will find it at every news-stand—either with or without almonds or hazelnuts.


It's a great day
4th
Swift's Little Cook
Swift's Premium Ham
Swift's Premium Bacon
when you serve
Swift's Premium
Hams and Bacon
Good Food
Swift & Company, U.S.A.



Follow these directions, and you can shave as well with Ivory Soap as with any shaving soap you ever used:

Moisten the face with lukewarm water. Rub on it a cake of Ivory Soap, manipulating it as you would a stick of shaving soap. Work up the lather with the brush. Rinse. Moisten the brush and reapply the lather to the face, working it up thoroughly. Shave.

Ivory's advantages as a shaving soap are: It is inexpensive; it is always at hand in the bath room; it contains no "free" alkali and leaves the skin *in better condition* than any other soap. The usual way of using Ivory Soap for shaving—applying the brush to the soap and then to the face—is not entirely satisfactory. The lather is light and dries quickly. But this objection is overcome if you adopt the method outlined above.

Ivory Soap . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure

Libby's Milk

makes the best

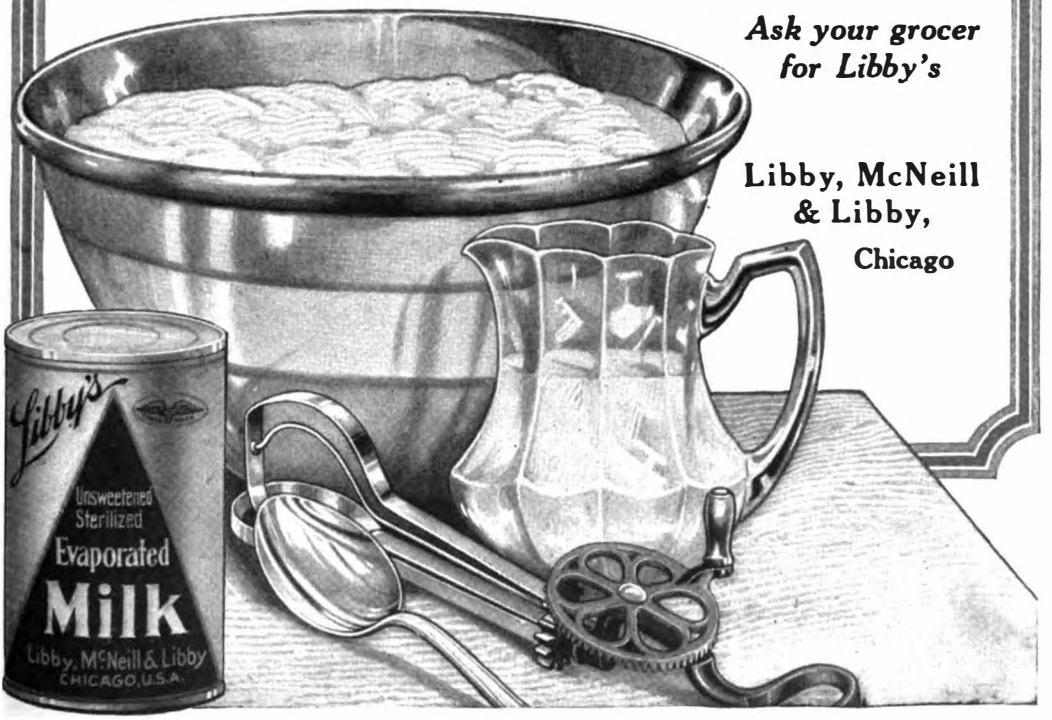
Puddings Muffins Custards
Cakes Waffles

Use it in your coffee and tea—you'll find it richer and cheaper and absolutely pure.

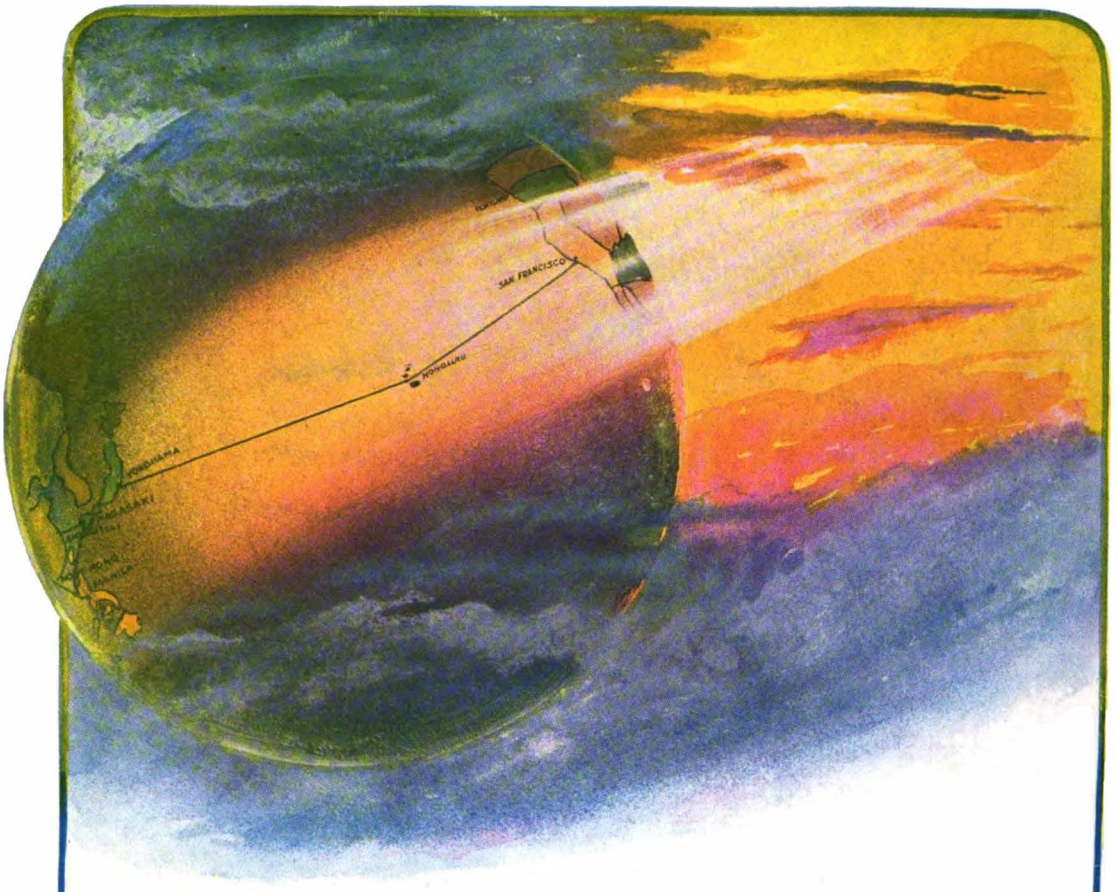
Unexcelled for summer use—use as much or as little as you need—the rest keeps much longer than fresh milk.

Ask your grocer for Libby's

Libby, McNeill & Libby,
Chicago



THE DE VINNE PRESS



The Pacific Mail S. S. Co. follows the

Sunshine Belt to the Orient

via Honolulu

Are you tired? Are you in ill health? Do you need the real stimulus of a voyage over tranquil seas?

If so, there is the sunny path followed by the "Giants of the Pacific."

The Orient invites you to new scenes and new life. By the way of the "Sunshine Belt" there is a pause of twelve delightful daylight hours in that modern Garden of Eden, Honolulu.

What?