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An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Vol. 29

September, 1903



February, 1904

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TO

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIX

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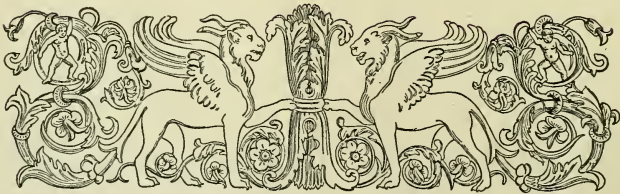
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THE RECENT LOWELL DISASTER — TWO OF THE HOUSES WHICH WERE DESTROYED

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES

SEPTEMBER, 1903

VOL. XXIX NO. 1

The Lowell Explosion and Other New England Disasters

AT nine o'clock on the morning of July 29, a district of a few acres area in the town of Tewksbury, just south of Lowell, bore its usual workday aspect. The day was fair and moderately warm. In the bend of the Concord River, which sweeps by this bit of low land on the north and west, five boys were in swimming. To the east and south were some scores of small houses from which the men had gone out to work, leaving them mainly tenanted by women and children. Two buildings stood on the swampy land in the bend of the river, one-story brick structures without windows. Several men had been busy for some minutes bringing boxes out of one of these buildings and piling them on a wagon, while a woman standing near watched them. On the other side of

the river a train was just pulling out of the station.

At six minutes past nine a man ran out of the small brick building, followed by a little thread of smoke. Then came a deafening roar, followed by a long roll like that of a thunder clap. Passengers in the train across the river saw a huge cloud of dust rise from the swampy ground. In the same instant a score of the small houses lay, flat heaps of tangled boards and timbers, on the ground. Twenty persons, including four of the five boys splashing in the river, were killed outright, or so badly injured that they died soon after. And while the people on the train saw this magical transformation, buildings were shaken and windows broken in hundreds of places within a radius of fifteen miles. People as far away as Dedham on



THE LOWELL DISASTER — THE RIGGS HOUSE, COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED

the south and the mid-New Hampshire towns on the north, felt the shock and guessed at reckless blasts or earthquakes. From the heaps of mangled rubbish that bordered the area of swampy ground in the Concord River bend, the dust of broken plaster rose in the air, together with smoke and flame and the cries of wounded and frightened human beings.

This sudden and terrible change of scene was the work of about one thousand pounds of dynamite and a large but unknown quantity of powder, which latter contributed the roll to the roar of the explosion. What caused the explosion is not yet known, and probably never will be, within the

limit of error inevitable even to the shrewdest guessers. It occurred in a magazine occupied jointly by the United States Cartridge Company, whose factory is in Lowell, and the American Powder Company, in which the latter had dynamite stored.

Some two weeks before the disaster, officers of the Cartridge Company found that nitro-glycerine had leaked on the floor from the boxes of dynamite. The Powder Company was notified, and arrangements were made for the removal of the explosives from the building, while the old floor was being washed with caustic potash and a new one laid over it. The workmen of the Cartridge Company had re

moved a part of the powder, and it stood piled on a wagon near by when the magazine blew up. It is reported that there were grains of powder on the floor of the magazine during the removal. One of the survivors reports that the foreman, Goodwin, poured a liquid on the floor that made the boards smoke, but Goodwin denies this and declares he did nothing that could have caused the explosion, and there, for the public, the matter rests.

It seems probable that the trouble started in the Cartridge Company's side of the magazine, which was separated from the stored dynamite by a partition which did not extend down to the floor. An explosion here would have detonated the dynamite. The powder loaded on the wagon apparently exploded from the first

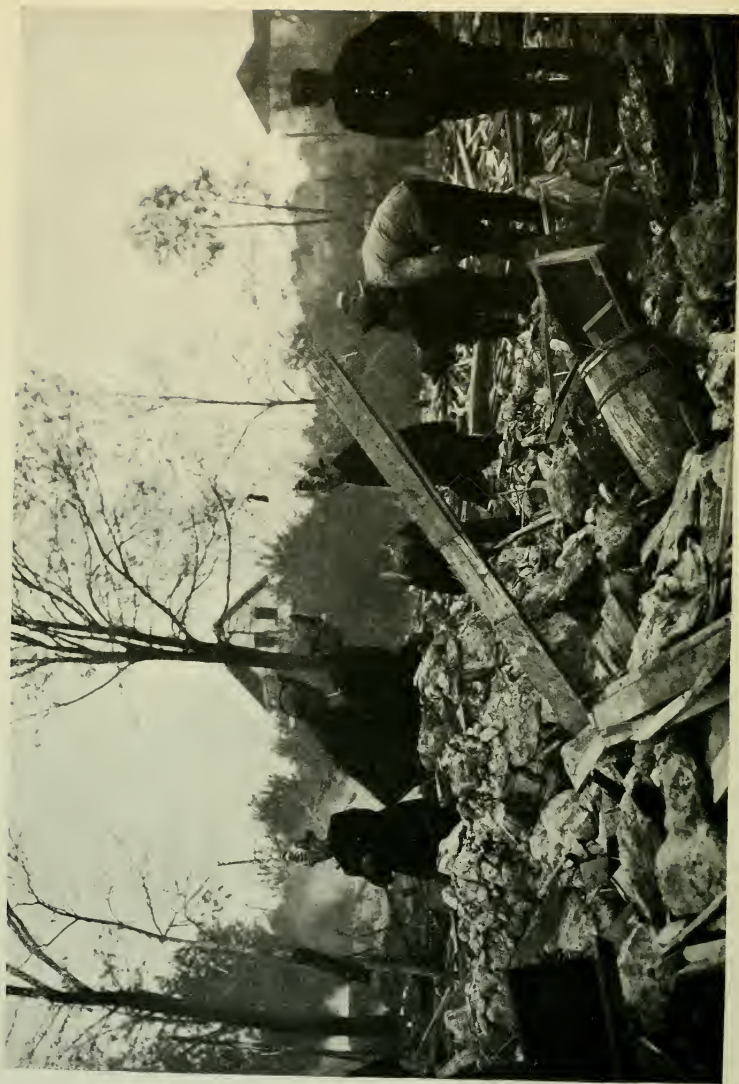
shock, and the explosion of the second magazine, which was leased by the Dupont Powder Company, must have followed almost instantaneously.

The ruin caused by the accident was appalling in its perfection. Hardly a scrap of material was left of either magazine. The tearing of the explosive gases hollowed out great cavities where the buildings had stood, and these slowly filled with water from the wet soil about. Some of the ruined dwelling-houses were mere flat heaps of rubbish; many were only partly demolished, while still others suffered chiefly by the falling of plaster, breaking of glass and the displacement of furniture, or the fires from overturned stoves which quickly followed.

In Lowell the noise of the explosion and the wild reports of frightened



THE LOWELL DISASTER — HOME OF EDWARD^D BURGESS, ONE-EIGHTH MILE AWAY, COMPLETELY RUINED



THE LOWELL DISASTER — SEARCHING THE SMOKING RUINS FOR DEAD BODIES

people who ran through the streets caused almost a panic. Thousands hurried to the stricken district, a few being cool enough to begin at once the work of rescuing those imprisoned in the ruins. Physicians hurried out from the city, and as fast as the wounded were rescued they were sent to St. John's Hospital in all sorts of improvised ambulances. To add to the confusion of the terror, fire engines rattled in, but these, fortunately, soon prevented that worst of all horrors, the burning of those injured and imprisoned in the wreckage.

Lowell will not soon forget the horrors of that work of rescue, and the grewsome task of searching for traces of those whose bodies had utterly disappeared. Three acres of ground were entirely laid waste, the trees and bushes in a considerable radius being torn and blasted as by a breath from a huge furnace. The moist ground was trampled into mud under the feet of the crowds of spectators and rescuers. Men, women and children, badly frightened, as they had good cause to be, ran about, searching for friends and neighbors. Some of the dead bodies dug out of the ruins were frightfully mangled, while the sufferings of the more seriously injured were hardly less affecting. Of the scores who were not so severely hurt, many looked like scarecrows from bruises, grime and torn clothing.

The region of the explosion was at once put under a military guard, and, for five days after, it was the focus for crowds of sightseers who watched owners and tenants as they searched the ruins of their houses. Besides these, officers of the state and Lowell police were making a careful search

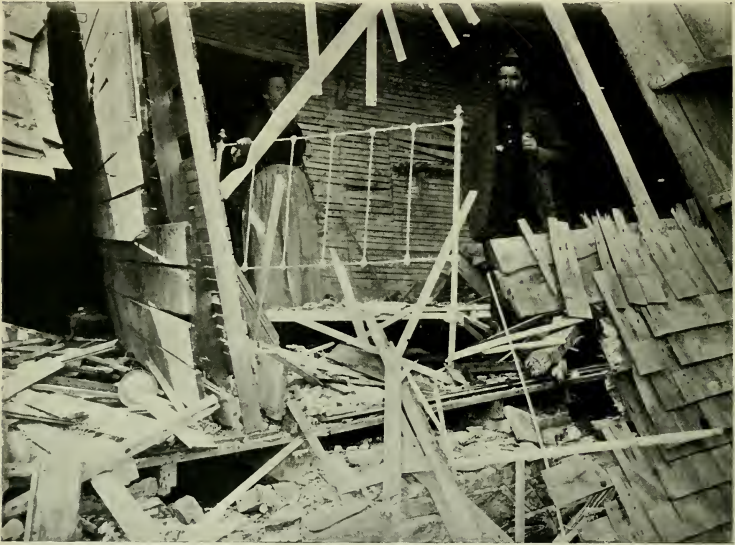
of the whole area for clues to those who could not be found. And ghastly traces they came upon,—an eye, a hand, a shoulder-blade, were among the dreadful relics gathered. The river bed was dragged, and the hollows made on the sites of the magazines were pumped clear of water. Every bit of clothing, every button, was saved for the scrutiny of those who sought missing friends; every bit of flesh and bone was laid before the doctors, who tried to decide which might be animal and which human, and not until every particle had been picked up and passed upon, was the guard of militiamen removed.

In comparison with the heavy loss of life, the destruction of property was trivial, not exceeding \$100,000, within the direct field of the explosion. The ruined and damaged houses were mostly occupied by French mill people, to whom, however, the destruction of their property was severe almost in proportion to its smallness. Speedy steps were taken to help the sufferers; nearly \$10,000 in cash was contributed within a few days, and it is pleasant to record that the crowd of sight-seers who swarmed to the ruins on the following Sunday gave about \$1,000 of this amount.

Some interesting questions of private and public responsibility, and legal liability are raised by the explosion. Many suits for damages have been threatened, and for months to come the matter is likely to be threshed out in the courts. That the Cartridge Company is liable for damage caused by the culpable carelessness of its employees, seems clear. The facts, however, may not be easy to prove, beyond the prima facie case

furnished by the bare truth that the explosion occurred. The responsibility of public officials has also to be weighed. The magazines were built some thirty years ago, and at that time stood in an isolated region. Just what should have been done when houses were built near them is a matter of procedure. Clearly the magazines should not have been filled with large quantities of high explosives

when just such ruin as occurred was always a possibility. There ought to have been, and there must now be provided, some way of laying on public officials the duty of preventing such calamities. The only safe assumption is that sooner or later every magazine is bound to explode, and must therefore be kept a safe distance from dwelling houses and other buildings.



THE LOWELL DISASTER — MR. AND MRS. GOODREAU, IN FRONT OF THE RUINS OF THEIR HOME. THE FORMER HAD JUST LEFT THE HOUSE WHEN THE EXPLOSION CAME



THE LOWELL DISASTER—A KITCHEN WHICH HAD BEEN VACANT FOR ONLY A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE EXPLOSION

THE SUBWAY DISASTER OF MARCH 4, 1897

The Tewksbury disaster at once recalls the gas explosion which occurred at the junction of Boylston and Tremont streets, in Boston, on March 4, 1897. The results here were again a demonstration of mingled public and private neglect. At the time of the disaster, the roof of the subway at the Boylston-Tremont corner had been completed. The car-tracks at the junction of the two streets were supported on timbers covered with planking, while beneath was a considerable unfilled space, in which hung gas mains and sewer pipes, supported from the timbers above. For more than two months previous, gas had been escap-

ing from the mains, and a complaint was made to the Gas Company as far back as the 28th of the preceding December. The final explosion occurred at 11.46 in the forenoon, the time being shown by clocks in nearby buildings stopped by the shock.

At that time three cars were near the intersection of the streets, a Huntington Avenue car bound north, a Back Bay car going south, and a Mount Auburn car going east toward Washington Street. This latter car, when just over the track crossings, apparently ignited the mixture of air and gas with which the great cavity below was filled, and the explosion came with a burst of flames and a



EXPLOSION IN THE BOSTON SUBWAY AT CORNER OF TREMONT AND BOYLSTON STREETS

shock which broke the windows of every building for some distance about. The wrecked Mount Auburn car was at once enveloped in flames; the conductor of the Back Bay car, on the back platform, was instantly killed. The horses drawing this car were also killed, one of them being blown some distance. A cab, just then passing the corner, was wrecked. Bystanders saw the driver fall into the wreckage, which slipped into the gap made by the explosion. One of the two women passengers was killed outright, and the other was rescued, only to die next day of her injuries. The horse was blown free of the vehicle and killed. In all six persons were killed, and at least sixty were injured more or less seriously. The buildings all about were severely shaken, and their occupants were hurt by broken glass

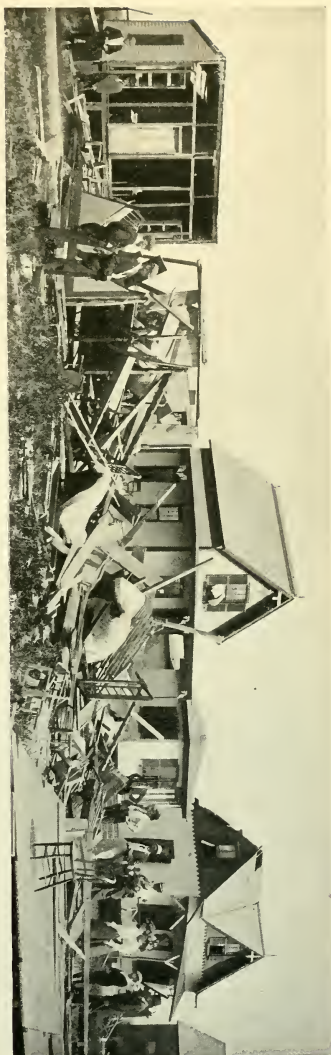
and in other ways. A dentist in the Hotel Pelham, on the southwest corner, was blown away from the patient on whom he was operating, and thrown across the room. The window of a jeweller's shop, in the same building, was broken out, and hundreds of dollars' worth of gems were scattered over the street. Laborious inquiries, official and otherwise, were followed by long-drawn suits in the courts, with the not uncommon failure to draw clearly the line of responsibility for the disaster. The bare, physical fact seemed to be that there was an old break in the six-inch gas main along the south side of Boylston Street, from which the gas might have accumulated in the space under the planking. The officials of the Gas Company had received complaints of escaping gas for weeks previous, but the calamity, which apparently might

have been avoided, was allowed to befall. The property loss from this explosion was about \$40,000, a quarter of this being on broken windows.

Two other gas explosions occurred in Boston in 1875, one of them presenting exactly the same features as that over the subway. On May 26, a building on the corner of Washington and Lagrange streets was wrecked, supposedly by gas. Five persons were instantly killed and eighteen were hurt. The nature of the wreck made it impossible to determine the cause, as between illuminating gas, and the carbonic acid used in a drug store in the lower story of the building. The effect of the shock was to drive out the lower walls. The inner supporting columns then snapped, and the whole upper part of the building collapsed with a crash.

The other accident, on the twenty-second of December, was known to be due to the ignition, from some unknown cause, of lighting gas, which leaked from a pipe leading into the grain store of Sumner, Crosby and Son, on Federal Street.

Four persons were killed and nineteen injured by this explosion, which was so violent that it blew up one hundred and fifty feet of sidewalk on the west side of Federal Street bridge in South Boston, and threw a considerable length of it over the bridge into the water. The sidewalk grade here had been changed and the new walk laid on timbers, with a space of about eighteen feet between it and the old grade, where the gas had collected.



HAMPTON TORNADO — VIEW FROM UPPER END OF BEACH

TWO RECENT TORNADOES

In the way of natural disasters New England can recall two tornadoes which are notable, not only for their destruction of life and property, but for the comparative and fortunate rarity of such disturbances in this part of the country. The most recent of these was the storm which swept the New England coast on July 4, 1898, causing considerable minor damage to property in many coast towns, and developing a genuine tornado at Hampton Beach, New Hampshire. The wind whirl struck the beach about half a mile north of Whittier's hotel, and cut a swath a hundred yards wide to the westward, and then passed out to sea. As it came in over the water, those on the beach saw a yacht, anchored about a mile out, dis-

appear in its dark folds. Falling upon the beach, it crushed flat nearly a score of small cottages, rolled people over and over along the sand, and did its worst work in wrecking the old skating rink. This was a frame building, fifty by one hundred feet, used that day for an electrical spectacle called, "The Sinking of the Maine,"—a title whose familiar strangeness has only five years later a strange flavor of the forgotten excitement of the Spanish War. In the wrecking of this building, the roof fell upon some three hundred persons, instantly killing three of them and seriously injuring at least a hundred others. The yacht seen from shore on the approach of the storm was capsized, and four of its pleasure passengers were drowned,



HAMPTON TORNADO — THE SKATING RINK IN WHICH WERE 300 PEOPLE

while others were resuscitated only by heroic labors on the part of rescuers. Several other boats were capsized. The death list numbered eight in all. The damage to property was not great in terms of dollars, owing to the slight character of most of the wrecked buildings. Some of the larger hotels lost piazzas and blinds, with no substantial damage. On the same day,

just before six o'clock, another small tornado developed in the cyclonic area, which included the whole New England coast, capsized the small excursion steamer "Surf City," just as she was leaving Salem Willows, with forty passengers aboard; eight of these were drowned, most of them being women and children, shut in the cabin.

THE SOUTH LAWRENCE CYCLONE

When the lusty, infant city of Lawrence, now one of the big mill centres of the Merrimac Valley, was beginning its winning fight for a place in the fore in the world of manufactures, there came a calamity which, for the moment, struck a blow at its prosperity. It was just seven years after the incorporation of Lawrence as a city that the Pemberton Mills, then housing one of the city's chief industries, collapsed without warning, carrying down to death and horrible injuries scores of its hundreds of employees. That any escaped seems a miracle. Nevertheless, the miraculous happened, and from the wreck emerged heroes who battled with crushing timbers and scorching flames for the lives of fellow workmen. How the people of Lawrence and all the country came to the relief of the stricken, how the city recovered gradually from its fearful straits, is not a tale for this time.

Instead, another chapter of the city's history claims the attention of the moment, for one more catastrophe, as if the first were not enough, brought additional oppression, but to a less extent, upon the city.

Just thirty years after the fall of the Pemberton Mills, and on the twenty-sixth of July, 1890, Michael Higgins, a switchman employed by the Boston & Maine Railroad, was called upon to set a switch in the course of his duties. Suddenly he was hurled to the ground by the force of a terrible wind. Stunned, he lay without movement upon the tracks, while the switch house, hitherto a protection, now became by the will of the elements a raging, destructive demon, a sport of the tempest to crush him lifeless, as it hurled through the air. He was the second of eight victims found to have been hurried to the Great Beyond when the stunned and panic-stricken people of the south side of Lawrence, returning to their senses, had counted up their fatalities.

Shortly after 9 A. M. on that day, persons in the suburbs of Lawrence, especially in North Andover, on looking toward South Lawrence, noticed an enormous black, yet lurid, cloud, menacing the city. The wind, which had been blowing from the east, suddenly veered, and strong gusts came from the west bearing leaves and dirt, which were plastered upon houses and



AT THE END OF SPRINGFIELD STREET, SHOWING HOUSE MADE ROOFLESS AND TURNED OVER

posts by a driving rain. Already the cyclone had smitten Lawrence, and before rebounding to the earth, as if loath to leave its sport, it wrecked a house and several other buildings at the edge of North Andover.

To one who visited the scene of the disaster soon after its occurrence, the remembrance of the desolate streets, the frantic residents, whose uncertainty in regard to loved ones was yet unappeased, the fallen woodland monarchs of Union Park, riven and twisted, shorn of limbs and leaves, the wrecked homes of scores of mill operatives, was one never to be forgotten. Heaps of kindling wood, houses inverted upon their own cellars, houses with roof or sides missing, twisted askew upon their foundations, houses tipped completely over, greeted the thousands of sight-seers, who visited the vicinity of Springfield and Salem streets during the next few days.

Stories to fill a volume might be told of wonderful escapes; how a house filled with a dozen inmates had been utterly destroyed with only one injured of all the people who were in it at the time; of freaks of the wind which seized one house and passed its neighbor by. In one instance, a house on Salem Street, sheltering mother and two daughters, was almost inverted, so that carpets took the place of ceiling. All escaped death and the mother was giving thanks for another daughter's absence only to learn all too soon that her daughter, on her way home, had been blown from a bridge and was fatally injured.

Eye witnesses speak of the union of three storms which met over Lawrence on the west side of Broadway. Thence the cyclone, striking downward and up, whirling on its devastating path, pursued a northeasterly course, cutting a swath about 200 feet

wide, and damaging almost everything in its way to a greater or lesser extent. The loss of life was eight. Sixty or more were injured. The loss of property reached nearly \$200,000.

Thirteen years have passed since

that day and the memory of it has faded somewhat from the minds of the people of Lawrence, but it is to be devoutly hoped that no more will the city be called upon to cope with troubles like that of the past.

"THE GREAT CYCLONE"

The "Great Cyclone," which swept through West Cambridge, now Arlington, and into Medford, on August 22, 1851, is said to be the first New England tornado of which there is accurate record. It was interesting, though it caused only one death, with injuries to about twenty persons. Starting about 5.30 P. M. in Arlington, near the Watertown line, its path varied from thirty to fifty rods in width, decreasing as it passed towards Medford. It wrecked the Lowell Railroad Station at that place, and

tossed a freight car over the fence into an adjoining field. It demolished a school house, turning the floor, with the desks attached to it, upside down, and carrying it some distance. Perhaps its queerest feat was the tearing up of a pine tree, which it drove, harpoon-like, through the roof and into the interior of a dwelling house.

The second Arlington tornado occurred Sunday night, August 27, 1871, within five days of an exact twenty years later. It did less damage than the earlier one, and caused no deaths.



SPRINGFIELD STREET, NEAR THE CORNER OF FOSTER, SHOWING HOUSES COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED, WHILE OTHERS NEXT TO THEM ARE UNINJURED

Minot's Ledge

By Edwin L. Sabin

THE sun has risen calm and clear
Above each sparkling crest—
At eve I mark him disappear
Red in an angry west.
The waves with sullen bale-fires glow;
The petrels skim the brine;
Here's work ahead, right well I know,
Stern work for me and mine.

Adown the breeze there creeps a moan.
The moon has veiled her face.
How dark the sky and sea have grown
All in a moment's space!
And now a line of scud and spray
Comes driving hard and fast;
And like a challenge to the fray
The tempest sounds its blast.

In vain the furies howl and lash;
In vain the surges comb;
Against my dauntless sides they crash
Baffled, in shriek and foam.
And list! From vessel battling stout,
Near spent amid the night,
I faintly hear the heartfelt shout:
"Thank God—the light! The light!"

* * * * *

The fight is o'er. The gray dawn breaks
Upon a swirling deep;
And as the world ashore awakes,
Closes my eye in sleep.
But through my dreams is softly borne
The joy of mothers, wives,
For whom I saved, 'twixt night and morn,
A freight of priceless lives.



A New England Idol

By Eleanor H. Porter

THE Hapgood twins were born in the great square house that set back from the road just on the outskirts of Fairtown. Their baby eyes had opened upon a world of faded portraits and sombre haircloth furniture, and their baby hands had eagerly clutched at crystal pendants on brass candlesticks gleaming out of the sacred darkness that enveloped the parlor mantel.

When older grown they had played dolls in the wonderful attic, and made mud pies in the wilderness of a back yard. The garden had been a fairyland of delight to their toddling feet, and the apple trees a fragrant shelter for their first attempts at housekeeping.

From babyhood to girlhood the charm of the old place grew upon them, so much so that the thought of leaving it for homes of their own became distasteful to them, and they looked with scant favor upon the occasional village youths who sauntered up the path presumably on courtship bent.

The Rev. John Hapgood—a man who ruled himself and all about him with the iron rod of a rigid old-school orthodoxy—died when the twins were twenty; and the frail little woman who, as his wife, had for thirty years lived and moved solely because he expected breath and motion of her, followed soon in his footsteps. And

then the twins were left alone in the great square house on the hill.

Miss Tabitha and Miss Rachel were not the only children of the family. There had been a son—the first-born, and four years their senior. The headstrong boy and the iron rule had clashed, and the boy, when sixteen years old, had fled, leaving no trace behind him.

If the Rev. John Hapgood grieved for his wayward son the members of his household knew it not, save as they might place their own constructions on the added sternness to his eyes and the deepening lines about his mouth. "Paul," when it designated the graceless runaway, was a forbidden word in the family, and even the Epistles in the sacred Book, bearing the prohibited name, came to be avoided by the head of the house in the daily readings. It was still music in the hearts of the women, however, though it never passed their lips; and when the little mother lay dying she remembered and spoke of her boy. The habit of years still fettered her tongue and kept it from uttering his name.

"If—he—comes—you know—if he comes, be kind—be good," she murmured, her breath short and labored. "Don't—punish," she whispered—he was yet a lad in her disordered vision. "Don't punish—forgive!"

Years had passed since then—years of peaceful mornings and placid af-

ternoons, and Paul had never appeared. Each purpling of the lilacs in the spring and reddening of the apples in the fall took on new shades of loveliness in the fond eyes of the twins, and every blade of grass and tiny shrub became sacred to them.

On the tenth of June, their thirty-fifth birthday, the place never had looked so lovely. A small table laid with spotless linen and gleaming silver stood beneath the largest apple tree, a mute witness that the ladies were about to celebrate their birthday—the tenth of June being the only day that the solemn dignity of the dining-room was deserted for the frivolous freedom of the lawn.

Rachel came out of the house and sniffed the air joyfully.

"Delicious!" she murmured. "Somehow, the tenth of June is specially fine every year."

In careful, uplifted hands she bore a round frosted cake, always the chief treasure of the birthday feast. The cake was covered with the tiny colored candies so dear to the heart of a child. Miss Rachel always bought those candies at the village store, with the apology:

"I want them for Tabitha's birthday cake, you know. She thinks so much of pretty things."

Tabitha invariably made the cake and iced it, and as she dropped the bits of colored sugar into place, she would explain to Huldy, who occasionally "helped" in the kitchen:

"I wouldn't miss the candy for the world—my sister thinks so much of it!"

So each deceived herself with this pleasant bit of fiction, and yet had what she herself most wanted.

Rachel carefully placed the cake in the centre of the table, feasted her eyes on its toothsome loveliness, then turned and hurried back to the house. The door had scarcely shut behind her when a small, ragged urchin darted in at the street gate, snatched the cake, and, at a sudden sound from the house, dashed out of sight behind a shrub close by.

The sound that had frightened the boy was the tapping of the heels of Miss Tabitha's shoes along the back porch. The lady descended the steps, crossed the lawn and placed a saucer of pickles and a plate of dainty sandwiches on the table.

"Why, I thought Rachel brought the cake," she said aloud. "It must be in the house; there's other things to get, anyway. I'll go back."

Again the click of the door brought the small boy close to the table. Filling both hands with sandwiches, he slipped behind the shrub just as the ladies came out of the house together. Rachel carried a small tray laden with sauce and tarts; Tabitha, one with water and steaming tea. As they neared the table each almost dropped her burden.

"Why, where's my cake?"

"And my sandwiches!"

"There's the plate it was on!"

Rachel's voice was growing in terror.

"And mine, too!" cried Tabitha, with distended eyes fastened on some bits of bread and meat—all that the small brown hands had left.

"It's burglars—robbers!" Rachel looked furtively over her shoulder.

"And all your lovely cake!" almost sobbed Tabitha.

"It—it was yours, too," said the other with a catch in her voice. O

dear! What can have happened to it? I never heard of such a thing—right in broad daylight!”

The sisters had long ago set their trays upon the ground and were now wringing their hands helplessly. Suddenly a small figure appeared before them holding out four sadly crushed sandwiches and half of a crumbling cake.

“I’m sorry—awful sorry! I didn’t think—I was so hungry. I’m afraid there ain’t very much left,” he added, with rueful eyes on the sandwiches.

“No, I should say not!” vouchsafed Rachel, her voice firm now that the size of the “burglar” was declared. Tabitha only gasped.

The small boy placed the food on the empty plates, and Rachel’s lips twitched as she saw that he clumsily tried to arrange it in an orderly fashion.

“There, ma’am—that looks pretty good!” he finally announced with some pride.

Tabitha made an involuntary gesture of aversion. Rachel laughed outright; then her face grew suddenly stern.

“Boy, what do you mean by such actions?” she demanded.

His eyes fell, and his cheeks showed red through the tan.

“I was hungry.”

“But didn’t you know it was stealing?” she asked, her face softening.

“I didn’t stop to think—it looked so good I couldn’t help takin’ it.” He dug his bare toes into the grass for a moment in silence, then he raised his head with a jerk and stood squarely on both feet. “I hain’t got any money, but I’ll work to pay for it—bringin’ wood in, or somethin’.”

“The dear child!” murmured two voices softly.

“I’ve got to find my folks, sometime, but I’ll do the work first. Mebbe an hour’ll pay for it—’most!”—he looked hopefully into Miss Rachel’s face.

“Who are your folks?” she asked huskily.

By way of answer he handed out a soiled, crumpled envelope for her inspection on which was written, “Rev. John Hapgood.”

“Why—it’s father!”

“What!” exclaimed Tabitha.

Her sister tore the note open with shaking fingers.

“It’s from—Paul!” she breathed, hesitating a conscientious moment over the name. Then she turned her startled eyes on the boy who was regarding her with lively interest.

“Do I belong to you?” he asked anxiously.

“I—I don’t know. Who are you—what’s your name?”

“Ralph Hapgood.”

Tabitha had caught up the note and was devouring it with swift-moving eyes.

“It’s Paul’s boy, Rachel,” she broke in, “only think of it—Paul’s boy!” and she dropped the bit of paper and enveloped the lad in a fond, but tearful embrace.

He squirmed uneasily.

“I’m sorry I et up my own folks’s things. I’ll go to work any time,” he suggested, trying to draw away, and wiping a tear splash from the back of his hand on his trousers.

But it was long hours before Ralph Hapgood was allowed to “go to work.” Tears, kisses, embraces, questions, a bath and clean clothes followed each

other in quick succession—the clothes being some of his own father's boy-hood garments.

His story was quickly told. His mother was long since dead, and his father had written on his dying bed the letter that commended the boy—so soon to be orphaned—to the pity and care of his grandparents. The sisters trembled and changed color at the story of the boy's hardships on the way to Fairtown; and they plied him with questions and sandwiches in about equal portions after he told of the frequent dinnerless days and supperless nights of the journey.

That evening when the boy was safe in bed—clean, full-stomached and sleepily content, the sisters talked it over. The Rev. John Hapgood, in his will, had cut off his recreant son with the proverbial shilling, so, by law, there was little coming to Ralph. This, however, the sisters overlooked in calm disdain.

"We must keep him, anyhow," said Rachel with decision.

"Yes, indeed—the dear child!"

"He's twelve, for all he's so small, but he hasn't had much schooling. We must see to that—we want him well educated," continued Rachel, a pink spot showing in either cheek.

"Indeed we do—we'll send him to college! I wonder now, wouldn't he like to be a doctor?"

"Perhaps," admitted the other cautiously, "or a minister."

"Sure enough—he might like that better, I'm going to ask him!" and she sprang to her feet and tripped across the room to the parlor-bedroom door. "Ralph," she called softly, after turning the knob, "are you asleep?"

"Huh? N-no ma'am." The voice

nearly gave the lie to the words.

"Well, dear, we were wondering—would you rather be a minister, or a doctor?" she asked, much as though she were offering for choice a peach and a pear.

"A doctor!" came emphatically from out of the dark—there was no sleep in the voice now. "I've always wanted to be a doctor."

"You shall, oh, you shall!" promised the woman ecstatically, going back to her sister; and from that time all their lives were ordered with that one end in view.

The Hapgood twins were far from wealthy. They owned the homestead, but their income was small, and the added mouth to fill—and that a hungry one—counted. As the years passed, Huldý came less and less frequently to help in the kitchen, and the sisters' gowns grew more and more rusty and darned.

Ralph, boy like, noticed nothing—indeed half the year he was away at school; but as the time drew near for the college course and its attendant expenses, the sisters were sadly troubled.

"We might sell," suggested Tabitha, a little choke in her voice.

Rachel started.

"Why, sister!—sell? Oh, no, we couldn't do that!" she shuddered.

"But what can we do?"

"Do?—why lots of things!"—Rachel's lips came together with a snap. "It's coming berry time, and there's our chickens, and the garden did beautifully last year. Then there's your lace work and my knitting—they bring something. Sell? Oh—we couldn't do that!" And she abruptly left the room and went out into the

yard. There she lovingly trained a wayward vine with new shoots going wrong, and gloated over the rose bushes heavy with crimson buds.

But as the days and weeks flew by and September drew the nearer, Rachel's courage failed her. Berries had been scarce, the chickens had died, the garden had suffered from drought, and but for their lace and knitting work, their income would have dwindled to a pitiful sum indeed. Ralph had been gone all summer; he had asked to go camping and fishing with some of his school friends. He was expected home a week before the college opened, however.

Tabitha grew more and more restless every day. Finally she spoke.

"Rachel, we'll really have to sell—there isn't any other way. It would bring a lot," she continued hurriedly, before her sister could speak, "and we could find some pretty rooms somewhere. It wouldn't be so very dreadful!"

"Don't, Tabitha! Seems as though I couldn't bear even to speak of it. Sell?—oh, Tabitha!" Then her voice changed from a piteous appeal to one of forced conviction. "We couldn't get anywhere near what it is worth, Tabitha, anyway. No one here wants it or can afford to buy it for what it ought to bring. It is really absurd to think of it. Of course, if I had an offer—a good big one—that would be quite another thing; but there's no hope of that."

Rachel's lips said "hope," but her heart said "danger," and the latter was what she really meant. She did not know that but two hours before, a stranger had said to a Fairtown lawyer:

"I want a summer home in this locality. You don't happen to know of a good old treasure of a homestead for sale, do you?"

"I do not," replied the lawyer. "There's a place on the edge of the village that would be just the ticket, but I don't suppose it could be bought for love nor money."

"Where is it?" asked the man eagerly. "You never know what money can do—to say nothing of love—till you try."

The lawyer chuckled softly.

"It's the Hapgood place. I'll drive you over to-morrow. It's owned by two old maids, and they worship every stick and stone and blade of grass that belongs to it. However, I happen to know that cash is rather scarce with them—and there's ample chance for love, if the money fails," he added, with a twitching of his lips.

When the two men drove into the yard that August morning, the Hapgood twins were picking nasturtiums, and the flaming yellows and scarlets lighted up their sombre gowns, and made patches of brilliant color against the gray of the house.

"By Jove, it's a picture!" exclaimed the would-be purchaser.

The lawyer smiled and sprang to the ground. Introductions swiftly followed, then he cleared his throat in some embarrassment.

"Ahem! I've brought Mr. Hazelton up here, ladies, because he was interested in your beautiful place."

Miss Rachel smiled—the smile of proud possession; then something within her seemed to tighten, and she caught her breath sharply.

"It is fine!" murmured Hazelton; "and the view is grand!" he continued,

his eyes on the distant hills. Then he turned abruptly. "Ladies, I believe in coming straight to the point. I want a summer home, and—I want this one. Can I tempt you to part with it?"

"Indeed, no!" began Rachel almost fiercely, then her voice sank to a whisper; "I—I don't think you could."

"But, sister," interposed Tabitha, her face alight, "you know you said—that is, there are circumstances—perhaps he would—p-pay enough—" her voice stumbled over the hated word, then stopped, while her face burned scarlet.

"Pay!—no human mortal could pay for this house!" flashed Rachel indignantly; then she turned to Hazelton, her slight form drawn to its greatest height, and her hands crushing the flowers she held till the brittle stems snapped, releasing a fluttering shower of scarlet and gold. "Mr. Hazelton, to carry out certain wishes very near to our hearts, we need money. We will show you the place, and—and we will consider your offer," she finished faintly.

It was a dreary journey the sisters took that morning, though the garden never had seemed lovelier, nor the rooms more sacredly beautiful. In the end, Hazelton's offer was so fabulously enormous to their unwilling ears that their conscience forbade them to refuse it.

"I'll have the necessary papers ready to sign in a few days," said the lawyer as the two gentlemen turned to go; and Hazelton added: "If at any time before that, you change your minds and find you cannot give it up—just let me know and it will be all right. Just think it over till then," he said kindly, the dumb woe in their eyes appealing

to him as the loudest of lamentations could not have done. "But if you don't mind, I'd like to have an architect, who is in town just now, come up and look it over with me," he finished.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," said Rachel, longing for the man to go. But when he was gone, she wished him back—anything would be better than this aimless wandering from room to room, and from yard to garden and back again.

"I suppose *he* will sit here," murmured Tabitha dropping wearily on to the settee under the apple trees.

"I suppose so," her sister assented. "I wonder if *she* knows how to grow roses; they'll certainly die, if she doesn't!" and Rachel crushed a worm under her foot with unnecessary vigor.

"Oh, I hope they'll tend to the vines on the summerhouse, Rachel, and the pansies—you don't think they'll let them run to seed, do you? O dear!" And Tabitha sprang nervously to her feet and started back to the house.

Mr. Hazelton appeared the next morning with two men—an architect, and a landscape gardener. Rachel was in the summerhouse, and the first she knew of their presence was the sound of talking outside.

"You'll want to grade it down there," she heard a strange voice say, "and fill in that little hollow; clear away all those rubbishy posies, and mass your flowering shrubs in the background. Those roses are no particular good, I fancy; we'll move such as are worth anything, and make a rose bed on the south side—we'll talk over the varieties you want, later. Of course these apple trees and those lilacs will be cut down, and this summer-

house will be out of the way. You'll be surprised—a few changes will do wonders, and—"

He stopped abruptly. A woman, tall, flushed, and angry-eyed, stood before him in the path. She opened her lips, but no sound came—Mr. Hazelton was lifting his hat. The flush faded, and her eyes closed as though to shut out some painful sight; then she bowed her head with a proud gesture, and sped along the way to the house. Once inside, she threw herself, sobbing, upon the bed. Tabitha found her there an hour later.

"You poor dear—they've gone, now," she comforted.

Rachel raised her head.

"They're going to cut down everything—every single thing!" she gasped.

"I know it," choked Tabitha, "and they're going to tear out lots of doors inside, and build in windows and things. Oh, Rachel—what shall we do?"

"I don't know, oh, I don't know!" moaned the woman on the bed, diving into the pillows and hugging them close to her head.

"We—we might give up selling—he said we could if we wanted to."

"But there's Ralph!"

"I know it. O dear—what can we do?"

Rachel suddenly sat upright.

"Do? Why, we'll stand it, of course. We just mustn't mind if he turns the house into a hotel and the yard into a—a pasture!" she said hysterically. "We must just think of Ralph and of his being a doctor. Come, let's go to the village and see if we can rent that tenement of old Mrs. Goddard's."

With a long sigh and a smothered sob, Tabitha went to get her hat.

Mrs. Goddard greeted the sisters effusively, and displayed her bits of rooms and the tiny square of yard with the plainly expressed wish that the place might be their home.

The twins said little, but their eyes were troubled. They left with the promise to think it over and let Mrs. Goddard know.

"I didn't suppose rooms could be so little," whispered Tabitha, as they closed the gate behind them.

"We couldn't grow as much as a sunflower in that yard," faltered Rachel.

"Well, anyhow, we could have some house-plants!"—Tabitha tried to speak cheerfully.

"Indeed we could," agreed Rachel, rising promptly to her sister's height; "and after all, little rooms are lots cheaper to heat than big ones." And there the matter ended for the time being.

Mr. Hazelton and the lawyer with the necessary papers appeared a few days later. As the lawyer took off his hat he handed a letter to Miss Rachel.

"I stepped into the office and got your mail," he said genially.

"Thank you," replied the lady, trying to smile. "It's from Ralph,"—handing it over for her sister to read.

Both the ladies were in sombre black; a ribbon or a brooch seemed out of place to them that day. Tabitha broke the seal of the letter, and retired to the light of the window to read it.

The papers were spread on the table, and the pen was in Rachel's hand when a scream from Tabitha shat-

tered the oppressive silence of the room.

"Stop—stop—oh, stop!" she cried, rushing to her sister and snatching the pen from her fingers. "We don't have to—see—read!"—pointing to the postscript written in a round, boyish hand.

"Oh, I say, I've got a surprise for you. You think I've been fishing and loafing all summer, but I've been working for the hotels here the whole time. I've got a fine start on my money for college, and I've got a chance to work for my board all this year by helping Prof. Heaton. I met him here this summer, and he's the right sort—every time. I've intended all along to help myself a bit when it came to the college racket, but I didn't mean to tell you until I knew I could do it. But it's a sure thing now.

"By by; I'll be home next Saturday.

"Your aff. nephew,

"RALPH."

Rachel had read this aloud, but her voice ended in a sob instead of in the boy's name. Hazelton brushed the back of his hand across his eyes, and the lawyer looked intently out the window. For a moment there was a silence that could be felt, then Hazelton stepped to the table and fumbled noisily with the papers.

"Ladies, I withdraw my offer," he announced. "I can't afford to buy this house—I can't possibly afford it—it's too expensive." And without another word he left the room, motioning the lawyer to follow.

The sisters looked into each other's eyes and drew a long, sobbing breath.

"Rachel, is it true?"

"Oh, Tabitha! Let's—let's go out under the apple trees and—just know that they are there!"

And hand in hand they went.

The Changed Status of American Labor

By Day Allen Willey

NEARLY twenty years ago Abram S. Hewitt, then a representative in Congress, uttered these words in one of his speeches:

"The time will come when labor will no longer work for wages, but for profits."

The great ironmaster lived to see his prediction fulfilled in part and the beginning made in a new era in the history of American labor, for one who candidly and impartially reviews the conditions of the broad field of industry including the more recent dis-

turbances must admit that the status of the working man and working woman has materially changed in their relations to the employer. They are being elevated in the eyes of the people and labor is acquiring the dignity so often ascribed to it by the orator, forcing a national recognition of its position, partly by its own efforts, partly by the broad and deep interest which is being manifested in the army of toilers. One indication is in the variety of plans conceived for their betterment. Not only have individuals and associations taken up such

work actuated merely by the generous desire to aid their fellows, but the spirit displayed by the employers in person and as corporations indicates that the movement is not confined to any particular class or locality. That it is appreciated, is demonstrated by the attitude of the working people not merely as individuals, but through their representatives. In short two of the greatest elements which make up human society are reaching towards each other apparently desirous of clasping hands in a grasp of friendship.

The present situation results from a combination of circumstances. It has not arisen from the protracted contest in the anthracite coal regions, although this caused an outburst of popular sympathy for the miners which has never been before equalled in the history of the country. While the episode was a most important factor in arraying people for the time on the side of the workingman, his condition, as is well known, had been a subject of study and research for several years—study which resulted in a diversity of plans being undertaken for his uplifting. One outgrowth of this thought was the creation of a new adjunct of American progress—the social engineer—the value of whose labors, although covering but a brief period, can not be over-estimated. Until recently the majority of these projects could be considered only in the light of an experiment. The promoters themselves were not sanguine as to the outcome for in many respects their undertaking was both difficult and delicate. Fortunately, however, the suggestions for social improvement, for example, have been

such as to appeal forcibly to the beneficiaries, and to this fact is due so much of the success thus far attained—for success has been attained. The results to be seen here and there prove that the work has at last passed the questionable stage.

For this reason it is worth while to outline what has thus far been accomplished by the agitation. One noteworthy feature is that it has been confined to no particular section but is national in character. The model factory towns of the West and even those more recently created in the South are rivals of others in New England in their healthfulness, conveniences and general attractiveness. This is the brief story of the transformation of one industry in the West which has sequels in several other states as well, for its history is practically their history. It was an instance of a corporation on whom a thousand families depended for support. The village formed by the works and lodgings of the employes in the suburbs of the city differed little from a hundred others. The buildings, blackened by the smoke constantly pouring from the chimneys, loomed up among the shambling piles of brick and mortar which covered the wage-earners. Walls twenty feet high surrounded the works, built after a serious strike in order to protect the property in case of further trouble. A fringe of sharp-pointed spikes told a story of distrust. In the streets the dust was so thick that in windy weather it blew in clouds everywhere except when the rain converted the roadbeds into masses of mud. Paving on the sidewalks was unknown save in front of two or three of the residences of the

bosses. There was not a tree in this portion of the town. A few of the women managed to keep alive three or four pots of plants in the little dirty windows, but not a yard contained even an attempt to make a flower-bed. In this section the industries are so numerous that it resembles the "black country" of Birmingham, England where one may travel for miles and rarely see a plant or shrub. There was absolutely no green spot for a breathing place. The soot, cinders and evidences of the factory were everywhere.

The head of the company was a man of ideas which extended beyond the mere accumulation of wealth. It was suggested to him that if more than a commercial interest were shown in the employes, it would not only be an act of philanthropy, but in the end might be a benefit financially to its promoters in averting further friction. As the difficulty referred to had cost the company \$750,000, by the loss of contracts which it could not fulfill, this may have been one incentive for the work which followed. A series of improvements was begun which made a wonderful change. Within two years the factory village looked like a new town. Most of the brick tenements had disappeared; the dirt-paved streets and sidewalks were nowhere to be seen. Instead were highways paved with stone in the center and their sidewalks edged with grass plots containing rows of shade trees. Cottages—some single and some large enough to contain two families, provided with the modern conveniences—lined the streets. They were painted in attractive colors and each had its piazza, with a dooryard of ample size for

shrubbery and flowers, the backyard converted into vegetable and flower gardens, with spaces of grass large enough for a hammock, possibly a croquet set. A part of the old tenement buildings had been converted into a warehouse. Along its dingy sides vines were springing. The brick wall remained, but the row of ugly spikes had been replaced by a wooden trough, containing a row of boxwood. The little wooden hut where the time-keeper stayed, had been changed to a pagoda, partly covered with foliage. To furnish more light to the workmen, portions of the factory walls had been removed. Substituted was framework in which glass was set so thickly that this part of the building resembled a huge window.

After laying out the streets and building the cottages, space enough was afforded for two little parks of about an acre, each of which was adorned with rows of flowering bushes and thickly sprinkled with shade trees. Each family was presented with a package of flower seeds, also slips for garden use, and prizes offered by the company for the most attractive designs in beds and other forms of decorations. A hothouse was built and placed in charge of the landscape gardener. The company employed a number of girls in the packing and shipping departments, who were allotted sections of the hothouse in which to raise bouquet flowers for their own use. The entire cost of the natural decorations or landscape gardening astonished the company when the bills were presented—it was less than the secretary's salary for one year. The employes cheerfully paid a small advance in house rent, enough to re-im-

burse the extra expense to the company for constructing the cottages. The vegetable gardens saved something out of the workman's weekly wages, which had been spent at the grocer's and market. The change in their way of living created in the people a desire to better their own appearance and from being shiftless and careless they became neat in their dress and thrifter in their habits as was shown by the increase in deposits at the local savings banks. Many took the opportunity to buy their homes, paying for them in installments.

Such briefly was the effort made for the material improvement of the employes. Here the work was to have ceased, but the results were so pronounced that the plans were greatly elaborated. The town was provided with a building containing a gymnasium, concert and lecture hall, sewing and cooking school, and rooms for various societies of the workmen. A park was laid out with flower beds and playground where the band of factory employes gave weekly concerts. The town government was placed in the hands of the employes, who elect their officers, maintain the improvements made by the company and hold themselves responsible for its condition. In the factory itself, a restaurant was established for the employes where they could be served with food at cost. A dining room was set apart for the girls and women rent free, also a rest and recreation room comfortably furnished and containing a piano and library where they could spend their leisure time after luncheon. A hospital service was organized to aid injured employes, while they have formed an association that pays a certain sum to

the family of a deceased member, and the expenses incident to one's illness.

Such are some of the ideas which have been put into practice in this Western industrial center in "an effort to make work pleasant" to quote the words of the president—at first hesitatingly as a mere experiment, but at last with the conviction that the result was worth while, both in the appreciation of those benefited and from a monetary standpoint as well.

Probably a more comprehensive plan has been taken up by this company for general betterment of the workman than elsewhere in the United States, but as already stated the agitation has not been limited to any state or section and modifications of these ideas have been adopted by a surprisingly large number of employers, when the recent inception of the movement is remembered. Some of them may be briefly referred to. The town of Hopedale, Massachusetts, so happily named, represents the interest which the Draper Loom Company has manifested in the subject. Also in New England the Gorham Manufacturing Company has carried out an interesting work at Providence. Model Southern communities are those of the Pelzer Company in South Carolina, the Eagle and Phoenix Company in Georgia and the Dwight Company in Alabama. The H. J. Heinz Company of Pittsburg, the Cleveland Glass Company and the Sherwin-Williams Company of Cleveland, Ohio, the Acme Lead Company of Detroit and the beautiful suburb of Dayton, Ohio, created by the National Cash Register Company are notable western illustrations, but in this section the social betterment of the men who toil in

mine and foundry has been attempted at the works of the Joliet Steel Company in Illinois and the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company in Michigan. Perhaps Cleveland, Ohio, is the principal center of such interests in the United States, as the Chamber of Commerce, the representative commercial organization of that city, has heartily encouraged the idea and no less than thirty employers have taken it up.

In lessening the distance between employer and employed the opportunity offered the workman to become something more than a mere wage earner has also played a part of deep significance. The idea of profit sharing is not of recent conception. It is not even original with the United States, but the number of individuals and companies who have invited their hands to join them in ownership has been so small that its effect has not perhaps been realized as it should have been.

Within the last three years however, a decided impetus was given by the action of corporations who have on their pay-rolls from 25,000 to over a hundred thousand men. Since President Stuyvesant Fish, on the part of the Board of Directors of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, invited the mechanic in the shop, the engineer in the cab, and the track walker and crossing keeper to buy an interest in the great property which furnished them a livelihood, the progress of this coöperation has been the subject of widespread comment, for the company may be said to have established a precedent in the plan it adopted, which was to allow each one interested to buy his stock outright or to

take a certain number of shares, paying for it in installments. The opportunity to secure an investment which realized six per cent in dividends proved so acceptable that when the time for subscriptions expired, several thousand of the skilled and unskilled workmen were recorded as among the owners of the railroad having the same right to meet and cast their ballot for this or that policy as the millionaire shareholders with whom they were thus put on an equality. Since the first distribution of stock in this manner, the interest among the employes has greatly increased, as indicated by additional investments. While the departure of the Illinois Central Company in its attitude towards its employes attracted much attention, as has been stated, the more recent decision of the United States Steel Corporation—the greatest employer of labor in America—to invite its hands to participate in ownership, elicited the deepest public interest owing to the magnitude of the plan involved. Although differing in some respects from that put forth by Mr. Fish, it also met with a surprisingly general response, for when the books were closed on February 4th, no less than 27,633 men had subscribed for 51,125 shares subject to the ratification of the Board of Directors. Of these subscribers 14,260 were hands receiving from \$800 to \$2,500 annually. While none of the remainder received over \$800 yearly in wages, yet they represented nearly 9 per cent of the entire force of 165,000 men. A point of special significance in this connection is that a larger proportion of the class comprising unskilled labor appreciated the opportunity to thus make pro-

vision for themselves. Incidentally it may be said that a plan of profit-sharing was put into execution by another railroad company as far back as 1887, when the Toledo, Ann Harbor & North Michigan through its president, Mr. J. W. Ashley, decided to pay its employes a dividend computed in this somewhat novel manner: The sum representing the aggregate salary account for the year was added to the capital stock, and the earnings applicable for a dividend were distributed as a percentage of the total amount of capital and wages, the stockholders receiving the dividend accruing from their ownership of shares and each employe a dividend in proportion to the salary he earned.

The pensioning of employes is one of the most noticeable features of the movement to which we are referring, although it is not a new feature in industrial administration by any means. The fact that so many of the principal railway companies have thought it wise to provide for their employes in this manner, indicates that they deem it a practical measure. Yet neither the Pennsylvania nor the Illinois Central, which may be called the pioneers in the movement, took the initial step until 1901. The plan of procedure is substantially similar in all of the instances where it has been put into operation. The employe who has reached the age of sixty years or over and has been continuously in the company's service for a certain period of years is permitted to retire, and is paid a sum annually in proportion to his former salary and term of employment. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Company retires the men who have been with it twenty-five

years, at the age of sixty-five. If they have been earning an average of sixty dollars monthly during the ten years preceding retirement, their monthly pension is eighteen dollars. If their salary has been more or less, the allowance is varied accordingly. About the same scale is followed by the other companies.

At present five of the principal transportation companies have adopted the pension system—the Philadelphia & Reading and the Chicago & Northwestern in addition to the others named. The Pennsylvania at present provides for about 1,200 of its men at an annual outlay of \$250,000 in round numbers—an increase of \$100,000 since the first year it put the system in force. The Chicago & Northwestern pays out \$200,000 yearly, and the Illinois Central about \$125,000. It is an interesting fact that the largest street railway corporation in the country has also taken up the idea. The Inter-urban of New York allows a pension of 25 per cent of the annual average wages based on the ten years previous to retirement, where service has ranged from twenty-five to thirty years. From this amount as high as 40 per cent is paid, calculated on the same scale.

The part taken by organized labor in altering the status of the working man is also well worthy of study in this connection. The disastrous results of strikes where unions have succeeded in partly or entirely suspending the activity of industries and the traffic of railroads, need no comment. Here, it must be admitted, exists one reason for the willingness of the factory owner and the railroad president to approve measures calculated to end

friction with employes, for the losses inflicted by the strikers on themselves as well as their employers have reached an amount really appalling in its proportions. In twenty years no less than 117,509 industries were affected by labor disturbances which closed 77,244 for periods ranging from a few days to several months' duration. Conservative calculations place the total actual loss incurred by the employers at \$125,000,000, not counting possible profits from business had the industries been continually in operation. The loss in wages, however, amounted to \$258,000,000, sustained by the 6,000,000 hands thrown out of employment on the several occasions. Yet without the organization of labor perhaps not one per cent of these movements would have been successful. The capitalist has had good reason to regard such associations with fear and aversion. There was a time not so far back when public sentiment in the main was inimical to the union. It was the period when the workingman was influenced by appeals to his passions and prejudices, when the labor leader was successful because of his open vindictiveness to the heads of industry regardless of right or wrong. He accomplished his ends principally by his eloquence, not his logic, but the present position of organized labor is a compliment to the intelligence of those enrolled in it, for it is more of a power to-day than at any time in its history; yet the men who are its leaders—such men as Gompers and Mitchell and Arthur—hold their positions because they have won the confidence of the bodies they represent by the common sense and judgment they have displayed in the settlement of

labor questions. The agitator has been succeeded by the organizer and the orator by the reasoner. Cautiousness, shrewdness and diplomacy are some of the successful tactics of the modern labor leader—wonderfully displayed in the strike in the anthracite coal fields—perhaps the greatest illustration of absolute confidence of men in one man, in American history. But every plan was carefully considered and every movement thoroughly discussed before being put into execution at the headquarters of the American Federation at Washington—that nerve centre which controls the actions of two million men and women. Able as Mr. Mitchell proved himself to be to cope with the situation, he secured the advice of President Gompers and his advisory council, as well as the vice-presidents of the associated miners in every important step to be taken.

Such is one instance which indicates that as the labor unions have developed in influence and numbers their position has tended more and more to conservatism. Lawlessness of any kind has been discountenanced in connection with differences with employers. Apparently they have so highly prized the value of public opinion that they have abandoned many of the extreme methods resorted to in the past to enforce their demands, and a feature of no little moment is their willingness to submit their cause to arbitration, the Pennsylvania episode forming only one illustration. The personnel of the National Civic Federation, which it is hoped will be America's Hague Tribunal for the settlement of all industrial differences in the near future, is perhaps the best illustration of the confidence which the workingmen

have in arbitration, for it includes heads of the organizations on which they so greatly depend. Their spokesmen have been publicly quoted on numerous occasions as adverse to strikes and in favor of such a movement only after all other efforts failed.

With the workman contented with the present and hopeful as to the future, one of the causes which has led him to enroll himself in the union will no longer exist. Yet there is no question that the policy of such bodies as the Federation has been to at least accept the new era of things if it does not actively exert itself in their favor. When the United States Steel Corporation made the proposition to its men to become part owners in the various properties, before deciding, representatives of the organized metal workers on its pay-rolls submitted the question to Mr. Gompers and his council. It was unanimously approved. Had the idea been discouraged it is safe to say very few of the thousands of union men in the employment of the corporation would have become shareholders. Indeed so far as known no expression of disapproval of this sort has been uttered by any of the prominent trades associations, though the step taken in admitting employes to a proprietary interest is evidently one of the most practical ways of avoiding friction with them, while it tends to weaken the influence of unionism. The laborer hesitates long before committing himself to any action which will injure what is his own, no matter how little it may be. He regards the suspension of wages incurred by leaving his work very differently from the loss to the industry in which his interest may amount to

only a few hundred dollars. In the first instance his time and effort are exchanged for the money. When he ceases to give them he cannot expect any return. In the last case, however, idleness of the plant through act of his, lessens its value to him in proportion to his holdings of stock or share of its profits.

Since the opening paragraphs of this article have been prepared by the author in which reference was made to Mr. Hewitt's prediction and the future grasp of friendship of the great two elements of society, one of the most extensive employers of labor in the West, Hon. Myron T. Herrick of Ohio, has made public these utterances: "We see the gradual approach to each other of capital and labor, brought to handclasps by peaceful negotiations and arbitration. Some of our foremost men in all walks of life have voluntarily given their time and their treasure toward eliminating from our life that ugly monument of the demagogue—class hatred. The great bulk of employes and employers no longer regard each other as enemies, but as friends."

What such an alliance means aside from the mere benefit to those who join in it cannot be adequately foretold; it is too momentous in its possible results. One outcome, however, can be clearly defined, the elevation of American citizenship to a higher standard and a deeper spirit of patriotism, for as the workman is regarded more as a man and less as a piece of mechanical flesh and blood, he will feel that he occupies a place in the human family which he should fill with credit to it. His feeling of obligation will include his country as well as his employer.

The Return of the Cattle in September

(Switzerland.)

By Eliza Boyle O'Reilly

DOWN from the crags of the mountains,
Down from the lands near the skies,
Lands, where the river's pure fountains
Rippling arise,
Down come the herds of the cattle—
Musical bells ringing clear—
Back to their bondage as chattel
Lowling in fear.

Wistful the eyes of the younglings!
Born on the heights near the moon,
Stifling to them is the valley,
Sun-wrapt at noon;
Frighted, bewildered they scatter,
Pant for their freedom of old,
Stern drives the voice of the herdsman
On to the fold.

Patient, subdued plod the elders—
Thralldom to man know they well!—
Back in the field and the farm yard
Once more to dwell.
Herd follows herd down the high-road,
Day is o'er shadowed for me,
Grieved is my heart by the tramping:
Life should be free!

Down from the crags of the mountains,
Down from the lands near the skies,
Lands, where the river's pure fountains
Rippling arise,
Down come the herds of the cattle—
Musical bells ringing clear—
Back to their bondage as chattel
Lowling in fear.



ROQUEFAVOUR AQUEDUCT, MARSEILLES CANAL

A French Bayreuth

By Florence Sampson

SOLENNITÉ Artistique! Pèlerinage d'Orange! Théâtre Antique! Œdipe Roi! Trains spéciaux dans toutes les directions!" The huge capital letters made this poster conspicuous among a multitude of others advertising the virtues of a candidate for *député* (Congressman), meetings to clamor for and to protest against the expulsion of the religious orders, and pilgrimages to Lourdes, which were to be rewarded by the cure of all bodily ills, or, what seemed equally desirable, by "*la sainte résignation*." Probably from no other single source can be obtained a clearer insight into French character, or a more extended knowledge of what is going on in the French social, politi-

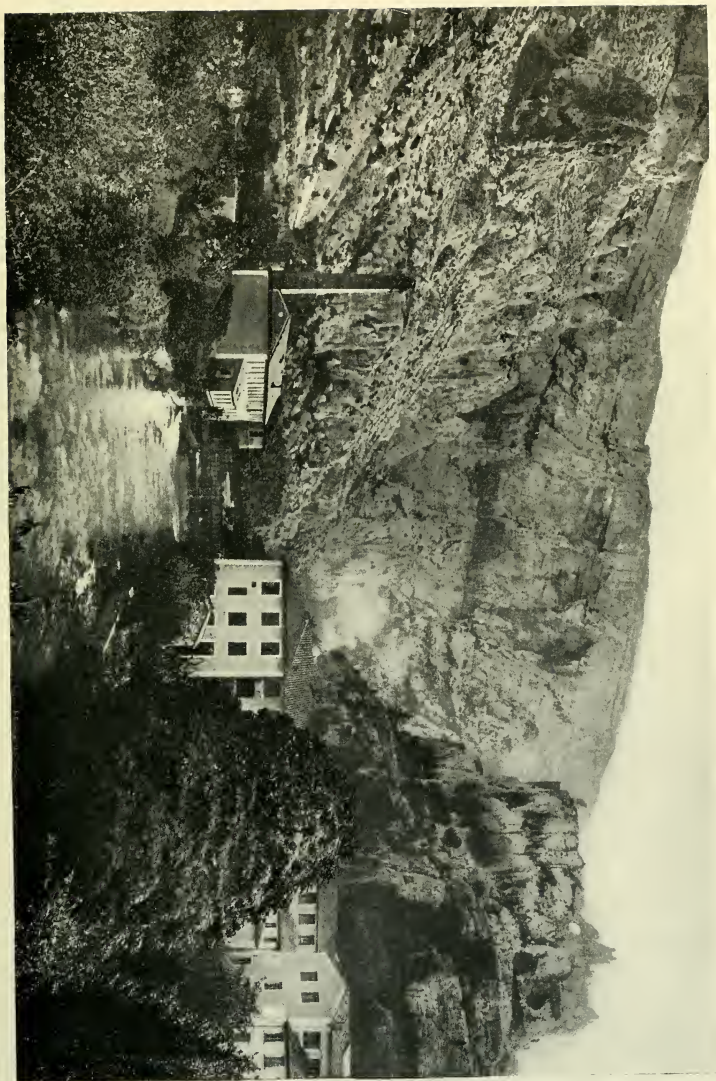
cal, or literary worlds than from a French billboard. Nothing is too great or too little to find a place on it, so I was not at all surprised to see the chief dramatic event of the year nailed up beside meetings of Socialists and warnings to owners of misbehaving dogs. The great *affiche*, which was posted in every town, village and hamlet of France, was printed in blue on white paper, and framed in margins of red, this use of the tricolor showing that something was under government auspices, whether the "*solennité artistique*" or the "*théâtre antique*," I knew not. The government proved to be responsible for both. The former was Sophocles' tragedy of *Œdipus Tyrannus*, to be given by Mounet-Sully and the full



ORANGE, FROM THE HILL

cast of the Comédie Française, the theatre in Paris founded by Molière and subsidized by the state since the days of Louis XIV, while the latter was none other than the old Roman theatre at Orange, built 2,000 years ago and restored in 1897 as a "National Theatre," in which the government gives every year two spectacular performances, on a large scale. A Greek play given out-doors in a Roman theatre 2,000 years old, produced with the artistic perfection and the absolute correctness of archæological detail for which the very name of Théâtre-Français is guarantee, certainly seemed alluring. The performance was to take place on the evening of Saturday, the 9th of August, at a quarter of nine "*précises*," so the *affiche* assured me, and for seats the "honorable public" should

apply to M. Massenet at the townhall in Orange; price of "*chaises numérotées*"—in our theatres the front rows in the orchestra—5 francs, plus 75 centimes for *lettre recommandée*" (registered letter) and "*prix de location*" (a small fee demanded at all European theatres for the privilege of buying tickets before the day of the performance). I lost no time in writing to M. Massenet, and received by return of post one of those strips of tissue paper abhorred by all Americans, used to good, hard paste-board tickets, and a note of thanks, written by hand, nearly a page in length. As 7,000 persons bought tickets for that performance, M. Massenet's time must have been fully occupied, if he wrote a personal letter to every ticket-holder, as I suppose he did.



VALLEY OF VAUCLUSE

16832



GRANGE TOWN HALL AND SQUARE

One of the "*trains spéciaux*" promised by the *affiche* deposited me at Orange about three o'clock in the afternoon of the appointed day. By going down thus early, I had ample time to do the antiquities of the town before settling in a *café* to read my play-book and study the throngs that were streaming in all the afternoon and early evening. The crowds which poured in from all parts of France, were of absorbing interest, not so much from the number of celebrities, though they were legion—the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor and the button of the Academy were everywhere—as from the remarkable illustration they afforded of the love of art inherent in all classes of the French people. A play that in America would have appealed only to the cultivated, in France aroused the utmost enthusiasm in all sorts and conditions of men and women. Grocers and

pork-butchers jostled professors from the Sorbonne and Immortals from the Academy; artists and *littérateurs* were cheek by jowl with "*dames de comptoir*" and blue-frocked peasants; and the Arlesian women in their quaint costumes contrasted strangely with the *fin-de-siècle* Parisiennes in the latest creations of Doucet.

Orange, now a sleepy little town of about ten thousand inhabitants, was in Roman days a large, prosperous, and important city, rivalling Nimes and Arles in the beauty of its public buildings. In modern times its name is familiar from having been borne by the house of Nassau. It certainly seems one of the oddest things in history that this insignificant French town should have given its name to the heirs to the throne of Holland and to a city in the New World (for New York was called New Orange during the second Dutch occupation), and



MOUNT MAJOR ABBEY

that "Prince of Orange" should have been a title borne by that King of England who had sovereign rights over the principality. The thing came about in this wise. From the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries, Orange was the capital of a small principality ruled by its own princes and gazed on with covetous eyes by the kings of France, of whom it was entirely independent, and with the symmetry of whose dominions it sadly interfered. In 1534, upon the death without issue of its ruler, Philibert de Châlons, the principality fell to his sister. She brought it as dowry to her husband, the Count of Nassau, who assumed the title of Prince of Orange and bequeathed it to his descendants. Until the death of that William of Orange who became King of England, the principality remained subject to the house of Nas-

sau-Orange. When William died, the king of Prussia laid claim to Orange by virtue of descent from the Nassau family, and in spite of other, rightful perhaps, but weaker, claimants was allowed by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 to make over the principality to Louis XIV, probably as compensation for those of his possessions in the New World, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, which the treaty compelled the French king to surrender to England. Thus, at last, by the absorption of tiny Orange, was completed the map of France, a map that had been over a thousand years in the making. As far as Orange antiquities are concerned, it is a great pity that the Treaty of Utrecht did not take place earlier in Louis XIV's reign, for this monarch was continually warring with the then ruler, Maurice of Nassau, until finally



ORANGE ARCH OF MARIUS

Maurice destroyed most of the monuments in order to make Orange the strongest fortress in Europe. The triumphal arch he spared, but the theatre he shamefully maltreated—the proud and majestic theatre which had remained intact until his day, emerging victorious from the attack of Gaul and Visigoth, and triumphing over all the assaults of sixteen centuries. An inscrutable Providence did not deal as kindly with Orange as with Blois—for death removed Gaston d'Orléans before he had time to carry out his intention of tearing down the château—but Maurice was allowed to live and wreak his will upon the theatre, whose embellishments, with their wealth of marble and mosaic, he utterly destroyed.

The Arch of Triumph is remarkably well preserved, as it was incorporated in the palace of the Princes and thus escaped the vandalism of Maurice. A beautiful structure it is, consisting of three arches. The central arch is much higher than the others and its deep vault is beautifully coffered. The whole is richly sculptured and ornamented with reliefs, among which naval trophies are conspicuous. The name Sacrovir on one of the shields

has led some antiquaries to suppose that the arch was erected after the defeat of this Aeduan chief, A. D. 21. On another shield is the word Mario, consequently other authorities contend that it was raised to commemorate Marius' victory over the Cimbri; but the Romans suffered a bad defeat at the hands of the Cimbri in Orange. Moreover, triumphal arches did not come into fashion until the days of the early Cæsars, so the weight of authority attributes the Orange arch to the reign of Marcus Aurelius and his successes on the Danube. The attic story is covered with curious bas-reliefs of contests between Romans and Gauls. The faithful Baedeker assures me that the side away from the town is in better preservation than the other parts of the arch. How that may be I cannot say, as the dust on that side was so thick that I could not see through it. Never in my life have I swallowed such dust. The Mistral, or northwest wind, was blowing a hurricane, and the rows of Lombardy poplars which, here as everywhere in Provence, are set out as shields against the Mistral, failed lamentably in their purpose. Inside the town the streets are paved, so the dust was not so bad; but the penetrating wind seemed to blow from all quarters at once and the cold was really bitter. I was thinly clad, as I had been led to expect warm weather, not to say heat, in Southern France in midsummer. Fortunately I had brought as a wrap a thick fur-lined cape. Had I not had this, I could not have stayed through the performance in the theatre, so intense was the cold.

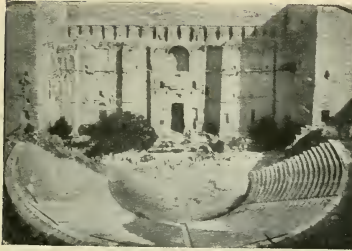
The theatre is about ten minutes'



EXTERIOR OF THE ROMAN THEATRE

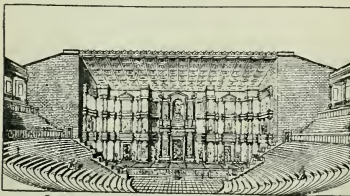
walk from the Arch, in the opposite part of the town. With the exception of Pompeii, this is the only Roman theatre that has come down to us, and at Pompeii not a vestige remains of the stage wall, nor is the rest of the structure in nearly as perfect preservation as is the Orange theatre. No Roman remain, not even the Coliseum, is to me more impressive than this stupendous ruin. Addison says that the theatre is worth all Orange; for Addison spent a part of that three hundred pounds a year which he persuaded King William to allow him for four years, "to enlarge his experience by continental travel" upon a visit to his benefactor's hereditary capital. I should say, rather, that the theatre is worth the tremendous tragedies enacted there. No more fitting setting could be devised for *Œdipus* or *Antigone*. The very size of the stage seems to imply the awful

passions and the inevitable fate of the Greek drama. A colossal wall faces the hill which the ingenious Romans converted into their auditorium by excavating its limestone rock into semi-circular tiers of seats. The hill was originally crowned by a citadel of the Romans, the materials of which were later built into the castle of the Princes of Orange, razed in 1673 by Louis XIV. Some distance up the slope, in one of the tiers, may still be seen a seat bearing the letters Eq. C. III (Knights' 3rd Row). The wall, 111 feet high, 334 feet long, and 13 feet thick, is composed of huge blocks of dark brown stone fitted together without cement. Near the top of the exterior face run two rows of corbels, or brackets, pierced with holes to receive the poles by which the *velarium* (awning) was stretched over the auditorium. The inner side of the wall, which forms the back of the



LOOKING TOWARDS THE STAGE

stage, was faced with marble in Roman times, and is, if possible, even more imposing than the outer. Though not a vestige remains of the coating of marble which formerly covered its enormous surface, nor of the statues which filled its niches, it is still wonderfully impressive and makes the Orange theatre unique, for in no other ancient theatre is the scenic wall preserved. As the Roman drama adhered to practically all the conventions of the Greek, we find five portals in the stage wall. Through the magnificent central portal, the *aula regia*, now merely a great hole in the masonry, only those actors who personated kings could enter. Over this portal is a niche which contained the statue either of the Emperor or of a god. The smaller portal on the left was for queens and princesses; that on the right for guests. From the portal on the left wing entered natives



THE THEATRE RESTORED

of the country in which the scene of the play was laid; from that on the right foreigners or strangers. This convention was due to the fact that spectators in the Dionysiac theatre at Athens looked out on the left to the city, on the right to the plains of Attica; so, naturally, the actors coming from the left side were to them their own people, while those entering from the right came from a distance. This ancient convention is still preserved in the modern French theatre by the "court" and "garden" entrances.

Contrary to the usual custom, the stage was roofed. This roof has now, of course, entirely disappeared, yet, such are the acoustic properties of the theatre, every word spoken on the stage can be heard even in the uppermost tiers of seats. At either end of the stage is an anteroom of enormous height; indeed, the roofs are on a level with that of the scenic wall. One of these anterooms, that of the stage left, was the ancient green-room; the other opens into traces of chambers supposed to have formed part of a hippodrome connected with the theatre. On the night of the performance these anterooms were concealed by a thick screen of hemlock trees, from behind which the chorus emerged upon the stage.

For the excellence of the acting as a whole the name of Théâtre-Français is sufficient voucher. The play marched on with the lofty dignity and perfection of finish which was to be expected of such actors, inspired and stimulated to their utmost endeavor by the grandeur of the tragedy and the unusual majesty of its setting. A brief outline of the tragedy may not be out of place. An oracle had fore-



LOOKING TOWARDS THE TOWN

told to Laius, king of Thebes, that he would be killed by his own son. Consequently, when the queen Jocasta bears a son, Laius has the babe exposed on Mount Cithæron. A herdsman rescues the child, names it Œdipus, and bears it to Corinth, where Polybius, the king, rears it as his own son. After he has reached man's estate, someone taunts Œdipus with not being the true son of Polybius, so the youth goes to Delphi to learn the truth from the oracle. The oracle tells him that he shall kill his father, marry his mother, and beget a race horrible to mankind. To escape this hideous fate, the unhappy Œdipus decides not to return to Corinth, and proceeds to Thebes. On the way he meets the chariot of Laius, has an altercation with the charioteer, and kills Laius. In the meantime the Sphinx has ap-

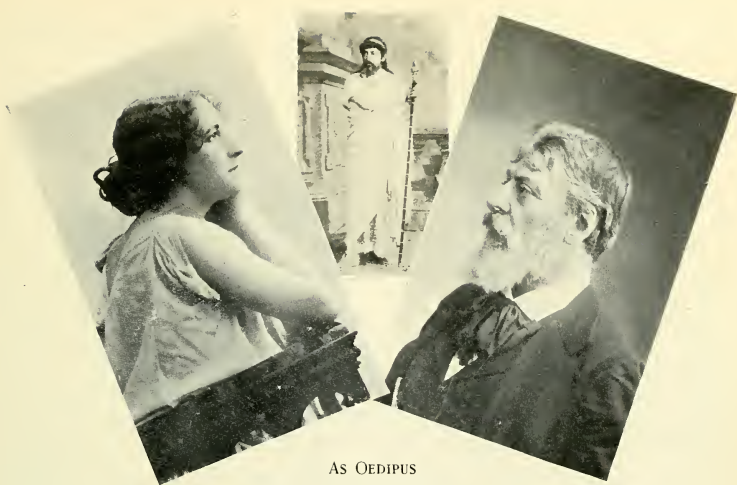
peared in Thebes and propounds her famous riddle to every passerby. All are unable to guess it and are promptly killed. Œdipus succeeds in solving the enigma and delivers Thebes from the Sphinx. The grateful inhabitants make him king and give him their queen Jocasta to wife. Œdipus rules wisely and well. Jocasta bears him four children. Then a terrible plague comes upon the city and the play opens with a scene between Œdipus and a throng of his Theban subjects. The king enters upon the stage through the royal portal and comes down to meet the eager crowd of suppliants, men, women and children, wreathed in garlands and bearing olive branches in their hands. He receives the suppliants graciously, sympathizes in their distress, and assures them that he has already sent Creon to Delphi to implore

aid, and that his messenger is even now returning. Creon, the messenger, reports that the plague has been inflicted on Thebes because of the blood of Laius, whose murderer is even now in the city. Œdipus pronounces a curse, deep and long, on the murderer and pledges his help in tracking him. Tiresias, the blind seer, is summoned to assist in the search and reluctantly declares that the king himself is Laius' murderer. Œdipus' wrath is fearful—he drives Tiresias from his presence with biting words. As the action of the play proceeds and the truth of Tiresias' statement is little by little forced on the unhappy king, his grief is piteous. He fights desperately against the truth, but at last compelled to admit his awful guilt, the wretched man puts out his eyes that he may no more look upon his fellow men, while Jocasta hangs herself.

The French consider Œdipus Mounet-Sully's greatest rôle, and that night he certainly fulfilled the expectations of the program *de s'élever au-dessus de lui-même*. The quarrel with Tiresias was marred by a tendency to rant, but with this exception his interpretation was flawless. The closing scene was really fearful in its intensity. Œdipus enters, his ghastly eye sockets and blood-stained face contrasting strangely with his graceful flowing draperies. He passes hesitatingly once or twice across the stage, and then, leaning on the shoulder of a slave, the despairing victim of relentless fate slowly, slowly disappears into the darkness among the hemlocks. Such was his art that the audience was fairly sick with horror at the thought of the unspeakable years through which the unhappy man must live.

The color effects and tableaux were beautiful beyond words, and their beauty seemed, if anything, enhanced by the absence of scenery. Following the Greek tradition, the leading characters were all in white. The costumes of the chorus furnished the only color and imparted the splendor needed to make the stage a fit setting for the kings and queens upon its boards.

Nothing could excel the majesty of the production, though the impressiveness of the chorus was somewhat marred by the tossing of its drapery, when an especially virulent gust of wind seemed determined to blow down even the mighty wall. The prayers of the *affiche* for "two radiant evenings of August, limpid and blue," were emphatically not answered. The audience, however, appeared entirely superior to all climatic infelicities, in spite of the French horror of draughts and fresh air. Its enthusiasm knew no bounds, even in the franc places, the ancient slave seats in the topmost rows of the amphitheatre, where the force of the wind was most keenly felt. These franc places should be avoided. The best seats are, I think, the *gradins numérotés* (the lowest in the semi-circular tiers), which cost eight francs. Of course these have the disadvantage that one must sit on stone, and make cushions really necessary. However, very thin pillows may be hired in the theatre, if it is not convenient to bring one's own. The *chaises numérotées*, ordinary cane-seated chairs, which fill the orchestra or space between the stage and the semi-circular tiers, are advisable if one is afraid of stone seats, or has but slight acquaintance with the language, and hence wishes



AS OEDIPUS

MOUNET-SULLY

MME. SECOND-WEBER

to be near the actors. Proximity to the stage is no objection, as even the front row of chairs is placed so far from the footlights that one does not have to look up.

Mounet-Sully strongly protested against this use of the orchestra, which was in direct violation of Greek tradition, as in the ancient drama this space was always preserved for the evolutions of the chorus. However, the chairs added much to the seating capacity, and the beautiful grouping of the chorus would have been sadly missed upon the stage. The production was a perfect success artistically, but the practical arrangements left much to be desired. Two microscopic arc lights were supposed to light the vast auditorium, but hardly sufficed to make darkness visible. There were

neither ushers nor plan of the theatre; the ticket-takers could give no help, and in the almost Egyptian darkness to find one's place was a serious task. These, however, were only slight drawbacks, and the excellence of the railway service more than atoned for the incompetence of the theatre employees. Special trains, plainly placarded, departed in every direction at frequent intervals; the station, left-luggage room, and ticket-office remained open all night and were manned by courteous, obliging, and rapid officials. The station seemed almost an after piece to the play, so-packed was it with celebrities passing the night there, in the thrifty foreign fashion, to save hotel bills. And thus the beautiful performance passed into a memory that will ever be a precious possession.

The Unforgotten Whittier

By John Wright Buckham

TO understand the reasons why John Greenleaf Whittier is so dear a name to all sons and daughters of New England, why his poetry is so inwoven into the fabric of New England life, one has but to visit the birth-place of the poet, the old Whittier homestead in Haverhill. Here the secret is disclosed. All the poetry of early New England life is here suggested and typified. What a cradle for a poetic soul! The house itself, so admirably preserved, rude yet comely, with its low but cheery rooms, its great fire-place around which gathered the happy circle immortalized in "Snow Bound", its plain but not inartistic furniture, the atmosphere of simple love and goodness lingering about it still, like the perfume of a faded rose; outside, the great barn, with its generous open doors, the well-sweep, the surrounding fields and woods, the little brook,

"The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone,"

everything, suggests the idealization of that humble life of toil and contentment, of love and virtue amid the quiet beauty of New England hills which has been the strength and glory of our national life. A more ideal home for the poet interpreter of

New England, imagination could not picture. The house itself, the life it typifies, the scenery in which it is set, are all instinct with poetry.

American farm life produces firmness and strength,—notes that are not lacking in Whittier's life and poems; it produces also, though oftenest in woman, a tenderness and harmony of soul that found their perfect consummation in this Quaker poet. His face was an index of blended earnestness and gentleness. It was at once benignant and serious, kindly and reserved, a face of thoughtfulness and a face of feeling. Whittier's eye, one who saw him never could forget. It has been called the "Bachelor eye", an inherited glory from his mother's family,—that mother whose portrait reveals so much of the sweetness and intelligence found in her son,—but, if so, it must have reached its apotheosis in Whittier. Those eyes had all the depth and serenity of the mountain lakes that he loved; the clearness and alertness of the swift brooks had stolen into them; they reflected the beauties of the flowers and the grandeurs of the mountains, the lights and shadows of the woods; in them the quiet joys and the tender sorrows of life, love and contemplation, memory and feeling, found expression.

Whittier lived a simple, serene life



THE WHITTIER FAMILY

looked at as a whole, yet not without the stress and turbulence of an active participation in the struggle for humanity. The battle for the freedom of the slave drew the modest poetic youth, whose convictions were too strong for mere words, into the centres of strife and places of danger, into public meetings and legislatures, into the drudgeries of secretarial work and the distastes of lobbying. When one thinks of John G. Whittier as a lobbyist, lobbying for the release of his colored brother from slavery, he realizes how a great, pure soul, sacrificing self for others, can ennoble even the politician's occupation. It is difficult to connect the Whittier of later years with the editor, legislator, agitator, of earlier years, the friend of Gar-

rison and Parker, attending meetings of Adullamites, writing controversial editorials, and poems aflame with wrath against iniquity, travelling to Hartford, to New York, to Philadelphia in the service of the cause which he had espoused; yet Whittier, the Abolitionist, and Whittier, the Quaker, were one and the same, and the calm of after years was only the more golden for the noble strife and activity of early manhood.

Nor did the steady growth of poetic instinct and poetic art suffer any lapse because of this active service of humanity. From the day when he first woke to the consciousness of the power of poetry over the copy of Robert Burns, loaned him by Joshua Coffin, the schoolmaster, until the day of

his death, Whittier was above all else a poet. What a picture is that which Francis Underwood has preserved for us of the farmer's boy, pausing in his task of mending the fence, to gaze, oblivious of the world about him, upon the "Poet's Corner" of the county newspaper which the mail carrier had just tossed to him, there to read his first printed poem, "The Deity",—a poetic description of the revelation of God to Elijah on Horeb, showing the touch of genius as well as the touch of youth.

It must have been most pleasing and instructive to observe the development of Whittier's poetic instinct, to watch his genius, while losing none of the inspiration and vigor of earlier years, casting aside faults and blemishes, growing sweeter, more musical, more profound, taking on grace, wisdom, breadth, finish, until in his maturity, his poems, rich in sentiment, lucid and harmonious in diction and ripe in spiritual wisdom, touch the deeper heart, alike of the way-faring man and the critic.

The poems of Whittier may be divided into four classes: poems legendary and local, the poems of freedom, poems of nature and home-life and religious poems. This division, though somewhat arbitrary and inexact, will help us to appreciate the wealth and character of the service which Whittier has rendered as a poet.

1. Whittier has done New England a great service in giving her legends and local incidents, many of which might otherwise have been lost, poetic form and meaning. He is not the only New England poet who has done this, but he has done it more

fully and minutely than any other. Many of his earlier poems, like Mogg Megone, Moll Pitcher, The Bridal of Pennacook, The Exiles and Cassandra Southwick were legendary. And throughout his career he was constantly embalming with the spices and perfumes of his verse, some local incident or old-time story whose deeper meaning and poetic setting had been before undetected. In this way he has stretched the fairy wand of poetry over Essex County and many other portions of New England, transforming old bits of folk-lore into beautiful and meaningful poetic creations; so that no one goes to Marblehead without enquiring for the Wishing-Bridge or the house of Flud Ireson, or passes Wenham Lake without thinking of the Little Witch of Wenham, or follows the banks of the Merrimac without remembering Cobbler Keezar's lapstone or poor Parson Avery, "dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop 'Watch and Wait'," or visits Amesbury without looking for the Captain's Well. It increases the value of real estate, or perhaps we might better say the real value of estate, wondrously, to have a true poet thus cast the mantle of his genius over familiar spots and well-known tales. The light of the glory of poetry falls upon them and they are no more the same.

2. Whittier was, above all others, the poet of emancipation. The free-man and the freedman owe him an inexpressible debt of gratitude for his Voices of Freedom. They were among the leading agencies in creating public sentiment in behalf of the slave. As examples of poetic art

they may not be faultless, but through them breathes a pure exalted hatred of wrong, and love of truth and right, out of which the truest poetry springs. The Pastoral Letter, Texas, The Christian Slave, song of the Free are

God and our charter's right,
Freedom forever!
Truce with oppression,
Never, O, never!"

3. Whittier is the most picturesque poet of New England country



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE

full of moral strength and the fire of righteous indignation.

"If we have whispered truth,
Whisper no longer;
Speak as the tempest does,
Stern and stronger;

Still be the tones of truth
Louder and firmer;
Startling the haughty South
With the deep murmur;

life. His bucolics rank with those of Virgil and Theocritus. Comrades of the "little man" we trudge the dusty road, learn

"How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung,
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow."

eat our bowl of bread and milk



OAK KNOLL

"On the door-stone gray and rude,
While for music comes the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lights the fly his lamp of fire."

With him we lie before the great fire
on stormy winter nights,

"Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney
laughed."

With the same boy, now grown up
and flown from the nest, we return to
the old home and look again "on the
little red gate and the well-sweep
near" and hear the chore-girl "telling
the bees."

"And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:—
'Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!'"

For a picture of the highest and
most satisfying aspects of country life

nothing can equal the poem, "Among
the Hills." It is a plea for rural
life, deftly drawn, richly colored,
beautiful, persuasive.

New Hampshire's debt to Whittier
is almost as great as that of his na-
tive state. The White Mountains
were dearly loved, and worthily sung
by him. The Conway meadows, the
Sandwich and Franconia mountains,
lovely Winnepesaukee and Asquam,
lent their glories to his responsive
soul, and he in turn gave added glory
to them. Thus the grander as well
as the quieter beauties of New Eng-
land scenery, mountain and brook as
well as the tranquil Merrimac and the
mighty sea found place in his heart
and in his verse.

4. As an interpreter and moulder
of religious life, though he occupied
no pulpit and wrote no theologies,
John G. Whittier has had a wide and
beneficent influence. During the
great struggle against slavery he
pleaded, like an ancient prophet, for
righteousness and justice. In the

later years of his life he stood, more especially, for two great principles. then, and still, needing peculiar emphasis.

The last twenty-five years have witnessed a great and significant change with respect to the prominence of creeds as indices of Christianity. There has been an earnest and wide insistence upon life, as contrasted with creed, as a standard of faith and character. No one has had a more influential part in this reform than Whittier. His poems, strenuous, devout, widely read, coming from a man universally beloved, have revealed, as in the light of eternity, the superiority of Christian love and conduct to creed and profession.

Poems embodying this principle will readily occur to every reader,—the Vision of Echard, in which the Benedictine monk, in his vision, hears God say, "I tread upon your creeds"; the Minister's Daughter, who touches her Calvinist father's heart by saying to him, after one of his gruesome sermons, so unlike himself, that she wished God were only as good and gentle as he; Our Master, in which occur the lines:

"To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find the ways
We miss with chart of creeds."

But most of all does this deprecation of creeds, as contrasted with childlike faith in God, find expression in that glorious poem of trust, *The Eternal Goodness*.

With his clear discernment and spiritual insight Whittier saw that the church, bound in its fetters of creed and doctrine, needed a return to a

freer and simpler faith and a more Christlike conduct. On its broader and more spiritual ground he was in sympathy with the New Theology. I remember with what appreciation, both of its humor and its pathos, he told me the remark which Charles Kingsley once made to him, during his visit to this country, to the effect that it was an indescribable relief to him (Kingsley) when he found out that God is at least as good as the average church member. And yet Whittier was no destructionist. He did not condemn any creed, nor any man, that had the least grain of virtue. In *My Namesake* he speaks of himself as one who "reconciled as best he could, old faith and fancies new." This charity and breadth of view accords with the other great principle which animates all that he wrote, namely, toleration.

Whittier was a loyal and loving Quaker, but in spite of that fact or rather because of it, with an insistence upon Christian tolerance and fellowship, he was ever ready to extend the right hand of fellowship to every true believer of whatever name or sect. His definition of Quakerism in a letter to Lucy Larcom written in 1890, is as follows: "Quakerism has no church of its own—it belongs to the Church Universal and Invisible." The perfume of the spirit of tolerance and brotherhood breathes through all his poems and is itself the love-scented zephyr that wafts them over all lands and into all kindred hearts. To one who knew that "Devotion's pearl might sanctify the shell" no form of worship that was genuine seemed deserving of ridicule or condemnation.

No man looked forward with more

of faith and longing than John G. Whittier to behold

"One hope, one faith, one love, restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore."

This sympathy and charity of heart which characterized the gentle poet were extended to the unlovely and sinful as well as the just and good. What could be more delicate and loving than the excuse which he offers for the waywardness of the dark-eyed guest in "Snow-Bound"?

"Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward, wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know."

The gentle touch of compassion for the fallen and the unloved is upon all his verse. He held that the soul, like the pressed gentian in the window, was to be seen only by the Eternal Eye "upon its inmost side." Yet he could be severe too, overwhelmingly severe, when it seemed to him that there was need of it, as Ichabod illustrates.

The reason for Whittier's charity lay in his own deep humility, such a humility as led him to write of himself in My Namesake,

"While others trod the altar stairs
He faltered like the publican;
And, while they praised as saints, his prayers
Were those of sinful man."

What could be more truly modest and fit than the lines of his Response to the warm words of honor and praise spoken at the dinner given him by his publishers, in honor of his seventieth birthday, closing,

"With not unglad surprise
I see my life-work through your partial eyes,
Assured, in giving to my home-taught songs

A higher value than of right belongs,
You do but read between the written lines

The finer grace of unfulfilled designs."

Few have trodden closer to the confines of the spirit world or known more of God than Whittier, and yet his sense of ignorance and mystery was intense, leading him to say of himself,

"Life's mystery wrapped him like a cloud;

He heard far voices mock his own,
The sweep of wings unseen, the loud,
Long roll of waves unknown.

Like childhood, listening for the sound
Of its dropped pebbles in the well,
All vainly down the dark profound
His brief-lined plummet fell."

But, though Whittier may not have sounded any very profound depths of philosophic thought, he touched the deeps of sentiment and devotion. Perhaps the greatest service that he did was to bring nearer, and make more real, the human Christ.

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love in Galilee."

A life of wondrous purity, gentleness, beneficence was that of the beloved Quaker poet. It was like the beautiful September day on which he was laid at rest in Amesbury Cemetery,—clear, peaceful, golden. His later poems, My Psalm, The Last Walk in Autumn, and others, and his swan song, The Last Eve of Summer, reveal a gratitude as tender and devout as ever incarnated itself in words. Much he saw for which he had sung and striven so manfully, completely triumphant. He had felt the joy of large and immortal accomplishment.

He had received the tribute of world-
wide love and sympathy,

“Like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown.”

And he went forth, laden with love
and blessing, with the words of his
own beautiful and trustful At Last
in his ears, into

“The calm assurance of transcendent
Spheres
And the Eternal Years.”

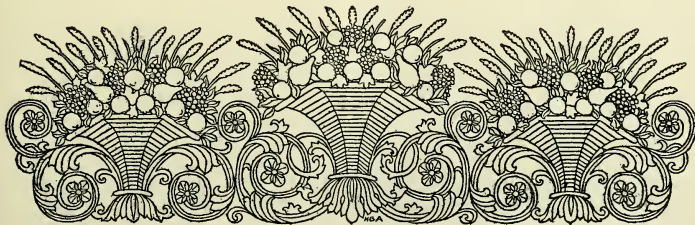
In the laurel wreath which his old-
time friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes,
laid upon his grave, one leaf, green
with the unfading hue of love and
genius, well represents the tribute of
the world to Whittier:

“Best loved and saintliest of our singing
train,
Earth’s noblest tributes to thy name
belong:
A lifelong record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in death-
less song.”

September

By Philip Becker Goetz

EVEN morn is fain to drowse,
Mists within her spirit house;
All night long the slender thread
Parts and drops the amber dead.
Woe to who trusts wind or wave:
None shall stand beside his grave!
Hail to who loves bounteous earth,
Him whose orchard scoffs at dearth.
Pluck the black-eyed grape at will,
Tarry not till lips are chill.
Worlds grow near in her late light:
Hers the year’s keen second sight.



A Flaw in the Title

By Elliot Walker

“WILL you marry me, Althea?”
“Yes.”

This all-important question was not unexpected by Miss Claridge. Neither did Mr. Eastlock display an unusual amount of enthusiasm upon the receipt of the prompt and matter-of-fact reply.

Merely edging a trifle closer on the sofa, he gathered Althea's long fingers awkwardly in his own (an act which suggested the picking up of a handful of clothespins) and imprinted a mild kiss of proprietorship upon Miss Claridge's averted cheek.

“I'll get you an engagement ring right away,” announced her betrothed with an eye to immediately advertising his bargain.

“Any time,” returned Althea placidly. “No 'special hurry, Augustus.”

She was glad it was over. For years, Mr. Eastlock had aggressively run off the field every man, young or old, who showed the slightest inclination for the society of Miss Claridge. He had not been kept very busy. Many looked but few lingered. Althea was simply an excellent financial investment. Beyond that—well, personalities, like comparisons, are sometimes odious.

Both understood the position exactly. Althea was thirty-one. Augustus was forty-four. Sentiment was to them like unto the vaporings of the feeble-minded. Mr. Eastlock was tall,

pale, skinny, shrewd, abstemious and saving. Althea was his feminine counterpart. Therefore, this agreement, just completed, might be truly dubbed a business partnership, the capital to be contributed by the female member of the firm.

“I've thought of asking you for some time,” observed Augustus, finally, releasing her hand with a mental twinge as quick thoughts of the ring assailed his thrifty spirit.

“Yes?” replied his fiancée, the absence in her tone failing to hide a quality of acid sarcasm.

She had just reached her twenty-second summer when Mr. Eastlock's attentions became marked to the point of conventional matrimonial proposition. Since then, patient waiting had developed an edge of temper, not hasty but of cutting quality. She knew he would speak some time. She knew, as the seasons dragged by, that she was becoming like a sheep hedged in an enclosure for subsequent shearing; that the world approved, that she would be safe with Augustus, that Life was a practical measure of time for such women as Althea Claridge, that the man she would wed had weighed every consideration carefully, that common-sense was said to be his portion, and that she was perfectly willing to marry him.

She also possessed knowledge as yet unknown to Augustus. The fact that with great secrecy and aided by the

old family lawyer her property had been ingeniously arranged under certain iron-clad trust regulations, in such manner that it would be extremely difficult for Augustus to get hold of a penny. Althea might facially and metaphorically resemble a sheep,—there the resemblance ceased. Not that she lacked confidence in her future husband's integrity. She simply and shrewdly judged that as long as the family fortune remained entirely in her grasp, she would be an object of interest to Augustus—as well as the real head of the establishment.

Men, as keen, had been known to make serious mistakes when placed in a position to invest freely, and Mr. Eastlock, within certain limitations, was somewhat given to an unholy desire for rapid acquisition. Althea held the nightmare of her departed Uncle William's experience—he from whom all this wealth had descended. Surely, no man in Nipperfield was accounted the equal of Uncle William in a trade, yet he had "met a stranger" and been "taken in" with a lamentable reversal of the original text. People failed to comprehend how Uncle William could have been so frightfully "gulled" as to purchase a gold mine in Connecticut upon the representations of that smooth Mr. Dickerman and his array of glittering samples and figures, but criticism is easy after disaster. "Salted" was a word cautiously used in the presence of Uncle William after his loss had been thoroughly figured up. Even in the household where extraordinary economy prevailed during the two years ensuing, Althea and her Aunt Lily (a sad misnomer) discreetly adopted the use of "savored" and "seasoned" at the

table in consideration of the unhappy investor's appetite and, incidentally, temper, which grew choleric toward the end.

Notwithstanding that Uncle William by diligent application to the hardware business and an almost cruel reduction of general expenses, completely restored this rent in his substantial substance, the mortification was commonly supposed to have hastened his demise which occurred just after Althea's twenty-eighth birthday. Uncle William was a magnificent example of the church pillar, six feet in height and weighing two hundred and eighty pounds on his own selling scales.

Three years after, the relict followed him to those happy boundaries where "thieves do not break through and steal," and the orphaned niece, who up to this date had been little more than a household drudge, found herself a woman of wealth with a penurious disposition to retain her property intact. Another year and Augustus sat upon the stern haircloth lounge with a satisfied smirk in full appreciation of having at last brought himself to open declaration. Acceptance, he knew, would be his. Althea was virtually committed in advance. He, and he alone, had stood in public and private comment, for six long years, as the man who eventually would marry Althea Claridge, and that meant the furtherance of certain interests dear to his heart and entirely separate from the sentimental.

Augustus, too, was glad it was over. For a long time the thought of existence with Althea had been a distressing reflection. Like all men he admired beauty in woman. Skin deep

though it be, it is a powerful factor in determining futures, and Althea was,—well—Nature had been unfair. But the love of money outweighs petty attractions, especially as men find themselves passing into that period when hints of the burden of “the grasshopper” and painful indications of the ceasing of “the grinders” stimulate the sordid soul to the value of material possessions, and with this comes to selfish natures an insensate dislike of Youth and Love and the Beautiful.

The appointed time had arrived and the outlook to Mr. Eastlock was satisfactory. Those days when he had thought he might get along without Althea were now but a dream to be sneered at. His steady little business, thriftily conducted, had brought him a living, a reputation for ability, and a few “rainy day” dollars. That was all. It was insufficient. He had now done something worth while, and the next step must not be delayed. The inflected “yes” of his companion did not agreeably tickle his ear. He had kept her waiting a very long time; that, he knew. Had she been a woman to invite even the smallest attention from others Augustus would have stepped in with promptitude and made sure of her. As it was, after the first year, he felt secure. He hung along, pretty evenly balanced between a strong desire for Althea’s money, and an equally powerful disinclination to saddle himself with its owner.

The unattractive heiress, being quite aware of this, by some strange feminine perversion, had decided to ultimately become Mrs. Eastlock, if she waited twenty years. Yet, all this delay had not served to sweeten her

disposition, and worse, an evil desire to make life rather unpleasant for Augustus had taken root in a sense of unfair treatment and, nourished by a natural spirit of resentment, was already an impetus to disagreement.

Much may be forgiven Althea, and much must be understood. Adopted at the tender age of five, she wore spectacles at eight, did nearly all the lighter labor of the house at twelve, and lived drearily, with little education and no childish pleasures, surrounded ever by an atmosphere of frugality and prudence, until it became second nature to regard a penny with a view to its longest possible retention. The means, now in her hands, held out no promise of purchasable happiness. Uncle William’s money—Uncle William’s precepts—they were indissoluble. Her duty was clear. Had she not a comfortable home, a plain but sufficient wardrobe, and a servant girl? These were necessities. Beyond a certain sum annually set aside for defined charities, the income must not be further invaded, but added to the capital, and at the end—well, there was Augustus, besides plenty of other excellent subjects for endowment. It was a good way to live—satisfying to both conscience and habit.

The kiss of Mr. Eastlock brought no blush to her sallow visage. His clawing clutch at her fingers stirred no emotion. The ring—that appealed in a way. She had never worn a ring. Augustus ought to get a good one—a valuable stone—a thing to treasure for its intrinsic value—an addition to property.

“When you do buy a ring, be sure that the diamond hasn’t a flaw in it,”

she remarked in an advisory tone. "Sometimes experts even get fooled, I've heard. You should be able to procure a very nice one for a hundred dollars."

"A diamond! A hundred dollars!" Augustus gasped audibly. His vague idea of this token had ranged as high as an inexpensive gold circlet with a garnet, price \$7.25. This ornament he had seen in a window. Surely it would be good enough for Althea.

The lady observed the gasp and turned a quick eye upon the face beside her. "What's the matter?" she inquired acidly.

"Nothing," responded Mr. Eastlock, compressing his lips.

"Oh!" A bit of color stole in the thin cheeks. A faint sensation of revulsion crept around Althea's heart. For a moment she could have struck Augustus. The idea! Here he was, her affianced, with at least the position of a man about to be associated with her thousands—that status alone would render him of importance in the community, and writhing at the thought of this, her first request. He could afford it, and it was only an investment. Never before had this queer disgust of wealth oppressed her. Were men as mean as that?

Behind the silver-rimmed spectacles the eyes of Althea glittered. "I guess we'll set our wedding day six months from now," she said coldly. "That will suit me. Six years it's taken you to make up your mind; six months will give you time to pick out such a ring as I want. I'm going to lie down now. Come over to-morrow night."

She swept out of the parlor with an unusual erectness, unheeding the pro-

test of Augustus. "Hold on! I'll get your ring right off, Althea. I—I didn't say anything."

But he was speaking to the portraits of Uncle William and Aunt Lily, for Althea had slammed a door behind her, and feeling abused, he slowly made his way out.

"She's too old for gew-gaws," he commented angrily, marching down the road. "It's ridiculous! Well, I'll humor her. To-morrow I'll drive over to Whipville and do some pricing. I can buy cheaper there. Not a cent over fifty dollars do I go though."

Althea was standing before her mirror, gazing with considerable satisfaction at her red cheeks and the brilliance of her eyes. "It's quite becoming to get mad," she ruminated. "I enjoy the feeling too. Going to get married, Althea, eh? And to a man that begrudges. Maybe Augustus will find I can do some begrudging myself. Oh! I suppose we will get along all right, but I half wish I was out of it. Too late now, though, and he's a good safe man, if he is stingy."

It had never occurred to Miss Claridge that some might have called *her* stingy. To herself she was prudent, as every woman should be.

"It's all money," she went on. "Dear me! There is a kind of poverty in being rich, after all. I've got comforts and Augustus don't seem really the sum of human happiness, but it's all I ever expected and all I'll ever get."

Her mocking smile faded pitifully, and her head shook with a sorrowful motion. "What ails you?" she asked herself crossly. "He's going to be your husband. You've expected it ever since Auntie died. He has.

Everybody has. What more do you want?"

Suddenly her rocking chair received her with a thump, and the thin fingers went over her eyes. "I can't help it—I—don't want him," sobbed Althea. "He's—he's mean!"

Bright and blue was the September sky; sweetly the late birds twittered in the turning foliage along the Whipville road, as Althea Claridge, taking her regular afternoon walk, strolled on in the blaze of the hot autumn sun. It was warm—very warm, and the pedestrian hastened her steps a trifle at sight of the great elm by the roadside. There in its shade she would sit on the stone wall to rest and cool off.

Her night had been sleepless, her morning restless. Now, a mile from home, in spite of heat and fatigue, calmer thoughts possessed her uneasy soul, as the balm of Nature salved her troubled spirit. "After all, she was foolish to think so hardly of Augustus. That evening he would come in, and probably upon seeing him this new feeling of repugnance would depart entirely. All men were alike, and he was as desirable as any."

So, pondering, she came to her tree and paused in astonishment and trepidation. With his back against the trunk sat a man—a flushed, bare-headed, corpulent man, respectably attired and evidently no common wayfarer. His hands were clasped, his big blue eyes distended, and the general aspect of his countenance and attitude indicative of utter despair. Rolling his distressed gaze upon Althea, he blinked for a moment and two

great tears trickled down his round, clean shaven cheeks.

The first impulse of Miss Claridge was to beat a retreat. The next to laugh. Instinct assured her that the stranger was harmless. She took a forward step and looked at him inquisitively. The man grinned dismally.

"Don't be scared," he whispered. "I'll be all right in a minute."

"Hurt?" inquired Althea.

"Robbed!" came the deep and solemn response. "By Mighty! It's too bad." He rose clumsily and shook himself—a large, heavy creature, suggestive of great strength.

"Robbed!" echoed the woman, startled. "Where? How?"

"Right here, marm, right under this tree. I was asleep. They never touched my watch. It was my purse." He groaned pathetically and sniffed.

Althea was not devoid of the humorous sense. The sight of so huge a person upon the verge of tears brought a smile to her prim lips.

"You wouldn't laugh if you knew," said the man reproachfully. "It ain't funny!" His voice trembled and broke.

"Come!" snapped Miss Claridge, smartly, to hide a strange feeling of sudden sympathy. "You don't seem to be injured. Why cry about it?"

"Was I?" returned her stalwart companion, innocently. "Maybe I did start a drop, thinking of them. Don't care if I did. Hurt? No! Little I'd mind thumps. Bless my soul, but it's hard luck."

Picking up his hat, he looked ruefully at Althea. "Nothing to do but tramp back," came a woeful groan. "Thank the Lord they'll never know."

Curiosity began to stir Miss Claridge.

"I'm going to sit here awhile," she announced. "Why not tell me about it? Possibly I can help you—not with money though," was her hasty addition.

She mounted the rickety wall and the despoiled one stepped nearer, peering thoughtfully in her face.

"I declare it will do me good, I guess," he said after a long scrutiny. "I'll stand; those stones won't hold my weight. My name is Hiram Piper and I live in Whipville."

Miss Claridge nodded encouragingly.

"And I can see you're a good, kind woman," went on Mr. Piper, twirling his hat. "You remind me, yes, you really do—I'll bet you are like her—same nice gray-colored eyes and a little sorry droop to your mouth."

Althea sat up straighter.

"Yes, marm," continued the man, "I'd trust you anywhere, and I'm going to tell you all about it."

"Go ahead," replied his listener, biting her lip. "How much did you lose?"

"One hundred and eight dollars and twenty-two cents." Mr. Piper wiped his brow. "It was all I had in the bank, except a dollar I left to keep my account open. I drew it all. Think's I, 'Hiram, you're a big husky chap with a paying job.' I'm a boss in a factory, marm. 'Take it all,' says I to myself. 'Sim's wife and his little ones need it and it's what Patience would like you to do. You've no one depending—and can make more. Take it all,' says I, and I did."

"Who is Sim's wife?"

"Why, Simeon Catlin's widow and

two little girls. Sim I knew well, and Patience knew him too. A year ago he got killed on the railroad, and Mrs. Catlin moved to Nipperfield. They have had a hard time. Only yesterday morning I got a letter from her asking if I could help her a bit. Could I? Well, it didn't take me long to figure up. Poor thing! Behind in her rent, no work and nothing to eat. I'll find a way yet if I have to borrow."

Althea stared at him. "Patience?" she inquired. "Who is she?"

"She *was*, marm, Mrs. Piper, you know." His eyes lowered reverently. "Three years now since God took her. Dear me! Dear me! The best woman you ever saw—the very best," he said softly. "She just lived and died helping. Why, I used to laugh at her. 'Patty,' I'd say, 'you're giving away the very clothes off my back. How'll I ever lay up a cent,' I'd say, 'with your trying to keep every poor critter clothed and fed?' 'We will get along,' she would answer me always so cheerful, and I could never say 'No' to her, for she was right. We did get along, and I got as bad as she was about doing for folks. And since she died, I've been worse. Patty's the one you remind me of, and that's why I'm talking about her. I don't often."

The woman on the wall shivered in the warm air and looked down.

"She wasn't what a body would call handsome," resumed Mr. Piper. "You ain't hardly that, begging your pardon, but beside her you would pass for a fine looking lady. To me she was beautiful, for I never noticed anything but the goodness in her and the shine in her face when she was helping. And, as I say, you kind of bring her back. Beg pardon! Hope I

didn't say something to hurt your feelings."

"No, no," said Althea Claridge, thickly, her glance on the ground.

"You've got sympathy in you, that's what, but I won't be telling you things about her," proceeded Mr. Piper. "Let me get back to what a fool I was. Now, see what I did. Drew my money and hoofed it over instead of hiring a team. Thinks I: 'Get the afternoon off, walk it, and save three dollars. That will buy 'em a Thanksgiving dinner, and the exercise won't hurt you.' So on I came, and never was I happier than jogging along, thinking of Patience and Sim's wife, and what a surprise I was going to give, and how 'twould knock all their worries sky high.

"But I'm pretty fat, and it was awful hot, and when I got to this tree, I plumped down for a breathing spell. I took out my pocket-book and counted the money—there was a twenty dollar bill in the roll, and wasn't it funny, some feller had owned it, and in one corner were his initials, 'H. P.' same as mine. I s'pose he thought he might see it again some day. I remember shutting my eyes with the purse in my hand, and thinking how sweet the green things smelled, and the next thing I knew I was rubbing my fool peepers and the wallet was gone. Some tramp, probably.

"That's all. It would have paid me to drive, wouldn't it? Well, no use moaning over it. Back I go and sell my watch and chain. Sim's wife is going to be helped out, I tell you that, marm. Good day, and much obliged for listening. It's done me a power of good to just talk and have some one kind of sympathize. The minute

I saw you, thinks I, 'She's one to feel bad for other people's troubles,' and I wasn't mistaken."

"Wait!" cried Althea, clambering down, "Wait, Mr. Piper. I—I can help a little. I—yes—I—oh! I cannot stand it. If you will walk with me to the corner of Dean Street and stay there for ten minutes, you shall have something for those poor people."

"But," her companion looked at her gravely, "are you sure you can afford it? I don't want—"

"I can—yes," pulling at his arm. "Come! Hurry!"

When Miss Claridge handed him the sealed envelope, her spectacles were very dim. "Don't open it yet," she said softly. "You haven't lost much and I have gained a great deal. I want to shake your hand."

Perhaps the man's great heart throbbled in his palm at that moment. The warm, grateful clasp thrilled up Althea's slender fingers, surged to every nerve with a magnetic touch, and caught the words in her throat, changing her prim farewell to a strange sob of bewilderment.

Mr. Piper winked rapidly. "I work at the Whipville Brass Factory," he murmured. "If you ever come over there, do let me know. I'll pay you back all this, Miss—Miss—?"

"I can't give you my name now," whispered the woman. "Some time I will. Yes, I hope to meet you again, Mr. Piper."

"God bless you forever," said Hiram, huskily, and turned away.

"Here is your ring, Althea," observed Augustus that evening. "I bought it this afternoon at Whipville,

—Johnson's store. A queen couldn't find fault with it. Why the price was a hundred and twenty-five. I beat 'em down though to a hundred and eight. Drove over on purpose. I happened to have just enough in bills and wasn't obliged to get a check cashed, but I thought I'd never get 'em to my price. Ain't it a beauty?"

"Lovely," answered Althea, strangely.

"Try it on."

"Let's wait until Sunday, Augustus. It's—it's good luck, you know."

"Is it? Never heard that. Well! whatever suits you." He was very smiling. "By the way, my dear, I guess we won't wait six months to be married. January first I'm to be elected a director in the Street Railway Company and we will have to take stock, you know. The investment is excellent, perfectly safe. A few thousand, Althea—that's all. To be in your name, of course."

"My funds are all invested. I don't see how I can let you have anything."

"What!"

"Come on Sunday. I can tell better then," gasped Althea, and fainted dead away, while the brilliant fell from her hand to lie glittering upon the carpet.

The next morning, Saturday, Miss Claridge was driven to Whipville and remained until night. Upon her return she paid the driver of the hired vehicle, and gave him some instructions in a low tone. The man nodded and drove away from the old-fashioned dwelling with a queer smile. Then Althea, with the face of a ghost, went in and to her chamber. She sat for a long time without taking off her bonnet, watching the light from a

chandelier playing upon something which gleamed and sparkled as it was twisted between her thumb and forefinger. Afterward she had a cup of tea and retired. Her servant remarked that Miss "Althy" acted all played out. The mistress said she was, and should not attend church in the morning—an unusual departure from grace.

When Augustus Eastlock called on Sunday afternoon, he found her sitting in the parlor, a gloomy apartment at best with its dark furnishings and the severe representations of Uncle William and Aunt Lily chaperoning every movement with painted but lifelike orbs. Althea held her hands in her lap and rubbed them nervously.

"Sit down," she invited.

Mr. Eastlock sat. An indefinable chill seemed to emanate from the stiff figure confronting him. He hitched in his chair. "Hope you are feeling all right again," said he, graciously. "Althea, you mustn't be so nervous and cranky with me. It's no way to begin. I'm expecting to advise you about your money, of course. It'll be my duty as a husband. Where's your ring?"

"Here!" holding it off at arm's length.

"Let me put it on your finger," starting to rise.

"Sit still, Augustus. I'm nervous and cranky, am I? Well, things have upset me, lately. I've something to say to you."

"Go ahead," returned Mr. Eastlock, wrinkling his nose.

"Well, this ring won't suit me. There's a flaw in it."

"A flaw in it!" Augustus jumped.

"Yes, I discovered it and went over to Whipville to Johnson's store to see about it."

"What's the trouble? He swore it was a perfect stone," cried Eastlock in heat.

"The flaw is in the title, Augustus. There has a warrant been issued for the man who bought it. You answer his description, Augustus. The money paid for this ring was stolen from a poor man who fell asleep by the roadside, and you were the thief, Augustus. That's the trouble."

Mr. Eastlock sat as one paralyzed for a moment. Then he laughed,—a hollow sound. "It's—it's a lie!" he stammered.

"Come in!" called Miss Claridge, sharply, and a big man, wearing an expression of wonder, stepped into the room.

"Ever see him before, Augustus?" inquired the lady, freezingly.

"I—I never laid eyes on him—so help me—" Mr. Eastlock was very pale and his tongue ran over his lower lip.

"This your bill, Mr. Piper?" said Althea calmly, holding out a bank note. "Do you recognize these initials in the corner?"

It's mine, sure. It's the same," exclaimed Mr. Piper, joyfully. "Now, how in the name of goodness—"

"No matter, now, my friend. Augustus, do you wish to stay any longer? I am going to let you go. Here, take this bauble!" She flung it at him fiercely; "Take it back. I'll hush up proceedings for the sake of old times. Go quickly, or this gentleman will assist you."

Eastlock, with a corpse-like visage, picked up the ring, shot a wild glance at his accuser, and crawled out.

Then Althea did a curious thing. Stepping over to where Mr. Piper stood, she held out both hands and the man grasped them. "Will you take care of me?" she said, pleadingly, and burst into tears.

There used to be a man named Eastlock in Nipperfield, but Mr. and Mrs. Piper never speak of him. The big President of the Street Railway is pretty easy going, but capable, and every one has a good word for him.

People wondered at the queer match, and some are wondering now why Althea should take so much interest in the widow Catlin and be educating her children.

But Mrs. Piper is a very generous woman, and no one can tell what she may do next. Her husband says he never knew but one to beat her and that was his first wife.



The Geographies of Our Forefathers

By Clifton Johnson

THE old-time geographies, until nearly the middle of the last century, were never larger than 12 mos. and some of them were diminutive 32 mos. Up to 1820 they were as a rule bound in full leather, but occasionally the wood or binder's board of the sides was covered with dull blue, or marbled paper. Buff-tinted papers with the title and more or less other printing on them were substituted on nearly all the later books. Illustrations also began to be used, at first sparingly, but soon very generously; and instead of being designed for the older pupils the books were made with special reference to the needs of the younger children.

For a score of years after geographies began to be introduced into the schools they depended largely on the use of a globe to make clear the divisions of the earth. It was not long, however, before nearly every book was accompanied by an atlas, and this continued customary to about 1850. Not many of these atlases have survived. They were flimsily made, with paper covers, and the wear and tear of daily use made an end of them. The usual size was either about six by nine inches or nine by eleven inches. Comparatively little color was used on the maps, and even at their newest the atlases must have looked dull and uninteresting. To modern eyes the oddest features of the maps

are the vacant or mistaken outlines of the northern coasts of this continent, and the general blankness of all its western portion, with Mexico making a great sweep up into the present domains of our republic. Some of the African maps, too, are given a strange appearance by the portrayal of an immense line of mountains—the "Jibbel Kumra or Mts. of the Moon"—extending in a continuous and perfectly straight chain from east to west entirely across the broadest part of the continent.

Jedidiah Morse was the pioneer among American authors of school geographies, as I have explained in a previous article. The earliest rival to contest the field with Morse's books was a small volume of questions and answers compiled by Nathaniel Dwight and published at Hartford in 1795. Below are some of the curious bits of information the volume imparts:

Q. What are the Russian funeral ceremonies?

A. They are singular: The priest prays, and sprinkles the corpse for eight or ten days; it is then buried with a passport to heaven, signed by the bishop and another clergyman, which is put between the fingers of the deceased, and then the people return to the house whence they went, and drown their sorrow in intoxication. This they commonly do for about forty days, during which time the priest says prayers over the grave.

Q. Are there any lakes in Scotland?

A. There are many; but two are very remarkable: One near Lochness is on the

top of a hill almost two miles high. This lake is small, but it has never been sounded, nor does it ever freeze. About seventeen miles distant is another lake which is frozen all the year.

Q. What are the persons and characters of the Scots?

A. They are generally lean, raw-boned, and have high cheek-bones, which is a characteristic feature.

Q. What are the diversions of the Scots?

A. They are all of the vigorous, athletic kind; such as dancing, *golf* and *curling*. The *golf* is a species of ball-playing performed with a bat and a ball, the extremity of the bat being loaded with lead, and the party which strikes the ball with fewest strokes into a hole prepared for the purpose wins the game.

Q. What are the customs and diversions of the Irish?

A. There are a few customs existing in Ireland peculiar to this country. These are their funeral howlings and presenting their corpses in the streets to excite the charity of strangers, their convivial meetings on Sunday, and dancing to bag-pipes, which are usually attended with quarreling.

Q. What curiosities are there in France?

A. A fountain near Grenoble emits a flame which will burn paper, straw, etc., but will not burn gun-powder. Within about eight leagues of the same place is an inaccessible mountain in the form of a pyramid reversed.

Q. What curiosities are there in Portugal?

A. There are lakes into which a stone being cast causes a rumbling like the noise of an earthquake.

Q. What do you observe of the inhabitants of Guinea?

A. They are chiefly pagans and idolaters. In Eyo, where the people are governed by a king who is not absolute, when they are tired of him, a deputation waits on him and informs him that it is fatiguing for him to bear the burden of government any longer, advising him to take a little rest. He thanks them and retires to his apartment as if to sleep, and directs his women to strangle him; and after he expires they destroy all things which belonged to him or to themselves, and then

kill one another. His son succeeds to the government, and on the same terms.

Q. Give a concise description of the *Giages* and *Annians*?

A. The first inhabit a part of the Congo coast; the latter live in the *Macaco*. The people are cannibals. They kill and eat their first-born children; and their friends who die are eaten by their relations. The king of *Macaco* resides in *Monsol*, where there is a market in which human flesh is sold, although other meat exists in plenty. They esteem it a luxury, and it is said an hundred prisoners or slaves are daily killed for the king's table.

Q. What are the characteristics of the *Hottentots*?

A. They are the most abject of the human race. They besmear their bodies with soot and grease, live upon carrion, old leather, shoes, and everything of the most loathsome kind; dress themselves in sheep's skins, untanned, turning the wool to their flesh in the winter, and the other side in the summer. Their dress serves them for a bed at night, for a covering by day, and for a winding-sheet when they die.

One geography that had a marked individuality of its own was a thick little volume, mostly in verse, entitled "*The Monitor's Instructor*," published at *Wilmington* in 1804. Speaking of himself in the third person in the introduction the author says: "Unpractised in poetry in a great degree, he has ventured thereupon supposing it to be, in general, rather more taking, with youth, than prose; and though not the most flowery cast, it will, he hopes, answer the end."

"Now let the muse some incense bring,
As we the works of nature sing,"

is the way he begins, and below are extracts culled here and there from succeeding pages.

"America (our native) streams,
Shall first awhile become our themes,
Both lakes and rivers, great and small,
Which in th' Atlantic Ocean fall."

After naming the more important coast rivers, the book remarks—

“Now o’er these streams thus having
glanc’d,
And hastily, thus far advanc’d,
Not having left the sounding shore,
Next their main sources shall explore;
And on the wing which poets feign,
Soar to each mount, skim o’er the plain,
To find the little purling rill,
And which the largest rivers fill.

.
“One river, of enormous size,
To west of Mississippi lies. . . .
The river this call’d Missouri,
And tow’rd south-east its courses lie,
This river, from what I can see,
Can’t less than the Ohio be.”

Skipping to where the book is describing leading towns, we find these lines—

“An island is well known to fame,
Manhattan is this island’s name. . . .
On sou’west end New York doth stand,
Investing all that point of land. . . .
Not fully regular it’s plann’d,
Yet very elegant and grand. . . .
The streets present diversity,
And suited to conveniency,
The Broadway has still more of taste
Than any street in all the place. . . .
A street three-score and ten feet wide,
And gently rising from the tide,
Its edifices bold and grand,
Present themselves on either hand;
The most magnificent of all,
Known by the name of Fed’ral Hall,
For pleasantness, it is agreed,
And health, few places this exceed.
In summer come, on every side,
The cooling breezes from the tide,
For winter mildness few excel
This city, of same parallel.”

In the prose portion of the book are several curious “paradoxes.” Here is one of them.

“Three men went on a journey, in which, though their heads travelled 12 yards farther than their feet, all returned alive, with their heads on.”

The “Solution” explains that “If any person should travel round the globe, the space travelled by his head will exceed that his feet travelled” by about the number of yards mentioned.

The next geography from which I make selection is by Benjamin Davies. It was published in 1813. The first two paragraphs quoted, come under the heading “New Holland.” This was the accepted name of Australia until the middle of the nineteenth century. The Dutch discovered the continent in 1616, but its size and shape were only vaguely known until Captain Cook explored most of the coast in 1770.

“Some suppose that this extensive region, when more thoroughly investigated, will be found to consist of two, three or more vast islands, intersected by narrow seas.

“INHABITANTS. The black bushy beards of the men and the bone or reed which they thrust through the cartilage of the nose, gives them a disgusting appearance; which is not improved by the practice of rubbing fish oil into their skins as a protection from the air and moskitos; so that in hot weather the stench is intolerable. The women are marked by the loss of the two first joints of the little finger of the left hand; as they are supposed to be in the way when they coil their fishing lines.

“MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN THE UNITED STATES. Travellers have observed a want of urbanity, particularly in Philadelphia; and in all the capital cities, an eager pursuit of wealth, by adventurous speculations in commerce, by land-jobbing, banks, insurance offices, and lotteries. The multiplication of inns, taverns and dram shops, is an obvious national evil that calls loudly for legislative interference; for in no country are they more numerous or more universally baneful. Schools are spread everywhere through the well settled parts of the country, yet the domestic regulation of children and youth is not duly regarded.

“LANGUAGE. The English language is the general one of the union, and is cultivated

with great assiduity in all the principal cities and towns. All the classical authors in the English language have been reprinted in America, many of them have passed through several editions, some with great elegance and correctness.

"BOSTON is built in a very irregular manner, on a peninsula, at the bottom of Massachusetts bay.

"SOUTHERN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. The inquisitive traveller as he progresses southward no longer beholds so great a proportion of hardy, industrious, and healthy yeomanry, living on terms of equality and independence; their domestic economy neat and comfortable; their farms well stocked; and their cattle sleek and thriving. On the contrary he discovers the farmhouses more thinly scattered, some of them miserable hovels; the retreats of small proprietors, who are too indolent or too proud to labour; here and there a stack of corn-fodder, and the cattle looking as miserable as their owners. A few miles distant perhaps he finds a large mansion house, the property of the lord of two or three thousand acres of land, surrounded by 50 or 100 negro-huts, constructed in the slightest manner; and about these cabins swarms of black slaves. But it is just to observe that many of the gentry are distinguishable for their polished manners and education, as well as for their great hospitality to strangers."

Cummings' Geography, 1814, apologizes in its preface for adding another "to the number of Geographies, already so great as to obstruct, rather than promote improvement." This preface is very long, and is chiefly made up of directions "designed to assist teachers, who have had but imperfect, or no geographical instruction." It advises them to "let the pupils always set with their faces towards the north." Then with their maps before them they will be in proper position to get the points of the compass straight in their minds.

Early in the lessons we are informed that the "Alleghanies are in some places, immense masses of rocks, piled one above another in frightful precipices, till they reach the height of more than 10,000 feet above a level with the ocean." In reality not a peak reaches 7,000 feet.

During the previous decade Lewis and Clark had made their journey across the continent and we now find mention of the "Stony Mountains." It was a number of years before the name Rocky was substituted for Stony. On the maps they were sometimes labeled the Chippewan Mountains, and Workman's Geography in 1805, says the ranges "that lie west of the river St. Pierre, are called the Shining Mountains, from an infinite number of chrysal stones of an amazing size with which they are covered, and which when the sun shines full upon them, sparkle so as to be seen at a very great distance."

In the descriptions of the states, we learn from Cummings that the western part of Pennsylvania abounds with excellent coal, but we get no hint of its having any commercial importance. Indeed, coal mining as an industry did not begin until 1820. Before that time coal was in the same category as were petroleum and natural gas, which the book calls "curiosities."

Concerning the Andes in South America, we are told, "These amazing mountains, in comparison with which the Alps are but little hills, have fissures in some places a mile wide, and deep in proportion; and there are others that run under the ground, and resemble in extent a province."

When we come to Europe, we are

made to realize the intense cold of the Lapland winters by the statement that, "In attempting to drink the lips are frequently frozen to the cup." It is affirmed, too, that if there is a crust on the snow, "the Laplander travels with his reindeer in a sledge two or three hundred miles a day." Another queer bit is this about the roads in Belgium, or Flanders as it was then called. "They are generally a broad causeway, and run several miles in a straight line till they terminate in a view of some magnificent building." These views no doubt gave pleasure, but I think I should have preferred to have the roads continue.

Presently we find the following paragraph.

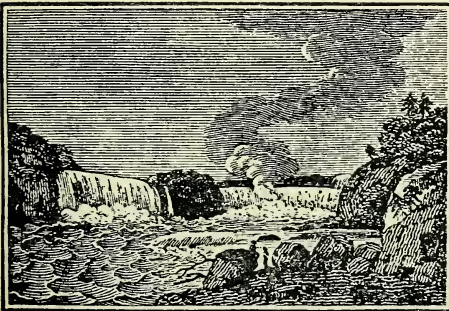
"In the ocean there are many dangerous whirlpools. That called the *Maelstrom*, upon the coast of Norway, is considered as the most dreadful and voracious in the world. A minute description of the internal parts is not to be expected, since none, who were there, ever returned to bring back information. The body of the waters, that form this whirlpool, is extended in a circle about thirteen miles in circumference. In the midst of this stands a rock against which the tide in its ebb is dashed with inconceivable fury. At this time it



Natural Bridge of Virginia.

Worcester's Geography, 1828

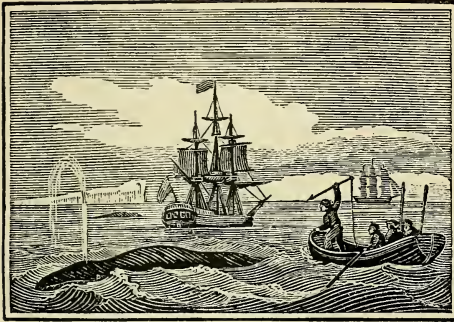
instantly swallows up everything that comes within the sphere of its violence. No skill in the mariner, nor strength of rowing, can work an escape; the vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid, it goes around in circles still narrower and narrower, till at last it is dashed against the rocks and instantly disappears. Nor is it seen again for six hours; till, the tide flowing, it is thrown forth with the same violence with which it was drawn in. The noise of this dreadful vortex still farther contributes to increase its terror, which, with the dashing of the waters, makes one of the most tremendous objects in nature."



Cataract of Niagara.

Worcester's Geography, 1828

In another geography of the period we learn that even "the bellowing struggles of the whale have not always redeemed him from the danger," and that "the bottom is full of craggy spires." "The real maelstrom is caused by the current of the Great



From Worcester's Geography, 1829

West Fiord rushing between two of the Loffoden Isles. Ordinarily it can be traversed without apprehension, but when the wind blows directly against the current, the sea around for several miles is violently agitated and extremely dangerous.

Adams' Geography, 1818, is divided into three parts—Part I, "Geographical Orthography," consisting of ten pages of names of states, rivers, towns, etc., to be used as spelling lessons; Part II, "A Grammar of Geography," fifty pages, being an epitome of main facts "to be committed to memory"; Part III, "A Description of the Earth," making up the body of the book, "to be read in classes." The first four excerpts are from Part II, the rest from Part III.

"A MOUNTAIN is a vast protuberance of the earth.

"Europe is distinguished for its learning, politeness, government, and laws; for the industry of its inhabitants, and the temperature of its climate.

"The *White Mountains* are the highest not only in New Hampshire, but in the United States.

"Switzerland is a small romantic country, lying upon the Alps, and is the high-

est spot in Europe. St. Gothard is the highest mountain.

"Navigation on the *Mississippi* is attended with many difficulties and dangers, from the sudden crooks and bends in the river, the falling in of its banks, and more especially from the SAWYERS, so called, which are trees whose roots have by some means become fastened to the bottom of the river, in such a manner, that, from the continual pressure of the current, they receive a regular vibratory motion from the resemblance of which to a saw-mill, they have derived their name. Their motion is sometimes very quick, and if they strike a boat, it is immediately upset or dashed to pieces. Vessels are from five to thirty days on their passage up to *New Orleans*, 87 miles; although with a favorable wind, they will sometimes descend in 12 hours. From *New Orleans* to *Natchez*, 310 miles, the voyage requires from 60 to 80 days. Ships rarely ascend above that place. It is navigable for boats, carrying about 40 tons, and rowed by 18 or 20 men to the falls of *St. Anthony*.

"The number of post-offices in the



PORTRAIT MEDAL PRESENTED "PETER PARLEY" BY THE AMERICANS IN PARIS

United States in 1811, was 2,403. The mail was carried 46,380 miles in stages, and 61,171 miles in sulkies and on horse-back.

"Several mineral springs break forth in different parts of the United States. The most celebrated are those of Saratoga and Ballstown in the state of New York. The latter place is much frequented by gay and fashionable people, as well as by invalids.

"Beer is the common drink of the inhabitants of *New York State*. The forests abound with bears, wolves, deer, and elks.

"Many of the towns and plantations in *Maine* are destitute of any settled minister. Missionaries sent among them have been very affectionately received.

"Water is brought to *Philadelphia* in a subterraneous canal, from the Schuylkill, and is then raised by steam 30 or 40 feet to a reservoir on the top of a circular edifice, from which it is distributed by bored logs to the different parts of the city.

"*Pittsburg* is supplied with foreign goods



"PETER PARLEY"

chiefly by land from Philadelphia and Baltimore. The price of waggon carriage this distance is from 5 to 6 dollars a hundred pounds weight. The number of inhabitants, in 1810, was 4,768."

A decade later, when Pittsburg had a population of seven thousand the geographies speak of it as "one of the greatest manufacturing towns in the Union."

I quote further from Adams, beginning with what he has to say of "the floating mills for grinding corn, which are frequently seen on the Ohio river."

"The mill is supported by two large canoes, with the wheel between them; this is moored wherever they can find the strongest current, nearest to the shore, by the force of which alone the mill is put in operation. It is floated up and down the river whenever a customer calls.

"The exports from *Ohio*, consisting of flour, corn, hemp, flax,

PETER PARLEY

Going to tell about Geography.



Take care there! take care boys! if you run against my toe,
I'll not tell you another story!

Frontispiece to Parley's Geography (1820)



Norwegian.
Parley's Geography, 1829

beef, pork, smoked hams of venison, whiskey, peach brandy, and lumber are mostly sent down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Those boats which descend with the produce rarely return, but on arriving at New Orleans, are taken to pieces and sold for lumber.

"*Cincinnati* is a pleasant, flourishing town. It contains about 3,000 inhabitants. In this town is fort Washington, which commences the chain of forts extending to the westward.

"*Detroit*, the capital of Michigan Territory, is a place of considerable trade, which

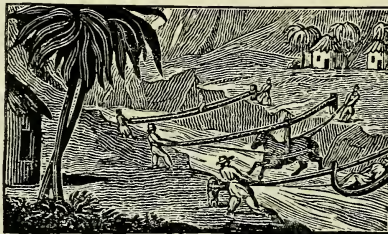


White Bear.
Olney's Geography, 1831

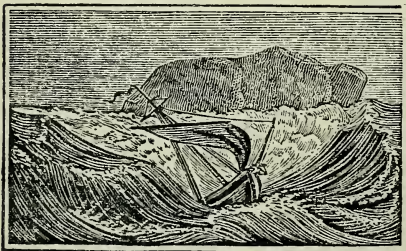
consists chiefly in a barter of coarse European goods with the natives for furs. The town is surrounded by a strong blockade, through which there are 4 gates. The streets are generally crowded with Indians in the day time; but at night they are all shut out of the town, except such as get admittance into private houses, and the gates are closed.

"*St. Louis*, the capital of the Territory of Louisiana, contains about 200 houses and is well fortified.

"The people of *Norway* are justly famed for honesty and industry, and retain their strength so long, that a Norwegian is not supposed incapable of labour, till he is upwards of 100



Bridges in Chili.
Woodbridge's Rudiments of Geography, 1829



The Maelstrom.
Olney's Geography, 1831



A Chinese selling Rats and Puppies for pies.
Parley's Geography, 1829

years old. The inhabitants in some of the interior parts it is said live till weary of life.

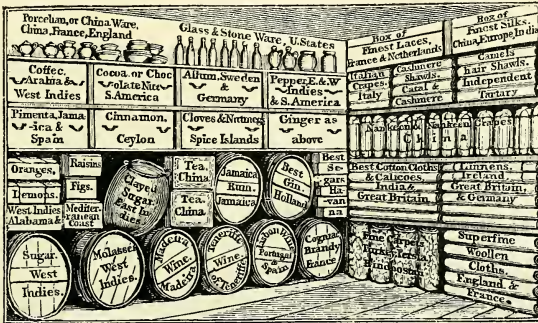
“In all the northern parts of *Russia* the winter cold is very terrible. Birds in the act of flying have sometimes been known to drop down dead from the atmosphere in consequence of it; drivers of carriages are frequently frozen to death upon their seats without being able to change their position. At Petersburg, only two months in the year are entirely free from snow.



Winter Scene in Canada.

“The *CONDOR* is undoubtedly the largest bird that pervades the air. When it alights on the ground, or rises from

“Among the animals peculiar to South America, the most extraordinary is the



Country Store, exhibiting the Productions of Various Countries.

Willard's Geography for Beginners, 1830

it, the noise it makes with its wings is such as to terrify and almost to deafen any one who happens to be near the place.

SLOTH, or as it was called by the way of derision, the swift *Petre*. It is about the size of an ordinary monkey, but of a most



People emigrating from Connecticut.

wretched appearance. It never stirs unless impelled by hunger; it is said to be several minutes in moving one of its legs. Every effort is attended with a most dismal cry. When this animal finds no wild fruits on the ground, he looks out with a great deal of pain for a tree well loaded, which he ascends moving and crying, and stopping by turns. At length, having mounted, he plucks off all the fruit and throws it on the ground, to save himself such another troublesome journey; and



Agents taking the Cow for Kent.

rather than be fatigued in coming down the tree, gathers himself in a bunch, and with a shriek drops to the ground."

A similar description of the sloth in Dwight's Geography includes the statement that, "It is so many days travelling from one tree to another, that it frequently grows lean during the journey."

Peter Parley's Method of Telling about Geography, 1829, was a thin, square little book with leather back and flexible pasteboard sides. For years it had an immense circulation. The style is simple and colloquial, there are numerous pictures and a variety of maps and diagrams. Perhaps the portion best remembered by those who studied the book is a rhymed review of the earlier lessons, beginning

"The world is round, and like a ball
Seems swinging in the air,
A sky extends around it all,
And stars are shining there."

Pains are taken to inculcate good morals and religion, and we find in treating of Asia considerable Bible history with appropriate comments. "This history," the author says, "is exceedingly interesting, and is all true. A great part of the history of almost all other nations is false; but the Bible tells us nothing but what is worthy of belief."

The Malte-Brun Geography, 1831, was also written by "Peter Parley," but the materials for the book were drawn chiefly from the large work by the noted

French geographer, whose name gives the book its title. Selections that show something of the character



Pilgrims landing at Plymouth

Goodrich's Geography, 1845



Nobles and Serfs of Russia.

of the book and of the times follow :

“Occasional bands of white hunters and trappers range the Missouri Territory for furs. Some of them extend their expeditions to the foot of the Rocky mountains, and some to the shores of the Pacific. The herds of buffaloes that are seen in this territory sometimes amount to 10,000 each.

When the herd is moving, the ground trembles, and the grumbling and bellowing of the multitude is heard for miles.

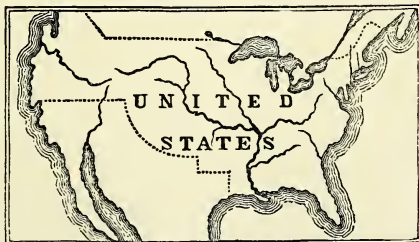
“It is probable that, ere long, roads will be cut across the Rocky mountains; that lines of stages will convey travellers from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific; that the borders of the latter ocean will be occupied by towns and villages; and that the immense valleys of the Missouri, the Arkansas and the Columbia, now given up to the dominion of savages and wild beasts, will present all the busy and varied scenes of a crowded population.



Battle of Lexington.

Mitchell's Geography, 1850

“Paris sets the fashions for Europe, and in some measure for America. An immense trade is here carried on in articles of dress. Every week the female fashions are changed, and every month there is a new cut for male attire.”



A Geography Map of 1847

From Woodbridge's Universal Geography, 1833, a large, thick volume for advanced scholars, I make this extract :

“In 1790 the extent of post-roads in the United States was only 1875 miles; in 1827, it was 105,336. The great roads are usually turnpikes constructed by the state or incorporated bodies and supported by tolls. New England, and the greater part of the Middle States, are intersected in every direction by roads, which are usually well constructed and in good repair.

“In the sandy, alluvial country of the Atlantic coast from New York to Florida, the roads are heavy, and not easily improved. The scattered state of population has prevented much attention to roads, in the states



Progress of Improvement.

Woodbridge's Geography, 1850

south of Maryland: and frequent impediments are presented by the want of bridges and causeways, over the streams and marshes.

"In the Western States, during the wet season, many roads are scarcely passable for wheel carriages. The travelling in these states is chiefly by steam boats, on their noble rivers. The small streams are so variable that most of them can be forded during the dry seasons, and bridges are rarely built. The banks are high and steep, and the difficulty of passage is often very great. During high water, many of the streams become impassable, and the traveller encounters serious dangers.

"The most important post-road in the United States is that which traverses the states on the Atlantic, a distance of 1,800 miles, passing through all the principal towns from Robbinstown in Maine to Florida.

"A plan has recently been invented for constructing roads with iron bars, or railways, on which the wheels of carriages run so easily that they may be drawn from 15 to 30 miles an hour, by means of locomotive steam engines."

Peter Parley, in one of his geographies published in 1837, says of the railroads:

"They are found so useful, that, for carrying passengers from one place to another, they have, on many routes, taken the place of stage-coaches. When the cars first began to run, it was amusing to see the astonishment of the horses and cattle, as the engines came snorting, smoking and

puffing over the road. You have heard of the rail road from Boston to Worcester. Near the latter place is an Insane Hospital, which commands a view of the road. When the first car came into Worcester, a crazy man was looking out of the window. 'Upon my word,' said he, 'that's a strange-looking beast and travels desperate fast for such a short-legged crittur.'"

Peter Parley's National Geography, 1845, was the earliest, I believe, to take the large, flat quarto shape. This form enabled it to include good-sized maps and do away with the necessity for a separate atlas; and in a few years the 12 mos. had been entirely abandoned. The chapters of the National Geography were enlivened with poetical introductions and there were occasional other verses. The following selection, the last I have to make from the geographies of our forefathers, is this jingle description of "a general custom of moving, in the city of New York, on the first of May."

"Bustle, bustle! Clear the way!
He moves, they move, we move, to-day;—
Pulling, hauling, fathers calling,
Mothers brawling, children squalling,
Coaxing, teasing, whimpering, prattling;
Pots, and pans and kettles rattling;
Tumbling bedsteads, flying bedspreads,
Broken chairs, and hollow wares,
Strew the streets—'Tis *moving* day!"

Alchemy

By Charlotte Becker

THE flower-stripped earth, bewailing summer's flight,
Lay brown and bare, where sad-faced autumn trod—
When lo! the pitying sun beheld her plight,
And dowered her with a wealth of golden-rod!



JOHN WISE'S HOUSE, ESSEX, 1703

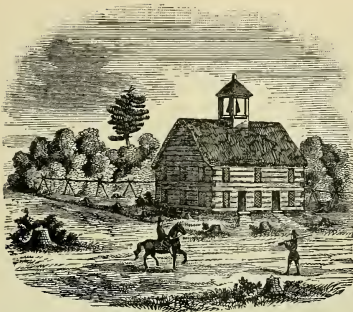
The Founder of American Democracy

By J. M. Mackaye

LIKE many great men in the annals of American history, John Wise was of lowly origin. His father, Joseph, came to New England as the serving man of a Dr. Alcock about 1635. These serving men, of whom many emigrated to the New World early in the seventeenth century, were too poor to pay the expense of the voyage across the Atlantic and who therefore pledged or mortgaged their services to some person better provided, in consideration of being transported to America and supported there until able to buy their liberty. Joseph Wise obtained his release from service in

1641 through the death of his master, and in December of that year married Mary Thompson and settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Thirteen children were born to them, of whom John was the fifth. He was baptized July 15th, O. S., 1652. The exact date of his birth is variously stated, but from the date of his baptism it was probably early in July of that year.

Little is known of his early life. He was brought up in Roxbury and attended the "Free Schoole" there, where, as we learn from an ancient document, instruction was to be had "in all scholasticall, morall and theologicall discipline." His pastor was



From Crowell's History of Essex, 1853

FIRST CHURCH, CHEBACCO PARISH

the famous Eliot, Apostle to the Indians, and the inspiration derived from early association with him may have determined the lad in the choice of a career. In 1669, at the age of seventeen, he entered Harvard College, at that time housed in a single dilapidated wooden building, including "a spacious Hall where they daily met at Commons, Lectures &c.,—and a large Library with some Bookes to it." There were about forty students in attendance in 1669, and one officer of instruction, the President, who performed all the functions of a Faculty of Arts and Sciences, with the aid of a few tutors selected from the post graduate department, then numbering a scant dozen. Social distinctions were rigorously observed and the students were seated in lecture hall, meeting house and commons, and helped at table in the order of their social rank. As his father had no social standing it is probable that John was placed in a position to thoroughly appreciate the injustice of an aristocratic system, and it has been conjectured that his love for democracy originated during this period.

In September, 1672, it is recorded that John Wise was one of a company who dined at the inn of Sam Gibson on an occasion of doubtful propriety. One Edward Pelham, a classmate, it seems supplied young Urian Oakes, the callow son of the President, with a "fowling peece" and directed him to "ye fence between ye Marshall's yard and Capt. Gookin's where sat a turkie and desired him to shoot yt wch he accordingly did." The bird thus feloniously procured was served by Gibson to Wise and his companions at a nocturnal banquet to which the authorities were not privy. The inn-keeper was subsequently fined for his part in the transaction, but history is silent as to the punishment of the students. Perhaps the college undertook their discipline in conformity with the methods then in vogue, when transgressors were compelled to kneel in public in the hall and accept corporal chastening at the hands of the President, who opened and closed the "exercises" with prayer.

Wise was graduated in 1673 and took his master's degree in 1675. In the interim he had preached at Branford, Connecticut, and in December, 1675, served as chaplain to a company who marched from thence against the Narragansetts during King Philip's War. After taking his master's degree he preached for two years in Hatfield, Connecticut, returning to Roxbury in 1678, where he married Abigail Gardner the same year.

Ipswich was at this time the second town in the colony, and its inhabitants were scattered over a wide area, including the present towns of Hamilton and Essex. To serve the spiritual need of the population but one church



PRESENT PARISH CHURCH, ERECTED 1792

was provided, and in order to attend divine service and the Thursday lecture the inhabitants of the more remote districts were compelled to traverse miles of forest infested by wolves and Indians. Dissatisfied with such conditions the residents of that part of the town known as Chebacco, comprising the present town of Essex, took preliminary steps in 1676 toward the establishment of a church and parish of their own, and in 1677 petitioned the General Court for the necessary permission. The petition was tabled, and the petitioners referred to the town, which had already refused to grant the desired separation, and on a second application refused a second time. After a good deal of fruitless negotiation the inhabitants of Chebac-

co in 1679 decided to erect a meeting house of their own, to be used, if circumstances permitted, as a place of public worship; and for that purpose assembled the timbers for the same and prepared to raise them. The authorities of the Ipswich church, however, obtained an order from the General Court restraining the men of Chebacco from raising the meeting house—what we should to-day call an injunction—and thus again brought the enterprise to a standstill. At this critical juncture, when the Chebacco people seemed so successfully thwarted, the women of the neighborhood by a little ingenuity circumvented the Ipswich church and the Great and General Court. Unknown to their husbands, Mrs. Varney, Mrs.



SITE OF THE FIRST PARSONAGE

Goodhue and Mrs. Martin, after a conference with other women of the neighborhood, set out on horseback through the woods for the adjacent towns of Gloucester and Manchester, and presenting the case to their friends in those towns, soon returned with a small army of men, not of Chebacco, and therefore not restrained by the injunction, who quickly raised the meeting house. The only punishment resulting from this bold act was that suffered doubtless by the baked punkin', Injun pudding, beans and hard cider of the well pleased and hospitable Chebacco folk, and this we may be sure was sufficiently severe.

It was to the independent and enterprising parish thus established that John Wise was recommended as pastor by the General Court, and in 1680 he began preaching at Chebacco. In 1683 he was formally ordained, his settlement consisting of an annual salary of £60, "one-third in money and two-thirds in grain at the current price, forty cords of oak wood by the year yearly and eight loads of salt hay." In addition they assigned to him ten acres of land and agreed to build him a house and barn, "the house

to be equal in every respect to Samuel Giddings' house." The last provision was later altered, and Wise in 1703 built his own house, still standing. From 1680 to 1703 he lived in a house, long since gone, which stood a little further to the south.

Four years after his ordination at Chebacco occurred an event which made Wise famous throughout the colony, and which alone entitles him to a place among those whose "eternal vigilance" during the colonial era was the price of liberty to their posterity. Sir Edmund Andros had been for two years and more the Governor of New England. The charters of the several colonies, under which they had for two generations practised self-government, had been abrogated by a characteristic act of the House of Stuart. Andros had already made himself obnoxious by his tyrannical conduct, and in the summer of 1687 he added to his malodorous reputation by arbitrarily levying a tax of a penny a pound on property holders indiscriminately. The people had no voice in the matter. A town meeting had been called in the town of Ipswich for August 23, O. S., 1687, to consider the appointment of

assessors to apportion the tax thus imposed. The night before the meeting Wise, with several others prominent in the town, attended a caucus at the house of John Appleton near the centre, and it was then decided that "it was not the Town's duty any way to assist that ill method of raising money without a General Assembly, which was apparently intended by Sir Edmund and his Council." The next day in town meeting Wise made a speech opposing the appointment of assessors for the purpose specified, in the course of which he gave emphatic expression to the sentiment that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and local tradition has it that on that occasion he not only expressed the sentiment but originated the phrase. As a result the meeting voted unanimously to appoint no assessors, thus setting an example of rebellion which was shortly followed by several other towns in the colony. For this act Wise, with five others, William Goodhue, Robert Kinsman, John Andrews, John Appleton and Thomas French, was lodged in jail at Boston, where he remained for three weeks awaiting trial. While there he demanded and was denied the right of habeas corpus in violation of the Eng-

lish constitution, was accused of "contempt and high misdemeanor," and found guilty by a packed jury, composed principally of aliens. As of interest to the student of comparative jurisprudence the following extract from the charge of Chief Justice Dudley to the jury may be worth quoting: "I am glad there be so many worthy gentlemen of the jury so capable of doing the King's service and we expect a good verdict from you, seeing the matter hath been so sufficiently proved against the criminals." At his trial Wise pleaded his privileges under Magna Charta, but the provisions of that instrument were construed as inoperative in America. According to an account of the trial later drawn up by Wise and sent with other charges against Andros to the home government, one of the judges asserted that "we (Wise and his fellow prisoners) must not think that the laws of England follow us to the ends of the earth," adding, "Mr. Wise, you have no more privileges left you than not to be sold as slaves," and no man in Council contradicted.

Wise was fined £50 and costs, was suspended from the ministry and compelled to furnish bonds in the sum of £1,000 for good behavior. The town



WISE'S TEN-ACRE LOT, GRANTED HIM BY THE PARISH IN 1682

of Ipswich, however, paid the fine, together with those imposed on his townsmen, and recompensed them for the expense they had incurred during their trial. It has been asserted that John Wise was the first man in America to thus maintain the just prerogatives of the people in defiance of government, but this is not strictly correct. George Phillips, an ancestor of Wendell Phillips, in 1632 protested against a somewhat similar assessment, though of a far less offensive character, levied on the citizens of Cambridge. Phillips, however, withdrew from his position, whereas Wise maintained his, justified it on legal and moral grounds and was perhaps the first prominent victim of those "ministerial tools" of whose misdeeds so much is to be found in Revolutionary annals.

The outcome of the affair had much of poetic justice in it. When in 1688 James II fled from London, his agent Andros attempted to escape from Boston, but was deposed by the people and sent a prisoner to England. Meanwhile Wise was chosen one of two delegates to represent the town of Ipswich at the convention called to reorganize the colony, and later he sued Justice Dudley for denying him the privilege of habeas corpus, and recovered damages. In his jealousy for the rights of the people and his tenacity in maintaining them is revealed an altitude of mind identical with that which characterized the men of '76.

The Andros incident was not the only one which proves Wise to have been an advocate and exemplar of the "strenuous life." He was as powerful physically as he was mentally. Tradi-

tion represents him as very tall and strongly built, of fine presence, combining affability with dignity. In his day he was famous as a wrestler. It is related that a Captain Chandler of Andover, himself a wrestler of local repute, hearing of the athletic parson, rode over on horseback to Chebacco to test his prowess. Wise at first reluctant to engage in such a contest with a stranger, eventually consented to try a bout and soon laid the confident Chandler on his back. That worthy not being satisfied he repeated the performance, finally depositing him on the other side of the wall, whereat the discomfited Captain scrambling to his feet remarked, that if Mr. Wise would hand his horse over after him, he would take himself home. The stone wall standing within the memory of those now living, in front of the present house, marked, according to tradition, the place of this incident, and its memory is still cherished by the old inhabitants. On another occasion several of his parishioners were captured by pirates, many of whom at that date infested the coast. The following Sunday he referred to his missing townsmen in his prayer, expressing the hope that if no other alternative was open, they would rise and slay their captors. Faith in the efficacy of prayer among his parishioners was much augmented the following day when the missing men returned and related that on the day preceding they had surprised the pirates, killed them and escaped, thus fulfilling the prophecy of their pastor's prayer almost at the moment of its utterance.

In 1721 when Cotton Mather—with whom Wise was not on good terms—

was making efforts to introduce inoculation to check the smallpox, the Chebacco parson was one of his few supporters, despite the fact that the public mind was so incensed against the innovators that a mob attempted to blow up Mather's house and made an ineffectual effort to hang Dr. Zabdiel Boylston, the only physician in Boston who dared advocate the unpopular practice. In 1690 Wise joined the expedition of Sir Wm. Phipps in the disastrous attempt to capture Quebec. Few reaped any honors in that adventure, but Wise, though present only in the capacity of chaplain, distinguished himself by "his Heroick Spirit and Martial Skill and Wisdom." In 1736 his son Henry was granted lands from the public domain in the present town of Winchendon in recognition of the services of his father in the expedition of 1690. It has been erroneously inferred that this was a special honor conferred by the state upon the memory of John Wise, but the records show the inference to be a mistake. Similar grants were made to all survivors of that campaign, or to the representatives of those deceased.

But it was during the witchcraft delusion of 1692 that Wise most conspicuously displayed his courage. The danger to those who advocated moderation and justice in the treatment of witches is well illustrated by a pamphlet issued in 1693 by Increase Mather, then President of Harvard College and a man with as little to fear from the superstition of the time as anyone in the colony. He endeavored to show in this pamphlet among other things that the so-called "Spectral Evidence" for the detection of witches,



Owned by D. B. Burnham, Essex

TABLE MADE BY WISE

including the trial by water, was not to be depended upon and he rested his demonstration upon proofs, "All considered according to the Scriptures, History, Experience and the Judgment of many Learned MEN." Mild as was the protest Mather deemed it safer to have it prefaced by a commendatory statement signed by fourteen "influential gentlemen" of whom Wise was one, for the purpose of disarming his critics and possible accusers. The opening sentence of this statement gives evidence of the inflamed state of the public mind: "So Odious and Abomnable is the Name of a witch to the Civilized, much more the Religious part of mankind, that it is apt to grow up into a Scandal for any so much as to enter some sober cautions against the over hasty suspecting, or too precipitant Judging of Persons on this account." Despite the danger implied in such conditions when anyone speaking a word in favor of a witch made himself an object of suspicion, Wise, with several of his parishioners signed an address to the



WISE'S GRAVE, OLD BURYING GROUND, ESSEX

General Court in behalf of John Proctor, a former neighbor and at that time in Salem jail, convicted of witchcraft and awaiting execution. The address was unavailing and Proctor was hanged; but in 1703 another address signed by him, urging that the attainders attaching to the families of those convicted during the delusion be removed, and declaring that "there is great reason to fear that innocent persons suffered, and that God may have a controversy with the land upon that account" was more successful. An act was passed to the effect that "the several convictions, judgments and attainders be and hereby are reversed and declared to be null and void." Upham in his "History of the Salem Witchcraft" says of Wise—"He had a free spirit and was perhaps the only minister in the neighborhood or country who was discerning enough to see the erroneousness of the proceedings from the beginning."

The service for which Wise should be held in veneration by posterity was

however not rendered till the latter part of his life. It consisted in the contribution made by him to the theory of church and civil government. The occasion which led to his discussion of these subjects arose from certain proposals made by an association of ministers in Boston. The principle of Congregational Church government involves, as is well known, a very high degree of independence among the several churches and this was as true in the 18th century as it is in the 20th; but in the early part of the former, owing to a somewhat chaotic condition prevailing among the churches of that denomination, and due perhaps in part to their independence, a movement was begun in Boston to restrict their freedom in certain particulars. Led by the Mathers, then potent factors in New England social and ecclesiastical life, a council met at Boston in 1705 and drew up sixteen proposals which were submitted to the various churches for their consideration. The proposals in substance, contemplated a change in the form of church government and placed the control of many matters formerly determined by the separate parishes in the hands of certain councils which were to decide all doubtful points and settle all disputes. Wise read these proposals and although highly disapproving of them as of "something which smells very strong of the Infallible chair" and as containing doctrine subversive of democratic principles, he made no protest at the time, believing that they could command little support. In 1708, however, the colony of Connecticut adopted measures very similar to those contained in the proposals and Wise, seeing the

danger, undertook to check the further spread of the apostasy. He was completely successful. In 1710 appeared a pamphlet from his pen entitled "The Churches' Quarrel Espoused" in which he took vigorous issue with the authors of the proposals using both exhortation and satire to emphasize his views. Satire was an unusual weapon for a minister to wield in that austere age, but in Wise's hands it proved so effective as to bring to a halt the campaign of the Mathers, and when in 1717 he published a second pamphlet, "A Vindication of the Government of New England Churches" he established the foundations of Congregationalism so firmly that they have since remained in all essential respects unshaken. The principles of church government laid down by him in the two essays mentioned have indeed been accepted by the law courts of this country as embodying the authoritative doctrine of the Congregational Church. It is, however, upon the theorems contained in his second essay that his claim as the founder of American democracy must principally rest. The essay marks him as the earliest political philosopher in America and in it the sentiments of the Declaration of Independence are expressed in language as clear and as strong as in that of Jefferson's famous document. Written sixty years before the Declaration and a generation before the essays of Hume and Montesquieu discussed the grounds of civil government, the views which he so boldly set forth were shared perhaps by Locke and Pufendorf alone among the thinkers of the age, and neither of these philosophers anticipated the spirit or justified the armed resistance of the

Revolution as did Wise. What vital principle is to be found in the Declaration of Independence which is not involved in the following extracts from Wise's argument for free government drawn "from the Light of Nature"?

"All men are born free, and nature having set all men upon a level and made them equals, no servitude or subjection can be conceived without inequality."

"The first human subject and original of civil power is the people."

"When the subject of sovereign power is quite extinct that power returns to the people again, and when they are free they may set up what species of government they please."

"The formal reason of government is the will of the community."

"A civil state is a compound moral person . . . whose will is the will of all."

"The end of all good government is to cultivate humanity and promote the happiness of all and the good of every man in his rights, his life, liberty, estate, honor, etc., without injury or abuse done to any."

Though Wise was the first man in America to express such views so potent in the history of the continent, and probably the first in the world to so clearly express them, his name and his services have been consigned to oblivion by the historians of Democracy. In a speech delivered in New York on Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12th, 1903, the Hon. George S. Boutwell is quoted as saying: "Jefferson has left five immortal words not before bound together in one phrase: 'All men are created equal.'" It will be noticed by reference to the first extract quoted above that Wise uttered this exact sentiment, though not in terms so concise, twenty-six years before Jefferson was born. The difference between the assertion that "All

men are created equal" and that "nature" has "set all men upon a level and made them equals" is one merely of words, and hence unless Jefferson's contribution was one to rhetoric only, Wise as the originator of the dictum is entitled to the credit which the world unites in bestowing upon Jefferson. Moreover it should not be forgotten that in Wise's day such an utterance was far more original and divergent from the prevailing views than in 1776. To be sure, faith in the doctrines of natural inequality, such as the divine right of Kings, had been somewhat shaken as early as the time of Wise, but the idea of the special prerogatives of royalty had but given place in the popular mind to the special privileges of Englishmen; whereas by the time of the Revolution the mental horizon of America had become illuminated by the deeper doctrines of "The Rights of Man." Wise anticipated those doctrines, and, as one on a mountain peak, perceived the light while his generation remained in shadow, but like previous prophets of a coming age his services have passed from the memory of men. Commenting on this neglect Prof. Moses Coit Tyler says:

"It is an illustration of the caprice which everywhere prevails in the domain of the Goddess Fame that the one American who, upon the whole, was the most powerful and brilliant prose writer in this country during the colonial time, and who in his day enjoyed a sovereign reputation in New England, should have passed since then into utter obscurity, while several of his contemporaries . . . who were far inferior to him in genius, have names that are still resounding in our memories."

That Wise's work was an important

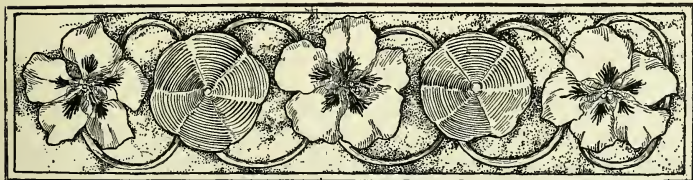
factor in moulding public opinion in the days immediately preceding the Revolution is clearly brought out by the fact that two editions of his essays of five hundred copies each were published in 1772, of which it has been calculated that two hundred and forty-nine were subscribed for in Boston and the surrounding towns, the very hot-bed of sedition. In fact the work was a sort of text book of liberty to the patriots of the time, as indeed it was the obvious intention of those who caused its republication that it should be. Among the subscribers to the editions of 1772 were John Scollay, a leader of the Boston Tea Party; Ebenezer Dorr, messenger of the Committee of Safety, who on the night of April 18th, 1775, crossed Boston Neck and carried the alarm to Cambridge, while Paul Revere was riding to Lexington; Col. James Barrett, commander of the Americans at the Battle of Concord, and Rev. Edward Emerson of Concord, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and one of the leaders in the battle; Timothy Pickering of Salem, afterwards Adjutant General of the Continental Army and Secretary of State under Washington; Artemus Ward of Shrewsbury, first Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary forces; besides many members of the Provincial Congress of 1775. While the names of Adams, Hancock, Warren, Otis and other prominent leaders of the time are absent from the list of subscribers it is probable that Wise's work was familiar to them through their friendship with those who subscribed. It was the evident purpose of many of the subscribers to thus supply their friends interested in the cause, for three—

Wm. Dawes of Boston, Ephraim Fairbank of Bolton and Peter Jayne of Marblehead—took one hundred copies each, and many others took from six to thirty-six apiece. Dawes indeed was associated with the famous Boston leaders in their work. He was with Paul Revere at Lexington and was captured with him while attempting to carry the news of the British approach to Concord.

John Wise died in his seventy-third year on the 8th of April, 1725, at his home in Chebacco. On his death-bed he said to his son-in-law, John White of Gloucester, "I have been a man of contention, but the state of the churches made it necessary. Upon the most serious review I can say I have fought a good Fight: and I have comfort in reflecting upon the same: I am conscious to myself that I have acted sincerely."

Had he not been a man of contention the history of the American nation would doubtless have been different. Not that its essential features

would have been altered; they were determined by the character of the people of Colonial times of whom Wise was himself a noble type; but there can be little doubt that through the confidence inspired in the Revolutionary leaders by his work and the sanction it accorded their deeds, he was a critical factor in determining the time and place of the commencement of the struggle for the liberation of the colonies, and in that determination the history of the Revolution and perhaps its immediate issue were involved. Though John Wise's deeds have been all but forgotten by his posterity, and his services but obscurely recorded, his character and achievements may none the less be cherished by Americans as a product of the same land and stock of which they are products, and his grave in the old burial ground at Essex may be invested with the veneration accorded to those which hold the dust of America's more conspicuous, but not more worthy sons.



For the Resurrection

By Dora Loomis Hastings

“**W**HERE’VE you been all these years?” said Letty, shaking a reproachful finger at the coin. If, to her child’s fancy, the least shadow of a smile had come upon its discolored face, she would have stamped upon it without hesitation.

It was in a cornfield. There were pumpkin vines creeping about the feet of the corn, their great yellow blossoms and balls of fruit quite as æsthetic in value as full of promise for the harvest to come. Letty seated herself on one of the largest pumpkins at hand, but gently, so that she might not disturb the balance of the forces of its growth. She was still but a fairy for weight, her slender stem of body topped by a dark wide face almost as large in proportion as a flower to its stalk. Her head drooped now as she stared at the five-dollar gold piece, and she propped it on one side by a hand that rested on her knee.

It was an afternoon in late August, when the tide of the summer had reached its height. The colors of the year were rich and mellow, the lush greens of spring had ripened, and the brilliant glow of autumn’s decay had not crept in. There was rest in the very sunlight, as if the summer had paused to feast upon its own beauty before the hand

of the spoiler should come. Letty had fallen under the influence of the day, though like one who listens to exquisite sound that brings him no thought; it had simply stilled her senses and filled her heart with a joy quite unmixed with any consciousness of its cause. She had lain for a half hour on the rowen at the border of the cornfield, quite content to drift along on the clouds, slow sailing above, and thin as if they were flecks of foam, till by chance, glancing at a stone in the field, she had spied a tiny black rim of something just outlined at its edge. On being drawn from its hiding place it had proved to be a coin. After a minute’s testing of size and weight, Letty had dropped it as if some evil unseen fire had set it glowing. “Oh, my!” she had exclaimed three times before she had begun to talk to it as an unrepentant culprit brought to justice. Now from her seat of state she went on.

“Did you hide of yourself? Did you put out little feet that we can’t see and crawl into the ground? Or did some wicked Brownie pick you up and tuck you under a stone, and afterwards sit on the fence and watch and laugh when Guy Dreer hunted, and hunted, and *hunted?*” continued Letty, her voice walking up the ladder of the “*hunted*” with crescendo effect. “Or,” she said in

a more solemn tone, "was it in that cave somewhere up above that mother tells about, where the good angels and bad angels meet, and did one of the bad ones make you and show you, and say you were worth the whole of a man's heart? 'Only a poor crazy heart,' said one of the good ones." Letty's big imagination-fed eyes dilated at the picture she had wrought.

The story of the coin was one of the unwritten tragedies of the village. Guy Dreer had lost it in that field when a boy, and, bitterly and strangely unreconciled to its loss, had searched for it under sun, star and moonlight at intervals during more than two score years.

"There's Guy," people said, when on passing they saw his down-bent figure shuffling about the field. "He's got a spell of huntin' on."

"It's something more than money he's hunting for," said a man once in reply; "It was just gold at the start, but now it's the peace of his soul. I can't explain—it's queer, but it's true. You'll see him there hunting just before some trouble's coming—like a barometer of evil—a death, or pest, or awful storm. He was mooning there days before the river rose last spring. The foreshadowing of evil is the price he's been paid for the peace of his soul. Every man is bound to get something, no matter how poor a soul he's got to sell. Ask Parson Curtin what he thinks."

Some one asked Parson Curtin, but his mind was much occupied just then with a sermon that was to set forth and establish forever in Dillingwood the meaning of the Hebrew

sheol, whether merely the darkness of the unknown, or darkness with attributes of pain and despair, and it could not be diverted from its great task. As a result of the remark about "the peace," however, the young people held a meeting, where each one was asked for a secret contribution in the interest of Guy Dreer. A five-dollar gold piece was obtained, discolored and laid cunningly in his way in the cornfield. "He'll find it," they said, "and quiet down, perhaps." It was wearisome enough to see him, a very omen of evil, on a gray bleak day, when sky and wind seemed to be conspiring with the spiritual elements of grief and disappointment to make one glad of the inevitable grave that waits him somewhere open mouthed—wearisome enough to see Guy Dreer hunting miserably for a wretched coin that he would never find. No reasoning would persuade him to desist. "The ploughshare'll turn it up some day," he said obstinately, in reply to argument or entreaty. Perhaps this other coin would satisfy his passionate hunger for the lost gold. He found it duly, but those who were hidden in the corn near by, expecting to hear him cry out with surprise and joy, were disappointed. After a while they skulked along the field to the road, and feigning an accidental passing, called out to him to know what he had found.

"It's a five-dollar gold piece," said Guy huskily, "but it ain't mine."

"An' sure enough," as Uncle Ben Bean said in telling the story, "in some mysterious way the creetur

knew it wa'n't his, and kep' on huntin'."

Letty's own mother had told her that when he was dying he had cried out that the world had robbed him; and, she had added solemnly, he had gone to his Maker "with that charge upon his lips."

It was not strange that Letty sat in the cornfield that August day brooding over the stories of Guy Dreer and staring at the recreant coin, while the sun slowly westered and there came even a hint of shadow in the atmosphere. She sprang up hurriedly then. Her afternoon's leisure was almost over. She had already left her mother too long. Letty was only eleven, and, even in a country where people have incorporated the gospel of work into their creed, was entitled to immunity from hard service and care; but her mother had been an invalid for years, and from her "mattress grave" had, unwillingly enough, been compelled to train Letty almost from babyhood to the work of the house. Mrs. Payne had tried to comfort herself as best she might. They were alone in the world, the two of them, and she knew that the limit of her own life was set somewhere within the next score of years.

"She'll have to work then," thought the mother—their livelihood was hardly more than a cottage, a few acres of land and a widow's pension—"and the breaking-in will be a hard one. Better now, when there's love to make it easier."

She had tried to make an entertainment of drudgery. "Letty'll be contented all day making sticks and

pebbles talk," she thought. "It's the satisfied imagination that makes her happy. I'll see if I can't coax it to play about the work." Thereon ensued many a story and game. The cups and plates of their simple menage, mere dead matter heretofore, were invested with life and the gift of speech, and told many a story in payment for the work of little hands. Their repertory was varied, sometimes simple as the mother's fancy at its lowest ebb, sometimes enriched by a psychic grace and charm borrowed from the great Hans Andersen. Letty listened greedily to these entertainers, as also to the broom, which, vivified and christened "Brown Annie," was made to tell endless stories of field and wood. There was the story of the trillium and how the flowers had tried it for being "too red to be honest," and how on one strange day the sunlight had cried, and how once upon a time by mistake a violet had been given half a beating heart, and how it had won the other half and been transformed into a child, and that child's story, and all the rest. The uses of the needle were also made servitors of the higher uses of the imagination. The work even then was distasteful and wearisome; but when Letty had stolen to her mother's side, her eyes heavy with unshed tears, Mrs. Payne had kissed the tired, dirty little hands, and told other tales, till the child's fancy had proved healing to her weariness, like the magic bath of the old folk-lore. The girl had paid the price. Imagination had outrun plodding reason, and she had lived among shadows and preferred unseen playmates.

Still time would correct that error, Mrs. Payne trusted—the deed would displace the dream—and meanwhile she had learned the lessons of which her future stood in need.

The first faint gray in the air was like a distant warning bell to Letty. She rose, and catching up the coin, dropped it in her pocket and hurried on through the corn to the road. She was just turning into the yard at home when she saw Uncle Ben Bean sitting in the shade of an elm near his door. The two houses were neighboring. Letty stopped to look rather wistfully toward Uncle Ben. Letty and he were great cronies. Uncle Ben knew the stories of three generations, and as age had incapacitated him as far as work was concerned, and his chief occupation was to sit in the shade or hoe a little in his garden in summer and sit by the fire in winter, the telling of his stories had come to be sweeter than honey in the honeycomb. Other people, however, were usually too busy to listen, and as he had no audience-compelling eye like that of the Ancient Mariner, he often went dimly for weeks without a hearer. It was a happy morning for him when Letty, who had regarded him shyly for a long time from her own place of abode, ventured over within reach of his voice. In the course of the hour she had curled up at his side, her rapt face the most delicious flattery that a story teller could wish. A few words to Letty were like the smoke that rose from the fire made by the wicked magician when he was beguiling Aladdin—they created a new country, and Letty wandered there as free from

the insistent memory that drags us back to time and self as if she had laid away her identity like a garment. There was hardly a day now when she did not find an hour to spend with Uncle Ben. He had missed her sorely that afternoon, and hailed her eagerly.

"Where've you been?" he demanded, bending toward her his keen humorous eyes, set in a face almost as wrinkled as an overbaked apple.

"Over to Mrs. Eldridge's," replied Letty. "I went to ask her to come over to tea to-morrow. Mother wants to have her."

"Is she comin'?"

"Maybe; she thought she would if Hattie didn't come home with her three children—she's some expecting her."

"H'm!" said Uncle Ben. That was his usual comment upon news of all sorts.

"I came 'cross lots through the corn."

"I saw you."

"Where Guy Dreer lost that good piece." Letty had determined not to tell Uncle Ben of her discovery until she had thought it over carefully, but she wanted to make him talk.

"Yes, yes," he said meditatively; "yes, yes."

"He's been dead a long time now," remarked Letty, as if the quality of being dead was intensified by time.

"Not so very—not so very. Let me see; when was it he died? It was when Cass was runnin' for President."

"Cass?" repeated Letty interrogatively.

"Yes. It ain't possible you never heard of Lewis Cass?"

"No, I never did," replied Letty, reddening.

"Jiminy!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, quite unaware that he was swearing by two pagan deities at once, "What's the world a-comin' to? People'll be forgettin' Columbus before long!"

"But Guy Dreer," insisted Letty, rather sensitive about such an exposure of ignorance.

"He was a queer ticket," said Uncle Ben. "Whenever it was he died, I guess a teaspoon would hold all the tears that was shed for him. I used to hear him moanin' on sometimes about that money, and layin' it out in things in his mind, like lumber and shingles and such. Says he, 'There's most a half a thousand of hemlock that ought to be mine somewhere, an' I shall never get it.' I told Sile Hoppin, an' he said he guessed it was the minister's fee that Guy had lost, an' that's why he never could get married." Uncle Ben paused to laugh.

"What if somebody found the money?" asked Letty, hesitating.

"What if they did?" retorted Uncle Ben. "I guess not. But if it ever should happen, the one that gets it had better look out—come dark."

"Why?" asked Letty, her face paling.

"Because Guy might be after it. It would draw him out of Heaven, I should think—if he's there," he added dryly.

"Oh!" said Letty, her hands shaking slightly on the fence. "I wonder! Such things don't really and

truly happen, do they, Uncle Ben?" she pleaded. "Honor bright, now, do they?"

"Well," said Uncle Ben, with a rising inflection, "there was a man over in Derwent that died. He had a silver spoon that he'd had all his life, and thought a lot of—and—it went away," said Uncle Ben with ominous emphasis.

"Oh!" exclaimed Letty hurriedly.

"But I don't believe in 'em myself. I never see one. Never credit one unless you can put your finger on him and feel he ain't there. That's my idea. And no matter what you hear or think, don't get scared; you can keep 'em off that way if any way."

"Oh!" exclaimed Letty again, as if a little out of breath. "I guess I must go in now and get supper." She did not wait for Uncle Ben's last injunction not to get scared, but it followed her as she went toward the house.

Mrs. Payne was lying on the sofa as Letty had left her, her book and sewing laid aside now in the coming twilight. Letty ran into the room quickly, but quietly, to her mother's side, where she leaned to kiss the tip of her mother's slipper. These kisses falling on such unexpected places were Letty's jests, and, as usual, the two people clung to each other a minute and laughed like schoolgirls.

"I've been gone so long," said Letty repentantly, after she had reported the success of her errand. "I didn't mean to be. I'll make a fire and get supper now." She went into the kitchen and busied herself about her work, but her thought

went constantly toward that treasure-trove in her pocket. "I won't tell mother," she said to herself. "It might worry her. She might—expect him—who knows?" and Letty cast a look of terror toward the deepening shade of the trees. When she had carried in the tray to her mother, she did not stay and chatter, as was her wont, but returned to the kitchen. She went to a window and, her cheek against a pane, stared toward the sky. The sight was too suggestive. She turned away trembling.

"If he should come he'd have to put his hand in my pocket," she thought. "Oh, my! I couldn't even bear to have him come into the house. What shall I do?"

She drew the money out of her pocket, and after a minute's deliberation hurried stealthily from the house. She ran to an apple tree. It was an easy tree to climb, as she knew by trial, and up near the top was an empty bird's nest; a pair of kingbirds had built there the summer before. Letty mounted the tree with a quick sure step, found the empty nest, and put the gold piece therein in haste, as if she feared a cold hand might seize it while it was still in her own. She started to descend, but went back and broke away some branches that overtopped the nest. Above the treasure should be a clear unbroken sky. He could not fail to notice then if so be he was watching. When she had regained the house she found her mother still busy with her chocolate and wafers, and quite unobservant of her own doings.

Letty got some paper and

after long and earnest thought wrote thereon:

MR. GUY DREER.

Dear Sir; I found it in the corn. It was under a stone. If you are up there and see it, you can come down and get it.

Yours respectfully,

LETTY MAY PAYNE.

She folded the paper neatly, wrote "Mr. Guy Dreer" on the outside, and, after some hesitation, "Angel" in the lower left-hand corner, went out to the apple tree again, and, climbing, put it in the nest.

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly when she was again on the ground. A great burden of responsibility and fear had been lifted from her mind. She sang as she went on with her work or prattled to her mother, who lay in the hush of the rest-bringing night and was as glad as if an unseen healing hand had been laid on her weary head.

When morning came Letty woke early, and seeing her mother still asleep, dressed and slipped noiselessly from the room. She went out to the apple tree again to see if he had come and taken away his own. The gold piece was still in the nest. Her face fell at the sight of it. She wondered why he had not come. Could it be that he was not allowed to stray so far away, or was he sleeping still? How could there be a resurrection and a judgment day unless people slept till then? Her meditations were broken by the sound of a hoe, and looking across the yard she saw Uncle Ben pottering about in his garden. She descended quickly and went to the partition fence.

"Uncle Ben!" she called. "What do you think? Do you think they fly about in the air right off, or do you think they sleep awhile?"

Uncle Ben stared. "What is the child talkin' about?" he said.

"Spirits—folks that are buried," she explained. "Do you think they are let out to run around, as you told of yesterday, or do you think they are put to sleep till they hear a horn?"

Uncle Ben cut off a piece from a cake of tobacco, and went on to chew that delicious morsel and the cud of thought together.

"I d'know, Letty," he said at length. "It's a trifle confusin'—confusin'. There's the 'To-day thou shalt be with me,' that the Lord said to the thief, and then again Paul says positive, 'The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised.' Sometimes seems to me as if there must be a different chronology up there, not havin' any sun or moon to go by. Maybe it's a different kind of a revolution they reckon on. Maybe they all sleep, an' think it's been only a night's rest when they hear the call to rise. Perhaps that's the way."

"Do you suppose they're all happy when they wake? Guy Dreer, now? It says on his gravestone, 'In the hope of a blessed resurrection.' Do you suppose it will come true?"

Uncle Ben shook his head. "They say the streets are paved with it there, but it wouldn't any of it be that particular bit he lost. I can't tell—it's puzzlin'."

"So it is," said Letty, withdraw-

ing toward the house, for she heard her mother calling.

At dusk that evening, when Mrs. Payne, wearied by the afternoon's unusual excitement—for Mrs. Eldridge had come early and stayed late—had fallen asleep, Letty left the house and stole rapidly down the road. When she reached the cemetery she stopped, and with some fluttering of heart stepped into that consecrated place. She was very familiar with it, for she had often wandered there when she had gone to visit the stone that marked no grave, but told how her soldier father had died at Shiloh. On Decoration Day it was her pride to wrap the great silk flag that one of his comrades had sent them about the stone. She went straight to her objective point between Leander Sands and "Melicent, his wife," and little Anise Eames, "gathered in"—Guy Dreer's neglected grave. Standing there, she made out as well as she could—it was a grewsome reckoning—where his right hand would lie. She knelt, cut away a bit of turf, and with a trowel that she had brought dug down into the soil as far as she could reach. She placed the coin in the narrow shaft and put back the earth and turf.

"There!" she thought, when all was done. "He'll find it when he wakes; and maybe his resurrection'll be a blessed one, after all."

Then she fled across the darkening enclosure, as if the very shadows had come to life and were following close upon her heels.

When Grace Was Given

By George Austin Barnes

"A N' Zibe said there was as many as three thousand people on the grounds yesterday; an' I bet there was more'n that." June Hull paused in his recital to allow his listeners to grasp the magnitude of his assertion, and then continued, "Mr. Bedo preached in the evenin', an' the mourners' bench was crowded, an' nine found grace. They stayed up till after midnight wrastlin' with old man Otto, but he got through finally. The Spirit is with them surely."

The evening breeze moved the tree tops gently, and from the barn came the sounds of rattling trace chains and lowing cattle. An overgrown boy swung on the gate, and the squeak of the hinges and clank of the chain and ball blended with the other sounds and became a part of the twilight. From the woods echoed the distant report of a gun.

"I ain't questionin' the ways of Providence," said Mrs. Fout, contentiously, drawing her chair forward into the doorway, "but it does seem to me that the ones would be reached who need it most, if it's the Spirit that's with them. Now, there's them three Jackson boys, the most shiftless, no-account boys that ever lived; never workin', but just movin' up an' down the country, swearin', an' drinkin', an' fightin'. Never a pleasant Sunday

but you hear them in the woods an' along the crick, huntin' an' fishin'. Why don't the Spirit strive with them, instead of lettin' them go on in their sin, leadin' other boys into bad ways? They've tried to coax Norval away with them more than once. But Norval knows better than to go traipsin' around the country with them boys; and besides he knows I think fishin' is a sinful waste of time. Norval is too well brought up to do anything I don't believe in," she concluded, with evident pride.

June turned to the husband and winked meaningly, but an uxorious fealty prevented Mr. Fout from participating in the joke. Mrs. Fout's methods in the upbringing of her son were matters of common comment and ridicule among her neighbors. It was asserted by her critics that the boy would never amount to anything under her system of coercion and suppression; but she met all such cavillers with the retort that he was her only child and should be brought up according to her own lights. "He ain't never made me any trouble, because he knows it ain't best for him to do anything I tell him not to. If parents would do their duty by their children, the country wouldn't be full of godless, disrespectful young ones. There ain't another child in this state like Nor-

val, and he'll live to see the day he'll thank me for settin' him right."

It was only another way of saying that she thanked God that her son was not like other children, and she was not like other mothers, and, considering her constant claim to exact orthodoxy, she took an inconsistent pride in holding Norval and her superior wisdom up to the gaze of her neighbors. Whenever a youth or man of the community went wrong she placed the blame, not with the individual, but with the parental system that had made such a moral lapse possible. "Do you think," she said once, when the mother of a prodigal greeted her son with open arms, "that I could ever forgive Norval if he should be like that boy?—if such a thing was possible. Never! It wouldn't make any difference if he was on his dyin' bed, I couldn't do it. I should always see the stain of sin on his brow and smell the odor of liquor on his lips."

June moved his chair and coughed exasperatingly. He was the only person in the locality who dared to openly affront Mrs. Fout. "It is the Lord's work," he repeated dogmatically.

"If it's the Lord's work, let Him go after them that needs His Spirit most," Mrs. Fout retorted with asperity.

June held up a warning finger. "Don't question the Spirit, Mis' Fout. When the grain is ripe it'll be harvested."

"It'll be harvested by Satan before long, then."

June made no reply for a mo-

ment. "Well, it's the Lord's work, surely, by His chosen people," he repeated stubbornly.

"The Methodists ain't any more His chosen people than the Presbyterians or any one else," retorted Mrs. Fout combatively. "Shoutin' your prayers ain't goin' to get you to heaven any quicker than prayin' by yourself."

"Mebby not, mebby not; but there's more heart in 'em," responded June. Then, with an attempt at mollification, feeling that he had sufficiently irritated her, he said, "Zibe's folks are all goin' over on Sunday and I'm goin' with them. You'd better go, Robert," turning to Mr. Fout, who sat silently on the steps, his open knife in one hand and a whittled stick in the other. "It's goin' to be the biggest day of the meetin' an' the whole country'll be there. You can start early an' take your dinner with you, eat in the woods an' drive home in the evenin', when it's cool."

Mr. Fout shut and pocketed his knife. "I don't care much to make a holiday of the Sabbath, even if 'tis to go to camp meetin'," he said.

"Well, now I'd just like to go an' see what sort of carryin'-ons they have," said his wife. "If we stay at home, you'll go traipsin' over to some of the neighbors to whittle an' talk all afternoon; an' I haven't been anywhere for months. I just believe we'd better go. I'll set out a cold bite for the men, an' we can take Norval with us."

With a wisdom born of experience, Mr. Fout made no reply, but commenced to lay his plans for the enforced absence. June, satisfied

that, despite her scoffing, Mrs. Fout's curiosity had overcome her antagonism to the sect in which he was a lukewarm convert, lapsed into silence.

Deprived of June's argument and meeting no opposition to her plan from her husband, Mrs. Fout turned to the boy, who had abandoned the gate and was walking unsteadily along the top board of the fence.

"Norval Fout! you come right in here this minute," she cried. "What d'you mean by such actions anyhow? You'll tear your clothes next thing you know. Why can't you behave like you ought?"

Startled by her voice, the boy with difficulty retained his equilibrium.

"I ain't doin' nothin', ma. Why can't I—"

"You come right in here. It's time you was in bed, anyhow."

The boy climbed down and came slowly up the path. Long experience had taught him the futility of rebellion or argument, but in his slouching gait and lowering eyes was reflected a spirit that some day would overthrow his mother's restraint and dominion forever.

The intervening days were full of work and planning for Mrs. Fout, of placid acquiescence for her husband, and of eager anticipation for Norval. Holidays were rare, and the farmers and their families often longed for the companionship and excitement of a crowd. To Norval it was the long desired opportunity to witness something of the glories of the great outside world from which he had been withheld for so

long. Never again would the other boys be able to twit him on his ignorance of the world and the subjection that deprived him of even the joys of a picnic or play party.

Day was just breaking on Sunday when they drove out of the barnyard. A light mist lay in the valleys and along the streams, but the hilltops were already aglow with the morning sun. The roadside bushes were coated with dust, which rose in clouds around the vehicle and transformed the black Sunday clothes of the pilgrims into gray; and as the sun rose higher the heat became oppressive. When they turned the corner past the narrow strip of woods that hid the town from view, they saw that June's prediction as to the attendance that day was verified. Horses were tied to the fences on both sides of the road, and from the woods came the sound of their stamping and neighing and the voices of men.

They drove down the road, now narrowed to a lane by the encroaching vehicles of all descriptions, and past the little village of white tents, where the woods thinned out preparatory to its final dispersion in the open fields.

It was breakfast time at the grounds. An appetizing odor of coffee and frying meats lingered on the morning air, and from the tents came the clatter of dishes. Through the open flap of one tent they saw a half-dressed man sitting on the edge of a rough bed, lacing his shoes; from another came the sound of fervent singing; and from yet another a man's voice, raised in vociferous supplication at the

Throne of Grace. They unhitched their horses under a tree in the open field and joined the campers, who, augmented by the people that had already arrived, were falling in behind the preachers, who marched ahead, singing an almost rollicking revivalist's hymn. The grove resounded with song. The campers were gathering for their morning "ring-meeting," where each of the converts stepped into the circle formed by his comrades and gave his "testimony."

Mr. and Mrs. Fout followed the succeeding services eagerly, but to the boy Norval the succession of ring-meetings, morning prayer-meeting and preaching seemed unending. The bare plank on which he sat grew harder with each maternal admonition; his shoes hurt his feet, unused to restraint; and the shade of the deeper woods looked fascinating to him in the midday glare. He thought longingly of the cool depths and soft banks in the home woods. When the congregation arose to sing, with a final rebellious effort, he slipped unnoticed from his mother's side and was instantly lost in the crowd. There were many other children of all ages on the grounds, and Norval stopped and talked bashfully with several. One boy offered him some candy, which was eagerly accepted, and then proposed that they trade knives, if Norval wasn't afraid to trade "unsight an' unseen." Although "swapping" of any character had from his infancy been represented to Norval as one of the chief evidences of an unregenerate nature and as a licensed stage on

the highway of sin, systematic suppression of natural proclivities had fostered a spirit that was irrepensible in this first moment of his new freedom, and the implied disparagement of his courage was not to be borne, by the flesh of a boy.

Fist in hand, the exchange was made; but the strange boy resented the loss of a better knife by a blow that made Norval's nose bleed and precipitated a fight which was suddenly ended by the strong hand of Jake Jackson, who held Norval at arm's length and surveyed him critically.

"Well, won't your mother be hoppin' mad when she sees you, with your coat torn an' your face lookin' like that!" Jake said exultingly. "Won't she be mad! You'd better come along down to the spring an' bathe your eye; it'll be as black as a crow in a minute."

Norval whimpered when the cold water touched his raw flesh. His mother's system of isolation was not calculated to make a Spartan of him, and this was his first real fight.

"Come along now," said Jake, after he had treated the eye with suspicious science. "You're all right."

Mindful of his mother's warnings against associating with the Jackson boys, Norval hung back, but Jake seized his arm and drew him along. On their way back to the grounds they met the other Jackson boys, Jim and Tom. They had been drinking, and offered whiskey to Jake, who drank greedily from

the bottle, while Norval looked on in open-mouthed, horrified silence.

"What's the matter with the baby?" asked Tom. "That's an awful lookin' eye."

"Better bathe it in whiskey," suggested Jim, winking at his brothers, "it'll take the soreness out."

Willing to try anything to relieve the throbbing numbness of his bruised eye, that the jar of every step transformed into excruciating pain, Norval saturated his handkerchief with whiskey and applied it to his face, but dropped it with a scream of pain.

"Here, you calf! take a drink and get your sand up," cried Tom, seizing him as he tried to escape. He struggled frantically, but they closed around him and smothered his screams.

Mrs. Fout did not worry at Norval's disappearance, supposing he was with his father, who had wandered away to visit with the men. She ate her dinner alone and fed the horses, with many an anxious glance toward the west, where banks of black clouds were gathering and distant thunder presaged a storm, and then hurried back to her seat. The ministers had formed for a line attack on the forces of Satan. The forenoon had been a season of prayer and singing, of supplication and warning; and the afternoon was the culmination of the morning's striving. Through the openings in the trees the sun beat down mercilessly upon the congregation and smote the bare heads at the mourners' bench, but the heat seemed only to increase their zeal. The picked preachers surpassed

themselves in passionate exhortations; a spiritual tempest passed through the grove.

Despite her scoffing, Mrs. Fout was strangely affected by the physical excitement of the scene and the impassioned pleading. She felt a growing impulse to leap to her feet, to fling her arms above her head, to shout, to sing,—anything. A feeling of spiritual exultation was fast stealing away her strong sense of propriety. Her husband roused her by a touch on the shoulder. "Come," he said, and she followed him out of the crowd, silenced by a premonition of impending calamity.

"What is it?" she questioned.

"Nothin', mother, nothin'. Norval's just been fightin', an'—"

June Hull came toward them and beckoned Mr. Fout aside. They conversed together in whispers.

"What is it, Robert?" she cried, and then paused at the sound of June's low spoken "If we can find the constable we can get him out, I guess."

She looked away down the dusty road toward the village and intuitively understood. Some place down there was her boy, a common brawler, a prisoner. With an irresistible surge her mother's love rose and engulfed the theories of thought and action she had held and propagated ever since Norval's birth. She became only a half-frantic mother seeking her erring son; an earthly counterpart of the Good Shepherd seeking the lost lamb. She turned away from the men and hurried toward the village. As she entered the town people stopped and stared, surprised at the

spectacle of a fleshy, dishevelled woman, alternately walking rapidly and breaking into a staggering run. The street ended abruptly in one that ran at right angles, and she paused irresolutely and looked about her. A man pushed past her, and she caught his arm and inquired breathlessly where she could find the constable. "Up at that big house," he said, staring at her curiously, and then hurried on to escape the rain which had commenced to fall.

She hastened to the house designated, but the constable was not at home,—she could find him down at the lockup, "Where those people are," the girl who answered her knock said, pointing indefinitely down the street. At the lockup! With increased trepidation she hastened away. On the porch of a house close to the street was a crowd of young people. She thought that must be the place, and did not discover her mistake until she was on the porch and through the open door saw the interior of a dwelling. She turned away with an exclamation of dismay, and the young people tittered as she hurried out again into the rain.

She had almost passed her husband and June Hull before they hailed her. From the seat between

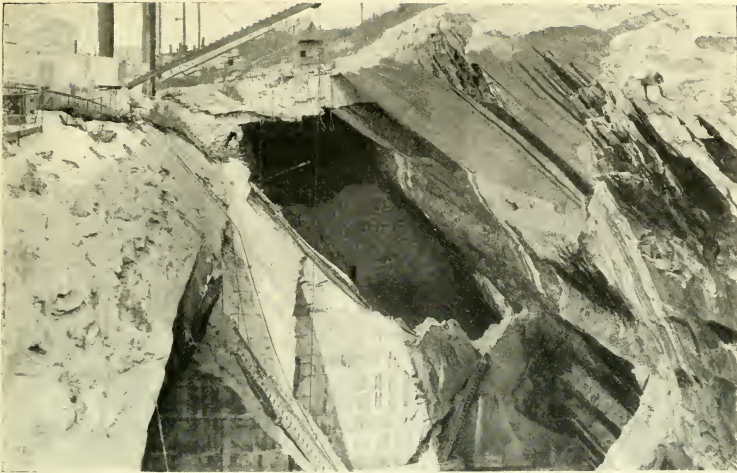
them Norval leered at her drunkenly. June helped her awkwardly to the back seat of the wagon, and they sought shelter from the storm in an open barn, where the hours dragged by in miserable silence.

The evening services were commencing as they drove past the grove. Around the gate a growing crowd of people were gathered, moving slowly toward the point where the flaring oil lamps cast a flickering light on the platform and surrounding seats. Three ministers, with locked arms, moved through the crowd, singing with assertive fervor:

"Oh, how I love Jesus!
Oh, how I love Jesus!
Because he first loved me."

The air was cool after the storm, and the bushes and grass along the roadside had taken on a new freshness. Norval had sunk into a heavy sleep, leaning against his mother. She took the shawl from her shoulders and wrapped it around him. Then, with the diffidence of an unaccustomed act, she drew his head over upon her breast, smoothed his curls back, and, bending, kissed his cheek and his lips. When she raised her head his face was wet with her tears.





DEEPEST MARBLE QUARRY IN THE WORLD, WEST RUTLAND, VT.

The Carrara of America

By Orin Edson Crooker.

IT is said that upwards of sixty years ago a certain farmer grew tired of trying to earn a living from the stony soil of Vermont and in sheer desperation bartered his hill farm for an old horse with which to make his escape from the Green Mountain state. Had he only remained and delved deeper below the surface, he would have found untold wealth, for beneath this self-same hill farm, which is to-day so barren of pasturage and so poverty stricken in appearance as to make the incident mentioned seem entirely credible, exist the most extensive and valuable marble quarries in the world. From within the limits of this small plot of

ground at West Rutland has come a large share of the marble which is now in use throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Rutland County, with its extensive quarries at West Rutland, Proctor, Brandon, Pittsford, and other points, is to America what Carrara is to Italy. A few years ago, when the marble industry of Vermont was first coming into prominence, it was not generally believed that any marbles would ever be quarried equal to those of the old world, especially those of Italy and Greece. But as the deposits in Vermont have been more thoroughly investigated it has been found that the stone in many places is fully equal, if

not superior, to the famous marbles of the ancients. There are varieties that strongly resemble the Pentelic marble of which the Parthenon, the Hippodrome, and other edifices of ancient Athens were built, and in which Phidias, Praxiteles, and other

of the grayish-white marble of Mt. Hymettus in Greece has also been found. Black, blue, red and greenish marbles,—including mottled, striped, wavy and variegated varieties, are also quarried either in Rutland County or at other points on the same general

vein of stone which threads the state from north to south.

The present magnitude of the marble industry in Vermont is only of comparatively recent date, although it has been known for over a hundred years that there were extensive deposits of this stone within the state. Nathaniel Chipman, one of Vermont's early jurists, writing from Rutland to a friend in New York in 1792, said: "There are also in this part of the country numerous quarries of marble, some of them of superior quality." A little surface marble was used for tombstones prior to 1800, and as early as 1835 the deposits were systematically worked in a small way. But it was not until Redfield Proctor, now United States Senator from Vermont,



OLD SHELDON QUARRY, RUTLAND

Greek sculptors executed their principal works. The translucent, white marbles of Italy, a few specimens of which are found in the sacred altars of Venice, and from which Michael Angelo's finest statues were wrought, are equalled by some of the statuary marbles of Vermont. A counterpart

became identified with the industry a little before 1870 that the present extensive development of the marble deposits may be said to have commenced. And to realize how small an industry it was even then, we have only to remember that in 1870 Vermont was credited with marble sales



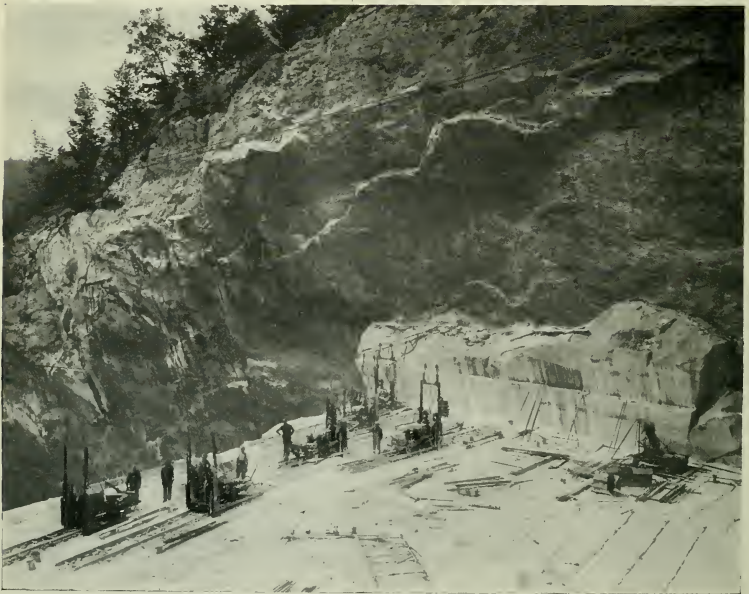
SUTHERLAND FALLS

of but \$130,000. At the present day an annual business of \$2,500,000 is done by one company alone,—to say nothing of the many smaller companies which operate in the marble belt.

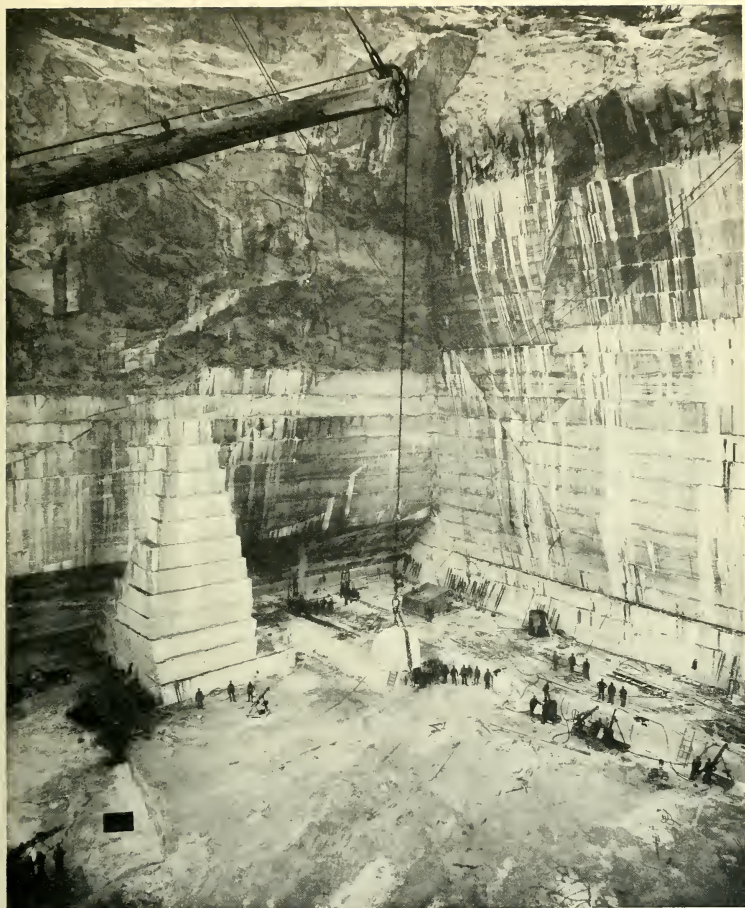
The magnitude of most industries may be roughly judged by a view of its shops and buildings. Not so with the marble industry. One must stand at the edge of the quarry and peer down into the yawning chasm where the rock is quarried in order to fully appreciate the gigantic scale upon which the business is conducted. At West Rutland, where the most extensive quarries are situated, there is a hole in the ground that fairly staggers one, when, for the first time, one grasps the slender iron railing that extends about its edge and peers down

into the depths below. It may be briefly described as a cleft in the earth a third of a mile long and three hundred feet deep. In reality, however, one is gazing at several quarries situated on the same vein of marble and separated one from the other by massive piers of rock which seemingly hold the jutting hillside from toppling over into the chasm below.

A first impression of these great quarries will last a lifetime. To the fertile imagination the "bottomless pit" is at once suggested. Standing on the very verge one peers down through the steam and smoke, trying to adjust the eyes to the proper focus. A constant rattle and hum comes up, giving some indication of the intense activity of those at work below. Men



A NEW QUARRY AT PROCTOR



SUTHERLAND FALLS QUARRY

look like ants at that depth; the engines seem mere playthings; while the great cables and chains which have to do with the machinery seem like spider-webs.

But to gather some idea of the real depth of these quarries you must descend into them by means of the slen-

der stairways which cling like vines to the quarry wall, and which zig-zag back and forth until the bottom is reached. It is quite comparable to making a descent from the top of one of New York's highest office buildings by means of the fire-escape. Of course, a clear head is necessary, but



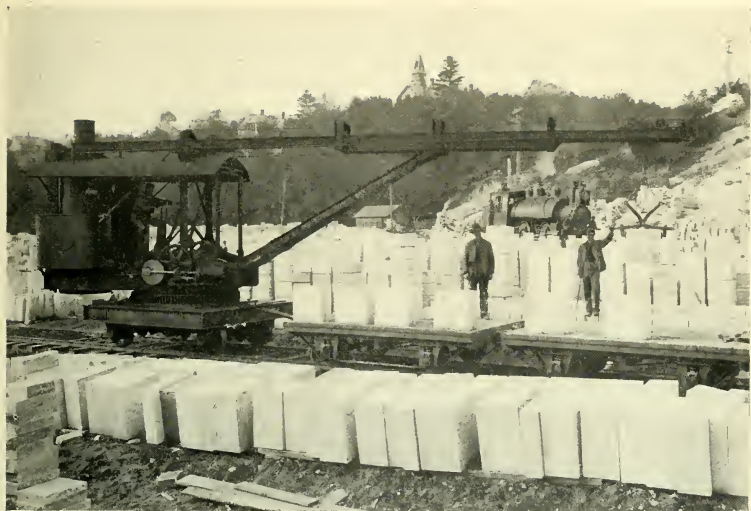
THE MARBLE YARD, RUTLAND

even to the unaccustomed the stairways seem to swing and give with the weight, and you cannot help wondering what would happen if the stairway *should* give way, or if you should stumble, or if any of the numerous possible things should come to pass. But at last after many steps you reach the bottom and look up half doubtingly at the narrow strip of blue sky overhead and the slender stairway clinging so closely to the rocky wall. Is it possible that you have come down that thread-like ladder!

Marble is not blasted out of its position, as many may suppose. It is too valuable to be shattered. For this reason cutting is resorted to, and the stone is freed from its position in huge rectangular blocks weighing many tons. It is this method of cutting which gives the quarry walls such a peculiar appearance; for the rock has been taken out layer upon layer and

the marks of the cutting or channeling machine are left on the wall to tell the tale. Years ago in Vermont the stone was quarried by hand, as is the case in Italy and Greece to-day. But this method was too slow for Americans. Hence an inventive genius gave the world the stone channeling machine, and to-day by means of it a single skilled operator is able to do the work formerly requiring from fifty to one hundred men.

These channeling machines run back and forth on rails, and the drills with which they are equipped are driven with powerful force downward into the stone, cutting a slit about an inch wide and to any desired depth up to ten feet. It is slow work, depending much on the grade of marble. In some cases a cut twenty feet long and eight feet deep will require from twenty to twenty-four hours constant work. When a perpendicular cut has



TRAVELLING CRANE, PROCTOR MARBLE YARD

been made to the required depth, steel drills, operated either by steam or electricity, are used to bore in from the side in a horizontal direction. Holes are bored from six to eight inches apart and along this line the marble is detached from its bed by means of wedges. The block thus loosened is raised to the surface of the ground by huge derricks, after which it goes to the mill to be sawed into slabs.

This, too, is an interesting operation, although the principle of it dates back to the days of the ancients. The present age has improved upon the method in vogue two thousand years ago only through the substitution of machine for hand power. Sand, running water, and a saw made of soft iron, but without teeth, are necessary in this process. The rough block of marble is placed in position under a set of saws, which are so adjusted

that the whole stone is cut up at one time into slabs and blocks of varying thickness. A powerful machine moves these saws back and forth against the stone, while a stream of water, containing sand in suspension, pours constantly over it. The sharp edges of the sand cut the soft stone as the strip of iron works the small pieces of silicon back and forth against the marble. It is also a slow process, requiring sometimes from twenty to thirty hours to saw through a single block five feet thick. Thousands of car loads of sand are used annually for this purpose in the mills at Proctor, and the supply of this material is one of considerable importance. Nature, however, has been kind and has provided an extensive sand deposit some miles east of the village. But a mountain lies between! Man's ingenuity has conquered this difficulty, and the



LOADING A TWELVE-TON BLOCK, PROCTOR

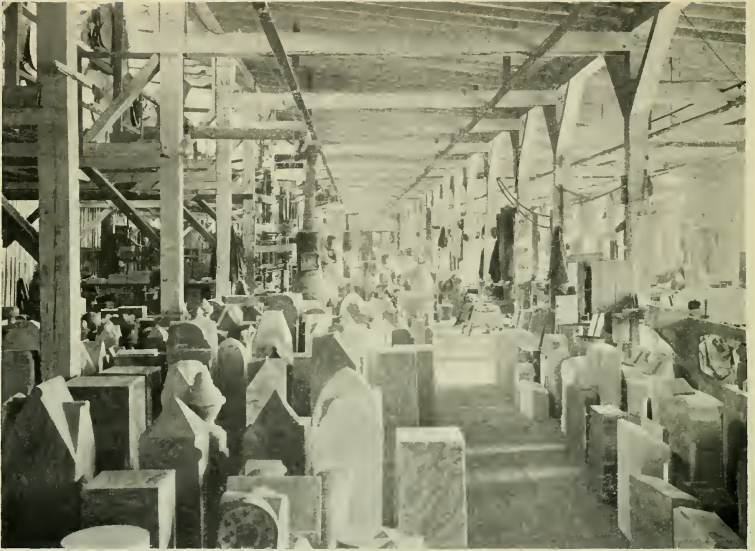
sand is carried *over* the mountain in a series of huge iron buckets attached to an endless cable. These go and come, empty and laden, all day long in a steady, mechanical way, which is interesting and fascinating to behold.

From the mill the slabs and blocks go to the polishers, where two or three different processes are necessary to give them a smooth and even polish. They are then taken in hand by the workmen, who shape them according to the specifications of the buyer, perhaps into tombstones, perhaps into slabs for interior decoration, or plumber's purposes, or for the thousand and one other uses for which marble is adapted. There is no department of this vast industry more absorbing to the sightseer than the immense

workshop at Proctor where many hundreds of monuments and ornamental pieces are to be seen in all stages of shaping. In this great building is found the most highly skilled labor of the marble business,—men who fashion the stone blocks into a multitude of fanciful designs. Pneumatic chisels enable the expert operator to carve the solid stone into shape with apparently as much ease as the artist moulds his clay. The finer detail work is done with the ordinary chisel and mallet. In this sculptural work the lad of sixteen labors side by side with the patriarch of seventy. It is talent that counts in this work and it is not easy sometimes to say which is the greater adept, the boy in his teens or the grey-haired man.



PROCTOR, FROM THE WEST



MONUMENT AND ARCHITECTURAL WORK SHOPS, PROCTOR

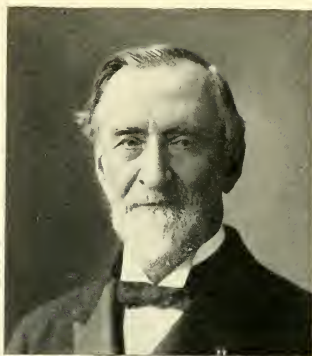
To the uninitiated all marble is valuable. But there are marbles—and marbles! Some are so coarse and granular as to be of little use for anything but building purposes, while some are so fine grained as to crumble at the least pressure. These last are of course useless for commercial purposes. Strange as it may seem, Rutland County possesses both extremes. Toward the southern limits of the county the marble is very coarse, but toward the north it grows finer grained, reaching a state where it is very friable. Some of it breaks as



SENATOR PROCTOR'S HOME AT PROCTOR

easily as lump sugar, and a broken piece of the white variety looks not unlike this substance.

At West Rutland, where the most extensive quarrying is carried on, the marble deposit occurs in layers: pure white, mottled green, gray, grayish-blue, and various other tints, abutting one against the other. These do not shade off gradually one into another, but a dark layer may be cemented to a white layer suitable for statuary purposes, with scarcely a trace of cementing matter visible between them. These layers vary in thickness from



HON. REDFIELD PROCTOR, U. S. SENATOR
FROM VERMONT

a few inches to ten feet and more. Geologists tell us that marble is simply limestone which has been subjected to heat and pressure, and that the coloring which gives such beautiful effects, is, for the most part, due to carbonaceous matter derived from the remains of crinoids, corals, and mollusks which lived and died long ages ago, at a time when these beds of limestone were in process of formation. In the case of the white statuary mar-



FLETCHER D. PROCTOR
PRESIDENT VERMONT MARBLE CO.



MARBLE READY TO SHIP, AT PROCTOR

ble the heat has been sufficient to obliterate the fossils which the limestone formerly contained.

The man who has done most of all to develop the marble belt of the Green Mountains, is, as has already been intimated, Senator Redfield Proctor. Beginning a little over thirty years ago with the Sutherland Falls quarry, at what is now Proctor, he has systematized the industry and in great measure brought it to its present magnitude. He has combined most of the many companies which formerly occupied the field into one, which has sometimes been called the "Marble Trust." He himself has been termed the "Marble King." Political matters now claim Senator Proctor's entire atten-

tion, and his place in the business is taken by his son, Fletcher D. Proctor, a man whom many expect some day to be Governor of the Green Mountain state.

The people of the state of Vermont have never understood, and in a degree do not understand even to-day, the great wealth that lies hidden beneath its rugged surface. It possesses a greater variety of beautiful marbles than any other country in the world, but as yet very little has been done to develop those most suitable for ornamental work. So far the principal attention has been given to those which may be utilized for monumental and building purposes. Wealthy men now put into private residences more

marble than was quarried annually in the whole state of Vermont fifty years ago, and it is not unlikely that the next few generations will constitute what may some day be termed "a marble age." Vermont's supply of this stone is probably inexhaustible, and the next half century will see a great increase in the amount of marble quarried, for even with the deepest and largest quarries in the world in full operation the industry in this Carrara of America is yet in its infancy.

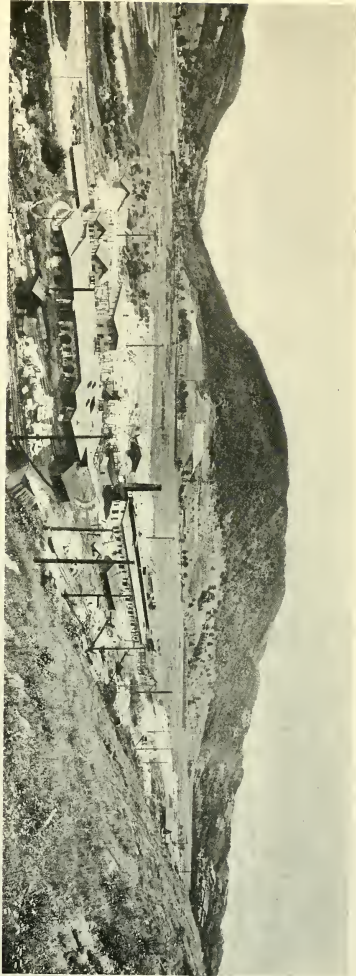


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THE FINISHED PRODUCT

(GEN. BUTTERFIELD'S MONUMENT AT WEST POINT)

"MARBLE VALLEY" FROM THE HILL



A CLAIM ✦
 Verses by CORA PAXTON HUNGERFORD.

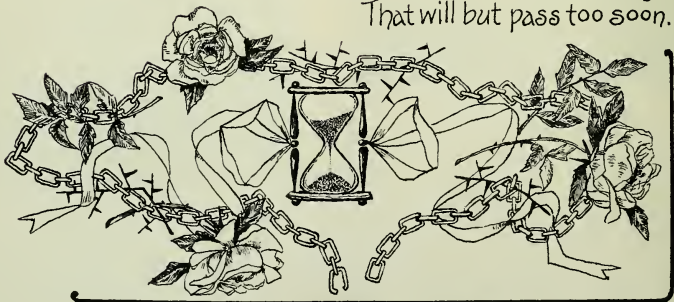


✦
 Design & Photograph
 BY FANNIE ROGERS WHITE.

✦ ✦
 The future mine?
 I dare not claim
 One link from out the
 mystic chain
 Of many days to come.

The past was mine.
 For right or wrong,
 Down its dim aisles my
 deeds have gone,
 The deeds of days gone by.

The present's mine.
 I'll truly say
 'Tis all I ask, this
 sweet to day,
 That will but pass too soon.



The New Hampshire Constitution

By Frederick A. Wood

THE State constitutions, says Mr. Bryce, "are a mine of instruction for the natural history of democratic communities." But richer than the constitutions themselves are their history, the discussions that preceded their adoption or the adoption of separate amendments, and in some cases the reasons why proposed amendments or whole drafts of such instruments have been rejected by the people. In short, the constitutional history of a State is a lesson in democratic tendencies of unsurpassable interest and profit to the student of politics. And this is particularly true of one of the older States, whether it has had marked growth in population and industrial activity, making for radical changes in social life and political structure, or a normal and comparatively slow development since the days of primitive and almost exclusively agricultural conditions. In the one case democracy is seen in the glow of intense heat and a motion so active that rapid and perhaps radical changes in institutions are possible, while in the other the same forces, working less violently, exhibit less noticeable though fully as significant results.

In December, 1902, a convention at Concord formulated ten amendments to the constitution of New Hampshire. Four of these were

adopted in March, 1903, through the required two-thirds vote; the other six were rejected. The constitutional history of New Hampshire therefore probably is closed for some years and can be conveniently reviewed at this time. It is the history of one of the original States, from which the rush of modern life has by no means been absent, but which has remained peopled in large part by the ancient stock and hence affords a fair illustration of constitutional progress in a conservative American Commonwealth. We shall see as the main characteristics of that history a disposition of the people to be exceedingly particular about the nature of their organic law, and when it is once adopted a great reluctance to introduce modifications, especially such as aim at the abandonment of religious discriminations and of the formal connection of church and state. But religion did not play an important part in the first attempts at constitution making. It was not mentioned in the instrument which was adopted on January 5, 1776, the first *de novo* constitution of any of the colonies.

New Hampshire had nothing but its statutes and the King's commission to the Governor to build upon when it formulated this constitution, which was meant to serve a temporary purpose and did not con-

template independence. The Provincial Congress, sitting at Exeter and acting upon the advice of the Continental Congress, had called upon the people to elect delegates to a convention which should provide a form of government for the colony. This convention met in December, 1775, and adopted the instrument, which contained only about 1,000 words, one-third of which were devoted to an explanation of the attitude of the colony in resisting Great Britain. The constitution, which was not submitted to the people, merely vested unlimited authority in the convention, which was to elect from its own members an upper branch of Councillors, at whose head should be a President. It made no provision for executive authority while the convention was not in session, but this was delegated by general consent to the Committee of Safety. Brief and inadequate as this constitution was, since it concentrated all power in a legislative body, it answered. It carried the infant State through the war, and not until 1784 did it give way to a more perfect code of law.

It was no easy task to secure the approval of the people for a new constitution. The work of one convention, which met in 1778 and again in 1779, was rejected, and a second, which began its sessions in June of 1781, came together seven times and completed its work on October 31, 1783, had two of its drafts refused before the third went into effect in 1784. The instrument sent out in 1779 was mainly a modest elaboration of the temporary constitution; it provided for an

executive, but retained nearly all powers in the legislature and proposed a religious test for voters. One of the most prominent objections to the first draft of the convention of 1781 was the provision for a lower house having so small a membership as fifty, the representatives to which were to be chosen by county conventions. This plan plainly was too undemocratic to suit the people, as was the requirement that voters should have a freehold estate of £100. It was, however, a thoroughgoing attempt at revision.

In the draft which was finally accepted the town system of representation was adopted, and it has endured continuously ever since. That system in 1784 gave to every town having 150 rateable polls one representative and an additional representative for every 300 polls above that number, while towns having less than 150 polls were allowed to unite in voting for a member. Members of the House were each required to have an estate of £100, one-half of which was to be a freehold, and they were to be Protestants. Similarly the twelve members of the Senate were each obliged to be the owners of £200 in real estate and to be Protestants. The title of the chief executive was President, and he, besides possessing other qualifications, must be of the Protestant religion and have an estate of the value of £500, one-half of which was a freehold within the State. A Council was to consist of two members of the Senate and three of the House, elected by joint ballot. The Secretary of State, Treasurer and Commissary-General also were to be

elected by joint ballot of the two branches. Judicial officers, appointed by the President and Council, were to hold their places during good behavior; but could be removed by action of both houses. The suffrage qualifications were the male sex, the attainment of twenty-one years of age and the payment of a poll-tax. Thus at the beginning of its real constitutional history New Hampshire refused to establish a property qualification. The Bill of Rights of this document was substantially that of to-day and included, all told, thirty-eight sections, of which, by reason of its subsequent history, the sixth is the most interesting. It read as follows:

"As morality and piety, rightly grounded on evangelical principles, will give the best and greatest security to government, and will lay in the hearts of men the strongest obligations to due subjection; and as the knowledge of these is most likely to be propagated through a society by the institution of the public worship of the Deity, and of public instruction in morality and religion; therefore, to promote those important purposes, the people of this State have a right to empower, and do hereby fully empower the Legislature to authorize from time to time the several towns, parishes, bodies-corporate, or religious societies within this State, to make adequate provision at their own expense, for the support and maintenance of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion and morality;

"Provided, notwithstanding, that the several towns, parishes, bodies-corporate, or religious societies, shall at all times have the exclusive right of electing their own public teachers, and of contracting with them for their support and maintenance. And no person of any one particular religious sect or denomination, shall ever be compelled to pay towards the support of

the teacher or teachers of another persuasion, sect or denomination.

"And every denomination of Christians demeaning themselves quietly, and as good subjects of the State, shall be equally under the protection of the law; and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law.

"And nothing herein shall be understood to affect any former contracts made for the support of the ministry; but all such contracts shall remain, and be in the same state as if this constitution has not been made."

The draft of 1784 was far from being permanently adapted to the needs and wishes of the people of New Hampshire. During the seven years following its adoption the Federal constitution had gone into effect and the use of the word "President" as the title of the State executive had become inconvenient. Numerous minor defects, such as the requirement that the President serve as the presiding officer of the Senate, have a vote like an ordinary Senator and a deciding vote in case of a tie, also had been revealed by experience.

The convention which met for the first time in August, 1791, submitted no less than seventy-two amendments to the people in 1792. Of this number forty-six were adopted. The rejection of so large a number resulted in several inconsistencies in the instrument as a whole, and the convention accordingly, at an adjourned meeting, perfected the draft and again referred it to the people, who now accepted its provisions without exception. By this action the people of New Hampshire gave to their organic law its permanent form, for after 1792 no change was

made in it until 1852 and no considerable number of amendments were adopted until 1877.

Of the amendments made by the revision of 1792 the most important was that by which the veto power was given to the executive, who now had the title of Governor. A two-thirds vote of each house could overcome a veto. The Governor was relieved from attendance upon sessions of the Senate. The Council, instead of being elected by the Legislature, was to come directly from the people. The mass of amendments referred to comparatively unimportant matters, and no significant change in the attitude of the voters was indicated in their adoption, or in the rejection of the large number of suggested amendments.

In one particular, however, the work of the convention of 1791-1792 and the action of the people is of considerable significance. A strong effort was made, under the leadership of William Plumer, afterwards Governor of the State, to secure the elimination from the Bill of Rights of the sixth article. The reply of a majority of the convention was the insertion as an addendum to the article of a provision to the effect that at the installation of a new minister in a town citizens should have an opportunity to record their dissent from the official religion; that the same privilege should be given to citizens when becoming of age, and that no person should be freed from the obligation of paying taxes for the support of the ministry by changing his religion at other times. These provisions were designed to strengthen the grasp of the estab-

lished churches on dissenters for their support, and were, of course, strangely inconsistent with that phrase of the fifth article which says that no one shall be restrained in the exercise of his religious convictions. The article was rejected, as was another intended to abolish the religious test for officeholders. The status of dissenters under a statute remained unchanged until 1804, when the Freewill Baptist church was recognized by the Legislature. Later Universalists and Methodists were given legal standing.

The theological quibbles anent the subject of church membership are amusing enough at this day. Counsel in one case in court contended that the defendant, who claimed to be a Baptist, could not be excused from paying a tax because he did not prove that he had been dipped, while it was advanced in response that he was not a Congregationalist because it was not proved that he had been sprinkled. In 1819 all the practical effects of a separation of church and state were realized through the passage of the Act of Toleration, which the more extreme defenders of orthodoxy then said "abolished the Bible." But, while Massachusetts abandoned in 1833 any relation between itself and the Congregational church by means of a constitutional amendment, New Hampshire still clings to a formal recognition of the relationship.

If the people of New Hampshire did not change a word of their constitution for more than half a century, it was because they deliberately and consciously preferred not

to do so. Again and again they voted against the calling of another convention. At last, in 1849, the balloting went the other way, two to one, and a convention met in 1850. In the following year a number of amendments, one of which proposed the popular election of judges, were sent to the people, only to be rejected *en bloc*. The convention reassembled later in the year and formulated three new amendments, of which one abolished the religious test for members of the Legislature and Governor, another dispensed with the property qualification for those officials, and the third provided a different method for amending the constitution. The amendment respecting the property qualification was ratified; the others were rejected.

A period of about twenty-five years elapsed before another convention was called. Before this occurred, however, on two occasions the voters had recorded their approval of an effort at revision. These votes were taken in 1860 and 1864, but the majorities for a convention were not large and the Legislature, probably fairly interpreting the wishes of the people, concluded that while the war was in progress revision would be unwise. But in 1875 the demand for a convention was overwhelming, and accordingly the body met on December 6, 1876. The outcome of its deliberations was the recommendation of thirteen amendments, of which the more important were the following: biennial sessions of the Legislature and the election of officers for terms of two years; an increase in the number of Senators

from twelve to twenty-four; State elections in November, instead of March; a prohibition of the appropriation of money raised by taxes for the benefit of sectarian schools or other sectarian institutions; the elimination of the word "Protestant" from the sixth section of the Bill of Rights; the abandonment of the requirement that the Governor, Senators and Representatives be of the Protestant religion; a prohibition of legislative authorization to towns and cities to give financial assistance to corporations; a prohibition of the removal of officials for political reasons; the distribution of Representatives on the old town system, with the requirement of 600 inhabitants in a ward of a city or in a town for one Representative and 1,800 additional inhabitants for a second Representative, the mean increasing number being 1,200 and towns of less than 600 inhabitants being permitted to unite for choosing a Representative.

The voting occurred in March, 1877, and eleven of the thirteen proposals were adopted, including all of those above mentioned except that providing for the elimination of the word "Protestant" from the Bill of Rights and that forbidding the removal of officeholders for political reasons. It is apparent that this revision was of considerable importance. It was directed mainly, however, toward a reconstruction of representation in the Legislature, the time of elections and the terms of State officials. Progress in the direction of complete religious equality was marked by the refusal of the people any longer to make ad-

herence to the Protestant religion a test for service as Governor, Senator or Representative. But the constitutional requirement in this respect for many years had not been strictly observed.

The revision of 1877, however, did not accomplish its main purpose of putting the election and status of members of the Legislature on a thoroughly satisfactory basis. This defect and a certain interest in the liquor question and the sixth article of the Bill of Rights induced the voters in 1885 to decide by a slender majority in a light vote to attempt a further change. A convention was held in the early part of 1889 and seven amendments, to the following effect, were submitted to the people:

1. To change the time of meeting of the Legislature from June to January and to change the beginning of terms of office to correspond.
2. To provide fixed salaries for members of the Legislature.
3. To fill vacancies in the Senate by new elections.
4. To allow the Speaker of the House to act as Governor when vacancies exist in the offices of Governor and President of the Senate.
5. To prohibit the manufacture or sale of liquor.
6. To give the Bill of Rights a non-sectarian character.
7. To change the method of representation of the small or "classed" towns. All these amendments but the fifth and sixth were adopted by receiving the required two-thirds vote. The fifth received 25,786 yeas and 30,976 nays, while the sixth had 27,737 in its favor and 20,048 against it. This vote on the references of the Bill of Rights to religious proclivities was thought at the time to

indicate a growing liberality in New Hampshire.

Twice during the next decade the people voted against calling another convention, but in 1901 the feeling had become widespread that an effort should be made to reduce the size of the lower branch of the Legislature. The New Hampshire House has a larger membership than has any similar body in the United States, but under the rule of apportionment established in 1877 it will continue to grow until the alternatives offered the people are to reduce the number of Representatives or enlarge the State House. Most of the sensible men of the State take the attitude that not only is an enlargement of the State House not warranted but that a reduction in the size of the lower branch would be a positive gain to legislative efficiency. To accomplish this reduction two plans have been widely discussed, one providing for a district system, in which population rather than the towns would be the basis of representation, the other continuing the town system, with the requirement of a larger number of inhabitants for the first Representative and a larger mean increasing number for additional members.

In the convention which met in December, 1902, these two plans were thoroughly debated, with the result in favor of the historic town system. The other propositions in which unusual interest was taken at that convention were trusts and woman suffrage. It was admitted that the Legislature already had ample authority in respect to monopolies and the restraint of

trade and that there was little probability of the State conferring the elective franchise upon women. But the sentiment of the delegates was general that a subject of so great importance as that of trusts should have constitutional recognition, while as to woman suffrage a disposition appeared to see just how the voters looked on it.

The convention sent ten amendments to the people, as follows: 1. Requiring as a suffrage qualification the ability to read the English language and write. 2. Requiring militia officers to pass examinations. 3. Depriving the Legislature of the right to elect the Commissary-General. 4. Empowering the Legislature to tax franchises and inheritances. 5. Increasing the jurisdiction of police courts. 6. Substituting in the Bill of Rights the word "Christian" for the word "evangelical" before the word "principles," striking out the words "towns" and "Protestant" and making another substitution in harmony with the idea of permitting no distinction between religious sects and of dissolving all formal connection between church and state. 7. Giving to women the elective franchise. 8. Giving to the Legislature full power to restrain trusts. 9. Making 800 inhabitants necessary for the election of one Representative, 2,400 for two Representatives and 1,600 for each additional member, with provision for a town, ward or place having less than 800 inhabitants sending a Representative a part of the time, or uniting with other small towns, wards or places for representation. 10. Giving to the Legisla-

ture the right to divide towns and wards into voting precincts.

The few weeks preceding the voting on March 10, 1903, were devoted to a very active campaign in behalf of the suffrage amendment. Literature intended to show the wisdom of the change was widely distributed and perhaps two hundred public meetings were held. The opponents of this proposition contented themselves with one meeting at Concord, at which the argument against woman suffrage was ably presented. The interest in this question probably increased materially the number of votes cast, yet the total vote was less than forty per cent of that given in the presidential election of 1900. As it turned out, the vote against the amendment was about five to three. The advocates of suffrage, however, found grounds for some satisfaction in the fact that more votes were cast on that amendment than on any other but one, and in the distinctly educational nature of their campaign.

Of the ten amendments proposed but four were adopted—those relating to the educational test for voters, the examination of militia officers, the authorization of taxes on franchises and inheritances, and the subject of trusts. The first was given the most pronounced endorsement of all, while the clause referring to taxes had the largest number of negative votes of the other three. The amendment intended to place all denominations of the Christian religion on the same footing had a few more votes in the affirmative than in the negative, but failed, of course, because a two-thirds majority was

required. Curiously enough, the subject which had engaged the attention of the convention to a greater extent than any other—that of the apportionment of Representatives—did not come prominently to the front during the campaign, and the clause itself was defeated, although it received a large majority. The explanation probably is to be found in the opposition of two elements of the electorate, one, strong in the small towns, objecting to a diminution in the number of Representatives, and the other favoring the substitution of the district for the town system. This matter of representation in the House is bound to come up again at no very distant day, and when it does the district plan will be stronger by reason of a continuance for a few years longer of the town system. It is fair to infer that many of the most sincere believers in a smaller House thought the shortest cut to the goal of the district plan was by the rejection of any modification of the antiquated town system.

What now may we learn of the natural history of one democratic community from this bird's-eye glance at the growth of the New Hampshire constitution? Obviously its first lesson is that New Hampshire is an exceedingly conservative State. The constitution adopted in 1783 has endured with very slight changes, for the amendments of 1792 were as a rule in form rather than in substance. The conservative character of the people is exhibited most strikingly in the great number of times when the voters deliberately decided at the polls that

they did not wish a convention to be called to propose amendments. Again, whenever a convention was voted, it is to be observed that its work was scrutinized with the utmost care and in a spirit of aversion to change. The people constantly have taken the position that an amendment must be shown to be necessary or altogether desirable before it was entitled to ratification. Particularly is this attitude of analysis and criticism shown by the submission of amendments on the understanding that the convention itself would meet again to learn the popular verdict. The first strictly constitutional convention dissolved before it sent its draft to the people. The second, however, continued in existence until, after two drafts had been rejected, its labors were at last crowned with success in 1783. The third convention did not complete its work until it had heard from the people on the seventy-two amendments it had recommended and until the result of a second vote was known. When, half way through the nineteenth century, another convention assembled, it encountered the same disposition of the people to pass an adverse judgment, and it likewise continued its life while all its original amendments were being voted down, and until it had offered three new ones, but one of which was adopted.

The three conventions since the Civil War have followed a different policy, regarding their work as done when they had put their conclusions into the form of recommendations. On the whole this new policy has worked well. In 1877 all but two

out of the thirteen proposed amendments were accepted; in 1889 five out of seven, and in 1903 four out of ten. The tendency since 1877 to revert to a more critical attitude is easily explicable. The revision of a quarter of a century ago came in response to a general demand for the correction of certain long-standing anachronisms. The current of progress had been too long dammed and an overflow was inevitable. Once the most glaring defects of the constitution had been remedied, the old aversion to accepting changes reappeared, but the conventions seem to have met a fair degree of success by assuming that the result of each reference to the people should be decisive for some years.

With this conservatism of the New Hampshire electorate is closely linked a degree of illiberality in respect to religion. This is somewhat surprising, since the colonial traditions of the province were the other way. When New Hampshire in 1641 was united to Massachusetts the latter took notice of the prevailing liberality in the towns to the north of the Merrimac by exempting them and their representatives from church-membership tests. New Hampshire, however, was the spiritual child of Massachusetts, and the strong sway of the clergy was eventually established. During the twenty years following the close of the Revolution the power of the "standing order" of Congregationalism grew steadily stronger. The sixth article of the Bill of Rights was, of course, a natural product of the times; it expressed existing conditions and sentiments as to religion.

The authorization of towns to employ ministers and support them by taxation had come from a provincial statute of the thirteenth year of Anne; hence it was nothing new. But when a law of 1791 gave to the selectmen the power theretofore reserved to the voters, abuses arose. The lot of dissenters, whether they affiliated with another sect or were indifferent to religious organizations, became hard indeed. The assumption of the selectmen and of the courts, which were controlled by members of the standing order, was that every one owed a pecuniary duty to the Congregational church unless membership in another sect could be positively established. Practically that portion of the Bill of Rights which asserted that "no person of any one particular religious sect or denomination shall ever be compelled to pay towards the support of the teacher or teachers of another persuasion, sect or denomination," was violated and annulled.

This condition of affairs continued until the Act of Toleration was passed in 1819. By that time the pressure of domestic interest on the part of other sects of Protestantism and the example of other States were too strong to be resisted. Yet the act of 1819 did no more than to put by statute law all sects of Protestantism on the same basis; it did not change the constitutional position of churches; it did not abrogate the right of the Legislature to allow towns to pay ministers from the taxes; it did not permit Roman Catholics to hold the offices of Governor, Senator and Representative.

The reform of 1819, therefore, was not thoroughgoing. Its import was the overthrow of the Congregational church as a sort of State church.

A step in the direction of removing all religious distinctions was taken when, in 1877, the amendment requiring adherence to Protestantism in the Governor, Senators and Representatives was adopted. At the same time, it is to be noted, the people voted not to strike out the word "Protestant" from the Bill of Rights. Twice since 1877 a similar refusal has been made, and in the latest instance neither the number of votes nor the majority in favor of elimination was as large as that of 1889. Taking into account the large number of voters of New Hampshire who are members of the Roman Catholic church, and who would seem not to have been insistent this year that the discrimination against them should be removed, it appears plain that among the Protestant element the spirit of liberality has lost ground.

The decisive vote of this year in favor of an educational qualification for the suffrage may be interpreted as a symptom of the reaction against the extreme democracy of the middle period of the nineteenth century. This reaction is perhaps more evident in the attitude of Northern sentiment toward Southern disfranchisement of the Negroes than anywhere else, although it is probably fair to say that it has received its strongest impulse from the acquisition of colonial possessions through the war with Spain. So far as it has taken the form of an educational test involving no more than ability to

read and write, it must be regarded as a vindication of sane and genuine democracy. The great interest taken by the New Hampshire voters in this subject may justly be regarded as a significant incident in the political development of the Commonwealth.

If we confine our attention to the more salient inferences from the constitutional history of New Hampshire, it is fair to say that the century and a quarter of that history has shown surprisingly few changes in the attitude of the people toward their organic law. The substitution of biennial for annual terms of State officials may be said to be due to a belief that the business of the State can be done as satisfactorily, economically and efficiently with two year as with one year periods. It is difficult to see how democracy has lost by this change. The people of New Hampshire have the same confidence in their legislative, executive and judicial branches as they had in the eighteenth century, if one may judge from the fact that no essential departures in the powers and positions of those departments have occurred. There has been no marked disposition to limit the subjects on which the Legislature may act; the authority of the Governor, subject to the control of the Council, remains as at the close of the eighteenth century; the judiciary, appointed by the Governor and Council and holding tenure by good behavior, is free to interpret the law in the light of reason and without deference to political or corporation influences.

The comparatively brief constitu-

tion which was thought sufficient for the State after the Revolution still remains an instrument containing fundamental principles and a framework of government rather than a code of administrative and private law. In a word, democracy in New Hampshire has retained its representative character and has not moved noticeably toward the theory of direct government by the people in the form of detailed commands in the organic law and of the use of the initiative and referendum. While thus it contrasts markedly with the democracy of many of the newer Commonwealths, which insist upon having as direct control of the administration as is practicable, it approaches more closely the Revolu-

tionary conception of government by the people. This sort of democracy perhaps permits the real reason of the State to be reflected in legislation and administration quite as successfully as does the attempt of the people of a State to say in their constitution just what shall and what shall not be done. On the whole, aside from the religious narrowness to which attention has been directed, the constitutional history of New Hampshire is a credit to the intelligence of the people and an exemplification of sane and moderate democracy, as well as a conspicuous illustration of dislike for more changes than are imperatively demanded by a growing industrial population.

The Webster Curse

By Harriet A. Nash

AUNT JOEY MITCHELL yielded cape and hood into the hands of her hostess and tied a black silk apron over her delaine dress in comfortable preparation for a long afternoon visit. She had drawn her knitting from her bag and settled herself primly in a straight-backed chair before her eyes fell upon the red cradle in the corner.

"Well, well I never did," she declared stooping above its tiny occupant. "Boy is it, or girl? And Malviny up around. No, I never heard a word about it."

Time had been when the red cradle

occupied a central position in the Webster kitchen, and parent or grandparent hung in deep concern above it or joggled the rocker with restless foot. But with each succeeding occupant the cradle had moved farther to one side, until it had at last reached the very corner, where shielded from drafts and undisturbed by superfluous attention, a red-faced mite of humanity slumbered peacefully through long hours or stared contentedly at the ceiling.

"Boy did you say and named for David? Well, now I'm sure he'll take it most kindly," exclaimed Aunt Joey, as the grandmother did the hon-

ors of the red cradle, while the young mother looked on with a pride which had not grown commonplace through repetition.

Aunt Joey went back to her seat with a troubled look upon her round face, and though she made an effort to join in friendly gossip concerning family and neighbors, it was plain her thoughts were wandering.

"It's Hiram's sixth, ain't it?" she asked in a mysterious whisper as Malvina left the room for a moment. Grandma Webster nodded serenely as she dropped the thumb of nine-year-old Joseph's mitten. Aunt Joey became silent, while her face took on a look of deep concern. Presently she laid down her knitting to count thoughtfully upon her fingers. "Edward's got four, hasn't he, and Thomas Jefferson three?" she inquired in a deeply sympathetic tone. Grandma Webster assented politely. Her grandchildren were the pride of her heart, but this afternoon she wanted to ask about the people across the valley. Whether Elder Noon's donation party was near at hand, and how Mrs. Weston White took her son's second marriage. Then there were particulars of one or two village deaths which she had not heard, and a rumor of words between the minister and the school teacher. Altogether, Aunt Joey was a far less entertaining guest than usual, as she sat casting occasional pitying glances in Malvina's direction or roused from a silent inspection of the red cradle to offer some abstract remark with the unmistakable air of "making talk."

The five older children came tumbling in from school rosy after a run through the keen autumn air. Aunt

Joey produced a peppermint from her bag, dividing it impartially between the two youngest. The older boys went dutifully about their evening chores and the little girls ran out to the oak-tree to gather acorns. The air resounded with their eager chatter. Malvina had betaken herself to the milk-room to cut some cheese for an early tea. Aunt Joey leaned nearer to her sister-in-law. "He's the thirteenth," she said in an awe-struck tone. Grandma Webster's look of dawning comprehension changed to one of utter dismay.

"For the dear land sake, so he is," she exclaimed sinking helplessly back in her chair, while her neglected knitting fell unheeded into the eager paws of the yellow kitten.

They were still conversing in low tones when Malvina returned with the cheese. "What's the matter?" inquired the young woman briskly as she sat the lighted candle on the high mantle and turned to encounter the apprehensive glances of the other two.

"We might's well break it to her," suggested Aunt Joey feelingly. "It's got to come sooner or later. I wonder you or Cyrus didn't think of it before." Malvina stood patiently in the candle-light listening to Aunt Joey's long and somewhat rambling story of family tradition interspersed with frequent comments or corrections from Grandma Webster. Then she turned to the cradle and lifted the baby, pressing it to her breast with fond caresses. "It isn't true," she said defiantly. "My precious baby! Just as though harm could come to you because a revengeful old gypsy cursed your family years before your great-grandfather was born. I don't

care if the thirteenth child of every generation has been a fool or a villain ever since. It's a silly old superstition, and this one shan't be."

The two older women looked at each other.

"He hasn't ever seemed just right to me," Grandma Webster acknowledged tearfully. "A child of healthy mind'd never lay contented and peaceable so long to a time. I knew there was trouble coming. I've dreamed of walking through snow three nights in succession. But I never once thought of this. Dear, dear."

"It was Uncle Eben in Grandsire's family," continued Aunt Joey reminiscently. "They called him an innocent, which sounded better than fool, but meant the same thing. And David and Prudence in father's family was twins. They was both feeble minded. And Cousin Jotham's Thomas Henry never even learned to talk, though he lived to thirty years. Oh, yes, it's always proved true, though there's this to comfort us, there's never been a villain yet."

Malvina, the baby still in her arms, met the male element of the family at the outer door. Here at last was strength to help her combat the superstitious belief of two old women. But to her consternation even shrewd hard-headed Grandpa Webster recalled the family curse with strong conviction in its efficacy, while her practical husband, instead of ridiculing the whole matter, as she had confidently expected, sat staring into the fire with dejected face.

"Of course it's true," he declared irritably when Malvina drew him aside to argue the question. "And just my luck at that. Why couldn't

it been one of Tom's or Ed's children just as well."

The matter was thoroughly discussed at supper, Aunt Joey and Grandpa Webster vying with each other in recalling family history, while the children listened with wide open eyes.

Within a week it was whispered from house to house throughout Plainville that Hiram Webster's youngest child was foolish. Old settlers recalled the family tradition with emphatic nods and brought up dead and gone Websters to verify the same. The family accepted the situation, although Grandma Webster's pride suffered severely and the young father openly bemoaned the fate that had made his youngest son a lifelong burden. The red cradle was pushed farther into the corner, where its rosy tenant slumbered undisturbed for hours together. Malvina, with determined rebellion against fate, refused to believe and was only silenced by her husband's curt assurance that he much preferred being parent to an idiot than accept the alternative and produce the first villain the Webster family had known. Grandparent and neighbor united in the opinion that the child's every tendency was towards confirmation of their belief. And when little David, whose brothers and sisters had been restless, active babies, refrained from walking until his second year and declined all attempts to talk until his third, there could no longer be room for doubt—save in his mother's heart. "Send him to school? Of course not," declared his father with irritation, when the boy reached the age of four years. "Of all things let's spare

the world another educated fool. A clear idiot is bad enough; but a half and half's worse yet."

So David played contentedly among the calves and chickens, talking to them in a fond language of his own, and much preferring them to other playmates. Sometimes Malvina found him lying upon the grass and gazing up into the blue sky with the same wondering look the baby eyes had fixed upon the ceiling. But when she questioned eagerly, he shook his head. "Just finkin'," he declared, with the brevity which characterized all his attempts at conversation. Reluctantly, Malvina at last relinquished all attempts to make him seem like other children. There was a difference, she was forced to admit, as he sat comfortably eating his bread and milk in silence, while his brothers and sisters filled the old kitchen with their chatter; or, crowded from their games partly by natural inclination, but more from the repeated assurance that he was "too little," built block houses in his own especial corner. Whether the baby brain realized that his position in the family circle was not quite that of the others, not even his mother could guess. "He's odd," she admitted reluctantly to herself. "I can't help but own that much. But oddity isn't foolishness, and I won't believe it yet."

One day in David's sixth summer, she determined upon a daring rebellion. The grandparents were away for a round of "after haying" visits, Hiram at market for the day, and the older children safe in school. Seated with David by her side in the darkened parlor, Grandma Webster's sampler upon her lap, she went patiently

over the red, blue and green letters, while the child repeated them with ready acquiescence. After that at every opportunity the lessons were repeated and the hope in Malvina's heart grew into triumphant certainty.

"It's our secret, Bubby, yours and mother's," Malvina cautioned, and the child kept it loyally. He learned slowly, but with a depth of comprehension which even the mother could not realize, since he asked no questions and made few comments. A was A at first because his mother said it was; after the fact had become fully absorbed into his own consciousness it was A because he knew it was. If a thing puzzled him, he reasoned it out under the apple-trees and triumphantly announced his solution at the next lesson time. And all the time in the family circle he went quietly on with his own concerns, not entirely neglected, but treated in every respect like one to whom babyhood was a permanent estate.

"He isn't a absolute fool," declared Aunt Joey upon one of her visits. But Father and Grandfather demurred remembering the alternative. "Fool enough to save him from being a villain, I hope," declared Grandpa Webster. "Like enough it'll show more as his body grows, leavin' his mind behind it."

The lessons continued until Malvina began to foresee a time when exposure would be inevitable, since her own knowledge was limited and the absorbing little brain was beginning to crave information which she could not supply. Then, too, she often feared lest she were training the child in dreadful habits of deceit. "Next

year I'll own up to Hiram and have him sent to school," she promised herself, when David, on his tenth birthday, secretly begged her for a book, and received instead a brightly colored ball. But before the winter passed came Plainville's great spelling contest. Squire Thomas, the town's one college graduate, offered a gold eagle to the best speller between the ages of eight and fifteen, and a silk flag to the school of Plainville which should outspell the others. Two of the Webster children were eligible and went about from day to day with spelling-book or dictionary in hand. David in his corner listened with unsuspected interest, while Hannah and Sophia, with toes ranged carefully upon a crack in the kitchen floor, spelled the long words which Grandpa announced from the book. He sought his mother at last with a whispered petition. Malvina shook her head.

"You can ride over, Bubby, with Pa and me," she promised. "But mother can't let you spell."

The great hall, crowded with anxious parents, each seeking their own from the long row of boys and girls on either side, filled David's heart with keen delight. Malvina, watching him, saw his lips move more than once as he spelled the words over to himself. As the ranks thinned, he watched his sisters anxiously. Sophia's hopes were extinguished early, and he heard the teacher whisper to his mother in a reassuring tone that Sophia was the best grammar scholar in her class. The lines grew shorter. Great gaps followed the word "reciprocity" and "reprehensible" threatened to exterminate the remainder upon the spot. Hiram and Malvina saw with appre-

hension that it would soon come to their youngest daughter, whose look was anything but confident. David, counting beneath his breath, saw it too. Hannah was his favorite sister, always willing to lend him dolls in earlier days, or to admit him to her plays of keeping house. And "reprehensible" had been one of Grandpa Webster's favorite words in the kitchen rehearsals at home. Suddenly, before she had even missed him from her side, Malvina, with a thrill of dismay, saw a little figure in blue roundabout appear at Hannah's elbow. He was whispering eagerly. But stage fright had already done its work for Hannah and help from any source was too late. She fled in dismay to her seat, while a clear little voice, sounding above the creaking of her Sunday shoes, spelled the word confidently and correctly. "It's Webster's fool," shouted some one and the room rang with applause. Hiram Webster turned upon his wife a look of withering condemnation. Then he sat in rigid silence while his youngest born, his nervous little fingers working and his brown eyes shining with delight, spelled eagerly the words that were defeating the youths of sixteen. David felt no lack of confidence. Squire Thomas, giving the words with solemn emphasis from the high platform, had reached the very page of the spelling book upon which Grandpa Webster had most carefully drilled his granddaughters. When at last David returned in triumph to his mother's side and pressed the gold eagle into her hand, Hiram Webster could not forego a thrill of pride. He patted the child's head fondly, but he spoke resentfully to the mother. "So

then, you've made a villain of him!" he said.

Plainville could not forget the cloud that rested upon Hiram Webster's youngest child. The curse had never failed within the memory of man, it was declared, and since the child was not a fool, he must perforce become a villain. Plainville immediately set itself to watch for symptoms. It was noticed that when David made his first appearance at school, he immediately made friends with the Romneys, who, ragged and half-fed, had ever been the objects of ridicule and abuse. That his attitude towards them was the same patronizing friendliness he had once bestowed upon the calves and chickens, quite escaped Plainville's attention. More than one battle David waged in their defence, and mothers whose sons came home bearing the marks of his strong little fists, whispered one to another of the child's desperate character. At home the grandmother examined him frequently in the catechism and the father exacted far more rigid obedience than had been required of the older children. Each succeeding school-teacher was warned to watch him carefully, and good Elder Noon, with solemn countenance, lost no opportunity to read him long lectures upon the folly and dire consequence of wrong doing. Through it all the boy grew to manhood an average youth as regards conduct, but with growing brilliancy of mind and a strong independence of character which secretly delighted his paternal grandfather; and at seventeen gravely announced to the astonished family his intention of entering college.

Hiram Webster, really proud of his

son's scholarship and with the reckless hope that since fate had marked him for a villain, he might reach a higher estate than that of common criminal, would have gladly assisted in the college course. But the farm had been mortgaged to set Joseph and John up in business; even the mother was handicapped, for Hannah was about to marry and all the butter and egg money would be needed for her fitting out. David, nothing daunted, went about working his own way, teaching and farming in vacations, as so many had done before him, and between work and study won golden opinions from his college faculty. The neighbors almost forgot the old tradition, and the Webster family, closely following his movements, began to hope that the Webster curse had died with the last generation.

But it all came up again when David Webster returned to Plainville and hung out a modest legal sign from the little corner room over the village grocery. Even Malvina, for the first time in her son's twenty-three years of life, began to doubt. As a minister they would all have regarded his profession as a shield. As a doctor he might have lived down any in-born tendency to crime, in deeds of healing. But a lawyer—Plainville regarded the legal profession as villainy itself. The one old lawyer in the town shook his head and mournfully pronounced him a "smart boy" in tones which warned all Plainville to beware. And Plainville, after some consideration, greeted him with a shade of reserve, admitting him freely to church social and singing school, but ignoring him professionally.

"Your old friend Jim Romney's in

jail," announced John Webster, as he watched David affix a seal to a legal document in favor of Webster Brothers, Grocers. "Guess he'll need something stronger'n your fists to get him out of this scrape. Been stealin' John Parker's sheep, as might have been expected."

John departed with his bill of sale and David sat staring out into the autumn sunshine. The old impulse that had led him to champion the Romneys was strong upon him. Two hours later he appeared in his brother's store, a somewhat embarrassed look upon his face. "I'm bailing Jim Romney," he announced. "But they won't take my bond unless one of you sign it."

Joseph demurred with ready caution, but John good humoredly wrote his name across the paper. "Give the youngster a chance, Joe," he argued, as the young lawyer disappeared. "Villain or fool, he's our brother, and we may as well stand by him. If we don't, who will?"

That same afternoon David Webster strolled out towards the Romney place. The late prisoner sat despondently upon the broken doorstep. "Yes," he said, in answer to David's question. "Somebody got me bailed out. Squire Thomas, I wouldn't wonder. He's always been a kind of friend to our family. But I don't know yet how it's comin' out."

David cleared his throat, visibly embarrassed. "I didn't know but you might need legal advice," he said. "Anything I can do for you needn't cost you a cent." James Romney looked doubtful. "I'm highly obliged to you, Dave," he said slowly, "'n' I wouldn't want to hurt your feelin's by

bringin' up old talk. But the fact is you ain't got the confidence of the community and I calc'late my lawyer is goin' to need all the standin' he can get. Anyhow, I shouldn't want to take the chances." Two days later James Romney came into the little office where David sat alone.

"These other fellows don't seem inclined to take hold of my case," he explained despondently. "I've just been over to the county seat to see Jenkins, and he says 'twould be leadin' a forlorn hope, whatever that is. So I don't see but what I've got to take my chances with you. Anyhow if I go to prison in the end, I'll have the satisfaction of knowin' it didn't cost me nothing'." David pushed a chair toward him—his first client. "Sit down and let's talk it over, Jim," he said cordially.

Plainville was not wont to concern itself greatly with the doings of the county court, since the county seat was regarded with feelings of rivalry by all public spirited Plainvillians. But on the afternoon of James Romney's trial a long procession of teams traversed the five miles of hill and valley, and the prisoner, with much complacency, remarked the interest of his townsmen in his affairs. It was a simple case enough. John Parker had lost a sheep from his pasture next the Romney farm. James Romney, the day following its disappearance, had been known to dine upon roast mutton, his wife had been seen picking wool, and a newly killed sheepskin had been found in his barn. Add to this the well-known character of the Romneys, inherited from generations of shiftless ancestry, and the conclusion was inevitable. The prose-

cution was triumphant in positive proof. The defence was weak and inadequate—admitting the roast—the wool—the sheepskin—and resting upon the improbable plea that a sheep with a broken leg had been bestowed upon James Romney by a passing drover, in return for assistance in getting his drove past the broken fences of the Romney farm. As the lawyer for the prosecution sarcastically remarked, “the only element of probability was the broken fences.”

The drover, though searched for near and far, had not been found. There was no doubt of the prisoner's guilt in the minds of audience, judge or jury, when his counsel rose to make his plea. Plainville, settling itself in a critical attitude, listened attentively. More than one old townsman suddenly recalled an eager-eyed little boy spelling down a long line of youths and maidens in the old town hall. Half an hour later the jury brought in the unanimous verdict of “not guilty.”

“I know it,” acknowledged Ephriam Emery, foreman of the jury, in the Plainville post-office next morning. “There wasn't no proof that he didn't do it no more'n there was that he did do it. And knowin' the Romneys, the latter was enough sight more probable. But when Dave Webster got up and spoke there wasn't a man on the jury but what seed that drover comin' along there after dark; and that broken-legged sheep; and Jim runnin' alongside of the wagon; and what's more, we see John Parker's sheep gettin' off into the swamp further 'n further and heard it bleatin' an' bleatin', till it sunk in a bog hole out of sight. There wasn't an atom of

doubt as to jest how 'twas. An' it wasn't Dave's way of talkin' alone neither. No man on earth could have talked like that without he had truth and justice behind him.”

“Yes, Dave's dead honest,” added another member of the jury emphatically. “Last night after court let out, Cyrus Martin, over to Spencer, he steps right up and offers Dave the case of the woolen mill against the railroad. Big offer too for a boy of his size. But Dave he colored up kind of queer, just like a girl and says he, ‘I thank you kindly, Mr. Martin,’ says he, ‘and you've got a good case,’ says he, ‘but,’ says he, ‘I promised my mother I wouldn't never take no case I couldn't see the dead right of.’”

“I reckon he's a fool,” declared the postmaster with some contempt. “Fool enough to save him from being a villain, I hope,” interposed the voice of John Webster, unconsciously quoting his grandfather's words.

It was a year later that Hiram Webster's oldest brother came for a visit to his boyhood home bringing with him his Western wife. “I always took a deep interest in the thought of David,” Mrs. Edward remarked, as she turned the leaves of the family photograph album. “We lost a baby a week older than he. No, I don't know as you ever did know about it, for things was going hard with us then, and we didn't take it so hard as we have later in rememberin' it. It only lived a week.”

Grandma Webster's eyes sought those of her younger daughter-in-law. Malvina's eyes shone and her head was proudly erect. “It never made a mite of difference to me,” she said.



GEN. NELSON A. MILES



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY AS BROTHERS-IN-ARMS
Gen. Miles, the commander of the United States Army, and Gen. Wheeler, the former dashing Confederate leader

Men and Events of the Day

GEN. NELSON A. MILES

AFTER forty-two years' service in the army, General Miles' retirement is announced. A gallant fighter, a brilliant Indian trailer, a superb specimen of the American soldier, Miles makes a good type of military success.

True, he likes a fine uniform. True, he likes the plaudits of the people. But he earned the right to both, and his life has many times been in danger of paying the penalty of his endeavor.

One of his last acts was spectacular, a grand-stand play. But yet it was great. A few days before his retirement he rode horseback ninety miles in nine hours. He said he did it to test the present carrying and wearing capacity of the cavalry horse as compared with the horse of Rebellion days. Perhaps he had also in mind the pleasure of showing that Nelson Miles at sixty-four could ride as well and as hard as any dashing youngster in the army. Never mind. He did it—and not every man would care to imitate the test.

During the Cuban War Miles had little chance to shine; he led the Porto

Rican campaign, but by that time the war was practically over. While he was at the front, the photographs, given by the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* in this issue, were taken by W. F. Turner, and they are well worth preserving in permanent form from the association of General Wheeler in the group.

Wheeler and Miles! The impetuous, fiery Confederate cavalry leader of the sixties, now in army blue, a major-general under the old flag, a veteran in years, but a youth in heart and strength,—and side by side, as companion in arms, one of his old opponents, now the chief of the United States forces!

With Wheeler, at his headquarters at Tampa, Florida, was an interesting set of men. Their names and rank as it stood in 1898 are given under the picture. From their number one picks out with especial curiosity the son of Wheeler himself and the son of Miles, the younger generation with the older, and close by, also, the son of Alger, another veteran of the Civil War, and during the Spanish war McKinley's Secretary of War.



GEN. MILES AND GEN. WHEELER'S STAFF

- | | | | | | | |
|--------------|-----------|--------------|----------------|------------|------------|--------------|
| Maj. Seyburn | Col. Maus | Gen. Wheeler | Sherman Miles | Gen. Miles | Maj. Daley | Col. Michler |
| | | Capt. Alger | Lieut. Wheeler | | | |



THE NEW POPE

GIUSEPPE SARTO, SUCCESSOR TO LEO XIII

The unexpected has happened. Giuseppe Sarto, patriarch of Venice, has become Pope Pius X. When the old cardinal—he is sixty-eight, the same age as Leo XIII when he accepted the papal chair—left his home to attend the solemn conclave some one hinted at the probabilities. He laughed. "No," he replied, "I have bought my return ticket to Venice."

But after four days fruitless balloting, his associates united upon the worthy patriarch. A handsome man,

with a fine figure, and a dignified carriage, Pius X also possesses a warm heart, a kindly nature and a simple, conciliatory spirit that will aid much in carrying out the policies of his predecessor.

It is said that Cardinal Sarto was so overcome with emotion by his election that the tears rolled down his cheeks and his strength almost gave way. His kindly heart was shown by the first act of his pontificate—a visit to Cardinal Herrero, who lay sick in his cell at the conclave.

THE AMERICA CUP

Another race for the America Cup now goes down to history. The latest triumphs of British and Yankee ship-building skill have their friendly contest, and all honor goes to the victor.

But no one can forget that greatest triumph of all, fifty-two years ago, when the *America* herself, entered against the crack cutters and schooners of England, first "lifted" that homely but now illustrious cup.

"Who is first?" queried Queen Victoria of her old signal master, on board the *Victoria and Albert* royal yacht as she gazed into the haze.

"The *America*," was the reply.

"And who is second?"

"Your majesty, there is no second."

That told the story. The victory was complete, and the tune of "Yankee Doodle" rightfully and tactfully greeted the winners on their return to Cowes.

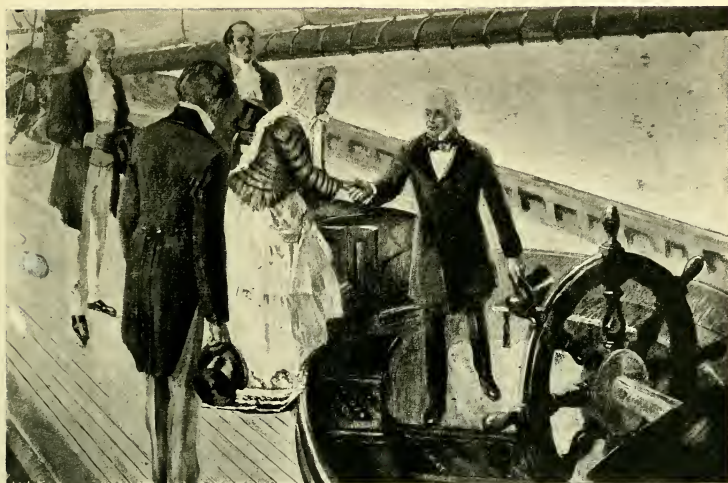
The *America* was raced by three typical Americans, the Stevens brothers, men of affairs, and James A. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton. Their social position was recognized by the Queen in her visit to the Yankee schooner at Osborne, the day after the race. With the Queen were her husband, Prince Consort Albert, with four gentlemen and two ladies (Lady Desart and Miss Bing). Among the number was Lord Alfred Paget, who certainly was natural to the sea,

since his father, the Marquis of Anglesey, is said to have christened him by dipping him head foremost into the ocean from his yacht *Pearl*.

It is said that the last survivor of the original *America* crew is Capt. Henry C. Hoffman of Brooklyn, N. Y. He was a boy aboard the boat during the race.



LIPTON IN YACHTING COSTUME



QUEEN VICTORIA ON BOARD THE AMERICA, THE FIRST WINNER OF THE CUP

From an oil painting by C. Chase Emerson, after photographs and drawings made on board the America. Copyright 1902, by Thomas W. Lawson, Boston, and published here by special permission

Left to right : Col. James A. Hamilton, Lord Alfred Paget, the Queen's clerk marshal, the Prince Consort, the Queen, Commodore John C. Stevens

BOOK NOTES

"Trees, Shrubs and Vines of Northeastern United States" are so gathered in picturesque Central Park of New York, that H. E. Parkhurst treats that place as containing an "ornamental growth of so representative a character as to comprise most of the species cultivated anywhere in the United States." The exotics from Asia,—notably from Japan,—and from Europe, are also treated in an unmistakable manner. Mr. Parkhurst shows a pleasant enthusiasm in his subject, which he illustrates by many cuts. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.)

* *

A book distantly akin to the above, is one by Chas. Goodrich Whiting, in which by verbal and pictorial description he recounts his happy experiences in long "Walks in New England." There is charming harmony between the writer and Nature's moods, and no lover of our beautiful piece of the world but will enjoy these expressions of it. (John Lane, New York. \$1.50.)

* *

"Our Northern Shrubs, and How to Identify Them," is the title of Mrs. Harriet I. Keeler's book, which is planned on the same lines as her "Native Trees," which proved, by the sales, to meet the need of over ten thousand students.

It is Mrs. Keeler's aim to make identification possible of any shrub growing between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River, and from Canada to the northern boundaries of our Southern States. This beautiful book contains over two hundred plates from photographs, and thirty-five illustrations from drawings. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.00.)

* *

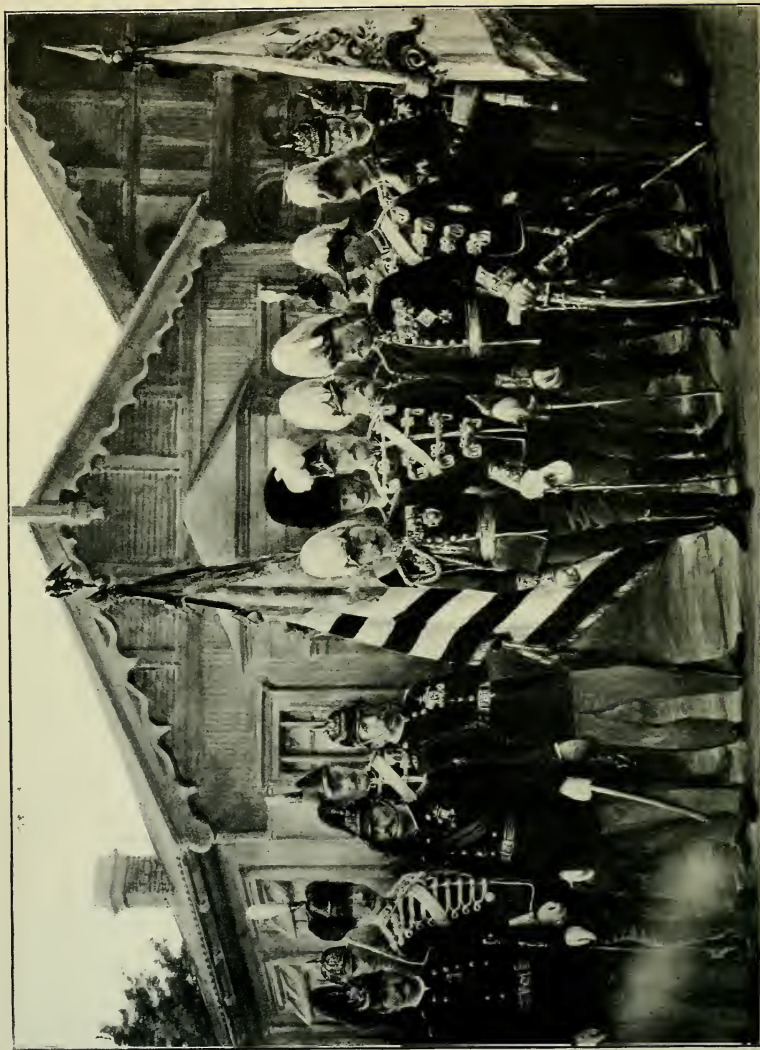
Mr. Lindsay Swift, of the Boston Public Library, prepared, in anticipation of the National Educational Association, which met in this city in July, a pamphlet called, "Literary Landmarks of Boston." Over 26,000 copies were presented to the visiting teachers. So much favorable comment was made as to its usefulness and convenience, that the publishers have decided to place it on sale. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. 25 cents.)

"A Maker of a New Orient" is the biography by William Elliot Griffis of Samuel Rollins Brown, "a pioneer in the instruction of the deaf and dumb and of the higher education of women, as he secured the formation of the first chartered woman's college adopting the standards of men's colleges. He made an almost faultless translation of the New Testament into Japanese. He stimulated and brought to America the first Chinese students who went abroad for an education. He thoroughly understood the Oriental and led a varied life as teacher, pastor, missionary in America, China and Japan." The name of this excellent man suffers through fault of biographer or printer throughout the volume, until his middle name resolves itself permanently into *Robbins*. There are other signs of hasty preparation, but the character of the man stands out as loveable, efficient, and altogether admirable. Both Dr. Brown and his wife are cheerful, making the best of things, sympathetic and helpful, winning the confidence and affections of their pupils and converts. (Fleming H. Revell & Co., N. Y. \$1.25.)

* *

Written in even a higher spirit than that of historical accuracy, is Raymond L. Bridgman's "Loyal Traitors," a story of friendship for the Filipinos. The opening chapter is made up of serious words on very serious principles of action, and the entire book, whether one agrees or not with the author's viewpoint, is full of suggestion and matter of consideration. Whether conscience can ever safely delegate personal action to the command of another; whether, believing in non-resistance, one is justified in taking up arms at the call of his country; whether intentional insult should be made a cause for duelling; whether the pulpit should be obliged to hold its peace on national injustice or cruelty; these are some of the many burning questions that Mr. Bridgman takes up for discussion in his very interesting volume.

It were devoutly to be wished that such a book might for once take the lead in the kind of popularity shown by statistics of drawings from public libraries and bookshop sales. (James H. West Company, Boston, \$1.00.)



A DISTINGUISHED GROUP UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG IN ENGLAND

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES

OCTOBER, 1903

VOL. XXIX No. 2

The Return of the British to Boston in 1903

By Arthur T. Lovell

WITHIN a few days after the publication of this number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, the Honourable Artillery Company of London will visit the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. The visit will be typical of the modern growth of cordial relations between the United States and Great Britain, a growth which the two companies have done much to promote. It will also interest students of New England history. To them it will mean even more than the entrance of the Stars and Stripes into Windsor Castle meant to the English seven years ago. Memories of 1775 will surround the visitors as they march past the Bunker Hill Monument and through State Street.

Memories of American valor in the Revolutionary War will increase the heartiness of the reception to be given by descendants of the Revolutionary heroes.

The Honourable Artillery Company cannot strictly be considered the descendant of the British troops that evacuated Boston in 1776. Its function was home defence and the training of officers, not the subjection of rebellious colonies. The principle at stake in the Revolution was one of government; there was no contest between the people of England and those of America; and the English of later generations have been indebted to Americans for the stand that they took. Chartered by Henry VIII in 1537, as the "Maisters and Rulers and Cominaltie of the Fraternitie or



ARMORY OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, FINSBURY, LONDON

Guyde of Artillary of Longbowes, Crosbowes and Handgonnes," this ancient military body was granted license to use and shoot with the long-bowes, cross-bowes, and hand-guns, both in London and the suburbs, and all other parts of the realm of England, Ireland, Calais and Wales. This right was exclusive.

No other fraternity or guild could be formed in any part of the realm without this one's consent.

The new "Fraternitie," or, as it was afterwards called, the "Artillery Company," grew in influence as the years progressed. Its first great public service was in 1588, when England was threatened



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON

Headquarters of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company

with invasion from Spain. Then its members were appointed to various commands in the great camp at Tilbury, and prepared the citizen soldiers to encounter the invaders. In recognition of this service its members were granted by Queen Elizabeth the rank of officers in the train bands, the organization becoming in reality a school of military instruction. This right was reaffirmed in 1697 by William III, who made membership a necessary qualification for rank in the train bands,

and it continued in force until the latter part of the eighteenth century. From this point of view, the Artillery Company gave birth to the modern militia of England.

Noblemen, men of letters and eminent citizens were found on the muster roll. John Milton, the poet, joined in 1635. Members of the Royal Family joined in 1641, in the person of Charles, Prince of Wales, who afterwards became Charles II, Charles, Duke of Bavaria, and James, Duke of York. Prince Rupert

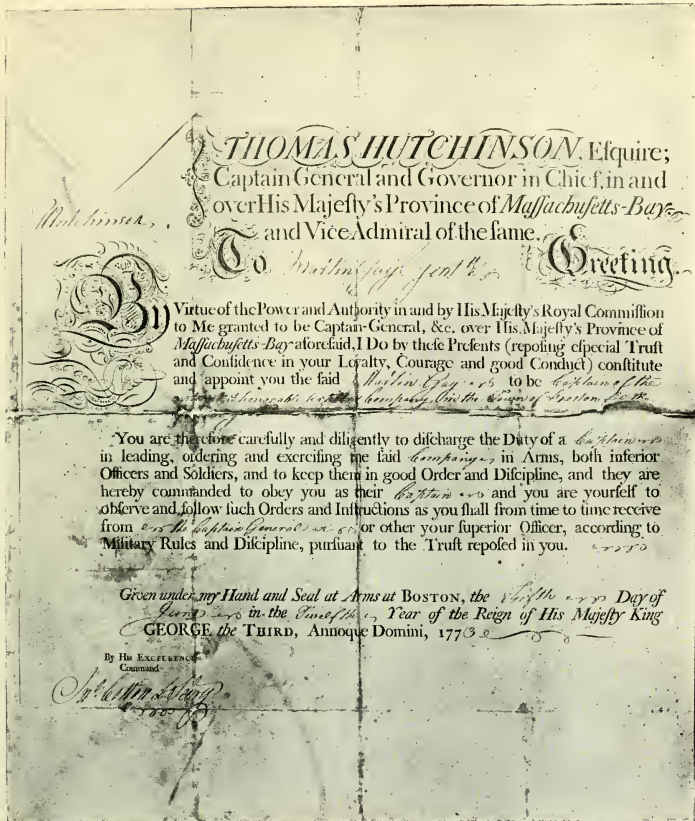
joined in 1664, and Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, in 1669. Samuel Pepys was one of the Stewards in 1677. No members were admitted from 1644 to 1657. The company fell into the hands of the Cavaliers, although many of its members, who were connected with the train bands of London, gained prominence in the Parliamentary army. Revival came under Cromwell, the Protector. In 1660, with Charles II on the throne, the company had regained its prestige so far that the Duke of York accepted election as "Commander in Chief." From that day to the present, with one short interval, the sovereign or heir apparent has held the command, practically all of the time as "Captain General and Colonel," first, however, being elected a member.

As the tide of emigration set westward, several members of the company settled in the Massachusetts colony, making their homes in and near Boston. Train bands then existed in seven of the fifteen towns. They were a greater necessity here than they had been in London, for the Indians were near neighbors. The officers of these scattered organizations, some of them former members of this or other English companies, but many of them with no military training, felt the need of instruction, and conferences with magistrates and business men resulted in the formation of a central association, which in 1637 began meetings for drill. Application for a charter was made to Governor Winthrop, but refused, the Governor pointing out "how dangerous it might be to erect

a standing authority of military men, which might easily, in time, overthrow the civil power." The next year, however, this fear was dispelled, and on March 17, O. S., the charter was granted.

This interesting document constituted Robert Keayne, Nathaniel Duncan, Robert Sedgwick, and William Spencer, their associates and successors, "The Military Company of the Massachusetts." It gave them, or the greater number of them, liberty to choose all their officers, specifically providing that their captain and lieutenant should be "always such as the Court or Council shall allow of," but agreeing that no officer should "be put upon them, but of their own choice." It appointed the first Monday in every month, or, failing that, the sixth day of the same week, for their meeting and exercise, and "to the end that they may not be hindered from coming together," ordered that, within fixed territorial limits, "no other training in the particular towns, nor other ordinary town meetings," should take place on that day. Their orders "for the better managing their military affairs" were made subject to approval by "the Court or Council." Liberty was given to assemble for military exercises in any town within the jurisdiction.

Keayne, whose name appeared first in the charter, and who signed it as a Deputy, had joined the London organization in 1623, and, emigrating in 1635, had suggested the establishment of a similar institution in the home of his adoption. Sedgwick had been connected with an artillery



COMMISSION OF MARTIN GAY AS CAPTAIN OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, 1772

company in London, probably "The Military Garden," and was captain of the train band in Charlestown. Duncan was captain of the train band in Dorchester. Spencer, who had joined the London company in 1611, was lieutenant of the train band in Cambridge. The four men represented the four principal towns in the county. Associated with them were

twenty-one residents of their own towns and also of Lynn, Salem and Watertown, nearly all of whom had military experience, and considerably more than half of whom were or had been members of the General Court. They completed the organization of the company, choosing Keayne as its captain.

The uniform they adopted is not



1 COL WM H OAKE
FIRST LIEUT

2 SERGT JOHN D. NICHOLS
SECOND LIEUT.

3 COL SIDNEY M. HEDGES
COMMANDER

4 COL CHARLES R DARLING
ADJUTANT

5 LT COL ALEXANDER M. FERRE
CHIEF OF STAFF.

Photos by Chickering

SOME OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN COMPANY



Photos by Chickering

SOME LEADING MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH COMPANY

known. All that can be said on the subject is that at that period in New England history men at arms wore "a steel morion or helmet, without a visor, but with check pieces and a long scarlet plume, and a cuirass and back plate" over "a buff coat." The muskets were large and heavy. They were fired by match rope from a forquette, or forked rest. The captain of "The Military Company" carried a leading staff, the lieutenant a half-pike, and the sergeants halberds. The men were armed and equipped as musketeers.

During the first year of existence fifty-seven recruits were admitted, but after that they were secured more slowly—twenty-one in 1639-40, twenty-four in 1640-1, and twenty-two in 1642-3. The seed had been planted, and the tree grew, sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly, as if the frosts of winter bore severely upon it. Captain Keayne outlined the history of the first few years. He said in 1653 that the "Noble Society" of the Artillery Company "hath so farr prospered by the blessing of God as to helpe many with good experience in the use of their Armes & more exact knowledge in the Military Art & hath beene a nursery to raise up many able and well experienced souldiers that hath done since good service for their country." A period of decline was in progress when he wrote. "My grieffe is the more," he continued, "to see this sometime flourishing & highly prized Company that when the Country grows more populus this Company should grow more thin & ready to dissolve for want of appearance but some are weary & theus

thinke they have gott experience enough so the most begins to neglect." He never saw the company again in really flourishing condition, for he died in 1656 and the revival did not begin until 1669.

In the first century (1638-1737) 952 names appeared upon the roll. Many were those of men who had attained or did attain great distinction in civil and military life. Zachariah G. Whitman, for several years clerk of the company, wrote in his history that "the most distinguished and honorable men in the country comprised its early members." Among them were two Governors and three Deputy Governors of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, three Governors of the Province, one President of the Colony, twenty-one Speakers of the House of Deputies, seventy-four Selectmen of Boston, twelve "Managers of the Affairs of the Town," and a number of graduates of Harvard and of donors to Harvard. Keayne himself left by will one hundred pounds, and, conditionally, six hundred and twenty pounds more, to the college. Nearly all of the officers of the Suffolk, Middlesex, Essex and Norfolk Regiments, upon their organization in 1644, eight Major Generals of the Militia from 1649 to 1686, and six commanders of the Boston Regiment from its origin to its abolition, were or had been members of "The Military Company." Many members or former members served as officers in King Philip's war; twelve went to England to fight for the Parliament, and two were commissioned by Cromwell to raise volunteers in New

WEST END OF ARMORY AT FANEUIL HALL



England for an expedition against the Dutch at New Amsterdam. The pages of Massachusetts history bristle with the names of members who took part in colonial or provincial defence. The organization and support of churches, the introduction of manufactures, the extension of trade, the nurturing of the public schools, might also be cited to show the part played in civic life by men identified with the movement which had at first

been rejected. Even Governor Winthrop's sons became members as they reached maturity.

Other military organizations were formed and died or were reorganized, but these two companies, parent and child, one in England and one in Massachusetts, have maintained an unbroken existence from that day to this. Each has had times of distress. As has already been stated, the English company had a period of sus-



Photo by Chickering

ARTHUR T. LOVELL

Secretary Committee on Reception and Entertainment



CAPT. ALBERT A. FOLSOM

Treasurer Committee on Reception and Entertainment

pendent animation from 1644 to 1657, a time of civil strife. Its meetings were also stopped temporarily by the Plague and the Great Fire in London. The Massachusetts company held no meetings from 1687 to 1691, either because Governor Andros suppressed them or because the membership was divided by a quarrel between the churches. In 1721 the Fall Field Day parade was omitted, a smallpox epidemic having caused the General Assembly to "forbid all training

and trooping" in Boston. In 1775 the Common was occupied by British troops, and admittance to it for exercise and evolutions was refused.

During the Revolutionary War no meetings were held, the members generally being actively engaged in the field, where many were killed or wounded, and only fifteen were left to resume active company operations in the summer of 1786. Later in that year, however, there being an "emergency of publick affairs,"



Photo by Chickering

A. SHUMAN

Chairman Finance Committee.



Photo by Chickering

SERGT. FRED M. PURMORT

Chairman of Committee on Hotels and Banquets

the company volunteered its services for the maintenance of law and order. Through all these periods the companies respectively kept their organization intact, and they are now the oldest military bodies existing in the countries of which they are part.

The English company was popularly styled the "Military Glory of the Nation" in 1658. It was called the "Company of the Artillery Garden" by Charles I in 1632, and "our Artillery Company" by Charles II in 1681. "Honourable" was first applied to it in 1685, the title thus received, "Honourable Artillery Company," being confirmed by Queen Victoria in 1860. By Royal command it ranks in seniority immediately following the regular army of the British Empire, and before the militia, yeomanry and

volunteer forces. It may be called into service whenever militia is embodied, and may be required to act in aid of the civil power; but it is the only force which the King can call out without the consent of Parliament, and therefore may be considered "the Sovereign's body guard." In 1780 it played a conspicuous part in the suppression of the Gordon Riots, during which it was under arms for six days, and helped to keep the peace during the trial of Lord George Gordon. In 1781 it guarded the Bank of England, in 1794 helped to maintain tranquillity during a trial for high treason, and in 1803 prepared to join in resisting a threatened invasion by the French. In 1848 it was called into service on



Photo by Chickering

CAPT. J. STEARNS CUSHING

Chairman of Committee on Press and Printing



ARMS OF THE A. & H. A. C.

account of the intention of the Chartist to proceed to the House of Commons, its detail being to occupy the Guildhall and to defend Southwark bridge, but it was relieved after a few hours. It attended Lord Nelson's funeral in 1806, assisted to lay the foundation stone of London Bridge in 1825, attended the Coronations of George IV and William IV, acted as a Guard of Honor at the opening of the International Exhibition in 1863, and on many occasions has acted as Guard of Honor to the King of England, Queen Victoria, the Lord Mayor, and visiting European monarchs.

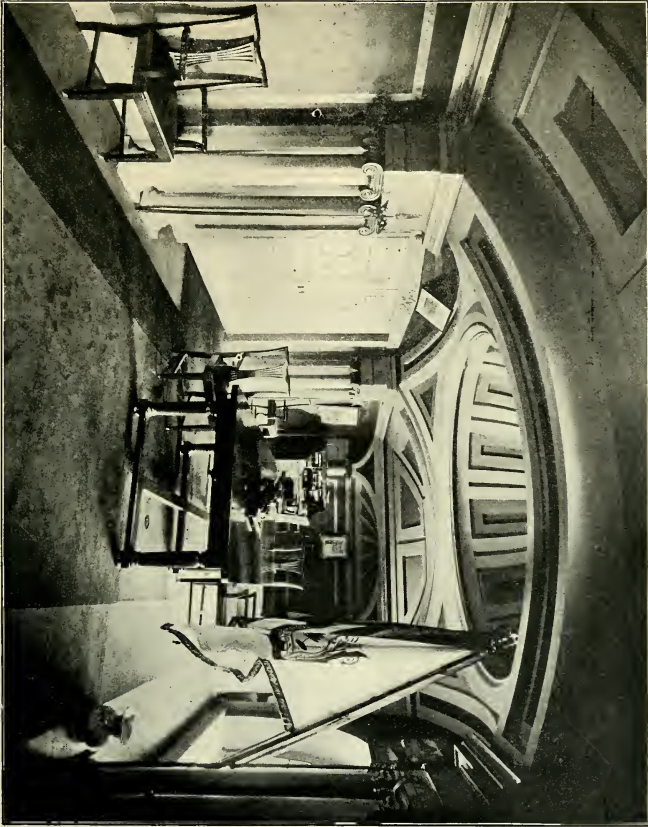
At the present time the Honourable Artillery Company consists of six companies of infantry, two batteries of horse artillery and a veteran company. The infantry wears the uniform of the Grenadier Guards, and the Artillery that of the Royal Horse Artillery. In each case, however, silver takes the place of gold, the former being indicative of volunteer service, and the latter

of service in the regular army. The scarlet coat of the infantry dates from 1722. The full Grenadier uniform dates from 1830, when it was adopted for both infantry and artillery, but the uniform of the artillery division was changed to blue in 1851. No alteration can be made without the King's consent. The number of members is about eight hundred. If one of them should be discharged against his will, he has the right of appeal to the King, through the Secretary of State, for relief. King Edward VII commands the regiment, for that is what it really is. The Lieutenant Colonel commanding is the Earl of Denbigh and Desmond, who, as a Royal Artillery officer, saw service in Egypt and India, taking part in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and later served as A. D. C. to Lord Londonderry, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Denbigh is a Lord-in-Waiting to the King. In the House of Lords he represents the Irish office, answering questions and running unimportant government bills.



ARMS OF THE H. A. C.

OFFICERS' ROOM AT FANEUIL HALL



The Massachusetts company did not long keep its original name. Like its English parent, it became the "Artillery Company" and then the "Honorable Artillery Company," sometimes being called the "Great Artillery." In 1708, twenty-three years after the name "Honorable Artillery Company" was first used in England, the Artillery sermon in Boston was preached before the "Honorable Artillery Company" of this

State. The sermon of 1738 was preached before the "Honorable and Ancient Artillery Company." Subsequent sermons were preached before the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company." "It seems, therefore," said Rev. Oliver A. Roberts in his history, "that at the expiration of seventy years, when the Company was composed of the foremost men in the town, and the successive captains for several years had been persons of



SERGT. THOS. CAHILL

Died May 9, 1903

For many years the oldest member of A. & H. A. C.

high civil positions, the title 'Honorable' was given by common consent; and at the end of the first century of the Company's existence the word 'Ancient' was added, expressive of its longevity." This name has been confirmed by Acts of the Legislature and by Acts of Congress. As was the case in the Militia Act of 1902, the first Militia Act preserved all privileges to which the company had been entitled. Concerning this Act, an interesting story is told in Whitman's history. In 1788 the aid of Major General Benjamin Lincoln was "solicited in framing" the first militia law of the United States, and when the committee had the subject under consideration, after he had resigned from the Cabinet, he introduced a clause to preserve the ancient privileges and customs of such independent corps as were then created by charter or otherwise. Gen. Blount, of Carolina, one of the committee, was vehemently opposed to any such

clause, when Gen. Lincoln stated the origin and claims of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. Blount, in a passion and with a sneer, exclaimed, 'And, pray, who in h——l commands the Ancient and Honorable?' Gen. Lincoln calmly replied, 'Your humble servant.' *

Although the senior military organization, the company does not form part of the active militia, and is not required to go into camp or to qualify marksmen. It is responsible to the Governor, in this respect being like its parent. Reference has already been made to the services which it rendered in the days of the colony; it has continued those services through the centuries that have followed. In 1814, when an immediate attack upon Boston was expected, many of its members were absent, having been ordered out with the militia bodies in which they held commissions, but thirty-one active members holding no commissions in the militia, and nine former active members, then exempt by law from military duty, volunteered their services under the Captain of that year. September 10 they were warned to respond to the first alarm; October 26 they were called upon for guard duty at Faneuil Hall; December 8 the company returned to its peace footing. At the outbreak of the war with Spain, the company instructed its Captain (May 2, 1898) "to tender its services to the Commander-in-Chief for such military duties as the exigencies of the public service may in his opinion demand." It has been repre-

* Quoted in Lieut. Thomas D. Bradley's *Historical Sketch of the Company*, 1888.

sented by members in every war that the colony, province, or nation has waged. Soldiers have gone from its ranks to command regiments and companies. Of its members prior to 1866 one hundred and forty-six served in the Civil War, while many who could not be mustered on account of age or infirmity, or who had assumed official duties, had charge of raising and equipping volunteer forces, caring for the families of men at the front, or bringing home sick, wounded or dead.* In times of peace it has also been prominent. It escorted President Arthur at the centennial celebration of the birthday of Daniel Webster in 1882, and again, by assignment of Gen. Sheridan, at the dedication of the Washington monument in 1885. It escorted the Governor of the Commonwealth to camps at Concord in 1859 and 1870. It conceived and carried through a parade of veteran military organizations at the centennial of the Battle of Bunker Hill, took part in funeral obsequies in New Bedford in honor of President Zachary Taylor, escorted the city government to lay the cornerstone of the Soldiers and Sailors monument on Boston Common, participated in the centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington as President, and took charge of the Liberty Bell when in Boston this year. Its Fall Field Day parades were originally made in Boston and the neighboring towns, with rifle practice as part of the exercises, but within the last half century they have taken the form of visits to other states and to Canada, Richmond, Baltimore, Wash-

ington, Cleveland, Montreal and Quebec being among the cities "invaded." In this way it has helped the growth of fraternal relations between the United States and Canada and between the north and south.

To-day the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts—to give it the official title—has 700 members, one of whom joined in 1850, and several before the Civil War. As in its early years, it has among them, carrying guns or sabres, many officers of the active militia—the Commissary General and two other members of the Governor's staff, two colonels commanding regiments, two lieutenant colonels, five majors, and a large number of captains and lieutenants. It also has as members many veterans of the Civil War, two members of the last Congress, three members of the present Congress, and many well-known professional and business men. This record is not by any means exceptional. Names of public men have been included in its rolls in years gone by, as, for instance, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Gen. Caleb Cushing, Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, Gen. John M. Corse, Gov. Oliver Ames, Oliver Holden, the author of "Coronation," and Henry K. Oliver, author of "Federal Street." Boston witnessed the curious spectacle of Gov. Ames, then a private, commissioning the officers who had been elected on a drum head on the Common. There are two honorary

* Roberts's *History of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.*

members,—King Edward VII, of Great Britain and Ireland, and Hon. John D. Long, ex-Governor of the Commonwealth, ex-Secretary of the Navy. Presidents Monroe and Arthur were also honorary members. At one time members of more than twenty years standing were relieved of assessments unless they paraded, and were classed as "honorary"; now members of more than twenty-five years standing are relieved of assessments unless they parade, but are still classed as "active," the "honorary" roll being jealously guarded. The company parades in two wings, infantry and artillery, the infantry carrying rifles and the artillery sabres. Each wing is divided into single rank companies of 12 or 14 files front, with right and left guides. The Captain is attended by "flankers." Modern tactics are used, the change from "Upton" having been made seven years ago. The Captain this year is Col. Sidney M. Hedges, formerly of the First Battalion of Light Artillery and later of Gov. Brackett's staff, who commanded the company in 1894. The First Lieutenant is Col. William H. Oakes of the Fifth Massachusetts Infantry; the Second Lieutenant John D. Nichols, who previously served as a sergeant and last year carried the State color; the Adjutant, Colonel Charles K. Darling of the Sixth Massachusetts Infantry. The Sergeant-Major is Major George F. Quinby of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

The uniform is chiefly remarkable for its non-uniformity, a fact which excites surprise in other American or

Canadian cities. This has been the case for eighty years or more. In 1738 a scarlet coat, crimson silk stockings, and a cocked hat trimmed with gold lace, were worn. The red coat was changed to a blue one in 1756, and in 1787 buff waistcoat and breeches were adopted. Those were the days of clubbed or queued hair, and of ruffled shirts. In 1810 the uniform had become a chapeau de bras with full black plume, blue coat, with red facings and white linings, white Marseilles waistcoat, small clothes of fine white cassimere, white stock, gaiters, black velvet knee strap with white buckle. Long hair was to be braided and turned up and the whole to wear powder.

In 1820 non-uniformity began. The company had run down. Measures to increase the membership were imperative. To popularize the enlistment of officers of the militia they were allowed to wear their militia uniforms in the ranks of the company. With this radical beginning, modifications came rapidly. In 1822 members who had not been commissioned in the army or militia were authorized to wear the uniform of their local infantry regiments. Every one was obliged to wear a chevron of silver lace to denote his membership. In 1828 private citizens joining the company were allowed to wear, on the anniversary, white pantaloons and vest, black stock, hat with cockade, and black or blue coat. This was changed in 1871, when members who had held army or militia commissions were only allowed to wear their own uniforms in the infantry wing, while

black pantaloons, black frock coat and chapeau, were designated for the artillery wing. This was the way in which the company paraded within the memory of many of its members of to-day, the infantry wing as a bouquet of many colors, the artillery wing in citizen's dress and military headgear. A uniform patterned after that of the Navy of 1849 was adopted for the artillerymen in 1883, and was worn for a dozen years. A uniform of black coat and trousers, with red facings, was adopted in 1890 for infantrymen who were not entitled to wear the uniform of another corps.

Members entitled to wear distinctive uniforms were proud of the privilege. Nothing pleased the war veteran, the militia officer, or the officer of an organization disbanded or merged in another, more than to wear his own individual uniform in the ranks of the company. It was felt in 1896, however, that England, a military nation, would not understand this custom, and a uniform patterned after that of the United States Artillery was adopted for the visit which was made at that time. It came into general use in the artillery wing, although a few of the artillery uniforms of 1883 are still worn. Consequently there appear to-day in the ranks uniforms of the styles adopted in 1883, 1890 and 1896, in addition to the army and militia uniforms of to-day and of days gone by. This confusion may seem worse confounded for the next few years, for in 1902 a new uniform, designed to supersede all others save those allowed by the express exemption of 1820, was

adopted. It is an elaboration of that which was worn to London, and new members not entitled to any other must wear it on parade. In a few years part of the variety will disappear, and there will be in the ranks only the uniform of 1902 and the uniforms of other organizations which members can legally wear.

The company has been careful to adhere very closely to all its old customs. In this respect it has been more conservative than its parent. The Captain still wears the gorget, although its use has been discontinued in London. Commissioned officers still carry espontoons and sergeants halberds. Originally, the English company elected a preacher each year to preach a sermon on election day; and after attending church the company held a feast, and then elected chiefs and officers for the ensuing year. The annual election of preachers has been abandoned in London; the captains of the company choose them in Boston. The "election of officers" is continued by the Boston company. Officers of the English company are chosen by the Crown. At one time they were chosen by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen of London. Charles I, "being vnwilling that a Societie of soe good vse vnto the publique and of so much safetie & honor to our renowned Citie of London should be dissolved or discontinued as we are given to vnderstand it is in great danger through some distractions wch yow have lately suffered about the Election of yo^r Captaine," warned it "not to be hasty to disband but if ye find that ye

are molested needlessly or vniustly by any then have recourse to vs and you shall find such due encouragement as soe comendable a Societie deserves." Six weeks later he took into his own hands the choice of the Captain. Charles II and James II suspended elections for several years. "Wee are well satisfied of ye Loyalty and abilities of ye present officers Employed in ye Artillery Company," wrote King Charles in 1681, "and are therefore willing, out of Our concerne, and care, for ye good Governmt thereof, that noe alteracon or change bee made therein, by removing any of them out of there Employmts, or Introducing any others." He allowed the Court of Assistants, the governing body, to fill vacancies, however, and in 1682 gave it authority to remove any officer that it saw fit. Various changes were made in regard to the officers by succeeding sovereigns, until in 1842 the choice of field officers and adjutant, and in 1849 the choice of company and subaltern officers, was vested in the Crown.

Friendly relations between the two organizations began in 1857, when so little was known of each by the other that Colonel Marshall P. Wilder, then Captain of the Boston company, wrote of the London company as "The Royal Artillery." Communication was opened, and histories, etc., were exchanged. At the banquet in Faneuil Hall in that year the Prince Consort, Captain General and Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company, was elected an honorary member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. The

interchange of courtesies gradually merged into a regular correspondence between London and Boston, the correspondence being supplemented by occasional visits of members of one company to the military home of the other, and by gifts of photographs and books. The Prince Consort died in 1860, and in 1878 his son, the Prince of Wales, who had succeeded to the command of the Honourable Artillery Company, was elected an honorary member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and wrote, through his private secretary, that it afforded him "great pleasure to join so ancient and distinguished a corps." In 1887 eleven members of the Boston company joined in celebrating the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the London company, and were given an exceedingly cordial welcome. In 1888 twenty-one members of the London company helped the Boston company to celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. They were shown Washington, Gettysburg, and West Point, and were entertained in and around Boston.

These letters and visits were preliminary to the great exhibition of fraternal feeling which took place seven years ago. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company began arrangements in 1895, through a committee of which Colonel Hedges was chairman, for spending a week in London in 1896 as a military body, and two weeks upon the European continent as a group of tourists. This it did upon its own initiative, not upon the invitation of the Hon-

ourable Artillery Company. While it thought that its presence in London might be recognized by an escort and possibly a banquet, it anticipated nothing more. The Honourable Artillery Company was unwilling, however, to let the occasion pass without extending lavish hospitality. Meanwhile, the Venezuelan question arose, prompting Americans and English to ask if it were possible that the two countries would engage in fratricidal strife. It was still under consideration when the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, 170 strong, the first American organization ever permitted to enter England armed and equipped as a military body, reached London. The presence of the organization at that time assumed unexpected significance. The English government assisted in welcoming it. Queen Victoria reviewed and entertained it at Windsor Castle. "I trust you have had a pleasant voyage across and I am glad to see you here," she said to Col. Henry Walker, when he and Adjutant Duchesney were presented to her. The Prince and Princess of Wales (now King and Queen) reviewed and entertained it at Marlborough House. A sham fight and review of English troops at Aldershot, a collation at the Officers Club, provided by order of the Secretary of State for War, a dinner at the Royal Artillery Mess, Woolwich, a review of the Honourable Artillery Company and a dinner which that company gave also formed part of the entertainment. Taken as a whole, the reception by government and people was one seldom given to any but European crowned heads.

Naturally the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company has been anxious to repay, in its distinctly American fashion, the hospitality thus showered upon it. In 1898 it invited the Honourable Artillery Company to visit Boston in 1900. The invitation was accepted, with the "hope that these interchanges of visits and social amenities may be abundantly fruitful in cementing for all time the British and American people in the bonds of concord and happiness." Arrangements were made for entertaining the English soldiers in Boston and for showing them other parts of the country; but early in 1900 the visit was postponed "in view of the war in South Africa, the number of members of the Battery and Infantry proceeding to the front, and the probability that the regiment may be further called upon for duty." Sept. 6, 1901, the invitation was renewed, and was accepted for the fall of 1903, with the proviso that the absence from England must not exceed thirty-one days.

The visiting members of the Honourable Artillery Company will number about 175, and will represent both artillery and infantry. They expect to reach Boston upon the steamship "Mayflower" of the Dominion Line on Friday, October 2, and to remain in America until Thursday, October 15. From the wharf in Charlestown they will be escorted past the Bunker Hill Monument to their hotels in the city by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and a brilliant escort of Massachusetts militia, several organizations having already tendered their

services. Upon the evening after their arrival the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company will welcome them to its military home in Faneuil Hall, and make their acquaintance individually. Saturday, October 3, the two companies will visit Providence as the guests of the First Light Infantry of that city. Sunday, October 4, a church parade will take place in the afternoon under the auspices of a committee of 100 British residents, the service being at Trinity Church. Monday, October 5, the two hundred and sixty-sixth Fall Field Day of the Boston company, a parade and a harbor excursion will be followed by a reception in Horticultural Hall and a banquet in Symphony Hall; the banquet to be one which will be memorable in the military history of the country. Tuesday, October 6, a delegation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company will take the Honourable Artillery Company on a week's tour of sight seeing, including visits to the following places: West Point, where a review of the Cadet Battalion will be tendered; New York, where the Old Guard will give a banquet and show other courtesies; Washington, where President Roosevelt will receive the soldiers of the King; Niagara Falls; Montreal, where a trip over the Lachine Rapids, a luncheon given by the city, carriage drives and an evening "smoker" will probably be the attractions. Returning to Boston late on Tuesday evening, the Honourable Artillery Company will be entertained at the Country Club, Brookline, by the Victorian Club, on Wednesday,

October 14, and will give a farewell banquet at the Hotel Somerset that evening.

In outlining arrangements for reception and entertainment the intention has been to show the Englishmen both what it was felt that they would desire to see, and what Americans would wish them to see. Care at the same time has been taken to allow opportunities for individual sight seeing and entertaining. Courtesies have been extended generously. President Roosevelt, while unable to come to Boston to attend either of the banquets, has offered to assist in any other way that he can. The State and Treasury Departments have co-operated in extending courtesies at the Custom House. The War Department, in addition to tendering a review of the Cadet Battalion and promising a cavalry escort in Washington, has arranged that the twentieth century "Mayflower" shall be saluted by the forts upon entering the harbor. At the time of writing strong hope is felt by the Committee of Arrangements, of which Colonel Hedges is Chairman, that American and British war ships will take part in the reception. Cities, military organizations, societies, business houses, all have joined in extending a welcoming hand, the invitations they gave being much more numerous than could possibly be accepted. They point to the response of the people of America to King Edward's welcome, when Prince of Wales, to the Boston company at Marlborough House, "We have not received you as foreigners, but as those who are belonging to ourselves."

Uncle Jacob

By Elliot Walker

THE elements of concord had once more settled upon the house of Cobbins. Not that dispute or argument or misunderstanding had ever prevailed during the long matrimonial career of Reuben and Sarah, for they had always borne each other's burdens and shared each other's joys in a highly commendable manner, as their neighbors could testify. Only, as the bald pate of the husband became balder over the worry of declining years and fortune, and the gray knob at the back of Sarah's head took less and less time to twist, did they arrive at a sad and simultaneous conclusion—"things had not come out as they had expected."

It began with an almost imperceptible chill and terminated in a screech of hot condemnation on the part of Sarah, and an equally warm burst of wrath from Reuben, somewhat sulphurous, alas! albeit he was sitting on the refrigerator in the milk room—a cool, pure and peaceful spot, entirely unsuited for the breaking out of pent-up feeling. Not to drag forth for public contumely the details of that disastrous five-minute conversation, it may be summarized as loud, bitter and re-criminating, with these parting insults—"that Reuben wa'n't no manager, anyhow, and it was all his fault if the farm couldn't give 'em a

decent livin'," and "that Sarah Cobbins would 'poverish any man, givin' good food to tramps an' bein' a wasteful, uneconermizin' woman."

Evil lies, these, and they both knew it, but parted with that sullen obstinacy characteristic of those whose tongues have wronged their hearts, but will take no step toward conciliation. Reuben stormed to the barn with irate mutterings. Sarah to the attic to noisily drag about the heaviest articles her thin hands could displace, pausing, when exhausted, to sit on her dingy wedding trunk and weep.

Ten days crept along with a polite acidity of only necessary questions and replies, and their eyes scarcely met. The atmosphere was extremely uncomfortable. Both slaved beyond their strength, with sealed, determined lips, and wondered dimly if this state was to always endure. Indeed it might have but for a turn of fortune's wheel.

They had lately heard rumors of a queer old man, stopping at the village tavern, a mile from their farm. Nothing very definite in this, but interesting as a bit of news, for he had declared an intention of abiding at Ashford indefinitely, if a satisfactory place could be found well away from the straggle of buildings constituting the mart of the country hamlet. Beyond this, reticence marked his speech, but he was re-

ported to be of prosperous mien, and given to strolling, uninvited, over people's premises, with an eye to settling himself, could he find congenial surroundings and make arrangements. As yet he was still at the tavern, although some advantageous offers had been held forth by sundry farmers not averse to making themselves uncomfortable for the sake of hospitality and, incidentally, board money. However, this did not appeal to the Cobbins, except to excite curiosity as to his probable settlement. No one would care to live under *their* roof, especially with the present unhappy conditions.

So, one warm July morning, Sarah, repairing to the hen house with a pan of scraps, was much surprised and a trifle irritated to observe a rotund figure standing in rapt contemplation of the unattractive meadow which lay unevenly behind her domicile. Mrs. Cobbins' nerves being at the breaking point, it was a relief to call sharply: "Hey! No trespassin' on this prop'ty!"

The stranger turned, lifted his wide brimmed straw hat, bowed most profoundly and advanced with a beaming smile.

"It's thet old feller we've heard of," thought Sarah, softening at sight of the benign countenance. "My! he's quite a gentleman, ain't he?"

"Madam," observed the intruder, "it is the place."

"What place?" returned Mrs. Cobbins with severity, deeming the remark unintelligent.

"The place I select," said the old man calmly. "This afternoon I will

come with my trunks. They are at the inn. Ten dollars I will pay by the week in advance. My needs are few. I am a simple man. A small room, a bed, a bit of bread and much milk. It is a bargain? Yes?"

Sarah dropped the pan of scraps, staring, with an open mouth and distended orbs.

"You *come!*" she gasped. "I'll take yer. Yes, sir!"

A minute later she was crying hard in the kitchen, watching with flooded eyes the still active form marching down the road.

"Ten dollars a week! Oh, Lordy! Lordy! An' us a skinnin' along on nothin' for ever so long. He kin have the spare room. I'll fix it up nice for him—an' what he don't want I can't git—thet's all. Ten dollars a week!"

Still sobbing with joy, she ran out and across the garden to the onion patch, where Reuben, on his knees, toiled painfully in the sun's broil, a martyr to the fact that every tiny weed counted now. He turned a perspiring, angry brow at the sound of footsteps. "What ails ye?" he rasped, a little frightened at the working features, and rose, rubbing his stiffened spine.

It took but a moment for the relation of the glad tidings. The man's worn face shone like a boy's, with a quick smiling relief, and he put out his bared, dirty arms.

"Sarah!" he whispered, "thar won't no one see us. Let's start in fresh. Here! Funny how them blamed onions make a feller's eyes smart. Thar! run along now. I mustn't be a huggin' ye right in plain sight of the road. Besides,

I've got ter finish weedin' this row."

Never before did Sarah Cobbins labor as during that forenoon, and when her boarder arrived, rattling up in a job-wagon, with two great trunks, a bag and a violin case, she had no apology to offer for the clean, comfortable chamber to which he was ushered.

"Supper at six!" was her smart announcement, as she swept down the creaky stairs, adding to herself: "If he ain't made the most comfortable man in Ashford, 'twon't be no fault of mine."

Mildness personified was the elderly personage, who settled himself complacently at the Cobbins' table. A profusion of snowy hair crowned a broad head, and reflective eyes of a light and gentle blue, peered from behind spectacles of unusual size. His beard, long, wavy and patriarchal, fell upon an ample chest; his soft, fat, white hand, stroked a prominent nose of curving contour, and he greeted Reuben with a paternal air and as though he had known him long. Mr. Cobbins, who was "slicked up" for the occasion, made obeisance in some embarrassment and sat down.

"We ain't never hed a boarder afore," he announced. "You must make yerself ter hum. Mr.—er—my wife didn't git yer name. What'll I call yer?"

"Uncle Jacob, if it pleases you," returned the stranger pleasantly, taking a huge swallow of milk.

"Oh! yes, that'll be quite fam'ly like. We'll be glad ter. But yer last name?"

"Schmitzenhausen," affably replied the newcomer.

Sarah suddenly spilled the tea she was pouring, looked down and rubbed the spot with her napkin.

"I guess 'Uncle Jacob' will do," murmured Reuben faintly, and a long pause followed.

"No children?" inquired the boarder at last, sipping his milk.

Cobbins shook his head. "We hed a little one, but lost it," he replied.

The guest gazed at them sympathetically. "Ach!" he croaked and bit a crust of toast with a rasping crunch.

Finally he pushed back his chair. "Excellent, the milk and toasted bread," he smiled. "I shall stay, with your permission, a year. I pay in advance; fifty-two weeks, my friend, five hundred and twenty—yes, here!"

He pulled a fat wallet from a pocket and counted out a number of bills, passed them across to the amazed Reuben and rose with a gracious bow. The farmer's knees fairly shook the table. His wife turned pale.

"No! no!" cried Cobbins, "I—I can't—it's robbin' yer. 'Tain't fair, nor no way ter do bizness."

"Tut! tut!" said Uncle Jacob softly. "It is my way. I am a simple man, old and forgetful. I wish not to have trifles on my mind. At your convenience a receipt." He dismissed all protests with negative gestures, and went out, filling a great meerschaum pipe.

"What'll I do, Sarah?" asked Reuben tremulously.

"Take it. It's the Lord's will," replied Mrs. Cobbins piously. "If he dies on us, we'll bury him decent.

Fix things up an' get goin' ag'in, an'—an'—I need a new dress an' a bunnit, Reuben."

Back in the meadow where Uncle Jacob had been discovered, lay a depression damp even in midsummer, and quite a pond in the spring time when the wash from the little hills beyond flowed down their rutted sides. "The Puddle," as Sarah dubbed this rank, wet spot behind the house, was an eyesore to her cleanly spirit, with its dirty, yellow bed and bordering growth of weeds and swamp grass. Long had Reuben intended to fill up this nuisance, but it proved one of the things he didn't "get to."

One night, a month after the advent of Uncle Jacob, Sarah made a complaint. "Reuben," she said, "since thet last rain, seems ter me them frogs an' toads hold reg'lar singin' schools in thet pesky puddle. It's wuss than the airy season."

"I was goin' to fill the thing up, but Uncle Jacob says 'No,'" replied her spouse sleepily. "He's allus ketchin' bugs an' flies an' feedin' the toads. I believe the critters know him."

"Wal, if it amuses *him*, I kin stand it. Did ye ever see sech a dear ez he is, Reuben? Not a mite of trouble, an' allus smilin'. 'Pears sort of childish et times, but pretty smart fer his years. If thar's a foot of ground within three mile he ain't tramped, I'd like ter know it. Clean over ter the swamp he goes an' gits things in his bag."

"Go ter sleep," grunted Mr. Cobbins. "Yes, Uncle Jacob's a nice old feller if he don't never say much in thet queer way of his'n. He ain't

what I call a sociable man. Wonder what he's wuth?"

Three days later, Reuben strode excitedly into the kitchen.

"What d'yer think?" he exclaimed. "Uncle Jacob's got more'n a hundred frogs an' toads in The Puddle. He's be'n collectin' an' fattenin' of 'em ever sence he come, an' now, ter beat all ef he ain't ketched two big black snakes which hes' got in a box ter eat 'em up."

Sarah sat down and exploded with mirth. "What'll he do next?" she cried. "Fust 'twas bugs an' flies, then toads an' now snakes. Feedin' one inter another! He's cracked, surely."

"An' when the toads is all e't, he's goin' ter kill the snakes an' stuff 'em for curiosities," went on Reuben. "Wal, let the old man be, he seems mighty pleased."

In due time the reptiles were executed and nicely mounted, and Uncle Jacob began a collection of spiders; then autumn leaves; and as the weather grew cold, announced that he was going away for the winter. The Cobbins staggered at this proclamation. They had expended more than half the deposit.

"I'll hev ter owe ye," said Reuben disconsolately. "I've used yer money."

"Not mine," assured Uncle Jacob, gesturing politely, "I keep my room. That is enough. In April I return. The money is paid. Pish! Non-sense!"

He was immovable and the grateful pair accepted his decision in a pathos of relief.

"You gen'rous man! We'll make

it up ter ye some way," snuffled Sarah, quite overcome.

"By Gol!" was all Reuben could say.

Early in November their friend departed, baggage and all. And not until the first of May did he reappear for a cordial welcome, and immediately began his tramps.

"Thar's a couple of men askin' fer yer, Reuben," said Sarah, hurrying out to the garden. "Nice dressed gents ez I ever see."

Her husband, baking in the June sun, was glad of an interruption and stalked up to the cool of the piazza, wondering who his callers could be. He did not return to his work that afternoon, but talked long and earnestly with his wife in the sitting room after the visitors had gone.

"Uncle Jacob," he said, after his boarder had finished his bread and milk, having returned later than usual, "I've somethin' ter say ter ye. Come out by the shed."

The old fellow listened placidly, puffing at his pipe.

"It is well," he remarked after Cobbins had ceased speaking. "My good friend, I should certainly sell. To me it makes no difference. I think I should go in July. Did you name a price?"

"No, I didn't. I had ter figger things up. It's clear prop'ty sech as it is. Thar's' the house an' barn an' medder an' pasture land an' the wood lots an' half the mount'in. I couldn't fix no sum. If 'twas improved, mebbe five thousand dollars would be its wuth. Would ye dare ask 'em thet?"

"Ach! Ten thousand, my friend. My good father told me this: 'Jacob,

if a thing is worth so much to you, it is worth twice that to those who wish to buy. Always ask double, and stick,' said my good father in the Germany, long ago."

"You're crazy," grinned Reuben. "I couldn't get a cent over four thousand dollars ez it stands."

"Ask of them what I say. It is a good property. Now, look! If my advice you follow and follow well, I am so sure of my maxim as this: You get that sum—you give to me five hundred and twenty dollars—what I have paid you. You do not get that much, you pay me nothing. Ha! it is a chance for the old man. Hem! My commission for this excellent advice. See?"

He rubbed his fat hands and chuckled mirthfully.

"It's ridiculous, but I swan I'll try the bluff ter please ye,—jest fer yer goodness. They're comin' ag'in termorrer. I ain't so perticler about sellin', anyway, an' I'll mebbe git a deal more fer stickin' on a big figger. Come, let's go in."

"One word," said Uncle Jacob, solemnly. "We will not tell the good lady."

"All right," assented Reuben. "It'll be jest atween us."

The next morning Uncle Jacob was off betimes, and did not turn up until night, but this was nothing unusual. The Cobbins met him with beams of welcome. "I'm ter git nine thousand, four hundred and eighty dollars fer the place," said Reuben loudly, with a wink. "They give me a thousand down ter bind it. When ev'rything's settled me and wife is goin' ter Californy ter visit my brother an' p'raps stay

thar'. Can't tell. Bein' so set up, we ain't decided on nothin'. Say, thar's a leetle package in yer room, Uncle Jacob. A feller left it for ye. What! Ye think ye'll leave this week. Wal! it'll be hard sayin' 'Good-bye.' But mebbe 'twon't be so comfortable fer ye with them folks comin' an' goin'. We'll never fergit ye, never."

A year later, Reuben Cobbins, thriving upon the Pacific slope, picked up an Eastern paper. A familiar name caught his eye and he read with amazement:

"The Ashford ochre beds, now splendidly developed, have been bought by a syndicate for one hundred thousand dollars. This fine property was discovered by Professor Jacob Schmitzenhausen, the expert, and the price paid to the original owner is said to have been ten thousand dollars."

"Here, Sarah!" yelled Reuben. "Read that!"

Sarah read it blankly. "Thet's wrong," said she. "You told me you got nine thousand, four hundred and eighty dollars."

"Thet's all I did git," returned her husband, loyally.

The Pole in the Land of the Puritan

By Edward Kirk Titus

IT'S about time that the Irish and the French and the Yankees lined up against these Polanders."

So spoke an Irish-American leader in Western Massachusetts, suggesting the interest and uneasiness awakened in the Connecticut river valley by the rapidly increasing Polish colony. Alien in thought, grotesque in manner of life, the thrifty and laborious Pole is a conspicuous figure in this old Puritan community, and his prospective effect upon social and political conditions is the subject of solicitous inquiry. Slow to learn even simple English, unable to express in our

tongue any abstract ideas, one can only conjecture his inner life and mental attitude. His part in the drama of conflicting races has thus a silent, pantomimic effect. It is not lacking in sinister suggestion.

In the smiling country along the Connecticut river and included within Massachusetts, there was three decades ago possibly the most distinctive survival of early New England Puritan life. The first Poles came in the early eighties; many of them were attracted by glowing reports of returning Jews, who told of a land of boundless freedom and countless dollars. Soon the descendants of the

Pynchons and the Chapins were marvelling at the expressionless Slavic faces, which looked as if flattened against a board at birth; at stunted figures that bespoke grinding toil; at the masculine forms of the women, that told of field-work beside brother and husband and domestic animal. To-day the Polish tide, swelled by continuous immigration and prolific births, is steadily rising in this old Yankee community. The Massachusetts section of the valley is the home of twelve to fifteen thousand of these aliens. The change is particularly striking in little farming towns.

You can find colonial dwellings whose ample halls suggest the broadening atmosphere of the English country home, whose traces of Greek architecture hint at an outlook into finer and more spiritual aspects of life, that are to-day Polish boarding-houses, with beds rented at twenty-five cents a week. Walls that once heard the agonizing prayer of some Puritan Ebenezer or Nehemiah to his aloof and angry God, now ring with Polish revels. Here sounds the phraseless and tuneless strain of the fiddle and two-string 'cello, while Wojciech Krzystyniak, having paid his dime, is dancing with the bride, puffing in her face the cheap cigar given as premium with his blushing partner; and in the background are lurking the disappointed rivals whose vengeful purpose will provide the usual *dénouement* for the morning's police court.

Chicopee is the Slavic capital of the valley—an old Yankee town that once worked and slept at command of the Congregational church bell—now a cotton manufacturing city cosmopolitan in origin and one-third Polish.

Yankees, Irishmen and Frenchmen have in turn tended the looms, but to-day the Poles crowd the mills. In one school where once only Yankee children were learning the three Rs, now all but four attendants are of foreign parentage, mostly of Polish origin. In quarters once American, later Irish or French, the overflowing Polish tenements suggest the New York East Side, and their resistless spread alarms the remnant of the Puritan community. With the rise of this obliterating tide, amusement at outlandish customs begins to give way to solicitude for social and economic results. In Indian Orchard the other day, a hundred men, women and children struck because two inoffensive looking Poles had been given work. In Sunderland where several dwellings associated with old village families have been acquired by these aliens, the leading men have agreed upon a plan of campaign to keep the old houses out of their hands.

In forecasting the future of the Pole in the land of the Puritan, remember that although the two race types seem antipodal, the former possesses in marked degree physical endurance, industry, frugality—qualities very largely contributory to the material success of the latter in his original rôle as pioneer. Pinching economy and tireless industry make the Pole's slouchy figure and brutish face familiar at the savings bank, and although he may look like a tramp, he can draw from his greasy pocket a bankbook showing a fat deposit. Unmarried men live on a dollar a week. They hang about the butchers' shops like hungry dogs, and eagerly snap at some dusty or tainted neck or flank

offered for two or three cents a pound. Properly tagged for identification, this acquisition is thrown with pieces belonging to other boarders into the common pot on the boarding-house stove. On such meat, with milk, coffee, rye bread, and a bowl of grease for butter, the Pole thrives, and his round cheeks contrast with the hatchet face of the Yankee who bought the best cuts of beef. The history of Wawrzeniec Gwozdz is typical. He saved in three years \$450 from his twenty dollars a month and board as farm laborer. Meanwhile his fiancée had accumulated \$350 from her three dollars and a half a week as housemaid. The two little hoards bought a run-down farm that no American would cultivate. Wawrzeniec toils from starlight to starlight, and is now planning to get a barn for a hundred dollars by hewing out the timbers by hand. As domestic, his wife's slashing industry rapidly transferred china from the dining-room to the dump-heap; but since marriage her physical exuberance has found vent in wielding the hoe. Week-days both summer and winter she and the children will go barefoot. In a decade, Mr. and Mrs. Gwozdz will be as prosperous as their Yankee neighbors. Either as farm hand or land owner, the Pole displays industry that adds greatly to the production of the valley. Help is very scarce, and but for him the farms could hardly be tilled.

In the mill towns he is of equal economic service. Had it not been for him, the cotton industry of this section had probably gone south for cheap labor and long hours. The Pole came at a time when the Irishman and the Frenchman were becoming discon-

tented. Cheerfully he accepts their leavings, never strikes, and saves money where they ran into debt.

Lacking the mental acuteness of the Yankee, the Pole might not survive in strenuous economic competition, although at present he is underselling him in the markets for farm produce. But agriculture no longer appeals to the imagination of the young New Englander, who shows little disposition to contest the Pole's acquisition of farm land. It is not unlikely that in twenty-five years he will be the principal land owner of the valley. Preferring the railroad towns, he still occasionally goes back into the hills, and may yet solve the abandoned farm problem.

More than half of the Poles come here to accumulate a little money to pay debts or buy land at home, and return thinking their little hoard will go farther there. Stanislaus Czelinski, who returned to Poland the other day, exulted over his draft for \$1,500. "No work no more," he shouted. This coming and going greatly hinders Americanization, as the progress of the colony is slow when at any given time every other man is a raw recruit.

The prospective effect of this migration upon social and political conditions is a serious problem. As the Pole can read and write in his own tongue, no educational test will ever shut him out. Superficially he becomes after a few years somewhat Americanized. He wears American coats and collars, though cleanliness he still regards as finical. He imitates American farming methods, goes into the grocery or undertaking business, starts co-operative bakeries, and

forms labor unions. He is less and less frequently gulled by some plausible promoter of his own race, who tells him he can acquire a tenement only through influence, and collects twenty-five dollars for his services as intermediary with the heartless landlord. When the young people marry, they are less likely to keep potatoes in the bed, and one room will probably be considered inadequate for all family purposes. But unfortunately the Pole neither grasps nor accepts the fundamental principles of American citizenship.

Commercially he is regarded with respect, for he pays his debts. It is safe to lend him money. In this he seems to be governed by his old-world experience, where debt collection was merciless. Regarding Yankees and Irishmen as a ruling class and fearing lest they crush him, he almost never steals money from them. He takes the bolts and nuts from the mill machines, for in his childishness he supposes this will never be noticed. But the Polish quarters are in constant turmoil over his thefts from his compatriots whom he does not fear, many of whom in distrust of banks keep money in trunks and bureau drawers. The Pole has little sense of responsibility, and leaves work without notice. In all this his conformity to commercial morality appears to be regulated only by his fears, which are intensified by his ignorance. Should he awake to the possibilities open to dishonesty, he might not be so welcome at the grocery store.

Sympathy with his down-trodden country is universal in America, and hence the figure of the Pole is not without romantic suggestion. He still

hopes for a free and reunited Poland. His race experience has given him a certain crude love for liberty. The schism in the American Polish church shows traces of this feeling, as the independent priests perform the offices of the Roman clergy without authority from the hierarchy, and the church property is vested in the congregation instead of in a bishop of another race. The Pole cherishes as essential to freedom the privilege of committing numerous acts of petty violence. When Martin Van Buren invites Thomas Jefferson—it should be explained that a mill overseer, tired of the consonant bristling names of his Polish help, renamed them after the presidents—when Martin Van Buren invites Thomas Jefferson to his daughter's wedding, and Thomas quarrels with Grover Cleveland, the fiddler, for playing the wrong tune, Thomas feels that freedom involves the right to punch Grover in the head. No disgrace attaches to arrest, and the Pole who has no police court record is regarded as lacking in spirit.

Although he no longer walks in the middle of the street, as did the pioneers of the migration who dared not venture upon the sidewalk, he yet retains much of his old-world fear of authority. But he lacks imagination, and authority must wear visible symbols. Should the Governor or President appear in Chicopee and suggest to Wenceslas Oszejca that he display less exuberance of spirits, he would only bawl the louder. But when Michael Moriarty, clothed in all the majesty of blue coat, brass buttons, and swinging club, says "Be aisy now," Wenceslas becomes "aisy" at once.

Politically the Pole is as yet indifferent and hence harmless. To him the dollar is all, and so far he sees no money in politics. A naturalization club was organized several years ago in Chicopee, but only about thirty Poles have taken out papers. It is unlikely that the Pole would object to selling his vote; and a community in which he is strong numerically, unless protected by an efficient public sentiment, could easily be made by an Ad-dicks into a second Delaware.

Although he has taken little advantage of certain opportunities for dishonesty eagerly grasped by other races, he has his tricks and stratagems; but they are childishly transparent. In taking his money to the savings bank, he often inserts a few ones or twos in packages supposed to be all five dollar bills, hoping the clerk will count each bill as a five. When he goes for his beer, of which he drinks copiously, he often offers a pail several times too large, hoping the bartender through mistake will give him more than he pays for. His density appears in business transactions. Roman Sibisky, a veritable Napoleon of finance in the colony, made three thousand dollars two years ago by a lucky speculation in onions. The next season all his neighbors supposed money could be made that way every year, and laid in large stocks of the vegetable. But most of their hoards bought at sixty cents a bushel were thrown upon the ground for lack of demand at any price.

There are Poles and Poles; the Russian is superior to the Austrian; the farmer gains faster than the mill-hand. The race is badly misrepresented by the Western Massachusetts

colony, which is drawn from low social strata of fatherland life. Taking the average Connecticut valley Pole, judging by his small trickeries and falsehoods, assuming that he learns the possibilities open to dishonesty and the means by which punishment is ordinarily evaded, one must pronounce him capable of very considerable commercial and political trickery. But his density may save him. He is too slow, his stratagems too childish to outwit the Yankee or the Irish-American. The Pole of to-day is said to be superior to the Irishman of fifty years ago. But his development can not possibly follow the rapid progress of the Celt. The single obstacle of language is too great. Night schools are doing something for him, but his progress educationally is slow.

The real problem lies with the children in the schools, who show much promise. They will inherit strong bodies, courage, industry, thrift, endurance, and will gain some degree of mental acuteness, thus acquiring the qualities most largely contributory to the material success won by the Puritan as pioneer. They will be of great economic service, will till the farms and tend the looms that the Yankees have left. But when one thinks of the formalism of their religion, of their crowded homes and promiscuous life, of the lack of moral sense on the part of parents, one sees little hope for a helpful social or political influence. In spite of many faults, the Puritan hitched his wagon to a star, but the Pole sees more pulling power in a bankbook, and his mind is fixed on things of the earth, earthy. But of course there is always hope for a third generation.

The Boston Athenæum

By Augusta W. Kellogg

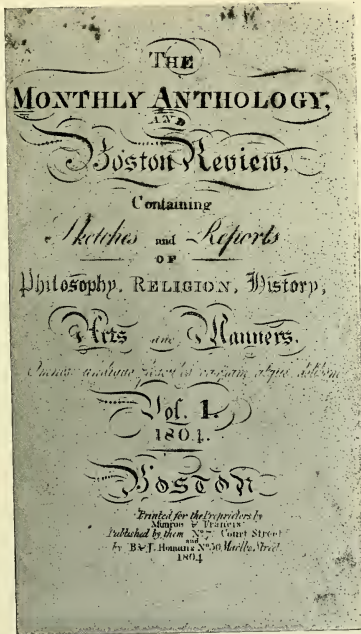
THE Boston Athenæum has, from its inception, been closely identified with all that is best in the history of

the city. It is, remotely, the result of an undertaking by Phineas Adams, son of a Lexington farmer, whose straitened circumstances compelled him to abandon the hope of a liberal education, and to seek the means of livelihood at the paper-maker's trade. A philanthropic friend, Mrs. Foster of Brighton, came to his rescue, and made it possible for him to enter Harvard College in the class of 1801. It

was this young fellow—hardly more than a boy—who, two years after being graduated, started and conducted *The Monthly Anthology, or Magazine of Polite Literature*. Finding the returns inadequate to his support, young Adams, at the end of six months, withdrew from the enterprise,

leaving the printers, Francis and Munroe, to make what advantageous arrangement they could for its future. Fortunately, they succeeded in enlist-

ing for the periodical—the name of which was changed to *The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review*—the active interest of several young men “conspicuous for talent and zealous for literature.” These fourteen men, John Sylvester, John Gardiner, William Emerson, Arthur Maynard Walter, William Smith Shaw, Samuel Cooper Thacher, Joseph Stevens Buckminster, Joseph Tuckerman, Wil-



liam Tudor, Jr., Peter Oxenbridge Thacher, Thomas Gray, William Wells, Edmund Trowbridge Dana, John Collins Warren and James Jackson, formed an association for literary purposes, and named it The Anthology Society. Within a month after its formation, at a meet-



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EXTERIOR OF BUILDING

ing held at Mr. Gardiner's house in Franklin Place, Mr. Emerson moved, seconded by Mr. Shaw, that a library of periodical literature should be established for their use and benefit. Mr. Gardiner immediately tendered for the purpose, between sixty and seventy volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; Mr. Emerson presented twenty volumes of the *Monthly Magazine*, the *European Magazine*, *Analytical Review* and *Critical Review*, and va-

rious volumes of newspapers; Mr. Tudor gave several numbers of *Le Mercure de France* and *La Décade*; Mr. Shaw presented various numbers of the *Anti-Jacobin*, and Mr. Buckminster the same of the *Monthly Review*.

By May, 1806, this little seed of a library had grown sufficiently to warrant the Society in establishing a reading-room, which, as they said,

"will not only afford the subscribers an agreeable place of resort, but opportuni-

ties of literary intercourse and the pleasure of perusing the principal European and American periodical publications, at an expense not exceeding that of a single daily paper."

The plan was:

"that the gentlemen engage to provide a commodious room, easy of access, in a central part of the town. It shall be open from nine A. M. to nine P. M. It shall be furnished with seats, tables, paper, pens and ink; with the Boston papers, and all the celebrated Gazettes published in the United States, with the most interesting literary and political pamphlets in Europe and America; with magazines, reviews and scientific journals; London and Paris newspapers; *Steel's Army and Navy Lists*; *Naval Chronicle*; London and Paris booksellers' catalogues; Parliamentary debates; bibliographical works, etc., etc. The gazettes, magazines, etc., shall be bound in semi-annual volumes and preserved for the use of the establishment. Should this attempt be encouraged, it is contemplated to furnish the reading-room with maps and charts, and to collect such rare and costly works of useful reference, etc., as may enhance the value and reputation of the establishment.

The annual subscription was placed at ten dollars. The response to the circular was immediate and gratifying. More than one hundred persons subscribed and the treasury held upwards of sixteen hundred dollars.

Benjamin Wells, Robert Hallowell Gardiner, Robert Field, James Savage and John Thornton Kirkland had been added to the original members of The Anthology Society, when, in the autumn of 1806, a plan

"for transferring the Library and Reading-room to the control of a body politic to be chartered by the Legislature, was matured."

Five trustees, — William Emerson, John Thornton Kirkland, Peter O.



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WILLIAM S. SHAW
First Librarian
From the painting by Stuart

Thacher, William Smith Shaw and Arthur Maynard Walter, were elected, to whom, by a formal, legal instrument, the associated members surrendered the property belonging to the Society under certain conditions for its care and administration for the original purpose of The Anthology Society. Rooms were taken in Scolly's Building between Tremont and Court streets and the subscribers were informed by circular of the "Rules and Regulations appertaining to the conduct of The Anthology Reading Room and Library." The books already numbered about one thousand. A constitution drafted and accepted provided for the election of officers, admission of members and the disposition of papers presented for publication. All the arrangements were upon

a most liberal basis. Judges of the Supreme, Circuit and District Courts, President and Proprietors of Harvard College, Presidents of the Academy of Arts and Sciences and of the Historical Society were elected honorary members.

The corporate existence of this Society, extending over about six years, is recorded in ten octavo volumes of which the Hon. Josiah Quincy, historian of the Athenæum, says:

"they yet remain an evidence that it was a pleasant, active, high-principled association of literary men, laboring harmoniously to elevate the literary standard of the time."

A great stride onward was made, when, on New Year's day, 1807, the trustees declared their intention to establish in Boston an institution similar to the Athenæum and Lyceum founded in Liverpool, England, in 1798. London had long possessed foundations for science, literature and arts. Philadelphia had established one in 1731, while that in Charleston, South Carolina, bore date 1754. Baltimore and other towns had emulated these examples, and it seemed fitting to the far-sighted and public-spirited group of Anthologists that Boston also should now take the step which they deemed momentous in her intellectual life. They therefore petitioned the State Legislature for a charter, which was granted, receiving the signature of the Governor the thirteenth of February, 1807. The corporation under the name of "The Proprietors of The Boston Athenæum" had for its president the Hon. Theophilus Parsons, LL. D., Chief Justice of the Commonwealth; vice-president, Hon.

John Davis, District Judge of Massachusetts; treasurer, John Lowell, Esq.; secretary, William Smith Shaw, Esq.; directors, Rev. Wm. Emerson, Rev. John Thornton Kirkland, D. D., Peter Oxenbridge Thacher, Esq., Robert Hallowell Gardiner, Esq., and Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster. The objects and terms were clearly set forth in a memoir circulated for the information of all interested. The annual report on finances showed one hundred subscriptions at \$300 each. As the sum of \$45,000 was all that had been proposed to raise by the original plan, the result was considered to justify the purchase of land whereon to erect a suitable building for permanent quarters.

But this confidence and prosperity came to a sudden termination, which caused an indefinite postponement of the building project. The troubles that led up to the war of 1812 were already causing embarrassments in the business world. As is well remembered that war was most unpopular in New England and the administrations of both Jefferson and Madison were held in light esteem. Josiah Quincy is on record as saying the former was "a fraud and his followers dupes or ruffians," and when in Washington would not accept an invitation to dine at the White House. Dr. Gardiner preached a sermon in Trinity Church, from Mark x. 41: "And they began to be much dissatisfied with James," meaning President Madison. These troublous times continued for several years, causing disturbances in private and public works. The proprietors of The Athenæum wisely contented themselves in

their modest Tremont Street quarters, making no move for change in the administration of affairs. From time to time as opportunity offered, they invested in whatever valuable works were offered wherewith to enrich their library and museum.

But in 1818, the war being over, they again took up their somewhat neglected duties. It was found that Mr. Shaw had been specially efficient in collecting "rare books, coins and relics of antiquity." Some of these had been purchased with his own money; some were gifts and bequests, but all had been indiscriminately deposited in the general collection. The efforts to bring order out of this secretarial administration proved most difficult, if not impossible, owing to Mr. Shaw's "temperamental love of ease and disregard of his personal interests." Unwilling to wound so generous and zealous a friend, the matter was dropped. But it may be said here, that upon Mr. Shaw's death, in 1826, his heir-at-law, Rev. J. B. Felt,

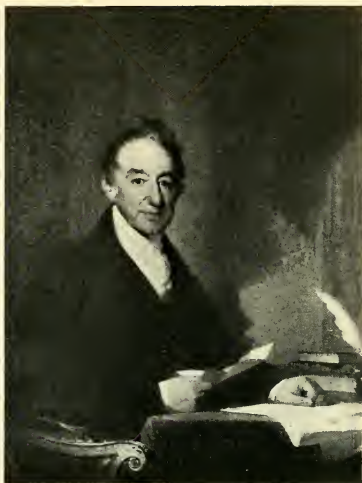


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JAMES PERKINS

From the painting by Stuart

made over, outright, the entire collection of books and coins then in the care of The Athenæum. There were upwards of thirty thousand coins and medals, some duplicates, some of little or no value, but enough to guarantee an interesting cabinet of several thousand pieces. Mr. Shaw's purchases had been entirely within the line of collections proposed from the first, which was specifically set forth as including

"cabinets with specimens from the three kingdoms of nature, scientifically arranged, natural and artificial curiosities, a repository of arts, including paintings and statuary and models of new and improved useful machines; a laboratory for experiments in chemistry and natural philosophy; astronomical observations and geographical improvements."

Mr. Obadiah Rich had, before this,



Photo by Baldwin Coolidge

THE ATHENÆUM PLATE

Showing Mr. Perkins's Pearl Street House



Photo by T. E. Marr

KING'S CHAPEL LIBRARY
Given by William and Mary

given to the Society his collection of rare Natural History specimens, generously offering his personal supervision in the formation of a cabinet for such objects.

As far back as 1807 the "Society for Promoting Philosophical Knowledge" had united its apparatus with that owned by The Athenæum. The Academy of Science and Arts, the oldest institution of its kind in Boston, and the second oldest in America, had deposited its library here in 1817. In taking account of stock, in resuming business—as it were—it was found in addition to the above, that there were nineteen hundred volumes available for use, and increasing at a fairly uniform annual rate. It had begun to be considered

"an appropriate place of deposit for continuous series of documents, all-important as elements of history."

The New York Legislature had passed an act, authorizing the Secretary of State

"to deliver to the Boston Athenæum a copy of the laws heretofore passed and to be hereafter passed at each succeeding session of the Legislature."

When John Quincy Adams went in 1808 as the first United States minister to Russia, he left his library of 5,450 volumes, just doubling the number then upon the stacks, in care of the Athenæum, where they remained eleven years.

Freedom of the privileges of the library was extended to the regular clergy of the city, to foreign consuls, Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, members of the Legislature, officers and resident graduates of Harvard, Williams and Amherst Colleges, and of the Theological Institute of Andover; the Presidents of the American Academy of Sciences, Historical, Medical and Agricultural Societies, and The Athenæum and East India Marine Society of Salem.

By 1820, Josiah Quincy succeeded John Lowell as President. A descendant of the first thus eulogizes the second:

"John Lowell was distinguished as one of the master minds of the period in this vicinity, whose active and efficient labors are apparent, not only in the history of this institution, and in that of Harvard College, but no less in the annals of agriculture and horticulture, and of the political and theological events of the time:—over all of which no individual shed a more clear light, or exerted a more powerful influence."

At this time the subject of building was again agitated, but before a conclusion was reached the offer of a gift

of a mansion in Pearl Street, valued at \$20,000, was received from James Perkins, Esq., who had been vice-president and trustee of the institution. He did this, he said,

"in consideration of the importance of the diffusion of knowledge to the liberty and happiness of any community, and of the beneficial effects of public libraries and reading-rooms to promote this important end, and also for a special regard to The Boston Athenæum, which was founded, and has been hitherto supported, on these principles."

The only condition attached to this gift was that:

"no part of the estate herein conveyed shall ever hereafter be used as a tavern, hotel, boarding-house, livery stable, or for any other public use, except for a literary institution; it not being my intention to preclude the use of it as a private dwelling-house, though it is my wish and expectation, in making the grant, that it may always be improved for public literary purposes; but it is not my wish to bind the corporation, in all future times, to retain that estate for the purposes of an Athenæum, whenever three-fourths of the proprietors may think it for the interest of the institution to place it in some other situation."

Mr. Perkins's estate, with an adjoining one then purchased, was occupied in the summer of 1821, only two months before the benefactor's death. In acknowledgment of his services and of his gifts, the proprietors commissioned Gilbert Stuart to copy his own portrait of Mr. Perkins, owned by the widow. Three hundred dollars were appropriated, but the payment was forestalled by private contributions. Mr. Perkins was a merchant prince in the best and old-fashioned sense of that term. He gave



Photo by Baldwin Coolidge
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HANNAH ADAMS

From the painting by Harding

liberally to the Massachusetts General Hospital, to the Cambridge Theological School, and left a bequest of \$20,000 to Harvard College.

In its new home a more strenuous life began for the Athenæum. An entire new code of by-laws was drawn up; extra arrangements made for classification and access to books; a librarian appointed to relieve Mr. Shaw, who had heretofore assumed the cares of that office in addition to his own multifarious duties, and an official catalogue was begun. A lecture course was proposed whenever a suitable room could be prepared. The fine arts collection was enriched by a gift from Mr. Augustus Thorndike of a number of casts from some of the most celebrated statues of antiquity.



WILLIAM F. POOLE
Fourth Librarian

Students were admitted to copy these. In 1823 a library which had been presented to King's Chapel by William and Mary, and a theological library of thirteen hundred volumes, some very rare, belonging to an Association of Ministers, came as a deposit to the Athenæum. The annual dues, which during the war had been \$18, were now reduced to the *ante-bellum* \$10. The continuous flow of gifts called again for enlarged quarters, and in 1826 it was voted to add

"an Academy of Fine Arts to comprise exhibition and lecture rooms with basement to lease for the use of the Medical and Historical Societies, and the American and Scientific Library Association."

For the funds necessary for this addition, the expected revenues from the leased basement were to be anticipated. At this crisis a brother and son of Mr. James Perkins came forward with the offer of \$8,000 each, on condition that an equal sum should be subscribed outside of their own family. The committee having the matter in charge were soon able to report the condition had been complied with,

thus establishing what the Hon. Josiah Quincy termed

"the reiterated munificence of a family for patronage of science and the arts, and for a generous support of institutions of charity and philanthropy, may well vie, in the city of Boston, with that of the Medici in Florence."

The number of books was now increased by the acquisition of the Medical Library, containing more than two thousand volumes of well-selected works on modern surgery and chemistry, which had been purchased within ten years, at an outlay of \$4,500. A union was also effected with the Scientific Association, whereby arrangements were made

"for *completing* the transactions of the Royal Societies and Academies of Sciences in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Turin, Göttingen, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Madrid and Lisbon, making the whole one of the most complete scientific libraries in the United States."

One hundred and fifty new shares were issued, increasing the number to three hundred. The Treasurer's report for 1827 showed property valua-



CHARLES K. BOLTON
Present Librarian

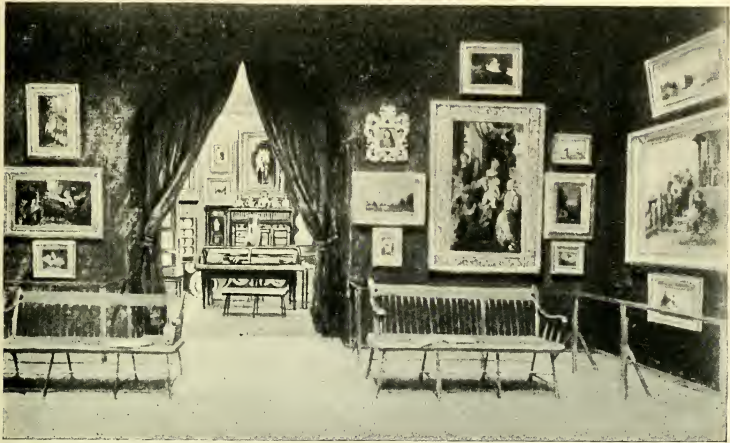


Photo by Baldwin Coolidge

Copyright 1903 by Boston Athenæum

THE PICTURE GALLERY

From a painting by Meneghelli

tion of \$108,282.52. It was now possible to set aside a permanent fund for the purchase of books. A loan exhibition of paintings, which thereafter became an annual one, resulted in adding \$2,500 to the treasury to be used for the encouragement of art. In pursuance of that object, Gilbert Stuart was commissioned to paint Mr. Thomas Handsayd Perkins's portrait. Two thousand dollars was expended on Trumbull's "Sortie of Gibraltar," \$100 on Annibale Carracci's portrait of himself, and \$400 on John Neagle's "The Blacksmith." The story is this: A blacksmith, Patrick Lyon of Philadelphia, charged with robbing a bank, was arrested, proved innocent, sued the bank authorities, won his case, and the damages obtained for false imprisonment became the nest-egg of a large fortune. What claim these circumstances gave him to a position in the

No. 16 Not transferable
Admit Mr. S. Willard
to view the Exhibition in the
ATHENÆUM GALLERY.
4th May 1829
W Dutton

Admit Solomon Willard
Esq. TO THE
PICTURE GALLERY
 OF THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM,
 TO VIEW THE
Splendid Engravings of American Birds,
 BY MR. AUDUBON.
Seth Baps LIBRARIAN.
 Door open from 10 to 1 o'clock.



Photo by Baldwin Coolidge

THE SUMNER STAIRCASE

Boston Athenæum, tradition does not explain, but the canvas still hangs in the vestibule and often excites inquiry. The Athenæum became a subscriber to the Arundel Society's chromo-lithograph productions, and these and similar foundations, built upon from time to time, by donations and purchases, became fit for the superstructure of the first Art Museum in the city. In 1829 a wonder of wonders happened. It was discovered that there was a woman in Medford, Hannah Adams by name, who was covetous of the privileges of a library. She said her hope of heaven, even, lay in the desire to assuage her thirst for knowledge. It had occurred to her feminine mind that it was not impossible to anticipate the usual relegation of celestial attainments and obtain

their sweet foretastes in this vale of tears. Mr. Shaw received her application with a beautiful tolerance, gallantly permitting her to roam at will, in what had hitherto been strictly a man's paradise. Miss Adams's wanderings must have been circumscribed, as she was housekeeper for her widowed father and his family of children and a few students as boarders. Some of these latter she fitted for college, and from some of them she herself learned Greek, Latin and logic. She contributed to the support of the family by spinning, weaving and knitting. She was the first American woman to write a book; it was entitled "A View of Religious Opinions," and went through two editions, having a sale in England as well as at home. She followed this work with

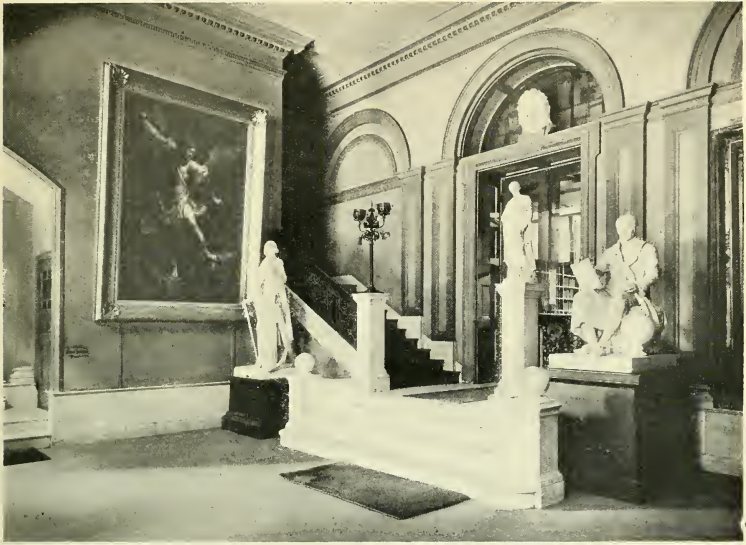


Photo by T. E. Marr

PRESENT ENTRANCE HALL

the first American "History of New England," and "The History of the Jews." The next woman to venture within the charmed precincts was Mrs. Lydia Maria Child. Her ticket of admission was soon revoked, "lest the privilege cause future embarrassment."

In 1831 the purchase of Gilbert Stuart's unfinished original portraits of George and Martha Washington was effected for \$1,500, partly by contributions from the Trustees of the Washington Monument Association, and partly by private subscription. The historian quoted above says:

"these portraits coming from the most distinguished artist who ever attempted the likeness of General and Mrs. Washington, are undoubtedly the most valuable and the most authentic of all ever taken of them."

A party of Americans who met casually in Italy in 1832, bought Horatio Greenough's bust of Dr. Kirkland and presented it to the Athenæum; soon after Washington Allston's "Isaac of York" was purchased, as well as four great architectural paintings by Panini, for which \$6,000 were paid. Busts, pictures and books increased in gratifying abundance. George Washington Greene wrote in his "Historical Studies:"

"The Boston Athenæum has already made a large collection of valuable books, and follows, we believe, though perhaps at somewhat too respectful a distance, the progress of the literature of the day."

The Board of Trustees was greatly bereft in 1838 by the death of Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch. A memorial was issued describing him as standing



Photo by T. E. Marr

THE WASHINGTON LIBRARY

"at the head of the scientific men of this country, and no man living has contributed more to his country's reputation. His fame is of the most durable kind, resting on the union of the highest genius with the most practical talent, and the application of both to the good of his fellow-men. Every American ship crosses the ocean with more safety for his labors, and the most eminent mathematicians of Europe have acknowledged him their equal in the highest walks of their science. His last great work (the translation of La Place's 'Mécanique Céleste') ranks with the noblest productions of our age."

The Trustees coöperated with other societies in erecting a monument—the first bronze in the country—to his memory, in Mt. Auburn. In 1839 Mr. Ambrose S. Curtis left by will a sum of money to the Athenæum. The

expressions of the will—if not the conditions—were so complicated, that failing to agree on the precise meaning, the heirs paid over the sum of \$5,000 without litigation. When Mr. James Perkins made a gift of the deed to his mansion in Pearl Street it was the finest residential quarter of the city. The crown of Fort Hill made a beautiful background for the streets leading up its slope. But by 1839 business had encroached, warehouses and factories had intruded, isolating the Athenæum from the *clientèle* which most enjoyed and profited by its treasures. A committee of two, John A. Lowell and Thomas B. Curtis, was appointed to wait upon Mrs. James Perkins, to confer on the subject of the removal of the society to a more



Photo by T. E. Marr

THE READING ROOM

central situation. With the fairness and courtesy that marked all the dealings of the family, she cordially gave consent to any measure for the highest good of the institution. With the prospect of enlarged opportunities renewed interest was everywhere manifest. The city added \$2,000 to the Athenæum's \$500, wherewith to buy Crawford's marble "Group of Orpheus," and even granted \$300 more for a building suitable for its exhibition. A statue of "Venus Victrix," a bas-relief of Horatio Greenough's "Judgment of Paris," Richard Greenough's bust of William H. Prescott, Powers's marble bust of Daniel Webster, and one in the same material of Chief Justice Marshall, were all acquired about this time. Many new pictures

also came into possession, among them copies of Guido's "St. Michael" and "Martyrdom of San Sebastian," Copley's "St. Cecilia," a landscape by Caspar Poussin, Rembrandt's portrait of himself, a Vandyke, a Zuccherelli, and others. Twenty-six translations of the Bible, seventy-three octavos of New York legislative proceedings, and a folio of New York census were put upon the stacks. Also, a magnificent work in seven imperial volumes of "The Antiquities of Mexico," and eighty-five folios of architectural engravings from works of the Masters. A complete set of a learned inquiry into the treatment of criminal classes and care of the poor, was much valued as containing the then last word on those important subjects.



Photo by T. E. Marr

DELIVERY ROOM, LOWER FLOOR

It was shown that property from all sources amounted to \$140,651.78. In 1844 steps were taken in dead earnest towards the new building which the Trustees fondly hoped would "accommodate the institution for all future time." Sites were examined, and a lot of land at the head of Hamilton Place, and another at the head of Bumstead Place, were reported upon favorably. Negotiations failed, however, to secure either of these, and 17,328 feet were finally bought on Tremont Street for \$84,102. Unwilling to incur debt, the actual breaking of ground was postponed until, by the issue of new shares, \$20,000 could be raised. Meanwhile an architects' competition for plans resulted in the

carrying off of the prize of \$1,000 by Mr. George M. Dexter. It was, at the outset, considered that the plan must include, besides the Athenæum accommodations, lecture-rooms, offices or shops, or some combination of all of these, to yield an income adequate to the \$60,000 of capital invested. Eventually this idea was modified, but before actual building was begun, an entirely new problem was presented. The Tremont Street lot was advantageously sold, and the Edward B. Phillips estate at 10½ Beacon Street was purchased for \$55,000. Ensuing competition for plans resulted in the selection of one drawn by a young New Hampshire farmer, Edward C. Cabot. This



Photo by T. E. Marr

REFERENCE ROOM, UPPER FLOOR

called for a structure costing \$59,000, 114 feet long, of irregular breadth, and 60 feet high. In professional language it was to be

"built of brown freestone, a pronounced example of Palladian palace front, high basement of rusticated piers and round arches, carrying an order of Corinthian pilasters with lofty windows between, embellished with pedimented caps."

The entrance hall was 14 x 10 feet and the first story was to hold a hall 80 feet long for exhibition purposes, with side rooms for committee meetings. The library was to fill the second story and its surrounding galleries, and provision was made for stacking 150,000 volumes. The third story was to be thirteen feet high with fine skylight to afford advantages for

a picture gallery. Owing to the youth and inexperience of Mr. Cabot, it was deemed wise to associate Mr. Dexter with him for three years, the latter giving his attention to outdoor detail, and the former devoting himself to office work. On April 27, 1847, the corner-stone was laid with rejoicing and appropriate ceremonies. The copper box, enclosing coins, documents, etc., as is usual in such cases, bore upon its face, besides the inscription, the sentiment:

"Whenever this stone shall be removed, may it be only to improve and perpetuate the Institution."

It is singular that in spite of the wisdom, prudence and care exercised, it was found at the end of the year that the entire appropriation of funds



Photo by T. E. Marr

ART ROOM

had been exceeded by \$70,000, and that \$50,000 more would be required to finish the interior in a manner corresponding. The error seems to have been the fundamental one of

“Supposing that such a substantial and beautiful building could be erected for so small a sum as had been estimated.”

An immediate halt was called, and many alterations in plans suggested. After due consideration it was decided to complete the main library room according to original design, and to place an iron staircase in the vestibule, leaving the rest of the building entirely unfinished for the nonce. Steps were taken for the immediate carrying out of these changes.

With the exception of this setback,

the Athenæum affairs touched high-water mark in the year 1849. Among the good things that came to it was a unique collection including a large part of George Washington's private library and an *ana* of great value. It seems that Mr. Henry Stevens of Vermont, described as “bibliographer and lover of books,” bought in 1848, three thousand volumes for \$3,000 in order to secure 800 volumes bearing Washington's autograph. Hearing the collection could be sold in England, seventy gentlemen of Boston, Cambridge and Salem subscribed and for \$4,000 secured 384 volumes for the Athenæum. They are practically unknown to the subscriber of to-day, as want of space elsewhere

keeps them on the top floor, where their special case forms a doorway into the old art gallery. One book, kept by itself, in a glass case, is "A Discussion of the Book of Common Prayer," written by Thomas Comber and printed in London in 1712. The binding is panelled calf and the first fly-leaf contains four names, three of which are autographs of Augustine Washington, of Mary, his mother, and of George when thirteen years of age, and the fourth is the mother's name in George's handwriting.

Notwithstanding the complications arising from exceeding the building appropriation, public confidence was not one whit abated in the integrity of the management. Nor could it well be otherwise, considering the character of the men at its head. Friends immediately came forward with offers of practical assistance upon which they were willing to risk money and reputation. A gentleman proposed to be one of five, to take fifty new shares, if the number issued amounted to two hundred at \$300 each. Several proprietors were prepared for additional assessments of \$100 per share, provided one-half of their *confrères* would do likewise. Other projects were proposed, considered, rejected in whole or in part, until by patience, prudence and generous coöperation the beautiful building, carried out according to the original plan, was ready for occupancy in 1849, and completely finished the following year. The debt of \$112,000 was provided for, and an era of great prosperity opened.

As usual, officers came and went without much disturbing the machinery. From 1856 to 1867 the Libra-

rian's chair was filled by Mr. William Frederick Poole, already well known as the author of an "Index to Reviews," and "Index to Periodical Literature"; an invaluable addition to every library, and practically exhaustive.

Under Mr. Poole's successor, Charles Ammi Cutter, the great work, begun by Charles R. Lowell, of preparing a complete catalogue of the Athenæum's possessions, was carried forward. By 1874 a fifth of the 580 pages had been printed, at a cost, including type and paper, of \$7,800, with an estimate of from \$13,000 to \$16,000 for the remainder of the work. This official labor met with a most appreciative reception. President Vinton, of Princeton, wrote:

"No book known to me is likely to be of more use in my bibliographical labors here."

Trumbull of the Wilkinson Library in Hartford said:

"The system of cross-references adopted will make it invaluable as a subject index."

Winsor of the Boston Public Library:

"I am free to acknowledge that I consider it the best possible catalogue extant."

George Nichols, the well-known proof-reader and critic:

"There can be but one opinion in regard to it,—that of warm and admiring approval in every particular."

Professor Ezra Abbot, former assistant librarian of Harvard:

"Take it all in all, it is the best catalogue ever printed."

Professor Abbot's letter entered into details as

"to excellencies, to references to treatises buried in collections, and exhaustive for the use of scholars."

So continuously and richly had the affluents swelled the stream of prosperity that in 1873 the treasures again overflowed the bounds, and an enlargement of the borders seemed to be imperatively demanded. But the Librarian, Mr. Cutter, wrote:

"twenty-five years hence all this may be different. Business may have moved farther south; its centre may be above Boylston Market; the fashionable art stores, jewellers', milliners', the great retail dry-good shops may be on the upper side of Washington Street, and ladies may no longer penetrate north to the Common. State Street may be the seat of manufacturers; Beacon Hill may become what Fort Hill has just ceased to be; when the change comes, when it shows any signs of coming, let the Boston Athenæum be removed, but till then let it remain where it is."

In accordance with this opinion, voicing that of a majority of the Proprietors, numerous alterations were effected that accommodated the society until 1889.

By that year there were 1,048 stockholders, and shares, when quoted, were \$480. To meet this new emergency in as practical and economical a way as possible, the Sumner Staircase was sacrificed, and various devices finally adopted that bridged over temporarily the impending catastrophe. The situation was somewhat relieved, later, in 1876, when many of the paintings and the superb collection of etchings were deposited in the Museum of Fine Arts in Copley Square. Special libraries were removed to rooms prepared for Associations by which they were owned, or for the use of which they were peculiarly adapted. In this general overturning a lot of marbles and casts came to

light, with neither names nor traces of authenticity to be found upon them. Most of them have now been properly identified by experts and are placed in the old picture gallery at the top of the house. There, also, is the copy of Murillo's Madonna and various works of art more or less valuable.

At the beginning of the XXth Century the recurrent necessity for increase of light, space and security from fire is greater than ever before. The site contains but 10,200 feet of land. To be sure it backs upon the lovely old Granary Burying Ground, but there is no redress for the injury cast by the high, overshadowing buildings on the other three sides. Already the Society has bought 11,200 square feet on Arlington and Newbury Streets for which \$22 per foot has been paid. In a competition open to all, but with five known and five unknown architects invited to compete for the plans, the "dark horse" won the race. Two students in the School of Technology carried off the winning prize of \$1,000. These fortunate youths are William E. Putnam, Jr., and Allen H. Cox.

The plan is for a classic building with no useless ornamentation. It calls for four stories and a mezzanine, 90 x 117, at a cost of \$400,000. As some one has said:

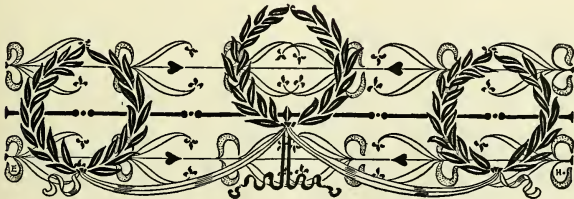
"a library is no longer considered an architectural problem, but an exact science."

There are, as was to be expected, dissenting voices among the Proprietors. Some influential ones desire to run the present building up on its own foundations and thus secure sufficient space for their accommodation. They regard a new building merely as a monu-

ment to its architect, while others deem the danger from fire an imminent risk to be at once taken into account. Many of their treasures are of exceptional, and some of unique, value. Among their 180,000 volumes is one of the very best sets of United States Documents in the country; a large collection of Confederate papers; the Bemis collection of works on international law, including State papers; a wonderfully fine lot of Oriental Manuscripts given by Mr. Thomas A. Neal of Salem, which were selected by the most celebrated native scholars in Calcutta, and copied under the donor's own supervision. There is a lot of Polish books presented by Miss Elizabeth Peabody; a copy of the edition of John Eliot's *Wusku Wuttestamentum*; a copy of Audubon's Birds; eighty-five volumes of colored Japanese architectural designs; the Arundel Society's lithographs; manuscripts, pamphlets, and books given from the libraries of John Quincy Adams and the father of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Of more doubtful value is a "Life of

George Walton, highwayman," bound in his own skin.

The largest gifts and bequests have been \$25,060 from the executors of the will of Samuel Appleton in 1853; \$25,000 from John Bromfield, in 1846; \$20,000 from George Bemis in 1879; and \$160,050 from William B. Howes of Beverly, in 1879. Robert C. Billing's executors gave to the Athenæum a permanent fund, amounting to \$10,000, from money left for charitable purposes. The decision of the court is interesting and expresses concisely the thing for which the Athenæum stands: "If there may theoretically exist an institution whose purposes are purely religious, or purely educational, without any taint of money-making, which is nevertheless not a legal charity, the Boston Athenæum is an institution for the encouragement of learning, which was intended by the Legislature to have, and does in fact have, such a widely extended usefulness as to leave no doubt that its purposes are legally charitable purposes."



In a Strange Land

By Emilia Elliott

MARTHA stood in the kitchen doorway, letting the light breeze fan her flushed face; below the sloping yard, the apple orchards were a mass of pink and white blossoms. A rested look crept into her face. Her husband drove into the yard, drawing rein before the door. "Dinner ready?" he asked.

"It will be, soon's you get the horse put up," Martha answered, going back to the kitchen, with its mingled odors of boiled beef and cabbage.

"My, but it's hot here," Jim exclaimed, when he came in. He threw off his coat and sat eagerly down to the table.

"Any news?" Martha asked.

"A lot of city folks are buyin' up land 'long the lake. I had an offer for the East meadow."

"You wouldn't break up the farm like that?" Martha exclaimed anxiously.

"Not much. I told Bill Parsons--he's lookin' after the bu'sness—I'd sell the whole place, or none. That meadow's the best bit of land on it."

Martha's face whitened. Jim helped himself liberally to apple pie—"I'll know next week. 'Tain't likely any one'll take up with the offer."

That was a week of cruel suspense to Martha; Jim didn't speak of the matter again, and she could not mention it first. She tried to believe her

fears groundless; it wasn't likely, as Jim said, any one would want the entire farm. The whole thing had come like a thunderclap out of a clear sky; it had never occurred to her that Jim could think of parting with the place; it had been in the family for generations. But when the week was up Jim came home from town looking excited, and rather taken aback, as well.

"The bargain's made, Martha, at a good, stiff price, and an extry bit down, for immediate possession."

Martha caught hold of the piazza railing. "What'll we do?"

"I've been talking consid'able with Tom Baxter. We'll go West with him, he's goin' back soon. There's some chance for a fellow with a bit of ready cash, out there. I'm sick of farmin'. 'Twasn't any use speakin' to you 'til I saw how things went. We'll just take a couple of trunks along, sell off the furniture, and get new out there."

"You've got it all planned," she spoke bitterly.

"Sure, you've only 'to get ready."

During those hurried, heart-rending days that followed, Martha, her eyes blinded with tears, went sadly about the old house. Some of the furniture she had brought with her on her marriage, all of it had been familiar to her since childhood; Jim and she were cousins; the farm had been their

grandfather's and he had left it to Jim. The stiff, unfriendly parlor, with its prim, horsehair chairs and sofa, its marble-topped centre-table and best Brussels carpet; the sitting-room, with its shabby worn arm-chairs and wide chintz-covered lounge; the big kitchen, with its happy childish memories. And upstairs, the best room; her own room, where her children had been born—and died—and over all, the dim, shadowy garret, with its stores of treasures, hidden away beneath the sloping eaves! How could she leave them all.

She dreaded, too, an auction in the house; shrinking from the thought of the rough feet, the loud voices, the curious eyes. The afternoon before the sale, while Jim was in town, Martha went up to the garret. One thing she was determined should not be touched by stranger hands. Drawing from its place an old-fashioned cradle, she slipped off the faded calico cover, and kneeling on the floor beside the cradle, Martha lived over again that second winter of her married life.

Jim had been different then. To them both, the blue-eyed baby, crowing among its pillows, had brought a joy, too wonderful to understand. With the coming of spring without had come bleakness and dreariness within. As Martha thought of those days, her hand, resting on the cradle, rocked it unconsciously, as if to hush a child's low wail.

The loneliness of the years that followed! Then again the bliss of motherhood; always overshadowed by the memory of past loss. She and Jim had somehow drifted apart, during

that time of trouble, but with renewed happiness had come renewed tenderness—lost once more, with their second sorrow. Martha drew the cradle closer; the little bed, the soft coverings, were in it still; she had made it up freshly, before putting it away. They were yellowed now, but about them lingered the faint sweet smell of lavender. She seemed to see two shadowy little forms resting 'neath the quilt of blue and white; on the tiny pillow lay two small heads—one fair, the other dark—both bonny. A moment she crouched, swaying the cradle with trembling hands, then resolutely folding up the bed clothes, and taking out the little bed, she lifted the hatchet she had brought upstairs with her. One scrap of the splintered fragments she laid with the pile of coverings, the rest she gathered up, and carried down into the yard.

"What've you been burnin', Martha?" Jim asked when he came home.

"Somethin' from up garret."

"Nothin' we could 've sold?"

"Nothin' we could 've sold."

The afternoon before leaving the farm, Martha took time for a farewell visit to some of her favorite spots. To the open grove, bordering the lake, where she and Jim had picnicked as children. To the winding lane, running to the broad upper pastures—the wild roses ran riot there, in the early summer. Last of all, she climbed slowly up to the grass-grown family burying-ground, and here she stayed, until the western sky was a mass of gold and crimson, the water below reflecting back the wondrous radiance. Kneeling between two little graves, lying in the shelter of the moss-cov-

ered stone wall, Martha looked wistfully over at that glory in the west. It was unspeakably hard to leave the farm; hardest to leave her graves—who would tend them now? She had a feeling that, with the passing of the place into other hands, something of the ownership of that quiet bit of one of God's acres went too.

The long, wearisome journey that followed had no pleasure for Martha; novelty possessed no charms for her. The strange scenes, the wild grandeur of the Rockies when they reached them, depressed and overpowered her. She had never before been a half day's journey from home. Hour after hour, she sat, pale, silent, scarcely lifting her eyes to the magnificent scenery without the car window; always before her the quiet fields, the sunny lake, those tiny graves at home. Jim wished he had left her with her sister, Emma. He'd 've done better alone.

It was towards evening when the last long day's riding ended; and their destination, a mining camp, in a narrow canyon, was reached. Martha, standing on the station platform, looked about her with frightened eyes. It would have been better to go on with that weary riding, rather than stop in this place.

"Come on," Tom Baxter said, and Martha followed the two men across the street to the hotel, a bare, forlorn looking building. On the wide, unpainted piazza a group of men were lounging. They eyed the new-comers curiously, and one—a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, named Ruben Tyler—took his pipe from his mouth, saying: "I'll be hanged, if that ain't a real country body from back east.

She put me in mind of my old home d'rectly."

Upstairs, in a dingy, sparsely furnished room, Martha stood by the one window utterly miserable and heart-sick. Jim had gone downstairs again; Tom had volunteered to introduce him to some of the fellows. She heard the loud tones, the coarse laughter. Jim came up presently, elated, self-complacent; her downcast face roused his anger.

"You're a nice, cheerful sort of person," he cried. "Can't you fix up a little? What makes you wear your hair so confounded slick; folks'll think you're my mother."

Martha's hands went up to her smooth bands of dark hair: "I can stay up here, I'd rather, really."

"Nonsense, there's the bell," Jim hurried on, waiting grumblingly at the foot of the stairs.

The long supper table was crowded with men, of various ages and nationalities; there were no other women there except the girls who waited. They were young and pretty, in a loud flashy style, and on very good terms with the men at the table. Martha felt that they were laughing at her. As soon as possible, she escaped to her room.

"Marthy," Jim said, the next morning, "I've 'bout settled matters. The fellow that keeps the store here wants to sell out. He's lettin' it go at a bargain. You can look after it times when I ain't on hand; It'll keep you from bein' homesick—"

As if any power on earth could do that!

They stopped at the hotel for a fortnight. Jim was out most of the time.

He delighted in the freedom of the new life. Martha's unhappiness was a constant affront to him. He made acquaintances in determined fashion, and was considered a very good fellow. Martha was declared dull and "stuck up." Poor Martha, she had honestly tried to be pleasant and friendly, but the life, the people, were so different from what she had always known. She was like some simple garden flower, ruthlessly uprooted and thrust all carelessly into new and alien soil.

The building containing the store stood not far from the hotel. Long and low, with three living-rooms behind the store itself. Even Jim agreed the place hardly fit for a heathen to live in, and turned to, with much of his old heartiness, to help Martha mend matters. For the moment he felt some compunction; it was not much like the home he had brought her from.

He had ordered furniture from the nearest town, enough to supply their immediate wants. Its cheap tawdriness hurt Martha's quiet taste. Jim thought it fine. "We're up to date now, Marthy," he said, throwing himself back on the narrow sofa, gayly covered with multi-colored cotton tap-estry, edged with red cotton plush. "You'll have as good a sittin'-room as there's in this town, but, unless you drop those stand-off ways of yours, you won't have any one sittin' in it."

Martha was busy draping the board shelf Jim had put up, with the home-made lambrequin from the parlor at home. "Well, I'll have you," she said, striving to speak lightly.

Jim's fit of penitence was brief;

Martha was left to fight alone that indescribable, unendurable feeling of homesickness. She soon came to hate her surroundings with an intensity that surprised herself, to hate the very sight of the mountains, rising all around her, crushing her down, shutting her in. It seemed to her as if the God who ruled above this strange and awful country could not be the same as the One she had always thought of as bending in love and pity over the green meadows and shining waters of her old home. Jim, ill at ease, and restless, thrown off his balance by this complete change in his manner of life, drifted further every day from the old restraining ties. He was continually from home. "He'd never had his fling, and he'd take it now."

One evening he came out to the kitchen, where Martha was getting supper: "Rube Tyler's come to supper—Rube's one of the people here, works in the Comp'ny's office."

Martha looked frightened: "Hadn't you best bring out something from the store?"

"That's where you're all off. He and his chum batch it together in a shack of their own; he gets plenty of store stuff."

Martha made some hasty preparations, but it was in much trepidation of mind that she went to call Jim and his guest to supper. Rube glanced at her with keen, observant eyes. It so happened that he had not seen her since that first night at the hotel. "Looks scared! Bet the scamp bullies her," he decided. He had not been very favorably impressed with Jim.

"I vow, 'tain't fair, takin' you so by surprise," Rube said, smiling down

into Martha's eyes, "but it's mighty hard for a man to refuse a bit of home cooking, and I've been wantin' to know you,—you put me in mind of home, that night."

"I'm glad you came," Martha said simply. She felt an instant liking for this great, whole-hearted fellow. Nor could she fail to be flattered by his very evident appreciation of her cooking. "I declare, it's like a bit of home," he said heartily.

He stayed some time after supper, telling of his life in the west. He owned to Martha how homesick he had been, seeming to understand how she felt.

She was alone in the store a few nights later, when Rube came in.

"Playin' keep shop?" he asked.

"It ain't play to me; can I get you somethin'?" Martha's face had brightened. He told his errand.

"So you don't like waitin' on folks?"

"I wouldn't mind one at a time, but I get so nervous."

"Comes hard, I dare say."

He helped her with his own purchases, folding and tying with quick, deft fingers. Two or three nights after, he stopped again. Martha was sitting just inside the parlor doorway. Rube saw tears in her eyes. "Sit still," he said, as she started up, "I ain't in a mite of hurry. What's troublin' you?"

This new note of sympathy was too much for Martha; her lips quivered like a child's. "Oh, I can't bear it," she cried piteously, "I hate it here. I hate those cruel, overbearing mountaintains, shuttin' out all of God's world, but this bit of canyon. I hate the life,

and the place, and the people." She had forgotten Rube—forgotten everything save the intensity of her feeling—and the relief, and, at the same time the impossibility of expressing it.

"Poor little woman," Rube said; "it wasn't right to bring you out here."

Martha looked up, drying her eyes, "I oughtn't to have gone on so. Jim would be angry. Oh, I can't think why he wanted to sell the farm."

"It's a pity for you both," Rube thought of the rumors already current concerning Jim.

"I'm sorry I bothered you," Martha faltered, "you're very good to me."

"I wish I could be, in real earnest."

After that, when the waves of homesickness swept over Martha, threatening to engulf her in their depths, her thoughts turned involuntarily to Rube with his ready kindness. He got in the habit of dropping in often. He could not help seeing that his coming cheered Martha, any more than she could help being cheered by it. Sympathy and kindly interest on the man's part, loneliness and gratitude on the woman's, were leading these two into ways of which, while the beginning might be pleasantness, the end could not be peace. Those were troubled weeks for Martha, weeks of struggling, of new, strange doubts and fears. She had planted some seeds in the bit of dooryard back of the house, and by dint of careful nursing they were doing fairly well. It was only there, among her flowers, whose familiar faces reminded her of home, that Martha found anything like peace.

One evening when Rube stopped,

he found her hurrying around, with tired face, trying, rather unsuccessfully, to wait on several customers at the same time.

"Guess you need a little help," he said cheerily.

As by magic her troubles vanished—with the disappearance of her last customer, she gave a sigh of relief. "Seem's like I'll never get used to tendin' store," she said, "Jim says 'taint near's bad as a lot of women, all chatterin' together, at sewin' meetin', but then, I never went much to sewin' meetin'; Jim didn't hold with my goin' way from home much, and he wouldn't have them to our place."

Rube swung himself up on to the counter. "My mother was a great hand for such shindigs. What lots of good things she'd cook up when they was coming to our house! That reminds me, Mis' Baker, when you goin' to ask me to supper again?"

"Whenever you'd like to come," Martha answered, smiling.

"The sooner the better. Guess to-night's as good a time as any. I'll just run down to the office a moment, first."

He had hardly gone when Jim came in. Jim was scowling angrily. "See here, Marthy," he cried, "Joe Thomas says Rube Tyler's been makin' himself mightily to home here to-night."

"He's been helpin' me some."

"Well, I won't have any such doin's, makin' folks think I overwork you."

"I can't hinder them thinkin'."

"You can too. Rube Tyler's hangin' 'bout here a deal too much," Jim began to feel his wife to blame for his own shortcomings. She could make it pleasant enough for every one

except her own husband! He turned sullenly away. "I won't be back to supper," he said shortly.

"Jim, please come," she was afraid then to tell him why, better let it appear as if Rube had dropped in by accident.

"I tell you I won't," Jim answered.

Martha stood uncertain. She must tell Rube, probably he wouldn't stay.

Rube received the announcement very calmly. "I know, I met him down street, with Tom Baxter; I reckon we'll manage without him all right."

So he meant to stay; she felt both glad and sorry. In spite of misgivings, Martha enjoyed that supper. Rube was eager to hear about her old life, back east, of the days before her marriage. "I wish to goodness I'd known you then," he blurted out at last. "Life's mighty queer. Why couldn't you and me 've known each other then?"

Martha tried to smile: "I reckon 'twasn't meant we should."

Rube leaned towards her; through the open window came the scent of mignonette, and other sweet old-fashioned garden flowers. "Marthy, if we had 've met then I wonder would you 've liked a big clumsy fellow, like me?"

A sudden sob rose in Martha's throat: "Rube, don't! we didn't meet."

"You ain't happy, Marthy, I know you ain't. If you was I wouldn't say a word."

"Rube, you mustn't; you frighten me so."

"I don't want to do that, you poor little mite. Shall I go now?"

She nodded.

"I'd like a posy first, Marthy."

She hesitated, then led the way out to the little garden. Rube watched her silently, as she bent over the flowers, wondering why she held the cluster of purple pansies and gay sweet peas tightly for a moment before handing them to him. Perhaps she hardly knew herself. She had an odd feeling that henceforth the quiet peace of that tiny spot would be lost, now that Rube had stood there with her.

The next time Rube came to the store, Jim was there. Jim eyed him sulkily, paying no heed to his good-natured salutation. After that Jim seemed always on hand. Had he turned over a new leaf? At any rate, he hadn't improved as to temper, judging from Martha's worried face and tired eyes. Jim felt his hold over his wife weakening. The patient submission, that of late years had served in the place of the old affection, to bind her to him, was slowly disappearing. Stung by this knowledge and determined by sheer force to win back his authority over her, he grew daily more tyrannical and exacting.

Rube, whose liking for Martha had sprung in the first place from pity, looked on with troubled eyes. Poor little woman, she was having hard lines of it! But, day by day, turning more and more to him, trying to conquer, too, her growing feeling for him. What use? Why not take the scanty goods the gods provided, not questioning too closely the manner of their coming?

Rube was living alone now, his chum having lately married, and set up housekeeping on a more preten-

tious scale. For a week or two, he kept away from the store; Martha wondered why he did not come. Would he, too, fail her? And when, one evening, as she sat alone in the dusky parlor, he suddenly appeared, she could not keep the gladness out of face and voice.

"Been gettin' on well?" he asked.

"As well's usual," Martha's voice changed.

"I've come to ask a favor of you, Marthy. Dick's off for himself—and it's time I was settlin' down; I'll be forty next March. It's sort of lonesome, too, up there now, and I can't abide the hotel. I've been makin' a few changes; the person I've in mind's a tidy, nice-mannered little body, and I thought maybe you'd come up and look round a bit and see if things was all right."

"I'd like to do anything I could for you." She was glad it was too dark for him to see the tears in her eyes. "It'll have to be to-morrow, Sunday. Jim won't be home. I couldn't make him understand. He—he found out 'bout that supper that night, it made him awful mad."

"I'm ever so much obliged," Rube said, rising to go, "I'll meet you where the path runs up back of the office—it'll save talk—not that I care for myself how folks talk."

Martha sighed wearily: "I don't know's I do much, I'm too tired to care 'bout anythin'."

Rube was waiting for her the next afternoon. They had a steep, upward climb, and Martha was glad to sink down, breathless, on the little porch before the cabin. Rube brought a big wicker rocking-chair and a footstool.

She looked up gratefully: "You mustn't fuss over me, I ain't used to it now-a-days."

"You ought to be," he answered bluntly.

"It's nice up here," Martha said hurriedly; "how small everythin' looks down below."

When she was rested he took her indoors; there were two fair-sized rooms, and a tiny lean-to. Rube's efforts at adornment were simple, almost pathetic. He had papered the cabin newly himself, and, by either happy chance or good instinct, had chosen patterns not out of keeping with the rest of the homely furnishings. "I'm goin' to put some shelves up at the windows for plants," he said, "*she's* terrible fond of plants."

"You've fixed it up beautifully; I'm sure she'll be happy."

"It's lonely up here; there wouldn't be any one comin' and goin'."

"She'll have you."

"I ain't sure she'll come," Rube spoke slowly. "She's the one woman in the world to me. I'll be mighty good to her, but I ain't quite sure's I've got the right to ask her. It'd mean a good deal to her."

Then Martha understood. The color flooded her face. "No, don't ask her," she cried, "for fear she might not have strength to say no. Oh, she must be a wicked woman for you to think such a thing."

Rube caught the trembling hands: "I swear she ain't wicked. I love her, and she loves me; she ain't happy, her life's such a hard one. I swear it wouldn't be wrong; things 've got horribly twisted, Marthy," he held her close. "Marthy, won't you come?"

"Rube, let me go. My God, what have I come to! There was a girl at home once, who—to think I blamed her!"

Rube let her go; she darted from him out of the cabin and down the rough, narrow footpath. Rube followed, keeping her in sight down the mountain. He did not try to speak to her again then. Near the foot he drew back; Jim had come in sight. For Martha's sake Rube hoped he had not been seen. "If it had not been for her"—he clenched his hands tightly.

He went for a long, rapid walk. When he reached the cabin again the dusk was coming on. On the porch sat Martha, a bundle in her lap.

She looked up pitifully: "Jim wouldn't let me stay. He wanted to know where I'd been. He wouldn't believe me that—that—he says he isn't goin' to stay at the store any longer. I didn't know what to do."

Rube sat down beside her, taking one of her hands in his.

She shuddered: "I never thought my life would end like this. Some day you'll scorn me for comin'."

"Marthy!"

"If you do, it'll kill me. Jim says I've driven him to the bad."

"Jim lied. He went there of his own free will, some time ago. Marthy, can't you see, he's only too glad of an excuse to get rid of you."

Rube rose. "Come inside, I'm goin' to make you a cup of tea."

"I'd rather wait here, please." She sat with folded hands, looking over at the mountains opposite; the sunset glow was fading, but in the western sky a faint radiance still lingered. Martha's thoughts went back to that

last afternoon in the old family burying-ground; suddenly turning, she undid the bundle at her side, taking from it the fragment of cradle, the bits of bed-clothes. How far she had drifted since the day she bent over her treasures in the garret, had drifted, must still drift! Under her breath she repeated the words, through all these months so often in her mind:

“By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.”

How often, when Jim had reproached her with being dull and stupid, had the words of the old plaint echoed in her thoughts:

“For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song,’ and ‘How shall we sing in a strange land?’”

Ah, it had been “a strange land,” and no longer would she be able to say: “If I forget thee.” She was forgetting, doing that which must ever stand between her and the memory of past, happier days, between her and the memory of those later ones when she had knelt, broken-hearted, beside her little graves.

When Rube came out, she met him wildly: “Rube, let me go; think for me before it is too late, and I leave my babies behind forever!”

He tried to soothe her.

“I can’t stay,” she sobbed, “if I could get work; Rube, help me!”

Rube’s brow knitted. Through the open door he caught a glimpse of the little sitting room, warm and bright. Then he felt her deep, shuddering sobs and heard the low cry: “My babies, my babies!”

“Marthy,” he lifted her face gently, “I’m goin’ to take you down to the hotel for to-night; they’ll make you comfortable when I explain. To-morrow I’ll start you homewards. I’ll wire your friends to meet you; and tell the conductor to look after you. You won’t have a bit of worry.”

“But the money?”

“You’ll let me give you that much. Now drink your tea, and then you shall go.” He spoke as to a tired child, and like a child she obeyed him.

At the foot of the mountain path she suddenly clung to him: “You are so good,—so good.”

It was late when he reached his cabin again. On the floor of the bright little sitting-room lay a woman’s glove. Rube caught it up, and going to the doorway he stood looking down the canyon, to where in the distance the lights of the hotel glimmered through the darkness.

In After Years

By Clarence H. Umer

HER heart ran down her hueless cheek in tears,
 In sobs her soul beat out its bitter grief;
 But onward stole the velvet-footed years
 With poppies in their hands to bring relief.

Detroit

THE history of the old Northwest begins as early as that of Canada and Virginia, and many years before the Pilgrim fathers

landed at Plymouth the French explorers and missionaries were making their way through the forests of central Canada and along Lake Huron. The history of Detroit is closely interwoven with that of the whole Northwest, for its settlement is one of the earliest in America.

Three principal objects inspired the hearts of the French settlers in Canada,—fur trading, to find a route to China and the Indies, and to convert the North American Indians to Christianity. With these objects in view, the Frenchmen pressed on westward and according to tradition as early as 1612 Champlain passed through the strait which is now the Detroit River. The state of Michigan is a part of the territory held under the government of New France and Louisiana, and the French priests established mission stations along the borders of the lakes at an early date. In 1648 Marquette founded his missions at Michillimackinac and St. Ignace, and Joliet is said to have passed down the lakes and through the strait; but Lasalle is the first civil-



By Helen E. Keep

ized person known to have been at the site of the present city of Detroit.

In 1671 this great explorer, with two Jesuit priests, Dollier de Casson and Ga-

lenée, and a Seneca Indian guide, wintered on the north shore of Lake Erie, and when the ice broke in the spring, crossed the lake in canoes and went up the river. They saw wigwams clustered in the bordering forests, and near Detroit they found a rude stone image, worshipped as a fetich by the Indians. A few years later Lasalle was authorized by the French government to spend five years in exploration in America, and he with his friend Henry, Chevalier de Tonty, whose name appears on the earliest records of Michigan, went to Niagara Falls, and there built a vessel in which to sail through the Great Lakes. This boat, *Le Griffon*, was the first ever sailed on Lake Erie and the upper lakes. Three priests and several others, with Indian guides, accompanied Lasalle on this famous voyage, an account of which was written by Father Hennepin. On August 10, 1679, *Le Griffon* was anchored at the mouth of the strait. He tells us that several Frenchmen had been sent forward in canoes "to a place called Detroit," and were joined

the next day by Lasalle and De Tonty. The whole party after a few hours there sailed on, and August 12, Ste. Claire's Day, they entered the lake at the head of the river and named it after the saint.

This whole section of country is rich in legendary lore, and the weird stories have been handed down from generation to generation by those whose ancestors came from France years before, and wove with the Indian legends their own poetic tales which had been told around the hearths in Normandy. The great Indian Spirit of the lakes was the Manitou, who commanded the storms and the waves. Incensed at the exhibition of idolatry, the priests with Lasalle on the first visit to Detroit broke in pieces the idol which they found dedicated to the great Spirit and threw them into the deepest part of the river. The Indians were from that time the enemies of the white man, and whenever the Griffon neared the shore their hostile cries were heard. After the vessel reached Lake Superior it was loaded with furs and started on the return voyage. What became of it is uncertain, but the Indian tradition tells of the angry Manitou sending it into unknown waters, and on moonlight nights the phantom ship is seen, and voices are heard chanting the evening hymn.

In 1687 Duluth built a fort near the entrance of Lake Huron, which was at first called "Fort Detroit," afterwards "Fort St. Joseph." This was probably nothing more than a block house, and was used for a place of meeting and conference with the Indians. In 1697 De Tonty and La Foret were at Fort Detroit with orders

from the governor general of Canada to gather together the Indians in that section and to declare war against the Five Nations. The battle of the Iroquois was fought on the shore of Lake Erie, but the centre of operation for the French and the northern tribes was at Fort Detroit and along the strait.

Up to this time no regular settlement on the strait had been thought of. Michillimackinac had become a missionary post and a depot of supplies for the fur traders on their way north. To reach Mackinac the traders had gone through the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa River and Lake Huron. When the New England and New York coasts were inhabited by civilized people, the strait—*détroit*—began to be important. It was the connection with the upper lakes and was the easiest passage from Canada to the Mississippi Valley and Louisiana. The possession of this pass meant the control of the Northwest and the fur trade. Cadillac, commandant at Michillimackinac from 1695 to 1699, first conceived the idea that Detroit was a better place for a fort, and during the years at Mackinac he prepared plans for the later settlement.

The birthplace of Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, the founder of Detroit, is uncertain. It has been said that he was a native of Gascony. On the authority of the parish records of Quebec his father was Jean de la Mothe, Seigneur de Cadillac, de Launay, de Semontel, *conseiller* of the parliament of Toulouse, and his mother was Jeanne de Malenfant. His letters and writings show that he had a good education, and he entered the army at an early age, serving as a cadet in the regiment of Dampierre

and as a lieutenant in the regiment of Clairembault in 1677. In 1683 he first visited New France and became a settler at Port Royal. Five years later he married, at Quebec, Marie Therese Guyon, daughter of Jean Guyon and Elizabeth Boucher, born April 9, 1671. The next year he was given the island of Mt. Desert and a large tract of land called Donequec or Donequet, in the present state of Maine. In the list of names of residents on Mt. Desert in 1688 are "Cadalick and wife." It 1689 he was again in France at the court of Louis XIV assisting in forming plans for the capture and destruction of New York and Boston. While he was in France Port Royal was surrendered to Sir William Phips and his property was destroyed. The next year Cadillac returned to Canada with a recommendation to the governor, Count Frontenac.

"Sieur de Lamothe Cadillac, a gentleman of Acadia, having been ordered to embark for the service of the king, on the Embuscade, which vessel brought him to France, his majesty being informed that during his absence his habitation was ruined, hopes that Frontenac, the new governor of Canada, will find it convenient to give him such employment as he may find proper for his services, and that he will assist him if he can."*

In 1692 the king sent for Cadillac to come again to France to give information for the proposed attack on Boston and New York, and he drew up a report on the subject showing a thorough knowledge of the coast towns and inhabitants. This report has been printed in part in the Maine Historical Collections. In return for his many services to the government he was made captain of troops, ensign

of the navy and created knight of the military order of St. Louis.

Count Frontenac and Cadillac became intimate friends, and the governor in 1695 appointed him commandant at Michillimackinac. Always animated by a spirit of adventure, he had plenty of time in this place to study his surroundings and plan for further explorations into the wilds, and it became his desire to find a more advantageous place than Mackinac for a fort to resist the English. About 1700 he went in person to Versailles, France, to see Count Pontchartrain, the Colonial minister, to present to him the subject of constructing a fort on the *strait-détroit*. King Louis XIV approved of the plan and Cadillac was given a grant of land of 150 acres for the new fort.

The following year he returned to Montreal, and after much preparation he with his comrades, making their way through the Ottawa River, Georgian Bay, Lake Huron and Lake St. Clair, arrived at Detroit, July 24, 1701. The party consisted of Antoine de LaMothe Cadillac, Monsieur de Tonty, as captain, Dugue and Chacornacle, lieutenants, with fifty soldiers, fifty emigrants and two Jesuits. Two days after landing, on the twenty-sixth of July, the feast of Ste. Anne's, the priests held religious services, Ste. Anne's Church was dedicated, and for the first time at Detroit mass was celebrated.

Cadillac proved himself a man of great executive ability, and work at settlement was immediately begun trees were cut down, the stockade and fort were made, houses and a mill were built. The palisaded enclosure

* *Life of Cadillac*, by C. M. Burton.

was about two hundred feet square and was called "Fort Pontchartrain" in honor of the Colonial minister.

In August Madame Cadillac and the wife of Tonty left Montreal in open canoes with Indians and canoe men as companions. They wintered at Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, and early in the spring arrived at Detroit, coming by way of Niagara. Three of Cadillac's daughters were left in Quebec at an Ursuline Convent, his son, Antoine de LaMothe Cadillac, was already at Detroit, and Jacques, born in 1695, came with his mother. The births of the other children were recorded in the Ste. Anne's Church records. A son, Joseph LaMothe Cadillac, became an advocate in Parliament. Though all of the sons married and had children, none of the grandsons lived, and there are now no descendants of Cadillac bearing his name. At various times after Cadillac left Detroit, attempts were made by himself and his heirs to recover his property, but they were unsuccessful. A granddaughter, Marie Therese Cadillac, married her cousin, Bartholemy de Gregoire, at Castell Sarrazin, France, and after the death of Cadillac came to America to prosecute their claims to the lands granted to him on the coast of Maine and in Detroit. The grant in Maine was about 185,000 acres and included Mt. Desert and the neighboring islands. The greater part of this Madame Gregoire obtained, but her rights to the Detroit property were never established.

Antoine de LaMothe Cadillac at Detroit took the position of an arbitrary ruler. In a certificate filed by him in Ste. Anne's Church he styled himself "Lord of the places of Done-

quet, and Mt. Desert, Commander of the King's forces at Fort Pontchartrain." Every public as well as every private transaction was made in his presence as a solemn witness and recorder. During his rule there were about four hundred people in Detroit, many of whom had come with Cadillac and Tonty at the first settlement. Some of the names are still familiar: Campau, Chesne, Cicotte, LaFerte, Renaud, Casse (dit St. Aubin), Riopelle, Moran, Guion, DeMarsac and Chauvin. In 1710 Cadillac was appointed governor of Louisiana and left Detroit, and seven years later returned to France, dying at Castell Sarrazin, October 16, 1730.

De La Foret was Cadillac's successor, but before he arrived from Quebec the first serious trouble with the Indians occurred, when sixty-seven friendly Indians and Frenchmen, and a thousand of the enemy were killed and wounded in an engagement with the Outagamies. After this there was constant trouble with the savages, some of whom were cannibal, and almost all unfriendly. The priests from the beginning had established mission posts among them, but though some of the Indians joined the French there was continual hostility.

This little band of people at Fort Pontchartrain were miles away from all other civilization, and for several years it was doubtful whether the fort could be sustained. Supplies had to be brought from Montreal at great expense and labor. The Indians were troublesome, and no help in case of an emergency could be looked for from adjoining districts. In 1709 the king withdrew the soldiers and many families left with them. For ten years the



AT GROSSE POINTE FARMS

little settlement barely held its own, the births averaging only two a year, but in 1722 when the Western country along the Mississippi was opened, emigrants began to join the colony and soon the number of inhabitants again reached two hundred. The Chapetons were among the families who came at this time.

In 1721 Charlevoix visited Detroit and recommended that emigrants be sent from Montreal.

He said:

"It is pretended that this is the finest part of all Canada, and really if we can judge by appearances, nature seems to have denied it nothing which can make a country delightful; hills, meadows, fields, lofty forests, rivulets, fountains, rivers, and all of them so excellent of their kind and so happily blended as to equal the most romantic wishes. The Islands seem placed for the pleasure of the prospect, the river and the lake abound in fish, the air is pure and the climate temperate and extremely wholesome."

Other visitors to the post began to send in glowing accounts to the Canadian governor and to the French ministers. It was said that with a farming population "this post would become considerable in a short time and by its strength keep all the nations of the upper country in check."

In 1748 the Ohio Company was formed and the country south began to be populated. The governor general of Canada, realizing the advan-

tageous situation of Fort Pontchartrain, and wishing to promote emigration, issued the following proclamation through the Canadian settlements:

"Every man who will go to settle in Detroit shall receive gratuitously, one spade, one axe, one ploughshare, one large and one small wagon. We will make an advance of other tools to be paid for in two years only. He will be given a Cow, of which he shall return the increase, also a Sow. Seed will be advanced the first year to be returned at the third harvest. The women and children will be supported one year. Those will be deprived of the liberality of the King, who shall give themselves up to trade in place of agriculture." *

The result of this proclamation was the arrival of some three hundred people, and the population soon reached six hundred. Many of these new settlers were from Normandy

* From *History of Detroit*, by Silas Farmer.



OLD CAMPAU HOUSE



PONTIAC TREE AT BLOODY RUN

and from Montreal. Farms were granted on either side of the Detroit River having narrow river frontage and extending back two miles. Traces of these settlers remain and several of the old French cottages are still standing east of the city near Grosse Pointe. Many of the streets running north from the river in the eastern section of the city are near the original farm divisions and bear the names of the owners of the farms, Rivard, Riopelle, Dubois, Chene, Joseph Campau, Dequindre, St. Aubin and others.

Supplies were sent from France, farming implements, seeds and enough young fruit trees, apple and pear, to start orchards which lined the shores of the river. From these orchards have originated some well-known apples, the "Detroit Red," the russet, and the *Pomme de neige* or "Snow apple." The old French pear trees were, however, far more remark-

able. Of great size, shaped like elms, they produced from seventy to eighty bushels a season. Some of them were eighty feet high and had a circumference of eight or nine feet. Each farmer had one or more near his cottage. Nothing beyond the fact of the existence of these trees is known, and though many Detroiters have tried to find their origin, the few still standing are the only specimens to be found. Traditions differ. It is said that the seed was brought from France and planted by the Jesuits, also that the small trees were brought from Normandy. Whatever may be their history, the secret is lost and they cannot now be propagated. Only a few of the old trees remain and each year sees the number grow less, the trees and the French *habitant* are going together,

"And when these ancient trees are gone
which those old heroes set,
The noisy waves shall chant their praise,
though men their names forget."

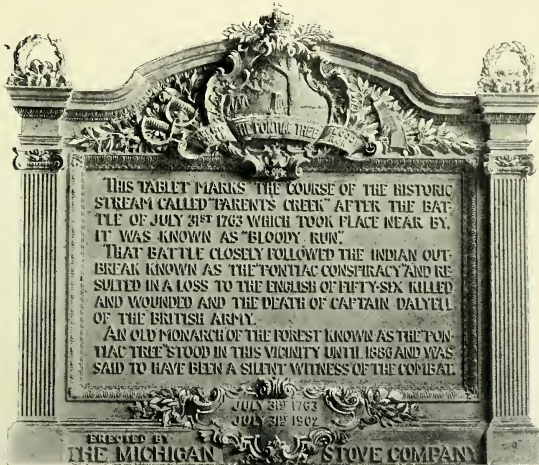


BLOODY RUN

When the English banished the Acadians from Nova Scotia some of the fugitives came to Detroit, though most of them afterwards joined their friends at Vincennes, Mobile and New Orleans.

It will be seen that though the numbers at Detroit were increased from time to time, those who came were usually French and until 1760 the city was almost entirely French, and that language was spoken. About this

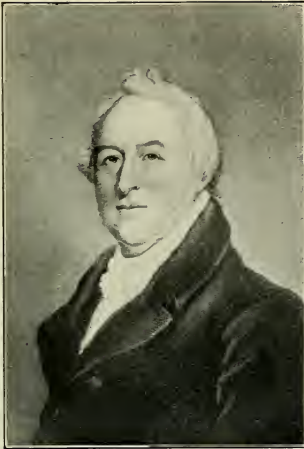
French had borne fruit, and to them the Indians had become friendly. The British commander assumed supreme authority, and if this seemed despotic to the French much more did it antagonize the Indians. Pontiac, the chief of the Ottawas, whose headquarters were at what is now Walkerville, and whose summer residence was at Pêche Island, was a famous warrior, and he, realizing that with the accession of the British the secur-



time Quebec and Montreal and their dependencies, including Detroit, were surrendered to Great Britain, and soon afterwards a force of British troops under Major Robert Rogers took possession of the fort. The French soldiers were sent away and only those inhabitants who took the oath of allegiance were allowed to remain. The Indians had always been especially hostile to the English, but during the years preceding the accession of the British, the labors of the

ity of his people was threatened, resolved, by one bold attack, to exterminate the English at Mackinac, Detroit, Toledo and Sandusky. Calling together a council of the chiefs of all the western tribes, the scheme for simultaneous attack upon all the points from Pittsburg to Green Bay was mapped out. As Detroit was the most important post, Pontiac himself was in charge of the movement at this point.

Parkman says that this plan of the



GEN. WILLIAM HULL

Indian Napoleon was revealed to Major Gladwin, who was then commander at the fort, by a beautiful Ojibway girl, who had become enamored of the officer. The bold plan of the chief was baffled, but in July, 1763, after a series of skirmishes and horrible butcheries by the Indians, the English, enforced by troops from Niagara, met the savages at Bloody Run in a battle the most terrible in the history of Detroit. The place of the attack was marked for over a hundred years by a large tree scarred with bullet holes, but it was cut down in 1893.



Loaned by C. M. Burton

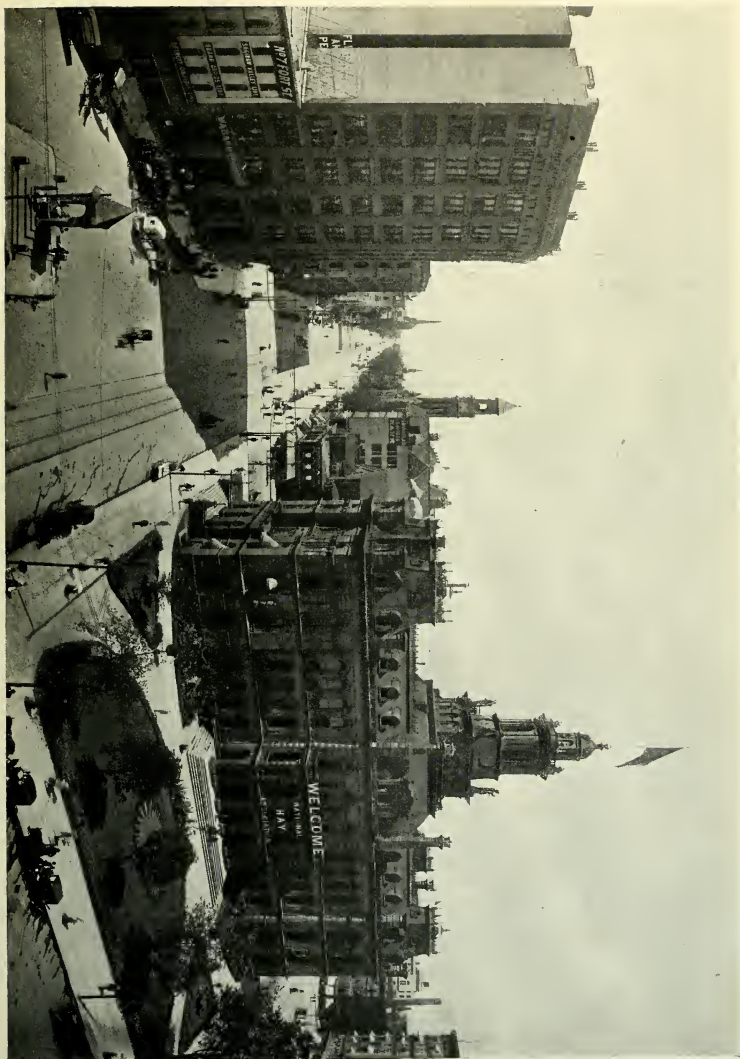
CASS HOMESTEAD

The owners of the grounds have placed a memorial tablet on the spot where the Pontiac tree stood so long, the last memorial of the bloody fight.

During the Revolutionary War the fort was strengthened as an English outpost. The people of the Northwest were warned to take up arms in behalf of the Americans, but nothing aggressive had been accomplished. The wilderness of three or four hundred miles between Detroit and the eastern states made an attack upon the post by the Americans impracticable, and most of the fighting was done between the British and the Indians and the people of Ohio and Pennsylvania. The treaty of Versailles surrendered to the Americans all of Michigan, but it was not until January 11, 1796, that the British evacuated Detroit and Anthony Wayne's army took full possession.

Col. John Francis Hamtramck was the first commander of the post after the Revolution. He was a native of Quebec and had been an officer in the Revolutionary War, leading the left wing of "Mad Anthony" Wayne's army at the battle of the Miami. Col. Hamtramck remained at Fort Shelby, as it was now called, until his death in 1803. Isaac Weld in his book written after a tour of the United States and Canada in 1795-6 writes at some length of Detroit after the evacuation:

"Detroit contains about three hundred houses," he writes, "and is the largest town in the western country. It stands contiguous to the river, on the top of the banks, which are here about twenty feet high. At the bottom of them there are very extensive wharfs for the accommodation of shipping, built of wood, similar to those in the Atlantic seaports. The town con-



CAMPUS MARTIUS



"TORRHOLM"

Residence of R. Adlington Newman

sists of several streets which run parallel to the river, which are intersected by others at right angles. They are all very narrow, not being paved, dirty in the extreme whenever it happens to rain; for the accommodation of passengers, however, there are footways in most of them, formed of square logs, laid transversely close to each other. The town is surrounded by a strong stockade, through which there are four gates. The gates are defended by strong blockhouses, and on the west side of the town is a small fort in form of a square, with bastions at the angles.

"Detroit is at present the headquarters of the western army of the states; the garrison consists of 300 men, who are quartered in barracks. About two-thirds of

the inhabitants are of French extraction, and the greater part of the inhabitants of the settlement on the river, both above and below the town are of the same description. Detroit is a place of very considerable trade, there are no less than twelve trading vessels belonging to it, brigs, sloops and schooners, of from 50 to 100 tons each. The inland navigation in this quarter is indeed extensive, Lake Erie, 300 miles in length, being open to vessels belonging to the port, on the one side, and Lakes Michigan and Huron, the first upwards of 200 miles in length and 50 in breadth, and the second no less than 1,000 miles in circumference, on the opposite side, not to speak of Lake St. Clair and the Detroit River, which connect these lakes together, or of the many large rivers which flow into them."



JEFFERSON AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The Detroit of Isaac Weld's description is a contrast to the Detroit of 1903 with its broad avenues and miles of asphalt paving; the river front lined with factories, showing a magnificent centre of business and commerce. It is said that a greater tonnage passes Detroit than any other port in the world.

After the Revolution the government land grants started western emi-



BELLE ISLE PARK



MUSEUM OF ART

gration and people from the eastern states began to settle at Detroit. A number of New Englanders came from Marietta, Ohio, and from places in the Western Reserve, while others

came from New York State. Most of the latter were families who had some years before gone west from New England and were not generally from the New York Dutch families. The first American settlers were Solomon Sibley, John Whipple, Dr. William Brown, William Russell, Christian



Loaned by C. M. Burton

REV. GABRIEL RICHARD



DAVID BACON

Clemens, James and Benjamin Chittenden, Dr. William McCoskry, James Henry, Elijah Brush, Henry Brevoort, Col. Henry Jackson Hunt, Augustus Langdon and Major Whistler, grandfather of the artist.

In 1805 Michigan was made a territory, and Gen. William Hull was appointed governor with headquarters at Detroit, with Augustus B. Woodward, Frederick Bates and John Griffin as judges. On the day before their arrival the town, except the fort, was entirely destroyed by fire, and instead of finding a flourishing village, the governor came upon a mass of smoking ruins and many homeless suffering people. The spectacle was most disheartening and his first duty was to give relief to the suffering, and then to plan for a new town. Congress passed an act directing the governor and the judges to lay out a town, and to give to the land owners of the old town an equivalent of land in the new, and to each male inhabitant who was twenty-one years of age at the time of the fire 6,000 square feet of land. This plan was completed the next year, and is to some extent the scheme of the city as it now is. Judge Woodward, who was especially responsible for the laying out of the city, was a man of large vision, and instead of a settlement of a few hundred houses he saw an immense metropolis and planned accordingly. The Campus Martius and Grand Circus were central points, and from these radiated broad avenues then reaching miles into the woods, now the glory of modern Detroit.

The history of the War of 1812 and Hull's surrender are too much a matter of general history to be more than

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THE RIVER FRONT





DR. DUFFIELD'S CHURCH

mentioned here. Again the British were in possession of the fort, this time from August 16, 1812, to September 28, 1813.

General Lewis Cass succeeded General Hull as Governor and held that office eighteen years. He was a man of unusual ability. Born in New Hampshire, first a settler in Marietta, Ohio, and living in the stirring times of the early years of the century, he had become conspicuous in political affairs. He had been in the Ohio legislature and on the breaking out of the War had been appointed marshal of the state, and had had abundant opportunity to become acquainted with the Northwest and its people.

His home in Exeter, New Hampshire, is still standing, and a tablet placed there by the D. A. R. marks the same.

The history of Detroit is unique and unlike any other city in the United States. For over a hundred years after the first French visitor came it was under the dominion of France, and during sixty years of this time under a French governor. The people and the language were French, and the French influence will be felt for many generations. From 1760 to 1796 it was under the English. The fort was commanded by British officers and many English and Scotch merchants changed the character of the place from French to more conservative English. After thirty-six years of English rule the American flag waved over the fort and New England influence came. The importance of the post caused it for many years to be under the command of noted officers and some of the leading eastern families made the town their home. Again in 1812 the English flag waved for a year, to be re-



DR. DUFFIELD



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

placed by the stars and stripes when the city again became American.

The religious history of the city has especially shown the influence of these changes of government. One of the first acts of Cadillac was to provide for a church and the second day after his arrival Ste. Anne's was dedicated and soon the foundations were laid. The records were begun and except those of the Roman Catholic church of St. Ignace, which dates back to 1695, there are no manuscript records in the west so ancient and interesting. These records are complete from the beginning and not only are the vital statistics of the infant settlement recorded but much of the earliest history of this section has its foundation in these yellow, well-worn books. The first baptismal entry is that of a child of Cadillac and the second that of the child of a soldier and a squaw. For many years the settlement was Roman Catholic and Ste. Anne's was the only church build-

ing. The priests at Detroit held a prominent position as they were the only spiritual advisers both for the French and the converted Indians, and their life was one of much labor and continual sacrifice.

The best known of the older priests was Rev. Gabriel Richard, and no story of Detroit would be complete without mention of this devoted man. Father Richard left France on account of the Revolution and lived in Baltimore until called as a missionary to the Northwest territory, but in 1798 he came to Detroit, as priest at Ste. Anne's. He was a public-spirited man, much esteemed by both Catholics and Protestants, and took a prominent part in public affairs. In 1809 he went east, brought back a printing press and some type, and published the first newspaper printed west of the Allegheny mountains, called the "Michigan Essay, or Impartial Observer." Other pamphlets and books were printed by Father Richard and



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DETROIT BOAT CLUB.

when the English took possession of the fort, Brock's proclamation was printed on this press, it being the only one in the Northwest. In 1823 Father Richard became a candidate for Congress, and notwithstanding the objections of some of his parishioners to this public entrance into politics, he refused to withdraw his name and was elected by a large majority. One of the results of his work at Washington was the appropriation for a state road between Detroit and Chicago. After his term of office was ended he applied himself to founding Indian schools in Michigan and Wisconsin. During the epidemic of Asiatic cholera in Detroit he overworked in ministering to the victims and died of the disease in 1832. It was through the efforts of Father Richard that the new St. Anne's church was built, the old building having been destroyed by the great fire.

There was no Protestant clergyman in the city for many years and not until the English troops arrived in 1760 were there any Protestant services held. Even then there was no Protestant minister other than the chaplain

of the army. During the Revolutionary War the Moravians from Ohio were brought to the fort on suspicion of having aided the Americans. They were acquitted but for twenty years afterward lived in the vicinity and it was due to their efforts that the English and American residents began to think of a church building. The first Protestant minister to come to the city was the Rev. David Bacon, father of Leonard, who was born here, a Congregational clergyman sent as a missionary from Connecticut in 1801. Mr. Bacon spent some time in Michigan and was unsuccessful in building up a church but established the first English school, the schools formerly having been French and connected with the church.

After Mr. Bacon came other missionaries, but they were also unsuccessful and it was not until 1810 that a Protestant society numbering seven members was formed with Rev. Noah Wells as minister. This membership was increased to thirty before the War of 1812. In June, 1816, Rev. John Monteith, a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, a missionary



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CADILLAC SQUARE



DETROIT CLUB

commissioned by the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church, began his labors in Michigan. Three years later a lot on Woodward Avenue was granted to "The First Protestant Society," which was the title taken by the church and congregation. The deed was signed by Lewis Cass, governor, Solomon Sibley and John Hunt, two of the judges of the territory, and witnessed by Henry Chipman and E. A. Brush. In 1838 Rev. George Duffield became pastor.

Dr. Duffield was of Huguenot and Scotch-Irish descent, son of Hon. George Duffield, at one time Comptroller-General of Pennsylvania and grandson of Rev. George Duffield, the "fighting parson," a graduate of the first class of Princeton and associate chaplain of the first Continental Congress of Pennsylvania with Bishop William White. Dr. Duffield graduated at the University of Pennsylvania at the age of sixteen, then entered the Theological Seminary in New York City. In 1815 he was licensed to preach, and his first pastorate was at Carlisle where he re-

mained nineteen years, resigning to accept a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. After two years at Philadelphia he preached in the Broadway Tabernacle in New York and in 1838 accepted the pastorate at Detroit. He married Isabella Graham Bethune, daughter of Divie Bethune and Joanna Graham, who was called the "Mother of American Sunday Schools," and granddaughter of Mrs. Isabella Graham, who is remembered as a philanthropist in Scotland and America. When Dr. Duffield was installed in Detroit his congregation was the largest in the Northwest. He came to it when it was a small town but during the thirty years of his residence it grew into a large city. He was a man of untiring energy, often preaching three or four times on Sunday and teaching a large Bible class. Although his pastoral work was so heavy he mastered eight or nine languages, was one of the trustees of Dickinson College, a regent of the University of Michigan, a trustee of the University of Harper Hospital, and connected with almost every good enterprise in Detroit during his life there. In June, 1868, he died suddenly when making



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL



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THE POSTOFFICE

the address of welcome to the delegates of the World's Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations. Dr. Duffield was a man of strong convictions, great erudition and powerful will, and his influence was felt not only in Detroit, but through the whole Northwest.

"Public opinion to be safe must be enlightened." It will be seen in the study of all early settlements that the first thought of the Puritans was a church and then a school. The French

settlers thought of a church but education was not in their opinion of like importance. The main purpose of the French schools for the first century in Detroit was to give religious instruction. It was not until after the Revolutionary War when the town began to respond to the New England influence, that the schools took the proper place in the interests of the people.

One of the best high school buildings in the United States is in Detroit, built in 1896, at a cost of \$446,750, ex-



PALMER PARK

clusive of the site. Since that time the Eastern and the Western high school buildings have been erected. These three schools with the 71 other public and the 70 private and parochial schools, speak well for the interest of the people in educational mat-

ters. The birthplace of the University of Michigan was Detroit, and it is now situated only an hour's ride from the city. Plans for a new public library provided for by the gift of \$750,000 from Andrew Carnegie are under discussion. The library has about 180,000 well selected volumes, and the collection of state and town histories is larger than that of any other library in the middle west except in Chicago. The complete set of periodicals and the complete proceedings of learned societies in this library are also worthy of mention. Mr. C. M. Burton, President of the Michigan Pioneer Society, has a very large library of historical and genealogical books also, which is open to the public.

The Art Museum was built in 1887 at a cost of \$100,000, and several additions have since been made. The building is on Jefferson Avenue and contains some valuable pictures and collections, among which are Peale's "Court of Death," Gari Melcher's "Vesper Hour," Richard's "Evan-



FORT STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

line," Rehn's "Missing Vessel," the Scripp's collection of old masters, an unusual Egyptian collection, the Balch collection of Autotypes, and a Japanese collection given by F. K. Stearns, which in diversity and variety is unequalled by any such collection in the country. In the Stearns collection is "The Wrestlers," the famous piece of realistic Japanese wood carving which is said to be the best specimen ever brought out of Japan.

The Detroit club occupies a commodious building. Other clubs are the Michigan, the University, the Fellowship, the Yondetega and the Country Club. The Twentieth Century Club is a large and flourishing organization of women and the "Tuesday Musicale" brings yearly to the city some of the leading artists. There are several other organizations which contribute to the literary and musical life. There are both Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the former having a building and the latter planning to build shortly. Charitable work is well organized and many of the societies have buildings.

The unusual location of Detroit makes it a summer resort and from June to October the city sees many excursionists. It is a stopping place for those going to the upper Michigan resorts, as most of the large steamers stay at the docks for a few hours, and Detroit is the southern terminus for several lines of boats. Daily steamers run to Port Huron, Mt. Clemens, the St. Clair Flats, Cleveland, Wyandotte, Put-in-Bay, Grosse Ile and other islands in Lake Erie, Amherstburg, Chatham and other Canadian points.

Ferries run continually to Windsor, Walkerville and to the island parks, Bois, Blanc and Belle Isle. Here, too, is one of the great trolley centres. In a short time the city will be connected by electric lines with Cleveland, Bay City and Chicago. The lines are already completed to Port Huron, Jackson and Grand Rapids. At one time in the city the regular fare on the street railways was three cents and this is still the rate on one line of cars. On all other lines the fare is five cents except between the hours of 5.30 and 7 A. M. and 5.15 and 6.15 P. M. when eight tickets are sold for 25 cents.

That Detroit is universally known as one of the cleanest cities, is due to the work of the Department of Public Works, which employs one hundred "White Wings" who with their brooms, shovels and push carts keep clean and free from rubbish the paved streets and main avenues. Litter barrels are placed at street corners, railroad depots, steamboat wharves, parks and places of amusement and the average man or boy has grown to consider himself a committee of one to further the gospel of cleanliness and carry the refuse ordinarily thrown into the streets to the most convenient litter barrel. Cedar block pavement continues to lead in the number of miles of paving but on the principal thoroughfares are brick and asphalt, the report in 1902 showing fifty-one miles of the latter pavements and thirteen miles of macadam. This makes the city an ideal place for automobiles and bicycles.

The water used in the city is from the Detroit River and pumped by direct pressure, with no reservoir, the total daily capacity of the five pumps

being 102,000,000 gallons. The taxes are exceptionally low with family rates at \$2.60 per annum.

Detroit is a great manufacturing centre for brass, drugs, tobacco, stoves and cars. In the manufacture of salt it ranks second in the world. There are two large match factories and here is one of the six pin factories in the United States. The Cranbrook Press, owned by George L. Booth, is well known for the production of rare and beautiful books.

Though the park system is not so well arranged as in Chicago and Boston, Detroit has natural advantages equalled by no other city in the United States. Belle Isle Park is an island in the Detroit River easy of access by a bridge and by ferries. This island, containing about seven hundred acres, was used as a garrison and pasture ground during the French occupancy of the city and later as a place of residence. It was owned by the McDougalls, Macombs and Campaus and in 1879 was purchased by the city for \$200,000. A casino and other buildings and shelters were erected, avenues and flower beds laid out, the total expenditure up to the present time being about \$1,500,000. On Belle Isle are the buildings of the Detroit Yacht Club and the Detroit Boat Club, the luxurious home of the latter being a model for such an organization.

Hon. Thomas W. Palmer donated Palmer Park, a tract of 120 acres in the northern part of the city. Cass Park was given by Governor Lewis Cass. In Judge Woodward's plan of Detroit were a number of small parks and squares. On the Campus Mar-

tius, an open square in front of the City Hall, are the Soldiers Monument, the Palmer fountain and the Bagley fountain. The Grand Circus Park is larger and, with its fountains, flowers and trees, is a pleasant resting place in the very heart of the city. The Grand Boulevard, which encircles the greater part of the city, ends at Belle Isle bridge, making a drive of over eleven miles. With these parks and places for recreation and rest there are no little children in Detroit who have not known the happiness of a day's outing in the fields and woods. During the summer months there are many picnics on Belle Isle which is large enough for all the city gatherings as well as for the many companies of pleasure seekers who come from the adjoining towns.

Detroit has never been marked by any mushroom growth. The increase in population has been quiet and gradual and each census shows the number higher than that of the year previous. It is essentially a city of homes. There are few congested districts, and the tenement is seldom seen. It is a city for the working man and the stranger is always impressed by the many streets of low, one-storied cottages with little garden plots in front. The avenues and better streets are broad, lined with trees and many of the houses are surrounded by large grounds. There is an air of comfort and homelikeness which belongs more often to the village than to the larger city, and this combined with the natural charm of the surroundings makes Detroit one of the most beautiful cities in the country.

Every Woman a Cook

By Zitella Cocke

IT was the famous biographer, whose work stands confessed as the best of the kind which the world has even seen, who defined man as a cooking animal. The definition of man as the animal that talks, or the animal that laughs was not esteemed unhappy, yet other animals may be said to talk, when they communicate with each other, as they are known to do, and naturalists have discovered in them such indications of good-nature and jollity, as might be called laughter, but common consent awards the palm of preëminence to Mr. Boswell's clever definition, since no other animal can be said to cook. At what period in the world's history, man began the operations of the cuisine, the most learned are unable to determine. Hardly, I think in that Paradise from which all tribulation was excluded, for there is no doubt that many ills, digestive and other, came in with cooking. In the last century before the Christian era, the origin of cookery was discussed by Posidonius of Rhodes, a stoic, who advocated the utmost simplicity in cooking, when it was necessary to be done at all, and insisted that with the equipment of good teeth, glands and secretions, a tongue and the usual apparatus for digestion, man was independent of the cuisine, and it is an indisputable fact that when history first condescended to notice our British

ancestors, their cooking was of Posidonian simplicity and culinary practice had all the limitations the uncompromising old stoic could desire. The Roman Conquest, however, administered in the kitchen as well as in the government, and Britannica's house-keeping underwent a radical transformation. In addition to this change, the German immigrants who settled in Britain during the Roman occupation, imparted to the natives a valuable knowledge of wholesome cookery.

Civilization and cooking go hand in hand, and the nations that best understand the etiquette of the drawing-room, are most keenly alive to the skill and the refinements of the kitchen. The celebrated gastronomer, Beauvilliers, says: "The cuisine, simple in its origin, refined from century to century, has become a different art,—a complicated science, on which many authors have written, without having been able to embrace it in its entirety"—and it cannot be denied that the model cook-book,—the *vade mecum*, which contains all that one ought to know and eliminates all that one ought not to know, is to be numbered among the things not yet accomplished. The apt remark of Monsieur Fayot to Jules Janin:—"It is difficult, sir, to write well, but a hundred times more difficult to know how to dine well,"—must have occurred, with painful frequency to the mind of more than one

housekeeper. Said the author of the *Comedie Humaine*;—"An empty stomach produces an empty brain," and Louis XIV was accustomed to add to the explicit directions he gave his *chef*, the adage:—"He eats well who works well."—Napoleon, fulfilling his duty as "*tête d'armée*," never failed to insist that there could be no good soldiers without good soup, and if all the world loves a lover, as all the world should do, it is equally true that all the world loves a good dinner.

But what constitutes a good dinner, —what culinary results are most conducive to health, strength and comfort, without pampering a morbid and excessive appetite, is a question that too many of the world are still incompetent to answer. That art, without which all other arts are useless—the art which displays all that is best in earth, and sea and air—has been greatly neglected, nor does the censure of this neglect imply the endorsement of the philosopher's speech to La Place, —that the invention of a new dish was more important to mankind than the discovery of a new planet. That a culinary preparation is of vaster importance than a celestial visitant to many persons besides Monsieur Henrion de Pensey, is doubtless true. Epicurean emperors and monarchs have bestowed towns and fabulous sums for the invention of a new dish but it is not so much the pleasure as the utility of the table which is the subject of this paper.

"The palate," says Francatelli, "is as capable of being cultivated as the eye and the ear," but that this cultivation be in the line of the promotion of health and soundness of body, there-

by insuring as far as possible, the *mens sana*, surely ought to be the purpose and practice of every intelligent housewife. If, as the Marquis de Cresy argues, a nation may be learned from the study of its cookery, and history rewritten on gastronomical principles, the art and science of cooking should by all means constitute an important part of a woman's education, and so far as a thorough knowledge of the cuisine extends, every woman should be a cook. It is to woman that the daily alimentation of the household is entrusted. It is in the home, and not the office or the field that the food of the family is prepared, and upon that preparation how much of comfort, health, beauty and good temper, and shall it be added, good morals depend! Who will deny the thorough demoralization of physique and mentality, which results from the continuous feeding upon badly cooked food?

It was the conviction of Huxley that a man's best start in life is a sound stomach. The commissariat of the body is altogether dependent upon the headquarters of the digestion. It follows then, as a natural sequence, that these headquarters should be manned by healthy and efficient workers, and unmindful of it as we may be, the distant outposts of the most highly cultured brain, wait expectant for their share in the last square meal. With what intelligence and conscientiousness then, should a mistress attend to the cooking done in her home? It is quite true that the highest development of the culinary art is looked for in the professional *chef*, and it is to the masculine sex that the *cordon*

bleu has been historically awarded. With the notable exception of Dubarry's cook, who was a woman, and who prepared a dinner for Louis XV, by which she won the coveted distinction, and through the entreaties of her mistress received from the royal hand, all the insignia which entitled her to rank with the best professionals of Paris, I know of no woman who has been so brevetted, but, after all, facts count for more than names or titles, and there are many accomplished cooks among women. For absolute cleanliness and carefulness, I should give them the preference over the generality of men cooks, who, as far as my experience and observation can decide, do not wash their hands quite so often as a wholesome culinary administration ought to require. I do not forget the traditional bowl of water, constantly replenished, which stood in Southern kitchens, in which the negro cook, male or female, washed hands, before and after the preparation of each dish. This custom was *de rigueur* in every well ordered Southern household, although the old lady, who put on her strongest spectacles for the diligent scrutiny of her cook's hands, three times a day, was, I confess, an exception. Good old Dr. Johnson, with characteristic obstinacy, refused to believe that any woman ever attained a high degree of excellence in this art of arts, but his Philistinism on the woman question, as well as on some others, was of too stalwart a nature to admit of discussion here.

Common sense and experience have taught the world the value of woman cooks. It is beyond all dispute that woman is the pivot, so to speak, upon

which the household turns. Even in homes of exceptional wealth and luxury where the *chef* is always in evidence, a large part of the best culinary work is performed by his woman assistants, and in homes whose expenditure must come within limited or moderate means, it is the mistress who plans and superintends, and the woman cook who achieves both the ordinary meal of daily sustenance, and the feast wherewith she satisfies invited guests. And this has been true in all ages of the world. It is woman who fulfils or directs the operations of the kitchen, in all countries.

The first mention of breadstuffs with which we are acquainted, occurs in Genesis where Abraham, on the plains of Mamre, entertains the angel, and Sarah is bidden to make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, which she does with that unhesitating obedience which leaves no doubt concerning her ability as a housewife. The red pottage of lentils for which Esau sold his birthright, and thereby changed the destiny of the whole Jewish people, was, inferentially argued, prepared by a woman, although the learned Rabbi El Bassan, a celebrated Jewish commentator on the Talmud, spent fifteen years in the vain endeavor to discover the name of the cook who concocted the enticing edible. In my poor judgment, as the backwoods preacher is wont to say, these fifteen years were needlessly and foolishly wasted, for it goes without saying that the crafty Rebekah was either the maker or the arbiter of that renowned alimentary combination. The "chamea," a preparation of milk, which was presented in a lordly dish to the vanquished Sisera, was un-

doubtedly the culinary achievement of the sagacious Jael. She was one of the most treacherous murderesses of history, no doubt, but she was as unquestionably a good cook, which is the only point I desire to establish, and evidently was shrewd enough to understand the means by which she could most effectually bag her game.

That the most unwholesome cooking is to be found among the ignorant classes, is the common verdict of history and observation. How much of bad health and depravity, in many directions, are traceable to bad cooking is an unknown quantity only in degree. "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are," says that high priest of gastronomy, Brillat-Savarin. It is impossible to compute the great events which may hang upon so trifling a thing, as many suppose, as a bad meal. The loss of the battle of Leipsic and the unsuccess at Dresden, were said to have been due to an attack of indigestion, from which Napoleon was suffering, after having dined upon an imperfectly cooked joint of mutton. One can hardly repress a feeling of merriment, not to say of admiration, at the speech of a native of Sybaris to a valiant Spartan: "I am not astonished that you Spartans do not fear death in battle, since any man in his senses would rather die than be compelled to live on your execrable broth!" The utter absence of the esthetic sense in the Spartan nature was conspicuously manifest at the table and in the cuisine and Spartan brevity was presumably as applicable to their table manners as to their speech. A people who did not know how to dine graciously, if not sumptuously, would not be likely to

brook a word too much in conversation.

Nor is there a better test of the refinement of a household, than the manner in which food is regularly served, and nowhere are coarseness and vulgarity more disgusting than at the table. With many persons, Sir Andrew Aguecheek's estimate of life—that it consists of eating and drinking—may be an article of creed, but at least, let them pursue their avocation as inoffensively to others, as is possible. To eat grossly, is as bad as a crime, and worse than a blunder, and enough to produce incurable dyspepsia in those who are compelled to sit at table with the offenders. However, the learned gastronomers make very nice shades of distinction among those who are fond of the pleasures of the table. The *gourmet*, they say, is not necessarily a *gourmand*, and both are removed some degrees from the *gros mangeur*. The Abbé Rouband, distinguished between the *gourmand*, the *goinfre*, the *goulu* and the *glouton*. The last three were relegated to a sphere of being unworthy the consideration of any respectable Amphitryon. *Gourmandise*, as defined by Brillat-Savarin, is the exercise of judgment by which preference is accorded to the taste over things lacking in that quality, but La Reynière, a notable authority, goes further and higher in his estimate when he insists that the true *gourmand* eats not only with choice and reflection, but unites to appetite a jovial spirit, a memory stored with good anecdotes, quickness at repartee, and in short, holds all the senses with which beneficent nature has endowed him, in continual activity. Of still another order is the

friend, who, more fastidious even than the *gourmet*, is intolerant of massive refreshment, and derives his chief delight from tit-bits and delicious and subtle flavors. Certainly the heroic performances of Gargantuan appetites ought not to be tolerated at the table of any refined householder. The man who wants nothing to do but to eat and sleep is too gross to appreciate the delicious languor of the lotos-eaters: his place is not at the table but with the brutes,—that is, if the brutes would consent to such association, for to their honor be it said, eating with them is but the means to an end,—they eat to sustain life and appease hunger. I am aware that the oft-quoted *bon-mot*, that a turkey is too much for one, and hardly enough for two, has been attributed to any number of “diners out,” both in civil and military life, yet I well remember this speech uttered by a minister of prominence and influence in his denomination. I was a child, and as he continued to tell of his appetite and its prowess, which rendered absolute repose after dinner a paramount necessity, I sat appalled. To my juvenile mind, the incompatibility of spirituality with the gastronomical exploits narrated was immediately apparent, and to this day I retain the same conviction, and could never accept such a priest as my spiritual adviser.

It was an eminent composer of music who said that bad painting might be utilized in daubing signs, but bad music was worse than good for nothing, since it was a serious injury to the ear. With the keenest appreciation of this pronouncement, for music is in truth the art divine, I insist that bad cooking is worse than

good for nothing since it is not only destructive of good material which could be made to minister to human sustenance, but it is also destructive of human health and life, and in the end is more than equivalent to bad laws and bad negotiations.

The ideal cuisine, in contradistinction to innumerable mixed and highly spiced dishes, which too often constitute the menu of a fashionable dinner, is the best material, prepared in the best manner, the manner most conducive to health. The famous Chinese gastronomer, who was the author of a cook-book, Tuan Mei, was after all not such a heathen when he compared cookery to matrimony, where two things served together should match, and, he adds, with the solemn emphasis of the professional, never allow carelessness to creep into the domain of the kitchen. So true it is that eternal vigilance in the cuisine is the price of soundness of body and all the blessings which follow in its wake. How few, comparatively, understand the making of that necessary article called the staff of life, for only when it is good can it be called a staff which is a support, and really, there are few more palatable, indeed more delicious, eatables, than good bread and butter, notwithstanding the contempt for them expressed by that coarsest man of genius who ever defamed fame, Lord Byron! The hundred ways of cooking eggs can provide any table with a variety of wholesome comestibles, and the manna of the sea and rivers is within reach of most housekeepers. Of the virtues of beef it is needless to speak, and that chameleon of the kitchen, so dear to the masculine stomach, veal, can be made to as-

sume so many attractive forms, that an accomplished cook ought never to be at a loss with such a treasure in her hands. The greatest utilitarian in the kitchen is that animal, of which Beauvilliers says, there is nothing to be cast aside. Like Sambo's traditional rabbit, he is good for anything, and without him, the cuisine, in the opinion of the vast majority, would be an empty thing,—no ham, no bacon, no sausage and no spare-ribs. His ways are ways of fatness, and nothing so lubricates the wheel of commerce as the grease of his unctuous lordship! He has figured in the past as in the present,—most frequently and most potentially! He supplies the farmer with a ploughshare, and it is said that his sensitive proboscis detected the savory odor of the truffle, and thus discovered an edible which for centuries has been the delight of epicureans. Under the spell of Circe he held heroes in his shape, and is conspicuous in the painting of the Prodigal Son. Indeed, an old German writer went so far as to say, that if the pig had wings and could soar above hedges, he would be regarded as the best and most magnificent of fowls! The immortal Elia's dissertation upon his charms is known to all lovers of good literature, yet bepraised and besung as he is, I protest against too free a use of this viand in a kitchen which is conducted upon principles of health. That this is an unpardonable culinary heresy, in the opinion of many, I am aware, and some, perhaps, would convict me of sin against the very ethics of gastronomy, nevertheless, I, for one, am content to be a Hebrew of the Hebrews, in sedulous avoidance of this veteran article of diet, and am

prone to attribute my own soundness of physique to the fact that I have never eaten pork! Let those who will partake of the various dishes provided by this animal, but if they prize health, let them see to it that the cooking of them be careful, thorough, and most sure in every detail. Apicius, the connoisseur of the olden time, gave a preference to the pig over all other meats, but at the same time insisted that it should always pass through the hands of a very skilful cook, before it was eaten. There is a profound aphorism one would do well to remember when preparing this animal for the table: *La viande, la plus delicate est celle, qui est le moins viande: le poisson le plus exquis est celui qui est le moins poisson.*"

That man is carnivorous, can hardly be denied, despite the agitations of that question which have developed into numerous experiments. Plutarch was doubtless an honest vegetarian, but his treatise, written to prove that meat was not the natural food of man, was of no effect. J. J. Rousseau advocated a vegetable diet, and lived largely on mutton chops, which fact was quite consistent with his general insincerity and pretentious posing before the world, and it is worthy of remark that the by no means uninteresting orator and philosopher from India, Swami Vivakananda, who visited Boston a few years ago, and enjoyed the hospitality of Boston ladies, and after his departure from the city ridiculed his fair entertainers, plead strenuously for vegetarianism, and not unfrequently delivered these eloquent lectures just after his yellow corpulency had dined heartily on roast lamb!

But nothing is more important than

the proper cooking of vegetables, which become digestible or indigestible as they are prepared. A capable cook should be one of the chief articles of faith in any household. As Sydney Smith said to a young man who was compelling all the guests at table to listen to his skeptical declamations—"Well, sir, you believe in a cook, don't you?" Let us all cherish this creed, and it may not be amiss to mention here that as the result of a very enterprising and admirable lady's effort, both Boston and Cambridge have been provided with well furnished establishments, which are able to supply homes with excellently well cooked food, whereby mistresses and housekeepers are relieved of those annoyances which naturally accrue from the infidelity of slothful and incompetent cooks. In other words, the cuisine is outside of the home, and is simply purchased like any other article of merchandise. One can but think that the temporary convenience afforded by this plan is obtained at the expense of what is far more valuable; and the arrangement suggests an incident in the life of Queen Victoria, which in its turn may suggest a lesson. When Her Majesty was about to be married, she urged upon Lord Melbourne the desirability of making Prince Albert the King Consort, by Act of Parliament. The sagacious whig replied promptly,— "For God's sake ma'am, let's hear no more about it. Once get the English nation into the way of making kings, and you'll get it into the way of unmaking them!" So it might prove with the unmaking of the kitchen. The temporary convenience may become a rule.

The inference that a constant and careful attention to the classics of the table is likely to produce epicures and gluttons, is hardly legitimate. It is the healthful and not the luxurious cuisine which should engage the housekeeper's time and thought. The famous feasts and saturnalia of the orient were not designed for health of mind or body. Sardanapalus offered a thousand pieces of gold to him who would produce a new dish, because his maxim, and the precept he desired to have engraved upon his tomb was, "Eat, drink and amuse thyself: all else is vanity!" Natural craving for food should never be allowed to degenerate into mere sensuality, or even a hypersensuous pleasure. The notorious feasts of Persian and Assyrian despots were simply one of the indices which pointed to natures thoroughly depraved in every way. The Roman emperors who copied the recklessness of expenditure, and prodigal luxury of these ancient monarchs, imitated their vices as well, and perpetuated the cruelty and tyranny which characterized the sensualist of a previous age. Heliogabalus had been guilty of more than one excess, before he invented and perfected his famous lobster rissoles. The land of sensual feasting produced Zoroaster, and Socrates gave frugal collations, where the cheer was of an intellectual more than a corporeal nature. He was content with repasts,—

"Light and choice,

Of Attic taste and wine,"—

in the company of a few friends who were given to high thinking, while Lucullus required an unusual outlay of money for a dinner

when he dined alone,—“when Lucullus dines with Lucullus,”—as he said to his cook. The gluttonous feasts of Nero, Claudius, Verres, Tiberius, Domitian and Caligula proclaim the men. It should be remembered too, that Epicurus, in proposing pleasure as the supreme good, qualified his doctrine by the maxim that temperance is essential to the enjoyment of noble and durable pleasures which are proper to the nature of man, and the epicurean is not necessarily a sensualist. Yet Plato denounced the theories of Epicurus, preferred olives to all kinds of food, and made most of his meals on pure, well cooked bread! Who then shall deny the dignity of simplicity in eating? Marcus Aurelius could not excuse gluttony or sensuality, and too many men of genius have been grossly belied in being accused of inordinate fondness for eating. Talleyrand gave sumptuous dinners as a feature of diplomacy, when Carême, his culinary director was requested to exercise his subtlest skill, yet Talleyrand ate only one square meal a day, and boldly avowed his policy to give fine dinners and keep well with women, as essentials to success in life. When Dr. Johnson said, “The finest landscape in the world is improved by a good inn in the foreground,” the thought of a quiet time for reflection was perhaps in his mind, in spite of his numerous cups of tea. Sydney Smith is credited with the words; “My idea of heaven is eating foies gras to the sound of trumpets.” Yet he was not a gourmand, and I am inclined to doubt this remark, as uttered by him, as I question many of the slanderous statements against Napoleon. Medi-

ocrity is too fond of belittling its superiors, and mediocrity on stilts is ever prone to defamation. Besides, the misfortune or penalty of wit is that the perpetrator has the wit of other people thrust upon him. That a man like Shelley should make a breakfast upon oranges, a slice of bread and butter, and a bunch of grapes, is what might be expected of the author of the Sky-lark. Nor are we apt to doubt the partiality of Horace for figs, or Tasso for sweetmeats, or that Goethe preferred sweet champagne to a stronger drink. And why should not Charles Lamb be fond of apple-dumplings? Surely that dear, pure soul would not enjoy anything more gross.

If dress and address are so essential to the career of a man, the proper setting and serving of foods are no trifles in the history of a dinner. Well cooked food, served prettily and even elegantly, is altogether the province of the intelligent mistress. The feminine hand here finds opportunity for deftness and skill, and the feminine mind and taste a wide field for its exercise. What is more distasteful to a refined guest than immense quantities of food, badly or clumsily served. One of the greatest gastronomers of the world, Carême, prided himself upon the artistic arrangement and serving of his dinners, and one of his triumphs is described by Lady Morgan, when he had the position of *chef* to Baron Rothschild, at the Château de Boulogne. Says that charming writer:—“To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produces it,—its character, however, was that it was in season, that it was up to its time, that

it was in the spirit of the age, that there was no perruque in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish, no high-spiced sauces, no dark-brown gravies, no flavor of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickles, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of the good old-time cooking, fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in silver dews with chemical precision,

'On tepid clouds of rising steam' formed the base of all; where every meat presented its own natural aroma, and every vegetable its own shade of verdure; where the mayonnaise was fried in ice,—like Ninon's description of Sevigne's heart,—and the tempered chill of the *plombiere* anticipated the stronger shock and broke it, of the exquisite avalanche, which with the hue and odor of fresh gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense and dissipated every coarser flavor. With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner men have written epic poems."

With such ardent appreciation can one be astonished at triumphs of cookery, or wonder that cooks are proverbially fond of admiration? As Horace says, there are more ways to fame than one, and many names are to be found among the wearers of the *cordon bleu*. Beauvilliers, La Reynière, Francatelli, Ude, Sayer, Vatel, Savarin and Carême are not the only celebrities, and all these artists thirsted for discriminating approbation. The Duke of Wellington lost his *chef* through sheer indifference. The old soldier ate sparingly, and in silence, with the sole aim of satisfying hunger and re-

cuperating exhausted strength. He never praised a dish, and the disgusted *chef* sought a more admiring host. The elder Dumas boasted of his culinary accomplishments, but Paris was disposed to be skeptical, and hinted that he borrowed in this, as well as in his literary ventures, and one connoisseur remarked: "It is with his carp as with his novels,—others do them, and he adds his name." Poor Vatel was thin-skinned beyond all of the fraternity, and finally committed suicide because a certain choice fish did not arrive in time for His Majesty's dinner at the Castle of Chantilly. The Duke of Beaufort, who neglected no opportunity to compliment his *chefs*, was aroused one night by a knock at his chamber door, and learned that his untimely visitor was his *chef*, who had been to the opera, and while listening to Donizetti's music had conceived the idea of a new dessert, which he begged leave to announce under the name of the composer.

The dessert is said to be to the dinner what the madrigal is to literature,—it is the poetry of the kitchen, and hence is generally entrusted to the fancy of woman, who is supposed to handle these dainties with consummate skill. The present age has gained little in the creation of desserts, as the English kitchens in centuries past abounded in pasties, and pies and possets, with which cooks of to-day are little familiar, and the chances are that the pies of that period were better made than much of the travesty of the modern kitchens. "Do you eat pie?" was once asked of Emerson. "What is pie for?"—was the answer, which, to say the least, was philo-

sophic. Posset was not unlike a dessert quite popular in the Southern states, under the name of syllabub, pleasant and harmless, but the cooking of pie, like the cooking of pig, should be an exceedingly careful operation.

The prevalent heresy that women of culture and accomplishments are generally incompetent as cooks, ought long since to have vanished before the light of true orthodoxy. It is the ignorant woman and the fool, who is most likely to spoil the cooking. The woman of good taste and intelligence can be trusted for a wholesome meal, far beyond the ignoramus, whose only claim to good housewifery is her negation in other directions, and the ability to play a sonata or write an essay, by no means argues inability to prepare a meal. Long established prejudice, however, is difficult to uproot. I once heard a venerable Congressman,—recently returned to Congress from his state by enthusiastic acclamation,—a man chivalrous, noble and incorruptible, whose career in peace and war recalls the Knights of the Crusades, the *preux chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche*, say that housekeepers who were devoted to music were apt to let the buttercakes burn, and in another instance, an able editor of a prominent magazine expressed his doubt that there were any ladies who were able to cook anything except caramels. As long as men are “frankly human,” and await meals with that impatience and irritability which have been known to interrupt the god-like serenity of a judge and even a bishop, so long will feminine administration of the cuisine be considered a legitimate subject for criticism, but surely in this question it may

be assumed that the proof of the pudding is in the eating. There have been hostesses of the past and the present worthy of all praise, but what hostesses have proven themselves the sources of inspiration to men? Unquestionably they were women of culture and they were excellent cooks. They were women whose homes afforded opportunity for intellectual conversation, where mind was stimulated and thought developed, and they themselves were potent social forces with whom the drawing-room reached its climax of importance and influence. The company was choice and fine, so was the *menu*, and such dinners and such suppers were not after the order of Roman extravagance in the past, or the New World millionaire’s display in the present. These women were not rich in worldly possessions, but were tactful enough to make the best of what they had and understood the fine art of cookery too well to spoil the charm of conversation by setting before guests a badly cooked or clumsily arranged repast. It may be reasonably inferred that no meals were better cooked or more tastefully served than the dinners presented by these highly cultured women of the eighteenth century *salons*. I do not believe that one ever allowed her buttercakes to burn. Surely, a fair jury will accept indisputable evidence. When Fontenelle heard of the death of Madame de Tencin, at whose table he frequently sat, he grieved with the sincerity of his convictions and said:—“It is an irreparable loss. She knew my tastes and offered me those dishes I preferred.” D’Alembert took his breakfast with Mlle. de Lespinasse and his suppers with Madame Geof-

fein, and when death robbed him of both, exclaimed sorrowfully: "Alas, I have neither mornings nor evenings left!"

Horace Walpole praised the suppers of Madame du Deffand and described her table as the place where genius and learning were wont to meet. This discerning lady had a keen appreciation of the fact that man is most easily influenced through his stomach, and once sarcastically remarked that "supper was one of the four ends of man." It is well known that the "philosophes" and celebrities of the day were constant guests in these notable drawing-rooms, and many a work which posterity has pronounced immortal was first read to an audience in one of these salons. Society everywhere has felt the influence of these women, and from the day when Madame de Rambouillet conceived her idea of the salon, the entertaining of guests has been a distinctly different thing. Let Molière ridicule *Les Precieuses* as he might, they introduced beautiful manners, and ruled out vulgarity and boorishness, and since man must eat, taught him to do it with grace and discretion. In this land where the horn of plenty empties its gifts so lavishly, ignorance is the parent of waste, and nowhere more than in cooking. It is true that there are housewives whose natural sense of thrift is a deterrent to wastefulness, and they unconsciously combine reasonable proportions, just as Monseieur Jourdain talked prose without knowing it, but as pharmacy demands exact measurements for the preservation of health and life, so the compounds of the kitchen should be wrought with an accuracy which insures the end for

which it is designed—the building up of a sound physique. The human stomach ought never to be subjected to the results of guesswork, and there ought to be no more uncertainty in the achievement of a loaf of bread than in the working of a problem in mathematics. Wind and weather may defeat the best laid schemes, and even Attic honey had its impurities, but intelligent carefulness cannot fail of general success. I do not forget the diligence with which Virginia housekeepers supervised the preparation of bread, and, consequently, it was unsurpassed by the best bakery in Vienna, where bread is claimed to be the highest exponent of culinary knowledge and skill, nor do I forget Dean Stanley's enjoyment of the luscious loaf, or his bon-mot, which he uttered with charming grace of manner. "You Virginians are the best *bread* people I ever saw." It may not be unpardonable to say here that I have always made profound obeisance to the jokes concerning the F. F. V.'s and the sage inquiry which seeks intelligence of some second family of Virginia. They are hoary and hence command my reverence, yet in the first families each mistress knew to a dish, and all its component parts, what was coming on her table, and every other detail of house-keeping was as familiar to her as household words. The cook-book called the Virginia Housewife is but a compendium of the knowledge and practice of these faithful mistresses who looked diligently after the ways of their kitchens. Wealth only added to their duties, since it was the occasion of more guests, and it can be safely said that throughout the Southern

states, with rare exceptions, every woman is a cook. "Ah, what waffles and egg-bread I got in Richmond, like the ambrosia of the gods!" said a Bostonian to me. Yet good cooking, like the light of science, is bound by no limitations of latitude. Many women in the South are making comfortable incomes by the sale of pickles, preserves and other products, in North-

ern markets, and in a few days after the Prussians entered Paris, French women were selling thousands of little *pâtés* to the invading army. Wherever there are homes there must be cooks, and since civilized man cannot live without them, every woman, whatever may be her accomplishments in other directions, ought to know how to cook.

Imperial Autumn

By Charles Hanson Towne

I KNOW when Autumn, kinglike in his cloak
 Of scarlet and of purple, shall appear
 After the Indian-Summer haze and smoke,
 The royal guest of the slow-dying year,
 My heart shall pay him homage, and my head
 Shall be uncovered when his lordly train
 Moves as a long procession of the dead
 Through the light rain.

There passed, long since, Spring with her smiling eyes—
 Pale princess who received my heart's hushed praise—
 And in her wake came, as from far emprise,
 A queen called Summer, crowned with greenest bays.
 But they are gone, and through the dusk and dark
 Comes one more regal still in cloth-of-gold.
 O heart of mine, sing to this king, and mark
 The shadows fold.

How proudly through the land with state and pomp
 He marches, all unmindful that too soon
 His train shall vanish beyond moor and swamp,
 Beyond the hills where went the golden June.
 But sing, O heart, for him! Ere long his day
 Of triumphing and lordliness shall cease,
 And he shall go, like all of us, that way
 To dreams—and peace.

A Dematerialized Scoop

By William Forster Brown

PRESCOTT slammed the battered tin cover over the typewriter, tossed a half-dozen sheets of "copy" through the mouth of a brass tube gaping insatiably from the wall, and got up off his stool yawning drearily.

"If Forster or Stub Allen would show up, I'd go home," he thought, glancing forlornly at the clock. "Lord, but I'm tired! I believe every bone in my body is doing a solo ache—I'd give five dollars this minute for a bath and four hours good sleep; no such luck, though. Ten to one none of the boys will be in for hours; Forster's in Lynn reporting the big strike and goodness knows where the rest of the bunch are—if I went home Nichols would be sure to send down an assignment he wouldn't trust to a cub, and when he found I'd left the place before any of the regular men got in, he'd raise particular Hades."

The reporter selected a chair—seemingly the most trustworthy in the collection of backless, armless, legless wrecks that served the young men of the *Daily Argus* as resting places—and tilting it in a corner at the precise angle experiment had proved combined a maximum of comfort with a minimum of balancing effort, leaned his head against the wall.

"I suppose I may as well try to work up something for the column I've got to do for the Sunday supplement," he grumbled audibly. "Blessed

if I can think what it'll be, though, my head's as empty of ideas as a quick-lunch stew of oysters."

Prescott's eyes travelled dully along the discolored ceiling over his head and down the scarred and dirty walls of the familiar room, seeking vainly for inspiration, until all at once his glance stopped at a rough drawing of a ship outlined in bold blue-pencil strokes on a bit of bare plaster.

"That's pretty good," he commented mentally, "Cleverly must have done it; that fellow'd have been a sure enough artist if he'd only stud—. By Jove!" dragging a newspaper from his pocket, "that puts me in mind of something. I wonder if I couldn't work a column out of that steam whaler I saw lying at Constitution Wharf this forenoon? I heard some one say she had just got in from a three years' voyage in the Arctic. I'll see if Cleverly has got anything about her in his 'Water Front Items.'"

Unfolding his copy of the *Argus*, Prescott glowered a moment at an article of his own that "Crab" Nichols—merciless editor-in-chief—had cut down to a mere three inches of space, and presently discovered what he was seeking.

"Old salts," the item began, "who in the early fifties sailed out of New Bedford or Edgartown in search of sperm-oil and whalebone, will be interested to learn that yesterday afternoon the steam brigantine *Narwhal*,

Captain Ezra Thomas, was docked at Constitution Wharf to be unloaded; it is rumored that she is to be stripped and eventually cut down into a coal-barge. This whaler, one of the last vessels to engage in a business that one time claimed over seven hundred sail, has just returned from a three years' cruise in the Arctic Ocean.

"Captain Thomas states that the voyage was a failure, very few whales having been sighted during the entire three years; the Captain declares emphatically that whale-fishing—even when backed by modern steam and gunpowder—has ceased to be a profitable enterprise. If this be true—and it must be admitted that the Captain backs his opinion with the fact of an almost empty hold—the dismantling of the *Narwhal* marks the passing of a great industry."

Prescott re-read the item carefully. "I reckon that'll give me the start I want," he thought, shutting his eyes. "I'll borrow Clev's last sentence for a title: 'The Passing of a Great Industry,' that's a winner all right. Next I'll get some facts from the encyclopædia about Edgartown and New Bedford when those two places were famous as whale-ship ports. I must manage to find a description of an old-fashioned whaler somewhere, probably some old shellback around the docks will be only too glad to give me information enough to fill a book, if I ask him. I'll begin with my statistics; go on with the stuff I get out of the shellback—sandwiching in a few 'There she blows!' and 'Starn all, for your lives' on the Frank Bullen order, to heighten the effect—and then draw a sharp contrast between the old order of things and the new by picturing the

Narwhal—the last of her kind—given over to King Coal."

Thus Prescott began to plan and shape the forthcoming article in his thoughts; and in spite of aching bones his interest and enthusiasm grew.

"I'm blessed if I don't go down to the wharf and interview Captain Thomas!" he exclaimed aloud. "That'll be fine. It stands to reason a man that has been in the whaling business all his life—probably—knows more interesting facts about it than are to be found in a hundred books. Maybe the Captain will let me kodak him standing by the tryworks—or whatever it is they have nowadays; I'd call the picture 'The Last Whaler,' and I'll bet money it'll make a hit with Old Crab. He said he wanted something that wasn't stereotyped, and my 'Passing of a Great Industry' will be up to date all right. Soon as some one relieves me I'll get a hustle on and go down to the docks. Thunder and guns! but the back of this confounded chair is sawing into my shoulder-blades—if it wasn't for that I'd try and catch forty winks while I waited.

"Hello! Here's an article in the paper that Forster must be responsible for, 'Curious facts about the Eskimos'; guess I'll read it; I may find some points that'll be useful as leads in drawing out Captain Thomas; if he spent three years in the Arctic he must be pretty well up in Eskimology. What a lot of jaw-cracking words Forster's rung in? 'Tornak, tornarsuk, angakok, kivigtok, tukko'—whew! If he knows what half of 'em mean I'm mistaken."

Faithful to his resolve, the sleepy reporter stumbled presently over the

narrow stairs into the street and hailing a passing Atlantic Avenue car, was eventually deposited at the head of Constitution Wharf.

"Kinder dark down here, 'till you get used to it," Captain Thomas observed, as Prescott—after a preliminary self-introduction and brief statement of his desire—groped his way through the semi-gloom of the *Narwhal's* main cabin and followed the captain into a somewhat smaller compartment, "These are my quarters; jes' sit down anywhere and I'll light up in a minit'—there! that ain't so bad, for whale ile, is it?"

"Pretty good light," agreed the reporter, glancing around the dingy walls with interest.

"I ain't much used to newspaper fellers," the Captain announced, seating himself opposite his visitor, "dunno's I recollect having met one afore. I ain't jes' sartin what 'tis you want to know—if there's anything interestin' in livin' most three years in ice and snow and lonesomeness, an' dark half the time—expectin' every watch the mate'll tell you the scurvy's broke out, an' if that don't happen, wondering how long it'll be afore a leg or an arm'll begin to mortify where they wuz frost-bit' last, an' have to be chopped off—I ain't seen it; 'specially when you come back poorer'n than you went out—whales being scarcer'n hen's teeth all the time; but heave ahead with your questions and I'll do my best to answer 'em."

"Perhaps you might begin by telling me how long you've been in the business?" suggested Prescott. "I judge it a great many years."

"Ever since I was as high as this old hooker's bulwarks," answered the

Captain promptly. "I made my fust voyage out o' New Bedford in '52 in the *Grampus*—Zeke Coffin master—he's been dead these thirty years; an' I was in the *Ocmulgee* with Abo' Osborne of Edgartown when that d—d pirate Semmes burnt her—that wuz in '64. I had sort of speaking acquaintance with Semmes when he wuz lighthouse inspector and used to come to Edgartown and Cape Pogue Light afore the war, an' I told him to his face, when we wuz lugged aboard the *Alabama*, that he'd git his pay for burnin' defenceless whalers; an' by George he did—when he run afoul of the *Kearsage*. I wuz mighty tickled when I heard—"

"I suppose whale-fishing was more profitable in those days than it is now?" queried Prescott, producing his note-book and turning its face toward the dim light. "I saw in this morning's paper that the *Narwhal* hadn't been very suc—" The reporter broke off abruptly, staring over the captain's head at a luminous object hanging against the cabin bulkhead. "If you will pardon my curiosity, Captain," he said bluntly, "I'd very much like to have you tell me what that thing is, over there? It can't be a lamp—yet it appears to be giving out almost as much light as your whale oil."

Captain Thomas looked over his own shoulder and scratched his head dubiously.

"Blamed if I know myself," he answered after a pause. "Mighty queer for a piece of stun' to shine that way, ain't it? I've put in a good many hours trying to figger out where the light come from; but I'm blessed if I can tell any better'n I could the fust time I seen it. I'll tell you where I

got it, though, if you want to hear it; mebbe the yarn'll fit into what you are looking for to put in your paper."

"That stun'," the Captain went on, as Prescott nodded an eager assent, "wuz giv' to me by an old Eskimo Angakok—that's Innuut for priest, or medicine-man—that I picked off of an ice-floe in Davis Strait the second year we wuz out. He'd got thrown on to the floe somehow, and his kajak ripped and smashed in the floating ice. Being old an' feeble it wuz 'bout all he could do to crawl out of the water and git on firm ice—all his grub and spears an' things drifted off an' wuz lost.

"When the second mate got him aboard the *Narwhal* the old feller wuz pretty nigh gone from hunger an' exhaustion—he'd been on the floe most two days afore our lookout sighted him—but I patched him up the best I could an' giv' him some stuff out of the medicine chest. 'Twan't no use, though, for he lived less'n a week.

"An hour or two afore he died, jes' as I wuz goin' to try some different medicine on him out of the chest—you see, I'd kinder taken a liking to the old feller an' hated to have him die; we used to yarn together in a sort of hash of Innuut—I mean Eskimo talk—an' English that wuz mighty entertaining to me, he hauled that funny stun' out of a sealskin bag that hung round his neck, and put it in my hand. Near as I could make out from his talk, Kudlah—that wuz the Eskimo's name—wanted me to take the stun' as payment for gitting him off the ice an' doctorin' him.

"The old man thought his stun' wuz a god of some sort that had fell from the sky 'way up North somewhere—

nigh the Pole, I reckon," the Captain continued, rising and walking toward the blotch of light on the bulkhead. "He told me he'd done 'great magic' with it, predicting storms an' famines an' such like, an' gained great honor from his tribe. Kudlah called the thing 'angakunek,' meaning wise an' powerful—'wonder-stone' you might say—an' called it his Tornak, or guardian spirit.

"The Angakok got pretty weak after a while an' the last words he said wasn't very plain. Near as I could make them out he wuz tryin' to tell me that a great white Tornarsuk—god, that is—who lived in the North, sometimes talked inside the stun'. It's curios, ain't it?" concluded the Captain, giving the stone to Prescott, "I'll bet you never saw anything like it. I never did."

The reporter examined the object in his hand with keen interest.

Spherical in shape and highly polished, the stone was about the size of a small cannon-ball, and indeed, as it was black and heavy, very similar. It seemed to be made of some substance resembling glass or other semi-transparent material, and gave forth a singularly soft and phosphorescent glow. At the very beginning of his inspection, Prescott decided that shape and polish of the stone, and also the small hole extending through its centre and by which it had hung from the wall suspended on a piece of marline, were not the result of some freak of nature, but had been accomplished by human hands; whether the ball itself was a natural fragment of rock or stalactite, or had been manufactured, baffled Prescott's meagre knowledge of geology to determine.

"Is it always lighted up this way?" inquired the reporter.

"Only in the night or here, where tain't never very bright," answered Captain Thomas. "In daylight or on deck it looks jes' like an ordinary stun'; curios thing, ain't it?"

"Very," agreed Prescott. "What do you suppose the Eskimo meant by a white god talking in it?"

"Dunno. Jus' probably one of his fool superstitions; like its falling from the sky an' all that. He was a queer chap, though, that Angakok, an' a long ways from being a fool himself. Told me one day that the *Narwhal* would never 'smell ice' again, but would carry stuns; blamed if he didn't hit it, too—she's sold to the Consolidated Coal Company."

"One side of this thing is smoother than the other," commented Prescott, rubbing the wonder-stone reflectively against his cheek. "I wonder what sort of a man it was that shaped it, and what he did it for?"

"More like 'twas a woman," asserted the Captain thoughtfully; "they do most of the work among the Innuits, an'— Good Lord!" suddenly jumping to his feet and eyeing Prescott with manifest alarm, "What's the matter? You're white as a sheet—mebbe the smell of the ile down here has—?"

With an effort the reporter pulled himself together and answered in a tolerably even voice, though his nerves were tingling and twitching in a decidedly disagreeable fashion.

"I'm all right," he said hastily, "but just experienced the deuce of a queer sensation—something like the shock from a galvanic battery. I—I imagined for a second—just now, as I

rubbed this thing past my ear"—forcing a wry grin—"that I heard something inside it—the sound of a human voice."

The captain of the *Narwhal* glanced uneasily over Prescott's shoulder toward the door of the outer cabin.

"Mebbe we'd better go on deck," he remarked nervously. "I s'pose the air's mighty bad down here to one that ain't used to—"

"Good God!" yelled Prescott, leaping to his feet, "there it is again—and it's in the stone. I'm not crazy," impatiently, as the Captain stepped back and clinched his massive fist, "I can hear words—words, I tell you—inside this ball; they sound like gibberish; but they're unmistakably words."

Mechanically, shaking like a man with the ague, the reporter jerked forth excitedly: "Hjelp! Hjelp stackers Andree! Fangen hvid Nordpolen ibland trollen. Sag Peary vagen ai over—"

With a wrathful oath Captain Thomas snatched the stone from Prescott's grasp. "Get out of my ship!" he roared menacingly. "Don't take me for a fool because I've sailed salt water all my life; I'm not the kind of man it's safe to play jokes on—I've a good mind to pitch you on the wharf and jar some of the smartness out of you. I dunno how you come to find out I could understand Swedish—mebbe you jes' guessed at it—but you don't fool me for a minute. You never heard no such nonsense as that in old Kudlah's stun'; on deck with you an' quick—afore I get to doing a little joking on my side."

Prescott held up his hand.

"Captain," he said solemnly, "I give you my word of honor I had no inten-

tion of joking or playing tricks. I haven't the least idea of the meaning of what I repeated—if it has a meaning—and I don't know a word of Swedish; whatever it that I heard was spoken in that stone there as clearly as I hear you speak; put the thing to your own ear if you don't believe me."

The Captain complied. For a second he stood motionless, an incredulous smile flickering about his lips. All at once, with a yell that outdid Prescott's, he shouted: "Hjelp! Hjelp stackers Andree"—his voice shrilled, broke—and he began sawing the air wildly with his disengaged hand.

Prescott seized the Captain by the shoulder and shook him vehemently. "Why don't you translate?" he demanded. "If you understand Swedish, and that jargon *is* Swedish, tell me what it means."

"I don't know what it means," gasped the Captain, regarding the wonder-stone very much as if it were an infernal machine about to explode, "but I'll be sunk if I didn't hear somebody talking Swedish in that stun', same you say you did; an' I reckon you did, right enough, for I heard it."

"What was it?" cried Prescott, his voice high and throaty with excited impatience, "what were the words?—can't you put 'em into English?"

"Yes," faltered the Captain, his voice not a little tinged with awe, "I can; but don't ask me to explain 'em, for it's more'n I'm ekil to. They were 'Help! Help poor Andree! Prisoner among the North Pole sorcerers. Tell Peary the way is over—"

"Why, why," stuttered Prescott, breaking in on the Captain's speech, as remembrance came suddenly home to him, "those are the very words that

Stub Allen—he's one of our reporters on the *Argus*—used in the last chapter of his story that's running in the Sunday supplement—"The Lost Explorer."

"Come on," he shouted, dragging Captain Thomas toward the door of the main cabin. "Don't you realize that we've stumbled on a phenomenon that'll electrify the world? Good God, what a scoop for the *Argus*! Just you wait until Crabtree J. Nichols hears that stone. I can see it now, in scareheads as big as a house: 'Communication from Andree. Marconi eclipsed by a marvellous stone found in the North—'"

Captain Thomas staggered in Prescott's grip—threw out his hands—and the wonder-stone squeezed between his fingers and fell with a tinkling crash on to the cabin floor, rolling over the planking in tiny bubbles.

The reporter gave a howl of despair, lurched forward, slipped, came down into his chair with a thud that clicked his teeth together, and—opened his eyes, staring stupidly at the round and delighted countenance of Stub Allen.

"Well, if you can't give the Seven Sleepers cards and spades and then beat 'em!" ejaculated Allen.

Prescott rubbed his eyes, looked at the clock, looked at the heading of Forster's article anent the Eskimos lying crumpled in his lap, and there dawned on his befogged brain a vague recollection of sundry spare minutes spent in company with the grinning individual before him in searching the Swedish dictionary for the equivalent—in Swedish—of "Help! Help poor Andree!" to the betterment of "The Lost Explorer."

"Well, I'll be damned!" he grunted disgustedly, rising stiffly to his feet.

Whistler's Father

By Gardner C. Teall

A PORTRAIT of George Washington Whistler hangs in the hall of the Springfield Public Library. Not many persons know that this was the father of James Abbot McNeill Whistler, the great American artist who died at Chelsea, England, July 18.

George W. Whistler was born in 1800, at Fort Wayne in the old Territory of Indiana. Thence his mother took him to the south shore of Lake Michigan, where his father, Lieutenant John Whistler, was superintending the construction of Fort Dearborn. Young George Whistler went from place to place with his father's regiment, receiving such preliminary education as his mother, an accomplished woman, found time to give him. From his father he inherited those military inclinations which led to his entering West Point, whence he was graduated July 12, 1819, ranking twelfth in his class. Being a skilful flutist brought him the sobriquet of "Pipes," and although not the most studious of cadets, his skill in drawing and in the use of mathematical instruments led to his being assigned for topographical duty as assistant to Major Abert on the Survey for Military Defences. The first of these was Salem Harbor, Massachusetts, where Lieutenant Whistler solved the problem of representing the shores by horizontal contour lines in a manner which had never before been accom-

plished. This plan is the one now in use on topographical work of that description.

In 1821 Lieutenant Whistler was ordered back to West Point there to act as assistant professor in drawing. Here he married the daughter of Dr. Foster Smith, U. S. A., and Deborah, daughter of Captain Thomas Delano. By this marriage three children were born: Deborah, who married Sir Francis Seymour Haden, M. D., of London, George Washington Whistler, Jr., who was born in New London, Connecticut, and Joseph Swift Whistler, born in 1825.

In 1827 Mrs. Whistler died in Brooklyn, New York. From 1822 to 1826 Lieutenant Whistler was engaged in the task of tracing the boundary in the terrible wilderness which stretched from Lake Superior west to the Lake of the Woods. Here he had to undergo many privations, and suffered intensely from cold, hunger, and all the hardships to which such an undertaking would subject him. When he returned within the pale of civilization he found the country marvelling at the inventions of Stephenson in England. The American capitalists were quick to appreciate the marvels of the locomotive engine, and the topic of railroading became one of absorbing interest. Since Lieutenant Whistler's fame as an engineer was becoming widespread, it is not strange that an attempt

should have been made to secure his services by companies projecting various railways. As the government rewarded his services but meagrely, he resigned his commission in 1833, and was sent by a syndicate to examine the railroad system of England in company with Jonathan McKnight, William Gibbs McNeill, and Ross Winans. When he returned his services were secured by the Baltimore and Ohio and the Boston and Albany Railroads. Thence he went to Lowell, Massachusetts, where he became engineer to "The Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on the Merrimack River." This was the corporation which converted the sloping fields of the Merrimack into a great manufacturing city, foremost in its textile industries. Here Lieutenant Whistler availed himself of every opportunity to visit the machine shops of the Company, and his ingenuity evolved many mechanical devices of importance. He supervised the construction of a remodelled Stephenson engine, and fitted it to the peculiar requirements of an American railroad.

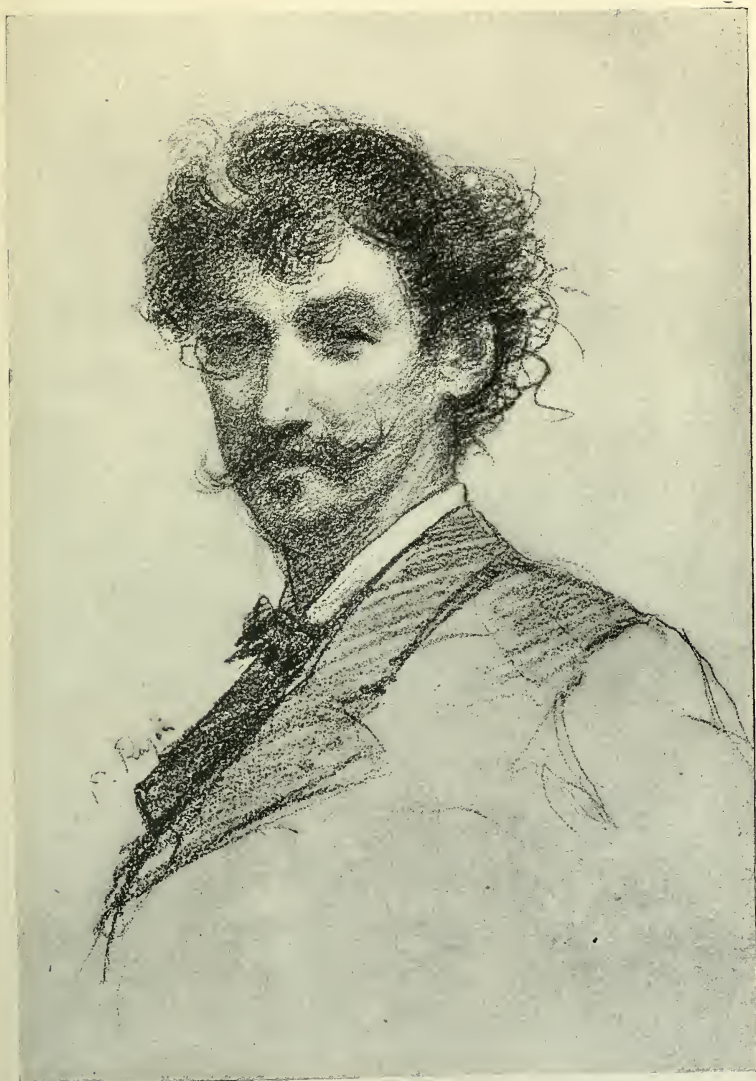
Lieutenant Whistler's second wife was Anna Matilda, the daughter of Dr. Charles Donald McNeill, of Wilmington, North Carolina, and a sister of the late General William Gibbs McNeill, who was then one of Whistler's intimates and associates. The McNeills were descended from the McNeills of Skye, and Dr. McNeill was born and educated in Edinburgh, serving as a surgeon in the British army in the West Indies, and afterwards settling in North Carolina. One of Mrs. Whistler's great-grandfathers had fought and had won dis-

inction in the battle of Culloden, and afterwards journeyed to North Carolina in 1746.

The Whistlers lived in Lowell until 1837 in a modest little house on Worthen Street still standing. Here William Gibbs McNeill Whistler was born in 1835, and a year later, on the night of August 1, James Abbott McNeill Whistler first saw the light of day. In 1837 the Whistlers removed to Stonington, Connecticut, where Lieutenant Whistler was retained in the service of the Stonington Railroad. Here were born three sons who died in infancy, and who were buried in the family plot there. The Whistlers left Stonington in 1840 for Springfield, Massachusetts, Lieutenant Whistler having received an appointment as Chief Engineer of the Boston and Albany Railroad.

Unquestionably Lieutenant Whistler laid down the lines from which the modern railroad system evolved, and his genius commanded the admiration of every one interested in construction. His fame spread abroad, and the Emperor Nicholas I. of Russia made him a flattering offer to undertake the construction of the contemplated railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg, the route of which had not even received a preliminary survey. Lieutenant Whistler accepted this enormous undertaking, and went to Russia with his family in the winter of 1842, taking up his residence in St. Petersburg. In a letter to his son, which came to the writer's notice years after, Lieutenant Whistler described his presentation to the Emperor, concluding:

"The Emperor is a very fine looking



Courtesy of F. Keppel & Co.

JAMES ABBOT MCNEILL WHISTLER



From a portrait in the Springfield Public Library

GEORGE WASHINGTON WHISTLER

man, very much like General Scott, but the general never treated me with half the consideration that the Emperor did. . . . There is that about him that enables me at once to enter upon a conversation and tell him all I know upon the points of his inquiries with as much ease as I could have talked with any private gentleman. I verily believe I never said 'your majesty' once. I described to him the whole of the road, its principal difficulties and how they might be overcome. He seemed much interested, often

questioned me, and was pleased to say, shaking hands with me, as we parted, 'I am sure, sir, you will do it right,' to which I replied, 'You are very kind, sir, and if you think it well done when it is done, I shall be proud of your approbation.'"

These years in St. Petersburg were very happy ones. It was there that a little daughter was born. The Whistlers entertained extensively, and were the most popular foreigners in Russia. Lieutenant Whistler's salary amounted to some \$12,000 a year, but

there were additional emoluments, and the Emperor made him a handsome present when he bestowed upon him the cross of the Order of St. Anne. Not only was Lieutenant Whistler engaged upon the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railroad, but he managed to find time to plan those invulnerable fortifications of Cronstadt which turned away the British in 1854.

In November 1848 Lieutenant Whistler was stricken with Asiatic cholera, and died the 7th of April following. Posthumous honors were shown him, and the Emperor permitted no deviation from the plans

formed by Lieutenant Whistler for the completion of the Russian Railroad System.

Lieutenant Whistler's body was carried to America and placed in St. Paul's Church, Boston, whence it was removed for interment at Stonington, the place he called "home."

Some years afterwards the Society of American Engineers erected a beautiful red-sandstone monolith to Lieutenant Whistler's memory in Twilight Dell, Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, New York. It stands by the grave of Mary Swift Whistler, his first wife.

Mondamin, the Spirit of the Indian Corn

By Helen W. Davenport

Photographs by Louise and Helen W. Davenport

THERE was once a youth among the Indians who was approaching man's estate. His tribe was poor, but industrious, and his parents were contented, in spite of all their poverty and need. At length the time came for the youth to fast, according to an ancient custom, in order that he might more easily hear the voice of the Great Spirit, which was to guide and guard him all his life.

So the father led his son away into a quiet spot, and built for him a hut, where he could live until the ceremony

was over. The woods were full of flowers and varied plants, and the youth began to know and love them all, as he wandered about among the forest paths. And he thought that he would ask the Great Spirit, who cared so well for every little plant and flower, to give more food to his poor Indians, who only lived by hunting and fishing. When the night came, he stayed within the little hut, and watched the stars that shone upon him, thro' the open doorway.

At sunset, as the third day had nearly passed, a brilliant light shone



MONDAMIN, SPIRIT OF THE INDIAN CORN

thro' the door, upon the spot where lay the Indian, too weak from want of food for any effort. A noble youth, in green and yellow garments, with waving plumes upon his head, stood radiant in the midst of the bright light, and waited for a greeting. As the Indian boy arose, responsive to his call, the stranger said: "The Great Spirit of the Indians has listened to your prayer and sends me to grant, if possible, your wise request. Arise now, and wrestle with me, for only by my overthrow can you succeed."

Weary and weak, the Indian youth obeyed, altho' his first struggling was in vain. But as his courage mounted higher every day, his strength grew also, and at the last, he stood victorious. Obeying, then, the stranger's last command, he tore away the green

and yellow garments, and buried the body carefully beneath the ground and left it there for many long spring days. From time to time, he visited the grave and cared for it, and finally it came to pass that, as he neared the burial ground, lovely green plumes were waving on the field, and he knew the promise of the Great Spirit was fulfilled. Soon there arose upon the spot, a graceful figure, clad in green, with plumes upon its head, and bearing precious fruit within its arms. "It was Mondamin, our Indian Corn, which, so the legend goes, thus came to bless the earth and the many tribes that occupy it."

Out of their needs and their experience of nature's bounty, the North American Indians wove a Folk Lore, to which the foregoing legend of the corn belongs. The poet Longfellow



INDIAN CORN PLANT



A PICTURESQUE CORNFIELD

has immortalized it, in his *Song of Hiawatha*, where it will live on altho' the Indian tribes are passing now away. Following the characteristics of their race, they made their own personification of the Indian corn a youth, or warrior, full of life and strength, and not a goddess, like the *Ceres* of the ancient times.

Among the different tribes were differing legends, and far back in the very genesis of the Indian race, when the "First Mother" came to join the Father of all the red men of the earth, she came as the offspring of a beautiful plant, and was herself gifted with every virtue. As the years of their lives went on, the tribes increased, and poverty and famine came to their children and grandchildren. Then the heart of the "First Mother"

grew heavy, and she wandered disconsolate thro' the woods and fields, and nothing could console her. At last, with tears and prayers, she besought her husband, the "First Father," to slay her, and scatter her body over the fields, and then wait patiently for the result. Counsell'd by the Great Spirit, whom Indians obey, the Father did as she desired, and scattered the broken pieces of her body on the ground. Days went and came, and nothing appeared, but at last the ground was covered with fresh green blades, like grass, which grew rapidly into tall and beautiful plants, bearing the rich fruit of Indian corn. Then the tribes knew that this had been done by the "First Mother," who gave her life and body to provide nourishment for her suffering children.



GUARDIAN OF THE CORNFIELD

When the first white men landed on the New England shore, they had to struggle against both hunger and disease, and the friendly Indians sold them measures of corn, and told them how to guard the seed and plant it, on the following year. Without this knowledge of the Indian corn, and the supplies sold them by the Indians, the Pilgrim Colony, might well have

perished, so rough and unyielding was the soil and climate which it had to encounter. In 1620 the Pilgrims found quite large corn plantings near Plymouth, and Columbus discovered maize on the West Indies in the early part of the fifteenth century. A French writer, describing the villages of the Iroquois, depicts the tribe as versed in the rudiments of agriculture, and



FULL CORN IN THE EAR



SRETON, GRENOS, BRETON.

THE HARVEST



WHEN GOLDEN PUMPKINS GLEAM AMONG THE FIELDS OF CORN

speaks of finding in four of the villages, twelve hundred thousand bushels of corn. Corn-grinding slabs have been taken from the ruins of Indian towns in the Petrified Forests of Arizona, and in the graves were bowls and vases, containing traces of the Indian corn.

The maize, more commonly known as corn in America, was carried to Spain, in the Old World, by Christopher Columbus, and from there its cultivation spread throughout the greater part of Europe, and as far as Egypt and China. Its absolute origin is not determined, but it is probably indigenous to American soil, as kernels of corn have been discovered in the burial mounds of Peru, and the plant has been seen growing wild in Paraguay.

The botanical name accepted for

the Indian corn is *Zea-Mays*, and comes from words which mean to live, and bread, or the staff of life. Altho' in England the name of corn is applied to rye and wheat and other bread-stuffs, in America it is generally used to designate the maize, and the descriptive adjective, Indian, is added or not, according to convenience.

In the Indian legends of the Manitou, the maize was always the special food of the "Lesser Spirits," who created the earth. When the spirits fled back to the gates of Heaven, after destroying their creation, because of man's ingratitude, the seeds of the Indian corn were dropped to earth, and covered by the waters spreading over it.

The seeds took root, and flourished in the new world, which sprang from



MAKING A SHOCK OF CORN

out the old, and to-day the Indian corn grows everywhere in the West, where

“Upon a hundred thousand plains
Its banners rustle in the breeze.”

In all parts of the country, the Indian corn is largely cultivated as fodder for cattle, and the sweet corn, roasted, is a favorite article of food for the people. There are also many other products of maize, such as hulled-corn, popped corn, hominy, Indian meal and corn-starch, so that it is now as much the staff of life to the White man, as it was years ago to the poor Indian, who wrestled and threw down “Mondamin, the spirit of the Indian Corn.”

On one of the small New England farms it is perhaps easier to observe the growth of the corn, and to watch its rapid development, from seed-time to harvest, than in the West, where everything is on so large a scale

The New England farmer often cuts his corn by hand, as any machine would injure the pumpkin vines, which grow all thro' the corn-fields. The stalks are cut with a sickle and thrown down, and later, bound together in small bundles and fastened by the blue joint grass, as it is called. This grass is used instead of string, because it shrinks as does the corn, when it dries, and so holds the stalks firmly together. These bundles then are heaped around a structure, called a corn-horse, until a good-sized shock is formed, and left to dry upon the field.

The corn field is always picturesque, from the time of planting, when some grotesque figure, or an old, dead bird, stands guard upon the field to scare “the robber crows,” until the autumn days, when golden pumpkins gleam among the shocks.

There are merry huskings still, in

the small New England towns, when

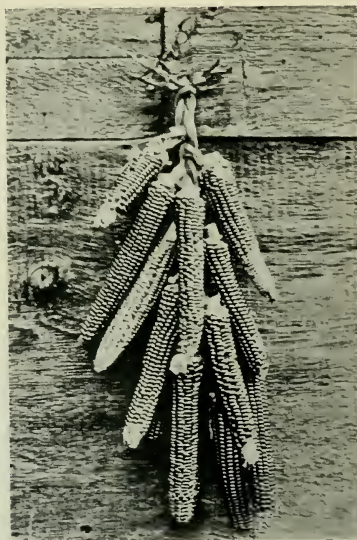
“ . . . In the golden weather the maize
 was husked, and the maidens
 Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that
 betokened a lover,
 But at the crooked laughed, and called
 it a thief in the cornfield.”

And when the harvest is over, and the November evenings come, the dried pop-corn is roasted, over the open fire, and turned into snow-white morsels, and eaten with sugar or salt.

The many varieties of corn are improved from season to season, and of seed-corn thousands of bushels are used, and many changes are made in methods of planting and reaping.

But the old, primitive way of burying the seed in the earth, and of patiently caring and waiting, until the green blades appeared, underlies the most modern inventions. Of all the workings of Nature, none is more sure and unchanging, than the burial and the resurrection of the seed, and it has become symbolic of all life. Among those simple children of Nature, who were the first in this country to plant and harvest the maize, there is an “Old Man’s Parable”:

“A man is like a grain of corn—bury him and he moulds; yet his heart lives and springs up in the breath of life, the Soul, to make him as he was, so again.”



A New Light for the World

Radium Light and Heat Rays, Which May Transform Our Methods of Life and Manufacturing

By George Ethelbert Walsh

RADIUM, a metal of the calcium, strontium and barium group, is a chemical curiosity to-day, which excites more interest in the world of science than the discovery of anything since the days of Faraday. Not even the utilization of the Hertzian waves for wireless telegraphy purposes by Marconi, nor the discovery and employment of the X-rays for surgical operations, nor the invention of the Crooke's tube nor the finding of the Becquerel rays, created so much interest and discussion among the world's scientists as the discovery of radium by Professor and Mme. Curie, two patient, painstaking laboratory workers in Paris.

The reasons for this remarkable excitement over a piece of metal of rather insignificant aspect, other than the emission of light reflected

from it, are somewhat complicated. In the world of science the discovery promises to upset all preconceived notions regarding the theory of atoms, molecules and space particles. In the industrial world it bids fair to revolutionize our methods of lighting and heating our homes, factories and mills.

Radium is a product of the chemical laboratory, and to-day it is estimated to be worth \$5,000,000 per pound. There is hardly a pound of it in existence to-day in all the world, and the few pieces are as jealously guarded as though they were diamonds. But in probably hundreds of laboratories throughout the world scientists and industrial chemists are laboring hard to manufacture radium after some new process which will enable them to realize a fortune and a world-wide reputation.

Radium was extracted from pitchblende by Professor and Mme. Curie after a long series of experiments, and the price which they placed on their product, considering the enormous difficulties and expense of extracting it, was five million dollars a pound. In the pitchblende there was about 80 per cent of uranium, a combination which is very difficult to find.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In connection with this interesting and valuable article by Mr. George E. Walsh, it is interesting to note that the newspapers have recently reported a remarkable experiment in curing the blind by the use of radium. A young girl of New York now eleven years of age, who had been totally blind since she was three, was subjected to the treatment, and while the sight was not at once fully restored, in three days she could distinguish objects and discern lights. The radium used in the experiment was of 1000, 3000 and 7000 radioactivity. Seven tubes of radium, ranging from 75 to 7000 radioactivity, were placed in several narrow chocolate boxes and held against the forehead, base of the brain and temples of the child. Then the X-ray was used with the radium and the child had a momentary sensation of light. Almost an hour later, on her way home, the child saw a car pass her which looked like a shadow. Since then she has been improving in sight and there seems a possibility of complete recovery.

In order to secure one pound of radium from this combination by the slowest and most costly processes some three thousand tons of pitchblende and uranium would have to be handled. But pitchblende, with such a large percentage of uranium, is never found free from other ores and metals. Usually iron, copper, barium, and other materials are mixed with the pitchblende and uranium, making it necessary, to extract a pound of radium, to handle some five thousand tons of mixed ores.

The properties of radium are the most peculiar of any metal in the world. They are chiefly noticeable in the emission of strong light and heat rays. A minute particle of radium sends forth torrents of heat and light rays, which seem in no appreciable way to affect the substance itself. It does not diminish in size or activity, but continues to emit the rays of light and heat uniformly. For centuries radium has thus been parting with its heat and light, and its stored-up, concentrated energy appears to have lessened to only a very small degree. In this substance we have a continuous, powerful stove, lamp, or power plant, which never ceases to work.

A very small piece of radium is sufficient to light a room or to exert energy through heat. Rutherford estimates that one gramme of radium possesses heat enough to raise 500 tons a mile high, or an ounce of it should suffice to drive a 50-horse power motor around the world at thirty miles an hour.

A small fraction of an ounce of radium would light half a dozen rooms better than the modern elec-

tric light; but the most remarkable phenomena of this new lighting apparatus is that the lamp would never need renewing or fixing. The radium light would continue to shine with undiminished lustre for the balance of the present, and probably through the next, century. According to Sir William Crookes a grain of radium is belching forth between ten and a hundred million projectiles of light and heat every second.

Radium is a chemical mystery today, but like most other discoveries it has a history dating back to numerous other experiments which gradually led up to its brilliant discovery. There were various co-workers in the field with Professor and Mme. Curie, and their work and experiments helped to unfold the final mystery of the interesting series. It was known a long time ago that certain metals and materials had peculiar radiant properties. A group of radioactive metals was classified, chief among them being uranium. The peculiar properties of these substances were their tendency to send forth heat and light rays under certain conditions. In the vacuum tube it was found that certain elements presented luminosity. It was predicted by Sir William Crookes nearly a quarter of a century ago that fragments of matter smaller than the atoms of liquid or gas were thrown off by this group of metals in the vacuum tube.

Working on this theory Roentgen obtained the rays of light which have made his name famous, and later Becquerel rays were obtained from the salts of uranium. Like the Roentgen or X-rays, the light ema-

nations from the salts of uranium had the power to penetrate opaque substances. These new light rays were powerful enough to effect a photographic plate in a dark room, or to discharge an electrometer at a distance.

The radioactivity of bodies accompanying uranium was known before Prof. and Mme. Curie carried out their brilliant researches to a successful issue, and produced radium both in the form of salts and a metal. The great scientific discussion aroused by the discovery of radium is whether matter exists in an ultra-gaseous state, and whether the atom after all is the smallest particle of matter in the universe. According to Sir William Crookes the discovery of radium harmonizes the new theory of the divisibility of the atom and the existence of the electrical atom or electrons. According to this theory atoms of electricity or electrons are floating intangibly, like helium, in the sun, and they reach the earth in various conditions and masses.

While studying the radiations of uranium, the Curies found a piece which displayed unusual activity, and they decided that this was due to some foreign substance which had more powerful radioactivity than the uranium. Careful chemical experiments enabled them to isolate this substance, which turned out to be a new material, which they named polonium after their native land of Poland. Still further pursuing their chemical researches and experiments they succeeded in isolating another metal which they called radium.

The rays thrown off by radium are not thoroughly understood to-day.

They are similar to ordinary light in some respects, but are more like the Roentgen rays. They are practically without weight, and consequently many years would have to elapse before the weight of the radium would show any appreciable reduction. When separated from all other materials radium has the power to raise and maintain a temperature of 1.5 degrees Centigrade above all its surroundings. This heat is possible of maintenance for a century or two. If the hand is held near radium for a few hours a skin wound or burn is produced, which it has been found difficult to heal.

Technically three kinds of rays or emanations are made from radium, one of which is the same as the cathode stream of the X-ray light or atoms of electricity or electrons projected into space apart from gross matter. These electrons are continually liberated from radium, and they will penetrate lead or several inches of wood or aluminum. They are shot from radium about one-tenth as fast as light travels. They are gradually obstructed by air atoms, and lose their power and force, but thereafter they are disseminated in space somewhat similar to a fog or mist. In time they produce a sort of phosphorescence.

The second kind of emanations from radium are much greater in mass than the electrons, and they are called the positive ions which cannot be deflected by a magnet, as the electrons can. They move with the speed of light, but they are more quickly overcome by the air particles, and lose their force. They render air as a conductor, but are incapable of

passing through material obstructions.

The third kind of emanations are very penetrating rays, which are not affected by the magnet, and are described as ether waves. They are practically Röntgen rays, and are produced as secondary phenomena by the electrons striking some solid body. The sudden arrest of the first class of rays in striking lead or wood causes the third class of emanations to produce a series of pulsations or explosive ether-waves. All three of these emanations appear simultaneously and continuously, and their division in separate classes is merely a technical matter of interest only to the scientific world.

Wonderful revolutionizing results have been claimed for radium, some of which, after all, must be limited to the visions of dreamers; but enough actual results are obtained to satisfy the most radical hopes of those who have worked to extend the field of our knowledge concerning radioactive bodies of the universe. What is the power which is locked up in these strange materials? Whence does it come from, and whither does it go? Are we unveiling the mystery of all light, heat, energy—life itself? Perpetual motion machines were the dream of the ancients, and modern science has condemned such dreams as impossible of fulfilment; but with a piece of radium for the motive power who shall say that the dream of the ancients has not in a measure been realized? So far as scientific measurements and tests are concerned the loss in radium in throwing out its millions of heat and light rays is inconceivable.

Every important scientific discovery of to-day is measured from two distinct standpoints. One has to do with its bearing upon pure science, with no utilitarian purpose in view, and the other is more specifically a test of its practical use. The discovery of radium has momentarily simplified many purely scientific problems, and it has agitated scientific investigators to such an extent that it is epochal in its effects. But the test of its utility is still to be made. There is no question about its value as a remarkable agent for yielding light and heat if it can be recovered in sufficient quantities from the earthy materials in which it is involved to make its use practical; but, like the diamonds made in the electric furnace, it may prove too elusive and costly to reward industrial chemists in their efforts to make it of value to the world of every-day science.

The demand for radium must always be far in excess of the supply, and the new industry of extracting radium from the ores is one that will appeal with special force to the manufacturing chemist. The first application of radium outside of the purely experimental laboratories will be in the field of medicine and surgery. As a substitute for the X-ray machine it will immediately be in demand, for radium gives a far more uniform supply of rays than the X-ray machine, and they prove even far more penetrating. The convenience for handling the radium for surgical purposes will also prove a great advantage in its favor. Instead of the large, clumsy X-ray focus tube, a glass tube smaller than a toothpick, holding a

tenth of a grain of radium, can be inserted into any small orifice of the body, such as the nose, mouth or ears, and better results be obtained than with the X-ray outfit. Cancer in the nose and ear has already been treated and cured with radium, which persistently resisted all treatments with the X-rays.

The successful treatment of other diseases with radium is possible. Even the blind can see this light. That is, a piece of it inclosed in a box can be brought into a room, and if placed near the forehead of a totally blind person he experiences a flash of light on the retina of the eye. As a germicidal it is a powerful factor in disease treatments, for no small insects, germs, or animals can live long when exposed directly to its rays.

The practical question of using radium as an illuminant seems to depend entirely upon the possibility of recovering it in sufficiently large quantities. According to Sir William Crookes a single atom projected by radium, when it strikes a piece of zinc sulphide, gives light enough to attract the eye, and a single grain of this substance is continuously belching forth ten to a hundred million projectiles every second. The light obtained from a grain would thus form an illuminant equal to several candle power. At present a single gramme of radium costs from \$600 to \$1,200, according to whether any one has much of the commodity to sell; but even at this extraordinary price it would probably prove in the end a cheap illuminant. The gramme would be sealed in a glass tube, and the light would be given forth practically forever. There would be no

renewing, no repairing, no trimming, no changing. The light would be as constant and changeless as the sun. No known power could increase its rays the slightest, nor anything diminish them the smallest fraction.

Mines of pitchblende, uranium, iron, copper, polonium, and even radium in combination, are distributed in different parts of this country, and there are several companies engaged in experimenting with the ore for the purpose of manufacturing radium. In Utah in particular there is a mine which is filled with ore that appears to possess the required combination of minerals for successful manufacture of radium. In order to extract the uranium from the combination, the ore has to be finely pulverized and chemically treated by several processes to separate the different metals. So subtle and elusive is the radium that after the most exacting and expensive processes to secure it from its mixture with other minerals it suddenly disappears—gets lost, as it were, in the process, and is washed off with the sand or iron ore. Where its presence has been definitely known, it has disappeared as mysteriously as if wafted away by a magic wand. The uncertainty of securing it in any experiment always tends to heighten the cost and worry of manufacturing it.

Several methods have been tried to secure radium without risking loss through some subtle action of the substance at any process of the work. Constant watchfulness and patience, however, are required. The electroscope indicates the presence of radioactive bodies in the blend, but it is not always able to determine just

when it will suddenly slip away and pass into the waste material.

In manufacturing radium a tedious process of gathering the crude mixture of ore, washing, screening, and pulverizing it, must be first attempted, and then by chemical reduction one impurity after another is eliminated. Gradually from tons of ore the reduction leaves a small powder or sand of scarcely ten pounds weight. This residue contains various combinations of radioactive bodies, such as barium chloride, polonium, crude radium-barium, and other compounds. All of these are valuable materials, worth from a few cents an ounce up to several dollars. Even radium-barium chloride when tested under the electroscope shows luminosity of great power. But the extraction of pure radium salts is a process that may give no success until after many futile efforts.

At Niagara, where a wonderful group of electrochemical industries have been built up within the past decade through the utilization of the powerful current generated by the Falls, experimental chemists are now busy at work in trying to make radium by new processes. The manufacture of barium and barium salts is a recognized industry there, and for a couple of years these products have been obtained from the crude ore by electrical means, so that the price today is one-tenth of what prevailed five years ago. From the present methods it seems as if any substance for which several hundred tons of ore must be worked up chemically to extract a single ounce could never be made very useful; but more wonderful things have been produced by the

electric furnace, and radium may yet come from the crucible as a substance that all can use.

In that event our ordinary conditions of living will be completely revolutionized. Our nights may then be converted into eternal day. Small suns may be placed above our city roofs to shine down continuously for centuries to come, which neither storm, wind, nor ice can affect or diminish. The light which now makes the sun such a powerful life-giver and germicide will then be within our daily reach, and even clouds and smoke will have less influence in depressing our spirits during the long wintry days.

Besides this we may use radium to generate power for working our mills and factories, for operating our street cars and vehicles, and for running scores of small machines in our homes. This power will be clean, convenient, and perpetual. There will be no renewing and repairing. It will be as eternal and uniform as the sun itself. To be exact, if a square centimetre of surface were covered with pure radium, according to Professor J. J. Thomson, it would only lose in weight one-thousandth of a milligramme in a thousand years.

The pitchblende which contains the largest per cent of radioactive material thus far discovered was found in Bohemia; but nearly as good ore has been more recently discovered in small pockets in Saxony, and a distinct vein in Cornwall, England. Professor Curie has also obtained excellent radioactive pitchblende from mines in Colorado, and the ore mined here yielded twenty per cent of the compound materials. It was found in

small quantities and mixed with other materials. The best pitchblende, or uraninite, is a compound oxide, containing eighty-one and one-half per cent of pure uranium, four per cent of lead, and with traces of oxygen and water, or sometimes magnesia, manganese or silicon. It is known now that this form of pitchblende is quite widely distributed in various mines in this country; but its quality ranges from 40 to something like 7,000 of radioactivity.

The question of prospecting for

mines of pitchblende, rich in radioactive materials, has suddenly become an important new feature of our mining life, and every effort is being made to test the ore from all parts of the country. It may be that mines will be discovered which will make the gold and diamond mines of the world insignificant in valuation in comparison, for radium is to-day about the most expensive material in the world. Not even our precious stones can excel it in monetary value the world over.

Conductor Pat Francis *

How the Yellowstone Excursion Escaped Its Pursuer

By Frank H. Spearman

THERE had been some talk at headquarters about our conductors. It was intimated and freely from the auditing department that the men of the punch were not dividing fairly with the company.

To this effect the general manager wrote Bucks, superintendent of the mountain division. Bucks filed the letter away in the stove. Another communication fared no better. But there were some new people at headquarters; they had a record to make, and they proposed to write part of it on our backs. Bucks got another letter; he threw it in the stove.

Pat Barlie often and often said he

recommended no man to drink whiskey; he only recommended the whiskey. I recommend no rising railroad man to burn the third letter on the same subject from his general manager; I merely recommend Bucks. He was at that time running the West End. They had tried running the West End without Bucks a while; then they had tried again running it with him. In both instances it was different.

But the next time the general manager was out in his "special" he spoke to Bucks on the subject as if the mention were a virgin touch. Bucks muttered something about the general character of the trainmen and the decent lives and habits of the passen-

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ger conductors, and finished with an incidental expression of confidence in the men; that was about all.

But the headquarters people, who were largely Boston, had ways and means all their own; and failing to interest Bucks in their hobby, they took a tack like this.

To begin with, the night was bad. "A holy fright," Pat Francis called it, and Pat had seen most of the bad nights in the mountains for twenty-two years steady. It was snowing and raining and sleeting that night, all at once; and blowing—it blew the oil out of the guide-cups. From the platform of the Wickiup—nobody in the gorge would call it a depot—from the Wickiup platform at Medicine Bend, No. 1 seemed to roll into division that night one reeking sheet of alkali ice—soda and frost solid from lamp to lamp.

She was late, too, with a pair of the best engines that ever climbed a mountain heading her. She had lost time every mile of the way from the plains, and she was ordered west with another double-head and a pusher all the way over the Horseback. It was because there was a Yellowstone excursion aboard. The Columbian Pacific connection was on that account especially desired; and that night at twelve o'clock, mountain time, with No. 1 especially late into the bend, and the track especially bad, and the pull especially heavy, it looked—that Columbus Pacific connection—especially doubtful, except over in the despatcher's office, where they were being pounded to make it by the excursion bureau.

Bucks was down that night. There were many bad nights in the moun-

tains, but Bucks never missed any of them by going to bed. On bad nights, Bucks, like a switchman's pipe, was always out. He—Bucks—personally appeared at the Wickiup to see that things went. The men liked him because he was always ready to do anything he asked them to do. There was an *esprit*, a *morale*—whatever you call it—and a loyalty to Bucks personally, which made our men take the chances that pay checks don't cover.

So, although the Columbian Pacific connection looked especially doubtful that night, nevertheless there was Bucks, under a slouching Stetson and an Irish frieze that caught all the water coming its way, standing at the drivers of the head engine, while Jack Moore, in leather heel to jaw, went into the slush under her to touch up an eccentric with a reputation for cussedness in a pinch. And a minute later Bucks was walking back to figure with the out conductor, Pat Francis, how to make schedule across to Wild Hat, though, as they talked, each man knew the other was not thinking at all of how to make schedule, but thinking—though never a word out loud of it, and hell to face all the way up the gorge on top of it—of how with flesh and blood and steel to beat schedule that night and land the uncertain connection, in spite of wind and weather and the bureau's fears and the despatcher's growls.

And all this for what? To dump a hundred or two Brooklyn people into the Yellowstone twenty-four hours earlier than they otherwise would have been dumped, though without doubt they would have been just that much better off loafing twenty-four

hours longer away from their newspapers and ferries and street cars. Pat Francis listened grimly. A short, stocky fellow, Pat Francis. Not fat, but firm as a Bessemer bar, and with considerably quicker play in his joints. He listened grimly, for he thought he could domino every play Bucks could make when it came to tricks for saving time on the Wild Hat run. Yet it heartened even Pat Francis, uncompromising and grim, to have his superintendent there in the storm helping cut out the work for such a particularly beastly pull.

As Bucks broke away and started for the door of the Wickiup, Morris Barker—the conductor who had just brought the train in—saluted, walking out. With his coat buttoned up snug, in the comfortable insolence of a man going home, Morris stepped to the edge of the platform to exchange confidences with Pat Francis.

“Pat, there’s a half-fare back in the Portland sleeper. I heard McIntyre say at McCloud that some of Alfabet Smith’s men are working up here. Anyway there’s a cattleman in a canvas coat in the chair car, smooth face, red tie, to look out for. He got on at Harding and tried a short fare on me. I sized him up for a spotter.”

“Why didn’t you chuck him off?” growled Pat Francis.

“He put up after a while—and you bet that fare goes in with an embroidered report. Well, good luck, Patsy.”

Pat Francis raised his lamp through the fog and rain at the engineers. Jack Moore coughed suddenly and twice, with his hollow whistle. The hind engine saluted hoarsely; from

the rear the pusher piped shrill, and Bucks in the doorway watched the panting train pull taut up the Bend in the swirling snow. And he knew as he watched that nothing worth considering would get away from Pat Francis—not a scheme, nor a cut-off, nor a minute, nor a revamped coupon ticket. Pat, before quitting at Benton, Pat up the gorge and over the Horseback, was pretty sure to catch everything inside the vestibules.

He swung up on the platform of the baggage-car as the train moved out, and shook the snow off his cap as he opened the door. He set his lamp on an up-end trunk, took off his overcoat and hung it up. In the front end of the car a pack of hunting dogs yelped a dismal chorus. Old John Parker, the baggageman, was checking up a pile of trunks that rose tier on tier to the roof of the car. John Parker wore a pair of disreputable iron spectacles. His hair, scant where it wasn’t extinct, tumbled about his head loose at both ends. His gray beard was a good bit stronger in the fly than in the hoist and it blew in the wind thin as a coach whip; but old John had behind his dirty spectacles a pair of eyes just as fine as steel. Francis opened his train box and asked the baggageman why he didn’t kill those dogs, and getting no answer—for John Parker was checking hard and stopped only to shift his whiskers off the clip—the conductor got out his blue pencil and his black pencil and filed them away, took up his punch and his trip checks and put them in their proper pockets, shifted his timetable from the box to still another pocket, and picked up his lantern.

The head-end brakeman coming in just then with a sash puller, Francis asked him to clean up the globe.

While the brakeman fished for a piece of waste, the conductor moved his wet overcoat a peg nearer the stove and spread it out better, and listened to a wild rumor old John Parker had picked up about No. 1's being turned into a strictly "limited" and carrying a "diner" west of Bear Dance. Without wasting any comment, Pat looked at his watch and listened to the click of the truck over the fish-plates under foot, and to the angry, tremulous roar of the three furnaces melting coal to push No. 1 up against the wind, that curled like a corkscrew down the long, narrow gorge. Then he took the lantern from his menial, and strode quickly through the vestibule into the dirty light and foul air of the smoking car.

"Tickets!"

No "please" that night; just "Tickets!" short and snappy as a bear trap. He could talk very differently at home to the babies—but there was no suggestion of kootsyng in the tone that called for transportation in the smoker. He passed down the aisle, pulling, hauling, shaking the snorting brutes, noting, punching, checking under the rays of his lamp, until the last man was passed, and he walked into the chair car. There was only one "go-back," a sleepy Italian who couldn't—even after he had been jerked out of his seat and turned upside down and inside out, and shaken and cursed—still he couldn't find his ticket. So Pat Francis passed him with the shocking intimation which amounted to an as-

urance, that if he didn't find it by the time he got back he would throw him off.

The transportation on No. 1 was mostly through tickets and required only ordinary care as to the date limits; not much scalper's stuff turned up on the west-bound. Pat called again as he closed the door of the chair car behind him a shade less harshly for tickets, because one naturally respects more people who ride in the chair car—and then there are women. One speaks more civilly to women passengers, but scans their transportation more carefully. However, he wasn't thinking of women's wiles as he quietly roused the sleepers and asked for their credentials. They were worn, tired-looking women; haggard, a good many of them, from catnaps snatched in the specially devised discomfort chairs, while their more fortunate sisters slept peacefully back in the hair-mattressed Pullman berths. He was thinking solely, as he mechanically went through the checking operations, of a cattleman in a canvas coat, smooth face and red tie, who should by rights be now half way down the car, just ahead of him. But the conductor Francis didn't look. His eyes never rose beyond the passenger under his nose, for in front of a company detective the hate and the curiosity are all concealed; the conductor is strictly on dress parade with a sting in his right arm that he would like to land directly under the spotter's ear.

A shabby travelling man—a cigar man—handed up a local ticket. It was for Antelope Gap. Pat Francis looked at it for a minute before he punched it and stuck it in his pocket.

"We don't stop at Antelope Gap to-night," said he shortly.

"Don't stop?" echoed the cigar man, wide awake in a fraction of a second. "*Vy, since ven? Day tolt me you dit,*" he cried in the most injured tone on the train.

"Can't help it."

"*But vy-e?*"

"I'm late."

"Bud y' god-do!" cried the cigar man, raising a note of absolute terror, as Pat Francis passed calmly on without attempting to controvert the confidence of the drummer.

"*Ain't you god do?*" appealed the latter, weakening a bit as he realized he was up against a quiet man and hard.

"Not on local transportation. Tickets!" he continued to the next.

But the cigar man happily came of a race that does not uncomplainingly submit, and he kicked vociferously, as Pat Francis expected he would. By the time the excited salesman had woke everybody up in his end of the car and worked himself into a lather, Pat came at him with a proposition.

"Where are you going from Antelope?"

"*Vild Hat.*"

"What's the matter with going up to Wild Hat to-night and I'll give you a train check back to Antelope on 2 to-morrow, then you can get back on 71 to the Bend?"

The injured man considered quickly, accepted speedily. Two hundred miles for nothing. "My frient! Haff a cigar, aber *don* forgod my dransbordation back, *vill* you?" The conductor nodded as he took the cigar stoically and moved on. It was one stop saved, and the Antelope stop was a

terror any time with a big train like No. 1.

Francis had reached the rear of the chair car, when he had an impression he had forgotten something. He stopped to think. The cattleman! Turning, he looked back sharply over the passengers. He even walked slowly back through the car looking for the fellow. There was no cattleman in sight, and walking back, Francis dismissed him with the conclusion that he must have gotten off at the Bend and at once the air in the chair car smelt fresher and cleaner. Into the sleepers then—that was easy. Only to take the batch of envelopes from each porter or conductor, and tear off the coupons and in the Portland sleeper a half-fare, which meant only a little row with the tactless man who had gone into a bitter discussion with a conductor the day before away back at the Missouri River, as to whether his boy should pay fare. Instead of gracefully paying when called on, he had abused the conductor, who, maybe because there was a "spotter" sitting by, had felt compelled for self-protection to collect the half rate. But in retaliation for the abuse the conductor had reported to the next conductor a half fare in the Portland sleeper, and thus started an endless chain of annoyance that would haunt the traveller all the way to the coast. But sometime travellers will study tact, and forswear abuse and its penalties.

Conductor Francis, finishing the string of loaded Pullmans, sat down in the smoking room of the last car with the hind end brakeman to straighten out his collections. The headlight of the pusher threw in a

yellow dazzle of light on them, and the continuous cut of its fire boomed from the stack. Pat Francis, setting down his lamp, began to sniff.

"Smell anything?" he asked presently of his companion.

"No," answered the brakeman, drawing his head from the curtain hood under which he had been looking out into the storm.

"Something here don't smell right," said Francis shortly, sorting his tickets. "Where are we?"

"Getting out of the gorge."

Francis looked at his watch. "Is Jack holding his own?" ventured the brakeman.

"Just about."

"Stop at Antelope to-night?"

"Not on your life."

"Red Cloud?"

"Not to-night."

"How about the pusher?"

"All the way over the Horseback to-night."

"That's the stuff."

"That's Bucks. Bucks is the stuff," said Pat Francis, arbitrarily picking up his lamp to go forward. Two minutes later he was in the smoker, bending over the Italian and shaking him.

"Got your ticket, Tony?"

"No gotta ticket."

"Money?"

"No gotta d' mun."

"Come on, then!" Francis gripped him by the collar.

"Whata do?"

"Throw you off."

The Italian drew back to resist. They parleyed a moment longer, only because Francis was bluffing. If he had meant to stop the train at any point he would have said nothing—

simply dragged the fellow out by the hair.

At last the Italian produced three dollars and a half. It was only enough to check him to Red Cloud. He wanted to go through, and the fare was eleven dollars and twenty cents.

The silent conductor stuck the money in his pocket and drew his cash fare slips. Just then the pusher whistled a stop signal. Francis started, suddenly furious at the sound. Shoving the slips into his pocket, he hurried to the vestibule and put his head angrily out. Ahead he saw only old John Parker's lamp and streamers. John had slid his door before Francis could open the vestibule. That was why the conductor loved him, because nobody, not even himself, ever got ahead of John. When Francis poked his head out to look for trouble, John Parker's head was already in the wind inspecting the trouble, which came this time from the hind end. Looking back, Francis saw a blaze leaping from a journal box.

"Just as I expected," he murmured, with a freezing word. "That hind end man couldn't smell a tar bucket if you stuck his head into it. Get your grease, John!" he shouted to the old baggageman, "and a pair of brasses. Hustle!"

There was hardly time for the crew to slip into their overcoats, when Moore made a sullen stop. But old John Parker was ready, and waiting ahead of the stop with a can of grease, because John didn't have any overcoat. He hustled bad nights without an overcoat, for his two girls were at boarding school back in Illi-

nois. John picked up enough every month carrying dogs to buy an overcoat, but the dog money went largely for music and French, which were extras in Illinois; so the girls *parlez vous'd* and John piled out without any overcoat.

Pat Francis stormed worse than the mountains as he followed him. All the scheming to save a single stop was blazing away in the hot box. Moore, on the head engine, was too angry to leave his cab. It was just a bit too exasperating. The pusher crew stood by, and the second engineer helped just a little.

But it was Pat Francis and John, with the safeties screaming bedlam in their ears, with the sleet creeping confidently down their backs, and with the water soaking unawares up their legs—it was Pat and John, silent and stubborn, who dug bitterly at the sizzling box, flung out the blazing waste, set the screw, twisted it, hooked out the smoking brasses, shoved in the new ones, dumped the grease, stuffed the waste, and raised their lamps for Moore before the last of the bad words had blown out of the head cab and down the cañon. With a squeaking and groaning and jerking, with a vicious breakaway and an anxious interval whenever a pair of drivers let go, Moore got his enormous load rolling up the grade again, and kept her rolling hour after hour along curve and tangent to the Horseback, and across.

At the crest day broke, and the long, heavy train, far above the night and the storm, screamed for the summit yard, slowed up, halted, and every man-jack of the train crew and

engine crews jumped off to shake hands with himself on the plucky run—in spite of it all, schedule and a hair better.

“How’d you ever do it, Jack?” asked Pat Francis at the head engine, as Moore crawled out of his cab.

“How late are we?” returned the engineer, stowing his can and calling for a wrench.

“Three hours.”

“Beat the time a little, didn’t we?” laughed Moore, with a face like a lobster. “*Couldn’t* done it, Pat, if you’d stopped me anywhere. I wouldn’t done it—not for anybody. Burdick is knocked clean out, too. Are you all ready back there?” The pusher, disconnected, galloped by with a jubilant kick for the round-house; and the double-headers, watered and coaled afresh, started with No. 1 down the mountain side.

A different start that—a-running past the wind instead of into it; a sluing that brought excursionists up in a tumble as the sleepers swung lariat-like around the cañon corners. It was only a case of hang-on after that, hanging on all the way to Wild Hat; and then, just as the Columbian Pacific train passengers left their breakfasts at Benton, No. 1, gray and grimy, rolled into the junction thirty-five minutes late and the agony was over. The connection was safe, but nobody noticed who made it. Everybody was too much occupied with the sunshine and the scenery to observe a pair of disreputable, haggard, streaked, hollow-eyed tramps who made their way modestly along the edge of the crowd that thronged the platform. It was only Pat Francis

and Moore, conductor and engineer of No. 1.

The agony was over for everybody but Pat Francis. Ten days later, Bucks, superintendent of the mountain division, sat in his den at the Wickiup, reading a letter from the general manager:

Sir: On Thursday, June 28th, Conductor P. Francis, leaving M. B. on No. 1, collected a cash fare of three dollars and fifty cents from one of our special service men. He failed to issue a cash fare slip for this, as required; furthermore, he carried this passenger all the way to Benton. Kindly effect his discharge. Let it be distinctly understood that all delinquencies of this nature will be summarily dealt with.

A. W. BANNERMAN,
General Manager.

It wasn't a letter to go to the stove—not that kind of a letter, but Bucks fingered it much as Pat Francis ought to have fingered the clever detective who turned from the chair car to the "smoker" on him and from a cattleman to a "dago."

Bucks called the trainmaster. Francis was west, due to leave Benton that afternoon on 2, and, as luck would have it, to bring back the Brooklyn party from the Yellowstone. And the passenger department in Chicago was again heating the wires with injunctions to take care of them, and good care of them, because the excursion business on a new line is not only profitable, but it is hard to work up, and trouble with an excursion means a hoodoo for months, and may be for years to come.

Bucks felt especially gratified to

know that Pat Francis had the precious load, but what about the cash fare from Medicine Bend to Red Cloud? Bucks knew these things couldn't be trifled with—not on his line—and he faced the pleasant prospect of next morning greeting his right bower in the passenger service with an accusation of theft and a summary discharge. If he had only asked me for three dollars and a half, thought Bucks sorely. He would rather have given his own pay check than to have had Pat Francis hold up one dollar.

And Pat Francis, taciturn, sphinx-like, was punching transportation at that particular moment on No. 2 on the run east from Benton. Checking passengers, keeping one eye on the ventilators and the other on the date limits, working both pencils, both hands, both ears, both ends of the punch, and both sides of the car at the same time.

There wasn't a cinder to break the even enjoyment of the run up to the clouds. Everybody was going home, and going home happy. From the Pullmans—it was warm and sunny in the mountains—came nothing but rag-time and Brooklyn yells. To describe our scenery might be invidious, but the grade where No. 2 was then climbing would alone make the fortune of an ordinary Eastern scenic line.

The Overland Freight, No. 66, east-bound with a long train of tea, was pulling out of Toltec station as No. 2 stuck its head into the foot of the Noose.

At Toltec, on the day run, we take a man's breath and give him large value for his money in a bit of the

prettiest engineering anywhere on earth.

Toltec lies in the Powder Range, near the foot of a great curve called the Noose, because every time an engineer slips the head of his train into it he is glad to hold his breath till he gets it out.

The Toltec Noose is engineering magnificent; but it is railroading without words—unless one counts the wicked words. Eagle Pass station, the head of the Noose, looks across an unspeakable gulf directly down into Toltec, 500 feet below, and barely a mile away. But by the rail we count seven miles around that curve, and without any land-grant perquisites, either.

Every train that runs the Noose is double-headed both ways, and now—this was before—they add, to keep trainmen off the relief scrap, a pusher.

That day there was no pusher behind the Overland Freight, and No. 2's crew, as they pulled out of Toltec to climb the loop, could plainly see, above and across, the storming, struggling, choking engines of the tea train as they neared with their load the summit of Eagle Pass.

The wind bore down to them in breaking waves the sucking, roaring cut of the quivering furnaces. Pat Francis stood in the open door of the baggage car, old John Parker and the head brakeman beside him, looking together at the freight with the absorbed air of men at the bottom of a well who watch the loaded bucket near the top.

Through the thin, clear mountain air they could almost read the numbers on the engine tenders. They

could see the freight conductor start over his train for the head-end, and as they looked they saw his train break in two behind him, and the rear end, parting like a snake's tail, slough off, lose headway, and roll back down the hill. The hind-end brakeman, darting from the caboose, ran up the ladder like a cat, and began setting brakes. The passenger crew saw the brake-shoes clutch in a flame at the slipping trucks, but the drawbars couldn't stand it. From one of the big tea cars a drawhead parted like a tooth. The tea train again broke in two, this time behind the rear brakeman, and the caboose, with five 60,000-pound cars, shot down the grade and No. 2 was now climbing above Toltec.

A volley of danger signals curled white from the freight engine across the gulf. Pat Francis sprang for the bell cord, but it was needless; his engineers at the very moment threw double chambers of air on the wheels.

It caught cards off the whist tables, and swept baked potatoes into the bosoms of astonished diners; it spoiled the point of pretty jokes and broke the tedium of stupid stories; it upset roysterers and staggered sober men; it basted the cooks with gravy and the waiters with fruit; it sent the blood to the hearts and a chill to the brains; it was an emergency stop, and a severe one—No. 2 was against it. Before the frightened porters could open the vestibules the passenger engines were working in the back motion, and No. 2 was scuttling down the Noose to get away from impending disaster. The trainmen huddled again in the baggage-car door, with their eyes glued on the

runaways; the Noose is so perfect a curve that every foot of their flight could be seen. It was a race backwards to save the passenger train; but for every mile they could crowd into its wheels, the runaways were making two. Pat Francis saw it first—saw it before they had covered half the distance back to Toltec. They could never make the hill west of the Noose; it wasn't in steam to beat gravity. Moreover, if they crowded No. 2 too hard she might fly an elevation, and go into the gulf. It is one thing to run down hill and another thing to fall down hill. The tea train was falling down hill.

Francis turned to bare-headed John Parker and handed him his watch and his money.

"What do you mean?" John Parker choked the words out, because he knew what he meant.

"Turn this stuff in to Bucks, John, if I don't make it. It's all company money."

The brakeman, greenish and dazed, steadied himself with a hand on the jamb; the baggageman stared wild-eyed through his rusty lenses. "Pat," he faltered, "what do you mean?"

"I'll drop off at the Toltec switch and may be I can open it to catch that string—we'll never make it this way, John, in God's world."

"You might a'most as well jump out into the cañon; you'll never live to use a switch-key, Pat—we're crowding a mile a minute—"

Francis looked at him steadily as he pulled his ring and took a switch-key off the bunch.

"They're crowding two, John."

The car slued under them. John Parker tore off his spectacles.

"Pat, I'm a lighter man than you—give me the switch-key!" he cried, gripping the conductor's shoulder as he followed him out the door to the platform.

"No."

"Your children are younger than mine, Pat. Give me the key."

"This is my train, John. Ask Bucks to look after my insurance."

With these words, Francis tore the old man's hand roughly away. When a minute is a mile, action is quick. Sixty, seventy seconds more meant the Toltec switch, and the conductor already hung from the bottom step of the baggage-car.

Pat Francis was built like a gorilla. He swung with his long arms in and out from the reeling train into a rhythm, one foot dangling in the suck of dust and cinders, the other bracing lightly against the step-tread. Then, with the switch-key in his mouth, with Parker's thin hair streaming over him, and a whirlwind sucking to the wheels under him, with No. 2's drivers racing above him and a hundred passengers staring below him, Pat Francis let go.

Men in the sleepers, only half understanding, saw as he disappeared a burst of alkali along the track. Only old John Parker's gray eyes could see that his conductor, though losing his feet, had rolled clear of the trucks and drivers, and was tumbling in the storm centre like a porcupine. Above him the tea cars were lurching down the grade. Old John, straining, saw Francis stagger to his feet and double back like a jack-knife on the ballast. A lump jumped into the baggageman's throat, but Francis's head rose again out of the dust; he raised again on his

hands, and dragging after him one leg like a dead thing crawled heavily towards the switch. He reached the stand and caught at it. He pulled himself up on one leg, and fumbled an instant at the lock, then he jerked the target. As it fell, clutched in both his hands, the caboose of the tea train leaped on the tongue rail. The fore truck shot into the switch. The heels, caught for a hundredth of a second in the slue, flew out, and like the head of a foaming cur the caboose doubled frantically on its trailers. The tea cars tripped, jumped the main rail like cannon balls, one, two, three, four, five—out and into the open gulf.

The crash rolled up the gorge and down. It drove eagles from their nests and wolves from their hollows. Startled birds wheeling above the headlong cars shrieked a chorus; a cloud like smoke followed the wreck down the mountain side. And the good people of No. 2, the pleasure-seekers that Pat Francis was taking care of—\$125 a month—saw it all and tried to keep cool and think.

He lay prostrate across the road, a bruised and dirty and bloody thing. John Parker, stumbling on rickety knees, reached him first, but he spoke again and again before the bloodshot eyes reluctantly opened. And then Pat Francis, choking, spitting, gasping, clutching at John Parker's bony arm, raised his head. It fell back into the cinders. But he doggedly raised it again—and shook the broken teeth from between his lips—and lived. His face was like a section of beefsteak, and the iron leg that stuck the ballast last had snapped twice under him. A few minutes after-

ward he lay in the stateroom of the forward sleeper, and tried with his burning, swollen tongue to talk to Brooklyn men who feelingly stared at him, and to Brooklyn women who prettily cried at him, and to old John Parker, who unsteadily swore at him as he fanned his own whiskers and Pat Francis's head with the baggage clip.

When No. 2 rolled into Medicine Bend next morning, Bucks climbed aboard, and without ceremony elbowed his way through the excursionists dressing in the aisles to the injured conductor's stateroom. He was in there a good bit. When he came out, the chief priests of Brooklyn crowded around to say fast things to the superintendent about his conductor and their conductor. As they talked, Bucks looked in a minute over their heads; he did that way when thinking. Then he singled out the Depew of the party and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Look here," said Bucks, and his words snapped like firecrackers, "I want you gentlemen to do something for your conductor."

"We've made up a purse of \$300 for him, my friend," announced the spokesman, gladly.

"I don't mean that, not that. He's in trouble. You needn't waste any breath on me. I know that man as well as if I'd made him. I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come upstairs and dictate your account of the accident to my stenographer. While you're eating breakfast, he'll copy it, and you can all sign it afterward. Will you?"

"Will we? Get your slave!"

"I'll tell you why," continued

Bucks, addressing the Brooklyn man impressively. "You look like a man who, may be, knows what trouble is."

"I do."

"I thought so," exclaimed Bucks, warmly. "If that's so, we belong to the same lodge—same degree. You see, there's charges against him. They've had spotters after him," added Bucks, lowering his voice to the few gentlemen who crowded about.

"There's plenty of Brooklyn men here for a lynching!"

Bucks smiled a far-off smile, "The boys wouldn't trouble you to help if they could catch them. I want your statement to send in to headquarters with Francis's answer to the charges. They tried to make him out a thief, but I've just found out they haven't touched him. His explanation is perfectly straight."

The men of Brooklyn tumbled up the Wickiup stairs. At breakfast the news travelled faster than hot rolls. When the paper was drawn, the signing began; but they so crowded the upper floor that Bucks was afraid of a collapse, and the testimonial was excitedly carried down to the waiting room. Then the women wanted to sign. When they began it looked serious, for no woman could be hurried, and those who were creatures of sentiment dropped a tear on their signatures, thinking the paper was to hang in Pat Francis's parlor.

In the end, Bucks had to hold No. 2 thirty minutes, and to lay out the remains of the tea train, which was still waiting to get out of the yard.

After the last yell from the departing excursionists, Bucks went back to his office and dictated for the general manager a report of the Toltec

wreck. Then he wrote this letter to him:

"Replying to yours of the 8th, relative to the charges against conductor P. J. Francis, I have his statement in the matter. The detective who paid the cash fare to Red Cloud was not put off there because no stop was made, the train being that night under my orders to make no stops below Wild Hat. It was the first of the Brooklyn Yellowstone excursions, and Chicago was anxious to make the Columbian Pacific connection. This was done in spite of No. 1's coming into this division three hours late and against a hard storm. At Wild Hat the detective, rigged as an Italian, was overlooked in the hurry and carried by. While no cash-fare slip was issued, the fare was turned in by Conductor Francis to the auditor in the regular way, and investigation of his trip will, he tells me, confirm his statement of fact. If so, I think you will agree with me that he is relieved of any suspicion of dishonesty in the matter. I have, nevertheless, cautioned him on his failure to hand the passenger a fare-voucher, and have informed him that his explanation was entirely satisfactory; in fact, after the affair at Toltec, he deserves a great deal more from the company. By request of the Brooklyn excursionists, I inclose an expression of their opinion of Conductor Francis's jump from No. 2 to set the Toltec switch. All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. F. BUCKS,

"Superintendent."

Pat Francis is still running passenger. But Alfabet Smith's men work more now on the East End.

Men and Events of the Day

FASTEST TROTTER IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY

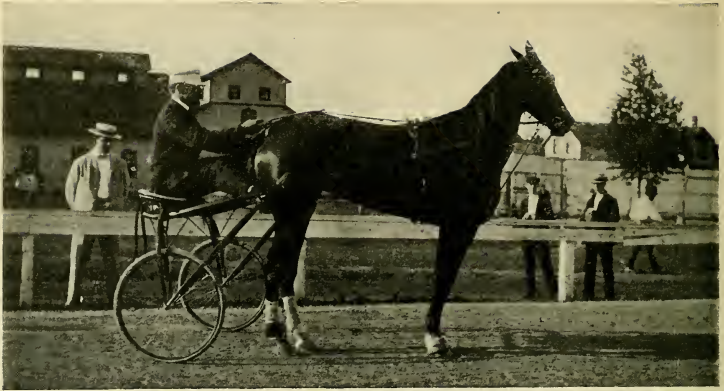
THE two-minute trotter has come. A few years ago the most experienced horse-men of the country would have ridiculed the idea of such a record, but gradually the figures have been dropping, dropping, until this remarkable time is reached. Lou Dillon is the trotter; Readville, Mass., August 24, the track and date.

Have our horses then improved so wonderfully since the day in 1856 when Flora Temple won enduring fame by trotting a mile in 2.24 1-2? It is an open question. Fifty years ago the trotter was hampered with heavy shoes and bulky harness and dragged behind a big wooden-wheeled, iron-tired gig. To-day the shoes are light as skill can make them, the harness is a web, and the sulky is a skeleton on pneumatic-tired bicycle wheels. Moreover, before the Queen of the Turf dashes a running horse, to set the pace and stir ambition, attached to a sulky equipped to shield

wind and dust from the record-maker. But with or without all this, Lou Dillon is yet a wonderful horse. The five-year-old chestnut mare is said to be as sensitive as a woman. In the now famous race the bell rang to stop just at the start, but to the astonishment of many the horse was kept going. Her driver, Sanders, explaining this, said:

"I didn't notice the clanging of the bell and really didn't hear it. I saw the starter nod his head and that was enough for me. Had I moved my head to nod, or make any kind of a suggestion or a signal, the little mare would have noticed it. She is the most sensitive horse I ever drove or ever heard of. Why, she almost responds to my every wish, she is so sensitive. By moving my head she will immediately change, say, from a 2.20 gait to a gait like she showed to-day. She is perfect in every way."

Last spring C. K. G. Billings bought Lou Dillon at auction for



LOU DILLON

\$12,500. To-day she is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him. She is the first horse to trot to championship in a first season on the turf; she is the youngest horse to obtain the record, and she is the only trotting champion that never appeared in a race.

We all remember Dexter when Budd Doble drove him to 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$ at Buffalo. That was eleven years after

Flora Temple had set the pace. Then came Goldsmith Maid in 2.14, followed by Rarus in 2.13 $\frac{1}{4}$, by St. Julien in 2.11 $\frac{1}{4}$, and next by the great Maud S. in 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$. Jay-Eye-See, Sunol, Nancy Hanks, Alix, The Abbot gradually lowered the mark until Cresceus won the crown at 2.02 $\frac{1}{4}$, and held it up to the day Lou Dillon made her record.

THE ARTHUR MONUMENT

A simple but noteworthy ceremony took place August 20, 1903, in the dedication of a granite monument marking the site of the birthplace of the late President Chester A. Arthur at Fairfield, Vt. It was an event significant of the esteem in which is held the memory of a worthy, if perhaps not a great President—one whose accession to the presidency occurred under the same sad and painful circumstances as made pos-

sible the accession of President Roosevelt.

In a lengthy address delivered at the dedication, former Senator William E. Chandler of New Hampshire, who was Secretary of the Navy in Arthur's Cabinet, reviewed the chief events of Arthur's life. Arthur was particularly fortunate in having, as Senator Chandler phrased it, "a patient, noble father, the Rev. William Arthur, who was a clergyman,

an author, and for a time the principal of a country academy at Williston, Vermont, and who spared no pains in the instruction of his oldest boy."

President Arthur's salient characteristics undoubtedly were kindness and integrity, and the capacity of winning the love and admiration of those who knew him as he was.

"The whole service of President Arthur," said Senator Chandler, "seems to have been performed with wisdom and ability. Between his participation on October 19, 1881, in the dedication of the Yorktown Monument and his address as a part of the ceremonies attending the completion of the Washington Monument on February 21, 1885, there was a long line of administrative acts, none



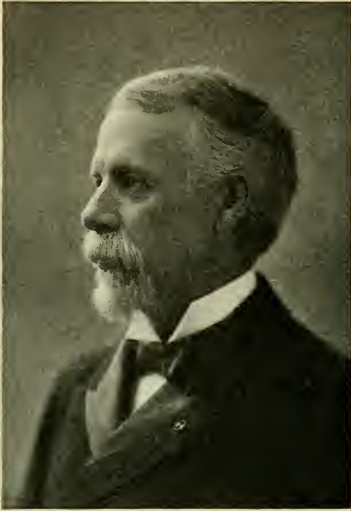
of which have been severely criticised or justly condemned from any quarter."

GENERAL ALGER

In connection with the Detroit celebration, of which mention is made elsewhere in these pages, the name of General Russell A. Alger, a citizen of whom Detroit is deservedly proud, comes prominently before the public.

In reviewing the life of General Alger, one is impressed no less by the qualities of rugged strength and independence in his character than by the manifold services he has rendered his country. General Alger's Civil War record alone is one of distinguished bravery.

He is essentially a type of the "self-made" man. Born on an Ohio farm, left an orphan at eleven years of age, his early life was one of struggle. Like so many other famous men, he chose the profession of law, but later gave it up to engage in the lumber business. At the opening of the Civil War, he was mustered into the service of the United States as captain of a company. His rise in the service was rapid, his gallant and meritorious record being too well known to be recapitulated here. In all, he took part



GENERAL ALGER

in sixty-six battles and skirmishes during the War of the Rebellion. Major-General Alger stands among the leading veterans of the Civil War. In 1889, he was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. for the ensuing year.

In 1865 he settled in Detroit. In business he has met with conspicuous success, being connected with vast lumber interests. Everybody knows more or less of his identification with politics and his work as Secretary of War during the recent Spanish War.

General Alger was appointed to the vacancy caused by the death of Senator McMillan in the United States Senate, and in 1903 was elected to that high office. His term expires March 3, 1907.

SIR GILBERT AND LADY CARTER

And so another persuasive Englishman has won for himself a fair American bride. And this time she is from Boston. The lucky man is Sir Gilbert Thomas Carter, K. C. M. G., governor and commander-in-chief of the Bahamas, who, on August 26, was married to Miss Gertrude Codman Parker, daughter of Mrs. Mary Codman Parker and the late Francis Vose Parker. The new Lady Carter is a handsome and accomplished

brunette, of twenty-eight years, who has been a great favorite in exclusive Boston society. Her mother is a member of the old Dorchester family of Codmans. Sir Gilbert, who was a widower when he met Miss Parker, is a fine looking man of fifty-five, and has several children.

This international marriage was the result of a romance that began last winter, when the bride, with her parents, passed the season at Nassau.



Photo by Notman

SIR GILBERT CARTER



Photo by Notman

LADY CARTER

Her father was in poor health, and Sir Gilbert, who was also at Nassau, was especially devoted to him, and to the family. Mr. Parker died in March, and two months later the engagement was announced.

Sir Gilbert was the only son of Commander Thomas Gilbert Carter of the royal navy; on his mother's side he is of American descent, his grandmother having been before marriage Miss Annie Gilbert of Virginia. After attending the royal naval school at Greenwich, he spent eleven years in active naval service. A man of great executive ability, he has served

in important official capacities, which culminated in 1898 in his appointment as governor and commander-in-chief of the Bahamas. It was while governor and commander-in-chief of the Lagos that the Queen conferred upon him the honor of knighthood for his successful conduct of expeditions into the interior of that little known region.

Sir Gilbert's favorite diversions are gardening, athletic sports and natural history, in which latter he is regarded as an authority by experts. His private grounds are among the famous sights of the Bahamas.



From his latest Photograph

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Prof. Charles Eliot Norton has retired from his office as "Master of the Feast" at the annual Ashfield dinner, which he has filled so long and so brilliantly. Professor Norton, now a man of advanced years, has long been a distinguished figure in the literary and educational world. For many years he was at the head of the Fine Arts Department at Harvard, from which institution he was graduated in 1846. He was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and comes from fine old New England stock. Professor Norton received the degree of Doctor of Literature from Cambridge University (England) in 1844, Doctor of Laws from Harvard in 1887, and Doctor of Humanities from Columbia in 1888. He is a member of the Massachusetts

Historical Society, a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and a member of the Imperial German Archæological Institute. In literature he has done some notable work. He has published "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy"; "Historical Studies of Church Building in the Middle Ages"; and a translation of Dante's "Vita Nuova" and "Divina Commedia." He has besides edited the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson, and that of Goethe and Carlyle, also Carlyle's Reminiscences and Letters, the letters of James Russell Lowell, and the Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis, who, as is well known, was his near neighbor at Ashfield, and his predecessor as "Master of the Feast."



From a photograph, Copyright 1897, by Foster Bros., Publishers, Boston.

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE
From the Painting by Mary L. Macomber

(See page 278)

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES

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An Unknown Whittier Poem

Verses by the Quaker Poet never before published

THE readers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE will be able to add to their collection of poems by John G. Whittier the hitherto unpublished verses which appear in the following pages. The original manuscript is in the possession of Mrs. Anna M. Gove of Seabrook, New Hampshire, who, until now, has refused permission to allow publication of the poem. Mrs. Gove is the daughter-in-law of the two friends of Whittier for whom the poem was written.

The poem was read on the fifty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Edward and Elizabeth Gove at their house in Seabrook, New Hampshire, August 29, 1872, in the presence of many friends who met to celebrate that occasion.

Elizabeth Gove was the same dear friend of Whittier whose death, the following year, called forth from his heart and pen that beautiful poem which has attracted so much notice, "The Friend's Burial."

Edward and Elizabeth Gove were both ministers in the Society of Friends for over fifty years, and in later life attended the same meeting

with John G. Whittier. They lived on one of the ancestral Gove farms, the house, built in 1720, being still occupied by the seventh generation in their line. Inside the house remains essentially as it was built, still retaining its large chimneys and open fire-places. Outside it has been changed somewhat by a bow window and piazza. Its location is about three miles from Elmfield, the home of Miss Sarah A. Gove in Hampton Falls, where Whittier died.

Edward Gove was a direct descendant of Edward Gove, who came to this country in 1640, and later settled in Seabrook (then Hampton). Being a member of the provincial Assembly he stirred up a rebellion against Cranfield, was tried and condemned for high treason, and sentenced to an awful death, but the sentence being commuted he was confined in the Tower of London for a long time, then pardoned and restored to his family. The original pardon, the gun and the sword given him by the King, are still cherished possessions among his descendants.

Elizabeth Morrell Gove was born in North Berwick, Maine, in 1797, and the house where she was born is still standing.

Greetings to Old Friends

To Edward and Elizabeth Gove, on the Fifty-fifth
Anniversary of their Marriage, 29th of
8th mo., 1872

Full fifty years ago you took
Each other's hand in meeting,
No wedding guests by railroad came,
No telegrams sent greeting.

Here, in a plain old-fashioned way
Your common life beginning,
While Edward cut his salt-marsh hay,
Elizabeth was spinning.

What years of toil and care were yours,
What trials and what losses,
It matters not. They only wear
The crowns who bear the crosses.

And nought avails it now to tell
The story of your trials,
What ills from granted wishes grew,
What blessings from denials.

Suffice it that by thorny ways
You reached the heights of duty,
That the sharp chisel of the Lord,
Shaped out your spiritual beauty.

And thus you gained a clearer sense,
Of human lack and failing,
That truer made your warning words;
Your counsel more availing.

Now sweet and calm the face of age
Looks from the Quaker bonnet,
The gray head matches well the drab,
Of the broad brim upon it.

And using still without abuse
The gifts of God so ample,
Against the folly of the times,
You set your wise example.

You saw the world run railroad speed,
And show with show competing,
And in your plain old one-horse shay,
Jogged off to mill and meeting.

And while the rival sects their charms
Urged round you fast and faster,
You wrought with patient quietude
The service of the Master.



You heard more clear the still small voice
As outward sounds grew louder,
Unmixea you kept your simple faith,
And made no spiritual chowder.

You had your hours of doubt and fear,
In common with all living,
You erred, you failed, you felt each day
The need of God's forgiving.

Still tenderly and graciously
A Father's hand was leading;
And all the while your utmost need
His mercy was exceeding.

J. G. WHITTIER



NEW ENGLAND ARTISTS.

Miss Macomber's Paintings

By William Howe Downes

THERE are times when we feel that much modern art is mere trifling with unimportant themes. Great subjects are always at hand for those who are brave enough to treat them. Religious art as it existed in Italy before the Renaissance we can not expect to see revived; we should not care to see it revived as it was then and there; but we would like to see in modern painting and sculpture something of the same spirit, allied to modern ideals, philosophy, ethics. Too much of our work is materialistic, matter-of-fact, and untouched by imagination. Too little of it is related to what we may call the best thinking of our time. It is uninspired, shallow and commonplace in conception, and in many instances superficial. It would be unfair to ask too much, but it is always reasonable to demand that artists should give us their best, not only in workmanship but in thought. Emerson hit the nail on the head when he

said, "Art has not yet come to its maturity, if it do not put itself abreast with the most potent influences of the world, if it is not practical and moral, if it do not stand in connection with the conscience." The objections so often advanced against literary painting and sculpture are sufficiently refuted, if they require any refutation, by the silent and unanswerable example of the Old Masters, not to speak of Delacroix, Hogarth, Boecklin and LaFarge.

For these reasons there was rejoicing when Miss Macomber entered the art arena some fourteen years ago. She not only had ideas, but they were good ones, and she manifested a rapidly improving capacity of expressing them in acceptable pictorial terms. The allegories that she invented, such as "Love Awakening Memory," exhibited at the World's Fair of 1893, were not titular, as so many painted allegories are, but were inspired by ideas of real spiritual significance;



MISS MARY L. MACOMBER

neither were they coldly intellectual concepts worked out with ingenuity and adroitness, like certain graphic rebus overladen with archaic symbols for the edification of the erudite. Behind them were gracious and tender fancies, of human and universal application,—ideas of life and nature suitable for pictorial expression, embodied in charming and lovely forms. These motives were not complicated nor abstruse; they were clear and simple; and the language in which they were set forth was not borrowed from old art, but had a concise, clear and lucid character of its own. Moreover, the style, evolved naturally from the nature of the themes, was from the outset essentially decorative. In effect we had the double attractiveness of imaginative creation and of painted decoration. There was delicacy of sentiment united to delicacy of workmanship, a combination full

of charm. It had remained for a woman, an American woman, a New England woman, to bring forward this union of the practical and the moral in art, and to remind us that all questions are moral questions. Her art is not a reversion to obsolete types; it is a natural evolution of ideal art.

That the appearance of such work responded in some sort to an unexpressed and perhaps unconscious desire on the part of the public at large, as well as of the artists, I have reason to believe, for the expressions of earnest and enthusiastic approbation have been from the first notable, and in fourteen years no less than twenty-five of Miss Macomber's paintings have been exhibited at the National Academy of Design, establishing a record for a woman artist, which testifies conclusively as to the judgment of the profession. Exceptional also have been the voluntary verdicts of those who have become the owners of her pictures. They say in several instances that the amount of satisfaction and enjoyment they derive from these works is quite extraordinary, that they grow upon the appreciation constantly, and become sources of ever increasing pleasure of the highest kind. It will be observed, in the list of Miss Macomber's works which is given at the conclusion of this paper, that many of the pictures painted in the past two years have been special orders, designed for special places in the rooms of the owners, with a view to their decorative effect; some of them have been set into panels in the walls above mantel-pieces, for instance, with the most satisfactory results.

The naïveté of the artist's earliest



Copyright, 1903, by R. C. Vose

DANCING WATER

works is a quality which must not be overlooked, since it is a particularly valuable æsthetic trait, and can never be acquired consciously. Certain figures belonging to that first manner have the gracious quaintness of the types in a Benozzo Gozzoli, though I have no idea that the artist ever saw an original by that painter. She has never travelled beyond the borders of the United States, by the way, and

whatever resemblances, such as this one that I have mentioned, bring to mind the Italian primitives, it is obvious that they are entirely fortuitous. There are spiritual affinities in art which occasionally crop out in this way, and which are easily to be distinguished from imitations, since imitations, while reproducing the mannerisms, invariably miss the psychological qualities of the models.



AN INSTRUMENT OF MANY STRINGS

In Miss Macomber's "Annunciation" and "Love Awakening Memory" (1893) the naïveté, expressing itself in a certain timidity, a certain quaintness of types, a certain modesty of sentiment, is, then, an innate quality. It is accompanied by a pallid and anæmic coloring, delicate and cool, which is

later to be fortified and enriched by a warmer and deeper palette. The drawing, betraying feebleness at some points, is timid and hesitating, but manifests a studious disposition and an earnest endeavor to attain veracity and naturalness. It is of a serious intention, and, in passages where the



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MEMORY COMFORTING SORROW

sense of grace or of character is especially aroused to keenness, it shows promise of the plastic eloquence that surely follows sensibility and sensitiveness to beauty. At once the observer is made aware of the working

of an imagination of individual quality, the presence of a temperament at once patient, thoughtful and ardent. The problem of reducing psychological phenomena to pictorial terms is formidable. It has to be done by put-



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NIGHT AND HER DAUGHTER SLEEP

ting tangible and concrete personages and things before our eyes, as signs and symbols, and the great difficulty of the undertaking is to keep these visible symbols true to the abstract, spiritual facts or phenomena for which they stand. It is Miss Macomber's remarkable success in doing this that makes her work so exceptional, so interesting, so beautiful. This success lifts her work out of the category of what I call cheap symbolism,—a detestable parody of the real symbolism which is so inspiring and stimulating.

Cheap symbolism is contented by the employment of the traditional signs consecrated by usage, and of these there is no end. I need not name the items that compose its arsenal of allegory. For each Christian saint as for each Pagan deity there are ready-made attributes, and

there is nothing more childish, absurd and tiresome than the mechanical introduction of all these well-worn devices in religious and mythological compositions. Their conventional employment involves no invention; they are made to serve the same use as a uniform or a badge worn by a policeman, a fireman, a messenger, or a janitor, simply as a means of identification. A host of these attributes, culled from hand-books, stands ready for use, and may be regarded as the common property of mural decorators, designers of tomb-stones, and purveyors of ecclesiastical and patriotic bric-a-brac. All the poetry is gone from them, all their freshness has departed, and they are regarded either with indifference or contempt. If we are to be addressed in parables at this day, it must be in a new tongue inspired by fresh and original ideas. The ready-made paraphernalia of cheap



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STELLA MARIS



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From a Copley Print published by Curtis & Cameron

DEATH

symbolism is emphatically a dead language. This age assuredly has acquired some new thoughts and emotions, some new ideals and aspirations, and it is the business of the symbolist to find fit terms for their expression. Regarded rightly, I think there is no higher field for the effort of the modern painter and sculptor than symbolism, and I feel strongly that Emerson was quite right in saying that art must put itself abreast with the most potent influences of the world. Not the least of our obligations to Miss Macomber, therefore, is that which is due to the absolute departure she has made from the worn-out symbolism of the past, to the courage and conviction with which she has invented and

thought out original and modern pictorial conceptions, such as "Love Awakening Memory," "Memory Comforting Sorrow," "Night and Her Daughter Sleep," and "The Hour of Grace." Those who have never had to confront the problem of finding new motives for pictures, especially for pictures of this special class, can have but little idea of the extreme difficulty of imagining anything which has not already been used. These themes of Miss Macomber's, however, are new in pictorial art; not only as themes, but as to the point of view occupied by the artist towards them, and her manner of embodying them.

Moreover, it seems to me that these pictures could not have been the work



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THE HOUR OF GRACE

of a man; the mind that shaped these symbols was essentially feminine; there is many a touch of tenderness and grace and refinement that proclaims the sex of the artist. This is as it should be, I think. The emotional part of art, which is, of course, the greater part, must be marked by the peculiar psychological traits belonging to the artist; and there can be no doubt that, whatever may be true of the intellect, the soul of the woman is of a different order still from that of the man. Thus, in order to reach her highest possibilities, the woman artist must employ with perfect freedom those feelings, instincts and aspirations which are most exclusively the possession of her own sex, which most

widely differentiate it, spiritually, from the other. Whenever women have failed to do this in art they have proved to be but indifferent competitors with men, for they have folded their wings, and preferred to walk, rather than fly; and they cannot walk so far as men.

I shall only try to trace such biographical outlines here as may help to throw some light upon the development and fashioning of Miss Macomber's art,—an art which nothing in her antecedents, history or environment fully accounts for. She has had, so far, the distinction of remaining in America, but there are hundreds of travellers who have spent years in Italy and Holland, yet who could not



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AN EASTER CAROL

understand Fra Angelico and Rembrandt as does she. Born at Fall River, Mass., August 21, 1861, that year of storm and stress, Mary L. Macomber is a descendant both of the Pilgrims and the Quakers. The intense earnestness and sincerity of the religion of these good people had no place in its scheme for mere beauty, which was mistakenly thought to be an appanage of the Evil One. None of her ancestors were in any way interested in art. As a child she was always drawing, but she had absolutely no knowledge concerning art or artists. She began to study painting when she was about nineteen years old, her first teacher being R. S. Dunning, a Fall River painter, whose specialties were fruit and flower pieces. Her first essays naturally were in the same

province. Mr. Dunning was a good teacher. After studying with him for about three years, Miss Macomber went to Boston and entered the excellent School of the Museum of Fine Arts, where she took up the study of figure painting, but in the second year of her course here her health failed, and for three years she was unable to continue her studies. Later she was able to resume work for a short time under the direction of Frank Duveneck; and still later, about 1898, she made a radical change in her method of painting by the explicit advice of Frank W. Benson, a change productive of such marked results in style that in the enumeration of her works it will be logical and necessary to divide her productions distinctly in two periods or styles. The first pic-



LOVE'S LAMENT

ture publicly exhibited by Miss Macomber was entitled "Ruth," and it was shown at the National Academy of Design in the fall of 1889. Ever since that date she has been a constant and unwearied exhibitor in all the leading exhibitions of pictures in the United States.

As the list of her honors is absurdly small, I shall beg leave to consider it only the beginning of what will be an impressive category. She received a bronze medal from the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association in 1895; a bronze medal from the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta in 1895; the Dodge prize at the National Academy of Design in 1897; and an honorable mention at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa., 1901. No less than four of her paintings were exhibited at the National Academy in 1890, namely, "Mnemo-

syne," "Morning Glories," "The Purification of Mary," and "A Flower of Summer." In 1891 she exhibited at the National Academy "Forsaken," "Thoughts," "Lot's Wife," and "Maternity." Of these four works, three were subsequently exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, and two at the Boston Art club. Her contributions to the National Academy in 1892, were three in number,— "St. Cecilia," "Love Awakening Memory," and "A Magdalene." The same year she sent to the Society of American Artists exhibition in New York "The Annunciation." In 1893, two of the foregoing works were sent to the World's Fair in Chicago,—the "Annunciation" and "Love Awakening Memory." Of these two pictures I wrote in the *New England Magazine* at that time that they were among the most remarkable



THE MAGDALEN

Collection of Roland C. Lincoln

contributions of New England art; that the artist's inspiration appeared to have been as fresh, genuine and unsought as could be desired; and that the pure and delicate harmony of the color invested the painter's gracious conceptions with a perfectly congenial envelope.

The "St. Cecilia" was shown at the Pennsylvania Academy exhibition of 1895-'96; and the "Magdalene" was exhibited, after its first appearance in New York, in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Holbein exhibition, New York. In 1893, Miss Macomber sent to the National Academy "Spring Opening the Gate to Love," one of her most characteristic ideal conceptions, and "Love's Lament." The latter work has subsequently been seen at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Providence Art Club. In 1894 her National Academy pictures were a

"Madonna" and "Care at the Gates of Sleep." The former work afterwards went the rounds of four cities, Boston, Chicago, Nashville and Worcester, winning golden opinions everywhere. "Faith, Hope and Love," a most welcome trio, first exhibited at the National Academy in 1895, went to the fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association in the fall of the same year, and was then hung in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, for nearly two years. This year of 1895 was prolific in work. "The song of Solomon" made its first appearance at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists; "The Cup of Cold Water" was shown at the National Academy and "Hail Thou That Art Highly Favored" was exhibited at the Boston Art Club. "The Song of Solomon" was exhibited later at the Atlanta exhibition, and "Hail Thou That Art Highly Favored" went to the Society of American Artists exhibition of 1896.

In 1896 Miss Macomber sent to the National Academy, "The Mother" and "Temperance." To the Boston Art Club she sent "Mary Virgin." To the Art Institute of Chicago she sent "St. Catherine." "Temperance" reappeared at the Jordan Art Gallery in Boston in 1897; "Mary Virgin" went to the Society of American Artists exhibition of 1897; and "St. Catherine" was successively exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of 1896-'97, the National Academy of 1897, and in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, 1897. "Hope," which was first exhibited at the Boston Art Club in 1896-'97, afterwards went to the Society of American Artists and the Art Institute of Chicago. "An Instrument of Many Strings" was first shown at the National Academy of 1897, and later appeared in exhibitions in Philadelphia and Worcester.

This brings us to the close of the first period of which we have spoken. In 1898, by Mr. Benson's advice, Miss Macomber began to stand up while at work instead of sitting. It was an experiment, the outcome of which was not long in doubt. Contrary to her own apprehension, the change of position, with its greater freedom of movement, its greater opportunity for a change of focus, was less fatiguing, after a little while, than the former attitude had been; at the same time it brought about the radical broadening of her style which was, probably, due chiefly to the longer range vision of her own work in all its stages. The first painting produced after this time was "The Hour Glass," which was exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1900. This work subsequently went to the Worcester Art

Museum, 1900; the Boston Art Club, 1900; the Cincinnati Art Museum, 1901; the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, 1901; the Providence Art Club, 1902; and the Art Institute of Chicago, 1902. "The Lace Jabot," which made its first appearance also in 1900 at the Society of American Artists, was a portrait of the artist herself. It was shown later at the Worcester Art Museum, the New Gallery in Boston, and the Art Institute of Chicago. "In Green and Blue" was first exhibited at the Philadelphia Art Club in 1900; and it was seen subsequently in the exhibitions of the Boston Art Club and the Society of American Artists. "Fides," first shown in the Art Institute of Chicago, 1900, afterwards went to the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh and the Society of American Artists, 1902. "Music," first seen at the National Academy exhibition of 1900-'01, later appeared at several other exhibitions, including the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, 1901, the Pennsylvania Academy exhibition, 1902, this being the first work by Miss Macomber shown abroad.

"The Hat with the Buckle" was exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1901, and afterwards went to the Worcester Art Museum and the Providence Art Club. "Memory Comforting Sorrow" was exhibited at the National Academy of 1902. "Night and Her Daughter Sleep," painted to fill an order, was exhibited at the first exhibition of ideal figure pictures, held at the National Arts Club, New York, 1903. This is one of the most impressive of Miss Macomber's allegories. The majesty of the hooded figure of Night and the

aspect of utterly slumberous unconsciousness in the passive figure of Sleep are extraordinarily well felt and well expressed. "Death and the Captive" was exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1902, and afterwards appeared in the exhibitions of the Worcester Art Museum, the Copley Society of Boston, and the Pennsylvania Academy.

Perhaps the richest piece of decorative color achieved by the artist is to be seen in the exquisite triptych entitled "The Hour of Grace," painted in 1903. In color Miss Macomber has made consistent and steady progress since her *début*, and her high-watermark in this respect is attained in this superb little triptych. The last exhibit sent to the National Academy was a pretty conceit, entitled "Dancing Water," at the autumn exhibition, 1902-'03, but it was unfinished when it was shown. The list of her works would be incomplete without a men-

tion of "The Magdalene," an order, in the form of a triptych; the "Easter Carol," another order, likewise in the form of a triptych; "Incense," an order, 1903; "The Messenger," an order, 1902; "Purity," an order, in monochrome, 1902; "The Cup Bearer," 1903; "Stella Maris," 1902-'03; a small "Madonna," a sketch of a "Head of Love;" a sketch entitled, "The Painter;" "The Reader;" "The Virgin of the Book;" and "Rosa." All of these are recent productions. It appears quite within the bounds of likelihood that Miss Macomber has yet to paint her greatest and most moving pictures; it is to be hoped so; experience counts for so much. No one can know her work without feeling confident that she will continue to grow as long as she lives, that she will always give us her very best, and that we have every right, as we have every reason, to look for still higher and lovelier things from her.

With a Pillow

By Agnes Lee

DOWN sleep's domain of cloudland thin,
 Where earthlings fade and dreams begin,
 O mayst thou be a worthy nest
 To give my love the loveliest
 Of sleep's deserts that toil can win.

Let care come not, nor heart's chagrin.
 Dead unto her be daytime's din,
 Who shall be rocked upon a crest
 Down sleep's domain.

Let zephyrs light around her spin,
 Tell her whereon my lips have been,
 And, when her head the flowers hath pressed,
 Be thou a heart of rest, of rest,
 And croon her sweetly, softly in,
 Down sleep's domain.

According to Counsel

By Emillia Elliott

“**D**RAKE’S cottage” stood at the lower end of Long Bridge, a tiny fenced-in bit of grass separating it from the winding, dusty road that turned just below to cross the bridge, from which the sleepy unprogressive little village took its name. Behind the low vine-smothered cottage was the garden; a quaint old-fashioned spot, filled with sweet-scented English flowers, and bordered at the foot by the quiet tree-shaded river. Dolly, Drake’s wife, thought there was no other garden in Long Bridge equal to hers, and was sure that nowhere else did the river murmur so softly, or flow so lingeringly, as when passing their place.

Dolly was a plump, tidy, little body, red-cheeked and dark-eyed—having a reputation for good nature and good housewifery, which two do not always go together. She was sitting on the front porch one afternoon in early summer; it was time for Drake, and while she knitted busily her eyes kept a sharp outlook down the road, growing shadowy now, as the sun dropped behind the tall trees on the western side.

“Tim be’s late to-night, eh, puss?” Dolly said to the big Maltese rubbing against her skirts—“He’s a-coming now,” she added a moment later. “Who’s that wi’ him?” She went down to the gate, closely followed by puss; who, leaping on one of the posts, stood arching her back and waving her tail in welcome.

“’Tis none o’ the folks round here—Tim’s ter’ble taken up wi’ him,” Dolly murmured, eying the approaching figures closely—Drake short, slouching; the stranger tall, sleek, well-dressed and young.

Tim looked up, nodding to his wife. “Yonder’s my old woman, sir,” he said to his companion. “There baint her like in Long Bridge—nor out o’ it, I be bound.”

Instinctively Dolly shrank from the newcomer’s smile. “You be late, Tim,” she said.

“Dolly, here be a gentleman come to preach to-night on the green—I made bold to ask him home for a sup o’ tea.”

Dolly opened the gate, holding out a hand hospitably. “You’ll step in, sir—and not mind if ’tis but a poor place.”

“A charming little home, sister. It is easy to see that Brother Drake’s praise of you was not idly spoken.”

Dolly courtesied respectfully. She had been well trained in her youth by the ladies at the Hall and prided herself on knowing her duty towards her betters; but the glibly spoken words gave her no pleasure; she mistrusted this smooth-tongued stranger, though she would have been puzzled to explain why. She led the way into the cool, low-ceilinged kitchen; the kettle was singing over the fire, the cloth laid. Dolly brought another cup and saucer from the cupboard on the wall, and drew a third rush-seated chair up to the table. Drake had gone through

to the pump in the garden, where he was splashing vigorously.

With visible pride in face and manner, Dolly opened the door of the bedroom beyond. Its spotless order and comfortable arrangements were the delight of her heart, and the envy of her neighbors. She poured fresh water into the big gaily flowered wash basin and pulled forward the highly decorated towel-rack, with its supply of clean, sweet-smelling towels—"I think as how all's to your comfort, sir," she said to her guest; then hurried to cut the loaf and open a jar of her best apricot jam.

Tim, shining of face and smooth of hair, was resting by the open window, looking into the garden. The river's breeze swayed the short muslin curtains and filled the room with the scent of roses. Overhead the canary chirped and fluttered lazily, in no wise disturbed by puss, who, from her master's knee, sleepily watched the bit of yellow fluff, intended by Nature as a dainty morsel for some deserving cat, but prevented from fulfilling its rightful destiny by those stupid human beings.

Tea was soon ready—a plain homely meal, but one evidently to the stranger's taste. His appreciation of her fare should have won Dolly's liking.

"What be you a preacher o'?" she asked, referring to Tim's introductory words.

"Of the Lord, sister;" the answer was given with much unction.

"Most preachers claim to be that," Dolly said dryly. "I meant was you 'Piscopal or Methody? Tim holds wi' the Methodys—I was brought up reg'lar, by my ladies. I was under housemaid at the Hall, sir."

"How blessed for you both to be able to meet on higher and truer ground; to come into the joy and fullness of the Everlasting Gospel; to enter into the light of the Latter Dispensation."

The swift out-rolling of the words, the involuntary lifting of the hands, as if in blessing, brought a look of wondering awe to Tim's face. He glanced at Dolly, then sighed. Dolly's lips were compressed; there was no answering gleam of sympathy in her eyes.

Tea over Tim took their guest out to see the garden, coming back himself to ask anxiously—"You'll be going to the preaching, Dolly?" he jerked his thumb in the direction of the fields opposite. "They say he be a rare hand at the preaching. Over to Middleford, where he's been biding, he's made a heap o' converts."

"Converts to what? Tim I can't help mistrusting him; I'd like it better if the talking didn't come so easy to him."

"He's been taught,—Squire talks just as easy."

"It sounds dif'rent."

"But you'll go, Dolly?"

She shook her head, beginning to gather up the tea things. "Tim, don't you, neither."

"You're acting foolish, woman."

"Maybe so, Tim. I'm feared o' him."

Tim laughed scornfully. "Well, I baint," he said, returning to the garden.

"A fair night, brother," the stranger said. His deep voice made Tim duck his head, as if listening to a benediction.

"Aye, 'tis fine," he answered.

"But do you never weary of the flat country—never long for the hills?"

"I be born and raised in Long Bridge," Tim said slowly. "Me and the missus went to Middleford, for our wedding trip, a matter of fifteen odd miles; that'll be twenty years ago, come Michaelmas, and we ain't been so far since. We be stay-at-home folks, sir."

"Then you can know nothing of the grandeur of the mountains, and, in consequence, must fail to appreciate the beautiful imagery of so many of the verses of the Bible—'I will lift up mine eyes unto the Hills, from whence cometh my help' or 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem.'" A genuine note of homesickness had crept into the speaker's voice, making it sincere and natural. Dolly coming to the door, felt the change at once. "There be hills where you've come from, I'd say, sir," she said, in more friendly fashion.

"'Zion stands with hills surrounded—beautiful for situation—the joy of the whole earth.' You are right, sister, there *are* hills, great tumbled snow-capped peaks."

Dolly drew a deep breath. "Me nor Tim couldn't even dream what they'd be like, sir. They must be grand—but sort o' terrifying."

"Wouldn't you enjoy seeing them for yourselves?"

"We baint much to travel round, sir. Please God, we'll bide right here 'til we go the last long journey—eh, Tim?"

Tim nodded. Dolly was talking up fine to the preacher. She was uncommon clever.

"God may will otherwise," the

stranger said gravely. "Brother Drake, shall we go now?"

Dolly threw an imploring look at Tim, in a moment all her doubts returning. She was frightened and perplexed, too, by that last suggestion, spoken so confidently. "Bide wi' me, Tim," she pleaded. "You've no call to be losing your proper rest, staying up past time."

"Sister, do not seek to keep him from finding the true rest—rather come yourself with us," the preacher said, reprovingly.

Dolly shook her head.

"Verily, you are giving the adversary cause to rejoice. Brother Drake, we may not delay longer. We will pray that this may be the last time Sister Drake bids you go without her."

"Nay, 'tis bidding him not go I be," Dolly declared stoutly.

Tim followed, bewildered at finding himself acting in active opposition to his wife; but even her influence over him was less strong than the strange fascination wielded by the new preacher.

Dolly watched the two go, sadly inclined to follow, not let Tim go without her. Only the knowledge that the stranger would attribute her yielding to his persuasions held her back. She stood by the gate, gazing with wistful eyes as they crossed the road and climbed the stile into the field opposite. At the further end lay a track of open common, in the middle of which a cart had been drawn, to serve as pulpit. Towards this the preacher, accompanied by Tim, made his way. Already a considerable number were gathered about the cart, while from all directions came hurrying groups. Dolly noted them wonderingly. Were

they all right, she only wrong? Had it been mere foolish obstinacy on her part? Presently through the quiet evening came the sound of singing. The words she could not catch, the tune had a swinging rhythm pleasing to the ear. Now the preacher was praying. She could hear the terms: "Everlasting Gospel," "Latter Day Saints," "True Prophet," the same expressions recurring again and again in the talk that followed. Tall, erect, arms now stretched out supplicatingly, now raised threateningly, the speaker was holding his audience spell-bound.

Dolly, herself, standing aloof, critical, suspicious, did not altogether escape the strong wave of excitement in the atmosphere. Disturbed and oppressed by the sense of something about to happen she went back to the garden behind the cottage; even there, at times, the preacher's voice intruded, breaking the stillness. Back and forth beside the low hedge, edging the river, Dolly walked, restless and miserable. The soft breath of the flowers, the murmur of the water, the clear moonlight, had no power to-night to soothe and comfort. The time seemed endless before Tim—calling "Dolly, Dolly, where be you?"—came to find her. There was a look of exaltation on his round, ruddy face. He caught Dolly's hand awkwardly. "'Tis done—I ha' been blessed this night, woman," he cried his usual hesitating speech giving place to more rapid utterance.

"Tim, whatever do you mean?" Dolly exclaimed.

"I ha' been blessed, indeed, I ha' become one o' the elect. Oh, Dolly, if you'd a' come too, and found the same joy."

"Tim, I'm fair bewildered wi' you talking so quick."

The man's shock head wagged proudly as his carnal self gained the upper hand: "Aye, 'tis no doubt part o' the blessing, a sign, mayhap, as I'm to be a preacher. You'd be proud to ha' your man a preacher, eh, Dolly?"

"Man, are you clean daft? I'd rather ha' you a good farm hand than a poor preacher, and you'd ne'er be aught other. This comes o' taking up wi' strange folks, what you don't even know the name o', nor where they're from."

"That's where you be wrong, woman. He's Elder Lawson, a mission'ry from 'Merica, a Mormon mission'ry."

"I ne'er heard tell o' that kind. And what call ha' folks in 'Merica sending mission'ries to us? 'Tis at home they're more like to be needed. Do they think as we're heathens?" Dolly's spirit was up. America was but a name to her, her ideas concerning it were indefinite, and, on the whole, far from complimentary. "You'll not demean yourself, bothering over him, Tim?" she urged.

"You be talking worse foolishness ev'ry minute, Dolly, in the hardness of your heart."

Dolly gasped—she to be called hard-hearted!

"Brother Drake," called the Elder from the open doorway, "shall we not meet together in prayer and thanksgiving, to Almighty God, before lying down for the night?"

"Come," Tim said to Dolly.

"Tim, I can't. I can't say amen to any prayer o' his, the Lord forgive me."

"You've need to add that," Tim said indignantly, as he turned away.

Dolly glanced beyond him to the figure in the doorway. The calm resolute face, with its firmly closed lips and cold, compelling eyes, seemed to her at that instant the embodiment of all that was cruel and implacable.

Dolly stood in the centre of the homely little kitchen gazing about her with strained despairing eyes. Only three weeks ago to-night since the missionary came. To-morrow to leave it all, the old home, the familiar fields, the quiet river, to set out in middle life on a long, perilous journey to a dim faraway land, strange, unknown. She moved slowly from one bit of furniture to another. "And Molly Brown such a slattern! It's little care the chairs and cupboards will get now, and they my mother's and grandmother's afore me," she mourned. There were no tears in her hot burning eyes now; she had shed them all a fortnight since, when Tim first broke to her his determination to join the party of converts leaving soon for America.

She had given little credence to the stories the Elder told of that wonderland of promise, to which they were journeying. A land where none need be poor; where all would be equal, where life in richest beauty awaited all, and where their brethren in the true faith stood with outstretched hands to welcome these later converts.

"A man'll get fair chances there, eh, Dolly?" Tim said, trying to comfort her. "We'll be fine folks yet." It was the night after he had told her and they were sitting on a bench at the foot of the garden.

Dolly glanced about her piteously. "I can't think o' you and me like that,

Tim, there nor anywheres. I can and do think o' us as homesick and a-weary for the old place where we've had plenty, wi' a bit to spare for others."

"You've no ambition, woman," Tim protested, and he said it often during the sad days that followed. He was the most enthusiastic of the new converts. Silent, awkward, slow, hitherto, there was a strange intoxication in finding himself sought out by the Elder, listened to, consulted. The missionary, quick at reading human nature, handled Tim with rare skill. He might advance in that wonderful far-off Zion, perhaps come to be in a position of authority. He had been too long under a woman's domination, it was time he asserted his rights, as head of his own house. A wife should be in subjection to her husband, there was scriptural warrant for it. Here at home, however!—the Elder's gesture of the hands was eloquent.

All the obstinacy and self-will of a dull nature, which under Dolly's womanly tact had lain dormant, sprang into active life. As Tim grew in grace he grew also in what his wife, with more truth than politeness, called—mulishness. Not all her tears, persuasions, reproaches could swerve him one moment from his purpose. With the man's desire to better himself was mingled a genuine, though fanatical, current of religious feeling. Against two such powerful forces Dolly was helpless. As a last resource, she set aside her pride and called in the Squire to her aid. He, blunt, outspoken, sincerely sorry at losing a faithful laborer and reliable tenant, did more harm than good in his brief visit. Dolly sighed to think her ladies were away from home. Surely Tim

must have listened to them. He set great store by the Squire's ladies.

Not once had it occurred to her to let him go without her. They were man and wife—naught but death could sever that bond.

"But I'm not a Mormon—you'll mind that, Tim," she reiterated often. "'Tis my duty—a hard one—so I'm going wi' you. But I'm not believing aught o' their teachings."

"You will some time." Tim was confident of that in those early days. It was both a trouble and a mortification to him, that Dolly so steadfastly resisted all efforts to bring her to reason. Scant reverence she paid to his own recently assumed rôle of instructor; toward the Elder her attitude was one of mingled fear and defiance. Brother Drake's cross, in having a wife so wilfully blind to the truth, was a favorite topic of conversation among the women converts. They found a most unspiritual zest in discussing poor Dolly's shortcomings. She had been held up to them so long as a pattern wife and housekeeper. The one or two attempts on their part to convince her of her foolishness soon ceased. "'Twas a waste of breath, Dolly was that onreason'ble."

It was in the soft English summer that the little party left Long Bridge. It was many weary months later that they reached Salt Lake City. Elder Lawson had remained behind in England. On reaching New York they were met by another missionary, having in charge a similar party from the north of England. That cruel journey overland, across the great plains, thinned their ranks. The memory of those awful days haunted all Dolly's after life; many a night lying sleep-

less on the ground, beneath the still star-bright sky, she had wondered why God had let such a thing, unforeseen, unescapeable, come into their simple peaceful lives. There was no irreverence, nor reproach in the thought, only a confused childlike questioning.

She had wondered, too, if those worn-out mothers and children, to whom death had come as a blessed relief, ere the hard march was ended, had found the answer to the question. If that had been the secret of the smile on their tired upturned faces. To them the close of the journey had come suddenly, unexpectedly, but not with disappointment. While for those left behind!—

"A land o' promises,—o' broken promises," was Dolly's verdict.

Only as two insignificant units of a great ever-increasing number, she and Tim found themselves regarded. Elder Lawson's oft-spoken convictions concerning Tim's abilities and future were evidently not shared by his superiors at headquarters. In time Tim was allotted a piece of farming land outside the city's limits, and at forty years bidden to begin life over again.

In her relief at getting away from the miserable lodging, where they had found scant shelter, Dolly was ready to face almost any hardships. She even helped in the building of the little cabin; bravely, uncomplainingly, she did her share, grieving most of all over the change in Tim. Throughout the long journey he had kept up his courage determinedly, feeding his ambition and his faith at one and the same time by thoughts of what the end would bring. Then had come the slow sure blow to all his hopes. He grew silent and sore; his brief period

of enthusiasm giving place to a dull, dogged endurance that would not own itself defeated. One of the staunchest upholders of the faith, he grew to be considered, by those who could not read below the surface, though slow and ignorant, perhaps, as most of the rank and file were. But deep down in the man's heart was the knowledge that he had been wronged, falsely played with; scarcely to himself did Tim admit this, but it tinged his whole life. Gradually he gave up all idea of Dolly's conversion, and as gradually there grew within him a feeling of resentment towards her. Not all her patience, her courage and willing helpfulness could bridge the ever-widening gulf between them. Tim began to blame her in part for the failure of his ambitions: "Nat'rally a man who couldn't bring his own wife to hear reason wasn't likely to be looked up to by outsiders."

The weeks became months, the months years—years of struggle and deprivation for them both, of loneliness and despair for Dolly at least. She and Tim grew old before their time; with bent figures and tired work-worn faces. No laughter bubbled up in Dolly's dark eyes now, her lips had lost their cheerful curves. Tim never referred to Long Bridge, nor the old happy life, and after a while Dolly gave up speaking of them to him. She never reproached him for breaking up their home, what was the use?—the matter was past mending now. Never had her heart left off aching for the little cottage, the well-kept garden, the wide meadows, the winding lanes and green hedgerows, above all for the river. She heard the soft lap, lap of the water in her dreams some-

times, and the old glad smile came for the moment to the drawn, faded lips.

"Ten years it's come to be since we left it," she thought one night, standing in the cabin doorway. She was so tired of this great dry dusty land; tired of the mountains—those cruel relentless mountains, towering above her, representing in outward tangible form the inexorable fate, holding her captive here, far from the land of her desire. She looked wearily up at them now, glowing in all the majesty of their sunset beauty. "'Tis an awesome sight," she whispered, shivering in the keen late September air, "too awesome for a body like me."

The sunset light falling athwart the massive tumbled peaks in the south-east had changed them from snow white to rose. Across the southern sky stretched vivid dashes of crimson and purple, while long slant lines of flame seemed setting the western clouds afire. The superabundance of color depressed Dolly, longing for the quiet golden-lighted river, with its clear restful skies, and she turned sadly indoors. The low two-roomed cottage was very different from the cottage at home; there were few comforts, it was close and insufficiently lighted. Dolly had done her best to give it a home-like air. The larger, more comfortable house, to be built some day, had never materialized; she had given up wishing for it now.

In front of the cabin was a tiny garden in memory of Long Bridge; beyond on every side lay the farm fields, beyond these the mountains. How Dolly longed to push them back, back. She drew the curtains now, glad to shut them out for the night, and began to get supper.

"Dolly," Tim said that evening, breaking the silence abruptly, "I've decided to build a room on t'other side o' this."

"A sitting-room?" Dolly asked eagerly.

Tim puffed at his pipe nervously. "Not 'xactly."

"A sleeping-room?" Her thoughts went back to the one at home; Molly Brown would 'a' broken the china long ago, no doubt.

"Sort o' combination o' both," Tim answered. "I mean to throw out a bow-windy, like you've planned, it's a pretty view from that side, and run a porch long the front to meet this, wi' a door opening onto it."

"You've planned it fine."

Tim moved uneasily. Dolly dropped her work suddenly and leaning forward looked steadily at him.

"If you've got anything to say, say it," he said gruffly.

She could not put into words the fear clutching at her heart. For years it had lain there, now active, now lulled into temporary quietude. A fear too terrible to be named, too degrading to put into form, even in her thoughts.

"Tim, you'll ne'er break your solemn promise to me!" She held out her hands beseechingly.

Tim frowned, a conscious look in his eyes: "A bad promise is better broken nor kept," he stammered.

The color left Dolly's face, her hands dropped nerveless.

Tim sprang up. "What ails you, woman?"

"Tim, what's in your mind to do?"

"Do go to bed and get rid o' your whims and fancies."

"Is't only that, Tim, say 'tis only that!"

"I'll say nothing, only the lumber'll be here to-morrow; Steve Porter's got the job."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Wasn't any need."

Dolly watched the work on the new room from day to day with sinking heart. The long-wished-for bow window, the wide fireplace, the deeper, more sheltered porch, though all as she had planned herself, brought no thoughts of pleasure; and when the room was finished and the rubbish cleared away, Dolly, standing in the window recess, could not see the view for the tears in her eyes.

Tim was coming towards her, 'cross lots, walking more briskly than was his wont; catching sight of Dolly he turned off to the barn, dropping his head in the old way. Dolly went slowly back to the kitchen. Tim was long in coming in that evening, she had to blow the horn for him twice. He went out again as soon as supper was over, a little later Dolly heard him in the new room, talking to some one. After awhile he came round the house to the kitchen door, followed by a tall, rosy-faced, round-eyed girl of seventeen.

It was Hilda Jonson, the oldest child of the nearest neighbor. Dolly had rather liked the girl, she had told her many a story of the old life in England and given her many a sorely needed lesson in housewifery, Hilda's mother being both overburdened with children and shiftless by nature and lack of training. There was nothing unusual in the fact that Hilda had come to see the new room. Life was drearily monotonous in that lonely locality.

"How do you like it?" Dolly asked, trying to hide her own lack of appreciation.

"I think it's fine." Hilda spoke hesitatingly, a note of pride in her voice. She colored hotly, laughing self-consciously. Dolly felt a sudden shock. Could it be that!

"Good-night, Miss Dolly," the girl

a command; he felt, too, compelled to heed it.

"I reckon you know," he said sullenly.

Dolly tried to speak, but for a moment the words would not come; when they did, their slow, clear falling breaking the tense stillness of the room, awed Tim into unwilling silence.

"Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her, keep thee only unto her so long as ye both shall live?" There was no faltering in their rendering, Dolly knew them too well, had repeated them too often these years, for her own reassuring. It had seemed impossible that when it came to the point Tim could deliberately set aside their solemn reminder.

He rallied determinedly. "I was feared you'd take it hard, Dolly, else I'd 'a' told you sooner. 'Tis no use talking, you'll try to be reasonable, won't you, Dolly?"

"And forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?" Dolly repeated slowly.

Tim grew desperate, there was something almost uncanny in the whole scene—Dolly's really tragic face and manner, her slow voice, with the new note, as of heartbreak, in it, the quiet room. He shook himself impatiently.

"No more play acting," he cried, "those old teachings be naught to me. That I've held by you so long 's to my credit and soft-heartedness."

The reproach, the misery, in Dolly's eyes! But Tim was resolved to do the thing thoroughly at last.

"Cording to the teachings o' my church you ain't"—it was hard to say—"you ain't my wife. I was married

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"This time I'll ha' a true answer."

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"Good night, Mis' Drake," the girl said, "I must be going."

Tim came forward. "It's too dark for you to go alone," he said, taking her arm.

Hilda giggled foolishly. "Good night" she called again to Dolly.

Dolly answered mechanically; she staggered to a chair just inside the door, her hands clenched tightly; hours afterwards her palms still bore the print of the finger nails.

It was nearly an hour before Tim came home. Dolly had not moved. He pushed by her, grumbling at the darkness of the room; it was cold, too; what had possessed her to sit there, with the door open that way? He lit the lamp and started up the fire. "Come closer to the heat, woman," he said; "you be fairly shaking wi' the cold."

"Not wi' cold," Dolly said hoarsely, "wi' shame."

She stood up, supporting herself by the table, her head raised, her face white and set. It made Tim shudder involuntarily.

"Be you sick?" he cried.

"Tim, what be you planning to do?"

"You be mighty fond o' asking that question."

"This time I'll ha' a true answer."

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"'Cording to the teachings o' my church you ain't"—it was hard to say—"you ain't my wife. I was married

to you by a Gentile, whilst a Gentile myself and living 'mongst Gentiles. The boy and girl, if they'd 'a' lived, wouldn't've been"—again he halted—"wouldn't've been 'gitimate, 'less I'd chose to make 'em so."

"I used to wonder why God took 'em. Now I am glad."

Tim sighed. "It's been hard on me, struggling 'gainst ev'rything, in a strange land, and not having harmony in my home. I'm not saying but what you've worked real hard, and done your best in some things, but we've been out o' sympathy. I've bore wi' you long and patient. I've prayed in season and out o' season that the Lord would open your eyes to the truth." Tim stopped, out of breath.

"You promised me, on your word o' honor, when we first came and found out what wicked things was taught here, you gave me your word you'd ne'er shame yourself nor me so," Dolly said unflinchingly. "You've said some awful things to me this night, things as it seems even the angels' singing itself could never keep from sounding over and over in my heart. You'll not make it worse by doing what you've planned?"

Tim shook his head. As well try to reason with an obstinate child.

"I tell you, Dolly, it's got to be. I'm acting 'cording to counsel. I'll own I rebelled at first," his voice softened; "I give you my word, Dolly, I didn't give in easy, but I was brought to see the error o' my ways. I've got to obey them in authority. You'll not make it hard for me, Dolly. You'll be kind to Hildy, she's naught but a child; it came sort o' hard to her at first, she's getting used to it; you'll get used to it, too, Dolly."

The pitiful inadequateness of the words was apparent even to Tim.

Dolly turned away. Further struggle was useless; that which she had been fearing for nearly ten years had come to pass. When Tim tried the door of the bedroom later it was locked. After that Dolly never entered the new room; nothing was said about the furnishing of it, and for a week or so it stood empty. Hilda did not come over again. Tim went there sometimes of an evening. One afternoon in the latter part of October he went into town, taking the big farm wagon. He was late getting back. Dolly had had her supper and put his to keep warm. At last she heard him drive in, stopping at the new room door. Then came the sound of furniture being carried in.

"I certainly be tired," Tim said when he came out to supper.

Dolly made no answer. She had grown strangely silent the past weeks.

"You're enough to provoke a saint, woman, al'ays sulking," Tim declared.

Dolly looked up from her knitting. "I'll not be troubling you long; there's no call for me to stay here and be slighted beyond the power o' flesh and blood to stand; I've got a bit o' money saved up from my eggs and butter, and now the railroad's come I can get away."

"Where was you calc'lating to go,—home?" Tim asked quietly.

"I'd ne'er ha' heart to go home now," Dolly said sorrowfully. "Anywhere away from this fearful place 'll do."

A cruel light showed in Tim's eyes. "How much 've you saved?" he asked. Something in his voice roused Dol-

ly's suspicions. She hurried to the chest where she kept her savings. Before her horrified frightened eyes, as she came quickly back, Tim's own dropped.

"It's gone, my bit o' money's gone! Tim, you could ne'er ha' taken it?"

"'Twas mine's well as yours. I waited for you to offer it friendly like. You knew I couldn't build and furnish too. Whatever's yours 's mine."

"That's only talk,—you know it. You're just a common—"

"Woman!"

"I can't say the word. You'll give it back, Tim?"

He motioned towards the new room. "I used it all this afternoon. So there's no use bothering any more about it. I had to take it on the sly, I tell you, you be so onreason'ble."

Dolly came nearer. "Ten years ago, Tim Blake, you was an honest, God-fearing man, a bit slow, may be, and more'n a bit obstinate, but that was the worst could be said. Tonight you're a—liar, a hypocrite and a thief—God forgive me for talking so—and you're planning to be something worse'n all. I ain't the only woman, neither, who's been treated so—deceived, tricked—in this cruel wicked way, in this cruel wicked country."

Under the sharp stinging lash of Dolly's words, Tim's assertiveness disappeared. Short of stature, old before his time, shame-faced, cowed, he stood before her, a poor, insignificant figure, seeing himself, for once, as one woman had come to see him. Only a moment, then in a frenzy of rage he sprang forward. "If you was a man, I'd drive those words back down your throat." He raised his

hand threateningly. Dolly did not shrink. "Put down your hand, Tim Blake, you'll ne'er lay it on me." Then suddenly the whole figure dropped. "Oh, Tim, Tim, to think it should ha' come to this 'twixt you and me,—and we counted such a lucky couple that Michaelmas day."

Two weeks later Tim brought his new wife home.

Dolly made no further protest. She never spoke sharply, nor unkindly, to Hilda; she would have pitied the girl for her false position had she seemed in need of pity. But to Hilda the situation was perfectly right and natural. She had objected at first to marrying an old and comparatively poor man, that was all. She was a good-natured girl in the main, commonplace and unintelligent, with no power of grasping any of the finer things of life. Dolly had always been friendly and sociable and Hilda had not looked for any difference in her manner. This new silent Dolly, seldom speaking, never smiling; this little bowed woman, moving listlessly about the house, soon became a constant reproach to the girl and to Tim as well.

"It's 's if I'd done her wrong," Hilda complained one evening, when Tim found her crying in the new room. "She ain't a bit like she used to be."

"Dolly's got notions. She'll come round in time," Tim said, with no faith in his own assertion.

"She's never set foot in this room since I came."

"Well, we don't want her here, do we?" Tim made an awkward attempt at a caress.

"It makes me feel like I've stolen it from her."

"Don't you go get notiony, too," Tim protested.

"I feel's if I'd go clean distracted soon, with her never speaking, nor nothing," Hilda fretted.

Tim walked briskly out into the kitchen, a resolute look on his face. Dolly sat there knitting.

"See here," he began, "you've got to treat Hildy more human, it's a living shame the way you act to'ards her." He stood a moment, as if waiting for the answer that he felt instinctively would not come. "My gracious, Dolly!" he exclaimed, "you've changed wonderful. It's enough to send a man crazy, being bothered so wi' his women,—one sulky, t'other fretty."

It was not a happy winter for any of the little household. Tim's feeble liking for his young wife soon flickered out. Hilda, untrained, undisciplined, lost her childish good nature under these new and trying conditions; she grew fretful and querulous, developing a tendency for visiting around amongst the few neighbors, and Tim knew that the unsatisfactory state of affairs in his home was the ever fresh subject of her conversation. He felt Dolly's deepening scorn for the new wife, and chafed under it; but Hilda paid no heed to his remonstrances.

"I like to go where I'm wanted," she declared sullenly one night, "I ain't wanted here, and never was. What place've I got in my own home? I'm set aside completely by that cross old Dolly."

"You shall ha' your place, mind you fill it," Tim said sternly. He strode out to the kitchen, followed by Hilda, half glad, half dismayed, at the crisis she had evoked.

"Dolly," Tim cried, "Hilda's saying you be al'ays putting her aside in the house, and I guess it's true. You've got to let her take her right place, and have her share in the running o' things."

Dolly was sewing,—she still looked after Tim's mending,—the habits of thirty years growth are hard to kill. Now she laid the unfinished shirt down and taking off her thimble, pushed the work basket from her. She said nothing, those simple actions spoke for her. Tim turned uneasily to Hilda, he felt an angry desire to give her a good shaking. "You go ahead, and let's ha' no more talk o' not being wanted."

Hilda glanced triumphantly at Dolly, from whose hands the reins of government had been snatched. "I feel more to home already," she said.

In her first desire to assert herself and keep Dolly down, Hilda grasped greedily at even the simplest tasks. Dolly took to staying in her own room, setting up housekeeping there on a limited scale. At first Tim and Hilda felt her withdrawal a positive relief; then Hilda, indolent by nature, began to tire of the housework, for which she displayed little aptitude. Tim, long accustomed to Dolly's skilful management, found the new order of things hard to endure. Hilda met all his complaints with indifference. He had better put Dolly at the work again, she seemed to enjoy slaving herself to death. Tim, realizing the futility of any such effort, was obliged to throw himself into the breach.

Dolly, drawing more and more into herself, was scarcely conscious of the course things were taking. Her thoughts were always in the past now;

in her eyes was a strange, far-away look. Hilda said she was getting queerer every day, and never knew what went on about her. Once or twice she tried to draw her back into the family circle, not entirely from selfish motives, but Dolly, if she understood, paid no heed to the girl's entreaties. She spent most of her time knitting by the window in her room, not seeing the mountains any longer—rather, by some later power, able to pass beyond them. And day by day a peaceful, restful look stole over the patient face, the lines about the mouth relaxed. It was an open winter; day after day the sun shone clear and radiant from out the cloudless sky, only the mountains were snow covered. It was very still in that tiny bedroom; Dolly, drifting farther every hour out on the wide sea of eternity, by degrees forgot the awful loneliness, forgot more and more the present, only dimly now and then thought of the future, and then with no disturbing of her quiet content, living only in the past.

Beyond the low doorway were discomfort and discontent; a man's harsh tones, a girl's peevish ones. Tim often glanced longingly towards that closed door. He had never passed it, since the night Dolly locked it against him. One morning, coming in from the barn, the now familiar aspect of the slovenly, untidy kitchen struck him with fresh vividness; Hilda had run over on some fancied errand to her mother's, the breakfast table uncleared, the fire out, the stove cold and greasy, chairs stood about in confusion, the closet door open, showing the disgraceful condition of the shelves within. Tim's face darkened, remem-

bering the homely comfort of the place under Dolly's reign.

In the new room things were not much better; Hilda's awe of its splendors had long since vanished, and with it her care of them. Tim looked around forlornly; he was tired and had a headache, he had to rest somewhere. He'd go sit with Dolly, maybe she'd rouse up and give things a straightening, when she saw how uncomfortable he was.

He tried her door, calling, "Dolly, Dolly, it's Tim, I want you."

There was no answer, and after a second trial, he opened the door and went in. Dolly sat as usual by the window, her knitting on her lap, her hands folded idly. A bright fire burned in the fireplace, the room was warm and cosy. Tim glanced about it gratefully, thinking suddenly of the cottage kitchen at Long Bridge. The kettle was singing busily over the fire, on the table stood Dolly's teapot and cup and saucer. She looked up a little bewilderedly as Tim entered, then turned again to the window.

"Hilda won't be home this hour or more," Tim said, drawing a chair up to the fire. "You and me'll ha' a soci'ble bit o' time to ourselves, eh, Dolly?"

She looked puzzled. "Who's Hilda? I don't mind anybody o' that name in the village."

Tim started. "You're thinking o' home, Dolly, and forgetting where you be," he said hurriedly.

"But I be at home, baint I Tim?" she cried anxiously.

Tim hesitated, uncertain what to say.

Dolly leaned forward. "O' course I be; don't you hear the river? It

sounds prettier'n ever to-day. You mind how we used to go down it o' a summer night. I've al'ays thought as how dying would be like that, just drifting along slow and pleasant like, and the birds singing and the flowers nodding to you along the banks."

Tim caught the quiet hands in his rough ones. "Dolly, be you sick? What ails you, Dolly? Think where you be,—here in 'Merica."

But his effort to recall the poor troubled mind from its wandering amidst happy scenes was mercifully unsuccessful.

Dolly's smile did not fade; she nodded contentedly. "Aye, 'tis pretty to-day, the river; I'd be sad to die wi'out the sound o' it. I'm counting the days 'til I'll be stronger and can get out to it."

Tim looked about him in troubled fashion. Dolly ought to have a doctor, but he couldn't leave her alone. Why *didn't* Hilda come home.

"Seems like when they sing my verse at church I can al'ays feel to understand it," Dolly said slowly. Scarcely raising her voice, she sang quaveringly:

"Right through the streets, with silver
sound,

The living waters flow;

"It's mighty comforting to think there's a river in heaven," she went on; "I'm sort o' glad there won't be any sea any more, thinkin' o' the ocean al'ays seemed to terrify me, but a river, like ours, slow and safe and wi' the little children coming down to play by it. Our Tim and little Dolly was al'ays playing by the river, you mind, Tim; I've often thought as how it'd been lonesome like in heaven for

'em, if there hadn't been a river there too."

Tim could stand it no longer, he went out to look for Hilda. There was no sign of her and he wandered about restlessly, dreading to return to Dolly, yet hardly able to keep away from her. At last he went in. Dolly was leaning back, her eyes were closed.

Tim sprang towards her. "Dolly, Dolly, you baint going to leave me, Dolly!"

She looked up, smiling happily. "It's so easy, like I said, just going wi' the river."

He knelt beside her, stroking her hand with shaking fingers. A wild hot cry for forgiveness filled his whole being, but he would not disturb her peace, nor mar this blessed forgetfulness. It was the least he could do now, after breaking her heart. Not until the end had come did his cry burst forth: "Dolly! Dolly! You forgive me now; why didn't they leave you and me to live our lives together in peace, back there at home?"

He would not let them lay her in the new room, hastily set in order by Hilda and her mother. The night before they took her away he stole softly in to kneel beside the bed where she lay.

"Dolly," he cried, answering the look of sad reproach which now and for the rest of his life the mute face must wear for him, "I had to do it. I acted 'cording to counsel, from first to last. You understand now, eh Dolly?"

God forgive the ones who had counselled him.

The Old Corner Book-Store

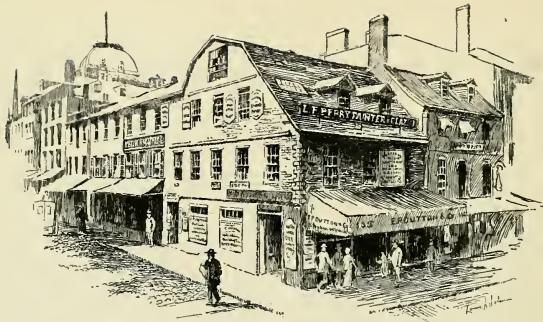
The Famous Literary Land-mark of Boston, and the Men Who Met There

“**T**HE threatened live long,” says the proverb, and the ancient edifice at the northern corner of Washington and School Streets, Boston, not only endured unperturbed a century of the common perils of natural decay and normal casualty, but also passed unscathed through a subsequent four-score years of plans and purposes aimed directly against its integrity and perpetuity, and was long in yielding to a direct doom of demolition. For when Mr. T. H. Carter, in 1827, sought a lease of the estate to which it belonged, the longest term he could obtain was one of less than ten years, and the succeeding lessee, Mr. William D. Ticknor, who held tenure continuously until his decease in 1864, when the lease passed to his estate, could only get renewals of from three to five years at a time.

As will be shown later, the utility and value of the property for leasehold purposes had considerably increased, and the lessee was bound to pay taxes and make repairs, so that the owners, who were many, having in some cases life interests, could never agree upon any plan for reconstruction or improvement, arguing that the returns from the estate as it stood were relatively greater than any which it would be likely to yield after the expense and

loss incident to alterations, rebuilding and some term of inoccupancy had been provided for. The tenants might accordingly adjust the building to their own needs and desires, and it therefore expressed the character of them and their business, much as a long-occupied house expresses the spirit and habits of the family who have lived in it and fitted it to themselves.

But now that a change conformable to the spirit of the times has been brought about, and the familiar, historical, and in some sense romantic, building will be destroyed, a rather careful sketch of its appearances, life and times should be acceptable. For in its destruction there passes away an edifice which has been not only a curious and interesting representative of the architecture and craftsmanship of two hundred years ago, being the oldest brick building in the city, but also a significant golden milestone on a road whereon moved together the advance of literature and the progress of commercial dignity and equity in this country. For here the founder of a publishing house established by his voluntary act the principle that an author, even though a foreigner, had a right to participate in the earnings and profits of his mind, and thus made his business house, not indeed the richest and most powerful of America, but the



noblest, justest and most highly esteemed,—the exemplar which others soon came to follow and emulate, until the acceptance of its policy had become virtually universal and incorporated in international law.

As the building was erected in 1712 to replace one that had been burned the year before, it is evident that in the course of nearly two centuries it and the land on which it stood must have known many ownerships and occupancies. But as it has been used and known as a bookstore for almost a hundred years, its earlier conditions may be briefly summed up and attention directed mainly to the period following the establishment of the first book-making and book-selling business. During its first century the Old Corner estate had no other importance than attaches to any household and residential property, and its modifications and transfers—carefully digested and recorded by the late Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, once mayor of Boston—can only interest the antiquarian or the searcher of titles. The whole tract of land, then extending along School Street nearly as far as

the present City Hall site, to where the Niles stable was and the Niles block now is, and for quite a distance on Washington Street, then known as Cornhill, was granted about 1630 to William Hutchinson, who took possession of it in September, 1634, when he arrived from England with his family. He was prominent in many ways, and was the only early possessor for whom anything like distinction could be claimed. The bold and radical theological attitude of his wife, the noted Ann Hutchinson, caused their banishment from the colony, and the estate passed in part, after some transfers within the family, to one Henry Shrimpton, who fenced in his share and made some improvements. From his descendants it passed in 1707 to the apothecary Thomas Crease, who put up the building that is the subject of this sketch. After other sales and gifts, the property was brought by one of the whirligig of time's revenges back to descendants of the Hutchinsons, whose re-entry was made about the middle of the 18th century. Toward the end of that century Edward Sohier

and his wife Susanna (born Brimmer) became the owners, succeeded by the widow of Henderson Inches and by Herman Brimmer, since when the estate has been in possession of the Brimmer and Inches families. The neighborhood, although so near to the residences of "the quality" and to various public and official edifices, was always dedicated to trade, many

favorite shops and offices being mentioned as occupying adjacent lots. The savor of Mr. Crease's drug store hung long about these particular premises, the last apothecary there having been Dr. Samuel Clarke (father of the late Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke), who retained his shop and residence here until 1828, when the character of the place was changed for a finality.

The estate as ultimately consolidated was in the shape of an inverted blockletter **Γ**. The end, across which stood the great brick house, rested on Washington Street, the staff ran up along School Street, and the bottom projected inward behind the main building and a block contiguous to it on the north. The buildings consisted in Dr. Clarke's time of the Old Corner one containing the shop, and a western extension of the family quarters, projecting into the garden at the back and offering the real front of the establishment.

The first step in the course that has made the Old Corner famous, and has known no *vestigia retrorsum*, was taken by the late Timothy Harrington Carter. He was born in 1799 in Lancaster, Massachusetts, a town notable not more for its natural beauty than for its maintenance of various minor manufactures, and of a press from which numerous publications, creditable alike for matter and manner, were issued. Perhaps a double influence from his birthplace prevailed with the boy, for when in 1815 he came to Boston to seek the fortune which later years richly bestowed upon him, he found employment at the bookstore of Cummings and Hilliard, at the corner of



T. H. CARTER, FROM AN EARLY PASTEL



THE OLD CORNER, AS MR. CARTER LEFT IT

Washington Street and Spring Lane, where such business was continued until the time of James Munroe and Company, about fifty years ago. When he came of age he entered the firm as a partner, and took the entire management of the business, adding to its working forces such young men as Gray, Little and Wilkins, subsequently prominent themselves, enlarging its scope and multiplying its profits.

In 1827, Mr. Carter, having made some money by this and other enterprises, gave a year to study at home and abroad, and on his return to Boston set about organizing a new book house, meaning to be only a silent partner, and planning what would have been a sort of publication trust for the manufacture and sale of books too costly or extensive for single firms to undertake. But jealousy and fear were aroused, and there was enough trade influence with the Legislature to obtain the insertion in the charter of an innocent-looking clause, which was effectually pro-

hibitive. Mr. Carter then arranged a partnership with a younger brother and a clerk under the name of Carter, Hendee and Company, and, being the capitalist, set about procuring a business site. He chose the Old Corner, which Buckingham says had already been used by Mr. Benjamin Perkins for a year or so as a bookstore, but could obtain no longer term of lease than six and a half years, but with a verbal agreement to restore to him or pay him for any permanent improvement. He at once lowered the first floor to the street level and built upon the garden the block which ran along School Street as far as number 11, the place last occupied as a trunk shop. In the rear of this extension, concealed by it and known to comparatively few people, he also set up a great wooden building, which he used for the seven presses of the printery, in which he was concerned, for he engaged part of his means in type-founding, printing, and other cognate enterprises. Those presses, by the way, although eventually worked by steam, were run at first by a team of Canadian horses. But Mr. Carter's firm was not alone in creating thus early a literary atmosphere about the place. Mr. Samuel G. Goodrich, afterwards known to the world as "Peter Parley," and to whose initiative was due the first collection made of Nathaniel Hawthorne's fugitive writings, occupied as author and publisher the second story of the new School Street building, while the upper story had an associated occupancy, being used as a printing office by Mr. Isaac R. Butts, who eventually took on authorship as the shrewd and trusty compiler of various legal

and commercial *vade mecums*. About this time and later the front upper story was possessed by a skilful, but irascible and not always punctual book-binder, Mr. Peter Low.

The estate was paying about fourteen hundred dollars a year when Mr. Carter took it; but when the owners refused to extend his lease or to carry out the agreements made on their behalf on account of his improvements, it was rendering about four thousand dollars, and was in such a condition that it was always afterwards leased at a high rent, the tenant bearing also taxes and other charges, thus increasing handsomely the temporary and permanent value of the estate for the benefit of owners who had done nothing to earn it. Surely, the whole city can offer no stronger illustration of "the unearned increment" than this,—a mere homestead value having grown to a property of its present magnitude by the character and effort of its occupants, its owners having expended neither money, care nor labor.

The disasters that befell the country in the collapse of the United States bank injured the business and private fortunes of Mr. Carter, but still the firm was so prosperous that the retail and miscellaneous publishing business could be sold in 1833 at a good price to Messrs. John Allen and William Davis Ticknor, young men with whom Mr. Carter associated himself for a while as silent partner and adviser. After about a year Mr. Allen, who seemed not to be thoroughly adapted for the business, withdrew, and Mr. Ticknor conducted it alone until late into the forties, having established himself as a publisher from the very start.

And now, as the character and trend of the house's affairs were established by him, and as its publications (in spite of any modifications of the firm name upon the title pages) were known in the trade generally as "Ticknor's books," something should be said of the modest but strong and positive man who changed the attitude of America toward the world of literature by an act which seemed to him only a natural proceeding from normal moral and mercantile impulses, and who was so long as he lived the power behind the throne of his house, although his retiring, kindly and generous nature always waived deference toward himself and preferred the praise and promotion of his associates.

In this connection will be found interesting an expression of Tennyson's own views, as contained in a letter written to one of Mr. Ticknor's sons, who had sent him congratulations on reaching his eightieth birthday, and noting that the poet and his publisher were born on the same day, August 6th, although a year apart.

Mr. Ticknor was born in 1810, in Lebanon, New Hampshire, and came as a youth to Boston, entering at once the brokerage business of an uncle, and conducting it successfully for a year after the latter's death, then passing into the Columbian Bank, where he showed such financial aptitude and ability that he was offered a permanent official connection. But his tastes and desires were for higher things, and, like his cousin George Ticknor, he hoped to do something with and for books. But while George had a father, rich for those times, who could give him the ad-

To B. H. Ticknor Esq
 Aliborth.
 Mass.
 Sept 4 1839

Dear Sir,
 I thank you most
 sincerely for your kind
 words on my eightieth birthday.
 It is an especial pleasure
 to me to receive them from
 the son of one who gave
 so honorable an example
 to his countryman
 just as in the highest sense.
 Truly & gratefully yours
 Tennyson

vantages of study and travel, William was a simple farmer's son, who must make his own way and earn his own betterment. He accordingly undertook the mercantile ventures already mentioned, deviating from the lines laid down by Mr. Carter so far as to prefer belles-lettres, science and medicine to the legal literature to which that gentleman inclined. One of his first books was Mrs. Norton's poems, and his early catalogues include many important volumes, such as "Rejected Addresses," "The Confessions of an Opium Eater," initial volumes of Longfellow and Whittier, and the poems of Barry Cornwall and Robert Browning, which last he continued to publish long after it was clear that they would yield no pecuniary profit. The sponsorship for these

books, dating back to the early thirties, indicated discrimination, ambition and courage, qualities which he always manifested and were particularly shown when he introduced to America the poems of Tennyson, paying for them the first royalty on record, and the novels of Charles Reade; and when he bought, in spite of the dissuasions of his partner's discouraging letters from abroad, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and gave for it a price which the latter thought preposterous. For Mr. Fields, although he was subsequently glad of all the advantages which came to him from his connection with that magazine, disbelieved in it at first, prognosticating for it such an unhappy end as came to Putnam's and other propitiously started periodicals. His warmest endorsement of the purchase was when he wrote resignedly that the best must be made of it, and it is only fair to say that he did his part with right good will.

During his first decade Mr. Tick-



WILLIAM D. TICKNOR, AT THIRTY

nor extended his own reading and his acquaintance, increased his influence and estimation, and established relations which were strong bases for the future house as it was developed, being valued not alone as a sound merchant and financier, a good friend, and a strong man in the Baptist denomination, but also as clear, equitable and authoritative in his literary judgment. He was a director of the Boston Lyceum, treasurer of the American Institute of Instruction, a trustee of the Perkins Institute, and a leading member of the school committee when that was composed of citizens who had no thought of seeking politics or pelf from their connection with it. He had great personal beauty, easy and elegant manners, and a sympathetic, ingratiating and confidence-inspiring disposition which soon won and long retained friendships. Many men whose names are eminent in literature were younger than he, and came to him for counsel and guidance, while their elders often relied upon him in regard to writing as well as printing their books. Among the enduring friendships then formed, the most notable was that between him and Nathaniel Hawthorne, which was almost closer than that of brothers in its continuous intimacy. When President Pierce appointed Hawthorne to the consulate at Liverpool, he would not enter upon it unless Mr. Ticknor would go with him to England and settle him in his new position, and after his return from Europe, his frequent little journeys were always made in company with Mr. Ticknor, and he insisted that his identity should be concealed in all registers under the

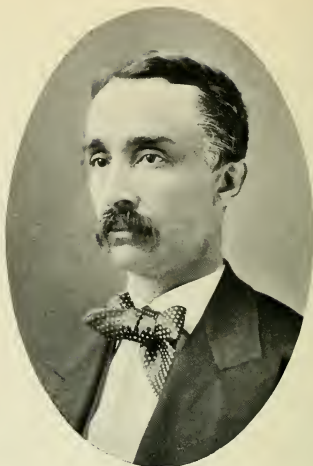


THE OLD CORNER BUSINESS CARD, 1838-45

incognito of "a friend." And it cannot be forgotten how short a time he survived after the death in his presence of Mr. Ticknor at Philadelphia in 1864. Hawthorne's devotion proves the intellectual and spiritual worth of his comrade. Mr. Carter notes in his autobiography that it was customary during the early part of the last century for merchants to receive into their families some of their employees in part payment for their services, and that he had at first forty dollars a year and his board for his work. Among several whom Mr. Ticknor had at this time in his home in Pinckney Street were two young men who afterwards gave the best accounts of themselves,—James T. Fields, of Portsmouth, who became, thanks to the encouragement, indulgence and privilege generally accorded him, Mr. Ticknor's partner, and a prominent and popular man in literary life, and Thomas Niles, Jr., of Boston, who was in time the chief director of the house of Roberts Brothers. Both had good business heads, but Fields had so alert and eager a mind and such power of assimilation and cultivation, that as he grew into young manhood and profited by the advantages at his disposal, he established himself in another home and



JAMES T. FIELDS IN EARLY LIFE



THOMAS NILES, JR.

formed a coterie of friends; first among whom was E. P. Whipple, afterward so forcible, influential and much sought as essayist, critic and lecturer. Young Fields was so capable, versatile, ambitious and attractive, and so well availed himself of every commercial and social opportunity, that early in the forties Mr. Ticknor took him into partnership, together with Mr. John Reed, Jr., who contributed something to the house's capital, but withdrew after a few years. The legal co-partnership was always William D. Ticknor and Company, and Mr. Ticknor's seniority was evidenced by his retaining in his own name the lease of the estate; but the imprint on the house's title-pages show at this time Ticknor, Reed and Fields, being subsequently compressed to Ticknor and Fields, and continuing so until after Mr. Ticknor's death.

Now ensued a period glorious for

American letters, during which the Old Corner attracted to itself the greatest of native and English writers, comparatively few Americans of distinction being associated with any other house. The sterling worth, the mercantile dignity and sound judgment of Ticknor, and the swift perception, the brilliancy and the social charm of Fields, gave in their union power, reliability, vitality and geniality to the establishment, and the Old Corner became the constant resort of wits, poets, scientists, philosophers, and the distinguished of all professions.

Here came Rufus Choate to explain the hieroglyphic memoranda in which he set down the names of the books he wanted to come by the next "boat," as he always called a steamship. Here came Holmes, to say how he loved to practice medicine and teach anatomy, and how his one difficulty was not to pour out from his

Please send
 my love to
 up to
 John Tegen
 Mrs. B. Mrs. J. C. Clark

RUFUS CHOATE'S AUTOGRAPH ORDER FOR A COPY OF THE "GOLDEN LEGEND"

stores of knowledge faster than his pupils could absorb. Here Thackeray towered above his admirers and told gaily of his American experiences and impressions, none the less amused because the point of his story made against his own simplicity or ignorance. Like Hawthorne, he was not fond of bookish topics, did not like to "talk shop," and was more interested in mere men and women than in authors, caring more for their humanity than their composition. Here Henry Giles scintillated with such brilliant epigram and outlined his thought so incisively that his misshaped form was forgotten, and Whittier's "thee" and "thou" greeted his friends shyly and tenderly. Here were seen the burly figure of bluff Henry Ward Beecher, and the slender form of his gentle-mannered sister, Mrs. Stowe, the sweet, kindly face of Lucy Larcom, the spiritual countenance of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the round, rosy, beardless, boyish face of Thomas Starr King, and here were often to be met jovial John G. Saxe, the herculean, whose talent

and touch assimilated him more nearly than any other American to Thomas Hood in fun and fancy, and bright-eyed little "Tom Folio," with a bundle of books and papers clasped in his arms under his short cloak, and ever on the point of some fine literary discovery, of which too often some one with whom he had been over generously confidential gained ultimately the credit. Here the great men of the bar, pulpit, platform and university chair exchanged their notions of science, ethics, history, poetry, politics and people, and Gliddon discoursed of Egypt and the latest find in mummies; here Biscaccianti, Kellogg, Cary and other *prime donne* dropped bits of song; Mrs. Kemble, Murdoch, Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, Warren, Vandenhoff, Forrest, Davenport and Brougham scattered the bright gossip of the stage, and Ole Bull talked of his northern home and his "leetle yellow phiolin." John Leitch, one of the great Cunard captains, passed most of his Boston stays reading away as for dear life on a square, green-topped stool in a front corner, and here came



INTERIOR OF THE OLD CORNER

the village clergyman and the country doctor yearly to replenish their libraries, depending for the profitable expenditure of their hard savings upon the advice of the clerks, who had in their turn been instructed, ever kindly and helpfully, by the theologians, surgeons and doctors who were daily visitors. Here came the "solid men of Boston" to enrich their libraries with fine sets of standard authors or to subscribe for new editions of Scott or Dickens; here, too, came their wives to secure the latest keepsakes and albums of fashion, and sometimes to request the sending to their houses for inspection of some illustrated volumes which occasionally came back with traces of cake and coffee on their pages, and here came the seekers for big Bibles for presentation to pulpit, or at weddings, for the Old Corner

kept the only stock of Oxford Bibles in the town.

Lectures, readings and many concerts depended upon the interest of the Old Corner for the sale of their tickets, as the opera folk were wont to rely on the neighboring shop of E. H. Wade; and it should be added that in those primitive days, when a lottery for a good cause was thought not wrong, many a charity, church or library looked hither for an agency to dispense its tickets even to distant places. These were the palmy times of the old New England lecture system, when the cleverest, strongest and most attractive speakers were to be had almost for the asking. The average fee for a lecturer was rarely more than ten dollars, but a poet or a first-class reader got five, or possibly ten dollars more. Mr. Ticknor's long



WILLIAM D. TICKNOR, AT FIFTY

connection with the Boston Lyceum and the Institute of Instruction made the store a headquarters for speakers and for committees, and many a winter course was arranged there.

As years passed the Old Corner became in the right sense great, and the expansion of its affairs necessitated more division of labor. Mr. Ticknor gave more attention to the manufacturing and financing, as Mr. Fields devoted himself more to the literary relations. But the two partners always lived and worked in harmonious union, and every enterprise represented a real concert of thought and action. Mr. Ticknor was glad to devolve upon his younger associate most of the social and hospitable representation, which the joint purse of the house provided. This, however, was because of his retiring disposition and not for any lack of social tact or charm. When the house began its ultimately long list of entertainments,

with the dinner to Charles Mackay, and the following one to Agassiz, Mr. Ticknor was reluctant to take the head of the table, but occupied it with grace and felicity; and a note of Hawthorne's while they were together in England thanks him for responding to a toast on his behalf at a large public banquet.

Returning for a moment to the building itself, one might note that its external appearance was somewhat changed in its later years. There was originally a corner entrance at No. 1 School Street, and all of the large windows, of which the two on the side were subsequently bricked up, were barred. The interior, however, remained virtually as it was. The main counters ran midway and at the sides from front to back, and the walls were shelved, glass cases being on the north side and open racks opposite to them. It was on the south side that the eventually enormous Ditson music business began, when Mr. Oliver Ditson bestowed his entire stock there on a single counter, and a few rows of



JAMES T. FIELDS IN HIS LAST YEARS

shelves behind it. Passing from the main building into the extension, one came to the counting-room, slightly raised above the main floor. Here Mr. Ticknor had his desk, at the end of which was the favorite chair in which Hawthorne spent many quiet, observant, reflective hours.

Beside the Washington Street door stood a tall, slender mirror framed in darkened gilt, which had come down from Dr. Clarke's time, and had reflected beauty, grace, charm and coquetry, as well as gravity, stability and philosophic dignity. The upper left-hand corner, looking back from the front entrance, was inclosed with green curtains, behind which Mr. Fields had a cosy nook, whose broad window-seat was always full of manuscripts, new books, letters, and elegant trifles. Here there was always plenteous company of the best and brightest minds of the time. Had any one been in a position to take note of the conversation there, or could the old walls themselves have repeated what they had heard and seen, an unrivalled table-book of wit, wisdom, personal description and anecdote might easily have been compiled. But at this late day almost nothing can be recovered of that characteristic and evanescent chat. It was merely the natural and usual talk of friends and habitués and none thought to record and save it.

The long School Street building contained a series of ground-floor shops, which were consecutively occupied by the brother and sister Callender—he with the poorest eyes and the longest nose, and she with the stateliest cap imaginable—who sold toys, knick-knacks, indelible ink, and Kidder's cordial; Isaac B. Waitt, a

plump and merry boot-maker, and at the end of the sequence by pleasant, generous Mrs. Abner Haven, whose coffee-room (kept up after her death by her hearty sister, Mrs. Harrington) was for decades a famous place of resort and refreshment. Originally patrons had the use only of one large back room, lined with high, hard, black, slippery hair-cloth sofas, and having before them a few great, round, mahogany-framed and marbled-topped tables. As custom increased, a staircase was built to the second story of the wooden house behind, and the refection rooms were continued forward to the room over the shop. The kitchen, where the old Italian cook David, whom everybody knew, presided, was also in that house and sent its viands down a narrow archway to the side door of the shop. Beside the usual cakes, candies and ice-creams of the period, Mrs. Haven's was famous for a few things which can no longer be procured, such as perfect toast, a peculiarly rich, thick lemon pie, "jumbles," shining Brighton biscuit, Washington pies, "gibraltars," plump cream cakes, and an exhilarating boiled coffee, which was suspected of owing something of its flavor to a slight infusion of brandy added just as it came to the boil. In time a few cold meats were added to the bill of fare, and such simple provision sufficed for the literarians, artists, merchants and bankers of that day, who could always be found lunching and hob-nobbing there in groups about noontime, or possibly about the middle of the afternoon, having perhaps adjourned from Mr. Fields's sanctum for greater privacy and freedom from social interruption.

In the second story of this block, Mr. Goodrich had been succeeded by the brothers Chamberlain, makers of scientific and philosophical apparatus, and especially of astronomical and electrical sets for school and academy use (with a specialty of orreries), as they in their turn gave place to Cicchi and Garey, who were pioneers in the manufacture of plaster casts and images, being the predecessors of the present widely-known Caproni firm of moulders.

There were few radical changes in occupancy until the ever augmenting business of Ticknor and Fields required for its storage and distribution purposes all the space that had been spared for tenants, and all were dismissed except the hair-cutter, who remained in the corner room up one flight, which seemed to belong by prescriptive right to his profession, having been used for many years by a little man named Dudley, who was scarcely tall enough to reach the dis-



THE LAST ESTATE OF THE OLD CORNER

tinguished crowns which had a predilection for his clipping.

Soon outgrowing even their extended premises, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields removed to 124 Tremont Street, where a building had been commodiously and finely arranged for their especial use, and where all the old associations and characteristics were perpetuated. Their general retail business was relinquished to Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company, with whom was associated as junior partner Mr. Charles A. Clapp, who had been for some time the head of that department. In 1869 this firm decided to establish itself in New York, and the place passed to Messrs. A. Williams and Company, who continued their general literature and periodical business there until 1883. Some suc-

ceeding changes resulted in the assumption of the proprietorship by Messrs. Damrell, Upham and Company in 1887, Mr. Upham becoming sole proprietor in 1896. There were during those last years no noticeable changes of appearance or of frequentation except that a cheap luncheon establishment occupied the ground floor of the corner building during its latest days. The new building, which will undoubtedly add strength and splendor to the neighborhood, may perhaps perpetuate sentimentally in its christening the name of the Old Corner, but whether any of its occupants will attempt to extend its ancient fame and charm, may not yet even be guessed. But whatever the future may hold in store, its past, at least, is secure.

Ground Juniper

By John Elliot Bowman

GROWTH of a soil outworn, its rugged arm
 Is flung across the pasture's lichens gray,
 Where tufts of scanty herbage scarce repay
 The patient cropping kine. It saves from harm
 The song birds' nesting place. With vague alarm,
 We view our lives, that front accusing day
 Like barren fields outworn. Ah, humbly pray
 That still the sterile soil may hold a charm
 Compelling growth of hardy branch that yields
 Rude berries, with a fragrance all their own;
 And refuge gives to creatures of the wold,
 Perchance to birds, that, as their wings unfold,
 May sing their message over fertile fields,
 And so, in part, for barren soil atone.

The English Sparrow in New England

By Fletcher Osgood

SINCE the fairly complete clearance (by the Committee of which I was chairman) of the English sparrow from Boston Common, in 1899, both the Common and Public Garden—especially the Garden—have become tolerably good ground for observing the ways, even in the nesting season, of several sorts of our blessed native American birds. The robin now breeds within these grounds in very considerable numbers; the Baltimore oriole is a not infrequent nester there, and the crow blackbird breeds in the elms and beeches of the Garden and perhaps on the Common, to the extent of several audacious, conspicuous pairs. Warbling vireos also, and some other of our smaller native birds, have, I feel well assured, begun to build their nests here, and in the spring migrations the presence, for days or weeks, about the Common and Garden, of native American bird-species in good variety, may often be counted on.

Though the work of the Boston Sparrow Committee removed permanently from the Common about seven-eighths of the English sparrows breeding there, the work was stopped by Mayor Quincy before we could clear the Garden, and in the Garden the foreign sparrow still abounds. The remnant eighth yet inhabiting the Common forms a considerable body, and either place remains good ground

(the Garden, of course, far the better) for noting the ways of the immigrant finch.

For the purpose then of forming a good foundation for our opinions about this bird, let us take together, near the end of some bright May, a series of reasonably prolonged observations within the Public Garden and the Common. Since, especially in New England, it is not largely profitable to consider the English sparrow otherwise than in relation to our native birds, let us first note some of our friends in feathers who are real Americans. Look, for instance, at that red-eyed vireo—New England's commonest "little gray hang-bird"—peering in constant vigilance as he moves about the limbs of a small tree. His keen-exploring eye, glowing with the effulgence of a partly smothered coal, pierces the dimness of innumerable crannies and marks the shadowed under parts of leaves. He is alert for the insect food which must support him. So long as we look and whenever we look, his purposeful motion, without haste, without rest, goes on, excepting for brief interludes of pause for song. And once or twice he even breaks off his melodic preachment in the midst, to seize and engulf a slug, sought out by a watchfulness which has never for an instant slumbered. Then, glancing along the rich lawn of the Garden, we note a fine male

robin, foraging in the manner of his kind, among the rootlets of the grasses; he stands with soldier-like erectness for an instant, then bounces a fraction of a foot, comes to attention again, makes a side-long, listening bend, and then—down plunges the ready beak into a hidden vertical perforation from which it tugs victoriously a malign cut-worm. In this manner, with hearty “logy” insistence, the good robin keeps on foraging. It is so, too, with other robins, farther down the lawn. And so it is with the orioles, the warbling vireos, the various briefly visitant wood-warblers, in their several ways. So also with the iridescent purple grakles, *alias* crow blackbirds, whose rapid pedestrianism is all for food and that food largely insectaceous. Our native birds we find without exception to be in all but constant motion directed nearly all the time either to insect eating or to pursuit of insect food, though nest-construction may here and there impose a check upon his industry.

And now, turning to the foreign finch we are markedly impressed with his prevalent inactivity. Group after group of English sparrows—though some, to be sure, are picking up lunch crumbs—stand about the lawn or gathered on the limbs of trees, mutually employed in nothing more worthy than “Helping Zekel.” Now and then the lethargy of these birds is broken by a descent on fresh masses of droppings in the street, and we by and by notice that some of the sparrows on the lawn begin to employ themselves in what looks like insect-eating. Drawing nearer, we find this to be an appearance only. The sparrows are listlessly picking up cut grass blades

and then tossing them idly about; seeking nothing, eating nothing, but simply killing time with an aimless exercise.

As we observe the foreign sparrow further, some other performances of his are noted which at least simulate insect capture and destruction. Certain sparrows, for instance, briefly engage in the pursuit of flying insects; a few insects are really caught thus and destroyed, but, on the whole, the performance is a sort of vaudeville “stunt.” The insects mostly get away, and the sparrows, after a sufficiently vigorous, but brief and farcical little chase, return to their loafing, satisfied with this momentary trial of burlesque athletics. The difference is world-wide between these sparrow-antics and the systematized, persistent, expert, dead-in-earnest, hunger-goaded quests and seizures of the native birds. There is yet another exercise in which both male and female English sparrows separately engage, which has the look of insect-seeking. It is



Courtesy of Youth's Companion.

AT WORK

followed mostly in the grass, growing thick and long on the Beacon Street banks of the Common. The performance goes on thus: The sparrow rises into the air perhaps four feet or less and there hangs with rapid, winnowing wings, contemplating the grass as if in watchful expectation of some prey below; then he (or she, it may happen either way), makes an effective exit by a swift drop, down and out of sight, waits awhile, then rises and repeats the act. All this, however, is but another neat vaudeville turn—these sparrows are not in quest of prey. The little comedy is seasonable, more or less obscurely related to erotic ecstasy, and has no more relevancy to insect destruction than has the somersault of a schoolboy.

I have called attention to the antics of the English sparrow as exhibited on the Common and Garden, because these pleasure-grounds of our metropolis are frequented by people from all parts of New England, and because the sparrow, contrasted during considerable periods with many sorts of native birds, can be very accurately and thoroughly observed there.

What the English sparrow is on the Common and Garden he substantially is, allowing for such variations in habit as exist, all over New England. I have taken the food-habits of this bird as a principal study because in New England (as in any land of cultivated fields, of gardens, parks and woodlands) the food habits of this and of any abundant and long-frequenting bird-species is of prime economic importance. What any such bird-species eats determines, to a large extent, in any community, its usefulness or harmfulness. Insect eating,

though it probably deserves pre-eminence, is not, as we shall see, by any means all the prudential good which good birds do us. And then there is, too, the purely sentimental side of the fascinating bird-question. But ill-considered economic motives, founded apparently on a vague notion that English sparrows would extirpate canker worms from our parks, impelled, it would seem in the main, the first extensive introductions of the foreign finch to America, and it is therefore fitting that insect economics should find a first place in this article.

So far as can be learned, the English sparrow—till then a bird not indeed peculiar at all to England, but strictly a bird of the Eastern Hemisphere—was first brought to the United States in 1851. A gentleman of intelligence, who truly thought he was doing an excellent deed, in that year, it would appear, founded at Buffalo, New York, the first English sparrow colony in the Western Hemisphere. Other like colonies were, at intervals, afterward founded in various cities of our East and West; the underlying motive for these deplorable intrusions being apparently a compound or blend of the economic one already noted, with immigrant-yearning for a "home-bird," and the pestilent superstition which has done so much harm in the United States—that anything European must of necessity be better than anything native.

A few English sparrows accidentally escaped from a vessel stopping at Boston in 1858, but they were not afterward heard of. In 1868 the first formal introduction of the English sparrow to Boston was made by liberating twenty pairs of the finch on Bos-

ton Common. More were soon deliberately brought to Boston and set free. The year 1869 witnessed the sorry spectacle of the formal liberation of one thousand imported sparrows in Philadelphia. Some years before this, the foreign bird had acquired headway in New York City, and I remember noting them as a curiosity when as a boy I first visited that city in 1869. By the early seventies the English sparrow was becoming very numerous in many of the larger Eastern cities. A mania for its deliberate introduction, artfully stimulated, of course, by sparrow-sellers, and comparable to the recent Belgian hare fever, then swept over the land and sparrow colonies were soon rapidly installed from Maine to California. "From this time to the present," said, in 1889, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, officially the Chief of Economic Ornithologists in the United States, "the marvellous rapidity of this sparrow's multiplication, the surprising swiftness of its extension, and the prodigious size of the area it has overspread are without parallel in the history of any bird. Like a noxious weed transplanted to a fertile soil it has taken root and become disseminated over half a continent before the significance of its presence has come to be understood." To-day, excepting in limited desert or wilderness areas, the English sparrow abounds all over the United States east of the Mississippi; west of it and beyond the Rocky Mountains it preëmpts vast regions, and in nearly every densely settled centre of our population it literally swarms. As Dr. Merriam is careful to tell us, this astounding increase and spread is by no means all

chargeable to the phenomenal fecundity, hardihood and adaptability of this foreigner. Much of it arises from the deliberate establishment in the past of colonies of the sparrow, as has been noted, by our citizens, blind to the evil of it. Moreover, in those days of sparrow-booming the immigrant finch was sheltered, petted, fed and generally coddled as none of our native birds had ever been. Special laws were actually made in some communities for his protection and civic food provided for him by the barrel. We were, in fact, completely befooled by this aggressive, self-reliant, self-protective rowdy foreigner, who of all familiar creatures least deserves perhaps or for his own needs even requires, the fostering care of man.

In the retrospect all this seems very nauseous to me, but I have to acknowledge that there stands on condemnatory record several short articles written by me, a youth of the middle eighteen-seventies, commending this bird to the fostering care of our citizens! I was very young and did not know any better; that is my only excuse; I was as wise as nearly everybody about me, to be sure, but no wiser. Yet there were, even at that time of unwisdom, "a few intelligent ornithologists, a few naturalized citizens who had spent years in fighting the bird in its native land" (says Dr. Merriam) who uttered grave words of warning. But these were few indeed.

On Boston Common, then a native birds' paradise, the foreign sparrow was welcomed with all the unthinking joy that characterized his reception elsewhere. Special houses and iron

boxes were constructed and carefully placed for the pretenders' accommodation. Infatuated Boston actually went the length of suspending the execution of its ordinance against the discharge of fire arms within the city limits, in favor of certain employees who systematically shot down, one by one, a small band of northern shrikes who had come in from the country with the beneficent object of thinning out the Common sparrows.

Things went on this way for some years. Native American birds, nearly all highly beneficent and delightful in plumage, song or way of life, which had hitherto haunted Boston Common and bred upon it in welcome quantity (read, in this connection, Bradford Torrey's earlier bird-notes) began soon to lessen, and before long almost totally disappeared, unless as casual, brief, unwilling migrants. From the Common vanished the lovely bluebird and dear chipping sparrow; the barn-swallow, which till these evil days had bred about the State House, took himself off; robins, unless as passing migrants, abandoned the grounds; even the elm-haunting orioles so fled away from this paradise of their kind that in the course of some years I was unable after scrupulous examination to discover so much as one orioles' nest on the entire Common. In fact, of the Common, Public Garden and their vicinage the evil sparrow in quick time took absolute insolent possession, and held it without a break until the work of the Sparrow Committee of 1899 partially evicted the intruder. Meanwhile the evil sparrow had spread all over New England (excepting in dense forest or sheer wil-

derness) from Maine's to Connecticut's extremest borders. Crowded in great hoodlum gangs in the cities and large towns, it also intruded upon the isolated farms; a bully, supplanter, destroyer, disturber, robber and parasite everywhere.

From the huge mass of relevant, indisputable testimony on this head I select for use here, a letter from a Virginian correspondent. I do so because it is recent, vivid, and excepting in one obscure instance has never before been used in print: "It occurs to me to tell you about something I saw the English sparrows do, only a few days ago. We have seen them chase off the bluebirds and wrens, destroying their nests, but never before have I seen their innate wickedness. During a storm a nest of chimney-swifts became dislodged and fell into my room. The storm clearing, I put the two little swifts in the nest, close to the chimney, on the roof, in hopes that the parents might see and feed them. Called away a few moments, I returned to find two sparrows, picking in the most vicious manner at the little swifts. I saw the sparrows had killed them, so I watched. The sparrows picked and flew at the dead swifts and finally dragged the bodies across the roof to its edge and flung them over. Returning, they tore the nest to bits, throwing it, piece by piece, after the dead bodies of the nestlings. We are tormented here by the sparrows."

But may, perhaps, the sparrow atone, in some part, for his grievous wrong to our insect-subjugating "friends in feathers" by his own destruction of injurious insects? The question is of such vital moment, that,

though I have answered it, I shall briefly return to it just here, and more specifically.

Briefly, then, the consensus—practically unanimous—of our economic ornithologists assures us that the evil sparrow does not atone nor even thus approximate atonement. It is an indisputable fact that the English sparrow in New England, as elsewhere, is mainly a seed-eater, and only incidentally a feeder upon insects. Of the insects which he does destroy, a share are beneficial or neutral instead of harmful. The number of harmful insects destroyed by this sparrow is insignificant compared with the number of such insects which he protects, by mobbing out or killing the native birds that would otherwise have destroyed them. Right here in Massachusetts we have glaring evidence to the point; for in our towns and cities infested throughout by swarming hosts of sparrows, the gypsy, brown-tail and tussock moths, with other evil insects, appallingly swarm also.

But even admitting, as we must admit, that the English sparrow fails disgracefully as a reducer of harmful insects, does not his seed-eating habit make him of high value as a destroyer of weed seeds? Many of our native sparrows and finches are most efficient thus; winning high praises from our economic experts. We must add, too, that along New England roadsides and open lots, overgrown with Roman wormwood and other noxious weeds, where formerly we might seasonably expect the radiant goldfinch, painted red-poll, hearty tree-sparrow (beloved of Thoreau), quick snow bird or pied

snow bunting, now, with the long banishment of these, flocks of English sparrows sometimes, in the Autumn settle down and feed. It is also true that, at least in Washington, D. C., some good is done by English sparrows in extirpating dandelion and other weed seed from lawns. To get the freshest data on the point now raised, I wrote just before making up this article, to the expert in charge of Economic Ornithology at Washington. Here is his answer: "The weed seed-eating habit you speak of seems to be somewhat similar to the one the English sparrow has in the middle West (notably Ohio), where it leaves the cities in great numbers when the wheat is nearly mature, and spends the late Summer and Fall months in the grain fields but returns to the cities at the approach of cold weather. As there are few if any grain fields accessible from Boston, the sparrow probably finds an acceptable substitute in the seed of the *Ambrosia* [commonly called] Ragweed or Roman wormwood. * * * If they remained on these weed patches all Winter, as many of our native birds do, they might do an appreciable good, but as they probably return to the towns at the approach of Winter the good done is very small. * * * What weed-seed they do eat is insignificant as compared with that eaten by the tree-sparrow and several other species."

In addition to all that we have said, the English sparrow is known to be an extensive, most mischievous destroyer of poultry food, grain crops and garden vegetables and fruits, a notorious defiler of out-door statuary, cemeteries, park-seats, churches and

all forms of residential and business architecture. A more than extensive erector of large nests made up of inflammable trash, which, according as they are placed, menace wooden structures with conflagration, bring about defilement of water-supplies, stop up roof-gutters, obstruct water-pipes, deface architecture, clog street lamps or endanger foliage by harboring hosts of gypsy moths and other noxious insects. The sparrow is also, in New England, a disturber, to some extent, of doves in their cotes. Of his incessant, joyless, heartless outcry, smiting the ear like the clink of metal on stone, a correspondent of Dr. Merriam thus truly speaks:

"To many, our singing birds form the very poetry of the year and when they are replaced * * * by these noisy and dirty sparrows so that half the charm of Spring is gone, no little suffering results. The effect upon sick or nervous people, of their monotonous and peculiarly untuneful cry is very great. The English sparrow has in noxious doing all the "industry and perseverance" ascribed by the dear old lady, in unwitting praise, to Satan, and also all that sinister potentate's low cunning. The bird is loyal to some parental obligations, but grossly disloyal to other bird-ideals of domestic ethics. On the whole, this sparrow is a dirty, noisy, bullying, quarrelling, cruel, salacious, thievish, impudent, ribald little rowdy and blackguard, who does not scruple to murder, and whose ubiquitous presence among our young people surely does not tend, upon the whole, to their social or moral elevation, but quite the other way.

It is not even true that the English

sparrow is the only bird which gathers about the treeless, plantless residential districts in towns and cities during the Winter. Doves abundantly gather in such districts at this season, and would gather more numerous and constantly if they were more encouraged to do so. In almost every conceivable way, doves are the ethical antipodes to English sparrows. They are unassuming, gentlemanly and tender-voiced; their chaste and noble conjugal lives have passed into a proverb; they strictly *let live* as well as live; they come readily and with lovely grace, to those who feed them. Their plumage is varied and beautiful. Even in the manner of uncleanliness they are far less open to criticism than are English sparrows, and with some care as to housing them (*vide* Trinity Church, Boston's noblest structure, which, though abundantly dove-haunted, is free from dove-defacement), inconveniences under this head may be avoided.

The plain duty of all New England people is now to do what in them lies (without wantonness, of course, or toleration of torture) to reduce this sparrow-plague. I heartily wish that I could suggest some indirect, pleasant, beguiling, coaxing way of doing it, but I cannot. The English sparrow is not to be beguiled or coaxed. He is keen, knowing, up-and-coming, if ever bird were. No "swinging nests" fabled to repel the sparrow, no scarecrows, or other like petty devices, will avail at all. He laughs them all to scorn. To reduce the harm of New England sparrows, we must destroy the sparrows. There is no other way. But in doing this, we need not and ought not to be cruel. The

stranger-finch may be by us effectually put away by methods far more prompt and less discomfoting than nature's own reductive ways. The nests of English sparrows may, in the egg-season, be systematically destroyed with the eggs. If the sparrow breeds in tree-holes, the holes, as was done by us on Boston Common, may be, after the nest-removal, permanently stopped up. These sparrows may be instantly killed with a 22-inch Winchester rifle loaded with fine shot, and noiseless powder may be used. On a small estate in Malden, Massachusetts, a single rifle used thus so impressed the cautious sparrows that the mere showing of the rifle, without discharge, was soon sufficient. Indeed, the estate so guarded presently became *taboo* to English sparrows, though estates adjoining it swarmed with them. This I know.

A house-trap, of generous size, baited with grain, has proved an efficient and merciful reducer of the sparrow, at Nahant in Massachusetts. General encouragement should be given to the use of sparrows as food.

But I cannot enlarge upon this theme. The list of legitimate remedial measures is long, and may be further drawn upon through application to the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Unless I am misinformed, the laws of all the New England states are ample for efficient state or municipal work against the plague of sparrows. They certainly are so in Massachusetts. In time, I think that a large share of sparrow-suppression among us will be thus officially rather than individually done. In the meantime, let individuals do their duty.

Apparently the English sparrow in New England is just now numerically at a standstill, neither increasing nor decreasing, on the average, perceptibly. Like the common rat—another European introduction—the bird is doubtless destined always to be with us in some numbers. But though the English sparrow cannot, probably, be exterminated it may be, as we have said, effectively suppressed. A few of these stranger-finches scattered about New England can do little harm. The loss and danger lie in their inordinate numbers.



Courtesy of Youth's Companion

The Valley of Refuge

By Agnes Louise Provost

NORTH and south, east and west, the sun glared down on yawning desert. Sparse little bushes dotted the huge blankness here and there, a mockery of vegetation; not a living thing moved save an occasional lizard, flickering across the sand. The sun was a pitiless splotch of flame against a sky of beaten brass; the eyes ached from the glare of them both, flaring back from the desert in maddening heat waves.

As the afternoon wore on toward sunset, when existence would become at least bearable, a man slowly picked himself up from where he had been lying with his head under the paltry shelter of a greasewood, and looked doubtfully from his drooping horse to the purple shadow of the hills beyond. He knew that when he came nearer to them, when that haunting desert haze could no longer soften them into violet clouds, they would be as hard in their way as the face of the desert was in its own, but there at least would be shade, some little relief from the tormenting flame which filled body and mind and soul; that somewhere, could he but find it, there would be blessed water, a strip of green valley, from which the face of God had not been turned away.

With one hand on his horse's neck he stood for a moment hesitating, and looked back over the pathless way by which he had come. Only an infinite

glare of yellow desert, which before his half-blinded eyes flickered dazzlingly and melted into the deeper glare of the sky, but what lay beyond it, none knew better than he. Insistent fingers plucked at him, dragging him back to the things which had been. He half turned that way, an unsteady laugh in his throat and the gleam of recklessness in his sand-reddened eyes. Then the soul in him cried out, through the crust which those things had drawn over it. "I won't! I can't! This is my last chance."

In another second he was on his wilted horse and had turned with fierce impatience toward the purple bulk of the hills, pulling his hat well over his eyes and pressing his fingers to his temples to deaden the dizzy horror in his brain.

Horse and man were a speck on the face of the desert. The horse crawled along lifelessly; the man swayed in his saddle. The sun dropped lower, the air became a shade less terrible; a jack-rabbit awoke into energy and loped across their path. The man scarcely saw him, but pushed stubbornly ahead for the nearing wall of the hills.

* * * * *

Securely tucked away in the forbidding Chihuicahui range, almost on the lip of the parched desert, there lies a tiny strip of valley where the fresh green things of the earth will grow,

where water, sweet, God-given water, comes trickling almost unperceived from the crevices of the rocks. Here in the calm stillness of early twilight, deepened by the mountains which shut him in, a man squatted comfortably before a greasewood fire, preparing his supper. Back of him a cabin, with a cleared patch of ground and a few primitive garden things growing, marked this for a home.

It was an appetizing odor which arose from the meat broiling over the fire, and the man sniffed it appreciatively. He was tall and large boned, rather spare, but tanned with the ruddy brown of those who use a house merely for the formality of sleep.

His life had given him the quick ear of a wild thing. He turned at a distant sound which only a plainsman or an Indian could have heard, and a moment later stared in slow wonder at the sight of a stumbling, drooping horse, and a man, a white man, with the desert's wringing exhaustion stamped on his face.

"Hello!" The settler called it out cheerfully across the fire, placed the cooking game where it would not need his immediate care, and went forward to meet man and horse.

"You're done out," he said, with curious compassion, as the newcomer staggered on dismounting. "Stretch out here until you've pulled yourself together again."

The stranger dropped down thankfully, while his host went off with the horse and returned with the boon of water.

"There, not so fast."

The thirsty man submitted docilely to the calm authority which took away

the water he had been taking in eager gulps, drew a long breath and sat up to look with wondering curiosity at his surroundings.

"You live here, don't you?" he commented with slightly rising inflection, as though it had just occurred to him, and his host smiled somewhat grimly.

"I suppose I do. I've been here eight years, if that constitutes living. My name is Trent."

"And mine,—well, call me Johnson. That will answer, won't it?"

The fellow's mood seemed reckless, and his laugh was too cynical to be entirely pleasant, but Trent shrugged his big shoulders philosophically and went back to his broiling game.

"Supper's about ready," he observed irrelevantly, and they sat down to it hungrily, the man who had made this his solitary home and the one who had come reeling in from the desert, leaving his identity behind him. They were men of the same manner of speech—each had observed that—and it was not a speech indigenous to the place in which they found themselves. Both transplanted, but from where? There the resemblance ended. The host was steady and calm of voice, quiet in word and action; the guest's every movement quivered with nervous impatience, his face was haggard, his eyes flickered restlessly from spot to spot, in speech he was quick to abruptness, in silence he seemed to slip into moody abstraction.

They finished their meal and sat in the deepening shadows without speech. Trent piled more greasewood on the fire for the cheer of its light, and wondered amusedly whether he should guard against his guest as a fleeing

desperado or accept him as a rather erratic gentleman. Ethical distinctions vary with geographical differences; in southern Arizona one may overlook ethical obliquities which would be a matter for indictment in Boston.

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Johnson said it over to himself, and Trent looked at him curiously. The sound of the man's voice, coming out of silence in this odd way, had something ghostly about it.

"Eight years!" said Johnson suddenly, turning toward Trent. "It is a long time."

Trent arose and sauntered restlessly up and down. This visitor from the outer world, who, whatever he had been or done, was apparently a man of his own plane of life, filled him with disturbing thoughts of the old things, the busy, interested life he had dropped out of.

"It's a ghastly long time," he said gloomily. "It is a wonder I have not lost the power of speech."

He stopped and looked at his guest with a short laugh.

"Why, man, your's is the first white face I've seen in three years, and then it was half Mexican. Nobody comes here but an occasional Indian, about once in six months, and as I've nothing worth their stealing, they don't bother me much. The days of their depredations are over, and there isn't even the excitement of going to bed with the chance of waking up scalped."

"The usual price of excitement," commented his guest morosely, "the risk of your life—or the risk of your soul."

"What good is your life if you can't

live it?" Trent demanded. The chance of talking to a white man, after all the years of self-imposed exile, made him expand into an eager volubility. "It is a fine thing for a vacation, but for all time—God forbid! It is like dying and being translated to a hell of solitary confinement!"

"It is a valley of refuge."

Johnson's restless eyes flickered from him to the cabin and the sheltering mountain sides and back again. Trent shrugged his shoulders and laughed ruefully.

"I grant it, but even a valley of refuge may become a prison when you can't leave it. Ten years ago the doctors told me to go west for a few years,—my last throw for life. I came. I also took a fool's advice and sank what little money I possessed in a cattle ranch in New Mexico, and at the end of two years I was lucky to clear out with about five dollars, the clothes on my back, a pretty decent horse and one man's share of firearms. I wasn't fit yet to go back east, I hadn't the courage or energy left in me to borrow money for a new venture. I started across Arizona with two other fellows in an equally bad way financially, and when we struck this valley I thought that Fate, or Providence, or something, had put this here for me. The other fellows went on, and I stayed. I thought I would make it a year to get my health all back, but somehow it slipped into two and three, and so on to eight. When you are alone, and have no particular incentive to anything, you grow sluggish and apathetic."

"You want to go back," commented his guest, with an abrupt earnestness. "I want to stay. I came over the

desert alone, and the Providence which watches over fools guided me here. I have money, clean enough as money goes, and I will trade it for the right to stay here. Whenever you wish to return, I will give back the place and call it even."

"You are crazy," said his host, succinctly, but his pulse pumped harder at the thought of going back. He had tried to school himself to remain here, because it was better to be a self-respecting hermit in the wilderness than to go back to the old associations a tramp and an outcast.

"If you refuse," the quick voice pounded at him insistently, "I shall only go a little deeper into these mountains, and fight my living out of the rocks and brush there. I am going to stay. The money is useless to me, worse, because with it I might yield to the temptation to go back,—where I must not go. You need it for your journey and expenses."

"It would be highway robbery," said Trent bluntly. "What right have I to take money for this place? It's government land."

"If you do not take it, I shall either give it to the first Indian who comes here or throw it away," said Johnson recklessly. "You are going. It's a bargain, and you take my horse."

"Maybe," said Trent cautiously. "Come, you go to bed. You're a wreck, and you must have had a frightful day."

Late into the night Trent lay awake with busily humming thoughts, eager as a boy at the prospect of return, yet ashamed to accept the terms. What could this queer fellow be? What could he have done, that he was so anxious to hurry himself from the

sight and memory of men? He heard the man moving restlessly; twice he groaned under his breath, and finally arose and slipped out.

Without moving, Trent watched him. Under the light of the moon he saw Johnson fumble in his pockets, find a crumpled envelope and a note book, and write, write. Suddenly the writer stopped, flung down the note book and sat for a moment with his head buried in his hands. Then he took up the written sheets with a sudden gesture and tore them across, laying them on the ashes of the greasewood fire. He had matches in his pocket, for he struck one, watched the little pile of papers quicken into flame and then arose and came stumblingly, head down, back toward the cabin.

The next morning, when his guest had at last dropped into exhausted slumber, Trent arose and went about his extremely simple daily tasks. There was something half white, half charred, on the remains of last night's fire, one end of a crumpled envelope. He picked it up and smoothed it out carefully, puzzling over it with a thoughtful frown. It was none of his business, but—

"I'll keep it," he said to himself. "I am going back to life on another man's money, and perhaps, some day, I may at least be able to pay it back to his people."

* * * * *

"Are you busy, old man?" Jimmy Vanarsdale poked his head inquiringly into the office where Trent was poring over a formidable pile of papers. "I won't bother you if you are. It just occurred to me that Kathie and I are dining all by our

lone to-night, and I might drag you home with me."

The preoccupied frown between Trent's eyes vanished, and he smiled genially, as most people did when Jimmy Vanarsdale was around.

"I should consider myself a very lucky fellow," he said promptly, "but what will Miss Vanarsdale say to such a—"

"Just the right thing, you may be sure. She always does. I'll stop for you later at your rooms, so you can't escape me."

His head vanished, and Trent went back to his papers with disturbing visions blurring their multitudinous figures. They were oddly mixed visions, a girl with gold-lit hair, Jimmy Vanarsdale's good-humored face and voice, and the whir and rush of New York, all against a limitless background of yellow desert, through which he could peep into a tiny valley, silent, isolated, where no white man might come for years, and in it a nervous, haggard man burying himself from the knowledge of the world.

The desert's brown was off Trent's face long since, and there was nothing but the remembrance that he had said so to remind men that he had been an exile from civilization for ten years, and for eight of them had been a solitary dweller in the wilderness. He had been back now for a year and a half, and was used to the world once more. It had seemed queer at first, so oddly intoxicating. He had a few distant relations to whom he had civilly made his existence known, and then dropped them, but for the most part he was satisfied to mingle with the crowds and go up and down busy Broadway or the Avenue, and

rejoice in all this busy, hard, tense, restless life, which fluttered its rags so jauntily, and wore its purple with such lavish recklessness. He liked it. He had been reared on it and felt himself a part of it, and the flaming desert, with its huge silences and its mysterious, maddening haze, seemed to belong to the life of another man.

Back of him a roll-top desk clattered smartly down, indicating that some one was taking his departure for the day. After this one had left another man came in from an inner office and paused by Trent's desk.

"Here is the book I spoke about. It's a pessimistic little thing, but tremendously clever. He wrote it when he was pretty far on the down grade."

"Oh, thanks, Overton. This is the one by the chap you knew?"

"Yes, Malcolm Jeffery. He was a brilliant chap, but he came to a queer end. There was a good bit of mystery about it. Must have been an obscure sort of suicide, considering the facts. Some day I'll tell you what I know of it. Good-night, don't work too long."

The heavy banging door told Trent that he was alone. He had still half an hour before he must go to his room to be ready for Jimmy when he called. He pushed aside the little book by Malcolm Jeffery, and leaning toward the window, looked down into the busy street far below, where the lights were coming out one by one. Between his eyes and the points of brightness came a gold-lit head, the curve of a daintily rounded chin and the light of sweet, unwavering eyes. He had known her for only a few months, ever since the first time Jimmy Vanarsdale, ever friendly and

hospitable, had taken him home one night to the dainty little apartment where he and his sister lived.

Trent turned back from the lights in the busy streets, and pushed his papers back impatiently.

"I'm going to ask her the first chance I get to see her alone," he said suddenly, half whispering it. "I can't stand this any longer."

As he went down into the street he coughed a little in the raw November air, and pulled his overcoat closer. The weather had been vile; he must have caught cold. But as he went uptown the gold-lit head was still before his eyes, so near that he seemed almost to touch it, and at the same time as remote as the shining stars.

* * * * *

Trent settled himself comfortably in the nicest of Jimmy's delightful chairs, and rejoiced that after four weeks of manœuvring he had at last found Katherine alone.

"I met Jimmy as I turned the corner," he said twinkling. "He held me up with a lot of hypocritical regrets because he had another engagement, and then incriminated himself by admitting that he was bound for Central Park West."

"Dear Jimmy!" laughed Katherine, knowing well who lived in that direction, and picturing just how Jimmy had looked as he had said it. Trent thought her unutterably charming as she laughed out in that way.

"Jimmy goes up to Central Park West much too often for his peace of mind," he continued sagely. "He will have a fine case of nerves before he gets through."

Katherine's laugh bubbled forth again.

"Why, how well this wise gentleman understands the symptoms! Tell me more, it is quite exciting!"

"I've been through it," said Trent grimly, glad to get it out at any cost, and then he leaned forward suddenly, the light of eagerness and determination in his eyes. It was now or never.

"Don't you know that?" he asked earnestly.

She looked at him swiftly, something like appeal in her own eyes, and then lowered the lids as though his intent look hurt her. How could she say it, so as to give him the least pain? As big and steady and cool as he seemed, there was something about him which always called forth a little aching pity from her.

"I love you." It was like him, this brief and forceful directness of speech from which one could not escape. "I can't say more than that, because it is all right there in those three words. I love you—Katherine—God knows how much."

His voice dropped to a deep whisper, caught huskily in his throat, and he coughed a little. It was annoying, that cold.

"Are you going to send me away? Don't do that. I will wait any time you say, if you will give me just hope enough to live on."

"And if I could not?"

Her voice was very pitiful, but it was love he had asked, not pity, and his lips straightened into a tight line of self-repression.

"I will tell you something, if you will let me, because you are my friend, and I want you to understand. It is not a thing I can speak of often, even to Jimmy."

Trent nodded, his eyes fixed with

gloomy intentness on her face. What did it matter, now?

"Two years ago, Mr. Trent, I was to have married. There was one great drawback, but we both hoped it could be overcome. Then one day I received a letter from him, saying that he had tried and failed miserably, that he was a blot on the world where he had meant to shine, and that I must forget him as unworthy. He simply disappeared from our knowledge. They said it was suicide; I do not know."

Trent growled something inarticulate in his throat. The subdued suffering in her face filled him with wrath against the brute who had caused it. At what effort to herself she had told him this he might well imagine, but, without meeting his eyes, she continued steadily:

"We may not judge him. His temptations were not ours. Years ago, my friend, when his ambition kept him deep in exacting brain work almost day and night, when he was building himself a splendid name for so young a man, his doctor gave him opiates, now and again, because his nerves were in tatters, his brain almost crazed with insomnia. He would not leave his precious work, so the opiates came more frequently. You can guess the rest. When he found the hold it had on him he fought it, but it was stronger than he, and then, because he would not drag others down with him, he sank from sight alone. You understand now, why I want you to be my friend, only my friend?"

"Yes."

The monosyllable was eloquent. Trent pulled himself together, arose,

and held out his hand. He might as well go.

"May I ask you one question?"

"If you wish."

"Was he—was his name Jeffery?"

"Yes." The girl's surprise, half shrinking, flashed over her face as she realized that the bitter, shameful story was still hawked about, so that it had come even to Trent, a stranger.

"Thank you."

He said good-by abruptly and left her. Out in the street he laughed grimly as he surveyed the wreck of his hopes. What a fool he had been! Overton had told him of a woman in the case, but he had mentioned no names, possibly because of Trent's friendship with Jimmy Vanarsdale. He had told other things, too, which she either did not know or would not tell to Jeffery's hurt, how deep in the mire the drug had dragged the wreck of a brilliant man, what a madman he had become, sane only in realizing his disgrace and loss and suffering, and what an unvoiced relief it had been to his friends to think that the poor chap must surely be dead.

As he passed under a street light, Trent's face looked gray and weary. He had been feeling rather listless and tired of late, anyhow, probably the late hours of city life, but a few nights' sleep would put him right. As a sharp gust of wind struck him he coughed heavily, caught his breath and coughed again. He wiped his lips impatiently with his handkerchief, and when he took it away there was a little streak on its whiteness. He looked at it half in wonder, and read its message without the quiver of a lash.

After all, it did not matter.

* * * * *

It had been weeks since Katherine had seen Trent. He had appeared haggard and sick the last time they had met, and he had looked at her with such an odd intentness that she felt uneasy. Still it was something of a shock when Jimmy came in with troubled face and told her he had just heard that Trent had been in a hospital several weeks.

"His old trouble, they tell me. I suppose it was bound to come back."

He went to see him the next morning, and came back looking as depressed as Jimmy seldom was known to be. Trent had asked to see her; wouldn't she go? That same afternoon Trent opened his languid eyes to see her come in softly, unattended.

"I knew you would come," was all he said, and she smiled back brightly, to hide her pity and dismay at the ghastly change in him. She slipped her cool, firm hand into the feverish and gaunt one he extended. The flesh had gone off him frightfully, leaving sharp protruding bones, and hollow eye sockets from which his eyes gleamed with relentless fire.

"I want to ask you something," he said abruptly as she sat down, and then hurried on as though he feared his strength of purpose and body would desert him. "Don't you think, Katherine,—you will let me call you Katherine to-day, won't you?—don't you think there may come a time in a man's life when it is better to break his given word than to keep it?"

She looked half wondering, half apprehensive, as though he might be delirious, but her voice was as gently serene as before.

"I think it may happen. Not often, of course, but it may."

"And suppose it might be almost a matter of life or death, yet the man who had given his word could not know which it would be in the end?"

"It would not be easy to decide. Life and death is such a fearful power to hold, dear friend, but don't you think, usually, he would surely have *some* conviction of what the better part would be?"

Katherine spoke cautiously, for she felt herself on dangerous ground. If she could help him,—but it was so hard to help in the utter darkness.

Trent suddenly buried his head in the pillow, shook for several minutes with coughing, and came out out of it exhausted and limp. As he regained his breath he fumbled around and brought out a flat package.

"In there," he said weakly, and she opened it, and saw something carefully protected between two bits of cardboard, the torn and charred end of an envelope, showing a few dimly pencilled letters in a writing whose well-remembered peculiarities sent the blood humming dizzily in her brain.

sdale,

eet,

rk City.

"Oh, you have seen him! Where did you get it? Tell me!" The tears were blinding her eyes and choking her voice. She buried her face in her hands, weeping softly, and so did not see how sharply he winced under her grief for that other man. In the next instant she remembered, and dried her eyes remorsefully.

"Oh, forgive me, but—two years, and all the doubt and dread! Tell me, did he—is he—"

"You will find him in southern Arizona, in a little valley in the Chihui-

cahui mountains." Trent's exhausted voice was steady with the calm of victory won. "I left him there. I did not even know his name, but he made me swear I would never speak of him to any man or woman. I think it was better to break it. Your name, you know, the envelope, what you told me,—I put it all together."

He stopped, breathless, and she stroked his gaunt hand pitifully and struggled between joy and grief as the stricken man took fresh grip on himself to tell her the rest little by little, between painful gasps.

"I wanted to pay him back," he finished limply, "but I seem to be done for now."

What more she said to him there, no one but herself and Trent ever knew. It was something she could not have told to any one, but when she came out, an hour later, the tears still shone on her lashes, and Trent lay in the slumber of weakness, with more peace on his wasted face than it had known for weeks.

In the night he died, and it was Jimmy Vanarsdale who came to the hospital the next morning, and asked the privilege of a friend to bury the dead man as one of his own people.

* * * * *

In a narrow strip of valley in southern Arizona a man sat listlessly and stared at the grim rockiness of the mountains which hemmed him in. It was now two years since he had pronounced his own sentence of exile. Why he had come to Arizona, of all places, he could not have told, unless it was because this was the last place where any of his friends would have looked for him. The madness of an opium-crazed brain had sent him

across the man-hungry desert, a stranger and alone, and a wisdom which turned his own to mocking had brought him out of its living death. He had even sent his horse away by Trent, cutting off all chances of return to the world and the temptation which pulled him back with insistent fingers. No man would ever know how strong that was, nor how he had lain on the ground night after night and cried out in agony to the black mountains looking down upon him. But that had been two years ago, and was gone. The haggard man of that time was strong and brown and muscular, with eye and hand as steady as the rays of the sun out there on the desert.

He lifted his head and listened. Hoof beats were in his ears, coming nearer. He went toward them on a half run, glad to see either friend or enemy in his loneliness. A desert-exhausted man reeled thankfully out of the saddle as he approached.

"I've come to take you home, old man," he said simply, and laughed unsteadily as he took Jeffery's brown hand and wrung it in joyous relief.

"You have come to—I don't understand!"

Only Jimmy Vanarsdale, who had known him so long, would have seen how near Jeffery was to breaking down.

"I mean it," he said firmly, leaning limp and weary against his horse, but losing not a line of the change in Jeffery's face. "Kathie sent me for you. She came as far as I'd let her, and she is waiting for me to bring you back."

Back of them, the two half-breed guides Jimmy had brought looked on

in stolid wonder, and calmly went to work to turn loose their horses and the extra one brought for Jeffery's use.

In the first paleness of dawn the next morning, as they were starting away, Jeffery pulled in his horse for a last look at the little valley which had sheltered poor Trent for eight years and himself for two, which had saved him, body and soul, for better things.

"Good-by, Valley of Refuge," he said gravely, and turned back to Vanarsdale. "It was worth while, Jimmy. I have fought out my fight alone, and I have won. I am going back."

Jimmy nodded as soberly as he.

"You have done splendidly. God knows I didn't have a hope of finding you alive, but I did it for Kathie. If—forgive me, Jeff—if such a thing could happen again—"

The older man turned on him a face black with the wrath of self scorn.

"There will be no again," he said sternly, and then looked ahead of him with softening eyes, out through the narrow opening of the valley and into the wide desert dawning, vague with mystery and vast silences, but beyond which lay the world, his work, and the one woman who still believed in him.

The Sceptic

By Edwin Carlile Litsey.

WHAT night is his! What narrow scope to range!
 Prisoned within Self's dwarfing, unlit cell.
 Soul-pinions clipped—never to know a change—
 In Godless gloom he must forever dwell.
 Barred from the mercies cast with Cræsus hand
 By Him whose promises are built on Truth;
 Roaming, an outcast, in an arid land,
 Dried up, and sealed, the holy founts of youth!
 A stranger to the truths which urge the soul
 To struggle up the stony hills of hope;
 An alien to the balm the faithful know,
 Who, after battle, rest on Zion's slope!
 To heights of holiness he cannot aspire;
 Doomed now and aye to creep amid the mire!

Men and Events of the Day

The Oldest Pensioner of the Revolution

A gentle, sweet-faced old lady, wonderfully well-preserved for her years, with a row of tiny, silvery curls showing beneath the border of her lace cap,—intelligent, cheerful and bright,—such is Mrs. Hannah Newell Barrett,

by every comfort, and all that a loving care can give her, this wonderful old lady is peacefully drawing to the close of her long life.

Her father was Noah Harrod of Lunenburg, Mass., who enlisted in the



MRS. HANNAH NEWELL BARRETT

103 years old, the oldest pensioner, and the oldest living daughter of a Revolutionary soldier. Mrs. Barrett makes her home with her son-in-law, Mr. James F. Heustis, at 425 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston. Surrounded

Revolutionary army at the early age of eighteen. She married when twenty years old, and her husband died only a few years after they had celebrated the golden anniversary of their marriage. During her early life she lived

on Pinckney Street, and was a regular attendant of the Rev. Dr. Barrett's Unitarian Church at the corner of Chambers and McLean Streets. She has vivid recollections of the West End from the time when that district was nothing more than a large farm or cow pasture, and also of the Back Bay district in its state of primitive nature.

Save for a slight deafness, Mrs. Barrett has all her faculties. She is still able to read a little and to knit, although her eyesight has lately begun to fail her. There could be no better commentary on the state of her health than to say that she eats heartily. She is fond of company, and is genuinely interested in all that goes on around her. Her home is a mecca for visitors, although all who would see her, it is needless to say, are not allowed to do so; her family guard her carefully from over-fatigue. On her birthdays she is besieged by reporters, and it has long ceased to be a novelty for this famous old lady to be "written up."

She is an honorary member of the Boston Tea Party Chapter of the D. A. R.

The nearest rival to Mrs. Barrett as a daughter of the Revolution who has

yet been discovered in Boston, is just thirty years younger—Miss Hannah Manson, who lives at 46 Princeton Street, East Boston. Miss Manson is not only a daughter, but a granddaughter of the Revolution, her father and two grandfathers having served through that war. Miss Manson's father was Private Nehemiah Manson of Scituate, who enlisted in 1777 at the age of sixteen, and served through the war, receiving his honorable discharge in 1783.

Manchester, New Hampshire, claims the distinction of having another daughter of the Revolution in the person of Mrs. Sally Glover, who on September 26 attained the age of ninety-four. She was born in Deerfield, September 26, 1809, the daughter of Parker Chase who served under Washington. Until recently she has been able to walk out frequently with the aid of a cane. Her memory is still retentive, particularly so regarding events in her early years.

Mrs. Glover's grandfather, Parker Chase, was one of four brothers who settled near the old centre in Deerfield about 1770, and all the land then taken up by them still remains in the Chase families.

Last of America's "Old Guard"

Col. John L. Clem, who sailed for Manila October 1, to take up his duties as Chief Quartermaster of the Division of the Philippine Islands, will be the last officer of the "Old Guard"—the volunteers of the Republic—to retire from the regular army. He is the same little "Johnny Clem,"

who, 40 years ago, won the title of "Drummer Boy of Chickamauga." According to one historian, he was "probably the youngest person who ever bore arms in battle."

Col. Clem was born in Newark, Ohio, in 1851, and having early decided upon a military career, at the

army was as first cellist of the Vienna Opera House.

Much interest is being felt, in musical circles, in Senor Fernandez Arbos, the new concert master and first violin of the Symphony Orchestra.

Senor Arbos was born in Madrid about forty years ago, and has had a brilliant career in Europe as a musician. When very young, he studied under Jesus Monasterio at the Madrid Conservatoire and later under Vieuxtemps at the Brussels Conservatoire, where, at the age of fifteen, he gained the *prix d'honneur*. Three years, also, he gave to study under Joachim at Berlin, a man whose style of playing was diametrically opposed to the Vieuxtemps school. He was for a time leader of the Berlin Philharmonic Society's orchestra, and afterwards was professor of the violin at the Hamburg Conservatoire. At the express desire of the queen of Spain, he accepted the same post at the Madrid Conservatoire, but later relinquished it to go to London, where he appeared with great success at a series of concerts at St. James's Hall. Since then London has practically claimed Senor Arbos for her own. He gained a great reputation not only in concert work, but also as a teacher. He has been chief professor of the violin at the Royal College of Music, and a member of the board of professors; an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Music and an examiner of the associated board.



RUDOLPH KRASELT,
First Violoncello, Boston Symphony Orchestra

“The Tale of Tantiusques”*

By George H. Haynes.

THIS paper presents some incidents from the story of what is probably the oldest living mine in the United States. It had been visited by the Indians from time immemorial, and was by them made known to the English in 1633, and it has been worked intermittently for more than two centuries and a half. Up-to-date methods and the equipment of modern mining engineering are to-day developing this ancient property. The mine is situated in a tract of land, still almost as wild and picturesque as if it had never been trodden by the foot of man, in the southern part of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, within a mile of the Connecticut boundary line.

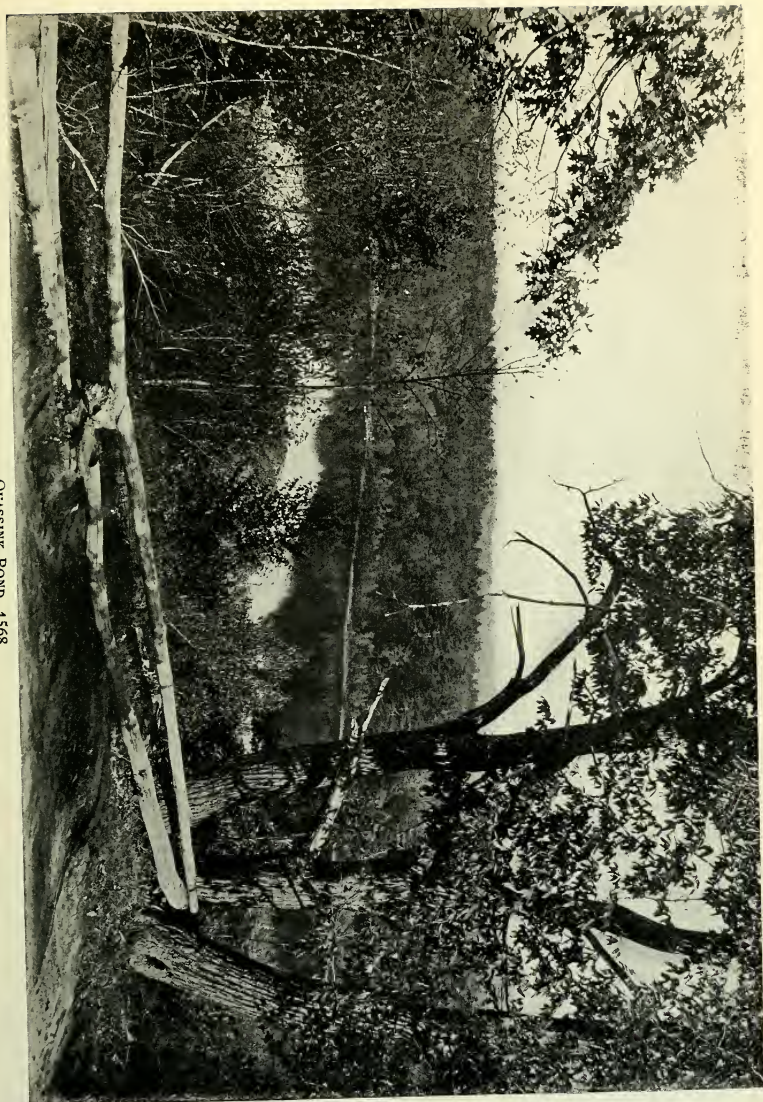
In granting the charter for the Massachusetts Bay Colony the attention of Charles I was fixed not so much upon the trading privileges or the forms of government to be granted to his restive subjects, as upon possible sources of revenue for himself. In the Petition of Right the King had just renounced arbitrary taxes, but he was resolved not to be dependent upon grants by Parliament. Accordingly by far the most emphatic provision of the charter, four times repeated in substantially the same words, was the insistence that the lands granted to the patentees should yield the King

“the fiftē parte of the oare of goulde and silver which should from tyme to tyme,

and at all tymes there after, happen to be found, gotten, had, and obteyned in, att, or within any of the saide lands, lymytts, territories, and precincts.”

The early colonists shared the King's hope that El Dorado was to be discovered in New England. Foremost of them all, both in his knowledge of the natural sciences and in his zeal for developing all possible sources of mineral wealth in the new land, was John Winthrop, the younger, who had followed his father, Governor Winthrop, to Boston, in 1631. His mining ventures were many, and claimed his attention through a long series of years. In 1641 he revisited England, and upon his return, two years later, he brought over workmen, mining implements and £1,000 for the establishing of iron works. The General Court granted to him and to his associates in this enterprise large tracts of land and extensive monopoly privileges and exemptions; some months later the Court passed very encouraging resolutions, which took notice of the £1,000 having been already disbursed, and then,—as if in further encouragement of

* This study would have been impossible but for the patient work of Mr. R. C. Winthrop, Jr., of Boston, in editing and arranging for preservation nearly 200 manuscript documents relating to the early history of the mine, selected from the unpublished papers of the Winthrop family. These documents, mounted in a single volume bearing the title, “The Tale of Tantiusques,” Mr. Winthrop has recently presented to the American Antiquarian Society. The writer is indebted to many others for assistance, especially to the late Mr. Frederick Tudor, of Brookline, who collected many interesting data relating to the mine while it was in the hands of his father, and to Mr. L. B. Chase of Sturbridge, the first to make careful studies in the early history of the mine. The photographs are by Mr. Carl H. Au.



QUASSINK POND, 1568

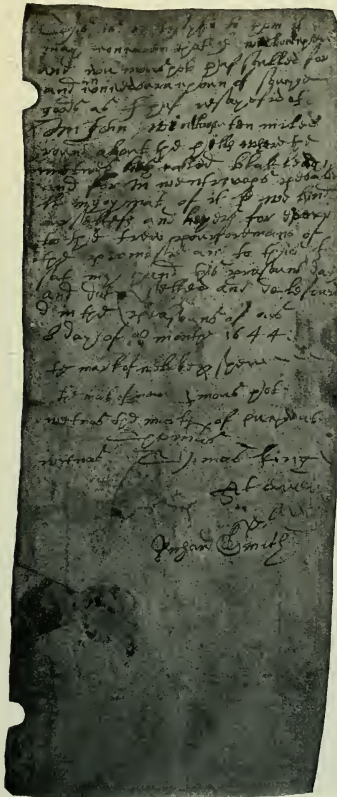
the younger Winthrop's enterprise,— there follows immediately this decree:

"Mr. John Winthrope, Iunior, is granted the hill at Tantousq, about 60 miles westward in which the black leade is, and liberty to purchase some land there of the Indians."

The existence of deposits of graphite in that region had been known early in the Colony's history. In 1633, John Oldham, of interesting

memory in connection with both the Plymouth and the Massachusetts Bay Colonies, made the trip overland to Connecticut, trading with the Indians. He returned with a stock of hemp and beaver, and brought also "some black lead, wherof the Indians told him there was a whole rock." Such a discovery, thus noted by Governor Winthrop, could not fail to arrest the attention of his son, eager for all mineralogical researches.

As a matter of fact the grant by the General Court seems merely to have given validity to what was already well under way. Five weeks earlier, William Pynchon of Springfield had written to Stephen Day, the first printer of Cambridge, telling him of having commended him to the good graces of a certain Indian, with the



FIRST INDIAN DEED

The First Indian Deed of TANTIUSQUES. 1644.

This is to testyfi to hom it may concaren that I webockchen and nou mons hot haf soulled for and in concedourachoun of suche goods as I haf resayefid of Mr John Winthrop ten miles round about the hills where the metwes (metal?) lies called blak lead, and for M Wenthrops pesabe ll injoymat of it we bind oursallefs and heyers for ever to the trew pourforemans of the pramis and to this I sat my hand this prasunt day and dat Selled and dalefourd d in the prasuns of us

8 day of 8 month 1644:

the mark of weboke X shen
the mak of nou X mons hot
wetnas the mark X of Puchdat

Thomas

wetnas Thomas King

Steven

Day

Richard Smith

These are to testify that I Nodawahunt owner of the
land of Tantiusques where the blacklead hill is doo sell unto
John Winthrop the yonger of Mistick, and doo confirme
the former sale of the blacklead hill & the land about
it at Tantiusques, by Webucksh unto the said John Winthrop,
& am fully satisfied for the same witness for my hand
this 11th of Nov. 1644.

the mark of Nodawahunt
Stephen Day
Thomas King
gorgis X marek

SECOND INDIAN DEED

assurance that the Governor was sending this man, Day, "to search for something in the ground, not for black lead as they suppose but for some other metal." But Day's prospecting tour in Winthrop's interest was already begun, for on the very day of the writing of this letter he had secured for Winthrop from Webucksham, the sachem of the region, "for and in consideration of sundry goods" the grant of "ten miles round about the hills where the metal lies that's called black lead." Only two days before the Court's grant, as if to make assurance doubly sure, Day obtained another deed of sale, or rather confirmation, from Nodawahunt, the uncle of the sachem; by this instrument he sur-

rendered whatever right he had "in that place for Ten Miles." The deed

The Second Indian Deed of TANTIUSQUES. 1644

These are to testify that I Nodawahunt owner of the land of Tantiusques where the blacklead hill is doo sell and give up, & surrender all my right in that place for ten miles to John Winthrop the yonger of Mistick, and doo confirme the former sale of the blacklead hill & the land about it at Tantiusques, by Webucksh unto the said John Winthrop, & am fully satisfied for the same witness my hand
this 11th of Nov. 1644.

X
the mark of Nodawahunt

Stephen Day
Thomas King
gorgis X marek

was sealed by pasting back a flap of the paper over a pinch of Tantiusques black lead. As if in doubt whether these deeds would be binding, since they were obtained before the action of the General Court, two months later Winthrop caused the whole transaction to be gone through again, with much greater formality in the observance of both Indian and English customs. This time, in consideration of "Ten Belts of Wampampegg with many Blankets & Cotes of Trucking Cloth and Sundry other goods," there were granted to Winthrop

"All the Black Lead Mines and all other Places of Mines and Minerals with all the Lands in the Wilderness lying North and West, East and South Round the said Black Lead Hills for Ten Miles Each way only Reserving for my selfe and people Liberty of Fishing and Hunting and convenient Planting in the said Grounds and Ponds and Rivers."

Although the mine figured largely in his correspondence and several contracts were drawn up for the digging of the lead, apparently nothing was accomplished for a dozen years. In the fall of 1657 Mr. Winthrop at last interested in the mine some Boston men of wealth and influence, one of whom was already associated with him in the Lynn and Braintree iron works. In the following spring actual work began. The new partners were eager to see prompt returns. From the first the problem of transportation was a puzzling one; they importuned Winthrop to

"tack such a corce, as what is or shal be diged of it you wil spedly git to the water side."

Again they suggest:

"ffor the caredge of the leade to the water side, Rich. Ffellowes is very willinge to ingage; first, by goeinge a turne or two vpon tryall, & after to goe vpon more serten price; wee conseiue hee is fited for horses, & shall leaue him to your selfe for conclution, which wee desior you wold hasten, conseiueinge it will doe best to tracke the way before the weades bee grone high."

The mine was so remote that it was hard to get workmen to go up into the wilderness or to stay there. From time to time Winthrop is urged to send men, "for they which are theare are weary of beinge theare," but when at last one man came, under Winthrop's direct employ, they could only report: "his hol work and study haue bin to mack trobel and hinder oure men." Called upon to act as peacemaker, Winthrop drew up a contract for a period of about two years between his partners and the two workmen; they were to dig or raise

"out of the Blacklead mine at Tantiusques the quantity of twenty tunnes yearly of good marchantable black lead, or thirty tunnes yearly if the said quantities can there be raised by such labor and endeavor by fire & other meanes as are usual and necessary in such workes."

The lead they were to transport to some convenient point on the Connecticut River between Windsor Falls and Hockanum, and for each ton so delivered they were to receive

"the full sume of Ten pounds in English goods or wheat & peas as they shall desire."

But mining at Tantiusques was a crude process, and returns upon the

investment were slow in making their appearance. Five months after active operations were begun, Winthrop wrote to his son, then in London:

"There is some black lead digged, but not so much as they expected, it being very difficult to gett out of ye rocks, w^{ch} they are forced to breake with fires, their rocks being very hard, and not to be entered further than ye fire maketh way, so as ye charge hath beene so greate in digging of it that I am like to have no profit by ye same."

Months later the same difficulties are still being experienced, when one of the partners writes:

"the diging of the surfe (surface?) haue bin verie chargable to vs, for want of a horce or catel to carie there wood, for thay can doe nothing but by firing, and the caring wood vpon there backs tack vp the gretest part of there time: therefore these are to desire you to help him to the horce . . . or a paire of oxen; but I think a horce will be best."

How long work was continued under this management and how great an output was secured, there is now no means of knowing. It is of interest that the last extant reference to Tantiusques made by its first proprietor occurs in a letter from him to the secretary of the Royal Society of London, which had recently been founded. Winthrop writes in terms of the highest appreciation of his privilege of membership in this society; he gives a quite extended account of various mineral resources of North America and of his experiments in making salt. After referring to some of his heavy losses resulting from the capture of vessels by the Dutch, he adds, in evident allusion to Tantiusques:



SECTION OF THE OLD CUT

"But who knowes the Issues of Divine Providence! Possibly I might have buried more in an uncertain mine (w^{ch} I fancied more than salt) had not such accidents prevented."

It is to be regretted that his own grandson and many a later mining speculator could not have profited by this chastened experience.

It will be remembered that Winthrop bought the tract of land at Tantiusques under warrant of the General Court, and that the deeds had described the land purchased as "lying . . . round the said Black lead Hill for ten miles each way." However a geometrician might interpret this description, the Winthrop heirs always contended that it denoted a tract "ten miles square, including the black lead hill." In the middle of the seventeenth century so extensive a purchase probably attracted no attention, but seventy-five years later the General Court was making grants which



HAULING UP GRAPHITE FROM THE DEEP CUT

threatened to trench upon the Winthrop domain. Accordingly in 1714, rehearsing the improvements which his father had made,—improvements now “discontinued by reason of the long war and trouble with the Indians,”—Wait Winthrop petitioned the Court to authorize a survey of this tract “to be to your petitioner and his heirs, and the place may be of record, that any new grant may not be laid upon the same land.” Some months later he intimates that although his father’s right to ten miles square was indisputable, he himself would be satisfied with six miles square. Yet the Court proved willing to concede him only four miles square. Although this was short of his proposal and “but a small thing with respect to the contents of the purchase, which was ten miles every way from the mine,” yet Wait Winthrop declared himself not unwilling to accept this as a settlement of the controversy, provided the boundaries could be laid out to his satisfaction. Under an order of the Court the survey was made on the eleventh of October, 1715, by a Capt. Jno. Chandler, accompanied by Mr. Winthrop’s son, who was directed by his father to make careful inquiry, so as to locate within the tract the

most valuable land of the region. Winthrop thus describes their method of procedure: They had hoped to take as one boundary either the Colony line or else the Quinebaug River, “but upon their view they found nothing between the mine and the river as also between the mine & the Collony line nothing but mountains & rox not improuable and scarce worth anything; whereupon they layd it out in a sort of triangular square, that they might take in som good land with a great deale of bad, and thought it might answare the intencion, it being all within the said purchase and granted to nobody else, . . . but the House of Representatives were pleased not to be satisfied with it inasmuch as it was not laid in a square.” Winthrop was doubtless right in inferring that it was the influence of the Springfield representatives that blocked his scheme, for they held that the tract, thus plotted, would overlap the three mile strip which they were urging the Court to add to the new plantation of Brimfield. Much discouraged at the rejection of this survey, Winthrop urges upon his son the speedy making of a new one “that may be square and take in as much of the best land as it will”; he thinks “two or three days at Tantiusques will finish a new plat, now you know where the best land is.” Yet a dozen years passed before the bounds of the Winthrop grant were adjusted. The final map, signed by Captain Chandler and two others, bears this endorsement:

“Pursuant to an order of the Generall Assembly of the 7th day of June, 1728 We have reformed the Survey of 10240 Acres of Land at Tantiusques or th Black led mines being the Contents of four mile

New London 25 Oct. 1738

I hereby acknowledge to have received off the Estate of
 John Winthrop Esq^r of this place Thirteen boxes of Black
 Lead delivered **According** to his order by Capt. John Morke
 in Tantusques being now shipped for Bristol in England

Samuel Sparrow

RECEIPT FOR FIRST CONSIGNMENT OF GRAPHITE FROM THE TANTIUSQUES MINE

Square, belonging to the Heirs of the Late Honble Major Gen^l Winthrop Dec^d And have laid it out in a Square figure . . . as We Judge is a full Equivalent for his former Survey."

The new survey took the Colony line as its southern boundary; Brimfield New Grant overlapped the Winthrop territory on the west by a strip a mile and a half wide.

Over the settlement of Wait Winthrop's will there arose a prolonged controversy, and in 1726 his only son, John, went to London to seek from the Privy Council redress for the injustice which he considered had been done him by the Connecticut courts. And there he continued to live for twenty-one years, until his death, while in New London his good wife was making strenuous efforts to care for his young family and straighten out his tangled business affairs. This John Winthrop had been graduated from Harvard College in 1700, and had early developed tastes for literary and scientific studies. In London there were abundant opportunities for the cultivation of such tastes; he

formed an interesting circle of friends, and in 1734 was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, from which it happens that he is habitually styled John Winthrop, "F. R. S." So valued a member did he become that in 1741 the fortieth volume of its Transactions was dedicated to him in a long and highly appreciative tribute.

Winthrop entertained the most exaggerated notions of the mineral wealth to be found upon his estates, and his grandfather's lack of success could not dissuade him from entering upon ambitious schemes for the development of his properties. His optimism as a mining speculator was invincible. He was probably the first of the Winthrops who had actually visited Tantusques, for it was he who, at the age of 34, had accompanied Capt. Jno. Chandler, when he "layd it out in a sort of triangular square." A second map of this same survey is preserved, a map wholly in the writing of John Winthrop, F. R. S. It is signed "J. C. Jun^r Surveyor," and dated "Octob^r ye 11th ———," the year being carefully erased. The



LOOKING OUT FROM THE TUNNEL

boundary points have obviously been pricked through this paper, and the dimensions are identical with those of Chandler's map. Yet it differs in some interesting particulars. The Woodstock surveyor took pains to designate the character of the soil in various parts of the tract; Winthrop's map not only reproduces most of these data, but it is further embellished with such entries as the following:

"Rare fishing in this Pond."

"Rich Lead Oar."

"A place of good copper Oar."

"Iron Mines."

"Here is a Heavy Black Stone weh is Rich in Tinn and D^{na}."

"On this side of the Hill is small Veins of pure Silver."

"Granates Mountain and a fine sort of Greaish Stone weh contain O."

D^{na} (Diana) or the crescent, and the circle were the alchemistic symbols respectively for silver and gold!

And all this varied store of mineral wealth in a tract of a few thousand acres within seventy-five miles of Boston! It would be interesting to know beneath whose eyes it was Winthrop's intention that this map should pass. It is not without significance

that every one of these remarkable entries—not one of which appears upon Chandler's map—is written in an ink entirely different from that of the map and of its other notes.

In entering upon his project Winthrop's first move was to secure information as to the market for graphite upon the Continent. For this purpose he employed a crochety ex-sea captain, named John Morke, who represented himself to be a Swedish engineer. His first report, from Rotterdam, was:

"What Incoregesment I meet with hear is about as good as all the rest and verry Endefrant is the best either to despose of a quantity and small prise."

Three weeks later, however, he writes from Rouen:

"What I have Engaged for allready with what is lakely to Increase I believe will amount to about one hundred and fifty Tun of black Lead yearly to Sopply France and Holland, and at a good price, above £100 p^r. Tun; and I find very Considerable Encouragement for your other Mines as Tin &c."

Later developments utterly discredit Morke's report of what he had accomplished; yet it was upon such misin-



THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL

formation as this that Winthrop's schemes were based.

In August, 1737, Winthrop engaged Morke to act as his steward at the mine; he also entered into a contract with a young London merchant, named Samuel Sparrow, as his agent for the transportation and sale of the black lead. The very next day Sparrow and Morke set sail for America. Without delay they went up to the mine. There the difficulties in their way began to appear. The old workings were covered with rubbish and water, in some places fourteen feet deep. The mineral, though of good quality, lay deep in small veins in very hard rock. Transportation charges were enormous; it cost them £13. 10s. to get their two cartloads of stuff taken to Woodstock, and there, ten miles from their goal, they had to store them for the winter, as no cartway could be found over Breakneck Hill. The Winthrop family gave them a chilly reception, and showed little inclination to advance money or to cooperate with them in a venture which never commended itself to Madam Winthrop's sound business sense. The goods which Sparrow had brought found but a slow market.

Life at the mine was far from luxurious. Morke presently wrote to a London friend, asking her to

"halp me to a Small repair of a fue neceraris as I havin ben so constanly tearing and haking my Smal Stok out, as Shoos, butts, and my rof traveling things to repare the which a Smal pees of Cours or Strong Check lining—Some whit, for myself and my folk, eithe of Som Cheep Irish lining or others—a pr. or 2 of good second hand blarrets, a Sett of Copping Glasses and the tuls—and a good Secon hand Bible, large print with ye pokrefy (Apocrypha!) in it."



FOLLOWING THE VEIN—THE LATEST WORKINGS

He sends also for some dress goods for his wife,

"if there should be more Corn in Egept to spare," and adds: "if you tak the trubl to lett Honnist Thomas bespeek my Shoos, of Mr. Dicks by turn Still I know he'll mak them strong My Sise is one Sise beger then Mr Sparrows and somthing wider over the tooes by resen of Corns if a pare or two to be for my wif and dauffer say wif sise is ner your and my dauffers a sis beger but requers to be strong for boston streets is verry Ruff."

He ends his postscript with the further request:

"be so good to send me also a lettel strong strip Cuton and lining to mak me west Cots trousers of to work in the heat or mins withall for them and my Stokings and Cours things is all most gon to pot."

The mine was located in a wilderness about which settlements were only just beginning; the settlers had their grievances against Winthrop, and were not over friendly in their dealings with his workmen. But occasions of discord were not wanting



FREDERICK TUDOR

nearer home: the respective responsibilities of Sparrow and Morke were ill-defined, and this gave rise to not a little friction between them. Even after Sparrow had returned to England with the first consignment of graphite, Morke was still keeping things in a turmoil. Winthrop's eighteen-year-old son went up to the mine on a visit, and promptly sent word to his mother:

"At my arrival Contrary to my expectation I meet with verry Cold Treatment from Cap^t Morke, and after many hot words passing between us he Told me that I had no buisness their to act any Thing but immediately under him.—the Same Day I Came he went to Brimfield in a great Passion, where he had got a Club of Irishmen who are his advisers and went to y^e Justice of y^e Peace and shoed his Power from my father and Indea^vd to get false witnesses to bring an action against M^r Wright for Defaming of him."

The stores were running low: "as for y^e Rum their is about three gallons Left and no more and two of molases and halfe a barril of Porke."

Young Winthrop thought it would

be best to remove what lead had been dug—about 800 weight—to the house of a neighbor, where one of the workmen might live until further orders, going to the mine "Three times in a weeke to See how he (Morke) Carries on." He adds:

"and as for my part I would not live in y^e manner I do might I have a million of money, for Their is not an our in y^e Day but their is hot words."

But it soon became evident that "a million of money" was not likely to be forthcoming. Sparrow had already returned to England, taking with him about a ton and three-quarters of black lead. This, he sent word to America, proved to be not up to the quality of the English black lead, and the highest price he could secure was 4d. a pound. Yet Winthrop seems to have been carried away by the actual arrival of graphite from his mine; he is also apparently suspicious of Sparrow. Only a fortnight after making this discouraging report, Winthrop wrote to Morke:

"The Black Lead you have Dugg and Sent over proves Extraordinary, and is certainly the Best that is known in the World, it is admired by all Disinterested and Undesigneing persons, tho there is some people that have private Views wou'd seem to slight and Undervalue it. But I doe assure you it contains a Fifth part Silver, but this you must keep as a secret and not talke to any body about it further then it is to make pencils to marke downe the Sins of the People."

He then urges his steward to build a large storehouse; to fence in about a mile square at the mine; to turn aside the bridle-path, that their work may be more private. He assures him that he shall have a stock of milch cows and breeding swine, and reminds him: "whatever you meet with that is Uncom-

mon or that looks like a Rarety or Curiosity, Remember that you are to preserve it for me." He bids Morke disregard "all Tittle Tattle w^{ch} is always Hatchet in Hell, with Designes to disturbe & prevent all good Undertakeings."

This extraordinary letter closes with the statement:

"Mr. Agate was with me this Morning and is pleased to See a peice of the Black Lead you sent over, and says he sells that w^{ch} dos not look so well for Sixteen shillings a pound."

Within less than a week of the writing of this letter a Hamburg commission merchant, in response to Winthrop's inquiries, made timely report that in Germany the maximum price for black lead was sixteen shillings, not for one pound, but for *one hundred* pounds; a month later he writes:

"The black Lead is too Dear to Send much of it here, you may Send about 100^{lb} of it for a tryall in a Smale Caske & I'll Endeavor to Serve you therein."

Meanwhile, Sparrow had not yet given up hope that Tantiusques would eventually yield profit to him who would make the necessary effort to obtain it. Accordingly he came to America once more in the summer of 1740, resolved to make a final trial. With a redoubled zeal and the crude appliances at his command, he set to work. Less than a ton of black lead was the result of his exertion for the next ten months.

Thoroughly disheartened and disgusted, he became convinced that it would be folly to continue working the mine longer. It was while Sparrow was pursuing this forlorn hope that Winthrop read the following statement before the Royal Society:

"One hundred Ounces of Ore out of the Mine of Potosi in Peru (w^{ch} is six pounds and one quarter) yields one Ounce and a half of Silver w^{ch} is less than five penny Weight out of a pound of the Ore."

"Mr. Winthrop's black Ore at Tantiusques, out of one hundred Ounces of Ore (w^{ch} is as above six pounds and one quarter) yields Three Ounces and fifteen penny Weight of silver, w^{ch} is Twelve penny Weight out of a pound of the Ore."

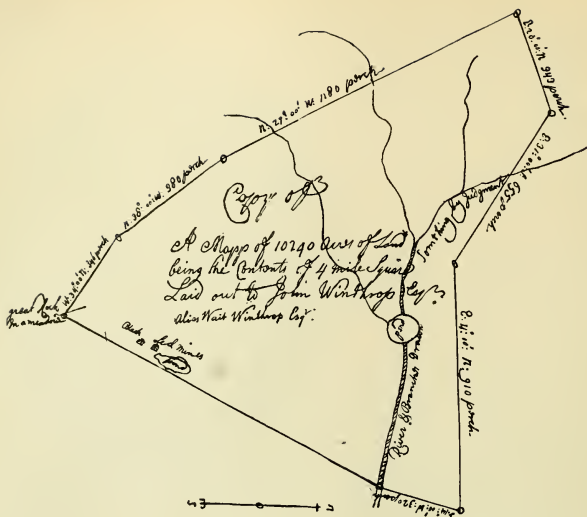
This is in Winthrop's own handwriting, and bears his endorsement: "1741, Jan. 7, read at y^e Royal Society." Whatever faith he placed in his own statement must have been rudely dispelled a few months later by the report of a London assayer:

"I have tried your Samples of Ores, but none of them are of any Value except the Black Lead. That which you call a Silver Ore is almost all Iron, nor can any other metal be got from it that will pay the charge of refining; and this you may be Satisfied in, by Calcining a piece of that Ore, then Pound it, and the Loadstone will take it all up; which is full conviction.

"That which you called a Tin Ore holds no proportion of Metal that is sufficient to defray the expense of refining.

"The Black Lead Silver Ore holds about one Ninetenth part, but it is very hard to seperate; and I reckon that the value of the Black Lead lost in the operation is more than the value of the Silver." (As a matter of fact, in the scientific development of the property in 1901 pyrites, bearing silver in very inappreciable quantities have come to light, but nothing of the nature of a "Black Lead Silver Ore" has been found.)

More than half of the papers relating to Tantiusques consist of letters and legal documents bearing upon controversies arising out of Win-



A True Copy of The Map Surveyed, According
 To the Minutes thereof in my hands by whom
 it was at first Surveyed.

Woodstock Nov^r 21st 1633 *John Chandler Jun^r Sur^v*

Copy of First Survey of Land Granted to John Winthrop, Jr., by the Massachusetts Colony

throp's contracts with Morke and Sparrow. Morke had returned to London in 1741; and he straightway began urging a settlement of his claims. His style is not lacking in vigor and picturesqueness; indeed, he himself saw need of apologizing for his "rash expressions," for in one letter he had ventured to say:

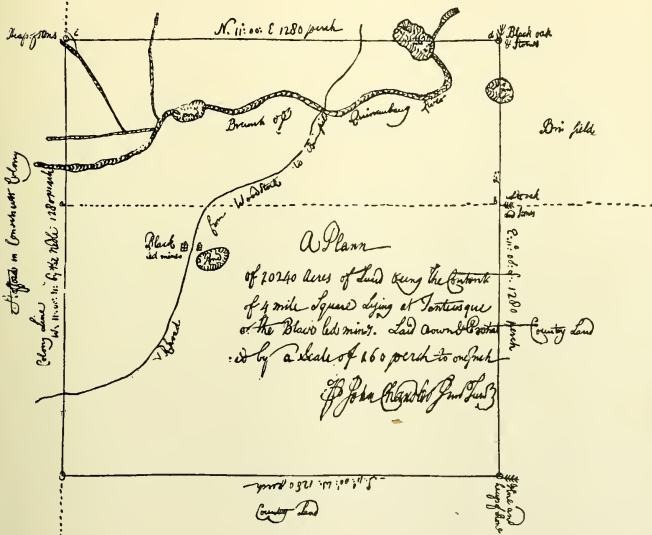
"If I had not a New England Colledge Education, I have an Honist, Christian, Usefull one. . . if I was not the fagg End of ye old Honourable John Winthrop, Esq^r, I ame of the Honourable & most faimus Lord Tyge Brath (Tycho Brahel): and all this adds nothing, not eaven one Singall Ench to my hoyght."

His mood is in constant change: now he pleads for an amicable settlement for the sake of his destitute wife and child; now he protests his loyalty to Mr. Winthrop and his ability to do him the utmost service; but now, on the other hand, his words take the tone of the most arrant blackmailer; he threatens to expose Winthrop's secrets to his creditors, taunts him with living in the best-guarded house in London, and with not daring to be seen in the street, and threatens to have him hauled out of his own bed by the constable, unless he settles his account. So the letters run for nearly four years, until the controversy was

Pursuant to an Order of the General Assembly of the 7th Day of June, 1728. We have Reformed the Survey of 10240 Aers of Land at Tontouque or the Black led mines being the Contents of four mile square, belonging to the Heirs of the late John Major of the Winthrop's who had had it out in a square figure including said mines, as the subsequent Map shews; the said Lines as was the last bound of Brimfield Next Grant the Survey as now made extends westward one side and one half into said Grant vizt the back Line e. i. d. it bounds South on the Colony side West on Brimfield North Partly on Brimfield & partly on Province side East on Province Land and as We Judge is a full Equivalent for his former Survey

Brimfield

Sam^l Meecher
Thomas Fildner
John Goodly Junr



Copy of a Re-survey of land Granted to John Winthrop, Jr., by the Massachusetts Colony.

finally brought up in court, and, as Winthrop expressed it in writing to his son, "Morke was cast."

Meantime, Sparrow, too, at first very courteously, but later with great persistence, had been demanding a settlement, and presently suit was brought against Winthrop in New London. Sparrow claimed that he was entitled to "one eighth of the neat produce of the sale of 500 tons of

black lead," since by the terms of his contract he was bound only to transport and sell the black lead, which Winthrop by his contract was to deliver to him within the period of six years. Winthrop's contention, on the other hand, was that he was under no obligation to deliver the lead except as it lay in the mountain, and that by verbal agreement it was expressly stipulated that Sparrow was to do the

digging. A witness to the original contract affirmed Winthrop's statement most positively, but Sparrow denied the recollection of any such pledges. The issue between the two it is now impossible to determine. The contract was certainly loosely drawn, and in place of the 500 tons anticipated, not more than five tons at the most had been actually transported and sold. Whether Sparrow was a party to artifice in securing for himself from the very beginning this loophole, or not, in the end disappointment in the enterprise induced him to avail himself of this technicality in the hope of making good some of his losses. He claimed with entire truth, however, that he had been led into the enterprise upon Winthrop's repeated assurances that the mineral at Tantiusques contained one-fifth part silver. That Winthrop made this assertion his own writing proves. Sparrow went further, and in a letter to Winthrop's wife declared:

"He (Winthrop) shew'd to me an experement with another Mineral (of which he has 1000 Tons upon his Estate) from which he extracted a good deel of silver, and I may venture to say he is still the richest Man in all the Collonies if that experement was not made to deceive but true and fair."

Morke is apparently hinting at the same transaction when he writes to Winthrop:

"I can sew you some of the lead you or Mistris hyde geve me the mony to purchis in Shoolan a peace of which I Saw'd in Sunder one of which was for a patren given to Mr. Sparow and Comperd it to Myne at the mins."

It is to be remembered, of course, that at the time these charges were made both Morke and Sparrow were in controversy with Winthrop, and hence had some motive for trumping up charges against him. Yet the accusation is not made to influence the opinion of others, but is found in private letters to Winthrop and to his wife.

This prolonged litigation had an injurious effect upon Mr. Winthrop's health; he died in London in August, 1747. Sparrow's suit was soon renewed against the widow; it seems finally to have been compromised. For many years "ye hill at Tantousq, in which the black leade is," still remained in the possession of the Winthrop family, but there is no record of their having made further attempts to develop the mine which had produced little else than disappointment of the fondest hopes.

Material for the later story of the mine is both scattered and scanty. In the years 1828 and 1829, Frederick Tudor of Boston, who later amassed a large fortune in the ice business, acquired over 127 acres of land, including the Lead Mine. In 1889 a Sturbridge man living in the vicinity of the mine, bought this property of Mr. Tudor's heirs for the sake of its wood and timber. In April, 1902, the mine and seventy-seven acres of land,—the diminished remnant of Winthrop's lordly domain of "ten miles round the hills where the mine is thats called black lead,"—came into the possession of the Massachusetts Graphite Company, the corporation to-day engaged in developing the ancient mine, which for many years had been practically abandoned.

Mr. Tudor was probably the first proprietor to whom this mine did not bring financial loss. In the first year of his ownership, 1828-9, he made vigorous efforts to open a market for the product. Sample consignments of Tantiusques graphite were sent to Havana, Liverpool, London, Hamburg, Marseilles and Amsterdam. For several months a Capt. Joseph Dixon acted as Tudor's superintendent at the mine. At the end of that time Tudor, for reasons best known to himself, discharged Dixon and his son Francis. But the Dixons' affinity for graphite proved too strong to be overcome by the munificent offer of an annuity of \$156, made by Mr. Tudor on the condition that crucible works should not be established by them elsewhere; for the Captain's son, Joseph Dixon, who later attained great distinction as an inventor, organized the Dixon Crucible Company, which speedily became a large and thriving concern, and remains so to this day, while the qualities of the Dixon pencil are known to every reader of this story.

That mining under the Tudor management ceased in the '50's was not due to the mine's having become exhausted, but to the fact that the low price of graphite would no longer leave a good margin, in view of the growing difficulties which had to be encountered. In the first place there was the remoteness of the mine and the difficulty in transporting the heavy product. Although it was no longer necessary to "tracke the way before the weades be grone high," nevertheless this getting of the graphite to the market remained a heavy charge. It was first carted in barrels to Holland, where it was ground at an old grist-

mill; the carts were then reloaded for a trip of a dozen miles and more over very hilly roads to Charlton Depot, where the graphite was put on board the cars for Boston. Again, the mineral occurred in thin veins, running through a very hard rock. The principal vein was inclined at an angle of something like seventy degrees, and the primitive method of mining this by means of a deep open cut was both difficult and dangerous. In October, 1830, by the fall of a mass of overhanging rock, two workmen were crushed to death and a third was crippled for life. But the difficulty upon which Tudor laid greatest stress was that experienced in draining the mine. Repeatedly work had to be suspended because of the water. Some of it was gotten rid of by means of a syphon; later a windmill was erected, and proved somewhat more effective. During the past summer there has been unearthed at the mine an old wooden pump which formed a part of this outfit. But these crude and unstable appliances could not overcome such obstacles. Mr. Tudor was not ready to incur the expense necessary to drain the mine into the pond,—if, indeed, that were feasible,—or to equip it with power pumps and drills. Hence it was abandoned, and slept undisturbed for two score years, awaiting the age of steam.

That age has now come. New buildings have been erected, modern machinery installed, and a dozen men are in constant employ. In a single week more graphite has been obtained than rewarded all the troubled labors of Morke and Sparrow. Before such vigorous attacks nature's resistance is giving way. A few months will bring

to light the secrets which for two centuries and a half have been so jealously guarded by the black lead hill at Tantiasques.

A Garden Near Bagdad

By Charles Hanson Towne

UPON an archway of this garden-place,
 Beloved, as we roamed at twilight-time,
 I saw these words in Oriental rhyme,
 Graven in letters years could not efface:

“Behold! there is no garden like her eyes,
 Wherein the deepest violets find rest.
 Where secrets that the woods have never guessed
 Hide when the dawn and dusk breathe their soft sighs.

“There is no garden like her matchless lips—
 Two crimson blooms that tremble as love’s breath
 Steals closer when the long day slumbereth,
 And quaffs their nectar as the young bee sips.

“A moonlit garden is her pallid throat,
 Where dim, deep shadows of her dusky hair
 Sway like the branches of the tall palms; where
 White water lilies ’neath a fountain float.

“Her hair is that vast garden of the night,
 More wondrous when the wan, pale moon is gone—
 That garden where the heart forgets the dawn,
 Glad to have lost the glamour of the light.

“And, oh, her breast! It is a place to dream
 Of languorous hours filled full with poppy-scent;
 Of days when paradise and earth seem blent,
 And love glides down its old, forgotten stream.

“Yea, she whom thou adorest forms a place
 More beautiful than Edens such as this;
 Yet hither come, to learn of greater bliss,—
 Then go, and seek the garden of her face!”

The Operator's Story*

De Molay Four

By Frank H. Spearman

VERY able men have given their lives to the study of Monsoon's headlight; yet science, after no end of investigation, stands in its presence baffled.

The source of its illumination is believed to be understood. I say believed, because in a day when yesterday's beliefs are to-morrow's delusions I commit myself personally to no theory. Whether it is a thing living or dead; whether malign to mackerel or potent in its influence on imperfectly understood atmospheric phenomena, I do not know. I doubt whether anybody knows, except may be Monsoon himself. I know only that on the West End, Monsoon's headlight, from every point of view, stands high, and that on one occasion it stood between Abe Monsoon and a frightful catastrophe.

There have been of late studied efforts to introduce electric headlights on the Mountain Division. But there are grizzled men in the cab who look with distrust—silent, it is true, yet distrust—on the claims put forth for them. While Monsoon's headlight does its work—as it has done even long before Monsoon followed it to the West End, and will do long after he

leaves the West End—why, they say, and reasonably enough, take on new and theoretical substitutes?

While the discussion deepens and even rages in the Wickiup, Monsoon himself is silent. Brave men are modest men. Among ourselves we don't use adjectives; where Monsoon is known it is not necessary to put anything ahead of his name—except, may be, once a month on the pay-roll when the cross-eyed accountant adds A. or Abe or Abraham, just as he happens to be fixed for time. Monsoon's name in itself stands for a great deal. When his brother engineers, men who have grown seamy and weatherbeaten in the service, put up their voices for Monsoon's headlight; or when talkative storekeepers, who servilely jump at headquarters' experiments in order to court the favor of the high, speak for electricity, Abe Monsoon himself is silent. His light is there; let them take it or leave it as they will. If the superintendent of motive power should attempt to throw it out for the new-fangled arrangement, Monsoon would doubtless feel that it was not the first time Omaha had gone wrong—and, for that matter, that neither he nor anybody else had assurance it would be the last. However—

The story opens on Bob Duffy. Bob, right from the start, was what I

* (Copyright, 1902, by Frank H. Spearman.)

call a good-looker, and, being the eldest boy, he had more of the swing anyway. When Martin came along, his mother hadn't got over thinking about Bob. Doubtless she thought, too, of Martin; but he was kind of overshadowed. Bob began by clerking in the post-office and delivering mail to all the pretty girls. His sympathy for the girls was so great that after a while he began passing out letters to them whether they were addressed to the girls or to somebody else. This gradually weakened his influence with the government.

Martin began work in the telegraph office; he really learned the whole thing right there at the Bend under Callahan. Began, carrying Western Unions stuck at his waist under a heavy leather belt. He wore in those days, when he had real responsibility, a formidable brown Stetson that appeared bent on swallowing his ears: it was about the time he was rising trousers and eleven. Nobody but Sinkers ever beat Martin Duffy delivering messages, and nobody, bar none—Bullhead, McTerza, anybody—ever beat him eating pie. It was by eating pie that he was able to wear the belt so long—and you may take that either way. But I speak gladly of the pie, because in the usual course of events there isn't much pie in a despatcher's life. There is, by very large odds, more anxiety than pie, and I introduce the pie, not to give weight to the incidents that follow, but rather to lighten them; though as Duffy has more recently admitted, this was not always the effect of the pie itself.

I do not believe that Martin Duffy ever had an enemy. A right tight

little chap he was, with always a good word, even under no end of pressure on the single track. There's many a struggling trainman that will look quick and grateful when any fellow far or near speaks a word about Martin Duffy. Fast as he climbed, his head never swelled. His hats rested, even after he got a key, same as the original Stetson, right on the wings of his ears. But his heart grew right along after his head stopped, and that's where he laid over some other railroad men I could mention if I had to, which I don't—not here.

About the time it looked as if Martin would make a go of it on the road, the post-office inspectors were thinking Bob would make a go of it over the road. But he was such a kid of a fellow that the postmaster convinced the detective that Bob's way of doing things was simple foolishness, which it probably was, and they merely swore him out of the service.

It was then that Martin reached out a hand to his elder brother. There were really just the two brothers; and back of them—as there is, somewhere, back of every railroad man—a mother. No father—not generally; just a mother. A quiet, sombre little woman in a shawl and a bonnet of no special shape or size—just a shawl and a bonnet, that's all. Anyhow, the Duffy boys' mother was that way, and there's a lot more like her. I don't know what gets the fathers; may be, very often, the scrap. But there's almost always, somewhere, a mother. So after Martin began to make a record, to help his mother and his brother both, he spoke for Bob. Callahan didn't hesitate or jolly him as he used to do with

a good many. He thought the company couldn't have too many of the Duffy kind; so he said, "Yes, sure." And Bob Duffy was put at work—same thing exactly: carrying messages, reading hair-destroyers and blowing his salary on pie.

But pie acts queer. Sometimes it makes a man's head solid and his heart big; then again it makes a man's head big and his heart solid. I'm not saying anything more now except that pie certainly acts different.

Bob Duffy was taller than Martin and, I would repeat, handsomer; but I can't, because Martin had absolutely no basis of beauty to start with. He was parchment-like and palish from sitting night after night and night after night over a sounder. Never a sick day in his life; but always over the sounder until, sleeping or waking, resting or working, the current purred and purred through his great little head like a familiarity-taking old tomcat. He could guess more off a wire than most men could catch after the whole thing had tumbled in.

So up and up ladder he went. Messenger, operator—up to assistant despatcher, up to a regular trick despatcher. Up to the orders and signing the J. M. C., the letters that stood for our superintendent's name and honor. Up to the trains and their movement, up to the lives, then CHIEF!—with the honor of the division all clutched in Martin Duffy's three quick right fingers on the key and his three quick left fingers on the pen at the same instant scratching orders across the clip. Talk about ambidexterity—Martin didn't know what it would be like to use one hand at a time. If Martin Duffy said right,

trains went right. If he said wrong, trains went wrong. But Martin never said the wrong; he said only the right. Giddings knows; he copied for him long enough. Giddings and plenty more of them can tell all about Martin Duffy.

Bob didn't rise in the service quite so fast as Martin. He was rather for having a good time. He did more of the social act, and that pleased his mother, who, on account of her bonnet-and-shawl complexion, didn't achieve much that way. Martin, too, was proud of his brother, and as soon as Bob could handle a wire, which was very soon (for he learned things in no time), Martin got Calahan to put him up at Grant as operator. Bob got the place because he was Martin's brother, nothing else. He held it about two months, when he resigned and went to San 'Frisco. He was a restless fellow; it was Bob up and Bob down. For a year he wandered around out there, telegraphing, then he bobbed up again in Medicine Bend out of a job. He wanted to go to work, and—well, Callahan—Martin's brother, you know—sent him up to Montair as night operator. Three months he worked steady as a clock. Then one night the despatchers at the Bend couldn't get Montair for two hours. It laid out Number Six and a Special with the general manager and made no end of a row.

Martin said right off he ought to go. But there was the little mother up home, silent, I expect, but pleading-like. It was left largely to Martin, for the young fellow was already chief; and that was the trouble—he hated to bear down too hard; so he compromised by asking his superintendent

not to fire Bob, but to set him back. They sent him up as night man to Rat River, the meanest place on the whole system. That was the summer of the Templars' Conclave at San 'Frisco.

We worked the whole spring getting things up along the line, from Omaha to the Sierras, for that Conclave. Engines were overhauled, rolling stock touched up, roadbed put in shape, everything shaken from end to end. Not only were the passenger records to be smashed, but beyond that a lot of our big general officers were way-up Masons and meant that our line should get not merely the cream of the business, but the cream of the advertising out of the thing. The general tenor of the instructions was to nickel-plate everything, from the catalpas to the target rods. For three months before the Conclave date we were busy getting ready for it, and when the big day drew near on which we were to undertake the moving and the feeding of six thousand people one way on one track through the mountains, the cartinks smoked cross-cut and the Russian sectionmen began to oil their hair.

Callahan was superintendent under Bucks, then General Manager, and Martin Duffy Chief Despatcher, Neighbor Superintendent of Motive Power, and Doubleday Division Master Mechanic, and with every thing buttoned up on the West End we went that Sunday morning on the firing line to take the first of the Templar Specials.

Medicine Bend had the alkali pretty well washed out of its eyes, and never before in its history had it appeared really gay. The old Wickiup was decorated till it looked like a buck rigged

for a ghost dance. Right after day-break the trains began rolling in on Harold Davis's trick. Duffy had annulled all local freights and all through odds and evens, all stock tramps east and all west-bound empties—everything that could be had been suspended for that Sunday; and with it all there were still by five times more trains than ever before rolled through Medicine Bend in twenty-four hours.

It was like a festival day in the mountains. Even the Indians and the squaw men turned out to see the fun. There was a crowd at the depot by five o'clock, when the first train rolled up the lower gorge with St. John's Commandery, Number Three, from Buffalo; and the Pullmans were gay with bunting. The Medicine Bend crowd gave them an Indian yell, and in two minutes the Knights, with their scalps in their hands as a token of surrender, were tumbling out of their sleepers into the crisp dawn. They were just like schoolboys, and when Shorty Lovelace—the local curiosity who had both feet and both hands frozen off the night he got drunk with Matt Cassidy at Goose River Junction—struck up on his mouth-organ "Put Me Off at Buffalo," they dropped seven dollars, odd, and three baggage checks into his hat while the crews were changing engines. It appeared to affect them uncommon, to see a fellow without any hands or feet play the mouth-organ, and before sun-down Shorty made the killing of his life. With what he raked in that day he kept the city marshal guessing for three months—which was also pretty good for a man without any hands or feet.

All day it was that way; train after

train and ovation after ovation. The day was cool as a watermelon—August—and bright as a baby's face all through the mountains; and the Templars went up into the high passes with all the swing and noise we could raise. Harold Davis took it all morning steady from 4 A. M. at the despatcher's key. He was used up long before noon; but he stayed, and just at twelve o'clock, while a big Templar train from Baltimore was loading its commandery in front of the Wickiup after an early dinner, and a big Templar band played a tingling two-step, Martin Duffy stuck his dry, parchment face into the platform crowd, elbowed his way unnoticed through it, climbed the Wickiup stairs, walked into the despatchers' room, and, throwing off his hat and coat, leaned over Harold Davis's shoulder and took a transfer.

Young Giddings had been sitting there in a perspiration half an hour then; he copied for Martin Duffy that day. At noon they figured to get the last Templar over the Eagle Pass with the set of the sun. When Duffy took the key he never looked his force cleaner, only he was tired; Giddings could see that. The regular man had been sick a week and Martin had been filling in. Besides that, all Saturday, the day before, he had been spiking the line—figuring what could be annulled and what couldn't; what could be run extra and what could be put into regulars. Callahan had just got married and was going out to the Coast on his wedding tour in Bucks' car. He had refused to look at an order after Saturday night. Sunday morning, and from Sunday morning on, it was all against Duffy. When the chief took the middle trick

there were fourteen Templar Specials still to come with the last one just pulling out of McCloud on the plains. They were ordered to run with right of track over all east-bound trains thirty minutes apart all the way through.

A minute after Martin Duffy sat in, the conductor of the train below registered out. There was a yell pretty soon, and away went the Baltimore crowd—and they were corkers, too, those Baltimore fellows, and travelled like lords.

At five o'clock in the evening the trains in the West Division were moving just like clocks on the hour and the half—thirty minutes, thirty minutes, thirty minutes—and, as far as young Giddings could see, Duffy, after five booming hours, was fresher than when he took the chair. The little despatcher's capacity for work was something enormous; it wasn't till after supper time, with the worst of the figuring behind him, and in the letting down of the anxiety, that Martin began to look older and his dry Indian hair began to crawl over his forehead. By that time his eyes had lost their snap, and when he motioned Giddings to the key, and got up to walk up and down the hall in the breeze, he looked like a wilted potato vine. His last batch of orders was only a little one compared with those that had gone before. But with the changes to the different crews they read about like this—

Telegraphic Train Order Number
68. Mountain Division.
Superintendent's Office,

August 8, 1892.

For Medicine Bend to C. and E. of
Engines 664, 738, 810, 326, and 826.

Engines 664, 738, 810, and 326 will run as four Specials, Medicine Bend to Bear Dance. Engine 826 will double-head Special 326 to summit of Eagle Pass.

First No. 80, Engine 179, will run two hours thirty minutes late Bear Dance to Medicine Bend.

Second No. 80, Engine 264, will run three hours and fifteen minutes late Bear Dance to Medicine Bend.

Third No. 80, Engine 210, will run four hours and thirty minutes late Bear Dance to Medicine Bend.

J. M. C.
D.

When young Giddings sat in, the sun was dropping between the Tetons. In the yard the car-cleaners were polishing the plates on Bucks' private car and the darkey cook was pulling chickens out of the refrigerator. Duffy had thirteen Conclaves moving smoothly on the middle track. The final one was due, and the hostlers were steaming down with the double-header to pull it over the Pass. This, the last of the Commandery trains, was to bring *De Molay Commandery Number Four* of Pittsburg, and the orders were to couple Bucks' car on to it for the run west. De Molay—and everybody had notice—was Bucks' old commandery back in Pennsylvania, and he was going to the end of the division that night with the cronies of his youth. Little fellows they were in railroading when he rode the goat with them, but now mostly, like him, big fellows. Half a dozen old salts had been pounding ahead at him all day over the wire. They were to join him and Mr. and Mrs. Callahan for supper in the private car, and

the yellow cider lay on the thin-shaven ice and the mountain grouse curled on the grill irons when De Molay Four, Pittsburg, pulled into Medicine Bend.

We had seen a good many swell trains that day, the swellest that ever pounded *our* fishplates, Pullmans solid, and the finest kind of people. Boston, Washington, New York, Philadelphia sent some pretty gorgeous trains. But with at least half the town on the platform, when De Molay Four rolled in it took their breath so they couldn't yell till the Sir Knights began pouring from the vestibules and gave Medicine Bend their own lordly cheer.

Mahogany vestibules they were and extension platforms; salon lamps and nickeled handrails; buffet smoker and private diner: a royal train and a royal company; olive green from tender to tail lights—De Molay Four, Pittsburg.

Bucks' old gang spied him. Modestly back under the portico, he stood near the ticket window, and they broke through at him solid. They pulled him and hauled him and mauled him and passed him from hand to hand. They stood him on his head and on his hands and on his feet again, and told him of something they wanted and wanted right off.

Bucks looked the least bit uncertain as he considered the opening request. It wasn't much in some ways, what they asked; in other ways it was a good deal. He laughed and bantered and joked them as long as they would stand it; then he called up to Martin Duffy, who was leaning out the dispatchers' window. "We'll see how he talks," laughed Bucks in his great big way. "But, boys, it's up to the chief. I'm not in it on the orders, you know. Martin," he called, as Duffy bent his

head, "they want fifteen minutes here to stretch their legs. Say they've been roasted in the alkali all day. Can you do anything for the boys?"

The boys! Big fellows in fezes, Shriner style, and slim fellows in duck, sailor style, and bow-legged fellows in cheviot, any old style. Chaps in white flannel, and chaps in gray, and chaps in blue. Turkish whiskers and Key West cigars and Crusaders' togs—and, between them, Bucks, his head most of the time in chancery. It was the first time they had seen him since he had made our Jim Crow line into a system known from the Boston and Maine to the Mexican Central, and, bar none, run cleaner or better. The first time they had seen him since he had made a name for himself and for his road from Newport News to 'Frisco, and they meant now to kill him, dead.

You know about what it meant and about how it went, how it had to go. What could Martin say to the man who had made him all he was and who stood, now a boy again among the boys of his boyhood, and asked for fifteen minutes—a quarter of an hour for De Molay Number Four? It threw the little chief completely off his schedule; just fifteen minutes was more than enough to do that. All the work was done, the anxiety nearly past—Martin had risen to rest his thumping head. But fifteen minutes; once in a lifetime—Bucks asking it.

Duffy turned to big Jack Moore standing at his side ready to pull De Molay over the Pass, and spoke to him low. Jack nodded; everything went with Jack, even the turn-tables that stuck with other engineers. Martin in his shirt-sleeves leaned out the win-

dow and, looking down on the turbaned and turbulent mob, spoke so Bucks could hear.

"What is it?" demanded the most puissant commander of De Molay, excitedly. "What does he say, Bucks?"

"What says the slave?" growled a second formidable crusader; "out with it!"

"All we want is fifteen minutes."

"You wouldn't turn us down on fifteen minutes this far from an oasis, would you, Bucks?" protested a glass-eyed Shriner.

Bucks looked around royally. "Fifteen minutes?" he drawled. "What's a quarter of an hour in a lifetime, Jackman, on the last oasis? Take off your clothes, you fellows, and take half an hour. Now will you be good?"

De Molay put up a Templar yell. They always get the good things of life, those Pittsburg men; things other fellows couldn't begin to get. They passed the word through the sleepers, and the women began pouring from the vestibules. In two quick minutes out came the Duquesne band in red pompons, duck trousers and military jackets, white corded with black. The crowd broke, the band marched down the platform and, striking up the "Washington Post," opened ranks on the grass plot above the Wickiup to receive the De Molay guard. One hundred Knights Templar in fatigue debouched into a bit of a park, and in the purple of the sunset gave a commandery drill to the honor of Bucks—Bucks and the West End.

It was Sunday night, and still as August could make it. The battalion moving silent and mobile as a steamer over the grass, marched, deployed and rested. They broke, to the clear-cut

music, into crosses and squares and crescents and stars until small boys went cross-eyed, and wheeling at last on the line, they saluted Bucks—himself a past grand commander—and the railroad men yelled.

Meantime the general manager's private car had been pasted on the tail-end of De Molay Four, and a pusher edging up, stuck its nose into the rear vestibule. On the head end Jack Moore and Oyster were backing down on the olive-green string with the two smoothest moguls on the division. Bucks and Neighbor had held back everything good all day for De Molay Four, down to engines and runners and conductor. Pat Francis carried the punch, and the little chief sat again in the despatcher's chair for De Molay Four.

And while the lovely women strolled in the cool of the evening and the odor of mountain sweetness, and the guard drilled, and the band played, the chief knit his brows over his train sheet. It looked now, rearranged, reordered, re-adjusted and reorganized, as if a Gila Monster had crawled over it without wiping his feet. And when De Molay Four got ready to pull out, with Moore and Oyster on the throttles and old John Parker in the baggage, where he had absolutely nothing to do but drink cigars and smoke champagne, and Pat Francis in the aisles, and Bucks, with Mr. and Mrs. Callahan and their crowd, in private Number Twelve—there was that much shouting and tooting and waving that Martin Duffy simply couldn't think for a few seconds; yet he held them all, for life or for death, every last one, in the curve of his fingers.

So they stood ready in the gorge

while Duffy studied wearily how to handle First, Second and Third Eighty against them.

First, Second and Third Eighty! If they could only have been wiped off the face of the rails as easy as they might have been wiped off a train sheet! But there they were, three sections, and big ones, of the California fast freight. High-class stuff for Chicago and New York that couldn't be held or laid out that Sunday, not for a dozen Conclaves. All day First, Second and Third Eighty had been feeling their way east through the mountains, trying to dodge the swell commanderies rolling by impudent as pay cars. But all the final plans to keep them out of everybody's way, out of the way of fez and turban and chapeau and Greek cross and crimson-splashed sleepers, were now dashed by thirty minutes at Medicine for De Molay Four.

Order after order went from under his hand. New meeting points for First, Second and Third Eighty and De Molay Four, otherwise Special 326.

Pat Francis snatched the tissues from Duffy's hand, and, after the battalion had dispersed among their wives and sisters, and among the sisters of the other fellow; after the pomponed chaps had chucked the trombones and cymbals and drums at old John Parker's shins; after the last air-cock had been tested and the last laggard crusader thrown forcibly aboard by the provost guard, the double-header tooted, "Out!" and, with the flutter of an ocean liner, De Molay Four pulled up the gorge.

The orders buttoned in the reefers gave De Molay a free sweep to Elcho, and Jack Moore and Oyster were the

men to take it, good and hard. Moreover, there was glory aboard. Pennsylvania nob, way-up railroad men, waiting to see what for motive power we had in the Woolly West; how we climbed mountains and skirted cañon walls, and crawled down two and three per cent grades. Then with Bucks himself in the private car—what wonder they let her out and swung De Molay through the gorge as may be you've seen a particularly buoyant kite snake its tail out of the grass and drag it careening skyward. When they slowed for Elcho at nightfall, past First and Second Eighty, and Bucks named the mileage, the Pennsylvanians refused to believe it for the hour's run. But fast as they had sped along the iron trail, Martin Duffy's work had sped ahead of them, and this order was waiting:

Telegraphic Train Order Number 79.

C. and E. Third No. 80, Rat River.

C. and E. Special 326, Elcho.

Third No. 80, Engine 210, and Special 326 will meet at Rock Point.

J. M. C.

D.

With this meeting point made, it would be pretty much over in the despatcher's office. Martin Duffy pushed his sallow hair back for the last time, and, leaving young Giddings to get the last O. K.'s and the last Complete on his trick, got out of the chair.

It had been a tremendous day for Giddings, a tremendous day. Thirty-two Specials on the despatchers, and Giddings copying for the chief. He sat down after Duffy, filled with a riotous importance because it was

now, in effect, all up to Giddings, personally; at least until Barnes Tracy should presently kick him out of the seat of honor for the night trick. Mr. Giddings sat down and waited for the signature of the orders.

Very soon Pat Francis dropped off De Molay Four, slowing at Elcho, ran straight to the operator for his order, signed it and at once Order 79 was throbbing back to young Giddings at Medicine Bend. It was precisely 7.54 P. M. when Giddings gave back the Complete and at 7.55 Elcho reported Special 326, "out," all just like clockwork. What a head Martin Duffy has, thought young Giddings—and behold! all the complicated ever-lasting headwork of the trick and the day, and of the West End and its honor, was now up to the signature of Third Eighty at Rat River. Just Third Eighty's signature for the Rock Point meeting, and the biggest job ever tackled by a single-track road in America (Giddings thought) was done and well done.

So the ambitious Giddings by means of a pocket mirror inspected a threatening pimple on the end of his chubby nose, palming the glass skilfully so Barnes Tracy couldn't see it even if he did interrupt his eruption, and waited for Bob Duffy, the Rat River nightman, to come back at him with Third Eighty's signature. Under Giddings' eye, as he sat, ticked Martin Duffy's chronometer—the watch that split the seconds and chimed the quarters and stopped and started so impossibly and ran to a second a month—the watch that Bucks (who never did things by halves) had given little Martin Duffy with the order that made him chief. It lay at Giddings'

fingers, and the minute hand wiped from the enamelled dial seven o'clock, fifty-five, fifty-six, seven, eight—nine. Young Giddings turned to his order book and inspected his entries like a methodical book-keeper, and Martin Duffy's chronometer chimed the fourth quarter, eight o'clock. One entry he had still to make. Book in hand he called Rat River.

"Get Third Eighty's signature to Order 79 and hurry them out," he tapped impatiently at Bob Duffy.

There was a wait. Giddings lighted his pipe the way Callahan always lighted *his* pipe—putting out his lips to catch all the perfume and blowing the first cloud away wearily, as Callahan always did wearily. Then he twirled the match meditatively, and listened.

What he got suddenly from Bob Duffy at Rat River was this:

"I forgot Order 79," came Bob Duffy's message. "I let Third Eighty go without it. They left here at seven—fifty"—fifty something, Giddings never heard fifty what. The match went into the ink, the pipe into the water-pail, and Giddings, before Bob Duffy finished, like a drowning man was calling Elcho with the life and death, the Nineteen call.

"Hold Special 326!" he cried over the wire the instant Elcho replied.

But Elcho, steadily, answered this:

"Special — Three—twenty—six — left—here—seven—fifty—five."

Giddings, with both hands on the table, raised up like a drunken man. The West End was against it. Third Eighty in the open and going against the De Molay Four. Bucks, Callahan, wife—everybody—and Rock Point a blind siding that no word from any-

body on earth could reach ahead of Third Eighty.

Giddings sprang to the open window and shouted to anybody and everybody to call Martin Duffy. But Martin Duffy spoke behind him.

"What do you want?" he asked; it came terribly quick on Giddings as he turned.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Martin, looking into the boy's face. "Speak, can't you? What's the matter, Giddings?"

"Bob forgot Order 79 and let Third Eighty go without—and Special 326 is out of Elcho," choked Giddings.

"What?"

"Bob at—Rat River—gave Third Eighty a clearance without the Order 79."

Martin Duffy sprang straight up in the air. Once he shut his lifted hands; once he looked at Giddings, staggering again through the frightful news, then he dropped into the chair, looked wildly around, seized his key like a hunted man, stared at his train sheet, grabbed the order book, and listened to Giddings cutting off one hope after another of stopping Special 326. His fingers set mechanically and he made the Rat River call; but Rat River was silent. With Barnes Tracy tiptoeing in behind on the instinct of trouble and young Giddings shaking like a leaf, the chief called Rat River. Then he called Elcho, asked for Special 326, and Elcho again repeated steadily:

"Special — 326 — left — here — on — Order — 79 — at — seven—fifty—five P. M."

Martin Duffy bent before the message; young Giddings, who had been whispering to Tracy, dropped on a stool and covered his face.

"Don't cry, Giddings." It was Duffy who spoke; dry and parched his voice. "It's nothing you—could help." He looked around and saw Tracy at his elbow. "Barnes," he said, but he tried twice before his voice would carry. "Barnes—they will meet in the Cinnamon cut. Giddings told you? Bob forgot, forgot my order. Run, Giddings, for Benedict Morgan and Doubleday and Carhart—*quick!*"

Giddings ran, the Rat River call echoing again down the hall behind him. Rat River was closest to Rock Point—would get the first news of the wreck, and Martin Duffy was calling his recreant brother at the River; but the River was silent.

Doubleday and the company surgeon, Dr. Carhart, rushed into the room almost together. Then came with a storm the wrecking boss, Benedict Morgan; it was only an evil hour that brought Benedict Morgan into the despatchers' office. Stopped and silent, Martin Duffy, holding the chair, was calling Rat River. Carhart watched him just a moment, then he took Barnes Tracy aside and whispered—and, going back, bent over Duffy. The chief pulled himself up.

"Let Tracy take the key," repeated the doctor. "Get away from the table a minute, Martin. It may not be as bad as you think."

Duffy, looking into the surgeon's face, put his hand on his arm. "It's the De Molay train, the Special 326, with Bucks' car, double-headed. Oh, my God—I can't stop them. Doctor, they will meet!"

Carhart unfastened the fingers on his arm. "Come away a minute. Let Tracy have the key," he urged.

"A head-ender, eh?" croaked Benedict Morgan from the counter, and with a frightful oath. "A head-ender!"

"Shut up, you brute!" hissed Carhart. Duffy's hands were creeping queerly up the sides of his head.

"Sure," growled Benedict Morgan, loweringly, "sure. Shut up. Of course. Shut up."

Carhart was a quick man. He started for the wrecker, but Duffy, springing, stopped him. "For God's sake, keep cool, everybody," he exclaimed, piteously. There was no one else to talk, to give the orders. Bucks and Callahan both on the Special—may be past order-giving now. Only Martin Duffy to take the double load and the double shame. He stared dazed again, into the faces around as he held to the fiery surgeon. "Morgan," he added steadily, looking at the surly wrecker, "get up your crew, quick. Doubleday, make up all the coaches in the yard for an ambulance train. Get every doctor in town to go with you. Tracy, clear the line."

The Master Mechanic and Benedict Morgan clattered down-stairs. Carhart, running to the telephone, told Central to summon every medical man in the Bend, and hurried out. Before he had covered a block, round-house callers, like flaws of wind before a storm, were scurrying the streets, and from the tower of the fire-house sounded the harsh clang of the emergency gong for the wreckers.

Caught where they could be caught, out of saloons, beds, poker joints, Salvation barracks, churches,—the men of the wrecking crew ran down the silent streets, waking now fast into life. Congregations were dispersed,

hymns cut, prayers forgotten, bars deserted, hells emptied, barracks raided as that call, the emergency gong call, fell as a fire-bell, for the Mountain Division wrecking gang.

While the yard crews shot up and down the spurs switching coaches into the relief train, Benedict Morgan with solid volleys of oaths was organizing his men and filling them at the lunch counters with huge schooners of coffee. Carhart pushed again through the jam of men and up to the despatchers' office. Before and behind him crowded the local physicians with instrument bags and bandages. The ominous baggage deposited on the office floor, they sat down about the room or hovered around Carhart asking for details. Doubleday, tall and grim, came over from the round-house. Benedict Morgan stamped up from the yard—the Mountain Division was ready.

All three despatchers were in the room. John Mallers, the day man, stood near Tracy, who had relieved Giddings. The line was clear for the relief run. Elcho had been notified of the impending disaster, and at Tracy's elbow sat the chief looking fixedly at the key—taking the bob of the sounder with his eye. A dozen men in the room were talking; but they spoke as men who speaking wait on the life of a fuse. Duffy, with suspense deepening into a frenzy, pushed Tracy's hand from the key and, sliding into the chair, began once more to call his brother at Rat River.

"R, T —R, T —R, T —R, T—" clicked the River call. "R, T —R, T —, R, T — Bob — Bob — Bob," spelled the sender. "Answer me, answer, answer. R, T —R, T —R, T."

And Barnes Tracy edged away and leaned back to where the shadow hid his face. And John Mallers, turning from the pleading of the current, stared gloomily out of the window across the yard shimmering under the double relay of arc lights; and young Giddings, who couldn't stand it—just *couldn't* stand it—bending on his stool, shook with gulping sobs.

The others knew nothing of the heartbreaking in the little click, click. They all knew the track—knew where the trains would meet; knew they could not by any possibility see each other till they whirled together on the curve of the Cinnamon cut or on the trestle west of it, and they waited only for the breaking of the suspense that settled heavily over them.

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty minutes went, with Martin Duffy at intervals vainly calling. Then—as the crack opens in the field of ice, as the snow breaks in the mountain slide, as the sea gives up at last its dead, the sounder spoke—Rat River made the despatcher's call. And Martin Duffy, staring at the copper coil, pushed himself up in his chair like a man that chokes, caught smothering at his neck, and slipped wriggling to the floor.

Carhart caught him up, but Duffy's eyes stared meaningless past him. Rat River was calling him, but Martin Duffy was past the taking. Like the man next at the gun, Barnes Tracy sprang into the chair with the I, I, D. The surgeon, Giddings helping, dragged Duffy to the lounge in Callahan's room—his chief was more to Giddings than the fate of Special 326. But soon confused voices began to

ring from where men were crowding around the despatchers' table. They echoed in to where the doctors worked over the raving chief. And young Giddings, helping, began, too, to hear strange things from the other room.

"The moon—"

"The *moon*?"

"The MOON!"

"*What*?"

Barnes Tracy was trying to make himself heard.

"The moon, damn it! MOON! That's English, ain't it? *Moon*."

"Who's talking at Rat River?" demanded Benedict Morgan, hoarsely.

"Chick Neale, conductor of Third Eighty. Their train is back at Rat River. God bless that man," stammered Barnes Tracy, wiping his forehead feverishly; "he's an old operator. He says Bob Duffy is missing—tell Martin, quick, there isn't any wreck—quick!"

"What does Neale say?" cried Doubleday with an explosion.

Tracy thought he had told them, but he hadn't. "He says his engineer, Abe Monsoon, was scared by the moon rising just as they cleared Kennel Butte," explained Tracy unsteadily. "He took it for the headlight of Special 326 and jumped from his engine. The fireman backed the train to Rat River—see?"

While Tracy talked, Mallers at the key was getting it all. "Look here," he exclaimed, "did you ever hear of such a mix-up in your life? The head brakeman of the freight was in the cab, Neale says. He and the engineer were talking about the last Conclave train, wondering where they were going to meet it, when the brake-

man spied the moon coming up around Kennel Butte curve. 'There's the 326 Special!' he yelled, and lighted out the gangway. Monsoon reversed and jumped off after him so quick he knocked the fireman over in the coal. When the fireman got up—he hadn't heard a word of it all—he couldn't see anything ahead but the moon. So he stops the train and backs up for the two guys. When Neale and he picked them up they ran right back to Rat River for orders. They never got to Rock Point at all—why, they never got two miles east of Rat River."

"And where's Special 326?" cried Doubleday.

"At Rock Point, you loco. She must be there and waiting yet for Third Eighty. The stopping of the freight gave her plenty of time to make the meeting point, don't you see, and there she is — sweating — yet. Neale is an old operator. By Heaven! Give me a man of the key against the world. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

"Then there isn't to be any wreck?" ventured a shy little lady homeopathic physician, who had been crimped into the fray to help do up the mangled Knights and was modestly waiting her opportunity.

"Not to-night," announced Tracy with the dignity of a man temporarily in charge of the entire division.

A yell went out of the room like a tidal wave. Doubleday and Benedict Morgan had not spoken to each other since the night of the round-house fire—that was two years. They turned wonder-struck to each other. Doubleday impulsively put out his hand and, before he could pull it in again, the

wrecking boss grabbed it like a pay check. Carhart, who was catching the news from the rattle of young Giddings, went wild trying to repeat it to Duffy without losing it in his throat. The chief was opening his eyes, trying to understand.

Medical men of violently differing schools, allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, electricians—made their peace with a whoop. A red-headed druggist, who had rung himself in for a free ride to the horror, threw his emergency packets into the middle of the floor. The doctors caught the impulse: instrument cases were laid with solemn tenderness on the heap, and a dozen crazy men joining hands around the pyred saws and gauze, struck up "Old Hundred."

Engineer Monsoon was a new man, who had been over the division only twice before in his life, both times in daylight. For that emergency Abe Monsoon was the man of all others, because it takes more than an ordinary moon to scare a thoroughbred West End engineer. But Monsoon and his moon headlight had between them saved De Molay Four from the scrap.

The relief arrangements and Monsoon's headlight were the fun of it, but there was more. Martin Duffy lay eleven weeks with brain fever before they could say moon again to him. Bob had skipped into the mountains in the very hour that he had dis-

graced himself. He has never shown up at Medicine since; but Martin is still chief, and they think more of him on the Mountain District than ever.

Bucks got the whole thing when De Molay Four reached Rat River that night. Bucks and Callahan and Moore and Oyster and Pat Francis got it and smiled grimly. Nobody else on the Special even dreamed of leaving a bone that Sunday night in the Cinnamon cut. All the rest of the evening Bucks smiled just the same at the Knights and the Knightesses, and they thought that for a bachelor he was wonderfully entertaining.

A month later, when the old boys, more or less ragged, came straggling back from 'Frisco, Bucks' crowd stayed over a train, and he told his Pennsylvania cronies what they had slipped through in that delay at Rock Point.

"Just luck," laughed one of the Eastern superintendents, who wore on his watch chain an enormous Greek cross with "Our Trust is in God" engraved on it. "Just luck," he laughed, "wasn't it?"

"May be," murmured Bucks, looking through the Wickiup window at the Teton peaks. "That is—you might call it that—back on the Penn. Out here I guess they'd call it, Just God."



Our New Secretary of War

One of the most interesting figures in national affairs to-day is Judge William H. Taft, who in December is to resign his position as Civil Governor of the Philippines to become Secretary of War. So highly thought of are Judge Taft's abilities, and so popular is the genial, hearty governor of the Philippines, that he is talked of in many quarters as a strong presidential possibility. It is said that it took considerable persuasion on the part of the President to get Governor Taft to come to Washington, for he is very fond of

his work in the Philippines. He has evidently become thoroughly acclimated, in spite of his doctor's prediction—at the time he returned to this country on sick leave—that he would die if he went back to the archipelago. And the Filipinos think he is a very big man, indeed—mentally, as well as physically.

Judge Taft is a living example of the theory that brains come by inheritance; and it is a most interesting circumstance that his father, the late Alphonso Taft, was himself Secretary of War for a time in President Grant's



MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT

second Cabinet, as he was also attorney-general.

William H. Taft was born in Cincinnati, September 15, 1857, and is a graduate of Yale University of the class of '78. While at college he was a leader of athletics, and was also second-honor man, salutatorian and class orator. On returning to Cincinnati, he became a newspaper reporter, at the same time taking up the study of law. There is a story told of a whipping that young Taft administered about this time to a particularly obnoxious newspaper editor named Rose, who had printed a scurrilous and lying story about his father. So effective was his punishment of the man whom the Chief of Police and a hired prize-fighter had in turn failed to silence, that Rose immediately stopped his paper and left the city. This is only one instance thus early displayed, of Judge Taft's athletic prowess and his never-failing courage,—courage that years afterward kept him rigorously at his post in the far East—and doubtless alive too—when his physician had doomed him to death as a certain consequence.

In 1880 young Taft was graduated from the Cincinnati Law School. With his appointment the very next year as Assistant Prosecuting Attorney for Hamilton County, Ohio, began his rapid rise and brilliant career in public life. In 1882 he resigned this office to accept from President Arthur an appointment as collector of internal revenue for the First district of Ohio. The duties of this place proving distasteful to him, he again resigned at the end of a year and resumed the practice of law.

In 1885 he was made Assistant

County Solicitor, and he became a Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1887. Before he had completed his term of office President Harrison appointed him Solicitor-General of the United States. In 1892 he was appointed judge of the United States Circuit Court for the Seventh district, and on the creation of the Circuit Court of Appeals he was assigned to that bench. From 1896 until his appointment on the Philippine Commission he was dean and professor in the law department of the University of Cincinnati.

The tactful and able manner in which Judge Taft discharged his delicate mission to the Vatican showed the wisdom of President McKinley in appointing him president of the United States Commission to the Philippines, and it helped largely to place the vexed friar question in a fair way of settlement. On June 5, 1901, he became the first Civil Governor of the Philippines, which position he will resign to take the War portfolio from Secretary Root next January.

In 1886 Governor Taft married the daughter of ex-United States District Attorney John W. Herron, and he has two children. Personally, he is a big, splendid looking man, weighing about 250 pounds. His genial and kindly disposition, and his hearty and unaffected ways have won for him hosts of friends, to whom he is familiarly known as "Bill" Taft—a nickname that has stuck to him since he was a small boy.

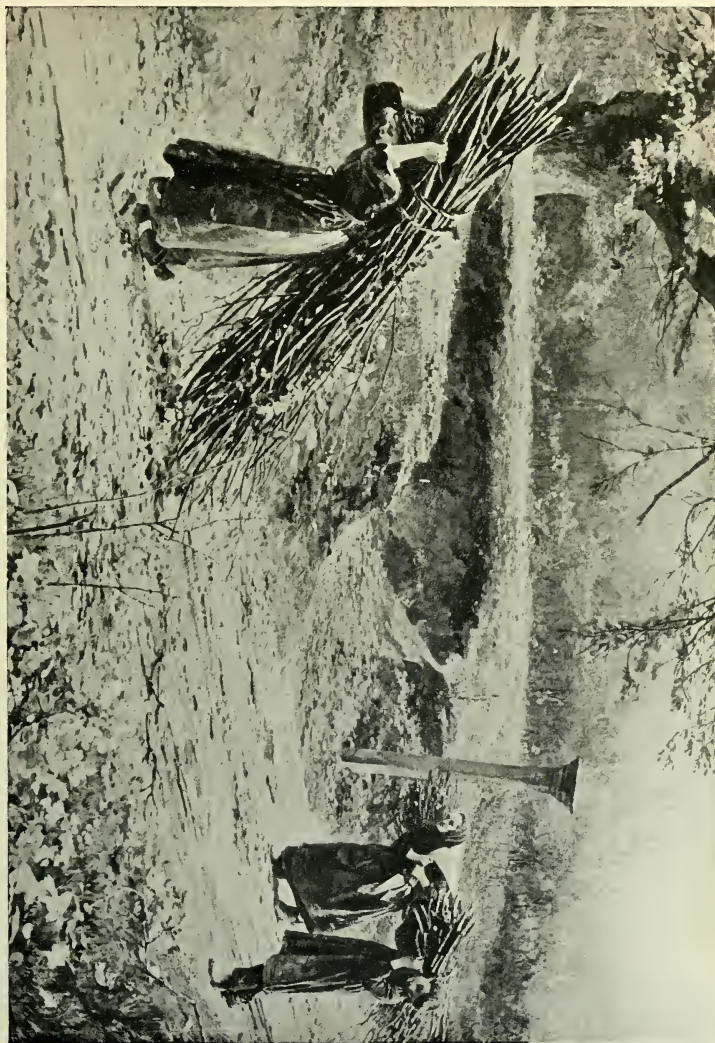
The United States—and Washington particularly—eagerly awaits the coming of Judge Taft. Great things are predicted for him in his new and responsible office.



MISS TAFT

Masterpieces of the Months

[This series will include reproductions of the most famous modern paintings designed by the artists to typify the months as designated, or to illustrate great events of the months.]



"NOVEMBER"

Painted by L. Emile Adan

The Readers Our Grandparents Used

By Clifton Johnson

THE first period of American school-book authorship was characterized by erratic efforts and random shots in many directions. It did not become the general custom to put forth books in nicely graded series until well toward the middle of the nineteenth century, and in consequence many isolated primers, spellers and readers were published and used for a brief period within a limited area. Readers of any sort for beginners were very few previous to 1825. So far as I am aware the first was *The Franklin Family Primer*, published about 1805, containing "a new and useful selection of Moral Lessons adorned with a great variety of cuts calculated to strike a lasting impression on the Tender Minds of Children." It had a frontispiece portrait of Benjamin Franklin and text illustrations of Bible scenes.

The next book of this class was *The Child's Instructor* (Philadelphia, 1808). In chapter I are the alphabet, some columns of three and four-letter words and a number of short sentences, of which the first is:

A bird that can sing, and will not sing,
must be made to sing.

Chapter II starts thus:

1. Now George, you know all the letters. Now you must learn to spell and read. A good boy will sit and mind his book.

2. Knife, fork, spoon, plate, dish, cup,

bowl, mug, jug, pot, pan, tub, chair, table, bed, box, fire, wood, shovel, tongs, bellows.

3. What is your name? My name is George. How old are you? Four years old. Do you go to school? Yes, sir. Can you spell? Yes, sir, a little.

4. Bread, butter, cheese, meat, pudding, pie, cake, beef, pork, veal, soup, salt, pepper, sugar, honey, jelly, carrot.

This alternation of spelling and reading paragraphs is soon abandoned, and the spelling-words are confined to a paragraph at the end of each lesson. Perhaps the most noticeable thing in the lessons is the constant reiteration of the idea that it is profitable both spiritually and materially to be good.

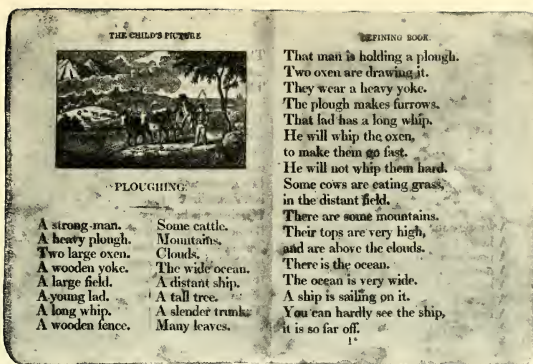
All dutiful children who do as they're bid,
Shall be lov'd, and applauded, and never
be chid;

And their friends, and their fame, and
their wealth shall increase,
Till they're crown'd with the blessings of
plenty and peace.

Good boys and girls go to church. Did you go to church? Billy went to church, and so did Betsey. The church is the house of God; and God loves little children when they go to church.

Do you know who makes it rain? I will tell you: God makes it rain. Do you see that dark cloud rising in the west? That cloud will bring thunder and lightning and rain. You need not be afraid; God makes it thunder; and he will not let it hurt you if you are good.

The following is one of the longer lessons from the latter part of the book:



THE CHILD'S PICTURE DEFINING BOOK

Two pages from Gallandit's Reduced one-half'

HE THAT GIVETH TO THE POOR,
LENDETH TO THE LORD.

There was a poor man who was charitable to excess; for he gave away all that he had to relieve the necessities of others; chusing rather to throw himself upon Providence, than to deny an alms to any one who asked him, so long as he had any thing to bestow.

Being at length, by his constant liberalities, reduced to a very indigent condition, he was forced to betake himself to digging for a livelihood. Yet notwithstanding he gained his own bread by hard labour, he ceased not to show his wonted kindnesses to the poor; giving them whatever he could possibly spare from his own necessities.

One day as he was digging in the field, he found several earthen pots of gold, supposed to be buried there in the time of the wars. The good man carried this huge treasure home to his house, with all imaginable privacy.

And having distributed the greatest part of it in charity, he was going with the last reserve to the house of a distressed widow, to whom he gave a sufficient sum to relieve her wants, being all he had left: When as he was returning home he found a jewel in the highway, which, being sold, yielded him ten thousand crowns.

This was a noble bank for new liberalities, and a convincing argument, that there was something more than mere chance which thus strangely recruited his purse; that it might not lack something to give to the poor.

Blest is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul with sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.
His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do:
He in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord hath bowels too.

A book very like the one I have been describing, both in title and text, was the *Child's Instructor and Moral Primer*, published at Portland, Maine, in 1822. The stories in it have to do mostly with such children as Timothy Trusty, who "is very desirous to learn;" Patty Primp, whose notion is that "to be a lady one must be idle, careless, proud, scorn inferiors, calumniate the absent, read novels, play at cards, and excel in fine dress;" John Pugg, whose "face



A MELANCHOLY SCENE
From *Town's Second Reader*

and hands you would think were not washed once a fortnight;" and Tom Nummy, who "hates his book as bad as the rod." Some of the other suggestively named characters as Tim Delicate, Charles Mindful, Caroline Modesty, Susy Pertinence, Cynthia Spindle and Jack Fisty-Cuff. Except for Cynthia, you know what to expect of each without further details.

To indicate how scarce elementary readers were in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, I quote from the preface to *Leavitt's Easy Lessons in Reading* (Keene, New Hampshire, 1823).

The compiler has been excited to the present undertaking by representations that there is no reading book to be found at the bookstores, suitable for young children, to be used intermediately, between the Spelling-Book and the English or American Reader. The Testament is much used for this purpose; and, on many accounts, it is admirably adapted for a reading book in schools. But it is respectfully submitted to the experience of judicious teachers whether the peculiar structure of scripture language is not calculated to create a tone? I am persuaded it would

be better to place a book in the hands of learners, written in a more familiar style. Such a work, I flatter myself, will be found in the following pages. The selections contain many salutary precepts and instructive examples, for a life of piety and morality, of activity and usefulness.

That final sentence indicates quite well the trend of all the readers of the period. What an incentive to morality and piety there must have been in such poems as the following effusion from *The Fourth Class Book*, (Brookfield, Massachusetts, 1827).

LITTLE CHARLES.

Well, Charles is highly pleased today,
I gave him leave to go and play
Upon the green, with bat and ball;
And when he heard his playmates call,
Away he sprang across the plain,
To join the little merry train.
But here he comes—why, what means this?
I wonder what has gone amiss,—
Why, Charles, how came you back so
soon?

I gave you leave to stay till noon.
I know it, sir, and I intended
To play till every game was ended;
But, to say truth, I could not bear
To hear those little fellows swear—
They cursed so bold and fearlessly
That the cold chills ran over me—
For I was filled with awful dread



The good Samaritan,
The Franklin Primer

Hat
**A TOPSY-TURVY HAT**From Bintlhy's *The Pictorial Primer*

That some of them would drop down
dead—

And so I turned and came away,
For, Pa, I was afraid to stay!

An attractive little book published in 1830 was *The Clinton Primer*. It was named after De Witt Clinton, whose portrait appeared on its paper cover. Illustrations were used freely and the body of the book was made up of reading at the top of the page, spelling columns in the middle and arithmetic at the bottom. I reprint some rather naïve fragments from the earlier lessons, and two of the longer lessons complete.

It is a mule. I see a mule; do you?

He has a flute; let him play on his flute.

Ripe pears are good for boys and girls,
but it is a sin to eat too many of them.
They often cause sickness.

Who does not love the robin? He sings
a most lovely note.

The raven is not a fine bird nor a very
good bird; he has been known to pull up
corn.

THE HORSE RACE.

Who loves a horse race? Are not too
many fond of it? Does it not lead to
many evils, and to frequent ruin? Never
go to a horse race. Mr. Mix had one
child, whom he called Irene; he had also a
good farm, and some money. He went to
the races with his child, dressed in black
crape for the loss of her mother. Here
Mr. Mix drank freely, and bet largely, and
lost all he was worth. At night he went
home a beggar; took a dose of brandy,
and died before morning, leaving his child
a pennyless orphan. Never go to a horse
race.

THE COACH AND TWO.

Who is she that is growing up to the
good fortune of riding in a coach and two?
She is the girl who rises with the rising
day;—whose hands and face are made
clean;—whose hair is cleared of snarly
locks, and neatly rolled in papers; and
whose clothes are clean and whole, though
never gay. She who loves her book, her
school, the truth, and her parents, and
also the path of peace and virtue. I now
see her through the window of the cari-
age, and I hear her say:

“What though I ride in a coach and pair,
And in dress and food like a princess fare;
I'll not be proud like the haughty Moor,
Nor stop my ears at the cry of the poor.”

The next selection is from Worcester's *A Second Book for Reading and Spelling* (Boston, 1830). It is a letter written by Lucy Turner, a country girl, thirteen years old, to her mother, who was spending a month in Boston at the home of Lucy's aunt, Mrs. White. This letter serves as a dreadful example to all children who, like Lucy, “never take any pains to learn to spell.”

Mi deer Mama,

Wen yu cum bak, wee shal awl bee
pleesed. Evry wun seams dul becaus yu
air gon.

Farther sez hee wonts yu too sta longe
enuff too hav ay gude vissit; butt ie no hee
wil bee gladd whenn yure vissit iss ovur.

Jaims gose too skule and ie thinke hee
behavts wel. Saror stais att hom, and
wurks withe mee. Wee awl enjoy gude
helth.

THE COACH AND TWO.From *The Clinton Primer*

Doo rite mee ay lettur, and tel mee
about Bosten, and ant Wite's foax, and
hou soone wee ma expect yu.

Yure verry luving childe

LUCY TURNER.

Now, only think how much grieved and ashamed her mother must have been, when she found that Lucy had spelled only her name and one word right.

Here is an illustration from *The Progressive Reader or Juvenile Monitor* (Concord, New Hampshire, 1830). We are told that the bird it depicts "sang from morning till evening and was very handsome." Caroline, the little girl to whom the bird belonged, "fed it with seeds and cooling herbs and sugar, and refreshed it daily with water from a clear fountain." But at length it died. "The little girl lamented her beloved bird, and wept sore." Then her mother bought another "handsomer than the former, and as fair a songster."

"But Caroline wept still more," and her mother, "amazed," asked the reason. Caroline replied it was because she had wronged the bird that died by eating a piece of sugar herself that her mother had given her for the bird. The mother saw then why Caroline had been so distressed. It was "the sacred voice of nature in the heart of her child."

"Ah!" said she, "what must be the feelings of an ungrateful child at the grave of its parents."

The most ambitious poem in the book is the one reprinted in part below:

STORY OF AMERICA IN VERSE.

Columbus was a sailor brave,
The first that crossed th' Atlantic wave.
In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
He came far o'er the ocean blue,
Where ne'er a ship had sailed before,



A BIRD

The Progressive Reader

And found a wild and savage shore,
Where naked men in forests prowled,
And bears and panthers roamed and howled.

At length, when years had passed away,
Some English came to Virginia;
'Twas sixteen hundred seven; be sure
You let this in your mind endure;
For 'twas the first bold colony
Planted in North America;
The first that laid the deep foundation,
On which has since been built a nation.
Well, here they raised a far-famed town
On James' river, called Jamestown.
They struggled hard 'gainst many sorrows,
Sickness and want, and Indian arrows;
But bold and strong at length they grew,
And were a brave and manly crew.

'Twas eight years after this,—I mean
The year sixteen hundred fifteen,—
Some Dutch, from Holland, settled pat on
An Island which they called Manhattan,
And straight they set themselves to work,
And built the city of New York.
Now let the laughing wags and jokers
Say that the Dutch are stupid smokers;
We only tell, that, dull or witty,
They founded famous New York City;
The largest city in the west,
For trade and commerce quite the best.



THE FRENCH.

From The Progressive Reader

A curious lesson found in *The Union Primer*, 1832, was this:

A boy who was idle and wicked, saw an old man with poor clothes on—he went up to him as he was in the grave-yard, and said, "Father, you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world." "True, son," replied the old Christian, "but what is your condition if there is? I have plenty to keep me warm and dry, but I fear you have not that which can keep your soul from Hell."

The compiler of *The Child's Guide*, a popular and in many ways admirable text-book published at Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1833, urges that the pupils should read very distinctly and slowly, and he says, "When I used to go to school I found these lines in my book:

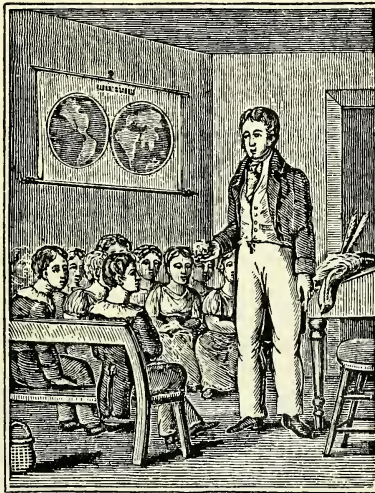
"Learn to speak slow; all other graces

Will follow in their proper places."

As an aid to clear comprehension and correct enunciation the text is well peppered with words in italics to indicate that such words are "emphatical." Here is the frontispiece. No wonder "all the boys looked" when they discovered their master had been carrying a prickly thing like that in his pocket. It seems the master had happened along that morning while a group of boys were

pounding chestnuts out of some green burrs they had knocked off a tree, and he heard them declaring that the chestnuts "ought to grow right out in the open air, like apples; and not have such vile prickly *skins* on them." He asked for one of the burrs and apparently carried it in his pocket all day, for the text says:

That afternoon, when it was about time to dismiss the school, the boys put away their books, and the master read a few verses in the Bible and then offered a prayer, in which he asked God to forgive all the sins any of them had committed that day, and to take care of them during the night. After this he took his *handkerchief* out of his pocket, and put his hand into his *pocket* again and took out the chestnut *burr*, and all the boys *looked* at it.



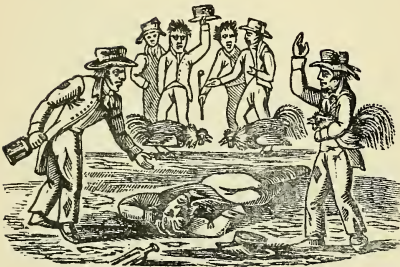
"He put his hand into his pocket again, and took out the chestnut burr, and all the boys looked at it."

Frontispiece of *The Child's Guide*

Then the master through questions and explanations satisfies the boys

that prickly burrs are the only proper and safe covering for chestnuts.

In a lesson farther on, entitled "The Listener," are recounted the tribulations of Charlotte Walden, who "had a constant desire to hear what everybody was saying," and who if sent out of the room when her father and mother did not wish her to hear their conversation, stopped



A DEPICTION OF WICKEDNESS

Printed Above the Ten Commandments in *The Union Primer*, 1832

outside the door "with her ear close to the key-hole."

One of her curls once got entangled in the key, and when her father suddenly opened the door, she fell forward into the room, and hurt her nose so that it bled.

When she knew that her mother had visitors in the parlor, or that her father had gentlemen there with him on business, she would quit her lessons or her playthings, and come softly down stairs and listen at the door; or would slip into the garden and crouch down under the open window, that she might hear what they were saying.

Once when she was stooping, half double, under the parlor window, her father, not knowing that she was there, and finding that a fly had got into the glass of beer that he was going to drink, went to throw out the beer, and emptied the tumbler on Charlotte's head.

But neither these nor other mis-
haps reformed her until one evening she secreted herself at the top of the cellar stairs to listen to the servants talking in the kitchen. She fell asleep and about midnight tumbled off the stairs into a heap of coal. Her screams awakened the household, she was taken to her room, and sickness and repentance and never-did-so-any-more followed as a matter of course.

This shows the habit of the times in presenting right and wrong to the youthful mind. There was always the same sharp contrast; evil suffered prompt and severe punishment, and good was as promptly and decisively rewarded, while reforms were astonishingly sudden and complete. Actual experience must have been sadly disappointing to the child who believed these character myths. Here is another typical reading book story from *The Child's Guide*. It is called

THE IDLE SCHOOL BOY.

I will tell you about the *laziest* boy you ever heard of. He was indolent about every thing. When he had spelled a word, he drawled out one syllable after another, as if he were afraid the syllables would quarrel, if he did not keep them a great ways apart. Once, when he was saying a lesson in Geography, his Master asked him, "What is said of Hartford?" He answered, "Hartford is a flourishing comical town."

He meant it was a "flourishing, commercial town;" but he was such a dunce, that he never knew what he was about.

Another day, when his class were reciting a lesson from the Dictionary, he made a mistake, worse than all the rest. The word, A-ceph-a-lous, was printed with syllables divided as you see; the definition of the word was, "without a head."



"Dear uncle, I cry almost all day long."

From *The Child's Guide*



MR. WOOD AND CHARLES BELL.

From Worcester's *Second Book*

The idle boy had often been laughed at for being so very *slow* in saying his lesson; this time he thought he would be very *quick* and *smart*; so he spelled the word before the Master had a chance to put it out. And how do you think he spelled it?

italics, but what it particularly prided itself on was its pictures. These, it says, are of "a superior order." They consisted chiefly of "compound cuts," all gotten up in the same general style as the one reproduced herewith. The preface claims that the compound cuts are certain to "make a deep and *lasting* impression, aiding the memory by storing it with useful and accurate knowledge. After the child has pored over them, the details which follow will be read with anxiety and delight." The text accompanying the cut selected was this:

Not many goats are raised in this country. In some parts abroad, and most of

The Goat.

His horns are made into



knife and fork handles.



His skin is made into



gloves.

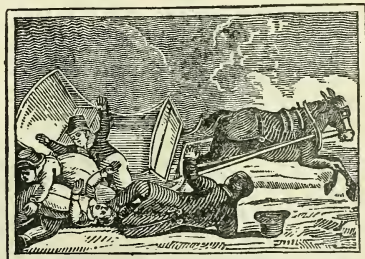
A "COMPOSITE CUT"

From Lovell's *The Young Pupil's Second Book*

"A-c-e-p-h, Aceph," said he; "A louse without a head." The boys laughed at him so much about this, that he was obliged to leave school.

You can easily guess what luck this idle boy had. His father tried to give him a good education, but he would be a dunce; not because he was a *fool*, but because he was too lazy to give his *attention* to any thing. He had a considerable fortune left him, but he was too lazy to take *care* of it; and now he goes about the streets with his hands in his pockets, begging his bread.

Lovell's *Young Pupil's Second Book* (New Haven, 1836) followed the plan of *The Child's Guide* in the use of



THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

From Worcester's *Second Book*

are full of play, and skip about in a very droll manner. In a *wild* state, goats climb steep rocks, and can *stand* and *spring* where few other animals would *dare to go*. The goat has a very strong and unpleasant smell, but his flesh is very good to eat. The *milk* of the goat is also very nice to drink, and is used as a *cure* for some diseases. The skin of the *kid* is made into soft leather gloves. Goats' horns are used for *handles* of knives and forks. The hair is often made into garments.



This is a par-rot in a cage
against the wall.

That is a ti-ger in a cage
upon a cart.

This must be a cam-el.

DOUBTFUL STATEMENTS

From Mandeville's *Primary*

also remind you of the care which your *own* mother took of you, during your help-
less years, and of the grat i tude and duty
which you *owe* to her for all her kindness.

Here is one of the book's scientific
lessons:

THE SUN.

The sun is above a *million* times larger than
the *earth*; and like the earth, turns round
about *itself*. It was formerly supposed to
be an immense *body of fire*; but this opinion
is no longer entertained by those who ap-
pear to be *best* acquainted with the subject.

They think it can not be a body of fire,
because, in that case the nearer we ap-
proached to it, the greater degree of
warmth we should feel. But the *contrary*

is the fact; it is ascer-
tained, that upon very
high mountains the air is
much colder than it is
below. Besides, by look-
ing at the sun through a
glass made for the pur-
pose, we perceive some
dark spots upon it, which
would not be the case
were it a body of fire.
We conclude, therefore,
that the sun is *not* a
body of fire.

What then *is* the sun?

The sun is understood
to be an immense ball, or
globe, surrounded with
an *illuminated atmosphere*
which acting upon the air
that *en com pass es* the

The following is a lesson which
combines natural history, moral
training and religion:

THE HEN.

Of all feathered ani mals, there is none
more useful than the *common hen*. Her
eggs supply us with *food* during her life,
and her flesh affords us del i cate meat after
her death. What a *moth er ly* care does
she take of her young! How closely and
ten der ly does she *watch* over them, and
cover them with her wings; and how
bravely does she *defend* them from e ver y
en e my, from which she herself would *fly*
away in terror, if she had not them to pro-
tect!

While the sight reminds you of the wis-
dom and goodness of *her Cre a tor*, let it



Going to the Fields.

From *American Juvenile Primer*

earth and other planets, in a manner we are *un ac quaint ed* with, produces light and heat.

Mandeville's Primary Reader (New York, 1849) endeavors to teach words and their meanings by repetition and many combinations. The text makes a very queer patchwork. Here is a lesson where the words the child is specially to learn are "par-rot, ti-ger, cam-el." It might have been just as well in deference to the pictures not to have talked so much of cages and carts.

The text goes on to say:

Every tame parrot was once a wild parrot in the woods.

Some men have several parrots in the same cage against the wall, but this man has but one.

Every tiger is not young, but some tigers are old tigers.

Camels are high, long, large and strong.

The camel is not wild and fierce like the tiger in the cage on the cart, but tame and mild.

Some parrots can talk like any boy or girl.

No one should put his hand or his head in the cage of the fierce tiger.

All camels will carry men and women, boys and girls, as well as a large horse, or a strong mule.

Here is a specimen of what the book can do when it undertakes to tell a story:

Two boys went out in-to the snow with a lit-tle sled. One was na-med James, the oth-er was na-med Sam-u-el. James said to Sam-u-el, "You dare not go on that pond with your sled." Sam-u-el said,

"Yes, I dare, but it is wrong; be-cause fa-ther said we must not do it. Then James laugh-ed and said, "What of that? Fa-ther can-not see us, for he is at work in the shop."

Was not James a wick-ed boy? He was. He for-got that God saw him all the time.

Sam-u-el beg-ged him not to take the sled on the pond, be-cause the ice was thin. But James was ob-stin-ate, and went on the thin ice a great way. Then Sam-u-el went back to the house and read in his Sun-day-school book.

After Sam-u-el had read a lit-tle while, he heard a noise out of doors. It was James's voice. Sam-u-el was fright-en-ed, and ran out, and there saw James in the wa-ter. The ice was bro-ken, and James was up to his neck in the pond. The poor boy was scream-ing for some-body to come and take him out. Sam-u-el took a long pole, and held the end of it, and James caught hold of the oth-er end and crawl-ed out. His moth-er was ver-y sorry. She was a-fraid James would be sick; and he was sick a long time. But there was an-oth-er thing which made her more sor-ry still. It was his be-ing so wick-ed.

The selections I have made show certain salient and picturesque features of the old-time readers, but leave many books entirely unmentioned. I have said nothing of the readers edited by Lyman' Cobb, who was the first to compile a thoroughly complete and well graded series. Worcester's books soon followed, and Sanders' a little later, and by 1850, Town, McGuffy, Russell, Swan and others were in the field and the series idea was firmly established.

Her Love and Its Memories

By Sarah Endicott Ober

EUNICE SANFORD sat on the kitchen steps, preparing apples to dry. The house and grape-lattice were festooned with long strings of the fruit, yet steadily she peeled, quartered, cored and strung, though her whole body ached, her hands were blackened, withered and sore, and she loathed the pungent odor of the apples. For weeks she had toiled, and must toil for weeks yet, for much of her slender income depended upon the sale of the fruit, and every bit must be utilized.

Not until her day's stint was completed did she relax her efforts, and leaning her throbbing head against the door-frame, gazed out upon the scene before her with the unseeing look of familiarity.

Against the far sunset rose the snowy peaks of the Presidential range, faceted with opalescent hues. An uneasy sea of lesser heights surged through the middle distance, breaking into broad valleys, that rolled against the isolated mountain on which stood the Sanford house. Only the lofty peaks caught the radiance of the after-glow; gray mists and purple shades veiled the lower heights and planes, but beneath all sombre hues burned and pulsed vivid autumnal colors, like fiery coals beneath blanketing ashes.

It was typical of the woman's life. Far, far in unattainable distance rose the ideals of her youth; pure, rose-tinted, lofty, as those distant heights. And between, in ever-lessening aspirations and color, stretched the years, merging at last into the dead low level of monotonous drudgery. And beneath the sordid dullness burned and pulsed passionate forces, never developed, never finding outlet.

Impassive was the clear-cut face. Not a quiver broke the firm, compressed mouth; the toil-marked, yet beautiful hands lay motionless, yet the whole soul of the woman was in mad revolt. She raged against circumstances, environment, fate, God even, whatever the power that had so shaped her life—so defrauded it! If the passionate rebellion surging, seething within her could have found expression, it seemed that the whole earth might ring with outcries—the very heavens tremble against their vehemence!

What had life given her? what did it now hold? What was there to look back upon—forward to. Must her aspirations, her yearnings after nobler things go ever unsatisfied—unfulfilled. Must all her years pass in this low drudgery for the merest animal needs? and her soul go hungry

—all her years? when weeks—days—hours—even were slow tedious torture? And she in life's prime—with long, dragging years yet before her!

She beat her hands together in sheer desperation, then lifelong habits of self-repression stilled her again into passive rigidity. A temptation came, that daily haunted her of late; a vision of a still cold form; face set in eternal peace; hands freed forever from toil; feet released from the dreary treadmill; soul—but whither had fled the soul? Resolutely she thrust the thought from her, springing up, and entering the house as if fleeing from embodied evil. Yet well she knew that the time would come when all powers of resistance would fail, unless some change came into her life.

"No! No! Not that. No coward's way out for me!" she exclaimed aloud. "I will bear life's burdens to the end—the bitter end!"

She hurried about the kitchen, striving to drown all evil thoughts in her work. In pitiful contrast to the rich scenic beauty was the tiny house, barren of beauty, devoid of comfort. Unpainted, weather-beaten, falling into decay, it ran into sheds and barns much more commodious than itself. The whole structure revealed the constant struggle for a bare existence; the enormous stores of food and fuel required for beast and man during the rigors of long winters.

The loneliness was beyond expression. Four miles from the village; two from a neighbor; the road degenerating into a lane before reaching the house; vanishing into sheep-

tracks in the upland pastures beyond. The only passers, an infrequent berrying party in the summer; an occasional logging crew in the winter. Eunice's only outings, her fortnightly attendance at the village church during the summer, or a rare visit to the store to sell the produce of the farm. For weary months the road was impassable, and she was a prisoner, shut up in this lonely place with but one companion.

Here had passed ten years of her life. Into this little unproductive farm had gone youth, strength, hopes, ideals—everything that made life worth living. What was the result? A bare living; hands, soul, brain, dulled, coarsened, hardened; utter starvation of all that was noble in her nature!

Heavy steps clumped through the sheds from the barns, the door slammed open, and her only companion came in. It was Hiram, the half-wit; uncouth, filthy, with burly frame of manhood, but with not even the mind of a child. He was a distant relative of her dead husband, and had made his home there for years. He did the farm-work with a machine's regularity, but beyond this, and the gratification of his animal wants, his mind was a blank.

He always sat at the table with the family, after the democratic New England style, though he reeked of the barnyard, and ate like the animal he was. Every unclean habit, each vulgar noise and action struck upon the sensitive nerves of the woman with all the force of a first observance; but she gave no sign, fixing all her attention upon the vacant place opposite, as she had once fixed her thoughts

upon the one who had filled it, but had left it empty two years before.

When filled to repletion, Hiram settled back upon his tipped chair, to pick his teeth with his fork, and Eunice cleared away her untasted meal. He soon went to his lair, under the kitchen eaves, and she set herself to her task, toiling far into the night, by the light of a tallow candle.

As she worked, she counted over the pitiful results of her labor! The farm produced little, the market was small and the returns meagre! Through the hot summer she picked berries, helped in the garden, to shear the sheep, and even in the hayfield; and with it all, with wool carded and spun into yarn, with eggs, butter, cheese, and the dried fruit, figure as closely as she might, there was no margin left after the supply of their barest needs.

In despair, she gave up her cherished object, a stone for her husband's grave. After all his life of patient toil, of cheerful self-denial, of righteous pure living, he must rest in an unmarked grave; he must be forgotten when the generation that had known him was passed away. And she was powerless. The farm was mortgaged to pay the expenses of his mother's long illness, and then his own helpless years. At its best, it afforded only the simplest existence. She could not sell it. The whole region abounded in abandoned farms. Many a house stood with vacant windows like blank eyes from which all soul had fled. Many a woman was left like herself, desolate and lonely. The youth and vigor of the region had fled to the cities, where were broader opportunities,

lucrative employment, and better returns for their labor.

And she was chained here. What could she do, with no training, no friends, with all her powers blunted, exhausted—how could she cope with the busy progressive world? There was nothing for her but this dreary life.

Autumn's sacrificial fires smoldered into dun gray ashes. The earth lay stark beneath winter's icy shroud. An awful sound roared about the lonely house by day and night, as though some gigantic monster was roused to fury, and filled the earth with his bellowing. What it was Eunice never knew, but the mountain seemed to roar, dread precursor of fiercest storms and familiarity never robbed the sound of supernatural terror to the desolate woman.

The cold grew intense. The snow drifted above the eaves, and a dim twilight prevailed. Only a few rooms were habitable. Through the sheds the barns could be reached, and until spring they were imprisoned within the buildings. Hiram's repulsive face was the only one that Eunice would look upon; his idiotic words the only ones she would hear. But she often spoke aloud to break the awful silence of the little prison.

The stress of work over, she knew not how to fill the tedious hours. Her few books she knew by heart. No newspaper had been taken for years. The Scriptures were but mockery, and meaningless in her present state of revolt. Impelled by unrest she paced the buildings, braving the rigid cold. The barns were most comfortable, warmed by stores

of hay, and the breaths of many cattle. She often paused before the stanchions, peering into the patient eyes of the ruminating beasts, seeking consolation. She went into the horses' stalls, stroking their shaggy coats, and pressing her hot face against their velvety ones, craving companionship from the brutes. And something of comfort was imparted to her tortured heart by their mute caresses.

She often climbed to the roof of one of the barns, where a sheltered scuttle gave her the only outlook. Here she had arranged with the nearest neighbor to signal in case assistance was needed. A staff was fastened to the roof, and an old red shawl was ready for the signal, though no help could reach her through the impassable drifts. But Eunice often spent hours there, looking out over the silent, dead expanse of snow, hungrily noting every curl of smoke that betokened living sense humanity.

Into the cheerless "best room" she went one day, where bare floor and walls glistened with frost; the horse-hair sofa was an iceberg, and the cane-seat chairs as cold. Here were the few art treasures of the home: crude chromos, subscription prizes from an agricultural paper, totypes and faded photographs framed in splints, or cardboard worked with worsted; a wall-basket made from a discarded hoopskirt, the wires tied into figure eights painted black, and adorned with gilt stars. On the narrow mantel were a few crockery vases and figures of animals. The curtains were of green paper, covered with gay and impossible landscapes.

On the floor were rag mats, both "braided" and "hooked-in." In these the woman's starved artistic nature had found vent. In beauty of design, blending of colors, and delicacy of treatment, they were indeed excellent. Yet Eunice was half ashamed of them because they were so different from any made by her friends.

As her listless eyes fell upon them, an idea flashed through her brain, bringing light to her sombre eyes, and color to her face.

"Why not make a memorial mat—weave her husband's garments into a tribute to his memory?"

At once she hastened to put the impulse into execution. From a closet and bureau she gathered the clothing, bringing it to the warm sitting room. With calculating eyes she scanned them, noting every possibility, but her rising hopes fell.

"Oh, why *do* men wear such dull colors!" she cried. "There is not a bit of brightness here. What shall I do! I will not attempt a memorial mat unless it is a pretty one."

She pored over the garments, until suddenly her face brightened.

"Oh, I know!" she exclaimed. "There are all of Ben's baby clothes. Mother Sanford kept them in her trunk. She showed them to me once, thinking I might need them."

The childless woman sighed, but wasting no time on vain regrets, she ran up to the dim, herb-hung attic. From beneath the eaves she drew an ancient trunk. It was nearly a century old, covered with calfskin, the hair outward, and studded with large brass nails, which also formed the owner's initials on the lid?

Eunice dragged the trunk down

into the sitting room, and on a bunch of keys, found the quaint one that fitted the lock. But she hesitated before turning it, looking over her shoulder toward the adjoining room, fearing to hear the sharp, querulous tones; to see again that fretful old face with its fault-finding eyes, that had harassed and chilled her life for years. Even from the grave she felt that carping presence.

"I shall lose my mind next," she said, shaking off the sinister impression. "These things of Mother Sanford's *must* be looked over, and when I'm gone there's only strangers to do it. Neither she nor Ben would want that. I might as well do it now; it will never be any easier."

She opened the trunk, though it was like intruding in some sacred shrine, or baring the secrets of another's soul. First were letters written long before envelopes or postage stamps were known; the large, square sheets folded cunningly, to leave a place for the address, then sealed with wax.

A sweet romance grew between the lines as she read, the romance of her whom Eunice had known only as a peevish old woman. In her girlhood, she had gone "down East," as Maine was called, to teach school in a coast village. To the amphibious people, half farmers, half seamēn, she was a wonder, with her stores of knowledge, her graceful ways, and pretty dresses. Judging from the letters, she won all hearts, and well she might, from the miniature enclosed with them. Eunice gazed at it with wonder. Could that beautiful face, all pink curves and dimples; those merry dark eyes, and shadowing curls ever have become the wrinkled visage that she knew?

The letters spoke of rustic gatherings, quiltings, corn-huskings, singing schools, and spelling matches, at which the young teacher was the belle. They told of the first time the writer had seen her, when just home from a long voyage, and of the love that sprang into being at that first sight. Full of the proud importance of a first mate's position, and with all the assurance of youth; yet he was abashed and silent before her.

Unable to reveal his love while with her, he now poured it forth when again at sea. Here were all his doubts of himself: his sense of unworthiness, his fears of ever winning her, his jealousy of more favored lovers. He spoke of the agony of parting, the awful sense of ever-increasing distance, the yearning of his whole being for her—her alone.

The yellowed sheets breathed of the sea: calm skies, favoring winds, raging storms, ceaseless, buoyant motion, long night watches, sense of depth, space, majesty and mystery. Later, scenes in foreign lands, strange sights, impressions of ancient peoples. And every sight, sound, sense and feeling was filled with her—the love of her. High as the heavens, uplifting his lower nature; deep as the sea, never to be measured; as full of resistless force as the tempest; unchangeable as the sun, moon or stars; as foreign to his former life as the strange countries; such was his love for her.

"Your bright wit plays over our dull natures, as the humming bird darts over the humble weeds," so ran one letter. "It may seek some rare flower to rest upon, but may not

the wayside weed contain honey just as sweet?"

The young mate confessed to the theft of her thimble, and of the comfort the little thing was to him, a bit of her. He searched foreign cities for another to give her in its place, and on the homeward voyage he shaped from choice sandal wood a tiny heart-shaped box to hold his gift. Here ended the letters, but both gift and giver must have found acceptance, for there in its heart-shaped nest was the thimble—an exquisite bit of filigree silver, with the entwined initials of the lovers engraved upon a shield on one side.

And in the trunk, daintily wrapped in silver tissue, and then again in soft linen, was the wedding dress, a dream of peach-bloom silk, purchased by the sailor lover in some Oriental clime. It was made in the style of the Empire, low, square neck, short puffed sleeves, waist just under the breast, and scant skirt. Bands of plush covered with roses bordered the skirt, waist, sleeves and neck. Folded with it were filmy laces, neckerchief, undersleeves, and handkerchief. And there were the silk stockings with open-work clocks, and high-heeled slippers, with big buckles of brilliants, holding yet, after three-fourths of a century, the imprint of tiny, arched feet. In another parcel was the green satin waistcoat of the bridegroom, embroidered with pink roses, by the bride's own hand.

Hot tears filled Eunice's eyes; her throat contracted in pain. She knew the sequel of this romance, its pathos, its tragedy! Only a few months of married life, and then the young hus-

band went on another long voyage, his last, as he assured his wife. It was his last. The fate of ship and men is one of the unsolved mysteries of the ocean. The months dragged into years before the wife gave up hope of his return, and donned the mourning garments that she wore until her death, and she lived out the allotted years of man.

Perchance the father's life went out before that of his child began, none could tell. There were the baby clothes of finest lawn and flannel, made with infinitesimal stitches; and there were larger garments, dresses of soft merinoes, crimson, blue, and buff, and cloak of green camlet, trimmed with eider down. Eunice handled them tenderly, all her maternal instincts going out to the baby of long ago. Her love for her husband had been of the maternal kind; now it was intensified by these relics of his infancy. As for his mother—a compassionate tenderness submerged all former grievance and rancor.

"Oh, Mother—Mother Sanford!" sobbed Eunice. "If I had only been more patient! If I had only known! Oh, why did you not let me know—let me love you?"

Reverently she laid the yellowed leaves on the fire, watching them turn to ashes, and with them was burned away much of the bitterness of her heart.

She turned again to the trunk. In progressive bundles were childish garments: square-cut breeches, sturdy blouses and jackets, mementoes of passing years, until came the suit of early manhood. Among them was a daguerrotype of a beautiful woman,

in whose dark eyes sorrow was enthroned; whose waving hair was gathered beneath a widow's cap. Beside her stood a boy, in whose wide eyes was the same grave earnestness that Eunice had seen years later. She placed the picture on the mantel, beside that of the young teacher, as constant reminders to her.

No more lonely hours now. With enthusiasm she sketched her design on a piece of bocking, fastened in her mat-frames. No artist ever wrought out the inspiration of his soul with greater reverence, or nobler motive. In the centre she drew a heart-shaped shield, like that on the old thimble. This was filled in with pieces of the dove-colored dress worn by the teacher on that memorable time when her lover first saw her. In the shield were the date of the marriage, made from the baby dresses, bleached to snowy whiteness. Twining about the figures, linking them together, were narrow silken ribbons of pink and green, from pieces of wedding dress and waistcoat, that Mrs. Sanford had saved with true New England thrift. It would have been sacrilege to have marred the garments themselves.

Masses of small flowers, crimson, blue and buff, with trailing vines of green, encircled the shield, made from the child garments. The ground-work of the mat was of black from the mourning clothes, for the child was named "Benomi," "Son of my sorrow." From the central figures ran long leaf-shaped scrolls of dull shades, from the boy's garments; these enclosed oval medallions on either side; one containing

the name Benomi Sanford, with date of birth; the other the words, "In Memoriam," and time of death. All were bordered and defined by slender lines of black, for the mother's grief dominated the whole life of the son.

Now came a gap that Eunice could not fill—the time of early manhood. She had the army coat that he had worn through the Civil War, but there was a period of several years of which she knew nothing. He was fifty when he had courted her; a reticent, silent man, of whom she stood in awe. For days the work was at a standstill, until she remembered a small locked box in her husband's closet. She brought it out with even greater reluctance than she had his mother's trunk, and fitted to the lock a key that was in his wallet. Only a few things were in the box. A suit of dark blue, unworn; a silk sash of pale blue, and wrapped in it several letters, a photograph, and a quaint valentine. Beneath these was a box containing a gold ring.

Eunice looked at the picture, wondering where she had seen that face. Groping back through the years to early childhood, she recalled it. She was visiting the village that was now her home. She was once more in the bare country church, with its hard, uncushioned seats. The choir was led by an old man, thin, grotesque, but with a voice of purest melody. She could hear again the twang of the tuning fork, as he pitched the tune; she saw the line of singers, faces long since turned to dust. Suddenly a clear voice broke the expectant silence (a tenor voice,

for then that part was taken by female voices), in an old fugue tune:

“Fly like a youthful—”

Then the alto joined in, and before she had well gotten to flying, masculine voices took up the strain, and in harmonious pursuit, all the singers are “Flying like a youthful—” in and out, up and down, back and forth, until finally the retreating, pursuing voices merge in a grand outburst of melody in the closing lines:

“Fly like a youthful hart or roe
Over the hills where the spices grow.”

The silent house seems to ring with the music, dominated, thrilled, led by that clear young voice. Involuntarily Eunice takes up the strain, and sets the echoes ringing in reality, while spirit-voices seem to join with hers. She sees the rapt face of the young singer, and again comes the thought as it did to her childish mind, “So must the angels look as they sing.”

She beholds that face once more, when still a child. Now it is glorified by eternal peace, confined in a darkened room. The words of solemn prayer sound through the stillness, broken by stifled sobbing. Again comes the impression to the child's heart, “So must the angels look as they sleep.” Tenderly she placed the picture with the others, gazing often at the sweet, pure face. She could not read those letters, the closed pages of her husband's love-story. One paragraph only, the last, told the story: “Dearest, we can wait. We are young. But your poor mother has had so many sorrowful years, shall we begrudge her a few of our happy ones? The waiting will not be long

or tedious, for we love each other—always—ever—we love each other.”

Eunice laid the letters on the fire as reverently as if offering sacrifices to the God she worshipped. *She* understood. That poor mother, with life so bound up in her son's, that even his happiness must not interfere with her jealous devotion! Eunice's own married life had been embittered, her happiness destroyed, every day cankered, yet no rancor was now in her heart. Her marriage had been of convenience rather than of love, but these records of undying loves aroused in her wistful yearning. She felt more than ever defrauded of life's choicest treasures. In her heart stirred memories that had for years been sternly denied. She gave them no place, turning feverishly to her work to drown them.

The suit that was to have been Ben Sanford's wedding suit, she wove into the side medallions. From the white shirt and tie she formed the letters. Twined about them were not the ribbons from her own wedding dress, but from the sash that had once encircled the slender waist of the girl he had loved. The encroaching lines of black did not enter there, though they defined the outer edges of the medallions, and pervaded the rest of the memorial.

Now memory comes to the aid of the weaver as she works the borders of the mat. The old blue army coat fills the intervening spaces. As she weaves it in, Eunice lives vicariously those years of danger and suffering, knowing that it covered more grievous wounds than from the bullets, from which he had suffered until his death.

Here is the brown suit that she remembers as worn when first she saw him. As it goes into the border, she sees a great barn lighted by lanterns and candles. Heaps of corn fill the floor and bays, gleaming like gold in the flickering light. Umber shadows haunt the lofty spaces above, and the long rows of empty stanchions. Rollicking groups crowd the building, husking the sheathed ears, and making the huge barn ring with boisterous merriment.

She sees herself, again a visitor at her grandparents,—at this her first entertainment. Shy, conscious of her first long dress and coronal of braids, that heretofore had hung in girlish freedom. She looks again, half-reluctant, half-eager, into the untried, mysterious womanhood, that she is entering. A quivering sigh breaks from the woman's lips; in pity for that young life, so soon to be disillusioned. She puts her hand to the prim knot of hair. Yes, dark locks yet, though thinned and frosted by the defrauding years.

She sees her husband, then unknown to her, grave, middle-aged, outside the merry circle, of which she is a part. An incident, long forgotten, comes to her with new meaning. Buxom Widow Jones husks out a red ear with a squeal of affected coyness, frisking clumsily about with coltish gambols that accorded but ill with her matured embonpoint. Suddenly darting at the unconscious Ben, she gave him a vigorous smack. As if serpent-stung, he sprang to his feet, facing her, ghastly white, his eyes blazing. She stood simpering, expectant, in *her* eyes a flame of desire. That flame flared into malignant

fury, as Ben flung his half-husked ear away, and stalked from the barn. The widow stared after him in helpless confusion, but soon rallied herself to meet and parry the rude badinage that came from every side. Eunice saw her afterwards in the shadow of a mow, her face hidden in her apron, her broad shoulders shaking suspiciously.

"Life's threads are sorely tangled!" sighed the weaver, as she recalled some of Mother Sanford's cutting criticisms of poor Widow Jones and her "running after Ben."

Eunice knew now that that night was an anniversary of Ben's bereavement. She recalled when going home with a bevy of young friends, their scurrying past the cemetery with bated breaths; the tall figure coming from the "silent city," and their startled flight, screaming, down the road. She intuitively knew now that Ben had been keeping vigil by the mound that covered all his hope and joy. With one dying kiss sacred on his lips, no wonder he resented the desecration of that other!

Scene after scene unrolled before the weaver. From some, ruthlessly shut away for years, she shrank, but memory held them before her with inexorable hand. Reluctantly she was hurried on to the time when the forces of womanhood awoke within her. She, too, had been anointed with love's chrism. She, too, had received precious letters, that, though destroyed long ago, were burned upon her heart.

Remorselessly, memory compelled her to live again that sweet young past, when life was bliss, the world full of beauty, the future of promise; and

doubt, wrong, care and sorrow all unknown. Again she experienced the thrill of passion; again she felt the marvel of communion with a soul that was her very own.

She sought to linger in this vision of bliss, but memory hurried her on to the bitter awakening. Just a slight misunderstanding at first, but augmented, inflamed by hot young pride and impatience. With the impetuosity of youth, the tie between the two was severed, and pride prevented its re-uniting. Out of her life drifted the only one who could perfect it, and she was left to gather up life's sundered threads, and weave anew its web in dulled, marred design.

No one but her God knew the agony, the despair of the following years; the lingering death of love and hope, the weary routine of a purposeless existence. Yet she gave no sign to the world; but with cheerful, even gay face, met each day and performed its duties. Misfortune followed her. Friends, home, property, were taken from her. Then came the offer of Ben Sanford's name and home; love was not mentioned between them. Impatiently she turned from the years of drudgery that followed, to dwell again upon her brief season of love.

The stony barriers so long imprisoning its memories were broken, and strengthened by repression—enforced by loneliness—the old passion dominated her whole being. In spring-tide resurrection, it submerged all restraint, flooding her nature with force and power that frightened, as well as fascinated her.

For days she lived in that reincarnated past, with its vivid remem-

brances. Then suddenly she aroused from her visions to realize that into her husband's memorial she was weaving her own love-life. All the rectitude of her nature, the morality of her heritage, the force of her New England conscience revolted. Her marriage vows were just as binding, as sacred to her now, as though love had welded them—death had not broken them. She rallied every power of resistance to battle against this mighty passion that so possessed her. She strove to regain that self-control, that self-repression, that formerly had become a life-habit. For days she paced her prison in this fierce, though silent struggle, and victory was hers at last. Once more her love was conquered, subjugated, confined beneath stern self-control, that would not allow even one rebellious thought.

Eunice took up again her interrupted work, but all interest was gone, all enthusiasm had vanished. Into the borders of the mat she wove the sober-hued records of her married life. Still the lines of black defined them, until towards the last, that carping presence was removed, for Death stilled it into peace. No animosity remained in the heart of the weaver, for she knew the sorrow that had fretted those heart-strings; she acknowledged the mother-love that actuated those jealous fault-findings.

As she wove the last records of her husband's life into the mat, she dwelt upon his sterling qualities, his patient long suffering, his fidelity, goodness and truth. The mat was indeed a "memorial," the revelations it had gendered were gateways

through which she had entered into comprehension of true love, both human and divine. Through the new charity that cloaked her mother-in-law's failings, through her new understanding of her husband's self-sacrifice, through her own victory over what she considered sin, Eunice was brought back to God; to new, strong faith, and patient submission to His will. No longer were His words veiled. They became true inspiration and comfort. She had learned that not only the "Law and the Prophets" were comprised in "love to God and man," but all of life's true meanings—all of eternity's fruitions.

So engrossed was she in her work, that the days passed unheeded; she forgot to check them off in the Old Farmer's Almanac on the kitchen wall. One morning Hiram burst in upon her, mouthing, gesticulating, sputtering, incoherently. She started up, shrinking back in alarm, and he pressed after, glaring at her, shaking his brawny fist in her face, and making uncouth sounds that she could not interpret.

Was the unconfessed terror of years realized? Had his harmless idiocy developed into savage insanity? Was she helpless—shut in with this strong brute? Trembling, mute with horror, she retreated before him, from room to room, shed after shed, until through the barns she fled like a hunted deer, with Hiram lumbering after in fierce pursuit. In and out among the startled cattle, doubling, seeking some refuge, but so closely pressed that many times the hot breath of her pursuer fanned her cheek, and all the time the snarling,

growling, sputtering sounds of her pursuer echoed through the great buildings, adding to her terror.

Finally, when nearly exhausted, Eunice whisked into the shadow of a bale of hay, sinking to the floor, and pulling the hay over her. Hiram raged through the barn, his repulsive face convulsed, his great hairy fists beating the air, keeping up his hideous clamor. When he rushed to the other barn in his search, Eunice stole from her hiding place, and climbed the ladders to the signal place. Her fingers were stiffened with cold, and nerveless with fright, but she managed at last to open the scuttle, and fling out the signal. For hours she crouched there, not daring to descend. She had no wraps, but with her skirts wrapped about head and shoulders, she bore the cold as best she could. Again and again she heard Hiram rage through the barn, but he did not discover her hiding place. By noon, he seemed to give up the chase, and she heard him lumbering back through the sheds to the house.

When the sun sank, and the bitter cold could no longer be borne, Eunice crept down, and stole to the house. Stiff, nearly perished with cold and hunger, she *must* seek warmth and food.

Hearing no sound, she noiselessly opened the kitchen door, and stole in. But Hiram heard her, and sprang out from his usual lair, the woodbox behind the stove. Too weak for flight, Eunice could only stand there, her eyes big with terror. But he did not touch her, standing before her, gesticulating, and expressing the words that had before been incoherent.

"Sunday! Work Sunday!" he sputtered. "*Bad! Wicked! Work Sunday!*"

With a great revulsion of feeling, Eunice comprehended. Like the horses, Hiram knew instinctively when the Sabbath, the day of rest, came. Never before had he seen it desecrated. Eunice was shocked to learn that she had been working on that sacred day, but her relief from terror was so great, that she burst into a fit of wild laughter, that ended in as wild sobbing. And Hiram gazed at her in stupid, open-mouthed amazement, but, satisfied with having done his duty, he retired to his perch on the wood-box, while Eunice, when she could control herself, prepared a warm meal for them both. To satisfy her own conscience, she kept the next two days in fasting and prayer.

The third day she completed the mat, and laid it on the "best room" floor. As it lay there in rich beauty, a ray of sunshine pierced the ice-covered window, and fell upon it like a benediction.

"Why! The backbone of winter is broken!" cried Eunice in glad surprise. "When ever has a winter passed so quickly?"

And the "winter of her discontent" had also passed. Doubt and despair had vanished, even as the sun in his returning solstice was loosening winter's icy fetters. And in the heart of the woman as in that of the frozen earth, dormant forces stirred and thrilled.

Meanwhile that little signal of distress had caused consternation at Farmer Stone's, it having first been seen by a stranger, who had come there several days before, hoping to

reach the Sanford house. After many futile attempts to break through the impassable drifts, he was unwillingly convinced that it was impossible to reach his goal. When the signal appeared he became wild with anxiety, and gathering a force of men and teams from the village, another attempt was made to reach the lonely house. Two days were spent in fruitless effort, then the attempt was reluctantly abandoned.

"I cal'late we'll have ter give in," said Farmer Stone. "'Taint no ways possible ter git through them air drifts, an' we can't fly over 'em. It can't be did noway."

"But man! She may be dying, or in the greatest danger!" cried the stranger. "We *must* get to her. Is there no way?"

There was a pause, as the men looked dubiously at each other. Suddenly one spoke doubtfully.

"I've got a pair of snow shoes ter my house. P'raps yer could git thar' on them."

Joyfully the stranger caught at the suggestion, and went with the man to procure the shoes. At daybreak, the next morning, he was off, climbing the drifts as rapidly as his clumsy foot-gear would permit.

"Seems ter be in er mighty tew 'bout ther Widder Sanford," mused Farmer Stone. "Pears ter me she'll keep er while longer arter waitin' all these years."

Before the kitchen door, the drifts had so shrunken that Hiram dug away quite a space. Here Eunice paced, breathing in the frosty air, full of calm content to be freed from her prison. Suddenly a sense of movement drew her absent gaze to the

snow-filled lane. To her astonishment, there was a man making slow progress towards the house. Then she recollected her signal, which still fluttered on the roof. Filled with compunction at the anxiety and trouble she had evidently made, she watched the approaching figure.

As he drew nearer, something in his poise quickened her pulses, and sent her hand involuntarily to her heart. When at last he stood panting before her, she recognized the face that for years had been enshrined

within her soul, though like her own it was aged and altered. In the gray eyes was the same light kindled for her so long ago. In the voice that finally broke the pregnant silence were the same chords that had made her whole being vibrant. Only one word he spoke: the name sacred to him alone.

"Una!"

"Will! Oh, Will!"

All the stifled yearnings of years were in her cry. Then his arms enfolded her, and her sobbings hushed into peace.





From the Painting by W. A. Bouguereau

ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES

DECEMBER, 1903

VOL. XXIX No. 4

The Birth of Christ as Pictured by Master Painters



From the Painting by Carl Müller

THE NATIVITY



A TRIO OF FAMOUS MADONNAS

MADONNA DI TEMPI, BY RAPHAEL

OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS, BY W. A.
BOUGUEREAU

MADONNA AND CHILD, BY CARLO
DOLCE



From the Painting by H. Hofman

BETHLEHEM

Immigration

By Winfield S. Alcott

OF primary importance in a consideration of the subject of immigration, in a general or in any specific aspect, is a fairly accurate knowledge of its factors. In estimating the effects upon a community of the tide of immigration, therefore, it is essential to examine the elements which compose it. A remarkable change has occurred during the past few years in the composition of the current of humanity flowing steadily toward our shores. While the races inhabiting the north and west of Europe formerly furnished the bulk of immigration into the United States, the peoples of southern and eastern Europe have recently attained an extraordinary ascendancy in numbers and influence. According to the report of the United States Bureau of Immigration for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1902, the three races in order which sent the largest number to this country were the Italian, the Polish and the Hebrew, aggregating forty-eight per cent of the total immigration of 648,743. The 50,939 immigrants who gave Massachusetts as their destination represented a wider distribution of races, as shown by the following analysis based upon the same report, which compares the number destined to this State with the total immigration of the respective races into the United States:

Race.	Number destined to Mass.*	Percentage of total immigration into U. S.
South Italian	11,806	7.7
Irish	7,074	24.4
Polish	5,916	8.6
Scandinavian	5,191	9.3
Hebrew	3,570	6.2
English	3,186	21.3
Portuguese	3,109	58.6
Finnish	2,548	18.3
North Italian	1,510	5.5
Greek	1,173	14.5
All others	5,856	
	50,939	

* The number of immigrants from abroad destined to the other New England States was as follows:

Maine	1,272
New Hampshire.....	1,144
Vermont.....	1,153
Rhode Island.....	6,416
Connecticut.....	16,835
	26,820
Massachusetts.....	50,939

Total for New England77,759

It is impossible to present statistics of immigration from the Dominion of Canada. No official attempt is made to enumerate passengers in transit across the border from Canada into the United States. While some 20,000 passengers, not citizens of this country, arrive annually at Boston by steamers from ports of Nova Scotia, a large proportion are returning residents or are regularly engaged a part of the year at occupations in the United States, so that the figures have no particular value from the standpoint of immigration. Unfortunately no data are available for accurately measuring the influx of Canadians, French or English.

The forces set in motion by the accession of large numbers of aliens to

a community are both reflexive and reciprocal in their action. The immigrant has a positive influence upon his environment, and in turn is moulded by it. Certain benefits accrue to the community from the infusion of new blood; and obversely, its growth may be retarded or its powers of assimilation seriously taxed by the extrinsic burden imposed.

Every race, again, should be considered by itself as well as in its social relations; and its standing should be determined by averaging the individual and social qualities. In a casual survey of the scope and character of immigration into this State, it will be convenient to consider its bearing upon (1) the social and political life, (2) the intellectual and moral progress, and (3) the industrial welfare of the Commonwealth. It will be practicable here to indicate only some of the more palpable effects produced by the general influx and to point out a few of the prominent characteristics exhibited by the more numerous races. It is the intention of the writer to present the subject mainly in its affirmative aspects.

The Italians are strongly in evidence numerically; and where, as in Boston, a permanent settlement has given opportunity for the development of community life, they have disclosed various characteristics which augur well for the affirmative side of the immigration question. Noting the primacy in point of numbers held by the Italian race, it is of interest to observe the correlation existing between this fact and one of the chief causes of Italian emigration. The fecundity of that race is remarkable; and the economic pressure at home

caused by the steady increase in population is largely responsible for the annual departure of immense numbers for America. Handicapped at the outset by ignorance of the spoken language, the Italian immigrant, usually of the agricultural class, naturally becomes a common laborer. Nevertheless, the Italian colony in Boston, which during the past season has numbered about 20,000, includes a considerable proportion of artists, musicians and skilled workmen, who form a valuable and substantial addition to the community. They have also attained success in certain lines of business enterprise and their holdings of real estate constantly increase. The Italians, aided by the Greeks, have performed a distinct service in systematizing and developing the retail fruit trade; they have thereby widely extended and in some cases introduced the use of a most wholesome article of food. The Italians of Boston have made commendable efforts to grapple with some of the reactionary elements in their ranks. The North End Improvement Association, organized at the instance of the Italian Catholic clergy, stands as the expression of a thoroughly modern municipal spirit. By a united movement the various religious organizations have recently made an investment of \$35,000—a large sum at the North End—to establish a centre of social-settlement work which promises to occupy a position of prominence among agencies for the amelioration of the lot of large numbers of the Italian population. The most pressing needs of this people relate to their

industrial and intellectual emancipation; for it is an erroneous impression that the Italian is not a law-abiding person. The cause of this impression may be traced to the fact that the comparatively few offences committed by the men of this race are of major proportions. Substantially the entire criminal record against them relates to assaults growing out of quarrels among themselves in the Italian quarter. Their record of crimes against property in Massachusetts is lower than that of any other nationality. One of the authors of that most suggestive book, written by residents and associates of the South End House of Boston, entitled "Americans in Process,"—a volume to which the present writer is much indebted,—in analyzing the records of the police department of Boston, shows conclusively that hardly one-fifth of the number of persons arrested during the year 1901 in the Italian district were residents. In general it may be said that the men are temperate in the use of strong drink and that the women are noted for their virtue. It might here be further suggested that the beginning of the moral regeneration of the North End of Boston, from the notoriously degraded condition of the first three quarters of the last century, was nearly coincident with the influx of the non-English speaking foreign element, and that the practical completion of the cleansing process dated from the displacement of the vicious population by immigrants largely of the Italian race.

In view of the established position of Irish Americans in this Common-

wealth, and the vital relations sustained by members and descendants of that race to its social and industrial life, reference to the Irish people in a chapter of this nature may seem almost anomalous. As a matter of fact, the comparative importance of immigration from Ireland into this State, which might be inferred from the figures submitted, is apparent rather than real. It represents as a whole merely the reunion or unification of families; and the excess of females over males, a distinctive feature of immigration characteristic of no other race, attests the fact that very few Irish, other than those destined to near relatives, now emigrate to America. The new arrivals among the men enter into the life of a population already well assimilated; the demand for Irish servant girls assures such absorption of American ideals as is inevitable from intimate association with its domestic life; and intermarriage with English-speaking peoples gives an added impulse to the absorptive process. These factors, working in unison, have facilitated assimilation in such degree that the Irish American stands second to no other in social and political influence; nor is he surpassed in point of loyalty to America and its institutions. Perhaps no other immigrant race has shown such development beyond the plane of life prevalent in the country whence it came.

Concerning racial capability of progression beyond conditions of life in the native country, a position of pre-eminence must be accorded to the Jews of Russia and the Poles. Their success in the material world is proverbial. Less well known are



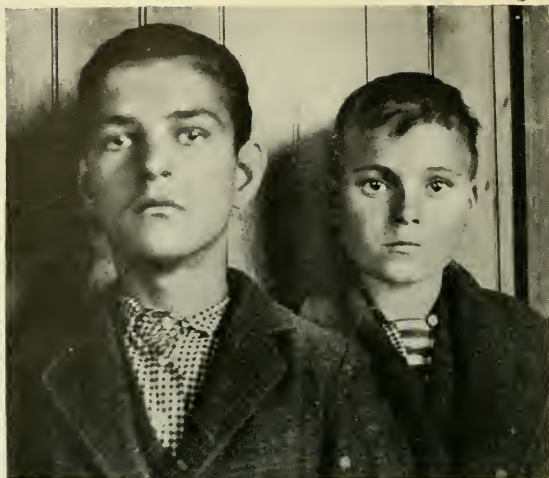
Photo by Goodell

JEWISH IMMIGRANTS FROM RUSSIA

their achievements in the development of the higher life. Probably no immigrant race has a greater appreciation of the advantages of education, and reports from the public schools indicate an intellectual superiority of the Jewish children to those of Irish, Italian and other races. While the espionage of foreign governments has restricted the Jew to an existence of extremely limited scope, in America his outlook upon life has broadened in many ways; he has earned notable success in the business world and has widely extended the range of his pursuits; in an atmosphere of freedom he has modified his racial peculiari-

ties; and the inherent capacities of the race give promise of uninterrupted growth in the country of its adoption.

The Poles and Greeks are in Massachusetts a comparatively recent accession. The men of these races have gravitated toward centres of the textile industries, the Poles principally in the western and the Greeks in the eastern part of the State. The high percentage of illiteracy among the former and the difficulty they encounter in acquiring a knowledge of English have thus far prevented the impression of a notable influence upon their environment. Prior to the great strike in the textile mills of Lowell,



TYPES OF GREEK BOYS

which employed nearly 4,000 Greeks, that city was surpassed only by New York and Chicago in point of Greek population. The colony in Lowell appears to have enjoyed a reputation for orderliness and sobriety. Its members have shown a healthful interest in American institutions, and their attendance upon the public evening schools manifests a commendable ambition to become intelligent citizens. Among the Poles as well as the Greeks the preponderance in this country of the male sex has been a barrier to assimilation.

Capability of assimilation is a marked characteristic of the Scandinavians: Swedes, Norwegians and Danes. They possess thrift, intelligence and other qualities essential to good citizenship. Perhaps no other race, now emigrating to America in considerable numbers, is deemed more desirable. Closely akin to the Swedes

are the Swedish Finns, who form a considerable portion of the arrivals of the Finnish race. Emigration from Finland has recently received an impulse from the oppressive policy of the Russian government. In Massachusetts the Finns are largely engaged as iron and steel workers, quarrymen, and in other occupations requiring muscular strength and endurance. Sturdy of build and conservative by temperament, they bid fair to add a most substantial element to the community. A tendency toward isolation, due largely to disproportion of numbers between the sexes, is likely to disappear with a growing inclination among the Finns to send for their families.

The Portuguese disposition in favor of emigration by families is already well developed. Coming chiefly from the Azores and Cape de Verde islands, their fondness for Massachusetts is

noteworthy; of a total of 5,309 who arrived in this country during the year, 3,109 were destined to this State.

The Portuguese congregate in New Bedford and Fall River, where they seek employment in the textile industries. In Boston the men are largely engaged as sailors or fishermen. The comparatively large proportion of females among immigrants of this race accounts for the fact that the girls and women are gradually gaining a foothold in domestic and mercantile occupations. The men bear a reputation for orderliness and the women are noted as superior housekeepers.

Immigrants of the English race, from Canada as well as England, form substantial additions to a population with which they are closely allied by ties of race and of civilization. Persons of French-Canadian extraction are now an important element in the population of many towns and cities of Massachusetts. Attracted by opportunities of employment in the textile and other mills, for women and children as well as men, families have emigrated in large numbers and have adopted this country as their home. In many ways the race has shown progress toward an acceptance of American standards, one indication of which fact is the decline in birth-rate among those native to American soil. Such a manifestation of Americanism, however, is not peculiar to the descendants of any race. Substantially all have shown by a declining birth-rate certain effects of the higher standard of living and of life which distinguishes the United States and in particular New England. In Massachu-

setts this disposition voluntarily to restrict the size of family is especially noticeable among the descendants of the Irish and the German immigrants. The numerical difference between immigrant and native families of the same blood often presents a suggestive contrast.

This contrast is greatly accentuated if one observes the variation in the element of child life of neighborhoods inhabited largely by the so-called native stock compared to those peopled chiefly by immigrants. To the casual observer perhaps no single characteristic, peculiar to the immigrant population as a whole, is more notable than that of its superior fecundity. President Hall, of Clark University, in an address last March in Boston at the annual banquet of the Sons of the American Revolution, drew particular attention to this fact. He was reported to have expressed the theory, held by some students, that the decline in numbers of the native population in New England and elsewhere has been due to its physical degeneration. He suggested that mere scarcity of men would have prevented the development of the country without accessions to its population from abroad, and that, consequently, the ingress of foreigners had been the salvation of the land. However one may disagree with Dr. Hall's theory of de-population, the importance of the immigrant races as a source of increasing population is evidenced by the following statement in relation to persons of foreign parentage in Massachusetts, which is based upon tables in the Monthly Bulletin of the Statistics

Department of the City of Boston (Vol. IV, Nos. 2 and 3). According to the National census of 1900 the total population of Massachusetts was 2,805,346, of which number 1,746,581, or 62.26 per cent, were of foreign parentage. The percentage by nationality to the total number of persons having both parents foreign-born was as follows:

Ireland	38.07	
Canada (French)	14.26	
Canada (English)	11.18	
England	7.41	
Germany	4.12	
Sweden	3.18	
Italy	2.72	
Russia (Principally Hebrews)	2.69	
Scotland	2.64	
Poland	1.95	88.22
<hr/>		
Other countries	4.98	
Mixed parentage	6.80	
<hr/>		
		100.00

The city of Boston, with a total population in 1900 of 560,892, had 404,999 of its inhabitants, or 72.21 per cent, of foreign parentage. The order by nationality, referring to persons having both parents foreign-born, was Irish, 44.27 per cent; Canada (English), 13.93; Russia (principally Hebrews), 6.29; followed in order by Germany, Italy, England, Scotland, Sweden and Poland. If to the foregoing were added the number of persons whose grandparents were foreign-born, the result might be even more interesting. A comparison of the above figures with those relating to immigration into the State for the past year partly suggests the present divergence of immigration from former standards.

It will be of interest here to trace

the relative positions occupied by the more numerous races among the dependent classes of the community, and incidentally to observe if any arbitrary relation exists between large families and poverty. Statistics available as to the public and private charity dispensed among the alien population of Boston afford, on the whole, an encouraging outlook. An examination of the question reveals various conflicting factors. Nevertheless, Dr. Frederick A. Bushee, in a study of "Ethnic Factors in the Population of Boston" (Publications of the American Economic Association, 1903, No. 2), presents some general conclusions * which are distinctly authoritative. It appears that natives of the British Isles furnish a larger proportionate share of dependents than any others. Among the remaining foreign peoples in the city the Germans and Swedes represent the smallest proportion of dependents; the Jews are not far behind, and the Italians follow the Jews closely. No specific relation between fecundity and pauperism is evident. It is true that natives of Ireland—who furnish the largest proportionate share of dependents—have large families. It is also true that the Italians, and especially the Jews, easily surpass the Irish in this respect, but furnish a much smaller proportionate share of the dependent classes. Again, the Swedes have larger families than the English or the Scotch, while their representation among public charges is in inverse ratio.

Another phase of the problem suggested by the fruitfulness of immigrant races is indicated by the revela-



- Photo by Goodell

A GROUP OF SCANDINAVIAN IMMIGRANTS

tions made last winter by the late Reverend H. L. Hutchins, of Connecticut, in regard to the degeneracy of the native stock in that State; and by the existence of somewhat similar conditions in various remote towns of Massachusetts pictured by a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* several years ago. Two or three articles in the *Outlook* also brought to light the degraded conditions of many communities of natives in the northerly States of New England. While the causative deteriorating influences have been less active in Massachusetts than in Connecticut, the evidence of their existence and effects deserves consideration. It should in fairness be stated at the outset that conditions among more or less remote country districts are hardly typical. In many cases it will be found that the enterprising and substantial members of such communities have migrated to more promising fields, and that the remainder represent the native stock depleted of

all its saving elements. Dr. Hutchins, it will be remembered, spoke of the degeneracy of this stock socially, intellectually and morally, and in support of his general conclusions submitted evidence of a nature which precluded successful refutation. He pointed out the existence of a surprisingly common indifference, not only to the ordinary moral standards pertaining to the family relation, but to all influences which tend toward the higher life; he showed that the controlling factors of penuriousness and of politics had so lowered the standards of education as occasionally to increase the percentage of illiteracy; and he asserted that the native stock in general was dying off or becoming physically degenerate. In his opinion, on the other hand, the advent of a foreign population was in many ways a blessing. It was more thrifty and ambitious; it displayed superior appreciation of the advantages of the public schools; it introduced immeasurably

higher ideals of family life. In summing up his conclusions he stated his conviction that "in the inevitable intermingling of all these mixed bloods" was perhaps "the solution of the problem of the resurrection of the New England rural districts."

If the "solution" by the medium implied is to be realized, the public schools must take a leading part. It is unfortunate that the hard industrial conditions of life among the immigrant population make such demands for child labor. Nevertheless in this State the enforcement of a strict compulsory-education law minimizes the evil as compared with its effects in less civilized communities. The diligent efforts of the teachers in our public schools, supplemented by those of the truant officers, are quite uniformly successful in the enforcement of the school law. In spite of a too general custom of transferring the children from school to factory as soon as the law permits, it is probable that they receive on an average a much better equipment for life than did their parents; that many emerge from the schools at fourteen years of age distinctly superior in point of intelligence to the preceding generation; and that a large number find opportunity in night schools and other channels profitably to lengthen their school life. The zeal of the children to learn, the affection often developed for the school as an institution, and a ready reception of the ideals inculcated have served to make the public schools the chief factor in the process of assimilation. But one familiar with the life and aspirations of our immigrant population observes an uncon-

scious assimilative tendency at work among the old as well as young in various expressions of *Americanism*; although it often happens that the customs adopted or copied are not of the highest character. The fact of adoption or imitation is in itself significant. As one of the authors of "Americans in Process" well observes, the adaptation of men and women to American occupations, holidays, and even to American saloon beverages, stamps them as "unconscious idealists" reaching toward their conception of Americanism.

The crucial test, after all, to be applied to any solution of the problem of immigration relates to the ability of the state or community properly to assimilate the foreign elements which enter it. The history of the North End of Boston exemplifies a process of assimilation, still in operation, which in some ways affords an illustration typical of the Commonwealth. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the North End occupied a position of primacy as a social and residential centre of the city; prior to the Revolution it was especially favored by the governing authorities, and became known as the "court end" of the city. The first private stable in Boston was owned by a resident of Moon Street, in the heart of the North End. Christ Church, erected in 1723 on Salem Street, was suggestive of the social prominence of the district. The change in the character of the North End dated from the period of reconstruction following the Revolution, but until the middle of the last century the transition was a very gradual one. The era of immi-



Photo by Goodell

EAST INDIAN IMMIGRANTS, WHO ARRIVED AT BOSTON, EN ROUTE TO NEW YORK, TO FULFIL AN ENGAGEMENT AT ONE OF THE SHORE RESORTS

gration began about 1840 and the following decade was signalized by the advent of large numbers of Irish. They have been followed by a succession of races from abroad intent upon improving their condition. Successful, although in varying degrees, the early arrivals have moved on, and their places have been taken by fresh accessions of the same races or by people of different blood. At the present time the 28,000 inhabitants of the North End are divided among some twenty-five nationalities, the Italians and Jews very largely in the majority.

A concrete illustration of the process of assimilation is incidentally afforded by the history of the social experiment performed by the Ludlow Associates connected with the Ludlow Manufacturing Company, in Ludlow, Massachusetts. Some twenty years ago, when the Company began to take a practical interest in the higher development of its dependents through the provision of better homes and the means of mental and physical improvement, the employees were about equally divided between Irish and French-Canadian. To-day in place of the Irish are found a large con-

tingent of Poles and a mixture of other races; while a representation of French-Canadians has been maintained by continuous emigration from Canada. An illustrated article in the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican* last spring suggested a well-defined, though unconscious, movement of the various races in a natural, upward process of assimilation exemplified in this village. The raw immigrant from the ship or railroad train was introduced to the coarse work of the mills; the gradual acquirement of skill and the development of individuality was followed by promotion; coincidentally, through the established agencies of the Ludlow Associates, he was initiated into the mysteries of a modern, sanitary home and was given opportunity to cultivate his physical, mental, moral and social nature; and by the education of his children in the public schools the final step in the production of an American citizen was complete. A general movement of the races first on the ground has been steadily toward higher fields of effort represented by mercantile and clerical employment, the skilled trades, and independent business ventures.

There is no doubt that immigration wisely regulated, with due re-

gard to proper assimilation, may be of vast benefit. In Massachusetts and in the United States the materials are at hand for the evolution of a nation which shall represent the highest attainment of humanity. An article by Mr. Gustave Michaud in the *Century Magazine* for March, 1903, points to a number of ethnological changes in the population of the country already begun, and suggests some results inevitably due from the infusion of the various racial stocks now seeking these shores. He mentions among other modifications of the American type an increased regard for scientific pursuits, a definite accession of the artistic temperament, and a rise in the average plane of existence expressed negatively by a decreased amount of energy given to the pursuit of wealth and positively by strengthening the ties of domestic life. Professor Franklin Giddings, of Columbia University, in commenting in the *Boston Transcript* of March 19, 1903, upon Mr. Michaud's article, showed that the combination of elements now in process of assimilation in this country resembles in some ways the original constituents of the English race; and he predicted for the new American nation a field of activity unique and unparalleled in the history of mankind.



The Cough in Lower Seven*

A Railroad Sketch

By Frank H. Spearman

IT was in the smoking room of a Pullman car en route to Los Angeles; we were talking about kickers.

"It is all right enough to kick," observed a travelling man. "I can kick when there's need of it. Still, there's one kind of kickers I don't take to—the fellows that kick too quick. This coast trip I've made once a year now for twelve years. I'd rather give the house a thousand dollars any time than take it; but I can't get out of it, so I have to pound along over this alkali about once a year, annually."

"You mean — every twelve months," suggested a lawyer, flipping his ash.

"Last time when I came through," continued the travelling man, ignoring the amendment, "we had a kicker in the car; a well-fed, bull-neck chap, with side whiskers, and bags and suit cases and canes and umbrellas and golf clubs, and everything on earth a man doesn't need, piled up all around him. He had section four and I had five, so I got the benefit of the foreign tags on his luggage.

"We pulled out of Chicago about eleven o'clock that night. I turned in early, but of course there are al-

ways a lot of people that never get under way till the last minute, and they were going to bed all around me long after the train started. To make it worse, after we got past Aurora the porter fished every blamed thing I had in the way of baggage out from under my berth and crawled around on his hands and knees till he had got me as wide awake as a grasshopper, looking for somebody's hand-bag. He said a gen'man lost his bag and it must be som'er's around under there. After he got me all stirred up and found nothing he tackled the baggage of my bull-neck neighbor across the aisle. But that man wouldn't stand for it, not a minute, and he bellowed at the porter till the boy was glad enough to get off with his life and let his *traps* alone.

"It was about half past twelve o'clock then. I thought I was going to manage some sleep and worked hard for an hour to get next to it, when all of a sudden No. 7, just ahead of me, began coughing. Cough! I never heard the beat of it in my life. It wasn't a loud cough, nor a hard one, but just a little miserable, aggravating hack that ran along in triplets as regular as a fog-horn. I turned on one side and turned on the other; I tried my good ear up and my bad ear up;

* (Copyright, 1902, by Frank H. Spearman.)

stuck my head between the pillows; once I pulled the blanket over it. It wasn't a bit of use; that kind of a cough would go through a burglar-proof vault. There wasn't a soul in the car could sleep; I knew that perfectly well, because somebody was up and down all night except that cougher in No. 7. He never got up, nor let up, except when the train stopped, and when we took a fresh start he took a fresh start, and we chased along in that way clear to the Missouri. Of course, when I saw the case was hopeless I gave up trying and turned my attention to figuring up my expense account and planning for an increase in salary this year—that I haven't got yet. So the night wore along; cough, cough, cough, and two or three times I heard the bull-neck man kicking like sixty about it to the porter. About daylight I did get one little nap; just enough to make me cross for all day.

"After breakfast, when all the car was made up, except No. 7, and we were talking across sections, the man with the golf clubs began telling what he thought of anybody that would keep a carful of passengers awake all night, coughing. We hadn't heard a sound from No. 7 since daylight, and we wouldn't have known whether there was a man or a woman behind the curtains except for the derby hat hung up by the ventilator.

"It's an imposition on the rights of passengers for a man to make a public nuisance of himself in any way," asserted Bull-neck, talking across at me good and loud, so No. 7

could hear it. 'And then,' he went on, 'after other folks have turned out without any sleep he takes his good nap in the morning. Travelers that reserve space in a private car are entitled to the rest and comfort they pay for without disturbance. They wouldn't allow that sort of a thing anywhere but in the United States.'

"Just as he wound up No. 7 opened his curtains and put his feet down in the aisle. He was a young man, not a day over thirty, and all dressed, though his hair was tumbled a good deal and he looked tired. He pushed the curtains back both ways with his hands and looked at the fellow in No. 4. For a minute he didn't say a word; you may be sure no one else did. He just looked at Golf-clubs a minute and then he began kind of low:

"I'm the meanest man on earth, I know that. Just a miserable, low-down cur. You needn't have taken the pains to talk so loud while you were telling me what you thought of me. It's not half so bad as what I think of myself.'

"It appeared a strain for him to talk. He had big eyes and looked as thin in the face as a postage stamp. He was so quiet you couldn't have told he was mad except for two warm, red spots in his cheeks. Bull-neck picked up a newspaper and began to shuffle it around.

"You want to know what business a man's got in a car like this if he can't keep from disturbing other people,' No. 7 went on. 'I'd just as lief tell you my business. I'm going to California to try to save my life.

I wasn't able to sit up all night in a chair car and I bought this berth and paid for it with money I earned myself. You say they wouldn't allow this anywhere but in the United States. I suppose if you were running this road you'd refuse to sell me space; you wouldn't give me a chance, if you could help, to breathe California air, would you? What are you going to California for? No. 7 seemed to be sizing up his man pretty fast by that time. 'Going out there to play golf and loaf around the big hotels and lie about what a score you can make on grass links, aren't you? You probably never earned a dollar of the money you are spending, and you probably never were sick a day in your life, and you're as big as three of me and yet you've got the meanness to jump all over me so the whole car can hear it and so you know I can hear it. Say, are you naturalized? I'll bet the last dollar I've got on earth you're not an American. I know you just as well as if I'd made you. Your kind own the earth wherever they go, and anybody that interferes with their comfort is an outlaw. They say corporations don't have any soul, but the corporation that runs this road has got a soul as big as the United States compared to yours. I knew I was keeping you awake; I knew I was keeping everybody awake. I couldn't help it. The porter, when he helped me in last night, mislaid one of my valises, the one that had my medicines in, and I couldn't find a thing to stop my cough with.'

"He looked around all the time

with his blue eyes as quick as ferrets. 'Why, there!' he exclaimed, pointing to a bag in the pile on Bull-neck's front seat. 'There's my bag now. Look here, porter, what do you mean?' he asked as the darkey came up. 'There's my bag and it's been in the next section to me all this time; you claimed you'd hunted all through the car for it.'

"The darkey shuffled darkey fashion. 'Deed I did hunt. I hunted right smart, but this gen'man wouldn't le' me look under his berth. He said the baggage in there was all his'n an tole me to keep my hands off.'

"I never saw a fellow get firing mad so quick as 7 did. He went for Bull-neck like a hornet. 'You great big bully, you loud-mouthed, beef-eating brute, you; you're the cause of this whole trouble yourself—'

"I might as well stop repeating what he said right here, for I never heard one man swear so at another in my life, and for three years I lived in Chicago on the West Side. He cursed him from Arizona to tide-water before I could jump and halt him; there were half a dozen women in the hind end of the car. I had hardly said the word 'women' when he stopped short. He was the worst cut up you ever saw. Didn't say another word; just put both hands to his face and kind of let the curtains fall together in front of him. But I want to tell you, while that scoring lasted, Bull-neck sat as if he'd been burnt clean into the cushion. I guess the way things stood, even then, the women thought he had a good deal the

worst of it. There was a sour-mouthed old maid in the far end that sputtered about the way the sick fellow talked, but none of the rest said a word about it.

"No. 7 didn't get into the dining car in time for breakfast. When the excitement was over the porter brought him back a little toast and coffee, but I noticed when the tray went out there was just about as much on it as when it came in. He didn't turn out of his section till along in the afternoon. I didn't know why then, but thinking since I guess he felt mortified over the way he had talked. Another thing, too, he couldn't hold his head up five minutes at a time, and when the porter did get the section made up he had to fix a bed of pillows and the fellow lay on that all the afternoon looking out of the window.

"Most of the time when I happened to glance over, his eyes were closed. It didn't take a very old traveler to see he was a pretty sick man. Toward evening, when he appeared to brace up a little, I dropped down in his section and asked him if he was familiar with the route, telling him I had been over it so many times I knew every section stone to Albuquerque. After I had got to talking I could see his heart was pretty full and he started in again to speak about the chap that had roasted him so in the morning.

"It wouldn't have been so bad," said he, "if I could have found my medicines last night when I ought to 've had them. I haven't had any strength since I got out of bed two weeks ago and it's been pretty hard for me keeping track of things my-

self; my head goes so weak. Then my wife came down last night to the train with me. Of course, we had to say good-bye; you know how women get broke up—'

"Why didn't she come with you?' I asked, for I didn't mind letting him see that in my judgment he was in a bad way.

"He looked at me with something as close to tears as I ever saw in a man's eyes. 'There wasn't any chance. She would have come, but the baby—is almost—as sick as I am. She couldn't bring him; we didn't have anybody to leave him with. The doctor said I'd have to come—right off. She had to choose and I told her to stay with the kid. If she'd been along it wouldn't have happened; she's got some way of fixing the pillows for me so I don't cough hardly any at night. I fussed with them all night myself, but I couldn't get a blamed one fixed to do any good. Then, I wouldn't have minded the coughing so much, nor even keeping everybody awake, if I hadn't made such a break right before the ladies in the car when I ripped into that fellow this morning.'

"Oh, that's all right," I said. "No one would lay that up against you.'

"No, it wasn't all right," he insisted, with as much strength as he had. 'It cut me to death to have the women think for a moment I'd have used such language if I'd been in my right senses, or to think I don't know what is due to a woman. I'm not able to say much the way I feel to-day; I'd be ashamed to speak to one, anyway. If you get

the chance to drop a word of apology for me, and will do it, I'll owe you a good deal.'

"But I knew pretty well how the women felt about it and where their sympathies were. After supper one of them at the hind end of the car—she was a stunner, too; a young widow with two children, the prettiest boy and girl I ever saw—when she came back from the dining car after supper she saw No. 7 propped up trying to nibble a piece of chocolate. She had a big orange in her hand. As she came along she held it out to him and said as sweet as you ever heard, 'I brought this back for you because I thought may be it would taste good after such a dusty day. I see you don't eat much.'

"The man flushed up and his eyes fell; he started to rise. 'Sit still,' she said; 'I don't want to disturb you.'

"'It is very kind of you to think of this for me,' he replied, sitting down again. She stood leaning against the head of the section seat.

"'Have you suffered much from the heat to-day?' she asked.

"'Not so much from the heat as from the remembrance of the unfortunate break I made this morning,' he replied.

"Her face showed the prettiest ignorance in the world. She was a stunner, and no mistake. All she said was, 'Sha'n't I peel your orange for you?' and she held out her hand for it. 'I have a fruit knife here.'

"He tried to thank her and she slipped down and sitting opposite him took the orange in her hand. 'It was inexcusably rude in me,' he

persisted, with the awkwardness of a well-meaning man, 'to forget this morning that I was not alone.'

"'I am sure that none of us heard more than a very few words of the conversation.'

"He looked at her with a kind of a ludicrous sadness. 'I am afraid those were the very few not meant for the public.' But she made light of his apologies, quartered his orange, brought up her little boy and girl to help out the talk, and when she left him he looked and acted like a different man.

"Of course, that night everybody was pretty tired and went to bed early. We didn't any of us expect to get very much sleep. No. 7 had his berth made up first and after the porter and I had done what we could to fix the pillows, we drew the curtains and left him for the night. He coughed a little early in the evening. I suppose everybody braced for it—I know I did—expecting it to last all night, but by Jingo, after ten o'clock we never heard another sound out of that berth. And would you believe it? That old beef-eater in No. 4 opposite me, after all that row he made about being disturbed the night before, snored so he kept everybody awake from one end of the car to the other, not excepting the porter.

"In the morning, I can tell you, I got up angry. I began expressing my opinion of kickers and snorers, up and down the car right away and out aloud. We straggled in to breakfast about as we did the morning before. When I came back I thought I would peek in on No. 7 and see whether there wasn't some-

thing I could bring while the stuff in the diner was hot. I asked the porter if he was awake.

"Yes. He got off at Toltec this morning."

"Got off?"

"He sat up all night to keep from coughing, so as not to disturb anybody, and he got off this morning to try and get some sleep."

"Well, it was up to Bull-neck then. Every passenger in the car had it in for Bull-neck that day for driving the sick man from the train."

"But you can never choke off folks like that. When the train got started again I was smoking a cigar with some of the men in the front end when in he came and began to talk about No. 7. One of the fellows got up right away and left; I stood it just as long as I could. 'I don't know who you're talking to,' said I after a while, 'but for my part I don't want to hear you talk and I don't believe anybody else in this room does. You kicked the first night we were out about that poor fellow keeping you awake coughing, until you had him pretty near stung to death; then you had the unmitigated nerve yourself to keep everybody awake all last night with your infernal snoring and snoring. Now, I haven't had any sleep—I guess nobody in this car has—for two nights—all on account of you. I want to tell you right now,' I shook my finger straight at him, 'if you repeat this to-night you'll have an account to square with me in the morning,' and I up and left, and every last man filed after me. I guess he felt as if he would like to swallow his golf clubs. But all the

same that fellow didn't make any noise that night; he never sneezed; the porter said he was so scared he sat up all night. I slept like a baby, you bet.

"I had struck up an acquaintance myself, on the strength of all the disturbance, with the pretty widow that had the two children. Next morning after breakfast I took some Indian trinkets I had picked up back to her section to the little boy and we got to talking about Bull-neck. 'I got the first good night's sleep I've had since we started,' said I. Then I told her, modestly, about the little talk in the smoking room the night before and how I'd scared the globe-trotter into keeping quiet so the rest of us could have at least one night's sleep. She was so demure and had so modest a way of keeping her eyes down, it was pretty hard to tell just what kind of an impression the story was making on her. 'I don't think,' I went on, 'he ever peeped last night. I didn't hear him make a sound, did you?'"

"N—no."

"'I hope you rested well yourself,' I went on, sort of congratulating myself.

"Well—pretty well."

"The old sour-faced girl in the section right behind her was listening so nothing should get away, and just at that point she chipped in. 'I don't believe,' says she, kind of pointed like, 'a soul in this end of the car slept a wink last night. There was the worst snoring all night I ever heard in my life,' and I've spent fifteen different summers at Chautauqua assemblies."

“Who was snoring last night?’ I blustered, rather sharp, for I thought she was talking just to hear herself talk. But she came back at me straight as an arrow. “‘The porter,’ she snapped, ‘said it was you!’”

Philip Freneau

America's First Poet

By Annie Russell Marble.

AMONG casual readers the name of Philip Freneau has a more or less familiar sound,—more in comparison with other writers of his time, less in relation to any detailed knowledge of his life and work. The recent publication of a first volume of his selected poems, edited by Professor Pattee, and a complete bibliography of his writings, by Mr. Paltsits, indicate the recognition which seems about to be given, tardily but in full measure, to his work both as “Laureate of the Revolution” and also as the first true American poet.

His life was romantic and significant. Living until 1832 he was closely associated with many of the vital events and renowned statesmen of both the Revolutionary and National periods. While the major part of his verse echoed the struggle for freedom and exultation over political foes, yet there were evidences of the poet that preceded and followed the war.

In Freneau's earlier lyrics and nature-odes Mr. Stedman has proclaimed there existed “the first essential poetic spirit” in national letters. Many of these are included in the critic's recent Anthology of American Verse. In the Introduction to that

volume he has paid yet further tribute to Freneau,—judging his poetry by its best forms,—“a true poet, one of nature's lyrists, who had the temperament of a Landor and was much what the Warwick classicist might have been if bred, afar from Oxford, to the life of a pioneer and revolutionist, spending his vital surplusage in action, bellicose journalism and new-world verse.”

A study of Freneau's inheritance and early life enables one to trace the dual qualities of poet and warrior. A sensitive, romantic fibre mingled with the sturdy Huguenot ancestry, thrifty and home-loving wherever fate and Louis XIV might impel them. André Fresneau, drifting to Boston in 1705, spent a brief time in mining in Connecticut, then came to New York and held a position with the Royal West India Company. Here he was associated with other Huguenot leaders, clustered in their homes about Pine Street and the old church of St. Esprit. In 1710 he married the granddaughter of John Morin Scott, thus weaving other threads of noble inheritance for his grandchildren. André died in 1725 and his second son, Pierre, was the father of the American poet.

Philip Freneau was born on Frankfort Street, January 2, 1752. The same year his father bought a thousand acres of land in Monmouth County, New Jersey, and built there a large mansion, with wide halls and projecting wings, to which he gave the name of Mont Pleasant, in memory of the grand estate once owned by the family in France. When Philip was two years old the home was transferred to this picturesque New Jersey farm. Another account substitutes ten years for two and declares that Philip was left in New York at school when the family went away. In either case, he gained the first poetic impulse of his boyhood amid the hills and rivulets which he portrayed in both early and later stanzas. Agnes Watson Freneau was a typical poet's mother. She encouraged all the dreamy love for nature and books which Philip showed. She was a woman of great beauty of face and mind. Her portrait, as a girl of sixteen, was long a treasured heirloom, rendered doubly romantic by the sabre thrust through the heart, the work of vandal British soldiers during the later Revolutionary period. Surviving her husband by half a century, she married Major James Kearny, and, to the end of her ninety years, was a stimulating companion.

After a struggle with the classics at the Latin school at Penolopⁿ and under the tutorship of Rev. William Tennent, Philip Freneau entered Nassau Hall at Princeton. There is a tradition that his room-mate was James Madison,—at least, the latter became much enamored with Fre-

neau's sister, Mary, when he visited at the Mont Pleasant home. The brother, Pierre, whose name soon suffered sacrifice to the rugged English Peter, had more of the ancestral thrift and assiduity than Philip ever disclosed. He was identified with the political and social life of South Carolina after the war and was an intimate adviser of Jefferson and other statesmen. At college Philip was classmate of Madison, Aaron Burr, Aaron Ogden and Hugh Henry Brackenridge. While a mere boy he aspired, like many an embryo poet, to write epics and heroics. Unfortunately, many of these early bombastic efforts were preserved and included with his meritorious, mature poetry. Prominence is given, for instance, to "The Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah," written when Freneau was only fourteen. Two years later he essayed "The Pyramids of Egypt," a dramatic dialogue between "a Traveller, a Genius and Time." After these themes of "sublime audacity," he wrote, in collaboration with Brackenridge, the poem which opens his volume of Revolutionary verse, "The Rising Glory of America." This oration in metre furnished the "Commencement parts" assigned to these young collegians at their graduation in 1771. While browsing at the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, that rare treasure-house of Americana, I was attracted by an odd quarto manuscript of fifty-five pages, found among the manuscripts of Hon. William Bradford and presented to the library by John William Wallace. It was entitled "Father Bumbo's Pilgrimage to

Mecca in Arabia; written by H. B. and P. F., 1770." One can easily translate these letters into the names of the college friends, Brackenridge and Freneau. The pages contain prose narrative "of innumerable and surprising adventures," with doggerel rhymes on more ambitious themes and interwoven political thrusts. Mr. Paltsits, in his *Bibliography of Freneau*, has identified this unique relic as a collection of satires or "political tirades" written by these collaborators against a rival college society. The fraternity of the American Whig Society had been succeeded by the Chiosophic Society of Tories, and war resulted, waged fiercely by the voices and pens of the ardent Brackenridge and Freneau.

After leaving college, these two friends began teaching in Princess Anne, Maryland, while Freneau had a fleeting ambition to study theology. Miss Austin, in her life of the poet, says that this experience lasted only thirteen days, while his career as teacher, though more prolonged, seemed hardly more satisfying. After an experience at Flatbush his disgust broke forth in rhyme,—*"The Miserable Life of a Pedagogue:"*—

*"From Flushing hills to Flatbush plains,
Deep ignorance unrivall'd reigns."*

Apparently, he had not patience to penetrate this deep ignorance. From Somerset Academy he wrote to Madison,—*"This is the last time I shall enter into such a business; it worries me to death and by no means suits my 'giddy, wandering brain.'* I believe if I cannot make this out I must turn quack, and indeed I am now reading *Physic* at my leisure

hours, that is, when I am neither sleeping, having classes or writing Poetry—for these three take up all my time." A brief devotion to law-study satisfied him of the futility of any of the triad of professions to satisfy a soul full of vague, alluring fancies. During these years of young manhood he wrote some of his most spontaneous lyrics, but they were seldom acknowledged in the journals where they appeared, and were lost for many years until the collation of his verse. When the war was imminent, though its premonitions had not aroused his pen to any extent, the patriot awoke, he became tremulous with zeal, and began his service as satirist. In *"The Author"* he announced his renunciation of the rôle of lyricist for the lampoonist:—

*"An age employed in pointing steel,
Can no poetic raptures feel;*

* * * * *

*The Muse of Love in no request,
I'll try my fortune with the rest.
Which of the nine shall I engage,
To suit the humor of the age?
On one, alas! my choice must fall,
The least engaging of them all."*

In 1775 appeared an acrid satire, *"The Midnight Consultations,"* or *"A Voyage to Boston."* An interesting original of this lampoon is in the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Massachusetts. The scene is at the quarters of General Gage on the night after the battle of Bunker Hill. Against this weak, querulous commander Freneau hurled all his shafts of ridicule. Engraven amid the caricatures of this age are his lines, the moan of General Gage:—

"Three weeks—ye gods! nay, three long years it seems,
 Since roast beef I have touched except in dreams.
 In sleep, choice dishes to my view repair,—
 Waking, I gape and champ the empty air.
 Say, is it just that I, who rule these bands,
 Should live on husks, like rakes in foreign lands?"

The literary fecundity of Freneau, no less than his patriotism, may be witnessed in the fact that within six months of 1775 he wrote five satires in verse in addition to many prose essays. Of the former, the one just cited, "General Gage's Soliloquy," and "MacSwiggen," retain memory in literary history. Uneven in workmanship, with less natural wit than Trumbull's "M'Fingal," they are valuable records of the rancour against the British besiegers and the intense bitterness which submerged, for the time, the finer qualities of the poet.

During the first year of active war, Freneau seemed willing to serve the cause with all his powers, though he was never a soldier, as has been erroneously stated. His sensitive, restless nature fretted against the delays and retrogressions in the path of the colonies before actual secession and freedom could be proclaimed. In the meantime he indulged in a long-cherished plan,—a voyage to the West Indies. Combining trade with pleasure he visited Santa Cruz, Jamaica and other ports. Occasional strains in worship of liberty show remembrance of his struggling country, but, gradually, under the influence of sunny, tropical skies, his poetic tenderness broke through the tem-

porary armor of satire and he wrote the sensuous "Beauties of Santa Cruz" and the mystic "House of Night." In the pictorial stanzas descriptive of Southern nature, none surpass these in melody:—

"Among the shades of yonder whispering grove,
 The green palmetoes mingle, tall and fair,
 That ever murmur and forever move,
 Fanning with wavy bough the ambient air."

"The House of Night" is a strange, haunting vision with suggestions of Coleridge and Poe. Professor Richardson, who is chary of undue praise for early writers, says of this poem,—*"To those who enjoy a literary 'find' and like to read and praise a bit of bizarre genius unknown to the multitude, I confidently commend 'The House of Night.' It is not great and not always smooth; but its lofty plot is strongly worded in sometimes stately verse."* Lacking the delicate mysticism of "Christabel" or "Ulalume," there are passages of haunting thrill, like this vision of the death of Death at the witching midnight hour:—

"Dark was the sky, and not one friendly star
 Shone from the zenith, or horizon clear;
 Mist sate upon the plains, and darkness rode
 In her dark chariot with her ebon spear.
 And from the wilds, the late resounding note
 Issued, of the loquacious whippoorwill;
 Hoarse, howling dogs, and nightly roving wolves
 Clamoured from far-off cliffs, invisible."

Certain love-sonnets suggest a fond Amanda to whom the poet paid

homage in his wanderings,—possibly the comely daughter of his host in the Bermudas. This experience, however, paled before his exciting adventure in 1780 when his ship, the *Aurora*, sailing out of Delaware Bay, was pursued and captured by the British *Iris*. The account of this capture and his subsequent sufferings upon the prison-ships were told in vivid, intense verse by Freneau, and, to the end of his life, his imagination was stirred to anger by memory of the weeks aboard the *Hunter* and the *Scorpion*. At the beginning of this twentieth century there was published from his manuscript, in a thin, artistic volume, his prose narrative,—“Some Account of the Capture of the Ship *Aurora*.” This was written, we are told, two days after his release from the prison-ship. The description of the hospital-ship is graphic and pathetic. As apt allegory, he closes the passage with a long citation from the scenes of the lazar-house in “Paradise Lost.”

After this torturing experience, weakened by fever and exposure, Freneau returned to New Jersey, where he again took up the task of a satirist with new vigor incited by personal grievance. With merciless scorn he ridiculed King George, Lord Cornwallis, Sir Henry Clinton and the Loyalist printers, Gaine and Rivington. Of all the satires written during the years from 1780 to 1782, three became popular and were widely copied and quoted,—these were “Rivington’s Last Will and Testament,” akin to some of Francis Hopkinson’s lampoons upon the same theme,—“The Prophecy,” and the elegy com-

memorative of the battle of Eutaw Springs. “The Prophecy” caught the fancy of the troops and the people by its rollicking bravado and its clever personal masks:—

“When a certain great king, whose initial
is G,
Shall force stamps upon paper and folks
to drink tea;
When these folks burn his tea and
stamped paper, like stubble,
You may guess that this king is then
coming to trouble.
But when a petition he treads under his
feet,
And sends over the ocean an army and
fleet;
When that army, half starved and half
frantic with rage,
Shall be cooped up with a leader whose
name rhymes with cage;
When that leader goes home dejected and
sad,
You may then be assured the king’s prospects
are bad.
But when B. and C. with their armies are
taken,
The king will do well if he saves his own
bacon.
In the year seventeen hundred and eighty
and two,
A stroke he will get that will make him
look blue;
In the years eighty-three, eighty-four,
eighty-five,
You hardly shall know that the king is
alive;
In the year eighty-six the affair will be
over,
And he shall eat turnips that grow in
Hanover.
The face of the Lion shall then become
pale,
He shall yield fifteen teeth and be shorn
of his tail.
O king, my dear king, you shall be very
sore;
The Stars and the Lily shall run you on
shore,
And your Lion shall grow!—but never
bite more.”

If this rhyme seems puerile and

scarcely worthy of inclusion among the poet's work, it has been long remembered and was recently mentioned in a critical literary study as one of the most familiar and typical satires of the Revolution. As evidence of the versatility of Freneau and his rank in higher forms of verse, we need only recall the stanzas, composed at about the same time as "The Prophecy,"—"To the Memory of the Brave Americans under General Greene, who fell in the Action of September 8, 1781." This elegy, like the panegyric on the victory of Paul Jones over the *Serapis*, was tender and graceful. A poet's regret for war is voiced in the victory-ode,—

"Alas! that e'er the gods decreed
That brother should by brother bleed,
And pour'd such madness in the mind."

The elegy, better known to modern readers as "The Battle of Eutaw Springs," has the stanza, noble in thought and words,—

"Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You, too, may fall and ask a tear:
'Tis not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear."

This was the poem praised by Scott,—“as fine a thing as there is of the kind in the language.” In view of this confession, the line in "Marmion," almost identical with Freneau's,—

"They took the spear—but left the shield," has been accounted by some critics as plagiarism on Scott's part, but to other minds it would seem only a case of literary coincidence, possibly due to Freneau's suggestion.

At the close of the war, Freneau was still a young man, under thirty, with a reputation for mental alertness and truculent wit, but with no defi-

nite program of life. He had already abandoned several lines of permanent employment; his erratic genius was averse to concentrated effort. During 1779 he had contributed much prose and verse to *The United States Magazine*, edited by his friend, Brackenridge. Here appeared his famous satire, "Soliloquy of George III," in addition to minor work. He had also written frequently for *The Freeman's Journal* of Philadelphia, published by Francis Bailey. When the question of a fixed occupation, and more important a stable income, pressed upon the poet he decided to seek some place as editor. His first venture was an arrangement with *The New York Advertiser*, but, on the advice of Madison, he changed this position for the editorship of *The National Gazette*, which became a veritable thorn in the flesh to Hamilton and the Federalists, and was destined to cast a stigma upon Freneau during his later life and for decades after his death. In her apotheosis of Alexander Hamilton as "The Conqueror," Mrs. Atherton has revived the memory of intense hatred toward Freneau and his paper on the part of the Federal leaders. The calm Washington found this sheet so annoying that he brought the matter before his Cabinet and said,—“That rascal Freneau sent him three copies of his paper a day, as if he thought he would become the distributor of them; that he could see in this nothing but an impudent design to insult him.”

The special cause of such animosity toward the editor of this paper was the general impression that

it was the organ of Jefferson and Madison, through which they covertly directed attacks upon the administration. Jefferson sought then and afterwards to deny all alliance with the editorials and compelled Freneau to take an oath that no publications in his *Gazette* "were directed, controlled or attempted to be influenced in any manner either by the Secretary of State or any of his friends." Such denials, however, could not control public opinion, that found another cause for complaint in the fact that Freneau was appointed by Jefferson as foreign translator for the Department of State. This was a sinecure for the poet-editor. The labors were trivial, requiring, he wrote, "no other qualification than a moderate knowledge of French," while the salary of \$250 was a grateful boon. When the sentiments of Freneau's *Gazette* became too odious to the supporters of Washington and Hamilton, they rallied their forces and, through the medium of the rival organ, Fenno's *Gazette*, attacked both Jefferson and his protégé. Forced to answer, Jefferson admitted that he furnished Freneau with copies of the *Leyden Gazettes*, that Washington and his councillors might "get a juster view of the affairs of Europe," but avowed "before Heaven he had no other influence over Freneau's paper." In a letter to the President, in the sixth volume of his writings, Jefferson mentioned the charge of complicity against him, especially explaining the appointment of Freneau as translator. Here he reiterates his innocence in the matters of editorials, and adds,—“And I can

safely declare that my expectations looked only to the chastisement of the aristocratical and monarchical writers, and not to any criticism on the proceedings of government.” In other letters to Randolph and Madison, however, Jefferson exulted in the introduction of Freneau's paper into Massachusetts and deplored its discontinuance in 1793, because of lack of funds, adding,—“He promises to resume it before the meeting of Congress.”

The exact relation between Freneau as editor and Jefferson as Secretary of State will ever be a mooted question. In his own day Freneau suffered much from the supporters of Washington, even after Jefferson came into power. A few leaders always maintained that the editor was a tool in the hands of Jefferson, who escaped open challenge by this subterfuge. The life of Jefferson by Theodore Dwight, published in 1839, gives a contemporaneous view, and, on pages 129-149, arraigns Jefferson for complicity, if not dictation, quoting his commendation of Freneau,—“His paper has saved our Constitution, which was fast galloping into monarchy.” No student of Freneau's life can believe that he would submit to being a “tool” in the hands of any man,—his independence and force of character would forbid such a condition. That Jefferson approved of his paper and quietly assisted in widening its influence must be the conclusion, though he cannot be charged with direct connivance in the attacks upon the administration. Undoubtedly, Freneau's strong sym-

pathy for France explained much of his personal antagonism to the Federalists at this time of agitation over Jay's treaty and Genet's mission.

Freneau's challenge to Washington's diplomatic and financial policies, however, never dimmed his admiration for the man and soldier. Freneau's daughter, Agnes, bore testimony to the kindly relations between her father and Washington in later life, and recalled a visit of the latter to their home, when he held her upon his lap and greeted all with great cordiality. Another family tradition would indicate that Freneau resented the attitude taken by Jefferson and refused him adulation. It was said that, when Jefferson was President, he was willing to find a position for Freneau and sent for him on important business. The haughty poet, chafing under his undeserved slights, replied,—“Tell Thomas Jefferson that he knows where Philip Freneau lives, and that, if he has important business with him, let him come to Philip Freneau's house and transact it.” Among the many elegies on Washington, none was more stately and sympathetic than Freneau's “Stanzas to the Memory of General Washington, December 14, 1799.” Resenting the tone of extravagant eulogy then rife, he summarized the traits of the master-general:—

“He was no god, ye flattering knaves,
He owned no world, he ruled no waves;
But,—and exalt it if you can,—
He was the upright, *honest man*.”

“This was his glory, this outshone
Those attributes you dote upon:
On this strong ground he took his stand,
Such virtue saved a sinking land.”

In the survey of the political career

of Freneau we have passed by certain important changes in his domestic life. In 1789 he married gay, brilliant Eleanor Forman of a noted New Jersey family, and hence he had a double reason for his zeal, in 1790, to gain a permanent income. The lady had a taste for verse and the two lovers corresponded “in lyric measures” for more than a year prior to their marriage. A portion of this correspondence appeared in the *Gazette* in 1791 under the signatures of “Ella” and “Birtha.” In the collation of “American Poems,” by Dr. Elihu Smith in 1793, I chanced upon one of these sonnets, there accredited to Freneau as “Birtha.” It has been lost among his collected poems and is inferior to his more spontaneous lyrics, yet because it has been overlooked among the nature-odes it deserves remembrance:—

“The Lord of Light has journey'd down
the sky,
And bath'd his coursers in the foaming
wave;
The twinkling star of even hastes to
lave
Her silver form and vanish from my eye.
Now dusky twilight flings her sombre
shade,
O'er the bright beauties of the silent
vale.
The aspen trembles not, the verdant blade
No longer nodding answers to the gale:
Come, sweet Reflection! hither, pensive
maid!
Direct thy wandering steps, and on this
stone,
Worn by no traveller's feet, with moss
o'ergrown,
Repose with me, in solitude's deep shade.
Then shall I know the heights of human
bliss,
And taste the joys of other worlds in
this.”

After the failure of his Philadelphia

Gazette in October, 1793, and the more disappointing rebuffs when he sought other positions, Freneau moved his types to Monmouth, constructing a lodging-place for his press near his home, and here he edited and printed the first complete edition of his poems, also *The Monmouth Almanack* and *The Jersey Chronicle*. This little sheet was limited to one year of life, and a few copies, now extant, afford unique entertainment to the literary antiquarian. The most complete file is in possession of the New York Historical Society, but scattered copies are found at the Library of the American Antiquarian Society and the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. The page here reproduced is from the issue for April 2, 1796, at the Library of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester. The typographical form was crude and incongruous, and the type uneven and poor. Within the eight small quarto pages, however, were spirited comments, general political and social news, and occasional jibes at "the aggravating insults offered to Americans, notwithstanding the treaty of Mr. Jay from which the temporizing citizens of America expected so many important advantages." The motto on this little sheet was an apt quotation from Horace, "*Inter sylvas Academi quaerere verum.*" A letter to Madison expanded the same thought:—"As I mean to pass the remainder of my days on a couple of hundreds of acres of an old sandy patrimony, I have, by way of filling up the vacancies of time, set on foot a small, weekly newspaper, calcu-

lated for the part of the country in which I am." Apparently, the response from the neighborhood failed to encourage the continuance of the journal, and after its fleeting life of a year, Freneau went to Charleston to pay an extended visit to his brother. His last journalistic venture was in 1797, when he edited *The New York Time-Piece and Literary Companion*, a cumbersome title, yet a well-printed and ambitious journal. For a time he did the press-work as well as the writing. From a copy in the Lenox Library I read its advertisement,—to be issued Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four dollars a year and "published by P. Freneau and M. L. Davis at 26 Moore Street." This paper was a compendium for some of Freneau's later poems, and also his "Travels of M. Abbe Robin," with a vivid picture of the French campaign under Count Rochambeau.

In the intervals between his journalistic experiences, Freneau often renewed the vocation of his youth. When the New York paper failed to warrant further efforts, he made sea-faring and trading his business for a longer period. On a brig, bought and rigged by his brother Peter, he made journeys to the West Indies, and even as far as Calcutta in 1809. For many years he had been called "Captain Freneau" and had been master of staunch craft, though he often suffered misfortunes, as certain letters to Francis Bailey printed in the *Freeman's Journal* between 1787-9 testify. Clearly he resented the sympathy of his friends in his troubles and, with a proud note, questions if "any poet from Hesiod

down to Peter Pindar has been trusted with the control or possession of anything fit to be mentioned or compared with the same barque which you say I 'have the misfortune to command.'" There is a note of pathetic disappointment also in this same letter:—"Formerly, when I wrote poetry most of those that attended to it would not allow my verses to be good. I gave credit to what I deemed the popular opinion and made a safe retreat in due time to the solitary wastes of Neptune." Despite such disparaging comments, Freneau's poems did attain a marked popularity, though they failed to win the literary appreciation which he craved. The volume first issued by Francis Bailey in 1787 met a response of unusual warmth for the time, and his occasional verses were widely quoted. In an issue of the *Freeman's Journal* for December 9, 1789, I found "The Pilot of Hatteras," with the signature, "Captain Freneau." Beneath was this fulsome tribute: "This celebrated Genius, the Peter Pindar of America, is now a master of a Packet, which runs between New York, Philadelphia and Charleston. His tuneful numbers during the war did much to soften the disagreeable sensation which a state of warfare so generally occasions." From our point of view it would seem as if his "tuneful numbers" fostered acrimony; the reference may be to the lighter lyrics of fancy and semi-ironical doggerel, ever popular at the time, and affording us a good picture of the social traits of his age. "Crispin O'Connor," "The Village Merchant," "Farmer Dobbins' Com-

plaint," "Advice to the Ladies not to Neglect the Dentist,"—such are flashlight photographs of earlier rural life in America. "The Village Merchant" gained much favor and was reprinted, with "The Country Printer," in a pamphlet form, a copy of which is in the Library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, bearing imprint of Hoff & Derrick, Philadelphia, 1794. From his own experience he could well describe "The Country Printer":—

"With anxious care and circumspective eye,
He dresses out his little sheet of news;
Now laughing at the world, now looking grave,
At once the Muse's midwife and her slave."

To the pages of this same *Freeman's Journal*, one must turn for the original of many of Freneau's most exquisite nature-lyrics, as well as his doggerel narratives. In the issue for April 18, 1787, is the dainty little song, sharing with "The Wild Honey-suckle" first rank among his poems. In this ode to spring, "May to April," is beauty of fancy and expression:—

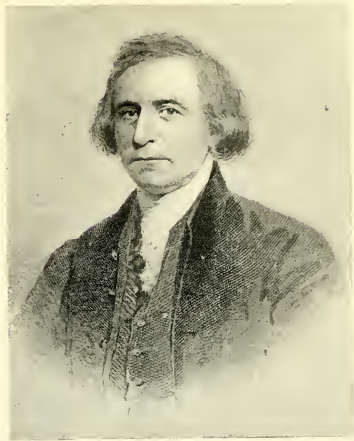
"Without your showers I breed no flowers,
Each field a barren waste appears,
If you don't weep my blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears."

Among the most popular songs of the closing decades of the century was "The Death-Song of the Cherokee Indian." Its authorship has ever been a subject of dispute. Though it is not found in the collected poems of Freneau, it was clearly suggested as his in "The American Museum," Volume I, and was chosen by Duyckinck, a friend of Freneau's, for one of the poems cited from him in

the Cyclopædia of American Literature. During his life-time it was twice, at least, mentioned by prominent critics as one of his most worthy poems, and Freneau was too honest to accept false tribute. Though claimed as the work of Mrs. Ann Hunter, an Englishwoman, in the collection of her poems published in 1806, the claim was not accepted. It was used by Royall Tyler in his play, "The Contrast," in 1790, and has been accredited to him, though familiarity with Tyler's crude verse disqualifies this probability. The lay is still found in school song-books of comparatively modern times:—

"The sun sets at night and the stars shun
the day,
But glory remains when the light fades
away;
Begin, ye tormenters, your threats are in
vain,
But the son of Alknomook will never
complain."

While actual proof is lacking to establish this poem as Freneau's work, there are good suppositions for his authorship. In sentiment and theme it is accordant with some of his most distinctive poetry. If he was our first nature-poet, he was also the first author to grasp and portray the romantic features of Indian life. One might question if he has been surpassed in this phase of poetry, except in "Hiawatha." In his poems, "The Indian Burying-Ground," and the "Indian Student," he combined scenery with a fine study of racial traits. The reader feels sympathy for the hero, lonely amid his scientific studies and recurring to his native creed:—



PHILIP FRENEAU

"A little could my wants supply,
Can wealth or honor give me more?
Or, will the sylvan god deny
The humble treat he gave before?"

"Let seraphs reach the bright abode
And heaven's sublimest mansions see,
I only bow to *Nature's God*,
The Land of Shades will do for me."

Freneau was master of a clever style in prose, as may be realized by reading the "Letters by Robert Slender, O. S. M.," which appeared in *The Aurora*, and were printed at that office in a quaint booklet in December, 1799. There are bits of subjective satire against political favoritism toward former Tories, but, in the main, the wit is restrained and keen. His "Advice to Young Authors" has a unique tone in these days of servility,—“Never make a present of your works to great men. If they do not think them worth purchasing, trust me they will never think them worth reading.”

The last thirty years of Freneau's



FRENEAU'S BROOK

life were given to memories rather than active service. He made frequent visits to Philadelphia and New York, and was ever welcomed at the homes of Governor Clinton, Dr. Francis and other men of affairs and culture. A favorite haunt was in Hanover Square with its book-shops and associations with his victims of the past, the printers Gaine and Rivington. His witty conversation was coveted by many a hostess. Averse to having his portrait painted, he circumvented many a ruse to accomplish this end. The face known to us as his was made from a slight sketch, elaborated after his death, and accepted by the family and friends as almost a perfect likeness. The tender heart, which could not endure sacrifice of sheep or poultry on his farm, and chided his daughter for killing a fly, looks forth from the beautiful eyes. On an early visit to the West Indies he was tortured by slavery, as practised there by one Sir Toby, who was assailed in verse. On his own estate, to whose "mismanagement" he often laughingly referred, Freneau manumitted all his slaves and supported the old and helpless from an income often meagre to supply his own tastes. If worldly



OLD HOW HOMESTEAD

wants gave him occasional anxiety, he found delight in his home and four charming daughters, in one of the best private libraries of the period, in his friends, who came often from a distance, and in his "Power of Fancy," which, as the years passed, knew neither waning nor discontent.

Despite Freneau's influential friends, he often failed to win an adequate income, and his pride forbade any adulation to gain office. A Charleston friend, asking his appointment as postmaster of New York in 1801, wrote,—“He is a virtuous, honest man and an undeviating Republican; yet utterly incapable of soliciting for himself.” His early experience as editor of the *Gazette* still worked against his advance in political matters. The War of 1812 reawakened his patriotic zeal, and he wrote and published, with trifling remuneration, if any, scores of poems celebrating the victories of Hull, Decatur and their crews. His own love for the sea and knowledge of nautical terms gave added zest to the themes. They are found on broadsides of the time and are largely included in the last edition of his poetry, published, in generous form, in 1815, by David

Winter

But, are no joys to these cold months assigned?
Has winter nothing to delight the mind?
No friendly Sun that beeches a distant ray,
No social Moon that lights us on our way?—
Yes, there are days that may all claims defy,
The clime of Nature and a frozen sky.

Happy with wine we may indulge an hour
The noblest beverage of the hiddest power,
Happy, with Love, to solve every care,
Happy with sense and wit an hour to share.

Philip Freneau

Longworth. Among them is the "Ode to Liberty," beginning,

"God Save the Rights of Man!" which is still sung at patriotic celebrations, to the tune of our national hymn.

During Freneau's later life he suffered a keen loss in the destruction by fire, in 1818, of his house and many inherited treasures. He passed the rest of his years at the former home of Mrs. Freneau's father, near his own estate and the little purling brook, so often poetized.

The sad circumstances of the death of the poet, augmented by somewhat of mystery, awakened popular interest in the man who, for many years, had seemed forgotten by the countrymen whom he had served. On the evening of December 18, 1832, he left a friend's house in

Freehold, nearly two miles from his own home. A severe snow-storm was raging; probably he became overcome by the storm and lost his way,—he was past eighty,—for he was found dead the next morning in the bog-meadow. Side by side, in the burial-field near his home, rest the graves of the poet and his wife, who lived until 1850. In prominent sight on his simple column are the words, "A Poet's Grave," while beneath is a simple, fitting dedication,—"His upright and honest character is in the memory of many and will remain when this inscription is no longer visible,—

"Heaven lifts its everlasting portal high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their
God."

Mount Pleasant, now Freneau, is about a mile from Matawan. With its few scattered houses, its village

store, its tavern and smithy, it has changed little since the days of Freneau. Confronted by disappointment and rebuffs, he was yet happy in his rural home. His was a poet's nature, often unpractical, somewhat philosophical. Dr. Francis, in his pen-portrait of his friend for Duyckinck's Cyclopædia, recalled his simplicity and kindness, adding,—“His habitual expression was pensive.” Among many New Years' Addresses, written as was the custom of the times, for Philadelphia carriers, is one with a cheery finale,—typical of the poet in his best mood,—

“Let seasons vary as they will,
Contentment leaves us happy still,
Makes life's vain dream pass smooth
away,
And Life itself *A New Year's Day.*”

There is something very winsome about the personality of this elder poet. His stanzas are vital with hopeful messages of nature and sane living. Nor is he so far removed from our own time as one might surmise. When he died, Irving, almost fifty years old, and his Knickerbocker associates had accomplished their typical work. Emerson was twenty-nine and had startled the world with a new note of prophecy. Longfellow and Whittier had written their tentative messages and Bryant was in the full maturity of his genius. During the later years of Freneau's life there slowly awakened an interest in native themes and incipient encouragement to American writers. To claim that Philip Freneau was the most gifted poet of our literature, prior to the nineteenth century, is no extravagance, for previous attempts were, in the main, crude imitations of

Pope and Gray. The true distinction that he merits is that of being the first poet of local and indigenous themes, with a fearlessness of touch and artistic suggestion that gave incentive to many a later author. He often used trite imagery, but there were also original fancies and unhackneyed themes. The atmosphere of America at the meeting of the centuries was well portrayed. Not infrequently the reader of his poems is impressed by hints of later, more familiar stanzas on native themes, possibly suggested by this pioneer poet whose work was often read and quoted by our grandfathers.

Freneau's poems evidence the paradoxical temperament which was his, mingling playfulness with intense zeal, affability with rancour, delight in beauty and fancy with vital interest in affairs. Few poets of any country have had a life-history with more vicissitudes; through national and personal conflicts he kept untarnished his character and undimmed his poetic impulse. If this was lavishly expended in response to careless caprice or political purpose, he never lost his reverence for the nobler ideals of truth and art. His most finished satires showed study of the Latin and English satirists. His lyrics and odes of greatest value were adaptations, rather than imitations, of Gray and Cowper, with unmistakable traces of original genius, which won praise from his English contemporaries, who were scarcely eager to acknowledge real merit in American letters. Though retaining marked traits of French parentage to the last, Freneau was a thorough American,



GRAVE OF PHILIP FRENEAU

a true democrat, sharing heartily in his country's struggles and victories. Closely identified with national history and letters for more than half a century, his life and writings suffered too long the neglect which is often a reproach to our patriotism. One

would not claim undue or sentimental exaltation for this pioneer poet, but a fitting knowledge of his life and service, proclaimed in the revival of interest in his name, is only the payment of a long-standing debt of honor.

The Women of the Grant Family

By Olive Lee

IN the fall of this year, there appeared in the newspapers an announcement that appealed irresistibly to the imagination and the love of romance of the American people. It was to the effect that

a granddaughter of General U. S. Grant was to marry the son of a Confederate general! Later, however, the engagement was denied, much to the disappointment of many good people, who had hailed with delight the



MISS ROSEMARY SARTORIS

idea of such a union of the blue and gray.

The young man who has been spoken of as the prospective husband of Miss Rosemary Sartoris is Lieut. John A. Wright, U. S. A., a son of the brave General Marcus J. Wright, who so often fought against General Grant in battles of the Civil War. Lieutenant Wright served in the Spanish War, acquitting himself so nobly that he is now an officer in the famous Fifth Infantry.

There would be something of what we call the "irony of fate" in this marriage—if marriage should take place—for by it, Miss Rosemary Sartoris would become an American citizen. As is well known, the children of Nellie Grant Sartoris were born under the British flag. About a year ago, Miss Vivian Sartoris became an American citizen by virtue of her marriage to Roosevelt Scovel, a cousin of the President, and her brother, Algernon Sartoris, was naturalized and fought in the Spanish War as well as in the Philippines.

The widespread interest aroused by the announcement of Miss Sartoris's engagement is indicative of the perennial charm that attaches to all members of the Grant family,—especially its feminine members. The marriage of Nellie Grant, the "Daughter of the Nation," to the man who afterward proved so unworthy of her; the wedding, years later, of the brilliant Julia Dent Grant to Prince Cantacuzene; the death, December 14, 1902, of the beloved widow of the famous general; these and other incidents relating to the women of the Grant family have evoked the keen or sympathetic interest of the American people.

It was while Ulysses S. Grant was a young lieutenant stationed at St. Louis that he met Miss Julia Dent, his future wife, who had just completed her education at a boarding school. She, too, had the blood of a soldier in her veins, being the granddaughter of Captain George Dent. They took ample time to test the reality of their mutual affection, for it was after an engagement of five years that they were married, August 22, 1848. It is a matter of common knowledge that their married life, although with its full measure of trial, was most happy. Mrs. Grant was a devoted wife, and during the terrible days of the Civil War she was at her husband's side whenever practicable. If there were times when others were skeptical of her husband's ability, Mrs. Grant never doubted it for an instant. From the first to the last, she felt in him a profound and beautiful faith, which she lived to see amply justified.

Mrs. Grant was never what would be called a society woman, being quiet and domestic in her tastes; but during the eight years she spent at the White House, she worthily sustained the part of First Lady in the Land. Under the Grant régime, the Executive Mansion was elegantly re-furnished and magnificent entertainments were the rule, rather than the exception.

Mrs. Grant accompanied her husband in his famous tour around the world, which was in the nature of a triumph for both; the wife sharing fully in the adulation that was poured upon her distinguished husband by royalty and peasantry alike.

The death of General Grant was a



MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT

terrible blow to his faithful wife; yet undoubtedly the spontaneous expression of sorrow from the whole nation at the passing of its favorite hero, and its sympathy for the bereaved widow, helped to lighten her burden of grief. And it was universally regarded as no more than just that Congress should show its appreciation of a former President and a great general

by conferring upon his widow an annual pension of five thousand dollars.

Mrs. Grant died at her Washington residence December 14, 1902, of heart failure. She had suffered for some years from valvular disease of the heart, which was aggravated by a severe attack of bronchitis.

One of the most beautiful traits in Mrs. Grant's character was exhibited



MRS. NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS

in her attachment to an old slave, owned by the Dent family, named Mary Henry, who had been both the playmate of her childhood and her children's nurse. In the lapse of years and throughout the changes time had brought, Mrs. Grant never lost her affectionate interest in this faithful old slave,—to whom she was

always "Miss Julia,"—displaying it openly on many occasions before friends and before leaders of fashionable society; and it mattered not in what part of the world she chanced to be, she continually sent her gifts and letters.

It is perhaps about twenty-eight years or more ago that Nellie Grant,

the first girl ever married from the White House, and her father's pet, went to her English home. Simple, amiable, and unaffected, Nellie Grant had endeared herself to the American people, and though they would perhaps have preferred that her choice of a husband be one of her own countrymen, the heartiest of good wishes followed upon her marriage to Algeron Sartoris.

In England, she won hearts as easily as she had done at home, the best and most illustrious people being among her friends. On her arrival in London, she was received by the Queen and dined at Windsor Castle.

But her married life proved unhappy, and in time she separated from her husband. His unjust treatment of her, although it called from her no open complaint, had aroused the indignation of her father-in-law, a noble old English gentleman, who tried to straighten matters out. Failing in this, he most generously gave her a small London house in Cadogan Place, forced his son to give her a country place near Hampton, and settled on her an income of seventy-five hundred pounds a year. Upon his death in 1890, he left her thirty-five thousand dollars a year and the town house in which she lived after separating from her husband.

Upon the latter's death in 1893, Mrs. Sartoris received the principal of his income as guardian of her children, and the lease of the country house. This, in addition to the town house, and her thirty-five thousand dollar income, placed her and her children in independent circumstances, and enabled her to live and entertain in a manner befitting her station.

Mrs. Sartoris's home is well remembered in England for its charm, and its atmosphere of delightful hospitality. At her quiet little dinners, one was always sure to meet the best people, among whom were many Americans. She has been an ideal mother, and in the midst of exacting social duties, devoted much time to the care and education of her three attractive children. She also found time for much reading and travelling, and has always manifested an especial interest in art.

Of late years, Mrs. Sartoris has lived in America, making her home with her mother up to the time of the latter's death. In the summer of 1901, she purchased the magnificent residence at Coburg, Ont., of Miss Allan, daughter of the late Sir Hugh Allan, founder of the Allan Line of steamships, which has since been the summer home of the family. Her winter home is in Washington.

The daughters of Mrs. Sartoris have fallen heir to much of that devotion that was once lavished on the "Daughter of the Nation." Both are accounted extremely pretty and charming girls, and wherever they have appeared, whether in the capitals of Europe or in Washington society, they have received their due meed of admiration. In Washington, as might be expected, their social popularity has been enormous.

Mrs. Roosevelt Scovel, the bride of a year or more, formerly Miss Vivian Sartoris, has inherited from her Kemble ancestors—her paternal grandmother was a daughter of Charles Kemble and a sister of Fanny Kemble—a decided dramatic talent, which would without doubt have



PRINCESS CANTACUZENE (BORN JULIA GRANT)

made her a successful actress. It is to be feared that she has been a bit of a flirt, and has broken many hearts. At all events, she has been reported engaged three or four different times,—once to Mr. Arthur Balfour, a member of the famous English family, and at two different times to Mr. Morton Nichols, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilman Nichols of New York. In

August, 1902, she was married in St. Peter's Church, Coburg, Ont., to Frederick Roosevelt Scovel, son of Chevalier and Mme. Edward Scovel.

There is another daughter of the Grant family who has a warm place in the affections of the American people,—the Princess Cantacuzene, formerly Miss Julia Dent Grant, the daughter of General Fred D. Grant.

Nobody will deny that the Princess Cantacuzene has been a very fortunate young woman. Born the granddaughter of America's most famous general, endowed with beauty, elegance, wit, and charm, she had for her maternal aunt, Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, a woman not only extremely wealthy, but of national distinction for her brilliant personality and social leadership. Mrs. Palmer undertook the chaperonage of her handsome niece. In Chicago, in New York, and finally at Newport, Miss Grant won social success enough to turn the head of any girl. In company with her aunt, she travelled in Europe, where she was much admired. It was said that among her lovers were scions of royalty, including Victor Emmanuel, Prince of Turin and nephew to the King of Italy, and Prince Albert of Flanders. Miss

Grant met Prince Cantacuzene at Rome, he being then the military attaché of the Russian Embassy. He fell instantly in love with her, and when Miss Grant left with her aunt for Cannes, he succeeded in obtaining a special leave of absence from his duties in Rome, to follow the young American girl to that place. Three months later, General Fred D. Grant announced the engagement of his daughter and Prince Michael Cantacuzene, Count Speransky, of the Russian Imperial Guard.

The wedding occurred with much *eclat* at the Newport villa of Mrs. Palmer in the fall of 1899. The marriage has proved exceptionally happy, and General Grant is the grandfather of a healthy young Russian nobleman. Since her marriage the Princess Cantacuzene has lived in great splendor and state at St. Petersburg.

The Revival of Fireside Industries

By Katherine Louise Smith

TO make beautiful things as well as one can, to combine the partnership of brain and hand in producing something useful, is greatly to be desired, for the putting of one's heart and hand into the work is more than the owning of it. In things made by hand there is no duplicate, and there is a quality of sentiment attached to the making that no inanimate machine can ever emulate. The mad rage of manufacturers in America to

make things cheap has resulted in a quantity of ill-made, inartistic work, without regard to the tastes of the cultivated, who want things substantial, beautiful and unique, and are willing to pay the price.

That great man, William Morris, felt this keenly. He was master of six different trades. Frank, bold, and dressed as a workingman, he gloried in doing things with his hands. To carve in wood, weave bright strands of silk into cloth, use a

hammer, were things that were to him a joy forever, and his motto was "not how cheap but how good."

A slight revival of this spirit can be found in our own country and the new century has come in with an appreciation of the artist-artisan spirit which shows its influence in many directions. In almost every community lie germs of profitable crafts if directed aright, and in many of the rural districts of our country are half-buried industries only waiting for encouragement and a market to become a profitable employment to villagers. Much of the tawdriness and sham that now prevails in our house furnishings could be done away with in the encouragement of these industries, and a trained designer with rural workers could be certain of gaining patronage. The philanthropic side appeals to one, for the rural industries would prevent the exodus of village boys and girls to the already overcrowded cities in the search for employment.

Probably the most conspicuous example of the encouragement of hand-made industries in our country is the Roycroft experiment at East Aurora, N. Y. Elbert Hubbard, the presiding genius of the place, and his unique theories have become familiar to the public through the medium of the press and lecture platform. While the making of books of a solid and artistic kind is the chief industry of the Roycroft shop, the work of making beautiful things has broadened, and now they not only print, illumine, and bind books, but they produce artistic pieces of furniture and beautiful things in iron which have absorbed

in their making something of the spirit of sweetness and light to be always found in work that is done from love instead of compulsion.

The workers in the Roycroft shops are all ages and there are a few "girls" who are "seventy years young" who make the old-fashioned rag carpets in rugs three yards long. These find a ready sale as do the wrought-iron fire dogs made by the blacksmith and the massive tables made by the Roycroft cabinet maker. By encouragement of these fireside industries it has been possible for various persons to work out their genius fully both for the profit to themselves and the good to the community.

The old and dignified craft of book-binding is not alone revived at East Aurora, but in other places in our country women show especial aptitude for the craft where lightness of touch is essential. Soon book-binding will have its trained teachers and workshops in every city in our land, though at present the best instruction is to be obtained abroad. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson of London, who is credited with doing the most beautiful book-binding in the world, has taught various persons on this side, among them Miss Ellen G. Starr of Hull House, Chicago. There is a fascination in this work which appeals both to the worker and purchaser. Often a devoted admirer of a certain author will buy a particular edition and bring the work to the bindery for a complete change of dress, and the artistic and utilitarian value of this hand-made binding makes it particularly useful in pre-



INDIAN HUT IN REGION WHERE LACE IS MADE

erving for future generations such heirlooms as old letters and prints.

The revival of decorated leather work has also opened an exceptional opportunity for artistic activity. The late Evelyn Nordhoff was a pioneer among leather workers and the revival of the old process of Spanish tooling and illuminating has been satisfactorily accomplished by a number of women who have thus created a market for the thing they were best fitted to do. Such opportunities are being gladly embraced from Maine to California, where leather applique has reached a wonderful perfection. The old leathers of Spain and the Orient are studied by those who desire to do good work. Charming pillows both in technique and design are executed by persons who have made a success of this work, and

where proper conservatism in color is not lost in the strife for temporary effect, these and kindred household ornaments are invaluable, for the excellence of the material guarantees their durability.

There are simpler branches of fire-side art that appeal to the art worker. In Deerfield, Massachusetts, two women, Mrs. Margaret Whiting and Miss Ellen Miller, have revived a village art industry that furnishes ample employment to many women. The Deerfield Society of Blue and White Needlework has for its aim the revival of the linen embroidery of the last century, which, in the hands of New England women, reached an unique stage of development just before the Revolution. Relics of this time which are stored in the Deerfield Memorial Hall, half-forgotten

pockets, bags, curtains, coverlets and baby clothes, are copied with exact faithfulness to the original. The designs are exceedingly interesting and are treated with New England directness and fearlessness that machinery cannot effect.

The revival of this work, which is in direct line with the Ruskin idea of village industries, is gladly welcomed by those who desire needlework of genuine merit and the careful workmanship of the days when spinning wheels, looms and indigo tubs were supreme. Each piece that leaves the society is reproduced with a faithfulness to the original that would not shame the colonial dame who first wrought it, and every article bears the seal, a spinning wheel with a "D" in the centre, signifying the flax material employed and the village where its use is revived. This serves both as a protection under the law and as a seal of approval of the work. All the blue and madder threads used by the society are dyed by Deerfield women in the old-fashioned way, and the novelty of the work is refreshing to one who is tired of the conventional embroidery and longs for individuality.

This is not a philanthropy but is carried on with strict business methods, and the leaders feel they have every prospect of a permanent success in the interest evinced in their endeavors to keep as close as possible to the spirit of the colonial needlewomen. Many a family history is embroidered in a bunch of flowers, and originality in designs frequently leads to interesting comparisons between the work of women in different parts of New England.

From the handiwork of the colonial women to that of Indians in the northern wilds of our country seems a far cry, yet Miss Sybil Carter has demonstrated that lace can be made profitably in Minnesota by Indian women. A woman of enthusiasm and perseverance, Miss Carter, who was interested in missionary work among the red men, determined that something of sweetness and light should enter into the isolated lives of the women. With this end in view she studied the laces of the Japanese women, learned the different patterns and opened a school in the Northern pineries where the Indian women might be taught to make the various kinds of lace, honiton, battenburg, etc., which might prove a source of income to them.

So successful has this venture been, under almost insuperable difficulties, that several schools have been opened, a number of teachers employed, and the Indian women walk long distances to get the patterns and earn the wherewithal to supply coveted luxuries and in many cases dire necessities. Here in their typical Indian wigwams are made the exquisite lace lampshades with intricate patterns, disclosing Indian canoes and war emblems that attracted attention at the Paris World's Fair and the Pan-American Exposition. The fame of this lace has crossed the water and large orders have been filled for Honolulu. Mrs. Bayard Cutting and other wealthy women, together with various societies in the East, are interested in this work, which sells for large sums, many bedspreads being valued at two hundred and fifty dol-



1. RUG MADE BY NEW HAMPSHIRE WOMEN

2. STAMPED LEATHER WORK
4. HONITON LACE MADE BY INDIAN WORKERS

3. EMBROIDERED CHAIR COVER

lars. Many of these laces are made by young Indian women, but much is designed and executed by aged squaws who delight in exercising the ingenuity they formerly expended on bead work.

This and the revival of basketry in Government schools ought to furnish the Indian with a natural and congenial source of self-support. The old and artistic weaves in basketry cannot be surpassed and are fast becoming priceless. A Pomo basket recently was purchased by a museum for eight hundred dollars. Efforts are being made in the South to direct the negro along this same line, and all that is needed is sympathetic direction to push these art crafts to the front. Our Government has already started this in following the example of Persia and forbidding the use of aniline dyes. The Indians are expert workers in leather and bead work, and each article purchased encourages the worker to produce another. One club of Indian women in Maine pay their yearly dues to the State Federation in baskets, and one enthusiast versed in the lore of Indian crafts could do much to turn the tide of public purchase in the direction of the fireside arts of the original inhabitants of our country.

A wide outlet has been found for unemployed energy in the efforts to revive the art of weaving, one of the most indispensable, and covering a vast fields of usefulness. There are certain art qualities in this domestic industry which are impossible in machine manufactures, and the encouragement of artistic, hand-woven textiles has an effect not only on the

happiness of the individual but on the commercial advancement of communities.

In the districts between the blue grass region of Kentucky and the Appalachian Mountains, an effort has been made to restore the hand weaving which once prevailed among these shut-in communities. The work is suggestive of the history of these mountain dwellers whose stories read like romance. Descendants of Virginians who emigrated in the early days, these mountain people are still living in colonial times. This is the land where dwells the mysterious "moonshiner" and whose farmers "swap" their produce at the country store for the necessary coffee, boots and patent medicine. An important adjunct to every typical home is the loom house, and in these for over a hundred years have been produced "kivers" or coverlets whose texture and colors defy the ravages of time. Indeed, one peculiar fact of these handmade bedspreads is that time enhances their value, for it mellows the dyes and gives a soft, warm tone to the various colors. Berea College, Kentucky, claims to be the discoverer of these mountain people, and it aims to assist the women to obtain enough flax to spin the thread during the long winter months into linen, linsey and counterpanes. All the fireside industries are encouraged as a means of earning money for education, and it is pathetic to see the joy of these beautiful, sun-bonneted women when they are able to dispose of their weaving, for the revival of this industry has enabled many a silent loom to start again.

As frequently these women have to go on mule back twenty miles to obtain a piece of mechanism to repair the loom—for railroads in this region are few and far between—a house has been opened at the college in which are looms and wheels to carry on the manufacture, and coverlets are kept on hand—a collection that exists nowhere else in the world. Cotton and wool blankets are also woven. The “kivers” are usually seven and one-half feet in length, and average seven dollars and a half apiece. When they are woven so they “hit” in the seam and the colors are judiciously selected, there is nothing more durable for bedspreads, portières and couch draperies.

A similar effort to encourage home weaving has been made in North Carolina and Georgia, where the primitive people whose ignorance and prejudice have hindered them are at last finding an outlet for the fruitless energy that has thriven all these years. Such is the case in the country surrounding Rome, Georgia, where every house is supplied with a spinning wheel and an old-fashioned hand loom. Mrs. Lindsey Johnson, president of the Georgia Federation of Women’s Clubs, succeeded in bringing one mountain woman and a hand-made loom to the International Exposition held in Atlanta in 1896, a difficult task, for these women seldom leave their homes. Thousands of people saw the work, became interested and left orders, and another fair in Atlanta in 1900 showed a beautiful exhibit of coverlets of various designs and colors, towels, draperies and similar products. The blue and white

cotton is particularly popular for seaside cottages, as it retains its body in spite of salt air and dampness. Gray linen suitable for embroidery purposes, and silk draperies are also woven, success with the latter being chiefly from the fact that the mountain women weave for ten cents a yard what in New York costs many times that amount.

One must know the home-life of these people to know what the ready cash means to them, and how eagerly they will make for a small sum the hand-made hats and baskets in which corn stalks, pine needles and straw are used. Of course the rag carpets are among the products of these mountain craftswomen, but they need instruction in color combination to make their strips equal to those sold by the Roycrofters. These industries, either indigenous or adapted to some section of our country, when put on the market through the powerful encouragement of clubs, art and craft societies, or influential persons, can be made both profitable and popular.

A fireside industry that is steadily increasing in proportions is flourishing in the vicinity of Pequaket, N. H. Fate that was kindly to the natives put Mrs. Helen R. Albee in this region. Possessed of a keen artistic sense and practical ideas of helping one’s fellow-beings, she was inspired with the idea of bettering the conditions of the women in that remote mountain district. In the common hooked rug, executed in ugly patterns and crude colors, Mrs. Albee saw latent possibilities which have developed under her instruction into things of beauty. New, all-wool ma-

terial was dyed in the neutral Oriental tones, original designs were furnished, and after a short experimental period the result was a complete metamorphosis of the hooked rug.

The beauty and utility of these rugs, for they are as soft as silk, with a velvety sheen, is varied by the different designs in which they are woven. Often crests and coats of arms are executed upon hall-rugs and charming jewel effects decorate the borders of chair covers and portières. The fame of this Anakee rug has spread abroad, and as a result four other smiliar industries have been started and other communities have applied for a teacher. Many of these rugs, which are veritable joys forever, have been seen in the various art and craft exhibits, and they formed an attractive feature at the Pan-American Exposition.

Many social settlements in our cities have adopted rug weaving as a form of profitable employment for the women. The women are given light pine frames and the yarn or rags are woven in patterns suggested by the teacher. Sometimes ravellings from old knitted garments are utilized and from them rugs are woven in Navajo designs. One settlement makes a specialty of carriage rugs for babies. Never before has there been such a tendency to make art a part of our daily life, and to draw from the simplest individuals some product of the hand inspired by the inventive mind. The artistic and creative power neces-

sary in making a design and choosing a happy selection of materials both spring from the same native talent, but the whole business of hand-work has fallen into such desuetude in our country that those still pursuing it must be encouraged to find a market.

In view of woman's pronounced interest in the higher walks of creative art, emphasis of her work in these directions is permissible, not alone for the encouragement of women who wish to work along these lines, but for the inducement offered their shut-in rural neighbors to bring their fire-side products to the front. The interest which the numerous patriotic societies evince in anything ancient, and the work of the club women of America, are doing much to foster a growing tendency for individual hand production which crops out here and there among a heterogeneous mass of machine-made products.

Since hand-made work must always cost more than machine-made, its excellence must be appreciated, but when once on the market a steady demand will prove mutually advantageous both to producer and consumer. The twentieth century marks an auspicious advance in the revival of old-time crafts. There can be no doubt that the coming to the front of these fireside industries is more than a passing fad, and that people are again appreciating the novel character of goods entitled to the "hand-made" mark of excellence.

The Ha'nt at the Old Ladies' Home

By Ellen Paine Huling

FIVE o'clock and he ain't got here yet. 'Pears to me he ain't over anxious to come," remarked Mrs. Thomas sarcastically, as she pushed up the curtain. The late afternoon sunlight fell in a broad band across the braided rag carpet of the Old Ladies' Home, and all the old ladies, sitting stiffly in their Sunday dresses on their slippery haircloth chairs, moved back to avoid it. Now and then the scent of gillyflowers along the front walk drifted in through the open windows, mingling strangely with the smell as of churches which clung to the "best room."

Little Mrs. Doolittle consulted her worn gold watch with a lady-like air. "I don't make it but ten minutes of five, Mis' Thomas," quavered she, in a sweet, thin voice. She was a tiny woman with a triangular face and dog-like, nearsighted brown eyes. Of all the old ladies, she alone wore over the shoulders of her black silk a much mended lace collar.

Mrs. Thomas, stout, aggressive, snorted with disdain. "I guess that front hall clock's full as likely to be right as your watch, Polly Doolittle,—I allus did hear them plated things was apt to lose time!"

Mrs. Doolittle flushed. "This watch come from Tiffany's," said she with timid emphasis. "My son-in-law George sent it to me from New York."

"Much good your son-in-law George does you," retorted Mrs. Thomas with another snort, but Mrs. Doolittle, staring nearsightedly out of the window through her eyeglasses, fortunately did not hear. "Ain't that the minister now?" she queried.

Mrs. Thomas crossed the room and looked over Mrs. Doolittle's shoulder. "That ain't him—that's Job Harris going fer his cows!" Her tone was contempt itself. "And if it was him 'tain't likely you could see him with them things!" The eye-glasses always irritated her.

Mrs. Doolittle subsided in a bewildered way, and good-natured Mrs. Plummer came to her rescue. "P'rhaps 'twas he and he's turned off to the Allens'. They do say he's been setting up with Annie lately, but I dunno's there's a mite of truth in it."

The old ladies looked interested and some of them drew their chairs closer.

"You'd better tell Mis' Haskins that," drawled Mrs. Thomas grimly. "They say she's settin' her cap fer him herself."

"Sh—!" hissed half a dozen voices as a step sounded in the hall. A tall woman in scanty, ill-draped skirts shuffled by the door-way. She peered into the room as she passed. Her black eyes above the high cheekbones had the defiant yet appealing

look that one sometimes sees in the eyes of a hunted animal.

"Hm! Only jest Miss Moon," Mrs. Thomas said, as she sat heavily back. "You needn't have bothered yourselves about her. She couldn't hear a supper-bell if you rung it close to her best ear!"

"I should think Miss Moon 'd cut her skirts different," purred Mrs. Doolittle, smoothing her own well-preserved gown. "Them gathered skirts don't become her at all. Wasn't she the woman they say used to live alone up in the ten-mile swamp?"

Mrs. Thomas, diverted from her wrath by prospect of a story, mysteriously nodded her head. "She allus was queer. They tell she used to have nine cats 'n fuss over them as if they were babies, and when the selectmen went over to tell her she'd got to go to the Home, she flared up 'n said if she went the cats would go too. But you know how Mis' Haskins hates cats,—she's so mean anyway that last Saturday night I caught her lockin' up all the books in the house so's we shouldn't read anything but our Bibles Sundays,—and she said there wouldn't be any cats in the Home so long's she was matron. Miss Moon set out she wouldn't go, but they made her, and what do you think—they tell she killed every one of them nine cats with her own hands—'to keep 'em from sufferin',' she said. And when the town wagon got there, she was settin' on the steps with one of them dead kittens in her arms, huggin' and kissin' it!"

"For the land's sakes!" gasped Huldy Jackson, the one old maid of the party. "But ain't it lucky fer her that she's deaf's an adder, considerin' she has to sleep up there right next to—It?" As she pronounced the last word in a peculiar tone, the old ladies huddled still closer. "What did it sound to you like?" she whispered, turning to Mrs. Doolittle.

Little Mrs. Doolittle glanced nervously back over her shoulder as if she saw something behind her. The strip of sunlight was gone now, and shadows were beginning to crawl outward from behind the little goblin heads carven on the backs of the chairs.

"It was just at supper-time," she began, "the same time's we've always heard it before, and you was all downstairs,—I'd left my clean handkerchief upstairs an' I'd gone up to get it,—an' then I heard the noise again, a little thin, squeaky voice comin' out of the east wing down beyond Miss Moon's and Mis' Plummer's rooms,—fer all the world just like a baby, just as if it was lonesome and callin' fer some one. 'N I ran downstairs so hard I dropped the handkerchief and I haven't found it yet."

"Mice, most likely," grunted Mrs. Thomas.

Mrs. Doolittle turned on her so quickly that she gasped. "Mice, Mis' Thomas! Did you ever hear of mice that wailed and cried for you just like a baby,—just as my Mary used to? I told Mis' Haskins I was skeered to death to sleep up in that east wing any more,—'n yet I've

been hearing that little lonesome thing crying fer me ever since. Didn't you hear it that other time?"

Mrs. Thomas nodded reluctantly. "I did hear somethin'," she said, "But if it's a ha'nt why's it a-ha'ntin' anyway? Never was any harm done here fer's I know. Deacon Brown lived here before the town bought it, and he hadn't spirit to hurt a hen,—except to starve it to death like the rest of his family. What's it a-ha'ntin' for, anyway?"

"That's what the minister's comin' fer," said Huldy Jackson. "I always heard a ha'nt wouldn't stay in the house with a minister."

The voices of all had fallen to a whisper and they sat on the edges of their chairs bending nervously forward toward each other in the dusk. Mrs. Plummer's plump arm was about Mrs. Doolittle's waist. Of a sudden the door-bell rang, sending discordant echoes jangling through the corridors, and all started.

Then Mrs. Haskins's stout figure bustled through the hall and they heard her saying effusively, "Come right in, Mr. Arnold, come right in. I was afraid you wasn't coming." There was inaudible response in a man's tones, and the voices neared as she showed him toward the "best room." "Step right in this way an' I'll have the light lit up in a minute."

When, a moment later, the kerosene lamp sent faint gleams raying out into the abysses of darkness behind the haircloth chairs, it revealed all the little old ladies sitting, prim and stiff, along the wall. The minister, a young man fresh from the

theological school, gave a startled glance around and blushed ineffectually. Tall, awkward, large-jointed, with light, straight hair, and pale blue eyes, he was much given to blushing.

Mrs. Haskins bustled forward. "Mr. Arnold, this is Mrs. Doolittle." The young man solemnly shook the thin fingers of Mrs. Doolittle, who courtesied until her little side-curls bobbed from side to side. "Mrs. Thomas." In like silence he extended his right hand to Mrs. Thomas. The motion was repeated until, under Mrs. Haskins's direction, he had shaken hands with each of the twelve, growing more embarrassed each time. No one spoke, and at the end there was a long pause which the matron finally broke by announcing supper.

Sitting opposite Mrs. Haskins at the table, the minister looked more at home. Mrs. Haskins, plump, complacent, with a smile as obviously put on for the occasion as were her crimps, directed all her conversation at him. Once there was a little flutter when Mrs. Doolittle lost her glasses and Mrs. Thomas found them for her, growling in loud whispers, "Sarves you right,—why don't you wear spectacles like the rest of us?" But for the most part the old women ate with relish and in stolid silence. Eating was the one great pleasure of their lives, and they made the most of it. Miss Moon, who had come in after the others, ate loudly with her knife, seeing which Huldy Jackson nudged her neighbor's elbow.

It was a hot, close night; heavy

"thunder-heads" hung low over the fields, emitting continual quiverings of heat-lightning and occasional mutters of thunder. Now and then sudden gusts flapped the window-shades. As time went on, conversation flagged; every one seemed listening for something. In vain Mrs. Haskins remarked on the likelihood of a shower, on the haying-season, the "Conference," and finally there was awkward silence.

"Mr. Arnold, do you believe in ha'nts?" at last she asked nervously.

The young minister raised his gaze from his peach preserves and moved uneasily at seeing every eye fixed on him.

"I—I hardly know, Mrs. Haskins," he stammered. "In general, I think such things can be explained by natural causes."

"How are you going to explain it when it ain't a thing, when it's just a voice,—an' a little voice?" Mrs. Doolittle started as if frightened by the sound of her own words, but sat looking straight at the minister.

He flushed again and looked helplessly back at her. "In general, Mrs. Doolittle—" he repeated.

Just then an unusually violent gust swept under the linen shades. The lamp flickered, went out; a door upstairs slammed violently, and down through the darkness came a little wailing cry,—unmistakably that of a baby,—which died away in a long moan.

Some of the old ladies screamed, most of them huddled together in frightened silence. But out of the dark sounded Mrs. Doolittle's voice, clear and shrill in spite of its terror. "How are you goin' to ex-

plain that, Mr. Arnold? I don't care whether it's a ha'nt or not, it's just a little thing lonesome in the dark and I'm goin' up to see to it!"

Mrs. Thomas's masculine tones cut her short. "Go an' set down there, Polly Doolittle, *I'm* a-going to see to this thing!"

But Mrs. Doolittle had already relighted the lamp and was half way up the stairs; Mrs. Thomas and the minister could only follow her. As seen above them in the halo of lamp-light, her small, pointed features fairly quivered with decision, though, as Mrs. Thomas noticed, the lamp in her shaking hand dripped black oil stains all up the front stair carpet.

From afar Mrs. Haskins and most of the old ladies also followed, trailing their best Sunday skirts recklessly behind them. They saw the light of the lamp disappear down the east wing, they heard some one open the doors of Mrs. Doolittle's and Mrs. Plummer's deserted rooms, they flattened against the wall and shrieked when a tall figure slid upstairs past them and ran down the corridor. But only Mrs. Doolittle, Mrs. Thomas and the minister saw what happened when the latter flung open the third door and lifted high the lamp.

Before him, in a heap on the floor, crouched Miss Moon, her thin gray hair straggling over her face as she swayed back and forth, crooning to something her long, skinny fingers held clutched to her breast. Raising the lamp still higher, he saw the frightened eyes and ruffled fur of a little black kitten.

"Don't you dare touch it! It's

mine!" she cried. Her eyes glittered like a madwoman's, and, with head thrown back and body turned half away, she shielded her armful as if expecting a blow. The minister had once seen a woman protect her child that way from a drunken brute of a husband. "Don't you dare touch it!" she repeated wildly. "I've stood it two months and I can't stand it no longer. I can't live without a cat! An' I don't care if you are the minister,—I hope I'll never go to your heaven if I've got to get along without 'em there!"

Mrs. Doolittle sprang forward with a little cry, and, kneeling, flung a thin, protecting arm about Miss Moon's waist, her cheek against the kitten's-head.

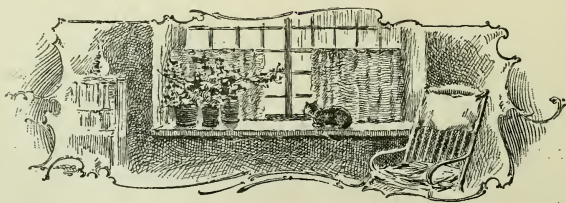
"Of course you can keep it!" gasped she passionately. "There ain't nobody going to hurt it a mite. There, there," she murmured, stroking the kitten's ruffled fur.

"Keep it? I rather guess so!" Mrs. Thomas had planted her stout form

belligerently across the doorway. "I'd like to see the one that says you can't keep it!" she snorted. "I'd laugh if you ain't allowed to have that scrap of a kitten,—an' I'd just like to see the person that's going to take it away from you!"

There was silence in the group beyond the circle of lamplight; then Mrs. Haskins started forward aggressively. But the minister was before her,—no longer a mere awkward lad, but with the light of his high calling upon his face, so that she shrunk back abashed. In that moment he saw, not an old woman and her cat, but the starved motherhood that had never held a child, a Madonna that might have been.

"Miss Moon, no one shall take it from you," he said huskily, and stepping forward past Mrs. Thomas, with his big, awkward fingers, he gently stroked the kitten's fur. Then, in New England dread of a scene, he put down the lamp and shut the door behind him, leaving together the three mothers.



Whom God Hath Joined

By Georg Schock

IN the dull November morning the kitchen was gloomier than usual. It challenged you to find fault with it, and indeed you could not, for it had everything in it that a Pennsylvania Dutch kitchen should have, and if you wanted a little cheerfulness you were frivolous. The red geraniums in the window, struggling to be gay, looked as incongruous as a red bow in a weeping woman's hair, and the only other bright spot was old Mr. Seaman's face.

He was in his Sunday clothes and moved awkwardly, but the awkwardness was a matter of externals, for he jumped like a boy to lift the boiling kettle. When he broke the eggs into the pan the butter splashed up in little particles of torment that could not hurt his glossy red hands, used to swing the hammer year after year in the sparks of the blacksmith's shop. He had been the blacksmith of three townships until he gave up his trade on his wife's account, and was as deft in his kitchen as at his forge.

When breakfast was ready he carried a plate into the next room, as he had done every morning for three years. There lay the face on the pillow. Mary Seaman was a large woman, and her illness had not wasted her; her cheeks and jaw were full, her gray hair abundant. Only her left hand looked thinner and smaller than the one under her cheek. She always put the hand she could move under

her cheek; the other lay where it was placed since the time when she dropped a milk-pail out of it in falling on the stone step three years before. Her bed stood where any one lying in it could see all that went on in the kitchen and the parlor. Any one who could see, that is. Mary Seaman's inflamed eyes were wide open, but their sense was shut.

The old man sat on the bed and held his wife in one arm, painfully supporting the tray on his knees and spilling the coffee into the saucer. "Now you eat breakfast, Mom," he said. "I got ham." The woman's blank expression did not change; she opened her mouth and he fed her. There was something both grotesque and terrible in the animal movements and the automaton face, but her husband had the armor of custom and unimaginativeness, and chattered to her undisturbed. When he dressed her, he handled the impotent limbs as gently as a mother. "Now vait vonce," he said, when she was well wrapped up. He reappeared from the parlor, dragging in a curious wagon, like a child's express wagon, except that it was much longer and narrower, with a mattress in the bottom and a blanket and patchwork comfort folded on the top. He took a pillow from the bed and laid his wife comfortably on it in the little carriage. Then in a hurry he set the bed-room in order and washed the few

dishes, talking all the time. When he had ordered everything he covered his wife snugly with the gay quilt, dragged the carriage through the door and locked the house behind him. "Now I am your horse ant ve go to Sallie's vonce, ain'd, Mom?" he remarked, picking up the tongue of the wagon and starting down the gray road. There was a certain gallantry about the strong old figure. It was easy for a knight to crimson a favor in an enviable service, but to attend upon his lady year after year with petty tasks, and she bedridden and unlovely,—how then?

Centreport has but one street, which curves toward the end like a back with a tail switched to one side. Along the curve the houses are scattered, and the little yellow house of the Seamans behind the willow trees was the last one,—the end of the tail,—with open country beyond it. When the accident happened the old man bought this place and took his wife there, but he still felt a proprietary interest in the blacksmith shop which his son-in-law, James Rickenbach, had taken over from him; and the furniture that the small house did not require remained in the large one by the smithy where Mary Seaman had bustled in her prime. It looked as familiar as ever to the old man, except that the stone step on which his wife fell had been taken away.

As he came along the street he could see the red Sunday cap of his youngest grandchild, Charles Rickenbach, the event of whose week was the waiting for "Grandpop" on Sunday morning. Now he was hanging patiently on the gate, all alone, the

only human being in sight, and when he saw the little wagon he tore into the house shouting, "Mom!" Then he was back with his mother behind him. She beamed at her father; but while he dragged the cart to the porch and carried the invalid to the downstairs bed-room, her face had the sadness that comes with a reminder of an unending grief.

Sallie Rickenbach was not given to lamentation, and her sad look vanished while Isaac admired a wonderful new cushion made of humpy squares of black and magenta, and read the Sunday paper with Charlie asleep on his arm. Presently, with an irregular trampling and the sound of contentious voices, the door was opened and there entered the other Rickenbach children in dispute. Lizzie, a thin and nervous creature, was arraigning the lusty Isaac, who, his pear-shaped face redder than usual, strove to assume bravado to hide a naked shame; and Ellie, the eldest, whose deportment was suited to frizzled hair and a new hat, swung her skirts across the floor and sat down with an air of lady-like disapproval. Lizzie was voluble: "Yes, I tell on you!" she cried, "ant I tell Grandpop too! Ain'd you ashamed! I belief you chust vant to be smart! Vy, Mom, ve vas in Sunday-school ant I heart somebody laugh, ant then I seen Ikey, ant he vas going lige this," she twisted her small, sharp nose and mouth, which in the village children's code expresses defiance, "he vas going lige this at Monroe Goodman; ant efery vone vas laughing, ant the Superintendent he seen it too, ant he stopped his talk ant chust stood ant

logged; ant Ikey he didn't see nothing yet, ant he done lige this," she winked her snapping eyes furiously, "ant then they laughed awful, only Monroe Goodman he vas scared. Ant the superintendent, he talked to Ikey in front of the whole school, ant afterwards me and Ellie hat to hear vat a bad boy Ikey is. Ant they made all the fun of us!" she wailed.

Ikey smiled sheepishly. "I scared Monroe Goodman goot," he remarked. "He von'd nefer stick a pin in me no more"; and Lizzie, the venom out of her, subsided, while the mother hastened to make a diversion. "Come ofer here ant show Grandpop how nice you can sing vonce." Ellie opened the parlor organ and seated herself consequentially; Lizzie and Ikey stood behind, with their mouths open ready to begin. After one or two false starts, they struck into a German hymn. "Freie Tag," shrilled Lizzie, her little body swaying. "Freie Tag!" "Freie Tag," Ikey shouted, with his eyes on the ceiling. "Freie Tag," Ellie's trill was a vocal simper. The pedals of the organ squeaked occasionally. Charlie, roused by the outburst, rubbed his eyes and struggled up on his grandfather's knee; then the fine contagion of artistic enthusiasm seized him, and he joined with a series of disconnected sounds. Lizzie scowled, but her grandfather smiled at her, and stroked the little boy's hair. "Chust you go on," he said. "That's awful nice. Charlie he vants to sing too."

It was after dinner and James and the children had gone to church, when Sallie attempted to change her parent's mind. She had been in to

see her mother, who lay as usual with her hand under her cheek looking straight ahead. Sallie hung over her a little. When she came into the parlor the look of grief was deeper than usual, and she sat down by the window and stared out into the empty street. "Pop," she said after a while.

The old man lowered his paper and looked at her over his spectacles.

"Pop," she hesitated, "don'd you think might be you coult come here to lif?"

"Do you ant Chames vant to flit?"

"No, ve don'd vant no flitting, but I think it vould be awful nice for you ant Mom to lif here vith. Then I coult tage care of her."

"Ain'd I goot enough to take care of your Mom no more?"

"It's awful hart vork for you, Pop, to cook ant keep the house ant tage care of her ant farm too. It ain'd right. If you come I fix you real nice. You ant her coult have this bedroom ant you needn't do nothing but haf a goot time."

"I'm fixed goot enough now," said her father shortly.

"I ain'd nefer felt right about you living lige that, Pop," his daughter continued, "not since I come up the yart ant seen her laying on that stone step vith the milk all ofer. I haf to be vorried all the time. I lige to loog after her myself."

The old man's eyes softened a little. "It ain'd no neet for you to worry," he answered. "Your mother she vorked goot as long as she coult. Now I tage care of her myself. I guess I can do something else beside be her horse."

Sallie faltered, but produced her

last argument. "Pop," she ventured, "this here don'd look righd for you to vork that vay. Ant no vone ain'd nefer learned you nothing about cooking and the neighbors they say—"

Her father interrupted her. "The neighbors they dare mint their own business, ant it ain'd for you to say nothing, Sallie. I tage care of your Mom. I guess I cook goot enough for her. That there turkey of yours vas done too much. Next you think I can'd be her horse no more, ant you are at me for some vone else to haul her. Now I don'd vant to hear no more such darned foolishness. I tage a sleep."

He put his newspaper over his face and snored ostentatiously.

Three days later, while he was busy in the corn-field, Isaac had his great idea. It was a day of low-hanging clouds and warm, infrequent airs that made the brittle leaves of the corn-shocks flap like beggars' rags. Isaac in his blue overalls, stripping the ears and flinging them to the golden pile beside him, was a wholesome sight. Nearby stood the long cart with Mary in it, her gray eyes upturned to the gray sky. The family cat, a veritable Maltese Nimrod, was mincing across the stubble; he often dined on field-mice, but he looked as distinterested as though he had no mind at all. Old Isaac's arm stretched and bent with fine regularity. Presently he worked more slowly; then he stopped altogether; then he began to speak.

"Thirty-seven years this month since ve vas married, Mom, ain'd? This corn-husking recalls it. Ve vas at Schaeffer's corn-husking ant I

pullet a ret ear, ant I give you a kiss in front of all the folks, ant I asked you that night yet ant ve vas married in two weeks. Ve didn't neet no vone to tell us vat ve wanted! Thirty-seven years ago! That's a real long time. My, you vas a smart girl! *Oh, yes!*" he sighed heavily, and worked for a while. Then he talked on: "That there vas an early Fall. Ve vent off in a cutter to Mohrsville, me ant you, to tage the train, ant ve vas three days in Reading. You hat a nice ret dress ant a ret hoot, ant I thought, 'I buy her the next vone.'" He threw a plump ear, and it shone in the air like a comet or a genius before losing itself in the common heap. "Say, Mom, ve vas married on November eleventh, ain'd? The eleventh is next Sunday. Mom, it would be awful nice to ask Sallie ant Chames ant Ikey ant the girls ant the little fellow to eat dinner. Ve haf a kind of a vedding party." He bent over her. "Mom!" he said very loud, "Dare I ask Chames ant Sallie to eat dinner next Sunday?" She did not notice him, so he put himself in the way of the level stare and repeated his question two or three times. Slowly the eyes focussed themselves, with a look of piteous bewilderment; the lips unclosed—there was an effort. He spoke again. "Yes," she answered, almost as loud as he. He smiled at her while he adjusted the comfort. "That's right, Mom. Ve haf a goot time yet vonce." He stopped to chuckle on the way to his corn-heap. "I show Sallie I cook a turkey goot. Her Pop ain'd so dumb lige she thinks."

The day of the wedding-party was

warm. There was a screen in one of the kitchen windows, and the odors of the dinner came through maddeningly to the Maltese cat as he lay on the sill and glared in with shy green eyes. The geraniums were so red that they fairly shouted in the sun. Mary, dressed in her best, with the gold brooch that had been her husband's wedding-gift, sat where she was put, in an arm-chair at the head of the table. Old Isaac had refused to allow his daughter in the kitchen, and now he was standing beside his wife, looking triumphantly at the array of pies and thumping with a knife-handle to call the family. They streamed in—James with the carefully indifferent look that the Dutch adult male always carries to a festive meal. Little Charlie, not being old enough to have assumed this portion of his inheritance, came on an enthusiastic run. His grandfather laughed delightedly. "Charlie is hungry, ain'd, Charlie?" The old man's general kindness was increased by some definite source of joyful amusement. He kept watching the table with twinkling eyes. Isaac, hurrying in from the barn-yard, stumbled over his elder sister's foot and saved himself by catching at her shoulder. The jar shook an exclamation out of the sedate damsel, who remarked with contempt, "Yes, that's right; so dappig!" Ellie's scorn, though frequent, was usually silent, and her brother took refuge in his inverted plate. Lizzie, encouraged by her senior's disgust to reprehend Ikey further on small pretext, watched him derisively and saw him pause when the plate was a quarter lifted, while his jaw fell as though a prop had

been knocked out from under it. "*Du loppes!*" she scoffed. Her brother paid no attention, and she squirmed to look over his shoulder with a startled "Ei!" like the note of a domestic fowl. Their mother stopped talking to lift her own plate. Hers was a double eagle and she turned a pleased face to her father, though she said no more than "Vell, Pop!"

"Yes, I vand you to haf a vedding-present, Sallie," the old man exulted. "Vill you buy somesing, Charlie? You think I ain'd no goot at house-keeping. I bet she don'd gif you nothing lige that, ain'd, Chames?"

"Vat do you say to Grandpop?" the children's mother reminded. Ellie, the proper, led the way with a rounded "Thangs"; Lizzie and Ikey broke off the excitement of measuring their coins to echo her. The latter was simply dazzled; but Ikey, though silent, had a purpose in his little gray eye. "I put it in my bank," he thought, "then I haf more than all the other fellers." Even Ellie's emotion was too much for her to entirely hide. "Now I get a gold bracelet, Mom," she remarked.

When the meal was over James stretched himself with a loud groan and sauntered towards the orchard, picking his teeth meditatively. The children scattered. As old Isaac stood beside his wife, her inflamed eyes rested on him with an unusual look of love struggling to express itself, like the eyes of a patient hound. He noticed it and bent over her. "Vy, Mom, you vant to say somesing?" he asked affectionately. She was silent. "She loogs real goot to-day," he remarked to Sallie. "Ate a big dinner.

She luges to haf me feet her. She loogs like she wanted to talk, but I guess I don't ask her no questions. They're awful hart on her." He gathered her up carefully and laid her on the bed. "Now you go to sleep." He was tucking her up like a child. "Poor Mom!" He came into the kitchen again. "Vell, Sallie, you thought I coultn't tage care of your Mom; thought I coultn't cook goot enough. Ain'd you ashamed now? That there turkey of mine vas better than yours, ain'd?" Sallie laughed. "Yes, Pop, you are a goot cook. I don'd say no more about that. I guess I daren't vash the dishes for you—you think I don'd do it right."

Her father laughed too. "Yes, you dare help." They were both busy clearing the table. Old Isaac carried the cakes and pies to the cellar and fed the hungry cat. Charlie wandered in with cheeks as red as his cap, and subsided on a log in a corner of the fire-place. Sallie collected the dishes with the ring and clatter that are the audible expression of plenty and industry and satisfaction. The sunlight deepened as the afternoon advanced, and the air grew sleepily warm.

When she poured the water from the tea-kettle into the dish-pans, the steam rose before her face and blurred the red geraniums. "Now come, Pop," she called. The old man was fairly luminous with satisfaction in the success of his wedding-party. "This here vas a goot thing, ain'd?" he said. "Mom, she lugged it, I belief. I go ant loog at her,—it may be she ain'd got enough cover,—ant then I come ant help vith." He disappeared into the bed-room.

Sallie was rattling the soap in her pan and did not hear the first exclamation, but his call reached her, in a concentrated voice as though all his powers of emotion were held in check. Charlie, touched by the instant contagion of grief, set up a cry; his mother rushed into the next room, dripping water from her wet hands. Isaac was bending above the bed and turned his head over his shoulder to his daughter with a sort of childish reliance and hope, for the hand was under the cheek and the poor face on the pillow had been as immobile in life. Who could say what vital need of expression had lighted the eyes, still blank and open, or what infinitely delicate portion of the shocked brain the unaccustomed movement of love had taxed too heavily, crushing with its feather-weight like the touch of God's own finger?

Six days later the Saturday bustle of the village was changed to a Sabbath solemnity. The strange Dutch reverence for the dead which brings a relative across the width of states to follow the coffin to the grave, heightened by the circumstances of Mary Seaman's taking-off, was drawing several townships from their work. Teams kept coming in from all directions, and the hitching-shed beside the church was quite full of mud-splashed phaetons and soft-eyed country horses with shaggy fetlocks, slow-gaited from the plough. Along the street one door after another was opened, and people came out dressed in their best and solemn. Instead of playing the children stood in groups and craned their necks and whispered.

The day was cold and clear, with a brisk wind—a glittering, metallic day. The calendulas and pink and white chrysanthemums in the Seamans' front yard were bravely blooming, but they shivered pitifully in the wind, and the yellow leaves of the willows were falling with a sound like soft sighs.

The little house was full of subdued and decorous motion. It was too small for the mourners to have a separate room, so they sat in the parlor where Mary lay in the sun. Her large hand had been drawn from under her cheek and placed, like its feeble fellow, stiff at her side. Poor Mary Seaman in her coffin, in another than the old familiar posture, would grow cramped waiting for the Judgment Day. Along the wall sat her grandchildren in a row; Ikey and Lizzie were subdued, Ellie was in quiet tears, Charlie gazed bewildered from under his red cap. James Rickenbach kept his eyes on the ground and his wife sat expressionless and still, a mere figure-head in crape. Streams of people passed in, around the coffin and out, with sad or curious faces. One old woman broke down and wept hysterically. "Her ant me vas girls," she sobbed, "ant I vas married before she, but her baby vas the first!" Out in the hall a child screamed when her mother tried to leave her. "I ain'd seen it yet! I vand to go along!" and the woman came in with the little thing clinging to her hand and staring with a foolish smile.

Old Isaac, sitting in a rocking-chair in the corner, noticed nothing. The rustle of steps and whispered comments troubled him no more than

the murmuring of the waters troubles a wide-eyed statue by the Nile. His face was flushed and drawn and his mouth bitten crooked in the sad grotesqueness of woe. He did not stir at the minister's voice or the music of the choir, but when the service was over and the crowd in the hall made respectful way for the mourners he rose decisively and left the room, moving with the steadiness of an inward vision that fills the sense too full for the observance of petty things. The coffin was carried out and the little procession followed. Sallie looked anxiously for her father. "He comes soon," James whispered. Ellie leaned upon Ikey with a sense of the distinguishing quality of grief, and Lizzie came after, leading Charlie by the hand. As they went down the walk a sudden gust covered the coffin with golden willow-leaves. At the gate the big horses stood patiently with the tassels of their black nets shaking in the wind. The door of the hearse was opened. Just then, around the corner of the house came Isaac, dragging the long cart with the quilt still folded in it. "Set her in here," he said. The bearers stared at him. "What's that?" one of them asked. "Set her in here," Isaac repeated, forestalling objections with a preoccupied man's impatience at the raising of trivial issues. "This here is her carriage ant I hauled her lige a horse for three years." Sallie leaned toward her father, her amazement for the moment fairly transcending her grief. He looked at her sternly, and his voice sounded like a general's. "Don'd none of you say nothing. I haul her myself." James Rickenbach

lifted his head. "Set her in," said he. "It is right."

Isaac spread the quilt over the bottom of the cart and the coffin was set upon it; he tucked the spare folds carefully into the handles and lifted the wagon-tongue. James stepped toward him, but the old man waved him back. "You go with Sallie," he said. Then he set out with the hearse behind him and the carriages, one by one, falling into line. The hard sunlight blazed on the coffin-plate and the wind shook the dry brush in the fence-corners and rustled in the sad stubble-fields. Isaac, with his head up and his shoulders very broad and square, had the steadfast look of a faithful sentinel on duty as he paced along with the big black horses tossing their heads behind him. He could hear the tolling of the bell, heavy stroke upon stroke, from far down the road.

Out among the pine-trees after the sermon the preacher's voice rose in sonorous German phrases, and the choir awaited their turn. The pretty soprano smiled now and then, for she had named her wedding-day on the drive to the church and her little heart had no more room for sympathetic grief than a brimming wine-glass has for any bitter. She was as happy as Mary Seaman had been, setting out in her red gown and hood across the sparkling snow,—Mary Seaman, who lay with her face turned to the sky, soon to be veiled—how heavily! "Legen wir ihren Leib in Gottes Acker," read the preacher, "Erde zu Erde, Asche zu Asche, Staub zu Staub," the words fell like weights, "in sicherer und gewisser Hoffnung

der Auferstehung—" The pine-branches waved, scattering their rich sweetness. There was a sound of weeping, and Sallie at the foot of the coffin trembled under her black veil. Old Isaac stood beside his wife, but he did not look at her; his eyes were on the impassive earth. There was a little water at the bottom of the grave. Soon he must leave his wife in the weather. When the coffin-lid was screwed down he moved aside quietly and the choir raised a hymn.

"O Welt, ich muss dich lassen,
Ich fahr dahin mein Strassen
Ins ewig Vaterland.

"Mein Zeit ist nun vollendet
Der Tod das Leben schandet
Sterben ist mein Gewinn."

There was a slight splash as it touched the bottom. Then the first earth fell. Isaac followed the little clods with his eyes as some of them rebounded from the lid. The people on the edge of the crowd began to move away.

The old man stood silent. The coffin was covered with yellow earth. A sparrow twittered in one of the pine-trees. The prayer was finished.

Sallie went to him. "Come, Pop," she pleaded, her voice all hoarse with crying, "come vith." He did not stir "Come vith, Pop. Ve go now." She pulled his sleeve, and he moved as though suddenly awakened. Just behind him was the long cart with the quilt dragging over the edge, and his arm struck it as he turned. At the sight of the empty thing with its gay drapery all fallen into helpless folds the old man's chin worked; he burst into rough sobs and let his daughter lead him away.



AUNT BETSEY WASHINGTON

My Experiences Photographing the Negro in the South

By John H. Tarbell

EDITOR'S NOTE:—There is probably no photographer in the country who has made such a success in photographing the Southern negro in his home surroundings as has Mr. Tarbell. His artistic taste shows itself in his clever selection and posing of subjects, while the results give an admirably correct portraiture of life as it actually exists among these people, so interesting in their quaint and homely ways.

DURING a period of nearly seven years spent in the Southern States and elsewhere, but principally in that region known as the Asheville Plateau, North Carolina, I became photographically interested in the characteristics of the negroes, and made a

specialty of portraying them in their various occupations as well as in endeavoring to represent pictorially the humorous aspect of their nature. It is my intention in the following article to give some of my personal experiences in that direction, though my endeavor must, necessarily, be



WASHING DAY IN DIXIE

fragmentary, covering, as it does, several years' residence in the South.

My greatest difficulty has always been to persuade the colored people to be photographed in their picturesque, every-day costumes, and it has

always required the greatest tact to convince them that it was not from a desire to ridicule any peculiarities of the race; but their suspicions are easily aroused and only by the most persuasive eloquence has it been pos-

sible, in many cases, to overcome their native distrust.

In this respect, however, the negro does not differ materially from some of his white neighbors of the poorer class, and being to a large extent *imitative*, he tries to copy the habits and dress of the white people especially on those occasions when he is desired for photographic purposes. Perhaps it is safe to say that the average negro does not differ essentially from his white neighbors, some being obliging, friendly and intelligent, while others are sullen, suspicious and ignorant.

Possibly it may not be generally known that the colored people are difficult to please in the matter of portraiture, that is to say, when taking a portrait solely to satisfy the individual, and not making any effort to please one's personal fancy. As a rule, they think the photograph looks "too dark,"—consequently great care has to be exercised to make as light a print as possible,—the mouth, too, is a source of annoyance (perhaps my white reader has experienced similar difficulty), while the nose is also an offending member. In fact, the greatest skill of the retoucher's art is often required in smoothing out coarse features, shortening objectionable mouths and in making a flat nose more aquiline.

It has been said that the negro is imitative; this is often seen in the little pleasantries vouchsafed to the photographer, both before and after sitting for a portrait, stale witticisms and obsolete jokes, which must be received pleasantly and with an approving grin, although the same man's chatter may have been heard for the

five-hundredth time. Fortunately for me, it was seldom that I attempted to produce anything that would prove satisfactory to the ladies of color themselves, my preferences being for the "old-time mammies," now so rapidly passing away, but strange to say it was often with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade them to pose for me in the attitude which seemed to me the most characteristic, especially if it was for the purpose of depicting any occupation or any menial attitude. The request for such a pose usually aroused suspicion, and it was at once inferred that they were being "guyed."

During one of my rambles for subjects, I chanced to see a picturesque old negress sitting on the porch of her cabin. Her head was decorated with a gaily colored handkerchief. The other garments were worn but charmingly effective and appealed strongly to my sense of the artistic value of such a scene. In fact, the whole scheme of color, from the vine-covered porch, with flowers of various hues interspersed, together with the striking figure of the old woman, as the centre and point of interest, impressed me as being unusually pleasing.

I approached timidly and said: "Aunty, will you allow me to take your picture on that porch? I'll pay you for your trouble."

Immediately her head went up in the air, and with a snort of indignation she replied: "No, boss, when I has my likeness took, I'se g'wine to a *gallery*, I is."

Neither persuasion nor entreaty was of any avail, and I was obliged to relinquish my attempt.



A PAGE OF HISTORY

At another time I chanced to run across a woman in the act of washing clothing. She was standing near a huge iron kettle, under which was a fire, and she occasionally moved the clothes around with a long stick,—the water in the kettle, of course, being kept at a high temperature by the fire underneath.

I ventured to ask her to allow me to photograph her in that particular attitude, to which she demurred, but said she would be willing to stand *beside* the kettle and be “took.” By dint of much urging, however, and the offer of money she at last overcame her repugnance; and grasping the long stick, bent over the kettle in the correct position, being photographed in the act.

It is only fair to state that while many of the negroes are averse to being photographed, there are a few to be found now and then who seem to understand the whys and wherefores of illustrative art, and who are willing to do all in their power (for a consideration) to aid the photographer in his endeavors. Some of my best models have been discovered among the more intelligent class, who entered with great zest into the spirit of the occasion, and did their utmost to represent the ideas intended to be conveyed.

A negro preacher, and it need hardly be added, an admirer of the great Lincoln, made an excellent model for a study which has been entitled, “A Page of History.” The accompanying illustration represents the aged preacher, examining two portraits of the martyr President in McClure’s Magazine,—the history be-

ing that written by Miss Ida M. Tarbell some years since.

The negro minister, as a rule, is uneducated, but it sometimes occurs that he possesses a most wonderful power over his hearers. One in particular is recalled at the present time: viz., Pastor Rumley, who preached an extraordinary sermon on “De Valley ob de Dry Bones.” This discourse brought him quite a reputation in his native town, and he was in the habit of repeating it at various times and with many embellishments.

Unfortunately, it was not my good fortune to hear this remarkable sermon, but I attended another of his services on a certain Sunday and witnessed the most emotional proceedings which it has ever been my lot to see. During the sermon the preacher worked himself up into a frenzy of excitement. His hearers shouted, howled and yelled unintelligible jargon, they danced and grew hysterical, while one woman, with a wild scream, suddenly rushed across the aisle of the church, almost displacing the long piping of the stove as she continued her gyrations. Swaying backward, she *flopped* into the lap of one of the colored brothers, while another coolly re-adjusted the stove funnel. At this stage of the proceedings, one of the sisters approached the demonstrative member, and dragged her back to her former seat, where she remained, limp and exhausted, until the close of the service.

Soon a voice started the familiar strain of “Roll, Jordan, Roll.” Immediately it was caught up and sung by the congregation with a wild freedom, pathos, and melody. After the

singing, a collection was taken up, the hats being passed, and when the first round had been made the money was counted, but not considered sufficient; so the hats were passed the second time, and the collection counted as before, but again the amount was considered



“'FRAID I'LL BREAK DE GLASS”

insufficient. After an urgent appeal from the pastor, the hats were sent around for the *third* time, and the change having been carefully counted, the sum was declared enough and to spare. Another hymn was sung, the benediction given, and the audience dispersed.

It was noticed that the colored

youths lined up just outside the doorway, and gracefully removed their hats as the dusky maidens with whom they were acquainted passed out.

As previously stated, the last few years of my life have been spent in the vicinity of Asheville, North Carolina, but it has been possible occasion-



"SAY, BOSS, CAN'T YOU SPARE A FEW PENNIES?"

ally to visit other sections of the South, while more recently an entire winter was spent in the Bahamas, where the negro element largely predominates. The prevailing characteristics of the race, however, appear to be about the same wherever they are found.

At Nassau, the capital, it seems to

me, one notices more independence of manner, and an impudence at times not altogether pleasing to the American tourist, but this little Island of New Providence, though scarcely discernible upon the ordinary map, is a *British Possession*, and, apparently the average darkey there enjoys the dis-



BAHAMA CABIN WITH THATCHED ROOF

tinction of having a tilt with Uncle Sam now and then. This he accomplishes in various ways, sometimes by overcharging, sometimes by lying, and sometimes by a torrent of invective, for many of them are among the sauciest and most vindictive of their race.

Here, as in the United States, the negro is very religious (in spots), but the facility with which many of them attend church on Sunday, and overcharge the Yankees on Monday, is painfully evident. In the latter respect, however, they are fully equalled by their white neighbors, the average Bahamian considering it a religious

duty to charge the visitors about three times as much for an article, or a service performed, as he would one of his own countrymen. Possibly the Americans are largely responsible for this state of things, for doubtless many of them are lavish in their expenditures, giving the natives the impression that all Americans are fabulously wealthy.

It may also be true that the "snapshot fiend" has done a great deal towards antagonizing the negro element in regard to photographing his person. The accompanying illustration represents a tourist from the "States"



JUSTINA EXHIBITING HER PICTURE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

in an endeavor to photograph a woman and child in the streets of Nassau with his kodak—this incident being one of many which I witnessed during my visit.

"'Fraid I'll break de glass," said the shiny-faced native.

"Oh, no, you won't," said the bluff old major from the States, in as soothing a tone as he was capable of uttering. "What are you afraid of? Keep quiet a minute."

Snap!—and the smiling countenance is perpetuated, and doubtless the counterfeit presentment served to entertain numerous friends and relatives for successive months thereafter.

Although the negro of the Bahamas takes great pride in calling himself a

British subject, many of them do not hesitate to ask alms of Uncle Sam on every possible occasion, a common practice being to approach a group of Americans on the street, and raise the hat with one hand, extending the other at the same time, with the request, "Say, boss, can't you spare a few pennies?"

As has been said the Bahama negro is an adept at extorting money from the tourist. Talk about "Yankee shrewdness,"—it is nothing as compared to the cunning evinced by the native of Nassau, the capital. The safest plan, when desiring any service performed, is always to make the bargain in advance, but even this precaution is often insufficient to prevent a



STREET URCHINS

wrangle after it is finished,—the only too common practice being to scan the money given (as previously agreed upon), turn it over several times, and with a contemptuous look, refuse to accept so small an amount. The only thing to be done, under such circumstances, is to leave, paying no attention to the abuse which follows.

A certain section of the Island of New Providence is inhabited almost exclusively by the colored people, and is known as Grant's Town. Here many of them live in very primitive cabins, with thatched roofs.

Passing one of these on a certain day, my attention was called to an aged negress sitting on the porch, and on entering into conversation, she told me her history, which was briefly as follows: She had belonged to the Yuraba tribe of Africans, and when a child in her native wilds, during a desperate encounter between hostile tribes, was captured, and afterward sold to a company of Portuguese slave traders. The little girl, together with a number of other captives, was hurried to the sea coast, placed on board a slave ship, driven into the hold, and carried

out to sea. After weeks of almost intolerable suffering, they were overhauled and captured by a British man-of-war, and brought to the Bahamas, where Justina (as she calls herself) has lived ever since.



STOP, THIEF

She is now an old woman, but has a vivid recollection of all the early events connected with her childhood, and has the greatest admiration for the late Queen Victoria. More than once she exclaimed with great fervor, "God bless dat Queen."

Going inside her cabin, she returned with a large picture of Queen Victoria, which had been given to her by some white people and which she exhibited with great pride.

But to return once more to the negroes of the Southern States.

The children there, as a rule, are less averse to being photographed than the older people,—this seems to

be the case in all sections of the country, though it frequently occurs that the least picturesque specimens are the most anxious to be "taken." The two little waifs in the act of emerging from the hollow trunk of a tree were willing subjects, but doubtless their parents, had they been present, would have objected strongly to their being taken in any such position. Their desire, probably, would have been to have their young offspring dressed in the latest fashion, and either sitting or standing in the conventional attitude and staring at the camera,—this of course to be accompanied by one of the usual horrors, a fantastically



CHILDREN OF THE SOIL

painted background. Here, again, we see the *imitative* faculty of the race, for how often the fond white parents are satisfied only when their second editions are represented in frills and feathers or in stiff, starchy clothing, which must all be done in the conventional studio with a "skylight."

As has been intimated before, the colored people are very anxious to appear as light as possible in their pictures, and after I had learned this fact, it was seldom that I ventured to show any of my studies to those who had posed for me. During the earlier portion of my visit to the South, I had made the mistake of freely exhibiting my pictures to my dusky models.

I have in mind the mother of a most interesting little pickaninny, whose portrait I had taken solely to please myself, and which I afterward showed to its mother.

A look of disappointment overspread her face and she remarked with a sigh, "Oh, *so dark*, I don't want it."

Frequently a crowd of colored urchins have followed me long distances, earnestly requesting to be photographed, and with such remarks as, "Say, boss, draw me off, will yer?" "Say, Mister, wan't ter take me standin' on my head?" "G'wine sketchin', boss?" and the like.

It may sometimes happen that an unusually tattered but picturesque specimen in the crowd is selected, and is requested to serve as a model, but very likely he or she will obstinately refuse, while a dozen perhaps of the least desirable will spring forward, earnestly requesting to be "tooken."

Occasionally the ill-dressed urchins will shout, "You uns wants ter put

my likeness in a winder and *sell* it, you does!"

This is a *crusher*, and is supposed to annihilate the aspiring and *per-spining* photographer.

While, as a general rule, it has been my practice to portray the negro at his best, or rather as representing him engaged in some honorable occupation, I must frankly admit that it has seemed necessary, now and then, to depict him at his *worst*, both to please a certain public taste, and for pecuniary reasons as well.

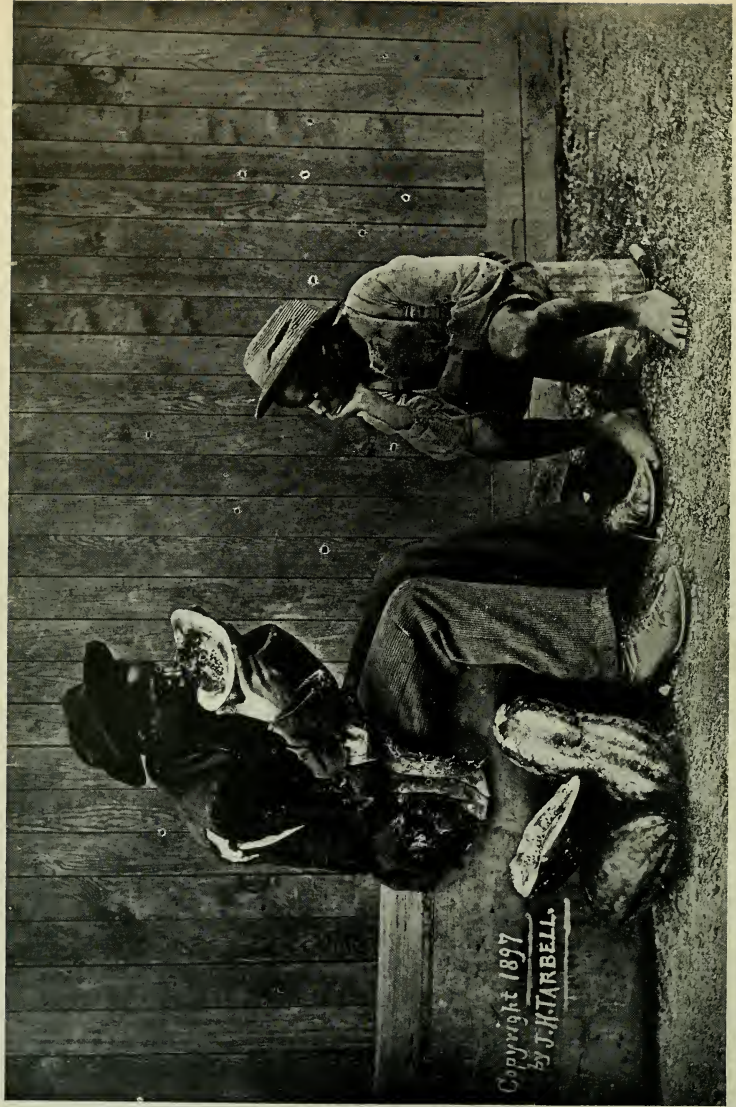
When this has been attempted, it has been found desirable to make a diligent search for models who had no objection to being represented in any scene I might select, provided they were well paid for their services.

In the illustration entitled "Stop, Thief!" an attempt has been made to represent the weakness that some members of the colored race have for the luscious watermelon, and the scene is supposed to portray a sneak thief in the act of escaping through a fence surrounding a yard which contains the juicy fruit.

The next scene shows the culprit after his arrival home, where he ravenously devours the stolen melons. His little brother gazes longingly but sadly at the disappearing melon, not being allowed to share a single morsel.

These records of my work would seem to be incomplete without an attempt to illustrate the negro from a sentimental point of view, and it gives me great pleasure to be able to do this.

On one of those rare spring mornings, often seen in the sunny South, there called at my studio a young



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"BIG BROTHER"

THE WOOLING O' T



negro of perhaps eighteen years of age. He was accompanied by a young colored girl of about the same age. Both were the darkest specimens of their race that I had ever seen, and gave their names as Tom and Lily.

After some little conversation, they admitted that they intended to get married in a few weeks, and wanted to know if I would take their "likenesses" for them, "togedder, if yer please, boss."

Seeing that they were admirably adapted to picture a scene which I had often longed to portray, viz., the old, old story of love, I agreed to give them a picture if they would allow me to photograph them just as I wished, for my own especial purpose. They readily consented to this, and they were posed in the attitude of two bashful lovers,—the youth gazing rather sheepishly at his sweetheart, and she responding by a similar glance.

The result is seen in the illustration entitled, "The Wooing O't." After various poses of a similar character, several exposures were made, of a nature calculated to suit their own personal wishes, care being taken to have the resultant prints several shades lighter than the subjects appeared in nature! The results were highly pleasing to Tom and Lily; and it is perhaps needless to say that the pictures designed especially for my own satisfaction were never shown to them!

Tom and Lily were very friendly after this episode, and used to call frequently at my studio,—especially the former. On one occasion, when coming alone to borrow (?) a nickel, he frankly related to me the story of

his courtship, which was substantially as follows, told in Tom's own words:

"I says to her, says I, 'Lil', I'se got right smart ob a leetle patch o' ground ober yander, an' I'se got a good many sweet 'taters, a good many beans, an' a lot o' corn, an' I reckon I'se g'wine to get married nex' fall,—an'—an'—*I'll marry you if you loike.*'"

Lil' did not blush, but like a wise woman, she reflected,—then she replied: "Tom, you'se mighty suddent, an' I'se g'wine to study ober it for a spell."

And study over it she did.

Tom came the second time and pressed his suit.

"Now, Lil'," said he, "I specs you'se g'wine ter gib me an anser to-day."

But Lil' only assumed an air of reserve and simply replied, "Oh, I don't know."

Tom was in despair and went away. However, he returned to the attack for the third time, on this occasion using strategic measures to accomplish his purpose.

"Lil'," said he, "if you'se don't anser *to-day*, I'se g'wine ter marry *Rosie.*"

This vigorous action on Tom's part was entirely successful, and Lil' surrendered, only stipulating that she should be presented with a new calico dress, "with yaller flowers on it," in time for the marriage ceremony.

A few weeks after this occurrence they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, but I am unable to state whether their union has been a happy one, my duties having since called me to another section of the country.

The Ups and Downs of Christmas in New England

By Abram English Brown

IN no part of the world does the benediction first heralded over the plains of Bethlehem, "On earth peace, good will toward men," find more complete exemplification than in New England, where the greatest struggle was waged against Christmas. It is not yet a half century since the twenty-fifth day of December was legally recognized as a holiday in the Bay State, and it is less time since Christmas Day came to have general recognition.

At our New England Christmas we have a strange blending of the Christian and anti-Christian customs and feelings. They are so interwoven that it is difficult to tell where the paganism ends and the Christian begins, and because of this complexity we may have more patience with our Puritan ancestors who fought so persistently against the observance of Christmas on these shores. Those English Puritans separated from the English Church because "they could not have the word freely preached and the sacraments administered without idolatrous gear." It was rather the abuse than the observance of Christmas that so embittered them and prompted them to use all means in their power to prevent any appearance of Christmas observance on this side of the Atlantic.

There is a strange irony of fate in

the arrival of the Pilgrims at Plymouth at the very season when the generous and humane holiday was observed at home in Old England. It was as if an opportunity was furnished them to thus early stamp their contempt for the chief feast of the Church, against which their voluntary exile was a most positive protest. This, however, was done negatively, for they make no mention of the day as distinct from others.

The Pilgrims, having decided where to start their Plymouth settlement, set to work to prepare timber. Sunday dawned upon their toil, and although they had no shelter on land, there was no stroke of work upon the Lord's day. The following day—Monday—they were ready to begin work on their first house. It was Christmas Day, a day of memories to some of the company, we may imagine, a day of comparisons, possibly of regrets, but with the leaders we may fancy a day of renewal of their determined purpose.

Bradford makes the simple record, and thus closes his first book: "And ye 25 day begane to erecte ye first house for comone use to receive them and their goods." Mourt, who was more inclined to give details, says: "Mounday, the 25 day, we went on shore, some to fell tymber, some to saw, some to rive, and some to carry,

so no man rested all that day." Hubbard says: "They were as cheerfully employed in building their first house for common use as their friends elsewhere about their cheer according to the custom of the day." When all other Christians throughout the world had come to a halt, this little band of Pilgrims entered their strongest protest by unremitting labor, but with the going down of the sun there came a change, according to Mourt, who says: "Mounday, the 25, being Christmasday, we began to drinke water aboard, but at night the master caused us to have some Beere." According to the records, the supply with which they had left England had run low, and the company had been put upon water, but at the close of this Christmas Day were granted one privilege, that of a mug of beer. Conscience forbade them the traditional pie and customary carol, but in the draught of beer they carried on the Christmas traditions.

The Puritans, although indomitable and self-sacrificing, were men and lovers. They had tender sympathies and affections which were aroused by certain days and associations. Bradford would not stain his page with the word Christmas, but it was a day too hallowed, too long associated with pleasant memories, to be wholly disregarded by men and women reared in Old England, and whose hearts, despite themselves, must have turned homeward on that great day of religious remembrances.

Before a twelvemonth the pioneers of Plymouth had learned that the Atlantic was not broad enough to keep away the English holiday sentiment, although they longer suppressed the

outward demonstration. In November, 1621, about a year after the Mayflower cast anchor, came the little ship, Fortune, of fifty-five tons, bringing a most welcome addition to the settlement. Of this new company Bradford records: "Most of them were lusty yonge men, and many of them wild enough," and proceeds to say: "And herewith I shall end this year. Only I shall remember one passage more, rather of mirth than of weight. On ye day called Christmas Day ye Gov'r called them out to worke (as was used), but ye most of this new company excused themselves and said it wente against their consciences to work on yt day. So ye Gov'r tould them that if they made it a mater of conscience he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led away ye rest and left them; but when they came home at noone from their worke, he found them in ye streete at play, openly, some pitching ye base, and some at stoole-ball, and such like sports. So he went to them, and tooke away their implements, and tould them that was against his conscience, that they should play and others worke. If they made ye keeping of it a mater of devotion, let them kepe their houses, but there should be no gaming or revelling in ye streets, since which time nothing hath attempted that way, at least openly."

This severe management was only one of the methods adopted by the Puritan leaders to purify religion. As there were divisions among those reformers in England, so there were on these shores, and their methods for controlling the companies of settlers were unlike. The Pilgrims at Plymouth were Independents and always

manifested a certain tolerance which was not practised in the Bay Colony by the Nonconformists who settled at Salem and Boston. Winthrop, the leader of the Bay Colony, is as silent on the subject of Christmas as Bradford. In both colonies no doubt there was great rejoicing when it became known that in June, 1647, Parliament abolished the observance of saints' days and "the three grand festivals" of Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, "any law, statute, custom, constitution or canon to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding." This was a victory for the party aiming at the purification of religion on these shores, as well as in England.

For the next twelve years we may believe that Christmas festivities were entirely abolished, but the spirit was still abroad, and the leaders in the Bay Colony determined to sustain the anti-sentiment by enacting a statute whereby offenders could be brought to judgment. They enacted a law against it in 1659. It is styled a law for "preventing disorders arising in several places within this jurisdiction by reason of some still observing such festivals as are superstitiously kept in other countries to the great dishonor of God and offence of others,—it is therefore ordered by this Court and the authority thereof that whosoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas or the like, either by forbearing of labors, feasting or any other way, upon any such accounts as aforesaid, every such person so offending shall pay for every such offence five shillings as a fine to the county." This law remained on the statute-book until 1681, when it was

repealed, but the repeal was bitter to old Puritanism.

Judge Samuel Sewall, in the conscientious discharge of his duties, guarded the morals of the people with studied care, and to his records we are indebted for the movements of the period. Four years after the repeal of the law he records: "Dec. 25, 1685. Carts came to town and shops open as usual. Some, somehow observe the day, but are vexed, I believe, that the Body of people profane it, and blessed be God no authority yet to compel them to keep it." The next year the shops and the carts give this dignitary great pleasure again.

Judge Sewall was greatly annoyed by an act of the General Court of 1677, whereby no one should be hindered from performing the Episcopal service, but did his part in keeping public opinion repugnant to it, yet he met with an official rebuff when, in 1686, through the influence of Andros, the first clergyman of that faith appeared in New England,—Robert Ratcliffe,—who came in the frigate *Rose*. Andros appeared in his support. He landed December 20, 1686, and proceeded to make preparations for a Christmas festival such as he was accustomed to in England. But he soon learned that he had people to deal with who had minds of their own and would not grant him, although a representative of the King, one of the Puritan meeting-houses in which to hold his service. Shrewd men prompted him to steer clear of an open rupture thus early, and Christmas Day, which came on Saturday, was observed at the Town House. That celebration, in the Boston Town

House, two hundred and seventeen years ago, was doubtless the first Christmas celebration with legal sanction, and in a formal way, ever held in Boston. We can but imagine the feelings of Judge Sewall when Andros went to the Episcopal service with a red-coat on his right and a captain on his left.

The anti-Christmas sentiment received a check by the coming of the Huguenots from France. They were widely different from the Puritans in habits and religious beliefs. They were buoyant and cheerful in their natures, and brought religious convictions that were none the less firm because accompanied by certain pliancy in things not regarded as of vital importance. Their mother tongue was French, and although Protestants they could not assimilate with the Puritan element, hence they early formed their own church and had their own clergyman. This was tolerated in general, but soon they began to have a Christmas festival. Samuel Sewall made record of his action in the matter: "This day I spoke with Mr. Newman about his partaking with the French church on the 25th of December, on account of its being Christmas, as they abusively call it."

The Huguenots, represented in Boston by the Faneuil family and others of like distinction, although French in origin, were in harmony with the adherents of the Church of England, who had kindly received them in England when driven from their homes at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and when meeting in Boston they

were in sympathy with the observance of Christmas, and this union of elements made the fight against it the more severe.

The learned judge and the Puritan clergymen, however, kept a careful watch against the "arch enemy." In 1697 the Judge records: "Shops are open and carts and sleds come to town with wood and fagots as formerly." He takes peculiar pleasure in the report of his son Joseph (later the famous pastor of the Old South Church).

He says: "Joseph tells me that though most of the Boys went to the Church, yet he went not." In 1705 he makes a similar record, and in 1706 he records his satisfaction with the general work going on throughout Christmas day; his legal mind could not give assent to mob violence, but he doubtless turned a deaf ear to the report of disorder of that year. It is recorded that "the commoner sort called names and brake windows in King's Chapel!" because the worshippers there held a Christmas service.

When other means of suppressing Christmas failed, the clergymen took up the subject and dealt with it from the pulpit, there exercising their official authority, which was but little inferior to law, and often coupled with it. In the town of Hadley, Massachusetts, the wife of the village squire attended the anniversary observance privately held by two poor Germans living upon her husband's estate, being prompted by a desire to extend sympathy to those people, so far away from their kin and country. This was the occasion of a great uproar in the community,

and the woman was shunned by her neighbors, as if infected by contagion, and the parson with the elders, after giving the offender a trial and finding her guilty, ordered that she be excommunicated from the church. This was at a time when such an act meant little less than ostracism for life.

Rev. Cotton Mather denounced Christmas festivity on December 25, 1712, in the following strong language:

"'Tis an evident affront unto the grace of God for men to make the birth of our holy Saviour an encouragement and an occasion for very holy enormities. Can you in your consciences think that our holy Saviour is honored by mirth, by long eating, by hard drinking, by lewd gaming, by rude revelling, by a mass fit for none but a Saturn or a Bacchus, or the light of Mohametan Romadon? Shall it be said that at the birth of our Saviour, for which we owe as high praise to God as the heavenly host can do, we take the time to please the hellish legions and to do actions that have much more of hell than of heaven in them."

The Puritan contempt for the use of green at Christmas lasted after they had reluctantly admitted a passing observance of the day. It not only savored of the Saturnalia, but it kept alive the old tradition that according as the holly brought in at Christmas was smooth or rough, the wife or the husband would be the one in authority the following year, and surely no man, even of Puritan stock, could tolerate the idea of being other than "the lord of creation."

A slight modification of the opposition is detected after Samuel Sewall had been dead some years. It was in 1753 when the Old South Church voted to allow the worshippers at King's Chapel, whose house had been burned, to have their Christmas celebration in their meeting-house on the condition that they would not decorate it with spruce or other green, branding the holly and ivy as "seditious badges."

Although the provincial soldiers, during the Revolution, paid but little heed to Christmas, they were familiar with the habits of the foreign troops, here as their enemies, and took the advantage of Christmas, 1776. It was nearly six months after independence had been declared, and proclaimed from town to town, but it was the most gloomy period of the war to the Americans. The last campaign had been almost a series of disasters, and retreats. The enemy had gained possession of Rhode Island, Long Island, and nearly the whole of New Jersey, and to the Provincials the approaching Christmas gave no promise of cheer.

But Washington, who knew the habit of the Germans to have a grand carousal at Christmas, would put them off their guard, determined to take advantage of the feast, cross the Delaware, make an attack upon Trenton, and secure a victory. This he did, and from that Christmas day forward the American force became an army more than in name, and the fortunes of the United States never again sank to so low an ebb.

The Christmas gift which the

commander-in-chief was enabled to present to the continental authorities did much toward the final triumph of the cause of the American colonies.

It required a long time fully to overcome the inherited prejudices. In fact, Christmas was not regarded as a New England holiday until the nineteenth century was well on its way, though in certain localities, such as Narragansett — an opulent community settled by Episcopalians — two weeks of Christmas visiting and feasting were kept up by the planters and their slaves alike.

It was not until 1838 that the state of Massachusetts made any holiday legal, and this action was in relation to days of grace in commercial paper. Then Thanksgiving,

Fast Day and July Fourth were recognized, and a provision made for the payment of legal obligations coming due on those days and on Sunday.

In 1856 the law was so amended as to include Christmas, and make it a legal holiday. This was done by an act of the General Court which received the signature of Nathaniel P. Banks, Governor. Up to this time the schools had been in session on Christmas, although the Christmas sentiment was fast taking possession of the public mind, but not yet had old Christmas, the cheerful personification in English tradition of charity and universal good feeling, of blameless gayety and religious joy, fully asserted itself in New England.

The Refuge

By Mary White Morton

ERE my blue lips the icy waters gag,
 A final frenzied stroke I push, to touch
 Yon low, dim streak. Will it be rock I clutch,
 To whose kind clefts my spent self I may drag,
 There to find foothold, shelter, life and joy?
 Or drifting, shifting log wherewith to buoy
 My numb corpse yet a space? Or shall I grope
 For slippery, clammy weed with which to be
 Sucked to the salt dregs of the yielding sea?—
 What wilt thou prove, O love, my heart's one hope?

The Story of Dan

By Nina Welles Tibbot

“**T**ALKIN’ of Osborne’s folks, I wonder if you people remember the time he lost that pair of heavy grays of his?” Mr. Watson looked inquiringly at his friends.

“They was stole, wasn’t they?” asked Mr. Farnham.

“Yes, they was stole and a madder man you never see.”

“I lost a pacing mare at the same time,” observed Mr. Ollcott, rising to the occasion.

“And I lost a bay horse that won first prize at the Spillman County races,” said Oliver Barnes.

“Yes, we was all stole from about that time,” continued Mr. Watson, “but that ain’t what I’m gettin’ at. I was tryin’ to tell about the man that done the stealin’.”

Mr. Barnes came a step nearer, dragging his chair behind him. Mr. Farnham rose and went to the window and looked out. Even the landlord changed his position and seemed restless to hear about “a real, sure-enough” horse thief.

“What do you know about him?” asked Si Whitcomb.

“I know all there is to know,” observed Mr. Watson in an heroic tone of voice, “and since he’s a deader, I might be induced to tell it to you folks.”

There was a moment’s silence broken by Mr. Barnes. “I ain’t

much took with horse thieves, even if they be dead.” He looked sullen.

“Well, you was mightily took with this one, and when he was a goner and they asked you to be a pallbearer, your head got so swelled up you bought a stove-pipe hat for the occasion.” Mr. Watson leaned back and looked at his friends through half-closed eyes.

“I ain’t much for riddles, so if it’s just the same to you, Raymer, speak out,” said Mr. Farnham.

“I’m a-goin to speak out, for I’m talkin’ about our recently deceased governor, the Honorable Mr. Dunwoody.” There was a peculiar sound of half-smothered words, then they were silent while Mr. Watson took a conspicuous seat and began his story:

“When I first knew Dunwoody, he wasn’t an Honorable nor even a Mister, but plain Dan. He come here from some place, nobody knew where, and settled down on a claim and lived in a dugout, about like the rest of us, only he lived alone ’cept for a little yellow-headed baby.

“He was a frail, slim looking chap, and many’s the time I’ve pitied him a followin’ the plough, for he looked like he’d break in two if the horse jerked very hard on the lines. The baby was always behind him, a tumblin’ along in the furrow,

and when eatin' time come he'd pick up the baby and the three of 'em—the horse and the baby and the man—would go to the dugout for refreshments.

"When winter come on, the baby sat in the window and Dan done the housework and milked the cows and was man and woman both. I used to feel sorry for him, not to have any women folks around to pester him, and so I used to go over and visit him when I hadn't nothin' better to do.

"Some folks said there was a history connected with Dan and that baby, but if there was, Dan wasn't out for tellin' it. Why, you could jest quiz him and he'd never let on a thing.

"I used to bring him his mail sometimes,—'twas a paper usually,—but once 'twas a womanish lookin' letter with sealin' wax on it. I thought then, seein' as I was so obligin', he'd tell me something, but he didn't. 'Twas a little later that the horse stealin' begun.

"The first thing that went was Osborne's gray team, and as I was sheriff, I had to make a hunt for them. The general opinion was they had gone over into Sargent County, but I rode that county over from end to end, and couldn't find hide nor hair of 'em. When I got home I was feelin' pretty blue and I just thought I'd stop and talk things over with Dan. He was a sympathizin' fellow and could chirk a fellow up wonderfully. But, lo and behold, Dan wasn't there. The baby was a-sittin' in the window just as usual, but so far as I could

see, she was the only livin' thing in the house.

"That same week two more horses went, and I was about crazy thinkin' out ways of findin' out who took 'em. The next time I rode east, instead o' west, and when I had got about twenty miles from home, who should I meet, face to face, a ridin' along, but Dan himself, on one of Osborne's gray horses? He caught sight of me as quick as a flash and he turned that horse around and struck out and me after him. I followed him, but law, I couldn't catch him. I might as well have tried to catch a deer.

"When I come back home I stopped again at Dan's house and an old nigger woman was there takin' care of the baby. I meant to go on and tell the posse of men that had gathered there to hunt the thief all about how I had found Dan, but somehow I couldn't. Every time I'd go to speak about it my throat would fill up and I just let it go, meanin' if somebody else found him to let them have the credit of the catch.

"The next two or three weeks every man in the neighborhood was out huntin'. They just scoured that country for miles in every direction. Every night I was fearful lest somebody would come in with Dan tied hand and foot, but they didn't.

"We concluded to lay off Christmas, and we all rode home together, each goin' where there was some one waitin' and wantin' to see 'em. I had a turkey that I bought of an old man, and a pound o' mixed candy, and a peck of apples,—that

got froze on the way,—and this was my Christmas for the family. And it was about as fine a tastin' Christmas as I ever had. Wife cooked that turkey to a turn, and baked some apple pies, and altogether it was a pretty good lay-out.

“When dinner was over and we was a sittin' around the stove, I couldn't get Dan out o' my mind. If he was in the land o' the livin' and could have the use of his legs, he'd be home with that baby on Christmas eve. The more I thought the more certain I was that Dan would be home that night, and if I wanted to see him I could do so with very little trouble.

“After a little, I made some excuse to wife and started out. When I got in sight of the house, my suspicions was aroused higher'n ever. *The house was dark.* Never before had I seen Dan's window covered up. I listened outside for a spell, till I heard the baby laugh, and then I thought of a plan that would let me see inside. I'd bore a hole through the door. With this in mind, I went back home and got an auger an' bored a hole through Dan's door and looked in.”

Mr. Watson sat silent for some time while his audience became restless.

“Well,” continued Mr. Watson, wiping the corners of his faded gray eyes, “what I see peekin' through that crack would just turn a heart o' stone. Dan had made that baby a Christmas tree. It was a little thing and it stood on the table. It had three tallow candles on it, about an inch and a half long, that dripped

grease and lighted the tree at one and the same time. There were animal cookies tied on with strings, and an orange that looked like Dan had carried it in his pocket for a week. There were two apples and a ginger-snap man, and on the top of the tree, overlooking all this splendor, sat a rag baby Dan had made himself. It had a round, flat head made out of a piece of Dan's shirt, and charcoal eyes and mouth. It had arms that stuck out like a pair of sore thumbs, and legs that crooked so many ways you couldn't count the turns. Over it all was a dress that Dan had made out of a piece of white cloth. When he took that doll off the tree he looked the proudest man I ever saw, and when the baby got it she just danced and screamed. I sat back in the snow. If he was an ordinary horse thief why didn't he buy the child a doll? He ought not to be lackin' money with all the horses he'd stole. If he was an ordinary horse thief would he make the child a doll? I was a man myself and I knew something about the labor it meant for a man to make a rag doll, and he had my sympathy. The more I thought, the more determined I was to go into that house and have a talk with Dan. Of course, I'd have to arrest him, but then I'd do it easy and have an understandin' with him, anyway.

“In another ten minutes I had placed my shoulder against the door and it had dropped in, and I stood there before Dan and the baby about as foolish a lookin' chap as you ever see. He looked at me kindly queer and then he says, ‘Why

didn't you rap, Ray?' I told him I didn't usually rap when I called on horse thieves, and he winced and gave me a chair. We hadn't no sooner got set down than he commenced to talk. He said he was awful glad to see me, that he was wonderin' how he could send me word, for he had a little straightenin' up to do. I said I thought likely he had and he went on.

"'Sheriff,' said he a holdin' the baby closer, 'I don't know as you've ever been tried and found wantin'.' I didn't say nothin' and he went on. 'I have been tried and I have been found wantin' so much, I wonder sometimes if it's worth while to take what's left and go on with it.' I see he was troubled and I just kept still and let him go on.

"'Sometimes I think a man is like a mud wall, he's proof against blizzards, and thunderstorms, and rain and hail, but let a measly little gopher come along and he'll find a weak place and get a hole through in half an hour. It was a woman that found my weak place, sheriff, but I reckon she's clawed all the loose dirt away this time.

"'I thought I'd got all over 'it, but law, I hadn't. As soon as she even wrote to me, I was just as bad off as ever. It was the letter you brought with the pink sealin' wax, and she told me she'd come back and live with me, if I'd get money enough to live in Sacramento. Now don't make no comments, sheriff, I know *you* wouldn't of done it, and I know most men wouldn't, but I did. I stole them horses so's to go to Sacramento.

"'I knew all the time that some other fellow had left her or she'd never come back to me, but that didn't make no difference, she'd come and that was enough to make me happy. I only did one sensible thing in the whole transaction—I hid the horses where I thought I could get at 'em as often as I'd need to get money for expenses, and then I went, and I found her, but I got there too late—she was dead.'

"Dan sat still an awful long time after he said this, and I most thought he wasn't going to say any more, but after a little he went on.

"'When I see her lyin' there so still and straight I felt awful queer. I felt like something was dead in myself, something had put fire in my brains, when I had better have been calm and sensible. There was one part of me that was as dead as she was, and that was the worst part; the rest of me seemed all right.

"'I s'pose I ought to have asked somebody what she died of, but I didn't. I thought it might be just as well if I didn't know. I did get up grit enough to turn a couple of bloated men out of the house, and shut the door on three painted, manufactured-blonde women, and then a nigger woman and I started in to run things. We had a minister, and a hearse, and a funeral, and when it was over, I put up a little white slab to mark the place and come away.

"'Well, Raymer,' said Dan, lookin' me full in the face, 'I don't suppose most men pass through any

such time as that, but it seemed to me, when that woman was put in the ground and I had cried out all the tears I had, that I was a changed man. The clay was gone. Why, I used^d to be as full of clay as the Missouri River, but when I made that grave, it just commenced settlin', and by the time I had finished everything up and was ready to go back, I couldn't find very much clay in me: it was all in that grave.

"I tried to find something to bring back and keep for the baby, but I couldn't, that is nothin' but this.' He held up a weddin' ring and I was awful glad to see it. I knew then he was talkin' about his wife and not about some other man's wife, or a girl he might o' found somewheres.

"I guess I've said enough,' Dan said, lookin' up awful wistful like into my face. 'If there's anything lackin' in my story, you can fill it out yourself, 'ceptin' this, there ain't any more loose dirt in my mud fence. From this time on, I'm built of solid stuff and I mean everybody—includin' the baby there—sha'll find it out.'

"'But the horses?' I ventured to ask.

"'Your horses are all safe,' he replied as though they didn't amount to much and he had about forgot to mention them. 'I'll go with you in the mornin' and turn them over into your hands. That is, they're all safe but your roan colt. I sold him and bought her coffin with the money. If you felt like puttin' a price on it and givin' me time to

pay for it, you'll be doin' a greater kindness than you'll ever know.'

"Well, we fixed things up and I went with Dan and got the stolen horses and we drove 'em back together. But what was botherin' me was how I was goin' to fix up with the neighbors. Horses don't come and go like the old woman's soap. At last, I contrived a plan to set folks a praisin' Dan instead of blamin' him. I told 'em that Dan had gone out on his own hook and found all the horses and I had only helped him bring 'em back. That made him so popular they raised a purse for him. But at the first town meetin' they held afterwards, Dan gave it back to 'em and told 'em to put it toward buildin' a school-house.

"Well, come to find out, that lank, lean Dan was a college graduate, a lawyer, and I don't know what else, and he had more books than some folks ever saw. After he got settled down to business, things commenced comin' his way, and I declare, if he wasn't the luckiest dog I ever saw. Run for county attorney first, and got it easy; then he tried for the assembly and got that. I guess his success made him bold, for he run for Congress and got that, and ended by being governor. From the time he started to climbin' till the day he stopped breathin', he had everything his own way. I reckon if he'd lived a little longer, he'd been President of the United States.

"Strange to say, he always had a soft place in his heart for the ones he stole them horses from.

It just seemed he couldn't do enough for 'em. Got easy places for 'em all, didn't he, Farnham?"

Mr. Farnham pulled out an enormous linen handkerchief and blew his nose as a prelude to wiping his eyes. "I owed a good deal to the governor," he answered rather soothingly.

"I was just wonderin'," continued Mr. Watson, "if a whole neighborhood ever owed so much to a horse thief before. Since I saw the turn Dan made, I've just been a leetle more careful of human beings and the way I use 'em or judge 'em. I can't help thinkin' maybe they'd be all right if they could get rid of the clay."

From the Heart of a Maid

By Edith Richmond Blanchard

DEAR little book with crumpled pages and tarnished gilt lettering:—I found you this morning in Aunt Martha's attic, tucked away in a queer old chest full of dusty yellow papers and almanacs half a century old. "Lucretia, her Commonplace Book," is written on your fly-leaf, and the same quaint vertical handwriting fills half your pages, so I know that long, long ago, when great-aunt Lucretia was the dainty little dark-eyed maid whose miniature hangs over Aunt Martha's mantel, she used to sit with you spread open on her knee, as I am doing now, and tell you her secrets, as I am going to tell you mine.

I am visiting Aunt Martha for the first time since I was a little girl, and though she and her old maid-servant, Hannah, and the little white house in which they live, furnish a never-ceasing fund of enjoyment, sometimes at night I need to find a vent for all the frivolous emotions that I have

been accumulating during the day. Perhaps great-aunt Lucretia felt the same need when she chose you for her confidante, shabby little diary with time-stained leaves. I can just remember her as an old, old lady with bobbing white curls, but that was quite another person from the one who wrote this record of a June Sunday just seventy-four summers ago to-day.

"June 3d. Attended divine worship this morning and wore my new blue sprigged muslin. Dr. Richmond of Weymouth preached from Galatians iv:28. Thomas Weston walked home from church with me. When I asked him how he enjoyed the sermon, he declared that if I expected him to be attentive to the minister I must not sit in the choir loft where the sunlight would fall on my hair. Which shows that Thomas is not only most irreverent, but an arrant flatterer as well."

There is a portrait of this same Thomas Weston in Aunt Martha's parlor, but it represents him as a grave gray-haired man, and I prefer the picture of a gallant young lover that I see through great-aunt Lucretia's

eyes. If only she had finished the little story she leaves half told. If only Aunt Bathsheba had not invited her just then to spend a month with her at "her home in the city," for the writing ends with the announcement of the intended visit, and in the excitement of such a trip the little diary was doubtless forgotten.

That Thomas did not share the same fate, I am sure, for Aunt Martha says it was to this house that he brought great-aunt Lucretia in the twilight of their wedding day, and it was he who planted the two great rosebushes that are just beginning to blossom and to fill the door yard with musky fragrance.

Speaking of roses, they say there is a wonderful garden of them just over the high stone wall that separates Aunt Martha's land from that of her neighbor, Mr. Thornton. He is not really a neighbor at all, for he spends most of the year in the city, only in June he comes down and opens the house while the roses are in bloom. I remember him very well as an old gray-haired man who used to walk slowly up and down the street with a young man he called his secretary. I remember, too, the stories Hannah used to tell me of his rose-garden and how every possible variety of the lovely flower was cultivated there. To be sure it was from hearsay that she spoke, for though he sent the secretary about to the neighbors with armfuls of his treasures, he never invited any one into his garden, and no one in this proper little town would ever be so bold as to intrude upon another's privacy.

I am afraid that I was not so decorously minded, for I used to look

at the dividing wall with longing, and only its height prevented my discovering the beauties behind it. Even now the old desire has not left me, for this morning, as I was picking currants by the wall, the wind came to me from over the provoking boundary, loaded with tantalizing fragrance. I am taller now, and perhaps some day,—but that can never be, for Aunt Martha, should she see me, would be shocked beyond expression.

Did I not know that great-aunt Lucretia was but nineteen when she wrote in you, and could I not read many a story of a maid's foolish ways between the stiff little phrases which fill your pages, I should never dare, O little diary, to tell you what I have done to-day.

Hannah had left us early in the morning to visit an ailing relative, and Aunt Martha and I had scarcely cleared away the breakfast dishes, when Cousin Sarah Morris's boy, John, came knocking at the door. There was an old friend of Aunt Martha's visiting them, he said, and his mother had sent him over with the carriage to bring Aunt Martha back to spend the day. Of course she declared she would never do so rude a thing as to leave me alone, and of course I insisted that that was just what she must do, until at last, in the midst of her protestations, she found herself driving off with the much amused John, while I stood waving triumphant farewells from the gate.

It was such a perfect morning, with a soft west wind to cool the golden streams of sunlight that flooded all the air and drew changing patterns on the grass. I longed to join the dancing

shadows of the leaves making merry there under the trees to the piping of the birds' music, but I had promised Aunt Martha to be a good housewife in her absence, so I went indoors to the dusting and sang to ease the ache of joy in my heart.

I was still humming the haunting melody of "Lord Lovell" when I came out with my sewing to the round seat under the apple tree. I looked as prim and demure as one of the picture ladies in Aunt Martha's parlor, in my lavender muslin with my little white roll of work, but the needle went in and out very slowly and at last stopped altogether. My eyes strayed away from the long seam to drink in the intoxicating loveliness all about me, wandering from the low swinging boughs overhead, to the fluttering sweet-pea vines in the garden, and on again to the grape-vine trellis, standing like a dark mat of color against the shadow-freckled wall behind it. If only I were a little green tendril at the trellis top, I thought, and could lean with every breeze to look over into the mysterious garden beyond. It was just then that I caught sight of the ladder old Eben uses when he works about the place. He had evidently forgotten to take it down, and it leaned most insinuatingly just at the place where the absence of two or three stones makes the wall a bit lower.

It was very wrong of me to yield even to so strong a temptation, and I did hesitate for a moment, but almost before I knew it my feet were on the topmost rung, and I was leaning on my elbows forgetting everything else in the sights I saw.

Oh, the roses, the roses! Pink and

yellow and red and white! Great full-blown blossoms with velvet leaves curling about their golden hearts; wee little delicate tea-roses, nodding and shaking out their soft yellow skirts with every breath; old-fashioned roses crowding together in pale pink masses; and here and there a lonely flower for whose perfection a single little bush was spending all its efforts.

There was one of these solitary beauties just beneath me, its creamy satin petals spreading from the close folds of a bud and still holding in their soft embrace a drop of dew which the morning sun had overlooked. It was so lovely that I forgot that I was in no position to call attention to my presence.

Just a few steps away a man was standing winding the wayward streamers of a crimson Rambler about the trellis of a little white arbor. His back was turned to me, so I called softly, "Oh, please might I have this one?"

He turned, and then I saw that I had made a mistake. "Pardon me, I thought—I thought you were the—" I stopped, partly because I was too embarrassed to finish my foolish speech, partly because he was gazing at me so intently, as if I were some strange thing suddenly dropped from heaven.

When he saw my confusion he seemed to come to himself and to understand my difficulty.

"No, I am not the gardener, though I am gardening and I don't wonder you mistook me." He laughed and looked deprecatorily down at his blue jeans and dusty shoes.

I prayed devoutly that a hole in the

ground would swallow up both me and my mischief-making ladder, but no such good fortune consoled me, and I could not go without some apology.

"I am very much ashamed of myself," I said, "but I had heard so much about this beautiful place, that I did want to see it. Of course it was very rude, and it would have served me quite right had you been old Mr. Thornton himself."

"Old Mr. Thornton?" he replied, frowning as if perplexed.

"Why, yes, it is Mr. Thornton's garden, is it not, and you—you are his secretary, aren't you?"

He laughed again, an odd little laugh. "Well, I write his letters," he said.

Then because I had already turned to descend he came quickly forward. "You will let me give you the rose even though I am not the gardener."

So I waited, though he took a very long time to cut it and trimmed away all the thorns most carefully.

"If you are fond of roses and would care to come, I know that Mr. Thornton would be glad to have you visit his garden whenever you wish," he said as he tossed the rose up into my hands at last.

I thanked him but shook my head. "They say he never asks people to come here, and Aunt Martha would not consent to my intruding. She is away to-day, that is why I have let my curiosity get the better of me." I did not wait this time, but came down from my wretched little perch before he had time to answer.

When Aunt Martha came home, she found me under the apple-tree, but the long seam was no nearer being finished than before.

I never thought when last I wrote in you, little diary, that I should ever want to see again the garden beyond the wall, but I have been there very often since then, and the hours I spend there slip away so fast.

I did not tell Aunt Martha of my rudeness, but the next morning while we were at breakfast, Hannah came in with a great bunch of roses and a note which she said had been left with them:

"Mr. Thornton begs that Miss Martha Weston accept these flowers," the note ran, "and it would gratify him if she and her family would in the future feel at perfect liberty to use his garden as their own."

I was blushing most guiltily but Aunt Martha did not notice me. "This will please you, Barbara," she said, as she went out to thank the messenger.

But I did not visit the rose-garden in spite of the fact that I need no longer behold its charms uninvited. Indeed, I don't think I ever should have gone had not Aunt Martha come upon me as I was throwing away the wilted flowers of Mr. Thornton's bouquet, and asked me why I did not go fetch some others. "It is hardly courteous to ignore his kind offer entirely," she said.

So the next morning the rose-garden saw me once more, only this time I came to it through the little gate in the hedge which borders our lane. The secretary was there again, but he was very kind and did not refer to our former meeting, only when I told him I was sure it was he who had influenced Mr. Thornton to let us visit his roses, and thanked him, he laughed, that odd little laugh of his. He must be as fond of the flowers as Mr. Thornton himself, for he is al-

ways working among them when I go there, though he never has worn the blue jeans since that first day.

Sometimes he comes into the arbor and helps me arrange my bouquet and tells me about the different varieties I have gathered. Sometimes we drift off to other topics, too, and while we are talking I forget that Aunt Martha likes an early lunch, until I hear Hannah's sharp-voiced little bell sounding from over the wall.

Our bit of dooryard with its green square of lawn and its two rosebushes seems quite small and colorless after a morning amid the maze of beauty and fragrance next door, but Aunt Martha likes her own little place the best. While I am filling my basket she sits in the arbor and talks with the secretary, and she seems to know him very well, for she always calls him "Philip." I suppose if I wished I could find out his last name from her, but I have a foolish idea that it is nicer not to know more of him than just that he is always gentle and courteous when I meet him among the flowers we both love.

O, little diary, I had almost forgotten to tell you why the old gentleman cares so much for his garden. I had a fancy of my own about it, so one day I asked the secretary, "Is it because of some beautiful woman he loved that Mr. Thornton is so fond of his roses?"

Perhaps I was rude to question him this way, for he did not answer for a moment. When he spoke at last his voice was so intense that it had almost a quaver. "Yes, it is because of a beautiful woman," he said.

There are no more roses in the

garden beyond the wall. Sometimes I wonder if the sun shines as golden there as it used to when the flowers smiled back at it. I wonder, too, if the wind breathes through the leaves as softly now that there is no fragrance to make it sweet. I do not know, perhaps I never shall, for since a day such a weary while ago, I have not been in the rose-garden.

We were sitting in the arbor that day, he and I, and while we were talking the gardener came in upon us and interrupted us abruptly: "Shall I resod that bit of lawn to-day, or wait a while, Mr. Thornton?" he said.

It was not alone the man's words, but his respectful manner, a sudden recollection of something Aunt Martha had once said, and more than all, the look in the grave gray eyes of the man beside me, as they turned back to meet mine.

"After all you would soon have had to know," he said, and then he told me. Told me that he was not the secretary, but the owner of the whole great estate, which his grandfather, dying three years before, had left to him. Though he had let me keep my mistaken notion, it was not word or deed of his that had deceived me; I had taken his position utterly for granted, and he had been so content as a poor secretary that he feared lest an explanation should cost him his happiness. Probably no one else had guessed that I did not know the truth.

All this he told me, and much more, oh, very much more. There were angry words on my lips when he began to speak, but when he was done I sat quite silent without an answer. I could think of nothing save that my heart beat so noisily against my side

that I must go away lest he hear its thud. The roses in my lap fell unheeded about me as I went slowly down the ash-strewn walk to the gate. He took two or three steps after me and then stopped. "Have you no word for me, Barbara?" he said.

But I thought the beating of my heart was because of anger, so I went away without turning back. And now, now that it is too late, I know that it was not anger after all.

Dear little treasure house of tender memories, sometimes I have imagined that at night, when all is still, the spirit of that Lucretia, whose you were, steals softly through the dusk to bend above your yellow pages and to read the story I have written in her book. If she should come to-night, little diary, tell her I have left a kiss here on the page for her, and because she had a lover in the old days she will understand what I must write in words if I would have you know.

The time slipped past so slowly and so drearily after I left the garden beyond the wall that day. I had been happy with Hannah and Aunt Martha before, and they thought that I was happy still because they did not know of the long, long nights that I spent in my little room up-stairs. When at last I went to tell Aunt Martha I must go away, she stared at me with a glance full of surprise at first; then

a queer look gathered in her old eyes and she patted my cheek. "You know best, Barbara," she said.

She did not ask me to go with her to the Friday meeting that night, but took Hannah, leaving me alone, and I was glad, for there was something I had yet to do.

The shadows under the trees grew longer and deepened from gray to purple. They wrapped me in their dusky folds so that no one could see when I brought the gardener's ladder and set it against the wall at the place where it had once before leaned.

In the moonlight the garden beyond lay like a thing of carven ebony and silver. The soft night air did not disturb its sleeping loveliness, but came to touch my hot cheek with its cool breath. I could scarcely see for the mist in my eyes, but I stretched my hands to the place of happy memories.

"Good-by, dear garden," I called, softly, "Good-by, dear, dear garden."

I did not guess that some one had come behind me unseen in the shadows. Perhaps the grief in my heart had made me deaf as well as blind. I do not know how long he had been standing there at my feet, but when I turned I saw him waiting with outstretched arms.

"Barbara," he said.





FRONT ELEVATION

The United States National Museum

By Randolph I. Gearé

A COMPREHENSIVE and classified collection of specimens, administered under governmental control and illustrating the natural products of a country, as well as the ancient and modern arts and industries of its people, constitutes, to all intents and purposes, a National Museum. The existence of such an establishment is a recognized necessity in every civilized country, not only for the edification and recreation of its own people, but also as a means of demonstrating to the outside world the character and extent of its resources and the life-history and accomplishments of its inhabitants, past and present.

It seems safe to assume that this fact was recognized by the United States Congress as far back as 1836, when a bill was passed, accepting the bequest of James Smithson, an Englishman, who desired to found at Washington an institution, to be known as the "Smithsonian Institu-

tion," for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. It is true that at first there was a wide diversity of opinion as to how the gift should be used, but various influences were brought to bear which resulted in the establishment of the institution along lines which are being in a large measure adhered to at the present day. The Act establishing the Smithsonian Institution was signed by President Polk on August 10, 1846, and two of its most significant features pointed to the formation of a library and a museum.

The first scientific collection which this government owned is believed to have been Smithson's cabinet of minerals, which in 1838 passed, with the money he bequeathed, into the hands of the representative of the United States, Mr. Richard Rush. Three years afterwards the "National Institute" was organized in Washington, and among its objects was that of making scientific collections of natural history specimens. These

were housed in the Patent Office under the designation of the "National Cabinet of Curiosities." The National Institute had a checkered career, however, and its operations were abandoned after it had been in existence about twenty years. Some years later its treasures, including the unsurpassed collections made by the Wilkes Exploring Expedition, sent by the Navy Department around the world in 1838, were transferred to the custody of the Smithsonian Institution. Thus was formed a fair nucleus for the "National Museum," whose origin has been aptly expressed by the late Dr. Goode "From the marriage of the National Cabinet of Curiosities with the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum was born."

The Act establishing the Smithsonian Institution was passed in 1846, and the Board of Regents was charged with the erection of a suitable building, which should include all necessary arrangements for the ac-

commodation of collections of objects of natural history, including a geological and mineralogical cabinet, a library, a gallery of art, etc. The Act also provided that

"in proportion as suitable arrangements can be made for their reception, all objects of art and of foreign and curious research, and all objects of natural history, plants, and geological and mineralogical specimens, belonging, or hereafter to belong, to the United States, which may be made in the city of Washington, in whosoever custody the same may be, shall be delivered to such persons as may be authorized by the Board of Regents to receive them, and shall be arranged in such order and so classed as best to facilitate the examination and study of them, in the building so as aforesaid to be erected for the Institution."

Collections soon began to pour in from governmental and private sources, and the difficulties of taking proper care of them increased daily. With the appointment of Prof. Spencer F. Baird as assistant secretary in 1850, the conditions improved. He



SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM

was given charge of the Museum, and to it he brought his own extensive zoological collections. His personal magnetism was great, and through his influence many departments and bureaus of the government aided in increasing the collections, especially the War and Navy Departments, the Signal Service of the Army, the Geological Survey, and later the Fish Commission and the Bureau of Ethnology, which latter is one of the numerous wards of the parent institution.

The Centennial Exhibition, held in Philadelphia in 1876, was destined to play an important part in the development of the National Museum. The United States government authorized the preparation of extensive exhibits, and at the close of the exhibition it was found necessary to provide a special building for housing them and also the numerous collections brought in by foreign countries and afterwards given to the United States. The Smithsonian Building, in which the National Collections had long been sheltered, now proved

wholly inadequate, and Congress was asked for an appropriation for the construction of a separate building. This was granted in 1879, and the building was completed in 1881.

It was about this time that the late Dr. G. Brown Goode, who had attracted the attention of Prof. Baird a few years previously, and had assisted in preparing the exhibits for the Centennial Exhibition, began to develop his remarkable talents for museum work. He was appointed "Assistant Director of the Museum, and later Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in charge of the National Museum,"—a position now held by Mr. Richard Rathbun. Dr. Goode devised new forms of cases for exhibition purposes, and for affording storage for the material reserved for the use of investigators. He planned the work of the Museum, made an excellent classification, broad enough to cover all kinds of material, and compiled an adequate set of regulations for its administration.

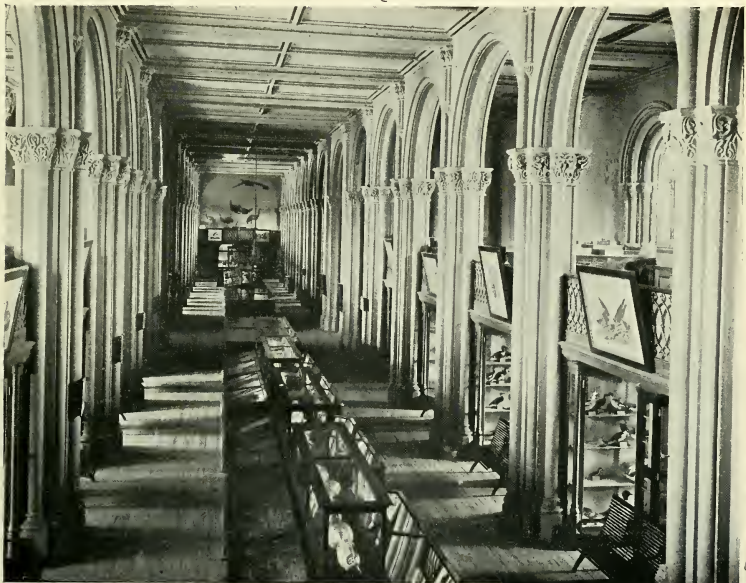
The building cost about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and is

probably the cheapest building of the kind in the world. It is located on the Mall between Seventh and Tenth Streets, to the north of B Street, S. W., and covers a space of two and a third acres, measuring three hundred and twenty-five feet square. In less than five years after its completion it was realized that more space was needed. Galleries have been added in later years, which have afforded some little relief from the congestion, but it must be evident to any thoughtful person that the exhibits can not be satisfactorily examined until the rows of cases can be placed further apart, while the number of collections available for exhibition purposes, but still in storage, as there is no place to install them, is very large and constantly increasing.

A considerable part of the Smithsonian building, estimated at about fifty-one thousand square feet, is used for museum purposes, while for storage, taxidermists' rooms, carpenters' workrooms, etc., outside buildings, with a total of about forty-three thousand square feet have been pressed into temporary service.

The principal functions of the Museum have been described in the following words:

"First, it is a museum of record, in that it is charged with the care and preservation of the material foundations of a vast amount of scientific knowledge—the types of many past investigations relating most extensively to resources and aborigines of the United States. Under this head, however, may be properly classed the entire series of reserve collections in all de-



MAIN EXHIBITION HALL IN THE SMITHSONIAN BUILDING



NATIONAL MUSEUM. HALL OF AMERICAN HISTORY

partments, the scientific, industrial, and artistic wealth of the Museum.

"Secondly, it is a museum of research, in that it is directed by law to classify as well as arrange the specimens placed in its keeping, and it also aims to make its contents serve in the highest degree as a stimulus to inquiry and a foundation for scientific investigation.

"Thirdly, it is an educational museum through its policy of illustrating by specimens every kind of natural object and every manifestation of human thought and activity, of displaying descriptive labels adapted to the popular mind, and of distributing its publications and its named series of duplicate specimens."

The scope of the National Museum practically comprises all branches of science and the arts. The subjects which up to the present time have been most fully treated are American ethnology and archaeology, zoölogy, geology and botany. A beginning

has also been made in the important branches of the industrial arts and in a systematic presentation of the principal events in American history.

The National Museum now justly occupies a warm place in the heart of every loyal American. It is the Treasure-house of the nation, and it is more than this—for in a peculiar and special sense it belongs to the people and, perhaps in a greater degree than any other government establishment, affords them pleasure and profit, by stimulating their interest in scientific matters, admitting them to a well-planned exposition of nature's secrets, increasing their pride in the wonderful productions of their own land, and inciting them to a deeper love of country and a higher appreciation of the brave deeds of their forefathers. The young and the

old love to wander through its halls, and the extent to which this privilege has been enjoyed may be best gauged by the fact that since its completion between seven and eight millions of people have passed through its doors, including also the old Smithsonian Building, in which, as already intimated, some of the exhibits are installed.

The National Museum has had an enviable past. Men of world-wide fame, like Henry, Baird, Goode and others, have directed its operations, paving the way for a museum which will stand at the front of the world's list. No less fortunate is its present position among great museums, its affairs being in the hands of Secretary S. P. Langley and Assistant Secretary Richard Rathbun, who are men of long experience, wide scientific at-

tainments, and peculiar fitness for their work. Many of the curators, too, who entered its service nearly a quarter of a century ago, are still on the staff, and the Museum is daily reaping the benefit of their experience in collecting, or supervising the work of collectors, in devising the best means for exhibiting and labelling the specimens, and in studying the new forms of animals and plants, rocks, minerals and fossils, as well as the diversified collections of objects from all parts of the globe, which illustrate man, his arts and occupations, his dress and recreations—in short his culture in all its bearings.

It is difficult to grasp the fact that the National Museum now contains nearly six millions of specimens of all kinds. These are, for convenience of administration, divided into three



NATIONAL MUSEUM. CATLIN GALLERY OF INDIAN PORTRAITS AND GROUPS



NATIONAL MUSEUM. OSTEOLOGICAL HALL

great classes: Anthropology, Biology (including plants) and Geology (including fossils), each under the supervision of a Head Curator.

In the Anthropological Department there are nearly a million objects. The Biological Department contains nearly four and a half million specimens, of which about one-third belong to the numerous sections of the Division of Insects. The Herbarium contains more than half a million mounted plants, while the collection of shells is about twice as large. The Geological Department, including,—besides rocks and ores,—minerals, meteorites, and fossil animals and plants, shows a smaller number of specimens, about six hundred thousand, but it makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity, for it contains the greater part of the val-

uable collections gathered by the early geological and other surveys which commenced their operations when this country was emerging from the condition of almost wilderness.

The scientific staff embraces over sixty names, graded as curators, assistant curators, custodians, aids, collaborators and associates. Only about one-half receive any compensation from the Museum, the remainder, serving in an honorary capacity, being for the most part officially attached to other scientific bureaus of the government.

A private collector with a few hundreds or thousands of specimens, to which he adds a little occasionally, has plenty of work to keep him busy, if his specimens are to be accurately classified and labelled, and well displayed.

Judge, then, of the amount of labor involved in the preservation of the enormous collections in the National Museum, already on hand, and, also in classifying and installing the ever-incoming accessions, which average a thousand or more specimens a day.

The collections that come to the National Museum answer a four-fold purpose. In the first place, a careful selection is made of those objects which will best serve for exhibition in the public halls, the claims of the general public being fully taken into account. It must be understood, however, that only a small fraction of the whole is exhibited, both on account of lack of space, and also for the reason that the general public would not be interested in examining material which, while of no popular interest,

may be of infinite value to the investigator.

Secondly, students and specialists visit the Museum, often coming hundreds, and occasionally thousands, of miles, for the express object of studying certain collections, or specimens representing a particular group. Every possible facility is afforded them in their work, and the courtesies extended in such cases by the authorities of the Museum sometimes include placing laboratory facilities at their disposal.

The third way by which the collections are made useful is by sending them away to specialists for study. Nearly every year several thousands of specimens are thus placed at the disposal of investigators. These operations include a large amount of labor in selecting, packing and invoic-



NATIONAL MUSEUM. CERAMIC GALLERY



ONE OF THE DINOSAURS

ing the material, but this courtesy is only extended in cases where the specialist cannot leave his work to visit the Museum, or needs the specimens for comparison with other material already in his hands.

Fourthly, the duplicate specimens which accumulate in the various departments, are made up, as time permits, into sets for distribution among colleges and other places of learning,

and probably not less than 800,000 specimens of various kinds, including minerals, rocks and ores, birds, fishes and marine invertebrates, have thus been disposed of. Their value to those institutions may be best appreciated from the grateful letters of acknowledgment which follow their receipt.

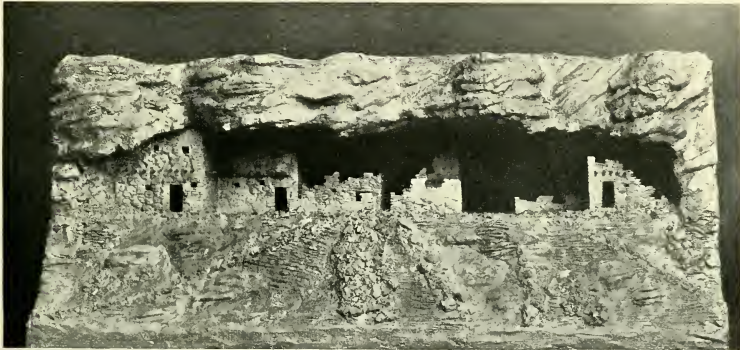
The Annual Reports of the Museum contain detailed information concerning the accessions to the collections, and the reader who desires to familiarize himself with their specific character can readily do so. With such vast masses of material to choose from, it would indeed be difficult to say which are the most interesting objects on exhibition; that is, from the popular standpoint. The visitor who is interested in geology



ARGUS PHEASANTS FROM LOWER SIAM

would probably linger for a few moments around the cases containing meteorites. There is something almost uncanny about these silent and uninvited visitors from unknown worlds, hiding their origin so perfectly that no one has been able to discover whence they came or whither they were going when accidentally they landed on this earth. Or perhaps the gems may present equal attractions, especially to the ladies. The collection of gem stones includes some thirty thousand specimens, all

the halls of the Department of Biology, in one of which groups of bison, moose, foxes, etc., installed in the most perfect manner, with their natural surroundings, are exhibited. The ferocious Kadiak bear, the obese Walrus and the huge, though somewhat helpless-looking Sea Lion, are favorites with the school children who visit the Museum by hundreds and thousands on Saturdays and other holidays. Other zoölogical collections are exhibited in the Smithsonian building, and indeed the first striking



MODEL OF ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLING IN ARIZONA

of which are now on exhibition. The collection of rock-forming minerals is also very attractively arranged. To those who delight in large objects, the great fossil animals, called Dinosaurs, are a never-failing source of wonder. Among those represented are the huge *Triceratops* with three horns, and the unwieldy *Brontosaurus*, some sixty feet in length.

The visitor who delights in living animals, but does not have the opportunity of studying them in their native haunts, will be naturally attracted to

objects, as one enters at the north door, consist of four double cases of gaily plumaged birds, whose radiant beauty is much enhanced by numerous electric lights. These are the Birds of Paradise, the Hornbills, the Parrots and the Toucans. A little to the west is a case of Argus pheasants from Lower Siam, whose gorgeous plumage is hardly rivaled by that of the peacock. The largest one has been mounted with its wings outspread, showing the beautiful eye-spots on its feathers, which are said to

attract the females to their proud lords. In this attitude the head seems to be missing, so deep down is it buried under the rich expanse of wing.

Repulsive, yet fascinating, the life-like casts of large poisonous snakes, such as the rattlesnake, moccasin and copperhead, exercise an unexplainable charm upon the average visitor, who almost stealthily approaches the cases where these death-inflicting serpents still peer through the glass as though yet lurking for more victims. At the head of this category should be mentioned the King Cobra, or Sunkercor, of India, which sometimes attains the enormous length of sixteen and a half feet.

Again, if one seeks to learn about the life-history of man—and especially about the earliest known inhabitants of this country, he will wend his way to the Anthropological halls, where the exhibits have been installed by a master-hand, and with a special view to illustrating man and the results of his activities. Family life is shown by groups of lay figures, tribal life by models of villages, and industrial life by specimens.

The arid regions of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico abound in cañons and plateaus, and the rocky walls have been carved by the elements into many fanciful shapes. Here also were left shelves, shelters and caverns, and these were extensively utilized by the ancient tribes for dwelling purposes, from which circumstances they derive their name, "Cliff Dwellers." Along the face of the natural recesses, walls of stone were built up, behind which rooms of various sizes were formed by partitions of rude masonry. These were

reached by natural pathways, by steps cut into the rock, and by wooden ladders, and they served for defence as well as for abodes. By the remains of industrial arts found in the cliff structures, their builders are shown to have been the ancestors of the Pueblo tribes. Models of a series of these dwellings have been prepared by Mr. William H. Holmes for the Museum and one of them is shown in the accompanying illustration.

The series of synoptic exhibits, illustrating the development of objects which man utilizes in his daily avocations, are particularly instructive and interesting. So, too, are the large collections of models of vessels, which tell the story of the evolution of the modern steamship from the primitive raft of logs.

There are some excellent exhibits, consisting of objects used in ceremonial rites, in games, arts and industrial pursuits, while the oriental races and savages or semi-savage peoples and their arts and industries, have also received careful attention.

But after all—after the life-history of man, the lower animals, rocks and fossils, have been inspected, the visitor feels impelled to revisit the Hall of American History, for he has probably already walked through it on entering the main door of the Museum. Here are the objects which appeal most forcibly to his pride and patriotism, stirring his blood and quickening his pulse, as he gazes on the priceless relics of Washington, Grant, Lincoln, Sherman, Hancock, Sheridan, Jackson and a host of others.

The Washington relics include such articles as the uniform he wore as



WASHINGTON RELICS FROM MT. VERNON



WASHINGTON RELIC. CHINA AND PORCELAIN FROM MT. VERNON

commander-in-chief, on the occasion of resigning his commission at Annapolis, his camp chest with its pewter dishes, cooking utensils, etc., which he used during the Revolutionary War, and many other articles of rare and curious interest.

The famous Grant relics were presented to the United States in 1885 by Mrs. Julia Dent Grant and William H. Vanderbilt. They include the sword of Donelson, presented by officers of the Army after the fall of its fort; the New York sword, voted by citizens at the Sanitary Commission Fair in 1864; the sword of Chattanooga, presented by the citizens of Galena, Illinois; his Army commis-

sions, the resolutions and notes of thanks of Congress; a large gold medal presented by Congress for his signal victories, numerous gifts from foreign potentates on the occasion of his famous tour around the world, and other equally interesting *memorabilia*.

In the same hall are also installed mementos of the War of the Revolution, the War with Mexico, the War of the Rebellion, the War with Spain, including weapons, flags and uniforms, captured at Manila, Porto Rico and Cuba.

There are also special exhibits illustrating the principal religions of the world, and divided into the follow-



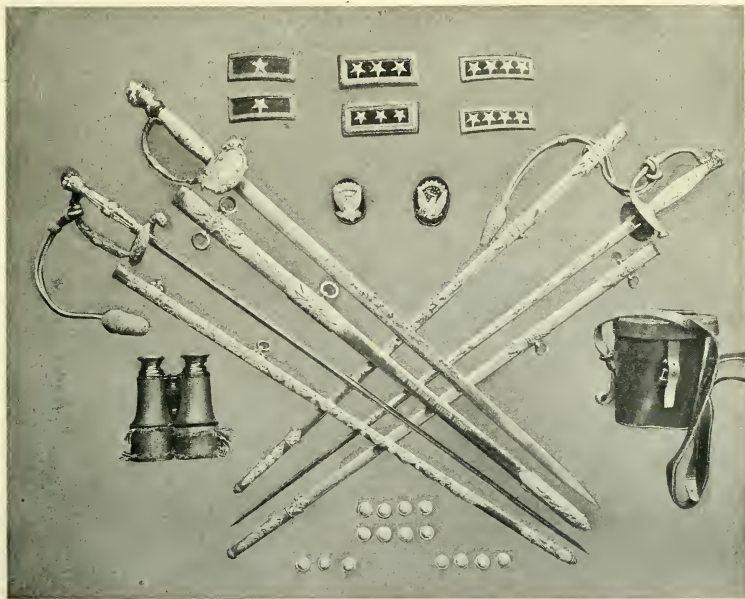
CHINA PRESENTED TO MARTHA WASHINGTON BY LAFAYETTE

ing sections: Biblico-Judaic; Christian; Assyro-Babylonian; Hittite; Græco-Roman, Brahmanistic, and Buddhistic.

This little sketch of a few of the most attractive exhibits conveys but a very imperfect idea of the scope and extent of the National collections. Nor could it be otherwise in a limited article, for the reader, if he has

Technology, Graphic Arts, Ceramics, Religions, Photography, Music, Medicine and others.

The Biological exhibits, including the zoölogical and botanical collections, are grouped under the heads of Mammals, Birds, and Birds' Eggs. Reptiles and Batrachians, Mollusks, Insects, Fishes, Marine invertebrates, Worms, Comparative An-



GENERAL GRANT'S SWORDS, EPAULETS, FIELD-GLASS, ETC.

not visited the Museum, will readily comprehend from the following explanation and from the figures already given, how great is the diversity and how large the extent of the departments among which the collections are divided. Thus, under Anthropology are embraced Ethnology, Historic and Prehistoric Archæology,

atomy, and the National Herbarium.

In the Department of Geology the collections are arranged under Physical and Chemical Geology, Mineralogy, Vertebrate and Invertebrate Paleontology, and Paleobotany.

On account of the lack of space, the archæological collections, birds,



CHILDREN'S ROOM

mollusks, insects, and several other important departments are not represented at all in the Museum building. And, but for the fact that the Smithsonian Institution has allowed the use of the greater part of its building for Museum purposes, some of the

groups above-mentioned would not have any representation whatever.

No descriptive account of the National Museum would be complete without a reference to the Children's Room, which although located in the Smithsonian building, is to all intents

and purposes a part of the Museum. This attractive exhibit, prepared under the personal supervision of Mr. S. P. Langley, the secretary of the institution, is located on the main floor of the south tower. The paneled walls are painted in several shades of green, and the ceiling is prettily decorated with trellis and vine, through which are seen glimpses of sky and cloud with here and there a bright plumaged bird. The objects exhibited in this room include cages of living birds and aquaria with fishes. The cases, adapted as to height especially for the convenience of the little ones, are filled with strange and very attractive specimens of birds, mammals, insects, shell-fishes, sponges, corals, minerals and fossils. To the left on entering are the "largest and smallest birds of prey," represented by the great condor of the Andes, the bald eagle, and, by way of contrast, the tiny sparrow-hawk. A lot of "curious birds" come next, making a humorous display, for there are birds with aprons, crowns, armor and veils that look as if they were dressed up for a fancy ball. Next come the "bright-colored birds," including the parakeet, the rose cockatoo of Australia, the crimson-winged lory, and many others. Arranged next in order are some of the "common birds of Europe" and "familiar birds of the United States"; also birds with curious nests and eggs, water-birds, a lyre-bird, with his magnificent tail and many others. Then comes a startling little exhibit illustrating the almost magic power which some animals are able to exert, in order to shield themselves from their enemies by imitating their surroundings. This instinct is

commonly known as "protective mimicry," and the exhibit is labeled "How Creatures Hide." There are insects resembling leaves, nests that seem to belong to the limbs to which they are attached, a tern's eggs, that look for all the world like pebbles, etc., etc.; and yet these little deceptions which nature allows some of her children to practise doubtless result in the prolongation of the lives of the animals so concealed.

Then comes a case of "Pretty Shells," and "Strange Insects," "Corals and Sponges," "Minerals and Fossils." A piece of flexible sandstone, which bends by its own weight, is in the last case, and also models of the biggest lump of gold in the world and of the largest diamond ever cut.

The Children's Room is often crowded almost to overflowing—and not always by children alone—a fact which attests the excellent wisdom of the secretary in having brought about the installation of this bright and unusually entertaining collection.

A museum whose collections are regarded as complete is a dead museum; and, judged from this standpoint, the National Museum is very much alive indeed; nay, it is this fact of incompleteness which elicits the best work from the Museum staff, stimulates the authorities toward reaching a higher plane and promotes increased effort in the various lines of activity. There can be practically no end to the work of a national museum in a country of such vast resources as this. In the zoölogical and geological departments there will always be materials to be acquired and studied from hitherto unexplored regions, fresh collections to cull from

them and incorporate what is best with those already on hand, incomplete series to be filled out, and old material to be replaced with new, while in the department devoted to man's operations, there will always be new devices to demonstrate, new technological industries to exhibit, new phases of life, forms of dress and occupation to illustrate.

The phenomenal growth of the National Museum is one of the surest proofs of the necessity of its existence and of the interest which all loyal citizens feel in its welfare. It is now the recognized depository for all objects of scientific and artistic interest which come into the possession of the government, and among its functions none is of more pressing importance than to preserve these treasures and to administer them so as to make them serve the most useful needs for those who desire to examine or study them. Its collections have increased about twenty-five fold in the last two decades, and still, without special effort to obtain more, excepting in certain directions, there is being received yearly a vast quantity of fresh material. Last year the number of specimens received was nearly four hundred and fifty thousand. This increase is largely from private and unexpected sources. Almost every day gifts are received from persons who have recently visited the Museum and, on returning home, feel impelled to send some contribution to the establishment where such pleasant and profitable entertainment was afforded them.

But the entertainment of the public, however proper, and desirable, is not the only direction in which the Museum is fulfilling its duty. Such an

institution with its vast scientific materials and its facilities for investigation, must rapidly become a prominent centre of intellectual activity, the advantages of which, as I have already endeavored to show, benefit the student in almost every line of scientific work who cares to seek its aid. This may be imparted in any of the ways already pointed out, or may be sought through correspondence. No letter is slighted, and the technical knowledge which the Museum staff has acquired, is freely given for the asking. Not less than eight to ten thousand letters of this character are answered every year. Specimens unfamiliar to the owner are sent to the Museum for identification, and here again the time of the Museum specialists is freely given to the inquiring public. Several hundreds of such sendings are examined and reported on every year.

The technical publications of the Museum are furnished free of charge to any one engaged in a study of the forms to which they relate, besides being sent to a large number of carefully selected libraries, while the more popular series of papers, published for the most part in the Annual Reports, are distributed to applicants without any restrictions whatever, excepting the rather narrow limitations imposed by the small extent of the editions. The publications of the Museum are now embraced in nineteen volumes of reports, twenty-five volumes of proceedings and fifty-two bulletins, besides a special series of bulletins in quarto size, a form adopted only where, on account of the character of the illustrations and for other urgent reasons, a page larger than the

octavo size has seemed to be especially desirable.

The library of the Museum is another important factor in its all-round usefulness. It now contains about 17,000 volumes, and 47,000 parts of serials, pamphlets, etc., which, thanks to the efficient regulations and broad policy laid down by the librarian, Dr. Cyrus Adler, are always ready for use at short notice. In these and many other ways the Museum is constantly demonstrating the influence of its operations and is showing to the world that it is a living and forceful organization.

For nearly two decades it has been evident that the present building is wholly inadequate for its purposes. Valuable collections have been stored away, and indeed the strain in carrying on properly the various operations germane to a large museum, due in part to insufficient exhibition space, and also in presenting a satisfactory series of exhibits for the delectation and education of the public, has been so great that the tendency on the part of the authorities has been rather to discourage further accessions to the collections. But notwithstanding this, they have now grown to enormous proportions, and at last after many years of waiting a new building has been promised by Congress, and the long and patient efforts of Secretary Langley have been crowned with success. It came almost like an electric flash. There had for some time been a growing hope, it is true, that there was ground for encouragement, but it was not until late last winter when the plans, which the Assistant Secretary had labored so long to prepare, were presented to Congress and

the needs of a new building were once more fully explained, that the long looked-for victory came, and in a degree which was more than gratifying to the Museum and the people at large.

A building, upon the construction of which the generous sum of \$3,500,000 is to be expended, has now been authorized, and by the time the readers of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* are perusing this number, the ground will no doubt have been broken. The site chosen is central between Ninth and Twelfth Streets, northwest, and to the north of the present building. The new building will be four hundred and eighty-six feet long and three hundred and forty-five feet broad, with a height of four stories. It will have an available space of four hundred thousand square feet—or about double that of the present building. Thus the national collections will be exhibited over an area three times as large as the present accommodations afford. It is expected that the present building will hereafter be devoted to the industrial arts, including the already immense collections on hand and many others which, it is thought, will be secured by the time the new structure is ready for occupancy.

The accompanying picture of the proposed new building was prepared at a time when it was expected that brick would be used in its construction. Owing to the liberal increase in the amount of money authorized by Congress granite will be used instead, and certain changes in detail will be made, which, however, will not materially alter its general appearance, as here shown.

The Mayor of Switchburg

By Lewis E. MacBrayne

WHEN Horatio Baldwin, bachelor and man of property, was elected Mayor of Switchburg, with a platform but without a party, the political prophets declared that reform was no longer dead in the land, and that the women had become an important factor in the politics of the city. For the Switchburg Women's Club, under the leadership of its energetic young president, Eldora Paul, had been responsible for the starting of a citizens' movement that had overthrown party "machines" and carried the election by a safe majority. But when Horatio Baldwin, still standing upon his platform, if lacking an organized party—had completed the tenth month of his administration, and the time was drawing near for the nominations to be made again—he had become, if the partisan press of the city was to be believed, the most unmanageable chief executive that the city had ever seen, and stood no more chance of being re-elected than did the citizens of escaping their tax bills.

Reform had been a platitude, he made it a practice; and, as it happened, the city government offered an exceptional field for operations. Had he rested after removing certain notorious heads of departments, the citizens would have applauded. But he did not stop there. He probed much deeper, until, in searching certain contracts for lighting, paving, and

city supplies, he reached citizens of more or less respectability, and brought upon his head a storm of opposition and abuse that might have alarmed a less conservative man. To tell the truth, Mr. Baldwin gave no indication that he was aware at all of what the public was saying concerning him; he was a law unto himself, and in vain did the politicians advise him.

Where his own executive powers were not sufficient, he sought the assistance of the district attorney and the grand jury; until Switchburg misdemeanors became a feature of the criminal court. With so many men of fairly high degree disgraced, and so many men of low degree no longer drawing sustenance from padded pay rolls, the tide of opposition grew until it reached the regular party headquarters, and the leaders of both parties combined to lay the Hon. Horatio Baldwin once and forever upon the political shelf. They put their heads together to turn what is known in politics as a "trick"; and it was a good one. By skilful masculine manipulation they induced the Switchburg Women's Club, after a stormy session, to vote to take no further part in the municipal campaign. Surely now the Mayor was without a recognized prop to support him against the "fusion" candidate promptly nominated, with mock pledges of reform, by the two regular parties.

On a morning in November, just after the events cited above, Jack Haliday, private secretary to the Mayor, sat at his desk in City Hall awaiting the arrival of his chief. There was a litter of municipal papers before him, and his eyes were fixed upon a book of stenographic notes, both lengthy and perplexing. Mr. Haliday had previously studied politics as a sociologist; now he was observing its practical workings at close range, and the nearness wearied him. The door leading to the waiting-room was opened and let in a sound of angry voices.

"Well?" asked Haliday sternly, as the head of the city messenger appeared.

"Mr. O'Toole wants to see the Mayor at once," said the messenger. He was a survival of the old régime, too inoffensive to be removed.

"Don't call him Mister O'Toole," said the secretary in emphatic retort. "No man who is such a disturber of the public peace has a right to the title. Tell O'Toole that he can't see the Mayor. You tell him that."

The messenger withdrew to the stormy waiting-room, and the secretary resumed the reading of his shorthand notes. He was thus engaged when Horatio Baldwin entered by the side door, and proceeded to the closet where he hung his tall hat and frock coat. If the fact is of interest to you, he was 40 years old and good looking; yes, quite good looking.

The secretary arose from his chair. "Good morning, Mr. Mayor", he said. It was a mark of respect that he invariably paid.

"Good morning, Mr. Haliday. Anything of great importance?" This,

in turn, was his regular salutation.

"Not particularly, your honor," responded the secretary, with half an eye upon his notes. "That evidence in the assessors' hearing looks bad, particularly bad, sir. In fact, it seems to me that it's another case for the grand jury."

"Very well, then. Has Miss Paul called today?"

"No, sir. The waiting-room is filled principally with that man O'Toole and his friends."

The Mayor smiled. "O'Toole has a place in politics, Mr. Haliday," he said; "but perhaps the place should be abolished." O'Toole was a whip politician and a thorn in the flesh.

The door of the waiting-room opened again, but the angry voices were hushed for the time. "Miss Paul, your honor," announced the messenger.

"Certainly, show her in," said the Mayor. "Mr. Haliday, drop in to the solicitor's office and show that assessors' testimony to him."

Then Eldora Paul swept into the room; Eldora la Superba they had called her back in the old days at Smith College, though that was but eight years ago; Eldora the Leader, also destined for high places, as they were seen, as in a vision, through college eyes. Eight years! What brides may be led to the altar in that time, what ambitions may be laid aside. Oh Eldora, if only the class of which you were the guiding spirit could look up from its household and pedagogic duties for a moment now to see you carry your head with the old spirit as you tread the well-worn carpet in the Mayor's office, a black-eyed

and red-lipped exponent of the Woman in Politics!

"Three whole days," said Horatio Baldwin, offering her a leather-bound chair. "You know, Eldora, that three whole days is a very long time."

But Miss Paul quite overlooked the personal tone in his voice. "I have come to see you about the Women's Club. Of course you read of it in the newspapers. It is outrageous, I can hardly discuss it yet." There was an angry flush in her face.

"Yes, I know," replied the Mayor quietly. "You mustn't take that to heart, though. Woman's place—woman's place is in the home. When it comes to the individual, she does as her husband wishes; unless, perhaps, he may carry out her desires. It's an interesting problem, you see, one that you and I are hardly qualified, as yet, to pass upon. The blame in this case is not upon the women, but upon the men."

But she was not there to be comforted, or to have the offence of the women whom she had tried to lead condoned. "It is wrong," she said; "wrong in theory and in practice. They have stood for honesty in politics and now they are without honesty of purpose. They have pretended that they were enlightened women, and now they allow themselves to be pulled, like puppets, by the wires of shameless manipulation." Miss Paul, like Mr. Haliday, was getting very close to politics, and there was a suspicion of moisture about her fine eyes.

Horatio Baldwin turned about to his desk and gathered several sheets of typewritten paper into his hands;

an indication that he was about to change the subject. "There are one or two matters of business for us to consider," he said in a brisk, practical voice. "I find that the assessors have been padding the voting lists, and have clearly committed a criminal offence. Do you wish the matter placed in the hands of the district attorney?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"Very well. Then there is the matter—"

The telephone on his desk gave a sharp ring. "Hello," he said picking up the receiver. "The Mayor? Yes, the Mayor is here."

He made a dumb pretence of offering her the telephone, but took the message. When he had finished, she turned on him with trouble in her eyes.

"You mean that I am the real mayor," she said. "That is what you really mean."

"No offence intended," he hastened to reply with mock apology.

"And you believe that because you have allowed me to have my own silly way," she continued, "and have done as I wished you to do in all things, you are now without a party or hope of a renomination. Very well, if I have spoiled your chances I will make them good again."

She brought one small gloved fist down on the corner of his oak desk furiously; though at the moment she had not the slightest idea of how she was going to improve his chances, even remotely. But Horatio Baldwin thought her, at that moment, the handsomest woman that he had ever seen.

"It was I who dragged you into

this," she said, before he could stem the tide of her remarks. "I thought, in my pride, that if a woman had a chance in politics she could reform a city, really reform it. You lent yourself to it, and I was too blind to see what the consequences might be for you. You've earned another term; you must have it. They can't prevent you from running on nomination papers, and something must happen to arouse the public before election day."

He smiled but shook his head. "To tell you the truth, I have had quite enough of politics for the time being," he said. "I only went into this for you."

"Then can you not remain in it for the same reason?" she asked impetuously, quite careless of the consequences.

"Yes, for the same reason," he replied quickly. "Only with this condition, that the woman for whom I do it must promise to become my wife."

She arose from her chair, startled, this fine Eldora, who believed that it was for politics alone that she cared. "Do you mean that you have been helping me all along for—for this?" she stammered.

"What a marvellous faith in mankind!" was all that he could say in reply; but he wondered whether, in all the country there was a mayor, not in love, who would have allowed a woman to dictate the rule of a city as he had done.

Then suddenly she burst into tears, this superb Eldora, who had preached at college that marriage was a bondage, and had tried to practice in the world a creed of fellowship with men; and Horatio Baldwin took her in his

arms and comforted her. For so will it be to the end of time.

"But I won't marry you unless you are elected Mayor again," she said at length. The old spirit was not all gone out of her by any means.

"Then I will run on nomination papers and win the election," he said. And the simple faith in himself shown in saying this was destined to work a political miracle; though at the moment the effect seemed no more far-reaching than the upsetting of a Japanese screen that stood between his desk and the door of the reception room, and the disclosing of O'Toole, whip politician, behind it.

Haliday, reëntering the room by the side door at this opportune moment, was startled at the tableaux; the Mayor, with one arm about the president of the Women's Club, and O'Toole, with his back to the door, his red face turned defiantly to the surprised couple, and from them to the inoffensive screen upon the floor.

"Mr. O'Toole came in unannounced and upset the screen," said the Mayor. "You will kindly show him out, Mr. Haliday."

"The introosion was unintentional," muttered the politician, "but owing to the peccolour circumstances, I will agree to keep silent upon certain terms and considerations."

"Mr. Haliday, throw that man out," thundered the Mayor; and the politician retreated hastily.

At party headquarters that night, Mr. O'Toole announced to the faithful that he held the trump card of the campaign up his sleeve. It had been announced in the public press during the afternoon that Mayor Baldwin would run on nomination papers, and

would conduct a vigorous campaign. "It's not enough to beat that man," declared the leader. "For poorsonal reasons, important only to myself, he must be buried. Do you hear that? He don't want to be Mayor; he wants to marry a girl. You keep your eye on the papers in the morning. I've tipped 'em off."

And they did; not only they, but others. By noon it was all over the streets. By night it was the one theme of conversation throughout the city. Baldwin had proposed to the president of the Women's Club, and his acceptance depended upon his reelection.

"Now that man's career is dead," announced Mr. O'Toole triumphantly. But it was not.

Horatio Baldwin's campaign became the personal affair of every woman in Switchburg. In vain the politicians ridiculed it, and offered new pledges of reform. The tide turned unmistakably to the man without a party; ministers preached in favor of his election, lawyers argued for him, and even the Women's Club—in the absence of the president—passed a new set of resolutions. Business men made predictions and club men laid wagers; and finally came the day of election.

The Mayor closed the roll-top of his desk at City Hall with a snap late in the afternoon. "I am going over to call on Miss Paul this evening, Mr. Haliday," he said to the secretary. "I want you to telephone me when the result of the election is known; not before, you understand."

So when the evening came, and thousands of people blocked the streets in front of the newspaper offices; when politicians figured precinct returns with anxious pencils, and office seekers eagerly waited to learn where they must curry favor; or, to become personal, while Mr. O'Toole sat with his feet upon a table at party headquarters, enveloped by smoke and surrounded by his satellites, Horatio Baldwin sat before an open fire in the home of Eldora Paul—discussing his chances of election? No; reading aloud a Scotch story by Barrie.

The telephone in the reception hall rang; three sharp calls, repeated. Miss Paul started nervously; Mr. Baldwin continued his reading; the maid passed through from the dining-room and answered the call.

"If you please, ma'm, Mr. Baldwin is wanted."

Then Mr. Baldwin ceased reading, and reached the telephone in five long strides.

"Haliday? Yes, all right; go ahead. Keep out, Central. Go ahead, Haliday."

The reception hall became very quiet; so quiet, that Eldora Paul, who had entered it softly, could hear the vibrant voice of the secretary as distinctly as though she held the receiver:

"The *Eagle* has just put out this board: 'Eldora Paul elected mayor of Switchburg by large majority.' Congratu—"

But Horatio Baldwin dropped the receiver at this point.

Some Side-Lights of the Clergyman's Profession

By "Graham Mac"

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following article will undoubtedly attract much attention, for the genuine ring of its descriptions shows that its author knows clearly the life of which he writes. It is reasonable that he should prefer to use a pseudonym not because of the criticism which some of his strictures may provoke, but because of local reasons.

OF the three leading professions of modern times, the Law, Medicine and the Ministry, the latter is probably the least known, in its nature and details, by the world in general. The full glare of publicity that falls upon the clergyman and his calling as he plies his profession does not reveal much of its real nature or give a true and just view of it.

It is a quite common impression in the world at large that the minister's vocation is a sinecure; that he is a stranger to real work and has an easy time of it generally, with little to try his spirit and disturb his peace. His duty is thought to be to "preach the Gospel" (whatever that may mean as commonly used); to visit the amiable ladies of his society, attend pink teas, look pleasant at all times (except at funerals); to read the choice fiction, be attentive and agreeable to his influential parishoners, live in a house provided by the church and free of rent; and to enjoy the delights of a land that flows with milk and honey.

However, it is certain that the glamour of the public and popular view of the minister's life and calling is beginning to fade. This is

evidenced by the fact that, despite free tuition, aid funds, and other cheapening inducements offered to theological students, the aspirants for the clerical profession are falling off in numbers, and the best blood and brain and training in the rising generation is turning to other pursuits.

That the profession of the ministry, except in a comparatively few instances, is a financial sacrifice is well known, a commonly accepted fact. The average clergyman of the country towns and smaller cities has to live on a scale of plainness and self-denial no other class of men of equal training, ability and tastes would accept if it were possible for them to raise it by entering some other occupation. It is a safe and conservative statement that the majority of clergymen could increase their income from a third to a half, without increasing their living expenses, in half a hundred other vocations they might enter. And moreover, the small salary the average clergyman draws does not come in regular and full payments monthly, not always in quarterly ones even, and never in weekly wages, as do the salaries of most other employees, but is often, if not chiefly,

paid in dribbles and when the hard-pressed "parson" feels obliged to go and ask for it. It is quite within the bounds of sober truth to say that the negligent, unbusinesslike, and often unethical dealings of churches with their ministers in the matter of salaries would be condemned by every secular concern of any character and standing. Yet in religious institutions the good people think it is all right or think nothing at all about it.

And in addition to a meagre salary, paid in a hap-hazard, dribbling fashion, the clerical profession is the one calling in the world in which it is considered ignoble for a man to gain a competence or even get enough ahead to square himself with old age or misfortune, and furnish his home and educate his children as he would like to do. The minister that seeks for a larger salary and to accumulate a property, even of very moderate dimensions, for his present uses or future enjoyment, is considered worldly and lacking in Christian spirit, and this, in the face of the fact that pulpits for ministers above the age of fifty or sixty years are difficult to obtain, and no provision is made by the employers he serves for his sustenance when he is no longer wanted in the ranks of his calling.

The result is that the majority of ministers serve the churches at a bare living salary until the age of three score or less, and then are without employment and without means, have no pulpit and no income, and must finish out their days at such other work and at such pay as they can secure. Of course there are striking and brilliant exceptions to this condition, but it accurately represents the principle

involved, and, to a large extent, the actual fact.

And just here is suggested a phase of the profession that is unique and characteristic. It is the premium put by the churches upon youth and immaturity in their ministers. This fact, so pronounced in the ministry, is characteristic of only one other vocation of modern times. Strange as the alliance may seem the stage and pulpit are kindred in this respect. The church and the theatre are the two, and the only two, institutions of society that seek for youth and immaturity in its foremost servants in preference to age and experience. In all other callings, long years of service, large experience, matured faculties, and ripened wisdom are in demand for the highest positions. In the theatrical and clerical profession just the opposite is true.

There is a second feature of the calling that is not commonly considered by the public which is not perfectly delightful and which has a distinctly ethical quality. It is the indifference and neglect of congregations and church members in the matter of attending the services of the church, which the minister is chiefly engaged to conduct and principally works to make helpful and enjoyable, to *all*, not a few. Many churches or congregations which pay satisfactory salaries and do it promptly enough are rather shabby in their treatment of their minister in this particular. And this is the one that comes the closest to his heart, his sense of fairness, and of success in his calling.

With an honest minister, religion, his preaching, the services of the church, and all his endeavors for the

good life in others (equally with himself), are primary things, the things to which he is devoting his life, and when a church or congregation votes to settle him as their minister he is led to suppose that with all those who take part in such proceedings these things are of primary importance also; at least, that they are things in which they are vitally interested. But it turns out, in many instances, that preaching, religion, as exercised and manifested in church attendance and participation in the services of the church, is altogether a secondary consideration, or of no consideration at all.

It is quite true that the majority of people neglect their religion, the interests and services of the church, the most readily of any and upon the slightest pretext. No man ever neglects his business or pleasure or social duties for such trivial reasons as almost habitually keep him from church. As a matter of fact church attendance is chiefly a matter of convenience rather than of principle, and the moral support of the minister by personal attendance upon his preaching and religious services a fact of no thought or consequence with a large number of the laity.

This strikes the minister as rather shabby if not unjust treatment and makes his work discouraging, his enthusiasm not of the finest and his life not always the pleasantest. It puts him in the position of the skilled laborer who is engaged to do a fine piece of work of great importance by an employer who takes no personal interest in him or it, and never comes round to see how it is being done and to encourage the workman, but sim-

ply sends in a check when the work is finished. Or it is as though a good housewife is to give a dinner to a company of friends of the family, and they all accept the invitation and express approval, and then, with great enthusiasm and pleasure the mistress of the home begins her preparations; all her skill and training as a housekeeper is brought into play; the best linen is gotten out; the choice china put into service; the silver freshly polished; for a week mistress and servant plan and work for the occasion and all is ready at the appointed hour, and then only a paltry few of those for whom all this was done are present to gladden the hostess's heart and enjoy the results of her labor. We can all imagine a person's feelings in either of these instances and we would not envy such an one his pleasure.

Yet this is practically the experience that comes to a minister a good portion of the time. People bring him gifts and lavish social attention upon him, tell him how much they like him and how finely he does, but the things he craves most, the things that are life and heart and joy to him, they do not give,—their faithful presence at the services of the church when he comes before them to give the fruits of his toil, the glow of his thought, and the warmth of his heart. The real minister hungers and thirsts for the *presence* of those for whom he works when he speaks; his spirit starves and his heart grows cold when this is denied him.

And here is suggested a further fact that does not add to the pure delight of the calling. It is, what shall the minister preach? Every true preacher

has a message and will be honest and deliver it fearlessly. But no message can possibly please or satisfy all the people of any church and congregation, and the faithful proclaiming of it brings painful consequences. The elderly ladies want to hear from the "sacred desk," as they style it, the rhapsodies of devotion, piety and faith, the sentiment of poetry, the beauties of rhetoric, a sort of vague, glowing, emotional, other-world preaching. The men who are in the thick of the fight with the world want virility and like to hear good sense and able thinking applied to the principles and problems of life. Between these there are all shades of taste. Some want silver-tongued oratory, others novelty and popular up-to-dateness; a few want the real Gospel, soberly spoken, while still others want, as a Methodist layman remarked to the writer, "slop fired at them out of a Maxim gun."

To the true minister this fact is a real difficulty, for he wants to preach truth and righteousness, faith and love, and would like to help all and offend none, wants to inspire and *draw* all toward a higher life. But this he finds impossible, and he has either to compromise with himself and the high truths of Christianity, or make enemies of the social, political and business leaders in his church, whose methods are ignoble and their practices unrighteous, but whose power is great, or forfeit his pulpit and endanger the bread and butter of his family.

A noted preacher has said, "A muzzled pulpit is a coward's castle," and it would not be just or truthful to imply that the clergy as a whole were

actually occupying such a position. Yet it is true that the average minister, owing to his meagre income and inability to secure positions in other callings and succeed in them, is to a greater or less degree muzzled in his preaching; he must be tactful, politic and subservient to the extent of limiting his freedom of utterance; the only alternative being the loss of his place and the jeopardizing of his family's comfort and sustenance.

As an instance of this take the recent bribery exposures in Rhode Island, when it was shown by the attempts at reform, and stated on the authority of the bishop of the diocese, that the clergy could not preach against vote buying, so general was the practice in the churches, without being discharged from their pulpits and left in poverty. So they took refuge in the text of Paul's "This one thing I do," and applied themselves strictly and diligently to preaching what is called "the gospel," an altogether spineless and harmless proceeding.

Allied to this not wholly radiant phase of the calling is that of the autocratic one-man rule which obtains in many churches. It is a common notion and one much exploited nowadays that organized Christianity is a democracy, but the fact is many of the churches are an autocracy. Not infrequently one man *practically* owns the church property, and *literally* owns the people and the minister, and rules as an absolute sovereign all its affairs. The following is a case in point:

A young minister had served a certain rather small church faithfully and acceptably for a considerable

period, and was thinking of bettering his condition and working a larger field. To this end he was occasionally preaching in other pulpits, always supplying his own. One Sunday it was rumored among the congregation that he was to preach as a candidate in a neighboring city church the following Sunday, and at the close of the service that morning the chairman of the committee asked him if he were going to preach in — the next Sabbath, and on being told he was, replied that he must have his resignation ready the Monday morning after, as he would have to leave them if he preached elsewhere again. The other six of the committee came to the pastor later and expressed their regret over the matter, but said that if Mr. — said he must go, they could do nothing about it. So the minister resigned, and at last account was still without a church, not owing to scant ability but scarcity of opportunity.

Another phase of the profession not commonly realized, and which is not altogether pleasant, is the lack of personal freedom which the clergyman's office and his small stipend for service entails. It means in some cases the stifling of his intellect or the smothering of his convictions, and in others the limiting of his enjoyment of certain things of the more cultured life, and the denial of their benefit to him because he has not the money to pay for them. With tastes for the higher things of culture and refinement and the power to appreciate them, and also to use them, the minister is often prohibited from enjoying them because he is in a condition of pecuniary slavery.

Money with a minister means freedom as truly as it does with all other men, freedom to go and see and learn things of value and great pleasure to him. But this freedom the majority of clergymen do not have. They are the slaves of a financial economy which renders their lives narrow and disappointing, in the range of broad culture and the personal gratification of high desires and tastes. The charge that clergymen are all notoriously bad financiers does not account for this condition, for very many of them manage their small incomes and expenditures with an astuteness that matches that of the great captains of finance. With many a clergyman, from the way he is able to furnish his home to the purchase of a valuable book, the going to a rare lecture or concert, or attending a great convention, is one continuous process of denial and humiliation, sweetened only with the exalted thought that, though denied many things, he is faithfully striving to do the Master's work and is a consecrated witness to the noblest things of life.

Nor is this the only lack of freedom the profession carries with it. The minister's habits and conduct, and his social, religious and political beliefs or opinions are all required to conform to conventional standards. If he becomes original, independent and a reformer he is condemned by his employers and driven forth as unworthy of his position. The habits and beliefs that are considered well enough for others are not deemed expedient or right for him. The moment he begins to exercise personal freedom in the matters of re-

ligion, politics and society he finds restraint put upon him and comes to grief.

For example, a minister was turned down by his church for voting for Mr. Bryan. Another was forced to resign because he believed in Socialism as a form of government; another to withdraw from his pulpit because his views on the Bible and the Communion did not exactly coincide with those held by the church; while others are maligned because they smoke and attend the theatre and advocate freedom and self-control instead of prohibition in the matter of temperance, and are persecuted for speaking their mind and telling the truth about churches and the life of church people.

In the large sense the growing, sincere, and honest minister does not have freedom, is not free to act out himself, realize his desires, and speak his conviction as men of the other professions are. He must conform theologically, politically and socially to the conventional standards of the churches, forfeiting his freedom if he does not happen naturally to conform to such standards.

The man of Nazareth is perhaps the only minister in the real sense who was free, and he had no church.

Still another feature of the clerical profession which is not revealed to the outside world is the pettiness,—the littlenesses of life, of which the minister is the victim, and the consequent view he gets of the smaller and meaner things of human nature, as in other instances he obtains glimpses of the finer and nobler qualities of it. Upon the members of no other profession is there bestowed so much

scrutiny, cheap comment, and petty criticism as upon the active clergyman. The men and women of no other profession are made the receivers of so many privacies, burdens, complaints and personal troubles and affairs from all sorts and conditions of people as the minister.

But if he takes sides he is in trouble, makes enemies, and begins a disruption in his church. He must be all things to all men and carry round with him the wearisome and unpleasant burden of people's feelings toward each other. He sees society, church, life, human nature, the opinions and feelings of people toward each other as no other person sees it—at least in a greater degree than any other person sees it. As a result he comes to realize how much of professed religion and the graces of Christian fraternity and affection and courtesy are superficial, artificial, and mere varnish or veneer, while his work becomes more a management and manipulation of forms and ceremonies than an inspiration and help to a better life.

Of course there is another side to this, but this is one side, and it is the side the world does not see or know. Not even the people themselves see each other as the minister sees them all, and the kind of spirit they manifest, the kind of life they live.

This in itself is not a pleasant feature of the calling, and when there is added the incessant watchfulness and petty criticism that is forever visited upon him, the minister's position is far from a lovely dream, far from what it seems to the onlooking public. The clergyman and his family is the perennial subject of discussion

at the church whist clubs, aid society meetings and other small gatherings of his church people, and often, of the community. From the crown of his head to the sole of his shoes he is the subject of comment, both favorable and unfavorable, and is the reservoir into which people pour unceasingly their private opinions and troubles, their likes and dislikes of their fellows, and other things in general. No other profession is so complicated, delicate and precarious. In no other calling is the injunction, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves," so completely applicable and essential.

There is yet one more delusion of the calling which the world holds. It is in the matter of what is called pastoral visiting. This has the appearance to the public of being an easy and delightful *pastime*, whereas, to an earnest, practical and virile minister it is a hard *task*, and one that often seems perfunctory and puerile. It seems to him often, and in reality doubtless often is, a sort of fiddling away his time and talents instead of being vital and valuable work. It is true that much good comes from pastoral visiting, and that it is pleasant, in some instances, but much of it, in the average parish, is aimless and vapid, a mere form on the part of the ones visited and a corresponding trial to the one visiting. Yet it is the one thing in the minister's profession which, if neglected, is first to cause trouble.

In addition to all these there is the parsonage habit and the candidating system which are characteristic of the profession, each of which has its unpleasant features not recognized by

the world. The having of a house provided free of rent seems to the outsider like an unmixed blessing, but it is not. It takes away a man's independence and liberty in the matter of his residence, giving him no opportunity to have one of his own such as he would like, making him seem like a creature dependent upon society for his home. And moreover, the amount deducted from the minister's salary where there is a parsonage is often more than enough to provide himself with a home more suitable to his needs and tastes. Furthermore, the average parsonage is not kept in repair, made handy, neat and comfortable, as are most other dwellings, because the interest of the church in it is indifferent or its management neglectful, or the church without funds for the purpose.

Of the candidating system it need only be said that it is the most unsatisfactory as well as the most trying experience to the members of the calling, subjecting them to the most trivial, technical and personal critical judgment, and often deciding their fate upon the merest superficial circumstance. Every minister who has had this experience will appreciate the utterance of Mr. Spurgeon on this point. The qualifications specified by a certain church for its minister were such that Mr. Spurgeon recommended the corresponding deacon to take a large sheet of brown paper and cut out a minister of the size and shape desired. In another instance the salary offered by a church was so very small that Mr. Spurgeon wrote to the trustees: "The only individual I know who could exist on such a stipend is the

Angel Gabriel. He would need neither cash nor clothes; and he would come down from heaven every Sunday morning, and go back at night. So I advise you to invite him."

These are glimpses of the profession behind the scenes, revealing some of its phases which the public, looking upon the front of the stage, does not see and does not know. The clerical profession is in its nature and aim among the noblest that men follow, and one of the highest in its opportunities. There are some features of it that are almost beautiful and blessed, and it carries with it some of the highest rewards and the deepest satisfaction of service which men can know; but that it is a calling free from its trials, unpleasant features, ethical defects, moral problems, and travail of mind and body, is far from true.

To the sleek and well-fed and socially popular and petted priests and bishops and Doctors of Divinity who preach creed more than practical righteousness, and divorce religion from life, it may be a calling of un-mixed satisfaction and unequalled delight, but to the plain, intensely human, and consecrated minister of the real gospel in this age it is a calling and a work that carries with it trials of spirit and privations of body; that reveals some unlovely aspects of humanity, and yields many painful and humiliating experiences.

On the whole, it is a profession over which a man may well ponder before entering it and make up his mind that the glamour which sur-

rounds it in the public mind is a delusion, and hides much of the plain and prosaic reality of the calling. There is probably no other profession that is so theoretically honored and so practically ignored as the clerical, no other class of men that are so highly regarded to their face and in their pulpit and so little regarded behind their back and in the affairs of life as the ministers, or more truly, perhaps, the clergymen of the Protestant denominations.

Once the local minister was the oracle, the authority, the leader in his community in the intellectual, educational and civic as well as religious affairs, but at the present time, outside of his strictly professional field and work he occupies but a small place in the community-life, the press, political leaders, the increase of technical and general education and the commercial interests and materialistic spirit of the age having gradually crowded the church from its original vantage ground and the minister out of his prominent place in society.

The clerical profession to-day as ever touches some of the deepest, tenderest, and most vital and responsive chords of human life, but for the man who would be practical, virile and progressive—a real minister, not a mere clergyman—the vocation, his ministry, is epitomized in the statement of the writer of *The Book of Wisdom*: "My son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for trials." For he will feel the pinch of life, find evil sadly mixed with good, and always delicate and difficult service waiting at his hand.

Men and Events of the Day

Madame Blauvelt's American Tour

GREAT interest will attach to Madame Lillian Blauvelt's American concert tour, which will begin the twentieth of this month. Since the first of October she has been singing in Great Britain, where last spring she made her London operatic debut as Marguerite in "Faust," at the Royal Covent Garden.

Madame Blauvelt was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 16, 1873. She comes of good family, her parents being of ancient Welsh and Dutch stock respectively, and tracing their ancestry to the very first settlers of Manhattan Island. It is perhaps to this interesting and unusual race combination that the singer owes her peculiarly fascinating and magnetic personality.

Madame Blauvelt's musical ability showed itself early. Until her fifteenth year she devoted herself exclusively to the violin, acquiring quite a reputation as a child performer; then, finding that she had a voice of remarkable quality, she turned her attention to singing. She commenced her vocal education

under M. Jacques Bouhy in New York, and when he returned to Paris she followed him to complete her training there.

From the very first, she has met with great success on the Continent and in England, her operatic performances at the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels being especially noteworthy as having elicited enthusiastic comment. She has sung with all the leading musical societies of Europe, and under the direction of such famous conductors as Nikisch, Richter, Weingartner and Lamoureux, and has won distinguished recognition from Queen Margherita of Italy and from Queen Victoria. She has also received the Decoration of the Order of St. Cecilia, conferred by the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia, the oldest musical society in the world, founded in 1585. Only eight people in the history of the academy have been awarded this decoration, and of these Madame Blauvelt is the only English-speaking person and the only woman.

In February, 1899, Madame Blauvelt was married to William F. Pendleton, an American.





VICTOR MAPES

A Young American Playwright

Victor Mapes, the author of the successful play, "Captain Barrington," in which Charles Richman made his stellar début, is only thirty-three years old, yet he has had an interesting and unusual career. He was born in New York City, of old and distinguished ancestry, and is a nephew of Mrs.

Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of the *St. Nicholas Magazine*. He was graduated from Columbia University in 1891, after which he spent a year as reporter on the *New York Sun*. But being ambitious to become a playwright, he went to Paris as the best place to study the methods of the master hands at play writing and play pro-

ducing. He has the distinction of being the only American who ever wrote a play in the French language and had it produced at a French theatre in Paris. This was a three-act modern comedy-drama called "La Comtesse de Lisne." Returning to New York, Mr. Mapes became stage-manager at the Lyceum Theatre, which position he held for a year. He has written several plays which have been successfully produced in America, the most important, perhaps,

being "Don Cæsar's Return," which was produced by James K. Hackett in 1901. Mr. Mapes has also acted as dramatic critic of the *New York Sun*, signing his criticisms with the pen name of "Sidney Sharp," and has written articles and short stories for various magazines. He is now resident manager of the new Globe Theatre in Boston, where his play, "Captain Barrington," has filled a protracted engagement.





SUN-DIAL AT IVY LODGE, GERMANTOWN, PENN., RESIDENCE OF
HORACE J. SMITH, ESQ.

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Christmas at Cape Sabine

By Lieut. R. E. Peary

IN the entire list of Arctic localities there is probably no name which for Americans is more associated with gruesome recollections than Cape Sabine, the barren point of rocks which defines on the west the northern end and narrowest point of Smith Sound.

Bleak and sombre, wind-swept and ice-battered, its atmosphere heavy with human pain, despair, contention, and death, when not bound in the iron fetters of the ice, it is resisting the incessant shocks of the constantly southward-surfing pack.

Starvation Cove, where the last of Franklin's men met their end, fills a similar place with Englishmen.

But in another respect the two localities are entirely dissimilar.

The horrors of the latter, hidden from the world for years behind the inscrutable uncertainty of the Arctic wastes, resulted in the period of greatest activity known in the history of Arctic exploration.

Ship after ship and expedition after expedition were sent out to solve the

mystery of the disappearance of Franklin and his men, until at one time some ten or twelve ships were simultaneously engaged in the work, and more of the North American archipelago was discovered and charted than had ever been done before or has been done since.

The horrors of the former, known almost immediately, put a complete damper on government interest in and assistance to Arctic work on this side of the Atlantic; and its influence is felt even to-day, after a lapse of many years.

About two miles south of the point of Cape Sabine a group of rocky islands forms a small bight, discovered by the English expedition of 1876, and named by them Payer Harbor. Brought into prominence a few years later from being the shelter from which the *Proteus* started out to her destruction, it has since been a familiar name to Arctic students.

Here my ship, the *Windward*, was caught by the ice in September, 1900, and compelled to winter, with Mrs.



WINDWARD IN WINTER QUARTERS

Peary on board, I being north at Fort Conger at the time. Here I joined her on May 6, 1901; and here I determined to establish my winter quarters for the coming season, the locality being the southern key to the Smith Sound line of approach to the pole. In pursuance of this purpose the *Windward's* deckhouse was unshipped, hauled over the harbor ice, and set up in a favorable location overlooking the harbor. All stores and equipment which could be spared from the summer walrus-hunting were landed and secured.

Late in August both my ships, the *Windward* and the *Eric*, steamed away for home, leaving me and my party just below Eric Head, on the Ellesmere Land coast, some twelve to fifteen miles south of Payer Harbor.

Not until September 17 did the cementing of the inshore ice permit us to reach Payer Harbor, and scarcely were we settled down when the Angel of Death came amongst us, and remained for nearly three months.

December of 1901 found me with my faithful Esquimaux decimated by the ravages of a fatal disease, and my party slowly recovering from our passage through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." Naturally our Christmas was not a specially hilarious one. My party at this time comprised my colored man Henson, or Matt, as he was generally known; Charlie, my cook, a fine, big specimen of the Newfoundland fisherman; and the following Esquimaux: Ahngoodloo and his wife Ekaresah; Ahngmaloktok and his wife Ionah;

Ahngodoblaho, his wife Siutikahtui, and two children; Ahahgiahsu, an old deaf mute, and her daughter Ahmemi, and two orphan boys, Koodlooktoo and Arkao.

Henson and Charlie were quartered with me in the deckhouse, which I had landed from the *Windward*. This contained a small sleeping room for each of us, a kitchen, and a dining room. The Esquimaux were quartered in "Fort Magnesia," the old Stein headquarters. Both habitations were walled in completely with snow blocks, and the entrances still further protected by snow vestibules. Only by such means can comfort be secured in the vicinity of Sabine, which is a region of strong and incessant winds summer and winter.

The sun had long since left us, and we were shrouded in continual darkness. The ice, which all through the preceding months had been surging slowly past us, was now at rest, fettered by the intense cold.

The extremity of Cape Sabine, the northern end of Brevoort Island, and the northern side of every projecting point, were piled high with ice masses torn from the floes as they passed.

East and southeast lay the still unfrozen expanse of the north water, its inky waves supporting a stratum of air heavy with condensing vapors, which at any breath of wind settled in upon us in a freezing pall of more than Stygian darkness, through which slowly filtered minute spiculæ of ice.

Five days before Christmas Matt and the three Esquimaux men had started for the head of Buchanan Bay, fifty miles distant, to bring out the meat of some musk oxen killed

there in October, and which the illness of my entire party had made it impossible to bring out before.

I wanted, and at first intended, to make this trip myself. I was anxious to get out and away for a breathing spell from the place where the illness and death of my devoted people had held me prisoner for so long. I felt that I needed the change and separation from the saddening associations. But after thinking the matter over carefully, I felt that the uncertainty of finding the meat cache in the darkness of the Arctic night, and after the snows of two months, simply from description, was too great an uncertainty for me to risk.

Three days before Christmas occurred the winter solstice, and it was a cheering thought in the darkness which shrouded everything to know that the sun had reached the limit of his southern swing, and, though he would still be invisible for weeks to come, was slowly returning to us. Jackson in Franz Joseph Land complained of sleeplessness during the long winter night, increasing with each successive winter. I did not experience his trouble, although this was my fourth successive winter. But I did have great difficulty in sleeping at the right time. I was always wide awake during the greater portion of the night, and then dead sleepy at breakfast time.

The day before Christmas was cloudy, with a strong northerly wind, increasing in the afternoon to a wild gale with suffocating drift. Evidently there was open water close off Brevoort Island, though there was not enough light to allow it to be seen.

In the evening I opened a box of candy, fruit, etc., from home. Charlie was busy cooking and cleaning house for Christmas, and I passed the hours dreaming of the far-distant faces, knowing there were many loving and anxious thoughts for me at home even though one tender, fond heart was still forever.

Christmas Day came even thicker and darker than the day before, with the wind swung round into the south, and howling viciously over the rocks and across the ragged ice which filled the harbor.

In the absence of the men, the feeding of the dogs left behind devolved on me, and under the conditions of darkness and wind was a matter of considerable time and some difficulty. These faithful animals were fastened in knots of five and eight, wherever the buildings or the rocks afforded a lee from the biting wind. Some forty in all, the work of feeding was by no means a matter of a few minutes. They knew as well as I that this was feeding time, and ever since Charlie started the fire for breakfast, and the wind had carried the coal scent broadcast, they had been on the *qui vive*, even the apparently sleeping ones having one ear wide open; and as I came out clad in my worst clothes, with old gloves kept for the purpose, and, hatchet in hand, walked towards the pile of frozen walrus meat, which was kept replenished from my big caches across the harbor and on Brevoort Island, every dog was on his feet.

When, having pulled a big frozen flipper from the pile, I began dragging it towards the nearest group,

the neglected ones broke into a wild chorus of barks, howls and screams, interspersed with snarls and cries of pain as vicious but short-lived battles showed that irritated impatience could hold out no longer.

Every dog in the team which I was approaching was straining forward to the utmost limit of his trace, his eyes, which shone in the darkness, fixed on the walrus meat, his whole body quivering; and the barks and howls had given way to low whines, coughs, and the chattering of teeth in eager anticipation.

Kneeling or stooping as the ground required, just in front of the dogs, with back to the wind, the frozen meat was chopped off in big chunks, until at last each dog, with a long-drawn sigh of satisfaction, refused any more, and I turned to the next team. Though all were thoroughly fed, of course, I had my favorites. These were the ten beautiful grays forming my own team, fastened in two lots of five each in the lee of one of the buildings. With their long legs, bushy tails, and pointed ears and noses, they looked like a pack of timber wolves. But the affectionate dog nature showed out as I approached in low "woofs," the lifting of a paw as if to shake hands, the standing upright to stretch out both paws toward me, and numerous other little canine expressions of welcome.

Better trained than some of the others, there was no fighting, each one knowing that he would get his full share, and standing alert like a veteran first baseman to catch each piece that came his way.

After the meal was over I busied



ESQUIMAUX MEMBERS OF LIEUT.-COMMANDER PEARY'S EXPEDITION

myself with untangling the traces, and there were rubbings against my legs, playful seizings of my hands, and contented growls.

Then there was "Miss Whiteface," born under the house at Fort Conger two years before, now with five beautiful gray pups of her own, comfortably located on a bed of grass in a little snow house; and "Sin," Marie's red dog, which, though an abomination from her color, was treated with every consideration for her little mistress's sake. She, too, with her four coal-black pups, had a bed and a house of her own.

When at last the work was completed, it was with a feeling of thankfulness that my meat supply was ample to enable me to feed my faithful assistants full rations; and I entered the house with a glow of satis-

faction that, with their stomachs filled to repletion with the rich, heat-giving walrus meat, they were all curled up among the rocks, warm and comfortable within their furry coats.

Dinner, the chief features of which were a fine musk-ox steak and a plum duff, was a triumph of Charlie's skill. His success in this, a present of a generous box of candy, and the fact that his foot, which he had scalded severely the first day of the month, was now completely healed, made the day much more than a mere name to him.

Hours later, after Charlie and the Eskimaux had gone to bed, we had our Christmas—I and my pictures of the home folk—with a cake, a small bottle of Moselle and a cup of coffee before us.

We looked into each other's eyes, dreamed of the past, each drop of the



ESQUIMAUX DOG TEAM

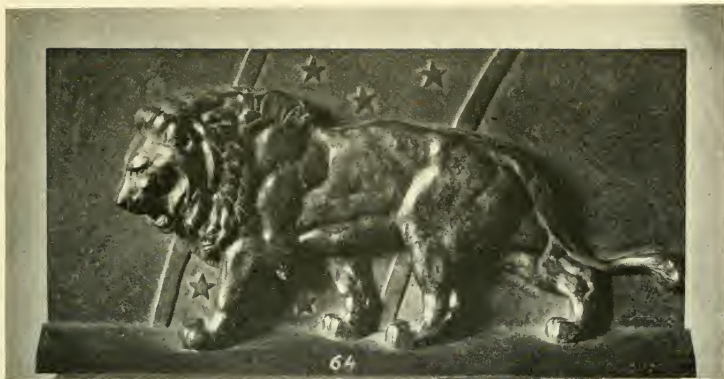
favorite wine a vignette and a reminiscence of some bygone pleasant experience; speculated as to the future, and what another Christmas would bring, till the fire went out, and I turned to my narrow bunk, where the roar of the gale lulled me to sleep, and I followed in dreams my waking thoughts.

Matt and his party returned three days later. They had groped their way to the head of the bay through the darkness and deep snow, only to find that the greater portion of the meat cached in October had been eaten by the numerous and ravenous foxes.

Fortunately, on Christmas Day, they came upon and killed two musk oxen. They were going from their

camp to the meat cache, when, not far away, the rush and clatter of hoofs in the snow and over the rocks were heard. Several of the best dogs were quickly cut loose, and, the natives following, with senses scarcely less acute than those of the dogs, the animals were run down and brought to a stand up the slope of the cliffs, and shot with the muzzle of the carbines almost touching them in the darkness.

What with the success and excitement of the hunt, abundance of fresh meat and a small flask of our precious brandy, which I had packed for them when they left, these members of my party passed Christmas night by no means unpleasantly in a comfortable snow ingloo in the heart of Ellesmere Land.



LION OF JULY

The Remarkable Barye Bronzes

With Photographs of the famous Figures in the Corcoran Gallery of Art

By Randolph I. Geare

IN European countries, and in England, the art of working in bronze in the early years slowly advanced, but in 1257 there are found records of statuettes in bronze by one Simon, of Wells, and by William, of Gloucester. A few years later a bronze statue of Henry III was ordered, while at the end of the fourteenth century we find the names of Nicholas Broker and Godfrey Priest, who erected bronze statues of Richard II and of Anne of Bohemia in Westminster Abbey.

In Italy there was the great Michael Angelo, who, it may not perhaps be generally known, was a bronze founder, and letters of his have been found wherein he con-

plains bitterly of his lack of success in at least one of his efforts, namely, in casting a statue of Pope Julius at Boulogne. Others famous in Italy were Torregiano and Rovezzano.

Paris had not yet become noted for its bronzes, but in 1540 Cellini went there from Italy and spent five years, during which he executed several important works both in bronze and silver.

The erection of equestrian statues in bronze was now coming into fashion, and about 1604 one of Henri IV was made at Florence and transported to Paris, where it was set up on the Pont Neuf in 1616. Another, of Louis XIII, was erected in the Place Royal in 1639. An excellent statue of Louis XIV was made



ROGER AND ANGELIQUE

in France by Girardon, and cast in bronze by Keller in 1699.

All of these artists, however, were destined to be eclipsed by the man whose work forms the subject of this article—the celebrated Barye. His was not an ephemeral success, nor indeed, speaking generally, did his surpassing skill at first receive full recognition. True, his genius was instantly appreciated by a few, and yet

Louis Boulanger, Paul Huet, Marilhat, Eugène Delacroix and Théodore Rousseau. But this fact afforded very little solace to Barye, who withdrew from public gaze for the following thirteen years. And incidentally it may be added that his genius was earlier and more generally recognized here in America than at home. The private collection of Mr. Walters in Baltimore includes an unrivalled



JAGUAR AND HARE

his five famous groups of small size, representing the pursuit of big game, and ordered by the Duc d'Orleans, were actually denied a place in the annual exhibition held in the Louvre in 1837. The jury which excluded these groups was none other than the Académie des Beaux Artes. In extenuation of their action, however, it should be said that they had in the previous year ostracized such men as

series of this artist's great bronzes, which have been dignified in being installed by themselves in what is known as the "Barye Room." There are also a number of his productions in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington.

Barye, born in 1796, was a contemporary of Géricault and Delacroix, the great forerunner and leader, respectively, of the Romantic move-



DEER BITING ITS SIDE

ment in art. He was a pupil of the celebrated sculptor, Bosio, and of the painter, Gros, but at an early stage in his professional career he determined to break away from the conventional, lifeless style hitherto in vogue, and to strive for something more realistic. This, he decided, could only be attained as the result of close, scientific study. He therefore spent much time in the Jardin des Plantes, where he followed the movements of the animals, and where, it is said, he "watched, studied and drew his beloved beasts when living with the same passionate and untiring devotion as he gave to dissecting and anatomizing them when dead."

The first public exhibition of his work in bronze was at the Salon in 1827, when he was thirty-one years old, but he had four years to wait until he reached what might be termed the turning-point in his career. It was in

the exhibition in 1831 when he showed his "St. Sébastien" and his famous "Tiger Devouring a Crocodile." To the present generation the bold and vigorous style of this piece seems natural enough, but to the critics of his day it seemed singularly audacious, in that it was a radical departure from the classical models of the conventional type, to which the world had until then been accustomed. And again, two years later, he even more definitely affirmed his position, when in 1833 he exhibited his bronze representing a lion crushing a serpent, which now adorns the gardens of the Tuileries. In this piece he boldly ignored the hitherto typical and somewhat human-like aspect which had been commonly given to the lion by artists of the conventional school. Seven years later he exhibited his famous "Lion of the Bastille Column," which was treated in a still

broader spirit and with a truly artistic generalization of detail.

But it was not only in his representations of wild animals that Barye became eminent, for he also proved himself well in touch with the Romantic school in his celebrated equestrian statuettes, produced at this and later periods—such as the one of Charles VI, and another of Charles VII, which latter is regarded as remarkable for its serene beauty of type. In these he exhibited a quality of dramatic force and imagination which, it must be admitted, in his greater efforts seems to be wanting. Soon afterwards his fanciful "Roger et Angelique sur l'Hippogriffe" appeared, and although from a strictly technical point of view it was criticised as an imperfectly balanced group, it constituted the crowning adornment of an order which he executed for the Duc de Montpensier.

And yet after all these wonderful achievements, he was barred, as already stated, from exhibiting at the Louvre in 1837!!

After his voluntary retirement, his glorious art burst forth anew and brought him triumphantly to the zenith of his fame, when in 1850 he exhibited his "Jaguar Devouring a Hare." In this was concentrated in one supreme effort all his strength of style, resulting from his patient observation of the living model. "In no other instance," writes his biographer, "has the sinuous grace of line, the muscular strength and the ferocity of the feline tribe, been so presented in art." The illustrations accompanying this article include a representation of this subject and several others of his best pieces.

In a brief sketch of the life work of this great sculptor, it is impossible to go into a detailed description of each



SCOTTISH HOUNDS AND DEER



HORSE AND LION



BEAR AND DOGS

of his pieces, or even to mention the half of them, but a passing reference may be made to the sense of cold cruelty which seems to have characterized the man's art. Some of his bronzes have been known, it is said, to strike the spectator with an actual sense of physical horror, and while there is no reason to suppose that he studiously aimed to produce this particular sensation, it cannot be doubted that he was strongly actuated by a desire to display in all these mortal combats of man with beasts and of

one beast with another, the majestic and fearful beauty of the strength, ferocity and suppleness of his figures. Nor can he be said to have degraded his art in any degree by so doing. Indeed, it has been asserted that no modern sculptor ever approached more nearly to the true Greek ideal in art than Barye did—an ideal, the chief attribute of which was a strange impassiveness and almost unvarying serenity, preserved even in representations calling for the most violent kind of action.



Judge Shute

HENRY A. SHUTE, author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," and of the series of clever "Neighborhood Sketches," which THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE has secured for publication, was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, November 17, 1856, the oldest son of George Smith and Joanna (Simpkins) Shute. He obtained his early education in the public schools of his native town, and entered the Phillips Exeter Academy in September, 1872. He pursued the regular classical course at this institution and was graduated with the class of 1875, a class famous for the number of its members who have since won distinction. Among his classmates were President William DeWitt Hyde, of Bowdoin College, Harlan Page Amen, the present popular and efficient head of Phillips Exeter, Edmund Lincoln Baylies, a leader in the ultra-fashionable society of New York City, and Stewart Shillito, the merchant prince of Cincinnati.

Mr. Shute spent four years at Harvard, being graduated in June, 1879. While in college he paid particular attention to the modern languages and natural history. He numbered among his electives French, German and Italian, besides English. His student themes and forensics showed abundant proof of the latent genius so fully developed in his later works, "The Real Diary," and "Neighbor-

hood Sketches." Even then his power of description and his intuitive analysis of character were marked.

He was not so much absorbed in his studies, however, as to neglect the proper development of his body, and for four years he took daily exercise in the gymnasium. Finally this became the popular resort for students each afternoon at four o'clock, to see Shute "put up" the one hundred pound dumb-bell. In his junior and senior years he declined a number of flattering offers from the captain of the "Varsity" to try for the crew.

Immediately upon his graduation Shute returned to his native town and began the study of law in the office of Hon. William Wallace Stickney. In due time he was admitted to the New Hampshire bar, and March 1, 1883, was appointed by the governor of the state justice of the Exeter police court, a position he still retains. For a number of years he has held the office of secretary and treasurer of the Rockingham Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company. He has given considerable attention to probate business, and recently when the office of Judge of Probate of Rockingham County was vacant, Judge Shute was prominently mentioned for the position.

As an impromptu speaker he has few superiors, and he is frequently called upon to serve as toast master. The Judge has marked ability as a musical critic and is an efficient

musician himself. While his favorite instrument is a clarinet, he is almost as much at home with several others. His family consists of a wife, an accomplished pianist and organist, and two children, both of whom have inherited their parents' fondness for music, and promise to become talented

musicians. He is passionately fond of horses, and nearly every day he can be seen in the streets of Exeter mounted on his favorite steed.

Lawyer, musician, author, in each calling Judge Shute has gained success.

Neighborhood Sketches

By Henry A. Shute

I.

WE have recently moved into a new neighborhood. A rather swell neighborhood as it appears to us, who have always lived within arm's length of stables, blacksmith's shops, hotels and corner stores, and we were at first naturally a little timid about trusting ourselves on foreign soil. True, we had fished, frogged, swum and picnicked in our boyhood throughout the very neighborhood that we now reluctantly but hopefully were about to enter. True, also, that we had a bowing acquaintance with most of the members of the little community, and yet we feared that in some respects we might not be regarded as exactly social acquisitions by our prospective neighbors.

As we are rather a sociable chap ourself we should not have thought of it, but this idea was quietly but firmly imparted to us by our wife. We were told that a residential quarter of the town, where people of education and family standing lived, was different in many ways from a neighborhood of noises and

smells such as we had been accustomed to. We were told that our habit of going about in corduroys and riding leathers was undignified; that of passing Canadian compliments over the back fence with the French blacksmith was *contra bonos mores*, and that in other ways our manners and methods were open to objection by educated persons.

PREPARATION.

We informed her that we were liberally educated, and were informed in our turn that while the fact was in a certain sense true, that few if any indications of that fact remained in evidence.

And so, acting under the uxorial spur, we honestly tried to curb our propensity to be free and easy with every one; to cultivate repose of manner; to abstain from sitting with our feet higher than our head; to refrain from a propensity to joke, and to withhold from doing other delightfully natural things. In a measure we were successful. For instance, we could enter and leave a room fairly well, but this acquisition cost us, in addition to the ex-

pense of the book on "Correct Form," about ten dollars for a cut glass dish, the only one we possessed, and a severe fall, caused by inadvertently backing out of our room in time to meet our wife with the aforesaid dish. Our explanations were received with marked coldness.

Well, the time came for our migration and with the assistance of two men, and a wheelbarrow we transported our lares and penates to our domicile in what may be known as the Greek Quarter. We are delighted with the change. In place of brick and mortar walls we are surrounded by fifty acres of field, river, swamp and woodland. In place of zephyrs from the stables, we have the fog-laden east winds from our rugged New England coast, which in winter blow directly through our modest dwelling, and cause the shuddering quicksilver of our thermometer to retire promptly out of sight in the bottom of the tube. We have exchanged the yells of teamsters, the chatter of French visitors at the blacksmith shop, the clang of the anvil and the squealing of tortured horses for the merry voices of children (about thirty-six of the neighborhood accumulation critically superintending the disembarkment of our goods from the wheelbarrow) during the day, and a sepulchral quiet at night that is suggestive of ghosts and other post mortem characters.

ORIENTIRUNG.

We admired the house very much, although, having been from our earliest years accustomed to straight stairs, the landings bothered us a

good deal, especially in the dark, when we frequently brought up with joltingly irritating violence against stair rails or corner brackets that appeared to exercise both ingenuity and malevolence in reaching out and striking us in unprotected and super-sensitive places.

It was some time before we and our family got used to the polished floor of the dining room, any unguarded or abrupt entry into that room being followed by a vibrant crash, as the unfortunate fell to the floor with violence.

Knowing, however, that the path to social eminence was strewn with obstacles often insurmountable, we nursed our bruises, studied faithfully our book on "Correct Form," put on high collars, and (when we didn't forget it) tried hard to keep our shoulders back.

The neighborhood is clean, quiet, and much more than "eminently respectable," indeed, remarkable for dignity, solidity and importance; it is more than that, distinctively literary.

There is, of course, the member of the bar bowed beneath the weight of learning, the clergyman and author, several professors connected with the leading educational institutions of the town, active and retired business men, the medical authority, the high churchman, music teachers, instructors in art, in short, the usual assortment of a good quarter of a college town.

FASHION PLATES.

The question of dress has been a fruitful subject of discussion in our family. It is contended by our wife that we do not dress well. This

is true, we do not. As a boy we were clad in the cast-off garments of our elders, made over by an old lady whose entire outfit consisted of a pair of shears, a darning needle, some yellow wax and a ball of pack thread, and whose sole idea of style and fit was derived from the baggy and misshapen garments of her helpmate, a bowed and snuffy old gentleman of eighty years.

As a youth we were so rarely treated to a new suit, that an event of the kind was openly commented on by our friends, and we were embarrassed and made dreadfully unhappy by our glaring publicity. And we have never got over this feeling. We admire good clothes, but dread wearing them, and in the rare periods in our life that are marked by the advent of a new hat we are reduced to confusion by the mildest comment on the same.

Now the corduroys suited us. They were warm in winter and cool in summer, they were smooth and adaptable to every movement; they were unobtrusive and homelike, and it was in bitterness of spirit that we laid them aside.

Most of the men in our neighborhood dress well. On Sundays and festal occasions immaculate Prince Alberts and silk hats are by no means infrequent. As the season grows colder, box overcoats of the latest style in fit and material appear, and we are on the watch for the gradual invasion of spats. As yet nobody has appeared in them, but we still look for them confidently, and even go so far as to hope that we may not go through life spatless ourself.

CLASSICS.

Many of our neighbors have been abroad, and their knowledge of foreign tongues is polyglot. Both the dead and living languages are read and spoken fluently. Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, Old English, Anglo-Saxon, French, German, Spanish and Italian are fluently championed. Indeed, some of our neighbors have written books, articles both scientific and educational, and some are even now engaged in well-defined efforts to revolutionize educational methods by new and complete works of great philological value.

And so in the midst of surroundings of so bewildering a nature, we are slowly becoming acclimated, gradually coming, like infants, to feel our feet and to walk a little. Of some of our successes and failures we will later speak in detail.

II.

A FASHIONABLE ROUT.

We had been in our new neighborhood for a few weeks and had been well received by the neighbors, many of whom, irreproachably gowned and gloved, had called on our wife. As these calls had been for the most part in the afternoon, she was spared any mortification that our unguarded remarks or seedy appearance might have caused her.

But an invitation to the lawyer's house to meet some social lion opened up to the eyes of our wife almost unlimited opportunities in either direction. This was duly impressed on us by our helpmeet and we were made to understand clearly that upon our conduct and appearance

everything depended. Either our star would be in the ascendant, or, like the "star of treason" in the reading book, would "descend to eternal night."

IN TRAINING.

With the view of avoiding this hideous contingency, we set ourselves to work to undergo a vigorous course of mental training to meet all demands of an intellectual nature that might be made upon us. We reflected that we would meet the Greek Professor, and we at once waded into Greek articles *de* and *an* which we vaguely remembered to have been a fruitful subject of discussion in our far-away school days.

We considered the probability of meeting the Professor of Ancient History, and to avoid the untoward results of a fall at the hands of this gentleman we hunted up an old volume of "Freeman's Outlines of History" and fell to with determination.

We knew that our French had been hopelessly corrupted by our business associations with brick-yard Canadians, and we took a mental oath not to be led into any discussion with the French Instructor, that called for quotations in that tongue. We had mental reservations of equal pungency as to our ability to converse in the guttural accents of Deutschland, and so decided after deep thought to avoid anything like an open engagement with the German Instructor, and to confine ourself to a mild discussion of the relative influence of Kant and Hegel from a psychological point of view.

"Hector Berlioz's Modern Or-

chestration" and Philip Hale's criticisms in the Boston papers gave us some ideas, chiefly dyspeptic, of the progress in musical thought, while "Lessing's Laocoon," a vague reminiscence of our school days, furnished us with mental pabulum of an artistic nature.

In this way did we strive to fit ourself, at least partially, to pass the social examination that we felt was before us.

GIRDING ON OUR ARMOR.

Another thing that disturbed us was the necessity of wearing a dress coat. Now we had never worn a dress coat, our wildest ambitions never having gone beyond the cutaway. On one occasion to attend a funeral we had, in deference to the occasion, borrowed a Prince Albert and purchased a white necktie in which we arrayed ourself, and we shall never forget how, when our carriage by mistake or design left us a mile from home, we strode homeward, amid the outspoken comment of the populace, which wondered but rejoiced exceedingly over our metamorphosis.

And so, although we chafed sorely over this necessity, we yielded, as so many before us have yielded, to the force of circumstances.

When the evening came for the social event we were keyed up to the highest point, possibly a trifle over-trained, but scenting battle and eager for the trial. True, our unfamiliar and uncomfortable harness put us at a disadvantage (we are never so comfortable as when we have our hands in our pockets), and we must confess that we were a trifle nervous and a little muddled by the manifold injunctions of our wife, who manifested a

deplorable lack of confidence in our generalship.

Owing to the secretive disposition of a refractory collar button, most of the guests had arrived when we were announced, and the din of general conversation was deafening. This tended to put us at our ease, and as we were hospitably and pleasantly welcomed by our hosts we soon commenced to chirp and try our wings a little. We had heard that a good listener often gets the reputation of being a brilliant talker, and had we acted on that principle all would have been well. But we were so loaded down with miscellaneous information acquired during our week of toil, that we must needs unload a little for the benefit of some one, and so, after seeing our wife engaged in earnest conversation with a distinguished doctor of divinity over Wely's offertoire in E flat, and the prospect of a *vox humana* in the new organ, we proceeded to tackle the Greek Professor.

WE MAKE THINGS LIVELY FOR THE
PROFESSOR OF GREEK.

Now the Greek Professor wanted to talk about his baby boy's predilection for running away and causing the neighborhood to frequently organize into searching parties, and we should have encouraged him, but we artfully turned the conversation to Greek and delivered the first blow, a swinging right intended for a knockout blow, upon Xenophon's use of article *de*.

The Professor ducked nimbly and countered with a dissertation on the "reason for the early disuse of the digamma."

This was a staggerer for us, and as we knew nothing about the digamma

we came up very groggy and sparred cautiously to regain our wind. As the Professor was himself a little winded from his exertions, we put in an upper cut in the shape of an argument that, while until recently the weight of authority was with the Professor, Professor Littleoffski, of the University of St. Petersburg, had written a dissertation in which he claimed that the digamma was used as late as the Christian Era.

This proved an extinguisher for the Professor and he promptly went down and out, and we turned to demolish a new opponent.

ANGLO-SAXON HAS NO TERRORS FOR
US.

We met him in the person of the Professor of English and Anglo-Saxon, a most dignified and courteous gentleman of about our age. Like the Professor of Greek, this gentleman was peaceably inclined and showed a marked preference for conversation upon topics that ordinarily would have interested us keenly, but his innate courtesy would not allow him to balk our evident desire to discuss the racial kinship existing between the Anglo-Saxon and the ancient German dialects, and the influence on the former by the seven invasions of England by the Teutonic races.

We found the Professor so well posted in this subject that we were put to great straits to maintain our position. Seeing our distress the Professor pressed us so hard that we were rapidly breaking ground, when as if by an inspiration we staggered the Professor by claiming with much apparent frankness, that while we did not doubt the Professor's profound

erudition on a subject about which we knew but little, still we were quite sure that Dafydd ab Gwilym, one of the leading Welsh poets and scholars, took the opposite view, and we completed his bewilderment by improvising the following sweet little Welsh gem, in support of our proposition:—

“Fjrrd glymra edrijj gnuirrg
Balr kymric dnaric edulbrj.”

The Professor was utterly unable to answer this argument and retired in great disorder, while several of the guests who were listening to the discussion regarded us with the deepest veneration.

WATERLOO.

For a while our efforts to engage some one in discussion over scientific or classical points were fruitless, as the guests for some unaccountable reason, at least unaccountable to us, preferred to talk on topics of everyday interest, golf, football, rummage sales, politics, housekeeping and subjects of similar nature.

But at last we succeeded in getting the Professor of History in a corner and at once engaged him. For a while he kept us from historical discussion by artfully talking about his horse, and trying to awaken an interest in the subject by asking us what had become of our riding pony and other questions of common and kindly interest, but in vain, for we deftly turned the conversation to historical topics by drawing a parallel between the modern Kentucky singlefooter and the sumpter mule that Alexander rode in his campaigns.

To this the Professor of History, now fairly at bay, took exception, and claimed that Alexander never rode a mule, but that on occasions of actual

battle he descended from a gorgeous palanquin and mounted a magnificent charger.

Several sharp exchanges took place between us, in which the Professor of History, thoroughly at home in his subject, had rather the advantage, and the discussion attracted several persons to our vicinity, among whom was the Professor of Greek. Wishing to demonstrate the correctness of our theory and to extinguish the Professor of History, we remarked that we were quite correct in our premises, having recently read it in the original Latin of Demosthenes.

There was a dreadful pause, broken by the clear and incisive accents of the Professor of Greek, who said dryly: “Mr. S—— is indeed fortunate in being singled out for the unique distinction of having read Demosthenes in the original Latin. Such of us who have only read him in the Greek certainly congratulate our friend.”

The circle broke up and we were left stranded, a ringing in our ears and a blur before our eyes through which we dimly discerned the crimsoned countenance of our wife, who had approached the group in season to witness our discomfiture.

SYMPATHY WITH THE AFFLICTED.

The arrival of refreshments diverted attention from us, and we improved the occasion to take a hurried walk.

“Forth from out the mighty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha.”

On our return we hung around the entry and kept very quiet until the time came for our departure. As we walked musingly and sadly homeward, our wife feelingly remarked that if we had paid as much attention to our

book on "Correct Form" as we had in looking up information about which nobody cared, we would have known, without having every one laughing at us, that it was not the proper thing to button up our dress coat.

And thus we were forcibly brought to a realizing sense of the truth of Scott's lines:—

"Oh, woman in our hour of ease,

* * * *

When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou."

III.

DIE WEIBESVEREINIGUNG.

Some few weeks after our experience at the house of the wife of the member of the bar (this sounds like the "House that Jack built"), we were made very happy by an event that in our unworthiness and humility we had scarcely dared to anticipate. An unexpected legacy would have made us complacently reminiscent over extremely shaky financial crises, and have put us in a position to contemplate the future joyously; an appointment to a lucrative sinecure would have enabled us to cast care to the winds, "Away with melancholy"; an invitation to make a continental trip at the expense of a client would have expanded our heart to a delightfully apoplectic degree; but the unexpected honor to which we were treated was so far beyond these that we felt at once rich, honored and travelled.

What can it have been to have so completely thrown us off our poise? We who have for years received the buffets of fortune and its meagre compensations for said buffets with well dissembled indifference,—we mention it with deference, veneration, awe and bated breath; we whisper it with a

swelling in the throat, a dimness of the eyes and a thankfulness in the heart that is almost beyond expression—*our wife was admitted to full membership in the Weibesvereinigung!!* admitted after an obstinate contest lasting a whole year, admitted after reading the resolution and moving the previous question, and amending the resolution and amending the amendment to the resolution, and amending the amendment to the amendment to the resolution, and calling for the yeas and nays, and doubting the vote, and polling the house, and objecting to the count, and adjourning, and dissolving, and taking recesses, and reconvening and administering cloture, and refusing to allow cloture to be administered, and objecting to the lady as out of order, and claiming the floor, and rising to a point of order, and being declared out of order, and other proceedings of great parliamentary technicality.

Whether it was due to a deadlock over members of the waiting list, in which our wife appeared as a dark horse, or to our recent emersion from the sloughs of corduroys and leggings, or to the engaging traits of our wife's husband, we cannot say, and although we incline to the latter reason, we do not care particularly. We, that is, our wife, are there, and our respectability, nay, our social standing is fixed beyond cavil.

ITS AIMS.

The aim of this worthy and weighty aggregation of bluestockings, this union of pince-nezzed and spectacled delvers after the true nuggets of wisdom, is threefold:

First, to develop knowledge of parliamentary procedure. Second, to encourage general information, including our first century, the gentle arts of tatting, hamburg edging, battenburg, plain sewing and hemstitching. Third, and here we borrow for a moment the language we years ago learned from our delightful associations with the Velocipede Club, the Exeter Whist Club and kindred organizations to which we once belonged, "to knock spots out of any other organization going."

OTHER CLUBS.

It differs from the Hither and Yon Club in many respects. While the Hither and Yon Club are reading "Childe Harold," the Weibesvereinigung is working overtime on the Stamp Act and the Continental Congress.

While the H. & Y. are fairly thrilled over the mysteries of a new stitch for piazza scarfs, the Wv. are turning out battenburg doilies for afternoon teas in bewildering profusion.

The Wv. also claims precedence over the Daily Happenings Club. This latter organization likewise conducts its meetings with due regard for the forms prescribed by Cushing, elects its members only after a rigid examination into their manners, morals, "race, age and previous condition of servitude."

The D. H. C. aims to keep *au courant* of the times, paying particular attention to the daily issues of our uncensored press, and for this purpose takes the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Saturday Evening Express* and *Town Topics*.

There are several D. H. Clubs, it being well understood that any person failing to satisfy the critical inspection of the membership committee of one D. H. C. can get up a club of her own.

But there is but one—but one Weibesvereinigung.

There are other clubs, not distinctly local, but more or less exotic as far as the Greek Quarter is concerned. These clubs are for the most part sectarian organizations, whose main objects are the aggrandizement of the particular church to which the members belong, and the incidental enjoyment of amateur theatricals, chaperoned dances, food fairs and candy pulls. But in these we have no particular interest, for the affairs of the Wv. have occupied a considerable part of our time, almost to the exclusion of our business interests.

It is a rule of this most worthy organization that new members must be tried as by fire to see if they are dross or pure gold. This is accomplished not by means of physical initiations, but by mental tasks of great difficulty, which call for a prodigious amount of hard study and patient research.

So we were not surprised when our wife came home from one of the weekly meetings with a look of great importance on her face and lodged a peremptory demand for unlimited reference books in order to successfully cope with an assignment upon "The Controversy as to Parliamentary Authority during the Pre-Revolutionary Struggle."

WE IMPROVE OUR MIND.

For seven mortal days from that time the very atmosphere of our little dwelling fairly quivered with historical suggestions. Often we could see by the simple process of closing our eyes, a long procession of colonels, governors, lieutenant governors, members of the General Court, Cushings, Hancocks, Otises, Adamses, Hutchinsons, Olivers, Royalists, rebels, Tories, all clad in satin smalls, silk stockings and red morocco shoes, and all staring reproachfully at us as if we alone were instrumental in disturbing them in their long sleep.

And we found no difficulty in closing our eyes whenever we got the chance, for the greater part of our time during our waking hours was spent in trips to the library to secure reference books covering the points in issue. During these few but long days we carried to our house no fewer than twenty-eight books of reference and other books, all of them heavy, unwieldy books of many pounds weight each, among which were selected volumes of *Encyclopædia Britannica*, *Johnson's* and the *American*, *Bryce's American Commonwealth*, *Dictionary of Synonyms*, *Familiar Quotations*, and *Hosmer's American Statesmen*.

The pleasant relaxations of music and magazines that made our evenings so delightful were given up, and every moment was devoted to study.

The night before the meeting at which all this concentrated knowledge was to be poured out in the shape of oratorical nuggets, we

went to bed greatly fagged with the unusual exertion of reaching up and taking down our entire collection of bound volumes of *Harper's*. About midnight we awoke and heard the sound of a voice in the rooms below. Cautiously creeping down the stairs and peering into the study, we beheld the wife of our bosom, with the fires of intellectual ardor shining through her spectacles, delivering herself of the following preamble to her "assignment":—

"Mrs. President"—a graceful salutation—"and ladies,"—another widely comprehensive obeisance,—“it is difficult, if not impossible in the few minutes one can snatch from the manifold but necessary duties pertaining to a household, to do more than to vaguely outline the events of the period fraught with so many vital interests to us, the descendants of the heroes of—”

But this was enough for us and we crawled back to bed.

The next day we were unusually busy, but on our return after a day's absence, we were informed by our wife that her effort had been favorably received and most courteously commented on by the members of the Wv.

APPRECIATION.

A few days afterwards at the railroad station, while waiting for the 8.59 train for Boston, we overheard three members of the Wv. talking over the meeting, somewhat as follows:—

"Good morning, Mrs. B. I was sorry not to have been able to attend the last meeting of the Wv. and so

disappointed at not hearing dear Mrs. S's. paper. I understand it was very good."

"Yes, it was well written and well delivered, and showed a good command over the subject."

"What was the subject, Mrs. B.?"

"Well, now let me see, it was something about the Adamases, wasn't it, Mrs. F.?"

"Why, yes, I think so, Mrs. B., but I cannot really say. You see Mrs. T. and Miss W. and I were so in-

terested in tatting those doilies for the food fair, that we didn't listen very much. Have you seen the patterns?" and thereupon an immediate exhibition was insisted on, and the long days of laborious preparation and research were forgotten. We took our train musing on this particular species of the "touch of nature that maketh the whole world kin," and realizing as never before the great educational benefits that these clubs must confer.

(To be continued.)

Vox Humana

Charlotte Becker

I AM so weary, dear, of this gray living,
 So weary of the lonely, barren days,
 Of smiling when my heart is faint and hungry
 For want of you, and your sweet, madd'ning ways.

How strange it was you did not know I loved you,
 That your least word found echo in my heart;
 That when you thought me careless and unheeding,
 It took my fiercest strength to play the part.

I dared not lift my eyes lest they betray me,
 Nor let a traitor word wake your alarms,
 When all my soul cried out in stifled longing
 To conquer Fate and fold you in my arms.

I wonder if—could circumstance have loosed me,
 And let my lips speak truths you dreamed not of—
 You would have listened to my eager pleading,
 And friendliness have ripened into love?

Ah well, my questioning must go unanswered—
 Thank God, I did not make you sorrow-wise—
 And yet, dear love, it is my greatest comfort
 That some day you may know my sacrifice!

A Man, a Maid and a Motor

By Charles Battell Loomis

AT the breakfast table on the morning before Christmas Miss Mabel Maxwell said, looking up from a letter she had just received, "Esther, Tom is coming home after all. He says that he has made an arrangement with one of the other partners, by which he can get away for a week. Isn't it splendid. I haven't seen Tom since he went out to Chicago, five years ago. You've never seen him, have you?"

Esther blushed a delightful shade of red as she answered in the negative. She blushed where some girls smiled or looked interested.

"I do hope you'll like him," said Mabel. "He's tall and very fair. And so bashful. He'll probably avoid you, and be dying to talk to you."

"Yes, Tom's shy as a mountain goat," said Jack, Mabel's younger brother. "You'll have to corner him, Esther, and talk up. He's only twenty-six, and he isn't used to girls, you know."

Again Esther blushed, but this time a mischievous look came into her eyes. She would try to cure Tom of his bashfulness. Twenty-six, and bashful!

After breakfast Jack corralled Mabel in the hall, and said:

"Say, Sisterino, wouldn't it be rather nice if Tom fell in love with Esther?"

"You're a silly boy," said his sister, who was a year older than he, and

twenty years wiser. But there is reason to think that the thought was not new to her. Certainly she loved her old college chum well enough to wish her for a real sister. But Jack's method of speech was rather brutal, and she gave him no encouragement.

Esther Hathorne was spending the Christmas holidays with the Maxwells, who lived on the Sound, not far from Stamford. She and Mabel had spent four years together at Vassar, and they were more sisterlike than sisters,—than some sisters, that is.

While Tom Maxwell, who had been speeding across states from Chicago was entering the suburban section of the metropolis, another Tom, whose last name was Hardin, was hurriedly packing his valise in order to catch the 4.03 train for Stamford and her sister towns. He had accepted an invitation to join a house party at Raven Crest, which, as all the world knows, or that portion of it, at least, that reads the papers, is owned by Archie MacQuoid, who is only twenty-two, and yet a sextuple millionaire in his own right.

Tom Hardin, son of Hardin, the copper king, also well known to readers of society notes, was called the giant cherub by his regimental comrades, because of his fair and cherubic face, which crowned some six feet of body.

His six feet (and two legs, to be explicit) stood him in good stead when

he tried to catch the 4.03, for he had not a minute when he stepped from the cab and started to run through the Grand Central station, and most men would have given it up as an impossibility, and taken the next train.

The man who had just come in from Chicago had four minutes to make the shift from one train to the other, but he gave it up because a lady asked him a question, and between stammering and yammering and trying to answer her and not be overcome by his bashfulness, he took so long about it that when he finally managed to tell her that the station had been wholly altered since he was last in it, he discovered that the gate had been closed and he would be forced to take the next train for his parents' home.

Meanwhile Jack Maxwell had insisted that Esther go down to the station with Patrick to get his brother. "You'll have a chance to cure him of his bashfulness on the way up. Pat can walk back. Tom knows how to run an auto, and by the time you reach the house he'll be broken to travelling with you and conversation with him will be possible. Otherwise he'll be afraid to say a word to you and I'll feel like kicking him."

"I don't quite like going down alone," said Esther.

"You won't be alone. Pat will take you down and will wait until the train comes and then Tom will be with you. You must call him Tom and act as if you were his sister. That's the only way to treat him. If you act reserved he'll act worse and he'll be simply impossible."

"Jack's right," said Mabel. "Tom

will really be delighted to see you, but he'll be very chilling and reserved and you must simply break the ice by calling him Tom and telling him you feel as if you'd always known him."

"Well, I do feel that way, I've heard so much about him and sent so many messages to him."

"Why, of course, and you must make him feel it, too."

"I'd give five cents to see Tom when Pat brings him up to the auto and sees Esther. Gee!"

"My son," said Mrs. Maxwell, "how often have I asked you not to use that vulgar word?"

"Lost count, mother," said Jack, stooping to kiss her as he passed out of the room.

The 4.03 whirled along the indented coast line of Connecticut, and at last a slackening of her speed told Tom Hardin that he was nearing his destination. He took his suit case out of the rack and started for the door, being a thorough New Yorker and never losing the precious moments that cluster around car egress and ingress.

He expected to be met by his old college chum, Archie MacQuoid, of Raven Crest, but he did not see the latter's automobile at the station. He left the car and looked around, not caring to take a cab until he was sure that there was no one to meet him.

Now it so happened that when Patrick had driven the automobile of the Maxwells to the station he left Esther in it and went into the baggage-room to find out what had happened to a certain Christmas package that had gone wrong. He cautioned her not to touch the lever.

"I'll be back, ma'am, before the train comes."

"Well, be sure to," said Esther, "because I don't know Mr. Maxwell."

But he did not come back, for the matter of the Christmas package took up his entire intelligence (not a large stock) and made him dead to all else.

However, Esther was not afraid that the machine would run away with her, and she rather enjoyed the thought of picking her bashful friend out of the crowd.

The train stopped and a tall, blonde young man got off and looked bashful, as she thought, although it was really an expression of uncertainty, as there was nothing bashful about Tom Hardin.

He walked up the platform looking for the automobile, and when he came opposite her she called out with an assumption of camaraderie that sat remarkably well on her, "I guess you're looking for me, Tom."

Tom Hardin stopped, looked at her, took in her beauty in a moment, dismissed as impossible the thought that had flitted through his mind, and decided quickly that this was a charming member of the house party, probably a bachelor maid used to taking care of herself and fully capable of taking him up in the auto without any assistance from him, which was lucky, as he did not know how to run one himself, preferring horseflesh to any self-propelling machines.

"I—am—Tom," said he, with a certain amount of hesitancy, which Esther magnified ten-fold to fit her preconception.

"Well, I'm Esther. Jump in."

Now he knew what he was at. He had often heard Archie MacQuoid speak about Esther Merle, an old friend of the family, of no little eccentricity, but of sterling worth.

He extended his hand just as he would have done it to a fellow, and said heartily: "Glad to meet you, Esther. If you don't like me to call you Esther, just say so."

"But I do like it, between people who know all about each other, even if they haven't met."

"Surely. How are they all? Got a full house?"

"So so. We're all there. Will you wait for Pat or will you start it?"

"Oh, there's a Pat, is there? I thought you were running it. Where'll he sit? On my lap or—where'll he sit?"

"He isn't necessary at all," said Esther, feeling that Tom was undergoing a regular January thaw. If this was bashfulness she would like to know what assurance was. And yet she liked it. After all, why should not he be perfectly outspoken and simple. They had heard about each other for the last six years. They had sent each other regards in letter after letter, and nothing save actual association was needed to make them old friends.

"Well," said Tom to himself, "if Pat isn't necessary that's a different guess from the one that I would have made." Out loud he said very calmly, although his heart was beginning to thump, "Do you know how to run this?"

"I? Mercy, no. I was almost afraid to sit in it alone, for fear it might take it into its head to start."

"Take it into its cylinder head is more accurate," said Tom. "Well, perhaps we'd better wait for Pat."

"No, no," said Esther. "You know how to run it, and he's awfully dense, really."

Tom dug his heels into the floor and tried to look unconcerned. If Esther Merle, who was a thoroughbred, thought that he knew how to manage an automobile, he'd die before he'd deceive her.

"I never ran one just like this. It looks simpler than some of them."

"It must be simple or Pat wouldn't have learned to run it. I remember he pulled that long thing to start it."

"Of course," said Tom. "That long thing, as you call it, is a lever. Well, bid good-by to home and mother—er—Esther, for I am going to give you the ride of your life."

"Will you go fast? How jolly. Pat is always so afraid he'll be arrested for fast driving that there's no fun going out with him."

Tom pulled the lever and the machine leaped forward gaily. The road before him was wide and straight, but for caution's sake he fiddled around for the brake, and incidentally made the machine cut the letter O on the hard macadamized road.

"What'd you do that for?" said Esther, her heart in her mouth.

"Wanted to get the hang of it," said Tom with perfect truth. His next attempt was more successful, or perhaps less so, according as you measure success. He found the brake, but he and Esther nearly broke the dashboard, not having expected to stop going so soon.

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons,"

said Tom. "I didn't know she'd mind so quickly. Are you hurt?"

"No, it wasn't quite as bad as a Broadway trolley."

Tom now backed the machine and then went forward and turned a circle or two, and then feeling that he had got the hang of it and wondering why he had never cared to run one before, so fascinating it seemed, he let her go straight ahead and they soon left the station and Patrick behind them.

Tom returned to something that was uppermost in his mind.

"Do you know it seems funny my calling you Esther at the start this way?"

"Why funny? Esther is my name. It would have been funny if you had called me Vashti. But I must say I didn't expect from what I had heard of you that you would do it until you had been here several days."

"Why, what had you heard of me," said Tom, interested in a moment.

"Why, you know you're awfully shy."

"You're the first one who ever dared tell me so to my face," said Tom, laughing. "Was it shyness that made me call you Esther at the drop of the hat? You know in books a fellow doesn't call a girl Esther, or whatever her name is, until he's known her a long time and perhaps proposed to her once or twice, and then when she accepts him he says, 'Miss Thingumbob — er — Esther,' and she starts and draws away and then her head falls on his shoulder and—the author signs his name to the thing."

Esther now felt that Tom did not

need any more thawing out. In fact, it seemed to her that the weather was getting sloppy and she determined to change his mood.

"Don't be nonsensical," said she in an elder sister tone. You called me Esther because Mabel and I have been like sisters for years, ever since we were at Vassar together—"

Tom stared at her and applied the brake at the same time. "Who's Mabel?" he exploded, as he struck the dashboard.

As Esther righted herself in her seat again, she said, referring to the question and not the sudden stop, "Is that a Chicago variety?"

Tom started to answer, but the machine tried to climb the bank at that minute, so he waited until he had gained control of it and then he said:

"I didn't see any joke or make any. I merely wanted to know who Mabel was who has been a sister to you ever since you left Vassar. I thought you were a Wellesley girl."

And now he had to pass a van, and devoted his whole attention to keeping the machine on a straight course. But he had noticed that Esther had not yet screamed at any of his driving vagaries, and he felt that whether she hailed from Vassar or Wellesley was immaterial—she was about as near right as any woman he had ever met, and he was glad that he had accepted Archie's invitation to the house party.

For a few minutes nothing was said. The road was straight and free from vehicles, and he went at a rate that caused them both to take their breath in gasps. This was certainly an exhilarating sport with a

pretty girl at your side who allowed you to call her by her first name at once, and yet who was thoroughly feminine and womanly.

It was Esther who spoke first. "Isn't this delightful?" said she. "But don't you think we'd better be going back to the house?"

"Goodness," said Tom, putting on the brake, but this time remembering to apply it with circumspection. "Am I twisted in the points of the compass? I thought I was going to Raven Crest as fast as I could."

Esther looked at Tom in astonishment. "I dare say you are. I believe Raven Crest is straight ahead, but I don't quite see what Raven Crest has to do with you or me. I am not acquainted with any millionaires, and I don't believe you are either, from Mabel's accounts."

"There's Mabel again," said Tom. "You tell Mabel when you see her that while I don't think there is any particular virtue in either knowing or being a millionaire, that I don't feel like cutting Archie just because he has several millions, because he might cut me for the same reason. It isn't my fault that I'm a millionaire, you know. I didn't get the money myself. It was the governor that did it, and he's made me learn a trade, because he thinks I may drop what he picked up."

What was the man talking about? Esther began to wonder whether Mabel's brother was quite right, for there was certainly neither humor nor sense in what he was saying.

But before she could question him the machine began to "vibrate." Whether Tom felt that he had learned

all its curves and could afford to be careless or not will never be known, but it is a fact that it now began to zigzag in a manner highly alarming.

But Esther, who had absolute faith in Tom's ability to manage the thing, even if he was talking nonsense, simply gripped the seat and went on talking.

"Tom Maxwell, what are you talking about?"

Tom held the machine to the middle of the road for several rods and breathing a sigh of relief, he said, "Esther Merle, what do you mean by calling me Tom Maxwell?"

A suspicion of the truth passed over Esther Hathorne's brain. She remembered to have heard of an eccentric young woman named Esther who was spending the holidays at Raven Crest. Was it possible that this handsome, blonde athlete was not Tom Maxwell at all, but another Tom?"

"I'm Esther Hathorne, Mabel Maxwell's friend. Are you Tom Maxwell?"

"Lord, no! I'm Tom Hardin. Tom Maxwell is in Chicago. I knew—"

What he knew he never said, for at this juncture he heard the deep horn of a red racer that was coming up behind him, and he instantly began to wobble again, and just before the racing machine had a chance to run him down, he chose another accident by running up the bank and overturning the machine.

With the rapidity of lightning the thought came over him that he had killed an utter stranger, and he wished it had been the real Esther,

for he was in love with the pretty girl whom he had involved in such a vehicular tangle.

But while he was opening his eyes and squirming out from beneath the wreckage, a scared voice at his side said:—

"Are you hurt, Mr. Hardin?"

"Thank God, you aren't," said he, rising feebly to his feet. "I guess I'm all right—"

And then the driver of the red racer, who had stopped as soon as he saw the accident, broke in with—

"Tom Hardin, what are you doing in this part of the country in an automobile? I expected you in a train. Are you hurt?"

"Hello, Archie. Let me present you to Miss Hathorne. I was seeing her home. I think I've broken my little finger, but, thank God, she's unhurt. If you'll give her a lift—"

At this point the two broken ribs that Tom had neglected to speak about caused him to faint with pain, and Archie and his man lifted him into the racer, and then he helped Miss Hathorne to a seat, and the Maxwell ruin was left by the roadside for horsemen to gloat over as they drove past.

Mr. MacQuoid took Miss Hathorne home to a worrying household, and then kept on to Raven Crest with Tom.

As for Esther, she had no sooner told her story to Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell and Jack and Mabel, than brother Tom arrived in a hack, and she had to tell it all over again, and he listened in a strangely bashful way. She wondered as she talked how a

man so diffident could ever have succeeded in hustling Chicago.

And she wondered still more when later in the evening Mrs. Maxwell told her that Tom was engaged to a young woman of Evanston.

Of course Patrick was dispatched next day to Raven Crest to inquire after Mr. Hardin, and in the course of time Mr. Hardin returned the compliment by coming in person to inquire after Miss Hathorne.

But it was some months before Tom Hardin felt in a position to call Miss Hathorne Esther.

Soon after that, however, he decided (with her consent) to change her name, that is, her surname.

"Change the name and not the letter; change her for worse and not for better," said Jack Maxwell, when he heard the news. But as he and Tom had become great chums, I do not think he meant it.



SUN-DIAL MADE FOR AN AMERICAN GARDEN
BY L. CASTELLA, LONDON

Sun-Dials Old and New

By Alice Morse Earle

THERE has been no man in American history, nor, indeed, any figure of note in the history of any country,

who knew better than did Benjamin Franklin the power of symbolism in literature and in Life. He had in English speech no rival in the



TURK'S HEAD DIAL AT PENSURST

employment of significant figures of rhetoric as a light-giving aid to expression, both in conversation and composition. To him every word, phrase, or picture used to illustrate his homely anecdotes, his wise saws, and terse maxims and homilies, must have a value, a significance far beyond the evident, the every-day presentation: he thus made them Emblems—emblems in the old classical Shakespearean meaning. They thus had the never-ceasing charm of mystery and therefrom came not only the charm but the value, the lesson, and I be-

lieve the everlasting life of his aphorisms.

When, therefore, there fell to Franklin, with manifold other political and patriotic duties in forming and launching the new Ship of State, that of shaping the currency of the new nation, this love of emblems naturally showed itself, and he, with the Committee in charge, chose as a design both for the coins of silver, gold and copper, and the dingy paper notes, a device of a sun-dial; a simply-shaped horizontal sun-dial, with the word *Fugio* in capitals. This third-of-a-dollar note of 1776 was ever after known as the *Fugio* or *Franklin Note*; the dollar was the *Fugio Dollar*, and the cent the *Fugio* or *Franklin Cent*. And this currency displayed clearly another motto, one which at first sight would seem, as the monetary expression of what was in intent even then a great and dignified nation, an unnecessarily ungracious, a brusque, a boorish motto, namely: *Mind Your Business*.

But this curtness, this lack of elegance, of suavity, of grace, was just what Franklin wished. The coin-motto meant something. There was no nonsense about it. It spoke its meaning to all who could read, while the design spoke to many who could not read. There were no stately-sounding words of Greek or Latin, graceful, certainly, to the ear of men of letters; there were only three words of simple English speech—fitted for freemen who might be, as Lincoln said, "illiterate but not ignorant." These three words told in no uncertain voice, not the value of the coin, but the value of Time; they taught

diligence, assiduity and thrift; and in apparently undignified phrasing they taught the dignity which comes from reserve, from a lack of meddling curiosity and interference, the dignity of minding your business.

I suspect that Franklin felt the charm and sentiment of the sun-dial;

instruments that mark the passing of Time. The sun-dial's message to man is one of absolute simplicity; Lamb says, "It speaks of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance and good hours." And how profound is its past. Since light and motion first began, since the



PILLAR-DIALS IN MARKET-PLACE, CARLISLE,
ENGLAND

the charm so poetically worded by Charles Lamb that all other words of praise seem tame indeed. Their charm lay in simplicity of outline and directness of utility; in the dignity of their silent and accurate perfection; and they had a special magic which is common to all deeds and in-

struments that mark the passing of Time. The sun-dial's message to man is one of absolute simplicity; Lamb says, "It speaks of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance and good hours." And how profound is its past. Since light and motion first began, since the

fourth day of the creation, when there were lights in the firmament of heaven, since there was sunlight, and a moving shadow—there was a sun-dial.

The presence of the sun-dial upon the United States coinage brings many pleasant side-thoughts. These



OBELISK-SHAPED DIAL AT KELBURN CASTLE, SCOTLAND

coins and paper money were made in Philadelphia; and Philadelphia and its vicinity has ever seen more sun-dials than other parts of the United States.

A few of these old dials still linger in the surroundings of Philadelphia. One is in the yard of the Friends' School; another in the yard of a Friends' Meeting House in Germantown. The latter is a perfectly calculated instrument made in London in 1770. It bears the noblest of all dial-mottoes, "My days are as a shadow, and there is none abiding."

Another ancient dial is in the Garden of the Logan House, "Stenton" in Germantown. It is now the home of the Society of Colonial Dames, and the dial was given to the Society by Horace J. Smith, Esq., of Germantown, a lineal descendant of the Logan who was the founder of the house. This dial bears, to the surprise of nearly all who first see it, the words,

"We must," as a motto. They are simply a replica of the two-century old joke, We must—dial—that is, die-all. This is found on English churches, banks and dwelling houses. It has an accompanying jocosity in a turn on the word gnomon. Time waits for—gnomon—that is, no man. These two constitute nearly all the sun-dial's wit. The mottoes are in general severely simple, and often solemn.

Another fine dial is here shown, which stands in the grounds of the Lippincott House. Its date is unknown, but certainly it is a hundred years old.

A beautiful modern dial is in the grounds of Horace J. Smith (see frontispiece). It is the work of a French artist, and the thought and execution are both fine. A seated female figure, musing, holds the gnomon in her fingers. The design of

the pillar is also good. Figures are not at all common upon dials; one conventional form had a certain popularity in England, that of a kneeling negro, known as The Moor. This was usually cast in lead. Artistic lead-work, in the form of great vases, pedestals, statues, sun-dials, etc., were a beautiful adornment of English gardens, but

were never seen here. Another design, more pretentious, of three women's figures, was named the Fates; the Three Graces; Morning, Noon, and Night. The Turk's Head Dial, at Peshurst, the home of Sir Philip Sidney, is of great historic interest. These various forms of the horizontal-faced garden-dial are the only

generally known dials in America, but there are many other forms.

A favorite and suitable position for sun-dials in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was upon the market crosses and market pillars, which formed such a frequent and dignified adornment of English towns. Nearly all of the dials have disappeared from

these market crosses. Occasionally one such as the dial at Carlisle (here shown), has been carefully preserved. Similar blocks of stone, with dials on three faces and an inscription on the fourth, were mounted on pillars, which often were the stumps of old crosses which had been pulled down in the times of ultra Protestant religious

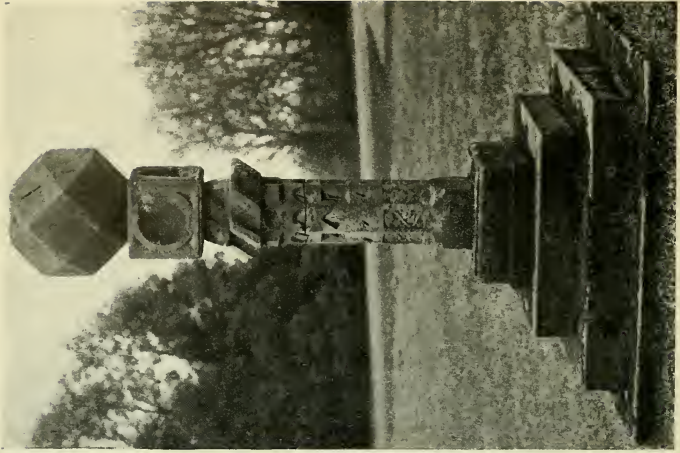
riots when the very word cross was an abomination.

When the Puritans destroyed these crosses sun-dials were at the height of their popularity, and it was indeed natural that blocks of dials should take the place of the hated emblem. At Steeple Ashton in Wiltshire, a column with four vertical dials stands on the steps



CORBEL-DIAL AT ALLVA, SCOTLAND

of the old Cross. At Culmorden, Gloucestershire, an Early English shaft has a dial block. At Martock the column and dials are on the base of an old cross. Chichester Cross, which now has a clock, originally had four dials; so did Taunton Cross. The Market Cross at Woodstock shows a stone pillar bearing a



SUN-DIAL AT MOUNT MELVILLE, SCOTLAND



SUN-DIAL AT GLAMIS CASTLE, SCOTLAND, 1600



THE CHILDREN'S PLAYTHING

dial; the house is built around the pillar.

The study of the sun-dials of Scotland is most interesting. Not only did the use of sun-dials continue there in the gardens and on the walls of castle and cottage, of church and manse, of public buildings, such as hospitals, and tollbooths and on those prides of the country side —bridges—but there also existed in Scotland unusual

forms of sun-dials scarcely seen elsewhere in the world. For instance, there would be found in England and on the continent vertical dials affixed upon pillar-blocks or on the gables or porches of houses, but they were ever simple in form, flat to the wall. In Scotland, they might be canted out a bit to face the exact points of the compass; they might be set in lich-gates, or as the finial of a turret,



CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, WITH DIAL OF COSMO MEDICI, 1572



SUN-DIAL DESIGNED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, 1653. DOOR OF LIBRARY, ALL SOULS' COLLEGE, OXFORD

or upon the two faces of a corner or upon a corbel, all of which settings were scarce known in England. All these placings made the sun-dial of much importance as a part of the scheme of decoration. On Heriot's Hospital, for instance (name and building so familiar to us in the pages of Scott), there are a succession of eleven richly carved corbels with sun-dials, with curiously decorated faces and odd-shaped gnomons. These were made in 1612 and almost form a class in architecture. A simpler corbel-dial at Allva, Scotland, is here shown. This ancient corbel with the two

dial-faces gives to any thoughtful on-looker, be he architect or layman, a suggestion for decoration in architecture which might well be adopted upon some of our public buildings, our new churches. We have in America a few vertical dials on our city walls. In Utica, New York, a fine bronze arm and spear form the gnomon of an unusual dial. On Brooklyn Heights the cast bronze gnomon of a fine triangular dial is in the gable of a house extension of unusual design and beauty for the rear of a city home.

In garden-dials Scotland showed



OLDEST ENGLISH SUN-DIAL MONOLITH, BENCATTLE CHURCHYARD

great eccentricity. The oldest and least explicable dial is the one known as lectern-headed. It is one of the objects of dignity which exist in ample examples in civilized countries, but have no more recorded history, no more trace of their invention, their shaping, than have the totem poles of savages. There was a curious mathematical and astronomical instrument shown in Apian's *Book of Instruments*, 1533, and known as the *Torquetum* of Apian. It told the hour of the day and night from any visible star or the sun or moon. The shape of this *Torquetum* is much like the head of these lectern-headed dials. A hint of the way in which they may have become well known in Scotland is shown by the presence of this *Tor-*

quetum among the instruments represented in Holbein's masterpiece, his "Ambassadors."

Those who know the absolute passion which the learned Englishmen and Scotchmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had for the study of astronomy and everything connected with it, and who know also Holbein's influence, his study of such subjects and of such instruments, in fact, his making of sun-dials, can read between the lines. Scotch architecture of those dates was influenced by styles from Germany and the Low Countries; and the sun-dial shapes may have come direct from these countries as well as have been adapted from those of Holbein and Kratzer in Germany. What-

ever means shaped the end, the Scotch went in that end far beyond the English or the Germans in the perfection and richness of their dials, and especially in these lectern-headed dials, which indeed are found only in Great Britain with one exception, a splendid marble sun-dial with one hundred and fifty dial-faces at Buen Retiro near Malaga, Spain. The splendid examples of Woodhouselee, at Ruchlaw, dated 663, at Skibo Castle, at Dundas Castle, are beyond

his monument by Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport.

The obelisk-shaped dial is better explained by an illustration than words. This one at Kelburn House is set in a fountain basin of water, and is an excellent example. It is eight and one-half feet high, and shows the curious octagonal bulge in the middle of the square shaft which gives opportunity for unusual dial faces, such as reclining and proclining dials. Above the bulge the shaft at once tapers off

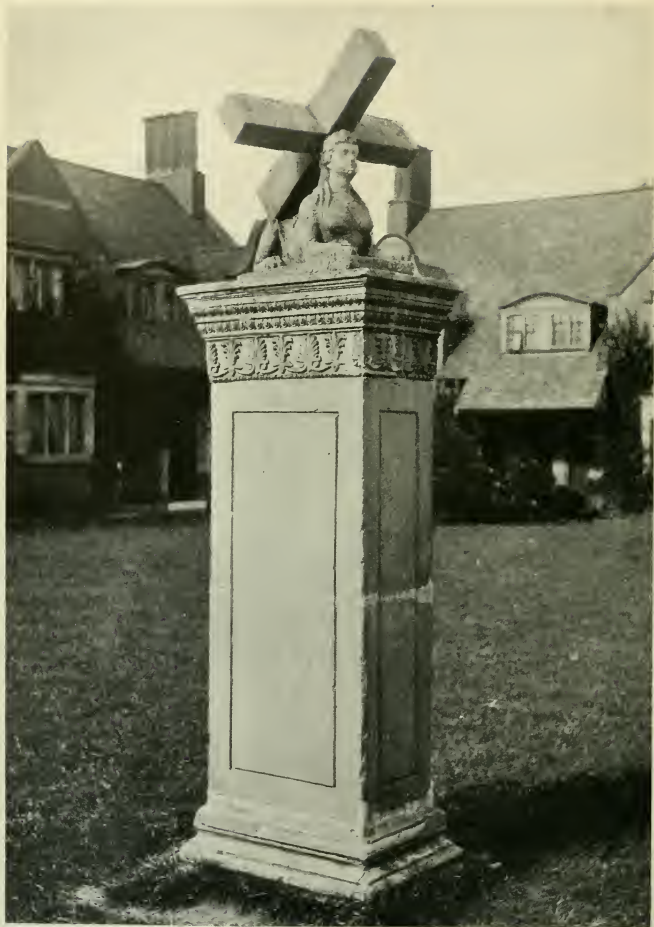


SUN-DIAL AT STONYHURST

anything ever known in England. The Dundas dial is set above a fountain; it was made in 1623 by Sir Walter Dundas, according to its inscription, "as an ornament to his country and his family, sacred to the memory of himself and as a future memorial of his posterity, as also an amusing recreation for himself, friends and guests." I think this is the only monument I ever saw openly marked by a man as "sacred to the memory of himself," save a similar wording on

to the finial. The faces of the shaft have compartments and sinkings of various shapes, heart-shaped, triangular, cup-shaped; sometimes with metal or stone gnomons; other times the sharp edge of the stone casts the shadow. When these sinkings were newly cut, with clean edges, I presume they were of value as time tellers, but often the dial was of sandstone and the sharp edge was speedily blunted by stress of weather.

The lectern-headed dial is almost



CROSS DIAL WITH SPHINX, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND

never copied to-day, and the obelisk rarely. Mr. E. Erskine Scott erected a satisfactory dial which was a modification of the obelisk, but he had a second dial copied from another Scottish type, the facet-headed dial, which was still more beautiful. This faceted block might set upon a pillar with a small pivot, or upon another block. One of great beauty at Mount Melville, Scotland, is here given.

The most beautiful of all sun-dials in the world, that at Glamis Castle—place of song, romance and story—is here given, with a child's little wagon standing on its historic step.

Children dearly love a sun-dial. I have seen them play for hours by the dial's side. Two caught thus in play are given on page 569.

Throughout France and Italy sundials abound. The church of Ste. Maria Novella in Florence is here shown, with the dial of Cosmo di Medici. This dial was made by a Dominican brother. This exquisite church was called "The Bride," by Michael Angelo on account of its great beauty. The mottoes on the Continental dials are most interesting and most beautiful in thought. As nearly all are old they show the ingenious misspelling which prevailed in all languages until within a hundred years. The French and Latin mottoes, even in France and Italy, are surprisingly misspelled. As collections of thousands of sun-dial mottoes have been gathered, it would be useless to dwell upon

them here. They afford a wonderful opportunity to deliver a sententious lesson or warning. Brevity is one of their virtues, but few words may speak much. Nearly all our great poets have tried their hand at motto making. But the best mottoes have been found in lines which were never intended for a dial. There are hundreds of Latin mottoes, but good, terse English mottoes are best of all. Nearly all dial mottoes are serious—jests seem out of place, and many are very gloomy—which is unnecessary. After revolving scores of mottoes in the mind, after searching the Bible. Shakespeare, and the poets, for new lines; after inventing a motto or two of one's own, the dial-owner generally turns back to some old favorite, such as "I mark only sunny hours," and is satisfied. A dial-motto seems to offer an example of a saying that may be read for centuries, and on every side, and yet not be hackneyed.



VERTICAL DIAL ON CHURCH PORCH, EYAM, ENGLAND



SHEPHERD'S DIAL, MADE BY SPANISH PEASANTS

The oldest English sun-dial is the monolith in the churchyard at Ben-castle. It has also the oldest carved inscription in England. Nearly all the English colleges have sun-dials. At the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the various college dials rival each other in beauty. Centuries ago dials were set in flowers or growing box on the turf in front of the college buildings. These have vanished. The ancient dial made by Sir Christopher Wren in 1653 still is set over the door of the Library of All Souls' College, Oxford, as may be seen in the accompanying illustration. The sun-dial at Stonyhurst is also given.

A churchdoor was ever a favorite and a suitable place for a dial. We are recognizing this in America, and

many have been thus set within a few years. A vertical dial of much beauty is here shown, which graces the church-porch at Eyam, England, the church where preached the brave Mompesson, who stayed the progress of the plague in England, in the seventeenth century.

A cross-shaped dial is suited to a churchyard, and many may be found in churchyards and burial grounds in England. The union of cross and sphinx is most unusual. One is given which stands at that interesting place, Port Sunlight, England. The pedestal of this is ill-suited, but the sphinx is certainly a most appropriate design for a sun-dial.

All the great English mathematicians and architects and many artists made sun-dials. Dials made by Sir Isaac Newton still exist. The views



UNIVERSAL RING-DIAL, OWNED BY AUTHOR



SUN-DIALS ON RUINS OF WINGFIELD MANOR
HOUSE, DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND, 1678

of Wingfield Manor are here given with part of the dial set up by a famous mathematician, named Halton, in the year 1678. The gnomon can be seen over the open window of the room which sheltered Mary, Queen of Scots.

The largest sun-dial in the world was made in India by a Rajah who was devoted to mathematics; the smallest is a tiny, portable dial set in a ring. Portable dials were for a time in constant use. When shut up in ivory or silver cases, they were no more cumbersome than a watch. The ring-dial was a favorite form. An ancient one about two inches in diameter is given here. The only European people who use a portable dial to-day are the peasant folk who serve as shepherds for the flocks which graze on the hills and fields which divide

Spain from France. They still make and use a cylindrical dial which is mediæval, and was made long before Shakespeare's shepherd sat "carving out dials quaintly." Chaucer wrote an excellent essay upon them. One is here shown which was made by a Spanish shepherd. It is of close-grained white wood numbered in red and black ink, and is an excellent time-keeper. The shepherds appear to have no astronomical or mathematical knowledge adequate to the comprehension of this dial. It is simply a heredity capacity which enables them to carve them out so ingeniously and accurately. Another portable card-dial was made of a piece of strong cardboard, with a weighted string as the gnomon. I have bought these this year in America.

The Saving of the Choir

By Richard Bradford

“**C**HURCH music ain’t much on week days, except at sociables and funerals.”

Pliny let the lever settle wearily to a halt, and kept his eye on the marker that indicated the bellows to be full. Above, dim shadows fashioned by the organ pipes played gloomily on the wall of his narrow station, and closer, the organ chest creaked and wheezed in an endeavor to gather into harmony the strains of the choir. From the point of view, the philosophy of the remark was hardly amiss, for Pliny was “blowing” for the Friday rehearsal. Pliny’s good nature was, indeed, the salvation of East Leeds, and usually it was behind the scenes. That was why he was “blowing” now for the choir. Through the door he could see them, as he worked the lever. There, at the end of the hair-cloth sofa, sat Charles Johnson, swaying slightly as his tenor bore the air of the Doxology; next him were Eva Martin and Miss Grey, still wearing their wraps and singing from the “Church Harmonies” held in common, and Luther Hartley, choir master of the parish by length of service.

The lever hesitated before the upward stroke, as if anticipating the closing strain, “Praise Him all peoples in your song.” There was a moment of pause. Back in the Meeting House, a nail snapped in the frosty

air; the yellowish radiance of the choir lamps flickered, and a shiver passed over the frame of the Meeting House.

Pliny put his hands in his hip pockets to ease the muscles of his back in the moment of rest. It was clear that the tune had gone awry, for Luther looked up sharply from the hymn book which he held in a tight grasp.

“Mis’ Austin, if you’ll start that measure again, so as we can get the pitch,” he said nervously, turning to the organ.

“Now, Miss Martin, seem’s though you’d ought to drop down a tone, and you, Charlie Johnson, come in slow on the ‘blessin’s.’ Pause and draw out the ‘a-l-l’. Miss Grey and I will take the lower parts. There,—” and he hummed the air to the time of the swinging “Church Harmonies,—” “everybody notice the swing of it, and be sure and stop together. Now, Mis’ Austin, all right again.”

Pliny bent to the lever, while the organ once more droned “Old Hundred,” and the tune filled the dim Meeting House. There it swirled and eddied, the soprano riding the ground swells of the bass, as a boat rides above the rolling billows.

“Guess they got it this time,” muttered Pliny. And sure enough, Luther, after a critical listening, thoughtfully closed his book. “We’ll try it over just before meetin’, and I guess it will do,” he concluded.

When the sound of grating runners told that Charles Johnson had halted at the outer door for the two ladies, Luther looked up from the neat pile of hymn books that he had been making in the sofa corners.

"Mis' Austin," he began abruptly, "it's been seeming to me that this choir ain't singing as it should," Luther turned to Pliny, who was pulling on his ulster, "and I don't believe the fault is hard to find." The good man's voice rose with his vexation.

Each seemed to read the common thought in the awkward pause that followed Luther's words. In the moment before suspicion is spoken, one hesitates; so here in the moment before the suspicion of all East Leeds was given voice, the three paused in awe. But Luther could not wait longer.

"D'you notice that soprano? Eva Martin ain't carryin' it at all; her voice is sprung. Now—" caution lowered his tone, "I ain't the one to sow seeds of discord, but that soprano has got to be altered." Luther's clenched fist fell with the gesture of decision.

"Luther," said the sympathetic organist, "you've said what I've heard more than once. But you and Pliny know," she hastened to add, "it wouldn't do to speak to Eva Martin about it. She's sung in the church for fourteen years."

"Yes, yes," broke in Luther impatiently, "I know she has got considerable feeling about her singing. But everybody in the parish knows what their feeling is, and far as I can see we've got to have a change." Luther abruptly bound on his muffler, and strode down the aisle.

"I guess the singing riled Luther a little." Pliny watched the vexed choir master to the door.

Mrs. Austin turned a troubled face. "Pliny, I hope you won't let none of what Luther has said get to the Martins' ears." Pliny promised.

"And at the same time, she ain't so fresh a singer as she was once. You see how it is. There's been some talk, but I don't know what there is to do or say." Mrs. Austin spoke with dejection.

Pliny felt that it was all true. He had come to know Miss Martin; and in the village this undercurrent of talk he had felt at several times. His kindly nature was disturbed, and his sympathy was for both sides—for the sensitive maiden lady and for the forbearing parish. And so he thoughtfully closed the organ case; extinguished the lamps that sputtered in the brackets; shook down the fire in the vestry; and locked the door on the chilly darkness within. Mrs. Austin waited on the granite step, while he brought the horse to the door.

"I don't know where there's a better soul than Pliny Judkins," she mused. "He's real good to come down here to-night, seein' that he ain't a regular member. I'm glad he's staying at our house."

Pliny, to say the truth, was one of those unattached characters that one meets in almost every village—a person that belongs to no fireside, and yet to every fireside. Lewis Martin remembered the time, a dozen years ago, when a man came to his door in hay-making time, and asked for work. And because he needed help, Lewis took him in. People were uncertain of

Pliny's native place; some said he came from up North Parish way; the larger number accepted the fact that he was a part of East Leeds. He ceased "doing chores" a few years ago, when he took the agency for a washing machine. Somehow New England housewives saw the merit of a washing machine, when Pliny dropped in of a Monday morning, and turned the wooden crank of his machine till the week's wash was ready for the line. "He was so accommodating," they said afterward as if in excuse of the extravagance, "and the machine did really work." So the county was gradually won over.

Pliny now wore a white collar on week days—the outward sign of prosperity. People looked upon him as a "likely" man, and said "he was stoppin' at the Austins'" while he canvassed Hiram and Poland Village. But Pliny lost none of his good nature that in more unprosperous days had already won him the respect of East Leeds.

"Yes, Pliny," continued Mrs. Austin, as the pung lunched in and out of the "thank ye marms," "I don't suppose you can do anything to save the choir, but any feeling would be awkward."

"Well, Mis' Austin, some one might speak to Eva Martin, and I'll do it, if you say."

"'Twouldn't do, Pliny," the good lady answered in alarm. "She ain't been spoke to in all the time she has sung."

The horse settled into that reminiscent jog that was his wont when drawing the heavy wagon home from meeting. It was sacrilege to disturb

his Sunday mood, and Pliny let him turn the corner to the barn in the thought of an extra day's rest before him.

Clear it was on the next Sunday that Luther spoke the truth of the choir. Mrs. Austin had cautiously approached several neighbors, and opinion, it was found, had put its finger on the fault. Nor were matters improved on Easter Sunday. The choir sang twice on that day, with special music at the morning service, and again at the Sunday School concert in the evening. People now said openly, "It wa'n't right to disturb the meeting so; she ought to be spoke to." None, however, volunteered to perform that delicate mission. Eva Martin gave her talents to the church, and it was no wise precedent to discourage such service.

March winds yielded to the gentler breezes that thawed the roads, and made them troughs of mud, where teams sank sometimes axle deep. Then, as travel resumed its usual rolling course, feather beds appeared in the dooryards, basking in the April sun. Men knew that house-cleaning was at its height, and that the barns and fields were the only respite from dusty tasks indoors. Then masculine importance had its turn, when the rich smell of the earth drew bags of seed and muddy tools from lofts and attics. Then East Leeds was gladdest of the spring. Pliny was helping the Martins during the "heft of seed time."

"Women folks have been too busy to talk washing machines," he said in explanation of his visits here and there, "and I'm content to lend a

hand in return for my keep during dull season."

East Leeds was glad to have it so. Pliny had prospered surprisingly in the introduction of his washing machines. Even "snug" Lewis Martin was moved to say, "he'd a mind to give him a start in the creamery business 'long with him, for a good, capable man wa'n't to be passed by every day." There could be no harder won recognition of capability.

Eva Martin, too, found it agreeable to have a man about the house to wait on her wishes. Now she often sat on the back porch with her needle work, and conversed in the twilight of a spring evening. Sometimes she forgot herself into thinking that time had turned back several years, when people gaped as they rode by to see the young man at her feet, and to build the remotest possibility on his presence. She had felt at times that Pliny was especially obliging, but she calmed herself by repeating, "It's just his way; he ain't different from what he is to anybody."

Once Pliny had escorted her to a tea given by the "Grey girls" in honor of a visiting cousin. The Grey girls had long outlived their girlhood, but advancing years could not outgrow the custom of a name. She had consented with real pleasure, put on her new gown and prettiest hat in the thought that the occasion was memorable. She liked to think that she was not like the Grey girls, who rode unattended to meeting. There was a real archness in her way as Pliny drove up to the door, and gallantly helped her out. How pleasantly, she remembered, the evening

had been spent in the prim front room! Pliny had been the life of the company with his genial good nature. Thinking of that, she would blush at the thought of any one keeping company with her. "Eva Martin," she would say, "you'd ought not to be thinking of such things." She sang better for several Sundays after the tea, and some even thought that the difficulty had solved itself. But it was a vain hope, for her voice gradually assumed the old tone, as the incident grew dim in the passing weeks.

But the choir remained undisturbed long after this, although the leading spirits had decided that a change was imminent. Luther Hartley had threatened the peace of the next parish meeting. Alarmed at this some had suggested in the spirit of compromise, a reorganization of the entire choir, an argument which Luther met with effect.

"It ain't needed," said he, backed by a large following.

Mrs. Austin was driven to subterfuges. On Sundays, she pulled the stops of the organ so far that the choir was nearly drowned, which resulted only in deceiving herself. The good woman was in mental distress, with the parish meeting only a week off and Luther "feelin' so strongly." The parish was on the threshold of division.

Thus all East Leeds was in perplexity, one spring evening, as Pliny sat on the porch, thinking about this condition and Lewis Martin's final offer of the creamery. Eva Martin, on the inevitable Friday evening was starting for the rehearsal.

"Miss Martin," said he, starting

from his seat, "I'll walk along with you, if you don't mind; I've got to go to the Johnsons', and I'll step in on the way back." Miss Martin gladly accepted the offer of company. It was a glorious spring evening. The sun setting over Blue Hill promised the dawn of another glad to-morrow; the voices of the little folk of the spring, that sing in apple blossom time, came up from the meadow in a harmony of joy. Pliny walked on, breathing deeply the freshness of the earth.

"Miss Martin," he began abruptly, after they had turned the corner of the yard, "I'm thinkin' some of movin' away."

"You ain't, are you, Pliny? I don't know how East Leeds could get along without you."

"Yes, I have had a good offer at the creamery, and it seems almost best to quit livin' around as I do."

"You know we're only too glad to have you at our house," she said, and stopped.

Pliny looked up. "Eva," said he, "I have been talking some with your father about creamery business, and do you suppose, if I got the old Curtis place, I could get any one to run it? Saying I took the job, do you think so?"

"Why, Pliny, there's lots of folks you could get to do it," she answered in her eagerness for East Leeds.

Pliny took an abrupt turn. "Eva, what would you say, if I asked you about it?"

The last rays of the sun peered in over the pews as the choir took their places. Eva Martin looked out over the blossoming trees, over the green fields to the hills beyond, and sang for the dawning of the new day. Pliny called Luther aside.

"Luther," he said, "I fixed that little matter of the choir that you spoke about. Fact is, it's too far to come up from the Curtis place evenings for rehearsals. Miss Martin don't feel as though she could give the time."

"Why, Pliny, what do you mean?" said Luther, perplexed. "Curtis place—Curtis place—and Eva Martin?"

"Well, fact is," urged Pliny, "Eva Martin has agreed to devote all her time to me, and we're thinking of taking the old Curtis place come hay-ing time."

Luther grasped his hand, and with face beaming turned to the choir.

"All right, again, Mis' Austin, if you'll just start the Doxology."

And "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" was wafted out in harmony into the stillness of the spring twilight.

A Witness to the Truth

Read at Andover Theological Seminary at the exercises commemorating the bicentenary of the birth of Jonathan Edwards.

By Samuel Valentine Cole

I.

GOD'S truth has many voices; sun and star
And mountain and the deep that rolls afar,
Speak the great language; and, of mightier worth,
The lips and lives of Godlike men on earth.

For truth wrought out in human life has power
Which no truth else has—since man's natal hour.
What were the world without the long, strong chain
Of faithful witnesses whose heart and brain
Have throbbed with truth God gave them? without these
Who, as with hands that link together, stand
Reaching across the years to that dear Hand
Which touched blind eyes to sight, wrote on the sand,
And lifted Peter from the drowning seas?
Who, better than through book or hymn or creed,
Draw down their living line the fire we need
Of life from Him who is the Life indeed?

II.

A good man's work is of his time and place
Where Duty lifts the fulness of her face;
Translate it elsewhere and you do him wrong:
His life, his spirit—what of great and fair
And true was in him—O, that doth belong
To all the ages and dwells everywhere!

And there he stands, this nobly-moulded man;
You cannot miss him if you turn and scan
The land's horizon; howsoe'er men talk,
He still is of us; no mere name; a rock
The floods may beat upon nor wash away;
Foregatherer of the times; his loftier height
Flushed with the gleams of sweetness and of light
That wait their fulness till some later day;
An eagle spirit soaring in the sky
And mingling with the things that cannot die.

How full of fire he was and how sincere,
 Soldier of faith and conscience without fear!
 And humble as the little springtime flower
 Opening its heart out to the Heavenly Power;
 Poet, and dreamer of the things to be;
 A man of Godly vision;—such was he,
 This Dante of New England, who descried
 The dread Inferno of man's sin and pride;
 The Purgatorio where his eyes might trace
 The workings out and upward of God's grace;
 And yet who clomb with happier step the slope
 Of man's aspiring and undying hope
 Toward Paradiso, there to find his goal
 At last—the Blessed Vision of the Soul!

III.

All this he was, whatever be the name
 He goes by in the roll of earthly fame.
 We judge him as we would ourselves alway
 Be judged; as Christ will judge the world one day;
 Not by things done, however great they be,
 But by those longings which immortally
 Outrun achievement since the world began;
 Yea, by the spirit in him; that's the man.

What though the vain world scoffed and paths grew dim,
 He had one Master and he followed Him.
 He wielded truth to meet the age's stress
 Of circumstance, nor made it truth the less.
 Truth is a sword that flashes, now this way,
 Now that, the single purpose to obey.
 Nay, truth is large; no man hath seen the whole;
 Larger than words; it brooks not the control
 Of argument and of distinctions nice;
 No age or creed can hold it, no device
 Of speech or language; ay, no syllogism:
 Truth is the sun, and reasoning is the prism
 You lift before it; whence the light is thrown
 In various colors; each man takes his own.
 If this man takes the red, as you the blue,
 Is yours the whole? and is his truth not true?
 Spirit is truth, howe'er the colors fall;
 The fact comes back to spirit after all.

IV.

Secure, invincible, the man who dare
 Obey his vision—mark what courage there!—
 Dare take the sword of his belief in hand,
 Whole-hearted face the world with it, and stand,
 And mind not sacrifice, and count fame dross,
 For truth's dear sake, and life and all things loss,
 And never dream of failure, never doubt
 What issue when the stars of God come out!

And would that we had power like him to rise
 Clear of the thralldom of all compromise,
 Like him whose feet on this foundation stood,—
 That God is sovereign and that God is good.
 Is such a creed outworn? And tell me, pray,
 Have we no use for it? Alas the day,
 Amid the things that savor of the sod,
 If men forget the sovereign rights of God—
 The true life's master-word is still, Obey.

V.

The man of power rejoicing cries, "I can;"
 "I may," the man of pleasure; but we trust,
 And all the world trusts with us, still the man
 Hearing a different voice, who says, "I must."
 O, Conscience, Conscience, how we need thee now!
 Wind, fire, and earthquake pass; the time abounds
 In these great voices; but, O, where art thou?
 Is thy voice lost amid life's grosser sounds?
 Or art thou fled across the golden bars
 Of evening with thy purer light to shine
 Somewhere far off, beyond the quiet stars,
 Far off, and leave us without guide or sign?
 Not so; earth's towers and battlements decay;
 Thrones tremble and fall; old sceptres lose control;
 But, as God lives, thou livest; thou wilt stay,
 O, Conscience, God's vicegerent in the soul!
 We are thy bondmen and thy ways are good;
 Thou art what makes us greater than the dust
 We came from; and still, howsoe'er we would,
 Thy law is ever on us and we must.

VI.

The man who takes "an inward sweet delight
 In God," shines like a candle in the night;
 The world's black shadow of care and doubt and sin
 Is beaten backward by that power within;
 He walks in freedom; neither time nor place
 Can fetter such a spirit; in his face
 A light, not of this earth, forever clings;
 For, when he will, strong spiritual wings
 Bear him aloft till silent grows all strife,
 Silent the tumult and the toil of life;
 The homes of men, far off, like grains of sand
 Lie scattered along the wrinkles of the land,
 All silent; not a sound or breath may rise
 To mar the eternal harmony of those skies
 Through which he goes, still higher, toward the line
 Where sun and moon have no more need to shine;
 And there, where sordid feet have never trod,
 He walks in joy the tablelands of God.

VII.

How much he hath to teach us even yet,
 Lest life should kill us with its toil and fret!
 Things of the earth men seek to have and hold;
 They build and waste again their mounds of gold.
 O me! the din of life, the bell that peals,
 The traffic, and the roaring of the wheels!
 Work glows and grows and satisfies us not;
 Weary we are of what our hands have wrought,
 Weary of action with no time for thought.
 The much we do—how little it must count
 Without some pattern showed us in the mount!

Who seeks and loves the company of great
 Ideals, and moves among them, soon or late
 Will learn their ways and language, unaware
 Take on their likeness, ay, and some day share
 Their immortality, as this man now
 Before whose life we reverently bow.

VIII.

So shines the lamp of Edwards; still it sends
 One golden beam down the long track of years,
 This resolute truth which neither yields nor spends,—
 That life, true life, is not of what appears,
 Not of the things the world piles wide and high;
 'Tis of the spirit and will never die.

His life was noble; wherefore let the day
 White with his memory shine beside the way—
 Adding its comfort to our human need—
 Like some fair tablet whereon men may read:
 "Lo, here and there, great witnesses appear,—
 The meek, the wise, the fearless, the sincere;
 They live their lives and witness to the word;
 No time so evil but their voice is heard;
 Nor sword nor flame can stop them; though they die
 They grow not silent; they must cry their cry;
 Time's many a wave breaks dying on the shore;
 They cry forever and forevermore;
 For, in and through such men as these men are,
 God lives and works, and it were easier far
 To dry the seas and roll the mountains flat
 Than banish God; we build our hopes on that."

The Drift Toward Despotism: A Plea for Democracy

By Harvey N. Shepard

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following article will not meet unanimous endorsement in its views, but it will be read with interest, since it is upon a matter now of much public moment, and its author is one who can speak from experience. Mr. Shepard was a member of the Common Council of Boston when men like Roger Wolcott, Henry Parkman, William F. Wharton, Henry W. Swift and Thomas N. Hart were his associates, and part of the time he was president of the body. Also he was one of the commission of five which drew the charter of the year 1885 under which Boston is now governed. As will be apparent from the reading of the article his views then were different from those entertained by him now. He now considers that he was mistaken in supposing the change towards centralization of the power in the hands of the mayor would be of benefit. The views he now entertains are not those held generally by men who have manifested the largest interest in municipal affairs, but their origin makes them of interest.

FOR the past twenty years the tide has set more and more strongly every year, in both national and local affairs, to centralized control and away from democratic government. Abraham Lincoln defines democratic government as "a government of the people, for the people, and by the people." All three portions of this definition are of importance. A government for the people is not a democracy necessarily. The Autocrat of Russia undoubtedly considers that he governs for the people. Neither is a government of the people, for Napoleon was of the people and their chosen ruler;

and yet his government was altogether despotic. Government by the people is found to-day in the town meetings of New England, and in some of the cantons of Switzerland; but it is impracticable on any large scale. Democratic government therefore usually is considered to be a government by an elective assembly.

The Constitution of the United States recognizes the House of Representatives as such an assembly; and, while carefully protecting the federation of the states by the institution of the Senate, yet as carefully makes the House the real representative body, and especially gives to it the initiative in all money matters. We have departed very far from the intention of its framers.

In 1896 the highest tariff ever known was enacted by means brutally despotic. A secret conclave prepared the bill, and the members of the House of Representatives were not permitted to alter one word thereof, nor to pursue any portion of the other business for which they had been elected. So far as this branch of Congress was concerned, it would have been the same had Mr. Reed, Mr. Dingley, and one or two more of the representatives selected by them, alone gone to Washington.

Of all strange places for this to

happen the strangest is a republic, and of all strange subjects for its exercise the strangest is taxes. It is by control over the purse that in Great Britain and Western Europe the people have won freedom. In Great Britain there would have been a revolution before the House of Commons would have permitted a tax bill to be passed under such conditions as went with our Dingley bill. Many important matters also, such as those pertaining to our insular possessions, the Army, and the Isthmian canals, have been driven through the House without debate; so that the House generally is not considered longer to be a place where discussion is expected.

The House has brought this impotence upon itself by the adoption of rules which submit the members to the domination of the Speaker; and of its own volition it has extinguished itself as a debating body. Members have liberty to write speeches, to have them printed, and to send them to their constituents; but rarely to deliver them, and even then with no expectation of changing the vote.

The Representatives of the nation cannot speak, cannot make a motion, and cannot vote, without the consent of one man. In no other country in the world has the presiding officer of an elective assembly such powers. For the time being and within a designated sphere the Speaker is a despot as absolute as the Czar of the Russias. It makes no difference that he is elected, while the Czar comes to the throne by birth. So were the Roman Emperors elected, and so was Napoleon. A majority of the people elected Napoleon, as a majority of the House

elect the Speaker. But there remained no more a free France, and there is no more a free House.

The Senate to-day is the most powerful body within the Republic, and, with the possible exception of the Senate of ancient Rome, is the most powerful large body known to history. It is the controlling partner in all legislation, and treats the House of Representatives almost with contempt. By its power over the appointments by the President and its association with him in the making of treaties, it also has invaded the executive department; so that now both in legislation and in administration it stands nearly supreme. Its members, chosen for a long term of years, are little responsive to public opinion, and make as nearly an autocratic body as can be found at present anywhere.

With reference to Cuba and our insular possessions the President of the United States has exercised autocratic powers. So far as these were military powers and up to the close of the war by the Treaty of Paris with Spain his acts were in accord with established custom. But since that date his rule in Porto Rico and in the Philippine Islands has been absolute. It is true that this rule has been through agents, and for a portion of the time by virtue of Acts of Congress. Nevertheless it has been absolute, benignant it may be, but the same as that of a despot, and wholly inconsistent with our Declaration of Independence.

It is human nature that a man who exercises autocratic powers in one place is likely to try to exercise like power in another place and under other conditions. If a man rule as

a despot in the Philippine Islands he is quite likely to try to do so in the United States. Such changes may be slow, but are inevitable. Some indications already have been apparent in the arbitrary attempts to prevent a free discussion of the Philippine policy, and in requiring an oath upon landing in Manila from a citizen of the United States. It is said in reply, and said truly, that the people of Great Britain have not lost their liberties. But in Great Britain control is in the hands of a changing committee of Parliament, while here is an executive independent of the Legislature, and it is to him these autocratic powers have been given. A much more interesting parallel will be found in the history of Rome, where the men who held absolute powers in the provinces came back as permanent members of the Senate.

A big army and navy are required for the holding of these insular possessions, and must tend to the increase of executive control, and to put democratic institutions in danger. No nation ever began to get possessions and then stopped, and neither will we; and every new possession means an increase of the army and navy. Then it is natural the army at home should be used in domestic disturbances where, if there were not a large federal force, the local authorities would obtain order by their own efforts. Whenever the national in place of the local power is used, it is evident that to this extent at least there is an increase of the central authority.

In state affairs the same tendency has prevailed. Most of the new constitutions adopted since the Civil War

contain limitations upon the exercise of the legislative power, and very largely increase the authority of the executive. In addition many functions which properly belong to the legislature have been vested by law in commissions or departments appointed by the governor. This distrust of the Legislature is shown by the careful and minute requirements relative to the enactment of bills; in some instances prescribing by constitution all the details.

It is in municipal affairs, however, that the tendency has reached highest, going so far in many cities as to make the legislative body nearly if not altogether useless. City councils have been deprived of so large a part of the powers and responsibilities entrusted to their predecessors as to be dwarfed into insignificant and unimportant branches of government. A notable example is in the charter of New York, which divests the government from the elective representatives of the people assembled in council and vests it in the mayor. Democracy never heretofore has been conceived to mean a community ruled by an autocrat; but always a community in which power lies in an elective assembly. It is this latter conception of democracy which has been abandoned in the large cities of the United States.

The mayor of New York is elected for four years; and, with one exception, appoints the members of eighteen boards between which the municipal administration is divided. The one exception is the Comptroller, at the head of the finance department. He is elected at the same time as the mayor. The mayor also appoints all

members of the five school boards which look after education in the five boroughs of Greater New York.

The ordinance-making power, which normally would belong exclusively to the city council, is conferred upon the executive departments. The council is reduced to a debating society. It is not allowed to sanction any work involving a large sum of money, or to create any debt, or to dispose of any franchise, or to levy any tax, without the concurrence of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. Even then its decision is subject to a veto of the mayor. In cases of public improvements of magnitude and cost it cannot vote by a simple majority. Unless it can muster three-quarters of its whole membership it can do nothing. Clauses of the charter confer upon the council certain powers; but, at the end of the clauses, you always find that they are not to be exercised except on the initiative of some department which is not elective.

Napoleon never claimed such control over the *Corps Legislatif* as the mayor of New York over his city council. He appoints his own officials, and he can pass his own budget. Faith in an elective council seems utterly to have perished. The shadowy municipal assemblies provided some years ago for St. Petersburg and Moscow had greater legislative and financial authority than has the council of New York, and neither in those Russian cities nor in the Russian provincial governments will one find a bureaucratic system so complete and so indirect in its responsibilities to the public as the bureaucracy which the New York charter

creates. In no other part of the globe, however autocratic its government, is such power of taxation and appropriation committed to so unrepresentative a body as is the New York Board of Estimate and Apportionment. A like body was imposed upon Boston for a year, and then with few regrets swept away.

It is absurd to speak of New York as a self-governing municipality. It is a great administrative district, governed according to the will and pleasure of the Cæsar whom the electors vote into office, and of the men appointed by him to do the whole administrative work. Into his hands, as to a dictator, is delivered the second largest city in the world. It is, as pointed out by Mr. Stead, the Second Empire of France re-established in the first city of the American Republic, with the limitation that the reign of the despot is limited to four years.

This system of a dictator came into operation in Brooklyn in 1882; and sprang, Mayor Low says, from the timidity of the citizens. He says in Bryce's *American Commonwealth*: "The aim of the Americans for many years deliberately was to make a city government where no officer by himself could have power enough to do much harm. The natural result of this was to create a situation where no officer had power to do good."

Mr. Low claims for the new system the virtues and vices of all despotisms. When you have a good ruler nothing can be better, if you consider administration only. When you have a bad ruler nothing can be worse. As he says, the Brooklyn system "made clear to the simplest citizen that the entire character of the

city government depends upon the man chosen for the office of mayor."

The Brooklyn system has been adopted, with modifications, in Cleveland, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia, and many more large cities.

When the charter of Greater New York came to be discussed the advocates of vesting the government in the hands of an elective council were in a hopeless minority, and the charter was drawn upon the Brooklyn basis. Its advocates used the familiar arguments which are employed by apologists for autocracy all over the world. Their keynote was concentration of responsibility. Mr. Edward M. Shepard calls this system "the most important gain in municipal reform in our time."

Distrust of city councils and of the capacity of their committees to conduct the executive business of a city, and the substitution therefor of the "one-man power" of the mayor, have been the chief features of our recent municipal development. City councils control in general British, French, German and Italian cities; but in the Republic of the United States they no longer are considered trustworthy.

The change has gone further in Washington, the capital of the Republic, than elsewhere. This city is a most complete despotism, the government being by three commissioners appointed by the President, who possess for the time being all administrative and legislative powers. They assess and collect taxes, appoint all officials, and grant all franchises; and the people of the city have no voice whatever in its government. It is true the government is efficient, hon-

est and economical; and the same may be said of many despotisms.

It is an additional evil that many of our large cities are governed in some of their departments not by their own inhabitants but by the state legislature or commissioners authorized by them. In more than one state the control of the police and of the streets, either in whole or in part, has been taken from the cities and lodged with commissioners appointed by the Governor. Frequently the Legislature has taken upon itself to provide for the building or widening of streets, and for many other matters of purely local concern. Indeed, in Massachusetts probably one-half or more of the whole session of the Legislature each year is occupied with matters which belong to the city of Boston. The result is that during the annual sessions of the Legislature a large part of the work of governing this city must be transacted in the State House. In the ten years from 1880 to 1890 no fewer than 399 different amending laws were passed in Albany affecting the charter of New York. Besides, we see frequently an anomalous condition of things when the representatives of one department appear before a committee of the Legislature advocating something which is opposed by the representatives of some other department, or by the officers of the city; and it has happened more than once that the mayor himself has met with opposition before legislative committees from commissioners supposed to be under his jurisdiction.

One would not expect a private corporation to do its business satisfactorily under such conditions, and it is idle to expect it in municipalities.

Suppose, too, that the officers in charge of some branch of a railway corporation could do as they pleased relative to the running of the trains, the hiring of the employees, and all the expenses of the branch; this would not be considered other than a foolish business method; and yet this is exactly the situation of many municipalities with reference to the police and other departments, the commissioners frequently having full power and control of all the expenses, without supervision by the city council and without regard to the other expenses of the city. Not only is such a policy an injury to the city or town affected, from the removal of responsibility, but it is an injury to the remaining portions of the state, in that the attention of the legislators is distracted from their proper duties to matters of local concern. Mr. Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States has well said: "Thoughtful men more and more see that the wise thing is to cast upon each community full responsibility for the management of its local affairs, and that the great danger to free government is in the centralization of power."

For our departure from democracy its advocates cannot plead the improvement which they promised to us. The degradation of the House of Representatives is not a pleasant prospect; and, in the light of our experience in our insular possessions, we no longer dare quote as true the principles of our own Declaration of Independence. We begin to find a big army and navy costly burdens of imperialism. The governors of our states are no abler or better men than were their predecessors, before their

legislatures were shorn of a portion of their usual functions.

And, with the exception of Washington, it may be questioned whether the expectations of those who brought about such radical changes in our municipal governments have succeeded. In fact, on every hand complaints are heard of our cities; and it is acknowledged that they are a deep blot upon our civilization. If power and responsibility have been put into the hands of one man, there necessarily has gone with this a loss of interest upon the part of the citizens. New York, for instance, under a good mayor is administered but little, if any, better than under the old system, and under a bad mayor it is administered much worse. The same is true of other cities. Matters of public interest, formerly debated in a public assembly, now are determined in the private office of some official; and this gives the opportunity for corruption; and it is quite evident the opportunity has been used.

Neither is the rule of the mayor more efficient than was the rule of the council. Thirty years ago Boston was noted for the appearance of its streets, which were referred to throughout the country as models of cleanliness. No one, alas, would dream of doing so any more.

The commissions or boards, which have been established in place of the former council committees, in charge of executive departments, are not composed of men of greater achievement or higher standing than were in the old committees. There is many a citizen who could not be induced by any salary to sell to the city all his time by membership upon a paid

board, who is willing to give freely a portion of it by membership upon a committee of an unpaid council. Neither has there been a continuity of plan and purpose under paid commissioners greater than that under council committees, though this was one of the strongest arguments for the change. The public has an opportunity every year to express its opinion upon the merits of its servants in the city council. The heads of departments chosen by the council or its committees have to pass an annual examination, so to speak, upon their qualifications for office. But the commissioner, established by statute and not by ordinance, by act of the state and not of the city, is not held to the performance of duty by anything except his personal sense of honor. He may be removed for cause, it is true, but the power of removal rarely is exercised unless his misconduct be flagrant. It also is a decided loss that the departments are not represented in the councils by members who are familiar with their functions and wants, especially when the annual appropriation bill is under consideration.

Also paid commissioners do not devote more time to the service of the city than was given gratuitously by the committees of the council when the departments were in charge of such committees, and neither has anything been gained in experience, the term of service of the commissioners, in comparison with that of the aldermen, for instance, being about the same.

Another evil of the present system is that it makes it more possible for a boss to control and establish his power

so firmly as only to be shaken off by what amounts nearly to a revolution. This has been shown again and again in the city of New York, and is quite as true, though not so notorious, in other cities. The loss of public interest in the citizens is inevitable, and it is idle for complaint to be made of this. Of what use was the interest of a Roman in the administration of his city during the Empire, and of what use the interest of a Frenchman during the control of France by Napoleon? Why should a resident of Washington interest himself actively in the streets or the lights when these are administered by three commissioners absolutely beyond his control? So it is of our other cities. While they are administered by a dictator, it is idle to expect that the citizens will take any active part in municipal matters.

This loss of interest is recognized upon all hands as an evil, and very many clubs and other organizations have been established to overcome it. These are good so far as they go, but have not met with continuous success. However much they flourish in the beginning, the end has been the same in all cases, and either they have disbanded or have relapsed into inactivity. This is inevitable, because you cannot expect men to continue an active interest when their efforts tend only to a choice of candidates, or to counsel and advice to officials over whom they have no control, or to induce the district attorney to secure punishment for wrong doing.

Municipal expenditures have increased under the new system out of all proportion to the growth of the cities, either in population or in

amount. Take the city of Boston, for instance. The indebtedness has mounted with giant strides until today it is more than double what it was in 1885, when the change began, and Boston probably is the heaviest taxed city in the world. From 1822, when Boston received its first charter, to 1885, when government by the mayor began, a period of sixty-three years, the net debt came to twenty-four million dollars. Since the centralization of power, it has grown to fifty-five million dollars. Yearly expenditures also have increased in the ratio of two to one during the seventeen years in which power has been centralized in the hands of the mayor. Loans are made for all sorts of purposes, which, under the old system, were paid from the tax levy. State restrictions upon the amount of municipal indebtedness have not proved to be of the least avail. The city council cannot borrow money beyond certain amounts, and so men go to the state and get there the loans they want, and responsibility therefor can be fastened upon no one.

Must we despair of democracy, then, after all, and abandon all hope of governing by the machinery of elective assemblies? Is the dictator indispensable for the salvation of the Republic? Fortunately the reaction has begun. Earnest students have taken up the problem how to make the Senate responsive to public opinion and how to restore to the House its former prestige. More and more we are coming to recognize it to be our duty to give to the peoples of our insular possessions the same rights of self-government which we claim for ourselves. More and more the convic-

tion is growing that it is best both for the state and for the town that local affairs should be controlled at home. More and more we question whether the remedy for municipal evils is to continue the present system by depriving city councils of their little authority yet remaining, and giving even it to the executive. This course yet finds stalwart support, and the abolition of the common council is advocated by many. In the light of the past we well may doubt whether this will bring any relief.

The alternative is to go back to democratic principles by enfranchising once more the councils and giving to them control. The town meetings in New England have been regarded by most students as the occasion of the sturdy strength of the people in the conflict with France over Canada, and with the Mother Country itself in the Revolution. Such town meetings probably are impracticable in cities; but, in place of them, it is possible to have a large legislative assembly, and to give control to it.

It is not simply a question of administration. The most important consideration is the effect upon the citizens themselves. The strength of our Republic from the beginning has rested upon the ability and willingness of the people to manage their own affairs, and there is no more ominous sign in the present political horizon than the apparent want of confidence in their continued ability so to do. A strong and sturdy citizenship is the best support, and in fact the only abiding support, of a free community, and this is not possible if all matters are to be managed for the citizens instead of by the citizens.

As Mr. Gladstone said: "The franchise is an educational power. The possession of it quickens the intelligence, and tends to bind the nation together. It is more important to have an alert, well-taught, and satisfied people than a theoretically good legislative machine."

The argument commonly advanced, that, as most of the city's work is executive in character, it should for that reason be vested in an executive officer, is refuted by the experience of foreign cities, most of which are admittedly well governed under the committee system. The concentration of power in the mayor's hands is in fact defended not so much on business as on political grounds. The legislative system works well enough, it is said, in the cities of Europe because the property-owners there are in control, but very badly in this country under universal suffrage.

It is a sufficient answer that such distrust is un-democratic and un-American, and also it is not true that municipal suffrage generally in Western Europe is less extensive than here, as Mr. Chamberlain pointed out some years ago in the comparison made by him between Manchester, England, and Boston, Massachusetts. Besides, tax rates have increased more rapidly in the small towns of the United States, where the great majority of the voters are tax-payers, than in the large cities.

Our present system is anomalous, with a council and a mayor independent of the council. The cities of Europe are controlled by the council, the mayor being either a paid official, chosen by it, as in Germany, like the

president of a corporation here, or the chairman of the council, as in England. It has not been found difficult to get good men for these positions; and the cities are well administered; the citizens having a lively interest in all transactions. On a larger scale the same thing is shown in the government of Great Britain itself, which really is by Parliament, the ministers being a chosen committee, and in Switzerland, the President of the Republic being an officer of the central council. It is probable that cities will undertake more and more for their citizens. We all agree that cities should manage the schools, the water supply, and other like things, and no one can say we may not wisely go further in this direction. Plans of this sort, undoubtedly, will be met by prejudice and selfish interest; but, nevertheless, the whole course of events shows that more and more things now in private hands will be managed by the community.

Cities ought to be allowed the largest liberty to govern themselves, to determine from year to year what is best adapted to their wants, to abolish or consolidate departments, whenever such consolidations will promote efficiency and reduce expenditures, and to enter upon such enterprises of public comfort or utility as may seem to them best. It is pleasant to recognize a growing sentiment in favor of increasing the control over its own affairs now enjoyed by a city, and it is to be hoped many years will not elapse before every city will secure those extensive powers of self-government which have been exercised so profitably in foreign cities. The best

security against interference by the state with local affairs is through making the city council a body of such character and strength that its action will be considered to be the expression of local opinion. In no community, homogeneous or heterogeneous, can public affairs be managed successfully when the state always stands ready to remodel the charter whenever a minority in the city can command the support of a majority in the state.

An interesting movement in these directions is now upon trial in San Francisco. Elsewhere a city must go to the state legislature for an amendment of its charter. In San Francisco, "Whenever there shall be presented to the supervisors a petition signed by a number of voters equal to fifteen per centum of the votes cast at the last preceding state or municipal election, asking that an amendment or amendments to this charter, to be set out in such petition, be submitted to the people, the board must submit to the vote of the electors of the city and county the proposed amendment or amendments."

The supervisors must procure plans and estimates of the actual cost of the construction of water works, gas works, electric light works, steam, water or electric power works, telephone lines, street railroads, and such other public utilities as the supervisors or the people by petition to the board may designate.

After such plans and estimates shall have been procured, the supervisors shall enter into negotiations for the permanent acquisition by original construction, condemnation or permanent acquisition and ownership thereof.

Before submitting propositions to the electors for the acquisition by original construction or condemnation, of public utilities, the supervisors must solicit and consider offers for the sale of existing utilities in order that the electors shall have the benefit of acquiring the same at the lowest possible cost thereof.

It is profitable to note that at the last election in Chicago good citizens were not alarmed upon the question of who might be elected mayor, as they felt certain that in any event the city council would contain a majority of discreet men, and they knew that fortunately it had not been shorn of all power. All their eggs were not in one basket. On the other hand in New York and Boston we stake all upon the election of one man. It is idle to complain of the quality of the members of our city councils, as we cannot expect able men to take these places where they are given little power and but little to do. With few exceptions the successful business or professional man would not accept election, because of the puerile duties now required of the city councils. If we want great men, we must give to them great duties, and experience shows that then it always is possible to find them.

With all its faults, democracy is more stable and better than any other form of government. It is safe to trust the people, and an appeal to their sound judgment and good sense rarely fails. Let us speedily regain the ancient ways, and return to the fundamental principles of democratic institutions.

The President's Horsemanship

By Elmer E. Paine

IN President Roosevelt's latest contribution to current literature, "The Deer Family," this paragraph appears:

"It is an excellent thing for any man to be a good horseman and a good marksman, to be able to live in the open and to feel a self-reliant readiness in any crisis."

Theodore Roosevelt is an accomplished horseman. Of all forms of physical exercise, he enjoys horse-back riding most. A man of letters and a student of people and of affairs, he yet is essentially a man of action. He is proficient in many kinds of out-of-doors sports and at some he excels; but in horsemanship he has few equals. He loves a horse—the thoroughbred, the hunter, the broncho of the plains, the pony of the polo field. He has little interest, however, in the racing of horses as a business. The environments of the race-course do not appeal to him. With the evolution of the thoroughbred he is entirely familiar; and in contests of speed incident to the development of runners, trotters and pacers, he manifests the concern of the scientific horseman.

Of his own horses he makes companions and friends. He knows them and they understand him. He talks to them, pets them and plays with them. They know his voice and his step. As he approaches them, they turn their heads affectionately toward him and whinny softly for the lumps of sugar he invariably carries in his pockets.

While the President is an expert

whip, being a notably excellent driver of a coach-and-four, he is at his best in the saddle. On horse-back he presents a fine appearance. He is not a graceful rider, but he has a firm seat and absolutely perfect control of his mount. His style of riding is that of the cowboy, acquired on the plains of the Northwest more than a score of years ago. It is easy and natural. The motions of his body coincide perfectly with the movements of his horse. In cross-country runs, he rides "with hands and feet," with heels on the stirrups and with his arms rising and falling in consonance with the leaps of his mount.

The President's methods on horse-back are distinctly different from those of his saddle orderly, Sergeant Cornelius McDermott, of the United States Cavalry, who accompanies him on all his rides about Washington. McDermott is a superb horesman. He has earned for himself the reputation of being one of the most daring riders in the American army. He rides with that erect rigidity of body which is characteristic of the United States cavalryman, taking up all the motions of his horse with his insteps, knees and hips. Incidentally, he is the best revolver shot in the cavalry service. His duty is to guard the President against personal assault in the unfrequented places through which Mr. Roosevelt delights to ride. It is his business to be fifteen paces behind the President, whether the latter's horse is moving at a gentle walk or at a hard run; and he

is always there. Quite frequently President Roosevelt leaves the bicycle policemen in a cloud of dust far in the rear, but never McDermott.

When the President turns from the road, leaps a fence and starts on a run across country, to the despair of his civic guards, McDermott is at his horse's heels. Together they sweep across fields and through woods, often at a killing pace, taking such usual obstacles as fences, ditches, streams and fallen timber as they come. Then it is that the stern features of the President relax. The exhilaration of the exercise drives care from his countenance. The elements of physical danger or of exhaustion count as nothing. He becomes enthusiastic. His arms swing like flails. With voice and spur he urges his horse onward. He laughs for very joy. He is a being transformed. No longer is

he Theodore Roosevelt, President; he is Theodore Roosevelt, sportsman,— a type of the highest and best American sportsmanship.

President Roosevelt has in the White House stables three saddle horses, all of which he rides frequently. His favorite mount, Bleistein, is a qualified hunter, of a light bay color with black points, and a trifle over sixteen hands high. He was bred in the famous Genesee Valley, New York. With the President on his back, Bleistein has cleared bars five feet, eight inches high. He has a record of six feet. Renown, another qualified hunter, is a Canadian-bred, seal brown gelding, sixteen and a half hands high, with a record of five feet over the bars with the President on his back. Both Bleistein and Renown possess indomitable endurance and courage. Wyoming, a chestnut bay with white points,



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PRESIDENT'S FAVORITE HUNTER, BLEISTEIN



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PRESIDENT'S RIDING HORSE WYOMING

was presented to Mr. Roosevelt last spring by the citizens of the state for which he was named. He is a beautiful animal, highly bred and of great speed. He is the favorite saddle horse of the President's eldest son, Theodore, who gives promise of being as fine a horseman as his father.

The President first rode Wyoming while on his western trip last May, the horse being his last relay on the seventy-mile ride from Laramie to Cheyenne. That was a memorable ride. While several of those who accompanied the President were worn with fatigue when they arrived at Cheyenne, he was apparently as fresh, after having been eight hours in the saddle, as he was at the start. The following day he took another gallop of twenty-eight miles.

Last July, the President, mounted on Bleistein, accompanied by his son, Theodore, and his nephew, George Roosevelt, the former riding Wyoming, left his summer home, Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, at two o'clock one morning to visit his uncle, the Hon. Robert Roosevelt, at Sayville, L. I. A violent thunder storm had been raging for hours, but neither the President nor his young companions were to be deterred from making the trip by a mere crash of the elements. Notwithstanding the fact that the night was so dark as to render objects indistinguishable at a distance greater than a horse's length, and that the roadway was illuminated only by occasional flashes of lightning, the journey across Long Island—thirty-five miles—was covered by the little caval-



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PRESIDENT'S OLD POLO PONY, DIAMOND, NOW 27 YEARS OF AGE

cade in a trifle over four hours. The return trip was made the following morning in seven hours, the President adopting the expedient he had learned in the West in riding and leading the horses each alternate hour so that they might not suffer ill effects from the excessive heat.

A particular favorite with President Roosevelt among his horses is the polo pony Diamond. He is tenderly attached to the sturdy animal. Diamond is twenty-seven years old and Mr. Roosevelt has owned him for twenty-five years. The little Texan carried the President through many an exciting game of polo, but he was pensioned long since for faithful services.

Mrs. Roosevelt's mount is Yagenka, a dark bay mare, with stylish carriage and muscles like steel springs. She has carried her mistress after the hounds on several notable hunts Mrs. Roosevelt frequently accompa-

nies the President on long rides. She and Mr. Roosevelt seemingly enjoy a gallop together in cold or rainy weather quite as thoroughly as if the weather were ideal. On many afternoons in the winter they may be seen riding over the fine roads around Washington, laughing and chatting animatedly, while the biting wind whistles shrilly about their ears. On such occasions the President is attired in a short, heavy, dark-blue pea-jacket, with fur collar rolled about his neck; heavy riding breeches of dark material, yellow leather riding boots and a black slouch hat. Mrs. Roosevelt wears a black cloth habit, rather shorter than is worn ordinarily, and a black derby hat with a heavy, dark veil.

Miss Alice Roosevelt is the true daughter of her father, with all his predilection for athletic sports. She is an excellent horsewoman and often, at the Chevy Chase Hunt Club, near

Washington, she takes the jumps on the backs of Renown or Yagenka.

The one remaining saddle animal in the White House stables is Algonquin, the "calico pony." He is a Shetland and is ridden by the President's sons, Archie and Quentin, aged respectively nine and six years. Archie, attired in Rough Rider costume, often gallops on the calico pony through the streets of Washington, followed by a groom on a bicycle. A genuine affection exists between Archie and Algonquin. Last spring when the little lad was confined to his bed by a severe illness he expressed a desire to see the calico pony. His willing slave, the groom, surmounted all difficulties. He took the pony into the White House, ascended with him on the elevator to the second floor and led him to the bedside of his little friend. Archie flung his arms around Algonquin's neck and the pony whinnied caressingly, as if he quite appreciated

and reciprocated his master's affection.

The President's carriage horses are bright bays, 15.3 hands high, and bred in Ohio of fine trotting stock. They are as handsome a pair as appear on the streets of the national capital.

Washington never has known a President who lived so much in the open as Mr. Roosevelt. If the roads are too muddy for horse-back riding, he walks. These walks are not merely little jaunts, but outings of from five to fifteen miles. None of President Roosevelt's predecessors for a score of years was fond of horse-back riding. General Arthur, who succeeded to the Presidency as did Mr. Roosevelt, in the shadow of a national tragedy, was a dignified and scholarly equestrian. Grant was a fine horseman, but preferred a carriage to horse-back riding. Lincoln could ride and did, but his appearances on horse-back were so infrequent as to be his-



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YAGENKA, MRS. ROOSEVELT'S KENTUCKY-BRED SADDLE MARE



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ARCHIE ROOSEVELT'S PONY, ALGONQUIN

toric. Pierce, General Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor and Jackson were in the saddle from earliest youth. President Madison, as a native Virginian, was a fine horseman, while Jefferson always made his journeys from Monticello to the University of Virginia on horse-back. Washington was one of the most accomplished horsemen of his time. He was fond of and practised the chase. Almost

invariably he rode one of his finely bred chargers on his trips from Mt. Vernon to Philadelphia and return.

President Roosevelt's residence in the White House has given a marked impetus to the practice in Washington of all kinds of out-of-door sports, particularly equestrianism. In the national capital now are many of the best saddle horses to be found anywhere in the United States.





A LIFT IN FINLAND

To the Arctic Circle in a Motor Car

By Charles J. Glidden

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Mr. Glidden was one of the pioneer telephone men of the United States, having been for twenty-five years at the head of some of the largest telephone organizations of the country. He is not now engaged in any active business.

The editor of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE having asked me to write a short account of my recent automobile trip to the Arctic Circle, I will try to set down a few of the experiences that most impressed me during the progress of what I believe was, in many respects, an unique undertaking.

To begin by summarizing, we covered in our trip six thousand six hundred and seventy miles of territory in

fifty-four days, visiting fifteen countries, and were the first to cross the Arctic circle in a motor car. Our automobile, loaded with four passengers and baggage, weighed about four thousand five hundred pounds, and was made with an especially large *tonneau* in order that a steamer trunk holding a ten days' supply of clothing might be carried. The rest of our luggage was sent ahead by train. We carried one hundred sections of maps, always marking out our prospective route one day in advance. In Sweden we arranged to have fifteen-gallon carboys of gasolene

placed at convenient points along our route.

Starting at Liverpool, on June 25, we first made a tour of one thousand five hundred and ten miles in Ireland, during the time of the Gordon-Bennett race. We then returned to Holyhead, drove thence to Hull, and shipped the car to Copenhagen, at which point the main part of our trip began. Our route to Sweden was through the northern part of Denmark and across three and one-half miles of water.

On arriving in Sweden, we toured northward, crossing the Arctic Circle and passing through a country largely inhabited by Finns and Lapps. We did not actually enter Lapland, as we kept fairly near to the coast, but we travelled miles north of the parallel of latitude that bounds that country, and the border of Lapland was only about fifty miles from the point at which we crossed the Arctic Circle. The most

northerly point that we reached was the Swedish township of Kommis, just beyond the Arctic Circle.

From Sweden the car was shipped by water to Frederickshaven, in northern Denmark, and thence we went southward through Hamburg, Berlin, Carlsbad, Prague, Vienna, Salzburg, Oberammergau, Bregenz, Neuhausen, Belfort, Paris, Calais, Ostend, Brussels, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Harwich and Liverpool.

On the whole, the most interesting part of our trip was the route through Sweden. Our automobile, being the first one ever seen in the remoter parts of that country, excited amazement and delight, especially during our passage of the nine hundred miles north of latitude 61, while we ourselves were everywhere accorded an enthusiastic reception. In several instances the people raised the Swedish flag and dipped it as we passed. Even the smallest towns and villages have telephones, and thus our progress was made known in advance.

The Swedish roads are exceptionally "heavy" and bad, but this drawback to travel was in a measure atoned for by the excellent quality of the inns and hotels that we found at the end of each day's journey. In northern Sweden these inns are subsidized



"BUILDING UP" TO GET ON THE RAFT, TO BE TOWED BY STEAMER
ACROSS A FIVE-MILE FERRY IN SWEDEN

by the government, are clean and comfortable, and moderate in their charges. We found the temperature in the extreme north about twenty degrees colder than in London, and we had a great deal of rain throughout the entire trip, especially between Hamburg and Berlin, but as we were provided

with warm clothing and complete rubber suits, we experienced no ill effects from the weather.

Originally we had intended to drive through Norway, and had obtained the necessary permits from the Norwegian authorities, but after the Paris-Madrid race these were cancelled, or conditions of a practically prohibitive character were introduced.

One of these conditions was that the road we were to take was to be published in the local newspapers along the route six days in advance, another was that the sheriffs of the towns through which we intended to pass should be notified of the exact hour of our intended arrival, and a third that a courier on horseback should be sent ahead to notify the inhabitants of our approach. One good result of our abandoning Norway in favor of Sweden was that we were thereby enabled to reach a much more northerly point than we could have



LAST CHURCH THIS SIDE OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE—MOST NORTHERN IN SWEDEN

reached had we taken the Norwegian route.

The loneliness of some of the roads, especially in Northern Sweden, impressed us greatly. Sometimes in going a distance of fifty miles we saw only one person. Once in going one hundred and twenty miles we met but three vehicles, and they were mail wagons. In all, we went through nine hundred miles of dense forest.

Only once, in traversing these solitudes, did we lose our way, and that was occasioned by our endeavoring to find a road which was marked on the map, but which did not exist. It had been laid out and surveyed, but not constructed, and though we crossed its line three times, we of course never found it.

We took very few photographs of the people, partly because we made it a rule never to photograph a subject without his permission. The Lapps are very sensitive in this respect, and

immediately notice and resent any particular attention paid to them.

One of the most remarkable things about our trip was that we had no disagreeable experiences and no accidents. The only breakage in the machinery of the car was that of a pump spindle, which occasioned one-half hour's delay, and we had but six tire

change for one of the later model, and this year made a similar exchange. I shall keep the car that I have now, a specially built 16-horse power Napier.

In conclusion I will say that in my estimation automobiling is the best and cheapest way of seeing a country. Leaving out of consideration the orig-



HIGHEST POINT REACHED—ABOUT A MILE NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

punctures. This immunity from accidents I attribute partly to the watchful care of Mr. Charles Thomas, the London mechanic who accompanied us, and partly to the excellent construction of the car itself.

This is my third long annual automobile trip. In 1901 I bought my first car, in 1902 made an ex-

inal cost of the machine, four people can travel in this way quite as economically as they could by rail, and much more cheaply than they could by carriage.

For the benefit of those who like exact information, I append a table of statistics which I compiled during the trip:—

COUNTRIES	Miles 1901	Miles 1902	Miles 1903	Total	Condition of Roads
1. Austria.....		250	377	627	Good
2. Bavaria.....			295	295	Good
3. Belgium.....			160	160	Bad
4. Bohemia.....			315	315	Fair
5. Denmark.....			306	306	Excellent
6. England.....	650	132	365	1,147	Excellent
7. France.....	1,350	2,700	515	4,565	Excellent
8. Germany.....		608	580	1,188	Good
9. Holland.....			240	240	Good
10. Ireland.....			1,510	1,510	Good
11. Italy.....		508	508	Good
12. Spain.....		30	30	Bad
13. Sweden.....			1,540	1,540	Bad
14. Switzerland.....		897	200	1,097	Good
15. Wales.....			267	267	Excellent
Total.....	2,000	5,125	6,670	13,795	
Days on the road.....	26	38	54	118	
Hours on the road.....	120	260	390	770	

I estimated the number of cities, towns and settlements passed through as 4,000, vehicles passed as 10,000, people on the road 3,000,000, hotels stayed at 236, and meals taken at different inns or cafés 472.

The Crowning Touch

By Eugene C. Dolson

I N girlhood's unconsidered ways,
 She walked from care apart;
 I guessed not, in those bygone days,
 The sweetness of her heart.

But while to-night, in woman wise,
 She bends her child above,
 I read in those deep, soulful eyes,
 Her depth of mother love.





Hunting the Swamp-Fox

By Zitella Cocke

A HUNDRED Red-Coats on the hill,
Two hundred in the vale,
The woods repeat their war-cry shrill,
"Hurrah! We're on his trail.
Hurrah! lay bridle loose on mane
And boldly urge your steeds,
The Swamp-Fox we'll not hunt in vain,
When gallant Tarleton leads,—
Let but our chief that rebel see,
The Fox shall hang to highest tree!"

Sharp rowels stung the horses' flanks,
Like mad they dashed away;
The eager riders broke their ranks
Exultant for the fray.
Across the trackless bog and fen,
Down slopes and steep hillside,
O'er field and fence, three hundred men
Rode fast as men could ride.
They hunted hard till fall of night,
The Swamp-Fox never once in sight!

Then by his worn and willing steed,
Each horseman sank to rest,—
So soft the wind sighed thro' the reed,
The bird slept on her nest,—
The mist rose slowly from the swamp,
Till like a cloud it stood,
And not one trace of martial pomp,
In that black solitude,
For riders brave and chargers strong
Sleep well, who've galloped all day long!



An Incident of Revolutionary Days

Hark! hark! what means that stealthy tread?

Perchance some wild thing creeps
In hunger round the leaf-strewn bed,
Where weary warrior sleeps.
Yet see those forms stalwart and grim,—
How silently they pass,
From under moss-entangled limb,
Athwart the tall wire-grass!
Nor clang of arms, nor word, nor sound,
So cautiously they tread the ground!

On, on they come,—aye, nearer still,
See—sixty rifles gleam!
The sleeping Briton hears no ill
Nor fears it in his dream.
They kneel, they fire,—the woodlands ring,
The dark morass and glen,
As in hot haste to saddle spring
Bold Marion and his men!
Away they fly,—ten miles away,
And still an hour to break of day!

Outspoke proud Tarleton's rage and scorn,
"Haste, give our dead a grave,
And then to horse with rise of morn,
To hunt the traitor-knave.
From North to South the country scour,
From beach to mountain rocks,
Our vengeance sure shall find the hour
To trap that cunning Fox,—
A thousand pounds in George's name
To him who snares the wary game!"

HUNTING THE SWAMP-FOX

Forth in fierce wrath the hunters ride,
 With Tarleton at their head,—
 Down by the Mingo's tawny tide,—
 Along Edisto's bed,—
 Two hundred more with Wemyss strain
 Up high hills of Santee,
 And back across the swamps again
 To pine lands of Pedee,—
 As maple leaves in Autumn's hand,
 So flash the Red-Coats through the land!

They hunt,—they halt,—they track,—they turn,
 Till hope is well-nigh flown.
 When, lo! in field thro' arching fern
 See Marion!—and alone!
 "Give chase!" they cry, "we know the ground,
 A trench so wide and deep,
 At further end, no horse can bound
 And never rider leap.
 Up! up! spur on, now, no mishap,
 The Swamp-Fox sure is in our trap!

Forward to right,—to left,—to rear,—
 They gallop, thrice a score,—
 With swing of sword, with curse and jeer,
 They press him hard and sore.
 But Marion's steed of matchless speed
 By master's soul is fired,
 He feels his rider's direful need,
 And flies like bird inspired
 Across the trench,—where Marion doffs
 His hat in answer to their scoffs,
 With farewell shot, and proud "Good-day,
 My merry gentlemen!"—while they
 Who chased with blatant brag and boast,
 Stand dazed,—as they had seen a ghost!



Miss Barber's Nephew

By Elsie Carmichael, author of "A New England Cranford"

MISS BARBER was our nearest neighbor when Ralph and I went to Kelmscott to live on our abandoned farm. Our gardens adjoined, with only a box hedge between, so that our trailing nasturtiums ran over the low barrier to join forces with her sweet peas, and her apple trees leaned over and dropped votive offerings into our orchard. I became very fond of Miss Barber before we had lived there a fortnight, and I always ran out eagerly to meet her when I saw her little bobbing curls and her spreading hoopskirts coming down the path, for Miss Barber was an anachronism, wearing the finery of a distant time just as she retained the opinions of her grandfather.

She lived in a quaint hip-roofed house that was haunted by the faint fragrance of lavender and rose-leaves and overflowing with old furniture, ancestral portraits and priceless china. Never in two hundred years had a mistress of that house thrown away or lost or broken a single thing she owned. Why is it we of this generation can never save any heirlooms for our descendants? Our old ball gowns either drop to pieces or are given away and our china is offered up on the altar of domestic service. But at Miss Barber's every hoopskirt, every parasol, every satin ball slipper that was ever owned in the family was

stowed away in the old trunks and chests under the eaves in the attic.

In striking contrast to this dainty relic of the last century was her neighbor on the other side, Mrs. Deacon Sumner, who represented the Philistine element in Kelmscott. She had insisted on modernizing the Deacon's house until it was a strange conglomeration of the old colonial and cheap gingerbread style of architecture. There was a front door of imitation oak; cheap ornate stair rails had ousted the plain ones with their simple quaint lines, and a doorbell took the place of the beautiful old knocker which she had sold to some "city folks," to the secret sorrow of the Deacon.

"I'm real surprised at you and Mr. Dexter likin' old things," she said one day. "I said to Deacon Sumner when I heard you was comin', 'Now that city folks is comin' in I hope that Kelmscott will be up to date. Maybe it will be a real swell summer resort one of these days.' I thought you'd probably want electric lights and all the things that would improve the village."

"Heaven forbid," Ralph ejaculated low, but fortunately Mrs. Deacon Sumner did not hear him. She would have considered it swearing.

Provoking as she was at times I always enjoyed a call from Mrs. Sumner, and one bleak February day, when I saw her coming slowly up the

path, I ran downstairs to open the door and take her in to the bright fire in the sitting room.

"Yes, it's a cold day," she admitted, as she slowly sank into a low chair with many creakings of its frame. She spread her hands to the warmth and caught her breath, for she was very stout and was usually in a state of breathlessness for several minutes after she had made any exertion.

"Yes, it's cold, but spring's comin' early this year, Mis' Dexter. Last week was ground hog day, and no respectable ground hog could ever find his shadder *that* day, you remember. Besides that the snow come before Thanksgivin'. Yes, we'll have an early spring, I've felt it in my bones all year."

"That is delightful," I cried, and had visions of violets and anemones in certain sunny hollows I knew. I was even buried in plans for my garden when Mrs. Sumner resumed the conversation.

"I've just been in to see Miss Barber," she explained, "and I don't think she looks well at all. 'You look kinder peaked, Miss Barber,' says I, and she says, 'Well, Mis' Sumner, I *don't feel well.*' To tell the truth, Mis' Dexter, that woman is just worryin' herself to death about her nephew."

"Why, what's the matter with Miss Barber's nephew?" I inquired politely, before I realized that I had probably launched her on a sea of gossip.

Mrs. Sumner settled herself in the rocking chair and loosened her bonnet strings. "Well, you know, Mis' Dexter," she began complacently, "last fall Miss Barber got a letter

from her nephew in New York. She ain't seen him since he was a little boy, as long as she's led such a retired life up here and never gone down to see her folks at all. Fact is all the family's dead now exceptin' this nephew and he suddenly got real int'rested in huntin' up the family records. That was last fall when you was away in New York. Seems funny he ain't never taken no int'rest before, but at any rate he wrote her a letter and he says he was comin' up to make her a little visit. Well, Miss Barber was real flustrated. I ain't never seen her so put out—she's usually so calm. She come over to my house the afternoon she got the letter and she shown it to me and she kep' sayin', 'O Mis' Sumner, whatever should I do with a man in the house? I can't do it, I can't do it. It makes me just sick to think of it. What should I do with him?' Really, Mis' Dexter, it was real pathetic, besides bein' real laughable, to see Miss Barber wringin' her hands over that nephew of hers.

"'He wouldn't be a mite of bother, probably,' I said to her. 'Of course you ain't used to havin' a man in the house, but remember he's your nephew, your own brother's child, and he is comin' on business you might say and it would keep him busy all the time,' but she didn't seem to pay any attention to me and kep' wringin' her hands and sayin', 'What shall I do? What shall I do?' 'I don't see how you can refuse to let your own brother's child come,' I said to her quite sharp-like, for she made me real provoked. 'Well, I s'pose I'll have to,' she said, as she went out the door.

'But it makes me downright sick to think of it.'

"Well, Mis' Dexter, she kep' that up for several weeks, gettin' thinner and paler and sayin', 'What shall I do with him if he comes?' until I thought she was goin' clean daft. I got so I didn't want to hear about Miss Barber's nephew. Then one day she come down sick and sent her Alviry over to tell me to come quick. The doctor said it was the grip but I knew it was worryin' about her nephew. She seemed real happy about bein' sick and her eyes were shinin' bright as a young girl's, as she said, 'O Mis' Sumner, I want you should write to my nephew and tell him I'm too sick to have him come. He *was* comin' next week. Tell him I shall have to postpone his visit till spring and that Kelmscott is much prettier in spring anyhow, and I know he will enjoy it more then.'

"Well, I wrote that letter, Mis' Dexter, and she got well right off and seemed to have a load taken off her mind. She's be'n so well all winter, but these first days when the snow begins to melt and you feel that spring ain't very far off I've noticed Miss Barber's gettin' peaked. I noticed it right away and I thought trouble was a-comin', so I went in to see her today and I says, says I, 'Miss Barber, you do look real peaked.' She didn't give me no satisfaction at first and then she sort of burst out, 'Well, Mis' Sumner, I *don't* feel well. Spring's a-comin', and I s'pose I'll have to ask my nephew up to look over the family records, and I declare, Mis' Sumner, I never thought I'd dread a spring comin' so much. It

just makes me sick.' 'Well,' I said 'Miss Barber, if you want my advice you'll have him come right off and git it over with. It's just like when my Adoniram has to take castor oil, I'll say, 'It's better to hold your nose and swaller it quick than to stand round thinkin' about it and smellin' it so long beforehand.' She acted sort of mad then and thought I'd insulted her, comparin' her nephew to castor oil that way, but I didn't mean no harm, o' course. It's just my way o' comparin' things.'

"Is she going to ask her nephew?" I inquired, trying to suppress my laughter.

"Yes, he's comin' next week," she replied.

"Just the time Natalie comes," I said to myself. "If he is only a nice nephew, perhaps we can help amuse him."

After Mrs. Sumner had betaken herself off, after a two hours' visitation, I ran over to see poor Miss Barber. She was sitting in the window, looking out over the twilit garden, where the drifts had settled into low soggy mounds full of sticks and dirt that the winds had swept into them. Nature was in her most untidy mood just then, though the spring house-cleaning would soon begin and all would be fresh and sweet and clean again. Miss Barber *did* look "peaked," as Mrs. Sumner had said, but she brightened up again when she saw me and poured all her woes into my sympathetic ear.

"It's the most providential thing," I said, when she had folded her hands and said for the last time, "What shall I do with him, Mrs. Dexter?" "A

young cousin of mine, Natalie Randolph, is to come for a long visit next week, and if you don't know what to do with him, Miss Barber, you must send your nephew over and we will try to make him have a good time. I'll tell my husband to call on him as soon as he comes. A man will know just what to do with him, and I am sure he will have a good time. If he cares for family heirlooms you know he will simply revel in this dear old house, anyway."

"Oh, I'd take it real kind and neighborly if Mr. Dexter would come over," she said. "And, Mrs. Dexter,"—she hesitated and looked out of the window for a moment,—“I wish you'd tell me what kind of food men like. You see I've lived alone so long and I have a real delicate appetite myself, and I know most men like hearty food, and I don't really know what would appeal to his taste."

I knew that with all her old-time opinions that went with her old-fashioned crinolines and reticules, Miss Barber had retained the dainty appetite that she was brought up to consider lady-like. She only nibbled daintily at some little tidbit, and I knew she would be horrified if she could see me partaking of hearty beef-steaks and roasts. I could not see her nephew starved.

"I'm glad you spoke of it, Miss Barber," I said, "I'll make out a list of all the things Mr. Dexter especially likes and perhaps that will help matters." It ended in my making out a menu for every meal of the three days she expected to play hostess.

Natalie was to come to us on the first of March. For two weeks the

snow had been melting and on the last night in February a drenching shower washed away the dingy drifts and left lakes in the meadows where the grass began to look faintly green. I knew that spring had come the moment I opened my eyes that morning. The sky was so blue and the air so soft as it drifted in at the open window that I felt as though a great barrier had been passed and we had left the winter behind and crossed over into spring.

"Don't the red gods call you out today?" I asked at breakfast, as I poured Ralph's coffee.

"Call!" he exclaimed. "They are simply shouting to us to come out. If you don't mind getting soaked I would like to have a good stroll with you before Natalie descends upon us bag and baggage."

"She won't be here until the one-thirty," I deliberated, "and we can have a good walk and bring in some pussy willows for the fireplace."

I don't know where the delicious spring morning went. We forgot time, and we forgot Natalie, as we wandered about in the soft, warm air over sunny fields full of new-made brooks, that foamed like mad things in their hurry to reach the valley. Everything was so fresh-washed after the drenching rain, and the sky, the cleanest of all, made a blue background for the trees that already were growing feathery. Over across the fields we heard a robin fluting, and in an elm tree above us, a spot of blue against the azure sky, a bluebird swung on a tiny branch. We were filled with the joy of life; it was enough just to be alive and breathe

the perfumes of spring and look and listen and play in the sunshine; everything else fell away and we were children again. What mattered it if we were wet? Nature was playing with us that morning, and if she is a rough playfellow sometimes, who cares, if you can feel her dear warm heart beating underneath.

Suddenly the sun high over our heads warned us that it was past noon, and we must be tramping home if we intended to be ready to greet Natalie in civilized costume. We had gone farther than we meant, and it took us a long, long time to find our way back. There were so many new brooks to cross that seemed to have sprung out of the ground since we started out, but at last, breathless and happy as two children, we climbed the stone wall and found ourselves in the fields back of our own house.

"There is nothing like the good outdoors, is there?" said Ralph as he helped me over the stile at the garden wall. "I could never be shut in by brick walls again. I should always have a hunger for the freshness and openness of the sky and the hills with the wind on them. Why don't people let the conventional things go, and be simple and childlike and go out and play and be happy."

We walked around the house on the little flagged path through the shrubbery that had attracted us so on that first visit we ever paid to our abandoned farm, and I was about to answer Ralph, when I stopped, horror-stricken. Down the village street toward the house came a tall, slender girl in a blue tailor gown, who was talking in a most animated way to a

young man who was carrying her suit case. I seized Ralph's arm.

"It's Natalie!" I gasped. "Think of greeting her in this way!"

But by that time the approaching couple had caught sight of us standing guiltily beside the veranda, covered with mud and soaked with water.

"Constance," she cried, coming forward with outstretched hands. "Is this the house? We were not sure. Isn't it charming and isn't it jolly to be together again." She gave me a glad hug, notwithstanding the muddy, bedraggled object I was, while Ralph tried to explain that we had gone out to walk without our watches and had lost track of the time.

"Oh, don't apologize at all," she cried joyfully. "It was all delightful, but first I want to present Mr. Barber to you. I believe he is coming to visit his aunt, who is a neighbor of yours."

The attractive young man with the suit case came up and shook hands with us.

"Are you Miss Barber's nephew?" I inquired. "I am so glad to meet you. We have heard so much about you."

Ralph looked as though he could control himself no longer, but a cough discreetly hid any other sound.

"You see," Natalie began to explain, "Mr. Barber found I was coming on this train and so he decided it would be jolly for us to come together, especially as we knew we were to visit next door to one another—and—so—so—really we had no trouble at all." The color stole up into her face. "I didn't mind at all about your not meeting me. I knew I could find

the way perfectly—the village street is so charming, isn't it, Constance? I don't wonder you rave about Kelm-scott—Cranford you call it, don't you?"

"Do you know," said Ralph, when we were dressing for luncheon, "I believe that nephew of Miss Barber's has come down here solely to see Natalie."

"Oh, no," I said, "for don't you remember that he had made his plans to come last fall and Miss Barber made him postpone his visit?"

"Yes, but that just proves it," cried Ralph triumphantly. "For do you not remember that we had asked Natalie to come here for a few days on the way to New York last fall, and at the last minute she had the grip and could not come?"

"How very interesting!" I cried. "Wouldn't it be delightful to have a love affair going on in our own house? Dear me, it would take me back to my youth."

"Dear old days," he said, "It is nice to be reminded of those long-ago days. It is always such a pleasure to see the young enjoying themselves, isn't it? Well, we are to play matchmakers, are we? Or shall we severely discountenance such scheming young people? Imagine the impudence of them just coming to visit their unsuspecting country relatives so they can play together! I want you to find out Natalie's motives, Constance."

But I could get no satisfaction out of Natalie, who opened her big brown eyes in innocent surprise when I asked her leading questions. Why, yes, Mr. Barber was a friend of hers

—she knew him very well—but it just happened that they found they were to be in Kelmescott at the same time. Of course she would not see much of him, as he had come on business and would be very much occupied.

However, Mr. Barber's visit lengthened until he had more than consumed all the menus I made out for his long-suffering aunt, but still he did not go. Although he was very busy hunting up his family records, yet he found time to walk with Natalie in the morning, drive with Natalie in the afternoon, and spend almost every evening in our cosey den, smoking with Ralph and reading or talking with Natalie and me.

From the beginning we had to admit that he was a distinct addition to Kelmescott. He was fond of Nature and books and beautiful things, and he was a connoisseur in nonsense rhymes and passed with flying colors the rigid examination Natalie and I gave him to see if he had the correct sense of humor.

"Yes, he is one of us," I announced to Ralph. "He has not only a sense of nonsense, but a sense of humor, too, which is a distinct thing, you know. Besides that he adores Kenneth Grahame and the Brushwood Boy and Sidney Lanier, and those are my final tests."

I had felt that we were almost selfish in our eagerness to keep Mr. Barber in Kelmescott, when I thought of his poor aunt; but I found my sympathy had been quite wasted, when I went over to see her one day, after sending her nephew and Natalie for a tramp. I had never seen Miss Bar-

ber look so young and happy. She was all a-flutter when she came to meet me, her stiff crinoline rustling and her little curls bobbing with excitement.

"Do you know, Mrs. Dexter," she confided before I went, "I think it's so nice to have a man around. Why, that nephew of mine is so handy about things and he is so attentive to me. Why, Mrs. Dexter," she lowered her voice and blushed, "It's almost like having a lover. I should like to keep him always."

After that I had no more scruples about urging him to stay, and although he went to New York for a few days every week, yet the weekend he spent in Kelmscott. The spring passed only too quickly, while we walked and fished and read together in our beautiful little corner of Arcady. The apple-blossoms came and went and the roses in my garden were in bud, when one day, however, there came a sudden end to our pretty spring idyl.

I was sitting in my cool bedroom, whose windows looked out into infinite depths of green leaves, when I was startled to hear excited voices in the path through the shrubbery below. Natalie and Paul Barber were coming from the garden to the front piazza.

"But, Natalie, listen," he was pleading.

"No, I don't want to hear any more," she said, and there was a suspicion of tears in her voice. "I am sorry and disappointed, and you have made me very miserable."

I heard the piazza door close with a suggestion of a bang, and Natalie

went upstairs like a small whirlwind. Mr. Barber walked down the path past the syringa bushes with a most disconsolate air. I could not imagine what it all meant. They had started for a walk early in the morning in the best of spirits.

No satisfaction could I get from Natalie, who came in to luncheon in her gayest mood, apparently. She laughed and talked in her most flip-pant way, and if I thought that she overdid it sometimes, and that her laugh rang hollow, yet it was only because I was looking for an undercurrent of something else.

That afternoon I saw Mr. Barber driving away from his aunt's with his suit case, and when I went into Natalie's room a few minutes later I found her sitting behind the closed blinds of the window with eyes bright with tears. She crushed a damp wad of handkerchief in her hand and turned to me almost defiantly.

"Natalie, why has Mr. Barber gone away without saying good-by?" I asked. "I hope nothing has happened to call him home suddenly."

"Don't talk to me about Mr. Barber," cried Natalie petulantly. "I never want to hear his name mentioned, do you understand, Constance?"

"Now, Natalie," I exclaimed, sinking down on the low couch, "you have quarrelled with Paul Barber and driven him away, just when we were all having such a jolly good time together. We will have to give up that fishing trip to-morrow, I suppose. You wretched girl, why did you do it? Do tell me all about it."

"Oh, I am so angry," cried Natalie,

only too eager to pour out her woe. "What *do* you suppose he did? I am so disappointed in him—he has spoiled all our nice times. Constance, he—he—proposed to me!"

"Good gracious!" I cried. "Is that all?" I felt like shaking Natalie, who was the picture of despair.

"All!" she exclaimed, her brown eyes flashing. Her cheeks were flushed and she walked excitedly up and down the room, her soft blue kimono trailing behind her. "Isn't that enough? Here we were having such good times, the best sort of comrades, with never a thought of any such foolishness, and now he did that." She flung herself down in the low chair among the golden-brown cushions. "I am so disappointed in him," she sobbed. "I don't know why he had to go and spoil everything by falling in love with me. It was so *foolish*."

"What crazy, vacillating creatures girls are," cried Ralph, when I slipped away to his den to confide in him. "Why couldn't she marry him? I'm sure she has encouraged him enough. I should like to shake young Natalie for sending him away just in the height of the fishing season." And that was all the satisfaction I could get out of him.

June came and the garden was riotous with roses. The air was heavy with their ravishing perfume, mingled with that of the honeysuckles. The garden paths were showered with pink and white petals and we filled every available place in the house with great jars of velvety Jaqueminots, delicate fragrant tea roses and glowing hearted pink ones. Over the

piazas and arbors climbed crimson ramblers, making great splashes of color in the brilliant day. I should have been as riotously happy as the birds and the butterflies and all the real children of Nature except for Natalie, but she looked so pale and unhappy that I was really troubled about her.

"I believe," I confided to Ralph one day, "that Natalie is really in love with Paul Barber, only she didn't find it out until he went away, and then she realized how she had grown to depend on him."

I was quite undecided what I ought to do about it all, when I received a visit from Mrs. Sumner. It was a warm day and I was lazily swinging in the hammock on the front piazza watching two orioles flit from tree to tree, like bits of concentrated sunshine, when I heard the click of the garden gate and Mrs. Sumner came puffing up the walk.

"Good afternoon, Mis' Dexter," she cried, settling herself in a low chair, which she filled and overflowed on every side. "I thought I'd run in a minute, as I was passin' by."

I knew this meant a two-hour visit at least, but I beamed cordially upon her as I gave her a fan and sent for some lemonade.

"I've just been to see Miss Barber," she explained, after she had regained her breath and turned a few shades paler. "Yes, Miss Barber don't seem well to me. I thought you'd like to know, bein' a neighbor. She looks real peaked."

"Does she?" I exclaimed. "I have not seen her for several days. Per-

haps these first warm days are too much for her."

"No, I don't think it's the weather," she said, shaking her head. "No, Mis' Dexter, I think she's worryin' about her nephew."

I gave a little sigh. Was it always to be Miss Barber's nephew?

"Yes, she's worryin' about him again, but for a different reason this time, Mis' Dexter. I think she misses him now he ain't be'n down for so long. She got real dependent on him when he was comin' down every week or two this spring. She can't understand why he won't come and I don't think he's treatin' her quite right."

"Perhaps he is busy," I suggested. "It's very hard for men who are in business in New York to get away, you know, Mrs. Sumner."

"Well," she sniffed, "he came all he wanted to all spring, and I, for my part, don't think he's actin' right by his old aunt. Miss Barber ain't for this world long, I don't believe."

I turned the conversation to recipes for nutcake and the best way of "doing up" strawberries, but all the while I was thinking of poor Miss Barber, who was getting "peaked" again.

"Ralph," I said going into the den after dinner, where he was smoking, "we must make these two children make up. Natalie is growing paler and thinner every day, Miss Barber is 'getting peaked,' and Mildred Snow writes that Mr. Barber seems to have caught malaria down in our heathenish country, and he, too, is half ill. You *must* do something, dear. Here is Natalie moping out on the piazza in the moonlight, and there is Paul

Barber moping so openly in New York that they think it's malaria instead of heart trouble. He does not seem to mind the daws at all."

"I have a scheme, little woman," cried Ralph, throwing away his cigar and drawing me out into the moonlit garden. "Let Natalie mope on the piazza; I want you all, all to myself for a little while and I will confide my plot to you."

The next day Ralph went unexpectedly to New York on business. During the three days he was gone, Natalie, if she had not been so absorbed in her own affairs, would surely have noticed my excitement. But she went about listlessly, with pale face and pathetic big brown eyes that were continually looking beyond me and Cranford to the far-off city where Paul Barber was undoubtedly moping too.

On Thursday, I received a telegram from Ralph, saying, "Have met the enemy and he is ours. Will be up at 7.15." After which I went about with such a beaming face that I suppose I must have seemed very unsympathetic to poor, stubborn Natalie, who would not give in and send for the man she longed to see again.

"We will have a late supper tonight," I said to her, as we had afternoon tea on the veranda. "Ralph is coming on the 7.15."

She languidly assented, though her thoughts were far away, and soon went upstairs to dress.

"O Natalie," I called to her, "put on that white gown I like so much, there's a dear."

She looked puzzled for a moment. She wondered why, I suppose, but

called down, "Oh, very well, if you like, Constance."

She did not come down until after seven, and I was in a fever of impatience as I waited for her in the hall. "How charming," I cried, as she came slowly down the broad low steps, her long white gown trailing behind her. Notwithstanding her pallor and the dark circles under her brilliant eyes, she looked prettier than ever.

"Dear Natalie," I cried, "would you mind very much going out to the garden and cutting some roses for the table? I have not time, for Ralph will be here in a minute and I want everything to be particularly attractive to-night."

She took the shears and went slowly down the garden walk. The west was flaming crimson as the slender white figure wandered nearer the wild end of the garden, so that when the carriage drove up she was too far away to hear the sound of the wheels on the gravel. Ralph sprang out almost before the carriage stopped and in another moment Paul Barber was beside me, shaking both my hands. "Where is she?" he begged, his eyes in search of Natalie.

"She is in the garden," I said. "She does not know you are coming." But before I had finished speaking he was gone through the wide hall, whose doors stood open at each end, and I saw him disappearing down the garden path.

Ralph and I had plenty to say to each other, so it was several minutes before we strolled out to the veranda. At the far end of the garden sauntered two figures among the roses, and I could distinctly see Paul Bar-

ber's arm around Natalie's white waist.

"It's all right," I whispered with the tears in my eyes, and then I stole away to find Miss Barber and bring her home with me to a late supper.

The sunset faded and the full moon rose and we were still sitting on the piazza overlooking the garden, Miss Barber, Ralph and I. The mild evening air was fragrant with the perfumes that floated up from the roses. In silence we watched the moon rising higher, casting the black shadows of the tall pines and elms to our feet. In the brilliant moonlight the garden was turned to silver and the flowers lifted pale faces to the sky. At the far end of the garden Natalie's gown gleamed white, as she and Paul Barber still strolled about in the shadow of the trees.

At last they came sauntering down the broad path between the roses. The soft moonlight touched Natalie's fair hair, turning it into a pale aureole about her face, as she lifted it to Barber's. A ripple of laughter and low happy voices came to us, and Paul, nothing daunted by us, slipped his arm about the girl. Ralph reached over and laid his hand on mine as it lay on the chair arm and I smiled back at him happily. Not so long ago we had been just so foolish, just as radiantly blissful as these two lovers walking in the moonlit garden. Still with his arm around her, Paul led Natalie up to the little group on the piazza.

"Aunt Matilda," he said, clasping her hand and drawing Natalie towards her. "Aunt Matilda, how would you like Natalie for a niece?"

And Miss Barber rose, a quaint old-time figure in her crinoline and her bobbing curls, but radiant, rejuvenated by the little love story going on under her eyes. She placed one trembling hand on Paul's arm and held out the other to Natalie.

"My dear," she said, when she could speak for the happy tears, "my dear, I am so glad. You will find him the dearest nephew in the world."

And then we all laughed and went gayly into supper.

The Great Anniversary Day

By Edward Everett Hale, D. D.

THERE are three possible celebrations of Christmas, not to say four.

It is rather a nice thing as December comes round to inquire what particular mixture of the four ingredients are to come into the mixture of that particular year.

1. Nobody knows how far back, centuries before the night on which Milton wrote, the world of the northern regions had its services, sometimes festal, always religious, in celebrating the shortest day of the year. The whole business of shortening of the days and then of their gradual lengthening is so pathetic and so suggestive that that would be a barbarous tribe which did not observe the moment of the shortest day in their religious celebrations.

2. With the Council of Nice, in the year 325, the Council which put in order the traditions and external arrangements of the Church which had then existed longer than the white settlement of the United States has existed now, the twenty-fifth of December, or a day cor-

responding to it, was selected as a great anniversary day for Christendom. It does not do to say infant Christendom. That is not an infant which fixes the date of three hundred and twenty years for its age. The critics are by no means certain that the Saviour was born in the depths of winter, but he was born when the world's day was at its shortest and when light was to shine upon all nations. "The people who sat in darkness saw a great Light." Thirteen hundred and sixty-two years after the Council of Nice, it happened, if anything happens, that the fifty men and fifty women who are to be the moral founders of the new nation landed at a place called "Patuxet" (little Fall), which we now call Plymouth. They had broken away from the fatherland and from its traditions. Many of these traditions they did not love; they liked to testify their dislike of them. But now it happened, if, as I say, anything ever happens, that they were to begin their new home in America, at the moment when the days were the shortest and the nights

were the longest. But if they were people who sat in darkness, they were to see a great light. They had everything to press them to haste. You would have said that they would have begun on the work of founding an empire with the first ray of morning light, but with what seems grim determination, they waited till the morning of Christmas Day, the twenty-fifth of December, before they all landed. The stern statement of the diary is: "Munday the 25. day we went on shore, some to fell tumber, some to saw, some to riue, and some to carry, so no man rested 'all that day, but towards night some as they were at worke, heard a noyse of some Indians, which caused vs all to goe to our Muskets, but we heard no further, so we came aboard againe, and left some twentie to keep the court of gard; that night we had a sore storme of winde and rayne." And again "Munday, the 25, being Christmas Day we began to drinke water aboard, but at night the Master caused vs to have some Beere, and so on board as had diverse times now and then some Beere, but on shore none at all."

"And no man rested on that day." So it is that it "happened" that the real birthday of democratic government through the world, of constitutional government wherever the Constitution has been rooted, and, if anybody cares, of the little nation known as the United States of America, that this birthday is the same day which the Council of Nice fixed for the great annual celebration of the Church of

Christ. "The people who sat in darkness were to see a great Light."

Considerations as various as the astronomical fact, as the circumstances from which the Church of Christ began and the recollections of the beginning of the moral foothold of Christendom upon North America appear in every celebration of Christmas in the United States. And now in the years which have passed since a-handful of Dutch traders planted South Africa, since another handful of English convicts were carried against their will to Botany Bay, there are Christmas celebrations in the southern half of the world at the moment when the days are at their longest, when the summer is beginning to take on the colors of autumn. In such lands children do not associate Christmas with skating or with snow, but with all the most brilliant colors of Nature.

The celebrations of Christmas in southern Europe followed very closely on the feasts of Saturnalia wherever the Roman Empire extended. These were the feasts, the name of which is still preserved when we give the word Saturnalia to any occasion of rabble, or rout, or fun. Gradually, from the time of the early Republic down, the festival took to itself more time and more, till, in the second century after Christ, we find that the Saturnalia extended often over seven days. In Augustus's time, three days were appointed by an edict from him for the reckless amusement of the time. This was extended to five days by an edict of Caligula and Claudius, the Clau-

dius mentioned in the Book of Acts.

The amusements, which ran over several days, might be found in some of the older European towns to this hour. The Saturnalia of Rome did not differ from the Dionysia of Athens, which took their name from drunkenness, as being a sort of revel in honor of Dionysus. You would see strangers and townspeople walking up and down the streets with garlands on their heads. You would see fresh garlands put on altars and on the religious images at the corners. Prodigal people, who wanted the excitement to be at the full, filled huge bowls with wine, so that anybody might drink. It is easy enough to guess what followed. The night before the Fourth of July in an American city does not give any such riot as these drunken revellers managed to throw into every night of such festivities.

The theatre was crowded by people who had not money enough to pay for their tickets. First come, first served, was the rule, and from early dawn the seats were crowded with spectators. And what we call the "Side Show" was just as well known there as it is here. Dancing girls, boys and girls who threw somersaults, fighting men, jugglers, monkeys dressed in funny suits with their faces masked, who performed dances as if they were well-bred gentlemen and ladies, such were the different amusements of which the books tell us. I almost wish that some modern performer would sit down on a potter's wheel in rapid motion and read and write,

and we see him as he did so. In Athens, and I rather think in Rome, you could see a man do this, and every now and then open his mouth wide and let fly a stream of sparks among the spectators. That I have never seen in the nineteenth century. I have seen people who could swallow swords and daggers, but the jugglers knew how to do that as well in Rome as they do here. I am sorry to say that all such assemblies attracted pickpockets and other thieves just as they do now. And a country lad who came into a large town to celebrate his Christmas, which was called his Saturnalia, went back much poorer than he came.

Farther North, where the winter and summer are more strongly contrasted, the festivals of the heart of winter were festivals of good fellowship, of home feasts and indoor life, long before the people of the north had received Christian missions. The boar's head which plays so important a part in the Christmas festivities of England, carries us back to the legends of the feasting in the Hall of Odion, feasting which was never finished.

"The heroes," says the Edda, "return as soon as the hour of repose approaches, safe and sound, to the Hall of Odion. They fall to eating and drinking. Though the number of them can not be counted, the flesh of the Boar Saehrimnir is sufficient for them all. Every day it is served up at table, and every day it is renewed again entire. "Their beverage is ale and mead. One single goat furnishes mead enough to intoxicate all the heroes. It is only

Odin who drinks wine for his only liquor. A crowd of virgins wait upon the heroes at table and fill their cups as fast as they empty them."

The great religious festival was celebrated at the winter's solstice which now comes on the twenty-first of December. They called the night of its observance "Mother Night." And this name marks the habit of their calendar in which it differed as ours differs from the calendar of southern nations, which began the year with March, or the Slav nations, which began the year in the autumn. The northern nations computed from the one winter solstice to the next. Sacrificing, feasting assemblies at night, and other reckless demonstrations of joy were authorized as in the Saturnalia of the Romans.

I made a good deal of search when I had time for such things in the chronicles of the year 1620, to find how the rest of the world was celebrating Christmas. But I could find only two celebrations. Here is the account which Howell, whom the newspaper men account as one of their early saints, gave of the French ambassador who landed in England on that Christmas Day.

"There is a flouting French ambassador here. He had an audience two days since, where he carried himself in such light garb with his train of revelling, long-haired mon-sieurs, that after the audience, the king asked my Lord Keeper Bacon what he thought of the French ambassador. He answered that he was a "tall proper man." "Aye," His Majesty replied, "but what think

you of his headpiece? Is he a proper man for the office of an ambassador?" "Sir," said Bacon, "tall men are like houses, the four or five stories wherein, commonly, the uppermost room is worst furnished."

This French ambassador was entertained through the Christmas holidays by King James the Fool, with every elegance which should show that Englishmen were not barbarians. On what we call Twelfth Night, the king had a masque at Whitehall in his honor, where none were allowed beneath the rank of baron. John Chamberlain writes of this masque: "A Puritan was flouted and abused, which was thought unseemly, considering the state of the French Protestants."

The ambassador came over to propose a match with France, the first proposal of the fateful union between Charles the First and Henrietta, who became the mother of Charles the Second and James the Second. It is prophetic indeed that while a fool at the head of the English nation was "flouting the Puritans" in his masque at the Palace of Whitehall, a few hundred Puritans above Plymouth Rock were building a twenty-foot storehouse which has proved the beginning of an empire. Here is the account of that Christmas Day of which we have given Bradford's record. The exact dates are these: A party of them landed to take a better view of two places on the Wednesday before Christmas. They even left twenty people on shore, resolved to begin their house next day. But it

stormed the next day, and these people went back to the ship. Richard Britteridge died on Thursday. Friday it stormed like fury, and they could not land. Some of the people who had gone on shore had to spend the night in the rain. Saturday some more got on shore and got some timber. Sunday was Sunday, and, of course, nobody worked that day. But at last Christmas Day came, that was Monday. There was not a man, a woman, a boy or a girl but who had always felt that the twenty-fifth day of December was the great holiday of holidays, was a day for fun and a day on which nobody could be told by anybody to do anything. But, alas, and alas! this had been a habit, and these people meant to defy the habit. So, when Monday morning came, every man who could handle an axe or a pick, went on shore, and for that Christmas Day, the day the French ambassador was landed at Dover, John Carver, William Bradford and William Brewster were blistering their hands as they laid the logs which were to make the house which was to be the foundation of the new world. It is here that Bradford writes so coolly the words which you have read, "So no man rested on that day."

I have intimated that a fourth celebration was possible, nay, that a fourth celebration has gone on for a century past in countries where

this paper will be read with a certain amusement on Christmas Day. In South Africa, in the Argentine, in Australia and New Zealand, Christmas is no longer a day of the people who sat in darkness and saw a great light. It is a day when the Sun of Righteousness is in the ascendant.

So, Father, grant that year by year
The Sun of Righteousness more clear
To our awaiting heart appear,
And from his doubtful East arise
The noonday Monarch of the Skies—
Till darkness from the nations flies;
Till all know him as they are known,
Till all the earth be all his own.

Before another Christmas Day comes round, some of our trans-equatorial correspondents must send us cheerful odes of satisfaction which belong to the Christmas of the southern half of the world. Shall one say, the Christmas of "never-withering flowers."

The Scriptures will be such memories of cheer as, "The earth brought forth the tree, yielding fruit after its kind, and God saw that it was good." And the Psalms shall be "Who maketh peace in thy borders and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat." "He causeth his wind to blow and the waters to flow." "Praise the Lord from the earth, fruitful trees and all cedars, that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth."

The great Light in the darkness as life renews itself forever. This shall furnish the texts of the southern hemisphere.

More Quaint Readers in the Old-Time School

By Clifton Johnson

FOR several decades in the early days of the republic, the catechism, the Psalter and the Bible continued to be extensively used in the schools and served for drilling pupils in the art of reading.

But the child could not acquire a taste for reading from such sources, nor obtain from them information concerning history, or the world about him, or the world at large. There was a demand for more freedom in the use of secular material in the school curriculum. The national life was developing rapidly, interests were broadening, and a steady theological diet was no longer satisfying. Besides, the general unity of religious doctrine which characterized the people earlier had given place to diversity, and Calvinism had strenuous opponents.

A natural result was a marked increase in the number and variety of the school books, and in these the nature of the child, his inclinations, tastes and desires became more and more dominant factors in the choice and arrangement of subject-matter. Instead of demanding that the child should adjust himself entirely to the course of study, efforts were made to adjust the course of study to the requirements of the child.

The first reader produced on this side of the Atlantic was compiled by the industrious Mr. Webster, shortly

after the Revolution, as the Third Part of his *Grammatical Institute*. Hitherto, the only text-books containing exercises in reading were the spellers and New England Primers. Webster's title-page describes his book as "An American Selection of Lessons in Reading and Speaking calculated to improve the minds and refine the taste of youth, to which are prefixed Rules in Elocution and directions for expressing the Principal Passions of the Mind." From the prefatory matter I have taken the several paragraphs which follow:

Let each syllable be pronounced with a clear voice, without whining, drawling, lisping, stammering, mumbling in the throat, or speaking through the nose.

If a person is rehearsing the words of an angry man, he should assume the same furious looks; his eyes should flash with rage, his gestures should be violent, and the tone of his voice threatening. If kindness is to be expressed, the countenance should be calm and placid, and wear a smile, the tone should be mild, and the motion of the hand inviting.

Mirth or *laughter* opens the mouth, crisps the nose, lessens the aperture of the eyes, and shakes the whole frame.

Grief is expressed by weeping, stamping with the feet, lifting up the eyes to heaven, etc.

Fear opens the eyes and mouth, shortens the nose, draws down the eye-brows, gives the countenance an air of wildness; the face becomes pale, the elbows are drawn back parallel with the sides, one foot is drawn back, the heart beats violently, the breath is quick, the voice weak and trembling.

PART OF THE EPISCOPAL BURIAL SERVICE.

FROM THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Rather slow.

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I am the	res ur·	rection	and the	life,		
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saith the Lord ;	he that be-	lieveth in	me,			
Ẏ Ẏ Ẏ	Ȯ ̣	̣	Ẏ·	Ẏ	Ȯ ̣	
though he were	dead,	yet shall he	live ;			

Portion of a page from Comstock's *The Rhythmical Reader*

Boasting is loud and blustering. The eyes stare, the face is red and bloated, the mouth pouts, the voice is hollow, the arms akimbo, the head nods in a threatening manner, the right fist sometimes clenched and brandished.

The bulk of the book is made up of three departments: Narration—Lessons in Speaking—Dialogues. In one lesson with the caption, "Rules of Behavior," we find this advice:

Never hold any body by the button or the hand, in order to be heard through your story; for if the people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your *tongue* than hold *them*.

Here are the opening paragraphs of a tale entitled:

MODESTY, DOUBT, AND TENDER AFFECTION

Calista was young and beautiful, endowed with a great share of wit and solid sense. Agathocles, whose years very little exceeded hers, was well made, brave and prudent. He had the good fortune to be introduced to Calista's home, where his looks, wandering indifferently over a numerous circle, soon distinguished and fixed upon her.

But recovering from the short ecstasy occasioned by the first sight, he re-proached himself, as being guilty of rudeness to the rest of the company; a fault which he endeavored to correct by looking

round on other objects. Vain attempt! They were attracted by a powerful charm, and turned again towards Calista. He blushed as well as she, while a sweet emotion produced a kind of fluttering in his heart, and confusion in his countenance.

Of course, after that, Agathocles became a frequent caller, and in every visit "he discovered some new perfection in the fair Calista."

At last he resolved to open his heart to her; but he did not do it in the affected language of a romantic passion. "Lovely Calista," said he ingenuously, "it is not mere esteem that binds me to you but a most passionate and tender love. I feel that I cannot live without you. Can you, without violence to your inclinations, consent to make me happy? I may love you without offence; 'tis a tribute due to your merit. But may I flatter myself with the hopes of some small return?"

A coquette would have affected to be displeased at such a declaration. But Calista not only listened to her lover without interrupting him, but answered him without ill-nature, and gave him leave to hope. Nor did she put his constancy to a tedious trial: the happiness for which he sighed was no longer delayed than was necessary to prepare for the ceremony.

About 1790 Webster published another reader, a square, thick little book called *The Little Reader's Assistant*. It contained "familiar stories

THE
LITTLE READER'S
ASSISTANT;

CONTAINING

I. A number of Stories, mostly taken from the history of America, and adorned with Cuts.

II. Rudiments of English Grammar.

III. A Federal Catechism, being a short and easy ex-

planation of the Constitution of the United States.

IV. General principles of Government and Commerce.

V. The Farmer's Catechism, containing plain rules of husbandry.

All adapted to the capacities of children.

Portion of the title-page of the earliest middle-class reading book

in plain language for the benefit of children, when they first begin to read without spelling." In other words it was a middle-class reader. A good many years were still to pass before any one devised a primary reader. The first part of Webster's book is largely a relation of the early settlers' experiences with the Indians. No details are too gruesome to be omitted and the effect on the imaginations of "Little Readers" could not have been altogether salutary. About a dozen pictures illumine the text. The first illustrates the "Story of Columbus," and I suppose that is Columbus himself waving his hat from the masthead. The sea has a very lively appearance and there is some doubt whether the artist has delineated an expanse of white-capped waves or a multitude of leaping fish.

The text accompanying the picture of the two Indians says the individual behind the rock was friendly with the English. He was pursued

by one of his enemies and betook himself to this refuge;

"but seeing his pursuer on the other side, waiting to shoot him as he lifted his head above the rock he put his hat upon his gun, and raised it slowly above the rock. The Indian seeing it, fired a ball through it; and before he could load his gun again, the Christian Indian shot him through the head."

The final picture is of a queer-looking beast that one would hardly recognize if it were not labelled. The text says:

The Buffalo, found in the woods of America, is a large animal with black, short horns. He has a large beard under his lower jaw, and a large tuft of hair upon his head, which falls down upon his eyes and gives him a hideous look. He has a large hump rising on his back, beginning at his hips and increasing to his shoulders. This is covered with hair, somewhat reddish, and very long. The rest of the body is covered with black wool; a skin produces about eight pounds of wool, which is very valuable.

The Buffalo has a good smell, and will perceive a man at a great distance, unless the wind is in the man's favor. His flesh is good, but the bull's is too tuff, so that none but the cow's is generally eaten. His skin makes good leather—and the Indians use it for shields.

The last half of the book is devoted to a "Farmer's Catechism," mostly agricultural instructions, but starting off with some general laudation like:

Q. Why is farming the *best* business a man can do?

A. Because it is the most necessary, the most healthy, the most innocent, and most agreeable employment of men.

Q. Why is farming the most *innocent* employment?



STORY OF COLUMBUS.

From Webster's *The Little Reader's Assistant*

A. Because farmers have fewer temptations to be wicked than other men. They live much by themselves, so that they do not see so many bad examples as men in cities do. They have but little dealing with others, so that they have fewer opportunities to cheat than other classes of men. Besides, the flocks and herds which surround the farmer, the frolicks of the harmless lambs, the songs of the cheerful birds, and the face of nature's works, all present to the husbandmen examples of innocence, beauty, simplicity and order, which ought to impress good sentiments on the mind and lead the heart to God.

One of the most popular of the early readers was Caleb Bingham's *The American Preceptor*, Boston, 1794. The preface declares that

In making selections for the following work, a preference has been given to the productions of American genius. The compiler has not been wholly confined to America; but has extracted from approved writers of different ages and countries. Convinced of the impropriety of instilling false notions into the minds of children, he has not given place to romantic fiction. The compiler pledges himself that this book contains neither a word nor a sentiment which would "raise a blush on the cheek of modesty."

Most of the early reading books drew their materials from British sources, and American contributions were for a long time mainly from the speeches of the Revolutionary orators. Typical subjects were—Frailty of Life—Benevolence of the Deity—Popery—Rules for Moderating our Anger—Reflections on Sun Set—Character of a Truly Polite Man—The Child Trained up for the Gallows. These and the rest of their kind were all taken "from the works of the most correct and elegant writers." The books were also pretty sure to contain selections from the Bible, and some had parts of sermons. Indeed, nearly all the matter was of a serious moral or religious character.

About a dozen years after *The American Preceptor* appeared Bingham published a volume of dialogues and pieces suitable for declamation entitled *The Columbian Orator*. Perhaps nothing in the book more generally pleased or was oftener heard from the school platform than—



From Webster's *The Little Reader's Assistant*

THE "CHRISTIAN" INDIAN GETS THE BEST OF THE HEATHEN INDIAN

LINES SPOKEN AT A SCHOOL-EXHIBITION, BY A LITTLE BOY SEVEN YEARS OLD

You'd scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public, on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little foun-
tains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow:
And though I now am small and
young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble
tongue;
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learn'd to read their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Rear men as great as Britain's isle;
Exceed what Grece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun?
Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister state?
Or, where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where's the boy, but three feet high,
Who's made improvements more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great, not like Cæsar, stain'd with blood,
But only great, as I am good.

In the extract below we get a glimpse of very primitive educational conditions. The book vouches



From Webster's *The Little Reader's Assistant*

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH A CAPTIVE IN SERIOUS DANGER

for what is depicted as still true to life in some vicinities, though not nearly as applicable as formerly. The scene is a Public House.

Enter SCHOOL-MASTER with a pack on his back

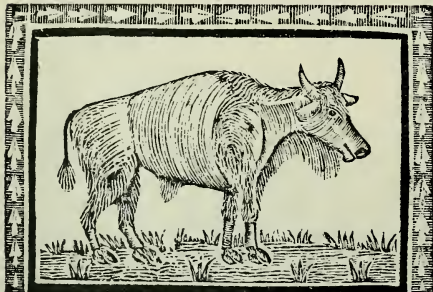
Schoolmaster. How fare you, Landlord? What have you got that's good to drink?

Landlord. I have gin, West-India, genuine New England, whiskey, and cider brandy.

Schoolm. Make us a stiff mug of sling. Put in a gill and a half of your New England; and sweeten it well with 'lasses.

Land. It shall be done, Sir, to your liking.

Then the schoolmaster asks if the landlord knows of any vacancy in the local schools, and is informed they are without a master in that very district, and the three school-committee men were to be at the tavern directly to consult on school matters. The landlord says the last master "was a tyrant of a fellow and very extravagant in his price. He grew so important the latter part of his time, that he had the frontery to demand *ten dollars* a month and his board." He



From Webster's *The Little Reader's Assistant*

THE BUFFALO

never patronized the landlord's bar and was always in his chamber of an evening "poring over his musty books." Finally the severity of his discipline roused the neighborhood and he was hooted out of town.

The three committee men accompanied by the parson at length appeared at the tavern, and the school-master applies for a position. He acknowledges that he has never had more than a year's schooling and that he knows nothing of geography or grammar; but he can read a newspaper without spelling more than half the words and has "larn'd to write considerably, and to cypher as fur as division." Most important of all he will work for five dollars a month, and the committee hire him. The parson alone protests.

By far the most copiously illustrated of any of the earlier readers was a thin 12mo published in Philadelphia in 1799 called *The Columbian Reading Book, or Historical Preceptor*, "a collection of Authentic Historic Anecdotes, Characters, etc., etc., calculated to incite in young minds a love of virtue, from its intrinsic beauty, and a hatred of vice from its disgusting deformity."



From *Columbian Reading Book*

THE CLEVER INDIAN



From *Columbian Reading Book*

AN APPEAL TO KING PHILIP

From the 164 short lessons I make several selections.

SPIRITED REPROOF OF A WOMAN

PHILIP, rising from an entertainment at which he had sat for some hours, was addressed by a woman, who begged him to hear her cause. He accordingly heard it, and, upon her saying some things not pleasing to him, he gave sentence against her. The woman immediately, but very calmly, replied, "I appeal." "How," says Philip, "from your king? To whom then?" "To Philip when fasting," returned the woman. The manner in which he received this answer would do honor to the most sober prince. He afterwards gave the cause a second hearing, found the injustice of his sentence, and condemned himself to make it good.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

A white man meeting an Indian asked him, "whose Indian are you?" To which the copper-faced genius replied, "I am God Almighty's Indian: whose Indian are you?"

SUCCESSFUL BRAVERY

Mr. GILLET, a French quarter-master, going home to his friends, had the good fortune to save the life of a young woman, attacked by two ruffians. He fell upon them, sabre in hand, unlocked the jaw of the first villain, who held a dagger to her breast, and at one stroke pared the nails of the other just above the wrist. Money was offered by the grateful parents; he refused it; they offered him their daughter, a young girl of 16, in marriage; the veteran, then in his 73rd year, declined, say-



From *Columbian Reading Book*

THE RESCUE

ing, "Do you think that I have rescued her from instant death, to put her to a lingering one, by coupling so lively a body with one worn out with age?"

Few of the early text-books enjoyed more favor than Staniford's *The Art of Reading*, Boston, 1807. I reprint from it a dialogue that was intended to illustrate the prejudice of the vulgar against academics. The participants in the conversation are Old Trumpet, Goody Trumpet and their son, Leander.

OLD TRUMPET, *alone*

A plague and Satan confound such ignorance, says I; what, the dog is ruin'd and undone forever and 'tarnally. Must I feed and pamper and lodge the puppy? ay, ay, and send him to the Mackademy, and give him larning—and for what? good Lord, for what? O! snakes, toads and dung worms! O! the Mackademy! My son Len will be ruin'd!

Enter GOODY TRUMPET, *in haste*

G. Trum. Well, then now, husband I can't, no, nor I won't bear it any longer—for would you think it? our Leander is gone crazy and 's a fool, and melirious, and—and—

Old T. Yes, yes, that's as clear as the sun—that I'll vow to any day. He's a fool, and a dog, and crazy, and—and—what was the word you us'd?

G. T. Pshaw! you're a tarnal pesterment. You 're too old to larn any thing but how to wear horns—

Old T. No, no, that's a lie—I've larn't that a ready—there's not a ram in the flock that wears horns more tremariously than I do.

G. T. Ha, ha, ha! tremariously, O dis-travagant! Well, my son's a fool and my husband a jack-ass—but hark you, this chip o' yourn, this Mackadimicianer, inserts that our tin quart is brim full, when I shook, and shook, and shook every atom, and morsel, and grain of beer out of it—and there was not a bit not a jot in 't any more than there 's in his head, not a bit more.

Old T. Ay ay, I warrant ye, nothing more brovebler—yes, yes, and he told me about the dentity of pinticles in fire—and as how the proximation to fire made the sentiments of heat. Odd's buds! He's ruin'd, he's undone! Well, well, I'll go to the Protector (Preceptor). I'll pound him—I'll maul him—I'll see if he'll make Len a fool again—

G. T. Well, well, take him away, take him home—I'll larn him. If you'll let him alone—I believe I can make him know a little something. But the concep-tor! I'll strip his head for him—I'll make it as bare as an egg—I'll pull his soul case out.

Old T. Why, good George! I sent him to the Mackademy to get larning—if this is larning, my dog knows more than the Protector and the Mackademy besides.

Enter LEANDER

Old T. How now, how now, coxcomb! Why, Len, you're a fool! You're crazy, you're melirious, as your poor mother says.

Leander. Sir, you know you have a right to command your own, but I think, sir, that the abuse of such power is worse than the want of it. Have I, sir, deserved such treatment?

Old T. Yes, you have reserved the gal-lows—ay, ay, Len, you must be chained in a dark room and fed on bread and water—O the Mackademy!

Leander. You may arraign me, sir, with impunity for faults which I in some instances have been guilty of—but my improvements in the liberal arts and sciences have been, I believe, equal to most

of my standing, and I am confident, sir, that I have asserted nothing but what is consistent with the philosophy of our time.

Old T. Your dosolophy may go to Beelzebub, and you with them, sir, and be hang'd, sir—O the Conceptor, and Mackademy may go to Beelzebub and be hang'd and they will! Come home, Len, you sha'n't go there any more, you'll be ruin'd and undone for ever, and for 'tarnally!

A reader with a special purpose was "*The Mental Flower Garden, or an Instructive and Entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex,*" New York, 1808. It was full of sugar-coated wisdom and mild sentiment, as was befitting in a text-book for "female youth," and no effort was spared to use highly polished and becoming language on all occasions. Its tone was very like that it recommended for "epistolatory writing—*easy, genteel and obliging,* with a choice of words which bear the most civil meaning, and a generous and good-natured *complaisance.*"

Scott's and Lindley Murray's readers were the only ones by English compilers to be widely circulated in this country. Murray's several readers continued in use, until the middle of the nineteenth century. They were stupid-looking, fine print volumes, full of profundity, and never lapsed into the shallow amateurishness of some of our American schoolbooks. Yet the information imparted was occasionally rather peculiar, as for instance what is said about

THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA, IN CANADA, NORTH AMERICA

This amazing fall of a hundred and fifty feet perpendicular is made by the river

St. Lawrence, one of the largest rivers in the world, a river that serves to drain the waters of almost all North America into the Atlantic Ocean. It will be readily supposed that such a cataract entirely destroys the navigation of the stream; and yet some Indians in their canoes, it is said, have ventured down it in safety.

Scott's book has an introductory chapter "On the Speaking of Speeches at Schools," illustrated with four plates. The text accompanying the cut here reproduced advises:

If the pupil's knees are not well formed, or incline inwards, he must be taught to keep his legs at as great a distance as



From Scott's *Lessons in Elocution*

possible, and to incline his body as much to that side on which the arm is extended, as to oblige him to rest the opposite leg upon the toe; and this will in a great measure, hide the defect of his make.

When the pupil has got in the habit of holding his hand and arm properly, he may be taught to move it, that is, to raise the arm in the same position as when gracefully taking off the hat. (See Plate.) When the hand approaches to the head, the arm should, with a jerk, be suddenly straightened, at the very moment the emphatical word is pronounced. This coincidence of the hand and voice will greatly enforce the pronunciation.

Below is a part of one of the lighter pieces in *The Common Reader*, by T.

Strong, A. M., Greenfield, Mass., 1818.

THE FLOWER GIRL

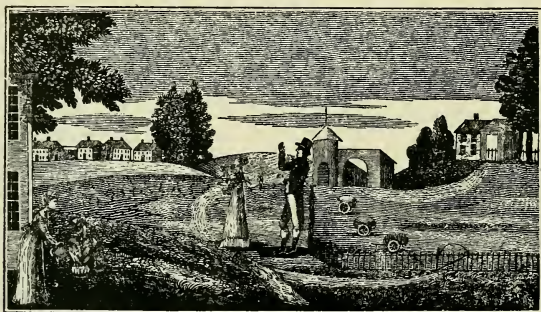
"Pray buy a nosegay of a poor orphan!" said a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was passing the corner of the Hay-market. I turned hastily and beheld a girl! about fourteen, whose drapery, though ragged, was clean, and whose form was such as a painter might have chosen for a youthful Venus.

Her neck, without colouring, was white as snow; and her features, though not regularly beautiful, were interesting, and set off by a transparent complexion; her eyes, dark and intelligent, were shaded by loose ringlets of a raven black, and

"You will pardon me when I tell you they were the first kind words I have heard since I lost all that was dear to me on earth."

"Can I leave this poor creature?" said I pensively. "Shall I quit thee, fair flower, to be blown down by the rude blast of adversity! to droop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early sorrow! No! thou hast once bloomed beneath the cheerful sun of domestic content, and under it thou shalt bloom again."

My heart beat with its sweet purpose, and the words of triumphant virtue burst from my lips: "Come, thou lovely, deserted girl! Come and add one more to the happy group who call me father!



From Strong's *The Common Reader*

THE FLOWER GIRL

poured their supplicating beams through the silken shade of very long lashes.

On one arm hung a basket full of roses, and the other was stretched out towards me with one of the rose buds. I put my hand into my pocket and drew out some silver—"Take this, my pretty girl," said I.

The narrator added some kindly and highly moral remarks for her benefit, and she caught his hand and burst into a flood of tears. The action and the look touched my soul; it melted, and a drop of sympathy fell from my cheek.

"Forgive me, sir," said she, while a blush diffused itself over her lovely face,

Thou shalt be taught with them that virtue which their father tries to practice."

Her eyes flashed with frantic joy; she flung herself on her knees before me. I raised her in my arms; I hushed her eloquent gratitude, and led her to a home of happiness and piety; and the poor orphan of the Hay-market is now the partner of my son!

The scene of this story is one of the busiest parts of London; but the illustration which accompanies it shows a New England country road, with three curious little loads of hay standing in a wayside field to suggest a hay-mart.

One reader of an unusual sort was *The Farmer's School Book*, Albany, 1837, "published to take the place of such useless, unintelligible reading as Murray's *English Reader* and other readers in common use, which never give the children

one useful idea for the practical business of life." The book conveys a good deal of information, but I am afraid the author was disappointed in his expectation that "Chymistry, The Nature of Manures, Raising Calves, Making and Preserving Cheese" and similar topics which filled out the list of chapters would "sieve the feelings and the attention of every child that is learning to read."

Another unusual reader of about the same date was *The Christian Reader*, a stout volume entirely made up of tracts except for a half dozen hymns inserted at the end.

The two excerpts which follow are from *The Monitorial Reader*, published in 1839 at Concord, New Hampshire.

THAT RED STUFF

Father, said a little Boy in the lisping accents of youth, what is that red stuff



From Adam's *The Monitorial Reader*

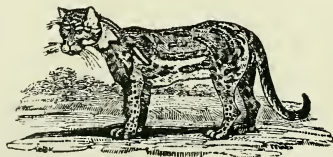
A RETIRED SAILOR "INSTRUCTING HIS SISTER'S GRANDCHILDREN"

the word Brandy, was wiping his mouth on the sleeve of his coat, while the little one stood watching his motions with a sweet affectionate look of the son, blended with the curiosity and simplicity of childhood. "Excuse me," said I, "but, oh, tell your innocent reprover that it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Deceive him not."

The man looked abashed and with a private admonition, I left him.

The lesson closes with appropriate comments, but what the drinker did is not stated.

THE CATAMOUNTAIN.



From *The Improved Reader*

you have just been drinking, and which makes you wink so? What do you call it? Hush, my son, it is medicine. This inquiry was put by a sweet looking child, as I was entering the door of a grocery to purchase a few articles for my family.

The tradesman had just drained his glass, and leaning on a cask, in which was burned

THE POT OF BAKED BEANS

O! how my heart sighs for my own native land,	The pot of bak'd beans! with what pleasure I saw it,
Where potatoes and squashes and cucumbers grow;	Well season'd, well pork'd by some rosy fac'd dame;
Where cheer and good welcome are always at hand,	And when from the glowing hot oven she'd draw it,
And custards and pumpkin pies smoke in a row;	Well crisp'd, and well brown'd to the table it came;
Where pudding the visage of hunger serenens,	O, give me my country, the land of my teens,—
And what is far dearer, the pot of <i>bak'd beans</i> .	Of the dark Indian pudding, and pot of <i>bak'd beans</i> .
Let Maryland boast of her dainties profuse,	The pot of <i>bak'd beans</i> ! Ah, the muse is too frail,
And large water-melons, and cantelopes fine;	Its taste to descant on, its virtues to tell;
Her turtle and oysters, and terrapin stews	But look at the sons of <u>New</u> England so hale,
And soft crab high zested with brandy and wine;	And her daughters so rosy—'twill teach them full well;
Ah! neither my heart from my native land weans,	Like me it will teach thee to sigh for the means
Where smokes on the table, the pot of <i>bak'd beans</i> ,	Of health, and of rapture!—the pot of <i>bak'd beans</i> .

In Winter

By Clarence H. Urner

I N the garden not a verduous sprig,
 Not one flower ablow,
 Not a wafture of perfume:
 Nathless, every bush and twig
 Has its gift of snow,
 To atone for Winter gloom,
 And the loss of summer gloom.



From the painting by J. Marek

IN WINTER



BENEDICT ARNOLD

Should We Despise Benedict Arnold?

By E. L. Morris

IT is comparatively easy to sum up a man's character in a single phrase. To say that he is a *traitor* is to separate him from his past almost as hopelessly as from his future, with this difference; that for his terrible crime the faults of his youth, otherwise forgotten, are summoned to bear witness against him.

Yet the deeds of Benedict Arnold are so much part and parcel of our country's splendid history that they can never be violently separated from it.

In a notable oration on the "Surrender of Burgoyne," George William Curtis, standing on Bemis' Heights, spoke of the infinite pity that a nature so heroic and with a record so brilliant should have been driven by a sense of bitter wrong and the violence of his passions to a crime so inexcusable.

"On the exposure of his treason it became the passionate desire of a whole nation to blacken Arnold's character. In their just hatred the people wished to make him wholly odious."

He was denied a single virtue. His bravery was only "Dutch courage," himself a low, vulgar, illiterate horse-jockey and skipper.

Marlborough, according to Macaulay, was a double traitor; false to James and to the Prince of Orange in turn; both spy and traitor. Yet England forgave his crimes and munificently rewarded his virtues.

As a boy, Benedict Arnold was reckless and unscrupulous, the fearless leader of boys in every bold exploit.

The restraints of New England Puritanic life were intolerable to him, and he doubtless deserved the reputation of young dare-devil, which the good deacons and selectmen of the town fastened upon him. But he was also accredited with bravery, and his sympathies were always with the weak.

In view of his great crime, attempts have been made to vilify his ancestry; and ordinary human nature is easy of belief when reputation requires thought.

The elder Arnold was a cooper by trade, and the owner of several vessels in the East India traffic.

Very little good can be said of him, except that he had the wisdom to love and marry a high-souled, noble woman, "distinguished for her piety, her good sense and rigid Puritan character.

"She was a strict Presbyterian of the type of that day and colony; but in her this form of Christianity was softened and made sweet by a most affectionate and kind disposition."

In 1741 the subject of this sketch was born, in the old Arnold mansion, which exhibited in many parts tokens of the mischievous boyhood of Arnold in whittlings, brands, hatchet-

cuts upon beams, planks and doors, *B. A.* and *A.* stamped in various places. This house passed through many changes, and rumor ascribed to it supernatural sounds and lights.

In the year 1800 a thunderbolt shattered the windows and mirrors, breaking a passage out through the wall. The historian adds that this was perhaps necessary to purify it from the Arnold taint.

When less than fifteen years of age, young Arnold ran away from home and enlisted in the Old French War, but soon tired of its hardships and deserted.

From his youth he had a passion for war and leadership. Trained to mercantile pursuits, he was restless and impatient of restraint, reckless in disposition, and invariably unsuccessful in trade.

Arnold received an account of the Boston Massacre while at the West Indies. "Good God!" he wrote, "are the Americans all asleep and tamely yielding up their liberties, or are they all turned philosophers that they do not take immediate vengeance on such miscreants!"

This is the first note of patriotism from the man who was afterward to shed his blood and pledge his fortune in the cause of his country.

The Rev. Samuel Peters relates that in 1774, while he was persecuted as a Tory, he had taken refuge in the house of the Rev. Dr. Hubbard, and armed it as his castle with twenty muskets, powder and balls. When Arnold and "his mob" came to the gate, Dr. Peters said, "Arnold, so sure as you split the gate, I will blow your brains out." Arnold retired, saying, "I am no coward, but I know

Dr. Peters's disposition and temper. I have no wish for death at present."

Seven years before this, in 1767, Arnold had married Margaret, daughter of Samuel Mansfield, high sheriff of the county. She was "of good family, young, interesting and accomplished." She died in 1775, while her husband was at Lake Champlain, leaving three sons, Benedict, Richard and Henry, who were tenderly cared for by the sister of their father, Hannah Arnold, a woman of strong and lovable character, who never wavered in loyalty and devotion to her brother and his family. She was a woman of more than ordinary ability, high-spirited, warm-hearted, faithful and sincere. Her letters all "indicate a gentlewoman of refinement, dignity, intelligence and much more than ordinary good sense and judgment."

It is said of Benedict Arnold that whatever may have been his faults and misfortunes, he had the great good fortune to have a mother, a sister and a wife each an ornament to her sex: women all of them of the purest character and each attached to him with a devotion which nothing could change.

In the early spring of 1775 Arnold was chosen to be commander of one of the two Connecticut companies of militia called Governor's Guards. When news of the battle of Lexington was received in New Haven, it caused the greatest excitement. Bells were rung, and the people by one common impulse gathered on the Green, where the captain of the Guards, in an impassioned speech appealing to their patriotism, offered to lead any number of volunteers at once to the scene of action. Sixty of the Guards and a

few students from the college were ready to march the next morning.

Being destitute of ammunition, which the town refused to supply, Arnold sent a message to the selectmen stating that unless the keys of the magazine were delivered to him immediately he should break it open by force. The threat was effectual; and inspired by the ardor of their leader, the company hastened to Cambridge, the headquarters of the troops that were then streaming from various parts of the country to resist British aggression.

Ethan Allen was at the same time leading a company of Green Mountain Boys toward Lake George; and though Arnold exhibited his commission and claimed the command, the volunteers refused to recognize him, placing greater confidence in their own leader. Arnold insisted upon his rank, but issued no orders.

He was with Ethan Allen at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and in 1775 was appointed with Montgomery to command an expedition against Canada.

Both men were popular idols. Meantime his enemies were magnifying his faults and forgetting his zeal and daring. He was a "strong, proud hater, constant to friends, unyielding to enemies."

He was not a rich man. Congress had not settled accounts with him for four years. He had given large sums to the public service and offered a loan of one thousand pounds to furnish funds for enlistment. As a fighting general he would have been the right arm of Washington. "Had the commander-in-chief possessed the power of appointing and promoting

the officers of his army from the beginning to the conclusion of the war, Arnold's treason would never have been committed."

The Legislature of Massachusetts appointed a committee of three to inquire into the spirit, capacity and conduct of General Arnold, and author-

"In the midst of his success he was compelled to return under a cloud to Cambridge. Here he soon afterward met Washington, and from that time until his fall the commander-in-chief was his steadfast friend."

Before Arnold's return from the campaign, his wife died: a terrible



HOUSE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD

ized them to order his return if they thought proper. If he remained, it was to be in a subordinate position. His honor as a soldier was wounded. Not one British post on the New York lakes had been captured without his zealous coöperation, skill and daring.

blow to a man already wounded and smarting under a keen sense of injustice. From a letter of Gates, then adjutant-general at Cambridge, it appears that Arnold suggested the Quebec expedition to Washington, who knowing him to be a natural

leader of men, and having full confidence in his courage and ability, selected him for the command.

It was late in September when the brave troops set out to penetrate an unknown wilderness. "They waded streams, faced fierce storms of rain and sleet, slept under the branches of evergreens. For more than three-quarters of a century the adventurous step of no man, red or white, had trod these solitudes." Their food failed. The weak and sick were sent back, and only the strong and hardy allowed to go forward. Rain changed to snow; men waded, breaking through snow and sleet. By the last of October they had no meat of any kind. The flour was divided, and each man had five pints which they baked under the ashes. "Some tried to make soup out of their old deerskin moccasins, but although the poor fellows boiled them long, they were leather still."

There were only two dogs with the men. These were killed and eaten, and the bones saved and pounded to make broth for the next meal. Many died of fatigue and hunger within five minutes after sitting down to rest.

But such was Arnold's influence with the men that there was no complaining, though one of their number, a lad of seventeen, says quaintly, "these hardships produced among the men a willingness to die."

Arnold shared every danger, and they believed in his ability to take them through. At last he climbed the difficult path and formed his starving army on the Plains of Abraham, where sixteen years before Wolfe had died at the hour of victory. He marched his men up to the walls, determined if possible to provoke a sally

and an attack by the garrison as Wolfe had done, but in vain. "My men," says Arnold, "were in want of everything but stout hearts, and would have gladly met the enemy."

This act of their commander has been condemned as silly bravado; but under similar circumstances Montgomery was not so stigmatized. Gen. Schuyler, writing to Washington, says: "Colonel Arnold has great merit. He has been peculiarly unfortunate that one-third of his troops left him. If the whole had been with him when he arrived at Quebec he would probably have had the sole honor of giving that important place to America."

One historian says that Arnold might have taken Quebec and won undying fame, but for the treason of an Indian, who gave letters to the British commandant.

Washington, ignorant of the retreat, hopes he has met with the laurels which were due to his trials in the possession of Quebec. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which gives a minute description of Arnold at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, it is said: "Loss and defeat were so far from producing their usual effect with respect to Arnold that his conduct raised his character still higher than it was before with his countrymen. A brave soldier and able commander, when his vessels were torn almost to pieces, he retreated with the same resolution that he fought; and by happiest and most critical judgment prevented his people and them from falling into the hands of the enemy. But they chiefly gloried in the dangerous attention he paid to a nice point of honor in keeping his flag flying and

not quitting his galley till she was in flames, lest the enemy should have boarded and struck it."

Arnold went from colonel to brigadier-general for leading the army through the wilderness and for gallantry at Quebec.

At Bemis Heights a Hessian officer observes: "The enemy bristled up his hair as we attempted to repair more bridges. At last we had to do him the honor of sending out whole regiments to protect our workmen." It was Benedict Arnold who "provoked the honor." As a soldier and leader, he was bravest of the brave, skilful, high-souled. Bolta, the "impartial historian," says: "But for his treason, the march and assault upon Quebec would have been a favorite theme of poetry and eloquence, and the record thereof one of the brightest pages of American history, entitling him to be ranked among the great captains of antiquity.

"Had he died at Lake Champlain when desperately fighting, with a single vessel, the whole British fleet, that a remnant of his own might escape, or had the bullet that shattered his leg at Quebec pierced his heart, many of the name would now proudly claim relationship."

"Arnold thought it wise to quit Canada. He saw his men embark, saw the last boat leave the shore, then mounted and rode back to reconnoitre the army advancing under Burgoyne, wheeled just in time to escape, at the lake stripped his horse of saddle and bridle, and shot him to prevent his falling into the enemy's hands."

It is said of him that in battle he rode like a meteor to the front,—like

a whirlwind the regiments went with him. He dashed through the fire of two lines and escaped unhurt. When his horse fell under him he shouted, "Rush on, my brave boys! Rush on!" Shot by a wounded German private, one of his own men seeing him fall was about to thrust the other through with the bayonet, when Arnold, prostrate and bleeding, cried: "Don't hurt him! He did but his duty; he's a fine fellow."

Yet Congress was slow to acknowledge his claims. His juniors were set above him. Washington writes to Richard Henry Lee: "I am anxious to know whether General Arnold's non-promotion was owing to accident or design, and the cause of it. Surely a more active, a more spirited and sensible officer fills no department in your army."

It was replied that Connecticut had already two major-generals, her full share. Arnold did not resign, but wrote Washington: "Every personal injury is buried in zeal for the safety and happiness of my country."

From some motive impossible now to determine, Congress had long denied him his proper rank. Five major-generals stood above him; all his late juniors now outranked him.

"Arnold's enemies were also the enemies of Washington, who perhaps found it easier to strike him through his favorite general."

On the eighteenth of July, 1778, the British army retired from Philadelphia, and on the nineteenth General Arnold, by the order of Washington, assumed command of the city. Such was the gayety and dissipation of Philadelphia at that time that Dr. Franklin said: "General Howe has

not taken Philadelphia; Philadelphia has taken General Howe."

And while the Quaker City was the "scene of dinner parties, cock-fights, amateur theatricals and every amusement and dissipation idle men could desire or invent, Washington with his heroic army was enduring the bitter hardships, the cold and starvation of Valley Forge."

Among the amusements of the winter was a "pageant, play and mock tournament gotten up in honor of General Howe." "Miss Shippen, who was afterward married to Arnold, was a celebrated beauty, and a toast among the British officers, and Major André was the charm of the company."

The Shippen name was at that time one of the most distinguished and respected in Philadelphia. "Miss Shippen's extreme youth, beauty, gracefulness, and personal magnetism drew to her in love and admiration every one who came within her influence." "In letters to her father from the time of her marriage to her death there is an exhibition of filial tenderness and respect, a conjugal devotion, purity, elevation, dignity, which indicate a warm and affectionate heart, a Christian fortitude and a cultivated intellect rare as beautiful."

Arnold was but thirty-six years old, of fine physique, noble bearing and unquestioned patriotism, bearing visible marks in his appearance and movements of the wounds he had received. His generosity in providing for the orphan children of his friend, General Warren, was well known and added to the esteem in which he was held. In September of this year Arnold wrote Miss Shippen: "Twenty times have I taken up my pen to

write, and as often has my trembling hand refused to obey the dictates of my heart,—a heart which though calm and serene amidst the clashing of arms and all the din and horrors of war, trembles with diffidence and fear of giving offence when it attempts to address you on a subject so important as its happiness." At the close of the letter he adds: "Consult your own happiness, and if incompatible, forget there is so unhappy a wretch; for may I perish if I would give you one moment's inquietude to purchase the greatest possible felicity to myself. Whatever my fate may be, my most ardent desire is for your happiness, and my latest breath will be to implore the blessing of Heaven on the idol and only wish of my soul."

It was sneeringly observed by his enemies that Arnold had courted loyalists from the start. General Joseph Reed, one of the executive committee, writes General Greene of a public entertainment given by General Arnold in which common Tory ladies and wives and daughters of proscribed persons, now with the enemy in New York, made a considerable portion.

It does not seem to occur to him that the natural gallantry of a brave soldier would prevent his stooping to carry the feuds of the army into the drawing-room, "to proscribe the wives and daughters of political exiles."

Arnold's conduct was discussed, and eight charges against him were sent to Congress, together with a letter from President Reed. General Arnold's first care was to know that he had not fallen in Miss Shippen's esteem.

In a public address he alluded to his

faithful service of four years, and requested suspension of judgment until after the trial by court martial.

Congress delayed to call up and act on reports; and although Arnold had permission to resign the command of the city, he chose to hold it until Congress brought in a report exonerating him. He then resigned and urged Washington to appoint a speedy day for the trial. As military commander of Philadelphia, his position had been an unenviable one. There were many loyalists and active Tories in the city. In it there was much property and merchandise belonging to those who were unfriendly to the cause of American independence. By resolution of Congress, the commander-in-chief was directed to suspend the removal, sale or transfer of goods in Philadelphia until a joint commission of that body and of the Executive Council of Philadelphia should determine whether it was the property of the king or any of his subjects. Washington directed General Arnold to see that this order was enforced. It was Arnold's misfortune that this should be his duty, as it was an arbitrary exercise of military authority, which made him an object of personal hostility." His temper was haughty and unyielding, and his extravagant styles of living aggravated the dislike his military orders had created."

"General Arnold conducted his own defence at the trial which was not without an element of pathos. He walked with difficulty, for the leg broken at Saratoga, and again at Quebec, disabled him. But he wore the uniform of his rank, with the epaulettes and sword-knot which Wash-

ington had presented to him as 'among the bravest of the brave.' He went through each charge in detail. The judge-advocate in reply stated the evidence and submitted the case. In four days the court met, and while acquitting Arnold of the chief charges, sentenced him to receive a reprimand from the commander-in-chief. No alternative was left Washington but to publicly reprimand and disgrace a favorite officer, though nothing can be conceived more honorable to the generous feelings of Washington and more delicate toward the wounded feelings of Arnold. This was the beginning of the fall, which, as Washington Irving said, would make Arnold sadly conspicuous to the end of time."

The facts in connection with the great treason are too well known, and need not be repeated. It is claimed by Arnold's apologists that his Tory and loyalist friends influenced him to take this step, on the plea that the cause was sure to fail, and that he could win undying fame by reuniting the colonies to the commonwealth.

"Their argument might be that Romish France was gaining undue influence over the young colonies, and that anarchy would be the result. Arnold began, Cobbett revived this clamor against France. It was claimed that the mother country was ready to grant everything but independence. The colonies should impose their own taxes, make their own laws. A common cause and a common language would make them in connection with England the most formidable power in the world."

After the war was over John Adams said: "There was not a mo-

ment during the Revolution when I would not have given everything I possessed for a restoration to the state of things before the contest began, provided we could have had a sufficient security for its continuation."

All Arnold's future depended on reconciliation with the crown. His friends pleaded with him to put an end to the cruel war.

As Clive saved the British empire in India, they implored him to save it in America. The wives and daughters of the naked, barefoot, starving soldiers in the Continental Army would hail him as their preserver.

At this time Washington writes to General Schuyler: "I hardly thought it possible . . . to keep the army together. The soldiers eat every kind of horse food but hay. Unless Congress and the states act with more energy than they have hitherto done, our cause is lost."

Lafayette writes to Washington: "There are open dissensions in Congress; parties who hate one another as much as the common enemy."

John Adams said: "It requires more serenity of temper, a deeper understanding and more courage than fell to the lot of Marlboro to ride in this whirlwind."

Colonel Varick writes: "It is evident to me that Gates never intended to fight Burgoyne till Arnold urged, begged and entreated him to do it."

Unmerited honors were lavished on Gates. Congress voted a gold medal in his honor, and forgot the blood shed by Arnold. Smarting under a sense of injustice, unable to pay his debts because Congress neglected to settle accounts with him, shedding his blood as freely as he spent his fortune

for his country, maligned by jealous enemies who brought cruel charges against him, he still stood preeminent for courage, skill and good conduct. Washington's reprimand came at a time when he expected full acquittal. Whatever the feelings of the commander-in-chief may have been, there was no escape from this verdict of the court. "Our profession," said he, "is the chastest of all; even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favor so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that in proportion as you have rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment towards your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

Was ever justice more nobly tempered with mercy?

What motives Arnold offered to his own soul for the betrayal of his country we shall never know. But we cannot believe that they were wholly ignoble. It is improbable that his wife knew of his traitorous correspondence with the enemy. She followed his changing fortunes to the end, loving and shielding him with purest devotion.

Arnold once inquired of a Continental officer who had been taken prisoner: "What would be my fate if I should be taken?"

"Your fate?" replied the captain. "They would cut off that shortened

leg of yours wounded at Quebec and Saratoga, and bury it with all the honors of war! and then hang the rest of you on the gibbet."

It is said on good authority that Arnold was not present at the burning of New London, and consequently not responsible for the deeds committed there.

In December, 1781, following Cornwallis's surrender in October of that year, Arnold went to England with his family, sailing in the same ship with Cornwallis, through whose influence he afterward had many private conferences with the king.

All his hope for the future lay in the reconciliation of the colonies with the crown. He had hoped to be one of the Peace Commissioners, and so appease the hatred felt toward him by Americans. About this time he changed the motto of his seal from "*Mihi gloria sursum*," to "*Nil desperandum*"; a most significant comment on the mental struggle and vigor of a baffled yet undaunted man.

Unable to obtain military command, chafing under his limitations, always embarrassed financially from his generous mode of living and readiness to help those who were in need, he again became a merchant in order to repair his broken fortune and educate his family.

Cornwallis interested himself in obtaining places for the sons at a government military school. Arnold himself begged for service in the army even at the West Indies, where the fever was fatal to numbers of unacclimated officers. "They will not give me a chance to die a soldier's death"; he said to his wife.

Meeting Tallyrand at an inn, the

latter, who was about to visit America, marked the unusual intelligence of the man sitting at table with him, and inferring that he was an American asked for letters to prominent persons in this country.

"I have not one friend in America," replied the other; "not one friend. I am *Benedict Arnold*."

After seven years' absence, Mrs. Arnold visited her old home in Philadelphia, but was so coldly received outside the family circle that she was grieved and unhappy and soon returned to England, where she devoted herself to her husband and children, honored and beloved by all who knew her.

At the time of the unfortunate duel with Lord Lauderdale, who had used Arnold's treason to point a moral, Mrs. Arnold suppressed her feelings lest she should unman her husband when he took tender leave of her, until for hours her reason was despaired of.

Lord Lauderdale, in admiration of her character, afterward begged leave to wait upon her and offer an apology in person.

Hamilton speaking of Mrs. Arnold says, "Her horror at the guilt of the traitor is lost in her love of the man."

With genuine motherly affection she kept up a correspondence with the sons of Margaret Mansfield, guiding their judgment in important matters; and in the settlement of affairs after her husband's death she sold even trifling articles, that no creditor should be wronged. She says, speaking in detail of her children, "No mother was ever more blessed in good children than I am."

An English correspondent who

knew the family well, writes: "The sons of General Arnold could not but be brave; and the sons of Margaret Shippen could not be other than gentlemen, and her daughter a gentlewoman."

Mrs. Arnold says that as death drew near her husband was constantly imploring blessings on his children.

His mind wandered at times, and in imagination he seemed to be fighting his battles over again. He called for his old uniform and desired to put it on, saying: "Bring me, I beg you, the epaulettes and sword-knots which Washington gave me. Let me die in my old American uniform in which I fought my battles. God forgive me for putting on any other."

Wheeler's Hired Man

By Elliot Walker

"HEY! Grab this fork, What's-yer-name, an' git ter work. No use of bein' willin' if yer no hand et doin'. Don't stan' starin', boy. Take holt, an' help. Thar's a shower comin'."

Enfield Wheeler, from the top of the half-loaded cart, tossed the long-handled hayfork in irritable haste at the young man below, who caught it clumsily, dodging the shining tines.

"Don't try to lift too much," warned the farmer as his incapable assistant plunged the tool into a heap of the fragrant dry grass beside him. "I ain't responsible fer no broken backs, be I, Wat?"

Watkins Mix, helping him on the load, grinned broadly, snatching at his opportunity for a moment's rest. He winked at a fourth man, about to elevate a forkful for the disposal of Mr. Mix, and the burden was lowered with a nod of understanding.

"Wal! hardly, En," he responded, drawing a bared wet arm across a wetter forehead. "A marcifal man is

marcifal to his beasts. Thet chap needs some seasonin' afore he kin work with us fellers. Good on yer ter treat him so easy. Lordy! If he ain't fell down a-tryin' to heave up a hull cock. Git 'round t'other side, Bowley, an' unkiver thet feller. He's buried himself."

"Le'm alone," yelled Mr. Wheeler, angrily. "You idlin' cusses git yer hay on. He's wigglin' out all right. It'll rain on us in ten minutes. 'Tain't no time to stand laffin' at a blamed fool."

Scowling at the unfortunate, who had slowly emerged from his covering with a burning countenance, he burst forth:

"Can't ye even keep on yer legs, Richmond? Hev I got to git down and show ye how to lift a leetle bunch of hay? Try ag'in now. Aw! 'bout half thet. Thar! You're actilly showin' a grain of sense. Keep peggin' 'em et me. Mebbe I kin larn ye somethin' yit."

The exhausted victim fell to with fresh energy, forcing a laugh, al-

though his eyes glittered with the light of a sensitive spirit, humiliated and angry. With blistered hands, aching head and trembling limbs, he toiled bravely.

Old Wheeler's hard face mellowed. "Comes hard, I know, when you ain't used to it," he encouraged. "You've wore yerself out rakin'. Arter this load's in I'll gin ye a rest. The three on us kin mow away in the barn. Gee! was thet a drop on my nose? Run her up now, boys!"

Richmond Lacy walked slowly to the house, as the horses backed their cargo to the barn loft. "Ye needn't come back," Enfield called after him. "Mis' Wheeler'll gin ye a drink of milk. Tell her I said so. Ye done the best ye know how."

"Dunno how I come ter hire the critter," added he, apologetically to his sunburned helpers. "He jest begged me into it. Never see a farm afore, I guess. Poor feller! in two days he's 'most killed, but I ain't meant to be overbearin'. I'm derved if I don't like the boy fer the way he's tried, but, sho! he's wuss'n nothin'."

"What yer payin' him?" inquired Mr. Mix, cautiously.

"Wal! he said if I'd gin him a try, we could agree on thet afterwards," replied Enfield. "Says he, 'What I'm fer is ter git exercise an' l'arn farm work. I'll bargain ye,' he says. 'Here's five dollars, an' if I ain't earn't my board by the end of the week, it's yourn. Golly! I dunno whether ter gin it back er not, he's such a nuisance. 'Course 'twas a bluff to git a job, an' I only took it in fun.'"

Mr. Mix screwed an intelligent eye at Mr. Bowley.

"Course!" he affirmed.

"Got exercise enough, but ain't l'arned much," commented that worthy. "Seems proper ter me, considerin' all we're doin' fer him, thet a dollar apiece would be 'bout the thing. Ye might hand him back the rest."

"Ye graspin' rascal!" spluttered Wheeler. "'Twas only in joke I took it. He fairly pressed it onto me. Quit yer gabbin' an' hive in that hay. I'm blessed if the boy ain't wuth the two on ye for endeavorin'. I hire ye ter work, not gass all day."

"Wal, son," greeted a motherly old woman from the back door as Richmond paused by the well curb, "yer look clean beat out. Now, say, what yer doin' this fer? Farmin' ain't yer line an' never will be. Don't try ter fool *me*. I've raised boys. Them clothes of your'n was made fer yer, an' I guess I know cloth. You've laid down an' wallered an' rubbed mud on 'em an' wrinkled 'em so's they look like castoffs. They ain't. I kin take thet suit, clean an' press it an' 'twon't show a month's wear. Still, this ain't my business unless you think so. Is it?"

The man raised his tired face to the kindly eyes and smiled dismally, shaking his head.

"Enfield ain't observin'," pursued his interlocutor, "elseways he'd know more. He says ter me, 'Ervy (my name's Ervina), the lad's got a good face, but he looks pretty tough. Bein' short handed, I'll try him, but I imagine he won't stay the week out. Can't stand the work. Thar's somethin' queer about him, but he's so anxious—'twon't do no harm ter take him on. He's wuth his board prop'ly.'"

Again Lacy smiled. "I'm beginning to doubt it," he said. "But you won't lose anything. I've a little money."

"Don't talk that way," reproved the old woman. "Come in the kitchen. It's beginning to rain. I'm going ter get you a tumbler of my black-berry wine. Thar! set on the lounge an' cool off."

Presently she returned with a comforting potion. "Sip it easy," advised Mrs. Wheeler. "It's quite revivin'."

Lacy decided this information to be correct. The sweet, strong beverage stole through his veins and he sighed comfortably, feeling affably inclined.

"Yes," he remarked, "it comes a bit hard on a fellow who isn't used to it. I've always considered myself fairly strong, but this kind of exercise rather bothers me."

"What yer tryin' it fer then?" The lady apparently ignored the fact of his being only a hired man, and assumed the position of one ready for confidences. Somehow, her attitude drew him from his reticence.

"Just a notion. To tell the truth, I have been all upset lately, and I made up my mind to get away from my thoughts by change of scene and real hard work—the sort that makes a man so tired he can't think. Now and then a man needs to lick himself into something, and I've picked this way. I'll do it. Others have. I don't mind telling you this much, but you mustn't let Mr. Wheeler know." He yawned and laughed weakly. "Bless me," he said, "I could go to sleep this minute."

"Why don't yer? Stretch yerself out on the old sofy an' have a nice

nap afore supper. Then you'll feel like eatin'. No, I won't let on, an' I'll treat you ord'nary, same ez if I didn't know, smoothin' things a leetle, meb-be, for my husband is liable ter put it onto yer purty severe without thinkin', he bein' sech a worker an' tough ez leather."

Stealing away as Lacy settled himself, the good soul mused: "I knowed from the fust he was puttin' on. Jerushy! The wine went to his head a mite, I guess. Over it? I wonder what?"

Creeping back in a few minutes, the woman scrutinized the sleeper with an inquisitive eye. Her gray head nodded with little jerks of discernment, and her face clouded. "Thet's fevery breathin'," she whispered. The toil-worn hand touched Lacy's brow. "Hot an' dry. Can't be it's a sick spell. No, overdone himself in thet pesky sun an' the heat's dryin' on him. Perhaps that wine checked his perspiration. Hadn't orter, though."

The kindly gray eyes were full of worry as they gazed on the clean-cut, youthful features, blistered and red from the July scorching. "Ain't over twenty-one; skin like a baby's," she muttered. "If he's really ailin' I'll put him in the spare room, I don't care what En thinks. The attic chamber's like an oven. I kinder hope he will be a leetle sick. I'll sorter enj'y nussin' him."

"Where's thet lazy coot of a Richmond?" asked Mr. Wheeler, coming noisily in to supper. "I've thought of a lot of things to set him at. Wash up, boys, an' git yer grub eat."

Mrs. Wheeler stuck out her jaw, a sign of warning.

"In bed!" she answered shortly.

"What do you mean, Enright Wheeler, by nigh murderin' a boy like him an' bringin' on fevers? Couldn't ye see he wasn't able ter stand up? The fault is your'n."

"Wh—whare is he?" gasped her husband in wrathful anxiety.

"Spare room," belligerently.

"Thunderation! woman. Ye ain't put him thar! Confound the critter. Move him into the attic whar he belongs."

"I won't!" snapped his spouse, her eyes sparkling with the light of battle.

"A man what's paid ye five dollars fer a week's board is entitled to comforts. Well may ye look 'shamed, Enright Wheeler. The idee of yer takin' thet boy's money! Last words he said afore he become looney was thet he gin it to ye an' 'twould help out. Says he, 'Don't worry! I've—' an' then he trailed off. Worry? I ain't a-worryin' about *him*. It comes nigher hum than thet."

"'Twas a joke," quavered Enright, "an' his own offer."

Mr. Mix and Mr. Bowley grinned somewhat tremulously. When the usually amiable housewife became thoroughly aroused, the "men folks" were as lambs in the presence of a lioness. Rare occasions, but momentous.

"Set down, you two gigglin'—er—pigs. An' you, En!" rapped the withering voice. "Eat an' git out. Not a word! Hear! I'm runnin' this house. Help yourselves; I shan't." She disappeared with a flounce and the men hurried through a bolting process in silence, then hastened to their chores with sly and uncomfortable glances behind them.

Upstairs the woman, dropping her anger as one would fling aside a garment, was all tenderness and watchful care, noting every symptom with a practised eye, smoothing the pillows, renewing the bandages, soothing the sufferer with gentle word and hand, administering household remedies of well-tried efficacy.

"It's broke already," she breathed at last with a thankful sigh. "Mercy! I thought it was goin' hard the way his pulse kited up. To-morrow he'll be all right, but I'll keep him in bed a couple of days."

And outside, Mr. Wheeler turned fiercely on his whispering men, catching a derisive mutter regarding female tempers. "Dry up!" he snarled. "I'll bat yer heads together in a minute. Mis' Wheeler's right, an' no affair of your'n." For En was devoted to his better half, and, while given to a loud manner, bowed meekly to the rod when it descended, but suffered noneto criticise the outbursts of Ervina. Perhaps, hard, shrewd man though he was, he loved her the more for that invincible spirit which defied him. Anyway, he sought immediate peace as soon as the storm was over.

Ervina took the milk pails, eyeing the ingratiating countenance scornfully. They were sufficiently subdued to extinguish her last spark of wrath and she smiled grimly and spoke.

"He's better."

"Good!" exclaimed Enright, warmly. "Ye done the proper thing to put him in a cool room. Takes you ter lessen down fevery attacks, Ervy! 'Member mine?"

"Ain't likely ter fergit it," returned his better half with a pacific chuckle.

"I'd 'most like ter hev a poor spell fer yer nursin'," complimented Mr. Mix, leering cheerfully.

"Me too, by jinks!" chimed Bowley, who had never known a sick day.

"Wal, I'd dose ye, ye sinners!" threatened Ervina, laughing at last. "Go finish yer work, smoke yer pipes an' git ter bed airy."

"Mebbe I'll let ye up jest ter put yer clothes on an' set 'round," she announced to her pleading patient the next afternoon. "The fever's gone, but you're weak, my boy. I've fixed yer suit an' ironed the white shirt ye had on when ye come. Dress up like a gent. You'll feel better. Anyway, yer flannel shirt's in the tub, so ye'll hev to. Don't ye dare stir out of the house, though."

"I'll do anything you say. Was I so sick? What happened? To-morrow I can go to work again, can't I?" Lacy's tone held an anxious note. "Did I—did I say much?" he queried.

"Askin' questions is ag'in rules," said Ervina, evasively. "No, nothin' ter speak of. Rambled some, thet's all. No, sir, ye can't work till I say so. P'raps I'll find some light job ter keep ye from thinkin'." She looked at him keenly.

"That's it!" replied the man. "Do find something for me."

"I'll be in my settin' room when ye want me. Take it easy a-puttin' on yer duds, an' if ye hev a dizziness come onto ye, set right down," charged his hostess, departing.

Ervina was sewing industriously when her invalid crawled into her retreat.

"I do feel a bit seedy," he accosted,

faintly. "Guess I'll go back to bed."

"You'd better then. I'll be up pretty soon. Let's feel your pulse. Hum! Yes—you git atween them sheets ag'in."

As Lacy disappeared, both hands went to her forehead in thought. "I'll find out," she muttered, "and not tell no great amount of lies neither."

Ten minutes later, sitting by his bedside, her soothing voice began a mild process of mendacious extraction.

"Yer pa's name is same ez your'n, ain't it? Leastways thet's what I gathered, when you was ramblin'. About the Bank, I mean. An' thet's in New York. Don't jump, honey! 'Course I couldn't help hearin'. It's no 'count."

"Oh, well, if you know, there's no use hiding it," weakly from the pillow. "Anyway, I won't go back, it's more his fault than mine."

"Cert'nly it is!" Ervina was taking advantage. "Twill do him no harm to talk," she smiled inwardly. "His pulse ain't bad. Movin' 'round set it goin'."

"He warn't very consid'rit," she added with a sympathetic stroking of his fingers. "He said too much, I think." This bold manœuvre told.

"I felt as badly as any one about losing my diploma." ("What's thet?" thought Ervina). "I only just missed it, anyway. Oh! if I had studied a little harder, but I supposed I was safe. The governor always said, 'Be popular, Rich! be popular!' and gave me all the money I wanted. That's the trouble. A fellow can't be up late every night having a good time and do the book work too. He said, 'It's

the friends you make in college that count. Don't be fast and overdo it. You won't be that, I know, but you're too quiet, Rich. Be in with the crowd. I'll pull you through. I know how."

Ervina coughed, seeing light. "Yes?" she encouraged.

"But he didn't know how when he ran up against the Faculty. They turned him down hard, and he was the maddest man you ever saw—not only at them but at me. Swore I'd disgraced him, and carried on shamefully, when really I hadn't, Mrs. Wheeler. I studied all I had time for."

"Of course you did," confirmed Ervina, "an' then he—?"

"And then he told me I could have a job as messenger in the Bank—where I would be under his eye. Imagine it! The president's son, and a kid's position. He wouldn't even let me go on the books. I tried it two weeks. It rained every day and I pegging all over the city."

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Wheeler.

"Then I walked into his room and said I wanted a decent place, and we both got talking red fire! 'I'll quit!' said I, and he sneered, asking what I intended to do, and saying I was entirely dependent upon him. 'Go out in the world and try it,' said he; 'you'll look at things in a different light in about three days. When the nonsense is worked out of you, come back. I presume I'll have to provide for you.'

"He never thought I'd go, but I did. I turned and went straight out of the Substantial National Bank, and Richmond Lacy, Senior, won't see me again in a hurry. No! he won't."

"S—sh!" reproved Ervina. "Don't get so he't up! What did the rest of your folks say?"

"There's only father and me; that's the worst of it." His voice was very near tears. "He's a fine man, too, but awfully set and overbearing when he gets his back up. I never crossed him before. We have been a great deal to each other, or used to be when I was small. The last few years we've sort of grown apart. He is a very busy man. I suppose—well—there is no use supposing—I'll never go back."

Two drops rolled down his cheeks, but his mouth set resolutely.

"So I took a train just as I was—never stopped for a thing, and the first night I stayed at a little hotel," he went on. "I was pretty sure I could get something to do on a farm at this season. I *did* rub dirt on my clothes in order to look tough. Three houses I tried before I came here. Lucky for me you took me in. Honestly, I've tried to feel right toward father, but I can't. I've simply got to forget everything and work. Maybe, if I do well, he will be sorry some day. I'd just like to walk in on him some day and say, 'Here's a few hundred on account of what I cost you in making myself popular.' I'd make him take it, too. That's all, Mrs. Wheeler. It's been a relief to tell some one, and you won't speak of it."

"No!" assented Ervina. "I won't speak a word. I guess you'll have to stay abed a couple of days. It's a worryin' case an' I know best. Go to sleep, now, an' forgit yer woes."

"Writin' ain't speakin'," observed the old woman, piously, "an' I

scurcely asked a question, did I? When things come to my hands I hev ter do 'em."

She wiped the pen on an heirloom of a penwiper, sealed her letter and eyed the superscription approvingly.

"Maybe I'd orter hev put 'Senior' afore 'Esq.' an' 'Substantial' didn't leave no room for 'Bank' on the same line, but it's all right—an' I'll walk over to the postoffice an' mail it myself," reflected Ervina with a cluck of satisfaction. "'Twas my duty an' I done it."

At supper, on the evening of the next day, Enright spoke.

"Lacy gittin' along purty well? I see he ain't up yit."

"I'm hopin' ter hev him on his legs to-night. Hark! Ain't thet a team stoppin'? Sounds like a double rig. Some one comin' up the walk. I'll go, En."

Her wrinkled cheeks were bright with excitement as she ran through the hall.

On the stone step a man stood, a portly, stern-featured individual of imposing appearance. Behind his heavy, gold-rimmed eyeglasses shone a pair of round, blue orbs charged with anxiety.

"Mrs. Wheeler?" he asked brusquely.

"Thet's my name. Mr. Lacy?"

"Yes. Where's my boy?" The words came out with a strangled jerk. He put out his hand and wrenched Ervina's with a quivering clasp that spoke a volume of relief and gratitude.

"Right up them stairs. Second room ter the left. He's improved wonderful sence I writ. I s'pose it's safe ter take him home to-night."

She listened by the banisters, then turned suddenly away with a little sob, although she smiled happily.

"Guess I don't want to hear no more of thet," whispered Ervina and wiped her spectacles.

"I'm sorry ter lose my hired man," remarked Enfield jocularly, standing by the wheel as the stout man tucked his son into the carriage. He glanced cautiously at his wife, waving a good-bye from the porch.

"By the way," he added, "afore I forgit it, here's thet five dollars you gin me to keep fer ye. I swan it most slipped my mind."

The young man laughed. "Put it back," he said. "I didn't earn my board."

"Wal!" responded Mr. Wheeler indulgently, and tucked the bill in a handy pocket, "jest ez *you* say."



Gift-Making

By Mrs. James Farley Cox

IF there is anything more curiously complex than the art of gift-making the ordinary experience of our lives regarding ordinary things does not disclose it. It seems the most simple, natural thing in the world to do, this offering of a token of feeling,—love, congratulation, compliment, deference,—whatever the emotion may be, but the attendant thoughts, mistakes, perplexities and failures to give pleasure are myriad in number. Just at this season of the year, the festival of good-will and love, it is an endless source of amusement and interest to hear the comments and questionings of those whose chief occupation for nearly the entire month of December is the preparation and purchase of Christmas gifts.

Out of much meditation on the subject I have evolved one or two quite illuminating results, to find that these conclusions have the test of frequent application. The most important of these has a droll side to it: ninety-nine out of every one hundred articles purchased are bought to please the purchaser! The wandering eye suddenly grows bright: "Here is the very prettiest (or most useful) thing I ever saw." Not one thought is given to how it will affect the recipient! Many an unselfish woman draws heavily upon her purse and carries home in triumph what her own heart really covets, in order to gratify some one whose habits or

education preclude any chance of appreciation. It leaves the donor saying wistfully: "How I wish that the Fates would decree that I should receive one like this," and the recipient sighs, looks affectionately at the accompanying card, and says: "What in the world shall I do with it?"

This is such an unconscious, unintentional performance,—the buyer is so deadly in earnest and so eager to please, even to the extent of self-sacrifice,—that the mere irrationality of it is full of an amusing psychical revelation to the student of mental cause and effect. Men are particularly apt to find their chief enjoyment in their share of gifts at any festival season from the amusement found in their incongruity and uselessness.

Mr. Riis tells us of the extreme happiness of two children in the lowest, poorest portion of the tenement district for which he has done such valiant work, from the finding of a small gilded paper fish, dropped by some purchaser of trifles for a Christmas tree. The glittering paper shone bravely, and a loop of thread from the fish's mouth allowed it to dangle from the finger and show all its glory. A lover-lad of ten years old stood waiting eagerly for the appearance of his ragged sweetheart, a little girl of eight, and when she came he offered his treasure with a triumphant smile. He

bade her hold out her grimy little finger and he dexterously slipped the thread over it and turned the hand quickly that the light might strike the gold. "There's your Christmas, Rosy! Ain't it fine?" The dual rapture was complete.

In the bare and cheerless room which was the so-called home of the girl, unusual cleanliness was visible, and in the eastern corner, space was cleared to accommodate a barrel, the head of which was covered with a bit of spotless white cotton. On this the superfluous fragments lopped from a too luxuriant spruce tree, found at the street corner, stood in unsteady fashion, decked with loops of pink twine as sole adornment, and a "blessed" candle was placed beside it ready to shed its Christmas light. With inexpressible delight Rosy hung her shining gift upon a twig of the sturdy green branch; here was something beautiful indeed. The Holy Mother on the wall seemed to smile as she saw it. In the great city, it might readily be true, that here was displayed the gift which had given the greatest pleasure of any of the millions exchanged on the consecrated night. To the donor it had brought the joy of discovery, the joy of possession, the joy of self-sacrifice in giving it up at love's bidding! To the receiver it had brought a wonder—she did not doubt that it was gold—of rich endowment, and the triumph of receiving and offering the golden treasure of a new argonaut! With all our expenditure of care and thought and money, would that we could achieve such a success.

One other discovery I have made

beside the unconscious choice to please ourselves; we give too much. After excluding the members of our closest family circle—husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, within which near unity all sense of obligation ceases—we take from the grace of our gifts, as soon as we include the material value which is dominant and manifest. It destroys the vital germ of perfection in any gift when the first thought it imposes is its cost. Perhaps the true progression of emotion is first of one's self, when a wrapper discloses its contents: "How glad I am to own this!" Next the warm flow of affectionate appreciation of the giver: "No one else would have thought of it." When these feelings with quick fervor flood our hearts, gift and giver have enriched a life!

If happily our art permits us to supply a need with grace and in a way that leaves the recipient free from a suspicion of a savor of compassion or patronage, we are indeed blessed. The large class of impoverished, single gentlewomen who so daintily try to conceal the piteous decay in their wardrobes, are so gladdened by a bit of delicate lace or a handkerchief which is fine and sheer. The thousand and one requirements of a fastidious lady's taste give such enviable opportunities of renewing in them that delightful sensation of wearing the things "suitable to their social position." But it takes that form of tact and keen discernment that is not a common endowment to avail one's self of this enviable chance. The faintest intimation that the ap-

pearance of the dear woman has shown that she is shabby plants a sting which the beauty of the gift cannot heal.

Even the respectable poor, to whom we turn with a sigh of relieved assurance of being on the right track, seldom like to be in any way reminded that you fear that they are hungry and cold. An adjective deftly qualifying the nature of a gift—more coal, a fresh blanket, a fat turkey—is a delightfully soothing aid to the acceptance of the things which a workingman and woman feel they should have been able to provide by their own labor for themselves and their children. A curate in one of our large parishes not long ago revealed the delicate sympathy and clear comprehension with which he did his duty as an almoner. "Our poor are required to come for their Christmas dinners and wait with their baskets on their arms. I wish it were the rule to send to their houses. Many who would rejoice at the possession stay away. A strong man, being penniless, because out of work, feels himself an object of shame in such a procession, yet his appetite is keen. The delicate widow, who once had a good husband and a comfortable home, feels she is disgracing her past." The protection we can insure to such as these, while we relieve their poverty, is of as much value as the gift.

"The gift without the giver is bare," says the poet, and in this lies the larger part of the mystery and art of gift-making. More long lists of names which half the world of Christian people carry about with

them while preparing for Christmas, which might be headed, "Something for——" and from which each weary day allows them to erase few or many, as good luck and strength permit, are in themselves a prophecy of futile efforts and disappointed hopes.

He or she who commences her search by looking for an unknown something is sure to come to grief. It is a far more effective contribution to the Christmas joy of the world, and an infinitely greater help to the love and good-will we desire to stimulate, to make fewer gifts, and give to each of these so much of ourselves as comes from loving care and forethought, and the decision to find the very thing which affection ought to be able to discover to be a probably unfulfilled wish in the hearts of our dear ones.

Gifts of mere courtesy are of little worth. Gifts of so-called necessity, from a sense of obligations to be paid off, are unworthy of so fine and generous an appellation; they are merely "a payment in kind." I have grave doubts whether they ever give either satisfaction or pleasure. There is a large chance that the creditor feels the repayment very inadequate.

The whole impulse to give has its sublime and inspiring origin in that greatest gift, which only omnipotent power and quenchless love could make; narrowed by no bounds, united by no territory, embracing all humanity in its mighty, immeasurable largesse. Let the maker of Christmas gifts who finds in the act only a weariness, a burden upon

time and money, turn his or her back on the whole matter. "He disquieteth himself in vain!" Something may have been bought and sent to another, but it is only a Christmas gift in name.

"Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine.
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign."

Herein lies the joy of it all, and lacking this chiefest essential all gift-making is in vain.

The Crusader's Hymn

By Mary Lord

AH! Whither then?
Where lead my laggard feet?
My heart is tired,
And rest alone is sweet,
Ah, rest is sweet!

Within my heart
The voice of honor cries,
" 'Tis not for thee to rest
Till won the skies.
Up and arise.

"Look far above,
There watch the shining throng
Of those who here
Have bravely fought, and long,
And have been strong.

"Though deepest fear,
Though pain thy spirit bow,
Hold fast thy soul;
The crown is on thy brow,
The victory now.

" 'Tis not for him
Whose heart can know no fear,
But for the soul who holds
His courage dear,—
And scorns his fear."



THE BOAT LANDING ON HOOSICWHISICK LAKE. A TYPICAL VIEW IN BOSTON'S BLUE HILL RESERVATION.

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Recent Developments in American Park Systems

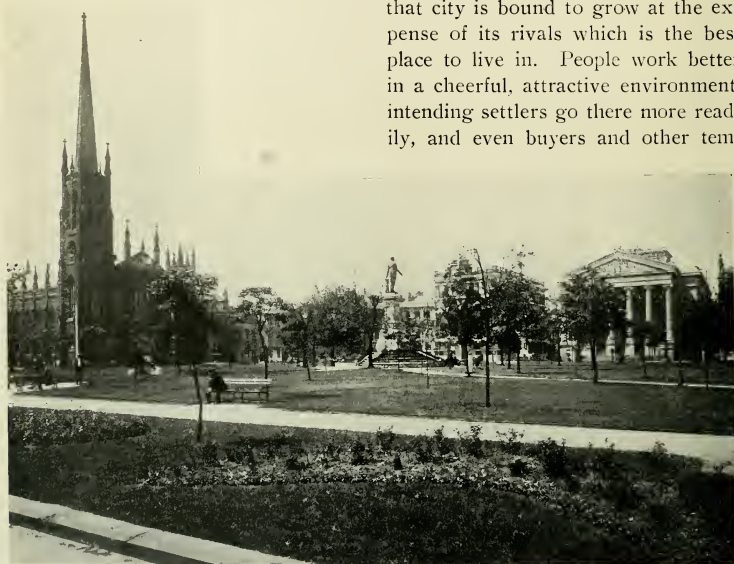
By Frederick W. Coburn

THIS is a land of great cities, and in no respect has American life shown greater improvement in the past decade than in the department of civic art. The average American, immersed in business cares and the complex problems of living in a great city, is very apt to take the parks, boulevards, public bath-houses, gymnasiums and libraries as a matter of course, hardly realizing the wonderful development that has taken place within a few years and that is still going on. Yet in every section of the United States efforts have been made or very shortly will be made, to render the rapidly growing centres of population better places to live in. One can hardly name a great city of the land, or even a lesser one, in which something notable is not being done for civic betterment. Chicago, to take a shining example, has under way the improvement of its whole vast lake front, involving important additions to its already great park system. Again, New Orleans has lately

entered upon plans for beautification and sanitation involving the expenditure of millions of dollars, and Baltimore, long famous for its Druid Hill Park, will not rest satisfied with having a single playground for its people, but will shortly begin the creation of a number of other admirable parks. Or, to take an example of a city of the second class, Memphis has lately entered upon a scheme for laying out some large civic reservations which will convert this hustling town on the clay bluffs into one of the most attractive cities in the Mississippi valley. Or once more, Worcester in Massachusetts is planning extensive improvements around its beautiful Lake Quinsigamond, long dedicated to park purposes. In almost no state where there are cities of any size has this movement for civic betterment failed to make itself felt. The Pacific coast cities have all felt the impulse, and San Francisco and Los Angeles, Seattle and Portland have begun to do things which are an earnest of great achievements in the future. In busy

Dallas the local improvement association has begun to convert a big overgrown manufacturing town into a well-organized city. Indianapolis, Detroit, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Omaha, Pittsburgh, Springfield, and two or

of good business. Hard-headed business men in the American community of to-day will not sanction the expenditure of money for municipal purposes unless they see some compensating gain; but it has become a principle pretty well recognized that that city is bound to grow at the expense of its rivals which is the best place to live in. People work better in a cheerful, attractive environment, intending settlers go there more readily, and even buyers and other tem-



LAFAYETTE SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS. A SMALL CITY PARK OF TYPE FAMILIAR TO MOST SOUTHERN CITIES

three score other of important American municipalities have already created park systems, and even those cities, such as Denver and Salt Lake City, which are in the midst of too spectacular scenery seemingly to need much civic adornment, are nevertheless playing their part in the drama of improvement.

Of course the main point in all this movement lies in the discovery that good appearance in a town is a matter

porary visitors prefer to sojourn in it rather than in some ill-kept, sodden aggregation of shops and dwelling houses.

Certainly there are two types of cities in the United States, one of which has already discovered from a good many years of experience the business value of civic improvements; the others of the second type have accepted the experience of the older communities and are making ample

preparations for growth along similar lines. As a characteristic, and perhaps the most conspicuous example, of the former class there stands Boston, the community which has certainly developed the most comprehensive park system and arrangements for the public amusement to be found in the United States; of the

date than those of New York, where Central Park was established in 1850, has as a result of years of experimentation advanced to the first position among American cities in the matter of civic improvements, and this position it seems likely, though pressed closely in generous rivalry by other cities, to hold for a



AMONG THE LIVE OAKS
CITY PARK, NEW ORLEANS, IS A TYPICAL SOUTHERN RESERVATION FILLED WITH
MAGNIFICENT TREES

other class, Kansas City, which proportionately to its present population has already spent the largest amount of money of any American city upon its park system, may be regarded as the foremost example.

Boston, although its most important developments are later in

good many years to come. The New England metropolis has unquestionably had assistance from the experience of the Massachusetts Village Improvement Association which lately celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, having been started in Stockbridge, in October, 1853. In Boston the first

public baths were established in 1866, and the first public playground in the adjacent suburb of Brookline in 1872. The great open air gymnasium in the Charlesbank Park, the first of its kind in America, was completed in 1892. But even in Boston, old city as it is, the greatest accomplishments have been brought about since 1893. Within one decade the Metropolitan Park system, which has been made to embrace some thirty-seven towns with-

million people a system which comprises urban playgrounds, city parks, public gardens, school gardens, rural parks, including forest reserves, a mountain reservation, river bank parkways and seashore reservations. Nor is Boston standing still, waiting for other communities to catch up. There are, as an example of the newest developments, plans in progress which will convert the Back Bay, the broadening of the Charles River just



THE PATHWAY UP BLUE HILL
A CHARACTERISTIC OUTLOOK IN THE BIG FOREST RESERVATION TEN MILES SOUTH OF
THE STATE HOUSE IN BOSTON

in eleven miles of the golden dome of the State House—the Hub of the Universe, as Oliver Wendell Holmes delighted to call it—has been laid out as a model of what public playgrounds may be, and has brought about the solution of a great number of problems of municipal management of public pleasures. Within the short period of eight years there has been thrown open for the benefit of more than a

before it enters the sea, long a fetid though picturesque salt water estuary, into a beautiful fresh-water lake, surrounded on either side by noble architectural adornments and spanned by the most artistic bridge yet projected on the American continent.

Each year in fact sees some significant improvement in the Boston park system. Thus during this past summer for the first time since 1894, when

the land comprising it was purchased, the Blue Hill reservation, the largest civic park in America, comprising more than 5,000 acres of forest land and containing a range of hills, the chief peak of which is the highest point of land on the Atlantic coast from Maine to Mexico,—this noblest of all rural parks was really brought within the reach of the teeming popu-

certain sooner or later to provide themselves—one totally devoid of the merry-go-rounds, the menageries, the malls, carrousels and “greetings” of parks more formally laid out, such as Franklin Park in Boston, Central Park in New York, Fairmount Park in Philadelphia or Lincoln Park in Chicago. In this reservation, which, like the Middlesex Fells, also in the



IN BOSTON'S FOREST RESERVATION
GREAT BLUE HILL, THE CROWNING POINT OF THE LARGEST CIVIC PARK IN AMERICA

lation of the Hub by the completion of an electric car line out to it, and by arrangements within the reservation, particularly on the beautiful Hoosic-whisick Lake, for the entertainment of the people.

The Blue Hill park may, indeed, be regarded as the forest park of the future—with which very many cities are

Boston system, represents a departure from the semi-rural parks, such as Bronx Park, or Prospect Park in the Greater New York, not even a seat has been established along the roadways and trails for the benefit of the wayfarer, but everywhere, except in a few well-defined spots, as on the lake just mentioned, it has been purposed

to preserve something of the character of the wild forest and to give to the people of the city wilderness another wilderness in which they easily fancy themselves in the Maine woods, where they may hunt, if not with the rifle, at least with the camera and the naturalist's collection box; where they may not beat the trees or break down the bushes, but where they may gather berries and nuts to heart's content.

introduced that will mar the character of the reservation, certain works of embellishment are now in progress, among the most notable of which is the Charles Eliot Memorial Bridge, spanning a gully on the northeast side of the Great Blue Hill. This structure is to be a memorial to the late Charles Eliot, son of the president of Harvard, and well known as a landscape architect who was associated



THE METEOROLOGICAL STATION ON GREAT BLUE HILL
THIS OBSERVATORY ON THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE BLUE HILL RESERVATION HAS
INTERNATIONAL FAME FOR ITS PRIVATE SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS

With its whole area situated entirely within twelve miles of the State House and nearer still to Boston's centre of population,—for the great growth of the community has been toward the south,—this forest reserve may truly be regarded as one of the greatest recent contributions of the Hub to the science of civic improvement.

Yet, although nothing is likely to be

with the Messrs. Olmsted in professional practice. The bridge will be the most prominent architectural feature in a circular footpath which is being laid out about the summit of the hill.

That Boston is already reaping the benefit of its woodland areas, its boulevards connecting the city and state parks, and its general scheme of beau-

tification is shown by the increasing number of people from every part of the country, who come to the New England city to settle, led to it often not so much by its business opportunities, excellent though these are, as by the conditions which make it a good place to live in.

Now if Boston may be taken as the

fact every western city of importance is awakening to the necessity of being more attractive. But Kansas City has secured what may probably be regarded as the happiest results. At all events the harmonious system of parks and boulevards in Kansas City is something which impresses every visitor the moment he begins to look



A PLEASANT SPOT IN THE PASEO
THE CELEBRATED BOULEVARD TRAVERSING THE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT OF KANSAS
CITY CONTAINS MANY DELIGHTFUL FORMAL ATTRACTIONS

type of the eastern city which has long profited by its devotion to the idea of civic improvement, Kansas City may be accepted as perhaps a not less notable type of the progressive western city. Not that it stands alone—Louisville, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis and St. Louis, in

about him. It is, furthermore, the growth of a single decade, for though the plans were laid somewhat earlier, practically all the work for the adornment of Kansas City has been done since 1894.

Utilization of natural features and attempts to avoid formalism in any

but the most thickly settled parts of the city are among the features that especially characterize Kansas City's park system and make it notable among western municipalities. The principle seems to have been pretty well established that formal and Italianate features may properly be introduced into a small city park surrounded by more or less elaborate

residential region, we find an elongated parkway known as the Paseo, filled with conventionalized though thoroughly artistic adornments, containing a Pergola, a neat little lake, a playground with public bathhouses and other attractions.

But Kansas City also has what perhaps nearly every city so situated will have, a system of outlying parks con-



THE LAKE IN THE PASEO
CHARMING NATURALNESS CHARACTERIZES MOST OF KANSAS CITY'S PARK FEATURES

buildings; but that all reservations for the public on the outskirts of the town, or in the surrounding country, should so far as possible exemplify the natural conditions of vegetation and scenery to be found in the environment. This principle is to be noted very clearly exemplified in the Kansas City system, where, in the heart of the

connected with each other and with the central parks by boulevards. Two of the most picturesque of these perhaps extend along the dividing line between the residential portion of the city and the low lands on which the great stock yards and other industrial enterprises are located along the Missouri and Kaw rivers. In other



THE CLIFF DRIVE
A POPULAR THOROUGHFARE IN KANSAS CITY'S NORTH TERRACE PARK

words, these are park reservations along the high bluffs, the unsightliness of which in former days was something that held Kansas City up to scorn and even ridicule. To-day, however, the North Terrace Park with its beautiful drives and its spectacular outlooks over the smoky valley of the Missouri, and the West Terrace Park, rising well kept and

well wooded above the stock yards, are models of what small civic reservations should be.

The improvement of the network of lines of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company through extensions and through abandonment of cable traction in favor of electricity has made these parks very useful to the entire city.

Then, too, Kansas City has, like

Boston, acquired, and will presently develop, a great rural reservation, one which will prove to be more and more a pleasant recreation ground for the ever increasing population of the city. This is the Thomas H. Swope Park of about 2,000 acres, a large tract of the Missouri country traversed by a picturesque stream, the Blue River, now open, with but few restrictions, for the benefit of those who care for wandering in the woods or for camping out. This park is at present somewhat inaccessible to the people of Kansas City, just as Boston's Blue Hill reservation was until very recently, but it is understood that the park is soon to be made accessible by an easy trolley ride.

These two cities of Boston and Kansas City represent probably the most remarkable achievements in this country up to date. Other communities are pressing forward in the same direction, and it may be reported at almost any time that Buffalo or Providence or Galveston will go them better. Just at present two ideas of civic improvement which have recently come into vogue are the "Harrisburg plan" and the "improvement of Washington," both of which represent scientific methods and enthusiastic citizenship. In Washington it is hoped to improve upon the magnificent designs of Major L'Enfant, which George Washington approved, and which gave to the cap-

ital city its remarkable system of streets and avenues, its admirable parks and boulevards. Harrisburg, in its turn, has with its league for municipal improvement, projected a plan for employment of expert advice, and stands ready to sanction the expenditure of more than one million dollars in bonds for the improvement of its system of parks, boulevards, playgrounds, street paving and other municipal institutions.

All these represent great achievements, but perhaps in the entire aggregation of American cities none will fifty years hence have a more astonishing array of parks, boulevards and playgrounds than Seattle, which is just now making up its mind what it is willing to do for the future. Plans for an extraordinarily comprehensive system have been drawn up by an Eastern architect, whereby the decorative elements of the most exquisite landscape region in the United States may be fully utilized—the deep bays of Puget Sound, with their wooded shores and headlands, the dark lakes that are at the city's back door, the stately fir forests, some of which have as yet been spared, and, finally, the glorious mountains, of which Rainier is the loftiest and most sparkling. In the midst of such surroundings, Seattle, soon to be the empress of the Northwest, is naturally anxious to make the best of herself.





Photo by Goodell, Boston

A GERMAN FAMILY FROM SOUTH GERMANY

Immigration From Abroad Into Massachusetts

A Casual Survey of Its Character and Influence A Negative View

By Philip Edmund Sherman

IT is assumed by an increasing number of people that the present comparatively unrestricted tide of immigration into the United States is in general a menace to its social and industrial life. Doubtless many who are seemingly indifferent to the subject have only a vague conception of the character and quality of this inflow of humanity; of its immediate and potential results upon the evolution of the community; and of the ability of the native population to as-

similate the elements thus forced upon it. Of the general character of immigration, as well as the nature of the task of assimilation imposed upon the Commonwealth of Massachusetts by the annual accession of 50,000 or more aliens to its population, an indication is afforded by an analysis of (1) the industrial, (2) the financial, and (3) the intellectual status of the ten chief racial groups that came to this State during the past year. Such an analysis is given in the following table, based upon statistics taken

from the annual report of the U. S. Bureau of Immigration for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1902:—*

Race	Percentage of Unskilled	Average amount of money per capita	Percentage of Illiterates 14 years old and over
South Italian	90	\$9.95	50.00
Irish	93	17.80	3.50
Polish	95	9.35	33.00
Scandinavian	85	18.00	3.70
Hebrew	69	7.30	21.00
English	68	62.35	1.20
Portuguese	93	11.30	52.00
Finnish	93	14.95	1.00
North Italian	80	21.70	13.00
Greek	87	17.50	27.00

spinners, clerks and accountants, gardeners, mariners, miners, shoemakers, tailors; (c) unskilled: which embraces all excluded from the foregoing classes, and includes farm laborers, ordinary laborers, personal and domestic servants, and those of no stated occupation, including many women and practically all children. The number of immigrants within the first class is too small to be recognized in the present discussion; of the two remaining classes the percentage of



Photo by Goodell, Boston

FINNISH TYPES FROM FINLAND, RUSSIAN EMPIRE

In compiling the statistics which relate to occupation it has been convenient to divide the total immigration into three classes: (a) professional: including artists, teachers, musicians and actors; (b) skilled: those having skilled occupations, such as tradesmen, seamstresses, weavers,

*See article entitled "Immigration" in December issue of this magazine.

those engaged in skilled occupations is very low; the proportion of unskilled is given in the table. It should be noted that the standing of the Irish race is lowered by the disproportionately large number of females among immigrants of that race; that the showing of the English is impaired by reason of the tendency of entire

families of that race to emigrate; and that the good record of the Hebrews is due largely to the fact that more than ten per cent of Jewish immigrants are tailors. In regard to the financial column of the table, it should be stated that statistics are based upon the amount of money ex-

The table, therefore, is generally reliable but not absolutely conclusive because (1) of the numerical disproportion of the sexes, and of children and adults, among the different races; (2) of the possibilities of inaccuracy in the record of the financial and of the intellectual standing of immi-



Photo by Goodell, Boston

AWAITING FURTHER INSPECTION—TYPES OF RUSSIAN JEWS

hibited by immigrants in response to the demand of the immigration officers, and may not invariably represent the total amount possessed. No actual test is required of the ability of immigrants to read or write; their replies to the interrogation of the immigration officers are ordinarily recorded as given.*

grants; and (3) of the fact that immigrants do not necessarily follow the

*In Labor Bulletin No. 27, for August, 1903, edited by the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of Massachusetts, occurs an interesting chapter on Aliens in Industry. Referring to the State census of 1895, it shows that of the 16,334 French Canadians, males, over twenty-one years of age, resident at that time in this State but not citizens of the United States, 44.53 per cent were illiterate. The percentages for the same class among other races were as follows:

Italian	45.43	Russian (principally Hebrew)	24.47
Irish	25.49	English	3.92
Polish	44.55	Portuguese	67.64
Swedish	5.79		



Photo by Goodell, Boston

A TRIO OF NORWEGIANS HELD FOR SPECIAL INQUIRY

occupation which they pursued in their own country.

A large accession of unskilled laborers to a community inevitably tends to an increase of competition in the labor market and a reduction of wages. When handicapped by an inability to speak the prevailing language, the dependence of such laborers is augmented, and their industrial fate is more largely placed in the hands of the capitalist employer. A propulsive upward movement is given to the labor market. Those occupying the inundated field are forced in large numbers into the next higher grade of employment; a recurrence of the competition of the lower ranks ensues, and a fresh upward impulse is given. The evil effects of the competition of immigrant labor, so far as the industrial life of Massachusetts is concerned, have thus far been discovered chiefly in the comparatively unskilled occupations; the strife has been keenly felt at times in the ranks of employees of textile, boot and shoe, rubber and leather industries; and the higher grades of workers in these and some other occupations have not infrequently suffered. The insidious effects of foreign competition often appear in unexpected places. While skilled artisans from the British Isles have uniformly stood for the highest wages, and have often proved to be the mainstay of the trade unions, the competition of British Americans, particularly in the building trades, has been seriously felt. Frequently their sojourn here is only temporary, and it is to their advantage to work for what they can get. Dr. Frederick A. Bushee, speaking of Occupations in his study of "Ethnic Fac-

tors in the Population of Boston,"* states that one result of this competition is seen in the inability of the carpenters' union in Boston to raise its standard wage to the level which exists outside the sphere of the British-American invasion; and he questions seriously the industrial value of much of that immigration from Canada which is of a temporary character.

To save money—to realize "*la fortuna*"—is the controlling impulse which brings immense numbers of Italians to this country. In achieving this end they do not hesitate at any sort of compromise with the conditions of existence. Men are often content to live eight or ten in a single room, paying ten to thirty cents weekly per head; and by co-operation the total expense of subsistence per man may not exceed one dollar weekly. Many return to Italy in the course of a few years, but their places are taken by fresh arrivals and the standard of living remains permanently reduced. Unfortunately, too, the practice is not confined to single men. A similar tendency is often noted among Italian families who contrive to subsist in a "home" of two rooms when the means are at hand to afford a civilized habitation. Italian women are largely displacing other laborers in the market gardens near Boston, to the deplorable neglect of home life and of the training of children, and the establishment of a low standard of wages in the occupation which they follow.

The Jews, also, are guilty of the evil of over-crowding, and their habits are quite incompatible with Amer-

* Publications of the American Economic Association, Third Series, Vol. IV, No. 2, May, 1903.

ican standards of life. The persistence of unsanitary conditions for which they are responsible forms a permanent menace to the health of the community. One of the most notorious abuses tending directly to a vital reduction in the standard of wages and of existence was the sweating system introduced by the Jews. Fortunately for Massachusetts, however, a fairly vigorous public sentiment crystallized in legislation which resulted in the abolition of the more flagrant evils; nevertheless, these evils have persisted in modified form in the tailoring shops which are often over-crowded and frequently conducted with little regard for proper sanitary and other conditions, in which wages remain dangerously low and the life of the workers correspondingly degraded.

The cumulative effects of the overcrowding and unsanitary conditions inseparable from slum life are of such a vital nature as to demand special attention. Dr. Bushee finds that in the slum population of Boston the Jews have a much higher death rate among the second than among the first generation; that the second generation of the Irish shows a decided increase in crime; and that with the Italians there are both a greatly increased infant mortality and a tendency toward the development of a permanent degenerate class.

Perhaps the most serious tangible menace to the general welfare of the community from the accession of large numbers of immigrants is involved in this tendency to lower the "American standard of living and of life." The gradual decline of the standards of employment and of wages

in the textile industries of the State has occasioned much adverse comment from time to time concerning the classes of employees who have made the lowered conditions possible. In the central and western parts of Massachusetts the Poles have largely usurped the places of other workers. In return, however, they have failed to add to the community the benefits accruing from the contact of some other races; they have been among the least amenable to the usages of civilization; and thus far have given only slight indications of a desire to participate intelligently in the responsible duties of American citizenship. The Portuguese and Greeks have entered largely into the industrial life of the manufacturing cities of the eastern part of the State. In common with other races from the East and the South of Europe they came in response to a demand for cheap labor, and apparently have been able to subsist more economically than the French Canadians who in turn displaced the Irish in the mills. The wages of heads of families often do not exceed \$6 or \$7 per week, so that the auxiliary earning power of the women and children is almost invariably added as early as possible.

Of all immigrant races the Irish have easily held the supremacy in the political life of the Commonwealth. Almost universally they have been the most eager to become citizens and have furnished the largest percentage of voters. Their instinct for organization, their genius for leadership, and their enthusiastic interest in public affairs might well be calculated to accomplish wonders for the upbuilding of the nation. But, unfortunately,

this species of patriotism, this zeal to exercise all the prerogatives of citizenship has not always been directed into proper channels. The public records of Massachusetts, and in particular of the city of Boston, clearly show the capabilities of the Irish race in the political arena. But no more clear or convincing disclosure of the unfortunate political methods in vogue under the leadership of bosses of the Irish race has recently been made than that set forth in an illuminating chapter of the book "Americans in Process."* If the influence wielded by these leaders were confined in its effects to their own people, the prospect for its gradual elimination would be equal to the known capacity of the Irish race to evolve; but as the writer of the chapter referred to truly says, "the leaders of the immigrants" are drilled "in ways that are subversive of the American party system, not to speak of every holy tradition of our free republic."

The usual deduction drawn from a consideration of the comparative poverty and illiteracy of various races of immigrants relates to the effect produced upon American institutions and the standard of American life. Attention has already been called to the results of industrial competition of men, women and children, helpless, through poverty and ignorance, to resist the most debasing conditions of employment. The political debauchery which arises from the manipulation of an ignorant and venal suffrage by unscrupulous political bosses is sufficiently well known. But the most direful result of unrestricted immigration, in the opinion of some stu-

dents, has been the displacement of the native stock by foreign. Not only has this taken place in New England: the effects are as wide as the country. And in Massachusetts the "Yankee" stock to-day numbers only between thirty-five and forty per cent of the whole, while the proportion is steadily decreasing.

Perhaps no economic writer of weight ever gave closer study to this subject than did General Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In his "Discussions in Economics and Statistics," Volume II, occurs a chapter of unusual interest entitled "Immigration and Degradation." This chapter refutes pretty conclusively the assertion that the decline in numbers of the native stock has been due to physical degeneration. With equal clearness the true cause is shown to be the sensitiveness to economic conditions of what may be termed "the principle of population"; in other words, the reasons for the decline have been social and economic instead of physiological or pathological.

Immigration into the United States practically ceased during the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the tide did not set in that direction until about 1830. Official statistics of immigration were not recorded prior to 1820; and during the following decade the number of foreign arrivals was only 151,000. The increase in the population of the country during the period 1790 to 1830, from four to thirteen millions, was 227 per cent, a rate "never known before or since among any considerable population, over any

*Americans in Process: A Settlement Study, by Residents and Associates of the South End House, edited by Robert A. Woods. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1902.

extensive region." General Walker further states that the year 1830 marked the turning point in the steady growth of native population, and coincidentally the upward shoot of immigration. In the decade ended 1850 about 1,700,000 immigrants arrived. But the accompanying statistics of the growth of population display the remarkable phenomenon of a decrease in numbers of the native stock in direct ratio with the increase in immigration; in other words, the rate of increase in the population as a whole during the period 1830-1850 remained substantially identical with what it had been before the tide of immigration set in. The climax of this movement appeared to have been reached in the decade 1880-1890, when, with the addition of five and a fourth millions of foreign arrivals—doubly in excess of all previous records—the population, including this reinforcement, increased at a slower rate than in any other period of the country's history, excepting possibly the decade which included the tremendous losses caused by the Civil War.

Two facts in explanation should be noted. It was throughout the northeastern and the northern middle states that the foreign arrivals poured in such numbers; in other words, they went to that portion of the country where the social standards and the standard of intelligence and refinement had been highly developed. The second fact, naturally inferred as a corollary of the first, is that here the decline in the rate of increase in population first showed itself conspicuously. The migration of natives of these States to other States is a factor entirely inadequate to account for the

decrease in population. Whatever explanation may be put forward which ignores the personal equation, or which precludes from consideration the voluntary element in the matter of propagation is vitally deficient.

It was not the fault of the foreigner that he brought a vastly lower standard of living and a practical inability to appreciate the advantages of the more refined life that he found here. Although prior to his advent all the labor needed for the upbuilding of the nation had been done by natives, the latter flinched at the competition presented by a class of people unable to do anything but the lowest and most degrading kinds of work. They shrank alike from social contact and from the economic competition thus presented. They were unwilling to bring forth sons and daughters to compete in the labor market with those whom they deemed inferior in quality and condition.

To a large extent the incoming foreigner forced the American into the higher grades of labor. Gradually among gainful pursuits the American has come to occupy chiefly the avenues of mercantile life; and, according to Dr. Bushee, it is the keenness of competition in mercantile pursuits which largely accounts for the apparent failure of Americans of the present generation to keep up their numbers by propagation. Certainly a sufficient explanation of this fact, in relation to the urban native population, may be found by reference to the excessive competition presented by immigrants, or their immediate descendants, in the large cities. The difficulty of maintaining the American standard of life under such conditions, and the fear

of the native that he may fall into the social class represented by the foreigner, serve alike as a check upon large families or even as a barrier to marriage itself.

It is estimated that if the rate of increase in the native population of New England, during the period 1800-1820, had in general been maintained during the century, the population of the country in 1900 would have been over one hundred millions if no immigrants had arrived. In spite of the tremendous drain upon the vitality of the nation incidental to the hardships of developing new territory while maintaining the high birth-rate, the physical standard of the native stock continued to advance; in height, weight and chest measurement the soldiers of this stock in the Civil War surpassed all others. It is absurd, in view of the growth in numbers from 1790 to 1830, the steady improvement in material conditions of living subsequent to that period, and the additional impetus thus given for the increase of population from domestic sources, to conclude that the almost sudden decline in its rate of increase was due to physiological causes; that the native stock by reason of physical degeneration was unable to reproduce itself. It is a significant fact that the effects of the same economic causes actually responsible for this phenomenon are also discerned among Americans of Irish (as well as of German) stock. A steady decrease of the birth-rate, noted in recent years among Americans of these stocks, suggests the terms which our civilization appears to have imposed upon the human race as the price of its benefits.

The practical test to be applied to

the general question of immigration, however, does not specifically refer to numbers; it relates to the tendency of individual races of immigrants to affect favorably or adversely the quality of American citizenship. A chapter entitled "Restriction of Immigration" in the volume by General Walker already referred to, pertinently suggests that "It is much to be doubted whether any material growth which is to be secured only by the degradation of our citizenship is a national gain, even from the most materialistic point of view." While the country is undoubtedly able to assimilate moderate accessions, well sifted, of those races now sending the bulk of immigrants, its ability to protect itself from positive harm under existing conditions is highly questionable.

Yet much may be done beyond the present efforts exerted in this direction. Aside from the obvious duty of the community in the interests of self-preservation to maintain sanitary conditions of existence as a guard against the creation and spread of disease, it is no less under obligations to preserve an environment which shall insure a reasonable measure of stimulation and of opportunity for the higher evolution of its individual units. Such obligations, in reference to the immigrant units, are emphasized by the additional responsibility of assimilation and the need of harmonizing and co-ordinating the best elements of native and alien.

The degraded surroundings in which the foreign population of all large cities and towns is domiciled serve as a steady deterrent force to individual development. An appalling waste of energy and talent occurs

through the failure of the community to provide the necessary soil for their growth. Political economists have spoken in no uncertain voice concerning this matter. Professor Marshall, in his "Principles of Economics," (Volume I, chapter six) estimates that not less than a half of the natural genius of a country is produced by the working classes, so-called, and he asserts that no prodigality or extravagance on the part of society is so prejudicial to the increase of national wealth and influence as the wasteful neglect of talent permitted to occur among those of lowly parentage. He suggests that the "economic value of one great industrial genius is sufficient to cover the expenses of the education of a whole town." It is certain that the failure of society to make proper provision for the education of youths and maidens of superior talent and productive capacity, permitted to grow up amid surroundings which stifle both energy and ambition, is directly responsible for an irreparable loss.

Unfortunately, again, the progress of the few who prove to be superior to their environment may be further impeded by the almost superstitious prejudice which is frequently displayed toward young men and women of foreign extraction. In place of an open field and equitable treatment, the rising generation among the immigrant population is sometimes seriously handicapped in the social as well as in the industrial world by the persistence of this attitude. In politics, the failure of the legitimate leaders of the various parties to co-operate with the best leaders among the voters in foreign districts is often responsible for the transfer of the alien vote,

so-called, into the hands of the machine politicians and bosses.

Even were an attitude of fraternity, sympathy and co-operation universally manifested toward the foreign elements now imposed upon it, the ability of the Nation properly to assimilate them is questionable. The problem to-day is a serious one. It has reached the point where not only the quality but the quantity of immigration has become a menace. While legislation in the past has had to do chiefly with the sifting out of a comparatively insignificant number belonging to obviously undesirable classes, no measure calculated to lessen the quantity of immigration (excepting the Chinese Exclusion law) has yet been enacted.

In a period of prosperity like the present, when capital is actively engaged in all sorts of enterprises demanding a vast amount of unskilled labor, it is difficult to make the restriction of immigration a live issue. The people as a whole are absorbed in the issue of personal aggrandizement; toward questions of public weal they may be indifferent or optimistic. If, by reason of the apathy of the public, Congress fails to pass within a year or two some fairly stringent law to restrict the quantity of immigration, it requires no clairvoyant powers to foresee the irresistible popular demand for radical restriction at the first signs of a period of depression. If to the normal burden of unemployment incidental to such an industrial crisis be added the hordes of unskilled foreigners—their helplessness intensified by ignorance of our language, their dependence upon the community absolute—it is not unlikely that the membership of the Immigration Restriction

League will receive considerable accessions.

In the meantime one may have recourse for consolation to certain fundamental principles. While the founders of the Republic may not have realized that liberty is a condition rather than end, we have learned that the end of liberty as exemplified in a democracy, is opportunity for human development. Many of us have come to believe that the fruitfulness of the human spirit is determined by its freedom of movement; that its value to the individual and to society depends upon the degree in which it is emancipated and trusted and honored.

What, then, of the human element as expressed in the present tide of immigration? Obviously it can offer no exception to natural law, and it is so far clear that the ultimate effect of our environment upon the individual immigrant will be decided by his capacity to respond to its spirit. That

a considerable proportion of the present immigration is thus responsive is not to be doubted; nor can the desirability of such additions to our population be rationally questioned. But what shall be said of the remainder, who constitute a majority of the whole? Frankly, their responsiveness—even the possession of the spirit, alive, to respond—is questionable. If one is bound to be an optimist, one must admit that to deal with these uncertain elements is to experiment, and that failure to solve the problem may jeopardize the life of the Republic. Neither may one deny that the entire nervous and physical energy of the country is needed to meet the vital issues incidental to its normal development; nor that the addition of the problem involved in the assimilation of the present tide of immigration may produce an effect upon the Nation akin to that which in the individual is called nervous prostration.

A Vanished Star

By Eugene C. Dobson

LAST night I saw, in light elysian,
 A fair star gleam across the sky,
 To dawn a moment on my vision,
 Then into darkness fade and die.

And now at morn, with weary eyes on
 Yon white sail, lessening down the bay,
 I see beyond my life horizon
 Love's one star vanishing away.

A Voice in the Night

By Eleanor C. Reed, author of "The Battle Invisible"

"WHY didn't I paint it all over? Because I didn't have enough paint. It had stood here nigh on to a hundred an' fifty year, and had never had the touch of a paint brush till las' spring, when Josiah Farnum painted his new barn. He had some paint left, so he brought it over and asked me if I didn't want to paint the hencoop; he allowed there was just about enough. I cal'lated that if there was enough for all four sides o' that hencoop, there was enough for the front o' the house, so I put 't on. But laws a-me, how them ol' boards drunk the paint!"

Three sides of Phœbe Crane's house were a weather-beaten gray. Its clapboards were warped, its roof was sunken in the middle, and the whole was beginning to lean threateningly towards the garden fence, where a dejected-looking gate swung unevenly on one hinge creaking complaints to all who passed through. The little gray stone doorstep was worn to a concave; it was painfully suggestive of the flank of a starved hound.

"And you know very well, Matildy," Phœbe went on after a pause, during which she wiped an imaginary speck of dust off the window pane, "that with the little I have comin' in from the hens and the garden, I can't spend any money for paint an' things t' I can get along without."

Phœbe was a fair, well-preserved

woman of forty-five. For twenty years and more, she had worn her smooth chestnut hair in a braided knot at the back of her head. She disliked change, but her niece was more progressive.

"Why didn't Grandpa, when he built the house, put the front door in the middle, Aunt Phœbe? It would 'a' looked a sight better. The front of a house always makes me think of a face, and I don't like the expression o' this one. It looks as if the mouth had slid over to one side, or as if it was makin' up a face and didn't want us to come in. Now, when the door's in the middle with a window on each side, a house has a pleased look, as if it wanted to say, 'Come right in and take a chair.'"

"Why don't you set up straight, Matildy, an' not lump over so with your chin in your hands? You'll be round shouldered, sure's the world. Why, I s'pose it was because Grandmother didn't want the front door to open into her bedroom. I'm afraid you think too much about looks, Matildy. Your Aunt Jenny Brent sticks to it that you'll be a proud woman when you grow up, because the butterflies use' to light on you so when you was little. I can't say as I ever foltered the sign up, but your Aunt Jenny has. What did you say, Matildy?"

"I asked you if I might move the rockin' chair over there by the front window; I'm so tired seein' everything always in the same place."

Phoebe moved a little, uneasily, in her chair, but she kept her eyes on her sewing.

"Some day, when I ain't here, Matildy," she quietly answered, "you may move it."

It was Saturday, and the last of May. Phoebe had put away her sewing—having finished her "stent"—and sat on a straight-backed chair cutting newspaper into scallops for the pantry shelves. Suddenly she looked up.

"Hurry and put away the ironed clothes, Matildy, then come and help me with these papers; I want to get these shelves done before noon if I can. Hand me that—dear me, we're goin' to have company as sure's the world. Help me, quick, Matildy, and mebbe we can get 'em done b'fore they get here if we hurry."

"I don't see anybody. Where are they, Aunt Phoebe?" questioned the girl, looking eagerly up and down the road.

"I don't s'pose they're started yet; leastways I hope not."

"Then how do you know they're comin'? and who is it?"

"It ain't given us to know who's comin', child, only that they *air* comin'. Don't you know the sign for company, Matildy? Topsy Tom's washin' his face."

"Oh, fiddle! Our cat washes his face every day;—all respectable cats do, and away down there in the country where we live, we don't have company once a week."

"Don't say, 'fiddle', Matildy; it's wicked." (Phoebe said weakly.) "When you're as old as I be, you'll find—there, there they come now."

She sprang to her feet, thrust the

papers into the pantry and shut the door. Then she patted her smooth hair, hurriedly tied on a clean white apron trimmed with crocheted lace,—of her own make,—and with trembling fingers put on her cameo bosom pin.

Sure enough, there were footsteps on the gravel walk, and Matilda's eyes turned towards the open door.

On the little gaunt doorstep, with his dwarfed midday shadow lying before him on the white sanded floor, stood a tall, good-looking man of about fifty. He wore a clean hickory shirt tied at the neck with a wide red scarf, and bricky cowhide boots. He had a frank, pleasant face, clear gray eyes, and a broad white forehead, the complexion of which seemed like a curious high light to the rest of his sun-burned face. He carried a hammer, a saw, and a handful of nails. The gray cat, herald of his coming, walked up to the visitor, circled around him, purring and rubbing against his legs.

"Good mornin', Josiah," said Phoebe, rising, and blushing like a school girl; "come right in and take a chair. Josiah, this is my niece, Matildy Cole, that's come to live with me a spell and go to school."

Matilda's likes and dislikes were established at first sight. She liked Josiah Farnum before he had opened his lips to speak.

"I'm real glad you've come, Matildy," said he, a little awkwardly. "That is—I think it must be lonesome here for your aunt all alone. Let me see. She was—she must 'a' been six or seven year old when they moved away, wa'n't she, Phoebe? How you have grown, Matildy."

Saying this, he laid his hammer and

saw on the table beside a glass covered basket of wax fruit, and seated himself in the chair Phœbe had set out for him. It was one she knew he liked.

Phœbe moved uneasily, cleared her throat, then stepped to the table hesitatingly, and laid the hammer and saw under it.

Matilda looked from one to the other, amused.

"If you ain't partic'lar, Josiah," said Phœbe, "I'll jest lay your saw under the table where 't won't get stepped on."

"I didn't suppose it'd get stepped on if I laid it on the table, Phœbe," he returned.

"Why, n-o, no, of course not, Josiah, of course not," said she, blushing still more, "but—but, you see, it might cut the table cloth, and then—it's a bad sign to lay a saw on a table. I don't want to scare you, Josiah—"

"Oh, don't be afraid, Phœbe, you won't scare me a mite," he interrupted.

"But my father, Josiah,—you must remember it,—laid a saw on the table once, and in just three weeks to a day, his best cow choked to death on a turnip."

Phœbe gave a little gasp of horror as she completed her speech. Josiah smiled indulgently, and jingled the nails he held in his hand.

"Dont let it trouble ye, Phœbe," he admonished. "I've got very little faith in signs, as you know; besides, I don't believe I raised a turnip this year big enough to choke a cat on."

"I'm so sorry, Josiah," said she, regretfully.

There was an awkward pause. Josiah coughed.

"I thought I'd come over and fix your gate and the fence, to-day, Phœbe. It's too wet to plow."

"It's real good in ye, Josiah," she said, gratefully, as they went out together. "I couldn't expect it when—when—"

"When what, Phœbe?"

"When we don't agree."

"Waal, waal, 'pon my word. I should like to know who else I'd look after if not you, Phœbe," he replied, with tender severity. "All the pleasure I get out o' life is the little I can do for you."

"Oh, don't talk so, Josiah. You know I can't stan' it."

Tears began to stream down her cheeks, and one of them fell upon the back of his brown hand as he reached to take a nail from hers. That warm little tear proved his undoing. It caused him to break his word by leaping, for the hundredth time, over the wall of a pretended friendship into the flowery fields of love.

"But Josiah! Josiah! You promised—prom—"

"But you hadn't ought to ask me to make promises when you know I can't keep 'em," he retorted.

"But we mustn't fly in the face o' Providence, indeed, we mustn't. We can't afford to lose our everlastin' souls for the sake o' a little mite o' earthly pleasure," she said, drawing herself away with dignified firmness. "You know my feelin's, Josiah, as well as I can tell ye, but I wouldn't be your wife,—no, not for all the world, and have that warnin' dream a-hangin' over us. I shouldn't have a minute's peace, and then when we come to die,—oh, Josiah, only think on it. I shall pray every day that you—oh, Josiah,

Josiah, what have you done, what have you done!"

He had been striking the nail he had begun driving harder than seemed necessary; great drops of blood were oozing out from under his thumb nail. Without a word, he gathered up his tools and started towards the gate.

"Oh, don't go home, Josiah. Please let me do it up for you," pleaded Phœbe, as he closed the gate between them.

"This don't hurt me half so much as you do," he said, in a husky voice. "I'll rent my farm and go West, that's what I'll do."

Phœbe, clinging to the rickety gate for support, opened her lips to speak,—to call him back,—but her voice failed her.

"Why,—why, what's the matter, Aunt Phœbe?" asked Matilda at her elbow. "You're as white as—as can be. Where did he go? Where is he?"

"Why,—he—he's gone home," gasped the poor woman. "He—he pounded his thumb, an' the blood—it made me dizzy. I—I guess I'll go lay down a spell," and with much effort, she staggered into the little bedroom and shut and locked the door.

"Supper's all ready. Aunt Phœbe. Do you want to come out," said Matilda an hour later, "or shall I fetch you something?"

"I don't want anything, Matildy. Eat your supper and put away the things. Don't break anything, Matildy; be real careful."

"Aunt Phœbe, I'm going to the vil-lage to get a bottle o' ink. Do you want anything?"

As she stood with bent head, listen-ing, Matilda heard the bed creak a

little, then a voice came through the crack in the door:—

"No, I don't want anything, Matildy. You'd better take my umberell—I guess it's goin' to rain. Be real careful with it, Matildy."

Flushed with her long walk, Ma-tilda climbed the wood-colored stairs leading up the outside of the building from the sidewalk to her aunt Jenny Brent's three rooms over the black-smith and repair shop.

Mrs. Brent sat with her feet in the oven and her swollen face wrapped in a red woolen shirt.

"I'm sorry you've got that misery in your face again, Aunt Jenny. I'm sorry to trouble you, but I came to see you on business,—that is, I'm very anxious to ask you something about our folks on mother's side. It ain't because I want to find out just to—*find out*," said Matilda, desper-ately, "but it might do some good for me to know."

"Waal, what is it you want to know, Matildy? I'll tell you if it's right, but I hope you ain't goin' to be too inquir-in' about things—things you ain't *old* enough to know," cautioned Mrs. Brent.

"I want you to tell me what there is between Aunt Phœbe and Josiah Farnum. I know they used to be en-gaged, but why didn't they—why don't they get married? That's what I want to know."

"That I can't tell you, my dear. That is, I hadn't ought to tell. Phœbe wouldn't like it, you see,—if she found it out."

"But I'd never tell, Aunt Jenny; I hope to die."

"Don't talk so, Matildy; it's dret-ful wicked. Somethin' might happen

to ye for it before you get home. Dear me suz,—Phœbe'd never forgive me."

"True and honest, Aunt Jenny, I'd never tell. Not as long as I live."

Mrs. Brent unwound the shirt from her jaws, and, with misgivings, began.

Matilda was all attention.

"The truth is, Matildy,—dear me suz, I hope I ain't doin' no wrong to poor Phœbe in tellin'. She's had trouble enough, the dear knows. Waal, anyway, she and Josiah was all ready to be married. Phœbe was twenty-three comin' in the spring, and Josiah was somewhere about twenty-eight or thirty. She had all her bed and table linen made and marked, 'P. F.,' for Phœbe Farnum. She was a dretful pretty girl, Phœbe was. Just four days before the weddin', she had a wonderful warnin' dream. A voice spoke to her and said:—'Phœbe Ann,'—'twas Mother's voice, for no one but Mother ever called her, 'Phœbe Ann.'"

"What did the voice say, Aunt Jenny?"

Matilda, with widening eyes, had slid forward to the edge of her chair.

"It said: 'Climb up the hill alone, Phœbe Ann.' She took it that she wa'n't never to get married, so she got right up and dressed herself, and walked the floor and cried till mornin'. Then she took all her weddin' things and locked 'em up in Grandmother's big chist, and there they be to this day at the foot of Phœbe's bed.

"We all reasoned with her, and persuaded her, an' finally Josiah sent for the minister, but nothin' done any good, she's so sot, Phœbe is. Father was just so, too. You know how outspoken your Uncle Joe is? Waal, he

told her to her face, that the 'P. F.' in the table linen must 'a' meant, Poor Fool, he was that pervoked at her. Josiah felt terrible. I never pitied anybody so in all my life. He'll *never* get over it. He's such a likely man, Josiah is! She'd 'a' had a good man if it hadn't been for that dream, Phœbe would. Sometimes I think poor Mother made a mistake in interferin'."

There was a long silence. Mrs. Brent, either to intimate that the conversation was ended, so far as she was concerned, or because of the pain in her face, wrapped the shirt around her head, and Matilda rose and put on her bonnet and cape to go home.

Not until the following morning, when the thin-voiced church bell was ringing for service, did Phœbe emerge from her little box of a bedroom, looking pale and pinched. Her eyes were red and swollen, but the firm mouth showed no relenting curves.

A long, lonely week followed. For hours at a time she sat by the window cutting scraps of bright calico into diamonds and squares for her new quilt, but for the first time in her life she took no interest in her work.

"Ain't that a woman comin' down the road, Matildy?" questioned Phœbe, as she laid a pile of red and green squares on the window beside her.

"Yes, an' she's comin' here; she's tryin' to open the gate.

"Why, for massy's sake! Who do you s'pose 't is, Matildy? I don't know her. Who can it be? Smooth out that tidy, quick, Matildy, you've rumpled it, and set that stuffed chair straight agin the wall. Pull that

rocker jst a little mite further this way,—there, that'll do."

"Good mornin'," said Phœbe, stepping toward the door to invite the visitor in.

Phœbe's head was high, her thin nostrils were tense,—in short, she had, all unconsciously, put on her company airs.

"Why, how di do, Miss Crane. I thought I'd run in an' git acquainted. We're goin' to be neighbors, you see, an' I like to know all my neighbors; it's so handy in case o' sickness, or when company comes unexpected. Dear me, what a good housekeeper you be, Miss Crane! Did you make this carpet yourself? How pretty you striped it! Why, what a likely cat! Is he a good mouser? He looks exactly like one I had that got drowned in a bucket o' cream, only mine was a kitten. Is this your girl, Miss Crane? She looks exactly like ye; the same little tip to the nose, and you're both jst a leetle mite freckled, ain't ye?"

"Where—where be you goin' to live, Mis'—Mis'—"

"Mis' Simpkins is my name," interrupted the visitor. "We're goin' to live right over here in Mr. Farnum's house. We've rented his farm—that is, we're jst goin' to rent it for five year. I s'pose you know Mr. Farnum's goin' off to Californy? We've got to buy all the stock, an' we can't come to terms about the brown colts. They've been a-hagglin' over them colts all the mornin'. He sets great store by them colts, Mr. Farnum does. But I guess he'll have to take what my man'll give, for he's got his things all packed and his ticket bought."

Phœbe started and her face paled, but the woman did not observe it, for, with a mirthless chuckle that set to bobbing a bunch of discouraged looking forget-me-nots on her dusty bonnet, she rose to go, offering as an excuse for her short visit that the weather looked threatening, and they had ten miles to drive to reach home.

"Don't forget to shut the kitchen windows, Matildy; it's goin' to rain. I sha'n't want any supper. I've got a dretful headache." And Phœbe went into her bedroom and shut the door.

Matilda knew where the pain was and her own heart ached.

For more than an hour she sat on the doorstep with her shawl drawn tightly around her shoulders, watching—with only her eyes—the oncoming storm. It was ten o'clock. Moved by a sudden resolution, she rose, drew her shawl tightly over her head, and although it was beginning to rain, and a flash of lightning almost blinded her, she ran away into the darkness.

Josiah was alone in his big bare sitting room, looking over the articles of agreement between himself and Ezra Simpkins. In a corner were three large storage boxes, and two trunks packed and marked, "San Francisco."

By this time the wind was blowing a gale and the rain dashed in furious gusts against the windows. Josiah had thrown down an old coat to keep the water from seeping in under the door. He gathered up his papers and closed his desk, then he leaned forward and rested his head on his arms. There was a convulsion of the broad shoulders as a sound came from his

lips, half sob, half sigh, such as might have come from the breast of a woman. Then a timid rap on the door startled him.

"Why, Matildy Cole! Come in out o' the rain, quick! What—what in the world brought you out at this time o' night,—in such a storm? Has anything happened to—is there anything the matter with your Aunt? She ain't sick, is she?"

Matilda stood, dripping. With both hands she held the black shawl tightly about her face. She trembled, and as she looked up into the man's face, he saw that her eyes were full of trouble.

"N—no,—not very. She's only got a headache."

"Then what in the wide world, child—"

"I just wanted to ask you if—if—"

Matilda choked here. She shifted her position and cast anxious glances about the room as if looking for a place to get out. There was none. That great tall man—he seemed to her like a giant—stood between her and the door. During these few moments she was thinking of herself, then suddenly she remembered and fear left her.

"What do you want to ask me, Matildy?" questioned Josiah, bending over her.

"I just wanted to ask you if you sold the brown colts to-day."

Josiah was speechless with astonishment.

"And if you didn't," she went on, "I wanted to ask you not to sell 'em till day after to-morrow."

"Why, little girl? Did you take a fancy to the colts?"

Matilda flashed him a glance. For

a moment she thought he was making fun of her, but she saw that he was not.

"No," she replied, "I don't know what they look like; I never saw 'em. I—I can't tell—I don't want to explain it, now, Josi—Mr. Farnum, I mean; only don't, *please* don't sell 'em till day after to-morrow, nor sign the papers either."

Under pretence of stroking his beard, Josiah concealed a smile.

"All right, Matildy, I promise. Will that do?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." And away she flew.

It is needless to say that Josiah was considerably puzzled. There were moments when he half believed that Phœbe had had something to do with Matilda's strange visit.

Phœbe, with tears and moans, tossed on her pillow. The thought of that Simpkins woman living in Josiah's house was torture. Although she herself had persistently refused to share his home, she held every foot of it sacred. She trembled at her impious hatred of the whole Simpkins family.

At every refusal of his hand, Josiah had threatened her with California. He had never gone, and she had not feared that his latest threat meant more than the others. Praying every moment for strength, she listened to the sound of the wind in the trees, and the drip, drip, of the rain. She pleaded Josiah's cause equally with her own, arguing first on one side then on the other.

"How wicked I be t' even think o' seein' him again," she moaned, wringing her fingers. "I want to go right, but it seems as if Josiah was all

the time a-pullin' on me t'other way. O Lord, O Lord! what shall I do? what shall I do? O Mother, O Mother!"

As by revelation, a ray of light penetrated for a few moments the dusky clouds of superstition. She dashed away her tears and sat up in bed.

"Mebbe God don't want me to let Josiah go away off to California all 'lone. What does He let me love him all these years for if—if—my love for Josiah ain't none o' the devil's makin'. Mebbe poor Mother made a mistake. Mebbe that wa'n't what she meant. I wonder if it'd be wrong to see Josiah, just for a few minutes, and ask him what he thinks about it. But, oh, I guess this is a temptation o' Satan; I'm afraid I should be sorry when I come to die."

Then poor Phœbe threw herself down and sobbed as never before; sobbed herself to sleep.

She awoke about midnight from a most unpleasant dream. She was being pursued by a being that both attracted and repelled her, for it seemed to be formed of the mingled personalities of Josiah and Mrs. Simpkins.

By a touch of her excited imagination, her own dress that hung on the wall at the foot of her bed became a part of the dual object of her dream, and was moving slowly toward her. For a few moments she was unable to move hand or foot. Great drops of sweat oozed out on her forehead. She gasped with the pain of a great fear; then a faint glimmer of light appeared, hung for a few moments over her bed and moved away. She could hear dis-

tinctly the rustle of garments, and a cold breath fanned her face. Then a voice—an unearthly voice—said:—

"Phœbe Ann, you can't climb up the hill alone; you can't climb up alone!"

A bright light then shot through the room, and again she heard the rustle of garments and the sound of retreating footsteps. She had no doubt as to the personality of her visitor: no one but her Mother had ever called her "Phœbe Ann."

Phœbe could have screamed for very joy. She wept, and laughed hysterically, and on her knees poured out her soul in thanks, giving until four o'clock; then she dressed herself, opened the chest at the foot of her bed and took out all of her old-time wedding things and spread them on the bed.

At six o'clock she woke her niece. She had to rap several times, Matilda was so sound asleep.

"Matildy, I wish you'd get up now!—we've got such a sight to do to-day. As soon as you can get dressed, I wish you'd go over to Josiah's an' tell him I'd like to see him just as soon as he can come over. I—I don' know but I'm owin' him a leetle mite for fixin' the fence."

"All right, I will," replied Matilda, in a well-feigned yawn.

Josiah had just poured out a cup of hot coffee and sat down to his bachelor breakfast when Matilda, her hair and arms flying, bounded in at the door. She stood with flushed cheeks and bright eyes, panting, at his elbow; then with a look of sudden embarrassment, she said:

"'Xcuse me, Mr. Farnum, I for-

got to knock. Aunt Phœbe wants to see you,—*right off*." Then as she glanced over the table, she added: "Just as soon as you've ett your breakfast."

"Oh, the breakfast can wait," returned Josiah, rising, and feeling vaguely that a great light was about to break upon his lonely life, he took his hat from its peg on the door, and

they walked away down the road together.

Suddenly, Matilda dropped down upon her knees beside the road.

"You go right along, Josi—Mr. Farnum," she said, "don't wait for me. I want to pick some o' these johnny-jump-ups, 'cause Aunt Phœbe likes 'em awful well. I'll be along bime by."

David Humphreys: His Services to American Freedom and Industry

By Annie Russell Marble

CLUSTERED upon the Connecticut hills, a few miles from New Haven, is the town of Derby. Four miles away are the whirring mills of Seymour, which for half a century bore the name of Humphreysville. These near-by places are linked with the memory of David Humphreys, one of America's most cultured and enterprising patriots, whose life, more than most lives, reveals varied interests met with rare, concentrated zeal. Few men of his age contributed such efficient service to American freedom in such diverse ways. A brave soldier in the ranks, a faithful aide to three generals, a secretary of foreign commission, a representative of the new nation at two European courts,—such were his earlier active services, accomplished with credit. After the war was over and the subsequent internal anarchy had been subdued, Humphreys was among the first to recognize the necessity of stimulating man-

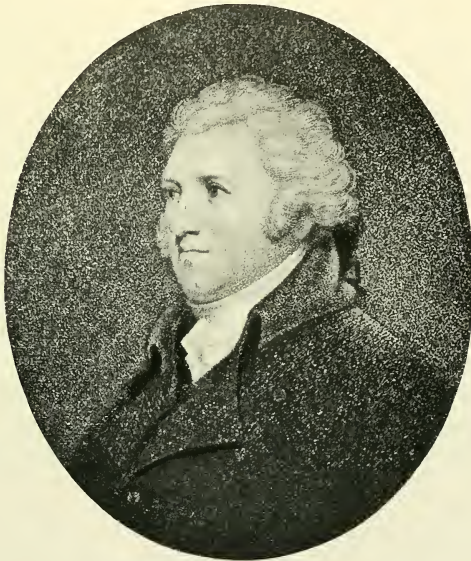
ual as well as mental activity, in establishing mercantile as well as political surety. He had been privileged to study foreign achievement in many lines; with keen, assimilative faculties he applied his treasured hints. While he translated French plays for the recreation of the people, he introduced merino sheep and the secrets of manufacturing, until to-day his name ranks among the pioneers of national industry. With broad, ambitious schemes, he mingled astute judgment and sympathetic insight into the latent powers of the American artisan. The record of his life in practical experiment, even more than in varied writings, forms an alluring theme for the biographer, for he evidenced a patriotism of stimulative type.

In the town of Derby is a chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution bearing the name of Sarah Riggs Humphreys. From its researches and the recently published history of "Seymour, Past and Pres-

ent," as well as from the archives of New Haven and Hartford libraries, come many of these incidents. Mrs. Sarah Riggs Bowers, allied with two sturdy Colonial families, was left a widow in Derby in 1738. The next year she married Rev. Daniel Humphreys, the clergyman of the town. Her stately, yet gracious manner won her the usual address of Lady Humphreys,

the mounds, and made legible the quaint, tender epitaph to these sleeping lovers :

"The seasons thus as ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still finds them happy,—and consenting spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads,
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When after the long vernal day of life,



DAVID HUMPHREYS

and her family, no less than her parish, paid her rare deference. This kindly pastor and his wife died in 1787, separated by only five weeks' interval. Their graves may be found in the Colonial Cemetery, now opposite the Episcopal Church, in "Uptown Derby." With reverent care the daughters of a later day of patriotism have removed the débris, beautified

Enamoured more as more remembrance swells,
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep,
Together freed their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

Near the cemetery stands a large two-story house, with deep-sloping roof, surrounded by grand elm trees. This is familiarly known as the "Cap-

tain Vose place," for reasons which will be patent in the record of Humphreys' later years. Here, according to local history, were born five children to good Parson Humphreys and his lady. The oldest son, Daniel, was a fine scholar at Yale and later served as United States attorney at Portsmouth. Elijah, a younger son, was noted for reckless bravery in the Revolution, from the testimony of comrades that he had three horses shot beneath him as he faced the enemy. The daughter, Sarah, had a poetic, as well as an efficient, nature. Married to the Rev. Samuel Mills of Fairfield, Connecticut, her home was burned in the attack by the British in 1779, as described in verse by her brother. David Humphreys, the youngest son, was born July 10, 1752. Inheriting fine qualities of mind and heart, he was a great favorite with tutors and students at Yale, where he was graduated in 1771. In Kingsley's "History of Yale College," Humphreys is credited with the formation of a new society, "Brothers in Unity," while he was yet a freshman. The existing debating club, "Linonia," was exclusive and aristocratic, and Humphreys, possibly piqued at his own non-admission, assembled two seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and thirteen freshmen and formed "the democratic brotherhood to fight for and establish their own respectability." This society and the widespread popularity of Humphreys as a college leader, are interwoven cleverly by Mr. Farmer in a recent novel, "Brinton Eliot; From Yale to Yorktown." In college days, as in later life, Humphreys was noted for fair face, alert bearing, gallant manners and fastidious dress. The

students well epitomized his traits,—
"He's our fashion-plate, but he has
plenty of brains."

As his college life neared its close, political agitations penetrated Yale, and discussions of rights and taxes shared—perhaps exceeded—the time devoted to logic and mathematics and Greek. After a brief experience at Phillips Manor, New York, the allurements of soldiery appealed to Humphreys, and he entered the army, first as volunteer and then acting-adjutant at New York, in 1776. The next year, as captain under Colonel Meigs of the Sixth Regiment, he took part in the famous ship-burning expedition on Long Island. He was sent by General Parsons to carry an account of this affair to Washington's headquarters,—the successful destruction of twelve schooners and their supplies, the capture of ninety prisoners and the escape of the Americans with loss of one man. Possibly the commander-in-chief was then attracted to the handsome, eager young captain, for after Humphreys had served a brief time on the staffs of Generals Putnam and Greene, he was offered a position as aide by Washington in 1780. These successive honors the young versifier commemorated in typical fashion:

"Then how I aided in the following scenes
Death-daring Putnam and immortal
Greene;
Then how great Washington my youth
approved,
In rank prefer'd and as a parent lov'd."

His boast was not unfair, for he was not alone military secretary to the commander, but was warmly welcomed in their home by both General and Mrs. Washington. In his official post he received the standards of the

British army at the Yorktown surrender and later presented them to Congress. In tribute to his loyal services to his chief, and especially in recognition of his personal bravery at Yorktown, he was voted a sword by Congress and appointed colonel,—the appointment to date from June, 1780. It is not surprising that a warm, susceptible nature like his should love, with almost an ecstatic devotion, the grave, wise general who honored him with fatherly regard. In many—in truth, in nearly all—of his verses are proud ref-

erences to his association with Washington on the march, in desolate winter camp, or at Mount Vernon. With characteristic floridity he transformed these lowly war-stations into "the shadow of the Imperial tent." Beneath the excess of form, however, resided a deep, grateful love for his hero. Writing Mrs. Washington from Madrid in February, 1800, he speaks with restrained tenderness: "Too long was I an inmate of your hospitable family, and too intimately connected with the late illustrious head of it, not

to share in the poignancy of your distress for the death of the best of husbands."

The first diplomatic experience given to Humphreys was as attaché with Jefferson at Paris, where he remained until 1786. One of his ship-comrades was Kosciusko. In a rhyme written to his friend, Timothy Dwight, on shipboard, he thus eulogizes the European hero:

"Our Polish friend, whose name still
sounds so hard,

To make it rhyme would puzzle any bard,



HUMPHREYS HOMESTEAD AT DERBY, CONN.

erences to his association with Washington on the march, in desolate winter camp, or at Mount Vernon. With characteristic floridity he transformed these lowly war-stations into "the shadow of the Imperial tent." Beneath the excess of form, however, resided a deep, grateful love for his hero. Writing Mrs. Washington from Madrid in February, 1800, he speaks with restrained tenderness: "Too long was I an inmate of your hospitable family, and too intimately connected with the late illustrious head of it, not

That youth, whom bays and laurels early
crown'd,

For virtues, science, arts and arms re-
nown'd."

The gallantry of manner and the dilettante exercise of verse won Humphreys much social attention in France,—also somewhat of censure from sturdy, court-despising Americans. Letters to his mother reveal the adulation paid him and his assurance that "a poet, like a prophet, is not without honor except in his own country." On his return from Paris he

was invited to Mount Vernon to fulfil a plan mentioned in his letters, of writing a history of the Revolution. To aid him, Washington offered him a private apartment and access to all the state papers and oral memories that were available. From one point of view it would seem a great loss that such a history could not have been written under these rare auspices. One may, however, question if Humphreys' æsthetic tastes and effusive style would have produced a work of deep value. Apparently, Washington did not entertain such doubts, for he thus urges the author: "Your abilities as a writer, your discrimination respecting the principles which led to the decision by arms, your personal knowledge of many facts as they occurred, in the progress of the war, your disposition to justice, candor and impartiality, and your diligence in investigating truth, combining, fit you in the vigor of life for the task."

Possibly, Humphreys realized his limitations, for he made no serious attempt at the history. He said he "was daunted by the magnitude of the enterprise." He did write here his life of General Putnam, which has been ruthlessly assailed by later scholars, especially such as question Putnam's policy, and has been declared too laudatory to be authentic. The diction is often effusive, but portions are vividly told, as the encounter with the Pomfret wolf, probably the first narrative in book form of this traditional adventure.

Mount Vernon was a delightful home to Humphreys, and in letters he describes the daily life of Washington, his careful supervision of his eight hundred acres of wheat and his

seven hundred acres of corn, his personal attention to the navigation of the Potomac and other far-reaching interests. When Humphreys heard that his poem, "The Address to the Armies of the United States," had been translated into French and received applause from the king and queen, his egotism waxed apace, and he hastened to Philadelphia to have his portrait painted by the foreign artists for the two famous groups, "Presentation of the Standards to Congress" and "Resignation of Washington as Commander of the Armies." Criticism must not prevent fairness, however, at this tentative period of the soldier-poet's life. He had shown his "sterner stuff" in war record, he was yet to disclose practical patriotism in promoting industrial life for the new nation. Returning to New England, he found visual evidences of the dissensions rumors of which had agitated Mount Vernon. Shays's Rebellion was an imminent danger, and riots also threatened in Connecticut and elsewhere. In February, 1787, Humphreys assumed charge of one hundred and fifty men to guard the arsenal at Springfield from the rioters' approach. He also instituted effective measures to quell other incipient revolts against local regulations. For the next two years, while the new government was being formed and strengthened, Humphreys was representative in the State Assembly and lived at Hartford, spending some time in literary work, first to appear in the *New Haven Gazette* and the *Hartford Courant*. In the former for July 13, 1786, is found a long extract from his most ambitious poem, "The Happiness of America." This was almost 2

sequel to the "Address to the Armies," already mentioned, written when he was corralled with the army at Peekskill, watching the slow movements of the British forces at New York in 1782. This first poem is spirited and full of hope for the soldiers, despite gloomy portents. Prophecies of Washington's latent powers, dramatic recital of the death of the noble young Laurens, and a vision of future resources

urged loyalty to the infant nation. With effusive confidence the poet sang

"The new world happier than the old."

In the *New Haven Gazette* for November 16, 1787, are two articles by Humphreys, commemorative of his adoring fealty to Washington. The first was a direct, forceful vindication of the General for suggested injustice towards one Captain Asgill. The sec-



GEN. HUMPHREYS DELIVERING THE FLAGS TAKEN AT YORKTOWN

in Western lands, contributed to the popularity of this verse-oration. When translated into French by Marquis de Chastelleux, it roused enthusiasm and confidence in American arms among the French allies. "The Happiness of America," written while Humphreys was abroad on Jefferson's commission, reviewed the hard-won victory, the heroism of generals and patriot-statesmen, especially Washington, and

ond is "An Ode; Mount Vernon," written in August, 1786. As it reflects the literary qualities, good and bad, as well as the poet's permeating hero-worship, it will be interesting to quote a few stanzas:

"By broad Potomack's azure tide,
Where Vernon's mount, in sylvan pride,
Displays its beauties far,
Great Washington, to peaceful shades,
Where no unhallow'd wish invades,
Retir'd from scenes of war.

"Let others sing his deeds in arms,
 A nation saved and conquest's charms,
 Posterity shall hear.
 'Twas mine, return'd from Europe's
 courts,
 To share his thoughts, partake his sports,
 And soothe his partial ear.

"To thee, my friend, these lays belong;
 Thy happy seat inspires my song,
 With gay, perennial blooms,
 With fruitage fair, and cool retreats,
 Whose bowery wilderness of sweets
 The ambient air perfumes.

"The storm is calm'd, serene the heaven,
 And mildly o'er the climes of ev'n
 Expands th' imperial day:
 O God, the source of light supreme,
 Shed on our dusky morn a gleam,
 To guide our doubtful way.' "

During these crucial years in Hartford, Humphreys conceived the idea of "The Anarchiad," written with his friends, Trumbull, Barlow and Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, to ridicule and so counteract the tendencies to lawlessness and political unrest.

Gathered at Hartford during these years of the closing century were a few men of patriot hearts and literary tastes who were known as "The Friendly Club," or more often as "The Hartford Wits." Among the nine or more names of the original members there is a major and a minor list. Familiar are the names of Humphreys and Trumbull, Barlow and Dwight; rarely recalled are their associates, Richard Alsop, Dr. Mason Cogswell, Dr. Elihu Smith and Dr. Lemuel Hopkins. In addition to "The Anarchiad," modelled after "The Rolliad," of contemporary English fame, and destined to exert much influence for political and financial integrity, the circle of Hartford satirists wrote many individual poems and addresses

of semi-political trend. Some of these were collected later in *The Echo*, while others are found only in rare issues of Hartford and New Haven newspapers. By their own generation, Humphreys and Trumbull, Dwight and Barlow were regarded as undeniable geniuses. Their adulation of each other's attainments raises many a smile as we read to-day of

"Majestic Dwight, sublime in epic strain,"
 or of

"Virgilian Barlow's tuneful lines."

Lesser known than the trio of ambitious poets was Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, a man of unique, strong personality. A leader in the medical profession, in whose memory the Hopkins Society was founded in 1826, with peculiar gait and manners, Dr. Hopkins was recalled with semi-amusement which never obscured deep respect. An advocate of all progressive methods, early proclaiming in favor of inoculation, anæsthetics and the lancet, he was the dread enemy of impostor or quack. An anecdote evidences this trait. Dr. Cogswell, with Dr. Hopkins, was attending a patient who was fatally ill. The patient's sister besought Dr. Hopkins to use "fever powders," then much exploited by peripatetic "doctors." Asking that the powders be brought to him, Dr. Hopkins announced that one and a half was a maximum dose, calmly mixed twelve powders in molasses and swallowed them, remarking, "Cogswell, I am going to Coventry to-day. If I die from this, you must write on my tombstone:

"Here lies Hopkins, killed by Grimes."

In his combination of medical skill and wit of rare type, expressed in satires and squibs, he might be com-

pared to Dr. Holmes of our own age. Among his doggerel verses is the blunt epitaph, "On a Patient Killed by a Cancer Quack" and "The Hypocrite's Hope," a vivid portraiture:

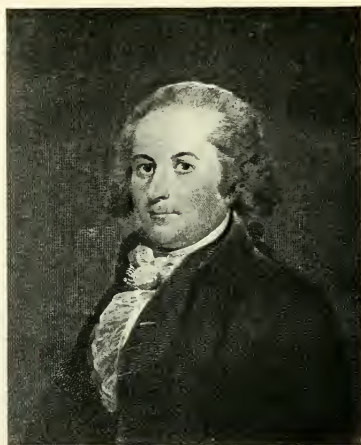
"Good works he careth nought about,
But faith alone will seek,
While Sunday's pieties blot out
The knaveries of the week."

When occasion exacted Humphreys was ever the fearless, vigorous patriot. When the stress relaxed, he indulged his love for finery and social éclat. At New

York, after the first surprising introduction of this kind by Humphreys, "Well, you have taken me in once, but, by God, you shall never take me in a second time." It was inevitable that these court manners and the marked favoritism of Washington should bring envious comments upon Humphreys. To a friend in Paris, Jefferson wrote in February, 1789, "Colo. Humphreys is attacked in the papers for his French airs, for bad poetry, bad prose, vanity, etc. It is said his



JOEL BARLOW, ESQ.

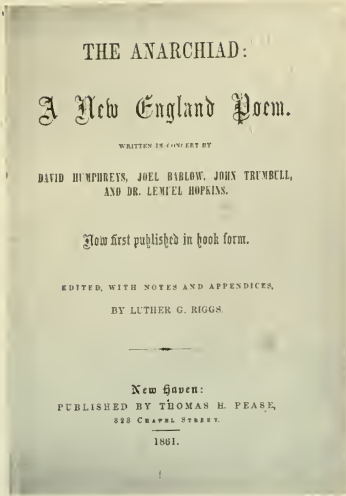


Painted by John Trumbull, 1793
JOHN TRUMBULL

York, whither he accompanied Washington, after his inauguration, he instituted with regal forms the President's levees. Jefferson, in his Journal, describes these functions, so irksome to the President, with their obeisances, the "sopha" where the General and his lady sat, and the grand, formal announcement of their entrance by Humphreys. Tradition has ascribed to Washington an expression of irreverent disgust and a mild

disgust against him. I have received a letter from him. He seems fixed with Gen'l Washington."

As the special choice of the President, Humphreys was sent to Portugal in 1790. After diplomatic service there of mild importance, he received promotion to Spain in 1797. His life at Madrid was happy; the gayety of the court, the picturesque scenery, the society of cosmopolitan statesmen and



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men of letters, all gave him congenial privileges. In the few exigencies which tested his diplomatic skill he showed a firmness and depth which amazed the courtiers who knew him as a suave gallant. These paradoxical traits puzzled his associates everywhere, and often led to misinterpretation.

Hitherto, despite his susceptible heart, he had escaped serious infatuation. In 1797, at the age of forty-five, he married in Lisbon, Ann Frances Bulkeley, daughter of an English banker, whose personal charms were augmented by the income of 3,000 pounds, then rated a considerable fortune. A letter from Washington extended congratulations in terms more genial than was his written wont, urging Humphreys to bring his wife to Mount Vernon as soon as they should return to America. When they

arrived, the great general and friend had passed beyond.

As the years progressed, the surface-traits of Humphreys became less marked and his earnest loyalty more in evidence. After his duties as diplomat were ended, despite the allurements of foreign luxuries and an English wife, Humphreys was determined to make a permanent home in America, near his birth-town. As he had shared the conflicts of his land for freedom, so he would foster her mercantile pursuits and her nascent art. Returning in 1802, he brought to Derby one hundred and fifty merino sheep of best grade to form a nucleus for his experiment. At first the novelty of the importation submerged, in the neighborhood, any ideas of their utility. With firm honesty, Humphreys sold the sheep to farmers at seven hundred dollars each, less than cost, and forbade unseemly competition. Speculation, however, even in that day, was rife and the sheep offered too tempting chances. Soon the prices rose to two thousand, then three thousand dollars each. One farmer refused an offer of two thousand five hundred dollars, thinking he could get a larger sum the next day. That night a fox sealed the issue and brought a warning lesson to other wild speculators.

Meanwhile this far-seeing promoter of industry had bought land at Nauugatuck Falls, four miles from Derby, and here, in a few years, he created a veritable village of his own. The pioneer fulling-mill was ready for operation in 1806. This was followed by grist-mill, cotton-mill, paper-mill and sundry other buildings "with their proper appendages," as wrote Presi-

dent Dwight after a visit to the place in 1812. The old name of the settlement, "Chusettown," was changed to Humphreysville and was so known until 1850, when the present Seymour was adopted. Recognizing the incentive needed to develop native workmen, as well as to foster raw material, Humphreys had brought from England some master-artisans, among them Captain Thomas Vose, John Winterbotham, Thomas Gilyard and

pendent energy and income to produce cloths of home-manufacture which should vie with foreign imports. His success was attested by the adoption of his goods by men of high rank, including Madison and Jefferson; the former at his inauguration wore a coat of homespun broadcloth from the mills at Humphreysville. In 1808, Jefferson wrote to a friend: "The best fine cloth made in the United States, I am told, is at the manufactory of



HUMPHREYSVILLE

other men of inventive skill. The name of the manufactory was at first "T. Vose and Co.," later "The Humphreysville Manufacturing Co."

To create a popular demand for his products Humphreys made appeal to a current sentiment favoring anything which had "democratic simplicity" versus foreign ornateness. The man who had been called a fop became an ardent advocate of homespun and ex-

Colonel Humphreys in your neighborhood. Could I get you to procure me as much of his best as would make me a coat?" After receipt of the goods, Jefferson wrote to Humphreys,—“It came in good time and does honor to your manufactory, being as good as any one would wish to wear in any country. Amidst the pressure of evils with which the belligerent edicts have afflicted us, some permanent good will

arise; the spring given to manufactures will have durable effects." This broadcloth sold for twelve dollars a yard and won the prize offered by the Philadelphia Domestic Society, that early friend to infant industry and art.

David Humphreys was more than an efficient merchant; his first impulses were those of the patriot; his ultimate aim to advance American civilization. Moreover, he had latent ideas of social reform. In his village he sought to produce the best manhood as well as the best cloth. Among interesting relics is a silken flag, made by his wife and carried by him when directing the drills of the factory-boys. A more pertinent motto for his life could hardly be found than that imprinted on this flag,—“*Jam Nova Progenies Pacta Semper Servanda.*” His mills were primitive, for most of the weaving was done in homes, while the paper-mill required at first only five operatives, who, by hand, turned out an average of four or five reams daily. Nevertheless, there was here developing a broad-minded, skilled circle of mechanics. With characteristic venture and philanthropy, Colonel Humphreys selected seventy-three boys from New York almshouses and like refuges, for his younger workmen. Furnishing a room in the village boarding-house, he brought thither books, pictures and games, and welcomed his operatives here at any time, often coming himself, sometimes “in state,” yet always with genuine interest in each individual’s need and possibility. In truth, he became a pioneer “social settler.” He planned evening and Sunday schools and wrote plays and poems to be recited

and acted. Anxious to foster wider interest in manufacture and just relations in labor, he gained, in 1813, legislative enactment compelling the selectmen to visit manufactories in their districts and report conditions. After a tour at Humphreysville they recorded the superior status and the invention of “several kinds of machinery which are considered as superior to such as have been devised in Europe for the same purpose.”

Meantime his mercantile interests did not quench his love of letters. Corresponding with foreign as well as American authors, he wrote assiduously. Inflamed with the aspiration of the day,—perhaps it is that of every age,—he was eager to have one of his plays acted by a professional company. With this in mind he went to Boston in 1805, and sought the manager and actor, Bernard. Mr. Dunlap describes the scene when “the wary comedian heard the poet read, drank his Madeira, said ‘very well’ now and then, but did not bring out the play.” Posterity may be thankful that no more florid, original dramas are preserved for apology. He did translate, or as he preferred to call it, “imitate,” a French *tragi-comedy*, “*The Widow of Malabar*,” which was acted in 1790 by Hallam’s American Company. As his friend Barlow sought fame in vain as author of a grandiose epic and gained memory by a simple mock-heroic of New England “*Hasty Pudding*,” so Humphreys is recalled, not as the aspiring elegist or dramatist, but as the author of a homely panegyric to Industry. This was written when he was at Lisbon in 1794, but was read in America a decade later, when his purpose had revealed a practical influence.

In the preface to this poem, he cites the agency of industry needed in America to build and maintain a navy. Especially was this evident in the crisis when he wrote, for "an irruption of the Algerines into the Atlantic had dictated to the Government of the United States the necessity of fitting out a Naval Force for the protection of their Commerce." After apostrophe to Industry as "the nation's earliest friend," he echoes the deep home-yearning which prompted this experiment,—

"Ev'n now reclined beneath benignant
skies,
Still for my natal land new longings rise;
Remembrance goads this form, by seas
confin'd,
While all my COUNTRY rushes on my
mind."

Among characterizations of Humphreys one seems especially apt,— "He had a marvellous faculty for friendship." His life-narrative and writings are permeated with loyal comradeship. Friendship, generic or specific, was his vital theme. Especially did his war-associates retain his life-long devotion, while the Society of the Cincinnati found in him a fervid orator. With Washington at Newburgh when that tender farewell was spoken to the army, Humphreys shared the fears of the anxious statesmen lest the ungrateful attitude of Congress and the country towards the soldiers might end in retaliation, even banded mutiny. He welcomed the wise scheme of Washington and his advisers to form in 1783 this society commemorative of the Roman farmer who returned, as did the Continentals, from the battlefield to the plough. Believing that thus temporary relief might be secured

for the suffering veterans and their families, there was yet an ulterior purpose,— "To perpetuate sentiments of patriotism, benevolence and brotherly love and the memory of the hardships of the war experienced in common." After the introduction of certain regulations, restricting the membership to the eldest sons and kindred measures, interpreted by the enemies of the society as monarchical in trend, the formation of the counter-society of Tammany in 1789 caused a constant political opposition to the Cincinnati until, for the good of the country, the dissolution of the branches seemed desirable. Many localities, however, have maintained their societies until the present time. At the abandonment of the Society of Connecticut, July 4, 1804, Humphreys delivered the "Val- edictory Discourse." With explanations of the causes of the dissolution, he recalls the heroism of the war-heroes and pays deep, heartfelt tribute to Washington. Significant in view of repeated fears of expansion are his remonstrances against the Louisiana Cession, in his opinion, an opportunity of private greed. There are prophetic warnings also against slavery, as a necessary part of the cultivation of this new land. Of the institution of slavery he utters, in prose and verse, potent messages,— "an abomination sooner or later, I fear, to be expiated in blood." The peroration expresses the attitude of the true patriot. With deep regret at the situation, he adds,— "We may expect more justice from posterity than from the present age. For myself I scorn to live the object of jealousy, when its malignity may be avoided by dissolving this connection. This medal of

the Society of the Cincinnati, General Washington caused to be procured in France and he gave it to me as a present, with his own hand. For the giver's sake, I will keep it as a precious relick; but from this hour I shall never wear it, not even on the proud day consecrated to Independence."

The later years of his life were replete with quiet enjoyment of the comrades of advancing age,—home, friends, and books,—while he had an additional pleasure in his rapidly thriving industries. He lived to act as general of a company of war veterans for home protection during the War of 1812, and rejoiced in the victories of American marine heroes. The country for which he had fought valiantly and poetized zealously seemed at last established in her vital framework and spirit. To the last the soldier-poet was graceful in mien and dress. He always wore a gay ribbon on his cue and a dazzling buckle on his shoe, but he chose homespun coats and home-made ruffles. In February, 1818, meagrely showing his sixty-five years, he was escorting a lady from a New Haven hotel to her carriage when he was taken ill. Standing with characteristic gallantry, hat in hand, until the carriage had departed, he went into the hotel, fell upon a sofa and died almost instantly. Near the main entrance to the old cemetery at New Haven, close to the University buildings, is his simple granite shaft, with the verbose Latin epitaph, written by his life-long friend and collaborator, John Trumbull. This ardent friend left no honor unenumerated in his elaborate classicism, which is here given in translation:

"DAVID HUMPHREYS L. L. D. Member of the Academy of Science of Philadelphia, Massachusetts and Connecticut; of the Bath (Agricultural) Society and Royal Society of London.

"Fired with the love of Country and Liberty, he consecrated his youth wholly to the service of the Republic which he defended by his arms, aided by his counsels, adorned by his learning, and preserved in harmony with Foreign nations.

"In the field he was Companion and Aide of the great Washington, a Colonel in the army of his country, and a commander of the veteran volunteers of Connecticut.

"He went as Ambassador to the courts of Portugal and Spain and returning enriched his land with the true golden fleece.

"He was a distinguished Historian, and a Poet; a model Patron of Science and of the ornamental and useful arts. After a full discharge of every duty and a life well spent, he died February 21, 1818, aged sixty-five years."

Human nature often reveals unique failings and persistent vanities which show lack of self-knowledge. The poet who has won regard by his delicate lyrics is only aggrieved at the unappreciation of his aspiring, inferior tragedies. The inventor of some world-advancing device cares not for this praise if he cannot win place as an artist by mediocre paintings. A famous physician ignores his skill and seeks to gain popular favor for his labored novels. Thus David Humphreys, honored as a soldier and a manufacturer, considered all these services inferior to his rank as man of

letters. Ardently he cultivated his mediocre talents; jealously he guarded any praise, however fulsome, forgetting his own clever moral to the "Monkey Fable,"—

"Who cannot write yet handle pens,
Are apt to hurt themselves and friends."

In the Harvard Library is a volume of large size, entitled "The Miscellaneous Works of David Humphreys, Late Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the Court of Madrid, New York, 1804." On the first page, in a large ornate handwriting: "Presented to the Library of the University at Cambridge by the Author." Dedicated to the Duke de Rochefoucauld this work gained wide reading in France and America. At that time he was ranked among the few literary men of America, and his faults were not so apparent as they seem to modern standards. The prose and verse in this volume have, in the main, here received previous mention. There are the poems on the Armies, the elegies to Washington and the ode to Industry. Two poems of kindred theme are common titles in the verse of that age,—*"The Genius of America"* and *"The Future Glory of America."* In all the writings the same merits and faults prevail—high ideals and deep patriotism, blurred by florid, wordy form.

The poem descriptive of the burning of Fairfield, first appearing in the Connecticut press in June, 1786, is less labored than other verses. It was "written on the spot," says the author, when, in 1779, the British, under Tryon, made their devastating attack upon the Connecticut coast, burning to the ground Fairfield, Norwalk and

Green Farms. Humphreys, the soldier, rather than the dilettante poet, breaks forth in vivid recital and revenge,—

"In fiery eddies round the tottering walls,
Emitting sparks, the lighter fragments fly,
With frightful crash, the burning mansion falls,
The work of years in glowing embers lye.

"Yes, Britons, scorn the councils of the skies,
Extend wide havoc, spurn th' insulted foes!
Th' insulted foes to ten-fold vengeance rise,
Resistance growing as the danger grows!"

Such virile stanzas, however, born of the tense conflict and racial feud, are typical only of one side of the character of David Humphreys. Like nearly all contestants of the time, he was deeply convinced of the justice of the war. When victory had been won and the stress of excited feeling had subsided, judgment succeeded rancorous anger. As he gained acquaintance among Englishmen he gave them respect and often cordial friendship, and recognized the unwise, obstinate urgency of injustice by the king and his councillors as the cause of the struggle. He found many English who sympathized, from the first, with America's position, and resistance to demands which no self-respecting Anglo-Saxon would endure. The bitterness of war past, patriotism meant to him a desire to gain surety and advance for the new nation in all lines of achievement,—political harmony, industrial progress and culture of mind and taste. To these ends Humphreys contributed zealously. His

foppishness, his vanity, his ornate language vanish before the abiding, many-sided loyalty of the soldier, diplomat and industrial promoter,—

With Goldsmith he would aver :
 "Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we
 roam,
 His first, best country ever is at home."

Neighborhood Sketches

By Henry A. Shute

IV

THE MUSICAL IMMORTALS

One peculiarity of our neighbors is that they insist upon having the best of everything within the limits of their purses. They are careful not to overstep that limit, having in mind Micawber's advice to David Copperfield, "annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."

So the result is that they are prosperous, happy, and enjoy to the utmost the best of good things within their reach. It is sometimes a question with us if they are too progressive even in their enjoyments. For instance, is it necessary to abandon Mark Twain, Burdette and Bill Nye, because we prefer Stockton, and do we not lose on the whole by turning a deaf ear to Balfe, Rossini, Verdi, Suppe and Sullivan, because we are determined to cultivate a taste for Tschai-kowski, Grieg, Svendsen and McDowell? This was our thought after having attended an evening given under the auspices of the "*Etes vous Musicien*" Club, recently born in

our neighborhood. This club consists of forty fair women and brave men whose souls are attuned to harmony, and whose admission to the club depends partly upon their ability or willingness to contribute the modest stipend necessary to the accumulation of a fund to procure the attendance of professionals and distinguished amateurs, and partly upon their eligibility either as musicians or music lovers, or their desirability as having houses conveniently adapted for musical evenings, and pianos of recent vintage.

Several times during the season musical evenings were held at the homes of some one of the members, the person throwing open his house and his piano, being assisted by the other members by contributions of refreshments. These evenings were very enjoyable and instructive, and the only change made in the method was by the gradual abolition of the refreshment contributions, the hostess preferring to have entire charge of the refreshments, after once experiencing the inevitable result of the contributions in furnishing an astonishing variety of mediocre supplies, from Sultana rolls to seed-cakes.

WE ARE WILLING TO PROMOTE
MATTERS

We attended the preliminary meeting to arrange matters. We had been in youth a performer of some considerable vigor upon certain wind instruments of brass and wood, and so generous in disseminating the fruits of our skill at church sociables and small local entertainments that the projectors of these entertainments had had great difficulty in escaping from our benefactions, and had been finally forced to remonstrate with us.

And so when it was suggested at this meeting that the club should procure the services of some instrumental performers, from a real desire to do a friendly action, we suggested a willingness on our part to perform a solo upon the tuba. This offer was courteously received, but caused evident consternation, and we were politely informed that the tuba, while a good vehicle for the interpretation of Sousa or Thatcher, Primrose & West, quite failed to catch the musical thought as expressed in the compositions of Saint-Saens, Bohm or Ries.

This rebuff, however, did not diminish our interest in the club, and we were on hand in good season for the initial performance. Perhaps a little too early, as our wife rather coldly said, when our unexpected arrival caused a most tremendous scabbling to follow our ring, and we were admitted by a flushed and breathless young lady and shown into the music room. In a few moments our host and hostess appeared, and with true courtesy took the blame for being late upon

their own shoulders. One by one the guests appeared and with them the musicians. We neglected to say that a violinist and violoncellist had been engaged, but to save expense to the club our wife had been depended on to furnish the piano department of the entertainment, and having received the music by express from the violinist, had for several days occupied all her spare time in doing hideous and unspeakable things on her piano.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

The chief attraction of the evening was to be a trio for violin, 'cello and piano, a classic of acknowledged excellence and full of recondite ideas. We could not quite fathom the intention and scope of the author as expressed in the work, and so cannot give anything further than a description of the piece as it appeared to us.

The three instruments started off together and ran side by side with amiable unanimity, but soon the violin left the others and climbed to an astonishing elevation, leaving the piano gazing after it in silent amazement, while the 'cello hoarsely begged it to descend. This in musical parlance is called a cadenza, and the violin descended very gracefully for about half the distance, when becoming uncertain of its foothold the 'cello and piano sprang to its assistance, and the three descended with dizzy speed and landed in a heap with a deafening crash of diminished sevenths.

The violin was the first to disentangle itself and wailed pitifully *molto doloroso solo*, answered after a while by deep groans from the

'cello and soft chords from the piano. Presently they all felt better and the violin led them a merry chase *con agilita*, while the 'cello skipped over the chromatic scale *forte mezzo*, both trying to distance the piano, which refused to be shaken off, and struck a steady pace, boom tink-a-tink-tink, boom tink-a-tink-tink, boom a-tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, tink, *a tempo giusto* to the end of the movement, when the 'cello gravely reproved the violin and showed considerable irritation over the matter, got real mad, in fact, *molto furioso*. The violin answered the 'cello *con delicatezza*, and was joined by the piano *grandioso et con espressione*, but this had no effect on the 'cello, which still said a good many things that had better have been left unsaid.

Finally the violin, growing tired of this, whispered softly a moment to the piano, and both started at a terrific pace, leaving the 'cello to cut frantically round a corner to keep up with the procession, and by a succession of desperate sprints to finally succeed in getting upon even terms with the other two, who were making the race of their lives for first position. The violin tore over the shrieking chromatics until its bow became red hot and smoked like a stuffed chimney; the 'cello fought its way through a maze of musical underbrush until sparks fell in showers from its G string, while the piano in its hasty flight shed sharps and flats, cast aside augmented sixths, minor thirds, primes, dominant sevenths, tonic sol fas and all other musical impedimenta that

tended to retard its speed. On they went, straining every nerve, until just as the excitement was getting unupportable, there was a momentary pause at the last bar, the violin leaped high in air, the 'cello crawled under it, and the piano crashed through it, scattering broken chords in every direction, and all three breasted the tape side by side in an appalling uproar of shrieks, growls and rumbles.

How the people clapped, how they shouted bravo, bravissimo, and how we also said bravo and would have said bravissimo, but for fear of being hopelessly entangled in the syllables. We were delighted and openly proclaimed that fact, in truth, we proclaimed it several times, in order to be quite sure of it ourselves and to drown our unspoken regret over the tuba episode.

THE HUMAN VOICE THE NOBLEST
INSTRUMENT

When we had recovered sufficiently to glance at our programme we found that the next piece was a song for soprano, and as we looked up we saw that the lady in question had already taken her place, while the music teacher was playing a beautiful rippling prelude calculated to put the soprano at her ease and to adjure her not to be in the least afraid of any one.

Reassuring her confidence by means of this gentle encouragement the soprano asserted in a clear, melodious warble:

"Ah! *Perche sono imbecillata
condonnata.*"

There being nobody to dispute her, the pianist, through the medium of

her instrument, replied that she didn't know really, but that she would back the soprano up in anything reasonable. The soprano thus encouraged, proceeded to insist vehemently:

"Donatemi un organo di mano ed uno stiletto."

To which the pianist replied that she thought so too, and that the matter ought to be attended to at once. Things got worse instead of better, the soprano becoming almost hysteric, and the pianist keeping up a running commentary, highly sympathetic and encouraging to the soprano, who finally used up all her kinetic energy in a sustained whoop in C natural, while the pianist's hands flew from one end of the keyboard to the other in her ready womanly sympathy with one in trouble.

Again we shouted bravo, again we clapped vigorously, and again we beamed round upon the audience as if to assure them that we understood it all.

During the refreshments we took occasion to personally congratulate all the performers and to assure the host and hostess that it was really delightful; "so different, you know, from the popular class of entertainments in which true musical interpretation is so often sacrificed to mere technical virtuosity."

Then we went homeward, stepping high, in great good humor with ourselves, and conscious that we were beginning to appreciate really good music, and to turn a cold shoulder to mere insensate melody.

V

THE BEEF TRUST

INCUBATION

IT was at the Wv. that the conspiracy was first hatched. The subject that day had been the "Boston Tea Party," and the minds of the members had been turned to thoughts of resistance to unlawful oppressions of all sorts, and, as generally happens in the discussions of ladies who are collectively responsible for the existence of some thirty-six children, and the maintenance of a round dozen of happy American homes, thoughts at once turned to the exactions of the grocers, the butchers and the dealers in all sorts of supplies, upon which supplies the continuance of the maintenance of these homes and the existence of their children depended.

One particular grievance that was enlarged upon was the unusually large price the neighborhood was in the habit of paying the local provision dealers for unreasonably small and appallingly tough cuts of beef.

One lady, whose family was numerous and hearty to an astonishing degree, declared that it was "positively dreadful" the sums of money that she had to pay out of her weekly allowance for meats. Another, whose early life had been spent in the West, where prime cuts are supposed to grow on bushes, and tenderloins to be raised without difficulty in window gardens, declared that the quality of the meats provided in Exeter was so exceedingly poor that in the three years she had been in New England she had not succeeded in buying a decent roast.

Upon this, another lady, who claimed a large share of the juvenile population of the neighborhood, explained that some of the Bostonians bought on a sort of co-operative plan, such goods as they needed in large quantities, and at such prices as effectually protected them from the rapacity and extortion of the local dealers, and she for her part could not see why they could not begin to administer their household affairs after some such fashion, and if successful, and of course there could be no doubt but what they would be successful, to gradually increase their dealings so as to embrace, not only household supplies, but pianos, furniture, clothing, sealskin sacks, watches, articles of virtu and precious stones.

The scheme interested the ladies very much, and the details of a plan were then and there laid, a plan calculated, not only to revolutionize the laws of supply and demand in all quarters of the town, but materially to increase the purchasing power of every dollar that passed into the hands of the originators and architects of this praiseworthy undertaking. Several meetings were held by the ladies, the details of which we have never been able to get, but the momentous results of which we know, and all our neighborhood have experienced, to its full measure of bitterness.

UNMASKED

The first idea we had that anything out of the common had transpired, was one day in the early cold weather when we returned somewhat unexpectedly from our office to our home to get the office key, it being one of

our eccentricities to leave our office key at the house and to be obliged to return for it, thinking and sometimes saying dreadful things. On this particular occasion we noticed a two-horse covered team driving away from the house, followed by three dogs with heads erect in the sniffing manner peculiar to dogs in pursuit of a butcher's cart.

On entering we found the kitchen table loaded with a prodigious amount of fresh beef, which we were informed was all tenderloin, and from one animal, and at a greatly reduced price. Although the possibility of one hundred pounds of tenderloin from one animal rather conflicted with our ideas of the anatomy of "beef critters" gained from our studies of comparative anatomy and physiology of vertebrates, and could only be explained on the ground that the animal in question must have been afflicted with elephantiasis of the tenderloin district, we said nothing harsh, but bowed our back beneath the load of beef as we obediently lugged it upstairs to a cold closet, making several trips for the purpose, while our wife complacently explained to us how, by the expenditure of eight dollars and forty-six cents, she had saved at least four dollars and thirty-two cents and possibly more.

She also informed us that several other ladies in the neighborhood, whose names, out of respect to their families, we firmly decline to publish, were parties to this nefarious undertaking, and had also taken stock in the trust for a large amount both in pounds avoirdupois and sterling.

We said nothing further, and on

our return to dinner found a juicy roast awaiting us. Albeit a trifle tough, it was very fair and we felt constrained to compliment our wife by eating a huge amount. At supper, contrary to our usual custom we had *bœuf à la mode*, with beef croquettes, and we went to bed with the hiccoughs and arose in the morning with our mouth tasting as if we had eaten a lighted firecracker.

Our breakfast consisted of beef-steak smothered in onions, and we noticed during the morning that the usual visitors to our office made extraordinarily short visits. Our dinner consisted of

Soupe de bœuf a merveille
Bœuf au pot chaud comme diable
Croquettes de bœuf
Bœuf Lyonnais.

When we got back to our office we were in a state of turgidity frightful to contemplate, and did nothing but stare vacantly from the window and emit hollow groans.

At supper we had the whole procession passed before our fevered vision again, although we were not in a condition to add anything to our already harvested crop. (This word is used in its ordinary sense and not from the standpoint of the domestic fowl.)

"BALMY SLEEP"

That night we dreamed we were chased by a mad bull, with red, fiery eyes, and that in trying to escape him we stumbled over huge steaks, chops, roasts, hides and horns, and finally fell into a river of tallow from which we awoke gasping. It was still early, but we took a walk, hoping that the morning air would make us feel a little better, as we had difficulty

in persuading ourselves that we had not swallowed a school globe.

We did not go back to breakfast, but during the forenoon quarrelled bitterly with the lawyer over a matter that we had amicably arranged a few days before, called down our clerk for some fancied error, and sentenced several unfortunates who were brought before us to long terms in the penitentiary.

On our way home we made up our mind to snub the Professor of Greek and the Professor of Mathematics if we should meet them. We did meet them and they snubbed us in the most galling fashion.

Our dinner,—well, never mind our dinner, we don't like to think of it even now; suffice to say that our wife had exhausted the uttermost resources of the cook book, and beef of all kinds appealed in vain to our tortured stomach. Of course we ate something, but as everything tasted just the way parlor matches smell the result was not very encouraging.

When that evening our wife informed us that she was making ready to corn some of the infernal stuff,—pardon our heat,—we decided that something must be done the next day, and we lay awake for some time trying to devise a way out of the difficulty. We revolved in our mind the possibility of sneaking out during the night and throwing the meat away, but dismissed that as impracticable, and finally fell asleep to be chased in our dreams by a headless heifer, and to awake in the morning with sadly impaired digestion and a racking headache.

As we took our seat at the break-

fast table to our frugal repast of five different preparations of beef, a bright idea occurred to us. Alas, our bright ideas are generally so *ex post facto* as to have little connection with the state of things to which they are supposed to relate, and if the idea had occurred to us earlier, we and the Lawyer, the Professor, the Instructor, the Retired Business Man and a number of other wholly innocent people might have been spared much misery and considerable expense.

DIPLOMACY

It is our custom to read such portions of the morning paper to our family as may be interesting or instructive to the different members thereof. After reading several items we braced ourselves and with great seriousness improvised the following: "Tuberculosis in K——. Our K—— correspondent writes that several cows suffering from tuberculosis belonging to the fine herd of ——, were on Monday condemned by a member of the State Board of Health and ordered killed. Two cows belonging to the herd were last week sold to local provision dealers. It is not known whether or not these cattle were affected by the disease. The prompt action of the authorities is most commendable."

Our wife somewhat hastily laid aside her choice bit of "*Bœuf cuit au gout de la Reine*" and looked at us aghast. Our son, in gross violation of the proprieties, promptly deposited the mouthful he was at that time negotiating in his plate, and ejaculated "Gosh!" in a horrified tone. Further demonstrations were checked by our remarking that while we thought

there was but little chance of our investment coming from the infected herd, still as it came from the locality in question, it would perhaps be as well to get the remainder under ground as soon as possible.

So while we and our son superintended the burial rites of our portion of the trust, our wife undertook a hurried round of visits throughout the neighborhood, and before we left for our office we saw the Professor vigorously digging a hole in his back garden, while the Lawyer with a spade over his shoulder, whistling gaily and accompanied by his three boys bearing a heavy bag, was making for the grove back of his house. Similar services were held in several other households belonging to the trust. We have made up our quarrel with the Lawyer, we greet the Professor and the Instructor gaily, and are greeted in return with urbanity, and the cloud of dyspeptic misunderstanding that once hung low over the neighborhood has been dissipated by the sun of neighborly good feeling.

It is some time since we have heard anything about co-operative purchasing.

VI

OUR OFFICE

It may strike one as absurd to endeavor to embody in this series of sketches any description of our office, but the fact that it is from the income derived from the maintenance of our office and from that alone that we are enabled to occupy a residence in the Greek Quarter, in a measure identifies our office with that favored locality.

For quite a number of years we have been engaged in the practice,

more or less active, of the law. We have never quite decided just what our position in life or choice of profession should have been. On mature reflection we are quite certain that we have made a mistake in our choice, but upon attempting to follow our train of logical thought to any logical conclusion we are never quite able to satisfy ourselves just where the mistake lies.

Law, medicine, pedagogy, we have thought them over again and again, always leaving the ministry out of the question, for reasons obvious to our acquaintances.

We occupy offices in a large and quite commodious building on the main business street of our delightfully progressive and heavily taxed town. Our little office community embraces a considerable range of business activities. Directly behind our office is the office of Mr. F., the lawyer and law maker, busily engaged in disentangling hopelessly bewildered litigants from business snarls, or when not so engaged, devoting his entire attention to the task of type-writing his impromptu speeches with which he intends to dazzle north country legislative lights at the Great and General Court.

Across the way those two giant corporations which control the ice and water industries of our municipality have joined hands, and in the intervals of rest the officers of these corporations are wont to while away the dreary hours in playing "Sixty Three" or "Penuckle" and in smoking cigars of the most venomous type.

The last two offices are occupied by dentists, both busy men, as is amply

proven by daily and frightful smells of burned rubber and ether, and frequent shrieks and dreadful imprecations wafted heavenward by their patients.

We keep a clerk. Our object in so doing is twofold. First, to deceive the public as to the magnitude of our business affairs; and secondly, to entertain the many visitors who come to our office in search of entertainment solely. For a great many callers pass in and out of our door, a good many of them in search of Mr. F., a few, mostly book canvassers, in search of us, and the remainder to see our clerk.

BUSINESS CARES

We spend the most of our time in our back office, listening to the merry chatter of the young people in the front office, the click of Mr. F.'s typewriter, the racy conversation of the card players and the groans of the tortured in the dental parlors. A knock at the door and we throw aside our novel and pretend to be busily writing as we shout "come in!"

Enter an honest yeoman. "Be you Mr. F.?" he queries.

"No sir, Mr. F.'s office is next door."

"Good-day, sir."

"Good-day, sir."

Half an hour later, another knock. "Come in!" we shout, applying ourself as before.

Enter well-dressed stranger, evidently from the city.

"Mr. F. in?"

"No sir, Mr. F.'s office is next door."

"Excuse me for bothering you."

"No bother; good-day, sir."

Ten minutes later, timid knock. Enter old lady. "Mr. S. in?"

"I am Mr. S.," we assure her.

To our delight she sits down, opens a reticule and takes several fat documents out, and after much clearing of throat, informs us that she wants us to draw several deeds, a lease and her will, and is proceeding to state the conditions, when a frightful uproar from the dental parlors is heard,—howls, shrieks, oaths, awful breathing and choking.

Old lady starts up, puts her hand to her heart and looks as if about to jump out of the window. We hastily assure her that it is not a murder but a simple dental operation. She sits down reluctantly, but another yell from that quarter decides her, and hastily inquiring for the Attorney General's office, she gathers up her documents and departs, evidently regarding us with the utmost suspicion.

We are so irritated at this that we take a few hasty turns around the office before we can cool our temper.

Another knock. Enter well-to-do citizen acquaintance. "Hallo, S., I was talking to G. about recording conditional sales and we didn't agree, and I thought I would ask you about it. Don't want it to cost me anything, only wanted to see if I was right."

He was wrong, and we go to some pains to set him right and he departs, thanking us, but says nothing about payment.

Enter elderly female of commanding aspect, who regards us balefully through her spectacles, although we cannot recollect having done anything wrong that could have in any way

affected elderly females, yet we instinctively fear her, and when after an ominous pause she informs us that the Baptist Church of X— is getting up an advertising sheet to purchase portières for the church vestry, we abjectly subscribe and part with our last dollar, all the while wishing the Baptist Church of X— and the elderly female in a region where nothing but asbestos portières would be a protection.

Enter befogged individual with carpet-bag and cane. "Mr. F. in?" Now we are getting a trifle tired of the wearing monotony of the question, and so answer with acerbity, "Don't know the man, never heard of him."

"Why," he continued, staring at us, "you ought to know him, his name is on the next door."

"Then why in the old Harry don't you go to his office and ask, instead of coming here to find out?" we ask in some heat.

This appears to strike befogged individual as an entirely new idea, a brilliant one, in fact, which he loses no time in adopting, and we hear him in a moment telling his troubles to Mr. F. in subdued tones.

As we lock our office door to go to lunch, a member of the Hook and Ladder Company levies a little assessment of fifty cents for tickets to its forthcoming ball, and a young lady whom we cannot recollect at all, but who greets us with all the assurance of old acquaintanceship, collects twenty-five cents for a box of "Globe soap," and we betake ourself homeward, wondering how long we shall be able to stand it if this state of things continues.

PLEASURE SEEKERS

A great many interesting details of social life are discussed in our front office. It is here that various important phases of church, academy, guild, club and musical life are settled, filed and docketed away in the minds of those interested. Unconsciously, perhaps, we have acquired a sort of composite knowledge of various affairs; so composite in fact that we at times have the greatest difficulty in bringing any order out of the chaotic condition of our mind.

The condition of mind to which we have at times been reduced can be imagined should one of our readers take a chair some day in our back office when the tide of travel is setting strongly in the direction of our little business centre. It is a mild afternoon and the doors of the various offices are open. The dentists are busily at work, the ice and water officials are playing an absorbing game of "Sixty Three," and the merits of certain new styles of dresses are being discussed in the front office with the general effect of something as follows:—

"Haw, haw, haw, why don't you play—turn round in the back, Ann—so pretty—and Litchfield said that—Emily, don't you think so too—ow!

ow! doctor, you're killing me—and foulard sleeves—well, I'll be—go on and play—clickatick tick, clickatick tick, clickatick tick—now, John, you know better than—don't like crimson with that complexion—tr-r-r-r-r-ing—hallo, central—get off the line—clickatick tick, clickatick tick—Mr. F.'s office next door—bet you Jeffries will do him—no, we don't keep calendars—so pretty! Ann, I'm going to have one just like it—no, sir, he's busy now—ee-ee-ee-ow, doctor, what is the use of breaking a man's jaw—my deal—now, tend to business—Hey, girls, how are ye to-day? All right, eh?"—bang!

Here we are supposed to shut the door with great violence and depart in search of a boiler factory for soothing quiet.

Still we like cheerful bustle, we enjoy our profession, even if there are certain drawbacks, and we should miss our community very much should we be compelled to part with it for even a short time. We enjoy the business variety and cosmopolitan interests that pass in and out and give us a chance to become philosophical even if at times a little muddled. We enjoy company. Come in and see us when you are in want of diversion.



The Black Fan

By Ernest Glanville

Author of "Tales from the Veldt," "Commandeered Gold," "Max Thornton," etc.

IT was a black fan, fringed with black lace, and on one of the fingers of the hand that held it was a mourning ring with a single rose diamond. The bracelet on the slender wrist also was jet black.

The mourning, thought Malcolm McCallum, was overdone. For that matter, everything in the Southern Republics was overdone, even the republics. There were too many of them for comfort. "What they have to learn," said Malcolm McCallum, Master of Collmore and of little else, "is discipline—gad! and the women need it first. Discipline them first, then amalgamate them into one decent State."

"Of matrimony," said his companion.

"Eh? What?"

"You were, I think, speaking of amalgamating our women."

"Your countries—your little bits of States, Mr. President. Your women! They are charming, but they have no thought for anything but the little arts of coquetry."

The President smiled a little drily. "If it were not for our fair friends," he said, "there would be no conspiracies, no revolutions, no distraction. It would be what you call a bore-dom."

The Master, watching the languid fluttering of the black fan across the *patio*, wondered whether it concealed

the face of a conspirator or of a mature dame, widowed, fat, and ostentatiously melancholy.

"*Par exemple!*" murmured the President, with the slightest nod toward the fan.

"A conspirator? She!"

"All women are conspirators, my friend; the old, because they have had their triumphs, and don't wish others to succeed; the young, because they have ambitions."

"And she—has she ambitions or regrets?"

"She has but now arrived."

"A stranger?"

"Pardon! She is yet young—and, as we say, has arrived at years of indiscretion—is it not so?"

"I see, she has stepped out of short skirts into a plot. Done up her hair and fastened the coils with a dagger. It is childish, President, and a trifle bloodthirsty. We put such as she in reformatories in our country."

"Excellent!" murmured the President. "But who would attempt such a feat?"

"Yet it would be for her own good," said the Master, warming to his argument. "It would keep her out of mischief, save her from remorse and preserve her womanliness."

"True, most true. It would, indeed, save her from herself, but then—what

use—no one would undertake the task. The sense of chivalry——”

“Chivalry be hanged! I don’t recognize the chivalry which encourages a girl to share in the dangers of a conspiracy. Hang it all! She may be engaged in some mad scheme which would send some poor wretches to their death.”

“That is certain.”

“Certain! And you do nothing!”

The President blew rings of smoke. “There are rules to all games—see? To the conspirators a term of grace—and she has achieved nothing yet. Still, it is a pity—oh, yes, I admit—a great pity. But again, where is the man? I pass my friends in review and there is none—not one who would have the courage to save that beautiful young lady from the consequences of her imprudence.”

“Is she beautiful?”

“As a spring morning—lovely as a sunset—stately as a cloud in a summer sky, a face that is perfect. But what are words? Young, beautiful, and rich. The man who would save her—but there are no men now.”

“I don’t know,” said the Master, looking thoughtfully across at the black fan.

The President sighed gently. “I have memories, sad memories of one as young. It was in the Revolution of December 14th, or January 25th—I am not clear. Her side lost, her possessions were confiscated, her health gave way—she died poor. It was her first conspiracy.”

“That was hard luck.”

“Truly terrible,” said the President, softly. “She had no, what you call, ‘run for her money.’ If there had

been some one to run away with her—amalgamate was your word—she would have been happy to-day.”

The Master laughed. “Did I suggest running away with our friend opposite? You malign me, President. What I suggested was that she should be retired temporarily to safe lodging until this fever of conspiracy had cooled.”

“Do you know the Hacienda Morro?”

“Never was there.”

“It is a retired place, under the protection of a careful servant. The rich young señorita could remain there comfortably as a guest.”

The Master laid a muscular hand on the President’s knee. “What are you driving at?”

The President looked sharply at the young Scot. “You started the discussion, I think, and I took it up. I mean this. It would be good for me, first of all. I am honest, you see. Good for the State, and good for her if she were removed for a month. A revolution is nearly due. It will come anyhow, but it will be more violent if she remains. If there were a man—brave, resolute, discreet—who would secrete her for that month the State would stand by him.”

“If he failed?”

“The State would bury him.”

The Master smiled. “Failure is not to be thought of; but for success a man would want a couple of good horses and some cash.”

“They could be supplied.”

“Good! Now answer me two questions, Señor President.”

“Proceed, *mon ami*.”

“You brought me to this hotel with

a purpose. You meant that I should see this lady with the fan?"

"You are a man of ideas," said the President, suavely.

"So you meant to use me. I don't object—if it serves my purpose. Next—against whom does the lady conspire?"

"The plot is fixed to assassinate me," said the President, calmly.

"Then," said the Master, with a kind of admiration, "you risked your life when you drove out with me to this place alone."

"Ah, no. They have not yet fixed on the day, and it would not be etiquette to dispose of me now. *Savez, mon brave!*"

"Pardon, but you are a queer lot. You've made one mistake, though, by showing yourself in my company, if you meant me to play the rôle of abductor."

"That is easily settled." And the next morning the Master found how easily it had been settled by the presence of a paragraph in the Government organ narrating how his Excellency the President had declined to entertain the proposal of a distinguished Scottish gentleman of rank to raise a corps of roughriders, a rejection which had much annoyed the eminent stranger.

The Master of Collmore smiled grimly at the President's humor, for his scanty resources had been that morning mysteriously replenished, and his servant had announced that his stables held two fine saddle horses.

In the heat of the day, when the indolent Southerners enjoyed a siesta in cool retreats, Malcolm McCallum mounted one of the pair and rode out

booted and spurred to the white inn in the country where he had seen the lady of the black fan.

He had the dusty highway to himself, but when he strode into the flagged *patio* clashing his spurs and switching his brown boots, he saw that some people, at any rate, were awake. Two swarthy gentlemen, dressed in white, were seated in cane chairs, smoking the eternal cigarette and listening gravely to the liquid music dropping from the lips of an exquisitely beautiful girl. The Master brought up with his heels together and his keen gray eyes fixed in a stare of admiration—too evidently the effect of amazement to be rude, but so evident that the black fan was raised so that only the eyes appeared—such glorious orbs as he had never imagined—of a dark violet with the fire of passion in their depths. One of the men rose with quick resentment, one hand groping intuitively for a weapon that was not where it should have been at his side.

The Master recovered himself, raised his broad hat respectfully, and turned to the far verandah, or corridor, to seek his old seat, when the other, the older man, rising, returned his bow with a question.

"Señor, the English gentleman," he said.

"McCallum, señor, at your service."

"Our service is for gallant gentlemen." It was the lady who spoke, and the tone of her voice thrilled the Master. He bowed again, and the elderly man, clapping his hands, a peon at his orders brought forward another chair.

"You were here yesterday with the despot," said the young man, suspiciously.

"Allow me, comrade," said the older man. "Señor, we heard with concern this morning that you were no longer of the Government party."

"As you have read," said the Master, for the gentleman appeared to await his answer.

"Then permit me," said the older gentleman. "The Señorita Isabella Carrera y Carrera, who will receive you as a friend, possibly, who knows, as an adherent."

"I am already the señorita's subject," said the Master, with a profound bow.

"The Señor Rodriquez Carrera, the señorita's cousin."

The lithe young Spaniard and the tall Scot exchanged glances of mutual dislike while they salaamed.

Then the Señor Rodriquez introduced the elder man as Señor Zelaga, after which the Master accepted a cigarette and took his seat.

"We have been disputing," said the elder man, "about the subject of the control of an estate. The señorita holds that there can be no success without attention to details. The señor, her cousin, supports the view that details destroy initiative and boldness in enterprise. We await your opinion, señor."

"I am afraid I know more about the management of mounted troops than of estates," said the Master.

"We have heard," said Zelaga, "your illustrious career—wounded in Cuba, again in Natal, Captain of the Scottish Horse, leader of the Gauchos recently in Venezuela."

"And compelled to fly the country," added the Master, with a smile at the lady.

"Then your views on the value of detail as opposed to bold strategy—"

"I am not interested in the discussion of military matters," said the lady, speaking for the second time and closing her fan as a signal apparently that the conference was summarily dismissed.

She gave her hand in turn to the two señors, bowed to McCallum, and moved with a beautiful grace down the alcove.

Zelaga looked after her, rubbing his chin, while Rodriquez wore a smile that was a trifle insolent.

"I am sorry," said the Master, "that I broke up this council of war."

"Of 'accounts,' señor," said Rodriquez. "But I am told a question of war is always a matter of accounts with gentlemen of your race."

"And with you so much a question of security that you shelter yourself behind a woman's petticoats."

"*Carrambo!*" exclaimed the other, thickly.

"Come—come, señors both, there is no need here for a quarrel," interposed Zelaga.

"None in the least," said the Master, coolly; "but I am in the state that is willing to humor any man, and since the señor was rather free with his speech, I replied. For my part I would as soon crack a bottle."

"Excellent," replied Zelaga, giving a warning look at the scowling Rodriquez, and taking McCallum by the arm. "Our host will bring up a bottle dating back to a seventeenth President from now—a good fellow

who had the misfortune to be shot in this very *patio*. After you, señor."

McCallum strode away across the court, while Zelaga whispered in Carrera's ear and hurried after.

Two bottles were cracked, but Zelaga was slow with his glass, and the Master did the wine more justice.

"So the President did not deal well with you. I am distressed."

"No," said the Scot gloomily. "He had no use for me after keeping me hanging about."

"It is distressful; yes, surely so. But my poor house, señor, is at your service, my horses, my servants—all."

"You are too generous. All I seek is service."

"There is that estate," said Zelaga, slowly.

"True, but I am no cattle man."

"It is a large estate, and there are *gauchos malos* who give trouble. I cannot say, but it may be that a small troop could be raised to guard the property, and a bold leader—you understand."

"I would prefer to lead cavalry, but needs must when somebody drives. Eh, señor, and I should be glad to be of use. You speak of robbers—are there many?"

"They give us much trouble, much anxiety, but we will talk of them later—to-morrow, perhaps."

"*Manana!* It is always to-morrow. Even with the President who fears a conspiracy. Doubtless you have heard—"

"A conspiracy against the President! Impossible! But your glass, señor, it is empty."

"That is easily rectified. But there is another form of emptiness," and

the Master sighed heavily as he grasped the glass in an unsteady hand.

"You were talking of the President."

"The emptiness of the heart, señor, when the señorita one loves is cold—the emptiness of the pocket. Ah! it is a hollow world—hollow," and the Master tilted the empty bottle.

"The President is a man so beloved, no one would plot against him. You are mistaken."

"The President; he is an idiot, let me tell you. When I asked him why he did not suppress the conspiracy, he answered, '*Manana*'—to-morrow. Always to-morrow, when the time is to-day—you understand, señor?"

The señor looked disturbed. "To-day," he stammered. "The President will act to-day."

The Master laughed loudly. "The President is an idiot, you take my word for it. I was speaking, señor," continued McCallum, with great gravity, "of what I should do if I were President. I should string up the conspirators to-day and inquire into the conspiracy to-morrow."

Zelaga looked sour. "Doubtless the President took you more into his confidence, since he told you so much."

"No, sir. Your President seemed to regard a conspiracy as a natural relaxation, a little holiday-making. It amuses the other side and doesn't hurt him. *Savez*, my friend. But why waste time. About this troop of horse you are raising. Show them to me, and if there is any man can lick them into shape it is Malcolm McCallum, Master of Collmore, the best

cavalry leader out of Scotland this day," and the speaker, standing up, struck his heels together and twirled his moustache.

"*Manana!*" said Zelaga, suavely, "When I have consulted my friends."

The señor left, and McCallum, very upright, thundered for the landlord and went with a slight stagger to his room.

"He will suit us well." It was Zelaga, and he was talking to the señorita Isabella and her cousin. "I say he will suit us. But we must get him away, for he is a fool in his speech, however good as a soldier."

"Is he good as a soldier?" asked Rodriquez.

"In Venezuela the troops swore by him. Be sure it is better to have him on our side."

"And where is he now?" asked the señorita.

"Asleep, like the pig he is," muttered Rodriquez.

"Ah, well, señorita," said Zelaga, "these soldiers of fortune have a weakness."

"A *filibustero*," said the señorita, scornfully, "and a drunkard."

"Mirador himself told me this *filibustero* was the best guerilla leader he has seen, and Mirador has seen many."

"As you will," said she, "but keep him away from me."

"I will see to that, my cousin," said Rodriquez, fiercely. "I will teach him his place."

"Leave it to me, I beseech you," said Zelaga. "I will send him out to the Gaucho camp while he yet sleeps, for as I gather, the President suspects the plot, but is unaware of the day."

The *filibustero* did not sleep, however. He spent the afternoon at the window, and he saw several countrywomen arrive, each one carrying a black fan, and each departing after an interval without that necessary harmless aid to coquetry. A few minutes later the señorita, out of her window, saw a horseman on the white road mastering a fiery mustang. Her first feeling of admiration at his horsemanship was lost in passionate anger at the discovery that the horse was her own, a steed which had never yet been ridden by a man. Before she could act the horse was fast vanishing in a cloud of dust. Still watching, she saw the horseman on his return, and was down at the gate to meet him.

"This insolence!" she exclaimed imperiously. "Explain your conduct!"

"Pardon, señorita," said the Master, for he was the culprit.

"It is my horse you have ill-treated."

"I might have known," said the Master, with a bow, "that so perfect a horse could only have belonged to you, yet by an unfortunate mistake I thought it was mine."

She turned to a peon and with a quivering voice ordered him to take the horse away—turn it loose, kill it, do anything so that she never saw it again.

"A pity," he said; "for the horse is better for the lesson I gave him."

"A lesson! It is you who require——" She paused, her eyes fixed on a fan he carried. "How came you by that?"

"This fan? See, señorita, there is something curious about it. One side

it is black, on the other there are red wafers, no less than two hundred and fifty. The number of a troop of horse."

"Where did you find it?"

"On the road, señorita. A poor woman complained that she had been robbed, and thanks to the speed of your horse I overtook the robber, and this fan, strange to say, was the only thing he had."

"And the man?"

"The man went his way."

"A pity," she said. "You should have killed him."

"For taking a fan?"

"For robbing a poor woman," she said, hotly. "I will keep the fan. Did the woman say where she came from?"

"From the Ayo del Inferno."

"That is near the Hacienda Morro," she murmured. "I forgive you, señor," she added, with a brilliant smile, "and I forgive my beautiful horse. I will restore this fan to the owner, and be discreet, señor. I beg for her sake. It is unpardonable for a woman to lose her fan."

"I will be discreet as night."

She stood playing with the fan, and he lingered absorbed in her beauty.

"It occurs to me, señor," she said, "that you may be disposed to ride to the Ayo del Inferno tomorrow, if in the meantime I do not see the poor woman."

"I am at your command, señorita."

"To-morrow, then, señor," and she swept him a courtesey.

The Master went in to his dinner and reflected. Evidently the pace was quickening. He had meant to

secure a fan himself, but so had some one else, and luck had been with him. The spots on the fan meant the number of recruits in certain districts! And he was to be sent to one of these districts, to be put out of the way, perhaps. "What a beauty," he thought, "and what a little spit-fire. What a delicious smile, and what a vindictive suggestion that was that I should have killed the man who stole the fan." His thoughts were with her when he listened under the brilliant skies to the music of a mandolin outside where the peons were at play, and when he heard her name pronounced his attention was arrested immediately. They were two women who spoke.

"My heart beats for her," said one, "so tender, so young."

"Sacred Mother—yes—a very lamb in the paws of the black señor and that fool, Zelaga."

"But what can we do but pray to the Holy Virgin," and the two moved off.

The Master was yet in bed when Zelaga, dressed for the road, entered his room.

"*Hasta, señor!*"

"What's the hurry?"

"It is 'to-day.' You will ride to the place at once."

"And the directions—I must have directions."

"You will find your orders when you reach the Ayo del Inferno. *Carrambol!*" and Zelaga struck his forehead.

"What has happened? You seem worried, señor."

"Something has leaked out—how I cannot say, but we must hurry."

"And you wish me to ride to this infernal gorge—alone?"

"We have no one to spare, señor. It is thirty miles out, the last ten miles over rough country. You will go?"

"Of course."

Zelaga hurried out and hurriedly returned, his face shining with perspiration.

"I almost forgot. The pass-word is the 'Seventh of May.' You understand?"

"The 'Seventh of May'. It is now April 25th, and the revolution was expected within a month. I understand."

Zelaga opened his mouth to speak, but withdrew in silence.

The Master got out of bed. He was fully dressed, and in one hand he held a revolver. He stood a moment listening, then went to the window.

"Ah!" he muttered, "there goes Zelaga with an escort. The señorita left at six, and Rodriguez, the 'black one,' an hour later. Some one has betrayed them, and they yet give me the 'Seventh of May' as a watchword. I don't like it—no, I don't. But it seems to me the señorita is in greater danger than I am, and that is great enough, I take it, to satisfy a glutton."

He examined his cartridges, placed the weapon in his pocket, then tramped heavily across his room and out to the stable, where he saddled his horse and brought it round to the door, when he made a hurried meal.

"I will pay you when I return, landlord."

"Señor, I am but a poor man," cried the landlord; and the Master

smiled grimly at the look of consternation in the fat face.

"So," he thought, "he thinks I am good as dead." He settled up, and was directed as to the road he should follow.

A few miles on he overtook a horseman who saluted in military fashion—a man heavily armed.

"You are the illustrious Captain," he said, after a look which ranged over horse and rider. "I have orders to guide you."

"Who gave 'orders'?"

"Colonel Rodriguez Carrera, señor."

The Master certainly was a man of prompt action. In a moment he had the astonished *caballero* by the throat, and a minute later on the ground, trussed up with his own reins.

The Master cocked his revolver. "Let us understand each other, comrade. If you wish to live, the matter is in your own hands. *Savez!*"

The man recognized the position at once.

"Your Colonel ordered you to shoot me, eh?"

"The knife is more certain," said the man, with a grin.

"Of course. Did he give you a reason?"

"You were an enemy to the cause."

"What cause?"

The señorita's cause, Excellency."

"What part does the señorita play in this game, comrade?"

"The illustrious lady owns the largest estate, señor, and is the most wealthy. Moreover, her brother was killed in the last affair."

"And who is the next heir to the estate?"

"Her cousin, the Señor Colonel Roderiquez, but he also is in the cause."

"Is he?" said the Master. "Well, thank you for the information. One more question. Where is the señorita?"

"The señorita is riding to the rendezvous at the Ayo del Inferno."

"On this road?"

"*Non*, señor. This road leads to the Hacienda Morro, the property of the Despot. When you took this road it was proof you were in league with the President—perhaps his spy. The road to the rendezvous is farther on."

"Do they ride fast?"

"They will camp ten miles from here."

"And the password?"

"Is 'Isabella,' señor."

"I see. Many thanks. Now I will exchange clothes. I think we are of a height."

The exchange was made. The Master remounted, clad in a gay bolero with silver buttons, a red sash, wide trousers, sombrero and an armory of weapons.

"Now what shall I do with you, my friend?"

"It is death if I return to the Colonel, señor. You can let me free without fear."

The Master untrussed the man, tossed him a gold coin, and left him.

"I will tie your horse up an hour's ride ahead, but don't hurry to overtake him."

"I will crawl, señor," said the rascal, with a grin, and the Master rode on to tie the led horse. Then he galloped on till he saw the dust from moving men ahead and shaped his

course through the country, taking cover, till by night he approached the camp on foot. He was resolved to abduct the señorita that night, for it was clear to him that the girl was being used by her cousin to play for stakes which she would not enjoy. There were but few in the camp, and chance favored him. The señorita left her tent to talk to the soldiers, and in her enthusiasm visited the sentries, who were posted wide apart. Between two McCallum took up his position as a sentry, and as she drew near in the thickening shadows, Zelaga, who had been with her, went back towards the road to interrogate a fresh arrival. When she was only a few paces off Zelaga shouted out in evident excitement.

"What does he say? Do you hear?" she asked.

McCallum had heard, and for a moment his heart chilled, for it was his own name Zelaga had shouted, and he judged the arrival was the man whose clothes he wore.

"I heard, señorita." He strode to her side. "Be not afraid and trust me. He said we were betrayed. Come, señorita, this way," and seizing her hand he drew her away. A few yards she ran, then stopped.

"I will not fly. No, it is shameful!"

With one hand he drew her mantilla round her mouth, picked her up, and hurrying from bush to bush reached his horse as the cries from the camp increased. Swinging her to the saddle he held her there while he subdued the frightened horse, and then led it at a walk till the fast deepening shadows blotted out every object. Then he mounted, and with one

arm about her still struggling figure slowly found his way back to the road, which he followed till he lit on the road to the Hacienda Morro, which he had marked carefully. Then at the sound of hoof-beats from the camp he urged his horse into a gallop for a couple of miles. He pulled up to listen, and hearing no sound of pursuit removed the mantilla and rode on in silence, while she implored, threatened, and scorned him till exhausted by the fury of her anger. In the morning he saw the white walls, outbuildings, and defences of a large hacienda where an officer of the President's staff, known to him, met them. Of the two the sinewy Scot was the most exhausted, for when she found that her abductor would listen to nothing she had leant her whole weight on his arm in a determined effort to tire him out. He staggered as he set foot on the ground. She turned upon him in another outburst of scorn, and saw who it was.

"*Sanctissima Maria*—you!" she exclaimed.

"At your service, señorita, always," he replied with difficulty.

Her eyes flashed. "Then I have been betrayed, and I thought Zelaga —"

"The Señor Zelaga knew nothing, señorita. I carried this out myself."

"You took me alone, from among my own people?"

"For your own good, señorita, believe me."

She turned away with heaving breast, and disdainful of the attentions of the President's officer went with erect head into the house, where she

was received by the wife of the Hacienda.

"You have accomplished it, then?" said the officer, turning on McCallum. "And you have signed your death-warrant."

"I have set my hand to that pretty frequently of late, but what is wrong now?"

"Every man in both camps will turn against you, and all the women."

"I am more interested to learn what arrangements you have made to keep the lady now we have her."

"I, señor? I took no part in this abduction. I leave at once with my men to join the President."

"Then give my respects to your President, and tell him that my part in the play is over. Either I have men to defend the place if it is attacked or I quit. *Savez!*"

"But, señor——"

"That is my decision."

"There are peons on the place—and Gauchos."

"How many?"

"A hundred, señor, and well armed."

"All right. Collect them and give them orders that they must obey me."

The officer hesitated, but finally consented, and the weary Master, pulling himself together, took his company of servants and horse-thieves in hand. He had a look at the defences, sent out pickets, and then went in to snatch a little sleep. For three days he remained on duty about the Hacienda without having seen the señorita. On the fourth he found that the peons had deserted. The news was given him on the veranda, and the señorita hearing, came out to

greet him with a mocking laugh. As they stood a horseman brought the news that a large body of men was advancing from the Ayo del Inferno. The señorita laughed again.

"The road to the north is yet open," she said, sweetly. "You had better run while there is time."

There were fifty Gauchos in the yard standing by their horses. They were men the Hacendado had said could be trusted. The Master strode out to them, mounted a fresh horse, and with half the number he rode out, leaving orders with the Hacendado to guard the señorita.

"My friends will be here soon," she cried, "and it is I who will then give orders."

She saw the little troop with the tall leader disappear to the right, and an hour later she clasped her hands as she saw her own banner at the head of a large force of mounted men. They came around the hill onto the plain and advanced in good order.

She looked at the set face of the Hacendado.

"Your brave friend the *filibustero* has abandoned you. Surrender to me and be wise."

The owner of the Hacendado looked gloomily at the advancing force, then his sombre eyes blazed.

"Look, look!"

She looked and saw a dark body, a little band of mounted men led by one gigantic figure, swooping on the main force and opening out like a fan as it went. Then little puffs of smoke broke out as the Gauchos fired from the saddle. Then she saw the whirling of the bolas and heard the crash of the collision. She saw her

friendly force wither away before that thunderbolt.

She was standing pale and trembling when the Master returned at the head of his little band, who were shouting and laughing in the flush of their triumph.

"What has happened?" she said wildly. "Where are my friends?"

"They still run, señorita."

"The cowards!"

"Not at all, señorita, merely the victims of a surprise. They will come again."

"You think so?" and she looked at him with reviving confidence.

"Certain. They will come in greater strength. I am afraid I have bungled."

She opened her fan, and shot an inquiring look over the top.

"It was that fan," he said, with a smile.

She raised her beautiful eyebrows and lowered the fan to show the smile on her red lips.

"The romance of it," he went on. "I said to myself, 'Here is a beautiful señorita who, with romantic ideas of chivalry, is entering into conspiracy wherein there can be no chivalry.' My idea was to save her, and now see, señorita, I must either expose you to great danger by keeping you here, or to equal danger if I set you free to return to your friends."

"I was working in a just cause, against injustice and tyranny," she answered proudly.

"You thought so, of course, but believe me, señorita, that is all romance. Others are working for their own interest."

"No, señor. You do not under-

stand my countrymen. They place honor first."

"Your cousin, for instance?"

She laughed scornfully.

"Your cousin," he said, "hopes to succeed to your estate. That was the prize he was working for."

"It is false."

"He is with the President now. I heard it from one of the wounded."

"Do you mock me, señor?" she whispered.

"It is true. Now, señorita, tell me, what must I do?"

"If it is true I care nothing," she said, passionately. "Rodriquez, who was my brother—he a traitor, and still my heart believes him guilty."

"Now, what must I do?"

"Let them come," she said; "they will find me here."

"Now, señorita, you will see how men can fight." He turned to the Gauchos, jubilant yet. "Comrades," he said, in Spanish, "you see here a lady in distress—betrayed by her friends. Her safety is in my keeping, and I will hold this place against all till she is sure of her own. I led you well, you followed me like heroes, and you will stand by her to death."

"To the death!" they shouted, in hot excitement, all their gallantry on fire.

Isabella went forward and held out her hands. "My friends," she said, her rich voice ringing, "from my heart I thank you."

"Good!" said the Master, cheerfully. "Now I will get the place into a state of defence." And for the rest of the day he worked unceasingly, strengthening the walls, getting in provender for the horses and food

for the garrison. Then they waited, and two days later the outposts brought in word that another force was approaching. It arrived in the evening about a thousand strong, and camped around the Hacienda. The next morning a flag of truce appeared, and the Master went out to meet it. Isabella met him on his return.

"What is the message, señor?"

McCallum laughed. "The revolution is over," he said. "The two sides have joined, and the army out there is the army of the Republic."

"And what do they want?"

"They ask for the señorita of Carrera, whose estates have been forfeited, and whose person is to be dealt with as the clemency of the President may decide."

"And your answer, señor?" she asked, calmly.

"My answer is that the Isabella of Carrera does not leave this place except with the honors of war and full possession of her property."

"You defy the Republic?" she whispered.

He laughed again. "That is about it. I wonder what the President will think?"

"For me," she said, in low tones. "You do this for me. It is wonderful, but I cannot allow such sacrifice. I will surrender."

"Rodriquez Carrera commands."

She smiled. "Yes, even to him."

"No, señorita. That is not my way," and the veins on his forehead swelled. "I, too, have been tricked, and I will teach them all a lesson."

He stood looking at the disposition of the enemy's forces. The commander, evidently assured of success,

was taking his leisure. A couple of guns, attended by a small escort, were moving to a little hill in the rear, and the main force was at breakfast.

The bold Scot, taking no fewer than twenty men, issued through a back gate, took the cover of a gully, and in twenty-five minutes had captured the guns and was galloping back, while a score of sharpshooters poured in a galling fire on a troop of horse who started to retrieve the disaster. The excited Gauchos yelled with enthusiasm as the guns clattered into the yard, and capered about as shell after shell broke over the spot where the enemy were thickest, scattering the men in wild confusion.

"To the charge!" shouted the Gauchos.

"Not yet, my children," said the Master, but he sent out a thin line of skirmishers, and the Gauchos being good marksmen they compelled the enemy to shift ground. Then the Master working out under cover fell with half his force on an isolated detachment who gave in at once, and returned with cries of "Isabella!" The cry reached the main force of the enemy, was taken up, and immediately a large band of mounted men galloped towards the Hacienda with arms lifted yelling "Isabella!"

As a result of his dashing aggressive tactics the Master before the morning saw his little force swelled by three hundred men and two guns with ammunition. In the afternoon there was desultory firing, and at dusk he delivered another attack riding through a part of the camp, wheeling round behind a hill, and returning to the Hacienda at a gallop, while the alarmed enemy were firing

wildly to their own damage. Through the night other deserters came in, and in the morning the much harassed enemy had retired to a safe distance.

Isabella's manner had changed. She was subdued, and her color came and went.

"You are low-spirited, señorita, and it seems to me we have done well."

"It is not that," she sighed. "It is the danger."

"I will not detain you, if you wish to go," he said, stiffly; "but these men are fighting for you."

"It is not for myself," she said, "but for the men and for you, señor. Why take such risks? A leader should be more careful of his safety."

"There are times when a leader must take more risks than his men."

She sighed and looked down. "Can I do nothing?"

"The men are quick to catch an influence. Give them a smile, señorita."

She responded at once. Her face lighted up, and the men acknowledged her presence with shouts as she advanced.

"Have I done well?" she said, giving the Master a thrilling glance.

"We are your very humble subjects," he answered. "I have been thinking that it would be best to march to your own estate, señorita, if it is not far."

"That is my dearest wish. There I should feel that I had some share in your work. It is not far, my General."

During the day the little force marched out, and by the evening had reached the señorita's estate. The news travelled fast, and the next day the recruits came in by hundreds.

The day after the President himself appeared at the head of his army and asked for an interview with the Master.

"Well, señor, I await your explanations," said the President, shooting out his lower jaw.

"I have none to offer, sir."

"None. It seems to me this is a revolution you have arranged."

"You mistake. I am only carrying out your instructions to hold the señorita for a month in retirement."

"*Carrambo!* Another week of such retirement is more than I wish. What do you ask?"

"A full pardon for the señorita and a command for myself."

"Good. I appoint you commander of the cavalry."

"And the señorita?"

"Ah! she will be judged by the State."

"That is a pity," said the Master.

"After all, the revolution seems to be popular. Already I have a thousand men."

"And I have ten thousand men," said the President. "Come, let us reason. Some one must be punished, either the señorita, or——"

"Proceed."

"Or yourself. We must abide by precedents, and precedents demand a victim. You do not contemplate extinction, do you?"

"Frankly, I don't. To cut the matter short, either the señorita or myself must go under."

"I have your appointment already filled in, and the pardon for the señorita, in case you were stubborn. Both signed and sealed."

"Give them both to me, and you

shall have your answer within an hour."

"Do nothing foolish, señor. I already foresee great developments with you as my cavalry leader. There is a little matter outstanding with my neighbor. Be careful, my friend, bright eyes are deceiving."

The Master smiled and returned to his stronghold.

"I have accepted the President's terms," he said to the señorita. "He grants you full pardon. There is the document."

She glanced at the paper, then looked earnestly into the Master's grave face.

"Were there other conditions? Resistance to the government is not so easily condoned."

"There were others, but they do not concern you, señorita. Now I will bid you farewell."

"You leave me?" She turned away, speaking almost beneath her breath. "Are you so soon weary?"

"Weary, señorita?" She turned her face toward him and there was in her eyes a meaning that rent his heart. "Ah, love, if I could remain!"

"Why not?" she smiled.

"Because—well, my work is done and my punishment is that I must go."

"Your punishment! Do you think, señor, that I will take my liberty at your peril?"

"Who spoke of peril, señorita? I am only a soldier of fortune, a '*filibustero*.'"

"I would cut out my tongue rather than call you so now," she said, ten-

derly. "But you spoke of punishment. Will they banish you? Pardon, señor, I am rich. If you would take——" She sighed and stopped.

"I will take," he whispered. "If I dare I would hold you in my arms one moment and then let what will come, come."

"You have dared more," she murmured, and he strained her to his heart.

"Why do you go? You love me, yet you go; why—why?"

"Because I must."

"Those were the other conditions?" she asked, looking up into his face with a new fear in her glorious eyes—a fear for him.

"Good-by, light of my heart!" he said, hoarsely, tore himself from her, and rode away at a mad gallop. "President," he said, a few minutes later, "I am at your service. The señorita accepts your pardon, and the men will disband."

"It is a pity. There are many pretty women, but there are few leaders. You know the penalty?"

The Master nodded.

"The precedents demand it. You will be shot."

"I am ready."

The President reflected. There is no hurry. To-morrow will do."

"Always to-morrow," said the Master, with a careless laugh, but through the long night he thought of Isabella and of the joy he was losing.

"Well," said the President, in the morning, "is life not sweeter this morning?"

"Very sweet, President."

"Then you relent?"

The Master swore.

"I will send a *padre* to you," said the President, and as he left the tent some one entered.

"Away!" said the Master. "I need no paternosters."

"Malcolm!"

He leaped up. "Isabella!"

"Ah, my friend, see what I bring you," and she handed him the paper containing his appointment. "But was it fair to me?"

"But," said the Master, sternly, "what of your pardon?"

"The President thought, señor," she said, blushing red, "he thought if you took my estate the State would be satisfied."

"Took your estate?"

"It includes me also."

"Ah, Isabella, beloved!"

A Hero

By Clarence H. Urner

I SEE a picture on the canvas of the Past—
 A lad with wondering eyes, but not afraid of Life:
 I see an image by the faithful Present cast—
 A youth elate and strong, equipped for any strife:
 The Future shows a man o'erspent, at Life dismayed,
 Who looks on Death with calm, clear vision unafraid.



From the painting by Wislicenus

WINTER



THOMASTON HARBOR

Thomaston—The Home of Knox

By Mary Stoyell Stimpson

SELDOM in recent years have the eyes of New Englanders turned with keener interest toward patriotic exercises than did they at the unveiling of the tablet in memory of General Knox, at Thomaston, Maine, in July last, on the anniversary of that hero's birth.

The settlement and growth of Thomaston; the reasons for Knox selecting that region as his home when his military and Cabinet services were over; and his far-reaching influence upon local industries are so closely interwoven that one can hardly study the history of the man or town apart. Each forms the complement to the other.

Thomaston, South Thomaston and the neighboring city of Rockland possess much interest to the historian, this region "being the scene of the

earliest discoveries by the English on any part of the mainland of Maine or New England." The Cabots, discovering the coast as early as 1497, were followed by private adventurers of all nations. The English and French tried to lay claims to certain tracts and fitted out expeditions of discovery to sustain their pretensions.

It was in 1605 that Capt. George Weymouth, sent from England in the "good ship Archangel," with a crew of twenty-nine men, discovered "Pentecost Harbor and the islands, St. George's." One Rosier, who had been sent to write up the expedition, saw the future advantages of the St. Georges River and was enthusiastic over its "gallant coves and the most excellent places that nature had made as docks to grave or careen ships of all burthens secured from all winds."

He noted the land which bore "goodly tall fir, spruce, birch, beech and oak." Having expatiated at length upon the merits of this stream and quoting the laudatory remarks of his companions, he tempers his admiration thus quaintly: "I will not prefer it *before* our river of Thames, because it is England's richest treasure." Pring, Smith and others followed Weymouth and the section be-

tory between the Piscataqua and Penobscot. One of these was the grant made of the lands on the river St. Georges, called the 'Lincolnshire or Muscongus Patent,' or grant. In later years the greater part of this grant passed into the hands of Samuel Waldo and came to be styled the Waldo Patent, which is the origin of most of the land titles in Waldo and Knox Counties." Samuel Waldo dying,



ONE OF THOMASTON'S SHADY STREETS

came well known, adventurers from all countries engaging in traffic and fishing along the coast. In 1630 "the Council of Plymouth in England, which had been established for the purpose of settling and governing New England, being in danger of dissolution by royal authority, made various and hasty grants to different adventurers of nearly the whole terri-

the patent fell to his four children. One of his daughters, Hannah, married Thomas Flucker, and to him her brother Samuel (2d) sold his two shares. Thus* "by purchase and inheritance the Waldos and Fluckers owned the whole patent. In the Revolutionary War the Waldo and Flucker families adhered to the crown and

*From address of Hon. J. E. Moore.



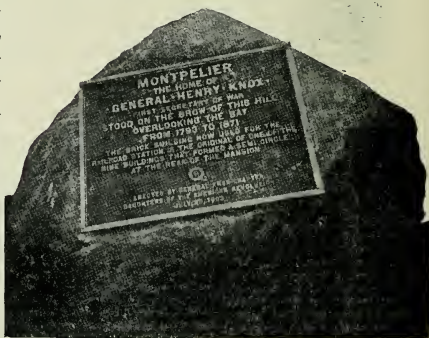
STUART PORTRAIT OF GEN. HENRY KNOX

their estates were wholly or in part sequestered. General Knox married Lucy Flucker in 1774, and as Mrs. Knox was an ardent patriot, going against her family in this, as she did in marrying Henry Knox, her share was not forfeited. She inherited one-fifth and General Knox, by purchase and legislative action, acquired four-fifths." So because of the Waldop patent, Thomaston received General Knox in the role of private citizen and man of affairs after his twenty years' service to his country. He had been known as a major-general in the Continental army, Washington's chief of artillery, first Secretary of War under the Constitution, and founder of the Society of the Cincinnati, when he quitted public life and took up his residence on the banks of the Georges in 1795.

Henry Knox was born in Boston, in a little two-story wooden building near the foot of Summer Street. He was the seventh of ten sons. Only four children lived beyond infancy. The two elder of these were drowned at sea. William, the youngest of the family, was always more or less asso-

ciated with his brother Henry until his death. Shortly before his decease his father was overtaken by financial misfortune, so that just as Knox was ready to be graduated from the Boston grammar school, he found himself not only fatherless, but the sole support of his mother and little brother. Leaving school he took a place in a Cornhill bookstore, where, though required to pay strict attention to business, he seized every spare moment for reading, and thus became familiar with the translations of all the classics and learned to speak and write the French language. Evidently this vocation was to his liking, for as soon as he attained his majority he went into business on his own account, giving his establishment the name of "The London Bookstore." One of the best patrons of this fashionable resort was Miss Lucy Flucker, a leader in Tory circles in Boston.

Of French Huguenot descent, her father, Thomas Flucker, was the royal secretary of the province and stood high as a social dignitary. Miss Lucy was a fine scholar, and in her



MEMORIAL TABLET AND BOULDER

frequent purchases of books lingered to talk over their contents with Knox until there ensued a sort of literary courtship. The Flucker family scented danger and opposed the match strongly. They scorned the advent of a "rebel" into their family, but they soon found that they had a beautiful rebel of their own with whom they must deal, for Miss Lucy was determined to cling to the man she loved.

declared martial law and threatened its penalties on such as left the city without permission, when Knox, less than a year married, left the town in disguise, by night, accompanied by his faithful wife, who bore the sword which he had worn in the militia service, and with which he was to win his great military fame, secreted in the lining of her cloak. Knox had given much study to military engi-



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THE OLD KNOX MANSION, "MONTPELIER"

The Fluckers believed with all their Tory hearts that the English would prevail, and dreaded for their child the chain of misfortunes which seemed to them inevitable from such a *mésalliance*. She not only loved the man, but fully shared his views, and their marriage was solemnized in 1774, just as political troubles were thickening in the country. The British had taken possession of Boston, Gage

neering and flattering inducements were offered him to assist the royal forces, but he chose rather to volunteer his aid to General Ward at Bunker Hill. After this battle, he built the fort at Roxbury which called forth Washington's admiration. At this time also began the life-long friendship between these brave Generals—Washington only a few weeks before his death writing: "I can with truth

say, that there is no man in the United States with whom I have been in habits of greater intimacy; no one whom I have loved more sincerely; nor any for whom I have had a greater friendship."

It was while Knox was at Lake Champlain for bitterly needed stores and artillery that he met Major Andre, whose refinement and intelligence made a lasting impression on him whose unpleasant duty it became, some years later, to serve on a tribunal which condemned Andre to death. The success attending the hazardous undertaking of transporting a "noble train of artillery" from Ticonderoga to the fortifications before Boston was appreciated "by Washington and by Congress, who, before Knox's return from the expedition, had appointed him to the chief command of the Artillery; an office which he discharged with increasing reputation under the successive ranks of Colonel, Brigadier General, and Major-General, to the end of the war."



GRAVE OF HENRY KNOX

General Knox took possession of the estate in Maine in 1792.* "There were five hundred squatters on the Patent and to gain complete possession actual entry had to be made by 'livery of seizing by turf and twig.' General Knox was disposed to treat the settlers fairly. Some reciprocated, others did not and were ejected. While Secretary of War he visited Thomaston and planned to improve the estate." In 1793 the building of a home was commenced which was completed in 1794, and in the following summer Thomaston opened wide her gates to receive as honored citizen that famous general and statesman, Henry Knox.



THOMASTON RAILWAY STATION, FORMERLY
PART OF THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS AT
"MONTPELIER"

The mansion, "Montpelier," was in the style of a French chateau, three stories in height, with numerous out-buildings. "The splendid gateway leading into what is now Knox Street, surmounted by the American eagle well carved in wood, the walks, summer houses, orchards and forest openings stretching out before the symmetrical mansion with its cupola, balconies and piazzas" made the whole premises unrivalled for beauty in New England. Marvellous stories are yet told of the princely entertainments given beneath this roof, "when," as

*From address of Hon. J. E. Moore.

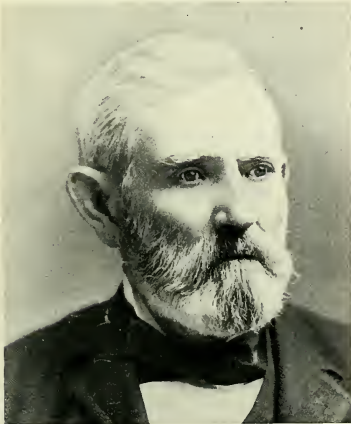
Holman Day says in his ballad's refrain, "Knox kept open house." He gave a house-warming on Independence Day, 1795, to which five hundred people came in answer to an invitation to "all the inhabitants of the locality." The whole tribe of Penobscot Indians having been asked to visit him found him so satisfactory a host that they lingered until he was obliged to suggest their departure. Many distinguished foreigners enjoyed the generous hospitality of "Montpelier," among them Talleyrand, Louis Philippe, afterwards King of France, Duke de Liancourt (who mournfully remarked to a sympathetic American, who knew that Knox had re-stocked his shabby, personal wardrobe: "I have three dukedoms on my head, and not one whole coat on my back!") and Alexander Baring, head of the famous house of Baring Bros. There was a great impetus given to social life in Thomas-



"THE OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL," AN HISTORIC LANDMARK

ton by the new comers. The General's library was the second largest in the state, Lady Knox's piano was the first one in that section, while their fine saddle and carriage horses conducted gay parties across the country.

Knox had a stock farm for the breeding of imported cattle, he had five saw mills, and engaged in the lime, fish, and brick industries. Yet, busy as he was with all these enterprises, he found time to help in public affairs. In 1801 he was appointed a member of the General Court of Massachusetts, and in 1804 he was chosen one of the Governor's council. He also kept up an active correspondence with the leading men of the times. To the interest of the town whose citizen and heaviest landowner he had become he gave himself with much vigor. Though often in financial straits, owing to his complex business activities, he was a subscriber to all charities. While a Unitarian by



CAPT. SAMUEL WATTS



HON. EDWARD O'BRIEN

faith, himself, he gave substantially to a church building in Thomaston which was to be used by any denomination of Christians. This meeting-house is located on the hill west of Mill River, and is the oldest house of worship in the section of what was then the district of Maine. The money for its erection was raised by subscription. General Knox agreed to furnish £40 and the glass provided that it should be built in 1795. It took three days to erect the frame. Men came from all the adjoining towns to help and every kind of team was present. A good deal of difficulty was experienced in raising the steeple and placing it in position, but it was accomplished. The pulpit was set up high, with a sounding board over it to throw the speaker's voice down to the audience. In 1797 General Knox purchased a bell of Paul Revere of Boston, and presented it to the parish. This was, for many years, the only bell in that region that called

the people to worship. In 1822 this bell, having become disabled, was sent to Boston, where it was recast by its maker and his name is stamped upon it:

“Paul Revere—1822.”

Many eminent divines occupied this pulpit in the days when Thomaston was a part of Massachusetts commonwealth, but religious services have been discontinued there for many years.



O'BRIEN MONUMENT

General Knox died in 1806. His widow lived in the mansion until her death in 1824. Later the property changed hands, the various out-buildings were sold, and after the mansion had been rented to several tenants, it was torn down. As Williamson says: "Montpelier ought to have become the property of the public, and been preserved as sacred to the memory of its departed owner. Some

of the American Revolution, comprising the chapter named in honor of General Knox, placed the bronze tablet as a tribute to his memory.

One of the principal streets bears the General's name as does the leading hostelry. The travelling men between Boston and Rockland have found that for many years the mention of the *Knox House* conjures up visions of substantial fare and good cheer.



AT MILL RIVER

future generation, if the patriotism of the past shall survive the temptation of the present, will mourn over the insensibility of their fathers, which allowed so sacred a shrine to become obliterated." The only bit of this historic establishment left standing today is part of the servants' quarters or cook house, built of brick, and now used for the railroad station. It is near this building that the Daughters

Two important industries in which Knox engaged are still the leading ones in Thomaston: ship building and lime-burning, while more recently brick making has been resumed under the management of "The Ornamental Brick Company." The equipment of this new plant is complete and thoroughly up to date. The ship yards of Washburn Bros. and Dunn & Elliott give employment to a large num-

ber of men at the present time, while the late Edward O'Brien was one of the most famous American shipbuilders for more than half a century. He was the first man in the state to own the whole of a ship, and eventually owned more tonnage individually than any man in the country. The ships he built were staunch and of excellent model. Some of them made remarkable passages. He held

and that he did not intend to allow his name to go to protest under any circumstances. On other occasions he stood back of the banks in town, offering them all needed assistance. He was a genial man, simple in his tastes, disliking show and ostentation. He had an inborn sympathy for the poor and gave much in private charities. Among his public gifts was the sum of ten thousand dollars



A BIT OF MILL RIVER, SHOWING THE SPIRE OF THE "OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL"

many public offices and served several terms in the state senate and the lower house. He was the first president of the Georges Bank, and during the panic of 1857, when banks all over the country were suspending specie payments, Mr. O'Brien announced that he held a balance in sterling with Baring Bros., in London, more than sufficient to cover every bill to which he had placed his signature as President,

to his native town of Warren and a similar amount was donated to Thomaston; in each case the income was to be divided annually among the deserving poor.

At one time associated with Mr. O'Brien in trade and in ship building was the late Samuel Watts, who was born in the town of St. George, but who was a resident of Thomaston during a long period of

years. He was well known as a sea captain, shipbuilder and owner, politician and banker. He was a director of the Thomaston National Bank, and director and President of the Georges National Bank. In 1890 he gave a beautiful Town Hall to Thomaston, the rent of the stores in which is by his request devoted to the worthy poor of the town. Some years previously to his death, Captain Watts removed to Boston but always passed his summers at his Thomaston residence.

Active and retired mariners are numerous in Thomaston's population. Her captains and her vessels are known in every port in the world. And for more than half a century she has proudly held her established record "of being second to none as a shipbuilding port."

Lime-rock is found in large quantities all through Knox County and lime manufacturing has proved a profitable industry, ever since General Knox carried on his flourishing lime business, shipping great quantities of lime to Boston in his own vessels. He quarried his rock from what is now known as the Prison quarry, inside the present prison walls.

On the site of the old fort on the Georges River, the lime kilns of J. A. Creighton & Co. are situated. This fort was in use in the French and Indian Wars. It was nearly fifty years ago that the late J. A. Creighton established this business, and the firm have recently increased their plant until they are the largest individual lime burners in Knox County. The plant has a capacity for burning 250,000 casks a year. Quite recently other

lime burners with magnificently equipped plants sold out to the Rockland-Rockport Lime Company, a syndicate whose home office is in Rockland, Maine, with various others in New York city and Brooklyn, N. Y., and whose daily capacity is 10,000 barrels. A visit to the quarries and kilns is an interesting thing which attracts many strangers.

In 1823 the Legislature, having decided to locate a State Prison in Thomaston, the committee for purchasing a site decided in favor of "Limestone Hill," arguing that the manufacture of lime could be carried on by the convicts with profit to the state. There proved to be, however, no great demand for the limestone, and other industries were substituted. To-day the greater portion of the inmates are employed in the harness, carriage and broom shops, and the present warden, Major Hilman Smith, has found it a wise and profitable measure to cultivate acres of hired land. The out-door work keeps the men in better disposition and the yield of vegetables greatly reduces the food bills. In the criminal statistics is found this cheering bit of news for Pine Tree State natives: "There is less crime in Maine in proportion to its population than in any other state in the Union." The prisoners are well fed, the discipline is mild, and the convicts are taught that the state has an inclination to uplift any who care to reform.

There is no public library building in Thomaston, but through the generosity of a deceased resident, Mr. George Fuller, there is a library fund, and in pleasant quarters a fine col-

lection of books, with a pleasant reading room, invite the public.

It was in 1780 that General Peleg Wadsworth, a brave soldier of the Revolution, commanded troops on the Maine coast, having his headquarters in Thomaston. The old Wadsworth house, rich in historic memories, has long since disappeared. This general, a Harvard man, grandfather of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was a man of fine presence "carrying himself so truly that many thought him tall." He built the first brick house in the city of Portland, Maine.

Thomaston has always been a town of considerable wealth. Its streets are well laid out and the residences substantial. It has ideal environments and many of the drives in this vicinity are special features in themselves. Beyond its moneyed prosperity, Thomaston is rich in good

citizens. These have been ambitious for their descendants, and in schools, churches and village improvements can be seen their worthy aspirations.

On a shaded, quiet street stands the home of Mrs. Maude Moore, the well known poetess and sketch writer. Probably no poem written by a Maine woman is more widely known and loved than her "Rock of Ages."

The life of the town is mostly around the shipyards and wharves. Here there is vigorous activity. On a summer's afternoon, when the air is filled with resinous odors from these yards, and the sounds of the carpenters' tools echo along the shore as the St. Georges River ripples on its sinuous course, the picturesqueness of the scene strikes one forcibly, and the impulse comes to say: "Ah, yes, let us put it even *before* the river of Thames."

The Nightman's Story

By Frank H. Spearman

HIS full name was James Gillespie Blaine Lyons; but his real name was Bullhead—just plain Bullhead.

When he began passenger braking, the trainmaster put him on with Pat Francis. The very first trip he made, a man in the smoking car asked him where the drinking water was. Bullhead, though sufficiently gaudy in his new uniform, was not prepared for any question

that might be thrown at him. He pulled out his book of rules, which he had been told to consult in case of doubt, and after some study referred his inquirer to the fire bucket hanging at the front end of the car. The passenger happened to be a foreigner and very thirsty. He climbed up on the Baker heater, according to directions, and did, at some risk, get hold of the bucket—but it was empty.

"Iss no vater hier," cried the sec-

ond-class man. Bullhead sat half way back in the car, still studying the rules. He looked up surprised, but turning around, pointed with confidence to the fire-pail at the hind end of the smoker.

"Try the other bucket, Johnnie," he said, calmly. At that every man in the car began to choke; and the German, thinking the new brakeman was making funny of him, wanted to fight. Now Bullhead would rather fight than go to Sunday-school any day, and without parley he engaged the insulted homesteader. Pat Francis parted them after some hard words on his part; and Kenyon, the trainmaster, gave Bullhead three months to study up where the water cooler was located in Standard, A pattern, smoking cars. Bullhead's own mother, who did Callahan's washing, refused to believe her son was so stupid as not to know; but Bullhead, who now tells the story himself, claims he did not know.

When he got back to work he tried the freight trains. They put him on the Number Twenty-nine, local, and one day they were drifting into the yard at Goose River Junction when there came from the cab a sharp call for brakes. Instead of climbing out and grabbing a brakewheel for dear life, Bullhead looked out the window to see what the excitement was. By the time he had decided what rule covered the emergency, his train had driven a stray flat half way through the eating-house east of the depot. Kenyon, after hearing Bullhead's own candid statement of fact, coughed apologetically and said three years; whereupon Bullhead

resigned permanently from the train service and applied for a job in the round-house.

But the round-house—for a boy like Bullhead. It would hardly do. He was put at helping Pete Beezer, the boiler washer. One night Pete was snatching his customary nap in the pit when the hose got away from Bullhead and struck his boss. In the confusion, Peter, who was nearly drowned, lost a set of teeth; that was sufficient in that department of the motive power; Bullhead moved on, suddenly. Neighbor thought he might do for a wiper. After the boy had learned something about wiping, he tried one day to back an engine out on the turn-table just to see whether it was easy. It was; dead easy; but the turn-table happened to be arranged wrong for the experiment; and Neighbor, before calling in the wrecking gang, took occasion to kick Bullhead out of the round-house bodily. Nevertheless, Bullhead, like every Medicine Bend boy, wanted to railroad. Some fellows can't be shut off. He was offered the presidency of a Cincinnati bank by a private detective agency which has just sent up the active head of the institution for ten years; but as Bullhead could not arrange transportation east of the river, he was obliged to let the opportunity pass.

When the Widow Lyons asked Callahan to put Jamie at telegraphing, the assistant superintendent nearly fell off his chair. Mrs. Lyons, however, was in earnest, as the red-haired man soon found by the way his shirts were starched. Her son, meantime, had gotten hold

of a sounder, and was studying telegraphy, corresponding at the same time with the Cincinnati detective agency for the town and county rights to all "hidden and undiscovered crime" on the Mountain Division—rights offered at the very reasonable price of ten dollars by registered mail, bank draft or express money order; currency at sender's risk. The only obligations imposed by this deal were secrecy and a German silver star; and Bullhead, after holding his trusting mother up for ten, became a regularly installed detective with proprietary rights to local misdeeds. Days he plied his sounder, and nights he lay awake trying to mix up Pete Beezer and Neighbor with the disappearance of various bunches of horses from the Bar M ranch.

About the same time he became interested in dentistry; not that there is any obvious connection between railroading and detective work and filling teeth—but his thoughts just turned that way, and following the advice of a local dentist, who didn't want altogether to discourage him, Bullhead borrowed a pair of forceps and pulled all the teeth out of a circular saw to get his arm into practice. Before the dentist pronounced him proficient, though, his mother had Callahan reduced to terms, and the assistant superintendent put Bullhead among the operators.

That was a great day for Bullhead. He had to take the worst of it, of course; sweeping the office and that; but whatever his faults, the boy did as he was told. Only

one vicious habit clung to him—he had a passion for reading the rules. In spite of this, however, he steadily mastered the taking, and as for sending, he could do that before he got out of the cuspidor department. Everybody around the Wickiup bullied him, and may be that was his salvation. He got used to expecting the worst of it, and nerved himself to take it, which in railroading is half the battle.

A few months after he became competent to handle a key the nightman at Goose River Junction went wrong. When Callahan told Bullhead he thought of giving him the job, the boy went wild with excitement, and in a burst of confidence showed Callahan his star. It was the best thing that ever happened, for the assistant head of the division had an impulsive way of swearing the nonsense out of a boy's head, and when Bullhead confessed to being a detective, a fiery stream was poured on him. The foolishness couldn't quite all be driven out in one round; but Jamie Lyons went to Goose River fairly well informed as to how much of a fool he was.

Goose River Junction is not a lively place. It has been claimed that even the buzzards at Goose River Junction play solitaire. But apart from the utter loneliness it was hard to hold operators there on account of Nellie Cassidy. A man rarely stayed at Goose River past the second pay check. When he got money enough to resign, he resigned; and all because Nellie Cassidy despised operators.

The lunch counter that Matt Cas-

sidy, Nellie's father, ran at the Junction was just an adjunct for feeding train crews, and the few miners who wandered down from the Glencoe spur. Matt himself took the night turn, but days it was Nellie who heated the Goose River coffee and dispensed the pie—contract pie made at Medicine Bend, and sent by local freight classified as ammunition, loaded and released, O. R.

It was Nellie's cruelty that made the frequent shifts at Goose River. Not that she was unimpressionable, or had no heroes. She had plenty of them in the engine and the train service. It was the smart-uniformed young conductors and kerchiefed juvenile engineers on the fast runs to whom Nellie paid deference, and for whom she served the preferred doughnuts.

But this was nothing to Bullhead. He had his head so full of things when he took his new position that he failed to observe Nellie's contempt. He was just passing out of the private detective stage; just getting over dental beginnings; just rising to the responsibility of the key, and a month devoted to his immediate work and the study of the rules passed like a limited train. Previous to the coming of Bullhead, no Goose River man had tried study of the rules as a remedy for loneliness; it proved a great scheme; but it aroused the unmeasured contempt of Nellie Cassidy. She scorned Bullhead unspeakably, and her only uneasiness was that he seemed unconscious of it.

However, the little Goose River girl had no idea of letting him es-

cape that way. When scorn became clearly useless she tried cajolery—she smiled on Bullhead. Not till then did he give up; her smile was his undoing. It was so absolutely novel to Bullhead—Bullhead, who had never got anything but kicks, and curses, and frowns. Before Nellie's smiles, judiciously administered, Bullhead melted like the sugar she began to sprinkle in his coffee. That was what she wanted; when he was fairly dissolved, Nellie, like the coffee, went gradually cold. Bullhead became miserable, and to her life at Goose River was once more endurable.

It was then that Bullhead began to sit up all day, after working all night, to get a single smile from the direction of the pie rack. He hung, utterly miserable, around the lunch room all day, while Nellie made impersonal remarks about the colorless life of a mere operator as compared with life in the cab of a ten-wheeler. She admired the engineer, Nellie—was there ever a doughnut girl who didn't? And when One or Two rose smoking out of the alkali east or the alkali west, and the mogul engine checked its gray string of sleepers at the Junction platform, and Bat Mullen climbed down to oil 'round—as he always did—there were the liveliest kind of heels behind the counter.

Such were the moments when Bullhead sat in the lunch room, unnoticed, somewhat back where the flies were bad, and helped himself aimlessly to the sizzling maple syrup—Nellie rustling back and forth for Engineer Mullen, who ran in for a quick cup, and consulted,

after each swallow, a dazzling open-faced gold watch, thin as a double eagle; for Bat at twenty-one was pulling the fast trains and carried the best. And with Bullhead feeding on flannel cakes and despair, and Nellie Cassidy looking quite her smartest, Mullen would drink his coffee in an impassive rush, never even glancing Bullhead's way—absolutely ignoring Bullhead. What was he but a nightman, anyway? Then Mullen would take as much as a minute of his running time to walk forward to the engine with Miss Cassidy and stand in the lee of the drivers chatting with her, while Bullhead went completely frantic.

It was being ignored in that way, after her smiles had once been his, that crushed the night operator. It filled his head with schemes for obtaining recognition at all hazards. He began by quarrelling violently with Nellie, and things were coming to a serious pass around the depot when the Klondike business struck the Mountain Division. It came with a rush and when they began running through freight extras by way of the Goose River short line, day and night, the Junction station caught the thick of it. It was something new altogether for the short line rails and the short line operators, and Bullhead's night trick, with nothing to do but poke the fire and pop at coyotes, became straightway a busy and important post. The added work kept him jumping from sundown till dawn, and kept him from loafing daytimes around the lunch counter and ruining himself on fermented syrup.

On a certain night, windier than all the November nights that had gone before, the night operator sat alone in the office facing a resolve. Goose River had become intolerable. Medicine Bend was not to be thought of, for Bullhead now had a suspicion, due to Callahan, that he was a good deal of a chump, and he wanted to get away from the ridicule that had always and everywhere made life a burden. There appeared to Bullhead nothing for it but the Klondike. On the table before the moody operator lay his letter of resignation, addressed in due form to J. S. Bucks, superintendent. Near it, under the lamp, lay a well-thumbed copy of the book of rules, open at the chapter on Resignations, with subheads on—

Resign, who should.

Resign, how to.

Resign, when to. (See also Time.)

The fact was it had at last painfully forced itself on Bullhead that he was not fitted for the railroad business. Pat Francis had unfeelingly told him so. Callahan had told him so; Neighbor had told him so; Bucks had told him so. On that point the leading West End authorities were agreed. Yet in spite of these discouragements he had persisted and at last made a show. Who was it now that had shaken his stubborn conviction? Bullhead hardly dared confess. But it was undoubtedly one who put up to be no authority whatever on Motive or Train Service or Operating—it was Matt Cassidy's girl.

While he reread his formal letter and compared on spelling with his

pocket Webster, a train whistled. Bullhead looked at the clock: 11.40 P. M. It was the local freight, Thirty, coming in from the West, working back to Medicine. From the East, Number One had not arrived; she was six hours late, and Bullhead looked out at his light, for he had orders for the freight. It was not often that such a thing happened, because One rarely went off schedule badly enough to throw her into his turn. He had his orders copied and O. K.'d, and waited only to deliver them.

It was fearfully windy. The 266 engine, pulling Thirty that night, wheezed in the gale like a man with the apoplexy. She had a new fireman on, who was burning the life out of her, and as she puffed painfully down on the scrap rails of the first siding and took the Y, her overloaded safety gasped violently.

When the conductor of the Number Thirty train opened the station door, the wind followed him like a catamount. The stove puffed open with a down draft, and shot the room full of stinging smoke. The lamp blaze flew up the chimney—out—and left the nightman and the conductor in darkness. The trainman with a swear shoved to the door, and Bullhead, the patient, turned over his letter of resignation quick in the dark, felt for a match and relighted his lamp. Swearing again at Bullhead, the freight conductor swaggered over to his table, felt in all the operator's pockets for a cigar, tumbled all the papers around, and once more, on general principles, swore.

Bullhead took things uncomplain-

ingly, but he watched close, and was determined to fight if the brute discovered his letter of resignation. When the trainman could think of no further indignities he took his orders, to meet Number One at Sackley, the second station east of Goose River. After he had signed, Bullhead asked him about the depot fire at Bear Dance, that had been going over the wires for two hours, reminded him of the slow order for the number nine culvert, and as the rude visitor slammed the door behind him, held his hand over the lamp. Then he sat down again and turned over his letter of resignation.

To make it binding, it lacked only his signature—James Gillespie Blaine Lyons—now himself of the opinion of every one else on the West End: that he was just a natural-born, blooming fool. He lifted his pen to sign off the aspirations of a young lifetime when the sounder began to snap and sputter his call. It was the despatcher, and he asked hurriedly if Number Thirty was there.

"Number Thirty is on the Y," answered Bullhead.

Then came a train order. "Hold Number Thirty till Number One arrives."

Bullhead repeated the order, and got back the O. K. He grabbed his hat and hurried out of the door to deliver the new order to the local freight before it should pull out.

To reach the train Bullhead had to cross the short line tracks. The wind was scouring the flats, and as he tacked up the platform, the dust swept dead into him. At the switch

he sprang across the rails, thinking of nothing but reaching the engine cab of the local—forgetting about the track he was crossing. Before he could think, or see, or jump, a through freight on the short line, wild, from the West, storming down the grade behind him, struck Bullhead as a grizzly would a gnat—hurled him, doubling, fifty feet out on the spur—and stormed on into the East without a quiver out of the ordinary. The engineer of the short line train did not see the man he had hit, and with the nightman lying unconscious in the ditch, the local freight pulled out for Sackley.

Bullhead never knew just how long he lay under the stars. When his head began to whirl the wind was blowing cool and strong on him, and the alkali dust was eddying into his open mouth. It was only a matter of seconds, though it seemed hours, to pull himself together and to put up his hand unsteadily to feel what it was soaking warm and sticky into his hair; then to realize that he had been struck by a short line train; to think of what a failure he had lately acknowledged himself to be; and of what it was he was clutching so tightly in his right hand—the holding order for Number Thirty. He raised his reeling head; there was a drift of starlight through the dust cloud, but no train in sight; Number Thirty was gone. With that consciousness came a recollection—he had forgotten to put out his red light.

His red light wasn't out. He kept repeating that to himself to put the

picture of what it meant before him. He had started to deliver an order without putting out his light, and Number Thirty was gone: against Number One—a head end collision staring the freight and the belated passenger in the face. Number Thirty, running hard on her order to make Sackley for the meeting, and One, running furiously, as she always ran—to-night worse than ever.

He lifted his head, enraged with himself; enraged. He thought about the rules, and he grew enraged. Only himself he blamed, nobody else—studying the rules for a lifetime and just when it would mean the death of a trainload of people forgetting his red signal. He lifted his head; it was sick, deadly sick. But up it must come. Thirty gone, and it wobbled, swooning sick and groggy as he stared around and tried to locate himself. One thing he could see, the faint outline of the station and his lamp blazing smoky in the window. Bullhead figured a second; then he began to crawl. If he could reach the lamp before his head went off again, before he went completely silly, he might yet save himself and Number One.

It wasn't in him to crawl till he thought of his own mistake; but there was a spur in the sweep of that through his head. His brain, he knew, was wobbling, but he could crawl; and he stuck, fainting, to that one idea, and crawled for the light of his lamp.

It is a bare hundred feet across to the Y. Bullhead taped every foot of the hundred with blood.

There was no one to call on for help; he just stuck to the crawl, grinding his teeth in bitter self-reproach. They traced him, next morning, when he was past telling of it, and his struggle looked the track of a wounded bear. Dragging along one crushed leg, and half crazed by the crack on his forehead, Bullhead climbed to the platform, across, and dragged himself to the door. He can tell yet about rolling his broken leg under him and raising himself to grasp the thumb latch. Not until he tried to open it did he remember it was a spring lock and that he was outside. He felt in his pocket for his keys—but his keys were gone.

There were no rules to consult then. No way on earth of getting into the office in time to do anything; to drag himself to the lunch room, twice farther than the station, was out of the question. But there was a way to reach his key in spite of all bad things, and Bullhead knew the way. He struggled fast around to the window. Raising himself with a frightful twinge on one knee, he beat at the glass with his fist. Clutching the sash, he drew himself up with a hand, and with the other tore away the muntin, stuck his head and shoulders through the opening, got his hand on the key, and called for the first station east. Blaisdell, with the 19. Life and death that call meant; the 19, the despatcher's call—hanging over the key, stammering the 19 over the wire, and baptizing the call in his own blood—that is the way Bullhead learned to be a railroad man.

For Blaisdell got him and his warning, and had Number One on the siding, just as the freight tore around the west curve, headed for Sackley. While it was all going on, Bullhead lay on the wind-swept platform at Goose River with a hole in his head that would have killed anybody on the West End, or, for that matter, on earth, except James Gillespie Blaine Lyons.

After Number Thirty had passed so impudently, Number One felt her way rather cautiously to Goose River, because the despatchers couldn't get the blamed station. They decided, of course, that Bullhead was asleep, and fixed everything at the Wickiup to send a new man up there on Three in the morning and fire him for good.

But about one o'clock Number One rolled, bat-tempered, into Goose River Junction, and Bat Mullen, stopping his train, strode angrily to the station. It was dark as a pocket inside. Bat smashed in the door with his heel, and the trainmen swarmed in and began looking with their lanterns for the nightman. The stove was red-hot, but he was not asleep in the arm-chair, nor napping under the counter on the supplies. They turned to his table and discovered the broken window, and thought of a hold-up. They saw where the nightman had spilled something that looked like ink over the table, over the order book, over the clip, and there was a hand print that looked inky on an open letter addressed to the superintendent—and a little pool of something like ink under the key.

Somebody said suicide; but Bat

Mullen suddenly stuck his lamp out of the broken window, put his head through after it, and cried out. Setting his lantern down on the platform, he crawled through the broken sash and picked up Bullhead.

Next morning it was all over the West End.

"And Bullhead!" cried everybody. "That's what gets me. Who'd have thought it of *Bullhead!*"

When they all got up there and saw what Bullhead had done, everybody agreed that nobody but Bullhead could have done it.

The pilot bar of the short line mogul, in swiping Bullhead unmercifully, had really made a railroad man of him. It had let a great light in on the situation. Whereas before every one else on the line had been to blame for his failures, Bullhead now saw that he himself had been to blame, and was man enough to stand up and say so. When the big fellows, Callahan, and Kenyon, and Pat Francis, saw his trail next morning, saw the blood smeared over the table, and saw Bullhead's letter of resignation signed in his own blood manual, and heard his straight-out story days afterward, they said never a word.

But that morning, the morning after, Callahan picked up the letter and put it just as it was between the leaves of the order book and locked both in his grip. It was some weeks before he had a talk with Bullhead, and he spoke then only a few words, because the

nightman fainted before he got through. Callahan made him understand, though, that as soon as he was able, he could have any key on that division he wanted as long as *he* was running it—and Callahan is running that division yet.

It all came easy after he got well. Instead of getting the worst of it from everybody, Bullhead began to get the best of it, even from pretty Nellie Cassidy. But Nellie had missed her opening. She tried tenderness while the boy was being nursed at the Junction. Bullhead looked grim and far-off through his bulging bandages, and asked his mother to put the sugar in his coffee for him; Bullhead was getting sense.

Besides, what need has a young man with a heavy crescent-shaped scar on his forehead that people inquire about, and who within a year after the Goose River affair, was made a train despatcher under Barnes Tracy at Medicine Bend—what need has he of a coquette's smiles? His mother, who has honorably retired from hard work, says half the girls at the Bend are after him, and his mother ought to know, for she keeps house for him.

Bullhead's letter of resignation, with the print of his hand on it, hangs framed over Callahan's desk, and is shown to railroad big fellows who are accorded the courtesies of the Wickiup. But when they ask Bullhead about it, he just laughs and says some railroad men have to have sense pounded into them.

A Greyhound of the Sea

By C. Z. Hartman

“**H**EAVE to!”

The big dun bulk of the liner, “American Osprey,” swung heavily around to starboard, pitching in chafed sullen restraint in the trough of the sea. A dozen bluff voices from helm, deck and bridge penetrated the semi-darkness of fog, a dozen heads were craned eagerly over the rails, marking with critical eye the hazardous transition of the pilot from heaving canoe to equally unsteady steamer.

When, at length, the stalwart fellow, by a daring acrobatic feat, gained the first round of the rope-ladder, a lusty cheer rang out from above. Even they who manned the sturdy canoe could hear as they pulled back to the pilot boat, the general rush from hatchway and port to greet the newcomer. As he rapidly mounted to the main deck and vaulted the rail, shaking his great oilskins free of drops gleaned from some wayward roller, mariners and officials crowded about, hatchways belched forth their quota of interested passengers,—all pressed forward to hear any news, however general, from the dear home shores.

Mindful of a goodly sprinkling of ulstered women among his listeners the big fellow doffed his rubber helmet and good-humoredly delivered his budget of American news, his eyes wandering observantly around the circle of faces. Once they happened to alight for an instant, the next—the helmet was suddenly clapped over a

pair of startled eyes, and with an abrupt nod and wave to his auditors, he turned on his heel, and repaired at once to the bridge.

“Yes, yes! It can’t be a delusion! Wonder if she recognized me? Heavens!” he mused, much disquieted inwardly, while he chatted dutifully with captain and line-agent.

Having completed the regulation tour of inspection of the liner and her superb sailing appointments—for the “Osprey” was the darling of the line—he proceeded to the wheel, armed with tackle and chart. Here the sterner duty of directing the course of an Atlantic greyhound, through the instrumentality of the respectful steersman, pressed from his mind, for a time, a train of intruding thoughts, bitter as gall.

Far away came the wierd challenge of some storm-bird, the shout of the port watch pierced the low-brooding fog with its stentorian, “Eight bells, and all’s well.” To pile up the gloom, a cold, slow-dripping rain set in, with exasperating persistence, in consequence of which the majority of passengers had drifted, shivering, below, where warm stateroom and luxurious parlor offered the ease of a Sybarite in exchange for the dreary outer discomfort.

The militant figure of the pilot, hitherto conspicuous in different parts of the vessel giving crisp orders to the men in the forechains, now leaned passively against the rail, an image in

granite, gazing out to sea. In spite of his indolent attitude, there was still that aggressive poise of the head which spells activity, that generous breadth of shoulder which somehow ever associates itself with the idea of strength. So thought the girl in the ash-colored raincoat and breezy yachting cap, as she hesitated in the shadow of the deck house, advancing a step from time to time, her eyes ever fixed in alert eagerness on the immovable one.

"Eh?" said he of the oilskin vaguely, swinging about at the light touch on his arm.

"Rex! My blessed King Stanilaus, I *thought* it was you!"

The unmistakable pleasure of the tones found no sympathetic echo in his stiffening manner, notwithstanding the bright face and outstretched hands. He floundered in a sorry attempt at formal ease.

"I hardly expected to—to see you—here—Miss Carew—"

"*Miss Carew!*" The hands dropped in dismay. "King, this is really too bad of you! To call me Miss Carew,—*me*, who, in our strenuous infancy, used to shut my eyes and bait your fish hooks! I can't believe you've dropped the old familiar 'Iris.' Is three years, then, so long a time? Come, sir, no more of Miss Carew to the Rainbow Girl!" she finished automatically, but with a somewhat tremulous little smile.

Stanilaus, quite disarmed by her appealing frankness, capitulated at once and caught penitently at the ignored hand.

"Forgive me, Iris. You know I couldn't forget you. But I thought—I thought—that after that night when

you—So much happens in three years—"

He broke off abruptly, a hard tension in his blue eyes. When his glance wandered back to her, she was conscious of a new note—a heartier one—in his voice.

"It's the same old Rainbow Girl!" was his grave verdict, as he bent to scrutinize the charming face. "A little sunnier, a little franker, a thousand times lovelier, than of old, but not a whit changed for all her foreign polish."

Iris laughed gaily,—a sweet bird note that went tingling strangely through his sensibilities. Not that he had forgotten how Iris Carew could laugh. It was, perhaps, the sudden realization that he had not forgotten and a completer awakening to the reality of her presence.

"But it isn't the same Rex!" she teased. "Why, the King of the old days stood at the head of all beaudom, and was far more at home in veiling a delicate compliment than piloting a liner into Boston harbor! No, no," with a sudden transition to earnestness, "there's been a change and one that I'm glad to see. I could tell it the moment you stepped aboard!"

"You knew me then!" chagrined.

"Of course, you ridiculous boy!" cried Miss Carew delightedly. "Your voice first caught me, then when you pulled off that disreputable old hat, with a grace that Newport was never able to rival, I knew you in a minute! Fraud! you clapped it on like a flash when you saw me,—no, no, don't try to deny it, sir, you know you did! I've been here," exultingly, "for the last hour, staring at your exceedingly becoming Yale shoulders—broader

than ever!—and wondering why the flawless King Stanilaus should cut the poor little Rainbow Girl!”

All the satisfaction she got for her complaint was an anxious, “You’re getting so wet, Iris, and the weather outlook is squally. See, the rest have gone below. Hadn’t you better, too?”

“Oh, dear me, no! I like to be wet! Why, it was this way the whole time in London, and think of the yachting-jaunts of the old days when you and I—”

“So you were in London?” hastily. “The continent then didn’t monopolize you entirely. I suppose you have been the gayest of the gay for the last three years?”

“Um-m, perhaps,” with a dubious shake that set adrift several wayward tendrils from under the tilting cap, “but taken altogether, it was just all-round stupid. Paris—Florence—Lucerne Lakes—Moscow—Calcutta—bah! Same beaten track of the tiresome old guide-book—you know it! Of course, it was exciting enough, at the time, but oh, we are so glad to get back to America, papa and I. Dear old Boston, I wonder if it’s changed any!” She peered dreamily through the mists as though seeking a premature glimpse of that beloved place, a thousand times dearer in its comparison with other lands.

“Boston you will find much the same,” returned Stanilaus slowly, his forehead contracting with pain. “I—I haven’t seen beyond its wharves for the last six months, so I cannot say with certainty—”

Miss Carew clapped her hands encouragingly. “Go on, tell me all about yourself, that’s a darling child. Not one line did I get from you,” reproach-

fully, “so now you must make it up to me.”

“Myself!” with a savage laugh, “an inspiring subject! Do you expect to be thrilled, Iris, by the story of such a deadweight failure as I am—”

“Rex!”

He glanced up quickly, his own eyes losing a little of their steely cynicism as they met her look of pain. Turning away, he resumed unsteadily:

“It—it’s something of a change, isn’t it, Iris, from the steam yacht, Sea Island and all,—to this?”

“The dear, *dear* little ‘Whirlwind’!” murmured Iris, regretfully. “But for all that, I like this better,” rearing her dauntless head. “On the yacht we romped like a lot of foolish children, but this is a man’s work, worth the doing, for it calls for brawn and steady nerves, and ability and courage. One must be *worth* something, if he can do this splendid work and do it well. I tell you, King, I’m proud of you, for rising so nobly above pink-teadom!”

Her voice rose excitedly with the flush on her cheek and the sparkle in her eye.

“Over the *wreck* of pink-teadom, you mean.” Stanilaus laughed in spite of himself, to cover the deep inward glow her words kindled. “I little thought that my cruising around in these waters with my dainty ‘Whirlwind’ till I knew every rock and headland by heart, was to prepare the way for handling ocean greyhounds, when Fortune turned fickle. I’ve always loved the sea, so when I found myself up against the bread-and-butter issue, I turned at once to old Father Neptune. Iris!” squaring about with a sudden impulse, “Do you remember

what you—said to me—the evening before you—sailed?”

“Never mind that,” Miss Carew spoke quickly, avoiding his steady look. “It was horrid of me! Forget—”

“I would not forget if I could!” in a tone of bitter reminiscence. “A month from that night came the crash, and on the heels of it father’s stroke, and—you heard?”

“Just the barest facts,” she confessed eagerly. “The failure, your father’s illness and the news of your seafaring. We were in Munich at the time.”

“Such things travel far. Well, during those months, I had good reason to recall your deserved rebuke. Cut loose from my moorings, with poor old dad on my conscience, it came like an invigorating, if bitter, tonic. Others had pretended to lecture me on my worthlessness—pretty, prattling creatures with heavenly eyes and no intellect to speak of—you know the breed,—and I had laughed them aside and dawdled worse than ever. But the Rainbow Girl—bless her heart!—struck right at the root of the disorder, in her own fearless, wholesome way, probing my conscience and conceit in masterly style. No, no, Iris, don’t reproach yourself. Rather, congratulate yourself that your cure was so effective and that your no-account chum is trying to become something more than an ‘elegant noodle’ and a ‘leader of toy cotillions!’”

“Wretched boy!” chafed Miss Carew, divided between tears and vexed laughter. “Why *do* you persist in quoting my rude words? Oh, I daresay I said some perfectly abominable things that night, for I had

quite lost patience with you. And to think that the very next time we met, it should be aboard a liner where you were doing this grand, useful work! It makes me happier than anything else in the world!”

The piercing glance he threw her was sufficiently puzzling in its skepticism, but she appeared not to see it. Her bright eyes were roving beyond him to a tall woman approaching them from the main hatchway.

“There’s Auntie! Look, Rex, the one with the empress air and Doucet cloak! And von Krell, of course, toddling along in her wake. You must meet them, King—you’ll like Baron von Krell immensely. Good! they’re coming this way!”

Stanilaus clutched at the rail, the bronze fading from his cheek. Oh, what was it that laid a paralysis on the hand he would have outstretched to stop her?

“Von Krell! Oh, good God! not *that*—not von Krell, Iris! Spare me that!”

But she had flitted away deaf to his agonized protest, so he squared his shoulders desperately, bracing himself for the blow. He would take it with good grace, for she must never know how cruel a stab she administered.

It was *her* voice that dispelled the miserable revery.

“Aunt Iris, this is my old friend, Mr. Stanilaus. Known each other ever since the Dark Ages. My aunt, Miss Carew, Rex, likewise, and also Baron von Krell, on his first visit to America.”

As in a trance, he went through the motions of acknowledging this characteristic introduction, mechanically

conscious the while that Miss Carew, Sr., was the most royally brilliant woman he had ever met, and the big German the ruddiest of his kind,—meantime rating himself furiously for such triviality of observation.

"You're a very fortunate man, Baron," he heard himself saying. "Yes, the news of your engagement to Miss Carew flew across the Atlantic first thing. My dear sir, you will have the most charming Baroness—"

And so on,—oh, what unutterably dreary rot it was! Congratulate her?—his Rainbow Girl, what a farce! A thousand times, *no!* His nerve was beginning to fail. Oh, *why* didn't they go?

The mist before his eyes cleared away and there was only Iris standing before him, with folded hands.

He essayed a feeble commonplace.

"I didn't know you had a handsome young aunt—"

"Of course you didn't, although I'm her namesake. She's made her home abroad for the last ten years, and only condescends to return to her old home to be married. I must say," elevating a scornful little nose, "that for a knightly Stanilaus, you didn't treat her very prettily! You might have had the decency to felicitate her on her Baron!"

"Her—! Iris, Iris, what are you saying? Do you mean *you're not* engaged to von Krell?" vibrating breathless, between hope and despair.

There was an electric pause, broken only by the swirl of water plowed up by the liner's bow. Then the light of revelation leaped into the girl's face; her mouth twitched, and small twinkles of mischief spilled from her whimsical eyes.

"What does it matter to you, pray?"

"To see my Rainbow Girl borne away? Oh, nothing, nothing at all! Just—death!" He turned away bitterly.

Over his shoulder floated a low enchanting laugh.

"You dear, misguided infant! I've seen too many Americans to be dazzled into matrimony with any of the needy European nobility! I'll leave that to Aunt Iris! and the moral, O, blind sir, is—put not your trust in society columns, for lo! they shall—"

Stanilaus caught impetuously at the hands that were stealing prudently behind her back.

"Iris! Dear love, let me see your face!"

"Oh, how outrageously wet I'm getting! Rex, let me go!"

"Never, never! Dear, dear little Rainbow Girl, all through these three long, dark years, I have dreamed of this moment and tried to put aside the torturing thought of a life without your love! Iris, it is all over—the luxury I might have brought you. Nothing is left but a poor pilot of liners, but if you're willing to finish your work of making a man of him, my precious Rainbow Girl—"

"Dear, let me go! there's that odious second mate staring—"

"Iris!" pleaded the voice, inexorably.

The answer was a mere murmur with a soft laugh thrilling through it. "O, King, live forever!"

Closer and closer the ash cloak was folded in the big oilskin, till yachting cap and helmet touched.

Together they watched the majestic sweep of the "Osprey," as she steamed from high seas into port.

An Historical Snow Storm

By Amy Woods

JUST six years ago, on Tuesday, the first day of February, Boston became the battle ground of the fiercest war of the elements known for twenty-five years. The contending storms had been gathering forces for more than a week, one in the neighborhood of the Southern Capes, the other having headquarters on the shore of Lake Huron and drawing upon the entire lake region. Their movements were so unusual that even the Weather Bureau had no idea of their tactics, and gave out the preceding night a prediction of a drop in temperature. What really happened was a steady rise in the thermometer from zero to thirty degrees during Monday, and the snow flakes which fell so gently in the morning came faster and faster, until at dusk the two mighty armies from South and West were in fiercest combat.

All night the battle raged, and when the dawn came it found a city transformed. It was fairyland upon which the sun rose—a city hushed in an enchanted sleep. Over the ground was spread a mantle of unbroken whiteness. On the Common the trees, heavy laden, bent to the ground. Every building was a marble palace; every little knob was capped with snow. The staid New England spires were changed to Eastern minarets of icy splendor. The snow, too, had played many fantastic tricks—it was wet and clinging and had caught

on each little projection, changing, enlarging and remodelling statues to grotesque proportions.

Yet these were merely the superficial, the æsthetic effects of the giant storm; this was as the city appeared to the eye of the artist or the poet. It was found that Boston, clothed in her mantle of surpassing beauty, was a helpless cripple. Her wires were down, her trains were at a standstill, and her street car service was completely paralyzed.

The morning revelations of the previous night's occurrences gave ample proof of the magnitude of the storm. Some were romantic, and thrilling, and some were serious. But for the most part the spirit of adventure tempered the discomfiture that had beset the public, and those who accepted the situation philosophically far out-numbered the grumblers.

The serious blockading had begun about eleven o'clock Monday night with patrons of the theatres vainly calling for cabs. The suburbanites were in a dilemma. Some spent the night at the hotels, which were overcrowded; five hundred got as far as the Union Station, and could get no farther. Those who were on the outgoing trains were stalled a little way from the city, and spent the night under umbrellas to keep off the snow which drifted in through the ventilators. In the morning, foraging expeditions started out and returned with

chilled oranges, crackers and milk, which were distributed to the passengers. Most of these night trains were twenty-four hours reaching their destination. One train took sixteen hours to go from Boston to Dedham. Another train on the southern division of the Boston and Maine worked its way with the aid of three

subway crowded with people were held up long before they could reach their destinations, and stood motionless, unable to advance or retreat, the wheels clogged, the fenders jammed against a bank of snow, and despite the fact that over seven thousand men were set to work long before dawn, it was not until three o'clock Tuesday



"IT WAS FAIRYLAND UPON WHICH THE SUN ROSE—A CITY HUSHED IN AN ENCHANTED SLEEP"

engines pounding back and forth, only to be stopped a few miles out by a mass of fallen wires across the tracks.

But on the whole, the railroad service suffered far less interference than did the street car system. Hundreds of electric cars that had left the

afternoon that any were again running. Unwary passengers who were thus snow bound for twelve hours or more were fed by those good Samaritans along the route who were able to get to the cars with hot coffee and sandwiches. They might certainly have felt that they had had a

taste of Ben Franklin's famous receipt for home-made sleighing: "Stand in a tub of cold water in the hall of one's house, with an open door, back and front, for a good draught, and jingle a string of sleigh bells,"—the clang of the electric bell being substituted for the more poetic sound. Probably they encountered as much danger as such

Except for this the city would have been in total darkness, for electric light poles gave way, as well as telegraph and telephone, before the awful wind, and as they fell, the arc globes ran out to the end of the iron arm, came to a stop with a jerk, and broke. The light sputtered and died to a purple spark, then flared up in a



"ON THE COMMON, THE TREES, HEAVY LADEN, BENT TO THE GROUND"

a course would furnish, for the wind blew all night at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and electric poles, with their heavy freight of wire, crashed down about them. Many mistook the vivid flashes which came from the electric lights for sheet lightning, and marvelled at the strange phenomenon.

dazzling white light. From under the gathering snow, live wires sent forth vivid flashes of green and sometimes crimson light. In place of thunder came the constant booming of guns signalling distress off the coast. It was a brilliant and terrible scene. Zeus had arranged a gigantic spectacular

performance with Boston for the stage setting.

Tuesday morning it was also found that all communication with the outside world was cut off within a radius of fifty miles. The fire department was useless. Bells and whistles had lost their power to signal "No School." Banks were closed. Dry goods stores

house managed to get there, but dispersed after discussing the storm. Neither branch of the General Court was opened. Such a storm could even block Uncle Sam's business. The outgoing mail to New York was stalled at Forest Hills,—the incoming mail did not arrive, and only that which was in the West End Street Railway's



THE SHAW MONUMENT REMODELLED

opened with a small corps behind the counter, but closed before noon because of lack of customers, and carried home their employees in delivery wagons when going was possible to a certain extent.

Affairs at the State House were at a standstill; a few members of each

mail cars was delivered at the post-office that day. It was carried from the cars in five sleighs.

As for the suburbs, they might as well have been in Kamchatka, for all they knew about Boston. It was a time to get out a volume of "Snow Bound," build up the open fire, and

fancy you were back in your grandfather's time, when just such emergencies were planned for, and the red ears hung from the rafters waiting to be popped into a miniature snow storm. Piazzas, steps, yard, road and stone wall were all one, obliterated by the great drifts which the wind had

the others, whose persistency went unrewarded, turned home later.

One over-conscientious man walked six miles to the city on snow shoes, and staid the rest of the day at the druggist's in a state of total collapse, while his fellow-workers took advantage of the enforced holiday, and on



THE FROG POND

piled up on its unimpeded way through the open country. Men dug their way to the station with shovels. Had warrants been issued in time, a great deal of town business might have been officially settled while they waited. As it was, the more easily convinced turned homeward at ten, and

an impromptu pair of snow shoes, made of the baby-carriage runners and an old sheet, enjoyed the luxurious extravagance of nature.

Still another man of the conscientious type went on horseback to Boston, only to find the doors of his banking house closed against him;

and a newspaper reporter, wishing to break the record, hired relays of teams, and got to his paper at noon.

The northern suburbs suffered the most—Malden especially. One lady, who went from a town next but one adjoining Malden, on Monday was unable to return to her home until Friday.

Enterprising men, who had pungs and Yankee shrewdness, got them out and plied a good trade after the first roads were broken, carrying stray travellers to town for a good round price.

General Bancroft, president of the West End Street Railway Company, was called up by telephone at his home in Cambridge Monday night at two o'clock. He started at once for Boston, but his sleigh was stuck before reaching the bridge and he was obliged to walk the rest of the way, arriving at the office at half past three. From that time, strenuous efforts were made to keep the tracks clear and to free those already blocked. Seventy-eight horse snow plows and one hundred and fifty electric plows were started in different directions. Men were engaged as rapidly as they applied at the car stables, and were set to work at the nearest spot. There was no excuse for the unemployed that day. The street railway alone estimated the cost of repairing damage at two hundred thousand dollars.

As the day advanced, the firing of cannon came less often, and the silence following told all too plainly the fate of the poor mariners whose appeals could not be answered. The loss of life and destruction of vessels were the worst ever caused by any

storm in the vicinity of Boston. In Gloucester Harbor, over thirty vessels went down during the night.

As has been said before, telegraphic communication was completely discontinued and it was not until trains had succeeded in reaching Worcester that any news could be given or received from the outside world. It was found there that wires were in good condition to New York. All messages between towns in the New England States had to be sent via New York until late Wednesday evening. As soon as New York received word from Boston, three gangs of men were sent to Framingham to work toward Boston on the Postal Telegraph wires, and seven gangs started from the city to work toward them.

The Western Union was a little more fortunate, as both wires from New York to Newton were found in good condition, and the company was able to patch up the wires this side of Newton.

News of the Gloucester disasters reached Boston in a round-about way that shows the indomitable enterprise of the modern newspaper reporter. Finding no direct means of communication, he cabled to London; from London his message was cabled to New York; from New York it was wired to Worcester, and from Worcester brought by special train to Boston. Fearing some unforeseen delay, he also started a man on snow shoes to walk to Boston, and prepared another copy to go direct by train. All three arrived in time for the Wednesday morning paper, but the cablegram arrived first and was the one used.

Fancy good Governor Winthrop's surprise at the rapidity of good old quiet Boston!

Although the centre of the storm was in Boston, it was by no means confined to eastern Massachusetts. Maine suffered with an intense cold wave which lasted nearly two weeks,

"Portia," which was hastening to their assistance, was caught in an ice jam and unable to reach shore or be reached.

New Hampshire received her share, especially in the eastern part, and reported that passengers were imprisoned in trains near Portsmouth and



A VISTA OPPOSITE THE PARK STREET MALL

before terminating in a heavy fall of snow. The mercury, vacillating between twenty and forty-three degrees below zero, had broken the record of the last twenty-five years.

From Newfoundland came the report that fishermen on the coast were starving, while the Red Cross steamer

had to go without food for thirteen hours.

Rhode Island suffered, especially near Providence, where traffic was blocked for some time, while Connecticut was hardly affected at all.

As for the gale which accompanied the fall of snow, it was felt as far

south as Virginia, and as far west as Chicago, holding a speed of more than twenty-seven miles an hour for eleven hours.

For many days after the principal thoroughfares were opened, Boston streets at the North End were blocked and the fire engines on several occasions were obliged to plough through snow up to the hubs, and the men to wade through drifts to reach the sidewalks.

It is an awe-inspiring sight to see an active city laid at rest as completely as though she had inhaled a powerful anæsthetic. So on Tuesday morning lay Boston wrapped in the complete silence of insensibility. Tuesday evening the full round moon shone down on her and lighted her still silent streets. That, too, was a beautiful sight never to be forgotten. But far greater than either was the spectacle of her awakening. By Wednesday afternoon, she was well started from complete inertia to her usual activity. By Thursday she was in running order again except for the irregularity of the mails. And Friday saw a complete recovery from her attack of locomotor ataxia.

There is a saying that the snow will be as deep as the icicles are long—which proved quite true. From eaves and gutters hung long icy stalactites, each a veritable sword of Damocles to passers below when the first sign of thaw appeared. The sidewalks had to be roped off and roof shovelling became a science. Men suspended by ropes from the ridge poles of slanting roofs crawled guardedly to the edge and shovelled their way

slowly back. Others were swung from derricks out over the copings to clear away the face of a building, and the unwary traveller beneath, even though he were outside the rope, was in constant danger of an uncompromising blow or at least the ruining of his hat.

Despite the many dangers from such experiences, and collisions, and exposure, and live wires, which were by far the greatest danger of all, there was an unusually small number of casualties. Excepting the tragedies on the sea, where twenty-two men were recorded lost in Massachusetts Bay alone, and the many others who found an unmarked grave, only three Italians were killed by exposure.

But although the loss of life was comparatively small, the loss of property was inestimable. Reckoning the loss to telegraph and telephone and lighting companies, to steam and electric railroads, and the expense of the city with the shipping losses and the loss of practically two days' business in every department of trade, the total must have reached high up in the millions. And besides all this, there was the irremediable injury to the elms on the Common and the Public Garden and in the old Granary Burying Ground, and, in fact, through the entire storm-beaten region.

Against this gloomy record of loss and disaster the storm can be credited with one triumphant achievement: The snow that covered the ground with a mantle of white yielded two white pages to the criminal records. There was practically no crime committed in Boston on the 31st of January and the 1st of February, 1898.



HARBOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND

The Newfoundland of To-Day

By Day Allen Willey

ATALE which tells of four centuries of heroism is that of Britain's oldest colony. Since the first settlers disembarked in the new-found-land of Cabot, to this day, the people have shown themselves to be the Vikings of the West. In their struggle for existence they have merely sought to place the ocean under tribute,—not to conquer others,—but in doing this have performed deeds of valor and shown endurance and courage which have rarely been equalled by the seafarers of the world. They were forced to become fishers or starve, and upon the waters do they still depend. Happily this part of the Atlantic forms the world's greatest fish pond, and he who ventures upon it is often richly rewarded, although there are times when fortune does not fa-

vor and the islander may return from his week's or month's quest with little store against the long, cold winter season with its weeks of enforced idleness.

A strange paradox is it that the great oceanic river which flows southward from the pole, encircling Labrador's bleak peninsula and eddying about the promontories of Newfoundland, should teem with living creatures which form the food of not only the cod but the whale, and small fish the prey of the seal. To the Arctic current is due the existence of the colony, for should it cease to flow the fisheries would be a memory and the people forced to cross the Atlantic to follow their occupation. It is a river of life and death, for on its bosom are borne the bergs and floes of ice in spring and early summer that aid in en-

shrouding the ocean. As the traveller sails past the jagged black line that marks the southern coast, here and there he sees a hulk not yet pounded to pieces by the breakers—the work of a fog wreck. Others there are on the bottom beneath him, their steel hulls shattered by the wall of ice unseen in the mist until too late to be avoided. The Arctic and the Gulf streams have given this expanse of water the title of the “graveyard of

of land. A week may elapse when the skipper can not see the sun to get his bearings, and must moor or drift until the fog lifts with only the faint notes of the horn or the clang of the fog bell to warn the other craft of his presence. If a southeast gale sweeps over the ocean, he must trust to his anchor to help him ride it out. He may be late on the Banks and caught in winter’s clutches, make his way as best he can to the nearest port with



CREW OF A GRAND BANKS FISHING VESSEL, SHOWING THE TYPE OF MEN WHO ARE THE VIKINGS OF THE WEST

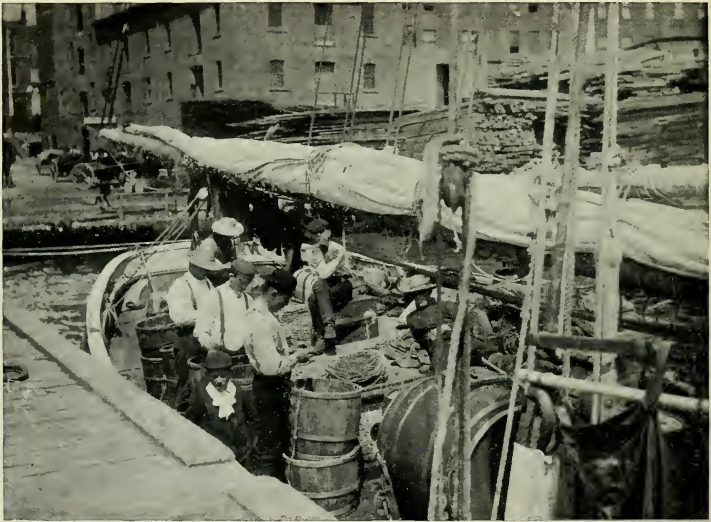
the Atlantic,”—a name that the men of Newfoundland know only too well, for upon it they have sailed to and fro year after year as did their fathers and forefathers—and it is not every voyager who returns. Perhaps the “Banks” fishermen risk the most, but it is on this vast submarine plateau that the largest and finest fish are taken, so he is willing to go the miles and miles to reach it, often to remain a month or more with never a glimpse

his crew half frozen, for a fisher tempts fate by remaining too long in order to fill his hold. But the next year finds the trim little schooner “fitting out” at St. Johns, or in one of the sheltered southern coves, to again gather the sea harvest—though perhaps another captain will take the wheel and more than a few new hands will coil the lines and bait the hooks.

But it is a wild, free life they live, bringing out the sterner stuff in a

man. Constant battling with the sea has caused them to defy its varying moods, still, familiarity has not bred contempt. No one knows better what the Atlantic means when in anger, but he of the Banks prefers the storm to the mist. The one he can fight openly. He knows his chances for victory or defeat. The other is a treacherous foe, stealing upon him, silently, suddenly. He can not tell

are driven together, for it is indeed a shroud that covers the waters so thickly one can not peer a hundred feet into its mysteries. As it lifts, so rise the spirits of the crew, and as the ocean puts on a smiling face, the white crests of the waves glistening in the sunlight, they call cheerily to each other and sing as they haul away at the lines and pass the fare into the hold.

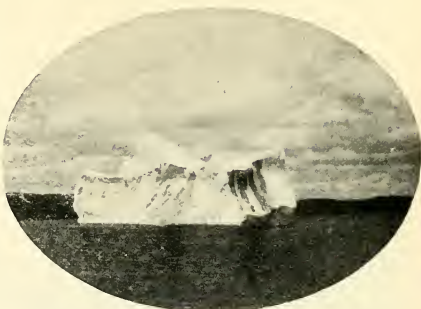


FITTING OUT A FISHING SCHOONER FOR A CRUISE. COILING THE LINES

what it conceals—possibly a great liner hurrying across the ocean ferry at express train speed. Should he be in its path the fog bell or horn are of little avail—a crash, and his boat is out of sight or a mass of wreckage, before the steamer can check her speed. There may be a thousand craft on this ground in the season, and often they

The crews of to-day have two ways of fishing. From the deck is thrown the hand line, going down twenty or thirty fathoms to where the cod, lazily swimming or floating just above the bottom, sees the tempting morsel and snatches it in preference to exerting himself to get other food. Up he is pulled to the surface, thence to the deck. A boy takes the fish from the

hook, baits it and hands it back to the fisher to be again cast. A few slashes of a knife and the cod is open and cleaned to be thrown into the hold, where, rubbed in salt, he is packed away with the others already caught, to remain until the cargo is taken out at the home port. But while the crew are thus pulling in and casting, out on the sea perhaps a mile, perhaps two or three hours' sail of the dory, lashed to the deck are a line of floats bobbing up and down. The little flags at each end of the floats guide the dorymen to the set line from which a hundred or two hundred other lines extend to the bottom. Once or twice a day this miniature fishery is visited to secure its yield and bait the hooks. If the school is large the boat may be filled to the gunwale before all the hooks are examined, for the Banks cod may weigh from ten to fifteen



ONE OF THE ICEBERGS WHICH MENACE THE FISHERMEN

pounds. To guide the dory back safely the men bend to the oars hour after hour against the head wind, braving the danger of being swamped in the heavy seas. Hereabouts, gales spring up as suddenly as the fog descends, and many a boat's crew has been driven away before the storm, never to be again heard from. Unfortunately cod are fickle. They move in great groups here and there, sometimes lingering a time over one spot. While they are biting the fishers work far into the night gathering in the harvest, but when they cease, sail must be spread in the cruise to find another school, which may mean days or a week of idleness.

Hours before the dark line on the horizon that marks the island coast is visible the vessel bound hither passes the "near shore" fishermen, sometimes a hundred miles from the nearest harbor, yet riding at anchor with sails furled, or beating about in search of a ground. Much frailer and smaller than the staunch bankers, which range from 100 to 150 tons burthen, with their crews of a score or more, these may contain only two or three men.



THE CODFISH OF THE GRAND BANKS WHICH TEMPT A THOUSAND CREWS YEARLY TO BRAVE THEIR DANGERS



GROUP OF CHILDREN IN A NEWFOUNDLAND
FISHING HAMLET

Some are merely open boats without even a deck, in which the islanders venture out for two or three days, trusting to a fair wind to bring them home speedily. In their quest they are often led far out of sight of land and left to the mercy of storm and fog. They incur the additional danger of being driven ashore, which is not risked by their brethren on the Banks, and not a few meet fate in this way. One may count fifty such craft in the range of vision at one time. They are not confined to any one locality. In the bays and on the open sea they sail to the east, south and west. But onward forges the ship until, as the shore looms up plainly, still smaller craft, some without even a sail, dot the surface of the water, coming from the mere cracks and crevices which pierce the bluff. Out in the morning and back at night, if no mishap befalls, they hail from the hamlets built on some isolated plateau, or perhaps a scanty patch of beach, which nature has reluctantly

provided, a cleft amid the rocky ledges.

And as the men of the Grand Banks have gone down to the sea for centuries, so the people of some of these coast villages have existed since the early days of the colony on what their boats have brought in at the nightfall. Over 250 years ago was Quidi Vidi founded. Its settlement dates nearly as far back as St. Johns, from which it is distant an hour's walk, yet now, as in the first year of its occupation, its dozen boats pass out to sea in the morning and return at night through a rift in the rocks just wide enough to admit them. On the little band of fishers the hundred or so people absolutely depend. Their cluster of huts called homes and the modest church edifice are built on a rocky slope from which springs no green thing save a few tufts of grass and weeds, and here and there a tree. The gardens of Quidi Vidi are "flakes" on which the women and children salt and spread the cargoes of the fish boats to cure by the aid of the sunlight. The banks of Quidi Vidi are the sheds where the cod piled in heaps, like so many slabs of fire wood, represent so much money to be guarded as zealously as gold treasure, for the cod is indeed the "currency" of Newfoundland, to be exchanged for other food and clothing with the tradesmen. The other industry of Quidi Vidi is boat and sail making merely for the fishers. So life has gone on in this corner of the world, as it has in scores of other settlements which fringe the great island. From the sea has come their sustenance and the history of one is the history of nearly all. Necessity has often driven their folk to risk life

amid the waves of an Atlantic storm, for hunger will not wait for the gale to pass, and these coast fishers frequently venture out in the very midst of winter, when their lines must be cast amid the ice cakes. Then there is the additional danger of freezing, while many a boat has been crushed or carried out to sea by one of the treacherous currents which move the floes.

be stowed aboard is carried, for their mission is to secure as many "pelts" as possible of the seals for whom the ice cakes form a nursery at this time of the year. Here they are born and nurtured for the first months of their life, and so numerous are they that a single floe a half acre in extent may sustain a score or more. As the ships steam farther and farther northward the lookout at each masthead scans the



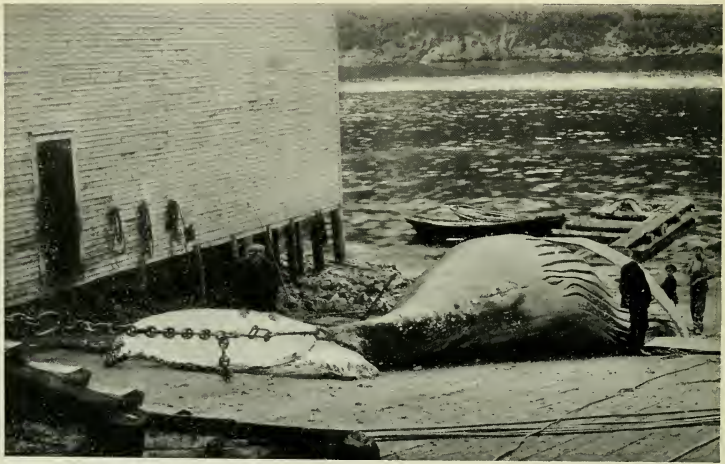
LEAVING THE HARBOR OF ST. JOHNS FOR THE GREAT SEAL HUNT—VESSEL FORCING ITS WAY THROUGH THE ICE

Yet, were it not for the annual southern movement of the ice fields the seal hunters would have no occupation. About the middle of March a fleet of steamships leave St. Johns and other harbors to go as far as possible to the north. Framed with heavy timbers and their hulls formed of a double coating of plank, they are built purposely to push their way through the ice. Every man who can

horizon for signs of seal. As fast as groups are sighted parties of hunters are landed on the edge of the pack in boats. Then they must shift for themselves. To reach the animals they may have to leap crevices in the ice where a fall would mean to be ground to death. The mass, constantly in agitation, may open at one's feet and engulf him, but there is no time to think of what may happen.

As fast as a seal is reached, a blow on the head with the iron-pointed staff kills it. Out comes the knife, and the skin and blubber are removed with a few rapid strokes, to be tied in a bundle. If the seals are numerous, as fast as taken the "pelts" are left in a pile to be removed to the ship later by the most available route. Hour after hour the men scramble over the frozen masses, here clambering the sides of a berg, there balancing themselves on

the long night they burn the seal blubber to keep from freezing, only to find with daybreak that they are out of sight of the rest of human kind. Perilous as is the vocation of the Banks fisher, he has his boat beneath him, but here a man is indeed helpless, for he knows not when a gale may come up and break the mass into pieces. He has no means of leaving it and can only trust in Providence and wait for the rescuers. A year



DRAWING A CARCASS ASHORE AT A WHALING STATION TO BE CUT UP FOR THE BONE AND OIL

a cake just large enough to sustain their weight, thus crossing from mass to mass. There is no time for rest or refreshment until all that can be reached are killed or darkness forces them to cease. Many a party wanders miles away from the nearest ship which gradually separates from them by the ice movements. At any moment a snow storm may come up which hides them from view. Compelled to remain on the floe through

rarely passes without some of the hunting parties being frozen to death or driven out to sea on a floe, never to be seen again. Yet every winter from 5,000 to 6,000 men eagerly volunteer for this service, as they are paid according to the number of seals each kills. As the result of this part of the sea harvest a single ship may return after her six weeks cruise with the pennant flying which shows she has over 50,000 pelts in her hold. This

means fur to the value of about £20,000, to say nothing of the oil.

It is in the waters to the north and west of the island that the whale frequently appears at certain seasons of the year, feeding on the animal life carried through the Straits of Belle Isle and into the numerous fjords of this American Norway. Not only is the cetacean pursued in steam vessels

oar takes part. The larger craft usually have a harpoon gun mounted in the bow, but sometimes the weapon is driven into the whale by hand. Cautiously the little flotilla approaches the spot from which the monster is "blowing" his columns of water into the air, the crews gradually separating in the effort to surround him. As the larger boats come within firing dis-



ROBERT G. REID, THE THOMAS BRASSEY OF THE ISLAND,
AND BUILDER OF ITS REMARKABLE RAILROAD

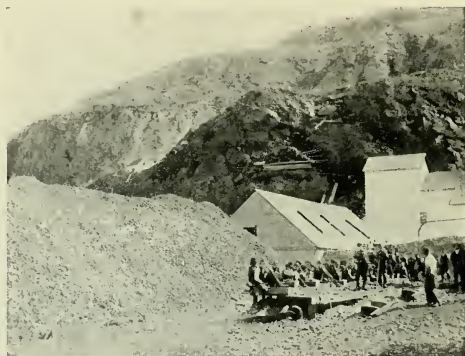
purposely built and equipped, but the whale hunters of northwestern Newfoundland do not fear to attack him in small boats. Familiar with his habits they have arranged stations on natural eminences, overlooking some of the favorite feeding grounds. The appearance of a whale near any of the settlements is a signal for an exodus to the boats; every man able to handle an

tance the gunners discharge their pieces, while the others dash in and endeavor to use the hand weapons. Then ensues a contest which is thrilling in the extreme as the creature plunges here and there in his endeavor to escape. Many a line is broken and often a boat is struck and smashed, but the whalers know well the loss if their prey escapes, and it is really sel-

dom that the capture is not effected, unless it happens that an unusually large one has been harpooned. After it has turned on its side—a sign that life is extinct—perhaps it must be towed a dozen miles or more to the station where the carcass can be hauled out of the water by a steam engine, cut into pieces, the valuable whalebone removed and the oil extracted from the blubber.

An army of 60,000 compose these sea toilers whose devotion to their tasks provides for nearly 150,000 more,

its pioneers have led such a different life that in appearance and speech they appear to be a distinct race. But they have not degenerated. The struggle for existence for themselves as well as for those dependent on them has increased rather than diminished the sturdiness and rugged courage inherited from the past. Their life despite its suffering and hardships has tended to their elevation and progress, for it is beyond question that as a people they have advanced in civilization much more than some others who



WORKERS OF A COPPER MINE—AND A PILE OF ORE. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE ROCKS WHICH ARE COMPOSED OF IT

—the women and children and aged,—for lads scarcely in their teens take their places in the boats with brothers and fathers—there is work for them as well. Many whose ancestors followed Drake, Grenville, Raleigh out of England's west country, and were adventurers sometime in the Southern ocean, are among the island dwellers. Some have descended from the survivors of Gilbert's ill-fated expedition. Devon has done much in colonizing the island, although the descendants of

have not had to overcome such obstacles as Nature has placed in their way. The true Newfoundlander loves his island home as the true Englishman loves his Sussex or his Durham, and the visitor notes a public spirit pervading every section, whether he is in the capital itself or chances in a northern hamlet whose people are separated half of the year by winter's grasp from others of their kind. An illustration of this sentiment was given when the island authorities determined

to link the east and west with a highway of steel. The building of the Newfoundland railroad would never have been accomplished had not the fishermen by the thousands responded to the call for assistance, and grasping spade and shovel completed this highway nearly seven hundred miles through the wilderness. It was a remarkable exploit which Robert G. Reid thus planned, and well earned for him the title of the "Thomas Brassey of America." Never was a railroad built in a region more sparsely populated. Along the route mountains were to be dug through, pathways cut in great forests, and rivers and lakes crossed on bridges notable for their length, but this, the greatest public work in the history of the island, was at last successfully accomplished because it appealed to the pride of the people; they realized it was for the good of all. When the first train left St. Johns for the western shore a new era was indeed inaugurated.

Had the natural resources he possesses been exploited as in other countries, the lot of the Newfoundlander might not have been as hard, but like those who have gone before him, he has kept his eye turned seaward for his livelihood, and to this day merely

the edge of the great island is inhabited except for the few settlements along the railway. One may wander hundreds of miles over moor and valley in the interior and meet no human being save an occasional hunter or angler to whom this region is a sportsman's paradise, but enough has been discovered to predict that the riches hidden away in the hills and contained in the forests may one day equal the wealth of what annually comes from the waters. Something is already known of it. Peculiar looking "stones" which a fisherman used as ballast and emptied on the wharf at St. Johns were pieces of iron ore which led to the discovery of the island of metal which feeds one of the greatest Canadian industries. A child found a glittering pebble on the beach of a fishing cove and carried it home. A geologist chanced to see it, and this is why Newfoundland yields a sixth of the world's supply of copper. Gradually but surely interest is increasing in what is beneath the earth as well as beneath the sea, and the next decade may see the Newfoundlander displaying the same perseverance and energy in seeking these resources which he has so wonderfully exhibited in making the ocean minister to his wants.



Paper Money in the New England Colonies

By Frederic Austin Ogg

IN many respects the darkest phase of the colonial history of New England is that presented by the precarious struggles of the people to obtain a sound and substantial currency. The settlers of Connecticut and Massachusetts and Rhode Island, sprung though they generally were from the well-to-do, self-supporting classes in England, were not men of wealth, and for this reason, as well as because of the fact that the coin of the realm was exceedingly scarce even in London and old Plymouth, they brought out but a very limited supply of money to their new homes in the wilderness. And as years elapsed before they were able to send enough commodities to the mother country to pay for the goods they found it necessary to purchase there, in a short time the colonists found themselves completely drained of the small currency with which they had arrived in America. But taxes had to be paid, salaries made good, and articles of food and manufacture bought and sold. The financial extremity in which the early settlers found themselves drove them to the adoption of various expedients. One of these was the use of wampum, the shell money of the Indians. Another was the arrange-

ment of a system of country pay, i. e., the discharge of obligations, not in coin or paper, but in farm produce or other obtainable commodities—fruits, corn, barley, cattle, poultry, and, in fact, anything possessing a market value. Neither of these styles of currency was at all satisfactory. The wampum had no purchasing power whatever in Europe, and its power in the colonies fluctuated in a most embarrassing manner at different times and in different places. The inconveniences connected with its use gradually drove it from circulation in the latter part of the seventeenth century, although there are records of its employment in isolated cases well down toward the Revolution.

The disadvantages of country pay are obvious. If a man sold a cow he might have to take his pay in potatoes, even though well supplied with that vegetable. The minister must accept his salary in the form of corn or fish or dried beef. The colonial treasury must be ready to receive live stock, as well as all manner of vegetables and cereals, from the tax-paying citizens, and must then contrive to get these more or less perishable commodities off its hands in the discharge of public obligations as speedily and as profitably as possi-

ble. There was practically no common medium of exchange—nothing to correspond to what we know and use as money.

In 1652 Massachusetts attempted to take into her own hands the vexed problem of supplying a uniform and stable currency, and established at Boston the first colonial "minte howse." The result was a considerable issue of pine-tree shillings, six-pences, and three-pences. But even this expedient did not greatly improve matters, at least after a few years. It was found that the coin manufactured in the colonies could be retained scarcely better than that minted in England. Instead of remaining to facilitate local exchange, it was exported in large quantities to Europe. Bullion, too, which the promoters of the mint had hoped would be carried to Boston for coinage, continued still to be shipped to London. The consequence was that by the opening of the last quarter of the seventeenth century the colonists found themselves scarcely better supplied with a circulating medium than they had been thirty or forty years before. The need for money was felt most keenly. Nor was there prospect of an early bettering of conditions so far as either English or American specie was concerned. The colonial legislatures deliberated and improvised, entreated and threatened, in a well-meant but vain endeavor to improve conditions. In 1675 Massachusetts deducted one-fourth from the assessed rates in cases where pay-

ment was made in cash instead of country pay. Two years later, in the exigencies of King Philip's War, the rebate was increased to one-third. The scarcity of specie is indicated by the fact that it was not until 1678—twenty-six years after the establishing of the mint—that a regular money rate for taxation was named in Massachusetts along with the usual corn rates. By 1680 the colonial officials began to be clamorous because of their dislike of accepting farm produce in lieu of cash salaries, and in that year the General Court was constrained to provide that thereafter one-fourth of the clerk's salary should be payable in money. In 1684 it was ordered that back debts for salaries should be payable in the towns where the creditors lived, rather than at the colonial treasury, so as to avoid the expense and loss incident to the transporting of country pay. It appears that by 1685 the rule of remitting one-third of taxes assessed when payment was made in money had become well established in Boston and numerous other localities of Massachusetts.

From all the ills brought down upon the colonists by reason of the scarcity of currency, there seemed to remain but one possible way of escape, and that was the creation of a system of credit and the issuing of a batch of paper money under the authority of the individual colonial governments. The depreciation of wampum, the inconveniences of country pay, the exporting of domestic coin, the utter confusion

and uselessness of specie brought in through the channels of trade, and the consequent paralyzing of industrial and commercial operations, gradually drove the colonists inevitably into the devious paths of fiat money. The first paper currency issued in the colonies by governmental authority was that put out in 1690 by Massachusetts, but before this emission there had been numerous experiments leading in that direction.

It should not be forgotten that the closing years of the seventeenth century and the first quarter of the eighteenth were characterized in Europe by the most gigantic and unfortunate speculative enterprises the world had yet seen. It was not merely the American colonies that had been suffering from a scant currency; every country of western Europe had been struggling in a measure with the same problem, and England prior to 1663 had been under the necessity of absolutely prohibiting all exporting of coin and bullion. In Europe, as in America, there was much discussion of the currency question. The best economists were giving their thought and energy to the devising of an answer to it. The outcome was that, in their groping, the great conception of credit was laid hold of, and without being at all adequately understood, was heralded far and wide as the panacea for every economic ill. If men would but agree upon it, taxes and salaries could be paid, goods could be bought, and all financial obligations could be met, absolutely without

money. A man could be as rich as any one was willing to believe him to be. It was clearly perceived that such credit would enormously increase the efficiency of capital; it was utterly overlooked that such credit is not capital and cannot directly create capital. The craze of credit and speculation which swept Europe was responsible for John Law's project for a *Banque Royale* in France, the French Mississippi Bubble, the English Land Scheme, the South Sea Bubble, and many other less noted episodes in the financial history of the early eighteenth century. The adoption of a paper currency system in the American colonies therefore was by no means an isolated phenomenon, out of harmony with the spirit of the times; it was rendered inevitable not more by local conditions than by the contagion of European example.

It is not possible to determine who among the early New Englanders made the first proposal of a paper currency, or when that proposal was made. It appears that as early as 1636 paper bills were issued in Massachusetts by private persons, but these were nothing more than written promises to pay, and are no more to be considered money than are promissory notes to-day. In 1650 an Englishman by the name of William Potter published a book called "The Key of Wealth, or a New Way for Improving of Trade," in which was set forth an elaborate scheme of paper credit, or "a way to avoid the retarding of trade on account of the

scarcity of gold and silver." There is reason to believe that the book was not without its immediate influence in America as well as in England. At least we find record in this same year of a scheme in Massachusetts for "raising a Banke." By a "banke" the colonists meant simply an issue of paper money, fulfilling the functions of bank bills, as do our treasury notes. It was deemed more expedient at this time, however, to increase the currency by specie than by paper, and instead of the "Banke" the mint was brought into operation two years later.

The most notable of the earlier colonial schemes for a paper currency was that worked out by Governor John Winthrop of Connecticut. Winthrop possessed a copy of Potter's "Key to Wealth," and had studied it, and the problems with which it dealt most assiduously. In 1661, in correspondence with Samuel Hartlib of the Royal Society of England, he submitted a plan for "a way of trade and banke wthout mony," which was received with great interest, and even no little enthusiasm by the best economists of England. Winthrop at first made it appear that the scheme was that of an anonymous friend, rather than his own, but there is every reason to believe that, aside from suggestions derived from Potter's book, the plan was wholly original with the shrewd New England governor. The details of Winthrop's scheme are not as clearly understood as we might wish. It appears that he favored a currency which

would possess something of the credit and expansive power of modern paper money, but without being convertible into specie. In order that the proposed currency should have an obvious value and circulate freely it was to be based on land, or perhaps certain other forms of property. Not even Winthrop yet understood that only by providing for the redemption of such currency in gold and silver could it be sustained in the confidence of the people. Winthrop's well-known shrewdness, honesty and common sense commended his carefully guarded recommendations to the magnates of Lombard Street, and probably on the whole no ideas had yet come out of the New World which created as much of a stir in Europe as did those of the Connecticut governor regarding the Bank of Lands and Commodities.

Three years after the publication of Winthrop's plan for a paper currency the Rev. John Woodbridge made an attempt to interest some influential merchants of New England in a project for "erecting a Fund of Land, by Authority, or Private Persons, in the Nature of a Money-Bank or Merchandise-Lumber"; but no practical result followed. In 1671 a private bank of credit was actually established in Boston, and for several months managed to maintain a considerable business, though it did not issue bills. In 1681 a similar experiment was made, this time including an issue of bills, but without much success. Neither of these pseudo banks was recognized by the Government. In 1686 a "Bank of Credit Lumbard and Exchange of Moneys by Persons of

approved Integrity" was authorized by President Dudley on account of "the great decay of trade, obstructions to manufactures and commerce in this Country, and multiplicity of debts and suits thereupon, principally occasioned by the present scarcity of coyne." This project was likewise short lived.

By 1690 it had been demonstrated repeatedly that paper currency issued under private auspices was a failure, and that if such currency was to be at all practicable it must be devised and managed by the Government. In that year the situation in Massachusetts became particularly serious. Sir William Phipps, soon to be the governor of the colony, had just returned from an unsuccessful expedition against Quebec, and with him a large band of discontented soldiers, who, in lieu of the plunder they had counted upon getting in the French capital, now clamored loudly for pay from the Massachusetts Government. The treasury was in no condition to warrant such an outlay, there being almost no coin and but limited quantities of country pay at its disposal. By almost half a century of discussion, accompanied by several practical experiments, the people of the colony had become inoculated with the credit money idea; so that when the colonial government found itself with a war debt of £50,000 on its hands and no means with which to pay, it was but natural that it should resort to the still by no means discredited scheme of a paper currency. Accordingly, on the tenth of December, 1690, the General Court issued the first £7,000 of bills of credit in denominations

from five shillings to five pounds. In doing so it declared, by way of justification, that "the present poverty and calamities of the country, and through the scarcity of money the want of an adequate measure of commerce," rendered such a course absolutely unavoidable. Twenty-two years afterwards Judge Sewall in his diary took occasion to dispute this necessity. By 1712 the Massachusetts paper money had greatly depreciated, and in opposing the issuing of any more of it, Judge Sewall declared that the first issue had been not "for want of money," but "for want of money in the treasury"—probably a just observation, although certainly money was then very scarce outside as well as inside the coffers of the state.

It would be obviously unfair to expect the originators of the the scheme in 1690 to have foreseen the calamities and disasters which were to follow the issuing of the credit money. From the very beginning the bills began to depreciate. It was easy to print "This indented Bill of Ten Shillings due from the Massachusetts Colony to the Possessor shall be in value equal to money"; but it was an entirely different matter to make the legend mean literally what it said in the marts of trade, as many a man found to his sorrow. In 1692 the General Court passed an act by which the bills were made current for all transactions, and allowing a bonus of five per cent upon them when paid into the public treasury. This latter premium served to keep them for twenty years at par with coin, so far as the payment of taxes and other *public* obligations were concerned.

During the years 1690 and 1691 the amount of paper issued was £40,000; between 1692 and 1702, about £110,000. The decade following 1702 saw at least £194,950 more "made and received into the treasury of Massachusetts."

The example of Massachusetts proved contagious. Other colonies were no less in need of a more ample currency, and no less ready to adopt any sort of scheme which could give promise of relief. By 1712 New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, besides New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, and South Carolina outside New England, had issued various quantities of bills of credit, mainly to aid in defraying the expenses of Queen Anne's War. But though in these colonies, as in Massachusetts, the first steps in the creation of a fiat money were rendered apparently inevitable by the exigencies of war, it quickly became the custom to meet the ordinary expenses of government simply by new issues of bills. This mode of relief from financial stringency was for a while so easy that not one of the colonies saved itself from falling before the temptation. There was but one great difficulty—the same which must eventually ruin every such delusive system of public finance—and that was the depreciation of the new currency by reason of the lack of faith of the people in it. In every colony the increase of the quantity of the paper money was attended by just as marked a depreciation of its value and purchasing power. As Mr. Bullock says in a recent essay, "Sooner or later all the plantations were deeply involved in

the mazes of a fluctuating currency, for the burdens attending the various wars of the eighteenth century were so great as to induce even the most conservative colonies to resort to this easy method of meeting public obligations." Virginia was the last to yield to the pressure, having resisted successfully until 1755.

The wisdom or folly with which the paper currency was managed varied greatly in the different colonies. In Connecticut, for example, the mischief was not so great. Though £33,500 in all were emitted in that colony, the issues were prudently guarded and eventually the entire amount was redeemed by the state at almost its face value. On the other hand, Rhode Island's experience with paper money was in the highest degree discreditable. The history of the paper currency of that colony during the first half of the eighteenth century can hardly be paralleled for recklessness in all the annals of finance. In a general way the evils attending the currency were the same in all the colonies, varying only in intensity. In every case there were numerous good resolutions not to plunge too deeply into the sea of credit, but the pressure of expenditures generally subverted these resolutions sooner or later. After bills had been issued for the meeting of current expenses or war levies taxes were generally assessed with a view to redeeming the paper in the near future. Subsequent assemblies, however, would be strongly tempted to prolong the period during which the paper money should be current, and before redemption had occurred a new issue might be de-

manded by conditions arising. Legislative resolutions that the bills in circulation should not exceed a certain quantity usually went for nothing in the end. Says Bullock: "Laws were often passed providing for the emission of new bills to replace worn or mutilated issues. Then the new money would frequently be placed in circulation without withdrawing and cancelling the old, while bills that had been withdrawn for the original purpose of destroying them would often be re-issued for current expenses."

One of the gravest evils connected with paper money in colonial times was the baleful influence which it exerted on politics. The debtor classes uniformly favored large issues of paper, and were not slow to resort to political agitation to secure them. This was because excessive issues raised prices and depreciated still further the money. The depreciated money could then be used in the paying of debts, and thus the burden of all debts be lightened. As a recent writer has said, "From 1710 to 1789 the political history of most of the colonies was blackened by the most bitter contests of dishonest debtors to secure an abundance of cheap money. Elections often turned wholly upon this issue, and the lower houses of the colonial legislatures were often controlled by a body of insolvent debtors." Another very obvious evil which accompanied the use of the currency was that of counterfeiting. The bills were generally simple and easily imitated; at first many of them were merely written with a pen, not printed. Counterfeiting seems to have been

especially common in New Hampshire. On one occasion, in 1765, £95 in counterfeit bills were burned ceremoniously in the presence of the Assembly. At another time the counterfeiters got possession of a supply of unfilled blanks of currency left over from the recent printing, and were at liberty to fill them as they chose. In 1730 the punishment for counterfeiting in Pennsylvania was death, but even this severe penalty did not greatly lessen the frequency of the crime.

In Massachusetts in 1712 the bills of credit were made legal tender for the payment of all debts. This was not done formally in all of the colonies, but in most of them they were given a forced circulation which was practically equivalent. Heavy penalties in the nature of fines, imprisonment, and forfeiture of property were imposed upon men who should be so skeptical and unpatriotic as to discriminate between the bills and coin. In the end, as might be supposed, these extreme laws only operated to increase the popular distrust.

The appetite for paper money grew by what it fed on. The financial burdens of the colonies in the first half of the eighteenth century were both numerous and heavy, and the complaint of a scarcity of money was perennial. One issue of bills only created a demand for the next. Not only the outbreak of war with the French or Indians, but also the maintenance of trade, the construction of public buildings and fortifications, and even the paying of the officials' salaries, were made occasions for setting the printing presses to work. Surely, as

one writer has pointed out, the experience of the colonies demonstrates conclusively the impossibility of satisfying the desire for "more money" by issuing a paper currency. In 1720 the derangement of finances in Massachusetts was such that it was found necessary to return to the old system of making farm produce legal tender, and the General Court fixed the rates at which the treasury should receive wheat, corn, cheese, butter, beef, hides, dried fish, and other commodities of the sort. The inconveniences of this arrangement were such, however, that after three years it was abandoned. In order to supply the demand for small change bills were then issued of the denomination of two and three pence, and a few of even one penny. The penny was round in shape, the two-pence square, and the three-pence angular. In 1728 £340 was issued in this fractional currency, and two years later £380 more.

After 1720 the depreciation of Massachusetts paper was very rapid. In 1741 Governor Shirley stated in his message to the Legislature: "A creditor who has the misfortune of having an outstanding debt of the value of £1,000 sterling, contracted anno 1730, can now receive no more in our courts of judicature than the value of about £600 sterling." Losses on investments were correspondingly frequent. Persons and institutions who accepted considerable quantities of paper and retained it long found its value greatly diminished. It is said that Harvard College lost £10,000 in this way, and at a time when such a loss was grievous indeed. By 1749 a Massachusetts paper bill could be

made to pass for not more than one-eleventh of its face value.

But happily the evil had about run its course and many of the colonies, perceiving the direful condition into which they were falling, began to make heroic efforts to throw off the incubus that was fairly crushing out their life. With justice, Massachusetts, who had led in instituting the dubious system, now led in seeking extrication from it. And just as an expedition against the French Canadians had occasioned the issue of the first bills, so another such undertaking contributed directly to the colony's relief from them. In 1745 Massachusetts had incurred great expense in the siege and capture of Louisburg, and the taking of that stronghold had been regarded as the greatest military achievement yet known in America. But when peace was made at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 all the English conquests in America were returned to the French. The chagrin and resentment of the colonists at such a disregard of their labors were very strong, and a son-in-law of Governor Shirley by the name of William Bollan was dispatched to London to plead the cause of the New Englanders and ask for some substantial recognition of their services in the late conflict. As a result of Bollan's efforts Parliament at length agreed to reimburse the colonists for the expenses of the siege, and the sum of £183,600 (or 653,000 ounces of silver and 10 tons of copper) was paid them. The money reached Boston late in 1749—217 chests of Spanish dollars and 100 casks of copper coin. It was carted up King Street to the treasury with

considerable ceremony and was indeed "the harbinger of a new prosperity." Never before had the colony had such a quantity of coin at its disposal. Due largely to the efforts of Thomas Hutchinson, the Assembly, of which he was speaker, decided to devote the specie to the redemption of the depreciated paper currency, of which there was now in circulation about £2,000,000. As early as 1740 Hutchinson had distinguished himself in the Assembly by advocating that the colony borrow 220,000 ounces of gold in England with which to redeem the colonial paper, but the plan had not commended itself generally to the legislators. When, however, the specie was actually in hand, the project of retiring the obnoxious paper was received with general favor. The rate of redemption varied according as the credit currency was "old tenor," "middle tenor," or "new tenor." It ranged from about seven and a half pounds paper to one pound specie to ten pounds paper to one pound specie. By 1751 nine-tenths of the total amount of paper had been covered. A tax was then levied to cover the remaining tenth. About £1,800,000 in bills was presented for redemption, the rest having been lost or destroyed.

Rhode Island and New Hampshire had had a part in the capture of Louisburg, and so were allowed a share of the specie with which the English government rewarded the victors. Massachusetts used her influence strongly to induce these two colonies in which the paper money craze had run to its greatest excess to utilize the specie for the redemption of the worthless currency. Rhode

Island's share was £6,322, and with this she could at least have made a fair beginning at the good work. But with her customary shortsightedness in financial matters she preferred to use the money in other ways, and, having missed this opportunity, was destined to suffer yet a long while from her depreciated paper and resultant restrictions of trade. New Hampshire followed the same dubious course. Although it appears that the removal of the paper from circulation in Massachusetts caused some temporary inconvenience, in the end the step proved to have been the wisest one possible. By the re-establishment of a specie currency financial confidence was restored, trade was bettered, and industry stimulated. The ports of Massachusetts rapidly outstripped those of Rhode Island in the control of the West Indian trade and the smaller colony paid a heavy penalty for her recklessness in money matters. Connecticut eventually provided for the redemption of her paper currency, and still later New Hampshire made a similar arrangement for at least a part of her large credit issues.

The paper money system was brought under closer limitations in the colonies after the middle of the eighteenth century, not only by reason of the dissatisfaction of the colonists with it, but also because of opposition on part of the English Government. In England the credit craze reached its climax early in the century and thereafter men were disposed to be considerably more conservative. Many times the merchants, who not infrequently lost heavily by the irregulari-

ties of the colonial money, appealed to Parliament to interfere in the extravagant creation of currencies in America. In 1720 the governors of all the colonies were instructed to veto every measure having for its purpose the inflation of the paper currency, and such instructions were reiterated time and again during the years all the way down to the Revolution. The result was a long and wearisome series of conflicts between the executives and the popular assemblies. In Massachusetts on one occasion the Legislature refused to allow the governor's salary until he should consent to the emission of bills; while in South Carolina there was a legislative deadlock for four years caused by a similar issue. In not a few cases the governors were bribed into consenting to the emission of currency, and the evil became so great that in 1751 Parliament endeavored to end it once for all by passing an act prohibiting any of the New England colonies from issuing bills of credit and making them legal tender, though allowing the emitting of treasury notes redeemable within short periods and not forced into circulation. Thirteen years later similar legislation was enacted for the middle and southern colonies.

This restriction was, of course, entirely righteous, but it was bitterly denounced by the colonists, who considered it "destructive of the liberties and properties of his Majesty's subjects." Probably by 1751 a very large majority of New Englanders had come to regard paper money as an evil, even if a necessary one, but they were already too jealous of Parliamentary authority to welcome a rem-

edy, however effectual it might prove to be, emanating from that source. Seven years before, when Parliament had been meditating the step taken in 1751, the New York assembly had spoken for all the colonies by resolving that such a measure would be a violation of the constitution of Great Britain, incompatible with the rights and liberties of Englishmen, and likely to subject America to the absolute will of the mother country. The law of 1764, coming as it did just at the time that the Stamp Act issue was raging, aroused still more bitter resentment. The colonists knew that its purpose was wise, but under the circumstances nothing could have induced them to admit it. In 1766, when Franklin was being examined before the House of Commons, he stated it as his sincere opinion that one very important reason for the dissatisfaction and contempt with which Parliamentary orders had lately been received in the colonies was the "prohibition of making paper money." From this and other evidence it would appear that Parliament's interference with the colonial currencies should have a place in every list of causes of the American Revolution. It is easy to say that sound money should be maintained at every hazard and that no people under the sovereignty of a great commercial state should be allowed to reduce their own finances to a hopeless chaos and at the same time blight the trade which every other power may desire to maintain with them. From this point of view the course of Parliament in restricting the colonial paper currencies was entirely justifiable. At the same time

the whole attitude of the English government toward the American colonies was characterized by a spirit of selfishness and parsimony which robs the anti-paper-money laws of much of their seeming innocence. That the colonies had been forced to the expedient of fiat currency in the first place had been due in no small measure to the failure of the King and Parliament to look out for the economic interests of their American dependents. When men on the frontier lines of civilization have but little specie, and find themselves utterly unable to keep that which they have, they invariably turn to some form of paper money for relief—unless perchance they are fortunate enough to repose under the patronage of a state rich enough and wise enough to make some other and better provision for their needs. This principle should have been understood and acted upon by the English government long before the colonies fell into the condition which demanded such remedial measures as those of 1751 and 1764. It is inconceivable that even the most insignificant part of the British Empire to-day should fall into such straits. The great difficulty was, of course, that during the first half of the eighteenth century England herself was carried as far adrift by the credit craze as were any of her colonies, and she was in no position to play the physician until she had been cured at least in part of her own financial distemper. A strong and wealthy nation, such as England was, may recover with comparative ease from such a misadventure; substantial re-

sources remain upon which to fall back. Frontier colonies, however, find relief with no such facility. After resolutions and threats and legislation have been directed against credit and fiat, conditions stand about as they were before. Specie does not exist, barter will not suffice, taxes and salaries must be paid, commodities must be exchanged—no course is open save to devise and evade and contrive once more to bring back, under some new guise, the credit currency which all have agreed in denouncing as the very *bête noir* of the whole world of finance and trade.

The law of 1751 accomplished its primary purpose in that it put an end very effectually to the issuing of legal tender bills in the New England colonies. Yet it by no means placed paper currency under the restrictions that had been contemplated by its authors. The law permitted the issue of treasury notes, provided only they be redeemable at the end of short periods and be not forced into circulation. The New Englanders were not slow to take every possible advantage of the privileges thus allowed, and paper money in the form of treasury notes, "orders," or bills with still other names, continued to be more or less common throughout the remainder of the colonial period. The issues were guarded with reasonable care, however, and it was not until the days of the notorious "continental currency" that the evils of a depreciated credit money were again to be a really serious strain upon the fortunes of the colonies.

Unpublished Whittier Poems

Verses by John Greenleaf Whittier which Do Not Appear
in His Published Works

“THE VESTAL”

THE story of John Greenleaf Whittier's early life can never be too often reviewed. Born in 1807 in a New England village, he had no opportunity for study save that which the district school afforded during three or four months of each year, until he was twenty, when he attended two six months' sessions of the Haverhill Academy. This was all the schooling that he ever had. The necessary money for the tuition he earned by making slippers at eight cents a pair.

From the time that his sister Mary secretly sent one of his poems to William Lloyd Garrison, then editor of the *Free Press* of Newburyport, who at once recognized its value and printed it, Whittier seems never to have had any difficulty in getting his manuscripts accepted, although for the hundred or more poems which were printed in the *Haverhill Gazette* during his two years' studentship in the academy, he received no remuneration, and for many years he had no idea of being able to live by his pen.

After he left school he became editor of *Collier's Manufacturing Magazine* in Boston. Here he met men and women of culture and letters, and the first shyness and awkwardness of the country boy was rubbed off in the midst of congenial friends. Here, too, he formed his first interest in politics, and through his editorials became

known as a strong supporter of Henry Clay, which led later to his assuming the editorship of the *New England Review* of Hartford, the leading party paper of Connecticut.

In Hartford the shy boy became a popular young man, and joined in much of the gaiety of the young people of the best families. After eighteen months of pleasure as well as hard work, he was called home by the illness of his father, and carried with him a wounded heart. Each new phase of his life had a marked effect upon his poetry, and in assuming again the cares of the farm, with regret for the pleasures past and a never very strong constitution, it is not to be wondered at that he passed through a period of despondency which tempered his writings to a note of sadness and tragedy. It was at this time that he wrote the poem printed herewith.

It is the amplification of an old Roman Legend of the Temple of Vesta, and it is interesting to find seventy-five years later the same legend worked out by F. Marion Crawford in his last year's novel, "Cecelia."

We print "The Vestal" not as the best of Whittier's poems, but as an example of his youthful style, which, though crude, shows that power of beautiful description which is so uniquely his.

The Vestal

By John G. Whittier

NIGHT on the seven hill city. The pure moon,
Beautiful in the sky of Italy,
Through the unclouded dwelling of the stars
Was moving like a spirit. There was light
Holier than sunshine, on the city's wall,
And on the Coliseum, and the towers,
That frowned upon the Tiber, and gave out
Their eagles to the splendor, and the tall
Magnificence of temples, consecrate
To the old gods of worship; statelier
In the solemnity of night arose
The birthplace of the Numæ; and beneath
Its shade imperial, queenly Tiber ran,
With all its wealth of moonlight to the sea.
Silence was over all, save where the chant
Of worshippers went upward with a cloud
Of idol incense; or the soldier's mail
Clanked harsh from some guarded battlement,
Even as a sound of warfare. Beautiful,
But silent as a sepulchre, arose
The Temple of the Vestal, where undimmed
Burned on the eternal fire, beneath the eye
Of the appointed watcher of that hour.
She leaned against the gorgeous pillar wrought
With most unwonted workmanship; the flame
Burned in the distance, and the moonlight fell
Through the transparent arching of the roof
In glory round her form, revealing all
Its exquisite proportions, for the robe
Which veiled her young, but ripened beauty, seemed
Light as if woven by a fairy's hand,
Of texture borrowed of the moonlight air.
Oh, she was passing fair; Pygmalion
Woke not a lovelier into breathing life
From the cold shape of his idolatry.
Her brow was as a white scroll lifted up
To the dark outline of her clustering hair,

Most eloquent with thought. Her eye was dark,
Yet tempered with the softness of her clime.
Its long lash seemed to slumber; and her cheek
Blushed with passionate coloring of thought,
Like a white cloud at sunset. She had turned
With an habitual reverence to the shrine
Now dim, and now uplighted as a flame
Swayed in the night air, that came winding
Through the long array of columns; but her thoughts
Had wandered from their trust, and her young heart
Was beating with another feeling now
Than that of meek devotion. Ye may bind
The light form of the beautiful, and veil
The features of her loveliness; her knee
May bend obsequious,—her lips may kiss
The symbol of strange worship,—but the heart—
The young and dreaming heart, ye may not bind
Nor fetter down its pulses. There will come
Thoughts and revealments of a happier state,
Upon her life's slow martyrdom, and dreams
Will pass before her, glorious from the world
Of woman's ardent fancy. She will turn
From the cold vow and mockery of prayer,
Back to the freedom of her early years;
And the long treasured image of love
Will rise at memory's bidding from the past,
Like a spirit answering to the enchanter's call.
Beautiful Vestal, in that chastened light,
Thrown like a robe around her, she had leaned,
Until the moonlight's coming. She had gone
Out on the wings of fancy, and her thoughts
Had lost their hue of worship, and her glance,
No longer fixed upon the smoking flame,
Grew wandering and restless.

Whose tall form
Is stealing towards her, noiseless as the shade
Of the old pillars, shrouded in the garb
Of Vesta's virgins? Does a sister come,
To cheer her lonely vigils, and to kneel
Beside her at the altar? Wherefore, then,
Burns her dark eye so wildly? Wherefore steals

Unwonted crimson on her young cheek,
 And down upon a bosom beating high
 With quick emotion! Ha! the stranger kneels.
 But not before the idol-flame—the veil
 Falls at the gesture; and the high marked brow
 And the proud lip of manhood are revealed.
 Spirits who bend from the white throne of clouds,
 Or on the delicate star-way wander down
 To the dull earth, behold ye aught beneath
 The beautiful world of your inheritance
 So eloquent of rapture as the scene
 Of love's first stolen meeting, when the heart,
 Which long has kept its burning secret, pours
 The offering of a free affection out,
 Lavish and as lovely as the flowers that pile
 The sun-lit shrines of old idolaters ?

Morning was over Italy. The sun
 Burned on the Adriatic, and its waves
 Wandered like golden messengers along
 Dalmatia's borders; and the mist that hung
 Over the dark, old Apennines, became
 As golden helmets binding the swart brows
 Of marshalled giants, kindling from afar
 The beautiful islands of the circling sea—
 Italia's children—started into light.
 The vapour spirit drew his curtain up
 From all their streams, and green hills of vine
 Tossed their dark foliage to the summer sun.
 Then was a flood of pleasant sunlight poured !
 Through the long arches, where the moon had thrown
 Her milder gift upon the temple floor,
 And round the Vestal shrine. That shrine was cold.
 The sacred flame had perished. Dark, cold stains
 Were on the polished marble—stains of blood;
 For violence had been there; and murder closed
 Love's thrilling interview. The heavy print
 Of armèd feet was graven on the stone
 By the death grapple, and a broken sword
 Glazed fearfully in blood.

There were two graves
 Piled carelessly among the menial dead,
 The tombless and uneulogized of Rome,
 The stained with crime and outcasts, and therein
 Slept a young warrior, in whose frozen veins
 Patrician blood had burned, and at his side
 The beautiful watcher of the idol-shrine,
 The fallen Vestal who had died with him.

Books for Young People.

There is no more difficult task in the world of letters than to create a child of flesh and blood with the genuine spontaneity of childhood. There are so few that we are glad to welcome such an one as Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and no lover of children should fail to become acquainted with her. From the moment that she starts on a "real journey," with her pink sunshade and her nightgown, till she graduates from the Academy, she is a living personality.

Lovey Mary has crept into our hearts through the pathos of her life. She is made to live by her surroundings and her friends, but without Tommy and Mrs. Wiggs and the Cabbage Patch she would quickly be lost sight of. Not so with Rebecca, who captures our hearts through herself alone. Take from her all the embellishments of aunts and playmates and the brick house, and she loses not one whit of her charm, for she is just a dear little every-day girl with an active, imaginative mind.

Mrs. Wiggin herself was probably just such a child, else how could she know so well the fancies and dreams and aspirations in the sensitive nature which yearned to express itself in the poor little poems and essays?

Mrs. Wiggin has left a loop-hole for a continuation of the book, and we shall watch with interest for the further development of Rebecca Rowena Randall. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, \$1.50.)

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A new book has recently appeared from the pen of Helen Leah Reed, the fourth of the Brenda series. It deals with the popular subject of settlement work and gives a fair idea of the hopes and disappointments attending a girl who seeks a mission in life. Brenda has developed much since her school days and grows more human, though she is not yet a wholly sweet and lovable woman.

Brenda's Bargain, a little shoppirl who through an unexpected chain of circumstances becomes a resident of the settlement home, is a good character and rings true.

Perhaps the best touch in the book is the zeal displayed in the fall work in comparison with the discouraged reflections each girl indulges in when at the end of a hard winter's work the failures loom up greater than the successes to a tired mind and body, and she asks herself: "Is it worth while?" That is so true to life—bury your kernels of discouragement in the spring, and at the end of the beautiful rest-giving

summer a full crop of new hopes and ambitions will be ready for harvesting, and only the successes will stand forth from the past. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$1.20.)

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"A Lassie of the Isles," the third volume in the "Brave Heart Series," by Adele E. Thompson, is the romantic story of Flora Macdonald, who aided in the escape of Charles Stuart, for which she suffered arrest, but which led to remarkable honor through her sincerity and attractive personality. The author's marked success in historical writings for the young gives the book genuine historical value and Mr. J. W. Kennedy's effective illustrations help make it interesting. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.00 net.)

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"A book of fables for old and young" is "The Golden Windows" written by Laura E. Richards, whose reputation was so well established by "Captain January." These forty or more fables are two page vignettes of life most delicately drawn, and although they may be enjoyed by the young, yet it is by the old that their rare subtleties and literary beauty will be appreciated.

It is a fit companion for "Captain January," though it will probably never equal it in popularity. It is charmingly illustrated by Julia Ward Richards and Arthur E. Beecher. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.)

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"The Girl-Who-Kept-Up," in the book by that name by Mary McCrae Culter, might have stepped out of a Sunday-school book of twenty-five years ago.

Through her heroic efforts, materially aided by a rich adopted father, she is able not only to rise from early association with totally uneducated persons to the highest educational attainment and social refinement, but by her example leads all her companions into paths of righteousness.

The book has a strong Evangelistic tendency. (Lee & Shepard, Boston. \$1.00.)

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Much gratitude is due to Ray M. Steward for letting us hear again from our old childhood friends, and young and old will delight in reading "The Surprising Ad-

BOOK NOTES

The rapid march of mankind has done away with many forms of writing which in by-gone days were much in vogue. The detailed correspondence of the traveller in foreign lands is superseded by the slight sketch illustrated by many photographs. The efficient mail service and the added facilities for travel have banished the long, intimate letters which by their rarity were treasured and reread many times. But perhaps most of all, this close inter-communication all over the world has cancelled the need of the wandering minstrel who perpetuated details of historical events in ballads.

Our country sprang into existence so quickly and modern inventions came so thick and fast, that she has had little opportunity for this form of narrative, and Edward Everett Hale with his children has undertaken the compilation of some of the fifty ballads already written of New England, and has indicated where the others may be found.

Added to these are many originals written and illustrated by the Hale family. The book comes out under the title of "New England History in Ballads."

Many of the republished verses are old friends which we have heard from our grandmothers' lips sung to some sombre tune, and which when stumbled upon in Mr. Hale's book come back to us as we read.

As for the new ones, they are all interesting, chronicling, as they do, incidents of colonial days and of the period after the Revolution, through the Civil War up to the present decade. Many of them have the swing of the old-time English ballad. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.00.)

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Frequenter of lecture courses will remember the late Charles E. Bolton and his instructive talks about countries where he travelled, when travel was a little rarer and more difficult than to-day. Mr. Bolton delivered more than two thousand lectures in the United States, and from these Mrs. Bolton has selected some of the best and put them into the form of short sketches under the title "Travels in Europe and America."

The book will afford a pleasant relief

from the formal guide, as its style is chatty and easy; but in detail and incident it is sadly lacking, and will not prove very profitable reading for stay-at-homes.

The half-tone illustrations from photographs add much to the description. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.)

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"A Rose o' Plymouth Town" is a romantic comedy in four acts by Beulah Maria Dix and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. It is a bright play, full of action and quiet wit, and might prove valuable to amateurs provided they could count among their number a clever soubrette.

The scene is laid in Miles Standish's house at the time of an attack by the Indians on the stronghold, and the sturdy captain and his wife Barbara play an important part. Rose de la Noye is the charming coquette around whom the plot is woven, and Resolute Story, an aunt of the captain, is a character study of an aged woman of the world searching for a new sensation in the midst of hardship and danger.

The comedy was successfully given last year upon the professional stage with Miss Minnie Dupree in the title rôle.

Mr. Ernest S. Briggs of the Fortune Press has assumed the entire book rights of "A Rose o' Plymouth Town." (Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. \$1.50.)

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A new publishing project has been started under the name of The Unit Books which bids fair to be a success, if a judicious selection for reprint is made of books available, especially for students. The series consists of ancient and modern classics, printed in good type on good paper, and making a comfortable pocket size. The price of each book is to be based on the amount of reading matter, one cent for twenty-five pages, and a fixed price for each of the varieties of bindings.

The selections are to be made from all subjects, including translations, and are to be unabridged and carefully edited.

It is an enterprise to be watched with interest. (Howard Wilford Bell, New York.)



