







BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN (SEE P. 161)

TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

BY
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

with drawings by
FRANK H. TAYLOR

WHAT could be more delightful than to have in the same few minutes all the fascinating terrors of going abroad combined with all the humane security of coming home again? What could be better than to have all the fun of discovering South Africa without the disgusting necessity of landing there? What could be more glorious than to brace one's self up to discover New South Wales and then realize, with a gush of happy tears, that it was really Old South Wales. . . . How can we contrive to be at once astonished at the world and yet at home in it? How can this world give us at once the fascination of a strange town and the comfort and honour of being our own town?

G. K. CHESTERTON
Orthodoxy

PHILADELPHIA

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO

BART HALEY

(THE SOOTHSAYER)

JIMMY CRAVEN

(THE EPICURE)

ROY HELTON

(THE MOUNTAINEER)

MY GENIAL TUTORS IN THE DELICATE ART
OF LIVING IN PHILADELPHIA

AUTHOR'S NOTE

These sketches were all written for the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, which has kindly given permission for their reissue. They were put down under necessary conditions of haste, and I fear that scrupulous and better informed lovers of the city may find much to censure. But they were not intended as a formal portrait, merely as snapshots of vivacious phases of the life of today. Philadelphia, most livable and lovable of large cities, makes a unique appeal to the meditative stroller.

I am very grateful indeed to Mr. Frank H. Taylor for letting me include some of his delightful drawings, which preserve the outlines and graces of so many Philadelphia scenes.

PHILADELPHIA
December 29, 1919

INTRODUCTION

THE publishers of these "Travels" have asked me to write an introduction to this little volume: it needs no introduction, but I gladly comply, for I am happy to link my name with that of the author.

Occasionally, on red letter days, for two years past these papers have been appearing in the *Evening Ledger*, and many of us have turned to the editorial page on which they were printed to quiet our nerves preparatory to a glance at the stock market column to discover what has happened to our investments. And reassured on this point, it may be, or discouraged, we have turned back to re-read slowly these little essays which, with a humor all their own and a strong local flavor, have a quality which we supposed had disappeared with the essayists who were writing in London, just a century ago. Finally, the "Travels" became so popular that I have seen men carefully cut them out with their penknives and place them in their wallets to pass on to some appreciative friend later, with the remark, "Have you seen that last thing of Morley's? I cut it out for you."

And so it is that these seeming ephemera have been thought worthy of being collected in a volume, and rightly too, for they have a charm which we shall seek for in vain elsewhere. Which we shall seek for in vain in Philadelphia, perhaps I should have written, for with the publication of

these papers, Christopher Morley, the well-beloved "Kit" of his many friends, shakes the dust of Philadelphia from his ample feet and betakes himself to "fresh woods and pastures new," or to drop the elegance of Milton, he goes to New York, there to create in the columns of the *Evening Post* that atmosphere of amiability which we have come to regard as inseparable from him.

Of course, some of us will resolve to submit to the inconvenience of awaiting at Broad Street Station the arrival of the four o'clock train from New York which usually brings to us the afternoon edition of the *Evening Post*, but I fear that after a time our resolution will go the way of good resolutions generally, and that we will force ourselves to be content with second best. For after Morley, whatever comes will be second best. Where else shall we find simplicity, the gayety, the kindly humor, and the charm of this gentle essayist? Who, other than Morley, could make a walk out Market Street of interest and a source of fun? His little skit in the manner of Karl Baedeker is inimitable. Who, but he, would think of calling Ridge Avenue, that diagonal that passes over the shoulder of Philadelphia, "the Sam Brown belt"? Who, but he, could find in the commonplace, sordid, and depressing streets of our city, subjects for a sheaf of dainty little essays, as delightful as they are unique? For say what you will, to most of us the streets of Philadelphia are dirty and depressing. But

Morley sees everything—not red but rosy—which is a very different matter.

It is a thousand pities that Morley agreed to go to New York just at the arrival of our new Mayor, who has promised that our streets shall be swept and garnished,—and I, for one, believe that he will keep his word,—but perhaps he is leaving Philadelphia on this very account, for I remember that neatness never had any charm for him. Have we not, all of us, read of the condition of his roll-top desk?

Be this as it may. We are to lose him, and I, for one, am desolate. Students and men of the world we have, but of “saunterers,” in these days of big business, of “snappers-up of unconsidered trifles,” we have too few. We have all kinds of cusses but Autolycusses. We can ill spare Morley to New York. But wherever he goes, our good wishes go with him, and he may yet, when he has had his fling in the “metrolopus,” as Francis Wilson used to call the great city, rid himself of his motley and, assuming a collegiate gown, return to his Alma Mater, Haverford, there to carry on the splendid tradition of his and my old friend Gummere; for beneath his assumption of the vagabond, Morley has the learning as well as the tastes and traditions of the scholar, as will be evident to the reader of these pages.

A. EDWARD NEWTON

*Daylesford, Pa.,
January 20, 1920*

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TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Jan. 17, 1919

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, sagacious and witty,
The greatest of all who have lived in this city,
Earnest and frugal and very discerning,
Always industrious, bent upon learning,
Athlete, ambassador, editor, printer,
Merchant and scientist, writer, inventor,
None was more canny or shrewder of brain,
None was more practical or more humane,
None was e'er wiser
With common sense ripe,
Great advertiser
And founder of type.

Troubles he suffered, but he didn't dodge any:
Born the fifteenth of a numerous progeny
(Seventeen children Josiah had sired,
A whole little font of good lower-case types;
A fact that the census man must have admired—
I think old Josiah might well have worn
stripes,
But that was in Boston where folks are prolific)
He passed through a boyhood by no means pacific.
Through most of his teens, young Benjamin lent
his
Best efforts to being his brother's apprentice,
But Jimmy was crusty—they didn't get on,
And one autumn morning young Benny was gone.
He vowed he would make his sour kinsman look
silly,
And so he took ship and descended on Philly.

The very first thought that came into his nob
 (After buying some buns) was to look for a job.
 So up from the ferry
 Our Benjamin stalked,
 And hungrily, very,
 Ate buns as he walked.
 A certain blithe flapper,
 A whimsical lass,
 Observed the young strapper
 And thought he lacked class,
 And so, in the manner of feminine strafing,
 The superior damsel just couldn't help laughing;
 But Ben, unabashed by this good-natured chaffing,
 Although young Deborah
 Was certainly rude,
 He thought he'd ignore her
 And cheerfully chewed.
 With the best kind of repartee later he parried her,
 For seven years afterward he went and married
 her.

Well, you all know of his varied successes,
 Electrical hobbies and his printing presses.
 See how his mind, with original oddity
 Touched and found interest in every commodity:
 Busy with schemes to domesticate lightning,
 Inventing a stove for home warming and brighten-
 ing,
 Scribbling a proverb, a joke or a sermon,
 Publishing too (what I am loth to mention
 For fear of its bringing up any dissension)
 Printing, I say, a newspaper in German—
 Also, for which he's remembered by most,
 He founded the *Saturday Evening Post*,
 For which Irvin Cobb has consistently praised
 him—
 And its circulation would much have amazed him!

Busy with matters too many for telling—
Saving of daylight and simplified spelling—
Still his chief happiness, as one may think,
Came when he found himself dabbling in ink,
And all his writings, though slight he did think
'em,

Brought him a very respectable income.
His was a mind that was chiefly empirical,
Not at all given to theory or miracle—
Nothing chimerical,
Nothing hysterical,—

Though he wrote verses, they weren't very lyrical,
And he was touched with a taste for satirical.
Though his more weighty affairs were so numerous
Yet he was quaintly and constantly humorous,
Loved Philadelphians, but when he was one of
them

Nothing he liked quite so well as make fun of them.

Scarce an invention since his time has burst
But Benjamin Franklin had thought of it first;
Indeed it would cause me no ejaculations
To hear he suggested the new League of Nations.
He truly succeeded in most that he tried, he
Confounded his enemies, and when he died he
Was guiltless of sin except being untidy.
He died of old age, not of illness or tumor,
And wrote his own epitaph, full of good humor.
Every tradition and custom he broke,
This first Philadelphian who dared make a joke!

SAUNTERING

SOME famous lady—who was it?—used to say of anyone she richly despised that he was “a saunterer.” I suppose she meant he was a mere trifle, a lounge, an idle stroller of the streets. It is an ignominious confession, but I am a confirmed saunterer. I love to be set down haphazard among unknown byways; to saunter with open eyes, watching the moods and humors of men, the shapes of their dwellings, the criss-cross of their streets. It is an implanted passion that grows keener and keener. The everlasting lure of round-the-corner, how fascinating it is!

I love city squares. The most interesting persons are always those who have nothing special to do: children, nurses, policemen, and actors at 11 o'clock in the morning. These are always to be found in the park; by which I mean not an enormous sector of denatured countryside with bridle paths, fishponds and sea lions, but some broad patch of turf in a shabby elbow of the city, striped with pavements, with plenty of sun-warmed benches and a cast-iron zouave erected about 1873 to remind one of the horrors of commemorative statuary. Children scuffle to and fro; dusty men with spiculous chins loll on the seats; the uncouth and pathetic vibrations of humankind are on every side.

It is entrancing to walk in such places and cata-

logue all that may be seen. I jot down on scraps of paper a list of all the shops on a side street; the names of tradesmen that amuse me; the absurd repartees of gutter children. Why? It amuses me and that is sufficient excuse. From now until the end of time no one else will ever see life with my eyes, and I mean to make the most of my chance. Just as Thoreau compiled a Domesday Book and kind of classified directory of the sights, sounds and scents of Walden (carefully recording the manners of a sandbank and the prejudices of a woodlouse or an apple tree) so I love to annotate the phenomena of the city. I can be as solitary in a city street as ever Thoreau was in Walden.

And no Walden sky was ever more blue than the roof of Washington square this morning. Sitting here reading Thoreau I am entranced by the mellow flavor of the young summer. The sun is just goodly enough to set the being in a gentle toasting muse. The trees confer together in a sleepy whisper. I have had buckwheat cakes and syrup for breakfast, and eggs fried both recto and verso; good foundation for speculation. I puff cigarettes and am at peace with myself. Many a worthy waif comes to lounge beside me; he glances at my scuffed boots, my baggy trousers; he knows me for one of the fraternity. By their boots ye shall know them. Many of those who have abandoned the race for this world's honors have a shrewdness all their own. What is it Thoreau

says, with his penetrative truth?—"Sometimes we are inclined to class those who are once and a half witted with the half witted, because we appreciate only a third part of their wit." By the time a man is thirty he should be able to see what life has to offer, and take what dishes on the menu agree with him best. That is whole wit, indeed, or wit-and-a-half. And if he finds his pleasure on a park bench in ragged trousers let him lounge then, with good heart. I welcome him to the goodly fellowship of saunterers, an acolyte of the excellent church of the agorolaters!

These meditations are incurred in the ancient and noble city of Philadelphia, which is a surprisingly large town at the confluence of the Biddle and Drexel families. It is wholly surrounded by cricket teams, fox hunters, beagle packs, and the Pennsylvania Railroad. It has a very large zoölogical garden, containing carnivora, herbivora, scappleivora, and a man from New York who was interned here at the time of the Centennial Exposition in 1876. The principal manufactures are carpets, life insurance premiums, and souvenirs of Independence Hall. Philadelphia was the first city to foresee the advantages of a Federal constitution and oatmeal as a breakfast food.

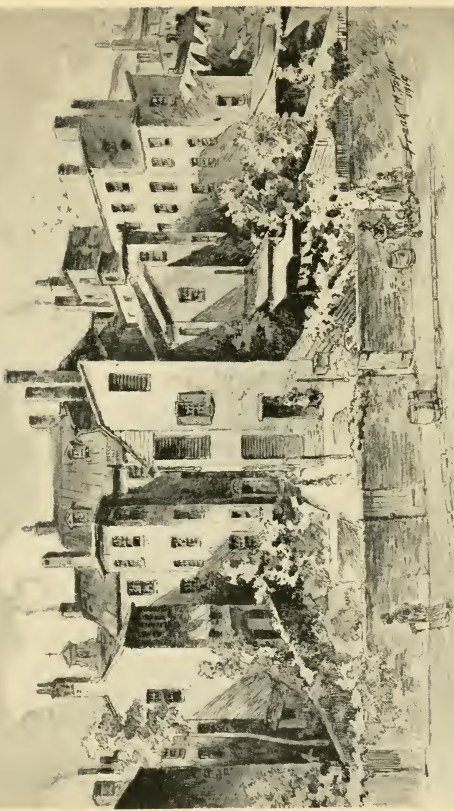
And as one walks and speculates among all this visible panorama, beating one's brains to catch some passing snapshots of it, watching, listening, imagining, the whole hullabaloo becomes ex-

traordinarily precious. The great faulty hodge-podge of the city, its very pavements and house-corners, becomes vividly dear. One longs to clutch the whole meaning in some sudden embrace—to utter some testament of affection that will speak plain truth. “Friday I tasted life,” said Emily Dickinson, the American Blake. “It was a vast morsel.” Something of that baffled exultation seizes one in certain moments of strolling, when the afternoon sun streams down Chestnut Street on the homeward pressing crowd, or in clear crisp mornings as one walks through Washington Square. Emily utters her prodigious parables in flashing rockets that stream for an instant in the dusk, then break and sink in colored balls. Most of us cannot ejaculate such dazzles of flame. We pick and poke and stumble our thoughts together, catching at a truth and losing it again.

Agreeable vistas reward the eye of the resolute stroller. For instance, that delightful cluster of back gardens, old brick angles, dormer windows and tall chimneys in the little block on Orange street west of Seventh. Orange street is the little alley just south of Washington Square. In the clean sunlight of a fresh May morning, with masses of green trees and creepers to set off the old ruddy brick, this quaint huddle of buildings composes into a delightful picture that has been perpetuated by the skilful pencil of Frank H. Taylor. A kindly observer in the Dreer seed

warehouse, which backs upon Orange street, noticed me prowling about and offered to take me up in his elevator. From one of the Dreer windows I had a fascinating glimpse down upon these roofs and gardens. One of them is the rear yard of the Italian consulate at 717 Spruce street. Another is the broader garden of The Catholic Historical Society, in which I noticed with amusement Nicholas Biddle's big stone bathtub sunning itself. Then there is the garden of the adorable little house at 725 Spruce street, which is particularly interesting because, when seen from the street, it appears to have no front door. The attic window of that house is just our idea of what an attic window ought to be.

A kind of philosophy distills itself in the mind of the saunterer. Painfully tedious as people often are, they have the sublime quality of interesting one. Not merely by what they say, but often by what they don't say. Their eyes—how amazing is the thought of all those millions of little betraying windows! How bravely they struggle to express what is in them. A modern essayist has spoken of "the haggard necessities of parlor conversation." But the life of the streets has no such conventions. It is real: it comes hot from the pan. It is as informal, as direct and as unpretentious as the greetings of dogs. It is a never-failing remedy for the blues.



BACK GARDENS ON ORANGE STREET

LITTLE ITALY

THERE are three gentlemen with whom I have been privileged, on happy occasions, to take travels in Philadelphia. The first is the Mountaineer, a tall vagabond, all bone and gristle, member emeritus of the Hoboes' Union, who can tramp all day on seven cents' worth of milk chocolate, knows the ins and outs of every queer trade and is a passionate student of back alleys and mean streets. Pawnshops, groggeries, docks and factories make his mouth water with the astounding romance of every day.

The second is the Soothsayer, an amiable visionary whose eye dotes on a wider palette. Soothsayer by profession, artist and humanitarian at heart, he is torn and shaken on every street by the violent paradoxes of his lively intellect. A beggar assaults his sense of pity—but rags are so picturesque! A vast hotel, leaking golden flame at every window against the green azure of the dusk, fascinates his prismatic eyeball—but how about the poor and humble? Treading the wide vistas of the Parkway in a sunset flush he is transported by the glory of the vision. Scouting some infamous alley of smells he would blast the whole rottenness from the earth. He never knows whether the city is a sociological nightmare or an Arabian color-box.

And the third is the Epicure. In person very similar to Napoleon the Third, late emperor of the

French, some mysterious tincture of the Mediterranean moves in his strictly Saxon blood. A man of riotous and ungovernable humor, frequently halting on the streets until his paroxysms of outrageous mirth will permit further locomotion, the only thing he never laughs at is food. He sees the city not as a vast social riddle, nor as a network of heavenly back-alleys, but as a waste of irrelevant architecture, dotted here and there with oases of good meals. Mention some spot in the city and his eye will brighten like a newly sucked glass marble. "Oh, yes," he cries, "that's just round the corner from the Cafe Pancreas, where they have those admirable ortolans!" To eat a meal in company with the Epicure is like watching a great artist at work. He studies the menu with the bitter concentration of a sculptor surveying the block of marble from which the statue is to be chiseled. He does not assassinate his appetite at one swoop with mere sum total of victuals. He gently woos it to annihilation, so that he himself can hardly tell just at what point it dies. He eats with the skill and cunning of a champion chess player, forgoing a soup or an entree in the calculating spirit of Lasker or Marshall, sacrificing pawns in order to execute some coup elsewhere on the board. Waiters, with that subtle instinct of theirs, know as soon as they see that delicately rounded figure enter the *salle à manger*, that here is a man to be reckoned with.

You may imagine, then, my privilege in being

able to accompany the Epicure the other day to the Italian market at Ninth and Christian streets, where he purposed to look over the stalls. It was a day of entrancing sunlight, when all that lively district of Little Italy leaped and trembled in the fullness of light and appetizing fluent air. One saw a secret pathos in the effort to reproduce in the flat dull streets of a foreign city something of the color and mirth of Mediterranean soil. One often wonders what fantastic dream or illusion—was it only a steamship poster?—led so many citizens of the loveliest land on earth to forsake their blue hills and opal valleys to people the cheerless byways of American towns? What does Little Italy think of us and our climate in the raw, bitter days of a western winter? Well, now that the letters are speeding homeward telling of the unbelievable approach of prohibition, there will be few enough of those bright-eyed immigrants!

Christian street breathes the Italian genius for good food. After lunching in a well-known Italian restaurant on Catharine street, where the Epicure instructed me in the mysteries of gnocchi, frittura mista, rognone, scallopini al marsala and that marvelously potent clear coffee which seems to the uninstructed to taste more like wine than coffee, and has a curious shimmer of green round the rim of the liquid, we strolled among the pavement stalls of the little market. It seems to me, just from a cursory study of the exhibit, that the secret of Italian gusto for food is that they take

it closer to nature, and also that they are less keen than we about meat. They do not buy their food already prepared in cardboard boxes. Fish, vegetables, cheese, fruit and nuts seem to be their chief delights. Fish of every imaginable kind may be seen on Christian street. Some of them, small, flattened, silver-shining things, are packed cunningly in kegs in a curious concentric pattern so that the glitter of their perished eyes gleams in hypnotizing circles. Eels, mussels, skates, shrimps, cuttlefish—small pink corpses, bathed in their own ink—and some very tiny ocean morsels that look like white-bait. Cheeses of every kind and color, some of them a dull yellow and molded in a queer gourd-like shape. But the vegetables and herbs are the most inscrutable. Even the gastrologer Epicure was unable to explain them all to me. Chopped bayleaves, artichokes, mushrooms, bunches of red and green peppers, little boxes of dried peas, beans, powdered red pepper, wrinkled olives and raisins, and strange-smelling bundles of herbs that smell only like straw, but which presumably possess some strange seasoning virtue to those who understand them. In the windows of the grocers' shops you will always find *Funghi secchi della Liguria* (Ligurian dried mushrooms) and *Finocchio uso Sicilia* (Fennel, Sicilian style), which names are poems in themselves. And, of course, the long Bologna sausages—and great round loaves of bread.

The Italian sweet tooth is well hinted at in

the Christian street pasticcerias (pastry shops), where cakes, macaroons, biscuits and wafers of every color beckon to the eye. Equally chromatic are the windows of the bookshops, where bright portraits of General Diaz, King Victor and President Wilson beam down upon knots of gossipers arguing on the sunny side of the street, and a magnificent edition of the *Divina Commedia* lies side by side with *Amore Proibito* and *I Sotterranei di New York*. Another volume whose title is legible even to one with scarcely any smattering of tongues is *Il Kaiser All'Inferno!*

Some of the shops in Little Italy seem to embrace a queer union of trades. For instance, one man announces his office as a "Funeral agent and detective bureau"; another, "Bookbinder and flower shop." In one window may be seen elaborate plans of Signor Menotti Nanni's Ocean Floating Safe, in which transatlantic passengers are recommended to stow their valuables. The ship may sink and likewise the passengers, but in the Ocean Floating Safe your jewels and private papers will float off undamaged and roam the ocean until some one comes to salve them. The Italian name for this ingenious device is *Cassaforte Galleggiante*, which we take to mean a swimming strong-box.

No account of Christian street would be complete without at least some mention of the theatres between Eighth and Seventh streets. The other afternoon I stopped in at one of them, expecting

to see moving pictures, which are comprehensible in all languages; but instead I found two Italian comedians—a man and a woman—performing on an odd little stage to an audience which roared applause at every line. I was unable to understand a word, but the skill and grace of the performers were evident, also the suave and liquid versification of their lines. The manager walked continually up and down the aisles, rebuking every sound and movement other than legitimate applause with a torrential hiss. Every time a baby squalled—and there were many—the manager sibilated like a python. The audience took this quite for granted, so evidently it is customary. It is a salutary lesson in modesty to attend a performance conducted in a foreign language: there is nothing that so rapidly impresses upon one our stupid provincial ignorance of most tongues but our own.

Little Italy is only a few blocks away from Chestnut street, and yet I daresay thousands of our citizens hardly suspect its existence. If you chance to go down there about 1 o'clock some bright afternoon, when all the children are enjoying the school recess, and see that laughing, romping mass of bright-eyed young citizens, you will wonder whether they are to be congratulated on growing up in this new country of wonderful opportunity, or to be pitied for losing the beauty and old tradition of that storied peninsula so far away.

MEETING THE GODS FOR A DIME'

IF WE had to choose just one street in Philadelphia to the exclusion of all others, probably our greatest affection would be for Ludlow street. We have constituted ourself the president, publicity committee and sole member of the Ludlow Street Business Men's Association and Chamber of Commerce. We propose in this manifesto to make known to the world just where Ludlow street is, and why it is so fair.

Ludlow street is not in any sense a thoroughfare. It does not fare through, for its course is estopped by several bulky buildings. It reappears here and there in a whimsical, tentative manner. We do not pretend to know all about Ludlow street, nor have we charted its entire course. But the pith and quintessence of this runnel of culture is trod almost daily by our earnest feet.

Our doings with Ludlow street begin when we turn off Eleventh street and caress the flank of the Mercantile Library in an easterly gambit. Then, with our nose cocked for any wandering savors from the steaming roast beeves of a Tenth street ordinary well known to epicureans, we dart along until our progress is barred by the Federal Building. This necessitates a portage through the Federal Reserve Bank on to the roaring coast of Chestnut street. We double back on Ninth

and find Ludlow reappearing just above Leary's Book Store.

Here it is that our dear Ludlow street finds its mission and meaning in life. From the tall-browed facade of the Mercantile Library it has caught a taste for literature and against the north wall of Leary's it indulges itself to the full. Perhaps you would think it a grimy little alley as it twists blithely round Leary's, but to us it is a porchway of Paradise. How many hours we have dallied under that little penthouse shelter mulling over the ten-cent shelves! All the rumors and echoes of letters find their way to Ludlow street sooner or later. We can lay our ear to those battered rows of books as to a whorled conch shell and hear the solemn murmur of the vast ocean of literature. There we may meet the proud argosies or the humble derelicts of that ocean for ten cents.

Yes, they all come to Ludlow street in the end. We have found Wentworth's Arithmetic there, old foe of our youth; and George Eliot, and Porter (Jane) and Porter (Gene Stratton). There used to be a complete set of Wilkie Collins, bound in blue buckram, at the genteel end of the street among the twenty-five centers. We were buying them, one by one (that was before the days of thrift stamps), when some plutocrat came along and kidnapped the whole bunch. He was an un-discerning plutocrat, because he took the second volume of "The Woman in White" while we were

still reading the first. When we went gayly to buy Volume II, lo! it was gone.

Clark Russell is there, with his snowy canvassed yachts dipping and creaming through azure seas; and once in a while a tattered Frank Stockton or a "Female Poets of America" or "The Mysteries of Udolpho." We have learned more about books from Ludlow street than ever we did in any course at college. We remember how we used to hasten thither on Saturday afternoons during our college days and, fortified with an automatic sandwich and a cup of coffee, we would spend a delirious three hours plundering the jeweled caves of joy. Best of all are the wet days when the rain drums on the little shelter-roof and drips down the back of the fanatic. But what true fanatic heeds a chilled spine when his head is warmed by all the fires of Olympus?

Ludlow street has quiet sorrows of its own, however. At the end of the ten-cent shelves, redeemed and exalted, even intoxicated by these draughts of elixir, it staggers a little in its gait. It takes a wild reeling twist round behind Leary's, clinging to that fortress of the Muses as long as it may. And then comes the thorn in its crown. Just as it has begun to fancy itself as a highbrow pathway to Helicon, it finds itself wearing against its sober brick wall one of the Street Cleaning Department's fantastic and long-neglected ash piles. This abashes the poor little street so that when it strikes Eighth street it becomes confused, totters

feebly several perches to the north and commits suicide in a merry little cul de sac frequented by journeymen carpenters, who bury it in their sweet-smelling shavings.

O blessed little Ludlow street! You are to Philadelphia what the old book stalls on the Seine bank are to Paris, what Charing Cross Road is to London. You are the home and haunt of the shyest, sweetest Muses there are: the Muses of old books. The Ludlow Street Business Men's Association, in convention assembled, drinks a beaker of Tom and Jerry to your health and good fortune!

WILD WORDS WE HAVE KNOWN

ABOUT noon on Saturday the city heaves a sigh of relief. Indeed, it begins a little earlier than that. About eleven-forty even the most faithful stenographer begins to woolgather. Letters dictated in that last half hour are likely to be addressed "Mrs. Henrietta Jenkins, Esq.," or "Miss John Jones." The patient paying teller has to count over his notes three times to be sure of not giving a five instead of a one. The glorious demoralization spreads from desk to desk. No matter who we are or how hard we have worked, it is Saturday noon, and for a few hours we are going to forget the war and spend our pocketful of carefree fresh-minted minutes. As Tom Daly, the poet laureate of Philadelphia, puts it—

“Whenever it’s a Saturday and all my work is through,
I take a walk on Chestnut street to see what news is new.”

Every Jack and Jill has his or her own ideas of a Saturday afternoon adventure. Our stenographer hastens off with a laughing group to the Automat and the movies. Our friend with the shell-rimmed spectacles, tethered by a broad silk ribbon, is bound to the Academy of the Fine Arts to censure the way Mr. Sargent has creased John D. Rockefeller’s trousers, and will come back bursting with indignation to denounce the portrait “a mere chromo.” We ourself hasten to the Reading Terminal to meet a certain pair of brown eyes that are sparkling in from Marathon for lunch and a mobilization of spring millinery. And others are off to breast the roaring gusts of March on the golf meads or trundle baby carriages on the sunny side of suburban streets.

But there is another diversion for Saturday afternoon that is very dear to us, and sometimes we are able to coax B—— W—— to agree. That is to spend two or three glorious hours in the library mulling over the dictionaries. Talk about chasing a golfball over the links or following Theda Bara serpentine through a mile of celluloid, or stalking Tom and Jerry, mystic affinities, from bar to bar along Chestnut street—what can these excitements offer compared to a breathless word-hunt in the dictionaries! Words—the

noblest quarry of the sportsman! To follow their spoor through the jungles and champagnes of the English language; to flush them from their hiding places in dense thickets of Chaucer or Spenser, track them through the noble aisles of Shakespeare forest and find them at last perching gayly on the branches of O. Henry or George Ade! The New Oxford Dictionary, that most splendid monument of human scholarship, gives moving pictures of words from their first hatching down to the time when they soar like eagles in the open air of today.

We know no greater joy than an afternoon spent with dear old Dr. Johnson's Dictionary of the English Language, published after seven years' patient labor in 1755. Probably somewhere in Philadelphia there is a copy of the first edition; but the one we know (at the Mercantile Library) is the revised fourth edition which the doctor put out in 1775. One can hardly read without a lump in the throat that noble preface in which Doctor Johnson rehearses the greatness and discouragement of his task. And who can read too often his rebuff to the Earl of Chesterfield, who, having studiously neglected to aid the lexicographer during the long years of his compilation, sought by belated flattery to associate himself with the vast achievement? "Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?"

And who does not chuckle over the caustic humor of the doctor's definitions of words that touched his own rugged career? "Lexicographer: a harmless drudge;" "book-learned: versed in books or literature; a term implying some slight contempt"; "Grub street: a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries and temporary poems."

O. Henry was a great devotee of word-beagling in dictionaries, and his whimsical "review" of Webster deserves to be better known:—

"We find on our table quite an exhaustive treatise on various subjects written in Mr. Webster's well-known, lucid and piquant style. There is not a dull line between the covers of the book. The range of subjects is wide, and the treatment light and easy without being flippant. A valuable feature of the work is the arranging of the articles in alphabetical order, thus facilitating the finding of any particular word desired. Mr. Webster's vocabulary is large, and he always uses the right word in the right place. Mr. Webster's work is thorough, and we predict that he will be heard from again."

What exhilaration can Theda Bara or the nineteenth putting green offer compared to the bliss of pursuing through a thousand dictionary pages some Wild Word We Have Known, and occasionally discovering an unfamiliar creature of strange and dazzling plumage?

THE ENCHANTED VILLAGE

IT WAS a warm morning. Everybody knew it was going to be hot later on and was bustling to get work well under way before the blaze of noon. The broad vista of Market street was dimmed by the summer haze that is part atmospheric and part gasoline vapor. And as I strolled up Sixth street I kept to the eastern side, which was still in pleasant shadow.

Sixth street has a charming versatility. Its main concern in the blocks north of Market street seems to be machinery and hardware—cutlery and die stamping and tools. But it amuses itself with other matters—printing and bookbinding, oysters and an occasional smack of beer. Like most of our downtown streets, it is well irrigated. It is a jolly street for a hot day, calling out many an ejaculation of the eye. For instance, I cannot resist the office window of a German newspaper. The samples of job printing displayed are so delightful a medley of the relaxations which make the world safe for democracy. Dance Program of the Beer Drivers' Union, Annual Ball of the Bellboys of Philadelphia, Russian Tea Party, First Annual Picnic of the Young People's Socialist League, Banquet of the Journeymen Barbers' Union—who would not have found honest mirth (and plenty of malt and hot dogs) at these entertainments! Just so we can imagine Messrs.

Lenine and Trotsky girding their seidels for a long midsummer day's junket with the Moscow Soviet. There also are the faded announcement cards for some address by Mme. Rosika Schwimmer (of Budapest), secretary of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance. Dear me, what has happened to the indefatigable Rosika since she and Henry Ford and others went bounding and bickering on a famous voyage to Stockholm? As some steamship company used to advertise, "In all the world, no trip like this."

At Race street I turned east to St. John's Lutheran Church. The church stands between Fifth and Sixth. In front of it, in a little semi-circle of sun-bleached grass, stands the family vault of Bohl Bohlen. In this vault lie Brigadier General W. Henry C. Bohlen, killed in action at Freeman's Ford on the Rappahannock River, August 22, 1862, and his wife, Sophie. It is interesting to remember that they were the grandparents of the present Herr Krupp.

The little burying ground behind St. John's is one of the most fascinating spots in Philadelphia. I found George Hahn, the good-natured sexton, cutting the grass, and he took me round to look at many of the old tombstones, now mostly unreadable. Several Revolutionary veterans came to their resting in that little acre, among them Philip Summer, who died in 1814, and who is memorable to me because his wife was called Solemn. Solemn Summer—her name is carved

on the stone. If I were an artist I should love to picture the quaint huddle of tawny red brick overlooking St. John's churchyard, the vistas of narrow little streets, the corners and angles of old houses. The sunny walls of the burying ground are a favorite basking place for cats of all hues—yellow, black and gray. I envy George Hahn his quiet hours of work in that silent inclosure, but he assured me that the grass is rank and grows with dreadful speed. The somewhat desolate and forgotten air of the graveyard, with its broken stones and splintered trees, adds greatly to the wistfulness of its charm.

Behind the churchyard is a kind of enchanted village. Summer street bounds the cemetery, and from this branch off picturesque little lanes—Randolph street, for instance, with its row of trim little red houses, the white and green shutters, the narrow cobbled footway. It was ironing day and, taking a furtive peep through basement doors, I could see the regular sweep of busy sad-irons on white boards. Children abound, and I felt greatly complimented when one infant called out *Da-Da*, as I passed. Parallel with Randolph street run Fairhill and Reese—tiny little byways, but a kind of miniature picture of the older Philadelphia. Snowy clothes were fluttering from the lines and pumps gushing a silver stream into wash-tubs. Strong white arms were sluicing and lathering the clothes, sousing them in the bluing-tinted water. Everywhere children were playing merrily

in the overflow. And there were window-boxes with bright flowers.

At the corner of Reese and Summer streets is a little statuary workshop—a cool dim place, full of white figures and an elderly man doing something mysterious with molds. I would have liked to hear all about his work, but as he was not very questionable I felt too bashful to insist.

If I were a sketcher I would plant my easel at the corner of Summer and Randolph streets and spend a long day puffing tobacco and trying to pencil the quaint domestic charm of that vista. The children would crowd round to watch and comment and little by little I would learn—what the drawing would be only a pretext for learning—something of their daily mirth and tears. I would hear of their adventurous forays into the broad green space of Franklin Square, only a few yards away. Of scrambles over the wall into St. John's churchyard when George Hahn isn't looking. Of the sweets that may be bought for a penny at the little store on the corner. I should say that store sells more soap than anything else. Randolph street simply glistens with cleanliness—all except the upper end, where the city is too lazy to see that the garbage is carried away. But then a big city is so much more concerned with parades on Broad street than removing garbage from the hidden corners where little urchins play.

Round the corner on Fifth street is the quaint cul de sac of Central place, which backs up against

Reese street, but does not run through. It is a quiet little brick yard, with three green pumps (also plopping into washtubs) and damp garments fluttering out on squeaky pulley lines from the upper windows. The wall at the back of the court is topped with flowers and morning-glory vines. On one of the marble stoops a woman was peeling potatoes and across the yard a girl with a blue dress was washing clothes. It seemed to me like a scene out of one of Barrie's stories.

Who is the poet or the artist of this little village of ruddy brick behind St. John's graveyard? Who will tell me how the rain lashes down those narrow passages during a summer storm, when the children come scampering home from Franklin Square? Who will tell me of the hot noons when the hokey-pokey man tolls his bright bell at the end of the street and mothers search their purses for spare pennies? Or when the dripping ice wagon rumbles up the cobbles with its vast store of great crystal and green blocks of chill and perhaps a few generous splinters for small mouths to suck? I suppose poets may have sung the songs of those back streets. If they haven't they are very foolish. The songs are there.

TRAILING MRS. TROLLOPE

THE MOUNTAINEER has lent us a copy of "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in which Mrs. Trollope, the mother of Anthony, recorded her numerous chagrins during a three-year tour among the barbarians in 1827-30.

She visited Philadelphia in the summer of 1830, and remarks as follows upon some scenes familiar to us:

"The State House has nothing externally to recommend it . . . there is a very pretty inclosure before the Walnut street entrance, with good, well-kept gravel walks. . . . Near this inclosure is another of much the same description, called Washington Square. Here there was an excellent crop of clover; but as the trees are numerous, and highly beautiful, and several commodious seats are placed beneath their shade, it is, in spite of the long grass, a very agreeable retreat from heat and dust. It was rarely, however, that I saw any of these seats occupied; the Americans have either no leisure or no inclination for those moments of *délassement* that all other people, I believe, indulge in. Even their drams, so universally taken by rich and poor, are swallowed standing, and, excepting at church, they never have the air of leisure or repose. This pretty Washington Square is surrounded by houses on three sides, but (lasso!) has a prison on the fourth; it is, nevertheless, the nearest approach to a London square that is to be found in Philadelphia."

Even after nearly ninety years there is a certain pang in learning that while Madam Trollope found nothing comely about the exterior of Independence Hall, she proclaimed New York's City Hall as "noble."

Trying to imagine that we were Mrs. Trollope, we took a stroll up Ninth street in the bright April sun. It was chilly and the burly sandwich-man of Market street, the long-haired, hatless philosopher so well known by sight, was leaning shivering in his shirt-sleeves against an arc light standard trying to wrap his advertising boards around him like an overcoat. "Why don't you walk up and down a bit?" we asked him, after he had rebuked the thermometer with a robust adjective which would have caused Mrs. Trollope to call for hartshorn and ammonia.

"Can't do it," he said. "I've got a bum job today. Got to stand on this corner, advertising a new drug store; 7:30 to 12:30 and 1:30 to 5:30. It's a long day, I'll say so."

Ninth street above Market is a delightful and varied world in itself. At the corner of Filbert we found the following chalked on a modest black-board:

Irish Stew
Pot Roast
2 Vegetables
15c

Within, a number of citizens were taking those standing drams Mrs. Trollope deprecated. We

were reminded by these social phenomena that we had not lunched. In a neighboring beanery we dealt with a delightful rhubarb pie, admiring the perfection of the waitress's demeanor. Neither too condescending nor too friendly, she laid the units of our repast upon the marble table with a firm clank which seemed to imply that our eating there meant nothing to her; yet she hoped we might find nourishment enough not to die on her hands.

The assorted attractions of North Ninth street never fail the affectionate stroller. Novelty shops where mysterious electric buzzers vibrate and rattle on the plate-glass panes, and safety razors reach bottomless prices that would tempt even a Russian statesman to unbush. Picture shops, where such really delightful sentimental engravings as "The End of the Skein" cause soft-hearted bystanders to fly home and write to dear old grandmother; wine shops where electric bulbs shimmer all day long within pyramids of gin bottles. "Stock Up Before July First!" cries the vintner. "There's a Bad Time Coming!" And he adds:

We know a man who sells a
quart of water with a little
cheap whisky in it

VERY CHEAP

Morale!

If you really want a highball
buy our, etc.

The animal shops always attract the passers-by. One window was crowded with 'new-hatched

chicks, tender yellow balls of fluff that cause grizzled bums to moralize droopingly on the sweetness of youth and innocence. They (the chicks) were swarming around their feeding pans like diplomats at the Hotel Crillon in Paris.

These feeding pans are made like circular mouse-traps, with small holes just large enough for the chicks to thrust in their heads. One ambitious infant, however, a very Trotzky among chicks, had got quite inside the pan, and three purple-nosed Falstoffs on the pavement were waiting with painful agitation to see whether he would emerge safely. In a goldfish bowl above, spotted newts were swimming, advertised at fifteen cents each as desirable "scavengas." Baby turtles the size of a dollar piece were crawling over one another in a damp tray. Bright-eyed rabbits twitched their small noses along the pane.

Then came Louis Guanissno, the famous balloon man, moving along in a blaze of color, his red and blue and yellow balloons tugging and gleaming in the sunny air. Louis is a poem to watch, a polychrome joy to behold. And such graceful suavity! "Here's health and prosperity, and God bless you," he says, his kindly rugged face looking down at you; "and when you want any little balloons"—

On a sunny afternoon there are sure to be many browsers picking over the dusty volumes in the pavement boxes of that little bookshop near the old archway above Filbert street. Down the dark

alley that runs under the archway horses stand munching their nosebags, while a big yellow coal wagon, lost in the cul-de-sac, tries desperately to turn around. The three big horses clatter and crash on the narrow paving. A first edition of "Rudder Grange" for fifteen cents wasn't a bad find. (I saw it listed in a recent bookseller's catalogue for \$2.50.) By prying up a flyleaf that had been pasted down I learned that "Uncle George" had given it to Helen L. Coates for "Xmas, 1880."

Up at the Arch street corner is the famous Dumont's Minstrels, once the old Dime Museum, where Frank Dumont's picture stands in the lobby draped in black. Inside, in the quaint old auditorium, the interlocutor sits on his throne and tosses the traditional jest back and forth with the end men, Bennie Franklin and Alf Gibson, clad in their glaring scarlet frock-coats. The old quips about Camden are still doing brave service. Then Eddie Cassady comes on in his cream-colored duds and sings a ditty about Ireland and freedom while he waves the banner with the harp. Beneath the japes on prohibition there is an undertone of profound sadness. Joe Hamilton sings a song which professes to explain that July 1st will be harder on the ladies than any one else. "Good-by, Wild Women, Good-by," it is demurely called. Joe Hortiz gets "Come Back to the Farm" over the footlights, a plaintive tenor appeal, in which the church steeple chimes 3 (a. m.) and all the audi-

ence can hear the cows lowing out in Manayunk and Marcus Hook. We are all nigh to tears for the little sister gone astray in the bad mad city; but here come Burke and Walsh in a merry little duo about whistle-wetting. "We took this country from the Indians," sings Burke. "We'll give it back after the 1st of July," replies Walsh in his dulcet barytone. Then, to show they really don't care so much, they wind up with a jovial bit of dancing.

Dumont's famous "timely burlesques" still keep pace with the humors of the town. The "Drug Store Telephone Fight" reduces the audience to cheery hysteria. Joe Hamilton or some body gets Saint Peter on the wire; the rival demonstrator gets connected with "the other place." The problem is whether the Jazzbo Phone Company or its rival can locate the whereabouts of Mr. William Goat, who (it appears) is the father of the interlocutor, the dignified interlocutor in his purple dress suit, who is writhing in embarrassed distress on his throne. And then, as we are already trespassing on the preserve of the dramatic editor, comes what the program calls "intermission of several minutes, to enable the ladies to powder their noses."

THE HAVERFORD COMES HOME

PHILADELPHIA'S hands were tied in the matter of welcoming the *Haverford*. What a greeting we could have given her men if they had been permitted to parade through the center of the city, past Independence Hall—the symbol of all they fought for—and down the shining sweep of Broad street! And yet, although we were morosely forbidden to “come in contact with them” (it sounds rather like the orders given to citizens of Coblenz), what a fine human note there was in the mass of humbler citizens that greeted the transport at the foot of Washington avenue. I wish Mr. Baker might have been there—the scene would have made him more tender toward those loyal Philadelphians who don't quite see why most of the transports should dock at—well, at another Atlantic port!

But I hadn't intended to go down to see the *Haverford* come in. I have traveled on her myself and know her genial habits of procrastination. I shrewdly suspected she would arrive at her dock long after the hour announced. Days ago, when we were told she would arrive on the 27th, I smiled knowingly. When she was off the Capes and word was telegraphed of a “disabled steering gear,” I chuckled. The jovial old ship was herself again! It is almost incredible that an enemy submarine should have dared to fire a tin fish at her. I should think a cautious, subaqueous com-

mander would have sheered off and dived away in panic, fearing some devil's ruse. Surely no harmless vessel (he ought to have gutturalled to himself) would travel as leisurely as that! How many U-boat captains must have fled her dignified presence, suspecting her to be one of Beatty's trick fleet, sent out to lure innocent submarines to death by loitering blandly on the purple sea. This is no ill-natured jibe. Slow ships are ever the best to travel on. Her unruffled, imperceptible progress across blue horizons is her greatest charm, and was undoubtedly her subtle security.

But passing along Pine street, about thirty tobacco whiffs after breakfast, I saw three maidens run out from the Peirce School in a high cackle of feminine excitement. Evidently they had been let off for the day. "What shall we do with these old books?" I heard one say. "Do we have to cart them round with us?" It was plain from their gleeful chatter that they were bound for Washington avenue. And then on Broad street I saw little groups of pedestrians hurrying southward. Over that spacious thoroughfare there was a feeling of suspense and excitement—the feeling of "something happening" that passes so quickly from brain to brain. I could not resist temptation to go down and join the throng.

Washington avenue is not a boulevard of pleasure. Most of it is a dreary expanse of huge factories and freight cars. But over the cobbles citizens of all sorts were hurrying with bright faces.

Peddlers carried bundles of flags and knots of colored balloons, which tugged and eddied in the cold wind. In an Italian drug store at the corner of Sixth, under a sign, Telefono Pubblico per Qualsiasi Distanza, a distracted pretzel basket man, who had already sold out his wares, was calling up some distant base of supplies in the hope of replenishing his stock. Jefferson Square, brown and leafless, was packed with people. Down by the docks loomed up a tall, black funnel, dribbling smoke. "There she is!" cried an excited lady, leaping from cobble to cobble. For a moment I almost apologized to the good old *Haverford* for having misjudged her. Was she really docked already, on the tick of time? Then I saw that the vessel in sight had only two masts, and I knew that my old favorite had four.

The crowd at the lower end of Washington avenue was immense, held firmly in check by mounted police. Red Cross ambulances and trucks were slowly butting their way down to the pier, envied by us humbler souls who had no way of getting closer. Perched on a tall wagon a group of girls, apparently factory hands, were singing merrily "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me." On every side I heard scraps of detached conversation. "He was wounded and gassed, and he says 'if they send me back to that stuff it'll be in a box.'" Sheltering behind a stout telephone pole, perhaps the very one which was flinging the peddler's anguished cry for more pretzels, I sought a light for

my pipe and found myself gazing on a red-printed dodger: "WORKING CLASS, KNOW THE TRUTH. The workers of Russia have done away with the capitalistic, distroctive, parasitic sitem, which on one hand creates Millionaires and luxury and on the other hobos and misery."

The longest way round is usually the shortest way home, and it occurred to me that the graveyard of Old Swedes Church would be a useful vantage point. I found my way there down the quaint little vista of League street and the oddly named channel of Reckless street. Apparently the same thought had occurred to several other wise-acres, for I got to the gates just as the sexton was locking them. Ignoring the generous offer that the church makes on several signboards—" \$10 Reward for Any Person Found Destroying the Church Property"—I took my stand at one corner of the churchyard, looking out over the docks and the thousands crowded along the pavements below. Reading the tombstones passed away the time for the better part of an hour.

One sad little inscription runs like this:

LIZZIE

affectionate daughter of _____

died Dec. 24, 1857

When Christmas bells ring out their chime
 And holly boughs and sprigs of thyme
 Were hung on many a wall,
 Our LIZZIE in her beauty's prime
 Lay in our darkened hall.

Escaping the chilly wind that blew up from the river I spent some time studying the interior of the lovely little church and reading the epitaphs of the old Swedish pastors. Of Olaf Parlin, one of these, it is nobly written "And in the Last Combat, strengthened by Heavenly Succours, he Quit the Field not Captive but Conqueror."

But still there was no sign of the *Haverford*. I strolled up the waterfront, stopping by the barge *Victor* to admire a very fat terrier fondled by the skipper's wife. I was about to ask if I could step aboard, thinking that the deck of the barge would afford a rather better view of the hoped-for transport, when I saw the ferry *Peerless*, one of the three ancient oddities that ply between South street and Gloucester. And at the same moment the whistles down the river began to blow a deep, vibrant chorus. Obviously, the best way to see the *Haverford* was to take a deep sea voyage to Gloucester.

And so it was. When the *Peerless* pulled away from her slip the first thing we saw was the reception boat *City of Camden*, with the Mayor's committee aboard, backing up-stream in a flutter of flags. And then we came right abreast of the big liner, which had just come opposite her pier. She stood very high in the water, and seems none the worse for the five months' ducking she is said to have had. Her upper decks were brown with men, all facing away from us, however, to acknowledge the roar of cheering from the piers. So they

did not hear the feeble piping set up by the few intrepid travelers to Gloucester. A spinster next to me cried out entranced: "Oh, I would like to take each of those boys and hug them."

A ship is always a noble sight, and while the *Haverford* was never built for beauty, she has the serene dignity of one who has gone about many hard tasks in her own uncomplaining fashion. She has a large and solid stateliness. Hurricanes cannot hustle her, nor have all the hosts of Tirpitz marred her sturdy comeliness. Her funnel is too outrageously tall and lean, her bows too bluff, her beam too broad for her to take on any of the queenly grace of her slim and swagger sisters. She is a square-toed, useful kind of creature; just the sort of vessel the staid Delaware loves, with no swank or swagger. And yet, in the clear yellow light of the winter morning, she seemed to have a new and very lovely beauty. Her masts were dressed with flags, from the bright ripple of the Stars and Stripes at the fore to the deep scarlet of her own Red Ensign over the taffrail. Half a dozen tugs churned and kicked beside her as she swung slowly to the dock. Over the water came a continuous roar of cheering as the waiting thousands tried to say what was in their hearts. In the crude language of the Board of Health, her passengers had not been "disinfected" and we were not to be allowed "contact" with them; but they had traveled far and dared much; they had gone out hoping no gain; they had come back

asking no glory. From the low deck of the *Peerless* we could see them waving their brown caps against the bright blue nothingness of the skyline. They were home again, and we were glad.

MAROONED IN PHILADELPHIA

IF A Philadelphian of a hundred years ago could walk along our streets at night, undoubtedly the first thing that would startle him would be the amazing dazzle of light that floods from all the shop windows. Particularly during the few weeks directly preceding Christmas city streets at night present a panorama that would cure the worst fit of the blues. What a glowing pageant they are, blazing with radiance and color! Here and there you will find a display ornamented with Christmas trees and small red, blue and green electric bulbs. Perhaps there will be a toy electric train running merrily all night long on a figure-eight-shaped track, passing through imitation tunnels and ravines with green artificial moss cunningly glued to them; over ravishing switches and grade crossings, past imposing stations and little signal towers. Perhaps you may be lured by the shimmer of a jeweler's window, set with rows and rows of gold watches on a slanting plush or satin background. There, if you are a patient observer, you will usually find one of the ultra-magnificent time-pieces that have an old-fashioned railroad train

engraved on the case. We have always admired these hugely, but never felt any overwhelming desire to own one. They are sold for \$14.95, being worth \$150.

Sometimes even the most domestic man is marooned in town for the evening. It is always, after the first pang of homesickness is over, an enlarging experience. Instead of the usual rush for train or trolley he loiters after leaving the office, strolling leisurely along the pavements and enjoying the clear blue chill of the dusk. Perhaps the pallid radiance of a barber's shop, with its white bowls of light, lures him in for a shave, and he meditates on the impossibility of avoiding the talcum powder that barbers conceal in the folds of a towel and suddenly clap on his razed face before they let him go. It avails not to tell a barber "No powder!" They put it on automatically. We know one man who thinks that heaven will be a place where one may lie back in a barber's chair and have endless hot towels applied to a fresh-shaved face. It is an attractive thought.

But the most delightful haunt of man, about 7 o'clock of a winter evening, is the popular lunch room. This admirable institution has been hymned often and eloquently, but it can never be sufficiently praised. To sit at one of those white-topped tables looking over the evening paper (and now that the big silver-plated sugar bowls have come back again there is once more something large enough on the table to prop the newspaper

against) and consume sausages and griddle cakes and hot mince pie and revel in the warm human glitter round about, is as near a modest 100 per cent of interesting satisfaction as anything we know. Joyce Kilmer, a very human poet and a very stout eater, used to believe that abundant meals were a satisfactory substitute for sleep. For our own part, we are always ready to postpone bed if there is any prospect of something to eat. But we do not like to elaborate this subject any further, for it makes us hungry to do so, and we dare not leave the typewriter just yet.

Our marooned business man, after a stroll along the streets and a meal at the lunch room, may very likely drop in at the movies. Most of us nowadays worship now and then at this shrine of Professor Muybridge. The public is long suffering, and seems fairly well pleased at almost anything that appears on the screen. But the extraordinary thing at a movie is hardly ever what is on the screen, but rather the audience itself. Observe the mute, expectant, almost reverent attention. The darkened house crowded with people prayerfully and humbly anxious to be amused or thrilled! One wonders what their evenings must have been like when there were no movies if their present reaction is so passionately devout. A movie audience is a more moving spectacle than any of the flashing shadows that beam before it. If all this marvelous attention-energy, gathered every evening in every city in the land, could be focussed for a

few moments on some of the urgent matters that concern the world now—say the League of Nations—it would be a wonderful aid to good citizenship. The movies are blindly groping their way, by means of current-event films, war films and the like, toward an era in which they will play a leading and indispensable part in education and civic life.

It should be a function of every large city government to provide "municipal movies," by which we mean not free motion-picture shows, but reels of film distributed free among all the motion-picture theatres in the city, exhibiting various phases of municipal activity and illustrating by suggestion how citizens may co-operate to increase the welfare of the community. We hear a good deal about street-cleaning evils, about rapid-transit problems, about traffic congestion, about the evils of public spitting, the danger of one-way streets and a score of other matters. All these could be interestingly illuminated on the screen, with serious intent, and yet with the racy human touch that always enlivens the common affairs of men. And when some discussion arises that concerns us all, such as the character of the proposed war memorial, various types of memorials could be illustrated in films to stimulate public suggestion as to what is most fitting for our environment. None of us know our own city as well as we would like to. Let the city government, through some film bureau, show us our own citizens at work and

play and so quicken our curiosity and civic pride or shame, as the case may be.

Another public clubhouse which the marooned business man finds delightful and always full of good company is the railroad terminal. A big railroad station is an unfailing source of amusement and interest. From news-stand to lunch counter, from baggage room to train gate, it is rich in character study and the humors of humanity in flux. People are rarely at their best when hurried or worried, and many of those one meets at the terminal are in those moods. But, for any rational student of human affairs, it is as well to ponder our vices as well as our virtues, and the statistician might tabulate valuable data as to the number of tempers lost on the railway station stairs daily or the number of cross words uttered where commuters stand in line to buy their monthly tickets. The influence of the weather, the time of year and the time of day would bring interesting factors to bear upon these figures.

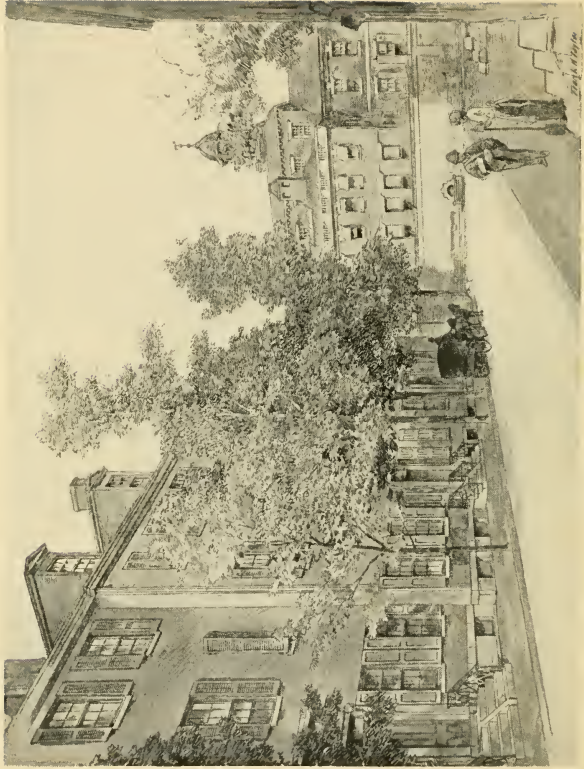
There is just one more pastime that the castaway of our imagination finds amusing, and that is acting as door-opener for innumerable cats that sit unhappily at the front doors of little shops on cold evenings. They have been shut out by chance and sit waiting in patient sadness on the cold sill until the door may chance to open. To open the door for them and watch them run inside, with tail erect and delighted gesture, is a real pleasure. With a somewhat similar pleasure does the ma-

rooned wanderer ultimately reach his own front door and rededicate himself to the delights of home.

THE RONALDSON CEMETERY

WHENEVER I feel weary of life, liberty and the pursuit of some one else's happiness, whenever some one tells me that the League of Nations is sure to be a failure, or reminds me that the American Press Humorists are going to hold their convention here next June and we shall all have to flog our lethargic brains into competition with all the twenty-one-karat drolls of this hemisphere—whenever, in short, life is wholly gray and oblique, I resort to Veranda's for lunch.

Veranda's, of course, is not its name; nor shall I tell you where it is. Eighteen months of faithful lunching and, perhaps, half a ton of spaghetti consumed, have given me a certain prestige in the bright eyes of Rosa, the demurest and most innocently charming waitress in Philadelphia. I do not wish to send competitors in her regard flocking to that quiet little Italian restaurant, where the table cloths are so white, the coffee so fragrant and where the liver and kidneys come to the board swimming in a rich brown gravy the reality of which no words can approach. And that Italian bread, so crisply crusted, so soft and absorbent within! A slab of Veranda's bread dipped in that



THE PLACID BY-WAY OF CLINTON STREET

kidney gravy atones for three speeches by Senator Sherman! And then when Rosa brings on the tall pot of marmalade, which another devotee and I keep there for dessert, and we light up our cigarettes and watch the restaurant cat sprawling in Oriental luxury by the steam pipes—then we come somewhere near the throne of human felicity mentioned by Doctor Johnson.

Veranda's is an outpost of Little Italy, which does not really begin until you get south of Lombard. And the other day, after lowering the level of the marmalade by several inches, it occurred to me to renew my acquaintance with Little Italy proper.

Ninth street is the best channel of approach to Philadelphia's Mediterranean colony. There is a good deal to distract attention before you cross the Alps of South street. If you have a taste for alleys you will be likely to take a side tour of a few versts in the quaint section of stables and little brick houses that lies just below Locust street and between Ninth and Tenth. Just now you will find that region liberally placarded with small neat notices announcing the loss (on January 8) of a large yellow and white Angora cat, having white face, breast and feet and answering to the name of Taffy. This struck at my heart, for I once owned a yellow Angora of the same name, which I smuggled home from Boston one Christmas Eve in a Pullman sleeper, against all railway rules, and I hope and trust that by this time Taffy has re-

turned to his home at 260 South Ninth street, and to Mrs. Walter M. James, his bereaved mistress.

The little notice about the recreant Master Taffy was strangely appropriate for this queer little district of Hutchinson, Delhi, Irving and Manning streets, for it is just what in London would be known as a "mews." It is a strange huddle of old brick houses, full of stables and carpenters' workshops, with agreeable vistas of chimneys, attic windows, and every now and then a gentleman of color leisurely bestraddling a horse and clumping along the quiet pavements. Small brown dogs of miscellaneous heritage sit sunning themselves on doorsteps; on Hutchinson street a large cart was receiving steaming forkloads of stable straw. In the leisurely brightness of mid-afternoon, with occasional old clo' men chanting their litany down the devious alleyways, it seems almost village-like in its repose. A great place to lead a fat detective a chase! The next time George Gibbs or John McIntyre writes a tale of mystery and sleuthing, I hope he will use the local color of Delhi street. Why do our native authors love to lay the scenes of their yarns in Venice, Madrid, Brooklyn or almost anywhere except Philadelphia?

On Ninth street below Pine one comes upon a poem in a window which interested me because the author, Mr. Otis Gans Fletcher, has evidently had difficulty with those baffling words "Ye" and "Thou," which have puzzled even greater poets—

such as Don Marquis. The poem is called "Welcome to Our Heroes," and begins:

Welcome! home, Great Heroes,
Nobly! hath thou fought

and continues,

We know the price, the sacrifice
That ye each paid to learn,

and by and by concludes:

Welcome! thrice!!! welcome, Great Heroes,
Defenders of Humanity;
The world now lives, on what thou didst give,
For the great spirit, De-moc-ra-cy.

After putting Lombard street behind the voyager becomes immediately aware of the Italian atmosphere. Brightly colored cans of olive oil wanton in the windows; the Tripoli Barber Supply Company, whose window shines with all manner of lotions and shampoos, offers the Vesuvius Quinine Tonic, which is said to supply "unrivaled neutrement" for the hair. Little shops appear displaying that curious kind of painting which seems to be executed on some metallic surface and is made more vivid by the insertion of small wafers of mother-of-pearl where the artist wants to throw in a note of high emotion. These paintings generally portray Gothic chapels brooding by lakes of ultramarine splendor; their only popular competitor is a scene of a white terrier with an expression of fixed nobility watching over the bedside of a

young female innocent who lies, clad in a blue dress, beneath a scarlet coverlet, her golden locks spread over a white pillow. The faithfulness of the animal and the secure repose of the child may be profitably studied in the length of time necessary to light a pipe. I feel sure that no kind-hearted footpad's home is complete without this picture.

The Ronaldson Cemetery, laid out in 1827 at Ninth and Bainbridge streets, comes as a distinct shock to a sentimental wayfarer already unmanned by the above appeal to the emotions. Mrs. Meredith, the kindly caretaker, admitted me through the massive iron gates, surprised and pleased to find a devotee of cemeteries. In the damp chill of a February afternoon the old graveyard is not the cheeriest of spots, but I was restored to optimism by this inscription:

Passing stranger think this not
A place of fear and gloom:
We love to linger near this spot,
It is our parents' tomb.

This, however, was carved some fifty years ago. I fear there is little lingering done in Ronaldson's Cemetery nowadays, for the stones are in ill repair, many of them fallen. According to Scharf and Westcott's history, it was once considered the finest cemetery in the country and "a popular place of burial." Just within the gateway are two little houses, in at least one of which a merry little family of children is growing up undepressed by

the strange surroundings. One of these houses, according to Ronaldson's cautious plan, was "to have a room provided with a stove, couch, etc., into which persons dying suddenly might be laid and the string of a bell put into their hand, so that if there should be any motion of returning life the alarm bell might be rung, the keeper roused and medical help procured."

James Ronaldson was a Scotchman, as I had already surmised from an obelisk erected, "Sacred to the memory of Scottish Strangers," and possibly his cautiousness in the matter of burying people alive may have suggested this favorite theme to Edgar Allan Poe, who was living in Philadelphia at the time when the magnificent new cemetery must have been the talk of the town. Scotchmen have always been interested in cemeteries, and as I walked those desolate paths among the graves I could not help thinking of Stevenson's love of the old Grayfriars and Calton Hill burying grounds in Edinburgh. A man was busy digging a grave near the front gate, and a new oak casket lay at the door of the keeper's house. It was strange to see the children playing round happily in such scenes.

WILLOW GROVE

SPEAKING as a foreigner—every man is a foreigner in Philadelphia until he has lived here for three generations—I should say that no place is more typical of the Philadelphia capacity for enjoying itself in a thoroughly genteel and innocent way than Willow Grove. Cynics have ascribed the placid conduct of Willow Grove's merrymakers to the fact that eighty minutes or so standing up in a crowded trolley blunt human capacity for abandonment and furious mirth. Physiologists say that the unprecedented quantity of root beer and hard-boiled eggs consumed at the Grove account for the staid bearing of the celebrants. Be that how it may, Willow Grove has the genial and placid flavor of a French amusement park. Contrary to popular theory the French, like ourselves, are comely behaved on an outing. People to whom enjoyment is a habit do not turn their picnics into an orgy.

It takes practically as long to get to Willow Grove as it does to Atlantic City, but the sunburn does not keep one awake all night and asleep at the office the next day. That rolling watershed where the creeks run alternately into the Delaware and the Schuylkill is well hilled, watered and aired. There is no surf, it is true; but a superb panorama of the white combers of the sky, the clouds. And fields of plumed and tasseled corn, flickering in

the wind, are no mean substitute for sand beaches. Let us be practical; no one can eat the surf! And the most important matter in a picnic is to have plenty of food.

Let me state, in passing, that the ideal picnic lunch is always packed in a shoebox; there should be included an opener for root-beer bottles, and doughnuts calculated on a basis of three for each adult. Inside the ring of each doughnut should be packed a hard-boiled egg. Each party should include one person (preferably an aunt) of prudent instincts, to whom may be entrusted the money for return carfares, Ada's knitting bag, Ada's young man's wrist watch and registration card in draft Class 4A, father's spare cigar for the home voyage, grandmother's pneumatic cushion and Cousin Janet's powder-papers and copy of Spumy Stories. This prudent person will form a headquarters and great general staff, a strong defensive position upon which the maneuvers of the excursion will be based.

The first thing that always strikes me at Willow Grove is how amazingly well dressed everybody is. The frocks, hats and ankles of the young ladies are a vision of rapture. The young men, too, are well dressed, in the best possible style, which is, of course, the uniform of Uncle Sam. The last time I was there it was a special celebration day for the marines. Several hundred of them were loping about in their *cafe-au-lait* khaki, fine, tall, lean chaps, with that curious tautness of the trousers

that makes the devil dogs look stiff-kneed. Bronzed, handsome fellows, with the characteristic tilt of the Stetson that must flutter the hearts of French flappers. And as for the girls, if Willow Grove on a Saturday afternoon is a fair cross-section of Philadelphia pulchritude, I will match it against anything any other city can show.

Willow Grove, of course, is famous for its music, and at dusk the Marine Band was to play in the pavilion. That open-air auditorium, under the tremulous ceiling of tall maples and willows and sycamores, with the green and silver shimmer of the darkening lake at one side, is a cheerful place to sit and meditate. I had a volume of Thoreau with me, and began to read it, but he kept on harping upon the blisses of solitude which annoyed me when I was enjoying the mirths and moods of the crowd. Nowhere will you find a happier, more sane and contented and typically American crowd than at Willow Grove. Perhaps in wartime we take our pleasures a little more soberly than of old. Yet there seemed no shadow of sadness or misgiving on all those happy faces, and it was a good sight to see tall marines romping through the "Crazy Village" arm in arm with bright-eyed girls. Those boys in the coffee-and-milk uniform will see crazier villages than that in Champagne and Picardy.

The last arrows of sunlight were still quivering among the upmost leaves when the Marine Band began to play, and the great crowd gathered under

the trees was generous with affectionate enthusiasm. And then, at a bugle call, the rest of the sea-soldiers charged shouting down the dusky aisles, climbed the platform, and sang their war songs with fine pride and spirit. "America, Here's My Boy"; "It's a Long, Long Way to Berlin, But We'll Get there, by Heck"; "Goodby, Broadway: Hello, France" and "There's a Long, Long, Trail" were the favorites. And then came the one song that of all others has permeated American fiber during the last year—"Over There." There is something of simple gallantry and pathos in it that I find genuinely moving. The clear, merry, audacious male voices made me think of their brothers in France who were, even at that very moment, undergoing such fiery and unspeakable trial. The great gathering under the trees seemed to feel something of this, too; there was a caught breath and a quiver of secret pain on every bench. "Over There," unassuming ditty as it is, has caught the spirit of our crusade with inspiration and truth. It is the informal anthem of our great and dedicated resolve.

As we walked back toward the station the rolling loops and webbed framework of the scenic railway were silhouetted black against a western sky which was peacock blue with a quiver of greenish crystal still eddying in it. The bullfrogs were drumming in the little ponds enameled with green scum. And from the train window, as we rattled down that airy valley, we could see the Grove's

spangles and festoons of light. Philadelphia may take her amusements placidly, but she knows how to enjoy them.

CHESTNUT STREET FROM A FIRE ESCAPE

JUST outside our office window is a fire-escape with a little iron balcony. On warm days, when the tall windows are wide open, that rather slender platform is our favorite vantage ground for watching Chestnut street. We have often thought how pleasant it would be to have a pallet spread out there, so that we could do our work in that reclining posture that is so inspiring.

But we can tell a good deal of what is going on along Chestnut street without leaving our desk. Chestnut street sings a music of its own. Its genial human symphony could never be mistaken for that of any other highway. The various strands of sound that compose its harmony gradually sink into our mind without our paying conscious heed to them. For instance, there is the light sliding swish of the trolley poles along the wire, accompanied by the deep rocking rumble of the car, and the crash as it pounds over the cross-tracks at Sixth street. There is the clear mellow clang of the trolley gongs, the musical trill of fast wagon wheels running along the trolley rails, and the rattle of hoofs on the cobbled strip between the metals. Particularly easy to identify is the

sound every citizen knows, the rasping, sliding clatter of a wagon turning off the car track so that a trolley can pass it. The front wheels have left the track, but the back pair are scraping along against the setts before mounting over the rim.

Every street has its own distinctive noises and the attentive ear accustoms itself to them until they become almost a part of the day's enjoyment. The deep-toned bell of Independence Hall bronzing the hours is part of our harmony here, and no less familiar is the vigorous tap-tap of Blind Al's stick. Al is the well-known news-dealer at the corner of Chestnut and Fifth. Several times a day he passes along under our windows, and the tinkle of his staff is a well-known and pleasant note in our ears. We like to imagine, too, that we can recognize the peculiarly soft and easy-going rumble of a wagon of watermelons.

But what we started to talk about was the balcony, from which we can get a long view of Chestnut street all the way from Broad street almost to the river. It is a pleasant prospect. There is something very individual about Chestnut street. It could not possibly be in New York. The solid, placid dignity of most of the buildings, the absence of skyscrapers, the plain stone fronts with the arched windows of the sixties, all these bespeak a city where it is still a little bit bad form for a building to be too garishly new. I may be wrong, but I do not remember in New York any such criss-cross of wires above the streets. Along Chest-

nut street they run at will from roof to roof over the way.

Gazing from our little balcony the eye travels down along the uneven profile of the northern flank of Chestnut street. From the Wanamaker wireless past the pale, graceful minaret of the Federal Reserve Bank, the skyline drops down to the Federal Building which, standing back from the street, leaves a gap in the view. Then the slant of roofs draws the eye upward again, over the cluster of little conical spires on Green's Hotel (like a French château) to the sharp ridges and heavy pyramid roof of the Merchants' Union Trust Company. This, with its two attendant banks on either side, is undoubtedly the most extraordinary architectural curiosity Chestnut street can boast. The façade with its appalling quirks and twists of stone and iron grillwork, its sculptured Huns and Medusa faces, is something to contemplate with alarm.

After reaching Seventh street, Chestnut becomes less adventurous. Perhaps awed by the simple and stately beauty of Independence Hall and its neighbors, it restrains itself from any further originality until Fourth street, where the ornate Gothic of the Provident claims the eye. From our balcony we can see only a part of Independence Hall, but we look down on the faded elms along the pavement in front and the long line of iron posts beloved of small boys for leapfrog. Then the eye climbs to the tall and graceful staff above

the Drexel Building, where the flag ripples cleanly against the blue. And our view is bounded, far away to the east, by the massive tower of the Victor factory in Camden.

It is great fun to watch Chestnut street from the little balcony. On hot days, when the white sunlight fills the street with a dazzle of brightness and bands of dark shadow, it is amusing to see how all pedestrians keep to the shady southern pavements. When a driving shower comes up and the slants and rods of rain lash against the dingy brownstone fronts, one may look out and see passers by huddled under the awnings and the mounted policemen's horses sleek as satin in the wet. The pavement under our balcony is notable for its slipperiness: it has been chipped into ribs by stonemasons to make it less so. In the rain it shines like a mirror. And our corner has its excitements, too. Once every few months the gas mains take it into their pipes to explode and toss manholes and paving sixty feet in air.

The part of Chestnut street that is surveyed by our balcony is a delightful highway: friendly, pleasantly dignified, with just a touch of old-fashioned manners and homeliness. It is rather akin to a London street. And best of all, almost underneath our balcony is a little lunch room where you can get custard ice cream with honey poured over it, and we think it is the best thing in the world.

THE PARKWAY, HENRY FORD AND BILLY THE BEAN MAN

I WALKED down the Parkway yesterday morning visualizing that splendid emptiness of sunshine as it will appear five or ten years hence, lined with art galleries, museums and libraries, shaded with growing trees, leading from the majestic pinnacle of the City Hall to the finest public estate in America. It is a long way from those open fields of splintered brick and gravel pits, where workmen are now warming their hands over bonfires, to the Peace Conference in Paris. But the hope occurred to me that the League of Nations will not tie itself down too closely to the spot where its archives are kept. It will be a fine thing if the annual meetings of the League can be held in different cities all over the world, visiting the nations in turn. This process would do much to educate public sentiment to the reality and importance of our new international commission. And in the course of time it is to be supposed that the league might meet in Philadelphia, where, in a sense, it was founded. The world is rich in lovely cities—Rio, Athens, Edinburgh, Rome, Tokio and the rest. But the Philadelphia of the future, as some citizens have dreamed it, will be able to hold up its head with the greatest. I like to think of a Philadelphia in which the lower Schuylkill would

be something more than a canal of oily ooze; in which the wonderful Dutch meadows of the Neck would be reclaimed into one of the world's loveliest riverside parks, and in which the Parkway will stretch its airy vista from the heart of the city, between stately buildings of public profit, out to the sparkling waters of Fairmount.

The city shows a curiously assorted silhouette as one walks down the Parkway from Twenty-fifth street. There is the plain dark dome of the Cathedral, with its golden cross flashing in the sun and the tall cocoa-colored pillars. No one would guess from the drab exterior the splendor of color and fragrance within. There is, of course, the outline of William Penn on his windy vantage, the long, dingy line of Broad Street Station's trainshed and the tall but unpretentious building of the Bell Telephone Company, where the flag swims against the sky on its slender staff. As one walks on, past the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital, with its memorable inscription (*Think not the beautiful doings of thy soul shall perish unremembered; they abide with thee forever*), the thin white spire of the Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church and the monstrous oddity of the Masonic Temple spring into view. In an optimistic mood, under a riot of sunlight and a radiant sky, one is tempted to claim a certain beauty for this incongruous panorama. Yet if there is beauty no one can claim a premeditated scheme for it. Granite, marble, brick and chocolate stone jostle one another. Let

us hope that the excellent ruthlessness with which the paths of the Parkway have been made straight will be equaled by diligent harmony in the new structures to come.

The great churches of the Roman communion are always an inspiration to visit. At almost all hours of the day or night you will find worshipers slipping quietly in and out, generally of the humblest classes. I slipped into the Cathedral for a few minutes and sat there watching the shimmer of color and blended shadows as the vivid sunlight streamed through the semicircular windows above the nave. The body of the church is steeped in that soft dusk described once for all as "a dim religious light," but the great cream-colored pillars with their heavy gold ornaments lift the eyes upward to the arched ceiling with its small tablets of blue and shining knots of gold. In the dome hung a faint lilac haze of intermingled gentle hues, sifting through the ring of stained windows. The eastern window over the high altar shows one brilliant note of rich blue in the folds of the Madonna's gown. Over the gleaming terrace of white marble steps hangs a great golden lamp with a small ruby spark glowing through the twilight. Below these steps a plainly dressed little man knelt in prayer all the time I was in the church. The air was faintly fragrant with incense, having almost the aroma of burning cedar wood. A constant patter of hushed footfalls on the marble floor was due to the entrance and exit of stealthy wor-

shippers coming in for a few minutes of silence in the noon recess.

Just around the corner from the Cathedral one looks across the broad playground of the Friends' Select School on to the bright, cheerful face of Race street. In that 1600 block Race is a typical Philadelphia street of the old sort—plain brick houses with slanted roofs and dormer windows, white and green shutters and scoured marble steps. I was surprised to notice the number of signs displayed calling attention to "Apartments," "Vacancies" and "Furnished Rooms." Certainly I can imagine no pleasanter place to lodge, with the sunny windows looking over the school ground to the soaring figure of Penn and the high cliffs behind him. Romance seems to linger along that sun-warmed brick pavement, and I peered curiously at the windows so discreetly curtained with lace and muslin, wondering what quaint tales the landladies of Race street might have to impart if one could muster up courage enough to question them. In the news stand and cigar store at the corner of Sixteenth I made a notable discovery—a copy of Henry Ford's new Sunday school paper, the Dearborn Independent—the Ford International Weekly, he proudly subtitles it. I bought a copy and took it to lunch with me. I cannot say it left me much richer; nor, I fear, will it leave Henry that way. Much can be forgiven Henry for the honest simplicity of his soul, but the lad who's palming off those editorial page mottoes on him,

in black-face type, ought to face a firing squad. This is the way they run:

*“Where buy we sleep?” inquired the royal shirk;
The sweetest rest on earth is bought with work.*

And this:

*The truth of equal opportunity is this:
Life, death; love, hope and strife, no man may miss.*

Or again:

*When profit is won at the cost of a principle,
The winner has lost—this law is invincible.*

Henry, Henry—didn't that cruise on the Oskar teach you *anything*? It seems too bad that Henry should go to the expense of founding a new humorous journal when *Life* is doing so well.

Coming back along Arch street I fell in with Billy the Bean Man. You may have seen Billy selling necklaces of white and scarlet beans on Broad street, clad in his well-known sombrero, magenta shirt and canvas trousers. Billy is a first-class medicine man, and he hits this town about once a year. He wore the cleanest shave I ever saw, but his dark William J. Bryan eyes were mournful. He tried to lure me into buying a necklace by showing me how you can walk on the beans without breaking them. “Picked and strung by the aboriginal Indians of the Staked Plain,” he assured me; “and brought by me to this home of eastern culture. A sovereign remedy for seasickness and gout.”

“Billy,” I said, “you amaze me. Last year

those same necklaces were curing mumps and metaphysical error."

He looked at me keenly. "Oh, it's you, is it? Say, this is a bum town. Business is rotten. I'm going on to Washington tomorrow."

"Sell one to Senator Sherman," I said; and passing by the allurements of Dumont's matinee—"The Devil in Jersey: He Terrified Woodbury, but He Couldn't Scare Us"—I gained the safety of the office.

WILDEY STREET

I SET out for a stroll with the Mountaineer, who knows more about Philadelphia than any one I ever heard of. He is long and lean and has a flashing eye; his swinging easy stride betrays the blood of southern highlands. He tracks down distant streets and leafy glimpses with all the grim passion of a Kentucky scout on the trail of a lynx or some other varmint. No old house, no picturesque corner or elbow alley escapes his penetrant gaze. He has secret trails and caches scattered through the great forests of Philadelphia, known to none but himself. With such a woodsman for guide good hunting was a matter of course.

The first game we bagged was a tattooing studio at 814 Summer street. Let no one say that war means a decline of the fine arts, for to judge by the photographs in the window there are many who pine to have the Stars and Stripes, the American

eagle and the shield of the food administration frescoed on their broad chests. Professor Al E. Walters, the craftsman, proclaims himself artistic and reliable in this form of embroidery and the sitter has "1500 up-to-date designs to choose from." The Mountaineer and I peered through the window and were interested to see the professor's array of tools laid out on his operating table.

Passing by an imposing bust of Homer, which we found in front of a junk shop at 528 Noble street, the Mountaineer led me to see the old Hoboes' Union headquarters at Fifth and Buttonwood streets. The war may have given tattooing a fillip, but it seems that it has been the decline and fall of philosophic hoboism, for the vagrants' clubhouse is dusty and void, now used as some sort of a warehouse. Work or fight and high wages have done for romantic loafing. The Mountaineer pointed out to me the kitchen in which the boes held their evening symposia over a kettle of hot stew. The house was donated through the munificence of J. Eads Howe, the famous millionaire hobo, and the Mountaineer admitted that he had spent many an entertaining evening there discussing matters of intellectual importance. "How did you get the entree to such an exclusive circle?" I asked enviously. "I was a member of the union," he said, with just the least touch of vainglory.

The Mountaineer led me north on Fourth street to where Wildey street begins its zigzag career. We

found that the strip between Germantown avenue and Front street was buzzing with preparations for a "block party" in honor and benefit of its boys in service. All down the gay little vista flags were hanging out, Chinese lanterns had been strung on wires across the street, shop windows were criss-crossed with red, white and blue streamers and booths were going up on the pavement swathed in tricolored tissue paper. At one end of the block the curbstones had been whitewashed. We stopped to ask an elderly lady when the fun would begin.

"Tonight and tomorrow night," she said. (It was then Friday afternoon.) "Our boys are fighting for us and we want to do everything we can to help. I was at my summer residence when I heard about this party, and I came back at once. We've got to help as best we can."

The sky was clouding over and the Mountaineer and I expressed the hope that rain wouldn't spoil the festivity.

"Oh, I hope not," she said. "It doesn't seem as though the Lord would send rain when we're working for a good cause. We've hired a string band for the two nights—that's \$60—and we're going to have dancing in the street. You'd better come around. It's going to be a great time."

Everybody in the street was busy with preparations for the jollification, and I was deeply touched by this little community's expression of gratitude and confidence in its boys who are fighting. That

is the real "stuff of triumph" of which the President spoke. And one has only to pass along Wildey street to see that it is fine old native stock. It is an all-American street, of pure native breed, holding out stiffly and cleanly against the invasion of foreign population. The narrow side alleys look back into patches of vivid green; there are flower boxes and vines, and the pavements and marble steps are scrubbed as clean as water and soap will make them. A little further along we found a tavern dispensing Wildey street's favorite drink—pop and porter—and we halted to drink health to the block party.

Beyond Shackamaxon street we struck into the unique silence and quiet cleanliness of "Fish-town." The quietness of those streets of quaint little houses is remarkable: in the golden flood of a warm afternoon they lay with hardly an echo to break the stillness. The prevailing color scheme is green and red: many of the houses are neat cottages built of wood; others are the old parti-colored brick that comes down from ancient days. Almost every house has its little garden, often outlined with whitened shells. It seems like a New England fishing village in the heart of the city. An occasional huckster's wagon rumbles smoothly along the asphalt paving; an occasional tinkle of a piano in some cool, darkened parlor. That is all. I can imagine no haunt of ancient peace more drowsy with stillness and the treble chirp of birds than the tangled and overgrown

cemetery at Thompson street and Columbia avenue, in the hush of a hot summer siesta.

There is a note of grace and comeliness in Wildey street life that one attributes to the good native stock of the inhabitants. The children are clean and rounded and goodly. The little girls have plump calves and crisp gingham dresses and blue eyes; they sit in their little gardens playing with paper dolls. Their brothers, with the mischief and errant humor that one expects of small boys, garnish walls and hoardings with whimsical legends scrawled in chalk. *The old family toothbrush that laid on the floor* was one such that amused me. Another was a regrettable allegation that a (presumably absent) playmate was afflicted with "maines." The Mountaineer and I, after studying the context, came to the conclusion that the scourge hinted at was "mange!"

Most thrilling of all, Wildey street becomes more and more maritime. Over the roofs of the houses one sees the masts of ships—always a sight to make the eager heart leap up. Cramps' shipyard is at hand, and many of the front windows display the starred service cards of the United States Shipping Board. On Richmond street, parallel to Wildey, are ship chandlers' stores, with windows full of brass pulleys and chocks and cleats, coils of rope and port and starboard lanterns. We hurried down toward the waterfront and peeped through the high board fence to see a steamer in drydock for a coat of camouflage.

Great stripes of black and blue and white were being laid along her hull.

Penn Treaty Park, at the foot of Columbia avenue, would deserve an essay of its own. Here, under a pavilion, the Mountaineer and I sat surrounded by the intoxicating presence of water and boats, watched the police patrol launches being overhauled, watched a little schooner loading lumber (I couldn't read her name, but she came from Hampton, Va.), watched the profile of Camden shining dimly through the rain. For a very smart rainstorm had come up and we sat and felt a pang of sympathy for the good people of Wildey street, whose Chinese lanterns and tricolored tissue paper would be ruined by the wet. We watched the crew of the tug *Baltic* getting ready for supper and dinghies nosing the piers and bobbling with the rise and fall of the water, and we saw how the gleam of rain and mist on the roofs of Camden looked exactly like a fall of snow. Fish-town uses Penn Treaty Park as a place for lounging and smoking under the peeling sycamores and watching the panorama of the river.

P. S. I thought a great deal about the block party on Wildey street that night and hoped that the rain would not have spoilt it. So the next morning I got off the 8:13 at Columbia avenue and walked down past that deep violin note of the Columbia avenue sawmills to see how things were going. I found the same old lady on the sidewalk,

hopefully renewing her red, white and blue tissue, and I noticed that all the children were wearing fantastic patriotic caps made of shirred and fluted paper. "Well," I said, "how did things go?" "Oh," she replied, "the rain hurt things a bit, but tonight's going to be the big night. It's going to be a great time: you'd better come around."

'The stuff of triumph!

HOG ISLAND

MY ONLY regret was that my friend John Fitzgerald didn't take Rudyard Kipling or William McFee or Philip Gibbs down to Hog Island, instead of a humble traveler whose hand can never do justice to that marvelous epic of human achievement. It would be worth Mr. Kipling's while to cross the Atlantic just to see the Island.

Far across the low-lying meadows the great fringe of derricks rises against the sky. Along a beautiful solid highway, over the Penrose Ferry drawbridge and past the crumbled ramparts of old Fort Mifflin, motors and trolley cars now go flashing down to the huge shipyard, where eighteen months ago a truck struggled along a miry country road carrying enough lumber to put up a timekeeper's shack. The story of that great drama of patient courage and effort lies behind and underneath all one sees at Hog Island. As we walked along the marvelous stretch of fifty shipways, each carrying a vessel in course of construction, and as

Fitz and I stood on the bridge of the *Saluda*, one of the eleven steamers now getting their finishing touches at the seven huge piers, one had a vision of the Island as it was during that first winter. Engineers and laborers wrestled with frozen swamp and blizzard snows. Workmen were brought from Philadelphia day by day, roped in like sardines in open trucks, arriving numbed to the bone. Perhaps some day there will come some poet great enough to tell the drama of Hog Island as it ought to be told. The men who gritted their teeth and put it through will never tell. They are of the old stalwart breed that works with its hands. As they talk you can divine something of what they endured.

I don't believe there is a more triumphant place on earth than Hog Island these days. Ships are the most expressive creatures of men's hands, and as I stood with Fitz on the bridge of the *Saluda* and looked out through a driving rain on the comely gray hulls of those 7500-ton cargo carriers, it was hard to resist the thought that each of them had a soul of her own and was partaking in the general exultation. Eight ships now going about their business on the world's waters, eleven at the outfitting piers getting ready to smell blue water, and fifty on the ways—the Island is launching one every Saturday—that is the record. Smoke was drifting from the funnels of several, whose turbine engines were getting their tuning up.

These thousand-foot piers, each of which can

accommodate four 8000-ton ships at a time, will one day make Philadelphia one of the world's greatest ports. And the thought that every lover of seafaring will bring away with him is that these fabricated ships, built according to a set plan with interchangeable parts, are beautiful ships. Humble cargo carriers, but to an untutored eye they have much of the loveliness of form of some of the stateliest liners. Looking into the newly finished chartroom, wheelroom and other deckhouses of the *Saluda*, I envied her future master.

We climbed down steep steel ladders to look at the engine and boiler rooms. No grimy stokehold on these ships—they are oil-burners. One of the furnaces was lit, and through the half-open door one could see a roaring glow of flame. In the engine room quiet and skillful workmen were doing mysterious things to a huge turbine. The shining cylinders and huge pistons of the old reciprocating engine were missing; in their place a bewildering complex of wheels and valves and asbestos covered piping. Looking down from above the engine room was a vast echoing cavern, spotted with orange electric bulbs, with the occasional groan and humming of electric motors and men in overalls moving quietly about their tasks. The quietness of Hog Island is one of its curiously impressive features. It is not a wilderness of roaring, frenzied machinery. Everything moves with efficient docility. Even the riveting guns that echo inside the hollow caves of unfinished hulls are hardly as

clamorous as I had expected. In the plate and angle shops vast traveling cranes swing overhead with the ease and silence of huge dark birds. Acetylene torches, blowing dainty little wisps of blue-gold flame, slice through half-inch steel plates while the dissolving metal dribbles down in yellow bubbles and streamers and a shower of brilliant sparks flies off gently and quietly. Great wedges descend on flat plates and bend them into right angles with only a soft crunch.

Scaling tall scaffolds we clambered over one of the half finished hulls, a naked shell of steel echoing with sudden fierce outbursts of riveting. As it was raining the out-of-door riveting had ceased, as whenever there is danger of water getting under the flange of the rivet there is a liability of the work not being quite watertight. But between decks some of the men were hard at work. Across the deck red-hot rivets came flying through the air from the brazier; these were deftly caught in a metal cone by the passer. With a long pair of tongs he inserts the glowing finger of metal in the hole; the backer-up holds it rigid with a compressed-air hammer, while the riveter, on the other side of the plates, mushrooms down the shining stalk of the rivet with his air gun. It is fascinating to watch the end of the rivet flattening under the chattering blows of the gun. An expert riveting team can drive several hundred rivets a day, and when paid on piecework the team gets six and one-half cents per rivet. This is divided among the

team, usually in the proportion of 40 per cent to the riveter, 30 per cent to the backer-up and 15 per cent each to heater and passer. Many expert riveters earn as much as \$60 a week.

We crawled under the bottom of the *Schoodic* which is to be launched tomorrow morning. She had just had her first coat of paint, and her tall, graceful bow loomed high in air on the slanting shipway. Mr. White, the engineer in charge of the launchings, was kind enough to show me the ingenious system of shores, packing and "sandjacks" which holds up the hull on the ways and the special Hog Island grease which is used to ease the ship's slide toward the water. The cunning manipulation by which the ship's great weight is thrown off the shores onto the "sandjacks," and then lowered by removing the sand from these iron boxes, would require an essay in itself. Not one of Hog Island's launchings—and they have had nineteen—has been marred by any hitch. Mr. White told me that his gang of 120 men can put through a launching in two hours and a half from the time they first begin work.

In the training school, where about 200 men are learning the various shipbuilding trades, 92 per cent of the pupils are former soldiers and sailors. They are all men of powerful physique, but many of them were in sedentary clerical occupations before the war. Many a man who has served in the army has no taste now to re-enter a trade that will keep him indoors eight or ten hours a day.

I must confess to an envy of those brawny fellows who were learning to drive rivets. And after the army pay of \$30 or so a month it must seem good to get \$20 a week while learning the job.

Hog Island is a poem, a vast bracing chant of manly achievement in every respect, that is, save the names of the ships they are building down there. I don't think Hog Island workmen will ever quite forgive Mrs. Wilson for the names she chose for their cherished and beautiful ships! *Quistconck, Saccarappa, Sacandaga, Saguache, Sapinero, Sagaporack, Schoodic, Saugus, Schroon*—what will homely sailormen make of these odd Indian syllables? As one said to me, whimsically, "Think of some wireless operator, calling for help trying to get that name across!"

We must assume, however, that no Hog Island ship will ever be in distress, from her own fault at any rate. The experiment of "fabricated" ships was watched with eagerness by all shipping experts some of whom didn't believe it could be successful. The first chapter of Hog Island's epic closes fitly with this cablegram, received the other day from the American International Shipbuilding Corporation's representative in Rome:

Rome, March 16.—Quistconck arrived March 8th, Savona. Excellent voyage. Has been inspected by representatives of government, steamship companies and banks. Opinion favorable. Hope you will be able to send more of that type.

Hog Island men have accomplished what they have partly because they go about their work with such a sense of humor. There are more grins to the square acre down there than any place I ever visited. The Hog Islander who drove me down was grumbling because the man driving the car in front didn't give the usual signal when turning across our path. "Why doesn't he hold out his hand?" he muttered. "Must be afraid a flivver will run up his arm." That's the jovial spirit of Hog Island.

SOUTH BROAD STREET

ONE OF the singularly futile and freakish little "literary" magazines that flourish among desiccated women and men whose minds are not old enough for the draft proudly raises the slogan that it "Makes no compromise with the public taste."

What I like about South Broad street is that it does make compromise with the public taste, every possible compromise. In the course of a three-mile stroll from the City Hall down to the South Broad Street plaza one may see almost every variety of human interest. It is as though South Broad street had made up its mind to see all phases of life before leaping into the arms of Uncle Sam at League Island. It is like the young man's last night with the boys before enlisting.

"Broad and Chestnut" is a Philadelphia phrase of great sanctity. It is uttered with even greater

awe than the New Yorker's "Broadway and Forty-second," as though the words summed up the very vibration and pulse of the town's most sacred life. And yet why is it that Broad street seems to me more at ease, more itself, when it gets away from the tremendous cliffs of vast hotels and office mountains? Our Philadelphia streets do not care to be mere tunnels, like the canyon flumes of Manhattan. We have a lust for sun and air.

So when Broad street escapes from the shadow of its own magnificence it runs just a little wild. In its sun-swept airy stretches perhaps it abuses its freedom a little. It kicks up its heels and gets into its old clothes. Certainly as soon as one gets south of Lombard street one sees the sudden change. Even the vast and dignified gray façade of the Ridgway Library does not abash our highway for more than a moment. It dashes on between a vast clothing factory and the old "Southern and Western Railroad Station." It indulges itself in small clothing stores, lemonade stands and all manner of tumble-down monkey business. It seems to say, "I can look just like Spring Garden street, if I want to."

Perhaps it is because William Penn on the City Hall is looking the other way that South Broad street feels it can cut up without reserve.

The Ridgway Library ought to be able to daunt this frisking humor, for a more solemn and repressive erection was never planned. But what a fas-

inating place it is, though I fear not much of South Broad street ever takes the trouble to open those iron gates marked "Pull." Perhaps if they had been marked "*Push*" the public would have responded more eagerly. But who are we to discuss the subtleties of advertising psychology? As I pass the long, heavily-pillared frontage of the library I seem to hear the quiet, deliberate ticking of the clock in the cool, gloomy reading room and smell the faint, delicious, musty fragrance of the old volumes. It is no small thrill to step inside and revel in the dim scholarly twilight of this palace of silence, to pore over the rare books in the glass showcases and explore the alcoves where the marvelous collection of chess books is kept. Those alcoves look out over a little playground at the back, where the shady benches would be an ideal place for a solemn pipe; but alas no men are admitted. The playground is reserved for women and children.

Very different is the old railroad station across the way, now used as a freight depot. Built in 1852, it was Philadelphia's crack terminus fifty years ago, and as one studies the crumbled brownstone front one thinks of all the eager and excited feet that must have passed into the great arched hall. Now it is boarded up in front, but inside it is crammed with box cars and vast cases stenciled "*Rush—Military Supplies—U. S. Army.*" Sixty freight cars can be loaded there at one time. One thinks what emotions that glass-roofed shed must

have seen in Civil War times. I suppose many a train of men in blue said good-by to mothers and sweethearts along those platforms. That thought was with me as I stood inside the old station, which in spite of its bustle of freight is filled with the haunting sadness of all places that are old and decayed and echoing with the whispers of long ago. Does it seem absurd to sentimentalize over a railway station less than seventy years old? Well, I think a railway station is one of the most romantic places in the world. I like to imagine the old locomotives with their flaring stacks. And as I crossed Washington avenue (which runs just south of the station) I remembered a hot day in June twenty years ago when I tugged a roll of steamer rugs down that street from the trolley to the American Line pier. We were going on board the old *Belgenland*, bound for Liverpool. Somewhere along the hot, grimy pavement a barrel of molasses had broken open; I recall the strong, sweet smell. Childhood does not forget such adventures.

Below the quartermaster depot of the marine corps and the Third Regiment Armory, Broad street recalls its more sober responsibilities. Suddenly it realizes the fleeting uncertainty of life; perhaps because half the houses hereabouts are the offices of doctors and undertakers. It falls into a quiet residential humor about Wharton street and lines itself with trees and shady awnings. It seemed to me I could discern a breath of Italy in the air. At an Italian undertaker's a large and

sumptuous coffin was lying on the pavement without any embarrassment, name-plate and all; presumably waiting for its silent passenger. Among the womenfolk white stockings and sparkling black eyes betrayed the Latin blood. And I saw that a church lettered its notice board both in Italian and English. "Ingresso Libero," it said, which I take to mean "Everybody welcome!" The same sort of hospitality is evinced by the doctors and dentists. They all have little notices on their doors: "Walk in without knocking."

In a quaint effort to retrieve its brief escapade into shabby Bohemianism, Broad street now goes in for an exaggerated magnificence. It has a taste for ornate metal doorknobs and brass handles. (I cannot resist the thought that these mannerisms were caught from the undertakers.) Moving-picture theatres are done in a kind of Spanish stucco. Basement gratings are gilded; parlor windows are banded with strips of colored glass. The brownstone fronts are gabled and carved; cornices are fret worked. There are plaster statues in the little side gardens. It is the opposite swing of the architect's pendulum from the plain and beautiful old houses of Pine and Spruce streets, where Philadelphia expresses herself in the lovely simplicity of rich old brick and white shutters.

Apparently Broad street lost hope of gaining salvation by ornamenting its house fronts, for about Morris and Mifflin streets it turns to education and philanthropy. It puts up large hospitals,

and the vast gray building of the South Philadelphia High School, where, reading backward through the stained glass transom I discerned the grave and very Bostonian motto: "Work—Self-reliance—Culture—Life." But more exhilarating to me was the Southern Home for Friendless Children at Morris street. Its large playground is surrounded by a high stone wall. I could easily have scaled it and would have loved to smoke a pipe sitting up there to watch the children playing inside. (I could hear their laughter, and caught a glimpse of a small boy as he flew up in the air on a swing.) But I feared penalties and embarrassments. It does not do to love anything too well; people naturally are suspicious of you. And though my heart was warm toward the Southern Home, I didn't quite like to do what I yearned for. That would have been to ring the door bell and ask to go in and play in the garden with the others. Instead I snooped round the wall until I found a corner with a glimpse into the shady ground where the urchins were busy. One small boy was working in his garden, others were burning up rubbish and hammering at something along the wall. I stood there a long time, listening to the warm, drowsy hum of the afternoon, and almost wished I were a friendless child.

After this excursion into culture and charity, Broad street feels the need of one more whistle-wetting before it wanders off onto the vast expanse of sunny pollen-scented meadows that stretch to-

ward the dry zones of League Island. For this purpose exists the cool haven of McBride, on the corner of Moyamensing avenue. There I encountered one of the best beakers of shandygaff in my experience. And—wonder of wonders—it can still be bought for a nickel.

THE RECLUSE OF FRANKLIN SQUARE

WHO can describe the endless fascination, allure-ment and magic of the city? It is like a great forest, full of enchantment for the eye and ear. What groves and aisles and vistas there are for wandering, what thickets and underbrush to explore! And how curious it is that most of us who frequent the city follow only little beaten paths of our own, rarely looking round the corner or investigating (in the literal sense) unfamiliar by-ways. We tread our own routine, from terminal or trolley to office, to the customary lunching place, back to the office, and home. Year after year we do this, until the city is for us nothing but a few tedious streets we know by heart.

But how dull it is to be confined to one life, one habit, one groove of conduct. Do you ever pine to shed the garment of well-worn behavior, to wander off into the side-paths of the city, to lose yourself in its great teeming life? The thought is fascinating to me. I like to imagine myself disappearing one day from my accustomed haunts, slipping away into some other quarter of the town,

taking up entirely new habits and environment. Ah, that would be an adventure!

I think I would emigrate to Franklin Square which, after all, is only a few blocks north of the territory where I oscillate every day, but it seems almost like a different continent. I would go up to Franklin Square, take a room at one of those theatrical lodging houses on the western side of the square, grow a beard, wear a wide sombrero hat, and keep my pockets full of sweetmeats for the children of the square. In the course of a few months quite a legend would accumulate about me. I would be pointed out as one of the characters of the neighborhood. Newspaper reporters would be sent to interview me. Then I would shave and move on to some other home.

Franklin Square is a jolly place on a warm day. There are red and pink geraniums round the pool in the middle. There is the drowsy whirr and hum of lawn mowers. There is a sweet, dull air moving gently across the wide grass plots; the flag waves heavily on the tall staff. There is a whole posse of baby carriages gathered together in a shady patch of pavement, with usually one small girl left to "mind" them while the other little guardians are sprinkling themselves with water at the stand-pipe, or playing hopscotch in the sun. You mind my baby and I'll mind yours, is the tacit understanding of these ragged little damsels. But, really it is surprising how little minding the Franklin Square babies seem to need. They lie in their car-

riages furling and unfurling their toes with a kind of spartan restraint. They refuse to bawl or to hurl themselves upon the paving below, because they know that their young nurses are having a good time.

Franklin Square policemen are stout and very jovial. An Italian woman was sitting on a bench opposite mine; she had a baby on her lap, one leaning against her knee, three sitting on the bench with her, and two in the carriage. Seven in all and I gathered from her remarks that six of them were boys. "Quite an army!" said the stout policeman, passing by. Her face gleamed with the quick pleasure of the Latin race. "Ah, yes," she said, "Italians good for boys!"

On the west side of the square are the theatrical boarding houses, where ladies with very short skirts and silk stockings air little fuzzy white dogs that just match the soiled marble steps. Midway in the row is a bulky chocolate-colored church, Deutsche Evang. Lutherische, according to its signboard. Gottesdienst, Morgens 10:45, Abends 7:30. It is well for us to remember that God is worshiped in all languages. And up at the little news-stall at the corner of Vine street, the literary and dramatic leanings of Franklin Square seem to be reflected in the assortment of paper-backed volumes on display. "The Confessions of an Actress," "The Stranglers of Paris," and "Chicago by Night" are among the books there, also some exceedingly dingy editions of Boccaccio and

Napoleon's Dream Book. I could learn a good deal, I am sure, by studying those volumes.

Franklin Square is full of color. The green spaces are islanded in a frame of warm, red brick. The fountain bubbles whitely, the flag is an eager spot of brightness on the tall white mast. Shop windows seem to display a broader, more liting kind of poster than they do on Market street. There is one on a by-street representing a young man blowing heart-shaped smoke rings and a glorious young woman is piercing them with a knitting needle or some other sharp instrument.

I don't know just what I would do for a living on Franklin Square. The only thought that has occurred to me is this: some one must have to look after those little white dogs while their debonair mistresses are at the theatre. Why couldn't I do that, for a modest fee? I would take them all out at night and tow them through the fountain pool. It would serve to bleach them.

Another thing I could do, which I have always wanted to do, would be to decipher the last line of the small tombstone that stands over the pathetic grave of Benjamin Franklin's little son. That is not far from the square. The stone reads, as far as I can make it out, *Francis F., Son of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, Deceased Nov. 21, 1736. Aged 4 years.* The number of months and days I can't make out, nor the last line of the epitaph, which begins with the sadly expressive word *Delight*. It is much effaced, and without squatting

on Ben Franklin's tomb I can't read it. And as there are usually some young ladies sitting knitting on the bench by the grave I am too bashful to do that. But if I lived in Franklin Square I would find a way somehow.

But much as I love it, I doubt if I could live in Franklin Square long. There is an air of unrest about it, of vagabond whimsy. The short-skirted ladies would come and go, and sooner or later the bearded recluse, with his pocket full of candy, and his sombrero hat, would disappear and only the children would lament his going. For I know that if I were a wandering blade I could never resist a summons like this, which I found posted up just off the square. Here speak Romance and Adventure, with golden lute:

MEN WANTED TO TRAVEL

WITH R——'S CIRCUS

A CHANCE TO SEE THE COUNTRY

EXCELLENT BOARD AND COMFORTABLE

SLEEPING CARS PROVIDED BY THE MANAGEMENT

CATTERINA OF SPRING GARDEN
STREET

SPRING GARDEN STREET is a pleasant thoroughfare for wandering on a cool summer morning about eight-thirty of the clock. It has been my diversion, lately, to get off the Reading train at the Spring Garden Station and walk to the office from there instead of pursuing the too familiar route from the Terminal. Try it some day, you victims of habit. To start the day by a little variation of routine is an excellent excitement for the mind.

That after-breakfast period, before the heat begins, has a freshness and easy vigor of its own. Housewives are out scrubbing the white marble steps; second-hand furniture dealers have spread their pieces on the pavement for better inspection and sit in their morris chairs by the curb to read the morning paper. Presumably the more ease and comfort they show the more plainly the desirability of a second-hand morris chair will be impressed on the passer-by; such is the psychology of their apparent indolence. A fire engine with maroon chassis and bright silver boiler rumbles comfortably back to its station after putting out a fire somewhere. The barbers are out winding up the clock-work that keeps their red and white striped emblems revolving. And here and there on the pavement, reclining with rich relish

where the sunlight falls in white patches, are gray and yellow cats.

The cats of Spring Garden street are plump and of high cheer and they remind me of the most famous cat that ever lived in that neighborhood. She was a big tortoise-shell puss called Catterina (Kate for short) and she lived in a little three-story brick cottage on Brandywine street, which is just off Seventh street behind the garage that now stands on the northwest corner of Seventh and Spring Garden. Catterina played a distinguished, even a noble, part in American literature. I am the gladder to celebrate her because I do not believe any one has ever paid her a tribute before. You see, she happened to be the particular pet and playmate of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Allan Poe.

It is curious that Philadelphia pays so little honor to that house on Brandywine street, which is associated with the brief and poignant domestic happiness of that brilliant and tragic genius. Poe lived in Philadelphia from 1838 until 1844, and during the last two or three years of his stay he occupied the little brick house on Brandywine street. One of those who visited it then described it as "a small house, in one of the pleasant and silent neighborhoods far from the center of the town, and though slightly and cheaply furnished everything in it was so tasteful and so fitly disposed that it seemed altogether suitable for a man of genius." What is now only a rather dingy back yard was then a little garden full of roses, grape-

vine and creepers. Perhaps the pear tree that is still the most conspicuous feature of the yard was growing in Poe's tenancy. It was a double tree, with twin trunks, one of which was shattered by lightning quite recently.

Mrs. William Owens, who has lived in the house for eight years, was kind enough to take me through and showed me everything from attic to cellar. The house is built against a larger four-story dwelling which fronts on Seventh street, now numbered as 530. In Poe's day the two houses were separate, the larger one being the property of a well-to-do Friend who was his landlord. Since then doors have been pierced and the whole is used as one dwelling, in which Mrs. Owens takes several boarders. It would interest Poe perhaps (as he was once in the army), to know that a service flag with three stars hangs from the front of the house. The stars represent John Pierce, Harry Bernhardt and Dominic Dimonico, the first of these being, as I understand, a foster son of Mr. and Mrs. Owens.

It is not hard to imagine the charm of this snug little house as it may have been in the days when Poe (in his early thirties) and his sylphlike young wife and heroic mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, faced the problem of living on the irregular earnings of editing and writing. Spring Garden was then near the northern outskirts of the city: the region was one of sober ruddy brick (of that rich hue dear to Philadelphia hearts) and well treed and gardened.

Until very recent years an old lady was living, a neighbor of Mrs. Owens, who remembered how Virginia Poe used to sit at the window and play her harp.

The house is well and solidly built; the door opening toward Brandywine street still has its original old-fashioned bolt lock, which Poe's hand must have fastened many and many a time. The little dining room has a fireplace, now filled in with a stove. In one of the rooms upstairs (according to local tradition) "The Raven" was written; and there are two bedrooms with casement windows in the attic. Some of Poe's finest work was done in this house, among other tales probably "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Gold Bug" and "The Black Cat." And here a curious coincidence may be noted. It will be remembered that in the story of "The Black Cat" Poe describes how some very unpleasant digging was done in a cellar. In cleaning the cellar of the Brandywine street house Mrs. Owens discovered recently a place where the bricks in the flooring had been removed and a section of planking had been put in. Is it possible that this circumstance suggested to Poe the grisly theme of his story? Just for fun I would very much like to explore under those boards. They are old and have evidently been there a long time.

Imagination likes to conjure up the little household: the invalid Virginia Poe (it was in this house that she broke a blood vessel while singing), the

stout-hearted and all-sacrificing mother-in-law—"Muddy," as the poet affectionately called her—the roses that grew over the wall, and (let us not forget her) Catterina, the cherished pet. Catterina was very much a member of the family. In April, 1844, when Poe and his wife moved to a boarding house in New York, where they found the table amazingly cheap and plentiful, he wrote to Mrs. Clemm:

"The house is old and looks buggy. The cheapest board I ever knew. I wish Kate could see it—she would faint. Last night, for supper, we had the nicest tea you ever drank, strong and hot—wheat bread and rye bread—cheese—tea cakes (elegant), a great dish (two dishes) of elegant ham and two of cold veal, piled up like a mountain—three dishes of the cakes and everything in the greatest profusion. No fear of starving here."

Poor Catterina! (or Kate, as they sometimes called her). Does not this suggestion of her swooning imply that she may have had to go on rather short commons in the little home on Brandywine street? But after all, there must have been mice in the cellar, unless the ghost of the Black Cat frightened them away.

In the same letter, written from New York the day after the Poes had gone there to look for better fortune, he says "Sissy (his wife) had a hearty cry last night because you and Catterina weren't here."

But it was in the winter of 1846-47, when Mrs.

Poe lay dying of consumption in the cottage at Fordham, that Catterina came to her highest glory. The description of that scene touches upon a human nerve of pity and compassion that must give the most callous a pang. Poe himself, harassed by poverty, pride and illness, had to witness the sufferings of his failing wife without ability to ease them. This is the description of a kind-hearted woman who saw them then:

“There was no clothing on the bed but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband’s great-coat with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer’s only means of warmth.”

Perhaps Philadelphia will some day do fitting honor to the memory of that ill-starred household that knew its best happiness in the little house on Brandywine street. Mr. Owens, who is a druggist, has whimsically set up in the front parlor one of the big scarlet papier-mache ravens that are used to advertise Red Raven Splits. But it seems to me that Philadelphia might go just a little further than that in honoring the house where “The Raven” may have been written.

A SLICE OF SUNLIGHT

ABOUT a quarter to 9 in the morning, at this time of year, a slice of our pale primrose-colored March sunlight cuts the bleak air across the junction of Broad and Chestnut streets and falls like a shining knife blade upon the low dome of the Girard Trust Building. Among those towering cliffs of masonry it is hard to see just where this shaving of brightness slips through, burning in the gray-lilac shadows of that stone valley. But there it is, and it always sets me thinking.

Man has traveled far in his strange pilgrimage and solaced himself with many lean and brittle husks. It is curious to think how many of his ingenious inventions are merely makeshifts to render tolerable the hardships and limitations he has imposed upon himself in the name of "civilization." How often his greatest cunning is expended in devising some pathetic substitute for the joy that once was his by birthright! He shuts himself up in beetling gibraltars of concrete, and thinks with pride of the wires, fans and pipes that bring him light, air and warmth. And yet sunshine and sky and the glow of blazing faggots were once common to all! He talks to his friends by telephone, telegraph or machine-written letters instead of in the heart-easing face-to-face of more leisured times. He invents printing presses to do his thinking for him, reels of translucent celluloid

to thrill him with vicarious romance. Not until the desire of killing other men came upon him did he perfect the loveliest of his toys—the airplane. How far, in his perverse flight from the natural sources of joy, has his love of trouble brought him!

So it is that one poor, thin, thwarted filament of sunlight, falling for a few precious minutes across a chasmed city street, seems so dazzling a boon and surprise that he passes enchanted on his darkened pavement. Man, how easily you are pleased!

Is there any one, in our alternate moods of bafflement and exultation, who has not brooded on this queer divergence of Life and Happiness? Sometimes we feel that we have been trapped: that Life, which once opened a vista so broad and golden, has somehow jostled and hurried us into a corner, into a narrow treadmill of meaningless gestures that exhaust our spirit and our mirth. In recent years all humanity has been herded in one vast cage of confusion and dread from which there seemed no egress. Now we are slowly, bitterly, perplexedly groping our way out of it. And perhaps in the difficult years of rebuilding each man will make some effort to architect his existence anew, creeping humbly and hopefully a little closer to the fountains of beauty and strength that lie all about us. When did we learn to cut ourselves apart from earth's miracles of refreshment? To wall ourselves in from the sun's great laughter, to forget the flamboyant pageantry of the world? Earth has wisdom for all our follies, healing for all

our wounds, dusk and music for all our peevishness. Who taught us that we could do without her? Can you hear the skylark through a telephone or catch that husky whisper of the pines in a dictograph? Can you keep your heart young in a row of pigeonholes? Will you forego the surf of ocean rollers to be serf to a rolltop desk?

Little by little, and in haphazard ways, wisdom comes to a man. No matter how resolutely he shuts his ears, Truth keeps pricking within him. What a futility, what a meanness and paltriness of living this is that would send us hence with all Life's great secrets unlearned, her ineffable beauties unguessed, her great folio only hastily glimpsed. Here is this spinning ball for us to marvel at, turning in an ever-changing bath of color and shadow, blazed with sunshine, drenched with silver rain, leaning through green and orange veils of dusk, and we creep with blinkered eyes along narrow alleys of unseeing habit. What will it profit us to keep a balance at the bank if we can't keep a balance of youth and sanity in our souls? Of what avail to ship carloads of goods north, east, south and west, if we cannot spare time to know our own dreams, to exchange our doubts and yearnings with our friends and neighbors?

In every man's heart there is a secret nerve that answers to the vibration of beauty. I can imagine no more fascinating privilege than to be allowed to ransack the desks of a thousand American business men, men supposed to be hard-headed, absorbed

in brisk commerce. Somewhere in each desk one would find some hidden betrayal of that man's private worship. It might be some old newspaper clipping, perhaps a poem that had once touched him, for even the humblest poets are stout partisans of reality. It might be a photograph of children playing in the surf, or a little box of fish-hooks, or a soiled old timetable of some queer backwoods railroad or primitive steamer service that had once carried him into his land of heart's desire.

I remember a friend of mine, a man much perplexed by the cares of earth, but slow to give utterance to his inner and tenderer impulses, telling me how he first grasped the meaning and value of these inscrutable powers of virtue that hurl the whole universe daily around our heads in an unerring orbit. For some reason or other—he was writing a book, I think, and sought a place of quiet—he had drifted for some winter weeks to the shore of a southern bay, down in Florida. When he came back he told me about it. It was several years ago, but I remember the odd look in his eyes as he tried to describe his experience. "I never knew until now," he said, "what sunshine and sky meant. I had always taken them for granted before." He told me of the strange sensation of lightness and quiet smiling that had flooded through him in that land where Nature writes her benignant lessons so plainly that all must draw their own conclusions. He told me of sunset

flushes over long, purple waters, and of lying on sand beaches wrapped in sunshine, all the problems of human intercourse soothed away in a naked and unquestioning content. What he said was very little, but watching in his eyes I could guess what had happened. He had found more than sunshine and color and an arc of violet sea. He had found a new philosophy, a new strength and realization of the worthiness of life. He had traveled far to find it: it might just as well be learned in Independence Square any sunny day when the golden light falls upon springing grass.

It is strange that men should have to be reminded of these things! How patiently, how persistently, with what dogged and misdirected pluck, they have taught themselves to ignore the elemental blessings of mankind, subsisting instead on pale and wizened and ingenious substitutes. It is like a man who should shoulder for a place at a quick lunch counter when a broad and leisurely banquet table was spread free just around the corner. The days tick by, as busy, as fleeting, as full of empty gestures as a moving picture film. We crowd old age upon ourselves and run out to embrace it, for age is not measured by number of days but by the exhaustion of each day. Twenty days lived at slow pulse, in harmony with earth's loveliness, are longer than two hundred crowded with feverish appointments and disappointments. Many a man has lived fifty or sixty hectic years and never yet learned the unreckonable endless-

ness of one day's loitering, measured only by the gracious turning of earth and sun. Some one often asks me, "Why don't you wind the clocks?" But in those rare moments when I am sane clocks do not interest me.

Something of these thoughts flashes into my mind as I see that beam of pale and narrow sunlight fallen upon the roof of that bank building. How strange it is, when life is bursting with light and strength, renewing itself every day in color and freshness, that we should sunder ourselves from these great sources of power. With all the treasures of earth at hand, we coop ourselves in narrow causeways where even a sudden knife-edge of brightness is a matter for joyful surprise. As Stevenson once said, it is all very well to believe in immortality, but one must first believe in life. Why do we grudge ourselves the embraces of "Our brother and good friend the Sun?"

UP THE WISSAHICKON

THE SOOTHSAYER is a fanatical lover of Fairmount Park. His chief delight is to send his car spinning along the Lincoln Drive about the time the sun drops toward setting; to halt at a certain hostelry (if the afternoon be chilly) for what Charles Lamb so winningly describes as "hot water and its better adjuncts"; and then, his stormy soul for the moment at armistice with life, to roll in a gentle simmer down gracious byways while the Park

gathers her mantle of dusk about her. Sometimes he halts his currie in some favorite nook, climbs back into the broad, well-cushioned tonneau seat and lies there smoking a cigarette and watching the lights along the river. The Park is his favorite relaxation. He carries its contours and colors and sunsets in the spare locker of his brain, and even on the most trying day at his office he is a little happier because he knows the Wissahickon Drive is but a few miles away. Wise Soothsayer! He should have been one of the hermits who came from Germany with Kelpius in 1694 and lived bleakly on the hillsides of that fairest of streams, waiting the millennium they expected in 1700.

The Soothsayer had long been urging me to come and help him worship the Wissahickon Drive, and when luck and the happy moment conspired I found myself carried swiftly past the Washington Monument at the Park entrance and along the margin of the twinkling Schuylkill. At first there was nothing of the hermit in the Soothsayer's conversation. He was bitterly condemning the handicraft of a certain garage mechanic who had done something to his "clutch." He included this fallacious artisan in the class of those he deems most degraded: The People Who Don't Give a Damn. For intellectual convenience, the Soothsayer tersely ascribes all ills that befall him to Bolshevism. If the waitress is tardy in delivering his cheese omelet, she is a bolshevixen. If a motortruck driver skims his polished fender, he is

a bolshevik. In other words, those who Don't Give a Damn are bolsheviks.

The Soothsayer lamented that I had not been in the Park with him two weeks ago, when the autumn foliage was a blaze of glowing color. But to my eye the tints (it was the first of November) were unsurpassably lovely. It was a keen afternoon, the air was sharp, the sky flushing with rose and massed with great banks of cloud the bluish hue of tobacco smoke. When we neared the corner of Peter's Island the sun slid from under a cloudy screen and transfused the thin bronze-yellow of the trees with a pale glow which sparkled as the few remaining leaves fluttered in the wind. Most of the leafage had fallen and was being burnt in bonfires at the side of the road, where the gusts tossed and flattened the waving flames. But the trees were still sufficiently clothed to show a rich tapestry of russet and orange and brown, sharpened here and there by wisps and shreds of yellow. And where the boughs were wholly stripped (the silver-gray beeches, for instance) their delicate twigs were clearly traced against the sky. I think one hears too much of the beauty of October's gold and scarlet and not enough of the sober, wistful richness of November buffs and duns and browns.

The Wissahickon Drive is the last refuge of the foot and the hoof, for motors are not allowed to follow the trail up the ravine, which still remains a haunt of ancient peace—much more so, indeed,

than in former years, when there must have been many and many a smart turnout spanking up the valley for supper at the Lotus Inn. Over the ruins of this hostelry the Soothsayer becomes sadly eloquent, recalling how in his salad days he used to drive out from town in a chartered hansom and sit placidly on a honeysuckled balcony over chicken and waffles served with the proper flourish by a colored servitor named Pompey. But we must take things as we see them, and though my conductor rebuked me for thinking the scene so lovely—I should have been there not only two weeks ago to see the autumn colors, but ten years ago to see Pompey and the Lotus Inn—still, I was marvelously content with the dusky beauty of the glades. The cool air was rich with the damp, sweet smell of decaying leaves. A tiny murmur of motion rose from the green-brown pools of the creek, ruffled here and there with a milky bubble of foam below some boulder. In the feathery tops of evergreen trees, blackly outlined against the clear arch of fading blue, some birds were cheeping a lively squabble. We stopped to listen. It was plainly an argument, of the kind in which each side accuses the other of partisanship. “Bolshevism!” said the Soothsayer.

It is wonderfully still in the Wissahickon ravine in a pale November twilight. Overhead the sky darkened; the sherry-brown trees began to shed something of their rich tint. The soft earth of the roadway was grateful underfoot to those too accus-

tomed to pavement walking. Along the drive came the romantic thud of hoofs: a party of girls on horseback perhaps returning from tea at Valley Green. What a wonderful sound is the quick drumming of horses' hoofs! To me it always suggests highwaymen and Robert Louis Stevenson. We smoked our pipes leaning over the wooden fence and looking down at the green shimmer of the Wissahickon, seeing how the pallor of sandy bottom shone up through the clear water.

And then, just as one is about to sentimentalize upon the beauty of nature and how it shames the crass work of man, one comes to what is perhaps the loveliest thing along the Wissahickon—the Walnut Lane Bridge. Leaping high in air from the very domes of the trees, curving in a sheer smooth superb span that catches the last western light on its concrete flanks, it flashes across the darkened valley as nobly as an old Roman viaduct of southern France. It is a thrilling thing, and I scrambled up the bank to note down the names of the artists who planned it. The tablet is dated 1906, and bears the names of George S. Webster, chief engineer; Henry H. Quimby, assistant engineer; Reilly & Riddle, contractors. Many poets have written verses both good and bad about the Wissahickon, but Messrs. Reilly & Riddle have spanned it with a poem that will long endure.

We walked back to the Soothsayer's bolshevized car, which waited at the turning of the drive where a Revolutionary scuffle took place between Amer-

ican troops and a detachment of redcoats under a commander of the fine old British name of Knyphausen. As we whirred down to the Lincoln Drive and I commented on the lavender haze that overhung the steep slopes of the glen, the Soothsayer said: "Ah, but you should have seen it two weeks ago. The trees were like a cashmere shawl!"

I shall have to wait fifty weeks before I can see the Wissahickon in a way that will content the fastidious Soothsayer.

DARKNESS VISIBLE

OF ALL gifts to earth, the first and greatest was darkness. Darkness preceded light, you will remember, in Genesis. Perhaps that is why darkness seems to man natural and universal. It requires no explanation and no cause. We postulate it. Whereas light, being to our minds merely the cleansing vibration that dispels the black, requires some origin, some lamp whence to shine. From the appalling torch of the sun down to the pale belly of the glowworm we deem light a derivative miracle, proceeding from some conceivable source. We can conceive darkness without thought of light; but we cannot conceive light without darkness. Day is but an interval between two nights. In other words, darkness is a matter which includes light just as the conception of a joke includes that of humor. One can think (alas!) of jokes without

humor; but no one can conceive of humor without jokes.

This philosophy, probably scoffable for the trained thinker, is a clumsy preface to the thought that city streets at night are the most fascinating work of man. Like all other handouts of nature, man has taken darkness and made it agreeable, trimmed and refined and made it acceptable for the very nicest people. And the suburbanite who finds himself living in town for a week or so is likely to spend his whole evenings in wandering espial, poring over the glowing caves of shop windows and rejoicing in the rich patterns of light wherewith man has made night lovely. Night by herself, naked and primitive and embracing, is embarrassing; she crowds one so; there is so much of her. So we push her up the side streets and into the movie halls and out to the suburbs, and taking her a little at a time we really learn to enjoy her company.

There is a restaurant on Arch street near Ninth where one may dine on excellent jam omelet and coffee, after which it is good to stroll along Ninth street (which with its tributary Ludlow I esteem the best street we have) to admire the different tints of light that man has set out in order to get a look at the darkness. There is the wan white glow of the alabaster inverted bowls that are favored in barbers' shops. There is the lucent gold of jewelers' windows where naked electric bulbs of great candlepower are masked in silvered

reflectors along the top and bottom of the pane. There is the bleak moonshine of tiled and enameled restaurants, where they lose much lightness by having everything too white. If (for instance) the waitresses would only wear scarlet or black dresses, how much more brilliant the scene would be. There is the pale lilac and lavender of the arcs, and the vicious green glare of mercury vapor tubes in the ten minute photograph studios that are always full of sailors. Over all soars the orange disc of the City Hall clock, which has been hailed by so many romantic wastrels as the rising or setting moon. And the fierce light that is said to beat upon a throne is twilight compared to that which shimmers round our jewelled soda fountains.

The long, musty corridor of the postoffice on Ninth Street is an interesting place about 8 o'clock in the evening. Particularly in these last weeks, when movies, saloons and theatres have been closed on account of the influenza epidemic, the postoffice has become a trysting place for men in uniform and young ladies. The gloomy halls at each end of the corridor are good ground for giggling colloquy; light love (curiously) approves the dusk. Through the little windows one catches glimpses of tiers of pigeonholes packed with letters, and wonders what secrets of the variable human heart are there confided to the indulgent secrecy of Uncle Sam. If a novelist of imaginative sympathy might spend a week in reading through those pigeonholes, what a book he could make of

them! Or could we only peer over the shoulders of those who stand writing at the blackened, ink-stained desks, what meshes of joy and pain we might see raveled in the lives of plain men and women. The great tapestry of human life lies all round us, and we have to pluck clumsily at its patterns thread by thread.

One who is interested in bookish matters ought to make a point of going upstairs to the registered mail room on the second floor. In a corner of that room, sitting in a well-worn chair under a drop light, you may be fortunate enough to find one of the post-office guards, an elderly philosopher who beguiles the evening vigil with a pipe and a book. He is a genial sage and a keen devourer of print. He eats books alive. Marie Corelli and Marion Crawford are among his favorites for lighter ministration, but in the past few weeks his mind has been on graver matter. He has just finished a life of Napoleon and a biography of Joan of Arc. Tonight when I went in to register a letter his chair was empty (he was having his supper of sandwiches and a little bucket of coffee at a table in the dim hallway outside) but on the shelf lay his book, pipe and tobacco pouch. I could not resist peeking to see what the volume was. Little's *Life of Saint Francis of Assisi*. Verily, if our government officials are taking to reading of Saint Francis, the world looks forward to happier days.

The Secretary of the Treasury says in a notice "Loitering about this building is prohibited," but

I fear I have committed what Don Marquis used to call lèse-McAdoo in often halting to scrutinize the bulletin board in the north hall of the post-office. Here are posted statements of stores and materials needed by the Federal departments. One finds such notices as this: *Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned until 2 o'clock p. m., October 30, for supplying this building with three dozen scrubbing brushes.* And the Navy Yard's bulletin board, near by, always has interesting requirements: *Wanted, for United States naval training camp, seventy-five bubbling heads sanitary drinking fountains.* (Imagine how amazed seamen of the tarry pigtail era would be at the idea of drinking from a sanitary drinking fountain!) The Inspector of Engineering Material, U. S. N., Cleveland, O., announces that he desires space for storing one five-passenger Ford touring car and washing it at least once each week for the period ending June 30, 1919. It would be a bit inconvenient, we think, to store the flivver here in Philadelphia. The Navy Yard desires bids for supplying submarines with copper-jacketed gas-kets, which has a business-like sound. The Public Works Department admits that one dozen mouse traps, revolving, are needed, to be delivered and inspected at Building No. 4, Navy Yard. *Wanted for overseas vessels* (here our heart leaps up at the prospect of something exciting) *eleven revolving office chairs, oak finish, and eleven dozen pencils.* The Naval Hospital at League Island asks bids on

100 poinsettias, 50 cyclamens, 100 primroses, 100 carnations, 12 hydrangeas, all in pots. And there are requisitions posted for wires and shackles, for anchors and propellers, for chemicals and talcum powder and vast radio towers to be erected at a naval base in France. War, you see, is not all a matter of powder and shot. If you are ever tempted to wonder what the Government does with the Liberty Loans, go up to the Federal Building and look over a few of those invitations for bids posted on the bulletin boards.

Ninth street, as I said, often seems to me the most alluring street in town. Perhaps it is because of certain bookshops; perhaps it is because at a table d'hôte restaurant above Market street I first learned the pleasant combustion of cheap claret and cigarettes ignited by the spark of youthful converse. To these discoveries of a dozen years ago I am happy to add others; for example, that the best spaghetti I have ever eaten is served on Ninth street; and that there is a second-hand bookstore which is open at night. Nor am I likely to forget a set-to with sausages and corncakes and sirup that I enjoyed on Ninth street the other evening with the Soothsayer. We had been motoring in the suburbs, a crisp and bravely tinted October afternoon, and getting back to town after 8 o'clock as hungry as bolshevik commissars, we entered into the joy of the flesh in a Ninth street hash cathedral. Here and now let me pay tribute to those blissful lunch rooms that stay open late at

night to sustain and replenish the toiler whose business it is to pass along the lonely pavements of midnight. Waiters and waitresses of the all-night shift, we who are about to eat salute you! Let it be a double portion of corned-beef hash and "coffee with plenty." And many a midnight luncher has blessed you for your unfailing good humor. Is it not true, admit it, that most of the happy recollections of mankind deal with food we have enjoyed?

You will find it well worth while to take a stroll up Ninth street some evening. You will usually find a roasted chestnut cart at the southeast corner of Market street. The noble savor of cooking chestnuts is alone worth the effort of the walk. Then you can pass on northward, by the animal shop, where the dogs sleep uneasily in the window, agitated by the panorama outside; past the cuckoo clock shop and the old Dime Museum. As the street leads on to less exalted faubourgs you will notice that it grows more luxurious. Windows glow with gold watches, diamond studs, cut glass carafes. Haberdashers set out \$8 silk shirts, striped with the rainbow, infinitely more glorious than anything to be found on Chestnut street. And then, at Race street, you can turn off into the queer sights of Chinatown.

ON THE WAY TO BALTIMORE

THE other day we had occasion to take a B. and O. train down to Baltimore. We had to hurry to catch the vehicle at that quaint abandoned chateau at Twenty-fourth and Chestnut, and when we settled down in the smoker we realized that we had embarked with no reading matter but a newspaper we had already read. We thought, with considerable irritation, that we were going to be bored.

We were never less bored in our life than during that two-hour ride. In the first place, the line of march of the B. and O. gives one quite a different view of the country from the course of the P. R. R., with which we are better acquainted. From the Pennsy, for instance, Wilmington appears as a smoky, shackish and not too comely city. In the eye of the genteel B. and O. it is a quiet suburb, with passive shady lawns about a modest station where a little old lady with a basket of eggs and black-finger gloves got gingerly on board. There were a number of colored doughboys in the car, just landed in New York and on their way to southern homes. "Oh, boy!" cried one of these as we left Wilmington, "de nex' stop's Baltimuh, an' dat's wheah mah native home at." Every ten minutes a fawn-tinted minion from some rearward dining car came through with a tray of ice-cream cones, and these childlike and amiable darkies

cleaned out his stock every time. They had all evidently just bought new and very narrow-toed cordovan shoes in New York; there was hardly one who did not have his footgear off to nurse his tortured members. The negro soldier has a genius for injudicious purchase. We saw some of them the other day in a "pawn-brokers' outlet" on Market street laying down their fives and tens for the most preposterous gold watches, terrible embossed and flashy engines of inaccuracy, with chains like brass hawsers, obviously about as reliable as a sundial at night.

It was a gray and green day, quite cool—for it was still early forenoon—and we looked out on vanishing woodlands and bosky valleys with a delight too eager to express. Why (we thought) should any sane being waste his energy bedeviling the Senate when all a lifetime spent in attempting to describe the beauty of earth—surely an innocent ambition—would be insufficient? Statesmen, we thought, are but children of a smaller growth; and with a superbly evacuated mind we gazed upon the meadows and dancing streams near Leslie, just over the Maryland border. There were glimpses of that most alluring vista known to man: a strip of woodland thin enough to let through a twinkle of light from the other side. What a mystery there is about the edge of a wood, as you push through and wonder just what you may be coming to. In that corner of Cecil county there are many Forest of Arden glimpses, where

the brown and velvety cows grazing in thickets seem (as the train flies by) almost like venison. There are swelling meadows against the sky, white with daisies and Queen Anne's lace; the lichened gray fences, horses straining at the harrow and white farmhouses sitting back among the domes of trees.

Then comes the glorious Susquehanna—that noble river that caught the fancy of R. L. S., you remember. He once began a poem with the refrain, "Beside the Susquehanna and along the Delaware." Olive-green below the high railway bridge, the water tints off to silver in the pale summer haze toward Port Deposit. The B. and O. bridge strides over an island in midstream, and looking down on the tops of the (probably) maples, they are a bright yellow with some blossom-business of their own. A lonely fisherman was squatting in a gray and weathered skiff near the bridge. What a river to go exploring along!

It is quaint that men, who love to live in damp and viewless hollows, always select the jovial and healthy spots to bury themselves in. Just beyond the Susquehanna, on the south side of the track, we pass a little graveyard in quite the most charming spot thereabouts, high on a hill overlooking the wide sweep of the river. And then again the green rolling ridges of Harford county, with yellow dirt roads luring one afoot, and the little brooks scuttling down toward Chesapeake through coverts of

fern and brambles. We remembered the lovely verse of the Canadian poet, Charles G. D. Roberts:

Comes the lure of green things growing,
Comes the call of waters flowing—
And the wayfarer desire
Moves and wakes and would be going.

What a naughtiness of pagan temptation sings to one across that bewitching country; what illicit thoughts of rolltop desks consumed in the bonfire, of the warm dust soft under the bootsoles, and the bending road that dips into the wood among an ambush of pink magnolias. If the train were to halt at one of those little stations—say Joppa, near the Gunpowder river—there might be one less newspaper man in the world. I can see him, dropping off the train, lighting his pipe in the windless shelter of a pile of weather-beaten ties, and setting forth up the Gunpowder valley to discover the romantic hamlets of Madonna and Trump, lost in that green paradise of Maryland June. Or the little town of Loreley, on the other side of the stream! Think of the fireflies and the honeysuckle on a June evening in the village of Madonna! Ah, well, of what avail to imagine these things! The train, unluckily, does not stop.

And Baltimore itself, with its unique and leisurely charm, its marvelously individual atmosphere of well-being and assured loveliness and old serenity, how little it realizes how enchanting it is! Baltimore ought to pay a special luxury tax for the

dark-eyed and almost insolent beauty of its girls, who gaze at one with the serene candor of unquestioned divinity. But that is a topic that belongs to Baltimore chroniclers, and we may not trespass on their privileges.

At any rate, we got our fishing rod, which is what we went for.

THE PAOLI LOCAL

IT is always puzzling to the wayfarer, when he has traveled to some sacred spot, to find the local denizens going about their concerns as though unaware that they are on enchanted ground. It used to seem a hideous profanation to the Baedeker-stained tourist from Marsupial City, Ind., to step off the train at Stratford and find the butcher's cart jogging about with flanks and rumps. And even so does it seem odd to me that people are getting aboard the Paoli local every day, just as though it were the normal thing to do instead of (what it really is) an excursion into Arcadia.

Some day a poet will lutanize the Paoli local as it ought to be done, in a tender strain—

*Along that green embowered track
My heart throws off its pedlar's pack
In memory commuting back
Now swiftly and now slowly—
Ah! lucky people, you, in sooth
Who ride that caravan of youth
The Local to Paoli!*

The 2:15 train is a good one to take, for it affords an interesting opportunity to observe those who may be called sub-commuters: the people who come in town in the morning, like honest working folk, but get back to the country after lunch. These, of course, are only half-breed commuters. They are the silver-chevron suburbanites, deserving not the true golden stripes of those who toil all day. They are teachers, schoolboys, golfo-maniacs and damsels from the home of Athene, Bryn Mawr. They are mere cherubim and seraphim, not archangels. Stern and grizzled veterans, who go home on the HJw6:05 ("H" Will not run New Year's, Memorial, Independence, Thanksgiving and Christmas Days; "j" will not run Saturdays June 7 to Sept. 27, both inclusive; "w" No baggage service) speak of them scornfully as "Sam Brown belt commuters."

One who was nourished along the line of the Paoli local, who knew it long before it became electrified with those spider-leg trolleys on its roof and before the Wynnewood embankments were lined with neat little garages, sometimes has an inner pang that it is getting a bit too civilized. And yet no train will ever mean to us what that does! The saying that was good enough for Queen Mary and Mr. Browning is good enough for me. When I die, you will find the words PAOLI LOCAL indelible on my heart. When the Corsican patriot's bicentennial comes along, in 1925, I hope there will be a grand reunion of all the old travelers

along that line. The railroad will run specially decorated trains and distribute souvenirs among commuters of more than forty years' standing. The campus of Haverford College will be the scene of a mass-meeting. There will be reminiscent addresses by those who recall when the tracks ran along Railroad avenue at Haverford and up through Preston. An express agent will be barbecued, and there will be dancing and song and passing of the mead cup until far into the night.

The first surprise the Paoli local gives one never fails to cause a mild wonder. Just after leaving West Philadelphia Station you see William Penn looming up away on the right. As you are convinced that you left him straight behind, and have not noticed any curve, the sensation is odd. At Fifty-second street rise the shallow green slopes of George's Hill, with its Total Abstinence fountain. Nearer the track are wide tracts of vacant ground where some small boys of the sort so delightfully limned by Fontaine Fox have scooped military dug-outs, roofed over with cast-off sheets of corrugated iron, very lifelike to see.

At Overbrook one gets one's first glimpse of those highly civilized suburbs. It is a gloriously sunny May afternoon. Three girls are sitting under a hedge at the top of the embankment reading a magazine. The little iron fences, so characteristic of the Main Line, make their appearance. A lady tubed in a tight skirt totters valiantly down the road toward the station, and the courteous

train waits for her. If the director general of railroads were a bachelor perhaps he would insert a new footnote in his time-tables: "Sk," will not wait for ladies in hobble skirts. The signal gives its blithe little double chirp and we are off again.

Toward Merion we skirt a brightly sliding little brook under willow trees, with glimpses of daintily supervised wilderness. It is all so trimly artficed that one is surprised to see that the rubbery stalks of the dandelion have evaded the lawn-mower just as they do in less carefully razored suburbs. Honeysuckles sprawl along the embankments, privet hedges bound neat gardens. There is a new station at Merion. In old bucolic days the Main Line station masters lived and kept house in the depots, and if one had to wait for a train one could make friends with the station master's little girl and pet cat. But all those little girls are grown up now and are Bryn Mawr alumnae.

At Narberth one sees clustered roofs embowered in trees, in the hollow below the railway, and a snatch of plowed land. Now one is really in the country. Narberth, Wynnewood, Ardmore, Haverford—so it runs, like a chapter of begats. At Wynnewood, if you are sitting on the right, you see an alluring vista of a long alley through sun-speckled greenery. The baggage agent has nailed an old chair seat to a little wooden box which provides a meditating throne for such small leisure as a Main Line baggage agent gets. Ardmore—strange to think that it used to call itself Athens-

ville—doesn't quite know whether it is a suburb or a city. Clumps of iris look upon busy freight yards; back gardens with fluttering Monday linen face upon a factory and a gas tank. And then, in a flash, one is at Haverford, the goal of pilgrimage.

Haverford is changed as little as any of the suburbs since the days when one knew it by heart. Yet Mr. Harbaugh has moved his pharmacy to a new building and it can never be quite the same! The old stuffed owl sits bravely in the new window, but the familiar drug-scented haunt where we drank our first soda and bought our first tobacco is empty and forlorn. But the deep buttercup meadow by the Lancaster pike is still broad and green, with the same fawn-colored velvety cow grazing.

And there is one thing that they can never change: the smell of the Haverford lawns in May, when the grass is being mowed. A dazzling pervasion of sunlight loiters over those gentle slopes, draws up the breath of the grass, blue space is rich with its balmy savor. Under the arches of the old maples are the white figures of the cricketers. In the memorial garden behind the library the blue phlox is out in pale masses. The archway of the beech hedge looks down on the huge prostrate mock-orange tree. Under the hemlocks (I hope they're hemlocks) by the observatory is that curious soft, dry, bleached grass which is so perfect to lie on with a book and not read it. And here comes Harry Carter careering

over the lawns with his gasoline mowing machine. Everything is the same at heart. And that is why it's the perfect pilgrimage, the loveliest spot on earth, then, now and forever!

MARKET STREET

AS CERTAIN EMINENT TRAVELERS MIGHT HAVE
DESCRIBED IT

I. EDGAR ALLAN POE

DURING the whole of a dull and oppressive afternoon, when the very buildings that loomed about me seemed to lean forward threateningly as if to crush me with their stony mass, I had been traveling in fitful jerks in a Market street trolley; and at length found myself, as the sullen shade of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy tower of the City Hall. I know not how it was—but, with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable, for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the simple visages of the policemen on guard in the courtyard—upon the throng of suburban humanity pressing in mournful agitation toward their solemn hour of trial—upon a deserted litter of planks left by the heedless hand of the subway contractor—and an icy anguish seized upon my

spirit. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the City Hall? Was it the knowledge that any one of these bluecoats could, with a mere motion of his hand, consign me to some terrible dungeon within those iron walls—or the thought that in this vast and pitiless pile sat men who held the destiny of my fellow citizens in their hands—or the knowledge that time was flying and I was in imminent peril of missing my train? It was a mystery all insoluble, and I mused in shadowy fancy, caught in a web of ghastly surmise.

At last I raised my head, breaking away from these unanalyzed forebodings. I gazed upward where the last fire of the setting sun tinged the summit with a gruesome glow—O horror more than mortal!—O fearful sight that drove the blood in torrents on my heart—*God shield and guard me from the arch-fiend*, I shrieked—had William Penn gone Bolshevik? For they had painted the base of his statue—a *glaring, bloodlike red!*

II. HENRY JAMES

THORNCLIFF was thinking, as he crossed the, to him, intolerably interwoven confusion of Market street, that he had never—unless it was once in a dream which he strangely associated in memory with an overplus of antipasto—never consciously, that is, threaded his way through so baffling a predicament of traffic, and it was not until halted, somewhat summarily, though yet kindly, by a

blue arm which he after some scrutiny assessed as belonging to a traffic patrolman, that he bethought himself sufficiently to inquire, in a manner a little breathless still, though understood at once by the kindly envoy of order as the natural mood of one inextricably tangled in mind and not yet wholly untangled in body, but still intact when the propulsive energy of the motortruck had been, by a rapid shift of gears and actuating machinery, transformed to a rearward movement, where he might be and how.

“This is Market street,” said the officer.

“Market street? Ah, thank you.”

Market street! Could it be, indeed? His last conscious impression had been of some shop—a milliner’s, perhaps?—on, probably, Walnut street where he had been gazing with mild reproach at the price tickets upon the hats displayed, or, if not displayed, a term implying a rather crude concession to commercialism, at least exhibited, and considering whether or not it would be advisable, on so hot a day or a day that had every promise of becoming hot unless those purple clouds that hung over the ferries should liquidate into something not unlike a thunder shower, to carry with him a small hat as an act of propitiation and reconciliation with Mrs. Thorncliff. So this was Market street. He gazed with friendly interest into the face of the policeman, a gaze in which there was not the slightest sign of any animating rebuke at the interruption in his meditation, a meditation

which, after all, had been unconscious rather than actively cerebrated and with some vague intention of inquiring ultimately whether it were safe, now and here, to cross the highway or whether it would be better to wait until the semaphore (which, as he had just noticed, was turned to STOP) gave him undoubted privilege to pass unhindered, remarked again, but without malicious motive, which indeed would have been foreign to his mood and purpose: "Market street? How interesting."

III. WALT WHITMAN

I SEE the long defile of Market street,
And the young libertad offering to shine my shoes
(I do not have my shoes shined, for am I not as
worthy without them shined? I put it to you,
Camerado.)

And I see the maidens and young men flocking
into the movies.

And I promulge this doctrine, that the government
might have imposed twice as heavy a tax on
amusements, and still young men and maidens
would throng to the movies,

(O endless timidity of statesmen)

And I wonder whether I, too, will go in and give
the idolons the once over,

But putting my hand in my pocket I see that I
have only thirteen cents

And it will cost me three cents to get back to
Camden.

In a window I see a white-coated savan cooking
griddle cakes,

And I think to myself, I am no better than he is,
And he is no better than I am,

And no one is any better than any one else
(O the dignity of labor,
Particularly the labor that is done by other people;
Let other people do the work, is my manifesto,
Leave me to muse about it)
Work is a wonderful thing, and a steady job is a
wonderful thing,
And the pay envelope is a wonderful institution,
And I love to meditate on all the work that there
is to be done,
And how other people are doing it.
Reader, whether in Kanada or Konshohocken,
I strike up for you.
This is my song for you, and a good song, I'll
say so.

IV. KARL BAEDEKER

* * * MARKET STREET (Marktstrasse). Issuing from the majestic terminus of the Camden ferries the traveler will behold the long prospect of Market street, ending with the imposing tower (548 feet) which was until the recent rise in prices the highest thing in Philadelphia. On the summit of the tower will be observed the colossal statue of William Penn, said to be of German extraction (1644-1718). The Market street is the business center of Philadelphia. A curious phenomenon, exhibiting the perspicacious shrewdness of the natives of this great city, may be observed on any warm day about noon: the natives keep to the shady side of the street. As the thoroughfare runs due east and west, a brief astronomical calculation will show this to be the southern side of the way.

Between October and April, however, it is quite safe to walk at a leisurely pace on the sunny side. By all means observe the great number of places where soft drinks may be obtained, characteristic of the American sweet tooth, but expensive (war tax, one cent per ten cents or fraction thereof). The dignified edifice at the corner of Ninth street is the federal building, often carelessly spoken of as the postoffice. An entertaining experiment, often tried by visitors, is that of mailing a letter here. (See note on Albert Sidney Burleson, elsewhere in this edition.) The visitor who wishes to make a thorough tour of Market street may cover the ground between the river (Delaware, a large sluggish stream, inferior to the Rhine) and the City Hall in an hour, unless he takes the subway. (Allow 1½ hrs.)

TO LEAGUE ISLAND AND BACK

YESTERDAY afternoon the American Press Humorists visited League Island. When the party boarded a Fifteenth street car I was greatly excited to see a lady sitting with a large market basket in her lap and placidly reading *The Amazing Marriage*. "You see," I said to Ted Robinson, the delightful poet from Cleveland, "we have a genuine culture in Philadelphia. Our citizens read Meredith on the trolleys as they return from shopping." "That's nothing," said Ted, "I always read Meredith on the cars at home. I've

often read the greater part of a Meredith novel on my way to the office in the morning." So perhaps the Cleveland transits aren't any more rapid than our own.

The rain came down in whirling silver sheets as we crossed the flats toward League Island, but after a short wait at the end of the car line the downfall slackened. Under the guidance of three courteous warrant officers we were piloted about the navy yard.

Nothing is ever so thrilling as a place where ships are gathered, and the adventurousness of a trip to the navy yard begins as soon as one steps off the car and finds great gray hulls almost at one's side. It seems odd to see them there, apparently so far inland, their tall stacks rising up among the trees. The *Massachusetts* and the *Iowa* were the first we passed, and we were all prepared to admire them heartily until told by our naval convoy that they are "obsolete." Passing by a pack of lean destroyers, leashed up like a kennel of hounds, we gazed at the gray profile of the *Nevada*. The steep chains perpending from her undercut prow we were told were for the use of the paravanes, and I think the ladies of the party were pleased not to be paravanes. The older destroyers—such as the *Wainwright*—are very small compared with the newer models; but it is curious that the outmoded types of battleship appear to the civilian eye more massive and towering than the latest superdreadnoughts. The *Ohio*,

the *Connecticut*, the *New Hampshire*, all older vessels, loomed out of the water like cliffs of stone; their two and three high funnels out-topping the squat single stack of the new oil-burners.

The word submarine has become a commonplace of our daily life, but there is always a tingle of excitement on seeing these strange human fishes. The O-16, one of the American undersea craft that operated from the Azores base during the war, was lying awash at her pier. I would have given much to go aboard, but as the officer guiding us said, "It pretty nearly takes an act of Congress to get a civilian aboard a submarine."

In a vast dry-dock, like small minnows gasping for breath in a waterless hollow, lay four diminutive submarines of the K type. Men were hosing them with water, as though to revive them. Their red plates made them look absurdly like goldfish; the diving rudders, like a fish's tail, and the little fins folded pathetically upon their sides toward the bow, increased the likeness. Their periscopes were stripped off, and through openings in the hull workmen were clambering inside. One tried to imagine what the interior of these queer craft might be like. Of all the engines of man they are the most mysterious to the layman. Their little brass propellers seemed incongruously small to drive them through the water. At their noses we could see the revolving tubes to hold the four torpedoes.

We passed, alas too fast, the great air-craft

factory, with its delicious glimpses of clean and delicate carpentry, the steamboxes for bending the narrow strips of wood, the sweet smell of banana oil which I suppose is used in some varnishing process. A little engine came trundling out of a shed, pulling a shining gray fuselage on a flat-car. Its graceful lines, its sensitive and shining metal work, its sleek, clean body, all were as beautiful and tender as the works of a watch. Overhead roared an older brother, a flying hydroplane with tremendous sweep of wing, singing that deep hum of unbelievable motor power.

In the recreation hall we stopped for orange soda and salted peanuts. Sailors in white ducks were playing pool. The sailor soda-tender passed out his iced bottles from a huge chest under the counter. In the old days of naval tradition one doubts whether a sailors' bar would have been a place, where a party including ladies and children could have tarried with such satisfaction. In the Y. M. C. A. building next door marines in their coffee-and-milk uniforms were writing letters; a band was tuning up some jazz in preparation for a theatrical show; a copy of *Soldiers Three* lay on a table. Oilskins lying along the benches gave a nautical touch. There was something characteristically American about the sharp, humorous, nonchalant features of the men. Everywhere one saw sturdy, swing-strided marines whose shoulders would have thrilled a football coach.

At one of the wharves along the Delaware side

was the new destroyer *Tattnall*, just taking on her equipment—coils of yellow, creaky rope; fenders, cases of electric bulbs, galvanized buckets, cases of heavy sea boots. It was a tale of adventure just to study her lean, crisp, flaring bow with its concave curves, her four slender funnels, her tall glass-screened bridge, the sternward slant of her hull. Even in the mild swell and swing of Delaware water she rode daintily as a yacht, lifted and caressed by the flow and wash of the water. How she must leap and sway in the full tumble of open seas. She seemed an adorable toy. Who would not go to war, with such delicious playthings to covet and care for! And beside her on the pier, lay a clumsier and grimmer-seeming engine. Three great gun-mounts for Admiral Plunkett's naval railroad battery, that carried the fourteen-inch guns that dropped shells into Metz from twenty-eight miles away. On one of these huge steel caissons I saw that some member of the A. E. F. had scratched his doleful message: *George W. Moller, a soldier of St. Nazaire, France, who wishes to go home too sweet.*

The lively little tug *Betty* curtsied up to the pier and took us on board. Harry Jones, her friendly skipper, steamed us down past the green mounds of old Fort Mifflin, past the long tangle of Hog Island's shipways and the wet-basins where the *Scantic*, the *Pipestone County* and other of Hog Island's prides were lying, one of them kicking up a white smother with her propeller in some engine

test. Then we turned upstream. It had been raining on and off all afternoon. From the Jersey shore came the delicious haunting smell of warm, wet pinewoods, of moist tree-trunks and the clean whiff of sandy soil and drenched clover fields.

Our Humorist visitors admitted that they had never realized that Philadelphia is a seaport. The brave array of shipping as we came up the river was an interesting sight. Among several large Dutch steamers lying in the stream below Kaighn's Point I noticed the *Remscheid*, which bore on her side in large white letters the inscription:

WAFFENSTILLSTAND—ARMISTICE

Waffenstillstand is the German for armistice. This struck me as particularly significant. Probably the cautious Dutch owner of the *Remscheid*, sending his ship to sea soon after November 11, feared there might still be U-boats at large that had not learned of the truce and would not respect a neutral flag.

Among other ships we noticed the *Edgemoor* and *Westfield*, of Seattle, the four-masted schooner *Charles S. Stanford* of Bangor, the *Naimés* of London, the *Meiningen* of Brest, the *Perseveranza* of Trieste, and *Iskra* of Dubrovnik (which W. M. explains to me is the Slavic name for Ragusa). Thus, in the names on the sterns along Philadelphia piers one reads echoes of the war. And most appealing of all the ships we passed was the little white Danish bark *Valdivia*, just such a craft as

used to be commanded by the best-known sea captain of modern years, Joseph Conrad.

It must be a brave life to be a tugboat skipper. To con the *Betty* up the shining reaches of the Delaware in a summer dusk, the soft flow of air keeping one's pipe in a glow, that good musk of the Jersey pines tingling in the nostril. Then to turn over the wheel to the mate while one goes below to tackle a tugboat supper, with plenty of dripping steak and fried murphies and coffee with condensed milk. And a tugboat crew sleep at home o' nights, too. Think of it—a sailor all day long, and yet sleep in your own bed at home!

THE WHITMAN CENTENNIAL

YESTERDAY—Memorial Day—was a true Walt Whitman day. The ferries thronged with cheerful people, the laughing, eager throng at the Camden terminal, piling aboard trolley cars for a holiday outing—the clang and thud of marching bands, the flags and flowers and genial human bustle, pervaded now and then by that note of tribute to the final mystery—surely all this was just such a scene as Walt loved to watch and ponder. And going on pilgrimage with two English editors to Mickle street and Harleigh Cemetery, it was not strange that our thoughts were largely with the man whose hundredth birthday we bear in mind today.

By just so far (it seems to me) as we find it painful to read Walt Whitman, by just so far we

may reckon our divergence from the right path of human happiness. If it perturbs us to read his jottings of "specimen days" along Timber creek, wrestling with his twelve-foot oak sapling to gain strength, sluicing in clear water and scouring his naked limbs with his favorite flesh-brush, ruminating in blest solitude among the tints of sunset, the odor of mint-leaves and the moving airs of the summer meadow—if this gives us a twinge, then it is probably because we have divorced ourselves from the primitive joyfulness of the open air. If we find his trumpeting of physical candor shameful or unsavory, perhaps it is because we have not schooled our thoughts to honest cleanliness. (Though Anne Gilchrist's gentle comment must not be forgotten: "Perhaps Walt Whitman has forgotten the truth that our instincts are beautiful facts of nature, as well as our bodies; and that we have a strong instinct of silence about some things.") If we find him lacking in humor or think some of his catalogues tedious—there are catalogues and shortage of humor even in some books considered sacred. And Whitman, if not a humorist himself, has been (as Mr. Chesterton would say) the cause of humor in others. How adorably he has lent himself to parody! But this by the way. The point is, Whitman is a true teacher: first the thrashing, then the tenderness. No one ever found him exhilarating on the first reading. But he is a hound of heaven. He will hunt you down and find you out. Expurgate him for your-

self, if you wish. He cannot be inclosed in a formula. He asks you to draw up your own formula as you read him. Rest assured, William Blake would not have found him obscure. "If you want me again, look for me under your bootsoles." Is not that the very accent of Blake?

There is marvelous drama in Camden for the seeing eye. The first scene is Mickle street, that dingy, smoke-swept lane of mean houses. The visitors from oversea stood almost aghast when they saw the pathetic vista. For years they had dwelt on Whitman's magnificent messages of pride and confidence:

See, projected through time,
For me an audience interminable.

Perhaps they had conjured to mind a clean little cottage such as an English suburb might offer: a dainty patch of wallflowers under the front door, a shining brass knocker, a sideboard of mahogany with an etching of Walt on the wall. No wonder, then, that the deathplace of the poet with "audience interminable" came as a shock.

And yet, one wonders, is not that faded box, with its flag hanging from the second story and little Louis Skymer's boyish sign in the window—*Rabbits for sale cheap*—and the backyard littered with hutches and the old nose-broken carved bust of Walt chucked away in a corner—is it not in a way strangely appropriate? Would not Walt almost have preferred it to be so, with its humble

homeliness, so instinct with humanity, rather than a neatly tidied mausoleum? If Walt had believed that a man must live in a colonial cot in a fashionable suburb in order to write great poetry he would not have been Walt.

The great matter is to reveal and outpour the Godlike suggestions pressing for birth in the soul.

And then it must be remembered that Walt didn't live much on Mickle street until he became a confirmed invalid, and his pack of listeners kept him talking so hard he didn't know where he was. He lived on the ferries, up and down Chestnut street, or (for that matter) in the constellation Orion.

The second scene of the Camden drama is at Harleigh Cemetery. Here, among that sweet city of the dead, in a little dell where the rhododendrons yield their fragrance to the sun-heavy air, the massive stone door stands ajar. A great mass of flowers, laid there by the English-Speaking Union, was heaped at the sill. More instinctively than in many a church, the passer lifts his hat.

Has any one supposed it lucky to be born?
I hasten to inform him or her it is just as lucky to die,
and I know it.

I thought of what a little girl who was standing on the pavement of Mickle street had said to me as we halted in front of the Whitman house. "My father was sick, and he died."

Yesterday—Memorial Day—was a day of poig-

nant thoughts. Walt wrote once in "Specimen Days":

Somehow I got thinking today of young men's deaths—not at all sadly or sentimentally, but gravely, realistically, *perhaps a little artistically.*

What a curious note of apology there is in the last admission! He who was so rarely "artistic"! He who began his career as a writer of incredibly mawkish short stories and doggerels, and rigidly trained himself to omit the "stock" touches! Let us not try to speak of Walt, or of death, in any "artistic" vein.

"Stop this day and night with me" (Walt said) "and you shall possess the origin of all poems." By which he meant, of course, you shall possess your own soul. You shall grasp with sureness and ecstasy the only fact you can cling to in this baffling merry-go-round—the dignity and worth of your own life. In reading Whitman one seems to burst through the crust of perversity, artificial complexity and needless timidity that afflicts us all, to meet a strong river of sanity and courage that sweeps away the petty rubbish. Because it is so far from the course of our meaningless gestures, we know instinctively it is right and true. There is no heart so bruised, there is no life so needlessly perplexed, but it can find its message in this man. "I have the best of time and space," he said. So have we all, for our little moment. Read his defiant words, great and scornful as any ever penned:

What place is besieged, and vainly tries to raise the siege?
 Lo, I send to that place a commander, swift, brave, im-
 mortal,
 And with him horse and foot, and parks of artillery,
 And artillerymen, the deadliest that ever fired gun.

He sends you your own soul.

As we rode back to Camden on the trolley one of my companions spied the Washington statue in front of the courthouse (which I had been hoping he would miss). He smiled at the General grotesquely kneeling in stone. "Only giving one knee to his Maker," was his droll comment.

It was so with Walt. He wanted to be quite sure what he was kneeling to before he gave both knees.

Perhaps the most curious (and gruesome) story in connection with Whitman comes to me from James Shields. He has showed me a monograph by the late Dr. E. A. Spitzka, professor of anatomy at the Jefferson Medical College, which gives a brief review of scientific post-mortem measurements made of the brains of 130 notable men and four women. In this monograph, reprinted by the American Philosophical Society in 1907, occurs the following paragraph:

87. WHITMAN, WALT, American poet. The weight of Walt Whitman's brain is variously given as 45.2 ounces (1282 grams) and 43.3 ounces (1228 grams). His stature was six feet and in health he weighed about 200 pounds. The brain had been preserved, but some careless attendant in the laboratory let the jar fall to the ground; it is not stated whether the brain was totally destroyed by the fall, but it is a great pity that not even the fragments of the brain were rescued.

ANNE GILCHRIST'S HOUSE

THE Kensington car that goes northward on Seventh street carries one straightway into a land of adventure. Hardly have you settled in your seat when you see a sign, The Pickwick Cafe, 53 North Seventh street. Admirable name for a chop-house! Glancing about, across the aisle is a lady with one of those curious hats which permit the wearer to scrutinize through the transparent brim while her head is apparently bent demurely downward. The surprising effect of impaling oneself upon so unexpected a gaze is startling. Bashfully one turns elsewhere. On a hoarding stares a theatrical sign: "Did You Tell Your Wife ALL Before Marriage?"

I got off at Master street and walked stolidly west. It is a humble causeway in that region, rich in junk shops and a bit shaky in its spelling. At the corner of Warnock is an impromptu negro church, announcing "Servers every Sunday, 3 p. m." The lithograph which is such a favorite on South street, crops up again: the famous golden-haired lassie with a blue dress, asleep under a red blanket, guarded by a white dog with a noble, steadfast expression. Fawn and Camac streets reappear and afford quiet vistas of red brick with marble trimmings. I believe this is Fawn's first venture north of Bainbridge. As its name implies, a shy, furtive street. One could spend a lively day afoot tracing

the skip-stops of these two vagabonds. Camac street has tried to concentrate attention on itself between Walnut and Spruce, calling itself arrogantly the Greatest Little Street in the World. But it leads a multiple life. I have found it popping up around Race street, at Wallace, and even north of that most poetically named of all Philadelphia's thoroughfares, Rising Sun avenue.

The greenery of Ontario Park is likely to lure the wayfarer from Master street for a detour. There is a large public school there, and an exceedingly pretty young teacher in a pink dress and shell spectacles was gravely leading a procession of thirty small urchins for their morning recess in the open air. Two by two, with decent gravity, they crossed the street, and demobilized in the park for hair ribbons, shoelaces and blouse strings to be retied.

As it approaches Broad street, Master goes steadily up grade, both physically and in the spirit. At the corner of Broad it reaches its grand historic climax in the vast ornate brown pile where Edwin Forrest died in 1872. A tablet says, "This house was the residence of Edwin Forrest, the greatest tragedian of his time." It is interesting to remember (with the aid of an encyclopedia) that one of Forrest's favorite rôles was Spartacus. Until the arrival of Liebknecht he was supreme in that accomplishment.

At the top of the hill, at Fifteenth street, Master street becomes almost suburban and frisky. It

abounds in gracious garden vistas, rubber plants and an apartment house of a Spanish tinge of architecture. A patriotic Presbyterian church has turned its front lawn into a potato patch. At 1534 one of the smallest and most delightful black puppies ever seen was tumbling about on a white marble stoop. He was so young that his eyes were still blue and cloudy, but his appeal for a caress was unmistakable. I stopped to pay my respects, but a large Airedale appeared and stood over him with an air of "You haven't been introduced."

A few blocks further on one abuts upon Ridge avenue, the Sam Brown belt of Philadelphia. In its long diagonal course from Ninth and Vine up to Strawberry Mansion, Ridge avenue is full of unceasing life and interest. It and South street are perhaps the two most entertaining of the city's humbler highways. Master street crosses it at a dramatic spot. There is a great cool lumber yard, where the piled-up wood exhales a fragrant breath under the hot sun, and lilac-breasted pigeons flap about among the stained rafters. A few yards away one catches a glimpse of the vast inclosure of Girard College, where the big silvery-gray parthenon rises austere above a cloud of foliage.

One aspect of Ridge avenue is plain at a glance. It is the city's stronghold of the horse. You will see more horses there than anywhere else I know (except perhaps down by the docks). From horse-shoeing forges comes the mellow clang of beaten iron. As the noon whistles blow, scores of horses

stand at their wagons along the curb, cheerfully chewing oats, while their drivers are dispatching heavy mugs of "coffee with plenty" in the nearby delicatessens. Ridge avenue conducts a heavy trade in furniture on the pavements. Its favorite tobaccos are of a thundering potency: Blue Hen, Sensation, Polar Bear, Buckingham cut plug. There is a primitive robust quality about its merchandising. "Eat Cornell's Sauer Kraut and Grow Fat," says a legend painted across the flank of a pickle factory. "Packey McFarland Recommends Make-Man Tablets," is the message of a lively cardboard "cutout" in a druggist's window. Odd little streets run off the avenue at oblique angles: Sharswood, for instance, where two horses stood under the shade of a big tree as in a barnyard picture. On a brick wall on Beechwood street I found the following chalked up:

CLAN OF THE EAGLE'S EYE

Lone Wolf

Red Hawk

Arrowfire

Red Thunder

Deerfoot

This seemed a pathetic testimony that not even the city streets can quench the Fenimore Cooper tradition among American youth. And, oddly enough, below this roster of braves some learned infant had written in Greek letters, "Harry a dam fool." Evidently some challenge to a rival tribe.

Twenty-second street north of Ridge avenue is a quiet stretch of red brick, with occasional outcroppings of pale yellow-green stone. At the noon hour it is a cascade of children, tumbling out of the Joseph Singerly Public School. Happily for those juveniles, there is one of the best tuck shops in Philadelphia at the corner of Columbia avenue. It is worth a long journey to taste their cinnamon buns. And in the block just behind the school, at 1929 North Twenty-second, there is a little three-story yellow-green house with a large bay window, which gives Whitman lovers a thrill. That little house is associated with one of the most poignant and curious romances in the story of American letters. For it was here that Mrs. Anne Gilchrist and her children came in September, 1876, and lived until the spring of 1878. Mrs. Gilchrist, a noble and talented English woman, whose husband had died in 1861, fell passionately in love with Walt after reading "Leaves of Grass." Her letters to Walt, which were published recently by Thomas Harned, are among the most searchingly beautiful expressions of human attachment. After Whitman's paralytic stroke Anne Gilchrist insisted on coming from London to Philadelphia to be near the poet and help him in any way she could; and to this little house on Twenty-second street Walt used to go day after day to take tea with her and her children. Walt had tried earnestly to dissuade her from coming to America, and his few letters to her seem a curiously enig-

matic reply to her devotion. Perhaps, as Mr. Harned implies, his heart was engaged elsewhere. At any rate, his conduct in this delicate affair seems sufficient proof of what has sometimes been doubted, that he was at heart a gentleman—a banal word, but we have no other.

The present occupant of the house is Mrs. Alexander Wellner, who was kind enough to grant me a few minutes' talk. She has lived in the house only a year, and did not know of its Whitman association. The street can hardly have changed much—save for the new public school building—since Centennial days. The gardens behind the houses are a mass of green shrubbery, and in a neighboring yard stands an immense tree in full leaf. Perhaps Walt and his good friends may have sat out there for tea on warm afternoons forty-two years ago. But it seems a long way from Camden!

As I came away, thinking of that romantic and sad episode in the lives of two who were greatly worthy of each other, the corner of my eye was caught by a large poster. In a random flash of vision I misread it in accordance with my thoughts. THE GOOD GRAY POET, it seemed to say. For an instant I accepted this as natural. Then, returning to my senses, I retraced my steps to look at it again. THAT GOOD GULF GASOLINE!

ALONG THE GREEN NESHAMINY

THERE are scenes so rich in color, so flooded with sunlight, that the hand hardly knows how to set them down. They seem to yearn for expression in what is called poetry, yet one fears to submit them to the bending and twisting of rhyme. For when one embarks on the ecstatic search for words in tune with one another he may find bright and jovial cadences, but rarely does he say just what was in his heart. How, then, may one order the mysterious mechanism that gears brain with forefinger so that the least possible color and contour be lost in transmission?

The other day I rowed up Neshaminy Creek. It is a bright little river seventeen miles or so from Philadelphia, a stripling of the great-hearted Delaware. Its wooded and meaded banks are a favored pleasuring ground for pavement-keeping souls, who set up a tent there in the summertime and cruise those innocent waters in canoes. It is a happy stream, beloved of picnic parties. Millions of hard-boiled eggs and ice cream cones have perished in the grove above the dam, and a long avenue of stately poplar trees has grown up to commemorate them. The picnicking point is known as Neshaminy Falls, though the falling is done mostly by high-spirited flappers on the entertaining toboggan chute, down which they launch themselves in a cheering line. The river falls

tamely enough over a small dam; Niagara's prestige is nowhere menaced.

There is a kind of emergency fleet corporation doing a bustling traffic at the little plank landing stage. The chief navigating officer was toting a roll of bills larger than I can face with comfort. From him one hires a vessel of sorts, propelled by bright red oars, and then one sets forth up the stream. Most of the voyagers are content after passing the island, for the current, though sluggish, is persistent. But it is well to keep on. Neshaminy shows her rarest charms to those who woo her stoutly.

Above the island there is a long strip of thick woodland on both banks. The treetops, rising steeply into the bright air, keep tossing and trembling in the wind, but the stream itself is entirely still. Along the bank, where the great bleached trunks climb out of the water, there hangs the peculiar moist, earthy, pungent smell of a river that runs among woods. Every fresh-water bather must know that smell. It has in it a dim taint as of decay, a sense of rotting vegetation. Yet it is a clean odor and a cool one. It is a smell particularly dear to me, for it recalls to my eager nostril the exact scent of the old bathing place on the Cherwell at Oxford, quaintly known as Parson's Pleasure. How vividly I remember that moist, cool corner of turf, the afternoon sunlight stabbing it with slanting arrows of gold, the enigmatic old Walt Whitman (called Cox) handing

out damp towels from his dingy hutch, and the clean white bodies poised against green willows! Would it hurt Neshaminy's feelings if I were to confess that the poignance of its appeal to me was partly due to its kinship with the Oxford Cher?

A little farther up, the creek has the good sense to throw off its mantle of woods. Wide meadows come to the water's edge; hills of a friendly sort are folded down about it, showing a bare line of upland against the sky. A clean line of hill against the emptiness of blue is a sight that never tires. A country road crosses the stream on a flimsy bridge that leans on stout old stone piers. The road bends away uphill, among a wilderness of blackberry bushes, winding among pastures where the cows are grazing. That is a good kind of road; the sort of road one associates with bare feet and hot dust sifting between boyish toes.

Above this bridge the creek shallows. Through the clear water one sees the bottom humped with brown stones. Many of the larger boulders bear a little white paint stain on their upward ridges, showing where a venturesome excursionist has bumped one of the transports of the emergency fleet corporation. Dragonflies gleam like winged scarfpins. Under the boat flashes the bright shape of a small perch or sunfish. On the willow trunks that lean along the bank an occasional fisherman is watching his float. The current moves faster here, dimpling and twisting in little swirls. The water shines and glows: it seems to have caught

whole acres of living sunlight. Far above a great hawk is lazily slanting and sliding, watching curiously to see the mail plane from Bustleton that passes up the valley every afternoon.

There is no peace like that of a little river, and here it is at its best.

At last we reached the point where, if the boat is to go further, it must be propelled by hand, the pilot walking barefoot in the stream. Easing her round sharp reefs, pushing through swift little passages where the current spurts deeply between larger stones, she may be pushed up to a huge tree trunk lying along the shore, surrounded by the deliciously soft and fluid mud loved by country urchins, the mud that *schloops* when one withdraws the sunken foot. Here, the world reduced to "a green thought in a green shade," one may watch the waterbirds tiptoeing and teetering over the shallows, catch the tune of the little rapids scuffling round the bend and eat whatever sandwiches are vouchsafed by the Lady of the White Hand. High above treetops and framing the view stands the enormous viaduct of the Trenton cut-off. A heavy freight train thundering over it now and then keeps one in touch with the straining world.

In the swift sparkle that bickers round the bend one may get a dip and a sprawl in the fashion that is in favor with those who love the scour of lightly running water over the naked flesh. That corner of the stream is remote and screened. There

is a little gap between two shouldery stones where the creek pours itself chuckling and vehement. The bottom is grown with soft, spongy grasses that are very pleasant to squat upon. I presume that every man in the world takes any opportunity he can to wallow in a running brook. It is an old tradition, and there cannot be too much of it.

The little rivers are excellent friends of man. They are brisk, cheerful and full of quiet corners of sun. They are clear and clean, the terror of dark unknown waters is not in them. I have known and loved many such, and I hope to make friends with more. When I look back and reckon up the matters that are cause for regret there will not stand among them my private and pagan sluice in the bright water of Neshaminy.

PENN TREATY PARK

Down by the wharf in old Penn Treaty Park
The trees are all a canopy of green—
The staunch policeboat *Stokley*, ancient craft,
Is purring with a gentle push of steam
That whispers in her valves. Along the pier
The water clucks and sags. Two river cops
Sit smoking pipes outside their small caboose,
Above them looms a tragic rusty bow,
The *Roald Amundsen*, Norwegian tanker,
She that caught fire last winter at Point Breeze
While loading oil. The river cops will tell you
How all the Schuylkill was a hell of flame
And ten men lost their lives. The good old *Stokley*
Dredged the river afterward for bodies.

At sunset time in old Penn Treaty Park
The children sprawl and play: the tawny light
Pours through the leafy chinks in sifted gold
And turns the middle-stream to level fire.
Then, after that red sunset comes the dusk,
The little park is steeped in living shadow,
And Cupid pairs the benches by the pier.
But there's one girl who always sits alone.
Coming at dark, she passes by the shaft
That marks the treaty ground of William Penn.
Too dusk for reading, yet how well she knows
The words carved in the stone: *Unbroken Faith*.

Mary, of Wildey street, had met Alf Larsen
Up at a picture show on East Girard.
Her father was a hard one: he said fiercely
No girl of his should run around with sailors,

No girl of his should play with bolsheviks.
Alf was Norwegian, and a decent fellow,
A big blond youngster with a quiet eye;
He loved the girl, but old man Morton swore
All Scandinavians were the same as Russians,
And every Russian was a bolshevik.

Mary was stubborn; all her blood was willful;
At twilight, by the old Penn Treaty stone,
She used to wait for Alf, or he for her.
And in some whim of Celtic flame and fancy
The carven words became her heart's own motto,
And there they pledged their love: *Unbroken
Faith.*

Oh, golden evenings there along the river!
When all the tiny park was Eden land—
Oh eager hearts that burn and leap and shiver,
Oh hand that mates with hand!
And they would cross the Shackamaxon ferry,
Or walk by Cramps' to see the dry-docked ships
Or in a darkened movie house make merry
With sudden lips on lips—

And half their talk was tremulous with yearning,
And half was of their future, shrewdly planned—
How Alf would leave the sea, and soon be earning
Not less than thirty in a job on land;
Between their kisses they would talk of saving,
Between their calculations, kiss again,
And she would say that he must be behaving
While she described a house to rent at ten.

With Alf at sea, the girl would still go down
To see the very bench where they had sat,
The tidy *Stokley* moored beside the pier,

The friendly vista of the Camden shore,
The stone where they had locked their hearts in
one.

So time went by. The armistice came on,
And Mary radiant, for her lad no more
Would run the gauntlet of the submarines,
And he had heard a chance to get a job
As watchman up at Cramps. Just one more voy-
age

He planned; then he would quit and they'd begin.
So, late one night, in the familiar park
They said good-by. It was their last good-by,
As Mary said: his ship was due to sail
Day after next, and he would have no chance
To come again. She turned beside the stone
To fix in view that place of happy tryst,
The quiet leafless park with powdered frost,
The lamps of the policeboat, red and green.

The *Roald Amundsen* was Larsen's ship.
She lay at the refinery, Point Breeze,
Taking on oil for Liverpool. The day
She was to sail, somehow she caught on fire.
A petaled rose of hell, she roared in flame—
The burning liquid overflowed her decks,
The dock and oil-scummed river blazing, too.
Her men had little chance. They leaped for life
Into the river, but the paraffin
Blazing along the surface, hemmed them in.
They either burned or drowned, and Alf was one.

The irony of fate has little heed
For tenderness of hearts. The blistered hulk,
Burnt, sunk and raised, with twisted, blackened
plates,
A gaunt and gutted horror, seared and charred,

Was towed upstream, and, to be sold for junk,
Was moored beside the *Stokley*. Where her bow,
All scarred and singed with flame and red with
rust,
Must almost overhang the very bench
Of love and happy dreams, the *Roald* lay.
And Mary, coming down to that old haunt
Where all her bliss and heartbreak were most near,
Found the dead ship, approached, and read the
name.

Well, such a tale one cannot tell in full;
Heart's inmost anguish is the heart's alone.
But night by night the girl is sitting there,
Watching the profile of that ship of death,
Watching the *Stokley*, and the kindly men
Who fought the fire and grappled in the ooze
And did not find the thing she hoped and feared.
And still her only consolation lies
In those two words cut on the trysting stone,
Unbroken Faith. Her faith unbroken still
She sits in shadow near their meeting place:
She will not fail him, should he ever come.
She watches all the children at their play,
And does not fear to dream what might have been,
And half believes, beneath the summer leaves,
To see, across the narrow strip of park,
His ruddy face, blond head and quiet eyes.
Yet not until the kindly dusk has come
And fills the little park with blue that heals
Does she go down. She cannot bear to see
The sunset sheet the river o'er with flame.

THE INDIAN POLE

EVERY street has a soul of its own. Somewhere in its course it will betray its secret ideals and preferences. I like to imagine that the soul of Callowhill street has something to do with beer. Like a battered citizen who has fallen upon doleful days, Callowhill street solaces itself with the amber.

Between Tenth and Fourth streets Callowhill numbers at least a dozen pubs, not to enumerate a score of "cider saloons." A soft breath of hops seems to haunt the air, and the trucks unloading kegs into cellars give promise of quenchers to come. Generally one may meet along those pavements certain rusty brothers who have obviously submitted themselves to the trappings of the brewer's great horses, as Homer Rodeheaver's anthem puts it.

Callowhill street, like so much of Philadelphia's old and gentle beauty, is in a downward pang, at any rate so far as the picturesque is concerned. It is curious to see those comely old dwellings, with their fluted dormer windows, their marble facings and dusty fanlights, standing in faded dignity and wistfulness among factories, breweries and railroad spurs. Down their narrow side alleys one may catch a glimpse of greenery (generally the ailanthus, that slummish tree that haunts city back yards and seems to have such an affinity for red brick). If one has a taste for poking and exploring,

he will find many a little court or cul de sac where hardly a stone or a window has changed for a hundred years. One does not need to travel abroad to find red walls with all the mellow stain that one associates with Tudor manors. There is an old wagon yard on the north side of Callowhill, near Fifth, where an artist might trance himself with the plain lines of old houses, the clear sunlight falling athwart the flattened archway and the decrepit vehicles with their weary wheels.

It is a perpetual delight to wander in such by-ways, speculating on the beauty of those rows of houses in days gone by. What a poetry there is in the names of our streets—Nectarine, Buttonwood, Appletree, Darien, Orianna! Even the pawn-brokers are romantics. There is a three-ball establishment on Ninth street where the uncle keeps a great rookery of pigeons in his back yard. They coo seductively to embarrassed wanderers. I can hardly keep my watch in my pocket when I hear their soft suggestions. What a city of sober dignity and clean comfort Philadelphia must have been in the forties—say when Mr. and Mrs. James Russell Lowell came to the northeast corner of Fourth and Arch on their honeymoon, in 1845. "My cheeks are grown so preposterously red," wrote Lowell, "that I look as if I had rubbed them against all the brick walls in the city."

As I turned off Callowhill street, at the oblique junction of York avenue, leaving behind the castellated turrets of a huge brewery, I came upon

an interesting sight. Where Wood street cuts York avenue and Fourth street there stands a tall white flagpole, surmounted by an enormous weather-vane representing an Indian with bow and quiver, holding one arm outstretched. At its foot stands an iron drinking fountain of the S. P. C. A., dated 1868, and on the other side another water basin (now dry) with a white marble slab behind it. I thought that this might offer some inscription, but it is pasted over with a dodger commending "The coolest theatre in town." The Indian figure engaged my curiosity and I made for a nearby tobacconist to inquire. (I always find tobacconists genial people to supply information.) He referred me to Mr. William Renner, the maker of flags and awnings round the corner at 403 Vine street, and from Mr. Renner I learned many things of interest.

Startling pleasures accrue to the wanderer who starts upon his rambles in total ignorance of what he is going to find. Let me frankly confess that I know nothing of the history and topography of Philadelphia; I am learning it as I go. Therefore when I discover things they give me the vivid delight of a totally fresh experience. The Indian Pole, as it is called, may be an old story to many citizens; to me it was entirely new.

Mr. Renner, who has taken the landmark under his personal protection, tells me that the weather-vane was erected many years ago to commemorate the last Indian "powwow" held in Philadelphia,

and also that it is supposed to have been a starting place for the New York stage coaches. However that may be, at any rate the original pole was replaced or repaired in 1835, and at that time a sheet of lead (now kept by the Historical Society) was placed at the top of the pole bearing the names of those who had been instrumental in the restoration. The work was done at the expense of the "United States" Fire Engine Company, that being the day of the old volunteer fire departments.

Apparently the Indian Pole became a kind of rallying point for rival fire engine companies, and there was much jealous competition, when steam fire apparatus was introduced, to see which company could first project a stream of water over the top of the staff. This rivalry was often accompanied by serious brawls, for Mr. Renner tells me that when the Indian figure was repaired recently it was found to be riddled with bullet holes. This neighborhood has been the scene of some dangerous fighting, for St. Augustine's Church, which was destroyed in the riots of 1844, stands only a few yards away down Fourth street.

In 1894 the pole again became dangerous, not as a brawling point, but on account of age. It was removed by the city, but at the instance of Mr. Howard B. French, of Samuel H. French & Company, the paint manufacturers on Callowhill street, the Indian figure and the ball on which it revolved were kept and a new pole was erected by

Mr. French and four other merchants of the neighborhood, T. Morris Perot, Edward H. Ogden, John C. Croxton and William Renner (the father of the present Mr. Renner). That pole, which is still standing, is eighty-five feet from ground to truck. The Indian figure is nine and one-half feet high; it stretches nine feet from the rear end of the bow to the outstretched hand. The copper ball beneath it is sixteen inches in diameter. Mr. Renner says the figure is of wood, several inches thick, and sheathed in iron. He thinks that the hand alone would weigh 150 pounds. He thinks it quite remarkable that though many church steeples in the neighborhood have been struck by lightning the Indian has been unscathed. On holidays Mr. Renner runs up a large flag on the pole, twenty-one by thirty-six feet.

When I remarked that this was a pretty big flag I touched Mr. Renner in a tender spot. Probably there is no man who knows more about big flags than he, for he told me that in 1911 he had made in his workroom on Vine street a Stars and Stripes which is supposed to be the largest flag ever made. It measured 75 by 150 feet. It was flown in Chestnut Hill Park that summer and the next year was hung in a park in Bridgeport, Conn. It was hung on a wire cable between two masts, each 125 feet high and 780 feet apart. Mr. Renner was to have taken it to Panama to be exhibited there when the canal was opened, but unfortunately it was damaged in a fire in Bridgeport.

What has become of it since he does not know. The flag was made of standard wool bunting and weighed half a ton. It was sold for \$2500.

We are not thought to be very sentimental about our flag, but Mr. Renner tells me that a few years ago, when he was hoisting a very large flag at Chestnut Hill Park, he had an amusing experience which sounds more Parisian than Philadelphian. He had been sitting in a "bosun's chair" at the top of the staff while the flag was pulled up and his face was black with soot from the smoke of the nearby scenic railway. Descending from the pole he was leaning against a pavilion looking up at the flag, when an old lady who had been watching rushed up, threw her arms round his neck and embraced him. Mr. Renner still blushes modestly when he recalls the ordeal.

It is a pleasant thing for any community to have some relic or trophy of its own that fosters local pride. Those who live in the neighborhood of Fourth and Callowhill streets are proud of the Indian Pole, which the city once consigned to the dump heap, but which they rescued and have cherished as an interesting landmark. And there are other matters thereabout to invite imagination: The bright blue laboratory of a certain dandruff nostrum; inns named "The Tiger" and "The Sorrel Horse," and a very curious flatiron-shaped house that stands just behind the flagstaff.

I thought the Indian Pole was quite an adventure for one morning, but at Fifth and Arch I met

another. Passing the grave of Ben and Deborah Franklin I noticed that it was being swept.

“Do you do that every day?” I asked the sexton.

“Every day,” he said. “I like to keep it clean.”

I think that Deborah, who was a good housewife, would be glad to know that her plain Quakerish tombstone is dusted every day. The good man who does it is Jacob Schweiger and he lives at 221 Noble street.

CLAUD JOSEPH WARLOW

SOME days ago we were passing the new office of the Philadelphia Electric Company at Tenth and Chestnut streets, when our eye was caught, through the broad plate-glass windows, by a shimmer of blue at the back of the store. Being of a curious disposition, we pushed through the revolving doors to investigate.

On the rear wall of the office we found a beautiful painting representing Philadelphia seen from above in the twilight of a snowy winter evening. It is a large canvas, about twenty-five feet long by ten high. Now we are totally unfamiliar with the technical jargon adopted by those who talk about art; we could not even obey the advice given to us by an artist friend, always to turn a picture upside down and look at it that way before passing judgment; but this painting seemed to us a mighty fine piece of work.

As we said, it shows the city as seen from some imaginary bird's-eye vantage, perhaps somewhere above the Girard Avenue Bridge. The bending course of the Schuylkill is shown in a ribbon of deep blue; the broader and paler stretch of the Delaware closes the canvas to the east; the whole city from Cramps' shipyard down to Hog Island lies under the gaze, with the brilliance of the evening lights shining up through the soft blue dusk. The prevailing tone of the painting is blue; but examined closely the white of snow-covered roofs and the golden glow of street lights sparkling upward from the channels of the city, together with the varied tints of the masonry, lend a delightful exuberance of color, though always kept within the restrained and shadowy soberness of a winter twilight.

This painting seemed to us so remarkable an achievement that we were immediately interested and made some inquiries to find out who had done it. The story is interesting, as any story of achievement is, and it also has a touch of poignant tragedy.

In the bitter snowy days of the winter of 1917-18—and there is no Philadelphian who does not remember what that winter was like—a young artist of this city spent the daylight of almost every snowy day out on the streets with his paint box. He climbed to the top of high buildings, he haunted the Schuylkill bridges with his sketchbook, and with numbed fingers he sat on ice-crusting cornices or

leaned from giddy office window-sills noting down colors, contours and the aspect of the city from various viewpoints. Time and again watchmen and policemen took him to the station house as a suspected spy until his errand was explained to the city authorities and he was given an authoritative passport. But his passion for painting snow scenes and his desire to crown handicapped years of study by a really first-rate canvas spurred him on. He had spent the previous summer in getting the topography of the city by heart, mapping the course of various streets until he knew them house by house. Then, when the bitterest winter in our history came along, the snow that bothered most of us was just what he had yearned for. He revelled in the serene sparkling colors of the winter twilight when blazing windows cast their radiance across the milky whiteness and the sky shimmers a clear gem-like emerald and blue and mother-of-pearl.

Even those who know the city through a long lifetime of street wandering will admit the difficulty of representing the vast area as it would be seen from an imaginary gazing-point high in air. Infinite problems of perspective, infinite details of accuracy and patient verification must enter into such a work. But the artist never wavered through his long task. The sketches he had made through that long blizzard winter were gradually put on his big canvas through the hot days of last summer. Undoubtedly it was a happy task, working on that

broad snowscape in the hot drowsy weather, with the growing certainty that he was doing something that measured up to his dream of portraying the city he loved, picturing it with the accurate fidelity of a map and yet with the loving eye of an artist who lingers over the beauty that most of us only intuitively suspect. The painting was finished early in the autumn and the ambitious young artist looked forward eagerly to the triumphant day when it would be hung in the new office of the Electric Company, which had encouraged the work and made it possible.

Then came the influenza epidemic, and the artist was among the first to be carried off by that tragic pestilence. He died without seeing his painting put up in the place of honor it now occupies. In his modesty he did not even put his name on the canvas—or at least if he did it is written so minutely that one hunts for it in vain.

It is good to know that the Philadelphia Electric Company is going to erect a bronze tablet in his memory beside the splendid painting on which he worked for a year and a half.

The name of the artist was Claud Joseph Warlow, well remembered at the Academy of the Fine Arts as one of its most promising pupils in recent years. He was born in Williamstown, Pa., March 31, 1888, and died in this city October 6, 1918. His skill as an artist was apparent even as a boy; chalk drawings that he made on the blackboard at school were so good that they were allowed to re-

main on the board for months after he had done them as an incentive to other children. After leaving school he started a sign-painting business, sketching in oils in his spare time. Owing to his father's death, about 1906, he had to postpone for some years his ambition to enter the Academy classes, finally attaining that desire in 1911. At the Academy he was awarded several prizes, notably the Cresson traveling fellowship, which he was not able to enjoy on account of the war.

We hope that all lovers of Philadelphia will take occasion to step into the office of the Electric Company to see this beautiful painting. There are no words competent to express the tragedy of those who have worked patiently for an ideal and yet die too soon to see their dreams come to full fruit. Yet it is good to remember that those pinched and bitter days of last winter, when we were all bemoaning Black Mondays and ways clogged with snow, gave Claud Warlow his opportunity to put on canvas the beauty that haunted him and which made his life a triumph. And a civilization that is wise enough to beautify an electrical office with so fine a mural canvas, that builds railroad stations like Greek temples, puts one of the world's finest organs in a department store and a painting of mosaic glass in a publishing plant, is a civilization that brings endless hope to birth.

AT THE MINT

I DON'T know just why it was, but all the time I was in the Mint yesterday I kept on thinking about Lenine and Trotsky and how much they would have liked to be there.

I found my friend, the assistant assayer, in his laboratory making mysterious chalk marks on a long blackboard and gazing with keen gray eyes at a circle of little bottles containing pale bluish fluids. At the bottom of each vessel was a white sediment that looked like a mixture of cream cheese and headache powder. "Silver," said the assistant assayer, in an offhand way, and I was duly impressed.

You may expect to be impressed when you visit the Mint on Spring Garden street. Most of us know, in a vague way, that two-thirds of our coinage comes from that dignified building, which is probably the finest mint building in the world. Fewer of us know that most of South America's coins come from there too, and when the citizens of Lima or Buenos Aires pay out their bright centavos for a movie show or a black cigar their pockets jingle with small change stamped in Philadelphia. And none of us can realize, without a trip to that marvelous home of wonders, the spirit of devoted and delicate science that moves among the men who have spent self-effacing lives in test-

ing precious metals and molding them into the most beautiful coinage known on earth.

The assistant assayer, after a last lingering look at his little blue flasks—he was testing the amount of silver in deposits of ore brought in to the Mint from all over the country—if you find any in your back yard the Mint will pay you a dollar an ounce for it—was gracious enough to give me some fleeting glances at the fascinating work going on in the building. The first thing one realizes is the presence of the benign and silent goddess of Science. Those upper floors, where the assayers work in large, quiet chambers, are like the workrooms of some great university, some university happily exempt from the turbulent and irritating presence of students, where the professors are able to lose themselves in the worship of their own researches. Great delicate scales—only you mustn't call them "scales," but "balances"—that tremble like a lover's heart if you lay a hair on one platform, shelter their gossamer workings behind glass cases. My guide showed me one, a fantastic delicacy so sensitive that one feels as clumsy as Gibraltar when one looks at it. Each division on its ivory register indicates one-tenth of a milligram, which, I should say, is about as heavy as the eyelash of a flea. With a pair of calipers he dropped a tiny morsel of paper on one balance and the needle swung over to the extreme end of the scale. With his eyes shining with enthusiasm he showed how, by means of a counterpoise made of a platinum

wire as slender as a mosquito's leg, he could swing the needle back toward the middle of the scale and get the exact reading.

At another balance a scientist was snipping shreds from a long ribbon of gold. I was allowed to hold it in my hand, and though its curator explained deprecatingly that it was only 999.5 thousandths pure, it seemed pure enough for all my purposes. It is wonderful stuff, soft enough to tie in knots and yet so tough that it is very difficult to cut with heavy shears. That strip of about sixty ounces was worth well over \$1200—and they didn't even search me when I left the building. "Proof gold," it seems, which is 1000 pure, is worth \$40 an ounce, and all the proof gold used for scientific purposes in this country is refined in the Philadelphia Mint. The assistant assayer showed me lots of nice little nuggets of it in a drawer. Almost every drawer he opened contained enough roots of evil to make a newspaperman happy for a year.

In a neat little row of furnaces set into a tiled wall I was shown some queer little cups heating to 1700 degrees in a rosy swirl of fire. These little "cupels," as they call them, are made of compressed bone-ash and are used to absorb the baser metals in an alloy. Their peculiar merit is that at the required temperature they absorb all the copper, lead or whatever other base metal there may be and leave in the cup only the gold and silver. Then the gold and silver mixture is placed

in boiling nitric acid, which takes out all the silver and leaves only the globule of pure gold. The matter that puzzles the lay observer is, how do you find these things out in the first place? But I would believe anything after one marvel my friend showed me. He picked up a glass that looked like an innocent tumbler of spring water. "This," he said, "is nitrate of silver; in other words, dissolved silver. Don't spill it on your clothes or it will eat them right off your back." I kept off, aghast. Into the tumbler he dropped a little muriatic acid. The mixture boiled and fumed and long streamers of soft, cheesy substance began to hasten toward the bottom of the glass, waving like trees in a gale. "That's the silver," he said, and while I was still tremulous showed me wafers of gold dissolving in aqua regia. When completely dissolved the liquid looks like a thin but very sweet molasses. He then performed similar magic upon some silver solution by unloading a pipette of salt water on it and shaking it in a little machine called an "agitator." After which he felt I was sufficiently humble to show me the furnace room.

If you have an affection for the nice old silver cartwheel dollars, keep away from the furnace room of the Mint, for one of the first things you will see is whole truckloads of them moving silently to their doom. I was told that there is a shortage of silver in Europe these days, particularly since troubles in Mexico have reduced that country's

output of ore, and in order to accommodate foreign friends Uncle Sam has recently melted 200,000,000 of our old friends into bars and 50,000,000 more of them are on the way to the furnace. None have been coined since 1904, as apparently they are not popular.

The pride of the Mint centers just now upon the two new electric furnaces, the larger of which has only been installed a few weeks (a Swedish invention, by the way), but the old gas ovens are more spectacular to the visitor because the flames are more visible. When the heavy door is slid aside you can see the crucible (made of graphite from Ceylon) with its mass of silver dollars, standing patiently in the furious glow. Then, if you are lucky, you will see them ladling out the liquid silver into the molds. One of the workmen held a slip of paper to the boiling metal: it burst into flame and he calmly lit his pipe with it. In other furnaces sheets of nickel from which Argentine coins had been punched were being melted, surrounded by a marvelous radiance of green and golden fire. All about you are great ingots of copper, silver, nickel and boxes of queer little nickel nuggets, formed by dropping the hot liquid into ice water. It is a place in which one would willingly spend a whole day watching the wonders which those accustomed to them take so calmly. In the vault just outside the furnace room I was shown between eighteen and nineteen million dollars' worth of gold bars stacked up on shelves.

Again—I don't know just why—I thought of Lenine and Trotsky.

There were also more truckloads of the old silver dollars on their way to the fire. Some of them, though dated back in the seventies, seemed as good as new; others were badly worn. They were piled up in lots of 40,000, which, when new, would weigh 34,375 ounces; one lot, I was told, had lost 208 ounces through abrasion.

In the big coining room the presses were busily at work stamping out new coins, and women operators were carefully examining the "blanks" for imperfections before they go under the dies. To one who expected to see vast quantities of shining new American coinage it was odd to learn that almost all the machines were busy turning out small change for Peru and Argentina. Next week, the foreman said, they start on a big order of the queer coins of Siam, which have a hole in the middle like the Chinese money. But I saw one machine busy turning out Lincoln pennies at the rate of 100 a minute. The one-cent piece requires a pressure of forty tons to stamp the design on the metal; the larger coins, of course, need a heavier pressure, up to 120 tons.

The Mint's wonderful collection of coins and medals of all lands would deserve an article of its own. One of the rarities of which the curator is most proud is a terra-cotta medallion of Franklin, made by Nini at Chaumont in 1777. It is in perfect condition and was bought by the Mint from a

New York newspaperman. A brand-new acquisition, only set up within the last few weeks, is a case of French military decorations presented by the French Government—the five grades of the Legion of Honor, the four grades of the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire. Near these are the United States military and naval medals, a sad and ugly contrast to the delicate art of the French trophies.

I was unfortunate in not being lucky enough to meet Superintendent Joyce, under whose administration the Philadelphia Mint has become the most remarkable place of coinage in the world; or Mr. Eckfeldt, the assayer in chief, who has served the Mint for fifty-four years and is the son of the former assayer and grandson of the Mint's first "coiner," Adam Eckfeldt. These three generations of Eckfeldts have served the Mint for 123 years. But my friend Mr. Homer L. Pound, the assistant assayer, who modestly speaks of his own thirty years of service as a mere trifle, had by this time shown me so much that my brain reeled. He permitted me to change my pocket money into brand new coinage of 1919 as a souvenir, and then I left. And as for Lenine and Trotsky, the experience would have killed them!

STONEHOUSE LANE AND THE NECK

IT HAD been a very hot day. At seven o'clock the rich orange sunshine was still flooding straight down Chestnut street. The thought occurred to me that it would be a splendid evening to see the sunset over the level fens of The Neck, that curious canal-country of South Philadelphia which so few of us know.

You take the Fourth street car to Fifth and Ritner. The wide space of Mifflin Square is full of playing children. Here you halt to light a pipe. This is advisable, as you will see in a moment. A couple of blocks south brings you to one of the most noxious areas of dump heaps and waste litters in the world. An expanse of evil-smelling junk smokes with a thin haze of burning. Queer little wooden shacks, stables, pig pens, sit comfortably in a desert of tin cans and sour rubbish. You will need your tobacco if you are squeamish. In the shadow of mountains of outcast scrap are tiny homes under dusty shade, where a patient old lady was sitting in a wheel chair reading a book.

A winding track, inconceivably sordid, leads through fields of rank burdock, ashes, broken brick, rusty barrel hoops. Two ancient horses were grazing there, and there seemed a certain pathos in a white van I encountered at the crossing where Stonehouse lane goes over the freight

tracks. *The Brown Company*, it said, *Removers of Dead Animals*.

But once across the railway you step into a new world, a country undreamed of by the uptown citizen. Green meadows lie under the pink sunset light. One-story white houses, very small, but with yards swept clean and neat whitewashed fences, stand under poplars and willows. It is almost an incredible experience to come upon that odd little village as one crosses a wooden bridge and sees boys fishing hopefully in a stagnant canal. At the bend in the lane is a trim white house with vivid flowers in the garden, beds patterned with whited shells, an old figurehead—or is it a cigar-store sign?—of a colored boy in a blue coat, freshly painted in the yard. It is like a country hamlet, full of dogs, hens, ducks and children. In the stable yards horses stand munching at the barn doors. Some of the little houses are painted red, brown and green. A girl in a faded blue pinafore comes up the road leading two white horses, a solitary cow trails along behind.

Like every country village, Stonehouse lane has its own grocery store, a fascinating little place where one can sit on the porch and drink a bottle of lemon soda. This tiny shop is stuffed with all manner of provisioning; it has one of the old-fashioned coffee grinders with two enormous fly-wheels. In the dusk, when the two oil lamps are lit and turned low on account of the heat, it shines with a fine tawny light that would speak to the eye

of a painter. A lamplighter comes along kindling the gas burners, which twinkle down the long white lane. A rich essence of pig steeps in the air, but it is not unpalatable to one accustomed to the country. As one sits on the porch of the store friendly dogs nose about one, and the village children come with baskets to do the evening purchasing.

A map of the city gives one little help in exploring this odd region of The Neck. According to the map one might believe that it is all laid out and built up in rectilinear streets. As a matter of fact it is a spread of meadows, marshes and scummy canals, with winding lanes and paths stepping off among clumps of trees and quaint white cottages half hidden among rushes, lilies and honeysuckle matting. Off to the east rise the masts and wireless aërials of League Island. It is a strange land, with customs of its own, not to be discerned at sight. Like all small communities sharply conscious of their own identity, it is proud and reserved. It is a native American settlement: the children are flaxen and sturdy, their skin gilded with that amazing richness and beauty of color that comes to small urchins who play all day long in the sun in scant garmenting.

Over another railway siding one passes into the fens proper, and away from the village of Stonehouse lane. (I wonder, by the way, what was the stone house which gave it the name? All the present cottages are plainly wood.) Now one is in a

country almost Dutch in aspect. It is seamed with canals and was probably an island originally, for it is still spoken of as Greenwich Island. Along the canals are paths, white and dusty in the summer drought, very soft to walk upon. Great clumps of thick old willows stand up against the low horizon. The light grows less steep as the sun sinks in a powdery haze of rose and orange. In one of the canals, below a high embankment, half a dozen naked boys were bathing, attended by a joyous white dog. In that evening pinkness of light their bodies gleamed beautifully. Through masses of flowering sumac, past thick copses and masses of reeds, over broad fields of bird-song, narrow paths lead down to the river. In the warm savor of summer air it all seemed as deserted and refreshing as some Adirondack pasture. Then one stands at the top of a little sandy bank and sees the great bend of the Delaware. Opposite is the mouth of Timber Creek, Walt Whitman's favorite pleasure haunt. A little lower down is League Island.

One of the most fascinating dreams one could have is of all this broad fen-land as a great city playground. It is strange that Philadelphia has made so little use of the Delaware for purposes of public beauty. A landscape architect would go mad with joy if given the delightful task of planning The Neck as a park. It would take comparatively little effort to drain it properly and make it one of the noblest pleasure grounds in the

world. Will this wonderful strip of river-bank be allowed to pass into slime and smoke as the lower Schuylkill has done?

The stream lap-laps against a narrow shelf of sandy beach, where there are a number of logs for comfortable sitting. A water rat ran quietly up the bank as I slid down it. A steamer passed up the river, her windows aflame with the last of the sunlight. Birds were merry in the scrub willows, and big dragon flies flittering about. The light grew softer and grayer, while a concave moon swung high over the water. Motorboats chugged gently by, while a big dredge further upstream continued to clang and grind. By and by the river was empty. It had been a very hot day, and a great idea occurred to me. In the good old brownish water of the Delaware I had what my friend Mifflin McGill used to call a "surreptitious" swim.

VALLEY FORGE

A CURIOUS magic moves in the air of Valley Forge. There is the same subtle plucking at heart and nerves that one feels when coming home from abroad, passing up some salty harbor on a ship, he sees his own flag rippling from a home staff. It is a sudden inner vision of the meaning of America. It is a realization of the continuity of history, a sense of the imperishable quality of human virtue. And today, when this nation stands on the sill of a new era, ready to surrender for the sake of human-

ity some of the proud traditions ingrained by years of bitter struggle, what place could be a more fitting haunt of dreams and nursery of imagination? Here, on these wind-swept slopes where now the summer air carries the sweetness of fresh-cut hay, here in this vale of humiliation men met the arrows of despair. There is an old belief that it is the second summer that is the danger time in a baby's life. It was the second winter that was the cradle-crisis of the young republic—the winter of 1777-78. It was then that began the long road that carries us from Valley Forge to Versailles.

Few of us realize, I think, what a vast national shrine Valley Forge has become under the careful hands of a few devoted people. There is little of winter and dearth in that spreading park as one views it on a July afternoon. In the great valley of the Schuylkill green acres of young corn ripple in the breeze. Sunlight and shadow drift across the hillsides as great rafts of cloud swim down unseen channels of the wind. There is no country in America lovelier than those quiet hills and vales of Montgomery and Chester counties, with their shadowed creeks, their plump orchards and old stone farmhouses. My idea of jovial destiny would be to be turned loose (about the beginning of the scrapple season) somewhere in the neighborhood of the King of Prussia—no one but an idiot will ever call him by his new name of Ye Old King!—with a knapsack of tobacco, a knobby stick and a volume of R. L. S.

Coming down the road from Devon, the first thing one sees is the great equestrian statue of Anthony Wayne on its pink pedestal. It stands on a naked ridge, which was formerly groved with fine oaks. The Caliph who had me in charge told me with blood in his eye that the trees had been slaughtered in order to give a wider view of the statue. It seems a serious pity. Beyond this one comes to the National Arch, designed by Paul Cret, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has since so gallantly served his native France on fields of battle far more terrible than Valley Forge. From this arch, with its fine inscription by Henry Armitt Brown, there is a serene view across yellow fields of stubble where a big hay wagon was piled high with its fragrant load.

Mr. Weikel, the friendly guard on duty at this spot, a Civil War veteran, was kind enough to show us the hut which is his headquarters. It is one of the many scattered through the park, replicas of the original soldiers' huts, built of logs and chinked with clay. With its little smoke-stained fireplace and weathered roof, sitting on that hill-top in the sweet quick air, it seemed a pleasant place for meditation. Over the rough-hewn mantel was an old picture of George Washington and a badge belonging to some member of the American Press Humorists, dropped by one of these mad wags on their recent visit to the park.

But the chief glory of Valley Forge is the Washington Memorial Chapel, a place so startling in its

beauty that it takes the breath away. Through a humble arched door—as lowly as the doorway of suffering through which the nation came to birth—one enters a shrine of color where the history of the republic is carved in stone. The tall windows blaze with blue and scarlet. A silk Stars and Stripes, hanging by the stone pulpit, waves gently in the cool wind that draws up from the valley and through the open door. The archway into the cloister frames a glimpse of green. In every detail this marvelous little Westminster Abbey of America shows the devoted thought of Dr. Herbert Burk, the man who has lavished his heart upon this noble symbol of our national life. With his brown eyes glowing with enthusiasm he will explain how the religion, the romance, the pathos and humor of a century and a half are woven into every line and tint of the fabric. The magnificent stained windows—windows that recall nothing less fine than the most splendid cathedrals of the middle ages—were planned by Doctor Burk and executed by Nicola D'Ascenzo. The marvelous oak carvings of the choir stalls and pews, the carved lead lamps, the organ, all were done here in Philadelphia.

This amazing poem in stone, endless in lovingly elaborated beauty, can no more be described than any great poem can be described. It is as perfect, as unique, as "The Eve of Saint Agnes"; as rich in color and as thrilling in meaning. On these hillsides, where men "tramped the snow to coral,"

hungry, shivering and unshod; where a great artist, wanting to paint the commander-in-chief, had to do it on bedticking; and where this same commander, worshiper as well as warrior, stole from the campfire to pray; on this field of doubt and suffering there has risen this monument of religious art, devised as a focus of patriotic inspiration for the whole republic. It is an altar of national worship, as though expressly conceived to give outward shape to the words uttered only yesterday by another commander-in-chief:

The stage is set, the destiny disclosed. It has come about by no plan of our conceiving, but by the hand of God, who led us into this way. We cannot turn back. We can only go forward, with lifted eyes and freshened spirit, to follow the vision. It was of this that we dreamed at our birth.

Of the dreams of America's birth the Washington Memorial Chapel is the noble and fitting symbol. It is both a thanksgiving and a prophecy.

From no other lips than those of Doctor Burk himself can the story of this place be told. He will tell you how the chapel grew out of humility and discouragement. He will show you the plain little wooden chapel which he built first of all, before money could be raised for the present building. He will show you the gargoyle—the Imp of Valley Forge—which he says is emblematic of the spirit of the place because he can smile even in winter when his mouth is full of ice. The chapel goes back to the truest tradition of medieval art, when so much humor was carved into the stone ornaments of

cathedrals. When the cornerstone was laid in 1903 Doctor Burk had only enough money on hand to pay for two loads of stone; he had only a piece of hemlock board to shelter the copper box that contained the relics to be inclosed in the foundations, and after the ceremony had to smuggle the box back to his home for safe-keeping. Standing in the beautiful little cloister where the open-air pulpit looks out into the woodland cathedral (with Mount Vernon elms planted in the form of a cross), he says: "If the park were left alone it would be merely a picnic ground. It's the most spiritual spot in America: we must maintain its spiritual heritage."

It is one of the rector's regrets that only one President has ever visited Valley Forge. As one stands in the open-air pulpit looking out through the grove of elms and over the blue and green valley, one wishes that Mr. Wilson might visit the spot. There is no place in America of such peculiar significance just now, there would be no man so quick as Mr. Wilson to catch its spiritual echoes. Even the humblest of us hears secret whispers in the rustle of those trees.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY

THERE is a legend of an old booklover who was pasturing among his folios one evening by candle light. Perhaps he sat (as Charles Lamb used to) with a tumbler of mild grog at his elbow. Perhaps he was in that curious hypnotic trance induced by utter silence, long reading and insufficient air. In the musty fragrance of his library the tapers cast their mellow gush of gold about him, burning up the oxygen from under his very nose. At any rate, in a shadowy alcove something stirred. A bookworm peeped out from a tall vellum binding. It flapped its wings and crew with a clear lively note. Startled, the aged bibliophile looked up and just glimpsed the vanishing flutter of its wings. It was only a glimpse, but it was enough. He ran to his shelves, his ancient heart pounding like an anvil chorus. The old promise had come true. For if any man shall live to see a bookworm, all the volumes on his shelves immediately turn to first editions, signed by the author. But the joyous spasm was too much for the poor scholar. The next morning he was found lying palsied at the foot of his bookcase. The fact that at least two fingers of grog remained in his glass, undrunk, led his fellow booklovers to suspect that something strange had happened. As he lay dying he told the story of his vision. He was the only man who ever saw a bookworm.

But if a bookworm should ever flap its wings and crow in Philadelphia, certainly the place where it would do so would be the Mercantile Library. I imagine that when Mr. Hedley, the delightful librarian, shuts up at night, turns off the green-shaded lamps and rings the bell to thrust out the last lingering reader from the long dark tables, he treads hopefully through those enchanted alcoves. The thick sweet savor of old calf and the dainty bouquet of honest rag paper, the subtle exhalation of rows and rows of books (sweeter to the nostril of the bibliosoph than any mountain air that ever rustled in green treetops) is just the medium in which the fabled bookworm would crow like chanticleer. It is fifty years this month since the Mercantile Library moved into the old market building on Tenth street, and while fifty years is a mere wink of the eyelash to any bookworm, still it is long enough for a few eggs to hatch. For that matter, some of the library's books have been in its possession nigh a hundred years, for it will celebrate its centennial in 1922.

The Mercantile is everything that a library ought to be. It has the still and reverent solemnity that a true home of learning ought to have, combined with an undercurrent of genial fellowship. It is not only a library but a club. Through the glass panels at the back one may see the chess players at their meditative rites, and the last inner fane where smoking is permitted and the votaries puff well-blackened briars and brood round the

boards of combat in immortal silence. The quaint old stained windows at the western end of the long hall look down on the magazine tables where one may be reading the *Cosmopolitan* and the next the *Hibbert Journal*. From these colored panes Franklin, Milton, Beethoven and Clovio gaze approvingly. They are surmounted by four symbolic figures, representing (I suppose) their respective arts of Science, Poetry, Music and Art. Of Clovio the miniaturist one does not often hear, and I may as well be honest and admit I had to look him up in the encyclopedia.

To the heart of the booklover the Mercantile speaks with a magical appeal. One wishes there were a little cloister attached to it where the true saints of the bookworld might be buried. It seems hard that those who have so long trodden the alcoves of peace should be interred elsewhere. To many devout souls libraries are the greatest churches of humanity. Even the casual dropper-in realizes that the Mercantile is more than a mere gathering of books. It is a guild, a sort of monastery. The members have secret raptures and side-long glances whereby they recognize one another. As they walk down the long entrance passage they are purged of the world and the world's passions. As they pass through the little swinging gates that shut out the mere visitor, as they bury themselves in shadowy corners and aisles pungent with book-perfume, they have the grateful bearing of those secure in a strong fortress where the devil cannot

penetrate. For my own part, I have only one test of a good library, which I always employ when I get anywhere near a card catalogue. There is a certain work, in three volumes, famous chiefly because Robert Louis Stevenson took the second volume with him on his immortal *Travels With a Donkey*. It is called *Pastors of the Desert*, by Peyrat, a history of the Huguenots. If you will turn again to R. L. S.'s chapter called *A Camp in the Dark* you will see that he says:

I had felt no other inconvenience, except when my feet encountered the lantern or the second volume of Peyrat's *Pastors of the Desert* among the mixed contents of my sleeping bag.

I am happy to assert that the Mercantile has a set of these volumes, and therefore one may pronounce it an A-1 library.

Of course the Mercantile has many more orthodox treasures than Peyrat, though its function is not to collect incunabula or rare editions, but to keep its members supplied with the standard things, and the important books and periodicals of the day. Mr. Hedley was gracious enough to take me into the locked section of the gallery, where there are alcoves teeming with old volumes and rich in the dust that is so delightful to the lover of these things. He showed me, for instance, a first edition of the Authorized or King James Bible, imprinted at London by Robert Barker in 1611. Inside the front cover some one has written in pencil

“Charge 5£.” I am no expert on these matters, but I wonder if many a collector would not pay a hundred times as much for it nowadays? On another shelf I saw a beautiful edition of Eusebius’s Chronicles, printed at Venice in 1483, the paper as fresh and the rubrication as bright as when it was new. Opening it at random, I found the following note, which seemed quaintly topical:

Anno salutis 811, Anno mundi 6010, Locustes gregatim ex Affrica volantes Italiam infestant.

(Year of grace 811, Year of the earth 6010. The locusts flying in swarms from Africa, infest Italy.)

In this book some former owner has written, with the honorable candor of the true booklover:

De isto pretioso volumino animadvertere libet, quod non est “edition premiere” sicut opus Deburii falso ostendit.

W. H. Black, 4 Feb., 1831.

(Concerning this precious volume it is permitted to remark that it is not the first edition, as the work of Deburius falsely maintains.)

Ignoble Deburius, shame upon him!

Mr. Hedley also showed me the famous Atlas Major of John Blaeu, the Dutch publisher, issued (in Spanish) in Amsterdam in 1662, eleven huge tomes in white vellum, stamped in gold. These marvelous large-scale maps, magnificently colored by hand, with every town marked by a tiny dot of gleaming gold, set the lover of fine work in a tingle of amazement. Lucky indeed the bibliophile who finds his way to that sacred corner. One would

not blame any bookworm for crowing with a shrill cry of exultation if he were hatched in that treasury. There was not time to find out whether John Blaeu's atlas contained plates of American geography, but I hope to go again and study these fascinating volumes more at leisure, by Mr. Hedley's kindness.

Perhaps the most curious feature of the Mercantile is the huge vaulted cellar which underlies the length of the whole building. Constructed originally for storage of market produce, before the days of modern refrigeration, it is now a dark and mysterious crypt extending under the adjoining streets, where the rumble of wheels sound overhead. The library's stamping press, used to incise the covers of books, gives one of the chambers a medieval monkish air, and the equally medieval spelling of the janitor in some memoranda of his own posted upon a door do not detract from the fascinating spell. With a flashlight Mr. Hedley showed me the great extent of these underground corridors, and I imagined that if so friendly a librarian should ever hold a grudge against an author it would be an admirable place to lure him and leave him lost in the dark. He would never find his way out and his copyrights would expire long before his bones would be found. Joan Gutenberg, the library cat, dwells in that solemn maze of heavy brick arches, and she finds it depressing that the only literature stored down there is the overplus of old government documents.

MEDITATIONS ON OYSTERS

SANSOM street, below Ninth, runs a modest course through the middle of the afternoon, scooped between high and rather grimy walls so that a coolness and a shadow are upon it. It is a homely little channel, frequented by laundry wagons taking away great piles of soiled linen from the rear of the Continental Hotel, and little barefoot urchins pushing carts full of kindling wood picked up from the litter of splintered packing cases. On one side of the street is a big power-house where the drone and murmur of vast dynamos croon a soft undertone to the distant clang and zooming of the trolleys. Beyond that is the stage door of a burlesque theatre, and a faint sweetness of grease paint drifts to the nose down a dark, mysterious passageway.

We walked down this little street, noticing the For Rent sign on a saloon at the corner and the pyramided boxes of green and yellow apples on a fruit stand, and it seemed to us that there was an unmistakable breath of autumn in the air. Out beyond, where the street widens and floods itself again with sun, there was heat and shimmer and the glittering plate-glass windows of jewelry dealers, but in the narrower strip of alley we felt a premonitory tang of future frost. At the end of August the sunlight gets yellower, more oblique; it loses the pale and deadly glare of earlier days.

It is shallower, more colorful, but weaker of impact. Shall we say it has lost its punch?

And then we saw a little oyster café, well known to many lovers of good cheer, that has been refurbishing itself for the jolly days to come. No one knows yet whether the U-boats have frightened the oysters, whether the fat bivalves will be leaner and scarcer than in the good old days; no one knows whether there will even be enough of them to last out until next Easter; but in the meantime we all live in hope. And one thing is certain—the oyster season begins on Monday. The little café has repainted its white front so that it shines hospitably; and the sill and the cellar trapdoor where the barrels go in, and the shutters and the awning poles in front, are all a sticky, glistening green. The white marble step, hollowed by thousands of eager feet in a million lunch-time forays, has been scrubbed and sandsoaped. And next Monday morning, bright and early, out goes the traditional red and green sign of the R.

The “poor patient oyster,” as Keats calls him (or her, for there are lady oysters, too, did you know?) is not only a sessile bivalve mollusk, but a traditional symbol of autumn and winter cheer. Even if Mr. Hoover counts out the little round crackers in twos and threes, we hope there will be enough of the thoughtful and innocent shellfish to go around. When the cold winds begin to harp and whinney at street corners and wives go seeking among camphor balls for our last year’s over-

coats, you will be glad to resume your acquaintance with a bowl of steaming bivalves, swimming in milk with little clots of yellow butter twirling on the surface of the broth. An oyster stew, a glass of light beer and a corncob pipe will keep your blue eyes blue to any weather, as a young poet of our acquaintance puts it.

DARBY CREEK

THE other day we had an adventure that gave us great joy, and, like all great adventures, it was wholly unexpected.

We went out to spend an evening with a certain Caliph who lives at Daylesford—how many Main Line commuters, by the way, know that it is named for Daylesford in Gloucestershire, the home of Warren Hastings?—and after supper the Caliph took us for a stroll round the twilight. In a green hollow below the house, only a few paragraphs away from the room where this Caliph sits and writes essays (he is the only author in Philadelphia who has never received a rejection slip) he showed us a delicious pool, fed by several springs and lying under great willows. From this pool tinkled a modest brook, splashing over a dam and winding away down an alluring valley. A white road ran beside it, through agreeable thickets and shrubbery, starting off with a twist that suggested all manner of pleasant surprises for the wayfarer. It

was just the kind of road to see spread before one at the cool outset of a long summer day.

“This,” said the Caliph, “is the headwater of Darby creek.”

Little did the Caliph, douce man, know what that simple statement meant to us. The headwaters of Darby! Darby creek, and its younger brother Cobb’s creek, were the Abana and Pharpar of our youth. We were nourished first of all on Cobb’s, where we had our first swim and caught our first tadpoles and conducted our first search for buried treasure (and also smelt our first skunk cabbage). Then, in our teens, we ranged farther afield and learned the way to Darby, by whose crystal waters we used to fry bacon and read R. L. S. There will never be any other stream quite as dear to our heart.

Until the other evening at the Caliph’s we had not seen the water of Darby creek for ten years; not such a long time, perhaps, as some reckon these matters, but quite long enough. And our mind runs back with unrestrained enthusiasm to the days when we lived only two miles away from that delicious stream. Darby creek is associated in our mind with a saw and cider mill that used to stand—and very likely still stands—where the creek crosses the West Chester pike. To that admirable spot, in the warm blue haze of an October afternoon, certain young men used to tramp. While the whirling blades of the sawmill screamed through green logs, these care-free innocents used

to sit round a large vat where the juice of fresh apples came trickling through some sort of burlap squeezing coils, and where fat and groggy wasps buzzed and tottered and expired in rapture. These youths (who should not be blamed, for indeed they had few responsibilities and cares) would ply the flagon with diligence, merrily toasting the trolleys that hummed by on the way to West Chester. We will not give away their names, for they are now demure and respected merchants and lawyers and members of Rotary clubs and stock exchanges. But we remember one of these who was notably susceptible to cider. On the homeward path, as he flourished his intellect broadcast and quoted Maeterlinck and Bliss Carman, he was induced by his comrades to crawl inside a large terra-cotta pipe that lay by the roadside. Just how this act of cozening was accomplished we forget; perhaps it was a wager to see whether he, being proud of his slender figure, was slim enough to eel through the tube. At any rate, he vanished inside. The pipe lay at the top of a gentle hill, and for his companions it was the work of an inspired moment to seize the cylinder and set it rolling down the grade. Merrily it revolved for a hundred feet or more, at high velocity, and culbutted into a ditch. The dizzied victim emerged at length, quoting Rabelais.

The mile and a half along the creek above this sawmill—up to where an odd little branch railroad crosses the stream on a tottery trestle and Ithan

creek runs in—was the pleasure haunt best known to us. It was approached through Coopertown, that rustic settlement which the Bryn Mawr squire has recently turned into a Tom Tiddler's ground. Across stubble fields and down an enchanting valley carpeted with moss we scoured on many and many an afternoon, laden with the rudiments of a meal. There was said to be a choleric farmer with a shotgun and an angry collie on the western marge of the stream, and it was always a matter of courage to send over an envoy (chosen by lot) to bag a few ears of corn for roasting. But for our own part we never encountered this enemy, though Mifflin once came throbbing back empty-handed and pale-faced, reporting that a charge of lead had sung past his ears. Above a small dam the creek backed up to a decent depth, five feet or so of cool green water, and here bathing was conducted in the ancient Greek manner. There were sun-warmed fence rails nearby for basking, and then a fire would be built and vittles mobilized. Tobacco pouches were emptied out into one common store, and by the time this was smoked out a white moonlight would be spilling over the autumn fields.

We grew so fond of this section of our Abana that we never explored the full length of the stream. It would be a lovely day's jaunt, we imagine, to set out from Darby (where Cobb's creek joins Darby Creek) and walk up the little river to its source at Daylesford. (The original

Daylesford, by the way, is also made lovely by the only other stripling stream that competes with Darby in our heart. This is the delicious Evenlode, an upper twig of the Thames.) It would be about twenty miles, which is a just distance for a walker who likes to study the scenery as he goes. Through the greater part of the trail the stream trots through open farming country, with old mills here and there—paper mills, flour mills and our famous shrine of sawdust and cider. The lower waters, from Darby down to Tinicum Island and the mouth at Essington, would probably be less walkable. We suspect them of being marshy, though we speak only by the map. Mr. Browning, we remember, wrote a poem about a bishop who ordered his tomb at Saint Praxed's. We, if we had a chance to lay out any blue-prints of our final rolltop, would like to be the Colyumist who ordered his tomb by Darby creek, and not too far away from that cider mill. And let no one think that it is a stream of merely sentimental interest. Hog Island, as all will grant, is a place of national importance. And what is Hog Island, after all? Only the delta of Darby creek.

DARBY REVISITED

THE Soothsayer owns a car, and tools passionately about the country, revisiting the vistas and glimpses that he thinks particularly lovely. But he is a stubborn partisan of such beauty spots as he has himself discovered, and bitterly reluctant to concede any glamour to places he hasn't visited. For a long time he has heard us raving about Darby creek, and always asserted furiously that we had never seen a certain road up Norristown way that was (he said) a far, far better thing than any place we would be likely to know about. But the other evening, somewhat stirred by our piteous babble about the old cider mill we hadn't visited for ten years, he got out his 'bus and we set forth.

We went out along the West Chester pike, and the manner of the Soothsayer was subtly supercilious. All the way out from Sixty-ninth street the road is in bad condition, and as he nursed his handsome vehicle over the bumps we could see that the Soothsayer thought (though too polite to say so) that we were leading him into a very bedraggled and ill-assorted region. Another very sinister rebuke was that he had left up the canopy top over the car, although it was a serene and lucid evening, flushed with quiet sunset. This seemed to imply that any tract of country we would lead him to would hardly be worth examining carefully. As we passed by the university astronomical obser-

vatory he made a last attempt to divert us from the haven of our desire. He suggested that we both go in and have a look at the moon through the big telescope. As it was then broad and sunny daylight we treated this absurd project with contempt.

Down a steep winding hill, and we came upon the historic spot with delightful suddenness. Our heart was uplifted. There it was, unchanged, the old gray building standing among trees, with the clank and grind of the water-wheels, the yellow dapple of level sun upon the western wall.

But what was this? Under the porch-roof was a man bending over iron plates, surrounded by a dazzle of pale blue light. He was using an electric welder, and the groan of a dynamo sounded from the interior of the old mill. "It's probably a garage now," said the Soothsayer, "most of these old places are."

But that was the Soothsayer's last flash of cynicism, for in another moment the spell of the place had disarmed him. We approached, and it seemed to us there was something familiar in the face of the man operating the welder, as he watched his dazzling blue flame through a screen. It was Mr. Flounders, who has run the old mill for going on thirty years, and who used to preside at the cider press in days gone by, when we had many a pull at his noble juices. But he hasn't made any cider for several years he told us; the sawmill shed is unused, and the old mill itself is being fitted up

with ice-making machinery. He says he went out West for a while, but he came back to Darby creek in the end. We don't blame him. The spell of that enchanting spot may well keep its hold on all who have ever loved it.

The Soothsayer and his passenger got out their pipes and brooded a while, watching the green swift water of the mill race; the sunny flicker of the creek below as it darts on its way through the meadows; the great oak tree steeped in sunlight, and the old millstones that still lie about by the front door. Inside the building the wooden beams and levers and grooved wheels are just as they were when the place was built as a flour and feed mill, in 1837. The woodwork still has that clean, dusty gloss that is characteristic of a flour mill. By the sawing shed lie a number of great logs, admirable site for a quiet smoke. The Soothsayer, tremendously impressed by this time, wandered about with us and listened kindly to all our spasms of reminiscence. We both agreed that the old mill, dozing in the sunlight, with the pale and tremulous shimmer of blue light in the porch where Mr. Flounders was working, was a fit subject for some artist's brush.

We did not fail to admire the remarkable old house across the road, where Mr. Flounders lives. It is built in three portions: a wooden lean-to, a very ancient section of whitewashed logs (which must be some 200 years old) and then the largest part of the dappled stone of various colors so

familiar to Pennsylvania rambles. Nothing can be more delightful in the rich tint of afternoon light than that medley of brown, gray, yellow and ochre stonework. We pointed out the little side road that we were to follow, running up the valley of the creek, past reddening apple orchards and along the meadows past the swimming pool. And then the Soothsayer paid us a genuine compliment. "Let's take down the top," said he. "Then we can really see something!"

THE HAPPY VALLEY

TWO FRIENDS, who may be called for present purposes Messrs. Madrigal and Doggerel, dismounted from the West Chester trolley at the crossing of Darby creek. Madrigal rolled a cigarette. Doggerel filled a pipe. They paid their respects to the old sawmill and Mr. Flounders, its presiding deity. Then they set off for a tramp up the valley.

It was a genial afternoon, after a night of thrashing rain and gale. The air was meek and placid; the sky a riotous blue. After the tumultuous washing of the storm all the heavenly linen was hung out to dry, bulging and ballooning in snowy clots along the upper dome. The tents of creekside campers were sodden, and great branches lay scattered on the meadows, wrenched down by the wind. By Mr. Sanderson's farm at Brookthorpe a scoutmaster was breaking camp, preparing to take his boys home. They had only been there four

days and the grieved urchins stood in miserable silence. The hurricane of the night before had nearly washed them away, and as everything was so wet their leader feared to let them sleep on the ground. The boys were heartbroken, but the scoutmaster said sagely: "I'd rather have the boys mad at me than their mothers."

In spite of the recent downpour, the walking was admirable. Roads were damp, easy underfoot, free from dust. Madrigal and Doggerel were gay at heart. They scrambled up the embankment of the deserted Delaware County Railroad, which is the most direct pathway toward the headwaters of Darby. It is possible to go along the bank of the creek, but underbrush was still drenched, and Mr. Sanderson uttered cryptic warning of a certain bull. On the grass-grown track of the antique railroad, treading gingerly over worm-eaten wooden trestles, the explorer enjoys perfect sunny tranquillity. It is only five miles from the city limits, but one moves in the heart of bird-song and ancient solitude. One freight train a day is the traffic of the forgotten line, and probably the director general of railroads never heard of it. It would not be surprising to meet Rip Van Winkle pacing thoughtfully along the mouldering ties. And as it is raised high above the valley, the walker gains a fair prospect over the green country of Darbyland. The creek, swollen with rain, brawled rapidly along its winding shallows. Cattle munched in the meadows. Gold-

enrod was minting its gold, and a first faint suggestion of autumn breathed in the sleepy air. Madrigal tore off his linen collar, stuffed it in his pocket, and fell to quoting Keats. Doggerel, having uttered some painful words about the old cider traffic, now evaporated, Madrigal bestirred his memory of the Ode to Autumn. "Or by a cider press, with patient look, Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours." Madrigal is a man of well-stored mind, and as the wayfarers tripped nimbly along the ties, where wild flowers embroider the old cuttings and deserted farms stand crumbling along knotted apple trees, he beguiled the journey with varied speculation and discourse.

At a long-abandoned station known as Foxcroft—which is now only a quarry, and has the air of some mining settlement of the far West—the walkers began to understand something of the secret of this region. It is a fox-hunting country (according to the map, the next station on this mystic line was called The Hunt) and from here on they caught glimpses of the life of that picturesque person known as the "country gentleman." There were jumping barriers for horses erected in the meadows; rows of kennels, and a red-cheeked squire with a riding crop and gaiters striding along the road. Along that rolling valley, with whispering cornfields and fair white mansions lingering among trees, is the tint and contour of rural England, long-settled, opulent and serene. In one thing only does it lack English charm: there are no old

ale-houses along the way. No *King's Arms* or *Waggon and Horses* or *Jolly Ploughboy* where one may sit on a bench well-polished by generations of corduroyed hindquarters and shut out the smiling horizon with a tankard's rim. "Oh land of freedom!" cried Madrigal, ironically, clucking his tongue upon a drouthy palate.

From Foxcroft there is a tempting blue vista up a tributary valley toward Newtown Square, which would be well worth exploring; but Madrigal and Doggerel turned away through another covered bridge in order to keep along the trend of Darby. A detour along the road brought them back to the creek at a magnificent stone bridge of three arches. The man who designed that bridge was a true artist, and had studied the old English bridges. And at this corner stands a curious old house bearing the inscription *Ludwig's Lust* (Ludwig's Pleasure) *Built 1774, Remodelled 1910*. As the pedestrians stood admiring, a car drove up to the door, and the hapless Doggerel created some irritation by hopefully asking one of the motorists if the place were an inn.

After Ludwig's Lust came the most enchanting stretch of the journey. The road runs close by the creek, which foams along a stony course under an aisle of trees. Where Wigwam Run joins the creek is a group of farm buildings and a wayside spring of perfect water. It was sorry to see a beautiful old outhouse of dappled stonework being pickaxed into rubble. At this point is the fork of Darby and

Little Darby. An old deserted mill is buried in greenery, the stones furred with moss. Just beyond, a little road dips off to the left, crossing both branches of the stream. Here, where Little Darby churns cascading among great boulders and tiny shelves of sand, one might well be in some mountain elbow of the Poconos. Madrigal and Doggerel gazed tenderly on this shady cavern of wood and water. If it had been an hour earlier, with the sunlight strong upon these private grottoes, a bathe would have been in order. But it was already drawing late.

The Berwyn road, on which the travelers now proceeded, is full of surprises. Great houses crown the hilltops, with rows of slender poplars silhouetted against the sky. Here and there a field of tawny grain lifts a smooth shoulder against blue heaven. A little drinking fountain on a downward grade drops a tinkling dribble of cold water from a carved lion's mouth. Among old willows and buttonwoods stand comely farmhouses—one beside the road is tinted a rich salmon pink. A real estate agent's sign at the entrance to a fine tract says, "For Sale, 47 Acres, with Runing Water." The walkers thought they discerned a message in that. For a *rune* means a mark of magic significance, a whisper, a secret counsel. And the chiming water of Darby has its own whispers of secret counsel as it runs its merry way, a laughing little river that preaches sermons unawares.

In the meadows near Old St. David's Church—

built when Philadelphia itself was hardly more than a village—are Guernsey calves, soft as a plush cushion, with bright topaz eyes. Madrigal told how he had written a poem about Old St. David's when he was sixteen, in which he described the "kine" grazing by the stream, and in which (after the manner of poets in their teens) he besought merciful Death to come and take him. Death, one supposes, was sorely tempted, but happily refrained from reaping the tender bardling.

In the quiet graveyard of Old St. David's the travelers halted a while, to see the grave of Anthony Wayne and admire the thin trailers of the larches swinging in the golden flood of late sunlight that slanted down the valley. It was 6 o'clock, and they were beginning to doubt their ability to reach their destination on time. A party of motorists were just leaving the church, and both Madrigal and Doggerel loitered pointedly by the gate in hopes of a lift. But no such fortune. So they set valiantly upon the last leg of the afternoon. In a shady bend of the road came a merry motor zooming along and Doggerel's friend, Jarden Guenther, at the wheel. Mr. Guenther was doubtless amazed to see Doggerel in this remote spot, but he was going the other way, and passed with a cheerful halloo. Then, by the old Defense Signal tree on the Paoli road, came a flivver, which rescued the two plodders and took them two miles or so on their way. By the Tredyffrin golf course they were set down before a winding byway,

which they followed with tingling shanks and hearts full of achievement.

A shady lane by the now stripling Darby brought them to a quiet pool under leaning willows, and a silver gush of water over a small dam beneath which a bronze Venus bathes herself thoughtfully. Madrigal wore the face of one entering into joy rarely vouchsafed to battered poets. Doggerel, in his paltry way, was likewise of blithe cheer. Through a gap in the hedge they scaled a knoll and reached their haven. And here they found what virtuous walkers have ever found at the end of an innocent journey—a bath, a beer, and a blessing.

OUR OLD DESK

WE see that there has been a fire at a second-hand furniture warehouse on Arch street. We think we can offer an explanation for the blaze. Our old desk was there.

That desk was always a hoodoo. Last autumn, when we gave up commuting and moved into town, we had to get rid of some of our goods in order to squeeze ourselves into an apartment. The very first thing we parted with was our old desk. We did not tell genial Mr. P., the dealer in second-hand furniture, that the piece was a Jonah, for we were afraid it would knock fifty cents or so off his offer, but now we feel rather shamefaced for not having warned him.

We bought the desk before we were married, at a department store in New York. It was almost the last article that store, a famous one in its day, got paid for. Soon after selling it the house failed.

We moved the desk out to a cottage in the country. We sat down in front of it. We didn't know it then, but we are convinced now there was some evil genius in it. It must have been built of slippery elm, full of knots, cut in the dark of the moon while a brindle cat was mewing. The drawers stuck once a week and had to be pared down with a jack-knife. We sat at that desk night after night, with burning visions of literary immortality. We wrote poems that no one would buy. We wrote stories that gradually became soiled and wrinkled around the folds of the manuscript. We wrote pamphlets eulogizing hotels and tried to palm them off on the managers as advertising booklets. The hotels accepted the booklets and went out of business before paying for them. Sitting at that desk we composed sparkling essays for a newspaper in Toledo, and after the paper had printed a bunch of them we wrote to the editor and asked him how about a check. He replied that he did not understand we were writing that stuff for actual money. He was quite grieved to have misunderstood us so. He thought we were merely writing them for the pleasure of uplifting the hearts of Toledo.

There was another odd thing about that desk. There was some drowsy sirup in its veins. Perhaps

the wood hadn't been properly seasoned. Anyway, we couldn't keep awake while sitting at it. Night after night, assiduously, while the jolly old Long Island mosquitoes hummed in through the open windows like Liberty motors, we would begin to scribe. After an hour or so we would always fall asleep over the tawny keys of our ancient typewriter. It may be that the trouble lay partly in the typing bus, for we were so inexpert that we couldn't pound rapidly enough to keep ourself awake. We remember memorizing the letters on the first row of keys in a vain hope that if we could say *qwertyuiop* off by heart it would help us to move along faster, but it did no good. We started a novel, but after six months of wrestling we decided that as long as we worked at that desk we would never get it done. We tried writing on the kitchen table, in front of the stove—it was winter by that time—and we got the novel done in no time.

When we moved to Marathon, the van containing that desk broke down near a novelty factory in Trenton. Probably that novelty factory was its home and the old flat-top had nostalgia. In order to get the desk into the Marathon house its top had to be unscrewed and the screws were lost. After that, whenever we were trying to write a poem in the small hours of the night, when we got aroused in the heat of composition and shifted round on our chair, the whole top of the desk

would slide off and the inkwell would cascade on to the floor.

There was one drawer in that desk that we look back on with particular affection. We had been asked by a publisher in Chicago to contribute the section on Etiquette for a Household Encyclopedia that was to be issued. That was about 1914, if we remember rightly. We knew nothing whatever about Etiquette. The article was to deal with the origin and history of social usages, coming down to the very latest thing in table manners, accepting and declining invitations, specimen letters dealing with every social emergency, such as being invited to go to a clambake, a wedding or the dedication of a sanitary dog-pound. We had an uproarious time compiling the essay. It was to contain at least fifteen thousand words and we were to get fifty dollars for it. In the chapter on specimen letters we let ourself go without restraint. In these specimen letters we amused ourself by using the names of all our friends. We chuckled to think of their amazement on finding themselves enshrined in this Household Encyclopedia, writing demure and stilted little regrets or acceptances for imaginary functions.

The manuscript of this article had to be mailed to Chicago on a certain date or the fifty dollars would be forfeit. Late the night before we toiled at our desk putting the final touches on *The Etiquette of Courtship and Etiquette for Young Girls at Boarding School*. Never having been a

young girl at boarding school, our ideas were largely theoretical, but still we thought they were based on sound sense and a winsome instinct as to comely demeanor. We threw our heart into the task and felt that Louisa Alcott herself could not have counseled more becoming decorum. It was long after midnight when we finished the last reply of a young girl to the young man who had called her by her first name three months before we felt he had any right to do so. We put these last two sections of the manuscript into a drawer of the desk, to give them a final reading the next morning.

Late that night there came a damp fog, one of those pearly Long Island fogs. The desk drawer swelled up and retired from active life. Containing its precious freight, it was immovable. We stood the desk upside down, we tugged frantically at it, we hammered and chiseled and strove but in vain. The hour for mailing the copy approached. At last baffled, we had to speed to a mail-box and post the treatise on Etiquette without those two chapters. The publisher, we knew, would not miss them, though to us they contained the cream of our whole philosophy of politeness, containing our prized aphorisms on Consideration for Others The Basis of Good Manners.

We were never able to get that drawer open again. When we sold the desk to Mr. P. it was still tightly stuck. Some months ago we were passing along Arch street, just under the Reading

Railway viaduct, and we saw a familiar sight on the pavement. It was our old desk, covered with dust and displayed for sale, but unmistakable to our recognitory eye. Furtively we approached it and gave the well-known bottom drawer a yank. It was still jammed, and presumably the manuscript was still within. We thought for a moment of buying the old thing again, splitting it open with an ax and getting out our literary offspring. But we didn't. And now this fire has come along and undoubtedly the desk perished in the flames. If only that chapter on Young Girls at Boarding School could have been rescued We have a daughter of our own now, and it might have given us some hints on how to bring her up.

CALLING ON WILLIAM PENN

It would be a seemly thing, perhaps, if candidates for political office were to take a private trip up the tower of the City Hall and spend an hour or so in solitary musing. Looking out over the great expanse of men and buildings they might get a vision of Philadelphia that would be more valuable to them than the brisk bickering business of "showing each other up."

Under the kindly guidance of Mr. Kellett, the superintendent of elevators in the City Hall, I was permitted to go up to the little gallery at the base of the statue. A special elevator runs up inside the tower, starting from the seventh floor. Through

great echoing spaces, crossed with girders and littered with iron work which the steeplejacks have taken down from the summit for painting and repairs, the small car rises slowly into the top of the dome, over 500 feet above the street. Then you step out onto the platform. Along the railing are the big arc lights that illuminate the pinnacle at night. Over your head is the projecting square toe of William Penn, his sturdy stockinged legs, his coat-tails and outstretched right hand as he stands looking toward the treaty ground. He loved the "fruits of solitude," and he has them here. He is not often disturbed, save by the nimble acrobats who swing in a bosun's chair at their unenvied tasks. A bosun's chair, let one add, is only a plank, not much bigger than a shingle, noosed in midair in the loop of a rope.

The street-dweller knows curiously little of the atmospheric conditions. The groundling would have said that yesterday was a day of crystal clearness. Yet from the top of the tower, even in the frank morning sunlight, the view was strangely restricted. The distances were veiled in summer haze. Camden, beyond the shoreline, was a bluish blur; even League Island was not visible. On the west the view faded away into the greenery of Overbrook, and northward the eye did not reach to the suburbs at all. Enclosed by this softened dimness, the city seemed even vaster than it is.

At that height the clamor of the city is dulled to a gentle mumble, pierced by the groan of trolleys

and the sharp yelps of motorcars trundling round the Hall. On the glittering pathway of the river ferries and tugs were sliding, kicking up a ruffle of white foam behind them. One curious and applaudable feature is the absence of smoke. All over the roofs of the city float little plumes and wisps of steam, detaching and drifting away in the warm blue shimmer like dissolving feathers. A cool breeze was moving in from over the Park, where the tall columns of the Smith Memorial were rising over a sea of green. The Parkway seen from above stands out as the most notable feature of Philadelphia topography. From there, too, one sees how the northeastern corner of Broad Street Station cuts into the line of the Parkway, and wonders just how this will be rectified.

It is fascinating to lean over that sunny parapet and watch the city at its work. Down at the corner of Broad and Chestnut I could see a truck loaded with rolls of paper, drawn by three horses, turning into Chestnut street. On the roof of the Wanamaker store was a party of sightseers, mostly ladies, going round with a guide. Mr. Kellett and I got out our kerchiefs and gave them a wave. In a moment they saw us, and all fluttered enthusiastic response. We were amused to notice one lady who detached herself from the party and went darting about the roof in a most original and random fashion. From our eyrie it looked rather as though she was going to take a canter round the running track on the top of the store, and we

waited patiently to see what she was up to. Then she disappeared. As one looks over the flat bare roofs of skyscrapers it seems curious that so few of them are put to any use. Only on one of the cliffs of offices could I see any attempt at beauty. This was on the roof of the Finance Building, where there are three tiny grass plots and a little white bench.

It is possible to climb up through William Penn's left leg by a narrow ladder, dodging among beams and girders and through a trap-door, and so up to the brim of his beaver. I was keen to essay it, but Mr. Kellett discouraged me by saying a suit of overalls was necessary. I am no respecter of garments, but I did not press the point, as I feared that my friendly guide might still think I had a grenade about my person, and was yearning for immortality by blowing William's head off. So we compromised by going down to see the inside of the huge clock dials, and the ingenious compressed air devices by which the hands are moved every thirty seconds. A minute space on each clock face is an arc of about fourteen inches, so the minute hand jumps about seven inches every half minute. In a quiet room at the base of the tower are the two master clocks that control the whole mechanism. They are very beautiful to watch, and it is interesting to see that they were made in Germany, by Strasser and Rohde, Glasshutte, Saxony. Exact noon is telegraphed from

Washington every day so that these clocks can be kept strictly on the tick.

If we were a city of mystics, instead of a city of hustling and perturbed business men, we would elect a soothsayer to dwell on the little gallery below William Penn. The pleasantest job in the world has always been that of an oracle. This soothsayer would be wholly aloof from the passion of the streets. (Passion, said William Penn, is a sort of fever in the mind, which always leaves us weaker than it found us.) He would spend his time reading the "Fruits of Solitude" and would occasionally scribble messages on slips of paper, which he would weight with marbles and throw overboard. Those who found these precious sayings would read them reverently, and go on about their folly undismayed. Baskets of victuals and raiment would occasionally be conveyed to this lofty dreamer by humble admirers. On his windy perch he would brood lovingly upon the great city of his choice. When election time came round he would throw down slips telling people whom to vote for. If he thought (not mincing words) that none of the proposed candidates was worth a damn, he would frown down forbiddingly, and the balloting would have to be postponed until candidates satisfactory to his vision had been put forward. When they told him that John Jones had hosts of friends, scraps of paper would be found in the City Hall courtyard saying "It is the friends of mayors who make all the trouble." And the

people would marvel greatly. He would be the only completely blissful prophet in the world, as the only way for an oracle to be happy is to put him so far away from the market-place that he can't see that the people pay no attention to his utterances. What William Penn used to call his "natural candle," that is the light of his spirit, would burn with a cheerful and ungluttered radiance. Just inside the door that leads to the tower gallery there is a comfortable meditative armchair of the kind usually found in police stations. So perhaps they are planning to have just such an oracle.

I wandered for some time in the broad corridors of the City Hall, which smell faintly of musky disinfectant. I peered into the district attorney's indictment department, where a number of people were gathered. Occasionally a clerk would call out names, and some would disappear into inner rooms. Whether they were plaintiffs or defendants I could not conjecture. In the calf-lined alcoves of the law library, learned men were reading under green lamps. I looked uncomprehendingly at the signs on the doors—*Court of Common Pleas, Court of Oyer and Terminer, Orphans' Court, Delinquent Tax Bureau, Inspector of Nuisances*. All this complex machinery that keeps the city in order makes the layman marvel at its efficiency and its apparent kindness. He wants to do something horrible in order to see how the wheels go round. He feels a little guilty not to have committed some crime.

MADONNAS OF THE CURB

A LITTLE girl—she can't have been more than twelve years old—stood up gravely and said: "The meeting will please come to order. The secretary will read the minutes of the last meeting."

The gathering of small females—some ragged, some very trim, ranging in age from eight to fourteen—sat expectant. A child in a clean pink dress with neatly braided blonde hair advanced seriously and read the minutes of the previous meeting.

"Are there any corrections?" said the president.

There were none and the meeting proceeded to business. On a long table in the schoolroom was a large laundry basket, a small quilted mattress, sheets, blankets and other accessories. There was a baby there, a life-size doll, amazingly realistic. The business of the meeting was the discussion, under the guidance of Miss Matilda Needle, the teacher, of the proper way of making a baby's bed, putting him to sleep in the basket and ventilating the room. It was the Little Mothers' League of the Vare School, on Morris street, holding its weekly meeting.

Miss Needle took the chair. "I saw something the other day," she said to the children, "that pleased me very much. I was coming down the street and I saw Elsie Pulaski holding a baby like this. (She illustrated by picking up the doll, letting its head sag, and all the Little Mothers looked

very grave.) "I was about to speak to her when Bertha Fitz ran across the street and said to her: 'You mustn't hold the baby like that. You'll hurt him.' And Bertha showed her the right way to hold him. Now can any of you show me the way Bertha did it?"

Thirty small arms waved frantically in the air. There was a furious eagerness to show how the luckless Elsie should have held her baby brother.

"Well, Mary," said the teacher, "you show us how the baby should be picked up."

Blushing with pride, Mary advanced to the table and with infinite care inserted one arm under the large doll. But in her excitement she made a false start. She used the right arm where the position of the artificial infant demanded the left. This meant that her other arm had to pass diagonally across the baby in an awkward way. Immediately several of the juvenile audience showed signs of professional disgust. Hands vibrated in air. Another member of the Little Mothers' League was called upon, and poor Mary took her seat in discomfiture.

They passed to another topic. One of the members demonstrated the correct way of making the baby's bed. With proud correctness she disposed the mattress, the rubber sheeting, the sheets and blankets, showing how each should be tucked in, how the upper sheet should be turned down over the top of the blanket, so that the wool would not

irritate the baby's chin. The others watched her with the severity of judges on the bench.

The teacher began to ask questions.

"Who should the baby sleep with?" she said.

One very small girl, carried away by the form of the question, cried out, "His mother!" The others waved their hands.

"Well, who *should* he sleep with?" said Miss Needle.

"Himself!" cried several triumphantly.

"Why should he sleep by himself? Rosa, you tell us."

Rosa stood up. She was a dark-eyed little creature, with hair cropped short—we will not ask why. Her face worked with the excitement of putting her thoughts into language.

"If he sleeps with his mother she might lay on him and smother him."

They all seemed to shudder. It was as though the unfortunate infant was perishing before their very eyes.

The Little Mothers' Leagues are groups of small girls, ranging in age from eight to fourteen, who are being taught the essentials of caring for babies, under the direction of the Child Federation. By the kindness of the Federation, and Miss O'Neill, the supervisor of public school playgrounds, I was privileged to visit four of these classes the other afternoon. In three of the schools the children were learning how to put the baby to bed; in one they were sitting around a

small bathtub studying the technique of the baby's bath. Some of the girls had brought babies with them, for almost all of them are at least partly responsible for the care of one or more children. There was a moving pathos in the gravity with which these matrons before their time discussed the problems of their craft; and yet it was also the finest kind of a game and they evidently enjoyed it heartily. Many of them come from ignorant homes where the parents know next to nothing of hygiene. Their teachers tell of the valiant efforts of these children to convert their mothers to more sanitary ways—efforts which are happily often successful. In one home, where the father was a tailor, the baby was kept in a room where the pressing was done, the air was hot and heavy with steam. The small daughter, who was a member of the Little Mothers' League, insisted on the baby being removed to another room. Two children in another school, who had been told of the importance of keeping the baby's milk on ice, tried to make home-made ice-boxes, which their fathers, becoming interested, promised to finish for them.

One wishes that all this might be only an enchanting game for these children, and that it would not be necessary for them to put it into practice every day, with tired little arms and aching backs. He must be stiff-hearted indeed who can watch these gatherings, their tousled little heads and bare legs, their passionate intent-

ness, their professional enthusiasm, without something of a pang. They know so much of the problems, and they are so pathetically small. There is a touching truth in the comment of one teacher in her report: "The girls who had no babies at home seemed to take greater interest than those that did have." But this is not always so, for nothing could be more enthusiastic than the little essays written by the children themselves, describing what they have learnt. I cannot resist a few quotations:

No one can be healthy unless she is extremely clean. Baby will want his bath daily, with soap and warmish water. You should not put too much soap on the baby's face as it get in the baby's eyes. They likes to kick the water as long as support his head. Before starting on this swimming expedition, you should have all, her or him clothes, warm, by you, and he expects a warm flannel on your knees to lie on. You must carefully dry all the creases in his fat body for him, with a soft towel. (Ruth Higgins, Fifth Grade.)

The Little Mothers' League has helped me a good bit in dressing my little baby sister and I have enjoyed it very much and I think it is a very sensible society. I have learnt how to dress the baby in winter and summer. And after it is done with the bottle it should be boiled. (Helen Potter.)

A baby is not to be made to walk too soon because he might become bollegged. Some mothers think it is nice to see the baby walk soon. You should never listen to what your neighbor says when your baby is sick, but take him to a doctor. (Anna Mack, Sixth Grade.)

In washing a baby you should have a little tub to bath it in and when you hear the doorbell ring you should never let your baby in the tub while you go because many of them get drowned, and you should use castial soap because that is the best. (Marie Donahue, Seventh Grade, age 12.)

But perhaps most eloquent of all is what little Mary Roberts says. Mary is in the Sixth Grade at the Boker School:

“The melancholy days are come
The saddest of the year,”

Is what we all think when the time comes when The Little Mothers' League has to break up for the year. For seven weeks we have listened eagerly to what Miss Ford has told us. We all hope Miss Ford will come back to Boker School next fall and teach us how to care for infants.

THE PARADISE SPECIAL

THE big bus known to thousands of Philadelphia children as the Paradise Special was standing ready at 1621 Cherry street. Inside, in one of the large classrooms of the Friends' Select School, twenty small boys, each carefully tagged and carrying his bundle, were waiting impatiently. It was half-past eight in the morning, and the bus was about to leave for Paradise Farm with the Tuesday morning consignment of urchins for the summer camp run by the Children's Country Week Association. The doctor was looking over

them and one poor youngster was trying to conceal his tears from the rest. The doctor had found a spot in his throat and he had a high temperature. He was not to be allowed to go this week; his turn would have to come later. They were all a bit impatient by this time. Most of them had been up since half-past five, counting every minute.

If you enjoy a shrill treble upoar, and find it amusing to watch a busload of small boys enjoying themselves at the top of their versatile powers, I recommend a trip on the Paradise Special. Throughout the week the bus is busy taking children and mothers to the various farms and camps run by the Association, but Tuesday morning is boys' day. Not the least amusing feature of the trip is to watch the expressions of those the bus passes on the road. It creates a broad grin wherever it goes. That shouting caravan of juvenile glee is indeed an entertaining sight.

There were nineteen boys on board when we left Cherry street—an unusually small load for the Paradise Special. Others were going out by train. But nineteen boys, aged from seven to thirteen, comprise a considerable amount of energy. Three or four of them had been to Paradise Farm before, and immediately took the lead in commenting on all that befell. Mickey Coyle was one of these, lamenting that as he would be thirteen in September this would probably be his last visit. "But I'm lucky I ain't dead," he said philosophically.

“I’ve a brother twenty years old who’s dead. He died on my birthday. He had bronchial pneumonia and typhoid and flu.”

We passed along the Parkway. “This is a Bollyvard, ain’t it?” said one. Entering the Park, another cried, “Is this the country?” “Sure, them’s the Rocky Mountains,” said Mickey in scorn.

The first question in the minds of all the passengers was to know exactly how soon, and at what precise point they would be “in the country.” The Park, though splendid enough, was not “the country.” As we sped along City Line road there was intense argument as to whether those on one side of the bus were in the country while those of us on the other side were still in the city. Another game that seemed to underlie all their thoughts was that this expedition was in some way connected with misfortune for Germany. Every time we overhauled another car or truck—which happened not infrequently, for the Paradise Special travels at a good clip—that car was set down as German. Every time a swift vehicle passed us we were said to be in danger of being torpedoed. For some period of time we were conceived to be a load of German prisoners who had been captured by the Yanks. Then again one small enthusiast shouted out that we were “bullsheviks” who had been arrested.

Once satisfied that we were really in the country—and they were not quite at ease on this point

until the last of the suburban movies had been left behind—their attention focused itself on the question of apple trees. Even so experienced a Country Weeker as Mickey (this was his fifth visit to the Farm) was vague on this point. To a city youngster almost every tree seems to be an apple tree. And everything that looks in the least reddish is a strawberry. Unripe blackberries along the hedges were hailed with tumult and shouting as strawberries. Every cow with horns was regarded a little fearfully as a bull. And a cow in the unfamiliar posture of lying down on top of a hill was pointed out (from a distance) as a "statue."

After we passed Daylesford and Green Tree and the blue hills along the Schuylkill came into view, the cry, "Look at that scenery!" became incessant. Any view containing hills is known as "scenery" to the Country-Weekers. When the scenery began eleven-year-old Charley Franklin could contain himself no longer. He began to tear off the clean shirt and new shoes in which his mother had sent him from home, and, digging in his bundle, hauled out a blouse and tattered pair of sneakers that satisfied his idea of fitness for the great adventure. He proudly showed me his small bathing suit, carefully wrapped up in a Sunday comic supplement. His paper bag of cookies had long since been devoured, and the question of how soon another meal would come his way was beginning to worry him. Then we turned off the high road, past a signpost saying Paradise Farm, and

they were all on their toes. The long, echoing tunnel under the high railway embankment was greeted with resounding cheers. More cheers for the swimming hole just beyond. We drew up at the foot of a steep flight of wooden steps leading up the hill. All piled out with yells. At the top of the stairs stood a rather glum group of forty similar urchins. These responded without much acclaim to the applause of the newcomers. They were the batch going home on the bus. Their week at Paradise was over.

When we left, a few minutes later, the arrivals were already being assigned to their bunks in the various camp bungalows, and were looking around exultantly at the plentiful "scenery" and evidences of plentiful food to come. But the temper of the returning load was not quite so mirthful. They also had been up since an early hour, but play had languished as they had put on their clean clothes and had carefully bundled up their other stores in small newspaper wrappings. One small cynic told me that he had learned the necessary connection between green apples and castor oil. Another, with flaming red hair, seemed to have tears in his eyes. Whether these were due to green apples or to grief I could not determine. But the way they all shouted good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Steel (who have charge of the camp) showed how they appreciated their week's adventure. "Good-by swimming hole!" they shouted, and then "Good-by snakes!" explaining that they had

killed four small garter snakes in the meadow. They cheered up greatly when they saw a freight train puffing along the railway, and it was evident that we would have a fair race with that train all the way in to Overbrook. Immediately the train was set down as a German menace, and the cheerful chauffeur was implored to do his best for his country. It should be said that we beat the German train to Overbrook by about one hundred yards.

The latter part of the ride was marked by a sudden panic on the part of the passengers concerning sundry nickels and dimes which seemed to have disappeared. Nathan Schumpler, aged eight, turned his blouse pocket inside out a dozen times without finding the dime he was sure he had had. This was a terrible blow, because he told me he had lost a quarter through a crack in the porch the day before. This started all the others exploring. Knotted and far from clean handkerchiefs were hastily untied to make sure of the precious coinage for homeward carfare. At last Nathan found his dime, in the very pocket he had been turning upside down for fifteen minutes. When they got back to Cherry street they were overjoyed to find a number of toy trains and tracks waiting on the floor. My last sight of the Country-Weekers was when they were playing with these while their guardians checked off their lists and made sure that each had carfare to take him home and knew how to get there. "Yes," said the chauffeur, as he

lit a cigarette and watched them disperse, "they're a great bunch. But if you want to hear noise, you should listen to the girls when they go out."

UP TO VALLEY GREEN

MADRIGAL had a bad cold, and I was trumpeting with hay fever; and we set off for consolation in a tramp along the Wissahickon. In the drowsy stillness of a late August afternoon, with a foreboding of autumn chill already in the air, we sneezed and coughed our way along the lovely ravine. Those lonely glades, that once echoed to the brisk drumming of horses' hoofs, rang with our miserable sternutations. The rocky gullies and pine-scented hillsides became for one afternoon the Vallombrosa of two valetudinarians. Thoughts of mortal perishment lay darkly upon us. We had lunched gorgeously with a charming host who was suffering with sciatica, and had described this affliction to us as a toothache as long as your leg. Then the Ridge avenue car carried us between two populous cities of the dead—Laurel Hill and Mount Vernon Cemeteries. Was this (we thought) the beginning of the end?

The Ridge avenue car set us down at the mouth of Wissahickon creek. We each got out a clean handkerchief from a hip pocket and determined to make a brave fight against the dark angel. Under the huge brown arches of the Reading Railway, which have all the cheering gayety of an old

Roman aqueduct, we entered the valley of enchantment. At this point it occurred to us that the ancient Romans were really prohibitionists at heart, since it was on aqueducts that they lavished the fullness of their structural genius. They never bothered with vinoducts.

Perhaps Philadelphians do not quite realize how famous the Wissahickon valley is. When my mother was a small girl in England there stood on her father's reading table a silk lampshade on which were painted little scenes of the world's loveliest beauty glimpses. There were vistas of Swiss mountains, Italian lakes, French cathedrals, Dutch canals, English gardens. And then, among these fabled glories, there was a tiny sketch of a scene that chiefly touched my mother's girlish fancy. She did not ever expect to see it, but often, as the evening lamplight shone through it, her eye would examine its dainty charm. It was called "The Wissahickon Drive, Philadelphia, U. S. A." Many years afterward she saw it for the first time, and her heart jumped as hearts do when they are given a chance.

The lower reach of the creek, with its placid green water, the great trees leaning over it, the picnic parties along the western marge, and the little boats splashing about, is amazingly like the Thames at Oxford. I suppose all little rivers are much the same, after all; but the likeness here is so real that I cannot forbear to mention it. But one has an uneasy sense, as one walks and watches

the gleaming motors that flit by like the whizz of the Ancient Mariner's crossbow, that the Wissahickon has seen better days. The days when the horse was king, when all the old inns were a bustle of rich food and drink, and the winter afternoons were a ringle-jingle of sleigh chimes. Then one turns away to the left, into the stillness of the carriage drive, where motors are not allowed, and the merry clop-clop of hoofs is still heard now and then. Two elderly gentlemen came swiftly by in a bright little gig with red wheels, drawn by a spirited horse. With what a smiling cheer they gazed about them, innocently happy in their life-long pastime! And yet there was a certain pathos in the sight. Two old cronies, they were living out the good old days together. Only a few paces on was the abandoned foundation of the Lotus Inn. And I remembered the verses in which Madrigal himself, laureate of Philadelphia, has musicked the spell of the river drive—

On winter nights ghost-music plays
(The bells of long-forgotten sleighs)

Along the Wissahickon.

And many a silver-headed wight
Who drove that pleasant road by night
Sighs now for his old appetite

For waffles hot and chicken.

And grandmas now, who then were belles!
How many a placid bosom swells
At thought of love's old charms and spells
Along the Wissahickon.

“But, my dear fellow,” said one of these silver-headed wights to Madrigal when he had written the poem—“it wasn’t chicken, it was catfish that was famous in the Wissahickon suppers.” “All right,” said Madrigal, “will you please have the name of the creek changed to Wissahatfish to fit the rhyme?” The necessities of poets must be consulted, unless we are to go over, pen, ink and blotter, to the blattings of vers libre.

But a plague on the talk about “the good old days!” Certainly in those times the road along the creek was never such a dreaming haunt of quietness as it is today. An occasional proud damsel, cantering on horse, accompanied by a sort of Lou Tellegen groom; a rambling carriage or two, a few children paddling in the stream, and a bronzed fellow galloping along with eager face—just enough movement to vary the solitude. The creek pours smoothly over rocky shelves, churning in a white soapy triangle of foam below a cascade, or slipping in clear green channels through an aisle of buttonwoods and incredibly slender tulip-poplars. Here and there is a canoe, teetering gently in a nook of shade, while Colin and Amaryllis are uttering bashful pleasantries each to other—innocent plagiarisms as old as Eden, that seem to themselves so gorgeously new and delicious. The road bends and slopes, under cliffs of fern and evergreen, where a moist pungency of balsam and turpentine breathes graciously in the nose of the sneezer. Gushing springs splash on the steep bank.

Already, though only the end of August, there was a faint tinge of bronze upon the foliage. We were at a loss to know whether this was truly a sign of coming fall, or some unnatural blight withering the trees. Can trees suffer from hay fever? At any rate we saw many dead limbs, many great trunks bald and gouty on the eastern cliffs and a kind of pallor and palsy in the color of the leaves. The forestry of the region did not seem altogether healthy, even to the ignorant eye. We have seen in recent years what a plague has befallen one noble species of tree: it would be a sorry thing if Philadelphia's dearest beauty spot were ravaged by further troubles.

Talking and sneezing by turns, we came to Valley Green, where a placid caravanserai sits beside the way, with a broad, white porch to invite the traveler, and a very feminine barroom innocently garnished with syphons of soda and lemons balanced with ladylike neatness on the necks of grape-juice bottles. Green canoes were drawn up on the river bank; a grave file of six small yellow ducklings was waddling toward the water; a turkey (very similar in profile to Mr. Chauncey Depew) was meditating in the roadway. A bantam cock and his dame made up in strut what they lacked in stature, and a very deaf gardener was trimming a garden of vivid phlox. Here was a setting that cried loudly for the hissing tea urn. Yet to think again of refreshment seemed disrespectful to the noble lunch of a noble host, enjoyed

only four hours earlier, and we passed stoically by, intending to go as far as Indian Rock, a mile further. But at a little waterfall, by the Wisers Mill road, we halted with a common instinct. We turned backward and sought that gracious veranda at Valley Green. There, in a pot of tea and buttered toast with marmalade, we forgot our emunctory woes.

We set match to tobacco and strode upward on Springfield road, through thickets where the sunlight quivered in golden shafts, toward the comely summits of Chestnut Hill. Let Madrigal have the last word, for he has known and loved this bonniest of creeks for forty years:

There earliest stirred the feet of spring,
There summer dreamed on drowsy wing;
And autumn's glories longest cling
Along the Wissahickon!

ON THE SIGHTSEEING BUS

A FEELING of sour depression, consequent upon mailing the third installment to Ephraim Lederer, led us to seek uplift and blithe cheer. The sight-seeing bus was filled except one seat by the driver, and we hopped aboard. The car was generously freighted with Sir Knights and their ladies, here for a convention of Templars. There was also one baffled gentleman from South America, who strove desperately to understand what was happening to him. From some broken remarks he let fall we

think he had boarded the vehicle under the impression that he was taking a taxi to a railway terminal, where he wanted to catch a train for New York. At any rate, when we approached Independence Hall he was heard to ask plaintively if this was Broad Street Station. He kept uttering this inquiry with increasing despondency throughout the voyage.

It was a merry and humorous occasion. The gentleman who sits on a little camp stool in the prow of the bus and emits history and statistics through a megaphone is a genuine wag. His information is copious and uttered with amazing fluency. But we were particularly interested in the Sir Knight who slept peacefully through most of the ride, which was a long one, as we were held up by the big industrial parade on Broad street and had to take a long detour up Thirteenth street and Ridge avenue. During a spirited wrangle between our guide and the conductor of a trolley car, who asserted that we were nesting on his rails and would not let him pass, the drowsy Knight awoke and took a keen interest in the proceedings. Otherwise he will look back on the tour in a pleasantly muddled haze of memory.

The pathetic zeal and eagerness with which the passengers hang upon the guide's words is worthy of high praise. It is an index of our national passion for self-improvement. But after two hours of continuous exhortation we began to wonder how much of it would stick in their minds. The follow-

ing, we imagine, is not an unfair representation of the jumbled way in which they will remember it:

Guide: Observation car now leaving Keith's million-dollar theatre for a systematic tour of the City of Brotherly Love. As soon as William Penn had taken possession of the land he laid plans for a large city at the junction of the Drexel and Biddle families. On your left you see the site where Benjamin Franklin, the first postmaster general, discovered the great truth that a special delivery letter does not arrive any faster than the ordinary kind. Also on your left is Black's Hotel, where Benedict Arnold was married. On your right is Independence Hall, the office of the only Democratic newspaper published in the city. Further down this street is the Delaware river, which separates the city from Camden, the home of the largest talking soup factory in the world.

We are now turning north on Fifth street, approaching Market street, the city's fashionable residential thoroughfare. Directly underneath your comfortable seats in this luxurious car pass the swift conveyances of the subway, forming the cheapest entrance into the great department stores. By means of this superb subterranean passageway ocean steamers arrive and depart daily from all ports of the globe. On your right observe old Christ Church burial ground, all the occupants of which were imported from England. Under the large flat slab lies Benjamin Franklin, the first

postmaster general, and his wife, the beautiful Rebecca Gratz, the heroine of Walter Scott's novel, "Hugh Wynne." Now touring past the Friends and Quakers' meeting house, the birth-place of Old Glory. On your left the Betsy Ross house, occupied by 1600 poor orphan boys. Not far from here is the Black Horse Tavern, the favorite worshiping place of General George Washington

Touring west on Market street. Directly in front is the tower of the City Hall, 36 feet in height, surmounted by the statue of Russell H. Conwell. The building with the dome is Mr. Cattell, the city statistician, the author of the famous baseball poem, "Acres of Diamonds." The vast edifice on your left is Temple University, founded by Stephen Girard, the originator of the price "\$1.98, marked down from \$2." Here we make an interesting detour to avoid the congestion on Broad street. On your right the residence of the late Doctor Munyon, the famous hair restorer, the man who said that every self-respecting man should have a roof garden of his own. This is the city of homes: there are 375,000 single homes in the city, each one equipped with the little instrument you will notice attached to the second-story windows. This is called a Busybody, and is a reflecting mirror used to tell when the rent collector is at the front door. On your right is the North Penn Bank, where Benjamin Franklin flew

his famous kited check, extracting electricity from the bank examiners.

We are now approaching Fairmount Park, the largest public playground in the world. On your left is the aquarium, the local headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League. It is open to the public six days a week and to the fish at all times. In this aquarium is held the annual regatta of the Schuylkill Navy. The building in the distance with the dome is Horticultural Hall, filled with all manner of weird tropical visitors. This commodious tunnel was carved out of the solid rock of the Vaux organization by J. Hampton Moore, the well-known sculptor of public opinion. Across the river is the Zoological Garden, the summer residence of Robert Morris, the well-known cigarette maker. On your right, carved out of sandstone, are the lifelike figures of Tom Robins and the other three members of the committee of 1000, immortalized in Edgar Allan Poe's poem "Tam o' Shanter." Returning down the Parkway we pass the magnificent grand stands erected at the time of the Centennial Exposition and maintained ever since for the resuscitation of those unable to get seats on the Market street trolleys. I thank you for your kind attention and have here some nice postal cards—

SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON

WHAT an afternoon it was! Sunshine and blue sky, blended warmth and crispness, the wedding of summer and autumn. Sunshine as tender as Cardinal Mercier's smile, northern breeze sober as the much-harassed lineaments of the Tomsmith. Citizens went about their business "daintily enfolded in the bright, bright air," as a poet has put it. Over the dome of the postoffice, where the little cups of Mr. Bliss's wind gauge were spinning merrily, pigeons' wings gleamed white in the serene emptiness. The sunlight twinkled on lacquered limousines in dazzles of brightness, almost as vivid as the "genuine diamonds" in Market street show windows. Phil Warner, the always lunching bookseller, was out snapping up an oyster stew. Men of girth and large equator were watching doughnuts being fried in the baker's windows on Chestnut street with painful agitation. The onward march of the doughnut is a matter for serious concern in certain circles, particularly the circle of the waist line.

Strolling up Ninth street one was privileged to observe a sign of the times. A lunch room was being picketed by labor agitators, who looked comparatively unblemished by toil. They bore large signs saying:

THE C——— RESTAURANT
IS UNFAIR TO
ORGANIZED LABOR.

Side by side with these gentry marched two blonde waitresses from the lunch room, wearing an air of much bitterness and oilcloth aprons emblazoned

OUR EMPLOYEES ARE NOT ON STRIKE
ALL OUR HELP GET GOOD WAGES
SOME OF THE WAITERS WANT OUR WOMEN
TO QUIT SO THEY MAY TAKE THEIR PLACES.

“We’re doing this of our own free will,” said one of these damsels to me. “These guys never worked here. Our boss gives us good money and we’re not going to walk out on him.” She leaned a blazing lamp toward one of the prowling picketers, an Oriental of dubious valor. I would be sorry for the envoy if the lady spreads her lunch-hooks across the area by which his friends recognize him. Almost next door to this campaigning ground is the famous postal-card shop in which one may always read the secret palpitations of the public mind. The first card I noticed there said:

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY
WHAT DAY? PAY DAY.

Arch street seemed to be taking a momentary halt for lunch. On the sunny paths of old Christ Church burying ground a few meditators strolled to and fro, and one young couple were advancing toward the wooing stage on a shady bench. The lady was knitting a sweater, the swain arguing with persuasion. The Betsy Ross House, still

trailing its faded bunting and disheveled wreaths, looked more like an old curio shop than ever. One wishes the D. A. R. would give it a coat of paint and remove the somewhat confused sign *POUR PATRIA*. A little further on one finds a sign

SELECT EVENING TRIP
DOWN THE DELAWARE
ON PALACE STEAMER THOMAS CLYDE
THEATRICAL MOONLIGHT

This reference to nautical pleasures brought it to my mind that I had never enjoyed a voyage on the palace ferries of the Vine street crossing, and I moved in that direction. On Front above Arch one meets the terminus of the Frankford L, a tangle of salmon-colored girders. Something perilous, I could not see just what, was evidently going on, for a workman in air shouted, "Watch yourself!" This terse phrase is one of the triumphs of the American language, as is also the remark I heard the other evening. It referred to a certain publican who conducts a speak-easy at an address I shall not name. This publican had apparently got into an argument solvable only by the laying on of hands, and had emerged bearing an eye severely pulped. "Some one's been workin' on him," was the comment of one of his customers.

Watching myself with caution, I dodged down the steep stairs by which Cherry street descends from Front to Delaware avenue. In the vista of this narrow passage appeared the sharp gray bow

of the United States transport *Santa Teresa*. The wide space along the docks was a rumble of traffic, as usual: wagons of golden bananas, sacks of peanuts on the pavement. But along the waterside bulwark were the customary groups of colored citizens shooting dice. Crap, I surmise, is a truly reverent form of worship: nowhere else does one hear the presiding deities of the congregation addressed with such completely fervent petition. A lusty snapping of fingers and an occasional cry of "Who thinks he feels some?" rose from one group of happy competitors. Here again the student of manners may notice a familiar phenomenon, the outward thrust of the negro toe. It seems that the first thing our brother does on buying a new pair of shoes is cut out a section of leather so that his outmost phalange may sprout through.

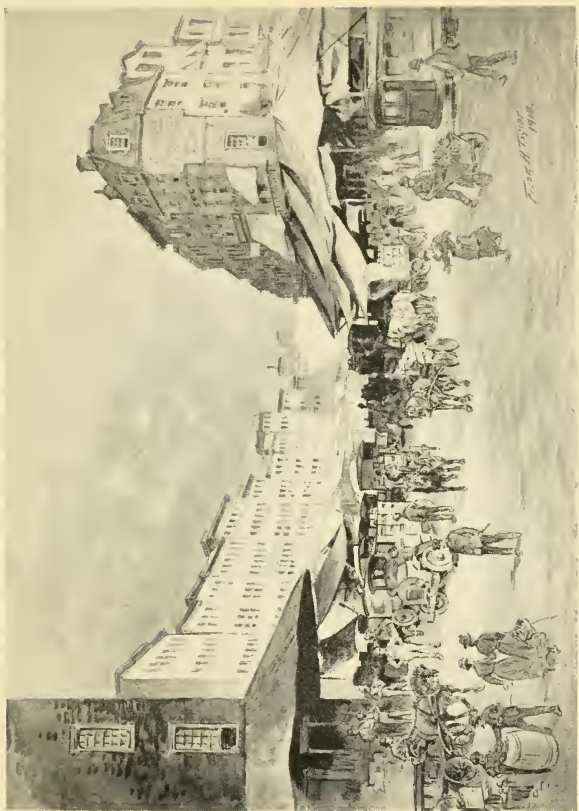
The tranquil upper deck of the Race street recreation pier is a goodly place to sit and survey the shining sweep of the river. The police boat *Ash-bridge* lies there, and one may look down on her burnished brasses, watch the tugs puffing up and down, and the panorama of shipping from Kaighn's Point to a big five-masted schooner drawn up at Cramps.

Approaching the Vine street ferry a mood of reckless vagabondage is likely to seize the wayfarer. Posters inform that the Parisian Flitters with "40 French Babies 40" are in town, and one feels convinced that life still teems with irresponsible gaiety. A savor of roasting peanuts

spreads upon the air. Buying a bag, one darts aboard the antique ship *Columbia*, built in 1877, and still making the perilous voyage to Cooper's Point.

There is an air of charming leisure about the Vine street ferry. Two mules, attached to a wagon, waved their tall ears in a friendly manner as we waited for the sailing date to arrive, and I tried to feed them some peanuts. All the mules I have ever been intimate with were connoisseurs of goobers, but somewhat to my chagrin these animals seemed suspicious of the offer. After several unavailing efforts to engage their appetites their amused charioteer informed me that he didn't think they hardly knew what peanuts were. These delightful mules watched me with an air of embarrassing intensity throughout the crossing. They had quite the air of ladies riding in a Pullman car whose gaze one has inadvertently interrupted and who have misconstrued the accident.

These mules were so entertaining that I almost forgot to study the river. On the Camden side I was somewhat tempted to go exploring, but a friendly seaman assured me the *Columbia* would shortly return to her home port and entreated me not to allow myself to be stranded abroad. So all I have to report of Cooper's Point is a life-size wooden figure of a horse near the ferry slip. Then we made the return trip over the sparkling beer-colored water, speaking a sister vessel of the Shackamaxon route.



DOCK STREET

There is much to catch the eye on a ramble up Vine street from the river, but probably most interesting is a very unexpected stable about number 120. Passing under an archway, one finds a kind of rural barnyard scene; great wooden sheds on each side of an elbow alley, with lines of wagons laid away. There is an old drinking trough of clear water, horses stand munching in the sunshine, and a queer tangle of ragged roofs and small windows overhangs this old-fashioned scene. A few doors further on is an equally unexpected sign in a barber shop window: Cups and Leeches Applied. One also finds a horseshoeing forge in full blast, with patient animals leaning their heads against the wall and rosy irons glowing in the darkness. With similar brightness shone a jug of beer that I saw a man carrying across the street at the corner of Fifth. The sunlight sparkled upon the bright brown brew, and as peanuts are thirsty fodder I pushed through the swinging doors.

BROAD STREET STATION

BROAD STREET STATION is to me a place of extraordinary fascination. Among the cloudy memories of early childhood it stands solidly, a home of thunders and shouting, of gigantic engines with their fiery droppings of coal and sudden jets of steam. It was a place which in a delighted sense of adventure was closely mixed with fear. I remember being towed along, as a very small urchin, among throngs of hasty feet and past the prodigious glamour of those huge wheels and pistons. (Juvenile eyes are very close to the ground.) Then, arrived within, the ramping horses carved opposite the head of the stairs and the great map on the northern wall were a glorious excitement to my wondering gaze. Nowadays, when I ramble about the station its enchantment is enhanced by the recollection of those early adventures. And as most people, when passing through a station, are severely intent upon their own problems and little conscious of scrutiny, it is the best of places to study the great human show. Mr. Joseph Pennell, in a thrilling drawing, has given a perfect record of Broad street's lights and tones that linger in the eye—the hurdling network of girders, the pattering files of passengers, the upward eddies of smoke.

A sense of baffling excitement and motion keeps the mind alert as one wanders about the station. In the dim, dusky twilight of the trainshed this is

all the more impressive. A gray-silver haze hangs in the great arches. Against the brightness of the western opening the locomotives come gliding in with a restful relaxation of effort, black indistinguishable profiles. The locomotives are the only restful things in the scene—they and the red-capped porters, who have the priestly dignity of oracles who have laid aside all earthly passions. Most of the human elements wear the gestures of eagerness, struggle and perplexity. The Main Line commuters, it is true, seem to stroll trainward like a breed apart, with an air of leisurely conquest and assurance. They have the bearing of veterans who have conquered the devils of transportation and hold them in leash. But this superb carelessness is only factitious. Some day their time will come and they will fall like the rest of us. They will career frantically to and fro, dash to information desk and train bulletin, rummage for tickets and wipe a beaded brow. What gesture, incidentally, is so significantly human as that of mopping the forehead? If I were a sculptor at work on a symbolic statue of Man I would carve him with troubled and vacant eyes, dehydrating his brow with a handkerchief.

Take your stand by the train gate a few moments before the departure of the New York express. What a medley of types, and what a common touch of anxiety and wistfulness makes them kin! Two ladies are bidding each other a prolonged farewell. "Now, remember, 7 Howland

street, Cambridge," says the departer. "Be sure to write!" A feverish man rushes back from the train, having forgotten something, and fights his way against the line which is filing through the gate. Another man hunts dismally through all his pockets for his ticket, rocking gently and thoughtfully on his heels. The ticket seems to have vanished. He pushes his hat back on his forehead and says something to the collector. This new posture of his hat seems to aid him, for in another half minute the ticket appears in a pocket that he has already gone through several times. The official cons his watch every five seconds. A clerk, apparently from one of the ticket windows, rushes up with a long strip ticket. There is some question about a sailor with a furlough ticket to Providence. Has he gone through? Haven't seen him. The gateman claps the gate to and switches off the light. Three other men come dashing up and are let through by the kindness of the usher. Then comes the sailor galloping along with a heavy suitcase. Here he is! Here's your ticket! Again the gate is opened and the navy man tears down the platform. The train is already moving, but he just makes it. Far out, in the bright sunlight beyond the station, the engine can be seen pulling out, ejecting a stiff spire of smoke and horizontal billows of steam.

At the same time rumbles in the hourly express from New York. Watch the people come out. Here is the brisk little man with a brown bag, who

always leads the crowd. The men from the smoker are first, puffing pipes or cigars. They all seem to know exactly where they want to go and push on relentlessly. After the main body of travelers come the Pullman passengers, usually followed by porters. Here is a girl in a very neat blue suit. Her porter carries an enormous black hat box painted with very swagger stripes of green. She is pretty, in a rather frank way, but too dusty with powder. An actress, one supposes. A tall young man steps out from the crowd, something very rakish about him, too. She looks surprised. "Nice of me to meet you, wasn't it?" he says. They walk off together, and one notices the really admirable hang of her blue skirt, just reaching her fawn spats. Sorry she uses so much powder. Curious thing; the same young chap was back again an hour later, this time to meet a man on the next New York train. They both wore brightly burnished brown shoes and seemed to have completely mastered life's perplexities. All these little dramas were enacted to a merry undertone of constant sound: the clear chime of bells, the murmur and throb of hissing steam, the rumble of baggage trucks, the slither of thousands of feet.

There is not much kissing done when people arrive from New York, but if you will linger about the gate when the Limited gets in from Chicago you will see that humanity pays more affectionate tribute to friends arriving from that strange country. There was one odd little group of three. A

man and a woman greeted another lady who arrived on the Chicago train. The two women kissed with a luxurious smacking. Then the man and the arrival kissed. The Chicago lady wore an enormous tilted hat with plumes. "Well, I'm here," she said, but without any great enthusiasm. The man was obviously frightfully glad to see her. But stand how he would, she kept the slant of her hat between her face and him. He tried valiantly to get a straight look at her. She would not meet his gaze. He put his head on one side astonishingly like a rooster, and his whole attitude expressed an earnest desire to please. When he spoke to her she answered to the other woman. She handed him her baggage checks without looking at him. Then she pointed to a very heavy package at her feet. With a weary resignation he toted it, and they moved away.

Inside the station the world is divided sharply into two halves. On the trainward side all is bustle and stir; the bright colors of news stands and flower stalls, brisk consultation of timetables at the information desk, little telephone booths, where lights wink on and off. In one of these booths, with the door open for greater coolness, a buyer is reporting to his home office the results of an out-of-town trip. "How much did you sold of that?" he says. "He offered me a lot—pretty nice leather—he wanted seventy-five—well, listen, finally I offered him sixty-five—Oh, no, no, no, he

claims it's a dollar grade—well, I don't know, it might be ninety cent maybe."

But abaft the big stairway a quiet solemnity reigns. The long benches of the waiting room seem a kind of Friends' meeting. Momently one expects to see some one rise and begin to speak. But it is not the peace of resignation; it is the peace of exhaustion. These are the wounded who have dragged themselves painfully from the onset, stricken on the great battlefield of Travel. Here one may note the passive patience of humanity, and also how pathetically it hoards its little possessions. A lady rises to get a drink of water. With what zealous care she stacks all her impediments in a neat pile—umbrella, satchel, handbag, shawl, suitcase, tippet, raincoat and baby—and confides them to her companion. A gust of that characteristic railroad restaurant odor drifts outward from the dining room—a warm, soupy blend of browned chicken-skin and crisp roll-crust. On one end of the bench are three tall bronzed doughboys, each with two service stripes and the red chevron. They have bright blue eyes and are carefully comparing their strip tickets, which seem nearly a yard long. A lady in very tight black suede slippers stilts out of the dining room. Like every one else in the waiting room she walks as though her feet hurt her. The savor of food is blown outward by electric fans. The doughboys are conferring together. They have noticed two lieutenants dining at one of the white-draped

tables. This seems to enrage them. Finally they can stand it no longer. Their vast rawhide marching boots go clumping into the dining room. Every now and then the announcer comes to the head of the stairway and calls out something about a train to Harrisburg, Altoona, Pittsburgh and Chicago. There is a note of sadness in his long-drawn wail, as though it would break his heart if no one should take this train, which is a favorite of his. A few weary casuals hoist themselves from the benches, gather their belongings anew and stagger away.

THE SHORE IN SEPTEMBER

THE sands are lonely in the fall. On those broad New Jersey beaches, where the rollers sprawl inward in ridges of crumbling snow, the ocean looks almost wistfully for its former playmates. The children are gone, the small brown legs, the toy shovels and the red tin pails. The familiar figures of the summer season have vanished: the stout ladies who sat in awninged chairs and wrestled desperately to unfurl their newspapers in the wind; the handsome mahogany-tanned lifesavers, the vampirinoes incessantly drying their tawny hair, the corpulent males of dark complexion wearing ladies' bathing caps, the young men playing a degenerate baseball with a rubber sphere and a bit of shingle. All that life and excitement, fed upon hot dogs and vanilla cones, anointed with cold

cream and citronella, has vanished for another year.

But how pleasant it is to see the town (it is Fierceforest we have in mind) taking its own vacation, after laboring to amuse its visitors all summer long. Here and there in the surf you will see a familiar figure. That plump lady, lathered by sluicing combers as she welters and wambles upon Neptune's bosom, is good Frau Weintraub of the delicatessen, who has been frying fish and chowdering clams over a hot stove most of July and August, and now takes her earned repose. Yonder is the imposing bulge of the real estate agent, who has been too busy selling lots and dreaming hotel sites to visit the surf hitherto. Farther up the shore is the garage man, doing a little quiet fishing from the taffrail of a deserted pier. The engineer of the "roller coaster" smokes a cigar along the deserted boardwalk and discusses the league of nations with the gondolier-in-chief of the canals of Ye Olde Mill. The hot-dog expert, whose merry shout, "Here they are, all red hot and fried in butter!" was wont to echo along the crowded arcade, has boarded up his stand and departed none knows where.

There is a tincture of grief in the survey of all this liveliness confined and nailed down. Even the gambols of Fierceforest's citizens, taking their ease at last in the warm September surf, cannot wholly dispel the mournfulness of the observer. There is something dreadfully glum in the merry-

go-round seen through its locked glass doors. All those gayly caparisoned horses, with their bright Arabian housings, their flowing manes and tossing heads and scarlet-painted nostrils, stand stilled in the very gesture of glorious rotation. One remembers what a jolly sight that carrousel was on a warm evening, the groaning pipes of the steam-organ chanting an adorable ditty (we don't know what it is, but it's the tune they always play at the movies when our favorite Dorothy Gish comes on the screen), children laughing and holding tight to the wooden manes of the horses, and flappers with their pink dresses swirling, clutching for the brass ring that means a free ride. All this is frozen into silence and sleep, like a scene in a fairy tale. It is very sad, and we dare not contemplate the poor little silent horses too long.

Bitterly does one lament the closing of the Boardwalk auction rooms, which were a perpetual free show to those who could not find a seat in the movies. There was one auctioneer who looked so like Mr. Wilson that when we saw his earnest gestures we always expected that the league of nations would be the subject of his harangue. But on entering and taking a seat (endeavoring to avoid his eye when he became too persuasive, for fear some involuntary gesture or the contortions of an approaching sneeze would be construed as a bid for a Chinese umbrella stand) we always found that it was a little black box full of teacups that was under discussion. He would hold one up

against an electric bulb to show its transparency. When he found his audience unresponsive he would always say, "You know I don't have to do this for a living. If you people don't appreciate goods that have quality, I'm going to pack up and go to Ocean City." But he never went. Almost every evening, chagrined by some one's failure to bid properly for a cut-glass lady-finger container or a porcelain toothbrush-rack, he would ask the attendant to set it aside. "I'll buy it myself," he would cry, and as he kept on buying these curious tidbits for himself throughout the summer, we used to wonder what his wife would say when they all arrived.

Along the quiet Boardwalk we saunter, as the crisp breeze comes off the wide ocean spaces. Bang! bang! bang! sound the hammers, as the shutters go up on the beauty parlor, the toy shop, the shop where sweet-grass baskets were woven, and the stall where the little smiling doll known as Helene, the Endearing Beach Vamp, was to be won by knocking down two tenpins with a swinging pendulum. How easy it was to cozen the public with that! A bright red star was painted at the back of the pendulum's swing, and the natural assumption of the simple competitor was that by aiming at that star he would win the smiling Helene. Of course, as long as one aimed at the star success was impossible. The Japanese dealers, with the pertinacity of their race, are almost the last to linger. Their innocent little gaming boards,

their fishponds where one angles for counterfeit fish and draws an eggcup or a china cat, according to the number inscribed on the catch, their roulette wheels ("Ten Cents a Chance—No Blanks")—all are still in operation, but one of the shrewd orientals is packing up some china at the back of the shop. He knows that trade is pretty well done for this season. We wondered whether he would go down to the beach for a swim before he left. He has stuck so close to business all summer that perhaps he does not know the ocean is there. There is another thrifty merchant, too, whose strategy comes to our attention. This is the rolling-chair baron, who has closed his little kiosque, but has taken care to paint out the prices per hour of his vehicles, and has not marked any new rates. Cautious man, he is waiting until next summer to see what the trend of prices will be then.

Across the fields toward the inlet, where the grasses have turned rusty bronze and pink, where goldenrod is minting its butter-yellow sprays and riotous magenta portulaccas seed themselves over the sandy patches, the rowboats are being dragged out of the canal and laid up for the winter. The sunburned sailorman who rents them says he has had a good season—and he "can't complain." He comes chugging in with his tiny motorboat, towing a string of tender-feet who have been out tossing on the crabbing grounds for a couple of hours, patiently lowering the fishheads tied on a cord and weighted with rusty bolts. His patient and ener-

getic wife who runs the little candy and sarsaparilla counter on the dock has ended her labors. She is glad to get back to her kitchen: during the long, busy summer days she did her family cooking on an oil stove behind the counter. The captain, as he likes to be called, is about to make his annual change from mariner to roofer, the latter being his winter trade. "It's blowing up for rain," he says, looking over his shoulder at the eastern sky. "I guess the season's pretty near over. I'll get up the rest of them boats next week."

In September the bathing is at its best. Particularly at sunset, when every one is at supper. To cross those wide fields of wiry grass that stretch down to the sand, is an amazement to the eye. Ahead of you the sea gleams purple as an Easter violet. The fields are a kind of rich palette on which every tint of pink, russet and bronze are laid in glowing variation. The softly wavering breeze, moving among the coarse stalks, gives the view a ripple and shimmer of color like shot silk. A naturalist could find hundreds of species of flowers and grasses on those sandy meadows. There are great clumps of some bushy herb that has already turned a vivid copper color, and catches the declining sunlight like burnished metal. There are flecks of yellow, pink and lavender. A cool, strong odor rises from the harsh, knife-edged grasses—a curiously dry, brittle scent, familiar to all who have poked about sand dunes.

The beach itself, colored in the last flush of the level sun, is still faintly warm to the naked foot, after the long shining of the day; but it cools rapidly. The tide is coming in, with long, seething ridges of foam, each flake and clot of crumbled water tinged with a rose-petal pink by the red sunset. All this glory of color, of movement, of unspeakable exhilaration and serenity, is utterly lonely. The long curve of the beach stretches away northward, where a solitary orange-colored dory is lying on the sand. The air is full of a plaintive piping of sea-birds. A gull flashes along the beach, with a pink glow on its snowy underplumage.

At that hour the water is likely to be warmer than the air. It may be only the curiously magical effect of the horizontal light, but it seems more foamy, more full of suds, than earlier in the day. Over the green top of the waves, laced and marbled with froth, slides a layer of iridescent bubble-wash that seems quite a different substance from the water itself—like the meringue on top of a lemon pie. One can scoop it up and see it winking in points of sparkling light.

The waves come marching in. It is a calm sea, one would have said looking down from the dunes, but to the swimmer, elbowing his way under their leaning hollows, their stature seems tremendous. The sunlight strikes into the hills of moving water, filling them with a bluish spangle and tremor of brightness. It is worth while to duck underneath

and look up at the sun from under the surface, to see how the light seems to spread and clot and split in the water like sour cream poured into a cup of tea. The sun, which is so ruddy in the evening air, is a pale milky white when seen from under water.

A kind of madness of pleasure fills the heart of the solitary sunset swimmer. To splash and riot in that miraculous color and tumult of breaking water seems an effective answer to all the grievances of earth. To float, feeling the poise and encircling support of those lapsing pillows of liquid, is mirth beyond words. To swim just beyond the line of the big breakers, dropping a foot now and then to feel that bottom is not too far away—to sprawl inward with a swashing comber while the froth boils about his shoulders—to watch the light and color prised in the curl and slant of every wave, and the quick vanishing of brightness and glory once the sun is off the sea—all this is the matter of poems that no one can write.

The sun drops over the flat glitter of the inland lagoons; the violet and silver and rose-flushed foam are gone from the ocean; the sand is gray and damp and chilly. Down the line of the shore comes an airplane roaring through the upper regions of dazzling sunlight, with brightness on its varnished wings. The lighthouse at the Inlet has begun to twinkle its golden flash, and supper will soon be on the table. The solitary swimmer takes one last regretful plunge through a sluicing hill of

green, and hunts out his pipe. He had left it, as the true smoker does, carefully filled, with a match-box beside it, in a dry hollow on the sand. Trailing a thread of blue reek, he plods cheerfully across the fields, taking care not to tread upon the small hoptoads that have come out to hail the evening. Behind him the swelling moon floats like a dim white lantern, penciling the darkening water with faint scribbles of light.

But there are still a few oldtimers in Fiercestown, cottagers who cling on until the first of October, and whose fraternal password (one may hear them saying it every time they meet) is "Sure! Best time of the year!" Through the pink flush of sunrise you may see the husbands moving soberly toward the early commuters' train, the 6:55, which is no longer crowded. (A month ago one had to reach it half an hour early in order to get a seat in the smoker.) Each one transports his satchel, and also curious bundles, for at this time of year it is the custom to make the husband carry home each week an instalment of the family baggage, to save excess when moving day comes. One totes an oilstove; another, a scales for weighing the baby. They trudge somewhat grimly through the thin morning twilight, going back for another week at office and empty house or apartment. Leaving behind them the warm bed, the little cottage full of life and affection, they taste for a moment the nostalgic pang that sailors know so well when the ship's bow cuts the vacant horizon.

Over the purple rim of sea the sun juts its scarlet disk. You may see these solitary husbands halt a moment to scan the beauty of the scene. They stand there thoughtful in the immortal loneliness of dawn. Then they climb the smoker and pinochle has its sway.

PUTTING THE CITY TO BED

It was a delicious cool evening when I strolled abroad to observe the town composing itself for slumber. The caustic Mrs. Trollope, who visited Philadelphia in 1830, complained bitterly that there was no carousal or cheer of any kind proceeding in the highways after sunset: "The streets are entirely dark, scarcely a step is heard, and for a note of music, or the sound of mirth, I listened in vain." But the lady would find us much more volatile now.

The Weather Man tries to set us a good example by pulling down the front of his little booth at Ninth and Chestnut soon after 10 o'clock, but there are few who take the hint. It was a night almost chilly—67 degrees—a black velvety sky to the northward, diluted to a deep purple and blue where the moon was shining in the south. At 10.45 letter writing was in full scratch along the counters of the main postoffice. Every desk was busy, the little stamp windows were lively caves of light. Hotel signs—the old signs that used to say ROOMS \$1 UP, and now just say ROOMS—were

beaconing along the street. Crowds were piling out of movies. The colored man who letters cards with delicate twirls of penmanship was setting up his little table on Market street. In spite of the cool air every soda fountain was lined with the customary gobs. The first morning papers were beginning to be screamed about the streets, with that hoarse urgency of yelling that always makes the simple-minded think that something fearful has happened.

A crowd gathered hastily in front of a big office building on Chestnut street. Policemen sprang from nowhere. A Jefferson ambulance clanged up. Great agitation, and prolonged ringing of the bell at the huge iron-grilled front door. What's up? Finally appeared a man with blood spattered over his shirt and was escorted to the ambulance. The engineer had walked too near an electric fan and got his head cut. Lucky he didn't lose it altogether, said one watcher.

Eleven o'clock. In a cigar store served by a smiling damsel, two attractive ladies were asking her if it would be safe for them to visit a Chinese restaurant a little farther up the street. "We're from out of town," they explained, "and all alone. We want some chop suey. Is that the kind of place ladies can go to?" The cigar saleslady appealed to me, and I assured the visitors they would be perfectly serene. Perhaps if I had been more gallant I should have escorted them thither. Off they went, a little timorous.

Eleven fifteen. The first of the typical night-hawk motors begin to appear; huge runabouts, with very long bonnets and an air of great power. One of them, a vivid scarlet with white wheels, spins briskly round the City Hall. Trills and tinklings of jazz clatter from second-story restaurants. But Chestnut street is beginning to calm down. Lights in shop windows are going off. The old veteran takes his seat on a camp-stool near Juniper street and begins to tingle his little bell merrily. If you drop something in his box he will tell you the sign of the zodiac under which you were born, prognosticate your lucky days and planetary hours and advise you when to take a journey. He explained to me that this happened to be the night of Venus. I had been sure of it already after some scrutiny of the pavements. As the lights are dimmed along the street, the large goldfish in a Chestnut street cafe window grow more placid and begin to think of a little watery repose.

Half-past eleven. The airy spaces round the City Hall are full of a mellow tissue of light and shadow. The tall lamp standards are like trees of great pale oranges. The white wagons of the birchbeer fleet are on their rounds. The seats where the band concerts are held are deserted save for one meditative vagrant, drooping with unknown woes. Swiftly flowing cars flit mysteriously round the curve and bend into the long expanse of North Broad street where their little red stern-lights twinkle beneath the row of silver arcs

stretching away into the distance. Broad Street Station is comparatively quiet, though there is the usual person gazing up at the window lettered SCRIP CLERGY STOPOVERS COMMUTATION. He wonders what it means. I do not know, any more than he. Standing at the corner of the station the lights of the sky are splendid and serene. Over the Finance Building a light wispy plume of steam hovers and detaches itself, gleaming in the moonshine like a floating swan's feather. The light catches the curves of the trolley rails like ribbons of silver.

Midnight. The population seems to have sorted itself into couples. Almost all the ladies in sight wear silk sports skirts, and walk with their escorts in a curiously slow swishing swing. Some of them may have been dancing all evening, and still pace with some of the rhythm of the waxed floor. In darkened banks are little gleams of orange light behind trellises of bars, where watchmen sit and grind away the long hours. Down the dark narrow channel of Sansom street it is very silent. The rear of a ten-cent store shows a gush of brightness, where some overhauling of stock is going on. The back door is open, and looking in I can see a riotous mouse darting about under the counters, warily watching the men who are rearranging some display. The Jefferson Hospital is silent, with occasional oblongs of light in windows. I seem to detect a whiff of disinfectants, and wonder how the engineer is getting on.

Market street is still lively. A "dance orchard" emits its patrons down a long stair to the street. Down they come, gaily laughing. The male partners are all either gobs, who love dancing even more than ice cream soda; or youths with tilted straw hats of coarse weave, with legs that bend backward most oddly below the knee, very tightly and briefly trousered. Two doughboys with ace of spades shoulder insignia greet the emerging throng, showing little booklets for sale. They urge the girls to buy, with various arts of cajolery and bright-eyed persuasion. "Who'll buy a book?" they say, "forty short stories, put out by a wounded soldier." The girls all wear very extensive hats, and are notably pretty. "Which way do we go?" is the first question on reaching the street. It is usually the way to the nearest soda fountain.

Twelve forty. The watering tank roars down Chestnut street, shedding a hissing tide from curb to curb. The fleet of To Hire night taxis wheel off one by one as fares leap in to escape from the deluge, which can be heard approaching far up the silent street. It is getting quiet, save in the all-night lunch rooms, where the fresh baking of doughnuts and cinnamon buns is being set out, and the workers of the night shift are streaming in for their varied and substantial meals. They eat leisurely, with loud talk, or reading the morning papers.

One fifteen. The population consists mostly of

small groups on corners waiting patiently for cars, which are rare after one o'clock. Chauffeurs sit in twos, gossiping over the fares of the evening. Along the curb of the Federal Building on Ninth street linger a few resolute loungers, enjoying the calm of the night. A fruit stall man is wondering whether to trundle home. The pile of fresh doughnuts in the lunch room is rapidly diminishing. Street cleaning trucks are on their nightly rounds. It's time to go to bed.

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