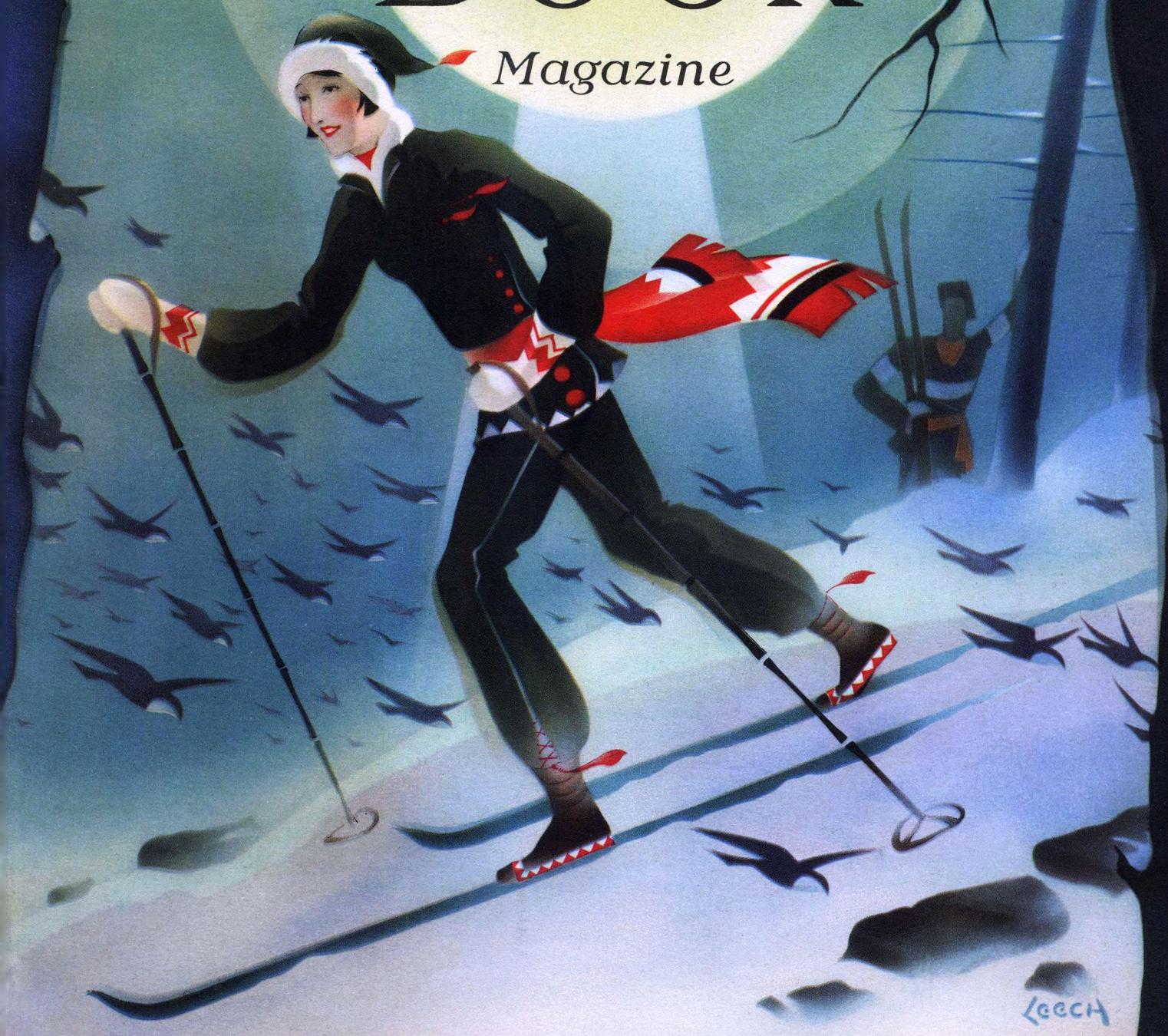


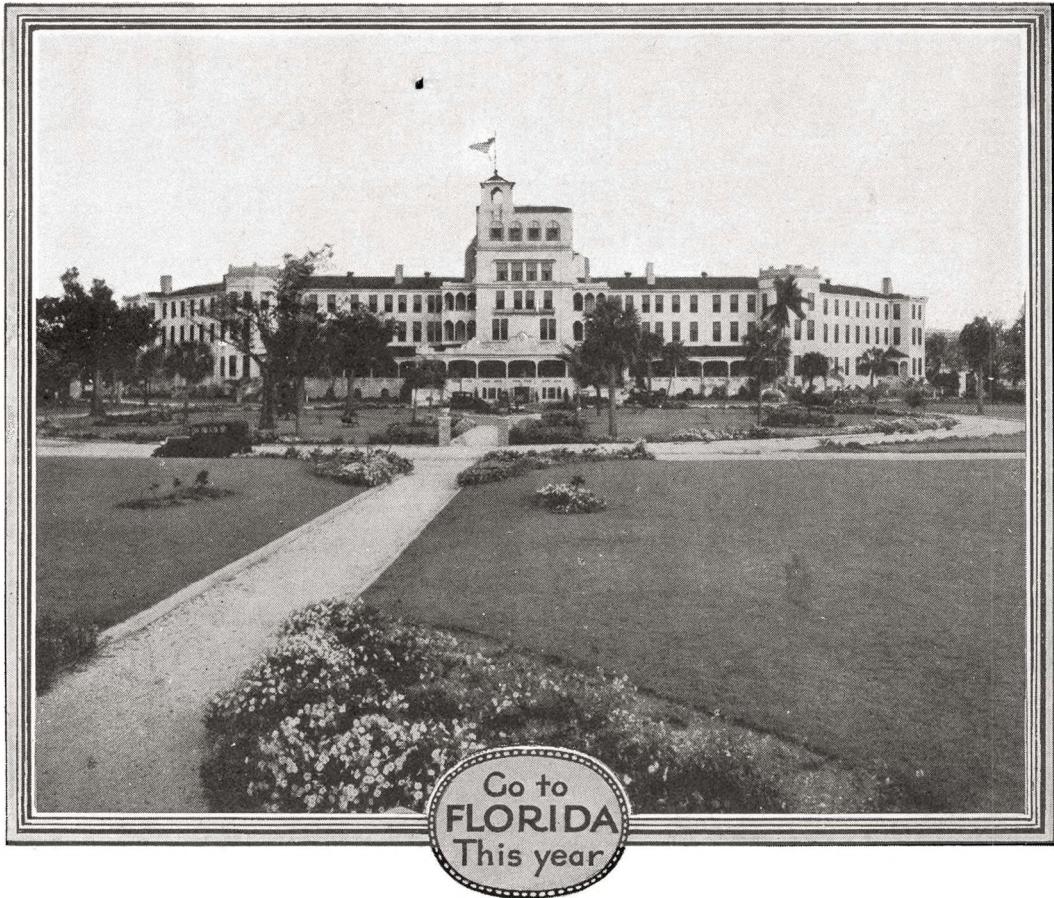
# The Golden Book

Magazine

January  
25 Cents



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No. 73

Published Monthly by THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City  
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TERMS:—Monthly, 25 cents, \$3.00 a year, two years \$5.00, in the United States and Canada. Elsewhere, \$4.00 a year. Entered at New York Post Office as second-class matter, December 6, 1924, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the United States of America. Subscribers may remit by post office or express money orders, or by bank checks, drafts, or registered letters. Money in letters is sent at sender's risk. Renew early, to avoid losing numbers. Bookdealers, Postmasters, and Newsdealers receive subscriptions. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

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# Who's Who in the Golden Book



James Daugherty

THE NEW YEAR brings round again the anniversary of THE GOLDEN BOOK. With the coming of 1931, THE GOLDEN Book starts on its seventh year of digging out from the past that which is still vital and entertaining for modern readers and sifting from the present that which seems most likely to endure.

Vincent Starrett, eminent Chicago critic and man of letters, appeared in our pages last month in the capacity of essayist and commentator on Conan Doyle. This month he is represented by one of his own colorful short stories. About this story he writes:

I suspect "The Fugitive" of being a highly romantic tale, for which reason perhaps, or in spite of it, it is still one of my own favorites. The action goes forward, I think, in some fabulous country labeled for convenience France. I had not seen France when I wrote the story, and if there is a place called Tarantelle I have not yet heard of it. Nor, I imagine, does any such background as I have given Duplessis' flight exist anywhere in one vicinity. It is a mosaic, a patchwork, of many neighborhoods, actual and imaginary. The idea of the man in the picture frame came to me, one day, I have no notion how, and from it the story was worked out backwards. Then I read somebody's book on France and Spain and by selecting here and there exactly what I liked I created my setting. I have no very clear idea of the period of the story—probably it is early 19th century; but it occurs to me that I have mentioned a President somewhere in it, so I cannot be sure. In short, it was—and is—a story written for the sheer pleasure of imagining reckless and romantic figures in fantastic situations. I would rather write that kind of a story than any other kind known to the profession. The first duty of an author is to entertain. After that, he may indulge his idea of his other duties as he sees fit.

And if, as Starrett claims, entertainment is the first duty of an author, Hector Hugh Munro deserves the acclaim that is his. A very small but enthusiastic following were loud in their praise of the cynical, modest Englishman during his lifetime and since his death in 1916 his admirers have increased in number and degree. For "Saki," as he signed himself, with his neat style, bright wit and wise mockery is truly entertaining.

Born in Burmah in 1870, he spent his youth in England and early turned to journalism, traveling as newspaper correspondent to St. Petersburg, Paris, and the Balkans. When the Great War broke out, he enlisted as a private, and twice refused commissions. In letters, too, he claimed no exalted position but was

modestly satisfied in the small but unique niche which he had made for himself.

Robert Bontine Cunningham Graham has this in common with "Saki," that he too has been enthusiastically received by a small group of ardent admirers. Although he has been called one of the most significant writers of his time he has however never attained widespread popular recognition.

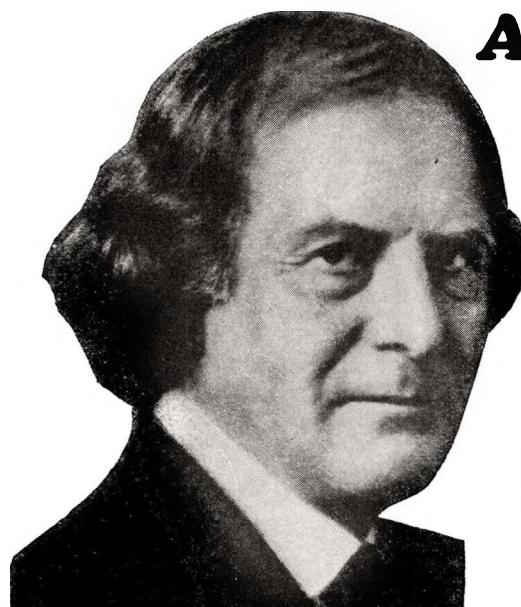
Cunningham Graham was born in 1852 in Dumfrieshire, Scotland. His grandmother was Spanish. In appearance he is a Spanish grandee, with the reputation for being the best-dressed Socialist in England. After his school days at Harrow, Graham abandoned the autocratic drawing rooms of England and the continent for cattle ranches in the Argentine and in Texas. When he did return after successful years of ranching, he was the talk of London, riding in the fashionable Row on a Texas mustang with a fine long tail. From 1886 to 1892 he was active as a member of Parliament for the Labor party.

Ever since the early 'Eighties he has been writing, sketches of his travels in Morocco and the Argentine, character studies of Arabs and Spaniards whom he knows better than anyone, historical and biographical studies of the Spanish conquistadores, and many short stories masked with the originality, the measured style and deep sympathy of "Faith." It is primarily upon these short stories that his reputation rests.

One of the greatest of American true adventure stories is Francis Parkman, Jr.'s, record of his travels in the western part of our country in 1846. Born in 1823 in Boston, he graduated from Harvard. During his college days he became vitally interested in the struggle of France and England in the New World, and the struggle of the white man with the native reds. An adept in woodcraft and a dead shot with the rifle, he determined to study the wilderness. During vacations he used to visit the Indians in Maine and glean first-hand knowledge of localities later used in his books. He finally decided that he needed a greater understanding of the Indians themselves and for this undertook a journey west to visit among the Indians of the great plains, the Dakotas, and other tribes. The story of this trip was recorded in his first book, *The Oregon and California Trail*, 1849, from which the buffalo hunt in this issue is taken.

The knowledge of Indians and frontier life was acquired at the expense of his health. For the rest of his life, Parkman suffered from weakness of the eyes and general ill-health which made it necessary for him

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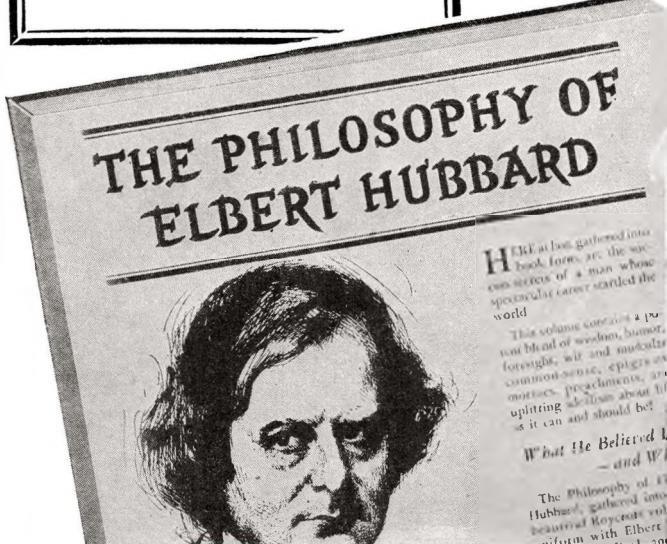
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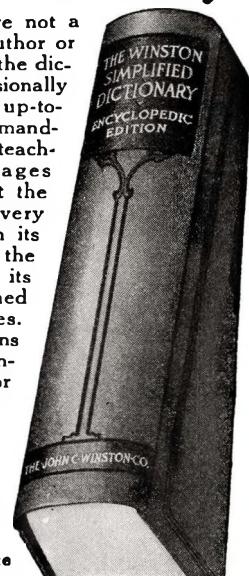
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to work always in a darkened room, and for only a few minutes at a time. He invented a machine to support his hand so that he could write legibly with closed eyes. All documents and manuscripts had to be read to him; and he dictated from notes.

Francis Parkman is the fourth of the great American historians in point of time. Bancroft, Prescott and Motley, and then came Parkman, following in their tradition of scholarship, and turning his great power for research and vivid portrayal upon the American Indian and the early history of the conquest of America.

Roberto Pariben, Director General of Fine Arts and a minister of National Education is meet spokesman for modern Italy on the subject of the great universal poet whose bimillennium we are celebrating this year. Publius Virgilius Maro. Arthur Stanley Riggs who has translated the Italian minister's article is also a noted scholar and editor of *Art and Archeology*. Virgil more than any other poet is a part of the cultural background of all nations, of the Slav, the Teuton and the Latin. And it is interesting alike for the philologist and the layman to compare the same Virgilian stanza reproduced in the major languages of the world.

In 1711, a Captain Alexander Smith published a volume purporting to contain authentic *Lives of Noted Highwaymen, Robbers, Thieves, and Pickpockets*. It was an instant success, and was followed by numerous other volumes. Then Captain Charles Johnson incorporated with it his *Lives of Pirates*. Finally in 1834 Mr. C. Whitehead presented an edition of "the best and most important lives, excluding the meaner pickpockets and the as yet uneducated thieves," and bringing the volume down to his own day.

His purpose, so he said, was to discourage vice by laying open such "scenes of depravity and of almost unparalleled wickedness as to arouse universal execration and abhorrence." Whether it did this or not, it certainly sold uncommonly well.

It is a far cry from the cannibalistic Sawney Beane to the polished Englishman, W. Somerset Maugham, Willie to his friends, contemporary British novelist and playwright. Born in Paris where his father was a counselor at the English Embassy, he first visited his native land when he went to Canterbury school at the age of eleven. From there he went to the University of Heidelberg, studied medicine and graduated from St. Thomas' Hospital in London. He never practised, however, but embarked immediately upon a literary career, publishing his first novel at the age of twenty-one. A small reticent man, skilful at avoiding reporters, he enjoys traveling to strange, out-of-the-way parts of the world, Malaya and Tahiti, staying there until their atmosphere is his own and then returning to England to write about them. Concerning his early attempt at writing, he says:

When I was young, I took much trouble to acquire a style. I used to go to the British Museum and note down the names of rare jewels so that I might give my prose magnificence, and I used to go to the Zoo and observe the way the eagle looked, or linger on a cab rank to see how a horse champed. . . . I made lists of unusual adjectives. But it was not a bit of good. We do not write as we want but as we can; and though I have the greatest respect for those authors who are blessed with a happy gift of phrase, I have long resigned myself to writing as plainly as I can.

Maugham tells a story with pungency and subtle humor, in always polished English. His *Of Human Bondage*, is one of the great books of our age; *The Moon and Six-Pence*, and the play *Rain*, are almost equally well-known, and he is now much in the public eye for his satiric novel *Cakes and Ale*.

—THE EDITORS.

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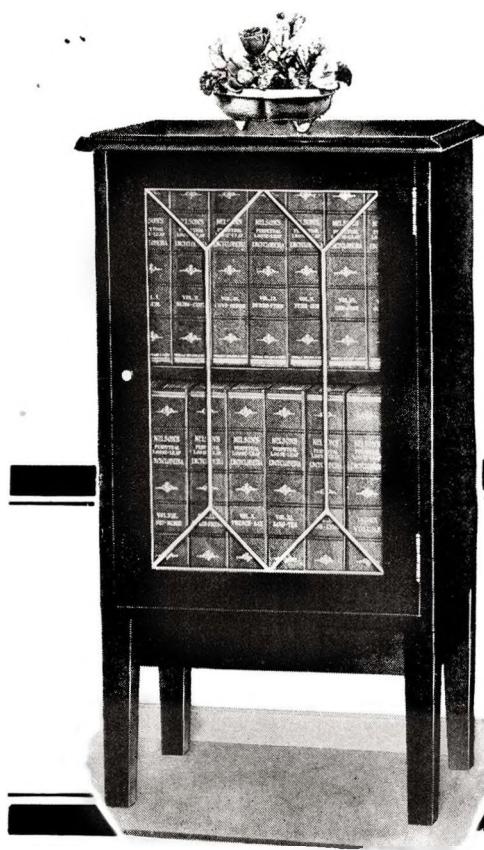
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# Authors and Books

**A** LAST POP AND SHOWER of literary fireworks and the publishers have put on their hats and gone off to enjoy the holidays. . . . Almost the last book to be published in 1930 has appeared—and it is perhaps as well, if we ever intend to get caught up before the spring books burst forth. . . .

IT HAS BEEN a stupendous season for sheer volume. . . . The four outstanding novels of the month add up to 2581 pages, which at 250 words to the page, passes neatly out of our ability to multiply or remember. . . . And the best books seem to be the fattest, which makes it even harder. . . . Feuchtwanger's *Success*, which we reviewed last month, is one of these—excessively long and as good as it is long. . . .

*The Water Gypsies* (Doubleday, Doran), our favorite novel of the month and one of the last-minute holiday fireworks we were talking about, restrains itself to 414 pages. . . . It is by Mr. A. P. Herbert, that personification of *Punch*, and recounts the yearnings after romance of pretty, plucky, little Jane the housemaid. . . . Jane is wise with the wisdom of the movies: she wants Love's Bliss, but she also knows the penalties of a Night of Love. . . . In vain, she searches for Love's Bliss in the doughy kisses of Fred and the hot, rather nasty embraces of Ernest, and as for Mr. Bryan the artist—he insists on respecting her even after she poses for him in the nude (though "Coo we are getting on!" thinks Jane). And he definitely refuses to give her a Night of Love. . . . It is a wise and genial story, creating in romantic, philosophic Jane a very real person utterly of her class, creating the world of the English countryside: the barge in which Jane lives with her father and sister, "The Black Swan" pub, the canal boat of Fred; the hotel

## We especially recommend Fiction

- \***SUCCESS**, by Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking Press.
- THE WATER GYPSIES**, by A. P. Herbert. Doubleday-Doran.
- IMPERIAL PALACE**, by Arnold Bennett. Doubleday, Doran.
- THE REDLAKES**, by Francis Brett Young. Harper.
- Moby DICK**, by Herman Melville. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. Random House.
- CERTAIN PEOPLE**, by Edith Wharton. Appleton.
- THE LONGER DAY**. Anonymous. Bobbs-Merrill.

## Non-Fiction

- PRE-WAR AMERICA**, by Mark Sullivan. Scribner.
- LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER**, by F. Yeats-Brown. Viking Press.
- \***THE NEW YORKER ALBUM FOR 1930**. Doubleday-Doran.

\*Reviewed last month.

honeymoon of Jane and Ernest. . . . The story is, moreover, filled with melodrama. . . . All sorts of things happen which, if she had seen them on the screen, Jane would have recognized as Life. . . . But a plot hardly less eventful than the tragedy of *Tess* becomes in the level light of Jane's commonsense, a comedy of everyday. . . .

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of words about hundreds of people all pursuing their separate destinies—as rich guests at a grand hotel, as geniuses of executive ability running the hotel, as menials who make up the cogs in its infinitely complicated machinery—are packed between the covers of *Imperial Palace* (Doubleday, Doran), a book which Arnold Bennett, its author, calls a novel. . . . We wouldn't call it that; it approaches more nearly being a magnificent doctor's thesis on the hotel de luxe as a striking symbol of our age. . . . As a revelation of the inside workings of a giant hotel, it is astonishingly interesting. . . . As a study of

the mind and soul of a business czar, it is admirable. . . . A passion of curiosity about the hotel and the social structure that centers in its labyrinthian warrens gives life to the individual page, the single—often deliciously farcical—incident. . . . But as a novel it is chaos, and hard reading, although you will probably want to read it, because it is Mr. Bennett's latest book and because it has unquestionably the stature of importance.

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG's *The Redlakes* (Harper) is for those who particularly like a fat, sound English novel that starts with the hero as a little boy blind to the situations around him, brings him through normal boyhood, plunges him into and then rescues him from his first love affair, sends him out to make his fortune (this time in admirably-pictured South Africa), shows him in hand-to-hand combat with the World War, and finally leaves him making his first adjustments to maturity. . . . There are many who relish this kind of biography of the typical young English gentleman, and we are one of them—when it is done with this artistic distinction. . . . It would be fine to write a book like this, to pack in hunting scenes, and cricket matches, London society, village rivalries, the many sides of life in the colonies, lavishing on each scene this careful perfection. . . . It is anyway very pleasant reading. . . .

IF WE WERE to name the novel of the fall that is most likely to remain long in our memory, it would be *The Longer Day* (Bobbs-Merrill), by the anonymous author of *Miss Tiverton Goes Out*. . . . In many ways this is an amazing book: in the comparatively large number of characters who are thoroughly presented; in the picture of the super-intellectual circle of late Victorian England; in the penetrating malice of the portrait of

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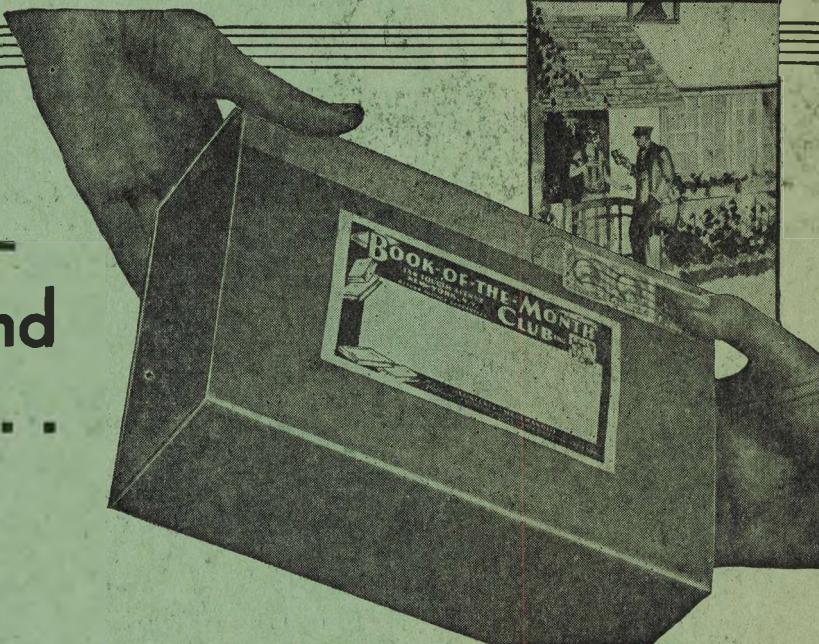
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Eustace Holt, editor of the leading literary weekly; in the physical vividness of the scenes, mostly in gardens in London and the nearby countryside; in the method, often incoherent and complex, by which the story of the central character is reconstructed by the author from many gathered reminiscences, fake memoirs of the period, and her own recollections of events that took place in childhood . . . It is Brenda's story, strange quiet daughter of a neurotic family. Brenda believed in living life instead of reading and talking and writing about it, and as the wife of Eustace, with his religion of cleverness, she struggles to meet her own need to live on the far horizons, and her duty to Eustace and her children—all but one so alien to her. The mystic force of her personality pervades the book, precipitating it occasionally into absurdity, more often raising it to moving heights . . . It is a long, confused and uneven book, but a remarkably interesting one. . . .

SCRIBNER'S CONTRIBUTION to the holiday pyrotechnic display is Mark Sullivan's *Pre-War America*, the third volume of *Our Times: the United States, 1900-1925*. . . . Here as in earlier volumes Mr. Sullivan recreates his periods whole, baseball idols as well as Presidents, with the result that we are not so much being told what we should know about that period as again watching history in the making. Mr. Sullivan is a journalist before he is a historian, and this time his hero is Teddy Roosevelt, a perfect subject for his entertaining pen. In addition to Roosevelt's battles, Mr. Sullivan devotes considerable space to the insurance scandals and the rise of Mr. Hughes, to muckraking, hookworms, Maxim Gorky, the Thaw murderer trial, popular songs and slang, the three-cent fare, Fred Merkle (who failed to touch second base), cigarette smoking by women, and the literary fads and fancies of the ebullient but ungraceful years of 1906, 1907, and 1908. . . .

TO SPEND TEN YEARS as an officer of His Majesty's cavalry in India, fighting Afridis, playing first-flight polo, sticking pigs, investigating Nautch girls and Yoga . . . then to careen crazily through the War, a lancer in Flanders, an observation flyer in Mesopotamia . . . to be captured by Arabs and escape for the Armistice . . . to be sent again against the Afridis: these things might produce nothing but a garulous occupant of an avoided corner of a London Club. . . . Or again—given the person had a brilliant, sensitive mind, a sense of humor, and a clear, simple prose style—and met a publisher—they might produce a grand book. And this they truly have in F. Yeats-Brown's *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* (Viking). . . . Major Yeats-Brown is not only a born adventurer and story-teller: he has seemingly understood and told more about India than everyone from Kipling to Katherine Mayo. . . . He is neither a sceptic nor

# How do you know you can't WRITE?



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a zealot; he has studied the country and its holy men with respect and eager questioning, and somehow, quietly inserted between the episodes of a grand adventure story, you feel as never before the power, the serenity and the wisdom of this oldest living culture. . . . This is a nearly perfect autobiography, random but unpretentious and fascinating. . . .

IT MAY MAKE you feel more cheery about business conditions to hear that the entire edition of *The Canterbury Tales*, illustrated by Rockwell Kent, has been sold out at \$250 a copy. . . . There were seventy-five copies in the edition, with a larger edition at \$50 that is also, so we are told, going like hot cakes. . . . It is a beautiful book, the text a translation into modern English by William Van Wyck, and is a literary gardenia for the buttonhole of its publishers, Covici-Friede. . . . Mr. Kent's next venture for them will be a limited edition of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. . . .

ROCKWELL KENT is one of America's most distinguished modern artists, and as a one-man team of author-illustrator he is almost unbeatable for any country. Two of the most important books of the holiday season are designed and illustrated by him—one of them written by him as well, and both sponsored by book clubs: *N by E*, the story of his adventure to Greenland on the thirty-foot sail boat *Direction*, published in a regular trade edition for \$3.50 by Brewer and Warren; and Melville's *Moby Dick*, as thoroughly beautiful a job of printing, illustration and format as we have seen this long day. . . . Random House publishes this also for a modest price, although there are more expensive, limited editions of both books. . . . The text of *N by E* stands as a unique record of adventure quite apart from its existence, as an excuse for the hundred or more pictures. . . . It is a glorified log of the voyage of the *Direction*, stretched to include the tale of the planning of the voyage, the shipwreck on the rocky Greenland coast, and the adventures ashore that followed. . . . It is a log of Mr. Kent's impressions and enthusiasms as well, recorded in striking brevity. . . . There are many penetrating little stories of the sailors and fisherfolk they meet, and when you least expect it, Mr. Kent breaks into an Eskimo tale or stretch of ancient Eskimo poetry. . . . Mr. Kent is as adventurous, lusty and truly original a person as this terse narrative shows him. He is lithe, springy, pugnacious, and at the same time excessively friendly. . . . He has journeyed enough already (Alaska to Tierra del Fuego) to paper his living room at Ausable Forks with maps of his trips. . . .

LONG DAYS of heat and sweat in a stoke-hole, long nights of debauch in the ports of the world, a week in a brewery, endless tramps as a hobo, these and many others are the adventures of Liam O'Flaherty packed into his autobiographical story, *Two Years*, just published by Harcourt Brace. . . . Discharged from the British army, the young Irishman sought mental readjustment by wanderings around the globe. When he needed money, he took the first job that came along; when he had accumulated \$10 or even less, he loafed until it was spent. . . . He deserted ships, led riots, was always alive to any strange happening, or any novel point of view. . . . Although only thirty-four, Liam O'Flaherty is one of the most promising of young Irish realists with five novels to his credit and short stories that have found their way into the GOLDEN BOOK. One of his novels, *Mr. Gilhooley*, dramatized, had a brief run on Broadway. *Two Years* continues the high excellence of his work. . . . Recently Mr. O'Flaherty arrived in this country for his first visit since he was smuggled in from Canada.

A GAUNT, ARDENT FIGURE, before whom pre-Revolutionary New England alternately trembled and thumbed its nose is *Jonathan Edwards, the Fiery Puritan*, as Mr. Henry Bamford Parkes sees him (Minton Balch). . . . Jonathan Edwards started life as a child prodigy, with amazing intellectual energy and a love of beauty; he approached his twenties with placid and liberal religious convictions which gradually hardened into stern Calvinistic formulae. Then in Northampton he began to preach such flaming threats of hell-fire that all who heard him (already in the throes of Whitefield's revival known as the Great Awakening), shivered and were good. . . . Temporarily only, however, and eventually Edwards was farmed out as a missionary to the Indians. . . . He returned to become President of Princeton University, and died in office, of the small-pox, in 1757. . . . Aaron Burr, his grandson was then two years old. . . . Although Edwards' revivalist influence, like that of Whitefield, was transient, his writings contained dynamite that has not yet ceased exploding. "It is hardly a hyperbole to say that if Edwards had never lived there would be today no blue-laws, no societies for the suppression of vice, no Volstead Act." . . .

*John Charles Frémont: An Explanation of His Career* (Stanford University Press) is an attempt to evaluate Frémont's services and connection with the opening

of California, the railroad scandals of the Civil War, and his fourth exploring expedition. . . . Cardinal Goodwin adds much new material, made available through the Huntington Library, and reconstructs a clear picture of an epoch, rather than of a man. . . .

A MASTER WHO could do no wrong in the eyes of his worshipful pupil is eulogized in *Henry Irving*, by Gordon Craig (Longmans, Green). . . . The death of Irving, dominating figure of the English stage in

the Nineteenth Century, marked the passing of a great tradition, the practical surrender of the theatrical theater to modern naturalistic drama. . . . Craig, his master's disciple, strives to bring back the glory of those days as his brief against Shaw and the modern stage which he despises. Entertaining but hardly reflecting glory on any of the combatants is the history of the long feud between Irving and Shaw. . . .

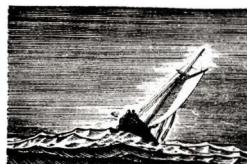
Irving once confessed about himself (to Craig's mother, Ellen Terry), that he thought that for a Cornwall ploughboy christened John Henry Brodribb whom the critics said had never learned to walk or talk and had no face to speak of, he had done pretty well. And it may be said for Craig, that considering all his prejudices, he has done pretty well at writing an interesting book. . . .

ONE OF THE really fascinating figures before the Christmas public is *Pauline*, "wickedest and prettiest of the Bonapartes," favorite sister of Napoleon. . . . W. N. Chittin Carlton has written an excellent biography of her (Harper), almost always absorbing and often witty, which is also necessarily an inside picture of the rich and wanton society of the Empire which she ruled. . . .

NOT FOR the spoiled reader of modern biographies is the latest life of the mysterious *Madame Roland* (Longmans, Green) by Madelaine Clemenceau-Jacquemaire, daughter of the old Tiger, and careful scholar. . . . Here is a solid, old-style biography, bristling with quotations in appallingly small type and spending fifty pages at a time on settling scholarly controversies. . . . But this old-model biography has its points: as the extraordinary courtship of M. Roland de la Platierie by the future Madame Roland progresses, from her letters, with their flashes of humor, winsomeness, and brilliance we construct our own picture of a very real person. . . . The rich mass of contemporary material is cumulatively excellent. . . . The interpretive matter which would clarify this whole critical period of the world's history which was the stage for her dramatic life, is not there, however. . . . It is competent but not notable biography. . . .



Drawing by Rockwell Kent from his book *N. by E.* (Brewer and Warren).



Drawing by Rockwell Kent from his book *N. by E.* (Brewer and Warren).

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THE NOT-SO-FAR-UNDERWORLD of Chicago, its punks, thugs and hoodlums, are well-known to Mr. Edward Dean Sullivan, and he writes excellently. . . . Thus if you want a clear, first-hand picture of the vast racketeering industry in the United States, read his *Chicago Surrenders* (The Vanguard Press). . . . It brings up to date the best of the preceding volumes on rackets, his *Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime*. . . . The ways of Lingle, Rothstein, Zuta, Capone, the Fox-Lake and St. Valentine's Day Massacres, Chicago's tax-tangle are laid bare in swift, tangy prose. . . . The narrative is illuminated by extracts from the personal credos of various moguls of crime. For example, Dion O'Banion's: "Just because a police captain looks dignified, guys get the idea that he don't need anything. That's crazy. Gold badges look swell, but you can't eat 'em." . . . The author does rather well himself when it comes to pungency. This is about Mayor William Hale Thompson in the days of his shady glory: "All the loud people in the city had voted for him, and as he drove around town in his open motor the loud wet cheers of his disreputable satellites drowned out the amateur and polite raspberries of the 'better element.'" . . .

AN EVEN MORE detailed study of the rise of the Chicago racket trust is found in *Al Capone, the Biography of a Self-made Man*, by Fred D. Pasley (Ives Washburn). . . . If you want to know about contemporary America, a study of this biggest business is more important than Sacco-Vanzetti, Lindbergh, the Scopes' trial and Prohibition combined. . . . Mr. Pasley pictures Al in his bullet-proof hotel suite in Cicero, Illinois, with his anteroom full of Sicilian sharp-shooters, and a twenty-four hour patrol in the hall; he describes the workings of an industry with annual earnings several times as great as the United States Steel Corporation's, and although he uses throughout more and stronger adjectives than he needs (the bare facts are staggering enough) it is a paralyzing document. . . .

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED book of short stories of the year is Edith Wharton's *Certain People* (Appleton), because it contains "After Holbein" the most distinguished short story of the year. . . . Those are brave words, but we who have accompanied Death to Mrs. Jasper's infinitely horrible and infinitely pathetic dinner party can find no others. . . . We were hardly less enthusiastic about "A Bottle of Perrier," a swift, strange adventure story of the African desert. "Mr. Jones" and "Atrophy" also show Mrs. Wharton startlingly versatile and competent in the short story medium. . . . The other two are much less good. . . . But please read "After Holbein" and know what Mrs. Wharton has been about all these years in the best of her portraits of self-doomed Society. . . .

## I Have Discovered A SECRET That Startles Me

But It Has Proved to Be  
an Aladdin's Lamp. It  
Gives Me Anything  
I Want.

YOU must have had that strange feeling (almost everyone does) that you have done the thing you are doing at the moment, before. Suddenly, you say to yourself, "Why! I have lived here before, in some previous life. I walked on this beach a million years ago. This pretty house that I have just moved into . . . I am moving back into this house—this is where I used to live, ages ago!"

### The Key to Happiness

I am not a psychologist, amateur or professional. I am an average American business worker, with an average education as a background, and have given no more thought to metaphysics, mental sciences and religions than one runs across in the ordinary course of casual reading and human experience. Yet this strange phenomenon of "having been there before" has occurred to me so frequently, of late, that I set about solving it, with the determination with which one would attack a knotty business problem.

"Perhaps," said I to a friend who is a practitioner of a well-known mental science, "I have stumbled across a new idea in metaphysics."

My friend smiled. Said he, "You have revealed to yourself the last, ultimate secret of every religion, every system of metaphysics and mental science on the face of the earth. You have the secret, the KEY to happiness, health, wealth and the things you desire. If everybody knew what you know, there would be no need for religions, or systems, or codes—no need for books, or lectures, or courses. All new thought sciences are based on a central idea so simple that it can be expressed in one sentence. The difficulty that confronts teachers is in making their religion, or system, or science difficult!"

"Experienced proses that there must be a lot of preliminary talk, or study, or reading. If this is not given, the student would feel he had not gotten his money's worth . . . or, having come upon your secret so easily, would have too little respect for it."

### Nothing You Cannot Have

This startled me, you may be sure. I spent some time wording my precious secret into plain language, and went to some trouble to look up leaders of a dozen other metaphysical systems and religions. Each one, in turn, on reading my paper, reacted in much the same manner—"Certainly," each said, in effect, "that is the secret of happiness on earth. Put that to work in your daily life (and it is easy) and there is nothing on this earth that you desire, that you cannot have!"

Well, this amazing secret has done wonders for me—and all the friends I have told about it. It is actually like an Aladdin's lamp! I merely have to desire a new car, or a trip to Europe, or relief from pain, or a solution of business, domestic or household problems—and behold, I have it!

### Worth \$1,000 in a Year's Time

I have no desire to make money out of my discovery—I don't need money. My secret gives me all I can use. I have no more right to make a profit on revealing my discovery to others than the Mayor has to charge for a city's air. Yet it does cost something to tell my story to the many readers of Golden Book—and something more to have the secret printed and mailed to those who would like to examine it.

It is worth everything to you, as it has been to me and my friends. In actual money, it would be worth at least a thousand dollars to you, in a year's time or less. Yet, as I say, it is yours as much as the air is yours. But, distribution costs require me to ask a dollar for my newly discovered secret, which ought to just about pay for these costs. I call it the "Realization Secret." The secret is in the first sentence—then I use about 3,500 words to make it entirely clear to you, with many practical examples of the secret's application.

### Five Days' Trial

I want you to send for the "Realization Secret" and read it through (it will take 10 minutes each time) every day for 5 days. If you don't think the Realization Secret is going to do for you what it did for me—just return it and I will return the dollar. Fill in the blanks below and send coupon with remittance to my publishers today!

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*Bridal Pond* (Knopf) by Zona Gale is a hardly less excellent collection of short stories. . . . The stories in it average Miss Gale at her best, sparing in words and rich in perception and sentiment. . . . The drawback, if any, is that many of these stories have appeared in widely read magazines, but most of them are worth rereading. . . .

BETTER THAN the fattest travel book for giving you "a rounded sense of the Southern nation," as it aims to do, are the seven *Tales from the Argentine*, brilliantly translated by Anita Brenner and introduced by Waldo Frank (Farrar and Rinehart). . . . Not only do we now feel that we could order our way around Argentinian cafés, ranches, and city streets, but that we have caught a little of the psychology of a people very different from our own. . . . The stories are by seven leading Argentinian writers, and they range from drama in the jungle, with a ten-meter serpent for heroine, to town life on the pampas. . . . There is death and love; amazing (and admired) cruelty; bravery, loyalty, trickery and adventure all on a very splendid scale. . . .

THE WONDER OF IT is that John Erskine has repeated the formula of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* so well so often. . . . Now we have *Cinderella's Daughter and Other Sequels and Consequences* (Bobbs-Merrill) a collection of eight reputation-puncturing tales which have appeared in a leading fiction magazine during the year. The gay words are there, the sophisticated turn and polished phrase, the surprise and sparkle of Erskine wit—all very interesting to one discovering the professor's charming style for the first time, but a bit cloying to faithful readers of better days. . . .

AN APPLE BY Cezanne is of more consequence artistically than the head of a madonna by Raphael, cheerfully declares C. J. Bulliet at the very outset of his volume, *Apples and Madonnas* (Covici-Friede), a survey of modern art which puts all store by emotional power, and makes no bones about condemning utterly such hitherto well-considered names as Titian and Van Dyck. . . . In a gossipy, swift, decisive and beautifully printed volume, Mr. Bulliet analyzes the life-force which pervades all worthwhile art expression. . . . Early Greek art, Egyptian, all Chinese and Hindu art, primitive art nearly everywhere, are "modern" in the same way as are Picasso, Renoir, El Greco, Manet, Matisse. . . . There are thirty-two full page reproductions of leading modern canvases, with biographical and critical surveys of all the modern artists whom Mr. Bulliet considers good. . . . And superb airy denunciations of those whom he does not. . . .

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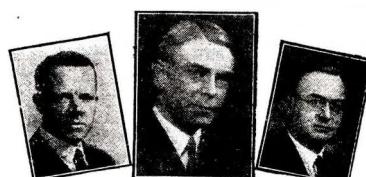
The three authors have had unsurpassed experience in training mature men and women—the teaching of English in schools and universities, carrying on special training courses for executives of some of the largest business institutions in the country, and the private coaching of many individuals whose responsibilities require that they speak and write with more than ordinary ability and skill.

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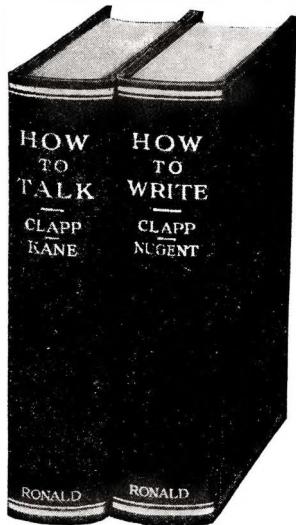


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*Pictures* (Dutton), by Georg Kinsky whom we are told knows a colossal amount about it. . . . It is a large, flat volume, with several hundred pictures, with a thread of connecting text and captions. . . . The history of music, the evolution of musical instruments, the lives of leading musicians are all epitomized in pictures, giving one a powerful feeling of the sweep of musical development. . . . It is not meant for children, but we should think it would excel in giving them the right approach to music. . . .

LIKE A SMALL GLASS of clear cold water is John D. Long's *The Life Story of Abraham Lincoln* (Revell), a simple straightforward narrative of the life of Lincoln from log cabin to Ford's Theater presenting the background of pioneer America rather as it would be done in a historical novel than in a biography. There is no moralizing or theorizing, no whipped-up emotion. . . . The slim book has independence, speed and humor. . . .

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY appears without its wig in L. B. Namier's *England in the Age of the American Revolution* (Macmillan). . . . Britain's hard-headed politicians are shown in a great wax over the prospect of losing the colonies, but with stupidity, jealousy and divided power bungling the campaign against the Revolutionists. . . . Namier does not picture an era of rogues: George III had the kingdom's welfare at heart, even if he was pig-headed and stupid. Pitt, though incredibly arrogant, was actuated by idealism. Jeffrey Amherst appears creditably. There is no special villain unless it be Newcastle, the Boss Tweed of the time. . . . It is a story of family prejudice and political cliques defeating the common purpose. . . . Palatable fare for the history fan. . . .

A NEAT FARCE with ironic undertones, bizarrely set in an incredible baroque palace in the Guatemalan jungle, masquerades under the main-streetish title of Rose Macaulay's latest novel, *Staying with Relations* (Liveright). . . . If you expect an exposé of three weeks in a country vicarage you will be very much fooled; if, knowing Miss Macaulay, you expect wit and clear-cut writing whatever the locale, you will win. . . . Miss Macaulay sets herself the simple thesis that people are not what they seem, and goes to no end of trouble to prove her point, ruthlessly precipitating the fantastic Cradock family (being visited by the pleasant young lady novelist) into all sorts of unnecessary and outrageous complications. . . . But it makes a good story, slight, bright and swift. . . .

A LITTLE PERSPICACIOUS and engaging, and mostly just too cunning for anyone but the farthest-gone dog lover is Rudyard Kipling's new book, *Thy Servant a Dog* (Doubleday-Doran). . . . This is Boots'

own diary, written in the baby talk that Mr. Kipling apparently believes an intelligent Scotch terrier uses. . . . Maybe so. . . . Anyway, it goes like this: "Slippers went inside with Missus. He came out quick. He said: 'Hurry! Smallest is being washed.' I went like rabbits. Smallest was all nothings on top or feet or middle. . . . I kissed hind-feet. Slippers too. Both Gods said: 'Look—it tickles him! He laughs! He knows they're all right!' Then they said and they said and they kissed and they kissed it, and it was bye-loe—same as 'kennel-up'—and then dinner, and heads-on-feets under table, and lots things-passed-down. One were kidney and two was cheeses. We are fine dogs. . . . The cat, who is a trouble-maker and villain of the piece, is by far the best part of the book. But not even the marvelous Margaret Kirmse illustrations are enough to make up for Boots' too-quaint methods of expression.

F. F.

### Recommended Books

#### Fiction

THE WATER GYPSIES, by A. P. Herbert. Doubleday-Doran. \$2.50. A charming novel about the search of Jane the housemaid after Romance, and the good will with which she meets the fortune, both good and ill, which befalls her.

THE IMPERIAL PALACE, by Arnold Bennett. Doubleday-Doran. \$2.50. A gargantuan novel with a thousand characters, more or less circling about the story of two women and a man on the staff of a grand hotel. A splendid portrait of a hotel, and a clumsy novel.

ROCK AND SAND, by John R. Oliver. Macmillan. \$2.50. Mr. Oliver writes with dignity and considerable drama about the encounter of American summer cottagers and French Canadian natives in the Laurentian foothills, in a novel that just misses great importance.

A SHORT HISTORY OF JULIA, by Isa Glenn. Knopf. \$2.50. One of those novels about the left-over generation of "ladies" in the South. The gradual desiccation of a girl of great potential charm, intelligence and beauty is accomplished adroitly, but without much depth.

STAYING WITH RELATIONS, by Rose Macaulay. Horace Liveright. \$2.50. A witty, sardonic book threaded with farce-like adventure, that sets for the simple thesis (too importantly) that people are not what they seem. The locale is a fantastic baroque palace in the heart of the Guatemalan jungle.

MOSAIC, by G. B. Stern. Knopf. \$2.50. A branch of the family of *The Matriarch* pursues its somewhat volcanic way in Paris, brilliantly caught at significant moments by Mrs. Stern's pointed writing.

THE REDLAKES, by Francis Brett Young-Harper. \$3. A chronicle novel. The same reliably beautiful writing as *Love Is Enough*, with less drama, but with so strong a sense of the reality of the persons concerned that one follows their destinies with absorption.

GREAT OAKS, by Ben Ames Williams. Dutton. \$2.50. An historical romance of the Georgia coast from the time of the Spanish missionaries and Indian massacres to the establishment of the rich planters of Colonial times and their descendants of today.

THE LONGER DAY, by the author of *Miss Tiverton Goes Out*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50. A strange uneven book, re-creating by the recollections of friends and the memories of a child, a superb fantastic person, who, while the wife of one of Britain's most brilliant intellectuals, and mother of a dramatic family, lived alone upon the everlasting hills with her one child untainted by civilization.

O. HENRY PRIZE STORIES—1930. Edited by Blanche Colton Williams. Doubleday-Doran. \$2. The annual anthology of the

Students at the  
Berry Schools

## I couldn't go to Meetin'

"I COULDN'T go to meetin' Sundays. The man I lived with made me work then just like any other day."

With his tousled wavy brown hair sticking through holes in his dilapidated hat, Tommy warmed his feet over the stove, gratefully eating the sandwiches that had been prepared for him.

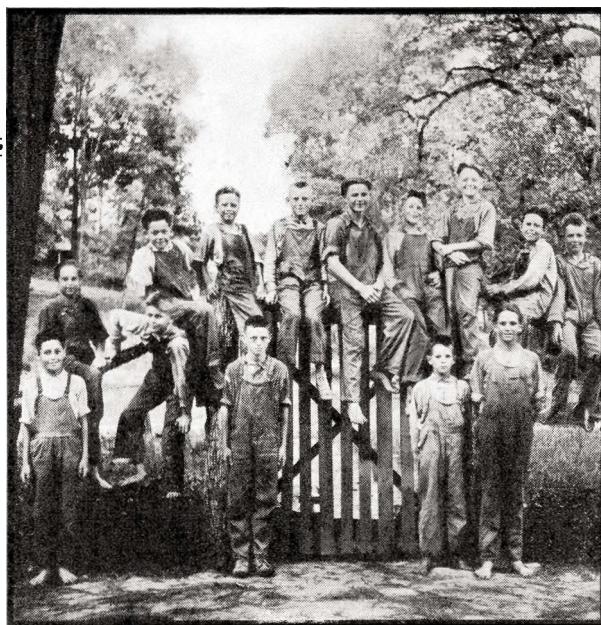
Tommy was soaking wet and had been coughing when he arrived in a torrential October rain at Miss Berry's home. Running across the lawns, he reached the porch and began yelling between chattering teeth, "Hey, any youuns about?" He didn't use the doorbell or knocker, because he didn't know what they were.

Miss Berry herself opened the door for him and asked him into the parlor, where he stood dripping with rain, telling the story of how he ran away from the people with whom he had been living in Cherokee County, Alabama.

"The folks that kept me after mother died never did adopt me no'm," he said. "I don't belong to nobody. The man didn't feed me, nor give me no clothes, only his old cast-offs overalls. I stayed there three years after ma died. I didn't get to go to school nor nothin'—and I'm fo'teen years old and only been to third grade. I had a cousin come to Berry once and I allus wanted to come myself."

"When last Sunday I wanted to go to meetin' at Unity the man says I had to water the mules, feed the hogs and pick cotton. I says I wouldn't and he says, 'Then git out.' So I went in and packed and here I am, walked down from Cherokee."

Miss Berry shook her head, perplexed. "I'm sorry, but we have two thousand boys and girls on our waiting list now—some of them seemingly just as needy as you. There's a thousand boys and girls here now and not a bed left empty."



"But I want an education so bad. And I slept in a barn last night, so you won't have to worry about a place to sleep me. I can sleep any place so's dry. I ain't got no place to go at all. My pappy died two days afore I was borned, so ma said. Mayn't I stay?"

She smiled sadly. Martha Berry had heard these pitiful tales so often and knew she always found a bed somehow. She phoned to the school and asked that another exception be made and somehow Tommy be slipped through without waiting for his written application to be investigated.

"You'll let me in? I can go to school?"

"Yes. But you'll have to work hard here. Berry boys and girls all work, too. They earn their clothes, room, board and tuition by working for them."

"That's all right. I'll work at anything if you'll only let me get an education and some clothes. I never had no clothes before. I want to go to meetin'."

"You can go to meetin' every day at Berry. We have chapel exercises daily and you can go to Sunday School and church Sundays."

"It won't be just like meetin' at Unity, but I reckon I'll like it," he smiled now happily. The school car came and picked up Tommy, taking him to the Mountain School, where he was placed in the matron's own house, Pine Lodge.

*Won't you help us to take care of Tommy? We must clothe him, feed him, teach him.*

There are two thousand more boys and girls waiting. These children are the sons

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I should like to urge you with all my heart to support one of the noblest enterprises in America. I like to call Martha Berry the American Joan of Arc, for she has Joan's radiant soul and dauntless sword. Like Joan, her sword is her word. And I am proud to be among her companions—proud to feel the rhythm of her footsteps and to catch somewhat of her vision.

ROBERT NORWOOD,  
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and daughters of America's oldest settlers, with fine Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins. Your help and that of thousands of others throughout the years has made it possible to keep them here. Annually Miss Berry, founder and director of the Berry Schools, has to raise \$150,000 to pay for running expenses of the great institution she has built up from a single log cabin school.

Today we only go back in the hills fifteen or twenty miles to find boys and girls begging for a chance. The south has not progressed in its mountain rural districts. The people are eager to acquire an education, to get a chance, but they have none, without your help.

They are proud people of American spirit, eager and desirous of working for their education. Won't you help them? Your money will make it possible to keep Tommy here and other boys like him.

Educated at the Berry Schools, Christian, industrial, and agricultural institution, these boys and girls become consecrated citizens. They return to their homes to teach and help others; they become ministers, doctors, nurses, carrying a banner of service to humanity through the following years.

Won't you help us today? Any gift is welcome from a dollar up. Times have been hard this year. The school's crops failed in the great drouth; corn, beans, and other fields withering beneath the sun. Help us to feed the boys and girls who are here; to take in a few more of the ones who are distressed.

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A MODERN GALAXY, Edited by Dale Warren. Houghton-Mifflin. \$3. A collection of short stories—nearly all excellent—by such Houghton-Mifflin authors as Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Oliver La Farge, Rafael Sabatini, Willa Cather, Phyllis Bottome, Esther Forbes and Roland Pertwee.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1930, Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50. THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1930, Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.

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### Biography

LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER, by F. Yeats-Brown. Viking Press. \$3. The best autobiography of the year, unpretentious, thrilling and thought-provoking.

WOLSEY, by Hilaire Belloc. Lippincott. \$5. The amazing Cardinal Wolsey, who rose from obscurity to the dictatorship of England under Henry VIII, and had as swift a fall, is interpreted as a product of his own shortsighted character and the psychology of a tumultuous age.

HAYM SALOMON AND THE REVOLUTION, by Charles Edward Russell. Cosmopolitan. \$3.50. In spite of the amazing number of biographies Mr. Russell turns out per annum they are always of good and vivid quality, and the story of the obscure Jewish financier who played his significant part in the American Revolution is no exception.

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J A N U A R Y

VOLUME XIII  
NUMBER 73

# The Golden Book Magazine

JANUARY  
1931

*Only aristocrats signed their names in the original Libro d'Oro of Venice from which the Golden Book Magazine takes its name. The world's aristocrats of letters—of all ages, from the oldest to the most modern—appear in these pages.*

## The fugitive

By VINCENT STARRETT

**A** RED AFTERMATH of the sunset still bathed the crests of Tarantelle, as Du-plessis struck downward from the heights. He paused for a moment beside the pool, cool, shadowy and solemn, and looked backward and upward at the frowning battlements of the prison he had left behind.

To the right of the great rock rose lesser peaks of a wild grace and symmetry, and from among the purple crags to the left tumbled the cloudy tumult of the waterfall, the roar of its onrush a part of the silence of the night. The sunset echo touched the turrets of gaol and rock with sanguinary fingers, which, as they receded, seemed to drip with sinister suggestion. Reluctantly, the shadows deepened.

The fugitive stretched his arms to the amazing landscape breathing deeply. With a sweeping gesture of adoration, he embraced the glory of the scene. Then, with excessive caution, he continued his journey down the winding trail toward the valley.

Far below him wound the river, whose course he was to follow, curving between black banks of meadow and forest. Pines grew thickly at the base of the ascent, and slender cypresses pricked half way up to meet him. The moon was climbing the sky, a dim, silver bubble, striving against darkening clouds and a sultry promise of rain.

The man smiled.

"An hour!" he murmured. "Seigneur Jesus, give

me a single, little hour!"

He stepped forward swiftly, filled with new assurance. He had counted upon the rain; it was to be his salvation. Pray that it come, and quickly! Yet, as he trod the black descent, his ear turned backward and apprehension prickled the edges of his scalp. Not long could his escape remain a secret . . . and then the great gun would thunder through the mountains and down across the valley, and the resounding arches of the great crags would roll the tumult, as from tongue to tongue, until the farthest villages caught the mutter of its anger, and knew the purport of its message.

An hour would bring him to Saint-Just, and there in a labyrinth of narrow, remembered thoroughfares, for a time he would be safe. A day or two was all he asked; enough time in which to perfect his plans, already vaguely charted. There was an Inn at Saint-Just, and a girl . . . who loved a thief. . . .

Ah, well! The Inn, no doubt, still would stand where it stood of old, and there were reasons why it would be to the advantage of its proprietor to conceal him.



*Above and behind him roared the great gun of Tarantelle.*

He began to hum softly, bouncing downward to the lilt of his refrain.

*J'ai perdu mon coeur volage,  
Mon honneur, mon avantage.  
De moi ne me parle plus....*

His foot struck a stone, with a sharp impact, and sent it flying down the side of the mountain. He interrupted himself softly to curse its tiny commotion, recalling that safety for thieves lay yet some miles beyond.

The air became more sultry. The stars were fading out: the moon no longer strove. Blackness was falling over the silver ribbon of the stream. The trail became more uncertain.

The fugitive looked back. The formidable pile of his prison had receded, but was still dangerously close. Its bastions seemed to swell and bulge until it was as if the colossal structure would fall forward upon him and crush him against the rock. Pursuit at this juncture meant capture. . . . Again he pushed forward, picking his way with a more exaggerated caution. The closeness of the night became uncomfortable. The rain was long in coming.

Once more he burst into song, and stopped to curse his folly. He lifted his feet high to cross an imaginary obstacle, and blundered into a gully beside the trail, falling so that he scratched his wrists and scraped his elbows. He swore in low tones.

"Nature," said Duplessis, forgetting his earlier admiration, "is meretricious and highly colored. She is a hypocrite. She is indiscriminate and violent, extreme in likes and dislikes, and as full of inconsequences as a woman. Indeed, she is in all ways like a woman."

Pleased by his fancy, he picked himself up, and proceeded more slowly.

"Furthermore," he continued, "having regard to what we know of her history, she is assuredly a woman with a past." He chuckled and struck his breast. "Moi! Je suis philosophe!"

But when the rain suddenly fell, he welcomed this sign of nature's inconsistency with happiness, and quickened his stride.

Far down through the trees that now sentinelled his advance, a light glimmered and vanished. He was almost upon the level. To his left, then, was the main stream of the river, and beyond lay Saint-Just. He fell upon his knees, kissing the wet soil.

"It is escape!" he cried.

Simultaneously, above and behind him, the great gun of Tarantelle roared across the dripping night.

For a moment the fugitive's heart froze to ice. Then, with a cry of defiance, he was upon his feet and running through the fantastic arch of trees.

Behind him, at sullen intervals, the gun continued to shout its warning. Unheeding, he fled swiftly through the darkness toward the lights of the village. His eyes shone with furious joy: his feet spurned the road. He clattered across the stone bridge that spanned the river's arm, and flung panting into Saint-Just.

Two peasants, hastening homeward through the mist, received the shock of his final plunge, and were betrayed into picturesque profanity.

"A prisoner has escaped!" cried Duplessis, flinging his arm behind him. "Do not hinder me. I am from the castle."

They watched him vanish in the gloom.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said one. "He could not run faster if he were the prisoner himself!"

## II.

FOR AN HOUR the rain fell; then without further trouble the moon finished her voyage up the sky, casting anchor above Saint-Just, to the delight of disappointed, strolling lovers driven to shelter by the downfall.

Thereafter, for a time, the gutters ran water, and the sloping narrow sidewalks offered a precarious foothold. Driven to the sharp cobbles of the street, the strollers endured with fortitude, and discussed the artillery message from Tarantelle.

"Be assured," said the son of an official, "he will remain in the mountains, where they cannot hope to look for him until the morning. A man who can escape from Tarantelle is no fool; he will not show his face in Saint-Just, where every citizen is known."

The friend of the official's son demurred.

"They are placing a guard at the bridge-head," he said.

"Let them," shrugged the offspring of officialdom. "He will not be taken tonight. It is as well. You have not forgotten that there is a pilgrimage tonight? It will be great fun!"

On the whole, the village of Saint-Just was taking the interruption of its routine with equanimity. After all, it was a matter for the authorities.

In a narrow street near the center of the village, the dark shops of the cutlers were lighted as with the glow of furnaces, and the air was filled with the hissing of grindstones. Within their black dens worked the members of the ancient craft, each at his division of the trade.

Along this busy highway slunk a dark figure, furtively slipping from obscurity to obscurity. It paused uncertainly near the end of the row, held captive by a little shop.

Through a low, arched window could be seen a young man, with pale face and long, lank hair, interminably filing. At the back and in a corner, lighted by the ruddy glow of a small furnace, a burly blacksmith was forging knife blades. As he blew the bellows, the fire leaped up, and the air was filled with flame dust. Against the glowing background was silhouetted the motionless profile of the young man, who sat with lowered eyes, filing.

"*Mon Dieu!*" muttered Duplessis, fascinated. "It is a living Rembrandt!"

The young man raised his eyes at the sound, and looked into those of the watcher. Then he laid aside his tool and sardonically smiled.

"Good evening," he said, with polite irony.

"It has turned out so," agreed the fugitive. "But a bad evening for some poor fellow! You heard the guns?"

"And shuddered," said the young man at the window. "I hear that they have sent for Lemieux. I had as soon be trailed by the devil as by Lemieux."



*"Duplessis!" roared the knife maker. "He is in the crowd! Do not let him get away!"*

This prisoner is not to be envied. I shall pray for him, at the Cathedral. You are making the pilgrimage?"

"Most certainly!" The fugitive's reply was prompt, although until that moment his destination had been uncertain to the point of distress.

The young man rose, smiling his cynical smile, and left the shop.

"We shall walk together," he said, adding: "My name is Merle."

"And mine is Simard. I am in temporary lodgings here."

The knife maker slipped an arm through that of the thief.

"Simard?" he echoed. "It is a good name. I trust it is not as temporary as your lodgings."

He laughed in high falsetto, while Duplessis stared. Startled, the fugitive considered the wisdom of his present course. This man beside him was either mad or a fool; in either case he might prove dangerous. Yet his piety seemed proved.

"You are a Churchman?" asked Duplessis, with

deep suspicion.

"Oh, sufficiently! I practice my religion as my father did. It is in the blood, you know. My father was a knife maker, as am I, and his father before him. We have followed the trade for generations. It is the same with other things."

"I see! I am not long in your village. That is why my name is unknown to you."

"Pardon!" cried Merle, with a winning smile. "It is not unknown to me."

They proceeded slowly through the streets.

"It is as well," argued Duplessis with himself, "that I should be seen with some one who is known. There is less likelihood of awkward questioning. But I must watch this fellow closely. Tonight when the streets are empty, I shall go to Paul and Marie."

"This prisoner who has escaped," said his companion, "must be a daring fellow. Did you hear his name?"

Duplessis shrugged.

"I believe no advice has been received," he made answer. "It is too early for a messenger from the castle, I think."

"Some cold-blooded murderer, perhaps," continued Merle. "I shall lock my doors and windows securely tonight."

"Surely there is little danger!" Duplessis was smiling as he replied. "No doubt this fellow thinks only of escape. Why should he molest us here in Saint-Just? It is much too close to Tarantelle. Of course, he may not be a murderer at all!"

"Ha!" cried the knife maker. "What if he were Duplessis himself! That king of thieves! That prince of criminals! My friend, I almost love that fellow. Myself, I should hide him if he came to my door."

"I shall give him your address, if I see him," laughed Duplessis, and his companion joined him. "It would be like him, you know, to make this pilgrimage. He is said to be fond of a joke. And where better might he find safety than in a throng of worshipers?"

"It is true," said the knife maker, "and, too, he is said to be a pious fellow."

"I have no doubt that he is a better fellow than the President," admitted Duplessis. "But is not this the church?"

The church of assemblage was nearly dark, but candles burned on a distant altar where a low mass was being chanted; and they saw that many persons were kneeling about them in the gloom. There was an odor of incense and ecstasy, through which the companions pushed forward, groping.

Suddenly, Duplessis was looking down upon the white body of a woman, apparently a dead woman stretched upon her bier. Instinctively he drew back, as one who shrinks from the presence of death. But the calm face of the effigy told its story, and as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness beyond, within its niche he saw a gleaming crucifix. He sank to his knees. After a moment of silence, he raised his eyes to the cross.

"Seigneur Jesus!" murmured the fugitive, passionately, "if I had been there, they would not have dared to crucify You!"

A hand clutched his sleeve, and he rose to his feet. Merle was looking at him curiously in the darkness.

"You are a strange fellow," said the knife maker. "I am beginning to admire you so much that you might almost be Duplessis!"

The thief returned the stare, eye to eye.

"My friend," he said, "I am afraid you flatter me. Yet, if I am Duplessis, I shall remember your promise of sanctuary."

He laughed, suddenly and low.

"We are foolish," he declared. "I think that we both have this Duplessis on the brain."

They stood silent in the darkness until the service



*The streets were empty . . . once more he was free*

had ended. The fugitive was thinking deeply.

"This fellow is too wise," he told himself. "He hints too much. Can it be that he has recognized me? And, if so, is he faithful? I dare not risk it! Certainly, I must get rid of him at once."

He looked around him. Flambeaux were being lighted at tall candlesticks in a grotto. The throng was moving and rustling in the gloom. Torches in hand, a group of priests advanced, and the pilgrims fell into line behind them, the men to the right, the women on the left. Persons were still entering the church, and the numbers grew with astonishing rapidity. As the uneven ranks moved forward, Duplessis estimated that no less than five hundred souls were in the assemblage. He congratulated himself upon the opportunity for escape offered by this phenomenon.

The procession moved slowly out of the church, with flaring, smoking torches, and a sonorous chant began to fill the night. Duplessis pushed boldly into the heart of the throng as it crowded through the doors, and when he had left his companion some feet behind him, executed a movement which brought him to the farther side of the press. He could no longer see Merle, and shrinking against the carved doorway he allowed the stream of men and women to flow past him.

Quickly he was aware of a commotion in the ranks. There were protests from the men and squealings from the women. A voice began to shout, and the chanting voices of the others died away. In the silence the single voice continued to bellow, and now he recognized the excited utterance of Merle.

"Duplessis!" roared the knife maker. "He is in the crowd! Do not let him get away! He is the escaped prisoner! Duplessis!"

A splendid oath trembled on the lips of the fugitive. He slid out of the door, and, rounding the corner of the church; plunged into a narrow alley. His fingers itched for the throat of his erstwhile companion, but vengeance was not of the moment. He ran. The voice behind him had become a hundred voices.

Turning corners at random, Duplessis plunged deeper into the heart of the village, grateful that the ceremonies of the evening had drawn most of the townsfolk from their homes. . . . The streets were empty, and in time the clamor died away. . . . Once more he was free. He concluded that the search for him had begun elsewhere; probably in the church, into the black depths of which it might be assumed he had fled at the first outcry.

Gradually, he began to work his way toward the inn of Paul Despard. He was hungry. At least, Despard would feed him. He doubted, now, the wisdom of asking shelter. He must procure food, and leave the village at once.

And Marie?

He drew a long breath. Despard would give him word of Marie. He walked more rapidly, for it was growing late. He turned innumerable corners, exposing himself recklessly.

A heavy respectability now invested the dwellings on either side and suddenly the familiar swinging sign was within view. A cheery light flung a welcome

across the black sidewalk, less than a hundred yards ahead. Courting the shadows, Duplessis covered the distance, and slunk into a courtyard shaded by trees. Less than a dozen persons remained in the café. He flung himself down at an obscure table under the sky.

The fat figure of Paul Despard waddled toward him. As the innkeeper approached, the fugitive raised his face so that the light fell upon it for a moment. He laid a warning finger upon his lips. The fat man started nervously, then composed his features and continued his advance.

*"Mon Dieu!"* whispered Despard, hoarsely. "It is you, then! I did not think you would come. My friend, you are in danger. I heard the guns tonight, and an hour ago they were here to seek you. I sent them away."

"Be careful, Despard," said the thief. "I shall stay but a moment. You must not recognize me. Get me some food—or stay! I shall go indoors."

They crossed the courtyard and entered the house.

"Now, food, Paul, as quickly as you can. I am famished. And while I eat, a little packet for my journey. Haste, my friend!"

He ate and drank silently, consuming huge quantities of what was set before him. Then pushing back his chair, he lighted the pipe that had been brought him.

"I shall risk another five minutes," said Duplessis. "Tell me, Paul, do you know a fellow named Merle, hereabouts? A cutler, or a blacksmith, or something of the sort? Slim, handsome—an ascetic, I think."

"I know him," said Despard. "He was here this evening. He is popular—a favorite with the women, who adore his pale face. Why do you ask?"

"With excellent reason," smiled the fugitive, and related what had happened at the church.

Despard raised horrified eyebrows; then pity filled his eyes.

"No wonder he was here," he muttered. "Alas, my friend, that what I must tell you must make your heart yet more bitter. You have not yet asked about Marie."

"What of Marie?"

"You must ask that of Merle, my friend; only he can tell. I do not add that I have been told she has been seen on the streets of Paris, for I do not wish to believe it."

He quailed before the fierce eyes of Duplessis.

"Forgive me that I hurt you," he stammered. "It is only the truth I speak. And yet, bad as is this Merle, she is little better. He was not the first. Henri, you must forget her!"

Duplessis rose to his feet.

"I have been busy this evening," he smiled grimly. "I have lost a sweetheart and found an enemy . . . I must add, my Paul, that I have found also a friend." He extended his hand.

"But where shall you go?"

"I do not know. I think I do not care."

"Is it this Merle you seek?"

"Perhaps," said Duplessis, wearily.

Despard bent his lips close to the thief's ear.

"Tomorrow he goes to the Chateau Montaud! He is something of a poet. You know the place?"



*"Mon Dieu!"* whispered Despard hoarsely.  
"It is you, then!"

"I know it," said Duplessis. "It lies toward Spain, which is my own direction."

"Heaven guard you!" said the innkeeper.

In the street, Duplessis threw back his shoulders with a vigorous gesture, and brushed a hand across his brow. He shuddered.

"To detest a woman thoroughly," he muttered, "it is necessary first to have loved her."

He smiled bitterly.

*"Je suis philosophe!"*

### III.

**F**LEEING THROUGH the dawn, Duplessis again marveled at the splendor of God; but as the second night began to settle over the hills the mired roads made call upon his blasphemy. He climbed a series of minor elevations and fixed his eyes upon the faint outline of Mount Vanni and other mountain shapes, far to the south.

The road ascended in endless zigzags. At a distance he paused to admire the villas of the higher terraces, then, climbing higher, he came in time into the region of noble pines and olives.

A sound of bugles smote upon his ears. The road came out upon a mountain-ridge, unscreened by trees, and across a ravine, in the last rays of the dying sun, he saw a detachment of infantry marching rapidly. A military road stretched before the trampling feet, curving downward toward the villages he had left behind. The fugitive stopped until they had passed from view, doubting not that their presence was intimately connected with his flight. The attention touched him. He bowed deeply in the direction taken by the soldiers.

"By Heaven!" said Duplessis, "I am flattered!" He added: "And shortly I shall be well pursued. The persistent hospitality of a French prison moves me to tears. Come then, my friend, a little spurt for freedom!"

He lengthened his stride.

"What holes! What bumps! What bruises!  
What language!"

Night found him on a gray and stony mountain

side, a sterile ascent where only heather, wild convolvulus and the busy cistus offered their pale, sparse bloom. The air was keen and intoxicating.

A silver mountain, jagged and cragged with fantastic spires and minarets, rose against the purple sky. He swung away to the right, traversing a bare and rock-ribbed pass, then emerged into the clear. Before him loomed an amphitheater of mountain peaks. Suddenly he looked downward into fairyland.

From the floor of the valley rose an escarp rock, crowned by the fortified Chateau of Montaud, towering above a village of red-roofed houses. A myriad of lights glittered, and, carried upward by the funnel-like walls of the mountains, there rose the faint drone of human voices and the remote pulsations of music.

For an hour the fugitive gazed downward in glamor; then quickly he began to descend.

With infinite care, he skirted the village, treading a road that seemed paved with broken tombstones. The descent had been accomplished in safety; but before him rose the rock of Montaud. Behind him lay Spain and freedom; but before him lay rich adventure and the coldly smiling face of Merle, the knife maker.

He mounted swiftly in the darkness, and in time found himself below the outer works of the castle. The lights of the village twinkled in the abyss as he looked downward. He chuckled softly.

"It is well," said Duplessis to himself, "that I am slender."

He writhed through the spaced bars of an iron gate set in massive masonry, and trod softly from one castellated terrace to another. Over cream-tinted garden walls poured cascades of blossom, scenting the night. From the uppermost terrace, he looked southward to the rugged mountain wall that separated him from Spain. . . .

Through the velvet blackness, a man came swiftly to his side.

"Well met, Duplessis!" said the voice of the knife maker, with ironic pleasantry. "But, indeed, we are always meeting. I see you look toward Spain. May I show the sights? To your left . . .!"

The fugitive turned slowly, and looked into the pale face.

"What is your pleasure, M'sieu?" he coldly asked. The knife maker's light laugh responded.

"My greatest pleasure is our meeting," he replied. "Your greeting is not over warm."

"It shall be warmer if we meet a third time."

**T**HE PALE FACE took on two spots of color. There was a moment of silence, in which the knife maker coughed.

"Look, now," he continued. "It is apparent that I have followed you—that I have found you. But I would not—"

"Your pardon," broke in Duplessis, speaking easily. "It is, by your leave, apparent that I have followed you." Merle shrugged.

"As you will! I was about to say that, although I am a poor man, I would not willingly do you an injury. I have told you I love you! Yet the reward for your capture, my friend, is large. Is there no alternative?"

It was the turn of Duplessis to shrug.

"I do not understand. Will you speak plainly, please?"

"With pleasure! It is reported that you have large wealth, M'sieu, hidden away awaiting your return to—shall we call it?—civilization. I do not suggest that it is dishonest wealth. Surely, you can pay for silence as well as the government can pay for talk."

"The morality of your suggestion," smiled the fugitive, "is as questionable as my reputed wealth."

The knife maker made a splendid gesture.

"Morality," he declared, "is like elementary education—all that is needed by the bourgeois."

"I had supposed that to be your idea," admitted Duplessis. He considered.

"How do I know that already you have not informed upon me?"

"You do not," confessed Merle. "You have only my word for it. Yet, I am speaking the truth when I deny it. Listen, Duplessis! Other than myself, one person suspects your whereabouts. The prison authorities still search the mountains near Saint-Just. Can you guess who that other is? *Lemieux!*"

Duplessis brightened.

"My dearest friend and enemy!" he said.

"Yes," agreed Merle. "You see, he is familiar with the turn of your thought: he knows where to seek you. The suave, the subtle, the kind, the cold, the intelligent Lemieux! Believe me, without my assistance you cannot hope to evade him. Duplessis, he is here!"

The fugitive straightened with delight.

"Not really! It were an honor to fall into his hands!"

The knife maker's shoulders hunched.

"If that is your pleasure," he deprecated, "I have nothing more to say."

"That is strange, for much has been left unsaid. You do not speak of Marie—Marie Simard! Had you offered me tidings, now, of Marie, who can say but . . .?"

The knife maker's hand fluttered upon the thief's arm. When he spoke his voice was emotionless.

"It was your choice of her name that led me to suspect you," he said.

"Ah," cried Duplessis, enlightened. "Then *that* is explained. I confess it was foolish."

"Yes," agreed Merle, with a smile.

"I notice that you smile. Is it that you have good tidings for me of Marie?"

"My dear fellow!" said the knife maker. "She is well, I believe, and happy. But as she left the village long ago, I know little of her affairs." He spoke impatiently.

"And yet," mused Duplessis, "you should know much. You do not tell me," he murmured, "that she is now upon the Paris streets. Is it that you fear I shall suspect you of placing her there?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" whispered the knife maker, hoarsely. "What do you mean? Are you mad?"

"Seducer!"

Merle reeled against the rampart, with twitching fingers. The cold touch of the stone restored him.

The writhing fingers sought his belt. He sprang forward.

"Damn you!" he cried. "So you have been playing with me? It will be an expensive game, M'sieu Duplessis! Already it has cost you your liberty. As for Marie—the slut!—I shall tell her of you, when you are back in Tarantelle. You fool, did you think . . . Ah!"

The body of the knife maker fell back against the rampart, with helpless widespread arms. After a moment, it silently slid in a limp heap to the floor.

Duplessis laughed softly in the darkness. Then, with an effort, he plucked the slight figure from the stones, hoisted it heavily to the brink, and balanced it across the rampart. It teetered horribly for a moment, then slid outward and downward. Leaning perilously forward, the fugitive tried to watch the descent into blackness, but a far sound was his only reward.

"By Heaven!" said Duplessis, "it is like a scene from a play!"

#### IV.

THE SILENCE of the chateau surprised him. The doorway stood open, as an invitation. A light beyond burned dimly. The simulation of a trap, the fugitive mused, was excellent. A slow grin distorted his lips as he entered.

Avoiding the lighted hall, he scurried into a side passage. By devious, breathless slinkings, he lost himself in a labyrinth of corridors off which opened deserted chambers. His eyes gleamed with the reckless joy of adventure.

Remotely, as he progressed, voices began to filter to him through the walls and down the long windings. Somewhere beyond lay a considerable activity. The lighted spots became more frequent. The danger became greater. His spirits rose with its proximity. He swaggered bravely.

He stumbled upon a narrow, climbing stair, and crept softly to its topmost extremity. A little door barred his passage. Beyond its barrier, the voices were loud and clear. It seemed, however, that he was above them.

Enlightenment came to him. This was the entrance to a balcony, overlooking the banquet hall. Within, below him, the guests were making merry. A splendid motley of odors was wafted to his nostrils. They smote his stomach with craving.

Very gently, he pushed open the door.

Happiness! The balcony was narrow, and barely a dozen feet in length, while screening it surely from the eyes below hung great curtains of red velvet. He pushed through and closed the door behind him.



*The body of the knife maker fell back against the rampart.*

As if upon a signal, a drawling voice floated up to him from the gorgeous pit.

"This Duplessis, Lemieux!" it said. "Is he indeed the remarkable fellow the journals would have us believe?"

The fugitive parted the curtains gently, and peered down at the brilliant scene. There were some forty persons at the long table. The dinner was nearing its close.

The detective's response was instant.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried, while the room listened. "I love the fellow! He is an artist, and he is a gentleman! He can turn a sonnet or paint a picture with the best of you; and he can steal a woman's heart with the worst of you!"

The laughter of women rippled up to the fugitive on the balcony.

"I should like to meet him, this paragon of thieves," laughed a handsome brunette.

Duplessis on his balcony bowed gravely.

"That, Mademoiselle, is not an impossibility," answered the smooth voice of the detective. "He is an adept at imposture. So highly do I rate his talent that it would not surprise me if he were here amongst us, sitting at our table and listening to our praise."

An amused chorus took up the jest.

"Come, Villiers," roared a great voice from the end of the table. "You have always been a mystery. Confess that you are Duplessis!"

"My dear Lespinasse," smiled the man addressed. "If I were Duplessis I should instantly confess it, knowing that your shrewd attention already had unmasked me. Nothing escapes your vigilance, save only an original line."

The sardonic Lemieux came to the rescue.

"I will turn the tables on you, Villiers," he said. "This Duplessis is also an able critic. I do not hesitate to say that he is every bit your equal. You recall his theft of Madam Tridon's paintings? He took the genuine, and left the spurious. There was a dreadful scandal. I believe your opinions were questioned!"

The assailed critic laughed with great good nature.

"Very well," he responded. "Then he is not here tonight, or our host's gallery by this is bereft of all but its frames."

"*Diable!* Yes!" cried Lemieux, "that would be a tempting bait for Duplessis. My dear M'sieu Montaud, what now is the number of your Van Dycks?"

The bearded giant at the table's head raised a decimating hand.

"He may have them all," he said with generosity,

"so that he leaves me my great Rembrandt. You have not seen it, Lemieux. It is magnificent, and it is priceless."

"I hope also it is safe," said Lemieux, dryly.

"It is on the balcony above us," said Montaud. "You shall see it, when we have finished."

A cold sweat came out upon the brow of the fugitive. He turned slowly on his heels and looked upward. Shaded by the great curtain, the painted semblance of a courtier stared back at him, a dark and somber figure against a darker background. The canvas was large, the figure the height of a tall man.

Duplessis continued to stare upward. The gaze of the silent watcher fascinated him. But in a moment a little smile began to play about the thief's lips. His anxiety left him. Here was opportunity for a *coup* so brilliant that its echoes would follow him to Spain, and give him food for laughter.

The knife he took from his blouse was sharp and pointed, and upon its tip still clung a dull, red memory of the murdered Merle; he tried its edge with his thumb. The frame of the picture was of heavy metal; he tested it with his weight, hanging at full length. He estimated the height of the concealing curtain.

Then, with steel fingers, he pulled himself up within the great frame. He worked swiftly, but silently, his small sounds lost in the chatter from below. . . . The canvas came out easily, and he lowered it softly to the floor of the balcony.

A temptation to laugh surged within him. He

stood now within the empty frame, at full height. He turned carefully until he faced the curtain. Gripping the metal side pieces, he essayed a sardonic bow toward the concealed audience.

What a picture he made! The faces of the guests when they stared upward at the bereft balcony! The face of Lemieux! It was a picture to move the gods to helpless laughter! If only he could see it!—that droll scene! If only he might stand within the frame and laugh as the silly curtains were rolled apart! It would be worth a year of freedom! Five years!

He listened again to the voices, and quick panic seized him. . . . Montaud was speaking.

*Mon Dieu!* It was too late!

"The buttons are here, side by side," boomed the voice of Montaud. "If I push the first, the lights are flashed upon the painting. The second leaves us in darkness below. Gentlemen, Rembrandt himself is with us! The curtain is operated by a cord . . ."

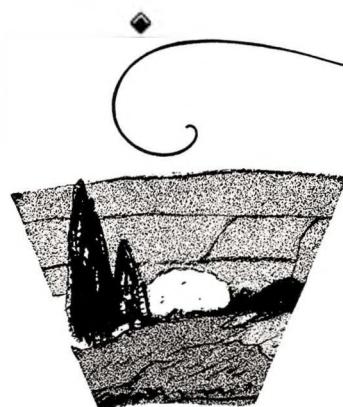
Too late! Flight was impossible. Concealment . . .?

A brilliant glow sprang out above him. The lights in the room below went out. Blinded, he stood upright within the frame.

What a catastrophe! What a failure! And yet, what a scene. By God, what a jest!

A roar of laughter swept upward from his lungs and burst the barrier of his lips. It pealed across the long chamber, and echoed in the rafters. He screamed with delight.

And suddenly the curtains sprang aside.



## The Cap and Bells

By WILLIAM B. YEATS

It had grown sweet-tongued by dreaming,  
Of a flutter of flower-like hair;  
But she took up her fan from the table  
And waved it off on the air.

"I have cap and bells," he pondered,  
"I will send them to her and die;"  
And when the morning whitened  
He left them where she went by.

She laid them upon her bosom,  
Under a cloud of her hair,  
And her red lips sang them a love song;  
Till stars grew out of the air.

She opened her door and her window,  
And the heart and the soul came through,  
To her right hand came the red one,  
To her left hand came the blue.

They set up a noise like crickets,  
A chattering wise and sweet,  
And her hair was a folded flower  
And the quiet of love in her feet.

THE jester walked in the garden;  
The garden had fallen still;  
He bade his soul rise upward  
And stand on her window-sill.

It rose in a straight blue garment,  
When owls began to call:  
It had grown wise-tongued by thinking  
Of a quiet and light footfall;

But the young queen would not listen;  
She rose in her pale night gown:  
She drew in the heavy casement  
And pushed the latches down.

He bade his heart go to her,  
When the owls called out no more;  
In a red and quivering garment  
It sang to her through the door.

# H ow a Roast Goose Vendor Was Paid

A Sixteenth Century Satire

By FRANCOIS RABELAIS (1483-1553)

**A**t PARIS, in the Roast-meat Cookery of the Petit Chastelet, before the cookshop of one of the roast-meat sellers of that lane, a certain hungry Porter was eating his bread, after he had by parcels kept it awhile above the reek and steam of a fat goose on the spit, turning at a great fire, and found it so besmoked with the vapor, to be savory; which the Cook observing, took no notice, till after having ravined his Penny Loaf, whereof no morsel has been unsmokified, he was about discamping and going away; but by your leave, as the fellow thought to have departed thence shot-free, the Master-Cook laid hold upon him by the gorget, demanded payment for the smoke of his roast-meat. The Porter answered, that he had sustained no loss at all; that by what he had done there was no diminution made of the flesh, that he had taken nothing of his, and that therefore he was not indebted to him in anything: As for the smoke in question, that, although he had not been there, it would howsoever have been evaporated: Besides that, before that time it had never been seen nor heard, that roast-meat smoke was sold upon the streets of Paris. The Cook hereto replied that he was not obliged nor any way bound to feed and nourish for nought a Porter whom he had never seen before with the smoke of his roast-meat; and thereupon swore, that if he would not forthwith content and satisfy him with present payment for the repast which he had thereby got, that he would take his crooked staves from off his back: which instead of having loads thereafter laid upon them, should serve for fuel to his kitchen fires. While he was going about so to do, the Porter got out of his gripes, drew forth the knotty cudgel, and stood to his own defence. The altercation waxed hot in words, which moved the gaping hoydens of the sottish Parisians to run from all parts thereabouts to see what the issue would be of that babbling strife and contention.

In the interim of this dispute, to very good purpose, Seiny Jhon the Fool and Citizen of Paris, happened to be there, whom the Cook perceiving, said to the Porter, "Wilt thou refer and submit unto the noble Seiny Jhon, the decision of the difference and controversy which is betwixt us?"

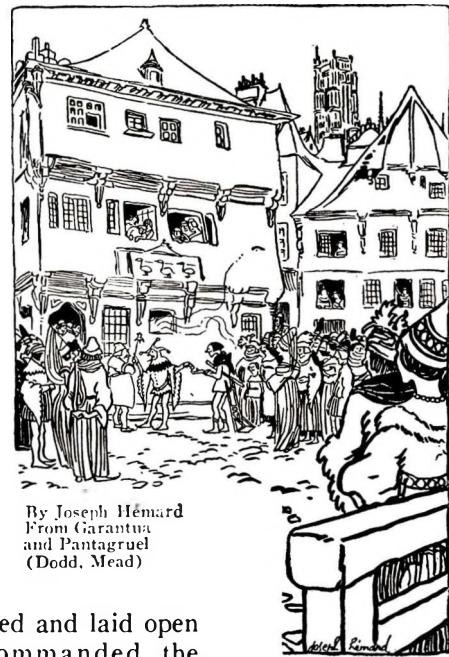
"Yes, by the blood of a goose," answered the Porter, "I am content."

Seiny Jhon the fool, finding that the Cook and Porter had compromised the determination of their variance and debate to the discretion of his award and arbitrament; after that the reasons on either side

whereupon was grounded the mutual fierceness of their brawling jar had been to the full displayed and laid open before him, commanded the Porter to draw out of the fab of his belt a piece of money, if he had it. Whereupon the Porter immediately without delay, in reverence to the authority of such a judicious umpire, put the tenth part of a silver Phillip into his hand. This little Phillip Seiny Jhon took, then set it on his left shoulder, to try by feeling if it was of a sufficient weight; after that, laying it on the palm of his hand he made it ring and tingle, to understand by the ear if it was of a good alloy in the metal whereof it was composed: Thereafter he put it to the ball or apple of his left eye, to explore by the sight if it was well stamped and marked: all which being done, in a profound silence of the whole doltish people, who were there spectators of this pageantry, to the great hope of the Cook's and despair of the Porter's Prevalency in the suit that was in agitation, he finally caused the Porter to make it sound several times upon the stall of the Cook's shop.

Then with a presidential majesty holding his bauble (scepter-like) in his hand, muffling his head with a hood of marten skins, each side whereof had the resemblance of an ape's face, sprucified up with ears of pasted paper, and having about his neck a buckled ruff, raised, furrowed, and ridged, with pointing sticks of the shape and fashion of small organ-pipes; he first, with all the force of his lungs, coughed two or three times, and then with an audible voice pronounced this following sentence, "The Court declareth, That the Porter, who ate his Bread at the Smoke of the Roast, hath civilly paid the Cook with the Sound of his Money: And the said Court Ordaineth, That every one return to his own Home, and attend his Business, without Cost and Charges, and for a Cause."

This verdict, award and arbitrament of the Parisian Fool, did appear so equitable, yea, so admirable to the aforesaid doctors, that they very much doubted, if the matter had been brought before the Sessions for Justice of the said Place, or that the Judges of the Rota at Rome had been umpires therein; or yet that the Areopagites themselves had been the deciders thereof, if by any one part, or all of them together, it had been so judicially sententiated and awarded.



By Joseph Hemard  
From *Gargantua*  
and *Pantagruel*  
(Dodd, Mead)

# Tobermory

What Happened when the Cat Learned to Talk, and Too Well

By "SAKI" (H. H. MUNRO)

IT WAS A CHILL, rain-washed afternoon of a late August day, that indefinite season when partridges are still in security or cold storage, and there is nothing to hunt—unless one is bounded on the north by the Bristol Channel, in which case one may lawfully gallop after fat red stags. Lady Blemley's house-party was not bounded on the north by the Bristol Channel, hence there was a full gathering of her guests round the tea-table on this particular afternoon. And in spite of the blankness of the season and the triteness of the occasion, there was no trace in the company of that fatigued restlessness which means a dread of the pianola and a subdued hankering for auction bridge. The undisguised open-mouthed attention of the entire party was fixed on the homely negative personality of Mr. Cornelius Appin. Of all her guests, he was the one who had come to Lady Blemley with the vaguest reputation. Some one had said he was "clever," and he had got his invitation in the moderate expectation, on the part of his hostess, that some portion at least of his cleverness would be contributed to the general entertainment. Until tea-time that day she had been unable to discover in what direction, if any, his cleverness lay. He was neither a wit nor a croquet champion, a hypnotic force nor a begetter of amateur theatricals. Neither did his exterior suggest the sort of man in whom women are willing to pardon a generous measure of mental deficiency. He had subsided into mere Mr. Appin, and the Cornelius seemed a piece of transparent baptismal bluff. And now he was claiming to have launched on the world a discovery beside which the invention of gunpowder, of the printing-press, and of steam locomotion were inconsiderable trifles. Science had made bewildering strides in many directions during recent decades, but this thing seemed to belong to the domain of miracle rather than to scientific achievement.

"And do you really ask us to believe," Sir Wilfrid was saying, "that you have discovered a means for instructing animals in the art of human speech, and that dear old Tobermory has proved your first successful pupil?"

"It is a problem at which I have worked for the last seventeen years," said Mr. Appin, "but only during the last eight or nine months have I been rewarded with glimmerings of success. Of course I have experimented with thousands of animals, but latterly only with cats, those wonderful creatures which have assimilated

*"Saki" is a cult among those who know his urbane and mocking little stories, gay with malice, wit, or plain uproarious farce. In person "Saki" was Hector Hugh Munro, English soldier, gentleman-traveler and newspaper man, who died in action on the western front in 1916.*

themselves so marvelously with our civilization while retaining all their highly developed feral instincts. Here and there among cats one comes across an outstanding superior intellect, just as one does among the ruck of hu-

man beings, and when I made the acquaintance of Tobermory a week ago I saw at once that I was in contact with a 'Beyond-cat' of extraordinary intelligence. I had gone far along the road to success in recent experiments; with Tobermory, as you call him, I have reached the goal."

Mr. Appin concluded his remarkable statement in a voice which he strove to divest of a triumphant inflection. No one said "Rats," though Clovis' lips moved in a monosyllabic contortion which probably invoked those rodents of disbelief.

"And do you mean to say," asked Miss Resker, after a slight pause, "that you have taught Tobermory to say and understand easy sentences of one syllable?"

"My dear Miss Resker," said the wonder-worker patiently, "one teaches little children and savages and backward adults in that piecemeal fashion: when one has once solved the problem of making a beginning with an animal of highly developed intelligence one has no need for those halting methods. Tobermory can speak our language with perfect correctness."

This time Clovis very distinctly said, "Beyond-rats!" Sir Wilfrid was more polite, but equally skeptical.

"Hadn't we better have the cat in and judge for ourselves?" suggested Lady Blemley.

Sir Wilfrid went in search of the animal, and the company settled themselves down to the languid expectation of witnessing some more or less adroit drawing-room ventriloquism.

In a minute Sir Wilfrid was back in the room, his face white beneath its tan and his eyes dilated with excitement.

"By Gad, it's true!"

His agitation was unmistakably genuine, and his hearers started forward in a thrill of awakened interest.

Collapsing into an armchair he continued breathlessly: "I found him dozing in the smoking-room, and called out to him to come for his tea. He blinked at me in his usual way, and I said, 'Come on, Toby: don't keep us waiting'; and, by Gad! he drawled out in a most horribly natural voice that he'd come when he dashed well pleased! I nearly jumped out of my skin!"



*"You'd find it inconvenient if I were to shift the conversation onto your own little affairs," said Tobermory frigidly.*

Appin had preached to absolutely incredulous hearers; Sir Wilfrid's statement carried instant conviction. A Babel-like chorus of startled exclamation arose, amid which the scientist sat mutely enjoying the first fruit of his stupendous discovery.

In the midst of the clamor Tobermory entered the room and made his way with velvet tread and studied unconcern across to the group around the tea-table.

A sudden hush of awkwardness and constraint fell on the company. Somehow there seemed an element of embarrassment in addressing on equal terms a domestic cat of acknowledged mental ability.

"Will you have some milk, Tobermory?" asked Lady Blemley in a rather strained voice.

"I don't mind if I do," was the response, couched in a tone of even indifference. A shiver of suppressed

excitement went through the listeners, and Lady Blemley might be excused for pouring out the saucerful of milk rather unsteadily.

"I'm afraid I've spilt a good deal of it," she said apologetically.

"After all, it's not my Axminster," was Tobermory's rejoinder.

Another silence fell on the group, and then Miss Resker, in her best district-visitor manner, asked if the human language had been difficult to learn. Tobermory looked squarely at her for a moment and then fixed his gaze serenely on the middle distance. It was obvious that boring questions lay outside his scheme of life.

"What do you think of human intelligence?" asked Mavis Pellington lamely.

"Of whose intelligence in particular?" asked Tobermory coldly.

"Oh, well, mine for instance," said Mavis, with a feeble laugh.

"You put me in an embarrassing position," said Tobermory, whose tone and attitude certainly did not suggest a shred of embarrassment. "When your inclusion in this house-party was suggested Sir Wilfrid protested that you were the most brainless woman of his acquaintance, and that there was a wide distinction between hospitality and the care of the feeble-minded. Lady Blemley replied that your lack of brain-power was the precise quality which had earned you your invitation, as you were the only person she could think of who might be idiotic enough to buy their old car. You know, the one they call 'The Envy of Sisyphus,' because it goes quite nicely uphill if you push it."

LADY BLEMLEY'S protestations would have had greater effect if she had not casually suggested to Mavis only that morning that the car in question would be just the thing for her down at her Devonshire home.

Major Barfield plunged in heavily to effect a diversion.

"How about your carryings-on with the tortoise-shell puss up at the stables, eh?"

The moment he had said it every one realized the blunder.

"One does not usually discuss these matters in public," said Tobermory frigidly. "From a slight observation of your ways since you've been in this house I should imagine you'd find it rather inconvenient if I were to shift the conversation on to your own little affairs."

The panic which ensued was not confined to the Major.

"Would you like to go and see if the cook has got your dinner ready?" suggested Lord Blemley hurriedly, affecting to ignore the fact that it wanted at least two hours to Tobermory's dinner-time.

"Thanks," said Tobermory, "not quite so soon after my tea. I don't want to die of indigestion."

"Cats have nine lives, you know," said Sir Wilfrid heartily.

"Possibly," answered Tobermory; "but only one liver."

"Adelaide!" said Mrs. Cornett, "do you mean to encourage that cat to go out and gossip about us in the servants' hall?"

The panic had indeed become general. A narrow ornamental balustrade ran in front of most of the bedroom windows at the Towers, and it was recalled with dismay that this had formed a favorite promenade for Tobermory at all hours, whence he could watch the pigeons—and heaven knew what else besides.

If he intended to become reminiscent in his present outspoken strain the effect would be something more than disconcerting.

Mrs. Cornett, who spent much time at her toilet table, and whose complexion was reputed to be of a nomadic though punctual disposition, looked as ill at ease as the Major. Miss Scrawen, who wrote fiercely sensuous poetry and led a blameless life, merely displayed irritation; if you are methodical and virtuous in private you don't necessarily want every one to know it. Bertie van Tahn, who was so depraved at seventeen that he had long ago given up trying to be any worse, turned a dull shade of gardenia white, but he did not commit the error of dashing out of the room like Odo Finsberry, a young gentleman who was understood to be reading for the Church and who was possibly disturbed at the thought of scandals he might hear concerning other people. Clovis had the presence of mind to maintain a composed exterior; privately he was calculating how long it would take to procure a box of fancy mice through the agency of the *Exchange and Mart* as a species of hush-money.

Even in a delicate situation like the present, Agnes Resker could not endure to remain too long in the background.

"Why did I ever come down here?" she asked dramatically.

Tobermory immediately accepted the opening.

"Judging by what you said to Mrs. Cornett on the croquet-lawn yesterday, you were out for food. You described the Blemleys as the dullest people to stay with that you knew, but said they were clever enough to employ a first-rate cook; otherwise they'd find it difficult to get any one to come down a second time."

"There's not a word of truth in it! I appeal to Mrs. Cornett—" exclaimed the discomfited Agnes.

"Mrs. Cornett repeated your remark afterwards to Bertie van Tahn," continued Tobermory, "and said, 'That woman is a regular Hunger Marcher; she'd go anywhere for four square meals a day,' and Bertie van Tahn said—"

At this point the chronicle mercifully ceased. Tobermory had caught a glimpse of the big yellow Tom from the Rectory working his way through the shrubbery towards the stable wing. In a flash he had vanished through the open window.

With the disappearance of his too brilliant pupil Cornelius Appin found himself beset by a hurricane of bitter upbraiding, anxious inquiry, and frightened entreaty. The responsibility for the situation lay with him, and he must prevent matters from becoming worse. Could Tobermory impart his dangerous gift to other cats? It was indeed quite possible, he replied, that he might have initiated his intimate friend the stable puss into his new accomplishment, but it was



*He tried German irregular verbs on an elephant at the zoo.*

unlikely that his teaching could have taken a wider range as yet.

"Then," said Mrs. Cornett, "Tobermory may be a valuable cat and a great pet; but I'm sure you'll agree, Adelaide, that both he and the stable cat must be done away with without delay."

"You don't suppose I've enjoyed the last quarter of an hour, do you?" said Lady Blemley bitterly. "My husband and I are very fond of Tobermory—at least, we were before this horrible accomplishment was infused into him; but now, of course, the only thing is to have him destroyed as soon as possible."

"We can put some strychnine in the scraps he always gets at dinner-time," said Sir Wilfrid, "and I will go and drown the stable cat myself. The coachman will be very sore at losing his pet, but I'll say a very catching form of mange has broken out in both cats and we're afraid of it spreading to the kennels."

"But my great discovery!" expostulated Mr. Appin; "after all my years of experiment——"

"You can go and experiment on the short-horns at the farm, who are under proper control," said Mrs. Cornett, "or the elephants at the Zoological Gardens. They're said to be highly intelligent, and they have this recommendation, that they don't come creeping about our bedrooms and under chairs, and so forth."

An archangel ecstatically proclaiming the millennium, and then finding that it clashed unpardonably with Henley and would have to be indefinitely postponed, could hardly have felt more crestfallen than Cornelius Appin at the reception of his wonderful achievement. Public opinion, however, was against him—in fact, had the general voice been consulted on the subject it is probable that a strong minority vote would have been in favor of including him in the strychnine diet.

Defective train arrangements and a nervous desire to see matters brought to a finish prevented an immediate dispersal of the party, but dinner that evening was not a social success. Sir Wilfrid had had rather a trying time with the stable cat and subsequently with the coachman. Agnes Resker ostentatiously limited her repast to a morsel of dry toast, which she bit as though it were a personal enemy: while Mavis Pellington maintained a vindictive silence throughout the meal. Lady Blemley kept up a flow of what she hoped was conversation, but her attention was fixed on the doorway. A plateful of carefully dosed fish scraps was in readiness on the sideboard, but sweets and savory and dessert went their way, and no Tobermory appeared in the dining-room or kitchen.

◆

## Henry Adams Meets Stevenson

The sepulchral dinner was cheerful compared with the subsequent vigil in the smoking-room. Eating and drinking had at least supplied a distraction and cloak to the prevailing embarrassment. Bridge was out of the question in the general tension of nerves and tempers, and after Odo Finsberry had given a lugubrious rendering of "Mélisande in the Wood" to a frigid audience, music was tacitly avoided. At eleven the servants went to bed, announcing that the small window in the pantry had been left open as usual for Tobermory's private use. The guests read steadily through the current batch of magazines, and fell back gradually on the "Badminton Library" and bound volumes of *Punch*. Lady Blemley made periodic visits to the pantry, returning each time with an expression of listless depression which forestalled questioning.

At two o'clock Clovis broke the dominating silence.

"He won't turn up tonight. He's probably in the local newspaper office at the present moment, dictating the first instalment of his reminiscences. Lady What's-her-Name's book won't be in it. It will be the event of the day."

Having made this contribution to the general cheerfulness, Clovis went to bed. At long intervals the various members of the party followed his example.

The servants taking round the early tea made a uniform announcement in reply to a uniform question. Tobermory had not returned.

Breakfast was, if anything, a more unpleasant function than dinner had been, but before its conclusion the situation was relieved. Tobermory's corpse was brought in from the shrubbery, where a gardener had just discovered it. From the bites on his throat and the yellow fur which coated his claws it was evident that he had fallen in unequal combat with the big Tom from the Rectory.

By midday most of the guests had quitted the Towers, and after lunch Lady Blemley had sufficiently recovered her spirits to write an extremely nasty letter to the Rectory about the loss of her valuable pet.

Tobermory had been Appin's one successful pupil, and he was destined to have no successor. A few weeks later an elephant in the Dresden Zoological Garden, which had shown no previous signs of irritability, broke loose and killed an Englishman who had apparently been teasing it. The victim's name was variously reported in the papers as Oppin and Eppelin, but his front name was faithfully rendered Cornelius.

"If he was trying German irregular verbs on the poor beast," said Clovis, "he deserved all he got."



*I*MAGINE A MAN so thin and emaciated that he looked like a bundle of sticks in a bag, with a head and eyes morbidly intelligent and restless. He was costumed in dirty striped cotton pyjamas, the baggy legs tucked into coarse knit woolen stockings, one of which was bright brown in color, the other a purplish dark tone. I sat by, nervously conscious that my eyes could not help glaring at Stevenson's stockings, and wondering which color he would have chosen if he had been obliged to wear a pair that matched. He would be an impossible companion. He is a strange compound of callousness and susceptibility, and his susceptibility is sometimes more amusing than his callousness. He looks like an insane stork, dancing about, brandishing his long arms above his head.

—The Letters of Henry Adams.

# The Theorist

By C. A. VOIGHT



"If you'll pardon my saying so, you are falling into the error common to most people who have not studied the theory of skating."



"Just a moment and I'll show you how the best result can be attained with the least effort."



"It stands to reason that the center of gravity must first be determined upon."



"Next an imaginary line should be drawn from it, bisecting the arc which you are describing, and taking



"the point of intersection as the center of an eccentric circle, a much more graceful result will be—"



Courtesy of *Life*

# So They Say



Richard Decker

ALBERT EINSTEIN:  
scientist

JOHN J. PERSHING:  
former Commander-in-Chief of the  
United States Army

SIR ELLIS HUME WILLIAMS:  
leading British divorce lawyer

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS:  
columnist in the N. Y. "World"

HENRIK SHIPSTEAD:  
Senator from Minnesota

HENRY FORD:  
manufacturer of motor cars, in his  
book "Moving Forward"

KING ALBERT:  
of Belgium

H. R. H. EDWARD ALBERT:  
Prince of Wales

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS:  
writer

HENRY CLAY:  
of the Bank of England

BERTRAND RUSSELL:  
in "Sceptical Essays"

SINCLAIR LEWIS:  
author of "Main Street," winner of  
Nobel Prize

DR. OTTO BRAU:  
Prime Minister of Prussia

DR. ISAAC GOLDBERG:  
in his book, "Tin Pan Alley"

REV. HARRY EMERSON  
FOSDICK:  
the Riverside Church, New York

"I believe the United States has the right idea. They choose a president for a reasonable length of time and give him enough power to acquit himself properly of this responsibility."

"I pray fervently that there will be no more war. With all my soul I hate it. I have seen it in all its horrors."

"I think women less faithful than men."

"We never saw Mr. Calvin Coolidge's contract, but somebody told us that it called for a minimum of 200 words a day. We used to count the words, and while they sometimes ran as high as 202, that—on the days when we counted—was high. It generally runs 200. Yesterday—a little carelessly, perhaps, for counting Coolidge words is a greater soporific than sheep-tallying—it seemed to us that there were only 198 words. And then we saw that the canny Northamptonian used 'short-sighted' and 'low-standard', our guess being that when those occur in the essays they are two words, and our bet that the telegraph company either carries them as one or knows that it has been in a fight."

"The people are suffering from intellectual bankruptcy of men in high places."

"Working just to get more money is out of the question. . . . There are two things of which men grow weary in the material sphere—meaningless poverty and meaningless prosperity."

"I always like to dip my bread into my coffee at breakfast, but the Queen doesn't like it and only lets me do it when there is no one present but the family."

"I am a filthy golfer and a filthy speaker."

"The doctrine of the importance of the common man is uniquely an American doctrine. It, and not science, has been the real religion of our time."

"Statistics are no substitute for judgment."

"Patriotism is the willingness to kill and be killed for trivial reasons."

"I don't make exposés. If I happen to write things as I see them, and people don't like it, that is not my fault. That's their fault. Why doesn't somebody call *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* an exposé of Peruvian bridge builders?"

"The job of manager of a garbage removal company would be more lucrative and less filthy than mine."

"Snobbery is but a point in time. Let us have patience with our inferiors. They are ourselves of yesterday."

"We are in danger of becoming a society of moral rubber stamps."

**ALFRED E. SMITH:**  
*prominent New Yorker*

"Under a Republican Administration it is called a business depression. In a Democratic Administration they call it a panic. Somebody the other day called it a cycle. They ought to call it a bicycle, because both Democrats and Republicans are being taken for a ride on it."

**E. W. HOWE:**  
*Kansas editor, author and philosopher*

"I believe in grumbling; it is the politest form of fighting known."

**ROGER W. BABSON:**  
*financial expert*

"There never was more money than there is today."

**BAINBRIDGE COLBY:**  
*former U. S. Secretary of State*

"We seem to have adopted the notion that the struggle of parties in America is no longer concerned with basic principles, but is an endless game of check and double check between two sets of blasé and languid players."

**DWIGHT W. MORROW:**  
*retiring Ambassador to Mexico; Senator-elect from New Jersey*

"Any party which takes credit for the rain must not be surprised if its opponents blame it for the drought."

**MARY GARDEN:**  
*opera singer, impresario and executive*

"Women marry because they don't want to work."

**JOHN ERSKINE:**  
*professor of English and author of best-sellers*

"I see no future for opera, and I don't think it has even a present."

**CLARENCE DARROW:**  
*eminent trial lawyer, when told the business depression brings people closer to the church*

"So do funerals."

**RAMSAY MACDONALD:**  
*British Prime Minister*

"There is an adage, there is a line which goes, 'Ride the wind and direct the storm.' That is all that a government can do. It cannot by any process of magic or by any process of words allay the wind or aright it. It cannot allay the storm. It has to direct, and in the arighting and in the directing he who takes the luxurious and happy position of being the spectator critic may say much about the wind and much about the storm."

**HERBERT BRUCKER:**  
*writer and Editor, in the "Review of Reviews"*

"It is appalling to think that never, during sixteen waking hours out of twenty-four, is the air of the United States still."

**WILL ROGERS:**  
*in the New York "Times"*

"Peace is kinder like prosperity. There is mighty few nations that can stand it."

**MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER:**  
*of New York City*

"I always enjoy doing my duty."

**A. LAWRENCE LOWELL:**  
*president of Harvard University*

"Each year twenty-five per cent. of the Freshman class at Harvard enjoy the first year to such an extent that they repeat it."

**GENERAL LUDENDORFF:**  
*German military leader*

"A world war will break out in May, 1932. France, Belgium, Poland, Rumania and Czechoslovakia will be on one side, and Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Russia and Britain on the other. The war will last but five weeks and will result in victory for France and her allies. Germany will be destroyed and the Italian army annihilated."

**MISS ALICE GROSJEAN:**  
*recently appointed Secretary of State of Louisiana*

"I'll probably have a little time now to go to dances, play some golf and tennis. I'm going to take a vacation. I love to dance. I don't believe a woman's place is in politics. I'd rather manage a home."

**SIR JAMES JEANS:**  
*British astronomer*

"The zones within which life is possible constitute less than a thousand millionth part of the whole of space."

**NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY BULLETIN:**

"Miniature golf may not be new to these shores. Early chroniclers tell of New Amsterdam Dutch burghers playing 'kolf' on small courses near taverns."

**DR. W. R. WHITNEY:**  
*Director of Research, General Electric Company*

"The best scientists have to recognize that they are just kindergarten fellows playing with mysteries."

SINCE 1912 Mrs. Winslow has been writing with devastating realism and pathos about her neighbors—and yours. A native of Fort Smith Arkansas, she now lives in New York City.



Drawings by  
Dorothy McKay

# Her Own Room

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

**T**HE WEDDING WAS OVER. Grandma Martin came home from the station, where the family had gone to tell Isabel and Walter good-by, with a wonderful, almost unbelievable feeling of freedom and contentment. Grandma Martin had not felt so pleasurable excitement in a long time; not since years before, when Grandpa Martin was alive, and they lived in the little, square, white house in Morrilton. But this was now, and grandma had the same tremulous feeling of happiness.

It wasn't because Isabel was married; that is, not because of what marriage might mean to Isabel. Walter was a nice fellow of course; grandma had seen to that. It wasn't that it was nice for Isabel's sake to think of Isabel as a bride that made grandma happy. It wasn't because grandma had gone to the church and then to the station and home again in a taxicab; grandma had ridden in automobiles before, a number of times; at old Mrs. Wentworth's funeral, and the time Mrs. Rogers was so sick and had sent for her; once rich Mrs. Grantner had taken her for a ride, too. And grandma went to church every Sunday when her rheumatism wasn't too bad. So it wasn't the ride or the church. Of course grandma's happiness was due,

in a way, to Isabel's marriage; grandma knew that Isabel was Mrs. Walter Reynolds now because of her efforts, and grandma knew that Isabel's father—grandma's son, David Martin—knew it, too, and Isabel's mother. That was all right. But grandma knew why she had wanted Isabel to get married, and knew why she was so very happy now; for, and for the first time in twelve years, grandma was going to have her own room.

A bedroom to herself! A real, regular bedroom, with a big closet in it and two windows, and a real bed and a dresser and two chairs! The room had been Isabel's, and now Isabel was married, had gone away for a honeymoon, was going to have an apartment of her own when she came back.

There may be those who would have sneered at the bedroom, those to whom white-enameled and brass beds are not the last words in elegance, to whom red and shining almost-mahogany dressers are not things of beauty. Grandma Martin was not one of them. The wallpaper had been of Isabel's choosing, a cream paper covered with big red roses and with a cut-out border of roses in even larger and more impossible shapes and colorings. It never occurred to grandma that this

wallpaper might be changed for her, though, given a choice of wallpapers, an impossible situation, grandma would have chosen something simpler and plainer; grandma liked plain things. Grandma accepted the room as it was, a perfect room, her own room. It was just a step from the one bathroom. You could open the windows the way you wanted them, lots of ventilation or just a little, turn the radiator off or on, obeying only your own whims—or those of the janitor—in regard to heat.

More than that, that bedroom opened up to grandma whole new avenues, almost forgotten avenues. Just think of it, in your own room you can go to bed, if you like, when you like, with no thought to the other inhabitants of the apartment. You can get up when you like, just so you rise in time to set the table for breakfast; you can take afternoon naps undisturbed, have your things where you want them, dress and undress nearly at any time—your own room.

Ever since Isabel announced her engagement, grandma had been definitely considering the room. Before that, of course, there had always been the thoughts of it, even remarks to confirm them. "If Isabel ever marries, grandma can have her room," or, "That room will be fine for grandma if Isabel isn't here." Since Isabel's engagement, for two months, now, the room had become almost a possession. Grandma had gone into it when Isabel was not there and looked around. She had sat down in the rocker at the window, imagined herself rightful owner, imagined her few possessions placed in neat order on the dressing-table, her clothes in Isabel's closet. Her own room!

**I**T WOULD BE WONDERFULLY PLEASANT, that room. For twelve years now Grandma Martin had lived with her son David Martin, and his wife Mary and their two children, Isabel and Ralph, and all of those twelve years grandma had slept in the dining-room. Of course, if you had asked her, grandma would have told you that it was not really a bad place to sleep. The dining-room was a nice room, fairly large, with a round golden-oak table and six golden-oak chairs and a glittering golden-oak buffet, holding an array of even more glittering cut-glass—a punch-bowl with twelve cups suspended from its sides by metal prongs, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Martin's Saturday night card club when they'd been married twenty-five years, and several odd pieces which Mary Martin had won at cards. On the wall were a pair of "dining-room pictures," appropriately of "fish and game." In the dining-room was a davenport, too, bought specially for grandma, and covered with shining black leatherette, and it opened into a bed at night. Of course it had to be made up when you opened it, and the pillow and covers had to be brought in from the hall closet, and that is not easy when one is seventy-eight. And when one sleeps in the dining-room, one has to wait until all of the other members of the family have gone to bed before one can go, especially in an apartment such as the Martins had, all on one floor. There was a living-room in front, and then a hall on which opened two bedrooms and the bath between them, and at the end of the hall was the dining-room. One had to pass through the dining-room to get to the kitchen, and one

knows how it is—how people, especially young people, always want to get into the dining-room or the kitchen just about the last thing at night. When Ralph or Isabel had company in the living-room, Mr. and Mrs. Martin stayed in the dining-room, reading newspapers or playing cards, so grandma could not go to bed as soon as she felt sleepy; she did not have a great deal of privacy. But sleeping in the dining-room was all right; grandma did not complain about it. Did not Ralph sleep in the living-room? Ralph's springs were undoubtedly just as hard and his mattress just as thin as the one grandma slept on.

David Martin was not poor. He had a small, but paying, electrical supply shop. He had moved twice in those twelve years, but he had never increased the number of rooms in his home. In New York rents are high and getting higher, and one pays for apartments at so much per room. Martin was a thrifty fellow, tall and sallow and calculative. He was a bit of a braggart, and liked to think of the way he lived as "pretty good for poor folks." He felt that he was self-made, because Grandpa Martin had died when David Martin was in his first year of high school, and David had had to quit school and go to work. He was proud of the fact that he had come to New York "without a cent" and had made a success. If Martin could have afforded a bigger apartment, with a room for grandma and maybe a room for Ralph, too, he did not see the need of it. Perhaps he did not realize what it meant to an old lady to sleep in a room where three meals are eaten every day—a room that was as much a family room as the living-room or the hall, with no place for little things that women like. But having a mother thrust upon one for support, when one's family is quite complete without her, is not always wholly pleasant. Martin's expression about his apartment was, "I don't want to give the landlord all my money." He liked the thought, and used the expression or a similar one frequently. He said frequently, too, that the davenport grandma had was "just as good or better than the bed my wife and I sleep on." He was rather proud of the way he treated his mother. He gave her a little spending money every month, and until she grew so deaf as to prove an annoyance by asking questions, he had taken her to the theater or to the movies two or three times every season. Occasionally, he bought her something new to wear and often asked, "Do you need anything, Ma?" Grandma's wants were few; when one is over seventy and spends most of one's time sewing or reading, there is not a great deal one needs, and grandma did not like to ask for things or be an expense. Ralph and Isabel were rather selfish, thoughtless, never did much for grandma; but, then, young people—Grandma got enough to eat, and she slept quite comfortably on the davenport except on restless nights. She would have liked to help with the cooking, but daughters-in-law have ways of their own, and grandma was not one to cause trouble by trying to interfere. She always set the table and washed most of the dishes and dusted, did what she could.

Until Grandma Martin was sixty-six, when she had come to live with her son David, after her children grew up and married, grandma had lived with her

*The first night that Walter dined with the family, Grandma tried with great eagerness to create a spirit of gaiety.*



daughter Jessie and Jessie's husband and their daughter Ruth. Grandma had assisted at the birth of Jessie's three children and at the funerals of two of them. Grandma loved Jessie; but, then, she loved David, too. But Jessie was grandma's daughter; that was a little different. Ruth was grandma's favorite grandchild. She had helped rear Ruth, bathed her and dressed her and petted her. Ruth married when she was nineteen. Grandma was glad Ruth married such a fine man, a young fellow and not very rich, though with a steady position, and exceedingly fond of Ruth. Ruth and her husband moved to Chicago when the firm transferred him there. Then, the next year, Jessie's husband died, and that left Jessie and grandma all alone. Jessie went to Chicago to live with Ruth, went to live with her daughter as grandma had done, quite the right way to do, naturally. But of course Ruth could not have grandma, even if she had wanted to have her. One cannot expect a young man on a small salary to support his wife and his mother and a grandmother besides. Grandma knew that. She was glad Ruth was happy and had a nice little home and that Jessie was happy with her. There was no one else—so grandma had gone to live with David.

DAVID MARTIN was a good man—good, but rather close and solemn. Mary, David's wife, was a good woman. Grandma appreciated her virtues, but Mary just "wasn't our folks." She was from New England, with a long upper lip and a thin mouth and a way of saying things shortly or not talking at all. Still, she made David happy. Grandma was glad of that, and David and his family were happy in a quiet and, to grandma, almost a sour way. Grandma liked Ruth, with her little bubbles and giggles, and Jessie, with her sensible housewifeliness and her pleasant, understandable love of gossip and discussion. There was something austere about David's family. But grandma had not had much choice. There was only David to go to, or an old folks' home, and some-

how an old folks' home shows that you are unwanted, that your children are failures or ungrateful, unable to have you; it was better at David's.

So twelve years ago grandma had come to David Martin's and fitted into his five-room apartment and his selfish and self-congratulatory, rather heavy family as best she could. David Martin and his wife occupied one bedroom, and there was no question of grandma having that room. The other bedroom belonged inalienably to Isabel, the "young lady daughter" at sixteen, twelve years ago. Ralph already occupied the couch in the living-room; so they had bought the davenport for grandma.

Now Isabel was married, and grandma was to have Isabel's room. The family was agreed on that. Grandma had waited for the room long enough and patiently enough, certainly. At one time, even, she had feared, as David and Mary had feared, that Isabel would not marry at all. Isabel was not an attractive young woman, certainly: she took after her mother's family. She was pale and thin to gauntness, with rather uneven and straight light hair, a nose too large, and high cheek-bones. She was quiet, and had a sharp, rather coarse voice when she spoke; not the type young men like. And yet grandma had known that if Isabel did not marry, the dining-room davenport would remain permanently hers.

Grandma had been the active matchmaker for Isabel. She had tried for a long time to find among the sons of her acquaintance a marriageable young man who might consider Isabel a suitable mate, but she had not succeeded. Grandma recognized Isabel's limitations; but, too, she had seen far less likely girls attain matrimony. Then one day when grandma was sewing for charity at the Ladies' Aid she met Walter Reynolds. He was a son of a member of the society. Isabel was twenty-seven, then, and without suitors. It was a rainy afternoon, and the streets were slippery. When Mrs. Reynolds suggested that her son, who had called for her, escort grandma home instead, grandma

accepted eagerly. When they reached the apartment, grandma urged Walter to stay to dinner, her family would be glad to have him. Walter was a round-faced good-natured-looking fellow of thirty-two or so, with small eyes, a wide, rather empty smile, and a weak chin. Grandma found out on the walk home that he had a small, but dependable, mercantile position. It was not a splendid opportunity, but quite as good as Isabel might expect; better, perhaps, than Isabel expected. Isabel had shown no great longings for matrimony. Lacking personality, she lacked the need of attraction as well.

**G**RANDMA MARTIN did what she could to invest Isabel with charm. All the way home she talked about her, preparing Walter for a favorable impression. She flattered Walter in her old-fashioned, gentle way. On arriving home, grandma went into the kitchen and told Mary, her daughter-in-law, who was preparing the meal, about the guest she had brought home, what a nice woman Walter's mother was, and Walter seemed a fine fellow, too. Something might come of it. Mary had hoped that Isabel would be popular, even married by now. While pretending great indifference to grandma's hints, she opened some of her own canned peaches, a special treat, and prepared a salad of tinned fish.

Dinner at the Martins was usually of the simplest. The family was the sort that seldom had dinner guests. Grandma and Mary put the dishes on the table, and David served. Ralph, rather spoiled and petted and of a snarly and morose disposition, was always served first. Then came Isabel's portion, and then her mother's was ladled out. After that came grandma's plateful, and then David served himself. David was not specially selfish about food, but Mary was economical about the quantities she prepared, and when not quite enough for two helpings remained at the end, grandma's portions suffered perhaps a trifle more than Martin's own.

When there was a dinner guest, the usual custom of serving was varied, and there was usually a little more to eat. Instead of eating almost in silence, broken only by a few complaints from Ralph, a whine from Isabel, a staccato sentence or two from Mary, a few comments on the weather or business—business was always dull—from David, the family tried to break out into a general conversation, touching lightly on topics of the day. The first night that Walter dined with the family, grandma tried with great eagerness to create a spirit of gaiety quite at variance with the usual behavior of the family. It meant a lot to the whole family, to her, this visit. Ralph was in a good humor; his football team had won a game that afternoon. David, openly eager that Isabel marry, and seeing in this stray caller, as he saw in every masculine figure who approached him, a chance for Isabel, became talkative. Grandma praised the canned peaches and told how Isabel, "the best little cook you ever saw," had put them up during the preceding summer. Grandma had peeled the peaches, and Isabel had assisted rather vaguely in the canning.

From the first Walter seemed fairly interested. After dinner Ralph put some records on the victrola, and

Isabel, usually silent, expanded enough to add stray remarks to the conversation.

The next week grandma called on Walter's mother: it was quite all right, of course, as she lived only a few blocks away. Grandma found out that Walter had two brothers and that his mother did not object to his marrying. Walter came home while grandma was there—grandma had strayed from her usual custom of hurrying home early—and escorted grandma home again and stayed to dinner. Grandma and David flattered Walter, Ralph listened respectfully to his opinions, and Isabel's silence made her seem just pleasantly shy. A week later grandma telephoned over to Mrs. Reynolds for an embroidery pattern that she thought Mrs. Reynolds had, and Walter brought it over that evening. Grandma prepared Isabel for the visit as well as she could. Isabel did not like advice from an old woman like grandma, but Isabel was a welcome enough victim to matrimony if it required neither charm nor exertion—most of her friends had married during the preceding years—so she did her best to please Walter, giggling a bit hysterically, but trying hard to be entertaining, now that the quarry seemed possible.

David himself was specially enthusiastic over the affair. On previous occasions he had brought home business acquaintances. Each call had seemed to him important, an event. Each caller had been to him a distinct matrimonial possibility. None of the callers had ever returned for a second call. Her father had lacked finesse and skill, or perhaps Isabel had too definitely lacked charm. Now, with the fat and slow Walter, grandma found little difficulty. She hinted of suitors whom Isabel had "turned down." She told of her own popularity and girlhood, how much like her Isabel was, how girls of Isabel's type develop into such splendid cooks and housekeepers and mothers. Walter, a bit confused and perhaps fascinated by the net spread around him, continued to call. Finally the engagement was announced, and this was followed as quickly as possible by the wedding.

David was grateful to grandma. Having an old maid daughter was displeasing to him, not the right thing; it reflected on his success. Girls ought to get married. He definitely acknowledged that grandma had found a husband, a good husband, too, for his only daughter. That is, he acknowledged it to grandma immediately after the engagement, and promised grandma a new black-silk dress for the wedding, which he kept his word about purchasing. If Mary or Isabel felt grandma's help, they did not mention it. Later the thought of grandma's assistance became a bit hazy even to him, and finally disappeared altogether.

Now Isabel was married, and Isabel and Walter had gone to Atlantic City on a honeymoon. They were going to spend a whole week in Atlantic City, and then they were coming back to New York and going to a hotel to stay until they found a suitable apartment. Now that Isabel was married, she became suddenly, vaguely unimportant to grandma. Her room was different.

Grandma pretended interest in the conversation that was going on in the living-room. Mr. and Mrs.

Martin, Ralph, and a boy named Howard, Ralph's friend, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, friends of the Martins, and their daughter Eileen were discussing the wedding. They had all just come back from the station, piled rather closely into black-and-white taxicabs.

"Didn't Isabel look sweet! I've never seen her look better in my life. I'm glad she got married in a blue suit instead of in white."

"Did you notice Mrs. Roberts and the three daughters in church? It's about time one of those girls—"

"Wasn't Walter nervous? A fine fellow, Walter, a fine—"

"Isabel said they'd write tonight or tomorrow, anyhow. I hope they have good weather in Atlantic City."

"She certainly made a sweet bride. Isabel is—"

Grandma listened as long as she could. Then quietly, so as not to attract attention—but, then, grandma did most things quietly; it made her feel less in the way—she walked out of the room, down the hall, and into Isabel's room.

The room was upset, full of discarded things, the shell of Isabel as a girl; the box and tissue-paper for the flowers; the dressing-gown that Isabel had been "wearing out," not good enough for marriage and Walter; Isabel's old slippers; letters that had come that day, a wedding present half in its box.

This room—she'd clear it out today, still warm as it was from Isabel—was hers. Had not David, even Mary, said so? Grandma was a trifle afraid of her daughter-in-law, and yet sorry for her. It was hard on Mary, having an old woman, a mother-in-law, living with her all the time. Grandma knew that.

Grandma crept out of the room. She did not want them to find her there; they might laugh. Of course they did not exactly know how she felt about the room. And there was Ralph. Grandma had always been a little afraid. Ralph had not a room, either, and Ralph liked to have his own way, and now, of course, being the son of the family, he might think—Grandma decided to ask casually about it at dinner, when the guests were gone, and find out definitely. Maybe she could start sleeping there right away, tonight.

The guests left with much laughter and unpleasant, heavy jests about the young couple. Mary went into the kitchen to prepare the meal, just a "pick-up," and told Grandma not to come in. "Set the table, Ma. No use you standing around in here, with nothing to do."

Finally dinner was on the table, and the family seated. Four seemed few. There had been five, and six when Walter came in, as he had done frequently in the last two months. It was nicer this way. Six at table make a lot of dishes to wash; one gets pretty tired.

They spoke of the wedding; what the minister had said, agreed he'd spoken very nicely and not too long; about the trip and the weather staying nice.

Grandma took courage. She had to gulp a bit to make the words come. Then she said:

"I think, if you don't mind, now that Isabel—don't you think that I might have—go into—Isabel's room?"

David and Mary and Ralph looked at grandma. She trembled and tried to pretend it did not matter.

"Of course, Ma, if you prefer Isabel's room, though your bed is newer and every bit as good as the one Mary and I sleep on."

"I—I think it would be nice," said grandma.

"Well, ma might as well take it." Mary spoke as if it were a new thought just occurring to her. "A spare room don't mean nothing but company, and we don't need 'em. You might clean up in there tomorrow."

"I—I could fix it up tonight," said grandma. She was ashamed because her voice quavered.

"Wait till tomorrow. We're all tired out after the wedding," said Mary. "You got a place to sleep, you know."

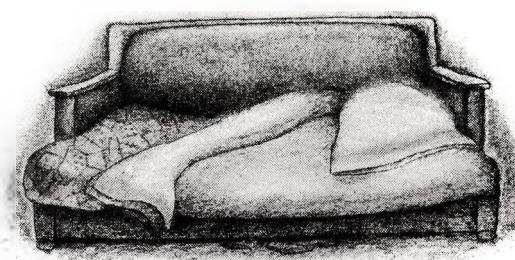
Ralph pouted, but about something else. He did not seem to care about the room. Tomorrow! It was a certainty, then. She could have Isabel's room, her own room, a room all to herself.

Grandma cleared the table after dinner, taking innumerable little steps between the kitchen and the dining-room. She "brushed up" under the table and put the chairs in order. She washed the dishes then, while Mary helped with the drying. Mary's skin was tender, it seemed; hot dish-water hurt it. Grandma's hands were thickened and bent with rheumatism and used to dishwashing.

The dishes done, grandma sat down in one of the dining-room chairs with some sewing, to wait, as she always waited, for the evening to pass. Tomorrow night she could go to bed early. Grandma usually found herself growing sleepy right after dinner, and she was ashamed of it; for one of the family always spied her if she closed her eyes for a minute, and would say something about, "There's grandma asleep again," or, "Wake up, Grandma. You look so funny with your eyes closed and your mouth open." Tonight some company came to see Ralph, so Mr. and Mrs.

Martin played cards at the dining-room table, quarreling peaceably over their hands. Grandma nodded a couple of times, woke up again. This night was like nearly every other night for the last twelve years, and yet different, the last night of its kind. Tomorrow night she could go to bed at eight if she wanted to.

At ten o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Martin gathered together their cards, said, "good night, Ma," and retired. Grandma heard them talking together in their bedroom. They were quiet finally. In the front part of the house Ralph and two friends still talked. If grandma went to bed, Ralph would complain: "We came to get something to eat, and there was grandma stretched out asleep on the davenport. This place looks like a tenement. Can't she wait until my company goes home?"



Grandma sewed as long as she could, but her eyes burned before she had finished. So she folded her hands. It was uncomfortable, the dining-room chair, but of course Ralph did not want her in the living-room, where his friends were. There was a low rocker with arms in Isabel's room!

Grandma woke up with a little start, ashamed of having dozed, and, picking up the evening paper, read for a little while. Her eyes hurt, and she was dreadfully sleepy. Were Ralph's friends going home at last? Now they were just moving around; here they came. The three boys trooped into the dining-room and on into the kitchen. At least grandma had not been in bed; Ralph could not get angry. She was not asleep, even.

"Oh, Gamma," called Ralph, "anything to eat here, cookies or anything?"

"I'm a-coming," grandma answered as she always answered, and hurried with quick little steps into the kitchen. She found a box of store cakes and three apples for them. Mary would probably get angry about the apples, about "feeding the neighborhood," and grandma might have to say that she had taken one of them, the day before, for lunch. That would fix it. Mary and Isabel had gone out then, and had forgotten to leave anything for grandma.

Finally, with a "See you tomorrow, Ralph," the boys left, and Ralph returned to the living-room.

Now grandma could go to bed. She opened the davenport—it was rather heavy—then brought in, in three trips, her blanket, her sheets, and her pillow from the hall closet. Stooping over the bed—her back did not really ache so much now—she smoothed the sheets with her bent fingers. Tomorrow she could make up her bed in the morning, have it all ready just for turning down at night. Of course David and Mary could not realize how hard it is to make a bed at night, when one has to open it oneself, too, when one is old and very tired. Still, they were good. Hadn't they both said she could have Isabel's room?

**I**T TOOK GRANDMA only a few minutes to get ready for bed. She always hurried as fast as she could. She wore a false gray switch to eke out her very scanty hair, and she tucked this up into a roll and slipped it under the pillow. Once she had been guilty of putting it on the buffet, and Mary had passed through the dining-room while grandma was still asleep and had not liked it. False hair on the buffet! One could not really blame Mary.

Grandma fell asleep almost immediately despite the hard rod in the middle of the springs. Some nights that bothered her, though she had learned how to lie so as to avoid it.

She woke up with a start the next morning, and then remembered: it was the day she was going into her own room! It was still early; she didn't hear any one stirring. She was glad of that. She liked to be all dressed before any one had to pass through the dining-room. It was rather awkward being caught still in bed or not completely clothed. This morning, as usual, grandma was the first one to wake up. She got up quickly, and putting on her old gray bathrobe, which hung in the hall closet next to Ralph's raincoat,

grandma's dresses, and the family umbrellas, she made the bed. She tucked her nightgown into the pillow slip next to the pillow, as she always did, for some one was always opening the hall closet if she hung it up there, and saying things about it. She put the bed-clothes back into the closet, closed and fastened the davenport, depositing upon its sleek and uncomfortable surface the two hand-embroidered pillows that reposed there by day. Grandma hurried to the bathroom; it was the best time to bathe. If she waited until later, Martin and Ralph were wanting to get in, and at night grandma was too tired. Then grandma dressed. She took her clean house-dress from a pile of three that she had carefully hidden in the buffet-drawer under the kitchen towels. She always put away the laundry herself, and Mary always took the top towel. They'd laugh at her if they found her dresses there, but even house-dresses have to have some place.

Grandma set the table then and had the coffee on when Mary came into the kitchen. Theirs was a simple breakfast of stewed fruit, a cereal with milk, and toast. Grandma was so excited she could hardly eat anything. She waited patiently for David to leave with his customary, "'By folks; don't work too hard," meant for a great pleasantry. He had an idea that "women have got an easy time of it." It was as if Isabel had never been there. No one mentioned her name, and yet there was her room.

After the dishes were done and grandma had swept and dusted the living-room, she said, with a careful attempt at nonchalance:

"I—I believe I'll go in now and fix up Isabel's room. I think I'd like—"

"You certainly are hankering after that room, Ma," Mary answered. "Well, you might as well go ahead. Don't put that lace scarf back on the dresser. Isabel'll want it; and leave all of her things in her closet the way she has them until she comes back and looks 'em over."

"Of course; that will be all right. My things won't take up much room," grandma said pleasantly.

It was a delightful occupation, cleaning up her own room. First she swept it, opening wide both the windows. Then she dusted, going carefully over every round of the two chairs, polishing the mirror and the top of the dresser. She made the bed, putting on her own two sheets; she'd used the top one only two days. Then grandma brought in her possessions; there were three empty drawers in the dresser and lots of closet space. From the buffet, hidden under towels and napkins, came the morning-dresses, aprons, and decent, thick underwear. From the back partition of the knife-and-fork drawer came grandma's comb and brush of imitation ivory that Ruth had sent to her the year before for Christmas. These, and a silver-plated mirror, once owned by Isabel, but discarded, when her father gave her a better one, grandma placed on a clean towel on the dresser. She added a picture of Ruth and Ruth's two children sent to her only a few months before, an old picture of Jessie, and a kodak picture of Isabel and Ralph. Next to this she put a little china vase that had been given to her at a church bazaar five years before, a gay little vase with blue



*“As long as I got a roof over my head, my home is open to my children.”*

china forget-me-nots on the front of it. To these she added a hand-painted fan Jessie had done years before, and, as a final touch, a faded daguerreotype in a broken frame of Grandpa Martin and herself, taken sixty years ago, sitting stiffly, holding hands. A fine array! The room was in order, her room! Grandma was tired now, but that did not matter. Nothing seemed to matter but the room, a room nobody had to pass through, a room with a door that closed and locked—her own room.

All afternoon grandma sat and rocked: Mary had gone to her card club. It was fun just sitting still. She hardly remembered to put on the dinner-dishes in time, and was just finishing setting the table when Mary came home. At eight o'clock, almost as soon as dinner was over and before she felt even sleepy, grandma said:

“I’m awfully tired. Believe I’ll go to bed, if you’ll please excuse me.”

“She worked herself tired fixing up that room in a hurry,” volunteered Mary.

“So you got moved into Isabel’s room?” asked David. Then: “Women are always wanting to move around. I don’t know that her mattress is any more comfortable than yours, and it’s much older.”

“It’s a very nice room,” said grandma, softly, and went to her own room.

Grandma undressed slowly, with a light on and the shades pulled down. Seated in her bathrobe, in the rocking-chair, she finished David’s socks, and read a chapter in a book a woman she had met in church had

loaned her. It was a wonderful evening. At nine o’clock she went to bed. It was a fine bed, and all ready to get into just by turning down the spread, and with no bar in the center to have to think about.

Grandma woke up the next morning at her usual time; she was not one who had to depend on alarm clocks. Then, when she realized where she was, in Isabel’s bed, in her own bed, she lay there luxuriously, instead of getting up immediately on awakening, as she usually did. But she was up and dressed and had the table set in plenty of time. It was nice to dress, with all of one’s things spread around ready for one, instead of having to hunt for them in little, secret places, and to be sure that no one would want to pass through one’s room or would see one through an open doorway.

It rained steadily for the next three days, but grandma hardly knew it. She was not accustomed to running around much anyhow. And with a room to herself, going outside for pleasure seemed superfluous. Didn’t she have all the pleasure she could think of right there at home? Having a room to herself was even nicer than she had thought it could possibly be. After twelve years—twelve years of the dining-room, of hurrying mornings to get up, of waiting nights to go to bed. Well, she had her own room now. It was not so much that grandma thought of the room as a reward; she did not believe in things like that. It was just pleasant, complete. She was old, and she had tried to do the right things. She had had hard times, losing grandpa while she was still young and, after grandpa died, when the children were little; but that did not make any difference now, for they had grown up, Jessie and David, into good children, good people. Those hard times were long ago: why, even the nights

on the davenport were long ago. This was now, and she had her own room, a pleasant room all to herself, and nice meals. David and Mary and Ralph did not mean to talk unkindly or abruptly to her, for that was just their way; and now that Isabel was gone, things did not seem so crowded. Four people in five rooms is not much, one could not ask for better than that, better than grandma had—a quiet, peaceful life with one's son and his wife and their son, and a room all to oneself.

At noon on the fifth day after Isabel's wedding Mary received a telegram from Isabel from Atlantic City, economically using just all of the allowable ten words:

Raining here more fun at home have dinner with you.

Grandma was sorry about Isabel. It seemed a shame her honeymoon should be spoiled. Still, Isabel seemed far away, of no importance, in a different world. Isabel and Walter would go to a hotel and then buy their furniture and get an apartment. Grandma would even help Isabel fix up the apartment if they wanted her to.

Mary telephoned to David about Isabel and Walter coming, and he and Ralph met them at the station. They all came home together, carrying suitcases and talking all at once about the rain, the trip, the things that had taken place during Isabel's absence, little things, letters of good wishes, a delayed wedding gift.

Dinner was an exciting meal that night at the Martins. Walter, in his slow, rather stupid way, described the charms of the hotel room they had occupied, of the lobbies and the grill-room. Isabel, too, occasionally volunteered a word of praise of their trip and of their expenditures.

"We got to start saving now," she said, "with Walter's salary so small and the prices what they are. It's awful. We saw Irene Jennings in Atlantic City—you know, used to be Irene Scott—and she said that they gave up their apartment in One Hundred and Seventeenth Street and simply can't get another one except for double the price. And when I think of the hovels I saw before I went away, it's fierce. Ma, did you see that apartment I spoke to you about, the one near the Robinsons', on St. Nicholas?"

"Yes, I was there Tuesday. It's gone, and the only one left in the building has been raised twenty dollars more than it used to be."

"Gee! I don't know what we'll do."

Walter grinned. For the first time grandma actually disliked Walter's grin. Until now Walter had been some one for Isabel to marry. Now he became a person, a personality, and to grandma an unpleasant one, too sure of himself, too slow and fat and round and white.

"Prices are something awful," said Walter. "It makes a person wonder whether they ought to of got married or not, eh, Isabel?"

"It ain't that bad, I guess," said Isabel, and gave him a glum look and then a quick smile, which left her face looking more discontented than ever.

"Rents, rents, rents," said David Martin, solemnly. "You bet I was smart. I saw what was coming. I always look ahead. I took a four years' lease here.

Now I've got them where I want them. They can't pull any monkey-shines on me. Some folks take the biggest apartment they can pay for, with elevators and a lot of fancy trimmin's, and sassy niggers in the hall. 'Don't give the landlord all your money,' I always say."

"You said it," answered Walter.

**A**FTER DINNER the family went into the living-room. Usually only two lights were lit, but this was a festive occasion, so all four lights in the immense and hideous central chandelier were turned on, and both lights in the equally ugly glass table-lamp.

Grandma decided to go to her room early, but it wouldn't look right, running away, just yet, so she sat stiffly in a straight chair near the phonograph.

"We'd better be getting along," Walter said at last. "I might as well ring up from here and find a hotel room. We came right on from the station and didn't stop to get any. Always can find a room in some hotel, though." He went to the telephone in the hall.

"Only thing they had—room and bath for two, eight dollars. I turned that down," he reported. Then added: "Seven dollars for room and bath"; then: "That one's all filled up; nothing doing there." Then: "They want eight dollars, too. I told them nothing doing. Highway robbers! They can't play me for a rube."

Even then grandma did not suspect what was to follow. It was David who spoke, still proud because Isabel had finally acquired a husband.

"I say, you folks, what you want to be running around in the rain for, finding a hotel room? You got your suitcases here. Why not stay? Ain't we got room?"

"Sure we have," agreed Mary. She was the type of woman who never gets used to men, no matter how long she has been married. Despite her lack of good looks and charm and her prim, almost austere ways, she coquettled ever so slightly with every man she met, a mere suspicion of a giggle, of a flourish, a combination of shyness and self-consciousness. She did this now and added, "I couldn't think of my daughter—and my new son—going out in this weather, as if we didn't have a home for them."

"But you haven't got room enough, I'm afraid," protested Walter, politely.

"We got my room," said Isabel.

Grandma understood now—understood, trembled, but refused to believe. She wanted to say something, but couldn't. What could she say?

"Grandma's got that," said Ralph.

"She has?" Isabel was cool, almost a bit sneering. "She was in a hurry about it, it seems to me."

"You—you said I could have it: always said I could," grandma's voice quavered. She wanted to add something important, vital. She waited.

"Yes, we did say if Isabel went away you could have her room," said David, heavily; "I'll agree to that. But Isabel ain't away. Isabel's right here." He gave his slow, patronizing smile. "We can't put Isabel out, can we—Isabel and her husband?" he went on. "What's the use of them going to a hotel or hunting around in times like these for an apartment? If they

found one, they'd have to give the landlord all they've got. No, sir, as long as I got a roof over my head, my home is open to my children."

There was a pause. Martin looked around, expecting praise for his eloquence.

"Well, if you insist," said Walter, "it sure suits me if Isabel wants to. Of course if we'd be a bit of trouble, if Isabel—"

"Papa's right," said Isabel. "I'll need enough money, with everything so high, without spending it on rent. We might as well stay here at home. It ain't as though we aren't going to chip in and help with the table, Walter and I," she finished grandly, with a nod to Walter.

"Sure thing. That settles that. We ain't no charity patients," said Walter.

"I'd better see about our room," said Isabel. Then, to grandma, "You moved your things in and all, I suppose."

Grandma nodded. She couldn't trust herself to speak.

Maybe Isabel saw the pain behind the expression of calm that grandma tried to assume; perhaps only her own selfishness cut her.

"I'm—sorry," she said. "I wish you could keep your things in my closet. If—it wasn't for Walter's things, there might be room; but with my things, and him here now—"

"Grandma's got the hall closet she always had, ain't she?" asked David. "It ain't as if we were turning grandma out into the street. Nobody don't need to take it hard. Grandma can have the room she's always had, and her own bed, again. Walter and Isabel will have lots of space in Isabel's room. It's a big,

fine room, with two windows; better than you'd get at one of those flossy hotels for eight dollars a day. And grandma—grandma ain't got any complaints. She's got a good home. As long as I got a home, I got room enough for all of my children and for my mother. Why, right now grandma's bed is better than the one I sleep on and years newer. Yes, it is; it's lots better than the bed I got."

Grandma got up and followed Isabel from the living room into Isabel's room. She took little, slow steps. She felt tired. She'd get her things out right away so that Isabel and Walter could have the room. It was all right, of course, as David said; she'd have what she'd always had, had for twelve years—the davenport in the dining room. It didn't much matter, after all.

She has had lots of happiness anyway, lots of good times: grandpa, the years with him, the children when they were babies; the years with Jessie. She might even have the room again, sometime, when rents got lower or Isabel grew discontented at home. One can't expect too much. She ought to feel satisfied; she felt that, with Ruth married and happy, a nice family, and Jessie with them; and David and Mary happy in their way, and Isabel married. Walter was a good man, would be good to Isabel. After all, she was an old woman; mustn't expect too much out of life. After all, she had had good times.

"I'll—I'll get my things out right away; just take me a minute," grandma told Isabel in her usual, cheerful way. "I'll tuck 'em right away where I always kept 'em so you and Walter can make yourselves comfortable. It's a nice room. I—I hope you and Walter are—are right happy here."

## New Year's Eve



No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells—bells, the music highest bordering upon heaven—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth: all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it

meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he

brings it not home to himself. But now, shall I confess a truth? I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like misers' farthings. . . . I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluctant at the inevitable course of destiny.

I am in love with this green earth: the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.

—CHARLES LAMB.

# The Third Circle

By FRANK NORRIS

*This gruesome story of old San Francisco's Chinatown is typical of the brutal realism with which at the turn of the century Norris, Jack London, Stephen Crane and others shocked their way into fame. At thirty-two, author of *McTeague*, *The Octopus*, *The Pit*, other novels and some short stories, Norris died. Said he, "By God, I told them the truth!"*



HERE ARE MORE THINGS in San Francisco's Chinatown than are dreamed of in Heaven and earth. In reality there are three parts of Chinatown—the part the guides show you, the part the guides don't show you, and the part that no one ever hears of. It is with the latter part that this story has to do. There are a good many stories that might be written about this third circle of Chinatown, but believe me, they never will be written—at any rate not until the "town" has been, as it were, drained off from the city, as one might drain a noisome swamp, and we shall be able to see the strange, dreadful life that wallows down there in the lowest ooze of the place—wallows and grovels there in the mud and in the dark. If you don't think this is true, ask some of the Chinese detectives (the regular squad is not to be relied on), ask them to tell you the story of the Lee On Ting affair, or ask them what was done to old Wong Sam, who thought he could break up the trade in slave girls, or why Mr. Clarence Lowney (he was a clergyman from Minnesota who believed in direct methods) is now a "dangerous" inmate of the State Asylum—ask them to tell you why Matsokura, the Japanese dentist, went back to his home lacking a face—ask them to tell you why the murderers of Little Pete will never be found, and ask them to tell you about the little slave girl, Sing Yee, or—no, on the second thought, don't ask for that story.

The tale I am to tell you now began some twenty years ago in a See Yup restaurant on Waverly Place—long since torn down—where it will end I do not know. I think it is still going on. It began when young Hillegas and Miss Ten Eyck (they were from the East, and engaged to be married) found their way into the restaurant of the Seventy Moons, late in the evening of a day in March.

"What a dear, quaint, curious old place!" exclaimed Miss Ten Eyck.

She sat down on an ebony stool with its marble seat, and let her gloved hands fall into her lap, looking about her at the huge hanging lanterns, the gilded

carved screens, the lacquer work, the inlay work, the colored glass, the dwarf oak trees growing in Satsuma pots, the marquetry, the painted matting, the incense jars of brass, high as a man's head, and all the grotesque jim-crackery of the Orient. The restaurant was deserted at that hour. Young Hillegas pulled up a stool opposite her and leaned his elbows on the table, pushing back his hat and fumbling for a cigarette.

"Might just as well be in China itself," he said.

"Might?" she retorted: "we are in China, Tom—a little bit of China dug out and transplanted here. Fancy all America and the Nineteenth Century just around the corner! Look! You can even see the Palace Hotel from the window. See out yonder, over the roof of that temple—the Ming Yen, isn't it?—and I can actually make out Aunt Harriett's rooms."

"I say, Harry (Miss Ten Eyck's first name was Harriett), let's have some tea."

"Tom, you're a genius! Won't it be fun! Of course we must have some tea. What a lark! And you can smoke if you want to."

"This is the way one ought to see places," said Hillegas, as he lit a cigarette; "just nose around by yourself and discover things. Now, the guides never brought us here."

"No, they never did. I wonder why? Why, we just found it out by ourselves. It's ours, isn't it, Tom, dear, by right of discovery?"

At that moment Hillegas was sure that Miss Ten Eyck was quite the most beautiful girl he ever remembered to have seen. There was a daintiness about her—a certain chic trimness in her smart tailor-made gown, and the least perceptible tilt of her crisp hat that gave her the last charm. Pretty she certainly was—the fresh, vigorous, healthful prettiness only seen in certain types of unmixed American stock. All at once Hillegas reached across the table, and, taking her hand, kissed the little crumpled round of flesh that showed where her glove buttoned.

The China boy appeared to take their order, and while waiting for their tea, dried almonds, candied

fruit and watermelon rinds, the pair wandered out upon the overhanging balcony and looked down into the darkening streets.

"There's that fortune-teller again," observed Hillegas, presently. "See—down there on the steps of the joss house?"

"Where? Oh, yes, I see."

"Let's have him up. Shall we? We'll have him tell our fortunes while we're waiting."

Hillegas called and beckoned, and at last got the fellow up into the restaurant.

"Hoh! You're no Chinaman," said he, as the fortune-teller came into the circle of the lantern-light. The other showed his brown teeth.

"Part Chinaman, part Kanaka."

"Kanaka?"

"All same Honolulu. Sabe? Mother Kanaka lady—washum clothes for sailor peoples down Kaui way," and he laughed as though it were a huge joke.

"Well, say, Jim," said Hillegas; "we want you to tell our fortunes. You sabe? Tell the lady's fortune. Who she going to marry, for instance?"

"No fortune—tattoo."

"Tattoo?"

"Um. All same tattoo—three, four, seven, plenty lil birds on lady's arm. Hey? You want tattoo?"

He drew a tattooing needle from his sleeve and motioned towards Miss Ten Eyck's arm.

"Tattoo my arm? What an idea! But wouldn't it be funny, Tom? Aunt Hattie's sister came back from Honolulu with the prettiest little butterfly tattooed on her finger. I've half a mind to try. And it would be so awfully queer and original."

"Let him do it on your finger, then. You never could wear evening dress if it was on your arm."

"Of course. He can tattoo something as though it was a ring, and my marquise can hide it."

The Kanaka-Chinaman drew a tiny fantastic-looking butterfly on a bit of paper with a blue pencil, licked the drawing a couple of times, and wrapped it about Miss Ten Eyck's little finger—the little finger of her left hand. The removal of the wet paper left an imprint of the drawing. Then he mixed his ink in a small seashell, dipped his needle, and in ten minutes had finished the tattooing of a grotesque little insect, as much butterfly as anything else.

"There," said Hillegas, when the work was done and the fortune-teller gone his way; "there you are, and it will never come out. It won't do for you now to plan a little burglary, or forge a little check, or slay a little baby for the coral round its neck, 'cause you can always be identified by that butterfly upon the little finger of your left hand."

"I'm almost sorry now I had it done. Won't it ever come out? Pshaw! Anyhow I think it's very chic."

"I say, though!" exclaimed Hillegas, jumping up; "where's our tea and cakes and things? It's getting late. I'll go out and jolly that chap along."

The Chinaman to whom he had given the order was not to be found on that floor of the restaurant. Hillegas descended the stairs to the kitchen. The place seemed empty of life. On the ground floor, however, where tea and raw silk were sold, Hillegas found a Chinaman figuring up accounts by means of little balls

that slid to and fro upon rods. The Chinaman was a very gorgeous-looking chap in round horn spectacles and a costume of quilted blue satin.

"I say, John," said Hillegas to this one, "I want some tea. You sabe?—upstairs—restaurant. Give China boy order—he no come. Get plenty much move on. Hey?" The merchant turned and looked at Hillegas over his spectacles.

"Ah," he said, calmly, "I regret that you have been detained. You will, no doubt, be attended to presently. You are a stranger in Chinatown?"

"Ahem!—well, yes—I—we are."

"Without doubt—without doubt!" murmured the other.

"You are the proprietor?" ventured Hillegas.

"I? Oh, no! My agents have a silk house here. I believe they sub-let the upper floors to the See Yups. By the way, we have just received a consignment of India silk shawls you may be pleased to see."

He spread a pile upon the counter, and selected one that was particularly beautiful.

"Permit me," he remarked gravely, "to offer you this as a present to your good lady."

Hillegas' interest in this extraordinary Oriental was aroused. Here was a side of the Chinese life he had not seen, nor even suspected. He stayed for some little while talking to this man, whose bearing might have been that of Cicero before the Senate assembled, and left him with the understanding to call upon him the next day at the Consulate. He returned to the restaurant to find Miss Ten Eyck gone. He never saw her again. No white man ever did.

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**T**HERE IS A CERTAIN friend of mine in San Francisco who calls himself Manning. He is a Plaza bum—that is, he sleeps all day in the old Plaza (that shoal where so much human jetsam has been stranded), and during the night follows his own devices in Chinatown, one block above. Manning was at one time a deep-sea pearl diver in Oahu, and, having burst his ear drums in the business, can now blow smoke out of either ear. This accomplishment first endeared him to me, and latterly I found out that he knew more of Chinatown than is meet and right for a man to know. The other day I found Manning in the shade of the Stevenson ship, just rousing from the effects of a jag on undiluted gin, and told him, or rather recalled to him the story of Harriett Ten Eyck.

"I remember," he said, resting on an elbow and chewing grass. "It made a big noise at the time, but nothing ever came of it—nothing except a long row and the cutting down of one of Mr. Hillegas' Chinese detectives in Gambler's Alley. The See Yups brought a chap over from Peking just to do the business."

"Hatchet-man?" said I.

"No," answered Manning, spitting green; "he was a two-knife Kai-Gingh."

"As how?"

"Two knives—one in each hand—cross your arms and then draw 'em together, right and left, scissor-fashion—damn near slashed his man in two. He got five thousand for it. After that the detectives said they couldn't find much of a clue."

"And Miss Ten Eyck was not heard from again?"

"No," answered Manning, biting his finger-nails. "They took her to China, I guess, or may be up to Oregon. That sort of thing was new twenty years ago, and that's why they raised such a row, I suppose. But there are plenty of women living with Chinamen now, and nobody thinks anything about it, and they are Canton Chinamen, too—lowest kind of coolies. There's one of them up in St. Louis Place, just back of the Chinese theater, and she's a Sheeny. There's a queer team for you—the Hebrew and the Mongolian—and they've got a kid with red, crinkly hair, who's a rubber in a Hammam bath. Yes, it's a queer team, and there's three more white women in a slave girl joint under Ah Yee's tan room. There's where I get my opium. They can talk a little English even yet. Funny thing—one of 'em's dumb, but if you get her drunk enough she'll talk a little English to you. It's a fact! I've seen 'em do it with her often—actually get her so drunk that she can talk. Tell you what," asked Manning, struggling to his feet, "I'm going up there now to get some dope. You can come along, and we'll get Sadie (Sadie's her name), we'll get Sadie full, and ask her if she ever heard about Miss Ten Eyck. They do a big business," said Manning, as we went along. "There's Ah Yeo and these three women and a policeman named Yank. They get all the yen shee—that's the cleanings of the opium pipes, you know, and make it into pills and smuggle it into the cons over at San Quentin prison by means of the trusties. Why, they'll make five dollars' worth of dope sell for thirty by the time it gets into the yard over at the Pen. When I was over there, I saw a chap knifed behind a jute mill for a pill as big as a pea. Ah Yee gets the stuff, the three women roll it into pills, and the policeman, Yank, gets it over to the trusties somehow. Ah Yee is independent rich by now, and the policeman's got a bank account."

"And the women?"

"Lord! they're slaves—Ah Yee's slaves! They get the swift kick most generally."

MANNING AND I found Sadie and her two companions four floors underneath the tan room, sitting cross-legged in a room about as big as a big trunk. I was sure they were Chinese women at first, until my eyes got accustomed to the darkness of the place. They were dressed in Chinese fashion, but I noted soon that their hair was brown and the bridge of each one's nose was high. They were rolling pills from a jar of yen shee that stood in the middle of the floor, their fingers twinkling with a rapidity that was somehow horrible to see.

Manning spoke to them briefly in Chinese while he lit a pipe, and two of them answered with the true Canton sing-song—all vowels and no consonants.

"That one's Sadie," said Manning, pointing to the third one, who remained silent the while. I turned to her. She was smoking a cigar, and from time to time spat through her teeth man-fashion. She was a dreadful-looking beast of a woman, wrinkled like a shriveled apple, her teeth quite black from nicotine, her hands bony and prehensile, like a hawk's claws—but a white woman beyond all doubt. At first Sadie refused to drink, but the smell of Manning's can of gin

removed her objections, and in half an hour she was hopelessly loquacious. What effect the alcohol had upon the paralyzed organs of her speech I cannot say. Sober, she was tongue-tied—drunk, she could emit a series of faint bird-like twitterings that sounded like a voice heard from the bottom of a well.

"Sadie," said Manning, blowing smoke out of his ears, "what makes you live with Chinamen? You're a white girl. You got people somewhere. Why don't you get back to them?" Sadie shook her head.

"Like um China boy better," she said, in a voice so faint we had to stoop to listen. "Ah Yee's pretty good to us—plenty to eat, plenty to smoke, and as much yen shee as we can stand. I don't complain."

"You know you can get out of this whenever you want. Why don't you make a run for it some day when you're out? Cut for the Mission House on Sacramento Street—they'll be good to you there."

"Oh!" said Sadie, listlessly, rolling a pill between her stained palms, "I been here so long I guess I'm kind of used to it. I've about got out of white people's ways by now. They wouldn't let me have my yen shee and my cigar, and that's about all I want nowadays. You can't eat yen shee long and care for much else, you know. Pass that gin along, will you? I'm going to faint in a minute."

"Wait a minute," said I. "How long have you been living with Chinamen, Sadie?"

"Oh, I don't know. All my life, I guess. I can't remember back very far—only spots here and there. Where's that gin you promised me?"

"Only in spots?" said I; "here a little and there a little—is that it? Can you remember how you came to take up with this kind of life?"

"Sometimes I can and sometimes I can't," answered Sadie. Suddenly her head rolled upon her shoulder, her eyes closing. Manning shook her roughly:

"Let be! let be!" she exclaimed, rousing up; "I'm dead sleepy. Can't you see?"

"Wake up, and keep awake, if you can," said Manning; "this gentleman wants to ask you something."

"Ah Yee bought her from a sailor on a junk in the Pei Ho river," put in one of the other women.

"How about that, Sadie?" I asked. "Were you ever on a junk in a China river? Hey? Try and think?"

"I don't know," she said. "Sometimes I think I was. There's lots of things I can't explain, but it's because I can't remember far enough back."

"Did you ever hear of a girl named Ten Eyck—Harriett Ten Eyck—who was stolen by Chinamen here in San Francisco a long time ago?"

There was a long silence. Sadie looked straight before her, wide-eyed, the other women rolled pills industriously, Manning looked over my shoulder at the scene, still blowing smoke through his ears; then Sadie's eyes began to close and her head to loll sideways.

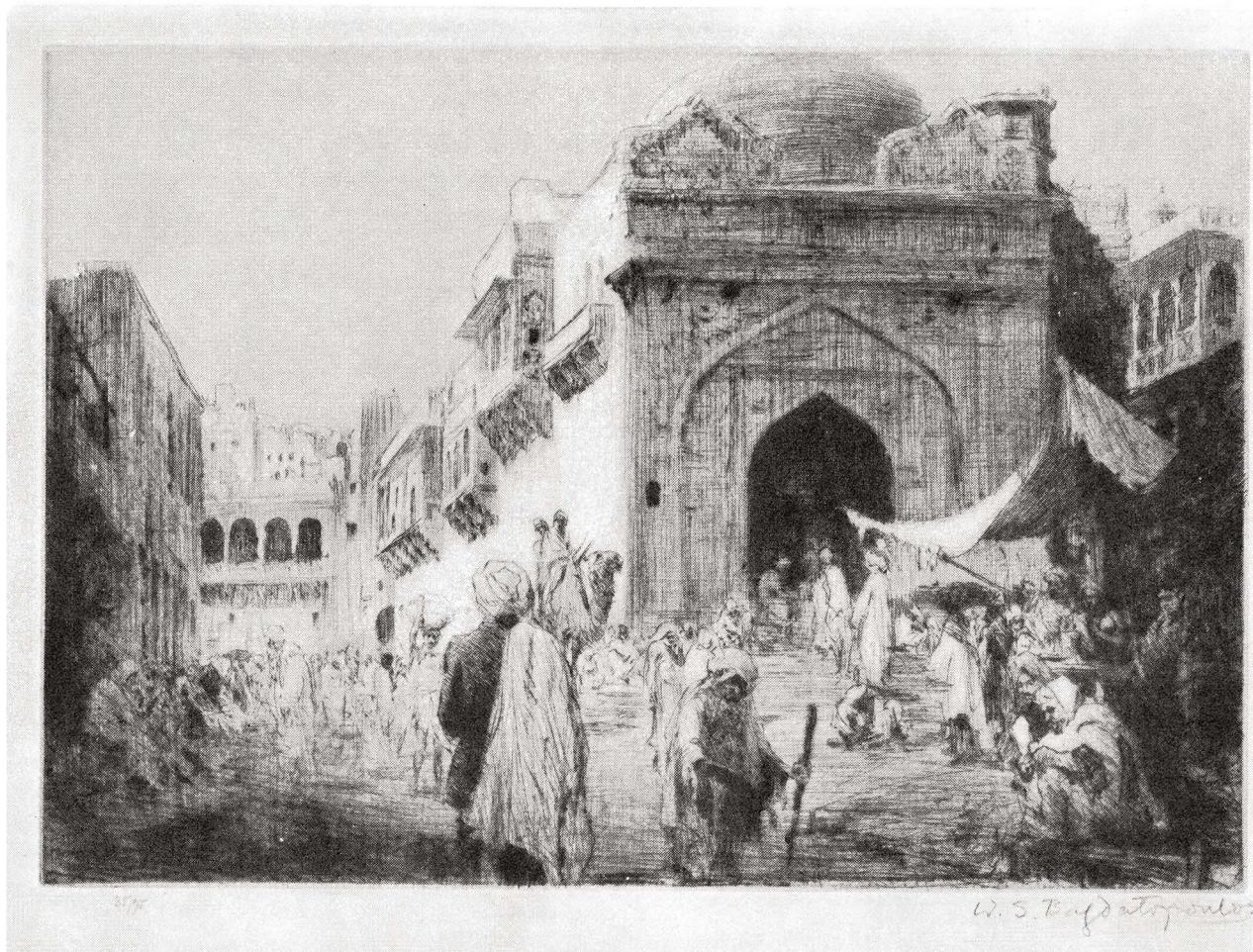
"My cigar's gone out," she muttered. "You said you'd have gin for me. Ten Eyck! Ten Eyck! No, I don't remember anybody named that." Her voice failed her suddenly, then she whispered:

"Say, how did I get that on me?"

She thrust out her left hand, and I saw a butterfly tattooed on the little finger.

# ○ *faith*

THE story of the old woman who questioned Mohammed's right to exclude her from Paradise.



By W. S. Bagdatsopoulos. Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

“**I**TOLD you,” said Hamed-el-Angeli, “of how once on a time all beasts could speak, and of how Allah, in his might, and for his glory, and no doubt for some wise cause, rendered them dumb, or at least caused them to lose their Arabic. Now will I tell you of a legend of the Praised One who sleepeth in Medina, and whom alone Allah has pardoned of all men.”

He paused, and the hot sun streamed through the branches of the carob tree, under whose shade we sat upon a rug, during the hottest hours, and threw his shadow on the sandy soil, drawing him, long of limb, and lithe of pose, like John the Baptist revealed by Donatello in red clay.

Our horses hung their heads, and from the plain a mist of heat arose, dancing and shivering in the air, as the flame dances waveringly from a broken gas

*A singularly individual writer, Mr. Cunningham Graham is a Scotchman who spent his youth on Texas and Uruguayan cattle ranches, and in Morocco and Arabia. For many years, men such as W. H. Hudson, Theodore Roosevelt and Conrad have called him an immortal, but the public still resolutely neglects him. He now lives at Ardoch, where he was born 78 years ago.*

pipe lighted by workmen in a street. Grasshoppers twittered, raising their pandean pipe of praise to Allah for his heat, and now and then a locust whirred across the sky, falling again into the hard dry grass, just as a flying-fish falls out of sight into the sea. “They say,” Hamed again began, “that in Medina, or in Mecca, in the blessed days when God spake to his Prophet, and he composed his book, making his laws, and laying down his rules of conduct for men's lives, that many wondered that no nook or corner in all Paradise was set apart for those who bore us, or

whose milk we sucked, when they had passed their prime."

Besides the Perfect Four, women there were who, with the light that Allah gave them, strove to be faithful, just, and loving, and to do their duty as it seemed to them, throughout their lives.

ONE THERE WAS, Rahma, a widow, who had borne four stalwart sons, all slain in battle, and who, since their deaths, had kept herself in honor and repute, laboring all day with distaff and with loom.

Seated in a lost duar in the hills, she marveled much that the wise son of Amina, he to whom the word of God had been vouchsafed, and who himself had owed his fortune to a woman, could be unjust. Long did she ponder in her hut beyond Medina, and at last resolved to take her ass, and set forth, even to Mecca, and there speak with God's messenger, and hear from him the why and wherefore of the case. She set her house in order, leaving directions to the boy who watched her goats to tend them diligently, and upon the lucky day of all the week, that Friday upon which the faithful all assemble to give praise, she took her way.

The people of the village thought her mad, as men in every age have always thought all those demented who have determined upon any course which has not entered into their own dull brains. Wrinkled and withered like a mummy, draped in her shroud-like haik, she sat upon her ass. A bag of dates, with one of barley, and a small waterskin her luggage, and in her heart that foolish, generous, undoubting Arab faith, powerful enough to move the most stupendous mountain chain of facts which weigh down European souls, she journeyed on.

Rising before the dawn, in the cold chill of desert nights, she fed her beast from her small store of corn, shivering and waiting for the sun to warm the world. Then, as the first faint flush of pink made palm trees look like ghosts and half revealed the mountain tops floating above a sea of mist, she turned towards the town, wherein he dwelt who denied Paradise to all but

girls, and prayed. Then, drawing out her bag of dates, she ate, with the content of those to whom both appetite and food are not perennial gifts.

As the day broke, and the fierce sun rose, as it seemed with his full power, the enemy of those who travel in those wilds, she clambered stiffly to her seat on her straw pillion, and with a suddra thorn urged on her ass to a fast stumbling walk, his feet seeming but scarce to leave the ground as he bent forward his meek head as if he bore the sins of all mankind upon his back.

The dew lay thickly on the scant mimosa scrub and camel-thorn, bringing out aromatic odors, and filling the interstices of spiders' webs as snow fills up the skeletons of leaves. The colocynths growing between the stones seemed frosted with the moisture of the dawn, and for a brief half-hour nature was cool, and the sun shone in vain. Then, as by magic, all the dew disappeared, and the fierce sunlight heated the stones, and turned the sand to fire.

Green lizards, with kaleidoscopic tints, squatted across the track, and hairy spiders waddled in and out the stones. Scorpions and centipedes revived, and prowled about like sharks or tigers looking for their prey, while beetles, rolling balls of camels' dung, strove to as little purpose as do men, who, struggling in the dung of business, pass their lives, like beetles, with their eyes fixed upon the ground.

As the sun gradually gained strength, the pilgrim drew her tattered haik about her face, and sat, a bundle of white rags, head crouched on her breast and motionless, except the hand holding the reins, which half mechanically moved up and down,

as she urged on the ass into a shuffling trot.

The hot hours caught her under a solitary palm tree, by a half-stagnant stream, in which great tortoises put up their heads, and then sank out of sight as noiselessly as they had risen, leaving a trail of bubbles on the slimy pool. Some red flamingoes lazily took flight, and then with outstretched wings descended further off, and stood expectant, patient as fishers, and wrapt in contemplation.



The Letter Writer, by Charles Cain;  
courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.

*Woo not the world too rashly, for behold,  
Beneath the painted silk and broidering,  
It is a faithless and inconstant thing,  
(Listen to me, Mu'tamid, growing old.)*

*And we—that dreamed youth's blade would never  
rust,  
Hoped wells from the mirage, roses from the sand—  
The riddle of the world shall understand  
And put on wisdom with the robe of dust.*

—From the Arabic of Mu'tamid (1040-1095).  
Translated by D. L. Smith

Then the full silence of the desert noontide fell upon the scene, as the old woman, after having tied her ass's feet with a thin goat's-hair cord, sat down to rest. Long did she listen to her ass munching his scanty feed of corn, and then the cricket's chirp and the faint rustling of the lone palm trees' leaves lulled her to sleep.

Slumbering, she dreamed of her past life—for dreams are but the shadow of the past, reflected on the mirror of the brain—and saw herself a girl, watching her goats, happy to lie beneath a bush all day, eating her bread dipped in the brook at noon, and playing on a reed; then, evening come, driving her charges home, to sleep on the hard ground upon a sheepskin, in the corner of the tent. She saw herself a maiden, not wondering overmuch at the new view of life which age had brought, accepting in the same way as did her goats, that she too must come under the law of nature, and in pain bear sons. Next, marriage, with its brief feasting, and eternal round of grinding corn, broken alone by childbirth once a year, during the period of her youth. Then came the one brief day of joy since she kept goats a child upon the hills, the morning which she bore a son, one who would be a man, and ride, and fill his father's place upon the earth.

She saw her sons grow up, her husband die, and then her children follow him, herself once more alone, and keeping goats upon the hill, only brown, bent and wrinkled, instead of round, upright and rosy, as when she was a child. Still, with the resignation of her race, a resignation as of rocks to rain, she did not murmur, but took it all just as her goats bore all things, yielding their necks, almost, as it were, cheerfully, to her blunt knife, upon the rare occasions when she found herself constrained to kill one for her food.

Waking and dozing, she passed through the hottest hours when even palm trees drooped, and the tired earth appears to groan under the fury of the sun.

Then rising up refreshed, she led her ass to water at the stream, watching him drink amongst the stones,

whitened with the salt scum, which in dry seasons floats upon all rivers in that land.

Mounting, she struck into the sandy deep-worn track which, fringed with feathery tamarisks, led out into the plain. Like a faint cloud on the horizon rose the white city where the Prophet dwelt, and as the ass shuffled along, travelers from many paths passed by, and the road grew plainer as she advanced upon her way.

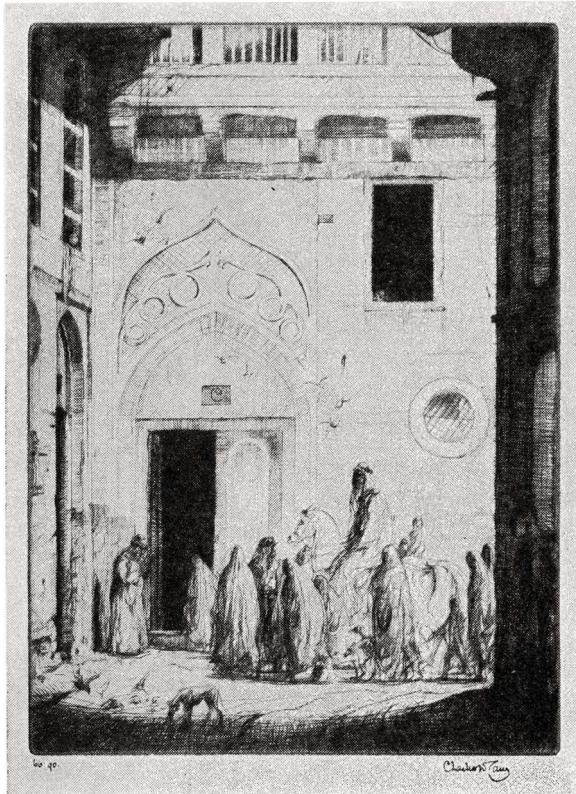
Horsemen, seated high above their horses in their chair saddles, ambled along, their spears held sloping backwards or trailing in the dust. Meeting each other on the way, they whirled and charged, drawing up short when near and going through the evolutions of the "Jerid," and then with a brief "Peace," again becoming grave and silent, they ambled on, their straight sharp spurs pressed to their horses' sides.

Camels with bales of goods, covered with sheepskin or with striped cloth, swayed onward in long lines, their heads moving alternately about, as if they were engaged in some strange dance. Asses, with piles of brushwood covering them to their ears, slid past like animated haystacks, and men on foot veiled to the eyes, barefooted, with their slippers in their hands, or wearing sandals, tramped along the road. Pack-mules, with bundles of chopped straw packed hard in nets, or carrying loads of fresh-cut barley or of grass, passed by, their riders sitting sideways on the loads, or, running at their tails with one hand on their quarters, seemed to push on their beasts, as with the curses, without which no mule will move, they whiled away the time. A fine red dust

enveloped everything as in a sand storm, turning bur-nouses and haiks brown, and caking thickly on the sweaty faces of the men.

Nearing the city gates the crush grew thicker, till at last a constant stream of people blocked the way, jostling and pushing, but good-humoredly, after the way of those to whom time is the chiefest property they own.

Dark rose the crenellated walls, and the white gate



The Return, by Charles Cain; courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.

*An early dew woos the half-opened flowers,  
Wind of the south, dear child,  
Close clings about their stalks for drunken hours;  
And yet your eyes, dear child,  
Cool pools which rise, dear child,  
High in the mountains of my soul,  
These, these  
The lips have drunken whole;  
And yet your mouth, dear child,  
Your mouth, dear child, is envied of the bees.*

—Haroun-Al-Raschid's favorite song,  
translated by E. Percy Mathers.

made a strange blot of light in the surrounding brown of plain and roads and mud-built houses of the town.

Entering upon the cobbled causeway, she passed through the gate, and in a corner, squatting on the ground, saw the scribes writing, the spearmen lounging in the twisted passage with their spears stacked against the wall. Then the great rush of travelers bore her as on a wave into the precincts of the town.

She rode by heaps of rubbish, on which lay chickens and dead dogs, with scraps of leather, camels' bones, and all the jetsam of a hundred years, burned by the sun till they became innocuous, but yet sending out odors which are the very perfumes of Araby the blest.

Huts made of canes, near which grew castor-oil plants, fringed the edge of the high dunghill of the town, and round it curs, lean, mangy, and as wild as jackals, slept with a bloodshot eye half open, ready to rush and bark at anyone who ventured to infringe upon the limits of their sphere of influence.

**S**HE PASSED THE HORSE-MARKET, where auctioneers standing up in their stirrups with a switch between their teeth, circled and wheeled their horses as a seagull turns upon the wing, or, starting them full speed, stopped them with open mouth and foam-flecked bit, turned suddenly to statues, just at the feet of the impassive bystanders, who showed their admiration but by a guttural "Wah," or gravely interjected "Allah," as they endeavored to press home some lie, too gross to pass upon its merits, even in that bright atmosphere of truth which in all lands encompasses the horse.

A second gate she passed, in which more tribesmen lounged, their horses hobbled, and themselves stretched out on mats, and the tired pilgrim found herself in a long cobbled street, on which her ass skated and slipped about, being accustomed to the desert sands. In it the dyers plied their craft, their arms stained blue or red, as they plunged hanks of wool into their vats, from which a thick dark steam rose, filling the air with vapors as from a solfatara, or such as rises from those islands in the west, known to those daring men "who ride that huge unwieldy beast, the sea, like fools, trembling upon its waves in hollow logs," and braving death upon that element which Allah has not given to his faithful to subdue. Smiths and artificers in brass and those who ply the bellows, sweating and keeping up a coil, unfit for council, but by whose labor and the wasting of whose frames cities are rendered stable, and states who cherish them set their foundations like wise builders on a rock, she passed.

Stopping, the pilgrim asked from a white-bearded man where in the city did the Prophet sit, and if the faithful, even the faithful such as she, had easy access to the person of the man whom God had chosen as his viceregent upon earth.

Stroking his beard, the elder made reply: "Praise be to God, the One, our Lord Mohammed keeps no state. He sits within the mosque which we of Mecca call *Masjida n'Nabi*, with his companions, talking and teaching, and at times is silent, as his friends think, communing with the Lord. All can approach him, and if thou hast anything to ask, tether thine ass at

the mosque door and go in boldly, and thou wilt be received."

The pilgrim gave "the Peace," and passed along in the dense crowd, in which camels and mules, with horses, Negroes, tribesmen, sellers of sweetmeats, beggars, and water-carriers, all swelled the press.

Again she entered into streets, streets, and more streets. She threaded through bazaars where saddle-makers wrought, bending the camels' shoulder bones to form the trees, and stretching unshrunk mare's hide over all. Crouched in their booths, they sat like josses in a Chinese temple, sewing elaborate patterns, plaiting stirrup leathers, and cutting out long Arab reins which dangle almost to the ground. Before their booths stood wild-eyed Bedouins, their hair worn long and greased with mutton fat till it shone glossy as a raven's wing. They chaffered long for everything they bought. Spurs, reins, or saddle-cloths were all important to them, therefore they took each piece up separately, appraised it to its disadvantage, and often made pretense to go away calling down maledictions on the head of him who for his goods wished to be paid in life's blood of the poor. Yet they returned, and, after much expenditure of eloquence, bore off their purchase, as if they feared that robbers would deprive them of their prize, hiding it cautiously under the folds of their brown goat's-hair cloaks, or stowed in the recesses of their saddle-bags.

A smell of spices showed the tired wanderer that she approached the Kaiseria, wherein dwell those who deal in saffron, pepper, anise, and cummin, asafoetida, cloves, nutmegs, cinnamon, sugar and all the merchandise which is brought over sea by ship to Yembo, and then conveyed to Mecca and Medina upon camels' backs.

Stopping an instant where a Jaui had his wares displayed, she bought an ounce of semsin, knowing Abdallah's son had three things specially in which he took delight, women, scents, and meat, but not knowing that of the first two, as his wife Ayesha said in years to come, he had his fill, but never of the third. The Kaiseria left behind, she felt her heart beat as she neared the mosque.

Simple it stood on a bare space of sand, all made of palm trees hewn foursquare, the walls of cane and of mud, the roof of palm leaves over the *mihrab*—simple and only seven cubits high, and yet a fane in which the paeon to the God of Battles echoed so loudly that its last blast was heard in Aquitaine, in farthest Hind, Iraq, in China, and by the marshy shores of the Lake Chad.

As she drew near the mosque not knowing (as a woman) how to pray, she yet continued muttering something which, whilst no doubt strengthening her soul, was to the full as acceptable to the One God as if it were framed after the strictest canon of the Moslem law. Then, sliding to the ground, she tied her ass's feet with a palmetto cord, and taking in her hand her ounce of semsin as an offering, passed into the court.

Under the orange trees a marble fountain played, stained here and there by time, murmuring its never-ending prayer, gladdening the souls of men with its faint music, and serving as a drinking-place to

countless birds, who, after drinking, washed, and then, flying back to the trees, chanted their praises to the giver of their lives.

A little while she lingered, and then, after the fashion of her race, which, desert born, cannot pass running water, even if they are being led to death, without a draught, she stopped and drank. Then, lifting up her eyes, she saw a group seated beneath a palm tree, and at once felt her eyes had been considered worthy to behold the man whom, of all men, his Maker in his life had pardoned and set His seal upon his shoulder as a memorial of His grace.

As she drew near she marked the Prophet, the Promised, the Blessed One, who in the middle of his friends sat silently as they discussed or prayed.

Of middle height he was and strongly made, his color fair, his hair worn long and parted, neither exactly curling nor yet smooth, his beard well shaped and flecked with silver here and there, clipped close upon his upper lip; and about the whole man an air of neatness and of cleanliness. His dress was simple, for, hanging to the middle of his calf, appeared his undershirt, and over it he wore, as it fell out upon that day, a fine striped mantle from the Yemen, which he wrapped round about him tightly after the fashion of a coat: his shoses, which lay beside him, were of the fashion of the Hadhramút, with thongs and clouted; his staff lay near to them, and as he spoke, he beat with his left hand upon the right, and often smiled so that his teeth appeared as white as hailstones, new fallen on the grass after an April storm.

Advancing to the group, the pilgrim gave "the Peace," and then tendering her offering, stood silent in the sight of all the company. Fear sealed her lips, and sweat ran down her cheeks as she gazed on the face of him to whom the Lord of Hosts had spoken, giving him power both to unloose and bind.

Gently he spoke, and lifting up his hand, said: "Mother, what is it you seek, and why this offering?"

Then courage came to her, and words which all the Arabs have at their command, and she poured forth her troubles, telling the prophet of her loneliness, her

goats, her hut, of her lost husband and her sons all slain in battle, in the service of the Lord. She asked him why her sex was barred from Paradise, and if the prophet would exclude Amina, she who bore him, from the regions of the blessed. With the direct and homely logic of her race, she pressed her claims.

Well did she set out woman's life, how she bore children in sore suffering, reared them in trouble and anxiety, molded and formed their minds in childhood, as she had molded and formed their bodies in the womb.

When she had finished she stood silent, anxiously waiting a reply, whilst on the faces of the fellowship there came a look as if they too remembered those who in tents and duars on the plains had nurtured them, but no one spoke, for the respect they bore to him who, simply clad as they, was yet superior to all created men.

Long did he muse, no doubt remembering Kadija, and how she clave to him in evil and in good report, when all men scoffed, and then opening his lips he gave his judgment on the pilgrim's statement of the case.

"Allah," he said, "has willed it that no old woman enter Paradise, therefore depart, and go in peace, and trouble not the prophet of the Lord."

Tears rose to Rahma's eyes, and she stood turned to stone, and through the company there ran a murmur of compassion for her suffering. Then stretching out his hand, Mohammed smiled and said: "Mother, Allah has willed it as I declared to you, but as his power is infinite, at the last day, it may be he will make you young again, and you shall enter into the regions of the blessed, and sit beside the Perfect Ones, the four, who of all women have found favor in his sight."

He ceased, and opening the offered packet, took the semsin in his hand, and eagerly inhaled the scent, and Rahma, having thanked him, stooped down and kissed the fringes of his striped Yemen mantle, then straightening herself as she had been a girl, passed through the courtward, mounted on her ass and struck into the plain.

## Here and There



Being a woman is a terribly difficult task, since it consists principally in dealing with men.—JOSEPH CONRAD.

"I cannot say that I am in the slightest degree impressed by your bigness, or your material resources, as such. Size is not grandeur, and territory does not make a nation. The great issue, about which hangs a true sublimity and the terror of overhanging fate, is what are you going to do with all these things."

—THOMAS HUXLEY (at Johns Hopkins University in 1876).

The decade which produces even one writer of enduring importance is rare.

—JAMES BRANCH CABELL.

From that instant I looked upon her with wonder and awe, and every time she did anything so discordant and inappropriate as to laugh, a wave of surprise and disappointment ran over me. For he is an exacting tyrant, the young hero-worshiper. He wants everything as he wants it.—E. V. LUCAS.

My idea of Heaven is to be able to sit and listen to all the music by Victor Herbert that I want to.—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



# Buffalo!

AN episode from "The Oregon Trail,"  
one of the great true American stories  
of adventure.



THE NEXT DAY was one of activity and excitement, for about ten o'clock the men in advance shouted the gladdening cry of "Buffalo, buffalo!" and in the hollow of the prairie just below us, a band of bulls was grazing. The temptation was irresistible, and Shaw and I rode down upon them. We were badly mounted on our traveling horses, but by hard lashing we overtook them, and Shaw running alongside of a bull, shot into him both balls of his double-barreled gun. Looking round as I galloped past, I saw the bull in his mortal fury rushing again and again upon his antagonist, whose horse constantly leaped aside, and avoided the onset. My chase was more protracted, but at length I ran close to the bull and killed him with my pistols. Cutting off the tails of our victims by way of trophy, we rejoined the party in about a quarter of an hour after we left it. Again and again that morning rang out the same welcome cry of "Buffalo, buffalo!" Every few moments in the broad meadows along the river, we would see bands of bulls, who, raising their shaggy heads, would gaze in stupid amazement at the approaching horsemen, and then breaking into a clumsy gallop, would file off in a long line across the trail in front, toward the rising prairie on the left. At noon, the whole plain before us was alive with thousands of buffalo—bulls, cows, and

calves—all moving rapidly as we drew near; and far off beyond the river the swelling prairie was darkened with them to the very horizon. The party was in gayer spirits than ever. We stopped for a nooning near a grove of trees by the riverside.

"Tongues and hump ribs tomorrow," said Shaw, looking with contempt at the venison steaks which Delorier placed before us. Our meal finished, we lay down under a temporary awning to sleep. A shout from Henry Chatillon aroused us, and we saw him standing on the cartwheel stretching his tall figure to its full height while he looked toward the prairie beyond the river. Following the direction of his eyes we could clearly distinguish a large dark object, like the black shadow of a cloud, passing rapidly over swell after swell of the distant plain; behind it followed another of similar appearance though smaller. Its motion was more rapid, and it drew closer and closer to the first.

It was the hunters of the Arapahoe camp pursuing a band of buffalo. Shaw and I hastily sought and saddled our best horses, and went plunging through sand and water to the farther bank. We were too late. The hunters had already mingled with the herd, and the work of slaughter was nearly over. When we reached the ground we found it strewn far

# Buffalo!

By FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR.

Parkman's health was ruined by his early explorations among the Dakota Indians, recorded in *The Oregon Trail*. Yet, although he was able to work only a few minutes a day, between 1851 and 1892 he completed the task he had resolved on as a boy—a history of the struggle between France and Britain for the possession of the New World. And these books are still looked upon as the last word in scientific history and fascinating romance.



and near with numberless black carcasses, while the remnants of the herd, scattered in all directions, were flying away in terror, and the Indians still rushing in pursuit. Many of the hunters, however, remained upon the spot, and among the rest was our yesterday's acquaintance, the chief of the village. He had alighted by the side of a cow, into which he had shot five or six arrows, and his squaw, who had followed him on horseback to the hunt, was giving him a draught of water out of a canteen, purchased or plundered from some volunteer soldier. Recrossing the river we overtook the party, who were already on their way in pursuit of the main herd.

We had scarcely gone a mile when an imposing spectacle presented itself. From the river bank on the right, away over the swelling prairie on the left, and in front as far as we could see, extended one vast host of bison. The outskirts of the herd were within a quarter of a mile. In many parts they were crowded so densely together that in the distance their rounded backs presented a surface of uniform blackness; but



Drawings by  
James Daugherty

elsewhere they were more scattered, and from amid the multitude rose little columns of dust where the bison were rolling on the ground. Here and there a great confusion was perceptible, where a battle was going forward among the bulls. We could distinctly see them rushing against each other, and hear the clattering of their horns and their hoarse bellowing. Shaw was riding at some distance in advance, with Henry Chatillon; I saw him stop and draw the leather covering from his gun. Indeed, with such a sight before us, but one thing could be thought of. That morning I had used pistols in the chase. I had now a mind to try the virtue of a gun. Delorier had one, and I rode up to the side of the cart, there he sat under the white covering, biting his pipe between his teeth and grinning with excitement.

"Lend me your gun, Delorier," said I.

"*Oui, monsieur, oui,*" said Delorier, tugging with might and main to stop the mule, which seemed obstinately bent on going forward. Then everything but his moccasins disappeared as he crawled into the cart and pulled at the gun to extricate it.

"Is it loaded?" I asked.

"*Oui, bien chargé;* you'll kill, *mon bourgeois*; yes, you'll kill—*c'est un bon fusil.*"

I handed him my rifle and rode forward to Shaw.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Come on," said I.

"Keep down that hollow," said Henry, "and then they won't be likely to see you till you get close to them."

The hollow was a kind of ravine very wide and

shallow; it ran obliquely toward the buffalo, and we rode at a canter along the bottom until it became too shallow, when we bent close to our horses' necks, and then finding that it could no longer conceal us, came out of it and rode directly toward the herd. It was within gunshot; before its outskirts, numerous grizzly old bulls were scattered, holding guard over their females. They glared at us in anger and astonishment, walked toward us a few yards, and then turning slowly round retreated at a trot which afterward broke into a clumsy gallop. In an instant the main body caught the alarm. The buffalo began to crowd away from the point toward which we were approaching, and a gap was opened in the side of the herd. We entered it, still restraining our excited horses. Every instant the tumult was thickening. The buffalo, pressing together in large bodies, crowded away from us on every hand. In front and on either side we could see dark columns and masses, half hidden by clouds of dust, rushing along in terror and confusion, and hear the tramp and clattering of ten thousand hoofs. That countless multitude of powerful brutes, ignorant of their own strength, were flying in a panic from the approach of two feeble horsemen. To remain quiet longer was impossible.

"Take that band on the left," said Shaw; "I'll take these in front."

ing out beneath, the short tails held rigidly erect. In a moment I was so close that I could have touched them with my gun. Suddenly, to my utter amazement, the hoofs were jerked upward, the tails flourished in the air, and amid a cloud of dust the buffalo seemed to sink into the earth before me. One vivid impression of that instant remains upon my mind. I remember looking down upon the backs of several buffalo dimly visible through the dust. We had run unawares upon a ravine. At that moment I was not the most accurate judge of depth and width, but when I passed it on my return, I found it about twelve feet deep and not quite twice as wide at the bottom. It was impossible to stop; I would have done so gladly if I could; so, half sliding, half plunging, down went the little mare. I believe she came down on her knees in the loose sand at the bottom; I was pitched forward violently against her neck and nearly thrown over her head among the buffalo, who amid dust and confusion came tumbling in all around. The mare was on her feet in an instant and scrambling like a cat up the opposite side. I thought for a moment that she would have fallen back and crushed me, but with a violent effort she clambered out and gained the hard prairie above. Glancing back I saw the huge head of a bull clinging as it were by the forefeet at the edge of the dusty gulf.



*Stalking a feeding herd was less hazardous than riding with a stampede.*

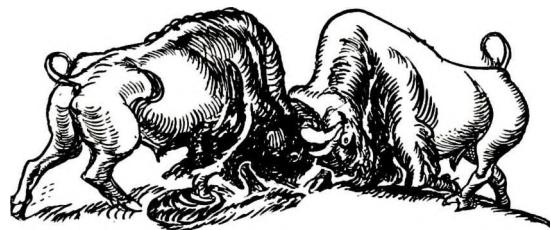
He sprang off, and I saw no more of him. A heavy Indian whip was fastened by a band to my wrist; I swung it into the air and lashed my horse's flank with all the strength of my arm. Away she darted, stretching close to the ground. I could see nothing but a cloud of dust before me, but I knew that it concealed a band of many hundreds of buffalo. In a moment I was in the midst of the cloud, half suffocated by the dust and stunned by the trampling of the flying herd; but I was drunk with the chase and cared for nothing but the buffalo. Very soon a long dark mass became visible, looming through the dust; then I could distinguish each bulky carcass, the hoofs fly-

At length with hard riding I was fairly among the buffalo. They were less densely crowded than before, and I could see nothing but bulls, who always run at the rear of the herd. As I passed amid them they would lower their heads, and turning as they ran, attempt to gore my horse; but as they were already at full speed there was no force in their onset, and as Pauline ran faster than they, they were always thrown behind her in the effort. I soon began to distinguish cows amid the throng. One just in front of me seemed to my liking, and I pushed close to her side. Dropping the reins I fired, holding the muzzle of the gun within a foot of her shoulder. Quick as



*Henry Chatillon, frontiersman.*

lightning she sprang at Pauline; the little mare dodged the attack, and I lost sight of the wounded animal amid the tumultuous crowd. Immediately after I selected another, and urging forward Pauline, shot into her both pistols in succession. For a while I kept her in view, but in attempting to load my gun, lost sight of her also in the confusion. Believing her to be mortally wounded and unable to keep up with the herd, I checked my horse. The crowd rushed onward. The dust and tumult passed away, and on the prairie, far behind the rest, I saw a solitary buffalo galloping heavily. In a moment I and my victim were running side by side. My firearms were all empty, and I had in my pouch nothing but rifle bullets, too large for the pistols and too small for the gun. I loaded the latter, however, but as often as I leveled it to fire, the little bullets would roll out of the muzzle and the gun returned only a faint report like a squib, as the powder harmlessly exploded. I galloped in front of the buffalo and attempted to turn her back; but her eyes glared, her mane bristled and lowering her head, she rushed at me with astonishing fierceness and activity. Again and again I rode before her, and again and again she repeated her furious charge. But little Pauline was in her element.



She dodged her enemy at every rush, until at length the buffalo stood still, exhausted with her own efforts; she panted, and her tongue hung lolling from her jaws.

Riding to a little distance I alighted, thinking to gather a handful of dry grass to serve the purpose of wadding, and load the gun at my leisure. No sooner were my feet on the ground than the buffalo came bounding in such a rage toward me that I jumped back again into the saddle with all possible dispatch. After waiting a few minutes more, I made an attempt to ride up and stab her with my knife; but the experiment proved such as no wise man would repeat. At length, bethinking me of the fringes at the seams of my buckskin pantaloons, I jerked off a few of them, and reloading the gun, forced them down the barrel to keep the bullet in its place; then approaching, I shot the wounded buffalo through the heart. Sinking to her knees, she rolled over lifeless on the prairie. To my astonishment, I found that instead of a fat cow, I had been slaughtering a stout yearling bull. No longer wondering at the fierceness he had shown, I opened his throat and cutting out his tongue, tied it at the back of my saddle. My mistake was one which a more experienced eye than mine might easily make in the dust and confusion of such a chase.

Then for the first time I had leisure to look at the scene around me. The prairie in front was darkened with the retreating multitude, and on the other hand the buffalo came filing up the endless unbroken columns from the low plains upon the river. The Arkansas was three or four miles distant. I turned and moved slowly toward it. A long time passed before, far down in the distance, I distinguished the white covering of the cart and the little black specks of horsemen before and behind it. Drawing near, I recognized Shaw's elegant tunic, the red flannel shirt, conspicuous far off. I overtook the party, and asked him what success he had met with. He had assailed a fat cow, shot her with two bullets, and mortally wounded her. But neither of us were prepared for the chase that afternoon, and Shaw, like myself, had no spare bullets in his pouch; so he abandoned the disabled animal to Henry Chatillon, who followed and dispatched her with his rifle.

We encamped close to the river and as we lay down we could hear mingled with the howling wolves the boarse bellowing of the buffalo, like the ocean beating upon a distant coast.





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# A Piece of

*Two American humorists of different generations, but with the same inimitable ability to celebrate the trials of the everyday American husband, here deal with the same situation.*

**M**R. EDITOR: If the following true experience shall prove of any advantage to any of your readers, I shall be glad.

I was going into town the other morning, when my wife handed me a little piece of red calico, and asked me if I would have time, during the day, to buy her two yards and a half of calico like that. I assured her that it would be no trouble at all; and putting the piece of calico in my pocket I took the train for the city.

At lunch-time I stopped in at a large dry-goods store to attend to my wife's commission. I saw a well-dressed man walking the floor between the counters, where long lines of girls were waiting on much longer lines of customers, and asked him where I could see some red calico.

"This way, sir," and he led me up the store. "Miss Stone," said he to a young lady, "show this gentleman some red calico."

"What shade do you want?" asked Miss Stone.

I showed her the little piece of calico that my wife had given me. She looked at it and handed it back to me. Then she took down a great roll of red calico and spread it out on the counter.

"Why, that isn't the shade!" said I.

"No, not exactly," said she; "but it is prettier than your sample."

"That may be," said I; "but, you see, I want to match this piece. There is something already made of this kind of calico, which needs to be made larger, or mended, or something. I want some calico of the same shade."

The girl made no answer, but took down another roll.

"That's the shade," said she.

"Yes," I replied, "but it's striped."

"Stripes are more worn than anything else in calicoes," said she.

"Yes; but this isn't to be worn. It's for furniture, I think. At any rate, I want perfectly plain stuff, to match something already in use."

"Well, I don't think you can find it perfectly plain, unless you get Turkey red."

"What is Turkey red?" I asked.

"Turkey red is perfectly plain in calicoes," she answered.

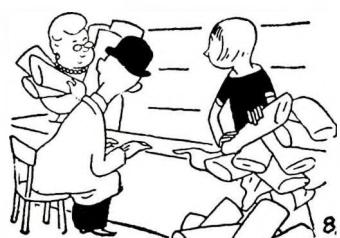
"Well, let me see some."

"We haven't any Turkey red calico left," she said, "but we have some very nice plain calicoes in other colors."

"I don't want any other color. I want stuff to match this."



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# Red Calico

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

With a cartoon by GLUYAS WILLIAMS

"It's hard to match cheap calico like that," she said, and so I left her.

I next went into a store a few doors farther up Broadway. When I entered I approached the "floor-walker," and handing him my sample, said:

"Have you any calico like this?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Third counter to the right."

I went to the third counter to the right, and showed my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said:

"We haven't any of this."

"That gentleman said you had," said I.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's."

I went across the street to an upholsterer's.

"Have you any stuff like this?" I asked.

"No," said the salesman. "We haven't. Is it for furniture?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then Turkey red is what you want?"

"Is Turkey red just like this?" I asked.

"No," said he; "but it's much better."

"That makes no difference to me," I replied. "I want something just like this."

"But they don't use that for furniture," he said.

"I should think people could use anything they wanted for furniture," I remarked, somewhat sharply.

"They can, but they don't," he said quite calmly. "They don't use red like that. They use Turkey red."

I said no more, but left. The next place I visited was a very large dry-goods store. Of the first salesman I saw I inquired if they kept red calico like my sample.

"You'll find that on the second floor," said he.

I went upstairs. There I asked a man:

"Where will I find red calico?"

"In the far room to the left. Right over there." And he pointed to a distant corner.

I walked through the crowds of purchasers and salespeople, and around the counters and tables filled with goods, to the far room to the left. When I got there I asked for red calico.

"The second counter down this side," said the man.

I went there and produced my sample. "Calicoes down-stairs," said the man.

"They told me they were up here," I said.

"Not these plain goods. You'll find 'em down-stairs at the back of the store, over on that side."

I went downstairs to the back of the store.

"Where will I find red calico like this?" I asked.

"Next counter but one," said the man addressed, walking with me in the direction pointed out. "Dunn,



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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Courtesy of Life

59

show red calicoes." Mr. Dunn took my sample and looked at it.

"We haven't this shade in that quality of goods," he said.

"Well, have you it in any quality of goods?" I asked.

"Yes; we've got it finer." And he took down a piece of calico, and unrolled a yard or two of it on the counter.

"That's not this shade," I said.

"No," said he. "The goods is finer and the color's better."

"I want it to match this," I said.

"I thought you weren't particular about the match," said the salesman. "You said you didn't care for the quality of the goods, and you know you can't match goods without you take into consideration quality and color both. If you want that quality of goods in red, you ought to get Turkey red."

I did not think it necessary to answer this remark, but said:

"Then you've got nothing to match this?"

"No, sir. But perhaps they may have it in the upholstery department, on the sixth floor."

So I got in the elevator and went up to the top of the house.

"Have you any red stuff like this?" I said to a young man.

"Red stuff? Upholstery department—other end of this floor."

I went to the other end of the floor.

"I want some red calico," I said to a man.

"Furniture goods?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Fourth counter to the left."

I went to the fourth counter to the left, and showed my sample to a salesman. He looked at it, and said:

"You'll get this down on the first floor—calico department."

I turned on my heel, descended in the elevator, and went out on Broadway. I was thoroughly sick of red calico. But I determined to make one more trial. My wife had bought her red calico not long before, and there must be some to be had somewhere. I ought to have asked her where she bought it, but I thought a simple little thing like that could certainly be bought anywhere.

I went into another large dry-goods store. As I entered the door a sudden tremor seized me. I could not bear to take out that piece of red calico. If I had had any other kind of a rag about me—a pen-wiper or anything of the sort—I think I would have asked them if they could match that.

But I stepped up to a young woman and presented my sample, with the usual question.

"Back room, counter on the left," she said. I went there.

"Have you any red calico like this?" I asked of the lady behind the counter.

"No, sir," she said, "but we have it in Turkey red."

Turkey red again! I surrendered.

"All right," I said, "give me Turkey red."

"How much, sir?" she asked.

"I don't know—say five yards."

The lady looked at me rather strangely, but measured off five yards of Turkey red calico. Then she rapped on the counter and called out "cash!" A little girl, with yellow hair in two long plaits, came slowly up. The lady wrote the number of yards, the name of the goods, her own number, the price, the amount of the bank-note I handed her, and some other matters, probably the color of my eyes, and the direction and velocity of the wind, on a slip of paper. She then copied all this in a little book which she kept by her.

Then she handed the slip of paper, the money, and the Turkey red to the yellow-haired girl. This young girl copied the slip in a little book she carried, and then she went away with the calico, the paper slip, and the money.

After a very long time—during which the little girl probably took the goods, the money, and the slip to some central desk, where the note was received, its amount and number entered in a book, change given to the girl, a copy of the slip made and entered, girl's entry examined and approved, goods wrapped up, girl registered, plaits counted and entered on a slip of paper and copied by the girl in her book, girl taken to a hydrant and washed, number of towel entered on a paper slip and copied by the girl in her book, value of my note and amount of change branded somewhere on the child, and said process noted on a slip of paper and copied in her book—the girl came to me, bringing my change and the package of Turkey red calico.

I had time for but very little work at the office that afternoon, and when I reached home, I handed the package of calico to my wife. She unrolled it and exclaimed:

"Why, this doesn't match the piece I gave you!"

"Match it!" I cried. "Oh, no! it doesn't match it. You didn't want that matched. You were mistaken. What you wanted was Turkey red—third counter to the left. I mean, Turkey red is what they use."

My wife looked at me in amazement, and then I detailed to her my troubles.

"Well," said she, "this Turkey red is a great deal prettier than what I had, and you've got so much of it that I needn't use the other at all. I wish I had thought of Turkey red before."

"I wish from my heart you had," said I.

ANDREW SCOGGIN.

◆

*I wish that my room had a floor;  
I don't so much care for a door,  
But this walking around  
Without touching the ground  
Is getting to be such a bore.*

—GELETT BURGESS.



# Dialogue of the Dead



Gustave Doré

*Charon ever returns alone.*

**C**HARON—Now listen to me, good people—I'll tell you how it is. The boat is but small, as you see, and somewhat rotten and leaky withal: and if the weight gets to one side, over we go: and here you are crowding in all at once, and with lots of luggage, every one of you. If you come on board here with all that lumber, I suspect you'll repent of it afterwards—especially those who can't swim.

MERCURY—What's best for us to do then, to get safe across?

CHARON—I'll tell you. You must all strip before you get in, and leave all those encumbrances on shore: and even then the boat will scarce hold you all. And you take care, Mercury, that no soul is admitted that is not in light marching order, and who has not left all his encumbrances, as I say, behind. Just stand at the gangway and overhaul them, and don't let them get in till they've stripped.

MERCURY—Quite right; I'll see to it. Now, who comes first here?

MENIPPUS—I—Menippus. Look—I've pitched my wallet and staff into the lake; my coat, luckily, I didn't bring with me.

MERCURY—Get in, Menippus—you're a capital fellow. Take the best seat there, in the stern-sheets, next the steersman, and watch who gets on board. Now, who's this fine gentleman?

CHARMOLAUS—I'm Charmolaus of Megara—a general favorite. Many a lady would give fifty guineas for a kiss from me.

MERCURY—You'll have to leave your pretty face, and those valuable lips, and your long curls and smooth skin behind you, that's all. Ah! now you'll do—you're all right and tight now: get in. But you, sir, there, in the purple and the diadem, who are you?

LAMPICHUS—Lampichus, king of Gelo.

MERCURY—And what d'ye mean by coming here with all that trumpery?

LAMPICHUS—How? Would it be seemly for a king to come here unrobed?

MERCURY—Well, for a king, perhaps not—but for a

By LUCIAN

*Lucian is the wittiest of Greek writers, known as "the blasphemer" because of the fun he poked at pagan gods. He was born in Asia Minor about 125 A.D., became a lawyer and then a professional orator in Athens, and died a procurator in Egypt at a ripe old age.*

dead man, certainly. So put it all off.

LAMPICHUS—There—I've thrown my riches away.

MERCURY—Yes—and throw away your pride too, and your contempt for other people. You'll infallibly swamp the boat if you bring all that in.

LAMPICHUS—Just let me keep my diadem and mantle.

MERCURY—Impossible—off with them too.

LAMPICHUS—Well—anything more? Because I've thrown them all off, as you see.

MERCURY—Your cruelty—and your folly—and your insolence—and bad temper—off with them all!

LAMPICHUS—There, then—I'm stripped entirely.

MERCURY—Very well—get in. And you fat fellow, who are you, with all that flesh on you?

DAMASIAS—Damasia, the athlete.

MERCURY—Aye, you look like him: I remember having seen you in the games.

DAMASIAS (smiling)—Yes, Mercury; take me on board—I'm ready stripped, at any rate.

MERCURY—Stripped? Nay, my good sir, not with all that covering of flesh on you. You must get rid of that, or you'll sink the boat the moment you set your other foot in. And you must take off your garlands and trophies too.

DAMASIAS—Then—now I'm really stripped, and not heavier than these other dead gentlemen.

MERCURY—All right—the lighter the better: get in. . . . Who's this pompous and conceited personage, to judge from his looks—he with the knitted eyebrows there, and lost in meditation—that fellow with the long beard?

MENIPPUS—One of those philosophers, Mercury—or rather those cheats and charlatans: make him strip too; you'll find some curious things hid under that cloak of his.

MERCURY—Take your habit off, to begin with, if you please—and now all that you have there—great

Jupiter! what a lot of humbug he was bringing with him—and ignorance, and disputatiousness, and vain-glory, and useless questions, and prickly arguments, and involved statements—aye, and wasted ingenuity, and solemn trifling, and quips and quirks of all kinds! Yes—by Jove! and there are gold pieces there, and impudence and luxury and debauchery—oh! I see them all, though you are trying to hide them! And your lies, and pomposity, and thinking yourself better than everybody else—away with all that, I say! Why, if you bring all that aboard, a fifty-oared galley wouldn't hold you!

PHILOSOPHER—Well, I'll leave it all behind then.

MENIPPUS—But make him take his beard off too. Master Mercury; it's heavy and bushy, as you see.

MERCURY—You're right. Take it off, sir!

PHILOSOPHER—But who is there who can shave me?

MERCURY—Menippus there will chop it off with the boat-hatchet—he can have the gunwale for a chopping-block.

MENIPPUS—Nay, Mercury, lend us a saw—it will be more fun.

MERCURY—Oh, the hatchet will do! So that's well; now you've got rid of your goatishness, you look something more like a man.

MENIPPUS—Shall I chop a bit off his eyebrows, too?

MERCURY—By all means: he has stuck them up on his forehead, to make himself look grander, I suppose. What's the matter now? You're crying, you rascal, are you—afraid of death? Make haste on board.

MENIPPUS—He's got something now under his arm.

MERCURY—What is it, Menippus?

MENIPPUS—Flattery it is, Mercury—and a very profitable article he found it, while he was alive.

PHILOSOPHER (*in a fury*)—And you, Menippus—leave your lawless tongue behind you, and your cursed independence, and mocking laugh.

MERCURY (*laughing*)—No, no, Menippus—they're very light, and take little room; besides, they are good things on a voyage. But you, Mr. Orator there, throw away your rhetorical flourishes, and antitheses, and parallelisms, and barbarisms, and all that heavy wordy gear of yours.

ORATOR—There, then—alas! there they all go!

MERCURY—All right. Now then, slip the moorings. Haul that plank aboard—up anchor, and make sail! Mind your helm, master! And a good voyage to us! What are you howling about, you fools? You, Philosopher, specially? Now that you've had your beard cropped?

PHILOSOPHER—Because, dear Mercury, I always thought the soul had been immortal.

MENIPPUS—He's lying! It's something else that troubles him, most likely.

MERCURY—What's that?

MENIPPUS—That he shall have no more expensive suppers—nor, after spending all the night in debauchery, profess to lecture to the young men on moral philosophy in the morning, and take pay for it. That's what vexes him.

PHILOSOPHER—And you, Menippus—are you not sorry to die?

MENIPPUS—How should I be, when I hastened to death without any call to it? But, while we are talking, don't you hear a noise as of some people shouting on the earth?

MERCURY—Yes, I do—and from more than one quarter. There's a public rejoicing yonder for the death of Lampichus; and the women have seized his wife, and the boys are stoning his children. Yes—and there is Damasias' mother wailing for him amongst her women. But there's not a soul weeping for you, Menippus—you're lying all alone.

MENIPPUS—Not at all—you'll hear the dogs howling over me presently, and the ravens mournfully flapping their wings, when they gather to my funeral.

MERCURY—Stoutly said. But here we are at the landing-place. March off, all of you, to the judgment-seat straight; I and the ferryman must go and fetch a fresh batch.

MENIPPUS—A pleasant trip to you, Mercury. So we'll be moving on. Come, what are you all dawdling for? You've got to be judged, you know; and the punishments, they tell me, are frightful—wheels, and stones, and vultures. Every man's life will be strictly inquired into, I can tell you.

## A Little Fable



THE Poet wrote a song, making out of the suffering of his own heart his message to the world.

The Man of Business read it, and shook his head. For there was no money in it.

The Man of Action was busy with a machine-gun, and could not be bothered with poetry.

The Scholar pointed out that the song did not conform to the best classical examples and contained metrical defects.

The Ordinary Man took pride and pleasure in saying that he could not make head or tail of the song.

And then the Poet found a blue-eyed Maiden, who knew nothing of money, or machine-guns, or pedantic rules, and had not yet lived long enough to have become quite ordinary; and to her he read his song. "And what do you think of it, little girl?" he asked.

"Well, speaking frankly, rot!" said the little girl.

MORAL: *The fact that your work is greeted with general neglect or disapproval does not necessarily mean that the other people are wrong.*—BARRY PAIN.

# The Dowry

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT



THE marriage of Maître Simon Lebrument with Mademoiselle Jeanne Cordier was a surprise to no one. Maître Lebrument had bought out the practice of Maître Papillon; naturally, he had to have money to pay for it; and Mademoiselle Jeanne Cordier had three hundred francs clear in currency and in bonds payable to bearer.

Maître Lebrument was a handsome man. He was stylish, although in a provincial way; but, nevertheless, he was stylish—a rare thing at Boutigny-le-Rebours.

Mademoiselle Cordier was graceful and fresh-looking, although a trifle awkward; nevertheless, she was a handsome girl, and one to be desired.

The marriage ceremony turned all Boutigny topsy-turvy. Everybody admired the young couple, who quickly returned home to domestic felicity, having decided simply to take a short trip to Paris, after a few days of close intimacy.

This *tête-à-tête* was delightful, Maître Lebrument having shown just the proper amount of delicacy. He had taken as his motto: "Everything comes to him who waits." He knew how to be at the same time patient and energetic. His success was rapid and complete.

After four days, Madame Lebrument adored her husband. She could not get along without him, she had to have him near her all the time in order to caress and kiss him, to run her hands through his hair and beard, to play with his hands and nose, etc. She would sit on his knees, and taking him by the ears she would say: "Open your mouth and shut your eyes." He would open his mouth wide and partly close his eyes, and he would try to nip her fingers as she slipped some dainty between his teeth. Then she would give him a kiss, sweet and long, which would make chills run up and down his spine. And then, in his turn, he would not have enough caresses, enough lips, enough



By Pierre Vidal from *La Vie des Boulevards* (L. H. May)

hands, enough of himself to please his wife from morning to night and from night to morning.

When the first week was over, he said to his young companion:

"If you wish, we will leave for Paris next Tuesday. We will be like two lovers who are not married: we will go to the restaurants, the theaters, the concert halls, everywhere, everywhere!"

She was ready to dance for joy.

"Oh! yes, yes. Let us go as soon as possible."

He continued:

"And then, as we must forget nothing, ask your father to hold your dowry in readiness; I shall pay Maître Papillon on this trip."

She answered:

"All right! I will tell him tomorrow morning."

And he took her in his arms once more, to renew those sweet games of love which she had so enjoyed for the past week.

The following Tuesday, father-in-law and mother-in-law went to the station with their daughter and their son-in-law who were leaving for the capital.

The father-in-law said:

"I tell you it is very imprudent to carry so much money around in a pocketbook." And the young lawyer smiled.

"Don't worry; I am accustomed to such things. You understand that, in my profession, I sometimes have as much as a million about me. In this manner, at least, we avoid a great amount of red tape and delays. You needn't worry."

The conductor was crying:

"All aboard for Paris!"

They scrambled into a car where two old ladies were already seated.

Lebrument whispered in his wife's ear:

"What a bother! I won't be able to smoke."

She answered in a low voice:

"It annoys me too, but not on account of your cigar."

The whistle blew and the train started. The trip

lasted about an hour, during which time they did not say much to each other, as the two old ladies did not go to sleep.

As soon as they were in front of the Saint-Lazare Station, Maître Lebrument said to his wife:

"Dearie, let us first go over to the Boulevard and get something to eat; then we can quietly return and get our trunk and bring it to the hotel."

She immediately assented.

"Oh! yes. Let's eat at the restaurant. Is it far?"

He answered:

"Yes, it's quite a distance, but we will take the omnibus."

She was surprised:

"Why don't we take a cab?"

He began to scold her smilingly:

"Is that the way you save money? A cab for a five minutes' ride at six cents a minute! You would deprive yourself of nothing."

"That's so," she said a little embarrassed.

**A** BIG OMNIBUS was passing by, drawn by three big horses, which trotted along. Lebrument called out:

"Conductor! Conductor!"

The heavy carriage stopped. And the young lawyer, pushing his wife, said to her quickly:

"Go inside; I'm going up on top, so that I may smoke at least one cigarette before lunch."

She had no time to answer. The conductor, who had seized her by the arm to help her up the step, pushed her inside, and she fell into a seat, bewildered, looking through the back window at the feet of her husband as he climbed up to the top of the vehicle.

And she sat there motionless, between a fat man who smelled of cheap tobacco and an old woman who smelled of garlic.

All the other passengers were lined up in silence—a grocer's boy, a young girl, a soldier, a gentleman with gold-rimmed spectacles and a big silk hat, two ladies with a self-satisfied and crabbed look, which seemed to say: "We are riding in this thing, but we don't *have to*," two sisters of charity, and an undertaker. They looked like a collection of caricatures.

The jolting of the wagon made them wag their heads and the shaking of the wheels seemed to deaden them—they all looked as though they were asleep.

The young woman remained motionless.

"Why didn't he come inside with me?" she was saying to herself. An unaccountable sadness seemed to be hanging over her. He really need not have acted so.

The sisters motioned to the conductor to stop, and they got off one after the other, leaving in their wake the pungent smell of camphor. The car started up and soon stopped again. And in got a cook, red-faced and out of breath. She sat down and placed her basket of provisions on her knees. A strong odor of dishwater filled the vehicle.

"It's further than I imagined," thought Jeanne.

The undertaker went out, and was replaced by a coachman who seemed to bring the atmosphere of the stable with him. The young girl had as a successor

a messenger, whose feet exhaled the odor of his errands.

The lawyer's wife began to feel ill at ease, nauseated, ready to cry without knowing why.

Other persons left and others entered. The stage went on through interminable streets, stopping at stations and starting again.

"How far it is!" thought Jeanne. "I hope he hasn't gone to sleep! He has been so tired the last few days."

Little by little all the passengers left. She was left alone, all alone. The conductor cried:

"Vaugirard!"

Seeing that she did not move, he repeated:

"Vaugirard!"

She looked at him, understanding that he was speaking to her, as there was no one else there. For the third time the man said:

"Vaugirard!"

Then she asked:

"Where are we?"

He answered gruffly:

"We're at Vaugirard, of course! I have been yelling it for the last half-hour!"

"Is it far from the Boulevard?" she said.

"Which boulevard?"

"The Boulevard des Italiens."

"We passed that a long time ago!"

"Would you mind telling my husband?"

"Your husband? Where is he?"

"On the top of the 'bus."

"On the top! There hasn't been anybody there for a long time."

She started, terrified.

"What? That's impossible! He got on with me. Look well! He must be there."

The conductor was becoming uncivil.

"Come on, little one, you've talked enough! You can find ten men for every one that you lose. Now run along. You'll find another one in the street."

Tears were coming to her eyes. She insisted:

"But, Monsieur, you are mistaken; I assure you that you must be mistaken. He had a big portfolio under his arm."

The man began to laugh:

"A big portfolio! Oh! yes! He got off at the Madeleine. He got rid of you, all right! Ha! ha! ha!"

The stage had stopped. She got out and, in spite of herself, she looked up instinctively to the roof of the 'bus. It was absolutely deserted.

Then she began to cry, and, without thinking that anybody was listening or watching her, she said out loud: "What is going to become of me?"

An inspector approached.

"What's the matter?"

The conductor answered, in a bantering tone of voice:

"It's a lady who got left by her husband during the trip."

The other continued:

"Oh! that's nothing. You go about your business."

Then he turned on his heels and walked away.

She began to walk straight ahead, too bewildered,

too crazed even to understand what had happened to her. Where was she to go! What could she do? What could have happened to him? How could he have made such a mistake? How could he have been so forgetful?

She had two francs in her pocket. To whom could she go? Suddenly she remembered her cousin Barral, one of the assistants in the offices of the Ministry of the Navy.

She had just enough to pay for a cab. She drove to his house. He met her just as he was leaving for his office. He was carrying a large portfolio under his arm, just like Lebrument.

She jumped out of the carriage.

"Henry!" she cried.

He stopped, astonished.

"Jeanne! Here—all alone? What are you doing? Where have you come from?"

Her eyes full of tears, she stammered:

"My husband has just got lost!"

"Lost! Where?"

"On an omnibus."

"On an omnibus?"

Weeping, she told him her whole adventure.

He listened, thought, and then asked:

"Was he calm, this morning?"

"Yes."

"Good. Did he have much money with him?"

"Yes, he was carrying my dowry."

"Your dowry! The whole of it?"

"The whole of it—in order to pay for the practice which he bought."

"Well, my dear cousin, by this time your husband must be well on his way to Belgium."

She could not understand. She kept repeating:

"My husband—you say—"

"I say that he has disappeared with your—your capital—that's all!"

She stood there, a prey to conflicting emotions, sobbing.

"Then he is—he is—he is a villain!"

And, faint from excitement, she leaned her head on her cousin's shoulder and wept.

As people were stopping to look at them, he pushed her gently into the vestibule of his house, and, supporting her with his arm around her waist, he led her up the stairs, and as his astonished servant opened the door, he ordered:

"Sophie, run to the restaurant and get a luncheon for two. I am not going to the office today."

With



## With all due Respect to our Ancestors

Three sheets in the wind.—GUY DE MAUPASSANT (1850-1893).

I smell a rat.—THOMAS MIDDLETON (1580-1626).

She's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day.

—JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745).

"I say, old boy, where do you hang out?" Mr. Pickwick replied that he was at present suspended at the George and Vulture.—CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870).

Kiss till the cow comes home.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:  
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

—ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744).

Here is the devil-and-all to pay.—CERVANTES (1547-1616).

He went away with a flea in's ear.—SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

Life is with such all beer and skittles:

They are not difficult to please

About their victuals.—C. S. CALVERLEY (1831-1884).

"And so you would turn honest Captain Goffe agrazing, would ye," said an old weather-beaten pirate who had but one eye: "what though he made my eye douse the glim he is an honest man."—SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832).

She was born to make hash of men's buzzums.—ARTEMUS WARD (1836-1868).

There is a young lady I have set my heart on, though whether she is going to give me hern, or give me the mitten I ain't quite satisfied.

—THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON (1796-1865).

Heat, Ma'am! It was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.—SYDNEY SMITH (1771-1845).



W. S. Gilbert

*Surprisingly enough, the author of this intensely dramatic 'man's story' of the Northwoods is a woman. Susan Carleton Jones, a Nova Scotian (1869-1926), and wife of a Director-General of the Canadian Medical Service.*



# The Corduroy Road

By S. CARLETON

**I**N THE LAST LIGHT of the gray December day Trench stopped and looked about him.

It was forty miles from Caraquet to the Megodik mine if in his rage and humiliation he had not begun by leaving the trail and taking a fool's short cut. He considered the starless sky, the thickening dusk, the unfamiliar vagueness of the high barrens, and grunted. The best way he could make was to stay where he was.

It was not a remarkably attractive place to make camp. There was a grim coldness about the prospect, which consisted largely of boulders and low scrub, and a small, discomforting wind crept through the withered leaves of the huckleberry bushes with a rustling that was not cheerful. Trench lay down under the lee of a boulder, with some hardly got spruce boughs for a bed. It was not cold; the thing that kept him awake was that incessant dry rustling all around him: it had a nasty, threatening sound, as though it were unsettling the weather. He had reason to prefer the weather steady.

He fell asleep at last, and when he awoke he had forgotten why he was sleeping out, and felt warm and in no hurry. Besides, it was early; the night had cleared, and there was moonlight on his face. The thought sent his foolish content flying. He jumped from his bed and stood staring at the sky as though he saw a miracle. The waning moon was straight before him, when it ought to have been at his back. He faced about in the bland light and saw the east, and day. As he looked the horizon began to glow in dull red, the moonlight to go from honey color to wan. That the sight was exquisite was not what occurred to

him. His short cut of yesterday had turned him round as if he had been raw to the woods.

He was a profane man: he did justice to himself and his waste of time in exactly half a minute. Then he ate, without making a fire, and started due east again. The glow there had faded, and the sky turned white over his head. It was all of a piece with last night's wind, and it did not appeal to him. He calculated hastily that the trail lay to the south, and made a long angle for it. He might fetch Megodik and the mine by midnight if it did not snow; then heaven alone knew how long it would take. And as he thought it, the first fine flake touched his cheek.

"Snow, now!" said Trench angrily. He went on with his angle on the double.

It was just before dark that he came out of heavy spruce woods and saw an unbroken thread of snow stretching off through the bush to his right. He plumped down on his hands and knees and felt through it with his bare hand, to make sure it was the path he sought. The snow had fallen and swirled and grown thicker all day till there had been minutes when he had had to swear to himself that he was going right. But he rose from his knees satisfied. He struck out along the path, hope rising in him with the plain way till he was sure of Megodik at midnight. And through the optimistic conclusion he heard something whining.

"Trapped fox," he said. He stood and tried to peer into the falling snow. He was a hard man to men, never to animals, and in a country of trapping had no opinion of traps. In the snow and the growing dark



Drawings by Edward Staloff

he had an objection to leaving the track, but the thing he could not see kept on whining. Trench swore, marked the sound, and swore again patiently. He left the path and plunged through the light snow, fingering his axe. If the beast were caught by the leg the trap could go. It would serve some Indian right. He moved deviously among snow-covered rocks till he saw his fox, and even in the instant of seeing it jerked up standing. The thing was a dog. There was no mistaking it, even in the failing light.

"Hullo!" he said softly, and it shrieked with rapture, whereby it was no Indian dog; men mean sticks to Indian dogs. This one feebly wagged its tail. It was all it could do, for it was fast in something. Trench stooped over it, looking for the trap, which was not there.

"Heaven knows who you belong to," he ejaculated, "but you've been digging for porcupines, and there's a slump in your stock!" He lifted a good-sized stone, and the dog screamed and rolled backwards. Both its forepaws were smashed, and while it moaned and licked them Trench regarded it with disfavor. It could not walk, and he must still be every bit of ten miles from Megodik.

"If I'd any sense I'd kill the thing," he growled: he took a softly murderous hold of it, and the dog looked at him. The pitiful eyes, the wincing bones, went to something he did not call his heart. There is no drawing-room word for his speech as he slung his axe behind him and very carefully picked up the dog.

It was half perished, and he warmed it inside his coat. He explained to himself that it was the easiest way to carry a small dog. Then he set forth into the white muddle of swirling dusk, and was suddenly aware that his track from his path was already covered, and that he could not hit the trail again in the dark. He was as lost as a fool. He put his burden down grimly, and began to cut spruce for a camp. He was sick with the thought that here was another night

wasted. The dog whined anxiously as it watched him. The axe rang dully in the heavy air, and Trench was angry because he was shivering. He chopped with his might to warm himself, and get a lean-to built; there was no sense in being smothered alive. The dog's sharp bark startled him. He stopped chopping, listened, and went wearily on again. He had not known he was so tired. His hope that the dog belonged to some man trapping near by was faint; he had lost a good dog once, because it would range on its own hook. But the shivering thing kept on barking in a screaming note of uneasiness. Trench wheeled, and saw nothing. Then he spoke angrily, but the dog took no notice.

"Some blasted wild-cat!" he muttered. He was choking with rage at the delay, and the knowledge that he had neither food nor whisky left. He turned to his axe again, and was conscious of a light, a crashing, and a torrent of profanity equal to his own. As the three approached they resolved themselves into a lantern, a man, and a furious insinuation as to Trench's particular business with that particular dog. Even while he threatened, the stranger was down on his knees by it, and Trench stared stupidly. If he had been about to avenge a stolen dog he would not have gone on his knees to do it.

"Did you smash his paws?" asked the owner. The excitement was gone from his voice. He slipped one hand into his pocket, and the lantern swung behind him.

"I'm not an Indian!" snapped Trench. "If you want to know, I heard him crying. He'd been hunting something and had his paws caught where a rock caved on them. I took him out. If he's yours you're not fit to have a dog. Why on earth don't you take care of him?"

He was not a funny sight, standing tall in the snow with his axe in his hand, but the man on his knees laughed.

"Surely," he said; his accent was oddly gentle. "I couldn't tell you were that sort. I'm obliged to you. Were you," there was curiosity or anxiety in his voice, "were you going to make camp with him?"

"I guessed I had to," shortly. "I couldn't get on in the dark. I'm off the track somehow."

"Track where to?"

"Megodik."

"What were you going to do with the dog in the morning?" The man was on his feet now; his hand had come out of his pocket, and he took the dog on one arm, the lantern on the other.

"Oh, I supposed he'd go to Megodik, too!" lightly, because he was ashamed.

"Where are the rest of you?" the lantern slipped upward on the shifted arm, and happened to cast all its light on Trench's face.

Trench shrugged his shoulders. "I'm alone."

"Oh," said the dog owner slowly. "Well, I don't think you'll need that camp you were making! I'll put you on your road in the morning. You'll be your own time making Megodik from here: you're on the"—he turned his shoulder to Trench, sharply, instead of looking at him—"you're on a back track. Come on!" Trench was smarting under his own inferiority already; his only return speech was a grunt. He followed on in silence, and that his legs seemed suddenly to weigh a ton did not help him to speech. He was stupidly and unaccountably annoyed when his guide spoke over his shoulder.

"I'm taking you in for the dog's sake; I'm grateful to you. I live alone except for him, and I don't want men coming out to my ground: there's little enough on it now. I suppose you can hold your tongue about me?"

"If I don't you'll never know it," said Trench: and at the sound in his voice the man turned.

"You'll do," he nodded coolly; "I'll not be troubled from your speaking. Bend your head, and keep close."

**I**T WAS ALMOST DOUBLE that Trench followed him, and it struck him as rank carelessness that the lantern flickered out, leaving him to blunder in pitchy darkness, just when he must be under very thick trees—for there was certainly no snow falling on him. Then he felt it in his face again, and the blur of it in his eyes against the dazzle of a thrown-open door and a lighted room.

"Walk in," said the man; his intonation was not that of a person accustomed to visitors. He laid down his dog and shut his door before he looked at his guest.

Trench was thankful, because he was staggered.

The place was a mere shack, the fireplace the chief thing in it. It did not take a practiced eye to see it was fire-proof clay, nor that it had a draught like a blast furnace. The wood in it was a solid glowing mass which tore into flame as the man threw a log on it. Trench could have sworn there was an inlet pipe somewhere, and that as he stooped over the log his host turned off the draught, for the fire was ordinary at once.

The man lit a candle.

"I don't always use one," he observed simply, "it's hard to get them out here. But you're not used to the

firelight. I've arranged it so that I can nearly always read by it."

The easy words made Trench feel a fool for the sudden suspicion that had thrilled him. He sat down and took off his boots, wishing he had dry socks. His host was fumbling at the other end of the room; he came back slowly, and threw some clothes down by the fire.

"They're clean," he submitted, with hesitating gravity; "I daresay you can see by the house. I knit the socks. I've plenty of time out here."

Trench picked up the clothes, and was dumbfounded. Their owner could be no sort of trapper, and he wished he had no sick suspicion as to what he was: it brought back Megodik, and the mine, and the unbearable trouble he was in. To get rid of it he stared uneasily round the room. There was a table, some humble crockery, a built-in bunk and a home-made chair; only one. It struck him dully that it was a lonely life that needed only one chair. His gaze traveled past the rifle and shotgun on the wall to an open book on the bunk, an old novel pitifully thumbed and worn; above it, on a shelf, were some rags of old newspapers. The owner of these luxuries was handling his dog, and the dexterity of the pointed fingers startled Trench afresh. He had seen just such hands before, used to scales that weighed infinitesimal gradations, to—if what he were thinking were true he did not want to swallow food here, badly as he needed it.

"What do you do out here?" he demanded roughly.

"Oh," the man looked up coolly, "I live! My name's Gabriel. I shoot enough meat to keep me, and I like the woods."

"Then you're not a trapper?"

The snarl of the answer astounded him. "I don't snare. It's not a pretty death, hanging."

Trench agreed with him, eagerly and profanely; he had an inborn aversion to traps. In an amity he had not dreamed he could feel to a man who was clearly a mystery—and just now he had a grudge against the least thing mysterious—he drew up his chair to the table. The host produced a box as a seat for himself, and fed his dog before he ate. He had perhaps seen trouble, for he was acutely conscious that the lines on his guest's face came neither from fatigue nor from a day's hunger. Trench was twenty-four, and tough as a lucivee, therefore the drawn look should have gone from his face when he was done eating. But it was no concern of Gabriel's. When the brief understanding over the trapping had died out they sat in silence. Gabriel patted his dog, and saw what he was used to seeing in the fire, but before Trench there rose up blackly the trouble in the mine and the look on its owner's face when he left him at Caraquet. Every long minute filled him with foreboding. Even now the manager at Megodik—Trench was assistant—might be putting together things which would ruin him, because he was absent. He heaved himself to his feet and looked at Gabriel.

"Whereabouts am I?" he asked harshly. "Could I get to Megodik by daylight if I started now?"

Gabriel shook his head. "You couldn't start. Look!" He opened the door, and Trench was aware that the quiet snowfall was changed to a blizzard.



*He was not a funny sight, standing tall in the snow with his axe in his hand, but the man on his knees laughed.*

The icy force of it swayed past the door, but the sound of it was unmistakable. His unworthy thought when he saw the furnace of a fireplace cut into his mind again. For all he knew, any one in the country-side might be the devil who was ruining him. Even this outlier—but he could not be sure! His eyes searched the shack fiercely.

"Haven't you any other room?" he said.

Gabriel shrugged his shoulders. It seemed to Trench that they were more eloquent than his tongue.

"My life doesn't need two rooms. If you're thinking of the furnace," quietly, "I made it to be warm, and not waste candle-light. I saw you noticed it."

"I'm a miner," said Trench sharply, and in the second of speaking it came over him that he might be one no longer.

Gabriel nodded. If a change came over his face he hid it with that quick averting of his shoulder.

"For God's sake," Trench broke out, "how far is this place from Megodik? I have to get there in the morning!"

"It depends on how you go," unsatisfactorily; he had considering eyes on Trench's mouth, "I don't go there. That wasn't the Megodik trail you'd just left when I came on you; it was only mine to my hard wood patch. It will take you all tomorrow," there was something in his eyes behind their

vagueness, "to get back to the Megodik trail. You can't strike it till you work back nearly to Caraquet."

For the first time in his life his hearer's profanity failed him.

"Then I'm gone," Trench said it to himself, quite unconscious that he spoke at all. "Conroy won't give me any chances if——"

"Conroy?" the quiet mouth bit out the words from the context as if it had turned to a beast's. "Is Conroy at your mine?"

"Manager." Trench had no eyes for the excitement in the other man's.

"What Conroy?" it was as if he had put an iron hand on himself, but again Trench did not notice.

"Sebastian. It's a fine name for a Conroy. Used to be in these parts before." The effort at lightness was a failure. "Why? Do you—did you ever know him?" It was not likely that an outlying remnant like this should know Conroy.

"I don't—think—I did." There was consideration in each word.

"He's a good enough sort," commented Trench dully; for, after all, it was not Conroy who was to blame for his trouble, but his own blank ignorance that he could ever be suspected of what had happened at Megodik. A hundred small things rose before him and showed him he had no chance there at all if his

absence were taken as it must be taken. He looked with hatred at his safe housing, since in it his trouble seemed to have come home to him for the first time. To put it out of his head he went over to the bunk for the shabby novel that lay there, and he stumbled blindly as he walked.

Gabriel's eyes fastened on his back with avid curiosity, and a detached and flaming hatred. Out of them he spoke very softly.

"Better go to bed. You're too tired to read."

Trench did not turn, because he could not speak.

"Better go to bed," repeated the soft voice behind him, "I'll do very well as I am. You take the bunk."

The flame in the speaker's eyes had smoldered down to a steady purpose. Perhaps if he had been the strong man, and Trench the weak, he might have sprung on him from behind and forced all his thoughts out of him. As it was, he sat very still. He was sitting still when Trench lay in the bunk staring at the dying fire and the bright point of flame from the candle—very, very tranquilly still. Trench turned on his side and dreamed of that point of candle flame all night, and of something that seemed to float by his face like spider's webs, and that he could not lift his hand to brush away. Then he had the nightmare, and was sure he was talking in his sleep before an outcast who had a clay furnace and might be a link in his ruin. He heard himself mumbling out the whole story of his trouble at the Megodik mine—and then his voice began to come out loud and distinct and he could not stop it.

"The difficulty was to identify the gold. I had known we were losing gold. When the plates were robbed I went to Conroy, and Conroy said he knew. He said he was sorry. So was I sorry. There was nothing to make Conroy look so queer. If I could have got back from Caraquet before anyone knew I was coming I might have found out something. It's too late now. Old Johnson would help me, perhaps. But anyway, it's too late now!"

Then a far away voice began to tell him something, and he knew he was silent because he must listen very, very carefully. And after that he slept like the dead.

When he woke, Gabriel was at the fire cooking, and there was a feeling in the shack that told him it was morning. Trench got up and began to put on his own

clothes without speaking. He knew exactly what Gabriel would say to him; he waited for it patiently as the man looked up.

"You needn't worry about the trail. I can take you into Megodik by an old corduroy road."

The words seemed to break Trench's apathy. He was conscious that he heaved at his mind as a man heaves at a rock, to get at something in the back of it that he should have remembered. Then he was comfortably sure that it did not matter, as Gabriel went on speaking.

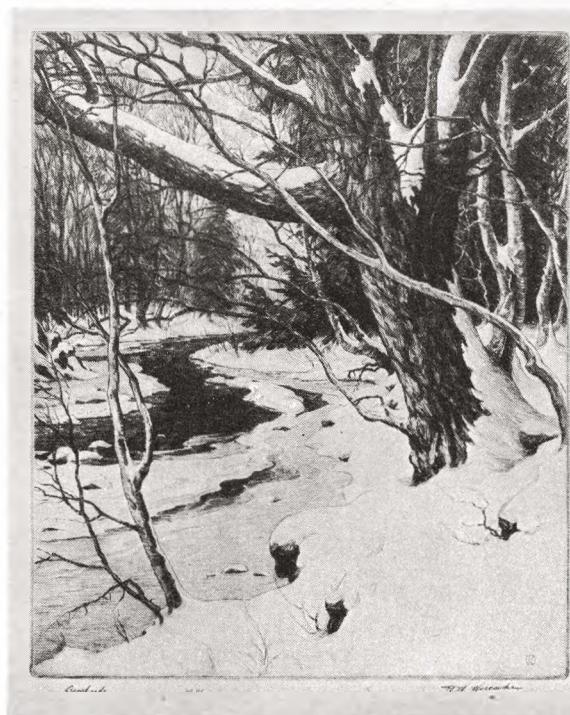
"It is a very easy road. You will have good walking all the way."

And Trench, perfectly aware of the deep and drifted snow outside, was convinced that he would have no heavy walking. He did not seem to be able to break silence unless he were asked to, but he went over to the dog where it basked by the fire and made much of it; he was very glad he had found that dog. Then he followed Gabriel out of the shack, and was dully amazed that the entrance did not lie under trees, but through over-hanging rocks like a tunnel; once out of it, the shack was invisible. When daylight came there was no sun, but Trench was not concerned because he was not finding the way. He had not thought of his trouble since he woke; instead he was full of a senseless gratitude to Gabriel, that stammered out of him when after mid-day they came out on a blueberry barren and the man stopped. Gabriel did not answer the gratitude. He was stooping, scraping in the snow.

"This is the corduroy road," he said; "see?"

Trench saw the old rotten logs as he bared a couple from the snow. "Now, you can go on by yourself! You can't get lost; you can see the road all the way between the bushes. And you know what to do when you get to Megodik."

Trench, with nothing at all in his head, answered that he knew. He held out his hand to Gabriel, but the other turned his shoulder and was gone, muttering something about getting back to his dog. Trench would have run after him, but he had a devouring desire to set out on that corduroy road, where it would be easy walking. Sometimes he stumbled over a log that must have been bigger than the rest, and always he sank deep in snow, but it was light snow, light as



Brookside, by R. W. Woiceske. Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

I SOUGHT the wood in winter  
When every leaf was dead;  
Behind the wind-whipped branches  
The winter sun set red.  
The coldest star was rising  
To greet that bitter air,  
The oaks were writhen giants;  
Nor bud nor bloom was there.  
The birches, white and slender,  
In deathless marble stood,  
The brook, a white immortal,  
Slept silent in the wood.

—WILLA CATHER.

air; he felt no fatigue nor heaviness. And just after dark the logs ended under his feet, and he looked in front of him. He stood in a pasture; a familiar pasture he passed every day of his life.

"Megodik," he said aloud, and without surprise. He was there; just behind the blacksmith's shop, where you turn off from the post road. It occurred to him that the thing to do was to see Johnson, that he and Johnson had business. And he sought Johnson's house circuitously, keeping off the road. The cobwebs on his face worried him, and he kept brushing them away. He forgot them when he opened the door on Johnson and saw him spring clumsily to his feet.

"Mr. Trench," he stammered, "Mr. Trench! My God, sir, do you know what they're saying? They—" he let out the truth helplessly—"There's been no gold stolen since you went away, and they've got Mayne, the detective, here. Whatever kept you away?"

"Finding out who robbed the plates!" said Trench; he was much pleased with the sound of the words. "Conroy says it was I—you know that! But I didn't know it till I guessed it at Caraquet. Come over to the blacksmith's."

"He'll be in bed by now. What do you want of him?" Johnson looked at Trench's face anxiously, and Trench laughed very loud.

"Business," he said. He took the miner by the arm and dragged him out toward the smithy across the corner of the pasture, and was angry when he complained of the heavy walking and wished to go by the road. He stopped and adjured him without swearing, which made Johnson more anxious than ever.

"I know who robbed the plates, and you can obey my orders. If you don't want to help me, say so."

Johnson stopped in a snowdrift and gulped. "I was nigh mad yesterday when I heard it. You'd had time to get back and you didn't come. And—there's not a man who didn't believe Conroy, except me!"

"Then you play up," said Trench cavalierly.

THE SMITHY was dark, for the smith was an early man and lived alone. Trench went to the back door and scratched on it like a dog, and Johnson wiped the sweat from his puzzled face. Scritch-scratching would never wake a tired man.

But the back door opened into darkness. A voice inquired, "All right?"—and Trench whispered: "Yes." The next instant he had the smith by the throat and was inside the smithy, and Johnson, who did not fight well in the dark, lost touch of them. But his blood was crawling in him till he found a candle end. Trench had the smith down as a child holds a kitten, and he was the lighter man.

"Shut the door; tie him," he ordered Johnson. And, being used to obey, the miner did it.

Trench took a hammer and smashed open a second door. There was light enough in the room inside, for it had no window to betray it, and Johnson saw. The smith on the floor had all the appliances for smelting, amalgamating and retorting on the premises—and something more. Conroy himself sat in the windowless room like a rat in a trap; Conroy, who

had accused Trench of robbing the Megodik mine!

It was Johnson who locked the door and fled for Mayne, and when the detective came the bluster was out of Conroy. The smith was not a stout-hearted ally, with a rope cutting into his neck.

He had been in the business for years, off and on, for Mr. Conroy. Oh, yes, he sold the gold after he assayed it; Conroy paid him well. But he wasn't going to jail for it; there wasn't any law that could convict him: he didn't know where the gold came from. Conroy brought it to him—just as he did ten years ago at the Cap d'Or mine, when they ran young Gabriel in for plate robbing. That was Conroy; Gabriel never saw the gold. The third man in the thing was the Frenchwoman's son: he had thought it was he when Trench scratched at the door. But there was no law to convict anyone but Conroy.

And Conroy only sat and stared.

Trench staggered home with Johnson and slept like a stone till morning. Then he began to talk as if he had just learned how, and the miner stood over him with a queer face and no questions till he was done. Then he nodded, as a man nods who knows more than he is told.

"Gabriel," he commented slowly, "I thought he was dead! Oh, yes, I knew him; so did the smith—you heard what he said last night! It's clear enough now, but we all believed in Conroy then. He ruined Gabriel as he'd have ruined you, and for like reason—both of you went to him and made a fuss about missing gold. And you say Gabriel's out there?" he motioned behind him vaguely, toward the wilderness, "Well, he was always one of the queer kind that liked the woods! And he told you about Conroy? Now, I—wonder—how he knew!"

"He didn't tell me." Once more Trench felt himself heaving at his memory and not stirring it, "I—I think I just seemed to know when I saw the smithy. Gabriel never said anything. I named Conroy—that was all."

"He put the truth into your head all right, just the same," grimly. "He had a queer trick that way; I've seen him work it on men. He would have done it to you. He was the sort to snatch at his chance to get at Conroy."

"He never said a word," Trench swore angrily. "He only showed me a short cut over here. I came straight across country by the old corduroy road that comes out into the smithy pasture."

"Where?" Johnson was a Megodik man.

"The pasture. Funny we never noticed it."

"Corduroy road!" shouted the miner. "My God, Mr. Trench—get on your boots and come with me!"

He hurried like a frightened ox through the pasture, and Trench went after him, obstinately secure that it could only be a matter of minutes to come on his track of yesterday. And it was.

He had come over everything—rocks, bushes, and barrens. There was no road, nor a sign of one.

That night it snowed. It is a year now since Trench finally gave up trying to find his way back to Gabriel's house to thank him.

# *First of a Series*

## *Lives of Highwaymen, Pirates and Robbers*

### 1. *Sawney Beane*

**T**HE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE presents such a picture of human barbarity, that, were it not attested by the most unquestionable historical evidence, it would be rejected as altogether fabulous and incredible.

Sawney Beane was born in the county of East Lothian, about eight miles east of Edinburgh, in the reign of James I. of Scotland. His father was a hedger and ditcher, and brought up his son to the same laborious employment. Naturally idle and vicious, he abandoned that place in company with a young woman equally idle and profligate, and retired to the deserts of Galloway where they took up their habitation by the sea-side. The place which Sawney and his wife selected for their dwelling was a cave about a mile in length, of considerable breadth, and so near the sea, that the tide often penetrated into the cave about two hundred yards. The entry had many intricate windings and turnings, leading to the extremity of the subterraneous dwelling, which was literally "the habitation of horrid cruelty."

Sawney and his wife took shelter in this cave, and commenced their depredations. To prevent the possibility of detection, they murdered every person they robbed. Destitute also of the means of obtaining any other food, they resolved to live upon human flesh. Accordingly, when they had murdered any man, woman, or child, they carried him to their den, quartered him, salted the limbs, and dried them for food. In this manner they lived, carrying on their depredations and murder, until they had eight sons and six daughters, eighteen grandsons and fourteen granddaughters, all the offspring of incest.

But though they soon became numerous, yet such was the multitude which fell into their hands, that they had often superabundance of provisions, and would, at a distance from their own habitation, throw legs and arms of dried human bodies into the sea by night. These were often cast out by the tide, and taken up by the country people, to the great consternation and dismay of all the surrounding inhabitants. Nor could any one discover what had befallen the many friends, relations, and neighbors who had unfortunately fallen into the hands of these cannibals.

In proportion as Sawney's family increased, every one that was able acted his part in these horrid assassinations. To prevent the possibility of escape, they would lie in ambush in every direction, that if any escaped those who first attacked, they might be



assailed with renewed fury by another party, and inevitably murdered. By this means they always secured their prey, and prevented detection.

At length Providence interposed in the following manner to terminate the horrible scene. One evening a man and his wife were riding home upon the same horse from a fair which had been held in the neighborhood, and, being attacked, the husband made a most vigorous resistance; his wife, however, was dragged from behind him, carried to a little distance, and her entrails instantly taken out. Fortunately for him, and for the inhabitants of that part of the country, twenty or thirty in a company came riding home from the fair. Upon their approach, Sawney and his bloody crew fled into a thick wood. This man who was the first that had ever escaped out of their hands, related to his neighbors what had happened, and showed them the mangled body of his wife.

In a few days, his majesty in person, accompanied by four hundred men, went in quest of the perpetrators of these horrible cruelties. The man, whose wife had been murdered before his eyes, went as their guide, with a great number of bloodhounds, that no possible means might be left unattempted to discover the haunt of such execrable villains.

They searched the woods, and traversed and examined the seashore; but, though they passed by the entrance into their cave, they had no suspicion that any creature resided in that dark and dismal abode. Fortunately, however, some of the bloodhounds entered the cave, raising an uncommon barking and noise, an indication that they were about to seize their prey. Accordingly, a sufficient number of torches were provided; a great number of men penetrated through all the intricacies of the path, and at length arrived at the private residence of the horrible cannibals.

They were followed by all the band, who were shocked to behold a sight unequaled in Scotland, if not in any part of the universe. Legs, arms, thighs, hands, and feet, of men, women, and children, were suspended in rows like dried beef. Some limbs and other members were soaked in pickle; while a great mass of money, watches, rings, pistols, and clothes were thrown together in heaps.

The whole cruel, brutal family, to the number formerly mentioned were seized and were next day conducted to the common place of execution in Leith Walk, and executed.

—*Lives of Noted Highwaymen*, first published 1711; revised by C. Whitehead in 1834.

## This is my favorite story\*

Prize-winning essay for January

**I**F ONE VALUES the "safe-kept memory of a lovely thing," the story "When Hannah var eight yar old" deserves republishing. Since I read it seventeen years ago, I have recalled it many times, and it came instantly into my mind when I read your plan of reprinting favorite stories.

I like this story because it contains a bit of perfect conduct. In a fisherman's "little so lonely" hut, made inaccessible by miles of deep snow, a mother, so sick that she knows she must die soon, has the strength of will to do a very fine thing that she may keep her four little children from experiencing fear—the fear they would "take" when she "came all white like de snow." I don't know which appeals more, the fineness and courage of the mother or the faithfulness and fortitude of Hannah the "big girl" of the family—she "var eight yar old"—by whose help fear was kept from the little ones, though sometimes a "sharp sadness" would come upon her then and in all the years after.

It is fitting that this story should be in the homely speech of the grown-up Hannah. Perhaps this is really a transcript of what some Swedish Hannah here in America told the author, or perhaps Katherine Peabody Girling has achieved the artlessness that is the highest art.

CARRIE BARDEN, St. Cloud, Minn.

# When Hannah Var Eight Yar Old

By KATHERINE PEABODY GIRLING

**W**ERE YOU a little girl, Hannah, when you came to America?" I asked.

"No," she replied, letting her sewing fall in her lap as her grave eyes sought mine slowly, "I var a big girl eight yar old."

"Eight years old? How big you must have been! Can you tell me about it? Why you came?"

The recent accounts of people driven to America by tragedy, or drawn by a larger hope of finding a life to live in addition to earning a living, had colored my thoughts for days. Have all immigrants—the will-less, leaden people who pass in droves through our railway stations; the patient, indifferent toilers by the roadside; the maids who cook and mend for us: this girl who sits sewing with me today—a memory and a vision? Is each of them in some degree a Mary Antin? So I closed the magazine and asked her—"A big girl, eight yar old," she said.

"Oh, well," Hannah explained, "in Old Country if you are eight yar old and comes younger child'n in familie, you are old woman; you gotta be, or who shall help de moder?"

"Yes? Did your father and mother bring you?" I continued.

"No—fader and moder var daid. My h'aunt, my fader's broder's wife, se came for us. It cost her twenty-eight dollar, but se do it."

"But surely you can't go to Sweden and return for twenty-eight dollars!"

"Seventeen yar ago, yes, but of course you must to take your own providings. It don't require much." Hannah's shoulders drew together expressively. "Madam knows she is apt to miss her appetite at sea!"

"But too well." I shrugged. Then we both laughed.

"I can to tell you how it is I came on Ahmericah, but"—Hannah waited for words to express her warning—"it will make you a sharp sadness."

"Please."

"I don't know if I can tell it to you good, but I tell it so good as I can. My vader he var Swedish fisherman vat h'own his boat and go away by weeks and weeks, and sometimes come strong weder and he can't make it to get home quick. My moder se var German." Hannah hesitated, and then in lowered tones of soft apology added, "Se var a ver' pretty woman. Var three child'n more as me—Olga var six yar old, and Hilda four, and Jens—well, Jens var just a baby, suppose yar and half. We live in a little house close on by de sea. It is yust a little house, but it can to have a shed with a floor of stone. The door of de shed is broken so it is like a window mitout glass.

"The house is close on by a big dock where in somer time comes big excursion steamer mit—suppose hundert tourist people who climb on de mountain up de road. My moder se sell dem hot coffee, also bread and cheese, but



dat is not de reason why we live in de little so lone-some house. It is de big dock is de reason. My fader he can to come home from late fishings mitout needing dat he sall walk on de roads. In Sweden in winter de roads swallow snow till it makes dangersome to you to walk because hides holes to step in. We live dar all somer, but in late autumn my fader he say, 'What about de winter?' My moder se say, 'I don't know, but anyway ve try it vonce.'

"Den my fader he go avay in his boad and my moder se get bad cold and comes sickness on her, and ven se couldn't to keep care on us by reason se is too weak, se lay on de cot in de kitchen-room and vatch on me dat I sall learn to keep care on de child'n."

"What did you live on? How did you keep warm?"

"Oh,—is plenty fuel, and ve make hot stew of dried meat mit rice and raisins.

**O**NE DAY my moder se say me, 'Hannah,' se say, 'you are a big girl, I must to tell you sometings. You fader is very late, it seems, and winter comes now. I cannot to wait much more. It is soon I got to go. You mustn't take a fear of me if I come all white like de snow and don't talk mit you any more. De little child'n dey will take a fear and cry. I cannot to bring a fear on my little child'n.'

"So se tell me what I sall do—I sall close bot' her eyes up and tie her hands and lock de shed door."

"The shed door!"

"Ya." Hannah resumed her sewing. Her thread snapped as stitch fell by stitch monotonously.

"So one night pretty soon se make dat I sall bring her best nightgown and help her mit to put it on. Den se kiss de little child'n in dair sleepings and se sit on a stool by de fire and say I sall put Jens in her arms. Se try to rock back and fort' and se sing on him a little hymn. But se is too weak, and I must to take him. Den se put on me a shawl and tie it behind under my arms, and se lean heavy on me, and we go out into de shed. My moder se do her bare feet on de stone floor. Se have yust but her nightgown on, but it is her best one with crocheted lace at de neck and wrists. Se tell me I sall put de ironing-board across two chair-seats, but it is too heavy and se sall try to help me, but comes coughing on her and se must to hold on by de shed door. Se look out across de road and de mountain all mit snow white and mit moonlight cold. Well, anyway, we do de ironing-board across de chair-seats and I spread a white sheet and put a head-cushion and my moder lie down and I cover her mit a more other sheet over. 'Oh, moder,' I say, 'let me make some warm coverings on you.'

"'No,' se say, so soft dat I listen mit my ear, 'I must to come here while I yet have de stren'th, but I want to go quick away, and in de cold I go more quick. Oh, Hannah!' se say, 'my big daughter! You are so comfortable to me!'

"So I hold my moder's hand. Pretty soon it comes cold. I klapp it mit mine, but it comes more cold. I crumple it up and breathe my hot breath in it, but it comes not warm any more. So mit my fader's Sunday handkerchief I bind her eyes like if you play Blindman mit de child'n, and mit an apron-string I tie her hands together. Den I go back and make my

hands warm in de kitchen-room and I take de comb down off de string, and I go back to my moder and make her hair in two braids like as I did all when se was sick. Den I lock de shed door and crawl in bed mit de child'n to make me warm.

"Next day I tell de child'n dat moder is gone away. Dey cry some, but pretty soon dey shut up.

"So I keep care on de child'n and play wid dem, and some days go by. Comes stronger wedder mit storms of sleet and snow, and de wind sob and cry. Comes nobody on. At night when de child'n are sleeping I unlock de shed door and go to see if it makes all right mit my moder. Sometimes it is by the moonlight I see on her, but more often it is by a candle-glimmer."

Hannah broke the subdued tone of her narrative to add in a lower, more confiding note, "It is mit me now dat when I see a candle on light I haf a sharp sadness.

"Pretty soon de wedder is more better, and comes a man trompling troo de snow to tell my moder dat her husband can't come home yust yet—he is drowned in de sea. When he see how it is mit my moder and mit me and de little child'n, de water stands in his eyes—ya. And he go on, troo de snow, tree, four mile nearer on de city to de big castle where live de lady wat h'own all de land and se come in sleigh mit four horsen and big robes of fur and yingling bells. Se see on my moder and se go quick away, but so soon as it can, se come again and se do on my moder a white robe, heavy mit lace, most beautiful! and white stockings of silk and white slippers broidered mit pearlen. Se leaf my moder's hair, as I fix it, in two braids, but se put a wreath of flowers, white and green, yust like de real ones. Is few real flowers in Sweden in winter. Anyway, dese var like de flowers a girl vat gets married should to wear. Den my lady se send her sleigh dat all de people should come and see on de so so brave woman vat couldn't to bring a fear on her little child'n. And de people dey make admiration on my moder. Dey say it is de prettiest dey ever see it, and dey make pity dat se couldn't to see it herself." She paused and breathed deeply. "I wish se could have to seen dose slippers!"

"And did no one tell you that you were a wonderful little girl?"

"Oh, vell—I var eight yar old."

"But what became of you all?"

"My lady took us home in her sleigh mit—I want to stay mit my moder, but se say I sall come to keep care on de child'n dat dey don't cry. And dey don't cry—dey laugh mit de yingling bells. De need was on me strong, but I don't cry before my lady. Se var great dame vat go in de court mit de queen. Se sent men, and dey do my moder in a coffin and carry her to a little chapel house in cemetaire, and in de spring ven de snow is gone dey bury her. My lady se put a white stone mit my moder's name and some poetry—I can't to say it good in English, but it says, 'The stren'th in the heart of her poor is the hope of Sweden.'"

"And then did your aunt come?"

"Ya; my lady se wrote on my fader's broder vat var in Ahmericah. Se say we can to stay mit her, but my onkle he send his wife, and we come back mit her on Ahmericah, und dat is all how I came to be here."

# Virgil in Modern Italy

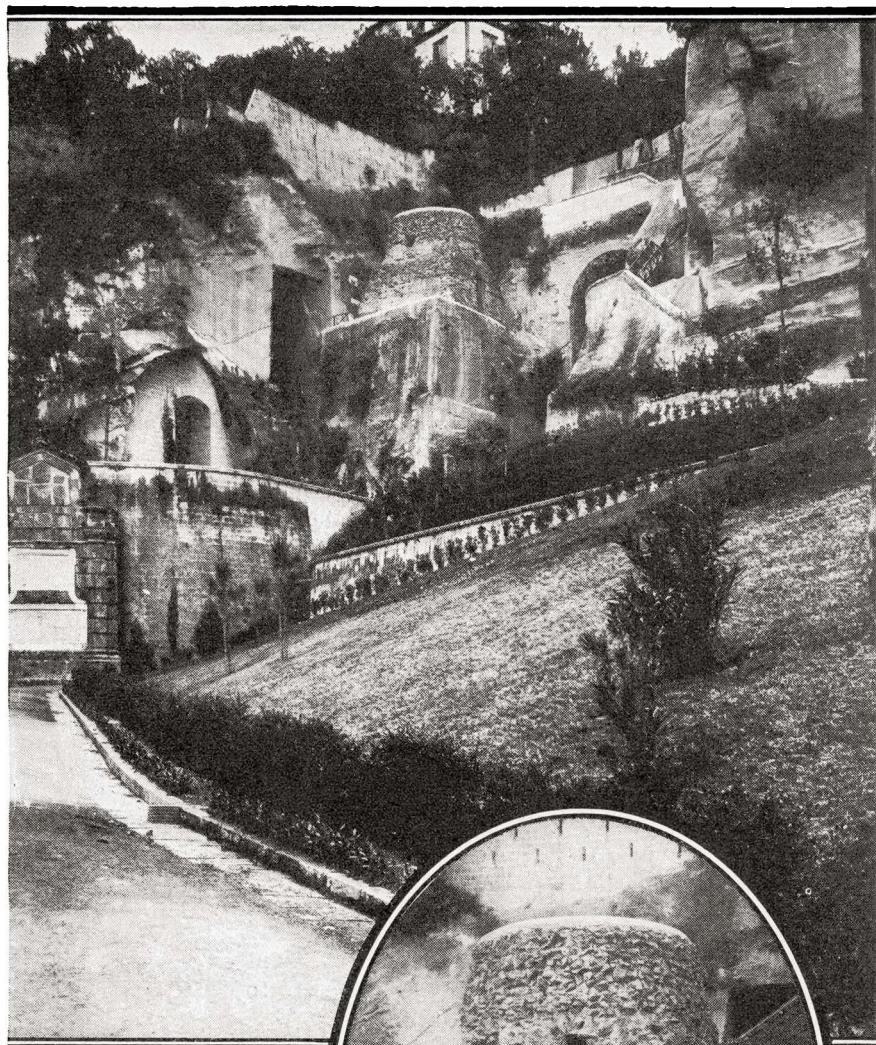
By ROBERTO  
PARIBENI

*Director General of Fine Arts,  
Ministry of National Education*

Translated by  
Arthur Stanley Riggs

"DURING practically all the years of the two millennia that have elapsed since Virgil's birth, his work has been a golden mine of incalculable richness for the delight of mature minds, a mighty stimulus to the creative artist. Because the poet expressed himself in terms beyond the usual limitations of time and space; because his conception of the problems of life illuminated the experience of man of every age and clime; because he clothed his ideas with the utmost beauty, melody and significance of which human words seem to be capable, Virgil is as real to us, as vital in the life of today as he was to his own Rome."

—His Excellency Nobile Giacomo de Martino,  
Italian Ambassador to the United States.



Photographs by  
courtesy of the  
Italian Government  
and Art and  
Archaeology

Virgil's Tomb  
at Naples.

ITALY esteems and loves in Virgil, if not her greatest poet, certainly her dearest one. Surpassed by the immensity of Dante's vastness of conception, Virgil is, none the less, the poet who, more than any other, summarizes in himself the most characteristic gifts of the Italian spirit: the love of rusticity, the passion for agriculture, the sense of justice and of duty. No one will ever be able in more enchanting witchery of verse, to tell what may be the *divini gloria ruris*. And no hero will ever take higher or more august rank than the *pius Aeneas*, whose every act is the perfect achievement of a re-

ligious duty; who makes war but does not love it, and who mourns the victims even though enemies; so different from the Pelean Achilles, hero because invulnerable, and cold butcher of young bound prisoners. Far nearer Aeneas to that fateful Roman who proclaimed war when it was a *bellum pium, sanctum, iustum ac necessarium*.

All we Italians feel that if perchance the prayer of the dying poet had been granted, and the unfinished Aeneas thrown into the fire, Italy would have lost many more than a hundred battles, would have lost more than the empire of Rome, would not have

O FORTUNATOS nimium, sua si bona norint.  
agricolas! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,  
fundit humo facilem victum iustissima tellus.  
si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis  
mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,  
nec varios inhiant pulchra testudine postis  
inlusasque auro vestis Ephyreiaque æra.  
alba, neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno,  
nec casia liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi:  
at secura quies et nescia fallere vita,  
dives opum variarum, at latis otia fundis  
(speluncæ vivique lacus et frigida Tempe  
mugitusque boum mollesque sub arbore somni)  
non absunt; illic saltus ac lustra ferarum.  
et patiens operum exiguoque adsueta iuventus,  
sacra deum sanctique patres: extrema per illos  
Iustitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

had a Dante, and perhaps never would have been a nation. Every form, therefore, of celebration of Virgil in this his bimillenary, not only has failed to satisfy but could not satisfy the soul of the Italian.

Of what avail are discourses, hymns, statues, medals? Whatever the thing, it is too insignificant for him. Much more welcome is the success of the invitation extended by the Royal Academy of Italy to visit places Virgil loved and sang; and equally grateful the thoughtful care expended on every side upon the Virgilian memories and monuments in these sites. The Italian State has wished, indeed, to complete the excavations at Butrinto in Epirus [the ancient Buthrotum], upon Mount Eryx [Sicily], in the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, and at Ardea, besides restoring and systematizing the alleged tomb of Virgil at Naples.

Butrinto in Epirus (today the kingdom of Albania) was the place where Æneas encountered two fugitives from Troy, Helenus, son of King Priam of Troy, and later husband of Hector's widow, Andromache, and Andromache. Here it was that Helenus explained to Æneas definitely the land to which the gods had destined him. From that point Æneas moved ever onwards with his thought firmly fixed on Italy.

The Italian explorations conducted by Dr. Luigi Ugolini have given results far in excess of everything hoped for: a belt of wall with gates well preserved and of most singular aspect, all of pre-Roman construction; Roman edifices rich in inscriptions and statuary; a Christian basilica with the richest of figured mosaic pavements. The excavations on Mount Eryx, near Sicilian Trapani, have been commenced only a few weeks since. The researches at Ardea, the capital of Rutulus and of Turnus, though not very far advanced, have already begun to bring to light a great archaic temple with terra-cotta decorations.

The most conspicuous results of all, perhaps, are those given by the exploration of the vast grottoes under the acropolis of Cumæ, where Virgil placed the seat of the Sybil whom Æneas visited. The work reveals that Augustus accepted the identification of the Sybilline seat with these immense, imposing Cumæan caverns, and that he assured access to and conversation of them by the erection of mighty walls. In these

O HAPPY beyond all happiness—did they  
Their weal but know—those husbandmen obscure,  
Whose life, deep hidden from strife of arms away,  
The all-righteous earth and kind doth well secure.  
What though for them no towering mansion pours  
At early morning, forth of its haughty doors  
And halls, a surge of courtiers untold.  
Gaping on the rich portals, as they pass,  
Fair with mosaic of tortoise-shell, the gold  
Of broidered vestments and the Corinthian brass?  
They with no Tyrian dyes their white wool soil,  
Nor yet with cinnamon foul their limpid oil.  
But they are at peace in life, in guile untaught,  
And dowered with manifold riches. Theirs the ease  
Of acres ample, and many a shady grot,  
And slumber of sweetness under sheltering trees,  
And living lakes, and the cool of Tempe's valley.  
And the lowing of herds are theirs continually;  
Theirs are the haunts of game on the wooded hill,  
And theirs a hardy youth, unto humble ways  
Attempered and patient in their toil, and still  
The old have honor of them and the gods have praise.  
Justice, methinks, when driven from earth away,  
Left her last footprint among such as they.

—English Translation by HARRIET W. PRESTON, 1881.

¶

VIRGIL is the most widely read poet of every land and age. Because his poetry and his themes are universal, their beauty is transmutable into all languages of the civilized world. Here is an extract from the Georgics, celebrating the glory and serenity of rural life, as it appears in Latin, English, Italian, French, Spanish and German.

¶

O H BIEN afortunados agricultores, si conocieren sus bienes! para los cuales, lejos de las discordes armas, la tierra produce justissima ella misma de su suelo fácil sustento. Si una alta casa de soberbias puertas no les vomita por la mañana de las habitaciones todas una enorme ola de saludantes, ni están con la boca abierta ante los variados batientes de hermosa concha, y los vestidos bordados de oro, y los bronces esfíreyos, ni la blanca lona es teñida por el veneno asirio, ni el uso del aceite puro es corrumpido por la canela; pero no faltan una segura quietud, y una vida que no sabe engañar, rica de variados recursos, y ocios en sus extensos fundos (grutas, y lagos de agua viva, y frescos valles, y el mugido de los bueyes, y blandos sueños bajo un árbol.) Allí bosques y guaridas de fieras, y una juventud paciente de los trabajos y acostumbrada a lo exiguo, sacrificios a los dioses, y ancianos respetados; por aquellos lugares imprimió sus últimas huellas la Justicia al retirarse de la tierra.

—Spanish Translation by JOSÉ VELASCO Y GARCÍA.

O TROPPO fortunato Agricoltore  
 Se conoscesse il ben che gli sta sopra!  
 A cui lontan da discordate insegne  
 La giustissima terra il cibo apporta.  
 Se ad esso i gradi di patente soglia  
 Non assale da mane onda di gente,  
 Che riede o va per salutevol cenno,  
 Se porte di testuggine guarnite,  
 Se conpassate in or splendide vesti;  
 Se lucidi metalli ivi non fanno  
 Tutti sguardi arrestar, se bianca lana  
 Non impara vestir colori Assiri,  
 E se non è l'umor di schietti ulivi  
 Contaminato a peregrini unguenti,  
 Non vi manca la pace, non vi manca  
 Scevra d'inganni una serena vita.  
 Smisurata ricchezza! una campagna.  
 Un bosco, una spelonca, una freschezza  
 Di perenne laghetto non vi manca,  
 Non muggiti di buoi, non dolci sonni  
 All'ombra di una pianta, ivi foreste  
 E covili di fiere, ivi a fatiche  
 Avvezza e al poco gioventù contenta,  
 Riveriti i celesti, e la vecchiezza  
 Onorata; colà l'ultime poste  
 Astrea lascio delle divine piante,  
 Quando a rendersi andò stella nel cielo.

—*Italian Translation by DIONIGI STROCCHI, 1883.*

x

WAHRLICH allzu beglückt, wenn eigenes wohl erkannte,  
 Wäre der ländliche Mann, dem sie selbst, fern  
 Waffen der Zwietracht,  
 Willig den leichten Bedarf aussprosst, die gerechte Erde!  
 Wenn kein hoher Palast ihm gedrängt durch prangende Pforten  
 Frühe den Schwall der Begrüsser aus ganzen sälen  
 hervorströmt  
 Nicht nach Pfosten er giert von schöngesprengeltem  
 Schildpatt.  
 Oder nach goldumspieltem Gewand', und ephyrischen  
 Erzen:  
 Nicht schneesarbige Woll' in Assyrierbeize sich  
 schminket.  
 Noch von Zimt der Gebrauch des lauteren Öles  
 gesälscht wird;  
 Doch unsorgsame Ruh', und ein harmlos gleitendes  
 Leben.  
 Reich an mancherlei Gut, doch Muss' in geräumigen  
 Seldern  
 Grotten und lebende Teich', und Kühlungen tem-  
 pischer Thale,  
 Rindergebrüll, und im Wehen des Baums sanft-  
 ruhende Schlummer,  
 Söhnen ihm nicht; dort sind Waldschlüst' und Lager  
 des Wildes,  
 Dort, unermüdet zum Werk, bei wenigem fröhliche  
 Jugend,  
 Heilige Götterest', und unsträische Greise; zulezt  
 noch  
 Hat die Gerechtigkeit dort, von der Erd' abschei-  
 dend, gewandelt.

—*German Translation by JOHANN HEINRICH VOSS, 1822.*

Ah! loin de tous ces maux que le luxe fait naître;  
 Heureux le Laboureur, trop heureux s'il fait l'être!  
 La terre liberale et docile à ses soins  
 Contente à peu de frais ses rustiques besoins.  
 Il ne voit point chez lui sous des toits magnifiques,  
 Des flots d'adulateurs inonder ses portiques,  
 Il ne voit pas le Peuple y dévorer des yeux  
 De riches tapis d'or, des vases précieux;  
 D'agréables poisons ne brûlent point ses veines;  
 Le fard n'altère point la blancheur de ses laines;  
 Il n'a point tous ces arts qui trompent notre ennui;  
 Mais que lui manque-t-il? la nature est à lui.  
 Des grottes, des étangs, une claire fontaine  
 Dont l'onde en murmurant l'endort sous un vieux  
 chêne  
 Un trompeau qui mugit, des vallons, des forêts,  
 Ce sont là ses trésors, ce sont là ses palais.  
 C'est dans les champs qu'on trouve une mâle jeu-  
 nesse:  
 C'est là qu'on fert les Dieux, qu'on chérit la vieillesse  
 La Justice fuyant nos coupables climats,  
 Sous le chaume innocent porta ses derniers pas.

—*French Translation by M. DELILLE, 1771.*

were constructed niches with statues, one of which—a particularly beautiful one, by the way—has been recovered and today stands in the National Museum at Naples. The assault by Narses upon the Gothic stronghold of the Cumæan acropolis naturally took account of these vast subterranean caverns, struggled for by the two enemy armies, here damaging their art by pulling it down, here causing the caves to be clogged up. This filling-up process continues throughout the centuries, rendering useless the venerated cavern only now restored to much the state in which Virgil saw it.

Upon the exquisite hill of Posilipo, embosomed in a dell near the mouths of other vast caverns—remains of those tufa quarries whence came the stone with which Naples was constructed—is a modest sepulchral edifice of good Roman construction dating from the first century of the Empire. A tradition already known in Renaissance times declares this to be the tomb of Virgil, who, as everyone knows, died at Brundisium but was brought afterward for burial to Naples. There, in a little villa presented to him by Maecenas, he was laid, before him the prospect of the loveliest sea and the loveliest mountain panorama Italy affords, beauties which in life had overflowed from his heart in the immortal songs of the Georgics and the *Æneid*.

The little edifice has been protected and reinforced against the danger of crumbling down; the nearby gigantic caverns—which may have given the poet some accent and some vision of Avernus—have been cleaned out and made practicable; an ample road has been constructed, and the declivities of the hills have been ornamented with trees and clearings. It is, of course, impossible to give any mathematical demonstration that this is beyond question the poet's tomb; but certainly there is not the shadow of a doubt that this is the general landscape he saw and felt, and in which he wished to sleep for eternity, the son above all others pious and holy, of his Mother Earth.



Drawings by  
Paul Orban

# An Ashenden, the



The First of  
Two Parts

**D**O YOU LIKE macaroni?" said R. "What do you mean by macaroni?" answered Ashenden. "It is like asking me if I like poetry. I like Keats and Wordsworth and Verlaine and Goethe. When you say macaroni, do you mean *spaghetti*, *tagliatelli*, *rigatoni*, *vermicelli*, *fettucini*, *tufali*, *farfalli*, or just macaroni?"

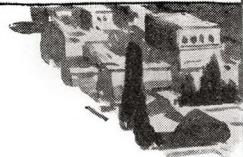
"Macaroni," replied R., a man of few words.

"I like all simple things, boiled eggs, oysters and caviare, *truite au bleu*, grilled salmon, roast lamb (the saddle by preference) cold grouse, treacle tart and rice pudding. But of all simple things the only one I can eat day in and day out, not only without disgust but with eagerness of an appetite unimpaired by excess, is macaroni."

"I am glad of that because I want you to go down to Italy."

Ashenden had come from Geneva to meet R. at Lyons and, having got there before him, had spent the

*"Your hands are like iron, General,"* Ashenden murmured.



afternoon wandering about the dull, busy and prosaic streets of that thriving city. They were sitting now in a restaurant on the *place* to which Ashenden had taken R. on his arrival because it was reputed to give you the best food in that part of France. But since in so crowded a resort (for the Lyonese like a good dinner) you never knew what inquisitive ears were pricked up to catch any useful piece of information that might fall from your lips, they had contented themselves with talking of indifferent things. They had reached the end of an admirable repast.

"Have another glass of brandy?" said R.

"No, thank you," answered Ashenden, who was of an abstemious turn.

*Adventure of*

# British Agent

A Spy Story of the World War

By SOMERSET MAUGHAM

"One should do what one can to mitigate the rigors of war," remarked R. as he took the bottle and poured out a glass for himself and another for Ashenden.

Ashenden, thinking it would be affectation to protest, let the gesture pass, but felt bound to remonstrate with his chief on the unseemly manner in which he held the bottle.

"In my youth I was always taught that you should take a woman by the waist and a bottle by the neck," he murmured.

"I am glad you told me. I shall continue to hold a bottle by the waist and give women a wide berth."

Ashenden did not know what to reply to this and so remained silent. He sipped his brandy and R. called for his bill.

It was true that he was an important person, with power to make or mar quite a large number of his fellows, and his opinions were listened to by those who held in their hands the fate of empires; but he could never face the business of tipping a waiter without an embarrassment that was obvious in his demeanor. He was tortured by the fear of making a fool of himself by giving too much or of exciting the waiter's icy scorn by giving too little. When the bill came he passed some hundred-franc notes over to Ashenden and said:

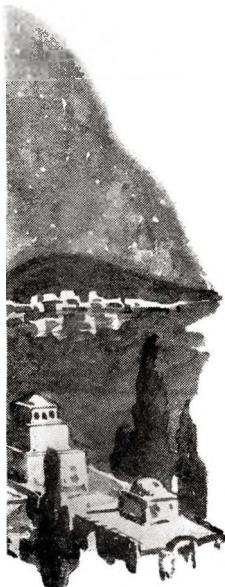
"Pay him, will you? I can never understand French figures."

The groom brought them their hats and coats.

"Would you like to go back to the hotel?" asked Ashenden.

"We might as well."

It was early in the year, but the weather had suddenly turned warm, and they walked with their coats over their arms. Ashenden, knowing that R. liked a sitting-room, had engaged one for him, and to this, when they reached the hotel, they went. The hotel was old-fashioned and the sitting-room was vast. It was furnished with a heavy mahogany suite upholstered in green velvet and the chairs were set primly round a large table. On the walls, covered with a dingy paper, were large steel engravings of the battles



*One minute to train time—and the Hairless Mexican walked leisurely on to the platform.*

of Napoleon, and from the ceiling hung an enormous chandelier once used for gas, but now fitted with electric bulbs. It flooded the cheerless room with a cold, hard light.

"This is very nice," said R., as they went in.

"Not exactly cosy," suggested Ashenden.

"No, but it looks as though it were the best room in the place. It all looks very *good* to me."

He drew one of the green velvet chairs away from the table and, sitting down, lit a cigar. He loosened his belt and unbuttoned his tunic.

"I always thought I liked a cheroot better than anything," he said, "but since the war I've taken quite a fancy to Havanas. Oh, well, I suppose it can't last forever." The corners of his mouth flickered with the beginning of a smile. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

Ashenden took two chairs, one to sit on and one for his feet, and when R. saw him he said: "That's not a bad idea," and swinging another chair out from the table with a sigh of relief put his boots on it.

"What room is that next door?" he asked.

"That's your bedroom."

"And on the other side?"

"A banqueting hall."

R. got up and strolled slowly about the room and when he passed the windows, as though in idle curiosity, peeped through the heavy rep curtains that covered them, and then returning to his chair once more comfortably put his feet up.

"It's just as well not to take any more risk than one need," he said.

He looked at Ashenden reflectively. There was a

slight smile on his thin lips, but the pale eyes, too closely set together, remained cold and steely. R.'s stare would have been embarrassing if Ashenden had not been used to it. He knew that R. was considering how he would broach the subject that he had in mind. The silence must have lasted for two or three minutes.

"I'm expecting a fellow to come and see me tonight," he said at last. "His train gets in about ten." He gave his wrist-watch a glance. "He's known as the Hairless Mexican."

"Why?"

"Because he's hairless and because he's a Mexican."

"The explanation seems perfectly satisfactory," said Ashenden.

"He'll tell you all about himself. He talks nineteen to the dozen. He was on his uppers when I came across him. It appears that he was mixed up in some revolution in Mexico and had to get out with nothing but the clothes he stood up in. They were rather the worse for wear when I found him. If you want to please him you call him General. He claims to have been a general in Huerta's army, at least I think it was Huerta; anyhow, he says that if things had gone right he would be Minister of War now and no end of a big bug. I've found him very useful. Not a bad chap. The only thing I really have against him is that he will use scent."

"And where do I come in?" asked Ashenden.

"He's going down to Italy. I've got rather a ticklish job for him to do and I want you to stand by. I'm not keen on trusting him with a lot of money. He's a gambler and he's a bit too fond of the girls. I suppose you came from Geneva on your Ashenden passport."

"Yes."

"I've got another for you, a diplomatic one, by the way, in the name of Somerville with visas for France and Italy. I think you and he had better travel together. He's an amusing cove when he gets going, and I think you ought to get to know one another."

"What is the job?"

"I haven't yet quite made up my mind how much it's desirable for you to know about it."

**A** SHENDEN DID NOT REPLY. They eyed one another in a detached manner, as though they were strangers who sat together in a railway carriage and each wondered who and what the other was.

"In your place I'd leave the General to do most of the talking. I wouldn't tell him more about yourself than you find absolutely necessary. He won't ask you any questions, I can promise you that; I think he's by way of being a gentleman after his own fashion."

"By the way, what is his real name?"

"I always call him Manuel; I don't know that he likes it very much. His name is Manuel Carmona."

"I gather by what you have not said that he's an unmitigated scoundrel."

R. smiled with his pale blue eyes.

"I don't know that I'd go quite so far as that. He hasn't had the advantages of a public school education. His ideas of playing the game are not quite the same as yours and mine. I don't know that I'd leave a gold cigarette-case about when he was in the neighborhood, but if he lost money to you at poker and had pinched

your cigarette-case he would immediately pawn it to pay you. If he had half a chance, he'd seduce your wife; but if you were up against it he'd share his last crust with you. The tears will run down his face when he hears Gounod's *Ave Maria* on the gramophone, but if you insult his dignity he'll shoot you like a dog. It appears that in Mexico it's an insult to get between a man and his drink, and he told me himself that once when a Dutchman who didn't know passed between him and the bar he whipped out his revolver and shot him dead."

"Did nothing happen to him?"

"No, it appears that he belongs to one of the best families. The matter was hushed up and it was announced in the papers that the Dutchman had committed suicide. He did, practically. I don't believe the Hairless Mexican has a great respect for human life."

Ashenden, who had been looking intently at R., started a little and he watched more carefully than ever his chief's tired, lined and yellow face. He knew that he did not make this remark for nothing.

"Of course a lot of nonsense is talked about the value of human life. You might just as well say that the counters you use at poker have an intrinsic value, their value is what you like to make it; for a general giving battle men are merely counters and he's a fool if he allows himself for sentimental reasons to look upon them as human beings."

"But, you see, they're counters that feel and think, and if they believe they're being squandered they are quite capable of refusing to be used any more."

"Anyhow, that's neither here nor there. We've had information that a man called Constantine Andreadi is on his way from Constantinople with certain documents that we want to get hold of. He's a Greek. He's an agent of Enver Pasha, and Enver has great confidence in him. He's given him verbal messages that are too secret and too important to be put on paper. He's sailing from the Piræus, on a boat called the *Ithaca*, and will land at Brindisi on his way to Rome. He's to deliver his dispatches at the German Embassy and impart what he has to say personally to the ambassador."

"I see."

At this time Italy was still neutral; the Central Powers were straining every nerve to keep her so; the Allies were doing what they could to induce her to declare war on their side.

"We don't want to get into any trouble with the Italian authorities; it might be fatal, but we've got to prevent Andreadi from getting to Rome."

"At any cost?" asked Ashenden.

"Money's no object," answered R., his lips twisting into a sardonic smile.

"What do you propose to do?"

"I don't think you need bother your head about that."

"I have a fertile imagination," said Ashenden.

"I want you to go down to Naples with the Hairless Mexican. He's very keen on getting back to Cuba. It appears that his friends are organizing a show and he wants to be as near at hand as possible so that he can hop over to Mexico when things are ripe. He needs cash. I've brought money down with me, in



*It was in the cards. Why did I not take their warning? I will not look at them.*

American dollars, and I shall give it to you tonight. You'd better carry it on your person."

"Is it much?"

"It's a good deal, but I thought it would be easier for you if it wasn't bulky, so I've got it in thousand-dollar notes. You will give the Hairless Mexican the notes in return for the documents that Andreadi is bringing."

A question sprang to Ashenden's lips, but he did not ask it. He asked another instead.

"Does this fellow understand what he has to do?"

"Perfectly."

There was a knock at the door. It opened and the Hairless Mexican stood before them.

"I have arrived. Good evening, Colonel. I am enchanted to see you."

R. got up.

"Had a nice journey, Manuel? This is Mr. Somerville, who's going to Naples with you. General Carmona."

"Pleased to meet you, sir."

He shook Ashenden's hand with such force that he winced.

"Your hands are like iron, General," he murmured. The Mexican gave them a glance.

"I had them manicured this morning. I do not think they were very well done. I like my nails much more highly polished."

They were cut to a point, stained bright red, and to Ashenden's mind shone like mirrors. Though it was not cold, the General wore a fur coat with an astrakhan collar, and with his every movement a wave of perfume was wafted to your nose.

"Take off your coat, General, and have a cigar," said R.

The Hairless Mexican was a tall man, and though thinnish, gave you the impression of being very powerful; he was smartly dressed in a blue serge suit, with a silk handkerchief neatly tucked in the breast pocket of his coat, and he wore a gold bracelet on his wrist. His features were good, but a little larger than life-size, and his eyes were brown and lustrous. He was quite hairless. His yellow skin had the smoothness of a woman's and he had no eyebrows nor eyelashes; he wore a pale brown wig, rather long, and the locks were arranged in artistic disorder. This and the un-wrinkled, sallow face, combined with his dandified dress, gave him an appearance that was at first glance a trifle horrifying. He was repulsive and ridiculous, but you could not take your eyes from him. There was a sinister fascination in his strangeness.

He sat down and hitched up his trousers so that they should not bag at the knee.

"Well, Manuel, have you been breaking any hearts today?" said R. with his sardonic joviality.

The General turned to Ashenden.

"Our good friend, the Colonel, envies me my successes with the fair sex. I tell him he can have just as many if he will only listen to me. Confidence, that is all you need. If you never fear a rebuff you will never have one."

"Nonsense, Manuel, one has to have your way with the girls. There's something about you that they can't resist."

The Hairless Mexican laughed with a self-satisfaction that he did not try to disguise. He spoke English very well, with a Spanish accent, but with an American intonation.

"But since you ask me, Colonel, I don't mind telling you that I got into conversation on the train with a little woman who was coming to Lyons to see her mother-in-law. She was not very young and she was thinner than I like a woman to be, but she was possible, and she helped me to pass an agreeable hour."

"Well, let's get to business," said R.

"I am at your service, Colonel." He gave Ashenden a glance. "Is Mr. Somerville a military man?"

"No," said R., "he's an author."

"It takes all sorts to make a world, as you say. I am happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Somerville. I can tell you many stories that will interest you: I am sure that we shall get on well together. You have a sympathetic air. I am very sensitive to that. To tell you the truth, I am nothing but a bundle of nerves, and if I am with a person who is antipathetic to me I go all to pieces."

"I hope we shall have a pleasant journey," said Ashenden.

"When does our friend arrive at Brindisi?" asked the Mexican, turning to R.

"He sails from the Piraeus in the *Ithaca* on the fourteenth. It's probably some old tub, but you'd better get down to Brindisi in good time."

"I agree with you."

R. got up and, with his hands in his pockets, sat on the edge of the table. In his rather shabby uniform, his tunic unbuttoned, he looked a slovenly creature beside the neat and well-dressed Mexican.

"**M**R. SOMERVILLE knows practically nothing of the errand on which you are going, and I do not desire you to tell him anything. I think you had much better keep your own counsel. He is instructed to give you the funds you need for your work, but your actions are your own affair. If you need his advice, of course you can ask for it."

"I seldom ask other people's advice and never take it."

"And should you make a mess of things, I trust you to keep Mr. Somerville out of it. He must on no account be compromised."

"I am a man of honor, Colonel," answered the Hairless Mexican with dignity, "and I would sooner let myself be cut in a thousand pieces than betray my friends."

"That is what I have already told Mr. Somerville. On the other hand, if everything pans out O. K., Mr. Somerville is instructed to give you the sum we agreed on in return for the papers I spoke to you about. In what manner you get them is no business of his."

"That goes without saying. There is only one thing I wish to make quite plain; Mr. Somerville understands of course that I have not accepted the mission with which you have entrusted me on account of the money?"

"Quite," replied R. gravely, looking him straight in the eyes.

"I am with the Allies body and soul. I cannot forgive the Germans for outraging the neutrality of Belgium, and if I accept the money that you have offered me, it is because I am first and foremost a patriot. I can trust Mr. Somerville implicitly, I suppose?"

R. nodded. The Mexican turned to Ashenden.

“An expedition is being arranged to free my unhappy country from the tyrants that exploit and ruin it and every penny that I receive will go on guns and cartridges. For myself I have no need of money; I am a soldier and I can live on a crust and a few olives. There are only three occupations that befit a gentleman, war, cards and women; it costs nothing to sling a rifle over your shoulder and take to the mountains—and that is real warfare, not this manœuvring of battalions and firing of great guns—women love me for myself, and I generally win at cards.”

Ashenden found the flamboyance of this strange creature, with his scented handkerchief and his gold bracelet, very much to his taste. This was far from being just the man in the street (whose tyranny we rail at but in the end submit to) and to the amateur of the baroque in human nature he was a rarity to be considered with delight. He was a purple patch on two legs. Notwithstanding his wig and his hairless, big face, he had undoubtedly an air; he was absurd, but he did not give you the impression that he was a man to be trifled with. His self-complacency was magnificent.

"Where is your kit, Manuel?" asked R.

It was possible that a frown (*Continued on page 89*)

# The Twenty Best American Short Stories

*Selected for the GOLDEN Book*

by FRED LEWIS PATTEE

Rip Van Winkle . . . . .	Washington Irving
The Murders in the Rue Morgue . . . . .	Edgar Allan Poe
The Ambitious Guest . . . . .	Nathaniel Hawthorne
Life in the Iron Mills . . . . .	Rebecca Harding Davis
An Ingenue of the Sierras . . . . .	Bret Harte
The Turn of the Screw . . . . .	Henry James
The Courting of Sister Wishy . . . . .	Sarah Orne Jewett
The Lady or the Tiger? . . . . .	Frank R. Stockton
Louisa . . . . .	Mary E. Wilkins
At Teague Poteet's . . . . .	Joel Chandler Harris
The Cat of the Cane Brake . . . . .	Frederick S. Greene
Chita . . . . .	Lafcadio Hearn
The Son of the Wolf . . . . .	Jack London
Desirée's Baby . . . . .	Kate Chopin
The Choice . . . . .	Edith Wharton
The Yellow Wall Paper . . . . .	Charlotte P. Gilman
Vain Oblations . . . . .	Katherine F. Gerould
A Municipal Report . . . . .	O. Henry
The Belled Buzzard . . . . .	Irvin Cobb
The Yellow Cat . . . . .	Wilbur Daniel Steele

*Fred Lewis Pattee is a leading authority on the short story, author of several outstanding volumes on the short story and the history of literature. He is professor of American literature at Pennsylvania State College.*

What would your list be?

## Have You a Favorite Story?

A \$25 Prize each month for the best essay.

Each month GOLDEN BOOK offers a cash prize of \$25 for the best essay of about 250 words on "My Favorite Story and Why." You may write your essay about any story you like, just so long as it has proved memorable to you and worth re-reading. It may be old or new, thrilling or humanly touching, the funniest story you have ever read or the most beautiful. It does not matter whether your favorite story has already appeared in the GOLDEN BOOK or not. We are particularly interested in those replies which have led us to, or reminded us of, stories which merit and have not yet found a place in the GOLDEN BOOK.

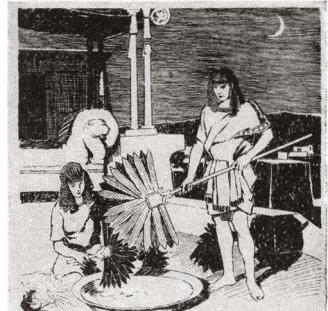
The rules for the contest are simple ones: (1) Your story must not be longer than the average magazine short story. (2) Your 250-word statement of why you like a certain story, or what a particular story has meant to you, must carry your full name and address. (3) You need not send the story, but you must indicate the name of the book or the name and date of the magazine in which it appeared. (4) No manuscripts can be returned. (5) Entries for each month close on the first day of the second month preceding.



*Roman slaves carried snow to cool Nero's wines.*  
Drawings from  
The Frigidaire Corporation



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

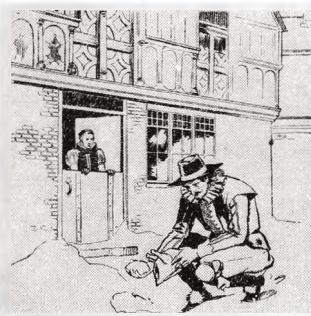


*The Egyptians knew that evaporation was a cooling process. Our own forefathers lowered perishables to the well's cool depths in such an old oaken bucket as the one at the left.*

# The New Ice Age

A Monthly Feature on  
ART IN EVERYDAY LIVING  
By LEONORA R. BAXTER

THE DEVELOPMENT of refrigeration has had a vast effect on civilization, and on the present life of each and all of us, but so many miracles have come to pass in this age of mechanical wonders that we are numb and devoid of realization—we accept results casually, seldom pausing to glance back at the long trail over which mankind has come. We subsist on a wide variety of foods brought to us over many miles, from many directions, and little do we concern ourselves with the fact that if the stupendous system of food preservation and transportation which supports us were interfered with, even for a short time, our present daily existence would become unworkable. Cities with thousands of inhabitants would fade away. We would probably turn into beasts in our frantic struggles to reach the source of supply—where we



*Lord Bacon experimented by putting snow in a fowl.*

could milk cows, kill animals, and forage in the vegetable patch.

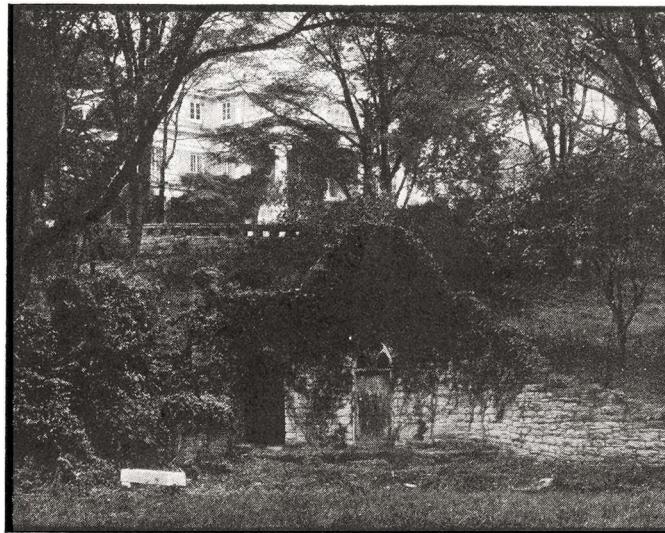
Back in the beginning the cave man had no interest in food preservation, for he lived upon meat and fruit obtained daily from

the forests—and the remains of each meal were thrown away. Why bother to keep anything when there is always more at hand?

Suppose that one day he by chance placed a left-over portion of food in a cool corner of his cavern—and the next day he decided that he liked the way it tasted. Probably he thought the cool spot had been blessed by one of his gods, so he tried his experiment again and again—hereby making an important discovery, which he understood not at all. About this same time, huge animals which

are no longer on earth, were living in the snows of Siberia. Thousands of years later explorers found the bodies of these great beasts, perfectly preserved, although they had lain in the snows for hundreds of centuries. The explorers ate the meat and found it good—thus was registered in the mind of man the first proof that cold temperature would preserve food.

As the centuries passed, the brain of man grew—he no longer lived in caves, and the formation of tribes brought into existence first communities and then nations. The problems of living changed in scope and character. Early in the development of ancient civilizations the value of salt as a preserver of meat was discovered. At first it was pounded into meat, but later some scientist learned that a salt solution was just as efficient and much less trouble. Salt became necessary to the extent that trade routes were formed even before the time of Nero, and in Rome the demand was so great that one street was occupied by nothing but the shops of salt merchants. It was



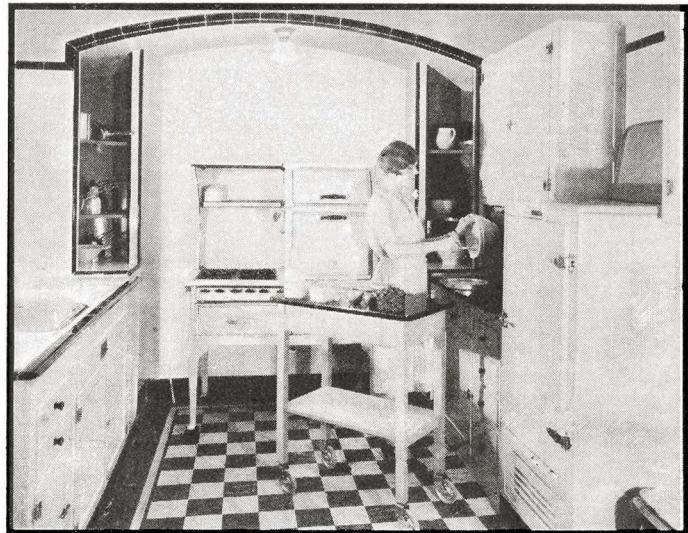
A rather palatial example of the spring house which takes advantage of Nature's cold flowing springs in many rural districts. This one is at Longview, the home of Mr. James Erwin Caldwell at Nashville, Tennessee.

called the Salarian Way, derived from the ancient word meaning salt.

Salt, however, had its limitations, as it could be used as a preservative for nothing but meat, and for centuries following its discovery vegetables and fruits were obtainable only in the production seasons. But shortly after the birth of Jesus ancients living on the shores of the Mediterranean realized that, for some reason unknown to them, the combination of heat and moisture caused their food to deteriorate. They learned that if foods were carefully dried they could be kept indefinitely, so in a crude fashion they removed most of the water content by exposure to the sun—and this drying process, in a modified form, is still an important method of food preservation.

Experimentation continued, and with it came cooling by evaporation, which is to this day the basic principle of all refrigeration. The ancient Greeks and Egyptians who didn't even know that snow would preserve food, did know that they liked their wines cooled, and to accomplish this they made shallow porous dishes, filled them with water, placed the wine within, and covered it with sugar cane. This crude apparatus was then put on the roof, where all through the long torrid nights slaves stood over them, fanning back and forth with a slow rhythmic motion—and when morning came the water was cold. In other words, they made those dishes sweat, and the heat inside was drawn off and passed into the air.

When Nero came to the throne of Rome, soon after the death of Christ, these primitive ways didn't suit his lordly fancy, and it was he who first thought of using snow as a means of adding to the flavor of his drinks. He sent hundreds of slaves trekking to the far peaks of the Apennines, from whence they re-



The pride of the modern housewife's kitchen is her refrigerator, a magic chest not only standing guardian of her foods but capable of producing frozen desserts on short notice. In the picture above, the wonder worker is a Frigidaire.



Reaping the ice harvest for packing in sawdust until summer creates a demand for the ice.

turned with huge baskets filled with snow which they dumped into deep straw-lined trenches that had been dug to receive it. This idea became so popular that all Rome needs must do as Nero did—even wine tasters declined to sample a vintage unless it had been properly cooled—hence the patient slaves must have worn slick paths over those weary miles, catering to the tastes of the decaying Empire. Romans found also that fish could be made more palatable in this manner, but it apparently failed to dawn on them that indefinite preservation of all foods could be accomplished through the same means. About this time Sanct Sanctorious, a famous Venetian writer, called attention to his experiments with the combination of snow with common salt, by which he claimed that freezing could be produced. Laziness, perhaps, encouraged the search for ways of refrigeration other than the troublesome harvesting of snow, and a Spanish physician, Villafranca by name, began to proclaim the cooling properties of saltpeter, and although the use of it was laborious and complicated, it was in favor for generations.

It is a curious fact that interest in mountain snows for refrigeration dwindled long before the middle ages only to come to life again in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Henry III. of France. As of old, it was used only for cooling wines and delicacies, no thought being given to its qualities of preservation, but the demand for it developed into a brisk trade. The impoverished French court, realizing the possibilities that lay in commercial snow, assumed control and levied a heavy tax upon everyone engaged in its sale—and this marks the first evidence of a business venture in refrigeration.

During the middle ages even the wisest of men had not yet begun to solve the problem of preventing the spoiling of food stuffs, but they didn't like the bad taste of things that had been kept too long, so they resorted to seasoning their meats and vegetables with spices. It is a familiar story that when Columbus discovered America in the fifteenth century he was not looking for this continent at all, but for a shorter route to the East where the all-important spices grew.

Despite Nero's experiments with snow, it was not until the seventeenth century that it was used in an effort to preserve foods, and Lord Francis Bacon, philosopher and scientist, was the first man on record who had that inspiration. In obtaining snow to stuff a fowl he contracted pneumonia and died before he knew that his attempt had been successful.

Bacon's experiment apparently was not taken seriously, and proof of this lies in the fact that a hundred years later, during the Napoleonic Wars, the French government offered a prize of twelve thousand francs for the best method of food preservation. Nicholas Appert, a French confectioner, after long investigation submitted the result of his efforts to the Minister of the Interior. His process

consisted of enclosing food in tightly corked glass jars, which were then placed in a bath of boiling water. This procedure later became known as canning—and such was the beginning of one of the world's largest industries.

About this time some real use began to be made of the principle discovered by Bacon—that cold would preserve food—and people in the country started building little houses over the springs that bubbled up on their farms. Those who had no springs put their milk, meat and vegetables down in the cellar where it was cool, reverting to the practice of the cave man. Thus slowly and gropingly people combined their knowledge. For many years these were the sole methods of preserving food, and they are still widely used. Who doesn't cherish the memory of some old spring house, built into the side of the hill—its roof overgrown with grass, wild flowers and ivy, or even trees, its stone-faced door always locked against young intruders, ever eager to enter its mysterious darkness and shiver not only from cold, but with apprehensive delight at being on forbidden ground.

Equally dear to our retrospective consciousness is the "Old Oaken Bucket that Hung in our Well." It was a busy bucket, for when not shuttling back and forth bringing water to the surface, it went down laden with edibles, to rest suspended in the cold depths until called into active service again. The earliest wells were uncovered, and the bucket was attached by a spiral wire to the pliant limb of a nearby tree. In this country the well-heads were built of loose stones, like a stone wall, but in Europe they were often cut from a solid piece of stone and embellished with elaborate carvings. These beautiful old well-heads are frequently brought over here now, being greatly in demand by landscape artists. Later on we built frame "arbors" above our wells, over which vines clambered and where nesting birds made their homes. At this

date the bucket lost its connection with the tree, and was pulled up and down on pulleys.

Ice has presumably been on earth since the beginning of time, but it was not until a hundred years ago that men began to cut it from rivers and lakes in winter to be stored away in "ice houses" for use in summer. In the last year of the eighteenth century a small group of men gathered on a pond at the foot of Canal Street in New York City and harvested the first crop of ice in the new world. It quickly came to be regarded as a necessity even in modest homes, and this brought into existence the first ice-chest, which was merely a zinc-lined box with a removable lid—the ancestor of the modern household refrigerator. Natural ice continued in use until 1890, being both commercially and privately acquired. Then along came an extremely mild winter, when almost no ice was harvested. The shortage was felt everywhere, but more severely in the South, where it was necessary to drive cattle to open lots in cities to be butchered for immediate use. Awake at last to the supreme importance of refrigeration, investigations were begun

in earnest, with the result that ice machines that had been invented years before were placed in general operation. Thus began the large-scale production of artificial ice in this country.

Previous to this time ice had been manufactured in a limited way, and it is recorded that an ice machine was run through the blockade to New Orleans during the Civil War. Ice machines were perfected slowly, and both Americans and Europeans made many contributions to the spread of this industry. And in England other devices were developed to refrigerate whole rooms, for the British Isles needed cold storage space for the large supply of foods brought in from the colonies, upon which they were dependent for sustenance.

Though prior to 1834 suggestions had been made in regard to the production of ice by the evaporation of a more volatile liquid than water, the first machine of the kind actually put to work was made by John Hague in that year from the designs of Jacob Perkins—both of England. Although never used commercially, this machine is the parent of all modern compression machines. Perkins in his patent specifications stated that the volatile fluid used was ether. In 1857 James Harrison of Geelong, Victoria, patented a machine on the same principles as that of Perkins', but worked it out in a more practical manner. These machines were first made in New South Wales in 1859, but it was not until 1861 that they were adopted successfully for industrial purposes in England, being used for cooling oil in order to extract paraffin. In 1870 refrigeration was investigated by Professor Carl Linde of Munich, who was the first to consider the question from a thermodynamic angle. He also experimented with the physical properties of various liquids, and in 1873 built the first ammonia compression machine. In 1868, J. Davy Postle read a paper before the Royal Society of Victoria, proposing the

Ewing Galloway

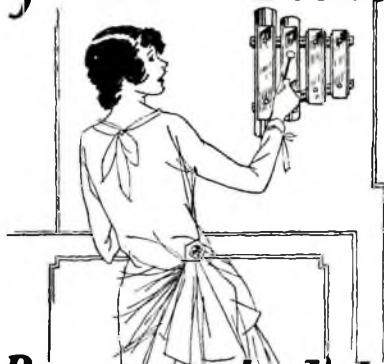


*Milton's kitchen, ultra-modern in its day, where Paradise Lost was written. It is living room as well as kitchen.*



*The efficient modern kitchen demands controlled refrigeration such as the General Electric product affords, pictured above.*

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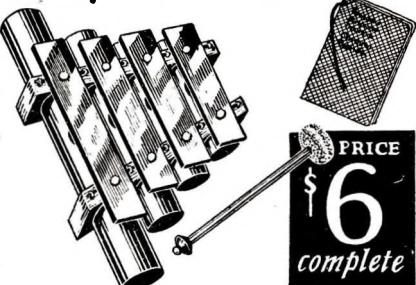
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conveyance of meat on ship board in a frozen state by means of refrigerated air, and in the following year he demonstrated how it could be done. But his apparatus was never commercially developed. In 1877, J. J. Coleman of Glasgow designed a compressed-air machine, and two years later it was installed on the Anchor



Economy of kitchen space inspired the novel combination of gas range and refrigerator which is one of the recent styles of the Electrolux.

liner, "Circassia," which vessel successfully brought a cargo of chilled beef from America—the first importation by refrigerating machinery, ice having been previously used. And mention must be made of Lord Kelvin, the noted Irish physicist, who through his contributions to thermodynamics, greatly aided in developing the underlying principles upon which modern refrigeration is based.

In 1851 he presented to the Royal Society of Edinburgh a paper which placed the dynamical theory of heat and the conservation of energy in a position to command universal acceptance. It was in this paper that the principle of the dissipation of energy, briefly summarized in the second law of thermodynamics, was first stated. He was directly responsible for the further developments which resulted in modern iceless refrigerators, such as the Kelvinator which bears his name.

Thus all through history we find pioneers, searching for something that would successfully hold in check the marauding microbes that men have fought, consciously and unconsciously, for thousands of years. Pasteur discovered and studied the activities of millions of tiny germs, and killed them with heat. Long before this, Lord Francis Bacon, although he didn't know what they were, had believed they could be killed with cold. But how much and what kind of cold could be used was left to be worked out by scientists of later periods.

Over a long stretch of time ice has had a marvelous effect on the welfare of the civilized world, and it was only at the

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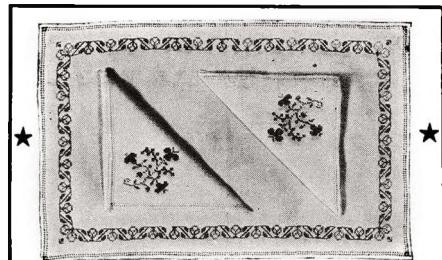
beginning of the twentieth century that it was found inadequate for perfect preservation of food. According to present-day government standards the proper condition for food preservation consists of dry atmosphere, and a temperature maintained not above fifty or below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. The reasons are as follows: moisture is conducive to the growth of microscopic life—above fifty degrees temperature it is possible for germs to live—and below thirty-two degrees is freezing. Tests proved that the good old pioneering ice-box at best maintained a fluctuating temperature, ranging around fifty-five degrees—and that moisture was inevitable, as ice must melt in order to cause refrigeration.

Scientists got together in an effort to overcome these disadvantages by perfecting an invention that had been in the process of development for years. The result is the increasingly widespread household use of mechanical, automatic, refrigerators—refrigerators that are their own thermometer, their own ice man, and their own time-keeper—that never call for attention, and never fail on the job.

Until 1914 these "iceless" refrigerators had no marked success with the doubting public, but since then their production and consumption has increased at a wonderful rate, until now their need at least is recognized in every up-to-date kitchen. At some time during this metamorphosis the commercial field, not to be outdone, found new uses for automatic refrigeration, and it has become indispensable to manufacturers of soap, yeast, glue, paints, explosives, refined oils, wax paper, textiles, celluloid, and many other necessary articles of everyday consumption. It is not extravagant to say that our present form of civilization is dependent upon refrigeration. Without it, great industries would disappear, and agriculture would again be the leading occupation, as it was and still is among primitive peoples.

Emperors of ancient eras, powerful rulers of the middle ages, and wealthy people of comparatively modern times did not have and could not buy the food protection that is available today to modest homes at relatively modest cost. For all of this we doff our hats to the inventive genius and dogged courage of pioneers.

Who is the pioneer?  
He does not fear nor scorn  
To tread  
The ventured path, the worn,  
Of those ahead;  
Nor shall he fail  
To blaze his own brave trail  
Along the beaten track—  
Make of the old a newer way  
Of finer clay  
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## Ashenden, British Agent

(Continued from page 82)

for an instant darkened the Mexican's brow at the abrupt question that seemed a little contemptuously to brush to one side his eloquent statement, but he gave no other sign of displeasure. Ashenden suspected that he thought the Colonel a barbarian, insensitive to the finer emotions.

"I left it at the station."

"Mr. Somerville has a diplomatic passport so that he can get it through with his own things at the frontier without examination, if you like."

"I have very little, a few suits and some linen, but perhaps it would be as well if Mr. Somerville would take charge of it. I bought half a dozen suits of silk pajamas before I left Paris."

"And what about you?" asked R., turning to Ashenden.

"I've only one bag. It's in my room."

"You'd better have it taken to the station while there's someone about. Your train goes at one-ten."

"Oh?"

This was the first Ashenden had heard that they were to start that night.

"I think you'd better get down to Naples as soon as possible."

"Very well."

R. got up.

"I'm going to bed. I don't know what you fellows want to do."

"I shall take a walk about Lyons," said the Hairless Mexican. "I am interested in life. Lend me a hundred francs. Colonel, will you? I have no change on me."

R. took out his pocketbook and gave the General the note he asked for. Then to Ashenden:

"What are you going to do? Wait here?"

"No," said Ashenden, "I shall go to the station and read."

"You'd both of you better have a whisky and soda before you go, hadn't you? What about it, Manuel?"

"It is very kind of you, but I never drink anything but champagne and brandy."

"Mixed?" asked R. dryly.

"Not necessarily," returned the other.

R. ORDERED BRANDY and soda and when it came, whereas he and Ashenden helped themselves to both, the Hairless Mexican poured out three parts of a tumbler of neat brandy and swallowed it in two noisy gulps. He rose to his feet and put on his coat with the astrakhan collar, seized in one hand his bold black hat and, with the gesture of a romantic actor giving up the girl he loved to one more worthy of her, held out the other to R.

"Well, Colonel, I will bid you good night and pleasant dreams. I do not expect that we shall meet again so soon."

"Don't make a hash of things, Manuel.

(Continued on page 93)



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# Winter in our Southlands

By ROGER SHAW

## Southern California

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Go to the movies, shown California-fashion, and see a "pre-view" of some classic—with directors and actors in the audience to observe its reception. Tour Hollywood and inspect the homes of the stars, and visit the hotels and night clubs, where you can see them in action on the dance floor, and literally rub shoulders with them all.

Go to Catalina Island with its marine gardens, swordfish, and tuna. You sail from Los Angeles harbor, home of our navy's Pacific squadron, with its dreadnoughts, airplane-carriers, *unterebooten*, and other U. S. property. At Catalina there are glass-bottomed boats from which to view the submarine gardens. And Avalon the beautiful, with its canyon bird farm.

Los Angeles has a picturesque Spanish section, and countless fascinating Japanese shops along First Street which bring you to the Orient. Long Beach, with its smooth Ocean Boulevard, is a charming as well as an up-and-coming city. Newport and Balboa, popular shore resorts, are noted yachting centers.

Then journey south along *El Camino Real*—the King's Highway—laid out 150 years ago by Spanish *padres*. By the old-world mission of San Juan Capistrano to Del Mar and La Jolla and metropolitan



Gathering sun-tan on a southern beach.

San Diego near the Mexican border.

At Mount Wilson is the astronomical center of the nation, where star gazers can look through the greatest telescope in the world. The beaches of Venice and Santa Monica deserve respectful mention.

To the north is San Francisco, colorful and cosmopolitan; with the University of California at Berkeley and Leland Stanford at Palo Alto (also the home of a certain Herbert Hoover). Here is the marvelous Golden Gate, opening into the Pacific, and oriental lure via another Chinatown. Mt. Tamalpais and the gigantic redwoods of the Muir Woods, a national monument, grace the setting. Frisco is London-like, with a touch of Limehouse exotic in its makeup.

## Florida's Fountain of Youth

**F**LORIDA is the land of Ponce de Leon and the Fountain of Youth, for which that *caballero* so ardently searched some years ago. And while old Ponce failed to discover the fabled fountain, many today are following in his footsteps with pleasure and profit. For Florida herself has become a youth-fountain during these arduous winter months. The fountain is only twenty-two hours from New York, thirty from Chicago, and twenty-nine from Boston.

Five hundred miles of magic coast stretch from prosperous Jacksonville ("Jax") down the East Coast to Key West—last stop for Cuba. St. Augustine, the oldest city in these United States and pride of Old Spain, was founded in 1565 when 2600 Spanish colonists arrived. Its ancient fortress guards Matanzas Bay. The hotels, however, are strictly up-to-date.

Palm Beach, the fashionable, is 300 miles below "Jax." It is an island separated from the mainland by Lake Worth. Bathing, *thé dansants*, gardens of tropical beauty, and Mediterranean architecture fill the eye.

Miami, in 1896, was an obscure Indian trading post. Today it is perhaps the leading southern winter resort. Sub-

tropical in latitude, it lies three hundred miles south of Cairo, Egypt. Here there is every form of sport, including horse-racing at the Jockey Club. Miami Beach occupies a beautiful island across the bay, boasting polo fields, golf courses, and casinos.

Below lie the Florida Keys, which resemble the South Sea Isles. The fishing camps here are the abodes of zealous sportsmen. Key West is on a small island, the last of the keys, the southernmost, and only frost-free city in the United States.

## Old World Cuba

**B**ACK TO KEY WEST, and thence to Cuba! Here is a real trip abroad. For Paris, Berlin, and London are all Americanized. Not so Havana. Old Spain lingers everywhere in the balconies, the grilled windows, the venerable cathedrals. The night life lasts all night and is very lively. The old streets are narrow, crooked, and aged by centuries.

There are cigar factories and magnificent public buildings. Grim Morro Castle, and its neighboring Cabanas Fortress dominate the harbor. Cabanas has "Twelve Apostles," who turn out to be twelve Big Berthas of a very ancient vintage. Morro Castle was begun in 1587, and Cabanas in 1763. The latter is now occupied by Cuban artillery divisions.

*Jai-alai* is the national pastime, a species of Spanish handball. It is fast, dangerous, and when played by the professionals is well worth the price of admission. Derived from the Basque *pelota*, it gratifies the Cuban taste for betting—along with horseracing and cock-fighting.

The Cuban countryside is worth a passing visit. Here the cane sugar is being cut and hauled by teams of oxen to the mills. Pineapples are in the fields, and crops of tobacco. There are native brick factories and beautiful country homes, convents and hospitals. The peasants are bright and friendly, eager to gaze on blonde Nordic *Americanos* possessed of "pieces of eight."

# JAPAN THE SERENE



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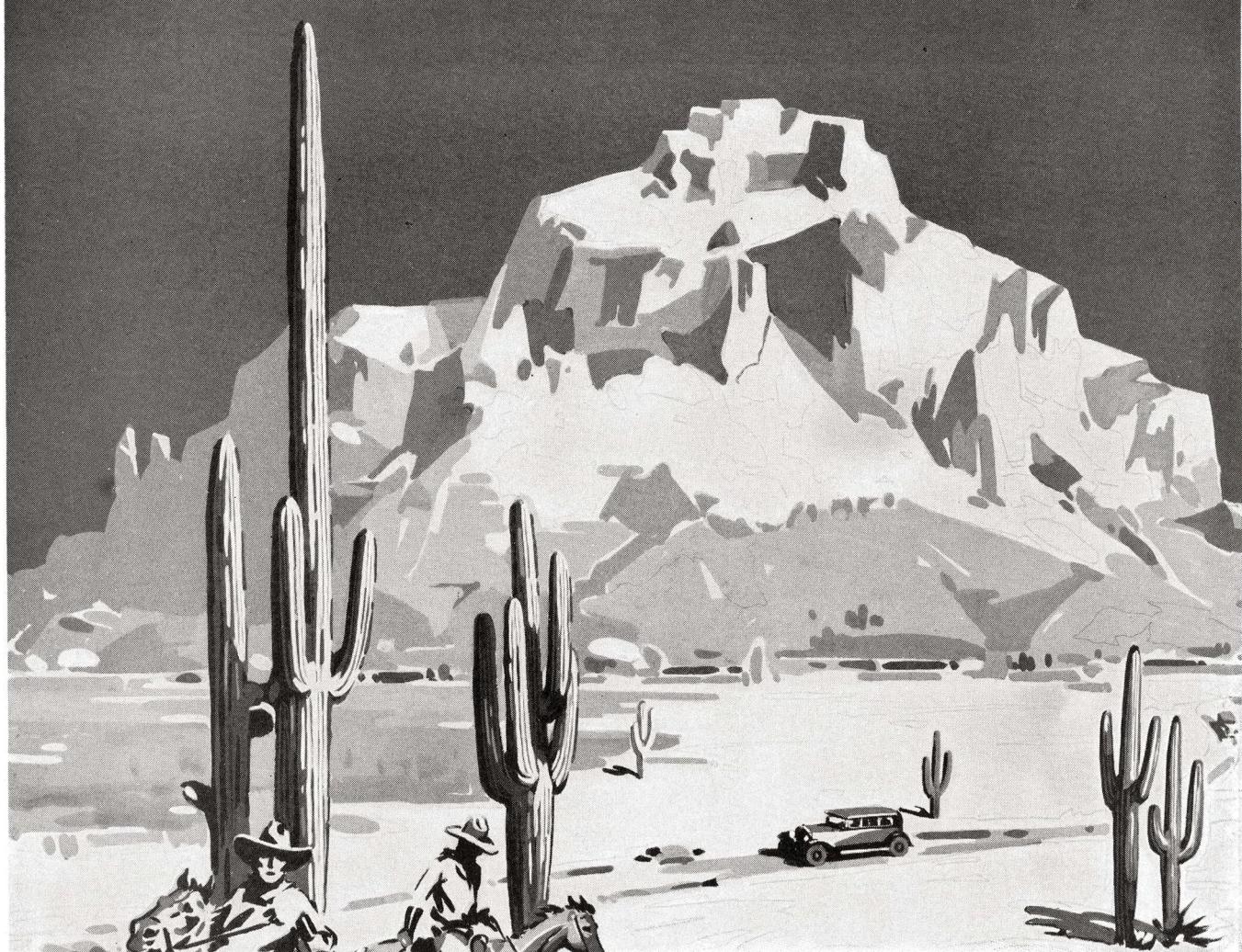
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## Ashenden, British Agent

(Continued from page 89)

and if you do, keep your mouth shut."

"They tell me that in one of your colleges where the sons of gentlemen are trained to become naval officers it is written in letters of gold: there is no such word as impossible in the British Navy. I do not know the meaning of the word failure."

"It has a good many synonyms," retorted R.

"I will meet you at the station, Mr. Somerville," said the Hairless Mexican, and with a flourish he left them.

R. looked at Ashenden with that little smile of his that always made his face look so dangerously shrewd.

"Well, what d'you think of him?"

"You've got me beat," said Ashenden. "Is he a mountebank? He seems as vain as a peacock. And with that frightful appearance, can he really be the lady's man he pretends? What makes you think you can trust him?"

R. gave a low chuckle and he washed his thin, old hands with imaginary soap.

"I thought you'd like him. He's quite a character, isn't he? I think we can trust him. I don't believe it would pay him to double-cross us." He paused for a moment. "Anyhow, we've got to risk it. I'll give you the tickets and the money and then you can take yourself off; I'm all in and I want to go to bed."

Ten minutes later Ashenden set out for the station with his bag on a porter's shoulder.

HAVING TWO HOURS to wait, he made comfortable himself in the waiting room. The light was good and he read. When the time drew near for the arrival of the train from Paris that was to take them direct to Rome and the Hairless Mexican did not appear Ashenden, beginning to grow a trifle anxious, went out on the platform to look for him. Ashenden suffered from that distressing malady known as train fever: an hour before his train was due he began to have apprehensions lest he should miss it; he was impatient with the porters who would never bring his luggage down from his room in time and he could not understand why the hotel bus cut it so fine; a block in the street would drive him to frenzy and the languid movements of the station porters infuriated him. The whole world seemed in a horrid plot to delay him; people got in his way as he passed through the barriers; others, a long string of them, were at the ticket-office getting tickets for other trains than his and they counted their change with exasperating care; his luggage took an interminable time to register; and then if he was traveling with friends they would go to buy newspapers, or would take a walk along the platform and he was certain they would be left behind; they would stop to talk to a casual stranger or

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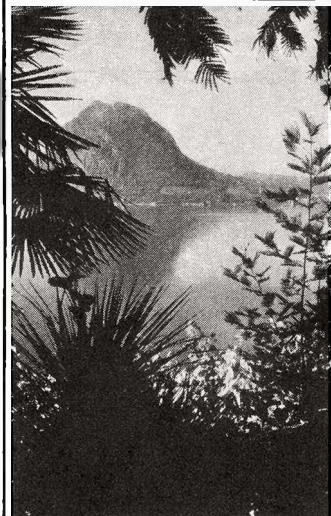
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suddenly be seized with a desire to telephone and disappear at a run. In fact, the universe conspired to make him miss every train he wanted to take, and he was not happy unless he was settled in his corner, his things on the rack above him, with a good half hour to spare. Sometimes by arriving at the station too soon he had caught an earlier train than the one he had meant to, but that was nerve-racking and caused him all the anguish of very nearly missing it.

**T**HE ROME express was signaled and no sign of the Hairless Mexican; it came in and he was not to be seen. Ashenden became more and more harassed. He walked quickly up and down the platform, looked in all the waiting-rooms, went to the *consigne*, where the luggage was left; he could not find him. There were no sleeping-cars, but a number of people got out and he took two seats in a first-class carriage. He stood at the door, looking up and down the platform and up at the clock; it was useless to go if his traveling companion did not turn up, and Ashenden made up his mind to take his things out of the carriage as the porter cried *en voiture*; but, by George! he would give the brute hell when he found him. There were three minutes more, then two minutes, then one; at that late hour there were few persons about and all who were traveling had taken their seats. Then he saw the Hairless Mexican, followed by two porters with his luggage and accompanied by a man in a bowler-hat, walk leisurely on to the platform. He caught sight of Ashenden and waved to him.

"Ah, my dear fellow, there you are. I wondered what had become of you."

"Good God, man, hurry up or we shall miss the train."

"I never miss a train. Have you got good seats? The *chef de gare* has gone for the night; this is his assistant."

The man in the bowler-hat took it off when Ashenden nodded to him.

"But this is an ordinary carriage. I am afraid I could not travel in that." He turned to the station-master's assistant with an affable smile. "You must do better for me than that, *mon cher*."

"*Certainement, mon général*, I will put you into a *salon-lit*. Of course."

The assistant station-master led them along the train and put them in an empty compartment where there were two beds. The Mexican eyed it with satisfaction and watched the porters arrange the luggage.

"That will do very well. I am much obliged to you." He held out his hand to the man in the bowler-hat. "I shall not forget you, and next time I see the Minister I will tell him with what civility you have treated me."

"You are too good, General. I shall be very grateful." A whistle was blown and the train started.

"This is better than an ordinary first-class carriage, I think, Mr. Somerville,"

said the Mexican. "A good traveler should learn how to make the best of things."

But Ashenden was still extremely cross.

"I don't know why the devil you wanted to cut it so fine. We should have looked a pair of damned fools if we'd missed the train."

"My dear fellow, there was never the smallest chance of that. When I arrived, I told the station-master that I was General Carmona, Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican Army, and that I had to stop off in Lyons for a few hours to hold a conference with the British Field Marshal. I asked him to hold the train for me if I was delayed and suggested that my government might see its way to conferring an order on him. I have been to Lyons before. I like the girls here; they have not the *chic* of the Parisians, but they have something, there is no denying that they have something. Will you have brandy before you go to sleep?"

"No, thank you," said Ashenden morosely.

"I always drink a glass before going to bed; it settles the nerves."

He looked in his suit-case and without difficulty found a bottle. He put it to his lips and had a long drink, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and lit a cigarette. Then he took off his boots and lay down. Ashenden dimmed the light.

"I have never yet made up my mind," said the Hairless Mexican reflectively. "whether it is pleasanter to go to sleep with the kisses of a beautiful woman on your mouth or with a cigarette between your lips. Have you ever been to Mexico? I will tell you about Mexico tomorrow. Good night."

PRESENTLY ASHENDEN heard from his steady breathing that he was asleep and himself dozed off. Presently he woke. The Mexican, deep in slumber, lay motionless; he had taken off his fur coat and was using it as a blanket; he still wore his wig. Suddenly there was a jolt and the train, with a noisy grinding of brakes, stopped. In the twinkling of an eye, before Ashenden could realize that anything had happened, the Mexican was on his feet with his hand to his hip.

"What is it?" he cried.

"Nothing. Probably only a signal against us."

The Mexican sat down heavily on his bed. Ashenden turned on the light.

"You wake quickly for such a sound sleeper," he said.

"You have to in my profession."

Ashenden would have liked to ask him whether this was murder, conspiracy or commanding armies, but was not sure that it would be discreet. The General opened his bag and took out the bottle.

"Will you have a nip?" he asked. "There is nothing like it when you wake suddenly in the night."

When Ashenden refused he put the bottle once more to his lips and poured a considerable quantity of liquor down his throat. He sighed and lit a cigarette. Although Ashenden had seen him now drink nearly a bottle of brandy and it was probable that he had had a good deal more when he was going about the town, he was certainly quite sober. Neither in his manner nor in his speech was there any indication that he had drunk during the evening anything but lemonade.

THE TRAIN started and Ashenden again fell asleep. When he awoke it was morning and, turning around lazily, he saw that the Mexican was awake, too. He was smoking a cigarette. The floor by his side was strewn with burnt-out butts and the air was thick and gray. He had begged Ashenden not to insist on opening a window, for he said the night air was dangerous.

"I did not get up, because I was afraid of waking you. Will you do your toilet first or shall I?"

"I'm in no hurry," said Ashenden.

"I'm an old campaigner, it will not take me long. Do you wash your teeth every day?"

"Yes," said Ashenden.

"So do I. It is a habit I learned in New York. I always think that a fine set of teeth are an adornment to a man."

There was a wash-basin in the compartment and the General scrubbed his teeth, with gurglings and garglings, energetically. Then he got a bottle of eau-de-cologne from his bag, poured some of it on a towel and rubbed it over his face and hands. He took a comb and carefully arranged his wig; either it had not moved in the night or else he had set it straight before Ashenden awoke. He got another bottle out of his bag, with a spray attached to it, and squeezing a bulb, covered his shirt and coat with a fine cloud of scent, did the same to his handkerchief, and then with a beaming face, like a man who has done his duty by the world and is well pleased, turned to Ashenden and said:

"Now I am ready to brave the day. I will leave my things for you. You need not be afraid of the eau-de-cologne, it is the best you can get in Paris."

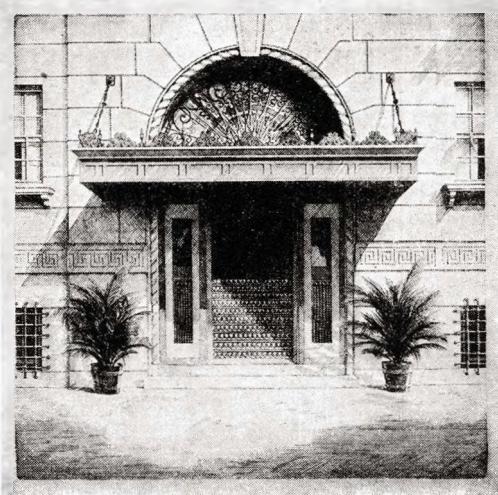
"Thank you very much," said Ashenden. "All I want is soap and water."

"Water? I never use water except when I have a bath. Nothing can be worse for the skin."

When they approached the frontier, Ashenden, remembering the General's instructive gesture when he was suddenly awakened in the night, said to him:

"If you've got a revolver on you, I think you'd better give it to me. With my diplomatic passport, they're not likely to search me, but they might take it into their heads to go through you, and we don't want to have any bothers."

"It is hardly a weapon, it is only a toy," returned the Mexican, taking out of



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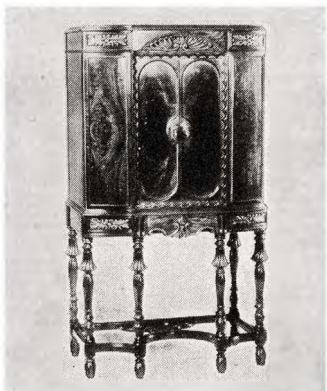


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his hip-pocket a fully loaded revolver of formidable dimensions. "I do not like parting with it even for an hour; it gives me the feeling that I am not fully dressed. But you are quite right, we do not want to take any risks; I will give you my knife as well. I would always rather use a knife than a revolver. I think it is a more elegant weapon."

"I dare say it is only a matter of habit," answered Ashenden. "Perhaps you are more at home with a knife."

"Anyone can pull a trigger, but it needs a man to use a knife."

To Ashenden it looked as though it were in a single movement that he tore open his waistcoat and from his belt snatched and opened a long knife of murderous aspect. He handed it to Ashenden with a pleased smile on his large, ugly and naked face.

"There's a pretty piece of work for you, Mr. Somerville. I've never seen a better bit of steel in my life, it takes an edge like a razor and it's strong; you can cut a cigarette-paper with it and you can hew down an oak. There is nothing to get out of order and when it is closed it might be the knife a schoolboy uses to cut notches in his desk."

He shut it with a click and Ashenden put it along with the revolver in his pocket. "Have you anything else?"

"My hands," replied the Mexican with arrogance, "but those I dare say the custom officials will not make trouble about."

Ashenden remembered the iron grip he had given him when they shook hands and slightly shuddered. They were large and long and smooth; there was not a hair on them or on the wrists, and with the pointed, rosy, manicured nails there was really something sinister about them.

**A**SHENDEN AND General Carmona went through the formalities at the frontier independently and when they returned to their carriage Ashenden handed back to his companion the revolver and the knife. He sighed.

"Now I feel more comfortable. What do you say to a game of cards?"

"I should like it," said Ashenden.

The Hairless Mexican opened his bag again and from a corner extracted a greasy pack of French cards. He asked Ashenden whether he played *écarté* and when Ashenden told him that he did not, suggested piquet. This was a game that Ashenden was not unfamiliar with, so they settled the stakes and began. Since both were in favor of quick action, they played the game of four hands, doubling the first and last. Ashenden had good enough cards, but the General seemed notwithstanding, always to have better. Ashenden kept his eyes open and he was not careless of the possibility that his antagonist might correct the inequalities of chance, but he saw nothing to suggest that everything was not above board. He lost game after game. He was capoted and rubiconed. The score against him

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mounted up and up till he had lost something like a thousand francs, which at that time was a tidy sum. The General smoked innumerable cigarettes. He made them himself with a twist of the finger, a lick of his tongue and incredible celerity. At last he flung himself against the back of his seat.

"By the way, my friend, does the British Government pay your card losses when you are on a mission?" he asked.

"It certainly doesn't."

"Well, I think you have lost enough. If it went down on your expense account, I would have proposed playing till we reached Rome, but you are sympathetic to me. If it is your own money, I do not want to win any more of it."

He picked up the cards and put them aside. Ashenden, somewhat ruefully, took out a number of notes and handed them to the Mexican. He counted them and with his usual neatness put them, carefully folded, into his pocketbook. Then, leaning forward, he patted Ashenden almost affectionately on the knee.

"I like you, you are modest and unassuming; you have not the arrogance of your countrymen, and I am sure that you will take my advice in the spirit in which it is meant. Do not play piquet with people you don't know."

Ashenden was somewhat mortified and perhaps his face showed it, for the Mexican seized his hand.

"My dear fellow, I have not hurt your feelings? I would not do that for the world. You do not play piquet worse than most piquet players. It is not that. If we were going to be together longer, I would teach you how to win at cards. One plays cards to win money and there is no sense in losing."

"I thought it was only in love and war that all things were fair," said Ashenden with a chuckle.

"Ah, I am glad to see you smile. That is the way to take a loss. I see that you have good humor and good sense. You will go far in life. When I get back to Mexico and am in possession of my estates again you must come and stay with me. I will treat you like a king. You shall ride my best horses, we will go to bull-fights together, and if there are girls you fancy you have only to say the word and you shall have them."

(Concluded in February)

## Swords of Humor

LORD ROCHESTER, 1647-80, on Charles II:

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king.

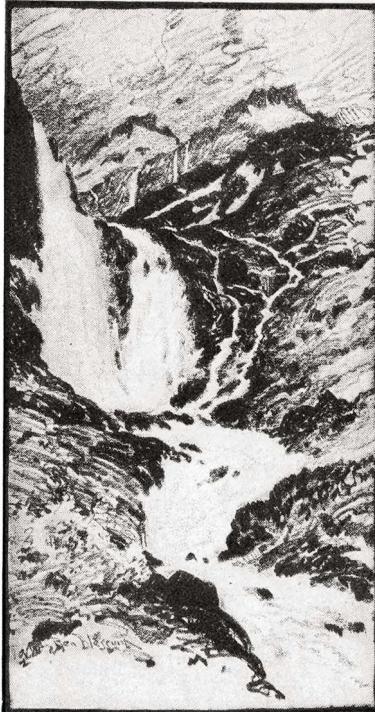
Whose word no man relies on:

He never says a foolish thing,

Nor ever does a wise one."

CHARLES II., 1630-1685, on the above epigram:

"My sayings are my own, my actions are my ministers."



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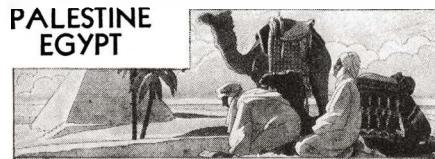


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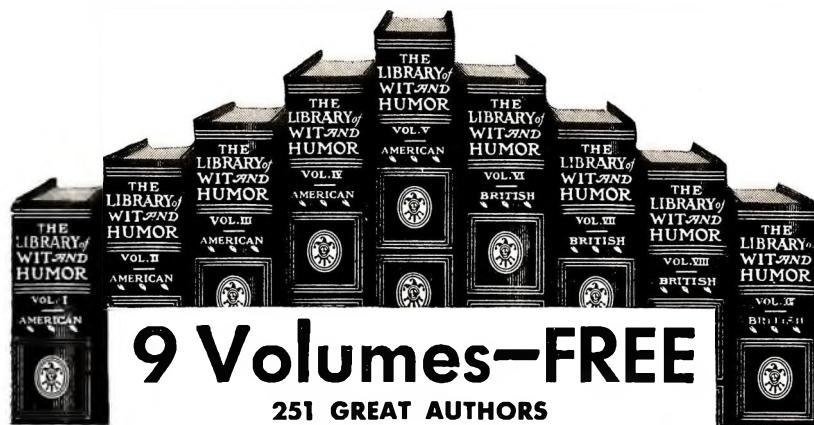
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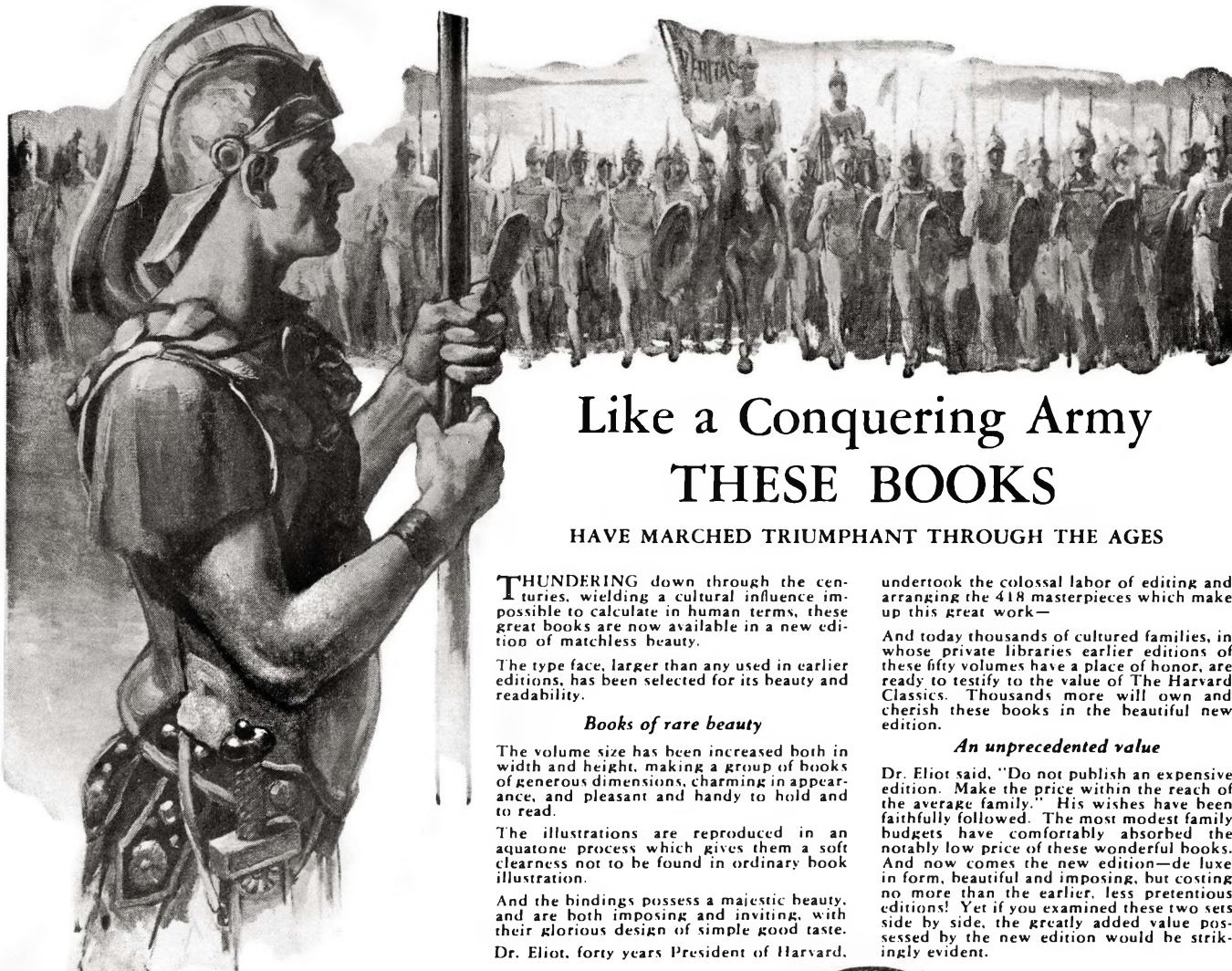
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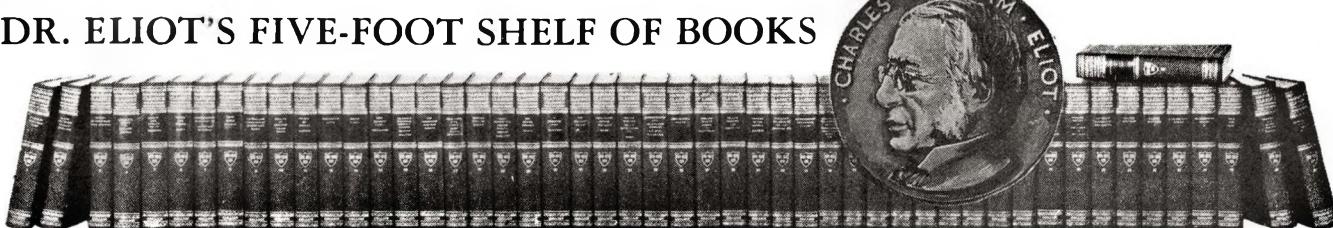
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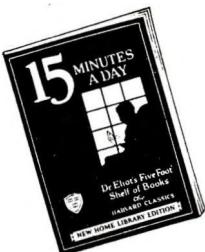
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