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By my own work before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine :
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

Life's Handicap

P



January

JANUARY FIRST

NOW the New Year, reviving last Year's
Debt,
The Thoughtful Fisher casteth wide his Net;
So I with begging Dish and ready Tongue
Assail all Men for all that I can get.

The Rupaiyat of Omar Kal'vin

JANUARY SECOND

Under any circumstances, remember, four-fifths of everybody's work must be bad. But the remnant is worth the trouble for its own sake.

The Light That Failed

JANUARY THIRD

"I always prefer to believe the best of everybody. It saves so much trouble."

"Very good. I prefer to believe the worst. It saves useless expenditure of sympathy."

A Second-rate Woman

JANUARY FOURTH

Shakespeare says something about worms, or it may be giants or beetles, turning if you tread on them too severely. The safest plan is never to tread on a worm.

His Wedded Wife

JANUARY FIFTH

It is a venerable fact that, if a man or woman makes a practice of, and takes a delight in, believing and spreading evil of people indifferent to him or her, he or she will end in believing evil of folk very near and dear.

Watches of the Night

JANUARY SIXTH

Shun—shun the Bowl! That fatal, facile drink
Has ruined many geese who dipped their quills
in't,

Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of Ink
Save when you write receipts for paid-up bills
in't.

There may be silver in the "blue-back"—all
I know of is the iron and the gall.

The Man Who Could Write

JANUARY SEVENTH

Niver show a woman that ye care the snap
av a finger for her, an' begad she'll come bleatin'
to your boot-heels!

The Courting of Dinah Shadd

JANUARY EIGHTH

All we can do is to learn how to do our work,
to be masters of our materials instead of serv-
ants, and never to be afraid of anything.

The Light That Failed

JANUARY NINTH

“Watch the hand,” said Mulvaney; “av she shut her hand tight, thumb down over the knuckle, take up your hat an’ go. You’ll only make a fool av yourself av you sthay. But av the hand lies opin on the lap, or av you see her thryin’ to shut ut, and she can’t,—go on! She’s not past reasonin’ wid.”

The Solid Muldoon

JANUARY TENTH

If, as Viollet-le-Duc tells us to believe, a building reflects the character of its inhabitants, it must be impossible for one reared in an Eastern palace to think straightly or speak freely or—but here the annals of Rajputana contradict the theory—to act openly.

Letters of Marque

JANUARY ELEVENTH

The ways of man with a maid be strange, yet
simple and tame
To the ways of a man with a horse, when selling
or racing that same.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

JANUARY TWELFTH

There aren’t twelve hundred people in the world who understand pictures. The others pretend and don’t care. Remember, I’ve seen twelve hundred men dead in toadstool-beds. It’s only the voice of the tiniest little fraction of people that makes success. The real world doesn’t care a tinker’s—doesn’t care a bit.

The Light That Failed

JANUARY THIRTEENTH

Truly the Hat-marked Caste are a strange people. They are so few and so lonely and so strong. They can sit down in one place for years, and see the works of their hands and the promptings of their brain grow to actual and beneficent life, bringing good to thousands. Less fettered than the direct servant of the Indian Government, and working over a much vaster charge, they seem a bigger and a more large-minded breed. And that is saying a good deal.

But let the others, the little people bound down and supervised, and strictly limited and income-taxed, always remember that the Hat-marked are very badly off for shops. If they want a necktie they must get it up from Bombay, and in the rains they can hardly move about; and they have no amusements and must go a day's railway journey for a rubber, and their drinking water is doubtful; and there is rather less than one lady *per* ten thousand square miles.

After all, comparative civilization has its advantages.

Letters of Marque

JANUARY FOURTEENTH

I am av the opinion av Polonius whin he said, "Don't fight wid ivry scutt for the pure joy av fightin', but if you do, knock the nose av him first an' frequent."

The Courting of Dinah Shadd

JANUARY FIFTEENTH

So long as down the rocking floor
The raving polka spins,
So long as Kitchen Lancers spur
The maddened violins,
So long as through the whirling smoke
We hear the oft-told tale:

“Twelve hundred in the Lotteries,”
And *Whatshername* for sale?

*If you love me as I love you,
We'll play the game and win it too.*

An Old Song

JANUARY SIXTEENTH

Then my cab-driver showed me business blocks gay with signs and studded with fantastic and absurd advertisements of goods, and looking down the long street so adorned, it was as though each vender stood at his door, howling:

“For the sake of money, employ or buy of me, and me only!”

Have you ever seen a crowd at a famine-relief distribution? You know then how the men leap into the air, stretching out their arms above the crowd in the hope of being seen, while the women dolorously slap the stomachs of their children and whimper. I had sooner watch famine relief than the white man engaged in what he calls legitimate competition. The one I understand. The other makes me ill.

Chicago

JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

“Man is fire and woman is tow,
And the devil he comes and begins to blow.”

In America the tow is soaked in a solution that makes it fire-proof, in absolute liberty and large knowledge; consequently, accidents do not exceed the regular percentage arranged by the devil for each class and climate under the skies.

American Politics

JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

Afther that I sickened awhile an' tuk thought to my reg'mental work; conceiting mesilf I wud study an' be a sargint, an' a major-gineral twinty minutes afther that. But on top av my ambitiousness there was an empty place in my sowl, an' me own opinion av mesilf cud not fill ut. Sez I to mesilf, “Terence, you're a great man an' the best set-up in the reg'mint. Go on an' get promotion.” Sez mesilf to me, “What for?” Sez I to mesilf, “For the glory av ut!” Sez mesilf to me, “Will that fill these two strong arrms av yours, Terence?” “Go to the devil,” sez I to mesilf. “Go to the married lines,” sez mesilf to me. “'Tis the same thing,” sez I to mesilf. “Av you're the same man, ut is,” said mesilf to me; an' wid that I considhered on ut a long while. Did you iver feel that way, sorr?

The Courting of Dinah Shadd

JANUARY NINETEENTH

“No wise man has a Policy,” said the Viceroy. “A Policy is the blackmail levied on the Fool by the Unforeseen.”

I do not quite see what this means, unless it refers to an Insurance Policy. Perhaps it was the Viceroy’s way of saying, “Lie low.”

A Germ Destroyer

JANUARY TWENTIETH

I hold by the Ould Church, for she’s the mother of them all—ay, an’ the father, too. I like her bekase she’s most remarkable regimental in her fittings. I may die in Honolulu, Nova Zambra, or Cape Cayenne, but wherever I die, me bein’ fwhat I am, an’ a priest handy, I go under the same orders an’ the same words an’ the same unction as tho’ the Pope himself come down from the roof av’ St. Peter’s to see me off. There’s neither high nor low, nor broad nor deep, nor betwixt nor between wid her, an’ that’s what I like. But mark you, she’s no manner av Church for a wake man, bekaze she takes the body and the soul av him, onless he has his proper work to do. I remember when my father died that was three months’ comin’ to his grave; begad he’d sold the shebeen above our heads for ten minutes’ quittance of purgathory. An’ he did all he could. That’s why I say ut takes a strong man to deal with the Ould Church, an’ for that reason you’ll find so many women go there. An’ that same’s a conundrum.

On Greenhow Hill

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Though tangled and twisted the course of true
love,

This ditty explains

No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve
If the Lover has brains.

The Post That Fitted

JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

“Good people in America, Scotland, and England, most of whom would never dream of collegiate education for their own sons, are pinching themselves to bestow it in pure waste on Indian youths. Their scheme is an oblique, subterranean attack on heathenism; the theory being that with the jam of secular education, leading to a University degree, the pill of moral or religious instruction may be coaxed down the heathen gullet.”

“But does it succeed; do they make converts?”

“They make no converts, for the subtle Oriental swallows the jam and rejects the pill.”

The Enlightenments of Pagett, M. P.

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

He was a viscount, and on his arrival the mess had said he had better go into the Guards, because they were all sons of large grocers and small clothiers in the Hussars, but Mildred begged very hard to be allowed to stay, and behaved so prettily that he was forgiven, and became a man, which is much more important than being any sort of viscount.

The Man Who Was

JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

“But whin was a young man, high or low, the other av a fool, I’d like to know?” said Mulvaney. “Sure, folly’s the only safe way to wisdom, for I’ve thried it.”

On Greenhow Hill

JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

So long as Aces take the King,
Or backers take the bet,
So long as debt leads men to wed,
Or marriage leads to debt,
So long as little luncheons, Love,
And scandal hold their vogue,
While there is sport at Annandale
Or whiskey at Jutogh,
*If you love me as I love you,
What knife can cut our love in two?*

An Old Song

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

I was speaking to a newspaper man about seeing the proprietor of his journal, as in my innocence I supposed newspaper men occasionally did. My friend snorted indignantly:

“See him! Great Scott! No. If he happens to appear in the office, I have to associate with him; but, thank Heaven! outside of that I move in circles where he cannot come.”

And yet the first thing I have been taught to believe is that money is everything in America!

At the Golden Gate

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

It is the same everywhere. The men who do not take the trouble to conceal from you their opinion that you are an incompetent ass, and the women who blacken your character and misunderstand your wife's amusements, will work themselves to the bone in your behalf if you fall sick or into serious trouble.

The Phantom 'Rickshaw

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

The blue smoke curled back from the ceiling in clouds. Then Torpenhow, insinuatingly—

“Dick, is it a woman?”

“Be hanged if it's anything remotely resembling a woman; and if you begin to talk like that, I'll hire a red-brick studio with white paint trimmings, and begonias and petunias and Blue Hungarians to play among three-and-sixpenny pot-palms, and I'll mount all my pics in aniline-dye plush plasters, and I'll invite every woman who yelps and maunders and moans over what her guide-books tell her is Art, and you shall receive 'em, Torp,—in a snuff-brown velvet coat with yellow trousers and an orange tie. You'll like that.”

“Too thin, Dick. A better man than you denied with cursing and swearing on a memorable occasion. You've overdone it, just as he did.”

The Light That Failed

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

A fool there was and he made his prayer

(Even as you and I!)

To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair

(We called her the woman who did not care),

But the fool he called her his lady fair

(Even as you and I!)

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste

And the work of our head and hand,

Belong to the woman who did not know

(And now we know that she never could know)

And did not understand.

The Vampire

JANUARY THIRTIETH

It takes a great deal of Christianity to wipe out uncivilized Eastern instincts, such as falling in love at first sight.

Lispeth

JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

Does a man tear out his heart and make fritters thereof over a slow fire for aught other than a woman? Do not laugh, friend of mine, for your time will also be.

Dray Wara Yow Dee



February

FEBRUARY FIRST

TOO much work and too much energy kill a man just as effectively as too much assorted vice or too much drink.

Thrown Away

FEBRUARY SECOND

Never apologize for what your friend calls "side." *Never!* It's a man's business to be insolent and overbearing until he meets with a stronger.

The Education of Otis Yeere

FEBRUARY THIRD

He thought he could do everything well; which is a beautiful belief when you hold it with all your heart.

Consequences

FEBRUARY FOURTH

Men speak the truth as they understand it, and women as they think men would like to understand it; and then they all act lies which would deceive Solomon, and the result is a heart-rending muddle that half a dozen open words would put straight.

Bitters Neat

FEBRUARY FIFTH

You may have noticed that many religious people are deeply suspicious. They seem—for purely religious purposes, of course—to know more about iniquity than the Unregenerate. Perhaps they were specially bad before they became converted! At any rate, in the imputation of things evil, and in putting the worst construction on things innocent, a certain type of good people may be trusted to surpass all others.

Watches of the Night

FEBRUARY SIXTH

Properly speaking, Government should establish a Matrimonial Department, efficiently officered, with a Jury of Matrons, a Judge of the Chief Court, a Senior Chaplain, and an Awful Warning, in the shape of a love-match that has gone wrong, chained to trees in the courtyard. All marriages should be made through the Department, which might be subordinate to the Educational Department, under the same penalty as that attaching to the transfer of land without a stamped document. But Government won't take suggestions. It pretends that it is too busy.

Kidnapped

FEBRUARY SEVENTH

Oh East is East, and West is West, and never
the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's
great Judgment Seat;

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho'
they come from the ends of the earth!

The Ballad of East and West

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

About four-and-a-half hours after Adam was turned out of the Garden of Eden he felt hungry, and so, bidding Eve take care that her head was not broken by the descending fruit, shinned up a cocoanut-palm. That hurt his legs, cut his breast, and made him breathe heavily, and Eve was tormented with fear lest her lord should miss his footing, and so bring the tragedy of this world to an end ere the curtain had fairly risen. Had I met Adam then, I should have been sorry for him. To-day I find eleven hundred thousand of his sons just as far advanced as their father in the art of getting food, and immeasurably inferior to him in that they think that their palm-trees lead straight to the skies. Consequently, I am sorry in rather more than a million different ways.

Chicago

FEBRUARY NINTH

When a ship sinks in mud or quicksand she regularly digs her own grave and wriggles herself into it deeper and deeper till she reaches moderately solid stuff. Then she sticks.

City of the Dreadful Night

FEBRUARY TENTH

I must do my own work and live my own life
in my own way, because I'm responsible for both.

The Light That Failed

FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

Twelve hundred million men are spread
About this Earth, and I and You
Wonder, when You and I are dead,
What will those luckless millions do?

The Last Department

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

Every good American wants a home—a pretty
house and a little piece of land of his very own;
and every other good American seems to get it.

America's Defenceless Coasts

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The Vampire

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

"Recollect some of those views in the Soudan?" said Torpenhow, with a provoking drawl.

Dick squirmed in his place. "Don't! It makes me want to get out there again. What color that was! Opal and umber and amber and claret and brick-red and sulphur—cockatoo-crest sulphur—against brown, with a nigger-black rock sticking up in the middle of it all, and a decorative frieze of camels festooning in front of a pure pale turquoise sky." He began to walk up and down. "And yet, you know, if you try to give these people the thing as God gave it keyed down to their comprehension and according to the powers He has given you"—

"Modest man! Go on."

"Half a dozen epicene young pagans who haven't even been to Algiers will tell you, first, that your notion is borrowed, and, secondly, that it isn't Art."

The Light That Failed

FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old—
A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest I'm told—
For beauty won't help if your rations is cold,
Nor love ain't enough for a soldier.

The Young British Soldier

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

An intelligent and discriminating public are perfectly at liberty to form their own opinions.

Letters of Marque

FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

Far-called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Recessional

FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

Well, if I lived in fairyland, where cherries were as big as plums, plums as big as apples, and strawberries of no account, where the procession of the fruits of the seasons was like a pageant in a Drury Lane pantomime and the dry air was wine, I should let business slide once in a way and kick up my heels with my fellows. The tale of the resources of California—vegetable and mineral—is a fairy-tale. You can read it in books. You would never believe me.

American Politics

FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

Envy is a low and degrading passion, and should be striven against.

Letters of Marque

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

To each man is appointed his particular dread,—the terror that, if he does not fight against it, must cow him even to the loss of his manhood.

The Light That Failed

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Oh! Where would I be when my froat was dry?

Oh! Where would I be when the bullets fly?

Oh! Where would I be when I come to die?

Why,

Somewheres anigh my chum.

If 'e's liquor 'e'll give me some,

If I'm dyin' 'e'll 'old my 'ead,

An' 'e'll write 'e 'Ome when I'm dead.—

Gawd send us a trusty chum!

Barrack Room Ballad

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

They bore me to a banquet in honor of a brave lieutenant—Carlin, of the “Vandalia”—who stuck by his ship in the great cyclone at Apia and comported himself as an officer should.

There were about forty speeches delivered, and not one of them was average or ordinary. It was my first introduction to the American eagle screaming for all it was worth. . . .

Then according to rule, they produced their dead, and across the snowy table-cloths dragged the corpse of every man slain in the Civil War, and hurled defiance at “our natural enemy” (England, so please you), “with her chain of fortresses across the world.” Thereafter they glorified their nation afresh from the beginning, in case any detail should have been overlooked, and that made me uncomfortable for their sakes.

American Politics

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

The mere example of the sober, righteous, and godly lives of the principals and professors, who are most excellent and devoted men, must have a certain moral value.

The Enlightenments of Pagett, M. P.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

I said she was not immoral. I was wrong. She said she could cook. That showed premeditated sin. Oh, Binkie, if you are a man you will go to perdition; but if you are a woman, and say that you can cook, you will go to a much worse place.

The Light That Failed

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

Not for nothing is a man permitted to ally himself to the wrong woman. The first pang—the first sense of things lost is but the prelude to the play, for the very just Providence who delights in causing pain has decreed that the agony shall return, and that in the midst of keenest pleasure. They know this pain equally who have forsaken or been forsaken by the love of their life, and in their new wives' arms are compelled to realize it. It is better to remain alone and suffer only the misery of being alone, so long as it is possible to find distraction in daily work. When that resource goes the man is to be pitied and left alone.

The Light That Failed

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

Trust a woman for being as blind as a bat when she won't see.

The Tents of Kedar

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Ask the grey heads of the Bannockburn Medical Crusade what manner of life their preachers lead; speak to the Racine Gospel Agency, those lean Americans whose boast is that they go where no Englishman dare follow; get a Pastor of the Tubingen Mission to talk of his experiences—if you can. You will be referred to the printed reports, but these contain no mention of the men who have lost youth and health, all that a man may lose except faith, in the wilds; of English maidens who have gone forth and died in the fever-stricken jungle of the Panth Hills, knowing from the first that death was almost a certainty. Few Pastors will tell you of these things any more than they will speak of that young David of St. Bees, who, set apart for the Lord's work, broke down in the utter desolation, and returned half distraught to the Head Mission, crying: "There is no God, but I have walked with the Devil!"

The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair, and self-abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as compared to the saving of one half-human soul from a fantastic faith in wood-spirits, goblins of the rock, and river-fiends.

The Judgment of Dungara

FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

He would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side, and the great mission of civilizing Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia, and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday-school, or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

The Man Who Was

FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

In public Her face turneth to thee, and pleasant
Her smile when ye meet.

It is ill. The cold rocks of El-Gidar smile thus
on the waves at their feet.

In public Her face is averted, with anger she
nameth thy name.

It is well. Was there ever a loser content with
the loss of the game?

Certain Maxims of Hafiz



March

MARCH FIRST

WHATEVER of good or beauty or interest there is in your life, must come from yourself and the grace that may be planted in you.

The Judgment of Dungara

MARCH SECOND

Inventors seem very much alike as a caste. They talk loudly, especially about "conspiracies of monopolists"; they beat upon the table with their fists; and they secrete fragments of their inventions about their persons.

A Germ Destroyer

MARCH THIRD

How in perdition can one do work when one hasn't had the proper training? Any fool can get a notion. It needs training to drive the thing through,—training and conviction; not rushing after the first fancy.

The Light That Failed

MARCH FOURTH

"The judge is a great man, but give thy presents to the clerk," as the proverb saith.

American Politics

MARCH FIFTH

Now a man cud take that two ways. I tuk ut as pleased me best an' my first kiss wid ut. Mother av Innocence! but I kissed her on the tip av the nose and undher the eye; an' a girl that lets a kiss come tumble-ways like that has never been kissed before. Take note av that, sorr.

The Courting of Dinah Shadd

MARCH SIXTH

“Did you iver have onendin' devilmint an' nothin' to pay for it in your life, sorr?”

“Never, without having to pay,” I said.

“That's thru! 'Tis mane whin you consider on ut; but ut's the same wid horse or fut. A headache if you dhrink, an' a belly-ache if you eat too much, an' a heart-ache to kape all down. Faith, the beast only gets the colic, an' he's the lucky man.”

The Courting of Dinah Shadd

MARCH SEVENTH

Mamma's own prayer was a slightly illogical one. Summarized it ran:—“Let strangers love my children and be as good to them as I should be, but let *me* preserve their love and their confidence forever and ever. Amen.”

Baa Baa, Black Sheep

MARCH EIGHTH

Love is as nakedly unreasoning as when Venus first gave him his kit and told him to run away and play.

Bitters Neat

MARCH NINTH

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Recessional

MARCH TENTH

I am hopelessly in love with about eight
American maidens—all perfectly delightful till
the next one comes into the room.

O-Toyo was a darling, but she lacked several
things—conversation for one. You cannot live
on giggles. She shall remain unmarried at
Nagasaki, while I roast a battered heart before
the shrine of a big Kentucky blonde, who had
for a nurse when she was little a negro
“mammy.”

By consequence she has welded on California
beauty, Paris dresses, Eastern culture, European
trips, and wild Western originality, the queer,
dreamy superstitions of the quarters, and the
result is soul-shattering. And she is but one
of many stars.

American Politics

MARCH ELEVENTH

There is no life so good as the life of a loafer
who travels by rail and road; for all things and
all people are kind to him.

Letters of Marque

MARCH TWELFTH

Half a year will prove
The full extent of time and thought you'll spare
To Congress. Ask a Lady Doctor *once*
How little Begums see the light—deduce
Thence how the True Reformer's child is born.
It's interesting, curious . . . and vile.
I told the Turk he was a gentleman.
I told the Russian that his Tartar veins
Bled pure Parisian ichor; and he purred.
The Congress doesn't purr. I think it swears.
You're young—you'll swear too ere you've
reached the end.

One Viceroy Resigns

MARCH THIRTEENTH

I lured my model, a beautiful rifleman, up here
with drink; I drored him, and I redrored him,
and tredrored him, and I made him a flushed,
disheveled, bedevilled scallawag, with his helmet
at the back of his head, and the living fear of
death in his eye, and the blood oozing out of a
cut over his ankle-bone. He wasn't pretty but
he was all soldier and very much man. . . .
Then the art-manager of that abandoned paper
said that his subscribers wouldn't like it. It was
brutal and coarse and violent,—man being nat-
urally gentle when he's fighting for his life!
They wanted something more restful, with a
little more color. I could have said a good deal,
but you might as well talk to a sheep as an
art-manager. I took my "Last Shot" back. Be-

hold the result! I put him into a lovely coat without a speck on it. That is Art. I polished his boots,—observe the high light on the toe. That is Art. I cleaned his rifle,—rifles are always clean on service—because that is Art. I pipeclayed his helmet,—pipeclay is always used on active service, and is indispensable to Art. I shaved his chin, I washed his hands, and gave him an air of fatted peace. Result, military tailor's pattern-plate. Price, thank Heaven, twice as much as for the first sketch, which was moderately decent.

The Light That Failed

MARCH FOURTEENTH

She had the wisdom of the Serpent, the logical coherence of the Man, the fearlessness of the Child, and the triple intuition of the Woman. Never—no, never—as long as a tonga buckets down the Solon dip, or the couples go a-riding at the back of Simla Hill, will there be such a genius as Mrs. Hauksbee.

Kidnapped

MARCH FIFTEENTH

If She have spoken a word, remember thy lips
are sealed,
And the Brand of the Dog is upon him by whom
is the secret revealed.
If She have written a letter, delay not an instant,
but burn it,
Tear it in pieces, O Fool, and the wind to her
mate shall return it!

If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of the
blackest can clear,
Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive
to hear.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

MARCH SIXTEENTH

After marriage arrives a reaction, sometimes
a big, sometimes a little one; but it comes sooner
or later, and must be tided over by both parties
if they desire the rest of their lives to go with
the current.

Three and—an Extra

MARCH SEVENTEENTH

Now there are Oirish an' Oirish. The good
are good as the best, but the bad are wurrst than
the wurrst.

Black Jack

MARCH EIGHTEENTH

An Irish regiment, for just so long as it
stands still, is generally a hard handful to con-
trol, being reckless and rough. When, however,
it is moved in the direction of musketry-fire, it
becomes strangely and unpatriotically content
with its lot. It has even been heard to cheer the
queen with enthusiasm on these occasions.

The Mutiny of the Mavericks

MARCH NINETEENTH

The earth is full of men who'd sell their souls
for three hundred a year; and women come and
talk, and borrow a five-pound note here and a

ten-pound note there; and a woman has no conscience in a money debt. Stick to your money, Maisie; for there's nothing more ghastly in the world than poverty in London. It's scared me. By Jove, it put the fear into *me!* And one oughtn't to be afraid of anything.

The Light That Failed

MARCH TWENTIETH

Look here. If you want to be respectable you mustn't smoke in the streets. Nobody does it.

City of the Dreadful Night

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

Lager, der girls und der dollars, dey makes or dey breaks a man.

If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der girl deremit;

But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we collars der girl from Schmitt.

An Imperial Rescript

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

“‘For work done without conviction, for power wasted on trivialities, for labor expended with levity for the deliberate purpose of winning the easy applause of a fashion-driven public’”—

“That's ‘His Last Shot,’ second edition. Go on.”

“——‘public, there remains but one end,—the oblivion that is preceded by toleration and cenotaphed with contempt.’”

The Light That Failed

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

There are the makings of a very fine creed about Mormonism. To begin with, the Church is rather more absolute than that of Rome. Drop the polygamy plank in the platform, but on the other hand deal lightly with certain forms of excess; keep the quality of the recruit down to the low mental level, and see that the best of all the agricultural science available is in the hands of the elders, and there you have a first-class engine for pioneer work. The tawdry mysticism and the borrowing from Freemasonry serve the low caste Swede and Dane, the Welshman and the Cornish cotter, just as well as a highly organized heaven.

The American Army

MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

The East is not the West, and these men must continue to deal with the machinery of life, and to call it progress. Their very preachers dare not rebuke them. They gloss over the hunting for money and the thrice-sharpened bitterness of Adam's curse, by saying that such things dower a man with a larger range of thoughts and higher aspirations. They do not say, "Free yourselves from your own slavery," but rather, "If you can possibly manage it, do not set quite so much store on the things of this world."

And they do not know what the things of this world are!

Chicago

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

“None whole or clean,” we cry, “or free from
stain

Of favor.” Wait awhile, till we attain

The Last Department, where nor fraud nor
fools,

Nor grade nor greed, shall trouble us again.

Fear, Favor, or Affection—what are these
To the grim Head who claims our services?

I never knew a wife or interest yet
Delay that *pukka* step, miscalled “decease”;

When leave, long overdue, none can deny;

When idleness of all Eternity

Becomes our furlough, and the marigold
Our thriftless, bullion-minting Treasury.

The Last Department

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

Capt. G. Ssssteady! I’ve a notion that a
friend of yours is looking at you.

Mrs. H. He! I *hate* him. He introduced
you to me.

Capt. G. (Aside.) And some people would
like women to assist in making the laws.

The Tents of Kedar

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

Ther’s nothing like opin-speakin’. . . . Slape
is a shuparfluous necessity.

Mulvaney

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

The American will go to a bad place because he cannot speak English, and is proud of it; but he knows how to make a home for himself and his mate, knows how to keep the grass green in front of his veranda, and how to fullest use the mechanism of life—hot water, gas, good bell-ropes, telephones, etc. His shops sell him delightful household fitments at very moderate rates, and he is encompassed with all manner of labor-saving appliances. This does not prevent his wife and his daughter working themselves to death over household drudgery; but the intention is good.

America's Defenceless Coasts

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

He had tasted for the first time Responsibility and Success. Those two make an intoxicating drink, and have ruined more men than ever has Whiskey.

His Chance in Life

MARCH THIRTIETH

So I answered: "Gentle Bandar, an inscrutable
Decree
Makes thee a gleesome fleasome Thou, and me a
wretched Me.
Go! Depart in peace, my brother, to thy home
amid the pine;
Yet forget not once a mortal wished to change
his lot with thine."

Divided Destinies

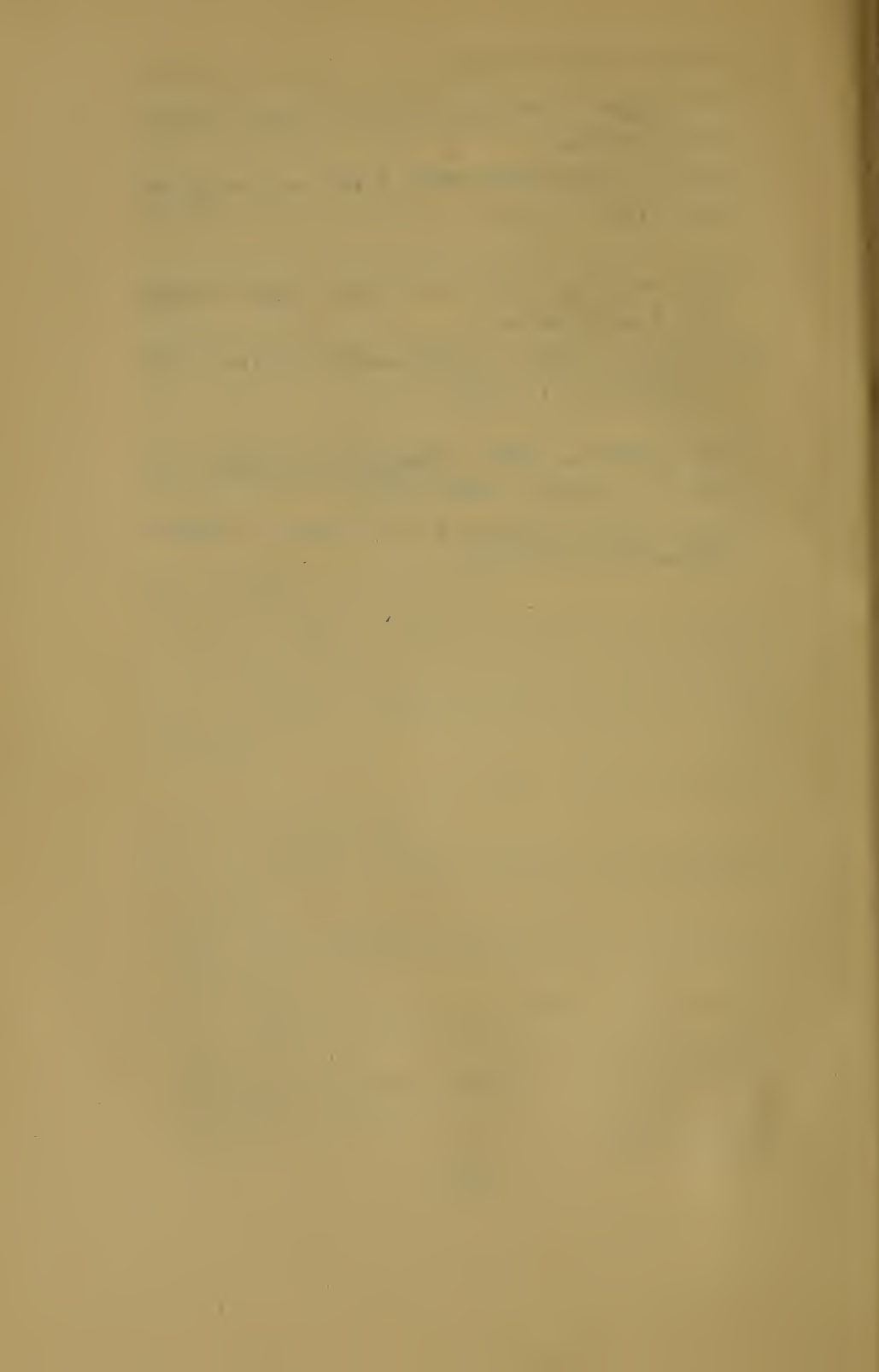
MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my
choice between
The wee little whimpering Love and the great
god Nick o' Teen.

.
And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie
and I must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-
o'-the-Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or
leave me bogged in the mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I
follow the fitful fire?

The Betrothed





April

APRIL FIRST

WHAT'S the use of having a friend, if you must sling your notions at him in words?

The Light That Failed

APRIL SECOND

When Leland, he who wrote the Hans Breitmann Ballads, once desired to know the name of an austere, plug-hatted redskin of repute, his answer, from the lips of a half-breed, was:

“He Injun. He big Injun. He heap big Injun. He dam big heap Injun. He dam mighty great big heap Injun. He Jones!”

City of the Dreadful Night

APRIL THIRD

They was so good, th' chapel folk, that they tumbled ower t'other side.

On Greenhow Hill

APRIL FOURTH

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scoffingly
bid thee give o'er,
Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward—get out!
She has been there before.
They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the
nose who are lacking in lore.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

APRIL FIFTH

Sunday brought me the queerest experience of all. I found a place that was officially described as a church. To it entered suddenly a wonderful man, completely in the confidence of their God, whom he treated colloquially and exploited very much as a newspaper reporter would exploit a foreign potentate. But, unlike the newspaper reporter, he never allowed his listeners to forget that he, and not He, was the centre of attraction. . . . One sentence at this point caught my delighted ear. It was apropos of some question of the Judgment, and ran:

“No! I tell you God doesn’t do business that way.”

He was giving them a deity whom they could comprehend, and a gold and jewelled heaven in which they could take a natural interest.

Chicago

APRIL SIXTH

There are many things—including actual assault with the clenched fist—that a wife will endure; but seldom a wife can bear with a long course of brutal, hard chaff, making light of her weaknesses, her headaches, her small fits of gaiety, her dresses, her queer little attempts to make herself attractive to her husband when she knows that she is not what she has been, and—worst of all—the love that she spends on her children.

The Bronckhorst Divorce-case

APRIL SEVENTH

“Why am I wrong in trying to get a little success?”

“Just because you try. Don’t you understand, darling? Good work has nothing to do with—doesn’t belong to—the person who does it. It’s put into him or her from outside.”

The Light That Failed

APRIL EIGHTH

What did the colonel’s lady think?

Nobody ever knew.

Somebody asked the sergeant’s wife

An’ she told ’em true.

When you git to a man in the case

They’re like a row o’ pins,

For the colonel’s lady an’ Judy O’Grady

Are sisters under their skins.

Barrack Room Ballad

APRIL NINTH

For all we take we must pay, but the price is
cruel high.

The Courting of Dinah Shadd

APRIL TENTH

When an American train starts on time I
begin to anticipate disaster—a visitation for such
good luck, you understand.

America’s Defenceless Coasts

APRIL ELEVENTH

Ameera, at the end of each weary day, would lead him through the hell of self-questioning reproach which is reserved for those who have lost a child, and believe that with a little—just a little—more care it might have been saved. There are not many hells worse than this, but he knows one who has sat down temporarily to consider whether he is or is not responsible for the death of his wife.

Without Benefit of Clergy

APRIL TWELFTH

I know that it is outside my business to care what people say; I can see that it spoils my output if I listen to 'em; and yet, confound it all, I can't help purring when I'm rubbed the right way. Even when I can see on a man's forehead that he is lying his way through a clump of pretty speeches, those lies make me happy and play the mischief with my hand.

The Light That Failed

APRIL THIRTEENTH

O Youth, Youth, Youth! Forgive me, you're so young.

Forty from sixty—twenty years of work
And power to back the working. *Ay de mi!*
You want to know, you want to see, to touch,
And, by your lights, to act. It's natural.
I wonder can I help you. Let me try.

One Viceroy Resigns

APRIL FOURTEENTH

You'll learn to-morrow how we rethreated to
dhrav thim on before we made thim trouble, an'
that's what a woman does.

The Courting of Dinah Shadd

APRIL FIFTEENTH

It is Stevenson who says that the "invitation to
the road," nature's great morning song, has not
yet been properly understood or put to music.
The first note of it is the sound of the dawn-
wind through long grass, and the last, in the
country, the creaking of the bullock, wains get-
ting under way in some unseen *serai*. It is good,
good beyond expression, to see the sun rise upon
a strange land and to know that you have only to
go forward and possess that land—that it will
dower you before the day is ended with a hun-
dred new impressions and, perhaps, one idea.

Letters of Marque

APRIL SIXTEENTH

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a
while—

Here is a mild Manila—there is a wifely
smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought
with a ring,

Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a
string?

The Betrothed

APRIL SEVENTEENTH

The younger generation does not want instruction, being perfectly willing to instruct if any one will listen to it.

The Education of Otis Yeere

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

“A dhirty man,” he was used to say, in the speech of his kind, “goes to Clink for a weakness in the knees, an’ is coort-martialled for a pair av socks missin’; but a clane man, such as is an ornament to his service—a man whose buttons are gold, whose coat is wax upon him, an’ whose ’coutrements are widout a speck—that man may, spakin’ in reason, do fwat he likes an’ dhrink from day to divil. That’s the pride av bein’ dacint.”

Krishna Mulvaney

APRIL NINETEENTH

Once when I was out in the Soudan I went over some ground that we had been fighting on for three days. There were twelve hundred dead; and we hadn’t time to bury them. . . .

I had been at work on a big double-sheet sketch, and I was wondering what people would think of it at home. The sight of that field taught me a good deal. It looked just like a bed of horrible toadstools in all colors, and—I’d never seen men in bulk go back to their beginnings before. So I began to understand that men and women were only material to work with, and that what they said or did was of no consequence.

The Light That Failed

APRIL TWENTIETH

This good young man was quiet and self-contained—too old for his years by far. Which always carries its own punishment.

Kidnapped

APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

Madame Binat knew everybody whose help or advice was worth anything. They were not respectable folk, but they could cause things to be accomplished, which is much more important when there is work toward.

The Light That Failed

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

Take my word for it, the silliest woman can manage a clever man; but it needs a very clever woman to manage a fool.

Three and—an Extra

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

Sweet and comely are the maidens of Devonshire; delicate and of gracious seeming those who live in the pleasant places of London; fascinating for all their demureness the damsels of France, clinging closely to their mothers, with large eyes wondering at the wicked world; excellent in her own place and to those who understand her is the Anglo-Indian "spin" in her second season; but the girls of America are above and beyond them all. They are clever, they can talk—yea, it is said that they think. Certainly they have an appearance of so doing which is delightfully deceptive.

American Politics

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

It is very hard to die when one is young.
. . . Yet what will a young man do for Love's
sake?

In Flood Time

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

When the flush of a newborn sun fell first on
Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and
scratched with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had
seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves:
"It's pretty, but is it art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to
fashion his work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the
first, most dread review;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—
and that was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled: "Is it art?" in the
ear of the branded Cain.

The Conundrum of the Workshops

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

I know such little heavens that I could take
you to,—islands tucked away under the Line.
You sight that after weeks of crashing through
water as black as black marble because it's so
deep, and you sit in the fore-chains day after
day and see the sun rise almost afraid because

the sea's so lonely. . . . And there are noises under the sea, and sounds overhead in a clear sky. Then you find your island alive with hot, moist orchids that make mouths at you and can do everything except talk. There's a waterfall in it three hundred feet high, just like a sliver of green jade laced with silver; and millions of wild bees live up in the rocks; and you can hear the fat cocoanuts falling from the palms; and you order an ivory-white servant to sling you a long, yellow hammock with tassels on it like ripe maize, and you put up your feet and hear the bees hum and the water fall till you go to sleep.

The Light That Failed

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

. . . So when the heart is vexed, the pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in the pain of the next.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

When a man does good work out of all proportion to his pay, in seven cases out of nine there is a woman at the back of the virtue.

His Chance in Life

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

You sometimes see a woman who would have made a Joan of Arc in another century and climate, threshing herself to pieces over all the mean worry of housekeeping.

Watches of the Night

APRIL THIRTIETH

Do those who live decline

The step that offers, or their work resign?

Trust me, To-day's Most Indispensables,
Five hundred men can take your place or mine.

The Last Department



May

MAY FIRST

GIVE me back the leafless woodlands where
the winds of Springtime range—

Give me back one day in England, for it's
Spring in England now!

Through the pines the gusts are booming, o'er
the brown fields blowing chill,

From the furrow of the ploughshare streams
the fragrance of the loam,

And the hawk nests on the cliff-side and the
jackdaw in the hill,

And my heart is back in England 'mid the
sights and sounds of Home.

In Springtime

MAY SECOND

It is good to snuff the wind when it comes in
over grassy uplands or down from the tops of
the blue Aravalis—dry and keen as a new-
ground sword. Best of all is to light the First
Pipe—is there any tobacco so good as that we
burn in honor of the breaking day?—and, while
the ponies wake the long white road with their
hooves and the birds go abroad in companies to-
gether, to thank your stars that you are neither
the Subaltern who has Orderly Room, the 'Stunt

who has *kacherri*, or the Judge who has Court to attend; but are only a loafer in a flannel shirt, bound, if God please, to "Little Boondi," somewhere beyond the faint hills across the plain.

Letters of Marque

MAY THIRD

Does the woodpecker flit round the young *fer-ash*? Does grass clothe a new-built wall? Is she under thirty, the woman who holds a boy in her thrall?

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

MAY FOURTH

Theer's one o' t' Ten Commandments says yo maun't cuvvet your neebor's ox or his jackass, but it doesn't say nowt about his tARRIER dogs.

Private Learoyd's Story

MAY FIFTH

You must learn to forgive a man when he's in love. He's always a nuisance.

The Light That Failed

MAY SIXTH

"Faith, it's a good thing to be nursed by a woman when you're sick!" said Mulvaney. "Dir' cheap at the price av twenty broken heads."

On Greenhow Hill

MAY SEVENTH

Poor or boor is the man who cannot pick up a friend for a season in America.

America's Defenceless Coasts

MAY EIGHTH

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be
loth

To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing, on
my oath!—

Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er: that's Hell for
them both,

An' you're shut o' the curse of a soldier.

The Young British Soldier

MAY NINTH

But the freedom of the young girl has its drawbacks. She is—I say it with all reluctance—irreverent, from her forty-dollar bonnet to the buckles in her eighteen-dollar shoes. She talks flippantly to her parents and men old enough to be her grandfather. She has a prescriptive right to the society of the man who arrives. The parents admit it.

This is sometimes embarrassing, especially when you call on a man and his wife for the sake of information—the one being a merchant of varied knowledge, the other a woman of the world. In five minutes your host has vanished. In another five his wife has followed him, and you are left alone with a very charming maiden, doubtless, but certainly not the person you came to see.

American Politics

MAY TENTH

Never resist the devil. He holds the bank.
Fly from him.

The Light That Failed

MAY ELEVENTH

Now I understood why the Lords of Life and Death shut the doors so carefully behind us. It is that we may not remember our first wooings. Were it not so, our world would be without inhabitants in a hundred years.

The Finest Story in the World

MAY TWELFTH

Men are licensed to stumble, but a clever woman's mistake is outside the regular course of Nature and Providence; since all good people know that a woman is the only infallible thing in this world, except Government Paper of the '79 issue, bearing interest at four and a half per cent.

The Education of Otis Yeere

MAY THIRTEENTH

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew—
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should
abandon *you*?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear
the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar
is a Smoke.

The Betrothed

MAY FOURTEENTH

How can a man who has never married; who cannot be trusted to pick up at sight a moderately sound horse; whose head is hot and upset with visions of domestic felicity, go about the choosing of a wife? He cannot see straight or

think straight if he tries; and the same disadvantages exist in case of a girl's fancies. But when mature, married, and discreet people arrange a match between a boy and a girl, they do it sensibly, with a view to the future, and the young couple live happily ever afterward. As everybody knows.

Kidnapped

MAY FIFTEENTH

"It isn't a fib."

"It's worse; it's a half truth."

The Light That Failed

MAY SIXTEENTH

Every man is entitled to his own religious opinions; but no man—least of all a junior—has a right to thrust these down other men's throats.

The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin

MAY SEVENTEENTH

Bronckhorst was not nice in any way. He had no respect for the pretty public and private lies that make life a little less nasty than it is.

The Bronckhorst Divorce-case

MAY EIGHTEENTH

This is worth remembering. Speaking to, or crying over, a husband never did any good yet.

Three and—an Extra

MAY NINETEENTH

The sublimest mysteries of another faith lose salt through constant iteration.

The American Army

MAY TWENTIETH

You may think also that the mere incident of the watch was too small and trivial to raise this misunderstanding. It is another aged fact that, in life as well as racing, all the worst accidents happen at little ditches and cut-down fences.

Watches of the Night

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
India's prehistoric clay;
Whoso drew the longest bow,
Ran his brother down, you know,
As we run men down to-day.

General Summary

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

"Oh, you beautiful—you prettee dog!" she says, clippin' an' chantin' her speech in a way them soart has o' their aawn; "I would like a dog like you. You are so verree lovelee—so awfulee prettee," an' all thot sort o' talk, 'at a dog o' sense mebbe thinks nowt on, tho' he bides it by reason o' his breedin'.

An' then I meks him joomp ovver my swagger-cane, an' shek hands, an' beg, an' lie dead, an' a lot o' them tricks as laadies teaches dogs, though I doan't haud with it mysen, for it's makin' a fool o' a good dog to do such like.

Private Learoyd's Story

MAY TWENTY-THIRD

Regiments are just like women. They will do anything for trinketry.

The Rout of the White Hussars

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

They shall be good and shall with their hands to work learn. For all good Christians must work.

The Judgment of Dungara

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

She made no sign when Holden entered, because the human soul is a very lonely thing, and when it is getting ready to go away hides itself in a misty border-land where the living may not follow.

Without Benefit of Clergy

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

A man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race, and breed. Let the White go to the White and the Black to the Black. Then, whatever trouble falls is in the ordinary course of things—neither sudden, alien, nor unexpected.

Beyond the Pale

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

And they came to the Gate within the wall where Peter holds the keys.

“Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer loud and high

The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever ye came to die—

The good that ye did for the sake of men in little earth so lone!”

And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as
a rain-washed bone.
“O, I have a friend on earth,” he said, “that was
my priest and guide,
And well would he answer all for me if he were
by my side.”
—“For that ye strove in neighbor-love it shall
be written fair,
But now ye wait at Heaven’s Gate and not in
Berkeley Square:
Though we called your friend from his bed this
night, he could not speak for you,
For the race is run by one and one and never by
two and two.”
Then Tomlinson looked up and down, and little
gain was there,
For the naked stars grinned overhead, and he
saw that his soul was bare.

Tomlinson

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

There are more ways of running a horse to
suit your book than pulling his head off in the
straight. Some men forget this. Understand
clearly that all racing is rotten—as everything
connected with losing money must be.

The Broken-Link Handicap

MAY TWENTY-NINTH

Moonlight picnics are useful just at the very
end of the season, before all the girls go away
to the Hills. They lead to understandings, and
should be encouraged by chaperons; especially
those whose girls look sweetest in riding-habits.

False Dawn

MAY THIRTIETH

That regular army, which is a dear little army, should be kept to itself, blooded on detachment duty, turned into the paths of science, and now and again assembled at feasts of Free Masons, and so forth.

It is too tiny to be a political power. The immortal wreck of the Grand Army of the Republic is a political power of the largest and most unblushing description.

The American Army

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

The first great law of the army says: "All property is common except money, and you've only got to ask the next man for that."

A Conference of the Powers



June

JUNE FIRST

A WOMAN will forgive the man who has ruined her life's work so long as he gives her love: a man may forgive those who ruin the love of his life, but he will never forgive the destruction of his work.

The Light That Failed

JUNE SECOND

I guess, perhaps, very early marriage may account for a good deal of the divorce.

America's Defenceless Coasts

JUNE THIRD

I go to concert, party, ball—
What profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall
And strive to look at ease.
The incense that is mine by right
They burn before Her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And She is forty-nine.

My Rival

JUNE FOURTH

The advantages of having a jujube-tree for a husband are obvious. You cannot hurt his feelings, and he looks imposing.

On the City Wall

JUNE FIFTH

Nota Bene.—When one is on the road it is above all things necessary to “pass the time o’ day” to fellow-wanderers. Failure to comply with this law implies that the offender is “too good for his company,” and this, on the road, is an unpardonable sin.

Letters of Marque

JUNE SIXTH

You’ll lose ever so many more, dear, if you use every hour of working light. Overwork’s only murderous idleness. Don’t be unreasonable.

The Light That Failed

JUNE SEVENTH

Excepting, always, falling off a horse there is nothing more fatally easy than marriage before the Registrar. The ceremony costs less than fifty shillings, and is remarkably like walking into a pawn-shop. After the declarations of residence have been put in, four minutes will cover the rest of the proceedings—fees, attestation, and all. Then the Registrar slides the blotting-pad over the names, and says grimly with his pen between his teeth, “Now you’re man and wife”; and the couple walk out into the street feeling as if something were horribly illegal somewhere.

But that ceremony holds and can drag a man to his undoing just as thoroughly as the “long as ye both shall live” curse from the altar-rails, with the bridesmaids giggling behind, and “The voice that breathed o’er Eden” lifting the roof off.

In the Pride of His Youth

JUNE EIGHTH

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving
lass,

But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest
of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a
Henry Clay,

But the best cigar in an hour is finished and
thrown away—

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe
and brown—

But I could not throw away Maggie for fear
o' the talk o' the town!

The Betrothed

JUNE NINTH

Four-and-twenty engines in every stage of decomposition stand in one huge shop. A travelling crane runs overhead, and the men have hauled up one end of a bright vermilion loco. The effect is the silence of a scornful stare—just such a look as a colonel's portly wife gives through her *pince-nez* at the audacious subaltern. Engines are the "liveliest" things that man ever made. They glare through their spectacle-plates, they tilt their noses contemptuously, and when their insides are gone they adorn themselves with red lead and leer like decayed beauties; and in the Jamalpur works there is no escape from them.

City of the Dreadful Night

JUNE TENTH

The American of wealth is owned by his family. They exploit him for bullion. The women get the ha'pence, the kicks are all his own. Nothing is too good for an American's daughter.

American Politics

JUNE ELEVENTH

The first proof a man gives of his interest in a woman is by talking to her about his own sweet self. If the woman listens without yawning, he begins to like her. If she flatters the animal's vanity, he ends by adoring her.

The Education of Otis Yeere

JUNE TWELFTH

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and
wrench the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's
striking, but is it art?"
The stone was dropped by the quarry-side, and
the idle derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of art, and
each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the north and
south, they talked and they fought in the
west,
Till the waters rose on the jabbering land, and
the poor Red Clay had rest—

Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when
the dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's hu-
man, but is it art?"

The Conundrum of the Workshops

JUNE THIRTEENTH

"You're fond of him?"

"I'd take any punishment that's in store for
him if I could; but the worst of it is, no man
can save his brother."

The Light That Failed

JUNE FOURTEENTH

If he had gone on with his work, he would
have been caught up to the Secretariat in a few
years. He was of the type that goes there—
all head, no physique, and a hundred theories.

The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin

JUNE FIFTEENTH

You are a Christi-án, and it is forbidden to
eat, in your books, of the Tree of Life, or else
you would never die. How shall you all fear
death if you all know what your friend does not
know that he knows? I am afraid to be kicked,
but I am not afraid to die, because I know what
I know. You are not afraid to be kicked, but
you are afraid to die. If you were not, by God!
you English would be all over the shop in an
hour, upsetting the balances of power, and mak-
ing commotions. It would not be good.

The Finest Story in the World

JUNE SIXTEENTH

By Docket, Billet-doux, and File,
By Mountain, Cliff, and Fir,
By Fan and Sword and Office-box,
By Corset, Plume, and Spur,
By Riot, Revel, Waltz, and War,
By Women, Work, and Bills,
By all the life that fizzes in
The everlasting Hills,
If you love me as I love you
What pair so happy as we two?

An Old Song

JUNE SEVENTEENTH

At dusk there stood ready forty-two troopers,
lean, worn, and disheveled, whom Tommy Dodd
surveyed with pride, and addressed thus: "O
men! If you die you will go to Hell. There-
fore endeavor to keep alive. But if you go to
Hell that place cannot be hotter than this place,
and we are not told that we shall there suffer
from fever. Consequently be not afraid of dy-
ing. File out there!" They grinned, and went.

The Head of the District

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

Ride with an idle whip, ride with an unused heel,
But, once in a way, there will come a day
When the colt must be taught to feel
The lash that falls, and the curb that galls, and
the sting of the rowelled steel.

Life's Handicap

JUNE NINETEENTH

He gave way to the queer, savage feeling that sometimes takes by the throat a husband twenty years' married, when he sees across the table the same face of his wedded wife, and knows that, as he has sat facing it, so must he continue to sit until the day of its death or his own. Most men and all women know the spasm. It only lasts for three breaths as a rule, must be a "throw-back" to times when men and women were rather worse than they are now, and is too unpleasant to be discussed.

The Bronckhorst Divorce-case

JUNE TWENTIETH

I wasn't any means comfortable, for I knew that dealings with a woman in foreign parts, though you was a crowned King twenty times over, could not but be risky.

The Man Who Would Be King

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

A honeymoon in India is seldom more than a week long; but there is nothing to hinder a couple from extending it over two or three years.

By Word of Mouth

JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

Were the Day of Doom to dawn to-morrow, you would find the Supreme Government "taking measures to allay popular excitement" and putting guards upon the graveyards that the Dead might troop forth orderly. The youngest

Civilian would arrest Gabriel on his own responsibility if the Archangel could not produce a Deputy Commissioner's permission to "make music or other noises" as the license says.

On the City Wall

JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

He did his best to interest the girl in himself—that is to say, his work—and she, after the manner of women, did her best to appear interested in what, behind his back, she called "Mr. Wressley's Wajahs"; for she lisped very prettily. She did not understand one little thing about them, but she acted as if she did. Men have married on that sort of error before now.

Wressley of the Foreign Office

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

As the thriftless gold of the *babul*, so is the gold that we spend
On a Derby Sweep, or our neighbor's wife, or
the horse that we buy from a friend.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

There are three or four times in a man's life when he is justified in meddling with other people's affairs to play Providence.

The Bisara of Pooree

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

Thin I called myself a blayguard for thinkin' such things; but I thought thim all the same. An' that, mark you, is the way av a man.

The Solid Muldoon

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

If the Venetian owned the Pichola Sagar he might say with Justice:—"See it and die." But it is better to live and go to dinner, and strike into a new life—that of the men who bear the hat-mark on their brow as plainly as the well-born native carries the *trisul* of Shiva.

Letters of Marque

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

Accept on trust and work in darkness, strike
At venture, stumble forward, make your mark
(It's chalk on granite), then thank God no flame
Leaps from the rock to shrivel mark and man.

One Viceroy Resigns

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

No one—man or woman—feels an angel when
the hot weather is approaching.

False Dawn

JUNE THIRTIETH

The temper of chums, the love of your wife,
and a new piano's tune—
Which of the three will you trust at the end of
an Indian June?

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

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July

JULY FIRST

LOVE and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life.
Called for wine, and threw—alas!—
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!
Mingled arrows each one sheaved:
Death's dread armory was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred:
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of Death.
Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the Tavern long ago.
Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,
Old men love while young men die?

The Explanation

JULY SECOND

When young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion, and Despair, all the Love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge; though it may turn darkened

eyes for a while to the light, and teach Faith where no Faith was.

Baa Baa, Black Sheep

JULY THIRD

To reshume. Fwhat I've said jist shows the use av three-year-olds. Wud fifty seasoned sodgers have taken Lungtungpen in the dhark that way? No! They'd know the risk av fever and chill. Let alone the shootin'. Two hundher' might have done ut. But the three-year-olds know little an' care less; an' where there's no fear, there's no danger. Catch thim young, feed thim high, an' by the honor av that great, little man Bobs, behind a good orficer 't isn't only da-coits they'd smash wid their clo'es off—'tis Con-ti-nental Ar-r-r-mies! They tuk Lungtungpen nakid; an' they'd take St. Pethersburg in their dhrawers! Begad, they would that!

The Taking of Lungtungpen

JULY FOURTH

When one hears so much of the nation that can whip the earth, it is, to say the least of it, surprising to find her so temptingly spankable.

The average American citizen seems to have a notion that any Power engaged in strife with the Star Spangled Banner will disembark men from flat-bottomed boats on a convenient beach for the purpose of being shot down by local militia. In his own simple phraseology:

“Not by a darned sight. No, sir.”

America's Defenceless Coasts

JULY FIFTH

A man in the train said to me:

“We kin feed all the earth, jest as easily as we kin whip all the earth.”

Now the second statement is as false as the first is true. One of these days the respectable Republic will find this out.

Unfortunately we, the English, will never be the people to teach her; because she is a chartered libertine allowed to say and do anything she likes, from demanding the head of the empress in an editorial waste-basket, to cheyving Canadian schooners up and down the Alaska Seas. It is perfectly impossible to go to war with these people, whatever they may do.

They are much too nice, in the first place, and in the second, it would throw out all the passenger traffic of the Atlantic, and upset the financial arrangements of the English syndicates who have invested their money in breweries, railways, and the like, and in the third, it's not to be done. Everybody knows that, no one better than the American.

America's Defenceless Coasts

JULY SIXTH

He fell to work, whistling softly, and was swallowed up in the clean, clear joy of creation, which does not come to man too often, lest he should consider himself the equal of his God, and so refuse to die at the appointed time.

The Light That Failed

JULY SEVENTH

The tale is old as the Eden Tree—as new as the
new-cut tooth—

For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he
is master of art and truth;

And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the
beat of his dying heart,

The Devil drum on the darkened pane: “You
did it, but was it art?”

The Conundrum of the Workshops

JULY EIGHTH

To rear a boy under what parents call the
“sheltered life system” is, if the boy must go
into the world and fend for himself, not wise.
Unless he be one in a thousand he has certainly
to pass through many unnecessary troubles; and
may, possibly, come to extreme grief simply
from ignorance of the proper proportions of
things.

Thrown Away

JULY NINTH

The toad beneath the harrow knows

Exactly where each tooth-point goes.

The butterfly upon the road

Preaches contentment to that toad.

Pagett, M. P.

JULY TENTH

A powerfully prayerful Highland Regiment,
officered by rank Presbyterians, is, perhaps, one
degree more terrible in action than a hard-bitten
thousand of irresponsible Irish ruffians led by
most improper unbelievers. But these things

prove the rule—which is that the midway men are not to be trusted alone. They have ideas about the value of life and an upbringing that have not taught them to go in and take the chances.

The Drums of the Fore and Aft

JULY ELEVENTH

It were better to go up to heaven in a coal-basket than down to hell in a coach an' six.

On Greenhow Hill

JULY TWELFTH

A boy of to-day is affected by every change of tone and gust of opinion, so that he lies even when he desires to speak the truth.

The Finest Story in the World

JULY THIRTEENTH

The wind that blows between the worlds, it cut him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up his tale and spoke of his good in life.

“This I have read in a book,” he said, “and that was told to me,

And this I have thought that another man thought of a Prince in Muscovy.”

The good souls flocked like homing doves and bade him clear the path,

And Peter twirled the jangling keys in weariness and wrath.

“Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,” he said, “and the tale is yet to run:

By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer—what ha' ye done?”

Tomlinson

JULY FOURTEENTH

The World hath set its heavy yoke
Upon the old white-bearded folk
Who strive to please the King.
God's mercy is upon the young,
God's wisdom in the baby tongue
That fears not anything.

The Parable of Chajju Bhagat

JULY FIFTEENTH

“And I know by what you have just said that you're on the wrong road to success. It isn't got at by sacrificing other people,—I've had that much knocked into me; you must sacrifice yourself, and live under orders, and never think for yourself, and never have real satisfaction in your work except just at the beginning, when you're reaching out after a notion.”

“How can you believe all that?”

“There's no question of belief or disbelief. That's the law, and you take it or refuse it as you please.”

The Light That Failed

JULY SIXTEENTH

Until steam replaces manual power in the working of the Empire, there must always be this percentage—must always be the men who are used up, expended, in the mere mechanical routine. For these promotion is far off and the mill-grind of every day very instant. The Secretariats know them only by name; they are not the picked men of the Districts with Divisions and Collectorates awaiting them. They are sim-

ply the rank and file—the food for fever—sharing with the *ryot* and the plough-bullock the honor of being the plinth on which the State rests.

The Education of Otis Yeere

JULY SEVENTEENTH

If McGoggin had kept his creed, with the capital letters and the endings in “isms,” to himself, no one would have cared; but his grandfathers on both sides had been Wesleyan preachers, and the preaching strain came out in his mind. He wanted every one at the Club to see that they had no souls too, and to help him to eliminate his Creator. As a good many men told him, *he* undoubtedly had no soul, because he was so young, but it did not follow that his seniors were equally undeveloped; and, whether there was another world or not, a man still wanted to read his papers in this.

The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin

JULY EIGHTEENTH

One of the many curses of our life in India is the want of atmosphere in the painter’s sense. There are no half-tints worth noticing. Men stand out all crude and raw, with nothing to tone them down, and nothing to scale them against. They do their work, and grow to think that there is nothing but their work, and nothing like their work, and that they are the real pivots on which the Administration turns. Here is an instance of this feeling. A half-caste clerk

was ruling forms in a Pay Office. He said to me, "Do you know what would happen if I added or took away one single line on this sheet?" Then, with the air of a conspirator, "It would disorganize the whole of the Treasury payments throughout the whole of the Presidency Circle! Think of that!"

Wressley of the Foreign Office

JULY NINETEENTH

"I think I shall go to sleep."

"Then you'll get fat, dear. If you took more exercise and a more intelligent interest in your neighbors you would"—

"Be as much loved as Mrs. Hauksbee."

A Second-rate Woman

JULY TWENTIETH

Very many women took an interest in Saumarez, perhaps because his manner to them was offensive. If you hit a pony over the nose at the outset of your acquaintance, he may not love you, but he will take a deep interest in your movements ever afterward.

False Dawn

JULY TWENTY-FIRST

If It be pleasant to look on, stalled in the packed
serai,

Does not the Young Man try Its temper and
pace ere he buy?

If She be pleasant to look on, what does the
Young Man say?

"Lo! She is pleasant to look on, give Her to
me to-day!"

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

You mustn't mind what other people do. If their souls were your soul, it would be different. You stand and fall by your own work, remember, and it's waste of time to think of any one else in this battle.

The Light That Failed

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

An order is an order till one is strong enough to disobey.

Dray Wara Yow Dee

JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

It is a curious thing that, when a man hates or loves beyond reason, he is ready to go beyond reason to gratify his feelings. Which he would not do for money or power merely.

The Bisara of Pooree

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-slide is scarred on the course.
Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth forever Remorse.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

No man can act or tell lies to a woman without being found out.

On the Strength of a Likeness

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

When a matured man discovers that he has been deserted by Providence, deprived of his God, and cast without help, comfort, or sympathy, upon a world which is new and strange to him, his despair, which may find expression in evil-living, the writing of his experiences, or the more satisfactory diversion of suicide, is generally supposed to be impressive. A child, under exactly similar circumstances as far as its knowledge goes, cannot very well curse God and die. It howls till its nose is red, its eyes are sore, and its head aches.

Baa Baa, Black Sheep

JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

. . . . You'll dream dreams before you've done.
You've youth, that's one—good workmen—that
means two
Fair chances in your favor. Fate's the third.

One Viceroy Resigns

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

Meddling with another man's folly is always
thankless work.

The Rescue of Pluffles

JULY THIRTIETH

Great is the justice of the White Man—
greater the power of a lie.

Native Proverb

JULY THIRTY-FIRST

But a snake is a snake till it is dead; and a
liar is a liar till the Judgment of God takes
hold of his heel.

Gemini



August

AUGUST FIRST

I AM not sure what real "earnestness" is. A very fair imitation can be manufactured by neglecting to dress decently, by mooning about in a dreamy, misty sort of way, by taking office-work home, after staying in office till seven, and by receiving crowds of native gentlemen on Sundays. That is one sort of "earnestness."

Pig

AUGUST SECOND

Never praise a sister to a sister, in the hope of your compliments reaching the proper ears, and so preparing the way for you later on. Sisters are women first, and sisters afterward; and you will find that you do yourself harm.

False Dawn

AUGUST THIRD

There lie several sorts of success in this world that taste well in the moment of enjoyment, but I question whether the stealthy theft of line from an able-bodied salmon who knows exactly what you are doing and why you are doing it is not sweeter than any other victory within human scope.

American Salmon

AUGUST FOURTH

Ould days are hard to bring back again into the mouth, but they're always inside the head.

Black Jack

AUGUST FIFTH

One can no more avoid working than eating—that goes by itself,—but try to see what you are working for.

The Light That Failed

AUGUST SIXTH

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the Yankee school-marm, the cider and the salt codfish of the Eastern States, are responsible for what he calls a nasal accent. I know better. They stole books from across the water without paying for 'em, and the snort of delight was fixed in their nostrils forever by a just Providence. That is why they talk a foreign tongue to-day.

At the Golden Gate

AUGUST SEVENTH

How beautiful upon the mountains—in peace
reclining,

Thus to be assured that our people are unani-
mously dining.

And though there are places not so blessed as
others in natural advantages, which, after
all, was only to be expected,

Proud and glad are we to congratulate you
upon the work you have thus ably effected.

(*Cres.*) How be-ewtiful upon the mountains!

The Masque of Plenty

AUGUST EIGHTH

It is good to be free, a wanderer upon the highways, knowing not what to-morrow will bring forth.

Verily, there is no life like life on the road—when the skies are cool and all men are kind.

Letters of Marque

AUGUST NINTH

Binkie, never you be a man, little dorglums. They're contrary brutes, and they do things without any reason.

The Light That Failed

AUGUST TENTH

As is cold water in the Tirah, so is the sight of a friend in a far place.

Dray Wara Yow Dee

There's no pleasure like meeting an old friend, except, perhaps, making a new one.

The Enlightenments of Pagett, M. P.

AUGUST ELEVENTH

While the snaffle holds, or the long-neck stings,
While the big beam tilts, or the last bell rings,
While horses are horses to train and to race,
Then women and wine take a second place.

Song of the G. R.

AUGUST TWELFTH

The oldest trouble in the world comes from want of understanding. And it is entirely the fault of the woman. Somehow, she is built in—

capable of speaking the truth, even to herself. She only finds it out about four months later, when the man is dead, or has been transferred.

Bitters Neat

AUGUST THIRTEENTH

More men are killed by overwork than the importance of this world justifies.

The Phantom 'Rickshaw

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

Oh, this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and
this I have heard men say,
And this they wrote that another man wrote
of a carl in Norroway.

Ye have read, ye have felt, ye have guessed,
good lack! Ye have hampered Heaven's
Gate;

There's little room between the stars in idle-
ness to prate!

Oh, none may reach by hired speech of neighbor,
priest, and kin,

Through borrowed deed to God's good meed
that lies so far within.

Tomlinson

AUGUST FIFTEENTH

"You're a darling in many ways and I like you
—you are not a woman's woman—but why do
you trouble yourself about mere human beings?"

"Because in the absence of angels, who I am
sure would be horribly dull, men and women
are the most fascinating things in the whole
wide world, lazy one."

A Second-rate Woman

AUGUST SIXTEENTH

If men had not this delusion as to the ultra-importance of their own particular employments, I suppose that they would sit down and kill themselves. But their weakness is wearisome, particularly when the listener knows that he himself commits exactly the same sin.

Wressley of the Foreign Office

AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

He could not accept any order without trying to better it. That was the fault of his creed. It made men too responsible and left too much to their honor. You can sometimes ride an old horse in halter; but never a colt.

The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

But seamen learned—what landsmen know—
That neither gifts nor gain
Can hold a winking Light o' Love
Or Fancy's flight restrain.

Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House

AUGUST NINETEENTH

To attain power, wrote the builder of old, in sentences of fine stone, it is necessary to pass through all sorts of close-packed horrors, treacheries, battles and insults, in darkness and without knowledge whether the road leads upward or into a hopeless *cul-de-sac*.

Letters of Marque

AUGUST TWENTIETH

Torpenhow came into the studio at dusk, and looked at Dick with his eyes full of the austere love that springs up between men who have tugged at the same oar together and are yoked by custom and use and the intimacies of toil. This is a good love, and since it allows, and even encourages, strife, recrimination, and the most brutal sincerity, does not die, but increases, and is proof against any absence and evil conduct.

The Light That Failed

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

When an American wishes to be correct he sets himself to imitate the Englishman. This he does vilely, and earns not only the contempt of his brethren, but the amused scorn of the Briton.

America's Defenceless Coasts

AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a King of his enemies?
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the King.

The Ballad of the King's Jest

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

The girls take every gift as a matter of course, and yet they develop greatly when a catastrophe arrives and the man of many millions goes up or goes down, and his daughters take to stenography or typewriting. I have heard many

tales of heroism from the lips of girls who counted the principals among their friends. The crash came, Mamie, or Hattie, or Sadie, gave up their maid, their carriages and candy, and with a No. 2 Remington and a stout heart set about earning their daily bread.

"And did I drop her from the list of my friends? No, sir," said a scarlet-lipped vision in white lace; "that might happen to us any day."

American Politics

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

"It's more easy, though, to get rid of three women than a piece of one's life and surroundings."

"But a woman can be"—began Dick, unguardedly.

"A piece of one's life," continued Torpenhow. "No, she can't." His face darkened for a moment. "She says she wants to sympathize with you and help you in your work, and everything else that clearly a man must do for himself. Then she sends round five notes a day to ask why the dickens you haven't been wasting your time with her."

The Light That Failed

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

Depend upon it, Solomon would never have built altars to Ashtaroth and all those ladies with queer names, if there had not been trouble of some kind in his *zenana*, and nowhere else.

The Bisara of Pooree

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

If She grow suddenly gracious—reflect. Is it
all for thee?

The black-buck is stalked through the bullock,
and Man through jealousy.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

There are few things sweeter in this world
than the guileless, hot-headed, intemperate, open
admiration of a junior. Even a woman in her
blindest devotion does not fall into the gait of
the man she adores, tilt her bonnet to the angle
at which he wears his hat, or interlard her
speech with his pet oaths.

The Finest Story in the World

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

Your Gods and my Gods—do you or I know
which are the stronger?

Native Proverb

East of Suez, some hold, the direct control of
Providence ceases; Man being there handed
over to the power of the Gods and Devils of
Asia, and the Church of England Providence
only exercising an occasional and modified
supervision in the case of Englishmen.

This theory accounts for some of the more
unnecessary horrors of life in India.

The Mark of the Beast

AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

“By all I am misunderstood!” if the Matron shall say, or the Maid:

“Alas! I do not understand,” my son, be thou nowise afraid.

In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net of the Fowler displayed.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz .

AUGUST THIRTIETH

A weaver went out to reap but stayed to unravel the corn-stalks. Ha! Ha! Ha! Is there any sense in a weaver?

At Twenty-two

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

There was a delightful sense of irresponsibility upon him, such as they feel who walking among their fellow-men know that the death-sentence of disease is upon them, and, since fear is but waste of the little time left, are riotously happy.

The Light That Failed

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
1911

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DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
1911



September

SEPTEMBER FIRST

AT dawn there was a murmur in the trees,
A ripple on the tank, and in the air
Presage of coming coolness—everywhere
A voice of prophecy upon the breeze.
Up leaped the sun and smote the dust to gold,
And strove to parch anew the heedless land,
All impotently, as a King grown old
Wars for the Empire crumbling 'neath his
hand.

One by one, the lotus-petals fell,
Beneath the onslaught of the rebel year
In mutiny against a furious sky;
And far-off Winter whispered: "It is well!
Hot Summer dies. Behold your help is near,
For when men's need is sorest, then come I."

Two Months

SEPTEMBER SECOND

In most big undertakings, one or two men do
the work while the rest sit near and talk till the
ripe decorations begin to fall.

Wressley of the Foreign Office

SEPTEMBER THIRD

Hit a man an' help a woman, an' ye can't be far wrong anyways.

Maxims of Private Mulvaney

SEPTEMBER FOURTH

When the grief of the soul is too heavy for endurance it may be a little eased by speech, and, moreover, the mind of a true man is as a well, and the pebble of confession dropped therein sinks and is no more seen.

Dray Wara Yow Dee

SEPTEMBER FIFTH

Look to a man who has the counsel of a woman of or above the world to back him. So long as he keeps his head, he can meet both sexes on equal ground—an advantage never intended by Providence, who fashioned Man on one day and Woman on another, in sign that neither should know more than a very little of the other's life. Such a man goes far, or, the counsel being withdrawn, collapses suddenly while his world seeks the reason.

The Education of Otis Yeere

SEPTEMBER SIXTH

Sure the Blessed Virgin is the mother of all religion an' most women; an' there's a dale av piety in a girl if the men would only let ut stay there.

On Greenhow Hill

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

Go, stalk the red deer o'er the heather,
Ride, follow the fox if you can!
But, for pleasure and profit together,
Allow me the hunting of Man,—
The chase of the Human, the search for the Soul
To its ruin,—the hunting of Man.

The Old Shikarri

SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

I hate and fear snakes, because if you look into the eyes of any snake you will see that it knows all and more of man's fall, and that it feels all the contempt that the devil felt when Adam was evicted from Eden. Besides which its bite is generally fatal, and it bursts up trouser legs.

The Recrudescence of Imray

SEPTEMBER NINTH

"I've no sense of humor."

"Cultivate it, then. It has been my mainstay for more years than I care to think about. A well-educated sense of Humor will save a woman when Religion, Training, and Home influences fail; and we may all need salvation sometimes."

A Second-rate Woman

SEPTEMBER TENTH

Did I not tell you av Silver's theatre in Dublin, whin I was younger than I am now an' a patron av the drama? Ould Silver wud never pay actorman or woman their just dues, an' by

consequence his comp'nies was collapsible at the last minut. Thin the bhoys wud clamor to take a part, an' oft as not ould Silver made them pay for the fun. Faith, I've seen Hamlut played wid a new black eye an' the queen as full as a cornucopia. I remimber wanst Hogin that 'listed in the Black Tyrone an' was shot in South Africa, he sejuiced ould Silver into givin' him Hamlut's part instid av me that had a fine fancy for rhetoric in those days. Av course I wint into the gallery an' began to fill the pit wid other people's hats, an' I passed the time av day to Hogin walkin' through Denmark like a hamstrung mule wid a pall on his back. "Hamlut," sez I, "there's a hole in your heel. Pull up your shtockin's, Hamlut," sez I. "Hamlut, Hamlut, for the love av decincy dhrop that skull an' pull up your shtockin's." The whole house began to tell him that. He stopped his soliloquisms mid-between. "My shtockin's may be coming down or they may not," sez he, screwin' his eye into the gallery, for well he knew who I was. "But afther this performance is over me an' the Ghost 'll trample the tripes out av you, Terence, wid your ass's bray!" An' that's how I come to know about Hamlut.

The Courting of Dinah Shadd

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

When you are too lucky sacrifice something, a beloved pipe for choice, to Ganesh.

Letters of Marque

SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

The young men come, the young men go,
Each pink and white and neat,
She's older than their mothers, but
They grovel at Her feet.
They walk beside Her *'rickshaw* wheels—
None ever walk by mine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And She is forty-nine.

But even She must older grow
And end Her dancing days,
She can't go on forever so
At concerts, balls, and plays.
One ray of priceless hope I see
Before my footsteps shine;
Just think, that She'll be eighty-one
When I am forty-nine.

My Rival

SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

I've often thought, when I've seen men die
out in the desert, that if the news could be sent
through the world, and the means of transport
were quick enough, there would be one woman
at least at each man's bedside.

The Light That Failed

SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

With a "weed" among men or horses verily this
is the best,
That you work him in office or dog-cart lightly
—but give him no rest.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

Though singing was a remarkably fine performance, I was to be quite sure that few lips would be moved to song if they could find a sufficiency of kissing.

A Conference of the Powers

SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

“When my little head was bursting with a notion that I couldn’t handle because I hadn’t sufficient knowledge of my craft, I used to run about wondering at my own magnificence and getting ready to astonish the world.”

“But surely one can do that sometimes?”

“Very seldom with malice aforethought, darling. And when it’s done it’s such a tiny thing, and the world’s so big, and all but a millionth part of it doesn’t care.”

The Light That Failed

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

“Oh, I had a love on earth,” said he, “that kissed me to my fall,

And if ye would call my love to me I know she would answer all.”

—“All that ye did in love forbid it shall be written fair,

But now ye wait at Hell-Mouth Gate and not in Berkeley Square:

Though we whistled your love from her bed to-night, I trow she would not run,

For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for one by one!”

Tomlinson

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

He might have condensed the whole of his lumbering nonsense into an epigram: "Only the free are bond, and only the bond are free."

The Light That Failed

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

The Chinaman waylays his adversary, and methodically chops him to pieces with his hatchet. Then the press roars about the brutal ferocity of the pagan.

The Italian reconstructs his friend with a long knife. The press complains of the waywardness of the alien.

The Irishman and the native Californian in their hours of discontent use the revolver, not once, but six times. The press records the fact, and asks in the next column whether the world can parallel the progress of San Francisco.

American Politics

SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

Only coming from a land where a man begins lightly turn to thoughts of love not before he is thirty, I own that playing at housekeeping before that age rather surprised me. Out in the West, though, they marry, boys and girls, from sixteen upward, and I have met more than one bride of fifteen—husband aged twenty.

"When man and woman are agreed, what can the Kazi do?"

America's Defenceless Coasts

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Every one knows that coal strata, in common with women, horses, and official superiors, have "faults" caused by some colic of the earth in the days when things were settling into their places.

City of the Dreadful Night

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

"Matter of temper," said Nilghai. "It's the same with horses. Some you wallop and they work, some you wallop and they jib, and some you wallop and they go out for a walk with their hands in their pockets."

The Light That Failed

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, as the horse is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old:
"It's clever, but is it art?"

The Conundrum of the Workshops

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Our lives hold quite as much romance as is good for us. Sometimes more.

Miss Youghal's Sais

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Every one is more or less mad on one point.

On the Strength of a Likeness

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

The Man who Knew felt that he was justified ;
but believing and acting on a belief are quite
different things.

The Bisara of Pooree

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

I was the offender, and I knew it. That
knowledge transformed my pity into passive
endurance, and, eventually, into blind hate—the
same instinct, I suppose, which prompts a man
savagely to stamp on the spider he has but half
killed.

The Phantom 'Rickshaw

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

My son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold of thy
knees in my pain,
Demanding thy name on stamped paper, one day
or one hour—refrain.
Are the links of thy fetters so light that thou
cravest another man's chain?

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

I saw that look on her face which only comes
once or twice in a lifetime—when a woman is
perfectly happy and the air is full of trumpets
and gorgeously colored fire and the Earth turns
into cloud because she loves and is loved.

False Dawn

SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

I watched Young California, and saw that it was, at least, expensively dressed, cheerful in manner, and self-asserting in conversation. Also the women were very fair. Perhaps eighteen days aboard ship had something to do with my unreserved admiration. The maidens were of generous build, large, well groomed, and attired in raiment that even to my inexperienced eyes must have cost much. Kearney Street at nine o'clock levels all distinctions of rank as impartially as the grave. Again and again I loitered at the heels of a couple of resplendent beings, only to overhear, when I expected the level voice of culture, the staccato "Sez he," "Sez I," that is the mark of the white servant-girl all the world over.

At the Golden Gate



October

OCTOBER FIRST

IT is not enough to have the method, and the art, and the power, nor even that which is touch, but you shall have also the conviction that nails the work to the wall.

The Light That Failed

OCTOBER SECOND

There is moral, just as much as there is mine, choke-damp. If you get into a place laden with the latter you die, and if into the home of the former you . . . behave unwisely, as constitution and temperament prompt.

Letters of Marque

OCTOBER THIRD

As a general rule, it is inexpedient to meddle with questions of State in a land where men are highly paid to work them out for you.

A Germ Destroyer

OCTOBER FOURTH

A man is never so happy as when he is talking about himself.

The Education of Otis Yeere

OCTOBER FIFTH

You can never be sure of getting rid of a friend or an enemy till he or she dies.

On the Strength of a Likeness

OCTOBER SIXTH

He was a six-thousand-rupee man, so great that his daughters never "married." They "contracted alliances." He himself was not paid. He "received emoluments," and his journeys about the country were "tours of observation." His business was to stir up the people in Madras with a long pole—as you stir up tench in a pond—and the people had to come up out of their comfortable old ways and gasp—"This is Enlightenment and Progress. Isn't it fine!" Then they gave Mellishe statues and jasmine garlands, in the hope of getting rid of him.

A Germ Destroyer

OCTOBER SEVENTH

Life liveth best in life, and doth not roam
To other realms if all be well at home.
"Solid as ocean foam," quoth ocean foam.

A Conference of the Powers

OCTOBER EIGHTH

He held peculiar notions as to the wooing of girls. He said that the best work of a man's career should be laid reverently at their feet. Ruskin writes something like this somewhere, I think; but in ordinary life a few kisses are better and save time.

Wressley of the Foreign Office

OCTOBER NINTH

Don't be uncharitable. Any sin but that I'll forgive.

A Second-rate Woman

OCTOBER TENTH

The Englishman lay out at high noon on the crest of a rolling upland crowned with rock, and heard, as a loafer had told him he would hear, the "set of the day," which is as easily discernible as the change of tone between the rising and falling tide. At a certain hour the impetus of the morning dies out, and all things, living and inanimate, turn their thoughts to the prophecy of the coming night. The little wandering breezes drop for a time, and, when they blow afresh, bring the message. The "set of the day," as the loafer said, has changed, the machinery is beginning to run down, the unseen tides of the air are falling. The moment of the change can only be felt in the open and in touch with the earth, and once discovered, seems to place the finder in deep accord and fellowship with all things on the earth.

Letters of Marque

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country," when the guns begin to shoot;

Yes, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;

But Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!

Tommy

OCTOBER TWELFTH

Hira Singh leaped to his feet with a long-drawn vernacular oath. "Colonel Sahib," said he, "that man is no Afghan, for they weep 'Ai! Ai!' Nor is he of Hindoostan, for they weep 'Oh! Ho!' He weeps after the fashion of the white man, who say 'Ow! Ow!'"

The Man Who Was

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

A certain amount of "screw" is as necessary for a man as for a billiard-ball. It makes them both do wonderful things.

In the Pride of His Youth

OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

All the beauty of Bret Harte is being ruined for me, because I find myself catching through the roll of his rhythmical prose the cadence of his peculiar fatherland. Get an American lady to read to you "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar," and see how much is, under her tongue, left of the beauty of the original.

But I am sorry for Bret Harte. It happened this way. A reporter asked me what I thought of the city, and I made answer suavely that it was hallowed ground to me, because of Bret Harte. That was true.

"Well," said the reporter, "Bret Harte claims California, but California don't claim Bret Harte. He's been so long in England that he's quite English. Have you seen our cracker factories or the new offices of the *Examiner*?"

He could not understand that to the outside world the city was worth a great deal less than the man. I never intended to curse the people with a provincialism so vast as this.

At the Golden Gate

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

If we sit down quietly to work out notions that are sent to us, we may or may not do something that isn't bad. A great deal depends on being master of the bricks and mortar of the trade. But the instant we begin to think about success and the effect of our work—to play with one eye on the gallery—we lose power and touch and everything else. At least that's how I have found it. Instead of being quiet and giving every power you possess to your work, you're fretting over something which you can neither help nor hinder by a minute.

The Light That Failed

OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

A colored gentleman who insisted on getting me pie when I wanted something else, demanded information about India. I gave him some facts about wages.

“Oh, hell!” said he, cheerfully, “that wouldn't keep me in cigars for a month.”

Then he fawned on me for a ten-cent piece. Later he took it upon himself to pity the natives of India. “Heathens,” he called them—this woolly one, whose race has been the butt

of every comedy on the native stage since the beginning. And I turned and saw by the head upon his shoulders that he was a Yoruba man.

American Politics

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

Two things greater than all things are,
The first is Love, and the second War.
And since we know not how War may prove,
Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!

The Ballad of the King's Jest

OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

Unless you take precious good care, you will fall under the damnation of the check-book, and that's worse than death. You will get drunk—you're half drunk already—on easily acquired money. For that money and your own infernal vanity you are willing deliberately to turn out bad work. You'll do quite enough bad work without knowing it.

The Light That Failed

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

When you have seen the outside of a few hundred thousand of these homes and the insides of a few score, you begin to understand why the American (the respectable one) does not take a deep interest in what they call "politics," and why he is so vaguely and generally proud of the country that enables him to be so comfortable. How can the owner of a dainty ch[^]let, with smoked-oak furniture, imitation Venetian tapestry curtains, hot and cold water

laid on, a bed of geraniums and hollyhocks, a baby crawling down the veranda, and a self-acting twirly-whirly hose gently hissing over the grass in the balmy dusk of an August evening—how can such a man despair of the Republic, or descend into the streets on voting days and mix cheerfully with “the boys”?

America's Defenceless Coasts

OCTOBER TWENTIETH

“Ah!” broke in Mulvaney, “ye’d no chanst against the maraudin’ psalm-singer. They’ll take the airs an’ the graces instid av the man nine times out av ten, an’ they only find the blunder later—the wimmen.”

On Greenhow Hill

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

If He play, being young and unskilful, for shekels of silver and gold,
Take His money, my son, praising Allah. The kid was ordained to be sold.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

You must remember, though you will not understand, that all laws weaken in a small and hidden community where there is no public opinion.

A Wayside Comedy

OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

Dere was too much Ego in his Cosmos. Dot is der soul-custom of monkeys.

Bimi

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

In the wilderness of the railway shops—and machinery that planes and shaves, and bevels and stamps, and punches and hoists and nips—the first idea that occurs to an outsider, when he has seen the men who people the place, is that it must be the birthplace of inventions—a pasture-ground of fat patents. If a writing-man, who plays with shadows and dresses dolls that others may laugh at their antics, draws help and comfort and new methods of working old ideas from the stored shelves of a library, how, in the name of Commonsense, his god, can a doing-man, whose mind is set upon things that snatch a few moments from flying Time or put power into weak hands, refrain from going forward and adding new inventions to the hundreds among which he daily moves?

City of the Dreadful Night

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

“It’s a chromo,” said he,—“a chromo-litholeo-margarine fake! What possessed him to do it? And yet how thoroughly he has caught the note that catches a public who think with their boots and read with their elbows!”

The Light That Failed

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

When love rejected turns to hate,
All ill betide the man.

Ballad of Fisher’s Boarding-House
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OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

It is well to be of a cultured intelligence, but in time of trouble the weak human mind returns to the creed it sucked in at the breast, and if that creed be not a pretty one, trouble follows.

The Mutiny of the Mavericks

OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

And the girl said: "O Pathan, look into my eyes!" And I turned, leaning upon her breast, and looked into her eyes swearing that I spoke the very Truth of God. But she answered: "Never friend waited friend with such eyes. Lie to God and the Prophet, but to a woman ye cannot lie."

Dray Wara Yow Dee

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

Men who stand or fall by the errors of their opponents may be forgiven for turning Chance into Design.

The Drums of the Fore and Aft

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

I cannot check my girlish blush,
My color comes and goes;
I redden to my finger-tips,
And sometimes to my nose.
But She is white where white should be,
And red where red should shine.
The blush that flies at seventeen
Is fixed at forty-nine.

My Rival

OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

When a man is a Commissioner and a bachelor and has the right of wearing open-work jam-tart jewels in gold and enamel on his clothes, and of going through a door before every one except a Member of Council, a Lieutenant-Governor, or a Viceroy, he is worth marrying. At least, that is what ladies say.

Cupid's Arrows



November

NOVEMBER FIRST

WHO is the happy man? He that sees in his own house at home, little children crowned with dust, leaping and falling and crying.

The Story of Muhammad Din

NOVEMBER SECOND

Never, never, *never* tell your wife anything that you do not wish her to remember and think over all her life. Because a woman—yes, I *am* a woman—*can't* forget.

The Garden of Eden

NOVEMBER THIRD

Men often do their best work blind, for some one else's sake.

Wressley of the Foreign Office

NOVEMBER FOURTH

That season, came up to Simla one of these crazy people with only a single idea. These are the men who make things move; but they are not nice to talk to.

A Germ Destroyer

NOVEMBER FIFTH

There is no domestic privacy in America. If there was, what the deuce would the papers do?

America's Defenceless Coasts

NOVEMBER SIXTH

Next to a requited attachment, one of the most convenient things that a young man can carry about with him at the beginning of his career, is an unrequited attachment. It makes him feel important and businesslike, and *blasé*, and cynical; and whenever he has a touch of liver, or suffers from want of exercise, he can mourn over his lost love, and be very happy in a tender, twilight fashion.

On the Strength of a Likeness

NOVEMBER SEVENTH

A much-discerning Public hold
The Singer generally sings
Of personal and private things,
And prints and sells his past for gold.

Whatever I may here disclaim,
The very clever folk I sing to
Will most indubitably cling to
Their pet delusion, just the same.

La Nuit Blanche

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

I never made a mistake in my life—at least, never one that I couldn't explain away afterward.

The Education of Otis Yeere

NOVEMBER NINTH

Men are occasionally particular, and the least particular men are always the most exacting.

At the Pit's Mouth

NOVEMBER TENTH

So long as Lust or Lucre tempt
Straight riders from the course,
So long as with each drink we pour
Black brewage of Remorse,
So long as those unloaded guns
We keep beside the bed
Blow off, by obvious accident,
The lucky owner's head,
*If you love me as I love you,
What can Life kill or Death undo?*

An Old Song

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

The faith that sends a man into the wilderness, and the secular energy which enables him to cope with an ever-growing demand for medical aid, must, in time, find their reward. If patience and unwearying self-sacrifice carry any merit, they should do so soon. To-day the people are willing enough to be healed, and the general influence of the Padre-Sahib is very great.

Letters of Marque

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man cries from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces. Also, the exhibition causes the throat of the on-looker to close at the top.

The Man Who Was

NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

A woman may love one man and despise another, but on general feminine principles she will do her best to save the man she despises from being defrauded. Her loved one can look to himself, but the other man, being obviously an idiot, needs protection.

The Light That Failed

NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

A conspirator detests ridicule. More men have been stabbed with Lucrezia Borgia daggers and dropped into the Thames for laughing at head centres and triangles than for betraying secrets; for this is human nature.

The Mutiny of the Mavericks

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

My brother, when the desire of a man is set upon one thing alone, he fears neither God nor Man nor Devil.

.....
What love so deep as hate?

Dray Wara Yow Dee

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Recessional

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

The ideal soldier should, of course, think for himself—the *Pocketbook* says so. Unfortunately, to attain this virtue, he has to pass through the phase of thinking of himself, and that is mis-directed genius.

The Drums of the Fore and Aft

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

“I don’t suppose American girls are much different from English ones in instinct.”

“Isn’t it Théophile Gautier who says that the only differences between country and country lie in the slang and the uniform of the police?”

Now, in the name of all the gods at once, what is one to say to a young lady (who in England would be a person) who earns her own bread, and very naturally hates the employ, and slings out-of-the-way quotations at your head? That one falls in love with her goes without saying, but that is not enough.

American Politics

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

There's a vast o' fightin' i' th' Bible, and there's a deal of Methodists i' th' army; but to hear chapel folk talk yo'd think that soldierin' were next door, an' t'other side, to hangin'. I' their meetin's all their talk is o' fightin'. When Sammy Strother were stuck for summat to say in his prayers, he'd sing out, "The sword o' th' Lord and o' Gideon." They were allus at it about puttin' on th' whole armor o' righteousness, an' fightin' the good fight o' faith. And then, atop o' 't all, they held a prayer-meetin' ower a young chap as wanted to 'list, and nearly deafened him, till he picked up his hat and fair ran away. And they'd tell tales in th' Sunday-school o' bad lads as had been thumped and brayed for bird-nesting o' Sundays and playin' truant o' week days, and how they took to wrestlin', dog-fightin', rabbit-runnin', and drinkin', till at last, as if 'twere a hepitaph on a gravestone, they damned him across th' moors wi', an' then he went and 'listed for a soldier, an' they'd all fetch a deep breath, and throw up their eyes like a hen drinkin'.

On Greenhow Hill

NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

If we make light of our work by using it for our own ends, our work will make light of us, and, as we're the weaker, we shall suffer.

The Light That Failed

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

He sendeth us years that are good,
As He sendeth the dearth.
He giveth to each man his food,
Or Her food to the Earth.
Our Kings and our Queens are afar—
On their peoples be peace—
God bringeth the rain to the Bar,
That our cattle increase.

What the People Said

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

There's more in a week of life than in a lively
weekly.

The Light That Failed

NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

She was so good, she made him worse;
(Some women are like this, I think.)

The Mare's Nest

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

God bless the Squire
And all his rich relations
Who teach us poor people
We eat our proper rations—
 We eat our proper rations,
 In spite of inundations,
 Malarial exhalations,
 And casual starvations,
We have, we have, they say we have—
We *have* our proper rations!

The Masque of Plenty

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Which nobody can deny!
If he does he tells a lie—
We are all as willing as Barkis—
We all of us loves the Markiss—
We all of us stuffs our ca-ar-kis—
With food until we die!

The Masque of Plenty

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Glory's no compensation for a belly-ache.

The Courting of Dinah Shadd

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

"Cats is dogs, and rabbits is dogs, and so's parrots. But this 'ere tortoise is an insect, so there ain't no charge," as the old porter said.

A Hindoo is a Hindoo and a brother to the man who knows his vernacular. And a Frenchman is French because he speaks his own language. But the American has no language. He is dialect, slang, provincialism, accent, and so forth.

At the Golden Gate

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Seek not for favor of women. So shall you find it indeed.

Does not the boar break cover just when you're lighting a weed?

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

It is well on the threshold of a journey to be taught reverence and awe.

But there is no reverence in the Globe-Trotter: he is brazen. A Young Man from Manchester was travelling to Bombay in order—how the words hurt!—to be home by Christmas. He had come through America, New Zealand, and Australia, and finding that he had ten days to spare at Bombay, conceived the modest idea of “doing India.” “I don’t say that I’ve done it all; but you may say that I’ve seen a good deal.” Then he explained that he had been “much pleased” at Agra, “much pleased” at Delhi and, last profanation, “very much pleased” at the Taj. Indeed he seemed to be going through life just then “much pleased” at everything. With rare and sparkling originality he remarked that India was a “big place,” and that there were many things to buy.

Letters of Marque

NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

Though you mayn’t know it, the Lord is a just and a terrible God, with a very strong sense of humor.

The Light That Failed



December

DECEMBER FIRST

MAN that is born of woman is small potatoes and few in a hill.

The Head of the District

DECEMBER SECOND

Open and obvious devotion from any sort of man is always pleasant to any sort of woman.

On the Strength of a Likeness

DECEMBER THIRD

Pleasant it is for the Little Tin Gods
When great Jove nods;
But Little Tin Gods make their little mistakes
In missing the hour when great Jove wakes.

A Germ Destroyer

DECEMBER FOURTH

A good man, once started, goes forward; but an average man, as soon as the woman loses interest in his success as a tribute to her power, comes back to the battalion and is no more heard of.

Wressley of the Foreign Office

DECEMBER FIFTH

And I forgot all about India for ten days while I went out to dinners and watched the social customs of the people, which are entirely

different from our customs, and was introduced to men of many millions. These persons are harmless in their earlier stages—that is to say, a man worth three or four million dollars may be a good talker, clever, amusing, and of the world; a man with twice that amount is to be avoided, and a twenty-million man is—just twenty millions.

At the Golden Gate

DECEMBER SIXTH

The market is dangerously overstocked with graduates of our Universities who look for employment in the administration. An immense number are employed, but year by year the college mills grind out increasing lists of youths foredoomed to failure and disappointment, and meanwhile, trade, manufactures, and the industrial arts are neglected, and in fact regarded with contempt by our new literary mandarins *in posse*.

The Enlightenments of Pagett, M. P.

DECEMBER SEVENTH

This work is very like what men without discernment call politics before a general election. You pick out and discuss in the company of congenial friends all the weak points in your opponents' organization, and unconsciously dwell upon and exaggerate all their mishaps, till it seems to you a miracle that the party holds together for an hour.

The Mutiny of the Mavericks

DECEMBER EIGHTH

Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks his shirt in. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of Western peoples, instead of the most westerly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

The Man Who Was

DECEMBER NINTH

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose

Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—

Such boastings as the Gentiles use,

Or lesser breeds without the Law—

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget—lest we forget'

Recessional

DECEMBER TENTH

My work is everything I have, or am, or hope to be, to me, and I believe I've learned the law that governs it; but I've some lingering sense of fun left,—though you've nearly knocked it out of me. I can just see that it isn't everything to all the world.

The Light That Failed

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

When an American wishes to indicate the next country or state, he says, "God A'mighty's earth." This prevents discussion and flatters his vanity.

Chicago

DECEMBER TWELFTH

Let a puppy eat the soap in the bath-room or chew a newly blacked boot. He chews and chuckles until, by and by, he finds out that blacking and Old Brown Windsor make him very sick; so he argues that soap and boots are not wholesome. Any old dog about the house will soon show him the unwisdom of biting big dog's ears. Being young, he remembers and goes abroad, at six months, a well-mannered little beast with a chastened appetite. If he had been kept away from boots, and soap, and big dogs till he came to the trinity full-grown and with developed teeth, consider how fearfully sick and thrashed he would be! Apply that notion to the "sheltered life," and see how it works. It does not sound pretty, but it is the better of two evils.

Thrown Away

DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

Old is the song that I sing—

Old as my unpaid bills—

Old as the chicken that *kitmutgars* bring

Men at dak-bungalows—old as the Hills.

Army Headquarters

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

The other sight of the evening was a horror. The little tragedy played itself out at a neighboring table where two very young men and two very young women were sitting. . . . And they were all four children of sixteen and seventeen. Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a

prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back-doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said: "There is no harm in it, taken moderately;" and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send those two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end.

America's Defenceless Coasts

DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

"Well, and how does success taste?" said Torpenhow, some three months later.

"Good," said Dick, as he sat licking his lips before the easel in the studio. "I want more, —heaps more. The lean years have passed, and I approve of these fat ones."

"Be careful, old man. That way lies bad work."

The Light That Failed

DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

All th' women i' the congregation dinned it to 'Liza 'at she were fair fond to take up wi' a wastrel ne'er-do-weel like me, as was scarelins respectable an' a fighting dog at his heels. It was all very well for her to be doing me good

and saving my soul, but she must mind as she didn't do herself harm. They talk o' rich folks bein' stuck up an' genteel, but for cast-iron pride o' respectability there's naught like poor chapel folk.

On Greenhow Hill

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

The prince among merchants bid me take no heed to the warlike sentiments of some of the old generals.

"The sky-rockets are thrown in for effect," quoth he, "and whenever we get on our hind legs we always express a desire to chaw up England. It's a sort of family affair."

And, indeed, when you come to think of it, there is no other country for the American public speaker to trample upon.

France has Germany; we have Russia; for Italy Austria is provided; and the humblest Pathan possesses an ancestral enemy.

Only America stands out of the racket, and therefore to be in fashion makes a sand-bag of the mother country, and hangs her when occasion requires.

American Politics

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Do you suppose men are chosen for appointments because of their special fitness *before-hand*? You have all passed a high test—what do you call it?—in the beginning, and, except for the few who have gone altogether to the bad,

you can all work hard. Asking does the rest. Call it cheek, call it insolence, call it anything you like, but *ask!* Men argue—yes, I know what men say—that a man, by the mere audacity of his request, *must* have some good in him. A weak man doesn't say: "Give me this and that." He whines: "Why haven't I been given this and that?"

The Education of Otis Yeere

DECEMBER NINETEENTH

The world of the innocents abroad is a touching and unsophisticated place, and its very atmosphere urges the Anglo-Indian unconsciously to extravagant mendacity. Can you wonder, then, that a guide of long-standing should in time grow to be an accomplished liar?

Letters of Marque

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

Speaking roughly, you must employ either blackguards or gentlemen, or, best of all, blackguards commanded by gentlemen, to do butcher's work with efficiency and despatch.

The Drums of the Fore and Aft

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

He was beginning to learn, not for the first time in his experience, that kissing is a cumulative poison. The more you get of it, the more you want.

The Light That Failed

DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

You know the casual way in which men pass on acquaintances in India? It is a great convenience, because you can get rid of a man you don't like by writing a letter of introduction and putting him with it, into the train. If you keep them moving, they have no time to say insulting and offensive things.

A Friend's Friend

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Anyhow, suicide is shirking your work. If I was a Job ten times over, I should be so interested in what was going to happen next that I'd stay on and watch.

At the End of the Passage

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners and carriage;
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of Marriage.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Call on Rama, going slowly,
As ye bear a brother lowly—
Call on Rama—he may hear, perhaps, your voice!
With our hymn-books and our psalters
We appeal to other altars,
And to-day we bid "good Christian men rejoice!"

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is hot
above us,
As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking
wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner—those
who tell us how they love us,
And forget us till another year be gone!

Christmas in India

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

When you ask them what makes them so
charming, they say:

“It is because we are better educated than
your girls, and—and we are more sensible in
regard to men. We have good times all round,
but we aren’t taught to regard every man as a
possible husband. Nor is he expected to marry
the first girl he calls on regularly.”

Yes, they have good times, their freedom is
large, and they do not abuse it.

American Politics

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

To each man his own god, and the fire or
Mother Earth for us all at the last.

Namgay Doola

DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Love’s like line-work: you must go forward
or backward; you can’t stand still.

The Light That Failed

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Lord be good to me, for I have stud some
trouble!

The Courting of Dinah Shadd

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave
to row once more—

Set some strong man free for fighting as I take
awhile his oar.

But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her
service then?

God be thanked—whate'er comes after, I have
lived and toiled with Men!

The Galley-Slave

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

And so I tell you nothing—wish you luck,
And wonder—how I wonder!—for your sake
And triumph for my own. You're young, you're
young,

You hold to half a hundred Shibboleths.

I'm old. I followed Power to the last,

Gave her my best, and Power followed Me.

It's worth it—on my soul I'm speaking plain,

Here by the claret glasses!—worth it all.

I gave—no matter what I gave—I win.

I *know* I win. Mine's work, good work that
lives!

One Viceroy Resigns

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