Short stories from **100 Selected Stories**, by O Henry

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I

The Gift of the Magi

ONE DOLLAR AND EIGHTY-SEVEN CENTS. That was all. And sixty

cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by

bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher

until one's cheek burned with the silent imputation of parsimony

that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it.

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be

Christmas.

There was clearly nothing left to do but flop down on the

shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the

moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles,

with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the

first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat

at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the look-out for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter

would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger

could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing

the name 'Mr. James Dillingham Young.'

The 'Dillingham' had been flung to the breeze during a former

period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per

week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of

'Dillingham' looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever

Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat

above he was called 'Jim' and greatly hugged by Mrs. James

Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is

all very good.

Delia finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the

powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a

grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. To-morrow

would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to

buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for

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months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far.

Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always

are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy

hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Some­

thing fine and rare and sterling - something just a little bit near to

being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps

you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very

agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence

of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his

looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the

glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its

colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair

and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham

Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold

watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other

was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the

airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some

day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had

King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the

basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he

passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining

like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and

made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again

nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood

still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat.

With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her

eyes, she fluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the

street.

Where she stopped the sign read: 'Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods

of All Kinds.' One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting.

Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the 'Sofronie.'

'Will you buy my hair?' asked Della.

'I buy hair,' said Madame. 'Take yer hat off and let's have a

sight at the looks of it.'

Down rippled the brown cascade.

'Twenty dollars,' said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

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'Give it to me quick,' said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget

the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's

present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one

else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had

turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple

and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance

alone and not by meretricious ornamentation - as all good things

should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it

she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and

value - the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they

took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents.

With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about

the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes

looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he

used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to

prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the

gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity

added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends - a

mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close lying

Curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy.

She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and

critically.

'If Jim doesn't kill me,' she said to herself, 'before he takes a

second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl.

But what could I do - oh! What could I do with a dollar and

eighty-seven cents?'

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on

the back of the stove, hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and

sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered.

Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight,

and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying

little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now

she whispered: 'Please God, make him think I am still pretty.'

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked

thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two-and

to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he

was without gloves.

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Jim stepped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the

scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an

expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It

was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any

of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared

at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

'Jim, darling,' she cried, 'don't look at me that way. I had my

hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through

Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again - you

won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully

fast. Say "Merry Christmas!" Jim, and let's be happy. You don't

know what a nice - what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you.'

'You've cut off your hair?' asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had

not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental

labour.

'Cut it off and sold it,' said Della. 'Don't you like me just as

well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?'

Jim looked about the room curiously.

'You say your hair is gone?' he said with an air almost of idiocy.

'You needn't look for it,' said Della. 'It's sold, I tell you - sold

and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went

for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered,' she went on

with a sudden serious sweetness, 'but nobody could ever count my

love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?'

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his

Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some

inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week

or a million a year - what is the difference? A mathematician or a

wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable

gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be

illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon

the table.

'Don't make any mistake, Dell,' he said, 'about me. I don't think

there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo

that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that

package you may see why you had me going awhile at first.'

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then

an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to

hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment

of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

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For there lay The Combs - the set of combs, side and back, that

Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful

combs, pure tortoiseshell, with jewelled rims - just the shade to

wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs,

she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them

without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but

the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were

gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able

to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: 'My hair grows so

fast, Jim!'

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, 'Oh,

oh!'

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to

him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed

to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

'Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll

have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your

watch. I want to see how it looks on it.'

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his

hands under the back of his head and smiled.

'Dell,' said he, 'let's put our Christmas presents away and keep

'em awhile. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the

watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you

put the chops on.'

The magi, as you know, were wise men - wonderfully wise men

- who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the

art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no

doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case

of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the unevent­

ful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely

sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But

in a last word to the wise of these days, let it be said that of all who

give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive

gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are

the magi.

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II

A Cosmopolite in a Café

AT MIDNIGHT THE CAFÉ was crowded. By some chance the little

table at which I sat had escaped the eye of incomers, and two

vacant chairs at it extended their arms with venal hospitality to the

influx of patrons.

And then a cosmopolite sat in one of them, and I was glad, for

I held a theory that since Adam no true citizen of the world has

existed. We hear of them, and we see foreign labels on much

luggage, but we find travellers instead of cosmopolites.

I invoke your consideration of the scene - the marble-topped

tables, the range of leather-upholstered wall seats, the gay com­

pany, the ladies dressed in demi-state toilets, speaking in an

exquisite visible chorus of taste, economy, opulence or art, the

sedulous and largess-loving garçons, the music wisely catering to all

with its raids upon the composers; the mélange of talk and laughter

- and, if you will, the Würzburger in the tall glass cones that bend

to your lips as a ripe cherry sways on its branch to the beak of a

robber jay. I was told by a sculptor from Mauch Chunk that the

scene was truly Parisian.

My cosmopolite was named E. Rushmore Coglan, and he will

be heard from next summer at Coney Island. He is to establish a

new 'attraction' there, he informed me, offering kingly diversion.

And then his conversation rang along parallels of latitude and lon­

gitude. He took the great, round world in his hand, so to speak,

familiarly, contemptuously, and it seemed no larger than the seed

of a Maraschino cherry in a table-d'hôte grape fruit. He spoke dis­

respectfully of the equator, he skipped from continent to conti­

nent, he derided the zones, he mopped up the high seas with his

napkin. With a wave of his hand he would speak of a certain

bazaar in Hyderabad. Whiff! He would have you on skis in Lap­

land. Zip! Now you rode the breakers with the Kanakas at

Kealaikahiki. Presto! He dragged you through an Arkansas postoak

swamp, le you dry for a moment on the alkali plains of his

Idaho ranch, then whirled you into the society of Viennese arch­

dukes. Anon he would be telling you of a cold he acquired in a

Chicago lake breeze and how old Escamila cured it in Buenos

Ayres with a hot infusion of the chuchula weed. You would have

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addressed the letter to 'E. Rushmore Coglan, Esq., the Earth,

Solar System, the Universe,' and have mailed it, feeling confident

that it would be delivered to him.

I was sure that I had at last found the one true cosmopolite since

Adam, and I listened to his world-wide discourse fearful lest I

should discover in it the local note of the mere globe-trotter. But

his opinions never fluttered or drooped; he was as impartial to

cities, countries and continents as the winds or gravitation.

And as E. Rushmore Coglan prattled of this little planet I

thought with glee of a great almost-cosmopolite who wrote for the

whole world and dedicated himself to Bombay. In a poem he has

to say that there is pride and rivalry between the cities of the

earth, and that 'the men that breed from them, they traffic up and

down, but cling to their cities' hem as a child to the mother's

gown.' And whenever they walk 'by roaring streets unknown' they

remember their native city 'most faithful, foolish, fond; making

her mere-breathed name their bond upon their bond.' And my

glee was roused because I had caught Mr. Kipling napping. Here I

had found a man not made from dust; one who had no narrow

boasts of birthplace or country, one who, if he bragged at all,

would brag of his whole round globe against the Martians and the

inhabitants of the Moon.

Expression on these subjects was precipitated from E. Rushmore

Coglan by the third corner to our table. While Coglan was

describing to me the topography along the Siberian Railway the

orchestra glided into a medley. The concluding air was 'Dixie,'

and as the exhilarating notes tumbled forth they were almost over­

powered by a great clapping of hands from almost every table.

It is worth a paragraph to say that this remarkable scene can be

witnessed every evening in numerous cafés in the City of New

York. Tons of brew have been consumed over theories to account

for it. Some have conjectured hastily that all Southerners in town

hie themselves to cafés at nightfall. This applause of the 'rebel' air

in a Northern city does puzzle a little; but it is not insolvable. The

war with Spain, many years' generous mint and water-melon

crops, a few long-shot winners at the New Orleans race-track, and

the brilliant banquets given by the Indiana and Kansas citizens

who compose the North Carolina Society, have made the South

rather a 'fad' in Manhattan. Your manicure will lisp softly that

your left forefinger reminds her so much of a gentleman's in Rich­

mond, Va. Oh, certainly; but many a lady has to work now - the

war, you know.

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When 'Dixie' was being played a dark-haired young man

sprang up from somewhere with a Mosby guerrilla yell and waved

frantically his soft-brimmed hat. Then he strayed through the

smoke, dropped into the vacant chair at our table and pulled out

cigarettes.

The evening was at the period when reserve is thawed. One of

us mentioned three Würzburgers to the waiter; the dark-haired

young man acknowledged his inclusion in the order by a smile and

a nod. I hastened to ask him a question because I wanted to try out

a theory I had.

'Would you mind telling me,' I began, 'whether you are from - '

The fist of E. Rushmore Coglan banged the table and I was

jarred into silence.

'Excuse me,' said he, 'but that's a question I never like to hear

asked. What does it matter where a man is from? Is it fair to judge

a man by his post-office address? Why, I've seen Kentuckians who

hated whisky, Virginians who weren't descended from Pocahon­

tas, Indianians who hadn't written a novel, Mexicans who didn't

wear velvet trousers with silver dollars sewed along the seams,

funny Englishmen, spendthrift Yankees, cold-blooded Southern­

ers, narrow-minded Westerners, and New Yorkers who were too

busy to stop for an hour on the street to watch a one-armed

grocer's clerk do up cranberries in paper bags. Let a man be a man

and don't handicap him with the label of any section.'

'Pardon me,' I said, 'but my curiosity was not altogether an idle

one. I know the South, and when the band plays "Dixie" I like to

observe. I have formed the belief that the man who applauds that

air with special violence and ostensible sectional loyalty is invari­

ably a native of either Secaucus, N.J., or the district between

Murray Hill Lyceum and the Harlem River, this city. I was about

to put my opinion to the test by inquiring of this gentleman when

you interrupted with your own - larger theory, I must confess.'

And now the dark-haired young man spoke to me, and it

became evident that his mind also moved along its own set of

grooves.

'I should like to be a periwinkle,' said he, mysteriously, 'on the

top of a valley, and sing too-ralloo-ralloo.'

This was clearly too obscure, so I turned again to Coglan.

'I've been around the world twelve times,' said he. 'I know an

Esquimau in Upernavik who sends to Cincinnati for his neckties,

and I saw a goat-herder in Uruguay who won a prize in a Battle

Creek breakfast-food puzzle competition. I pay rent on a room in

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Cairo, Egypt, and another in Yokohama all the year round. I've

got slippers waiting for me in a tea-house in Shanghai, and I don't

have to tell 'em how to cook my eggs in Rio de Janeiro or Seattle.

It's a mighty little old world. What's the use of bragging about

being from the North, or the South, or the old manor-house in

the dale, or Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, or Pike's Peak, or Fairfax

County, Va., or Hooligan's Flats or any place? It'll be a better

world when we quit being fools about some mildewed town or ten

acres of swampland just because we happened to be born there.'

'You seem to be a genuine cosmopolite,' I said admiringly. 'But

it also seems that you would decry patriotism.'

'A relic of the stone age,' declared Coglan warmly. 'We are all

brothers - Chinamen, Englishmen, Zulus, Patagonians, and the

people in the bend of the Kaw River. Some day all this petty pride

in one's city or state or section or country will be wiped out, and

we'll all be citizens of the world, as we ought to be.'

'But while you are wandering in foreign lands,' I persisted, 'do

not your thoughts revert to some spot - some dear and - '

'Nary a spot,' interrupted E. R. Coglan flippantly. 'The terres­

trial, globular, planetary hunk of matter, slightly flattened at the

poles, and known as the Earth, is my abode. I've met a good many

object-bound citizens of this country abroad. I've seen men from

Chicago sit in a gondola in Venice on a moonlight night and brag

about their drainage canal. I've seen a Southerner on being intro­

duced to the King of England hand that monarch, without batting

his eyes, the information that his grandaunt on his mother's side

was related by marriage to the Perkinses, of Charleston. I knew a

New Yorker who was kidnapped for ransom by some Afghanistan

bandits. His people sent over the money and he came back to

Kabul with the agent. "Afghanistan?" the natives said to him

through an interpreter. "Well, not so slow, do you think?" "Oh, I

don't know," says he, and he begins to tell them about a cab-driver

at Sixth Avenue and Broadway. Those ideas don't suit me. I'm not

tied down to anything that isn't 8,000 miles in diameter. Just put

me down as E. Rushmore Coglan, citizen of the terrestrial sphere.'

My cosmopolite made a large adieu and left me, for he thought

that he saw someone through the chatter and smoke whom he

knew. So I was left with the would-be periwinkle, who was reduced

to Würzburger without further ability to voice his aspirations to

perch, melodious, upon the summit of a valley.

I sat reflecting upon my evident cosmopolite and wondering

how the poet had managed to miss him. He was my discovery and

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I believed in him. How was it? 'The men that breed from them

they traffic up and down, but cling to their cities' hem as a child to

the mother's gown.'

Not so E. Rushmore Coglan. With the whole world for his

My meditations were interrupted by a tremendous noise and

conflict in another part of the café. I saw above the heads of the

seated patrons E. Rushmore Coglan and a stranger to me engaged

in terrific battle. They fought between the tables like Titans, and

glasses crashed, and men caught their hats up and were knocked

down, and a brunette screamed, and a blonde began to sing 'Teas­

ing.'

My cosmopolite was sustaining the pride and reputation of the

Earth when the waiters closed in on both combatants with their

Famous flying wedge formation and bore them outside, still resist­

ing.

I called McCarthy, one of the French garçons, and asked him the

cause of the conflict.

'The man with the red tie' (that was my cosmopolite), said he,

'got hot on account of things said about the bum sidewalks and

Water supply of the place he come from by the other guy.'

'Why,' said I, bewildered, 'that man is a citizen of the world - a

cosmopolite. He - '

'Originally from Mattawamkeag, Maine, he said,' continued

McCarthy, 'and he wouldn't stand for no knockin' the place.'

III

Between Rounds

THE MAY MOON SHONE BRIGHT upon the private boarding-house

of Mrs. Murphy. By reference to the almanac a large amount of

territory will be discovered upon which its rays also fell. Spring

was in its heyday, with hay fever soon to follow. The parks were

green with new leaves and buyers for the Western and Southern

trade. Flowers and summer-resort agents were blowing; the air

and answers to Lawson were growing milder; hand-organs, foun­

tains and pinochle were playing everywhere.

The windows of Mrs. Murphy's boarding-house were open. A

group of boarders were seated on the high stoop upon round, flat

mats like German pancakes.

In one of the second-floor front windows Mrs. McCaskey

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awaited her husband. Supper was cooling on the table. Its heat

went into Mrs. McCaskey.

At nine Mr. McCaskey came. He carried his coat on his arm and

his pipe in his teeth; and he apologized for disturbing the boarders

on the steps as he selected spots of stone between them on which

to set his size 9, width Ds.

As he opened the door of his room he received a surprise.

Instead of the usual stove-lid or potato-masher for him to dodge,

came only words.

Mr. McCaskey reckoned that the benign May moon had soft­

ened the breast of his spouse.

'I heard ye,' came the oral substitutes for kitchenware. 'Ye can

apollygize to riff-raff of the streets for settin' yer unhandy feet on

the tails of their frocks, but ye'd walk on the neck of yer wife the

length of a clothes-line without so much as a "Kiss me fut," and

I'm sure, it's that long from rubberin' out the windy for ye and the

victuals cold such as there's money to buy after drinkin' up yer

wages at Gallegher's every Saturday evenin', and the gas man here

twice to-day for his.'

'Woman!' said Mr. McCaskey, dashing his coat and hat upon a

chair, 'the noise of ye is an insult to me appetite. When ye run

down politeness ye take the mortar from between the bricks of the

foundations of society. 'Tis no more than exercisin' the acrimony

of a gentleman when ye ask the dissent of ladies blockin' the way

for steppin' between them. Will ye bring the pig's face of ye out of

the windy and see to the food?'

Mrs. McCaskey arose heavily and went to the stove. There was

something in her manner that warned Mr. McCaskey. When the

corners of her mouth went down suddenly like a barometer it usually

foretold a fall of crockery and tinware.

'Pig's face, is it?' said Mrs. McCaskey, and hurled a stewpan full

of bacon and turnips at her lord.

Mr. McCaskey was no novice at repartee. He knew what should

follow the entree. On the table was a roast sirloin of pork, gar­

nished with shamrocks. He retorted with this, and drew the

appropriate return of a bread pudding in an earthen dish. A hunk

of Swiss cheese accurately thrown by her husband struck Mrs.

McCaskey below one eye. When she replied with a well-aimed

coffee-pot full of a hot, black, semi-fragrant liquid the battle,

according to courses, should have ended.

But Mr. McCaskey was no 50 cent table d'hôter. Let cheap

Bohemians consider coffee the end, if they would. Let them make

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that faux pas. He was foxier still. Finger-bowls were not beyond

the compass of his experience. They were not to be had in the

Pension Murphy; but their equivalent was at hand. Triumphantly

he sent the granite-ware wash-basin at the head of his matrimo­

nial adversary. Mrs. McCaskey dodged in time. She reached for a

flat-iron, with which, as a sort of cordial, she hoped to bring the

gastronomical duel to a close. But a loud, wailing scream down­

stairs caused both her and Mr. McCaskey to pause in a sort of

involuntary armistice.

On the sidewalk at the corner of the house Policeman Cleary

was standing with one ear upturned, listening to the crash of

household utensils.

' 'Tis Jawn McCaskey and his missus at it again,' meditated the

policeman. 'I wonder shall I go up and stop the row. I will not.

Married folks they are; and few pleasures they have. 'Twill not last

long. Sure, they'll have to borrow more dishes to keep it up with.'

And just then came the loud scream below-stairs, betokening

fear or dire extremity. ' 'Tis probably the cat,' said Policeman

Cleary, and walked hastily in the other direction.

The boarders on the steps were fluttered. Mr. Toomey, an

insurance solicitor by birth and an investigator by profession,

went inside to analyse the scream. He returned with the news that

Mrs. Murphy's little boy Mike was lost. Following the messenger,

out bounced Mrs. Murphy - two hundred pounds in tears and

hysterics, clutching the air and howling to the sky for the loss of

thirty pounds of freckles and mischief. Bathos, truly; but Mr.

Toomey sat down at the side of Miss Purdy, milliner, and their

hands came together in sympathy. The two old maids, Misses

Walsh, who complained every day about the noise in the halls,

inquired immediately if anybody had looked behind the clock.

Major Grigg, who sat by his fat wife on the top step, arose and

buttoned his coat. 'The little one lost?' he exclaimed. 'I will scour

the city.' His wife never allowed him out after dark. But now she

said: 'Go, Ludovic!' in a baritone voice. 'Whoever can look upon

that mother's grief without springing to her relief has a heart of

stone.' 'Give me some thirty or - sixty cents, my love,' said the

Major. 'Lost children sometimes stray far. I may need car-fares.'

Old man Denny, hall-room, fourth floor back, who sat on the

lowest step, trying to read a paper by the street lamp, turned over

a page to follow up the article about the carpenters' strike. Mrs.

Murphy shrieked to the moon: 'Oh, ar-r-Mike, f'r Gawd's sake,

where is me little bit av a boy?'

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'When'd ye see him last?' asked old man Denny, with one eye

on the report of the Building Trades League.

'Oh,' wailed Mrs. Murphy,.' 'twas yisterday, or maybe four

hours ago! I dunno. But it's lost he is, me little boy Mike. He was

playin' on the sidewalk only this mornin' - or was it Wednesday?

I'm that busy with work 'tis hard to keep up with dates. But I've

looked the house over from top to cellar, and it's gone he is. Oh,

for the love av Hiven - '

Silent, grim, colossal, the big city has ever stood against its

revilers. They call it hard as iron; they say that no pulse of pity

beats in its bosom; they compare its streets with lonely forests and

deserts of lava. But beneath the hard crust of the lobster is found a

delectable and luscious food. Perhaps a different simile would have

been wiser. Still, nobody should take offence. We would call no

one a lobster without good and sufficient claws.

No calamity so touches the common heart of humanity as does

the straying of a little child. Their feet are so uncertain and feeble;

the ways are so steep and strange.

Major Griggs hurried down to the corner, and up the avenue

into Billy's place. 'Gimme a rye-high,' he said to the servitor.

'Haven't seen a bow-legged, dirty-faced little devil of a six-year

Old lost kid around here anywhere, have you?'

Mr. Toomey retained Miss Purdy's hand on the steps. 'Think of

that dear little babe,' said Miss Purdy, 'lost from his mother's side

- perhaps already fallen beneath the iron hoofs of galloping steeds

- oh, isn't it dreadful?'

'Ain't that right?' agreed Mr. Toomey, squeezing her hand. 'Say

I start out and help look for um!'

'Perhaps,' said Miss Purdy, 'you should. But oh, Mr. Toomey,

you are so dashing – so reckless – suppose in your enthusiasm

some accident should befall you, then what - '

Old man Denny read on about the arbitration agreement, with

one finger on the lines.

In the second floor front Mr. and Mrs. McCaskey came to the

Window to recover their Second wind. Mr. McCaskey was scoop­

ing turnips out of his vest with a crooked forefinger, and his lady

was wiping an eye that the salt of the roast pork had not benefited.

They heard the outcry below, and thrust their heads out of the

window.

''Tis little Mike is lost,' said Mrs. McCaskey in a hushed voice,

'the beautiful, little, trouble-making angel of a gossoon!'

'The bit of a boy mislaid?' said Mr. McCaskey leaning out of

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the window. 'Why, now, that's bad enough, entirely. The childer,

they be different. If 'twas a woman I'd be willin', for they leave

peace behind 'em when they go.'

Disregarding the thrust, Mrs. McCaskey caught her husband's

arm.

'Jawn,' she said sentimentally, 'Missis Murphy's little bye is lost.

'Tis a great city for losing little boys. Six years old he was. Jawn,

'tis the same age our little bye would have been if we had had one

six years ago.'

'We never did,' said Mr. McCaskey, lingering with the fact.

'But if we had, Jawn, think what sorrow would be in our hearts

this night, with our little Phelan run away and stolen in the city

nowheres at all.'

'Ye talk foolishness,' said Mr. McCaskey. ' 'Tis Pat he would be

named, after me old father in Cantrim.'

'Ye lie!' said Mrs. McCaskey, without anger. 'Me brother was

worth tin dozen bog-trotting McCaskeys. After him would the bye

be named.' She leaned over the window-sill and looked down at

the hurrying and bustle below.

'Jawn,' said Mrs. McCaskey softly, 'I'm sorry I was hasty wid

ye.'

' 'Twas hasty puddin', as ye say,' said her husband, 'and hurryup

turnips and get-a-move-on-ye coffee. 'Twas what ye could call

a quick lunch, all right, and tell no lie.'

Mrs. McCaskey slipped her arm inside her husband's and took

his rough hand in hers.

'Listen at the cryin' of poor Mrs. Murphy,' she said. ' 'Tis an

awful thing for a bit of a bye to be lost in this great big city. If

'twas our little Phelan, Jawn, I'd be breakin' me heart.'

Awkwardly Mr. McCaskey withdrew his hand. But he laid it

around the nearing shoulders of his wife.

' 'Tis foolishness, of course,' said he, roughly, 'but I'd be cut up

Some meself, if our little – Pat was kidnapped or anything. But

there never was any childer for us. Sometimes I've been ugly and

hard withye, Judy. Forget it.'

They leaned together, and looked down at the heart-drama

being acted below.

Long they sat thus. People surged along the sidewalk, crowding,

questioning, filling the air with rumours and inconsequent sur­

mises. Mrs. Murphy ploughed back and forth in their midst, like a

soft mountain down which plunged an audible cataract of tears.

Couriers came and went.

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Loud voices and a renewed uproar were raised in front of the

boarding-house.

'What's up now, Judy?' asked Mr. McCaskey.

' 'Tis Missis Murphy's voice,' said Mrs. McCaskey, harking.

'She says she's after finding little Mike asleep behind the roll of

old linoleum under the bed in her room.'

Mr. McCaskey laughed loudly.

'That's yer Phelan,' he shouted sardonically 'Divil a bit would a

Pat have done that trick if the bye we never had is strayed and

stole, by the powers, call him Phelan, and see him hide out under

the bed like a mangy pup.'

Mrs. McCaskey arose heavily, and went toward the dish closet,

with the corners of her mouth drawn down.

Policeman Cleary came back around the corner as the crowd

dispersed. Surprised, he upturned an ear toward the McCaskey

apartment where the crash of irons and chinaware and the ring of

hurled kitchen utensils seemed as loud as before. Policeman

Cleary took out his timepiece.

'By the deported snakes!' he exclaimed, 'Jawn McCaskey and his

lady have been fightin' for an hour and a quarter by the watch.

The missis could give him forty pounds weight. Strength to his

arm.'

Policeman Cleary strolled back around the corner.

Old man Denny folded his paper and hurried up the steps just

as Mrs. Murphy was about to lock the door for the night.

IV

The Skylight Room

FIRST MRS. PARKER would show you the double parlours. You

would not dare to interrupt her description of their advantages

and of the merits of the gentleman who had occupied them for

eight years. Then you would manage to stammer forth the confes­

sion that you were neither a doctor nor a dentist. Mrs. Parker's

manner of receiving the admission was such that you could never

afterward entertain the same feeling toward your parents, who had

neglected to train you up in one of the professions that fitted Mrs.

Parker's parlours.

Next you ascended one flight of stairs and looked at the second

floor back at $8. Convinced by her second-floor manner that it

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was worth the $12 that Mr. Toosenberry always paid for it until

he left to take charge of his brother's orange plantation in Florida

near Palm Beach, where Mrs. McIntyre always spent the winters

that had the double front room with private bath, you managed to

babble that you wanted something still cheaper.

If you survived Mrs. Parker's scorn, you were taken to look at

Mr. Skidder's large hall-room on the third floor. Mr. Skidder's

room was not vacant. He wrote plays and smoked cigarettes in it

all day long. But every room-hunter was made to visit his room to

admire the lambrequins. After each visit, Mr. Skidder, from the

fright caused by possible eviction, would pay something on his

rent.

Then - oh, then - if you still stood on one foot with your hot

hand clutching the three moist dollars in your pocket, and

hoarsely proclaimed your hideous and culpable poverty, never­

more would Mrs. Parker be cicerone of yours. She would honk

loudly the word 'Clara,' she would show you her back, and march

downstairs. Then Clara, the coloured maid, would escort you up

the carpeted ladder that served for the fourth flight, and show you

the Skylight Room. It occupied 7 by 8 feet of floorspace at the

middle of the hall. On each side of it was a dark lumber closet or

store-room.

In it was an iron cot, a washstand and a chair. A shelf was the

dresser. Its four bare walls seemed to close in upon you like the

sides of a coin. Your hand crept to your throat, you gasped, you

looked up as from a well - and breathed once more. Through the

glass of the little skylight you saw a square of blue infinity.

'Two dollars, suh,' Clara would say in her half-contemptuous,

half-Tuskegeenial tones.

One day Miss Leeson came hunting for a room. She carried a

typewriter made to be lugged around by a much larger lady. She

was a very little girl, with eyes and hair that kept on growing after

she had stopped and that always looked as if they were saying:

'Goodness me. Why didn't you keep up with us?'

Mrs. Parker showed her the double parlours. 'In this closet,' she

said, 'one could keep a skeleton or anaesthetic or coal - '

'But I am neither a doctor nor a dentist,' said Miss Leeson with

a shiver.

Mrs. Parker gave her the incredulous, pitying, sneering, icy

stare that she kept for those who failed to qualify as doctors or

dentists, and led the way to the second floor back.

'Eight dollars?' said Miss Leeson. 'Dear me! I'm not Hetty if I

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do look green. I'm just a poor little working girl. Show me some­

thing higher and lower.'

Mr. Skidder jumped and strewed the floor with cigarette stubs

at the rap on his door.

'Excuse me, Mr. Skidder,' said Mrs. Parker, with her demon's

smile at his pale looks. 'I didn't know you were in. I asked the lady

to have a look at your lambrequins.'

'They're too lovely for anything,' said Miss Leeson, smiling in

exactly the way the angels do.

After they had gone Mr. Skidder got very busy erasing the

tall, black-haired heroine from his latest (unproduced) play and

inserting a small, roguish one with heavy, bright hair and vivacious

features.

'Anna Held'll jump at it,' said Mr. Skidder to himself, putting

his feet up against the lambrequins and disappearing in a cloud of

smoke like an aerial cuttlefish.

Presently the tocsin call of 'Clara!' sounded to the world the

state of Miss Leeson's purse. A dark goblin seized her, mounted

a Stygian stairway, thrust her into a vault with a glimmer of light

in its top and muttered the menacing and cabalistic words 'Two

dollars!'

'I'll take it!' sighed Miss Leeson, sinking down upon the

squeaky iron bed.

Every day Miss Leeson went out to work. At night she brought

home papers with handwriting on them and made copies with her

typewriter. Sometimes she had no work at night, and then she

would sit on the steps of the high stoop with the other roomers.

Miss Leeson was not intended for a skylight room when the plans

were drawn for her creation. She was gay-hearted and full of

tender, whimsical fancies. Once she let Mr. Skidder read to her

three acts of his great (unpublished) comedy, 'It's No Kid; or, The

Heir of the Subway.'

There was rejoicing among the gentlemen roomers whenever

Miss Leeson had time to sit on the steps for an hour or two. But

Miss Longnecker, the tall blonde who taught in a public school

and said 'Well, really!' to everything you said, sat on the top step

and sniffed. And Miss Dorn, who shot at the moving ducks at

Coney every Sunday and worked in a department store, sat on the

bottom step and sniffed. Miss Leeson sat on the middle step, and

the men would quickly group around her.

Especially Mr. Skidder, who had cast her in his mind for the

star part in a private, romantic (unspoken) drama in real life. And

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especially Mr. Hoover, who was forty-five, fat, flushed and foolish.

And especially very young Mr. Evans, who set up a hollow cough

to induce her to ask him to leave off cigarettes. The men voted her

'the funniest and jolliest ever,' but the sniffs on the top step and

the lower step were implacable.

• • • • •

I pray you let the drama halt while Chorus stalks to the foot­

lights and drops an epicedian tear upon the fatness of Mr. Hoover.

Tune the pipes to the tragedy of tallow, the bane of bulk, the

calamity of corpulence. Tried out, Falstaff might have rendered

more romance to the ton than would have Romeo's rickety ribs to

the ounce. A lover may sigh, but he must not puff. To the train of

Momus are the fat men remanded. In vain beats the faithfullest

heart above a 52-inch belt. Avaunt, Hoover! Hoover, forty-five,

flush and foolish, might carry off Helen herself; Hoover, fortyfive,

flush, foolish and fat, is meat for perdition. There was never a

chance for you, Hoover.

As Mrs. Parker's roomers sat thus one summer's evening, Miss

Leeson looked up into the firmament and cried with her little gay

laugh:

'Why, there's Billy Jackson! I can see him from down here, too.'

All looked up – some at the windows of skyscrapers, some cast­

Ing about for an airship, Jackson-guided.

It's that star," explained Miss Leeson, pointing with a tiny

finger. "Not the big one that twinkles – the steady blue one near it.

I can see it every night through my skylight. I named it Billy Jack-

son."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker. "I didn't know you were an

astronomer, Miss Leeson."

"Oh, yes," said the small star-gazer, "I know as much as any of

them about the style of sleeves they're going to wear next fall in

Mars."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker. "The star you refer to is

Gamma, of the constellation Cassiopeia. It is nearly of the second

magnitude, and its meridian passage is - "

"Oh," said the very young Mr. Evans, "I think Billy Jackson is a

much better name for it."

"Same here," said Mr. Hoover, loudly breathing defiance to Miss

Longnecker. "I think Miss Leeson has just as much right to name

stars as any of those old astrologers had.

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'Well, really!' said Miss Longnecker.

'I wonder whether it's a shooting star,' remarked Miss Dorn. 'I

hit nine ducks and a rabbit out of ten in the gallery at Coney

Sunday.'

'He doesn't show up very well from down here,' said Miss

Leeson. 'You ought to see him from my room. You know you can

see stars even in the daytime from the bottom of a well. At night

my room is like the shaft of a coal-mine, and it makes Billy Jackson

look like the big diamond pin that Night fastens her kimono with.'

There came a time after that when Miss Leeson brought no for­

midable papers home to copy. And when she went in the morning,

instead of working, she went from office to office and let her heart

melt away in the drip of cold refusals transmitted through insolent

office boys. This went on.

There came an evening when she wearily climbed Mrs. Parker's

stoop at the hour when she always returned from her dinner at the

restaurant. But she had had no dinner.

As she stepped into the hall Mr. Hoover met her and seized his

chance. He asked her to marry him, and his fatness hovered above

her like an avalanche. She dodged, and caught the balustrade. He

tried for her hand, and she raised it and smote him weakly in the

face. Step by step she went up, dragging herself by the railing.

She passed Mr. Skidder's door as he was red-inking a stage direc­

tion for Myrtle Delorme (Miss Leeson) in his (unaccepted)

comedy, to 'pirouette across stage from L to the side of the

Count.' Up the carpeted ladder she crawled at last and opened

the door of the skylight room.

She was too weak to light the lamp or to undress. She fell upon

the iron cot, her fragile body scarcely hollowing the worn springs.

And in that Erebus of a room she slowly raised her heavy eyelids,

and smiled.

For Billy Jackson was shining down on her, calm and bright and

constant through the skylight. There was no world about her. She

was sunk in a pit of blackness, with but that small square of pallid

light framing the star that she had so whimsically, and oh, so inef­

fectually, named. Miss Longnecker must be right; it was Gamma,

of the constellation Cassiopeia, and not Billy Jackson. And yet she

could not let it be Gamma.

As she lay on her back she tried twice to raise her arm. The

third time she got two thin fingers to her lips and blew a kiss out

of the black pit to Billy Jackson. Her arm fell back limply.

'Good-bye, Billy,' she murmured faintly. 'You're millions of

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miles away and you won't even twinkle once. But you kept where I

could see you most of the time up there when there wasn't any­

thing else but darkness to look at, didn't you? . . . Millions of

miles.... Good-bye, Billy Jackson.'

Clara, the coloured maid, found the door locked at ten the next

day, and they forced it open. Vinegar, and the slapping of wrists

and even burnt feathers, proving of no avail, someone ran to

'phone for an ambulance.

In due time it backed up to the door with much gong-clanging,

and the capable young medico, in his white linen coat, ready,

active, confident, with his smooth face half debonair, half grim,

danced up the steps.

'Ambulance call to 49,' he said briefly. 'What's the trouble?'

'Oh yes, doctor,' sniffed Mrs. Parker, as though her trouble that

there should be trouble in the house was the greater. 'I can't think

what can be the matter with her. Nothing we could do would

bring her to. It's a young woman, a Miss Elsie - yes, a Miss Elsie

Leeson. Never before in my house - '

'What room?' cried the doctor in a terrible voice, to which Mrs.

Parker was a stranger.

'The skylight room. It - '

Evidently the ambulance doctor was familiar with the location

of skylight rooms. He was gone up the stairs, four at a time. Mrs.

Parker followed slowly, as her dignity demanded.

On the first landing she met him coming back bearing the

astronomer in his arms. He stopped and let loose the practised

scalpel of his tongue, not loudly. Gradually Mrs. Parker crumpled

as a stiff garment that slips down from a nail. Ever afterwards

there remained crumples in her mind and body. Sometimes her

curious roomers would ask her what the doctor said to her.

'Let that be,' she would answer. 'If I can get forgiveness for

having heard it I will be satisfied.'

The ambulance physician strode with his burden through the

pack of hounds that follow the curiosity chase, and even they fell

back along the sidewalk abashed, for his face was that of one who

bears his own dead.

They noticed that he did not lay down upon the bed prepared

for it in the ambulance the form that he carried, and all that he

said was: 'Drive like h - l, Wilson,' to the driver.

That is all. Is it a story? In the next morning's paper I saw a

little news item, and the last sentence of it may help you (as it

helped me) to weld the incidents together.

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It recounted the reception into Bellevue Hospital of a young

woman who had been removed from No. 49 East - Street, suffer­

ing from debility induced by starvation. It concluded with these

words:

'Dr. William Jackson, the ambulance physician who attended

the case, says the patient will recover.'

V

A Service of Love

WHEN ONE LOVES ONES ART no service seems too hard.

That is our premise. This story shall draw a conclusion from it,

and show at the same time that the premise is incorrect. That will

be a new thing in logic, and a feat in story-telling somewhat older

than the Great Wall of China.

Joe Larrabee came out of the post-oak flats of the Middle West

pulsing with a genius for pictorial art. At six he drew a picture of

the town pump with a prominent citizen passing it hastily. This

effort was framed and hung in the drug store window by the side

of the ear of corn with an uneven number of rows. At twenty he

left for New York with a flowing necktie and a capital tied up

somewhat closer.

Delia Caruthers did things in six octaves so promisingly in a

pine-tree village in the South that her relatives chipped in enough

in her chip hat for her to go 'North' and 'finish.' They could not

see her f -, but that is our story

Joe and Delia met in an atelier where a number of art and music

students had gathered to discuss chiaroscuro, Wagner, music,

Rembrandt's works pictures, Waldteufel, wall-paper, Chopin, and

Oolong.

Joe and Delia became enamoured one of the other or each of

the other, as you please, and in a short time were married – for

(see above), when one loves one's Art no service seems too hard.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat. It was a

lonesome flat - something like the A sharp way down at the left-

hand end of the keyboard. And they were happy; for they had their

Art and they had each other. And my advice to the rich young man

would be - sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor - janitor for

the privilege of living in a flat with your Art and your Delia.

Flat-dwellers shall endorse my dictum that theirs is the only

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True happiness. If a home is happy it cannot fit too close - let the dresser collapse and become a billiard table; let the mantel turn to a rowing machine, the escritoire to a spare bedchamber, the washstand to an upright piano; let the four walls come together, if they will, so you and your Delia are between. But if home be the other kind, let it be wide and long - enter you at the Golden Gate, hang your hat on Hatteras, your cape on Cape Horn, and go out by Labrador.

Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister - you know his fame. His fees are high; his lessons are light - his highlights have brought him renown. Delia was studying under Rosenstock – you know his repute as a disturber of the piano keys.

They were mighty happy as long as their money lasted. So is every - but I will not be cynical. Their aims were very clear and defined. Joe was to become capable very soon of turning out pictures that old gentlemen with thin side-whiskers and thick pocketbooks would sandbag one another in his studio for the privilege of buying. Delia was to become familiar and then contemptuous with Music, so that when she saw the orchestra seats and boxes unsold she could have a sore throat and lobster in a private dining-room and refuse to go on the stage.

But the best, in my opinion, was the home life in the little flat - the ardent, voluble chats after the day's study; the cozy dinners and fresh, light breakfasts; the interchange of ambitions - ambitions interwoven each with the other's or else inconsiderable - the mutual help and inspiration; and - overlook my artlessness - stuffed olives and cheese sandwiches at 11 p.m.

But after a while, Art flagged. It sometimes does, even if some switchman doesn't flag it. Everything going out and nothing coming in, as the vulgarians say. Money was lacking to pay Mr. Magister and Herr Rosenstock their prices. When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. So, Delia said she must give music lessons to keep the chafing dish bubbling.

For two or three days, she went out canvassing for pupils. One evening she came home elated.

'Joe, dear,' she said gleefully, 'I've a pupil. And, oh, the loveliest people! General - General A. B. Pinkney's daughter - on Seventy-first Street. Such a splendid house, Joe - you ought to see the front door! Byzantine, I think you would call it. And inside! Oh, Joe, I never saw anything like it before.

'My pupil is his daughter Clementina. I dearly love her already. She's a delicate thing - dresses always in white; and the sweetest.

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Simplest manners! Only eighteen years old. I'm to give three lessons a week; and, just think, Joe! $5 a lesson. I don't mind it a bit; for when I get two or three more pupils I can resume my lessons with Herr Rosenstock. Now, smooth out that wrinkle between your brows, dear, and let's have a nice supper.'

'That's all right for you, Dele,' said Joe, attacking a can of peas with a carving knife and a hatchet, 'but how about me? Do you think I'm going to let you hustle for wages while I philander in the regions of high art? Not by the bones of Benvenuto Cellini! I guess I can sell papers or lay cobblestones, and bring in a dollar or two.'

Delia came and hung about his neck.

'Joe, dear, you are silly. You must keep on at your studies. It is not as if I had quit my music and gone to work at something else. While I teach I learn. I am always with my music. And we can live as happily as millionaires on $15 a week. You mustn't think of leaving Mr. Magister.'

'All right,' said Joe, reaching for the blue scalloped vegetable dish. 'But I hate for you to be giving lessons. It isn't Art. But you're a trump and a dear to do it.'

'When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard,' said Delia.

'Magister praised the sky in that sketch I made in the park,' said Joe. 'And Tinkle gave me permission to hang two of them in his window. I may sell one if the right kind of a moneyed idiot sees them.'

'I'm sure you will,' said Delia sweetly. 'And now let's be thankful for General Pinkney and this veal roast.'

During all of the next week, the Larrabees had an early breakfast. Joe was enthusiastic about some morning-effect sketches he was doing in Central Park, and Delia packed him off breakfasted, coddled, praised, and kissed at seven o'clock. Art is an engaging mistress. It was most times seven o'clock when he returned in the evening.

At the end of the week Delia, sweetly proud but languid, triumphantly tossed three five-dollar bills on the 8 by 10 (inches) centre table of the 8 by 10 (feet) flat parlour.

'Sometimes,' she said, a little wearily, 'Clementina tries me. I'm afraid she doesn't practice enough, and I have to tell her the same things so often. And then she always dresses entirely in white, and that does get monotonous. But General Pinkney is the dearest old man! I wish you could know him, Joe. He comes in sometimes.'

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When I am with Clementina at the piano - he is a widower, you know - and stands there pulling his white goatee. "And how are the semiquavers and the demi-semiquavers progressing?" he always asks.

'I wish you could see the wainscoting in that drawing-room, Joe! And those Astrakhan rug portières. And Clementina has such a funny little cough. I hope she is stronger than she looks. Oh, I really am getting attached to her, she is so gentle and high bred. General Pinkney's brother was once Minister to Bolivia.'

And then Joe, with the air of a Monte Cristo, drew forth a ten, a five, a two and a one - all legal tender notes - and laid them beside Delia's earnings.

'Sold that water-colour of the obelisk to a man from Peoria,' he announced overwhelmingly.

'Don't joke with me,' said Delia - 'not from Peoria!'

'All the way. I wish you could see him, Dele. Fat man with a woollen muffler and a quill toothpick. He saw the sketch in Tinkle's window and thought it was a windmill at first. He was game, though, and bought it anyhow. He ordered another - an oil sketch of the Lackawanna freight depot - to take back with him. Music lessons! Oh, I guess Art is still in it.'

'I'm so glad you've kept on,' said Delia heartily. 'You're bound to win, dear. Thirty-three dollars! We never had so much to spend before. We'll have oysters to-night.'

'And filet mignon with champignons,' said Joe. 'Where is the olive fork?'

On the next Saturday evening Joe reached home first. He spread his $18 on the parlour table and washed what seemed to be a great deal of dark paint from his hands.

Half an hour later Delia arrived, her right hand tied up in a shapeless bundle of wraps and bandages.

'How is this?' asked Joe after the usual greetings.

Delia laughed, but not very joyously.

'Clementina,' she explained, 'insisted upon a Welsh rabbit after her lesson. She is such a queer girl. Welsh rabbits at five in the afternoon. The General was there. You should have seen him run for the chafing dish, Joe, just as if there wasn't a servant in the house. I know Clementina isn't in good health; she is so nervous. In serving the rabbit she spilled a great lot of it, boiling hot, over my hand and wrist. It hurt awfully, Joe. And the dear girl was so sorry! But General Pinkney! - Joe, that old man nearly went dis­tracted. He rushed downstairs and sent somebody - they said the

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Furnace man or somebody in the basement - out to a drug store for some oil and things to bind it up with. It doesn't hurt so much now.'

'What's this?' asked Joe, taking the hand tenderly and pulling at some white strands beneath the bandages.

'It's something soft,' said Delia, 'that had oil on it. Oh, Joe, did you sell another sketch?' She had seen the money on the table.

'Did I?' said Joe. 'Just ask the man from Peoria. He got his depot to-day, and he isn't sure but he thinks he wants another parkscape and a view on the Hudson. What time this afternoon did you burn your hand, Dele?'

'Five o'clock, I think,' said Dele plaintively. 'The iron - I mean the rabbit came off the fire about that time. You ought to have seen General Pinkney, Joe, when - '

'Sit down here a moment, Dele,' said Joe. He drew her to the couch, sat down beside her, and put his arm across her shoulders. 'What have you been doing for the last two weeks, Dele?' he asked.

She braved it for a moment or two with an eye full of love and stubbornness and murmured a phrase or two vaguely of General Pinkney; but at length down went her head and out came the truth and tears.

'I couldn't get any pupils,' she confessed. 'And I couldn't bear to have you give up your lessons; and I got a place ironing shirts in that big Twenty-fourth Street laundry. And I think I did very well to make up both General Pinkney and Clementina, don't you, Joe? And when a girl in the laundry set down a hot iron on my hand this afternoon I was all the way home making up that story about the Welsh rabbit. You're not angry, are you, Joe? And if I hadn't got the work you mightn't have sold your sketches to that man from Peoria.'

'He wasn't from Peoria,' said Joe slowly.

'Well, it doesn't matter where he was from. How clever you are, Joe - and - kiss me, Joe - and what made you ever suspect that I wasn't giving music lessons to Clementina?'

'I didn't,' said Joe, 'until to-night. And I wouldn't have then, only I sent up this cotton waste and oil from the engine-room this afternoon for a girl upstairs who had her hand burned with a smoothing-iron. I've been firing the engine in that laundry for the last two weeks.'

'And then you didn't - '

'My purchaser from Peoria,' said Joe, 'and General Pinkney are'

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Both creations of the same art - but you wouldn't call it either painting or music.

And then they both laughed, and Joe began:

'When one loves one's Art no service seems - '

But Delia stopped him with her hand on his lips. 'No,' she said 'just

"When one loves."

VI

The Coming-out of Maggie

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT the Clover Leaf Social Club gave a hop in the hall of the Give and Take Athletic Association on the East Side. In order to attend one of these dances you must be a member of the Give and Take - or, if you belong to the division that starts off with the right foot in waltzing, you must work in Rhinegold's paper-box factory. Still, any Clover Leaf was privileged to escort or be escorted by an outsider to a single dance. But mostly each Give and Take brought the paper-box girl that he affected; and few strangers could boast of having shaken a foot at the regular hops.

Maggie Toole, on account of her dull eyes, broad mouth and left-handed style of footwork in the two-step, went to the dances with Anna McCarty and her 'fellow.' Anna and Maggie worked side by side in the factory, and were the greatest chums ever. So Anna always made Jimmy Burns take her by Maggie's house every Saturday night so that her friend could go to the dance with them.

The Give and Take Athletic Association lived up to its name. The hall of the association in Orchard Street was fitted out with muscle-making inventions. With the fibres thus builded up the members were wont to engage the police and rival social and athletic organizations in joyous combat. Between these more serious occupations the Saturday night hops with the paper-box factory girls came as a refining influence and as an efficient screen. For sometimes the tip went 'round, and if you were among the elect that tiptoed up the dark back stairway you might see as neat and satisfying a little welter-weight affair to a finish as ever happened inside the ropes.

On Saturdays Rhinegold's paper-box factory closed at 3 p.m. On one such afternoon Anna and Maggie walked homeward together. At Maggie's door Anna said, as usual: 'Be ready at seven, sharp, Mag; and Jimmy and me'll come by for you.

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But what was this? Instead of the customary humble and grateful thanks from the non-escorted one there was to be perceived a high-poised head, a prideful dimpling at the corners of a broad mouth, and almost a sparkle in a dull brown eye.

'Thanks, Anna,' said Maggie; 'but you and Jimmy needn't bother to-night. I've a gentleman friend that's coming 'round to escort me to the hop.'

The comely Anna pounced upon her friend, shook her, chided and beseeched her. Maggie Toole catch a fellow! Plain, dear, loyal, unattractive Maggie, so sweet as a chum, so unsought for a two-step or a moonlit bench in the little park. How was it? When did it happen? Who was it?

'You'll see to-night,' said Maggie, flushed with the wine of the first grapes she had gathered in Cupid's vineyard. 'He's swell all right. He's two inches taller than Jimmy, and an up-to-date dresser. I'll introduce him, Anna, just as soon as we get to the hall.'

Anna and Jimmy were among the first Clover Leafs to arrive that evening. Anna's eyes were brightly fixed upon the door of the hall to catch the first glimpse of her friend's 'catch.'

At 8.30 Miss Toole swept into the hall with her escort. Quickly her triumphant eye discovered her chum under the wing of her faithful Jimmy.

'Oh, gee!' cried Anna, 'Mag ain't made a hit - oh, no! Swell fellow? Well, I guess! Style? Look at 'um.'

'Go as far as you like,' said Jimmy, with sandpaper in his voice. 'Cop him out if you want him. These new guys always win out with the push. Don't mind me. He don't squeeze all the limes, I guess. Huh!'

'Shut up, Jimmy. You know what I mean. I'm glad for Mag. First fellow she ever had. Oh, here they come.'

Across the floor Maggie sailed like a coquettish yacht convoyed by a stately cruiser. And truly, her companion justified the encomiums of the faithful chum. He stood two inches taller than the average Give and Take athlete; his dark hair curled; his eyes and his teeth flashed whenever he bestowed his frequent smiles.

The young men of the Clover Leaf Club pinned not their faith to the graces of person as much as they did to its prowess, its achievements in hand-to-hand conflicts, and its preservation from the legal duress that constantly menaced it. The member of the association who would bind a paper-box maiden to his conquering chariot scorned to employ Beau Brummel airs. They were not considered honourable methods of warfare. The swelling biceps.

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The coat straining at its buttons over the chest, the air of conscious conviction of the super-eminence of the male in the cosmogony of creation, even a calm display of bow legs as subduing and enchanting agents in the gentle tourneys of Cupid - these were the approved arms and ammunition of the Clover Leaf gallants. They viewed, then, the genuflexions and alluring poses of this visitor with their chins at a new angle.

'A friend of mine, Mr. Terry O'Sullivan,' was Maggie's formula of introduction. She led him around the room, presenting him to each new-arriving Clover Leaf. Almost was she pretty now, with the unique luminosity in her eyes that comes to a girl with her first suitor and a kitten with its first mouse.

'Maggie Toole's got a fellow at last,' was the word that went round among the paper-box girls. 'Pipe Mag's floor-walker' - thus the Give and Takes expressed their indifferent contempt.

Usually at the weekly hops Maggie kept a spot on the wall warm with her back. She felt and showed so much gratitude whenever a self-sacrificing partner invited her to dance that his pleasure was cheapened and diminished. She had even grown used to noticing Anna joggle the reluctant Jimmy with her elbow as a signal for him to invite her chum to walk over his feet through a two-step.

But to-night the pumpkin had turned to a coach and six. Terry O'Sullivan was a victorious Prince Charming, and Maggie Toole winged her first butterfly flight. And though our tropes of fairyland be mixed with those of entomology they shall not spill one drop of ambrosia from the rose-crowned melody of Maggie's one perfect night.

The girls besieged her for introductions to her 'fellow.' The Clover Leaf young men, after two years of blindness, suddenly perceived charms in Miss Toole. They flexed their compelling muscles before her and bespoke her for the dance.

Thus she scored; but to Terry O'Sullivan the honours of the evening fell thick and fast. He shook his curls; he smiled and went easily through the seven motions for acquiring grace in your own room before an open window ten minutes each day. He danced like a faun; he introduced manner and style and atmosphere; his words came trippingly upon his tongue, and - he waltzed twice in succession with the paper-box girl that Dempsey Donovan brought.

Dempsey was the leader of the association. He wore a dress suit, and could chin the bar twice with one hand. He was one of 'Big Mike' O'Sullivan's lieutenants, and was never troubled by trouble. No cop dared to arrest him. Whenever he broke a push-cart man's.

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Head or shot a member of the Heinrick B. Sweeney Outing and Literary Association in the kneecap, an officer would drop around and say:

'The Cap'n'd like to see ye a few minutes round to the office whin ye have time, Dempsey, me boy.'

But there would be sundry gentlemen there with large gold fob chains and black cigars; and somebody would tell a funny story, and then Dempsey would go back and work half an hour with the six-pound dumb-bells. So, doing a tight-rope act on a wire stretched across Niagara was a safe terpsichorean performance compared with waltzing twice with Dempsey Donovan's paperbox girl.

At ten o'clock the jolly round face of 'Big Mike' O'Sullivan shone at the door for five minutes upon the scene. He always looked in for five minutes, smiled at the girls and handed out real perfectos to the delighted boys.

Dempsey Donovan was at his elbow instantly, talking rapidly.

'Big Mike' looked carefully at the dancers, smiled, shook his head and departed.

The music stopped. The dancers scattered to the chairs along the walls. Terry O'Sullivan, with his entrancing bow, relinquished a pretty girl in blue to her partner and started back to find Maggie. Dempsey intercepted him in the middle of the floor.

Some fine instinct that Rome must have bequeathed to us caused nearly everyone to turn and look at them - there was a subtle feeling that two gladiators had met in the arena. Two or three Give and Takes with tight coat-sleeves drew nearer.

'One moment, Mr. O'Sullivan,' said Dempsey. 'I hope you're enjoying yourself. Where did you say you lived?

The two gladiators were well matched. Dempsey had, perhaps, ten pounds of weight to give away. The O'Sullivan had breadth with quickness. Dempsey had a glacial eye, a dominating slit of a mouth, an indestructible jaw, a complexion like a belle's and the coolness of a champion. The visitor showed more fire in his contempt and less control over his conspicuous sneer. They were enemies by the law written when the rocks were molten. They were each too splendid, too mighty, too incomparable to divide pre-eminence. One only must survive.

'I live on Grand,' said O'Sullivan insolently; 'and no trouble to find me at home. Where do you live?'

Dempsey ignored the question.

'You say your name's O'Sullivan,' he went on. 'Well, "Big Mike" says he never saw you before.'

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'Lots of things he never saw,' said the favourite of the hop.

'As a rule,' went on Dempsey, huskily sweet, 'O'Sullivans in this district know one another. You escorted one of our lady members here, and we want a chance to make good. If you've got a family tree let's see a few historical O'Sullivan buds come out on it. Or do you want us to dig it out of you by the roots?'

'Suppose you mind your own business,' suggested O'Sullivan blandly.

Dempsey's eyes brightened. He held up an inspired forefinger as though a brilliant idea had struck him.

'I've got it now,' he said cordially. 'It was just a little mistake. You ain't no O'Sullivan. You are a ring-tailed monkey. Excuse us for not recognizing you at first.'

O'Sullivan's eye flashed. He made a quick movement, but Andy Geoghan was ready and caught his arm.

Dempsey nodded at Andy and William McMahan, the secretary of the club, and walked rapidly toward a door at the rear of the hall.

Two other members of the Give and Take Association swiftly joined the little group. Terry O'Sullivan was now in the hands of the Board of Rules and Social Referees. They spoke to him briefly and softly, and conducted him out through the same door at the rear.

This movement on the part of the Clover Leaf members requires a word of elucidation. Back of the association hall was a smaller room rented by the club. In this room personal difficulties that arose on the ballroom floor were settled, man to man, with the weapons of nature, under the supervision of the Board. No lady could say that she had witnessed a fight at a Clover Leaf hop in several years. Its gentlemen members guaranteed that.

So easily and smoothly had Dempsey and the Board done their preliminary work that many in the hall had not noticed the checking of the fascinating O'Sullivan's social triumph. Among these was Maggie. She looked about for her escort.

'Smoke up!' said Rose Cassidy. 'Wasn't you on? Demps Donovan picked a scrap with your Lizzie-boy, and they've waltzed out to the slaughter-room with him. How's my hair look done up this way, Mag?'

Maggie laid a hand on the bosom of her cheesecloth waist.

'Gone to fight with Dempsey!' she said breathlessly. 'They've got to be stopped. Dempsey Donovan can't fight him. Why, he'll he'll kill him!

'Ah, what do you care?' said Rosa. 'Don't some of 'em fight every hop?'

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But Maggie was off, darting her zigzag way through the maze of dancers. She burst through the rear door into the dark hall and then threw her solid shoulder against the door of the room of single combat. It gave way, and in the instant that she entered her eye caught the scene - the Board standing about with open watches; Dempsey Donovan in his shirt-sleeves dancing, lightfooted, with the wary grace of the modern pugilist, within easy reach of his adversary; Terry O'Sullivan standing with arm folded and a murderous look in his dark eyes. And without slacking the speed of her entrance she leaped forward with a scream - leaped in time to catch and hang upon the arm of O'Sullivan that was suddenly uplifted, and to whisk from it the long, bright stiletto that he had drawn from his bosom.

The knife fell and rang upon the floor. Cold steel drawn in the rooms of the Give and Take Association! Such a thing had never happened before. Everyone stood motionless for a minute. Andy Geoghan kicked the stiletto with the toe of his shoe curiously, like an antiquarian who has come upon some ancient weapon unknown to his learning.

And then O'Sullivan hissed something unintelligible between his teeth. Dempsey and the Board exchanged looks. And then Dempsey looked at O'Sullivan without anger as one looks at a stray dog, and nodded his head in the direction of the door.

'The back stairs, Giuseppi,' he said briefly. 'Somebody'll pitch your hat down after you.'

Maggie walked up to Dempsey Donovan. There was a brilliant spot of red in her cheeks, down which slow tears were running. But she looked him bravely in the eye.

'I knew it, Dempsey,' she said, as her eyes grew dull even in their tears. 'I knew he was a Guinea. His name's Tony Spinelli. I hurried in when they told me you and him was scrappin'. Them Guineas always carries knives. But you don't understand, Dempsey. I never had a fellow in my life. I got tired of comin' with Anna and Jimmy every night, so I fixed it with him to call himself O'Sullivan, and brought him along. I knew there'd be nothin' doin' for him if he came as a Dago. I guess I'll resign from the club now.'

Dempsey turned to Andy Geoghan.

'Chuck that cheese slicer out of the window,' he said, 'and tell 'em inside that Mr. O'Sullivan has had a telephone message to go down to Tammany Hall.'

And then he turned back to Maggie.

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'Say, Mag,' he said, 'I'll see you home. And how about next Sat­

urday night? Will you come to the hop with me if I call around for

you?'

It was remarkable how quickly Maggie's eyes could change from

dull to a shining brown.

'With you, Dempsey?' she stammered. 'Say - will a duck swim?'

VII

The Cop and the Anthem

ON HIS BENCH IN MADISON SQUARE Soapy moved uneasily. When

wild goose honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin

coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves

uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is

near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is

kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair

warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands

his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All

Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognizant of the fact that the time had

come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways

and Means to provide against the coming rigour. And therefore he

moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest.

In them were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of

soporific Southern skies or drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three

months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of

assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas

and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quar­

ters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought

their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy

had made his humble arrangements for his annual hegira to the

Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three

Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles

and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his

bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the

Island loomed large and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the

provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents.

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In Soapy's opinion the Law was more benign than Philanthropy.

There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and

eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and

food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud

spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered. If not in coin you must

pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands

of philanthropy. As Caesar had his Brutus, every bed of charity

must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of

a private and personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a

guest of the law, which, though conducted by rules, does not

meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soapy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about

accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing

this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive

restaurant; and then, after declaring insolvency, be handed over

quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating

magistrate would do the rest.

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across

the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow

together, Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering café,

where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the

grape, the silkworm and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest

upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat black,

ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady mis­

sionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restau­

rant unsuspected success would be his. The portion of him that

would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's

mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the

thing - with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demi-tasse

and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total

would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of

revenge from the café management; and yet the meat would leave

him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head

waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes.

Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in

silence and haste to the sidewalk and averted the ignoble fate of

the menaced mallard.

Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the cov­

eted Island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of

entering limbo must be thought of.

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At a corner of Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly dis­

played wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous.

Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People

came running round the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy

stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of

brass buttons.

'Where's the man that done that?' inquired the officer excitedly.

'Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do

with it?' said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one

greets good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue.

Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's

minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man half­

way down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he

joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed

along, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great

pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its

crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin.

Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and tell-tale trousers

without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flap­

jacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the

fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

'Now, get busy and call a cop,' said Soapy. 'And don't keep a

gentleman waiting.'

'No cop for youse,' said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes

and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. 'Hey, Con!'

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters

pitched Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens,

and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy

dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood

before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the

street.

Five blocks Soapy travelled before his courage permitted him to

woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he

fatuously termed to himself a 'cinch.' A young woman of a modest

and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with

sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and

two yards from the window a large policeman of severe

demeanour leaned against a water-plug.

It was Soapy's design to assume the role of the despicable and

execrated 'masher.' The refined and elegant appearance of his

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victim and the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged him

to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon

his arm that would ensure his winter quarters on the right little,

tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's ready-made tie,

dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing

cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her,

was taken with sudden coughs and 'hems,' smiled, smirked and

went brazenly through the impudent and contemptible litany of

the 'masher.' With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was

watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps,

and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving

mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat

and said:

'Ah there, Bedelia! Don't you want to come and play in my

yard?'

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman

had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route

for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cosy

warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him and,

stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat-sleeve.

'Sure, Mike,' she said joyfully, 'if you'll blow me to a pail of

suds. I'd have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching.'

With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his oak

Soapy walked past the policeman, overcome with gloom. He

seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He

halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets,

hearts, vows and librettos. Women in furs and men in greatcoats

moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some

dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The

thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon

another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent

theatre he caught at the immediate straw of 'disorderly conduct.'

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the

top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise

disturbed the welkin.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and

remarked to a citizen:

' 'Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin' the goose egg they give

to the Hartford College. Noisy; but no harm. We've instructions

to lave them be.'

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Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a

policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an

unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling

wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a

swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on enter­

ing. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off

with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

'My umbrella,' he said sternly.

'Oh, is it?' sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. 'Well,

why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why

don't you call a cop? There stands one at the corner.'

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a

presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman

looked at the two curiously.

'Of course,' said the umbrella man - 'that is - well, you know

how these mistakes occur - I - if it's your umbrella I hope you'll

excuse me - I picked it up this morning in a restaurant - If you

recognize it as yours, why - I hope you'll - '

'Of course it's mine,' said Soapy viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist

a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street

car that was approaching two blocks away.

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improve­

ments. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into an excavation. He

muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs.

Because he wanted to fall into their clutches, they seemed to

regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where

the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this

toward Madison Square, for the homing instinct survives even

when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill.

Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled.

Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no

doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mas­

tery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For there drifted out to

Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed

against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedes­

trians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves - for a

little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And

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The anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties, and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment, his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. Tomorrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as a driver. He would find him tomorrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would—

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

'What are you doin' here?' asked the officer.

'Nothin',' said Soapy.

'Then come along,' said the policeman.

'Three months on the Island,' said the Magistrate in the Police Court the next morning.

VIII

Memoirs of a Yellow Dog

I DON'T SUPPOSE it will knock any of you people off your perch to read a contribution from an animal. Mr. Kipling and a good many others have demonstrated the fact that animals can express themselves in remunerative English, and no magazine goes to press nowadays without an animal story in it, except the old-style monthlies that are still running pictures of Bryan and the Mont Pelée horror.

But you needn't look for any stuck-up literature in my piece,

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Such as Bearoo, the bear, and Snakoo, the snake, and Tammanoo, the tiger, talk in the jungle books. A yellow dog that's spent most of his life in a cheap New York flat, sleeping in a corner on an old sateen underskirt (the one she spilled port wine on at the Lady Longshoremen's banquet), mustn't be expected to perform any tricks with the art of speech.

I was born a yellow pup; date, locality, pedigree, and weight unknown. The first thing I can recollect, an old woman had me in a basket at Broadway and Twenty-third trying to sell me to a fat lady. Old Mother Hubbard was boosting me to beat the band as a genuine Pomeranian-Hambletonian-Red-Irish-Cochin-China-Stoke-Pogis fox terrier.

The fat lady chased a V around among the samples of gros grain flannelette in her shopping bag till she cornered it and gave up. From that moment I was a pet - a mamma's own wootsey squidlums. Say, gentle reader, did you ever have a 200-pound woman breathing a flavor of Camembert cheese and Peau d'Espagne pick you up and wallop her nose all over you, remarking all the time in an Emma Eames tone of voice: 'Oh, oo's um oodlum, doodlum, woodlum, toodlum, bitsy-witsy skoodlums?'

From a pedigreed yellow pup I grew up to be an anonymous yellow cur looking like a cross between an Angora cat and a box of lemons. But my mistress never tumbled. She thought that the two primeval pups that Noah chased into the ark were but a collateral branch of my ancestors. It took two policemen to keep her from entering me at the Madison Square Garden for the Siberian bloodhound prize.

I'll tell you about that flat. The house was the ordinary thing in New York, paved with Parian marble in the entrance hall and cobblestones above the first floor. Our flat was three fl—well, not flights—climbs up. My mistress rented it unfurnished and put in the regular things—1903 antique upholstered parlor set, oil chromo of geishas in a Harlem tea-house, rubber plant, and husband.

By Sirius! there was a biped I felt sorry for. He was a little man with sandy hair and whiskers a good deal like mine. Hen-pecked?—well, toucans and flamingoes and pelicans all had their bills in him. He wiped the dishes and listened to my mistress tell about the cheap, ragged things the lady with the squirrel-skin coat on the second floor hung out on her line to dry. And every evening while she was getting supper she made him take me out on the end of a string for a walk.

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If men knew how women pass the time when they are alone, they'd never marry. Laura Lean Jibbey, peanut brittle, a little almond cream on the neck muscles, dishes unwashed, half an hour's talk with the iceman, reading a package of old letters, a couple of pickles and two bottles of malt extract, one hour peeking through a hole in the window shade into the flat across the airshaft - that's about all there is to it. Twenty minutes before time for him to come home from work she straightens up the house, fixes her rat so it won't show, and gets out a lot of sewing for a ten-minute bluff.

I led a dog's life in that flat. Most all day I lay there in my corner watching the fat woman kill time. I slept sometimes and had pipe dreams about being out chasing cats into basements and growling at old ladies with black mittens, as a dog was intended to do. Then she would pounce upon me with a lot of that driveling poodle palaver and kiss me on the nose - but what could I do? A dog can't chew cloves.

I began to feel sorry for Hubby, dog my cats if I didn't. We looked so much alike that people noticed it when we went out; so we shook the streets that Morgan's cab drives down and took to climbing the piles of last December's snow on the streets where cheap people live.

One evening when we were thus promenading, and I was trying to look like a prize St. Bernard, and the old man was trying to look like he wouldn't have murdered the first organ-grinder he heard play Mendelssohn's wedding-march, I looked up at him and said, in my way:

'What are you looking so sour about, you oakum trimmed lobster? She don't kiss you. You don't have to sit on her lap and listen to talk that would make the book of a musical comedy sound like the maxims of Epictetus. You ought to be thankful you're not a dog. Brace up, Benedick, and bid the blues begone.'

The matrimonial mishap looked down at me with almost canine intelligence in his face.

'Why, doggie,' says he, 'good doggie. You almost look like you could speak. What is it, doggie - Cats?'

Cats! Could speak! But, of course, he couldn't understand. Humans were denied the speech of animals. The only common ground of communication upon which dogs and men can get together is in fiction.

In the flat across the hall from us lived a lady with a black-and-tan terrier. Her husband strung it and took it out every evening,

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but he always came home cheerful and whistling. One day I

touched noses with the black-and-tan in the hall, and I struck him

for an elucidation.

'See, here, Wiggle-and-Skip,' I says, 'you know that it ain't the

nature of a real man to play dry-nurse to a dog in public. I never

saw one leashed to a bow-wow yet that didn't look like he'd like to

lick every other man that looked at him. But your boss comes in

every day as perky and set up as an amateur prestidigitator doing

the egg trick. How does he do it? Don't tell me he likes it.'

'Him?' says the black-and-tan. 'Why, he uses Nature's Own

Remedy. He gets spifflicated. At first when we go out he's as shy

as the man on the steamer who would rather play pedro when they

make 'em all jackpots. By the time we've been in eight saloons he

don't care whether the thing on the end of his line is a dog or a

catfish. I've lost two inches of my tail trying to sidestep those

swinging doors.'

The pointer I got from that terrier - vaudeville please copy - set

me to thinking.

One evening about six o'clock my mistress ordered him to get

busy and do the ozone act for Lovey. I have concealed it until

now, but that is what she called me. The black-and-tan was called

'Tweetness.' I consider that I have the bulge on him as far as you

could chase a rabbit. Still 'Lovey' is something of a nomenclatural

tin-can on the tail of one's self-respect.

At a quiet place on a safe street I tightened the line of my custo­

dian in front of an attractive, refined saloon. I made a dead-ahead

scramble for the doors, whining like a dog in the press despatches

that lets the family know that little Alice is bogged while gathering

lilies in the brook.

'Why, darn my eyes,' says the old man, with a grin; 'darn my

eyes if the saffron-coloured son of a seltzer lemonade ain't asking

me in to take a drink. Lemme see - how long's it been since I saved

shoe leather by keeping one foot on the footrest? I believe I'll - '

I knew I had him. Hot Scotches he took, sitting at a table. For

an hour he kept the Campbells coming. I sat by his side rapping

for the waiter with my tail, and eating free lunch such as mamma

in her flat never equalled with her homemade truck bought at a

delicatessen store eight minutes before papa comes home.

When the products of Scotland were all exhausted except the

rye bread the old man unwound me from the table leg and played

me outside like a fisherman plays a salmon. Out there he took off

my collar and threw it into the street.

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'Poor doggie,' says he; 'good doggie. She shan't kiss you any

more. 'S a darned shame. Good doggie, go away and get run over

by a street car and be happy.'

I refused to leave. I leaped and frisked around the old man's legs

happy as a pug on a rug.

'You old flea-headed woodchuck-chaser,' I said to him - 'you

moon-baying, rabbit-pointing, egg-stealing old beagle, can't you

see that I don't want to leave you? Can't you see that we're both

Pups in the Wood and the missis is the cruel uncle after you with

the dish towel and me with the flea liniment and a pink bow to tie

on my tail. Why not cut that all out and be pards for evermore?'

Maybe you'll say he didn't understand - maybe he didn't. But

he kind of got a grip on the Hot Scotches, and stood still for a

minute, thinking.

'Doggie,' says he finally, 'we don't live more than a dozen lives

on this earth, and very few of us live to be more than 300. If I ever

see that flat any more I'm a flat, and if you do you're flatter; and

that's no flattery. I'm offering 60 to 1 that Westward Ho wins out

by the length of a dachshund.'

There was no string, but I frolicked along with my master to the

Twenty-third Street ferry. And the cats on the route saw reason to

give thanks that prehensile claws had been given them.

On the Jersey side my master said to a stranger who stood

eating a currant bun:

'Me and my doggie, we are bound for the Rocky Mountains.'

But what pleased me most was when my old man pulled both of

my ears until I howled, and said:

'You common, monkey-headed, rat-tailed, sulphur-coloured

son of a door-mat, do you know what I'm going to call you?'

I thought of 'Lovey,' and I whined dolefully.

'I'm going to call you "Pete," ' says my master; and if I'd had

five tails I couldn't have done enough wagging to do justice to the

occasion.

IX

The Love-philtre of Ikey Schoenstein

THE BLUE LIGHT DRUG STORE is down-town, between the Bowery

and First Avenue, where the distance between the two streets is the

shortest. The Blue Light does not consider that pharmacy is a thing

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of bric-a-brac, scent and ice-cream soda. If you ask it for a pain-killer

it will not give you a bonbon.

The Blue Light scorns the labour-saving arts of modern phar­

macy. It macerates its opium and percolates its own laudanum and

paregoric. To this day pills are made behind its tall prescription

desk - pills rolled out on its own pill-tile, divided with a spatula,

rolled with the finger and thumb, dusted with calcined magnesia

and delivered in little round, pasteboard pill-boxes. The store is on

a corner about which coveys of ragged-plumed, hilarious children

play and become candidates for the cough-drops and soothing

syrups that wait for them inside.

Ikey Schoenstein was the night clerk of the Blue Light and the

friend of his customers. Thus it is on the East Side, where the

heart of pharmacy is not glacé. There, as it should be, the druggist

is a counsellor, a confessor, an adviser, an able and willing mis­

sionary and mentor whose learning is respected, whose occult

wisdom is venerated and whose medicine is often poured,

untasted, into the gutter. Therefore Ikey's corniform, bespecta­

cled nose and narrow, knowledge-bowed figure was well known in

the vicinity of the Blue Light, and his advice and notice were

much desired.

Ikey roomed and breakfasted at Mrs. Riddle's, two squares

away. Mrs. Riddle had a daughter named Rosy. The circumlocu­

tion has been in vain - you must have guessed it - Ikey adored

Rosy. She tinctured all his thoughts; she was the compound

extract of all that was chemically pure and officinal - the dispen­

satory contained nothing equal to her. But Ikey was timid, and his

hopes remained insoluble in the menstruum of his backwardness

and fears. Behind his counter he was a superior being, calmly

conscious of special knowledge and worth; outside, he was a

weak-kneed, purblind, motorman-cursed rambler, with ill-fitting

clothes stained with chemicals and smelling of socotrine aloes and

valerianate of ammonia.

The fly in Ikey's ointment (thrice welcome, pat trope!) was

Chunk McGowan.

Mr. McGowan was also striving to catch the bright smiles

tossed about by Rosy. But he was no out-fielder as Ikey was; he

picked them off the bat. At the same time he was Ikey's friend and

customer, and often dropped in at the Blue Light Drug Store to

have a bruise painted with iodine or get a cut rubber-plastered

after a pleasant evening spent along the Bowery.

One afternoon McGowan drifted in in his silent, easy way, and

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sat, comely, smoothed-faced, hard, indomitable, good-natured,

upon a stool.

'Ikey,' said he, when his friend had fetched his mortar and sat

opposite, grinding gum benzoin to a powder, 'get busy with your

ear. It's drugs for me if you've got the line I need.'

Ikey scanned the countenance of Mr. McGowan for the usual

evidences of conflict, but found none.

'Take your coat off,' he ordered. 'I guess already that you have

been stuck in the ribs with a knife. I have many times told you

those Dagoes would do you up.'

Mr. McGowan smiled. 'Not them,' he said. 'Not any Dagoes.

But you've located the diagnosis all right enough - it's under my

coat, near the ribs. Say! Ikey - Rosy and me are goin' to run away

and get married to-night.'

Ikey's left forefinger was doubled over the edge of the mortar,

holding it steady. He gave it a wild rap with the pestle, but felt

it not. Meanwhile Mr. McGowan's smile faded to a look of

perplexed gloom.

'That is,' he continued, 'if she keeps in the notion until the time

comes. We've been layin' pipes for the gateway for two weeks.

One day she says she will; the same evenin' she says nixy. We've

agreed on to-night, and Rosy's stuck to the affirmative this time

for two whole days. But it's five hours yet till the time, and I'm

afraid she'll stand me up when it comes to the scratch.'

'You said you wanted drugs,' remarked Ikey.

Mr. McGowan looked ill at ease and harassed - a condition

opposed to his usual line of demeanour. He made a patent-medi­

cine almanac into a roll and fitted it with unprofitable carefulness

about his finger.

'I wouldn't have this double handicap make a false start to-night

for a million,' he said. 'I've got a little flat up in Harlem all ready,

with chrysanthemums on the table and a kettle ready to boil. And

I've engaged a pulpit pounder to be ready at his house for us at

9.30. It's got to come off. And if Rosy don't change her mind

again!' - Mr. McGowan ceased, a prey to his doubts.

'I don't see then yet,' said Ikey shortly, 'what makes it that you

talk of drugs, or what I can be doing about it.'

'Old man Riddle don't like me a little bit,' went on the uneasy

suitor, bent upon marshalling his arguments. 'For a week he hasn't

let Rosy step outside the door with me. If it wasn't for losin' a

boarder they'd have bounced me long ago. I'm makin' $20 a week

and she'll never regret flyin' the coop with Chunk McGowan.'

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'You will excuse me, Chunk,' said Ikey. 'I must make a prescription that is to be called for soon.'

'Say,' said McGowan, looking up suddenly, 'say, Ikey, ain't there a drug of some kind - some kind of powders that'll make a girl like you better if you give 'em to her?'

Ikey's lip beneath his nose curled with the scorn of superior enlightenment; but before he could answer, McGowan continued:

'Tim Lacy told me once that he got some from a croaker uptown and fed 'em to his girl in soda water. From the very first dose he was ace-high and everybody else looked like thirty cents to her. They was married in less than two weeks.'

Strong and simple was Chunk McGowan. A better reader of men than Ikey was could have seen that his tough frame was strung upon fine wires. Like a good general who was about to invade the enemy's territory he was seeking to guard every point against possible failure.

'I thought,' went on Chunk hopefully, 'that if I had one of them powders to give Rosy when I see her at supper to-night it might brace her up and keep her from reneging on the proposition to skip. I guess she don't need a mule team to drag her away, but women are better at coaching than they are at running bases. If the stuff'll work just for a couple of hours it'll do the trick.'

'When is this foolishness of running away to be happening?' asked Ikey.

'Nine o'clock,' said Mr. McGowan. 'Supper's at seven. At eight Rosy goes to bed with a headache. At nine old Parvenzano lets me through to his backyard, where there's a board off Riddle's fence, next door. I go under her window and help her down the fire escape. We've got to make it early on the preacher's account. It's all dead easy if Rosy don't balk when the flag drops. Can you fix me one of them powders, Ikey?'

Ikey Schoenstein rubbed his nose slowly.

'Chunk,' said he, 'it is of drugs of that nature that pharmacists must have much carefulness. To you alone of my acquaintance would I entrust a powder like that. But for you I shall make it, and you shall see how it makes Rosy to think of you.'

Ikey went behind the prescription desk. There he crushed to a powder two soluble tablets, each containing a quarter of a grain of morphia. To them, he added a little sugar of milk to increase the bulk, and folded the mixture neatly in a white paper. Taken by an adult, this powder would ensure several hours of heavy slumber without danger to the sleeper. This he handed to Chunk.

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McGowan, telling him to administer it in a liquid, if possible, and received the hearty thanks of the backyard Lochinvar.

The subtlety of Ikey's action becomes apparent upon recital of his subsequent move. He sent a messenger for Mr. Riddle and disclosed the plans of McGowan for eloping with Rosy. Mr. Riddle was a stout man, brick-dusty of complexion and sudden in action.

'Much obliged,' he said briefly to Ikey. 'The lazy Irish loafer! My own room's just above Rosy's, I'll just go up there myself after supper and load the shot-gun and wait. If he comes in my backyard he'll go away in an ambulance instead of a bridal chaise.'

With Rosy held in the clutches of Morpheus for a manyhours' deep slumber, and the bloodthirsty parent waiting, armed and forewarned, Ikey felt that his rival was close, indeed, upon discomfiture.

All night in the Blue Light Store he waited at his duties for chance news of the tragedy, but none came.

At eight o'clock in the morning the day clerk arrived and Ikey started hurriedly for Mrs. Riddle's to learn the outcome.

And, lo! as he stepped out of the store who but Chunk McGowan sprang from a passing street-car and grasped his hand - Chunk McGowan with a victor's smile and flushed with joy.

'Pulled it off,' said Chunk with Elysium in his grin. 'Rosy hit the fire-escape on time to a second and we was under the wire at the Reverend's at 9.30. She's up at the flat - she cooked eggs this mornin' in a blue kimono - Lord! how lucky I am! You must pace up some day, Ikey, and feed with us. I've got a job down near the bridge, and that's where I'm heading for now.'

'The - the powder?' stammered Ikey.

'Oh, that stuff you gave me!' said Chunk broadening his grin; 'well, it was this way. I sat down at the supper table last night at Riddle's, and I looked at Rosy, and I says to myself, "Chunk, if you get the girl get her on the square - don't try any hocus-pocus with a thoroughbred like her." And I keeps the paper you give me in my pocket. And then my lamps falls on another party present, who, I says to myself, is failin' in a proper affection toward his comin' son-in-law, so I watches my chance and dumps that powder in old man Riddle's coffee - see?

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~~moment immovable. For this odour belonged to Miss Leslie; it~~

~~was her own, and hers only.~~

~~The odour brought her vividly, almost tangibly before him. The~~

~~world of finance dwindled suddenly to a speck. And she was in the~~

~~next room - twenty steps away.~~

~~'By George, I'll do it now,' said Maxwell, half aloud. 'I'll ask her~~

~~now. I wonder I didn't do it long ago.'~~

~~He dashed into the inner office with the haste of a short trying~~

~~to cover. He charged upon the desk of the stenographer.~~

~~She looked up at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her~~

~~cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned one~~

~~elbow on her desk. He still clutched fluttering papers with both~~

~~hands and the pen was above his ear.~~

~~'Miss Leslie,' he began hurriedly, 'I have but a moment to spare.~~

~~I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my wife? I~~

~~haven't had time to make love to you in the ordinary way, but I~~

~~really do love you. Talk quick, please - those fellows are clubbing~~

~~the stuffing out of Union Pacific'~~

~~'Oh, what are you talking about?' exclaimed the young lady. She~~

~~rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.~~

~~'Don't you understand?' said Maxwell restively. 'I want you to~~

~~marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I~~

~~snatched a minute when things had slackened up a bit. They're~~

~~calling me for the 'phone now. Tell 'em to wait a minute, Pitcher.~~

~~Won't you, Miss Leslie?'~~

~~The stenographer acted very queerly. At first she seemed over­~~

~~come with amazement; then tears flowed from her wondering~~

~~eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her~~

~~arms slid tenderly about the broker's neck.~~

~~'I know now,' she said softly. 'It's this old business that has~~

~~driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was fright­~~

~~ened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married~~

~~last evening at eight o'clock in the Little Church Around the~~

~~Corner.'~~

XVI

The Furnished Room

RESTLESS, SHIFTING, FUGACIOUS as time itself, is a certain vast bulk

of the population of the redbrick district of the lower West Side.

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Homeless, they have a hundred homes. They flit from furnished

room to furnished room, transients for ever - transients in abode,

transients in heart and mind. They sing 'Home Sweet Home' in

ragtime; they carry their lares et penates in a bandbox; their vine is

entwined about a picture hat; a rubber plant is their fig tree.

Hence the houses of this district, having had a thousand

dwellers, should have a thousand tales to tell, mostly dull ones, no

doubt; but it would be strange if there could not be found a ghost

or two in the wake of all these vagrant ghosts.

One evening after dark a young man prowled among these

crumbling red mansions, ringing their bells. At the twelfth he

rested his lean hand-baggage upon the step and wiped the dust

from his hat-band and forehead. The bell sounded faint and far

away in some remote, hollow depths.

To the door of this, the twelfth house whose bell he had rung,

came a housekeeper who made him think of an unwholesome, sur­

feited worm that had eaten its nut to a hollow shell and now

sought to fill the vacancy with edible lodgers.

He asked if there was a room to let.

'Come in,' said the housekeeper. Her voice came from her

throat; her throat seemed lined with fur. 'I have the third floor

back, vacant since a week back. Should you wish to look at it?'

The young man followed her up the stairs. A faint light from no

particular source mitigated the shadows of the halls. They trod

noiselessly upon a stair carpet that its own loom would have for­

sworn. It seemed to have become vegetable; to have degenerated

in that rank, sunless air to lush lichen or spreading moss that grew

in patches to the staircase and was viscid under the foot like

organic matter. At each turn of the stairs were vacant niches in the

wall. Perhaps plants had once been set within them. If so they had

died in that foul and tainted air. It may be that statues of the saints

had stood there, but it was not difficult to conceive that imps and

devils had dragged them forth in the darkness and down to the

unholy depths of some furnished pit below.

'This is the room,' said the housekeeper, from her furry throat.

'It's a nice room. It ain't often vacant. I had some most elegant

people in it last summer - no trouble at all, and paid in advance to

the minute. The water's at the end of the hall. Sprowls and

Mooney-kept it three months. They done a vaudeville sketch.

Miss B'retta Sprowls - you may have heard of her - Oh, that was

just the stage names - right there over the dresser is where the

marriage certificate hung, framed. The gas is here, and you see

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there is plenty of closet room. It's a room everybody likes. It never

stays idle long.'

'Do you have many theatrical people rooming here?' asked the

young man.

'They comes and goes. A good proportion of my lodgers is con­

nected with the theatres. Yes, sir, this is the theatrical district.

Actor people never stays long anywhere. I get my share. Yes, they

comes and they goes.'

He engaged the room, paying for a week in advance. He was

tired, he said, and would take possession at once. He counted out

the money. The room had been made ready, she said, even to

towels and water. As the housekeeper moved away he put, for the

thousandth time, the question that he carried at the end of his

tongue.

'A young girl - Miss Vashner - Miss Eloise Vashner - do you

remember such a one among your lodgers? She would be singing

on the stage, most likely. A fair girl, of medium height and slender,

with reddish gold hair and a dark mole near her left eyebrow.'

'No, I don't remember the name. Them stage people has names

they change as often as their rooms. They comes and they goes.

No, I don't call that one to mind.'

No. Always no. Five months of ceaseless interrogation and the

inevitable negative. So much time spent by day in questioning

managers, agents, schools and choruses; by night among the audi­

ences of theatres from all-star casts down to music-halls so low

that he dreaded to find what he most hoped for. He who had loved

her best had tried to find her. He was sure that since her disap­

pearance from home this great water-girt city held her some­

where, but it was like a monstrous quicksand, shifting its particles

constantly, with no foundation, its upper granules of to-day buried

to-morrow in ooze and slime.

The furnished room received its latest guest with a first glow of

pseudo-hospitality, a hectic, haggard, perfunctory welcome like

the specious smile of a demirep. The sophistical comfort came in

reflected gleams from the decayed furniture, the ragged brocade

upholstery of a couch and two chairs, a footwide cheap pier glass

between the two windows, from one or two gilt picture frames and

a brass bedstead in a corner.

The guest reclined, inert, upon a chair, while the room, con­

fused in speech as though it were an apartment in Babel, tried to

discourse to him of its divers tenantry.

A polychromatic rug like some brilliant-flowered, rectangular,

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tropical islet lay surrounded by a billowy sea of soiled matting.

Upon the gay-papered wall were those pictures that pursue the

homeless one from house to house - The Huguenot Lovers, The

First Quarrel, The Wedding Breakfast, Psyche at the Fountain.

The mantel's chastely severe outline was ingloriously veiled behind

some pert drapery drawn rakishly askew like the sashes of the Ama­

zonian ballet. Upon it was some desolate flotsam cast aside by the

room's marooned when a lucky sail had borne them to a fresh port

- a trifling vase or two, pictures of actresses, a medicine bottle,

some stray cards out of a deck.

One by one, as the characters of a cryptograph become explicit,

the little signs left by the furnished room's procession of guests

developed a significance. The threadbare space in the rug in front

of the dresser told that lovely woman had marched in the throng.

Tiny finger-prints on the wall spoke of little prisoners trying to

feel their way to sun and air. A splattered stain, raying like the

shadow of a bursting bomb, witnessed where a hurled glass or

bottle had splintered with its contents against the wall. Across the

pier glass had been scrawled with a diamond in staggering letters

the name 'Marie.' It seemed that the succession of dwellers in the

furnished room had turned in fury - perhaps tempted beyond for­

bearance by its garish coldness - and wreaked upon it their pas­

sions. The furniture was chipped and bruised; the couch, distorted

by bursting springs, seemed a horrible monster that had been slain

during the stress of some grotesque convulsion. Some more

potent upheaval had cloven a great slice from the marble mantel.

Each plank in the floor owned its particular cant and shriek as

from a separate and individual agony. It seemed incredible that all

this malice and injury had been wrought upon the room by those

who had called it for a time their home; and yet it may have been

the cheated home instinct surviving blindly, the resentful rage at

false household gods that had kindled their wrath. A hut that is

our own we can sweep and adorn and cherish.

The young tenant in the chair allowed these thoughts to file,

soft-shod, through his mind, while there drifted into the room

furnished sounds and furnished scents. He heard in one room a

tittering and incontinent, slack laughter; in others the monologue

of a scold, the rattling of dice, a lullaby, and one crying dully;

above him a banjo tinkled with spirit. Doors banged somewhere;

the elevated trains roared intermittently; a cat yowled miserably

upon a back fence. And he breathed the breath of the house - a

dank savour rather than a smell - a cold, musty effluvium as from

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underground vaults mingled with the reeking exhalations of

linoleum and mildewed and rotten woodwork.

Then, suddenly, as he rested there, the room was filled with the

strong, sweet odour of mignonette. It came as upon a single buffet

of wind with such sureness and fragrance and emphasis that it

almost seemed a living visitant. And the man cried aloud, 'What,

dear?' as if he had been called, and sprang up and faced about. The

rich odour clung to him and wrapped him about. He reached out

his arms for it, all his senses for the time confused and commin­

gled. How could one be peremptorily called by an odour? Surely it

must have been a sound. But, was it not the sound that had

touched, that had caressed him?

'She has been in this room,' he cried, and he sprang to wrest

from it a token, for he knew he would recognize the smallest thing

that had belonged to her or that she had touched. This enveloping

scent of mignonette, the odour that she had loved and made her

own - whence came it?

The room had been but carelessly set in order. Scattered upon

the flimsy dresser scarf were half a dozen hairpins - those discreet,

indistinguishable friends of womankind, feminine of gender, infi­

nite of mood and uncommunicative of tense. These he ignored,

conscious of their triumphant lack of identity. Ransacking the

drawers of the dresser he came upon a discarded, tiny, ragged

handkerchief. He pressed it to his face. It was racy and insolent

with heliotrope; he hurled it to the floor. In another drawer he

found odd buttons, a theatre programme, a pawnbroker's card,

two lost marshmallows, a book on the divination of dreams. In the

last was a woman's black satin hair-bow, which halted him, poised

between ice and fire. But the black satin hair-bow also is feminin­

ity's demure, impersonal, common ornament, and tells no tales.

And then he traversed the room like a hound on the scent,

skimming the walls, considering the corners of the bulging mat­

ting on his hands and knees, rummaging mantel and tables, the

curtains and hangings, the drunken cabinet in the corner, for a vis­

ible sign unable to perceive that she was there beside, around,

against, within, above him, clinging to him, wooing him, calling

him so poignantly through the finer senses that even his grosser

ones became cognizant of the call. Once again he answered loudly,

'Yes, dear!' and turned, wild-eyed, to gaze on vacancy, for he

could not yet discern form and colour and love and outstretched

arms in the odour of mignonette. Oh, God! whence that odour,

and since when have odours had a voice to call? Thus he groped.

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He burrowed in crevices and corners, and found corks and ciga­

rettes. These he passed in passive contempt. But once he found in

a fold of the matting a half-smoked cigar, and this he ground

beneath his heel with a green and trenchant oath. He sifted the

room from end to end. He found dreary and ignoble small records

of many a peripatetic tenant; but of her whom he sought, and who

may have lodged there, and whose spirit seemed to hover there, he

found no trace.

And then he thought of the housekeeper.

He ran from the haunted room downstairs and to a door that

showed a crack of light. She came out to his knock. He smothered

his excitement as best he could.

'Will you tell me, madam,' he besought her, 'who occupied the

room I have before I came?'

'Yes, sir. I can tell you again. 'Twas Sprowls and Mooney, as I

said. Miss B'retta Sprowls it was in the theatres, but Missis

Mooney she was. My house is well known for respectability. The

marriage certificate hung, framed, on a nail over - '

'What kind of a lady was Miss Sprowls - in looks, I mean?'

'Why, black-haired, sir, short and stout, with a comical face.

They left a week ago Tuesday.'

'And before they occupied it?'

'Why, there was a single gentleman connected with the draying

business. He left owing me a week. Before him was Missis Crowder

and her two children, that stayed four months; and back of them

was old Mr. Doyle, whose sons paid for him. He kept the room six

months. That goes back a year, sir, and further I do not remember.'

He thanked her and crept back to his room. The room was

dead. The essence that had vivified it was gone. The perfume of

mignonette had departed. In its place was the old, stale odour of

mouldy house furniture, of atmosphere in storage.

The ebbing of his hope drained his faith. He sat staring at the

yellow, singing gaslight. Soon he walked to the bed and began to

tear the sheets into strips. With the blade of his knife he drove

them tightly into every crevice around windows and door. When

all was snug and taut he turned out the light, turned the gas full on

again and laid himself gratefully upon the bed.

• • • • •

It was Mrs. McCool's night to go with the can for beer. So she

fetched it and sat with Mrs. Purdy in one of those subterranean

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retreats where housekeepers foregather and the worm dieth

seldom.

'I rented out my third floor back, this evening,' said Mrs. Purdy,

across a fine circle of foam. 'A young man took it. He went up to

bed two hours ago.

'Now, did ye, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am?' said Mrs. McCool, with

intense admiration. 'You do be a wonder for rentin' rooms of that

kind. And did ye tell him, then?' she concluded in a husky whisper,

laden with mystery.

'Rooms,' said Mrs. Purdy, in her furriest tones, 'are furnished

for to rent. I did not tell him, Mrs. McCool.'

' 'Tis right ye are, ma'am; 'tis by renting rooms we kape alive.

Ye have the rale sense for business, ma'am. There be many people

will rayjict the rentin' of a room if they be tould a suicide has been

after dyin' in the bed of it.'

'As you say, we has our living to be making,' remarked Mrs,

Purdy.

'Yis, ma'am; 'tis true. 'Tis just one wake ago this day I helped ye

lay out the third floor back. A pretty slip of a colleen she was to be

killin' herself wid the gas a swate little face she had, Mrs. Purdy,

ma'am.'

'She'd a-been called handsome, as you say,' said Mrs. Purdy,

assenting but critical, 'but for that mole she had a-growin' by her

left eyebrow. Do fill up your glass again, Mrs. McCool.'

~~XVII~~

~~The Brief Debut of Tildy~~

~~IF YOU DO NOT KNOW Bogle's Chop House and Family Restau­~~

~~rant it is your loss. For if you are one of the fortunate ones who~~

~~dine expensively you should be interested to know how the other~~

~~half consumes provisions. And if you belong to the half to whom~~

~~waiters' checks are things of moment, you should know Bogle's,~~

~~for there you get your money's worth - in quantity, at least.~~

~~Bogle's is situated in that highway of bourgeoisie, that boulevard~~

~~of Brown-Jones-and-Robinson, Eighth Avenue. There are two~~

~~rows of tables in the room, six in each row. On each table is a~~

~~castor-stand, containing cruets of condiments and seasons. From~~

~~the pepper cruet you may shake a cloud of something tasteless~~

~~and melancholy, like volcanic dust. From the salt cruet you may~~

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~~'A very sad one,' says he, laying the points of his manicured fin­~~

~~gers together. 'An utterly incorrigible girl. I am Special Terrestrial~~

~~Officer the Reverend Jones. The case was assigned to me. The girl~~

~~murdered her fiancé and committed suicide. She had no defence.~~

~~My report to the court relates the facts in detail, all of which are~~

~~substantiated by reliable witnesses. The wages of sin is death.~~

~~Praise the Lord.'~~

~~The court officer opened the door and stepped out.~~

~~'Poor girl,' said Special Terrestrial Officer the Reverend Jones,~~

~~with a tear in his eye. 'It was one of the saddest cases that I ever~~

~~met with. Of course she was - '~~

~~'Discharged,' said the court officer. 'Come here, Jonesy. First~~

~~thing you know you'll be switched to the pot-pie squad. How~~

~~would you like to be on the missionary force in the South Sea~~

~~Islands - hey? Now, you quit making these false arrests, or you'll~~

~~be transferred - see? The guilty party you've got to look for in this~~

~~case is a red-haired, unshaven, untidy man, sitting by the window~~

~~reading, in his stocking feet, while his children play in the streets.~~

~~Get a move on you.'~~

~~Now, wasn't that a silly dream?~~

XXXIII

The Last Leaf

IN A LITTLE DISTRICT west of Washington Square the streets have

run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called 'places.'

These 'places' make strange angles and curves. One street crosses

itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility

in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and

canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself

coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came

prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century

gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some

pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and

became a 'colony.'

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had

their studio. 'Johnsy' was familiar for Joanna. One was from

Maine, the other from California. They had met at the table

d'hôte of an Eighth Street 'Delmonico's,' and found their tastes in

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art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint

studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom

the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching

one here and there with his icy finger. Over on the East Side this

ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet

trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown

'places.'

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gen­

tleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by Californ­

ian zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed

old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on

her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch

window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with

a shaggy, grey eyebrow.

'She has one chance in - let us say, ten,' he said, as he shook

down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. 'And that chance is

for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up on the

side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopœia look silly.

Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get

well. Has she anything on her mind?'

'She - she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day,' said

Sue.

'Paint? - bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking

about twice - a man, for instance?'

'A man?' said Sue, with a jews'-harp twang in her voice. 'Is a

man worth - but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind.'

'Well, it is the weakness, then,' said the doctor. 'I will do all that

science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish.

But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her

funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power

of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new

winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five

chance for her, instead of one in ten.'

After the doctor had gone, Sue went into the workroom and

cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into

Johnsy's room with her drawing-board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with

her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she

was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to

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Illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting - counting backward.

'Twelve,' she said, and a little later, 'eleven'; and then 'ten,' and 'nine'; and then 'eight' and 'seven,' almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half-way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

'What is it, dear?' asked Sue.

'Six,' said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. 'They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now.'

'Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie.'

'Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?'

'Oh, I never heard of such nonsense,' complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. 'What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were - let's see exactly what he said - he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street-cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and porkchops for her greedy self.'

'You needn't get any more wine,' said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window.

'There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go too.'

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'Johnsy, dear,' said Sue, bending over her, 'will you promise me

to keep your eyes closed, and not look out of the window until I

am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I

need the light or I would draw the shade down.'

'Couldn't you draw in the other room?' asked Johnsy coldly.

'I'd rather be here by you,' said Sue. 'Besides, I don't want you

to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves.'

'Tell me as soon as you have finished,' said Johnsy, closing her

eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, 'because I want to

see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I

want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down,

down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves.'

'Try to sleep,' said Sue. 'I must call Behrman up to be my model

for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to

move till I come back.'

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor

beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses

beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an

imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the

brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mis­

tress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but

had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing

except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising.

He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in

the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank

gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the

rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in

anyone, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to

protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his

dimly-lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an

easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive

the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and

how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself,

float away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his

contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

'Vass!' he cried. 'Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness

to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not

heard of such a thing. No, I vill not bose as a model for your fool

hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in

der prain of her? Ach, dot poor little Miss Yohnsy.'

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'She is very ill arid weak,' said Sue, 'and the fever has left her

mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman,

if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are

a horrid old - old flibberti-gibbet.'

'You are just like a woman!' yelled Behrman. 'Who said I vill

not bose? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf peen

trying to say dot I am ready to bose. Gott! dis is not any blace in

which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill

baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go avay. Gott! yes.'

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the

shade down to the window-sill and motioned Behrman into the

other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the

ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without

speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow.

Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit-miner

on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she

found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green

shade.

'Pull it up! I want to see,' she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had

endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against

the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark

green near its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the

yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch

some twenty feet above the ground.

'It is the last one,' said Johnsy. 'I thought it would surely fall

during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall

die at the same time.'

'Dear, dear!' said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow;

'think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?'

But Johnsy did not answer. The lonesomest thing in all the

world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious,

far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as

one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were

loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could

see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then,

with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed,

while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down

from the low Dutch eaves.

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When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

'I've been a bad girl, Sudie,' said Johnsy. 'Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and - no; bring me a hand-mirror first; and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook.'

An hour later she said, 'Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples.'

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

'Even chances,' said the doctor, talking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. 'With good nursing, you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is -- some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital today to be made more comfortable.'

The next day the doctor said to Sue, 'She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now - that's all.'

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woollen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

'I have something to tell you, white mouse,' she said. 'Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs, helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colours mixed on it, and - look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece - he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell.

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~~Presently Thomas moved tentatively in his seat, and thoughtfully~~

~~felt an abrasion or two on his knees and elbows.~~

~~'Say, Annie,' said he confidentially, 'maybe it's one of the last~~

~~dreams of the booze, but I've a kind of a recollection of riding in an~~

~~automobile with a swell guy that took me to a house full of eagles~~

~~and arc lights. He fed me on biscuits and hot air, and then kicked~~

~~me down the front steps. If it was the d t's, why am I so sore?'~~

~~'Shut up, you fool,' said Annie.~~

~~'If I could find that funny guy's house,' said Thomas, in conclusion,~~

~~'I'd go up there some day and punch his nose for him.'~~

XLVII

The Poet and the Peasant

THE OTHER DAY a poet friend of mine, who has lived in close

communication with nature all his life, wrote a poem and took it

to an editor.

It was a living pastoral, full of the genuine breath of the fields,

the song of birds, and the pleasant chatter of trickling streams.

When the poet called again to see about it, with hopes of a

beefsteak dinner in his heart, it was handed back to him with the

comment:

'Too artificial.'

Several of us met over spaghetti and Dutchess County chianti,

and swallowed indignation with the slippery forkfuls.

And there we dug a pit for the editor. With us was Conant, a

well-arrived writer of fiction - a man who had trod on asphalt all

his life, and who had never looked upon bucolic scenes except with

sensations of disgust from the windows of express trains.

Conant wrote a poem and called it 'The Doe and the Brook.' It

was a fine specimen of the kind of work you would expect from a

poet who had strayed with Amaryllis only as far as the florist's

windows, and whose sole ornithological discussion had been car­

ried on with a waiter. Conant signed this poem, and we sent it to

the same editor.

But this has very little to do with the story.

Just as the editor was reading the first line of the poem, on the

next morning, a being stumbled off the West Shore ferryboat, and

loped slowly up Forty-second Street.

The invader was a young man with light blue eyes, a hanging

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lip, and hair the exact colour of the little orphan's (afterward dis­

covered to be the earl's daughter) in one of Mr. Blaney's plays. His

trousers were corduroy, his coat short-sleeved, with buttons in the

middle of his back. One bootleg was outside the corduroys. You

looked expectantly, though in vain, at his straw hat for ear-holes,

its shape inaugurating the suspicion that it had been ravaged from

a former equine possessor. In his hand was a valise - description of

it is an impossible task; a Boston man would not have carried his

lunch and law books to his office in it. And above one ear, in his

hair, was a wisp of hay - the rustic's letter of credit, his badge of

innocence, the last clinging touch of the Garden of Eden lingering

to shame the goldbrick men.

Knowingly, smilingly, the city crowds passed him by. They saw

the raw stranger stand in the gutter and stretch his neck at the tall

buildings. At this they ceased to smile, and even to look at him. It

had been done so often. A few glanced at the antique valise to see

what Coney 'attraction' or brand of chewing-gum he might be

thus dinning into his memory. But for the most part he was

ignored. Even the newsboys looked bored when he scampered like

a circus clown out of the way of cabs and street-cars.

At Eighth Avenue stood 'Bunco Harry,' with his dyed mous­

tache and shiny, good-natured eyes. Harry was too good an artist

not to be pained at the sight of an actor overdoing his part. He

edged up to the countryman, who had stopped to open his mouth

at a jewellery store window, and shook his head.

'Too thick, pal,' he said critically - 'too thick by a couple of

inches. I don't know what your lay is; but you've got the properties

on too thick. That hay, now - why, they don't even allow that on

Proctor's circuit any more.'

'I don't understand you, mister,' said the green one. 'I'm not

lookin' for any circus. I've just run down from Ulster County to

look at the town, bein' that the hayin's over with. Gosh! but it's a

whopper. I thought Poughkeepsie was some punkins; but this here

town is five times as big.'

'Oh, well,' said 'Bunco Harry,' raising his eyebrows, 'I didn't

mean to butt in. You don't have to tell. I thought you ought to

tone down a little, so I tried to put you wise. Wish you success at

your graft, whatever it is. Come and have a drink, anyhow.'

'I wouldn't mind having a glass of lager beer,' acknowledged the

other.

They went to a café frequented by men with smooth faces and

shifty eyes, and sat at their drinks.

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'I'm glad I come across you, mister,' said Haylocks. 'How'd you like to play a game or two of seven-up? I've got the keerds.'

He fished them out of Noah's valise - a rare, inimitable deck, greasy with bacon suppers and grimy with the soil of cornfields.

'Bunco Harry' laughed loud and briefly.

'Not for me, sport,' he said firmly. 'I don't go against that make-up of yours for a cent. But I still say you've overdone it. The Reubs haven't dressed like that since '79. I doubt if you could work Brooklyn for a key-winding watch with that lay-out.'

'Oh, you needn't think I ain't got the money,' boasted Haylocks. He drew forth a tightly rolled mass or bills as large as a teacup and laid it on the table.

'Got that for my share of grandmother's farm,' he announced. 'There's $950 in that roll. Thought I'd come into the city and look around for a likely business to go into.'

'Bunco Harry' took up the roll of money and looked at it with almost respect in his smiling eyes.

'I've seen worse,' he said critically. 'But you'll never do it in them clothes. You want to get light tan shoes and a black suit and a straw hat with a coloured band, and talk a good deal about Pittsburgh and freight differentials, and drink sherry for breakfast in order to work off phony stuff like that.'

'What's his line?' asked two or three shifty-eyed men of 'Bunco Harry' after Haylocks had gathered up his impugned money and departed.

'The queer, I guess,' said Harry. 'Or else he's one of Jerome's men. Or some guy with a new graft. He's too much hayseed. Maybe that his - I wonder now - oh no, it couldn't have been real money.'

Haylocks wandered on. Thirst probably assailed him again, for he dived into a dark groggery on a side-street and bought beer.

Several sinister fellows hung upon one end of the bar. At first sight of him their eyes brightened; but when his insistent and exaggerated rusticity became apparent, their expressions changed to wary suspicion.

Haylocks swung his valise across the bar.

'Keep that awhile for me, mister,' he said, chewing at the end of a virulent claybank cigar. 'I'll be back after I knock around a spell. And keep your eye on it, for there's $950 inside of it, though maybe you wouldn't think so to look at me.'

Somewhere outside a phonograph struck up a band piece, and Haylocks was off for it, his coat-tail buttons flopping in the middle of his back.

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‘Divvy? Mike,' said the men hanging upon the bar, winking openly at one another.

'Honest, now,' said the bartender, kicking the valise to one side. 'You don't think I'd fall to that, do you? Anybody can see he ain't no jay. One of McAdoo's come-on squad, I guess. He's a shine if he made himself up. There ain't no parts of the country now where they dress like that since they run rural free delivery to Providence, Rhode Island. If he's got nine-fifty in that valise it's a ninety-eight-cent Waterbury that's stopped at ten minutes to ten.'

When Haylocks had exhausted the resources of Mr. Edison to amuse, he returned for his valise. And then down Broadway he gallivanted, culling the sights with his eager blue eyes. But still and evermore Broadway rejected him with curt glances and sardonic smiles. He was the oldest of the 'gags' that the city must endure. He was so flagrantly impossible, so ultra-rustic, so exaggerated beyond the most freakish products of the barnyard, the hayfield and the vaudeville stage, that he excited only weariness and suspicion. And the wisp of hay in his hair was so genuine, so fresh and redolent of the meadows, so clamorously rural, that even a shell-game man would have put up his peas and folded his table at the sight of it.

Haylocks seated himself upon a flight of stone steps and once more exhumed his roll of yellow-backs from the valise. The outer one, a twenty, he shucked off and beckoned to a newsboy.

'Son,' said he, 'run somewhere and get this changed for me. I'm mighty nigh out of chicken feed; I guess you'll get a nickel if you'll hurry up.'

A hurt look appeared through the dirt on the newsy's face.

'Aw, watchert'ink! G'wan and get yer funny bill changed yerself. Dey ain't no farm clothes yer got on. G'wan wit yer stage money.'

On a corner lounged a keen-eyed steerer for a gambling house. He saw Haylocks, and his expression suddenly grew cold and virtuous.

'Mister,' said the rural one. 'I've heard of places in this here town where a fellow could have a good game of old sledge or peg a card at keno. I got $950 in this valise, and I come down from old Ulster to see the sights. Know where a fellow could get action on about $9 or $10? I'm goin' to have some sport, and then maybe I'll buy out a business of some kind.'

The steerer looked pained and investigated a white speck on his left forefinger nail.

'Cheese it, old man,' he murmured reproachfully. 'The Central

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Office must be bughouse to send you out looking like such a gillie.

You couldn't get within two blocks of a sidewalk crap game in

them Tony Pastor props. The recent Mr. Scotty from Death

Valley has got you beat a crosstown block in the way of Eliza­

bethan scenery and mechanical accessories. Let it be skiddoo for

yours. Nay, I know of no gilded halls where one may bet a patrol

wagon on the ace.'

Rebuffed again by the great city that is so swift to detect artifi­

cialities, Haylocks sat upon the kerb and presented his thoughts to

hold a conference.

'It's my clothes,' said he; 'durned if it ain't. They think I'm a

hayseed and won't have nothin' to do with me. Nobody never

made fun of this hat in Ulster County. I guess if you want folks to

notice you in New York you must dress up like they do.'

So Haylocks went shopping in the bazaars where men spake

through their noses and rubbed their hands and ran the tape line

ecstatically over the bulge in his inside pocket where reposed a red

nubbin of corn with an even number of rows. And messengers

bearing parcels and boxes streamed to his hotel on Broadway

within the lights of Long Acre.

At nine o'clock in the evening one descended to the sidewalk

whom Ulster County would have forsworn. Bright tan were his

shoes; his hat the latest block. His light grey trousers were deeply

creased; a gay blue silk handkerchief flapped from the breast

pocket of his elegant English walking-coat. His collar might have

graced a laundry window; his blond hair was trimmed close; the

wisp of hay was gone.

For an instant he stood, resplendent, with the leisurely air of a

boulevardier concocting in his mind the route for his evening

pleasures. And then he turned down the gay, bright street with the

easy and graceful tread of a millionaire.

But in the instant that he had paused the wisest and keenest eyes

in the city had enveloped him in their field of vision. A stout man

with grey eyes picked two of his friends with a lift of his eyebrows

from the row of loungers in front of the hotel.

'The juiciest jay I've seen in six months,' said the man with grey

eyes. 'Come along.'

It was half-past eleven when a man galloped into the West

Forty-seventh Street police-station with the story of his wrongs.

'Nine hundred and fifty dollars,' he gasped, 'all my share of

grandmother's farm.'

The desk sergeant wrung from him the name Jabez Bulltongue,

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of Locust Valley Farm, Ulster County, and then began to take

descriptions of the strong-arm gentlemen.

When Conant went to see the editor about the fate of his poem,

he was received over the head of the office boy into the inner

office that is decorated with the statuettes by Rodin and J. G.

Brown.

'When I read the first line of "The Doe and the Brook," ' said

the editor, 'I knew it to be the work of one whose life has been

heart to heart with nature. The finished art of the line did not

blind me to that fact. To use a somewhat homely comparison, it

was as if a wild, free child of the woods and fields were to don the

garb of fashion and walk down Broadway. Beneath the apparel the

man would show.'

'Thanks,' said Conant. 'I suppose the cheque will be round on

Thursday, as usual.'

The morals of this story have somehow gotten mixed. You can

take your choice of 'Stay on the Farm' or 'Don't write Poetry.'

~~XLVIII~~

~~The Thing's the Play~~

~~BEING ACQUAINTED WITH a newspaper reporter who had a couple~~

~~of free passes, I got to see the performance a few nights ago at one~~

~~of the popular vaudeville houses.~~

~~One of the numbers was a violin solo by a striking-looking man~~

~~not much past forty, but with very grey, thick hair. Not being~~

~~afflicted with a taste for music, I let the system of noises drift past~~

~~my ears while I regarded the man.~~

~~'There was a story about that chap a month or two ago,' said the~~

~~reporter. 'They gave me the assignment. It was to run a column~~

~~and was to be on the extremely light and joking order. The old~~

~~man seems to like the funny touch I give to local happenings. Oh~~

~~yes, I'm working on a farce comedy now. Well, I went down to the~~

~~house and got all the details; but I certainly fell down on that job. I~~

~~went back and turned in a comic write-up of an east side funeral~~

~~instead. Why? Oh, I couldn't seem to get hold of it with my funny~~

~~hooks, somehow. Maybe you could make a one-act tragedy out of~~

~~it for a curtain-raiser. I'll give you the details.'~~

~~After the performance my friend, the reporter, recited to me the~~

~~facts over the Würzburger.~~

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~~racking, petitionary music of a violin. The hag, music, bewitches~~

~~some of the noblest. The daws may peck upon one's sleeve with­~~

~~out in injury, but whoever wears his heart upon his tympanum~~

~~gets it not far from the neck.~~

~~This music and the musician called her, and at her side honour~~

~~and the old love held her back.~~

~~'Forgive me,' he pleaded.~~

~~'Twenty years is a long time to remain away from the one you~~

~~say you love,' she declared, with a purgatorial touch.~~

~~'How could I tell?' he begged. 'I will conceal nothing from you.~~

~~That night when he left I followed him. I was mad with jealousy.~~

~~On a dark street I struck him down. He did not rise. I examined~~

~~him. His head had struck a stone. I did not intend to kill him. I~~

~~was mad with love and jealousy. I hid near by and saw an ambu­~~

~~lance take him away. Although you married him, Helen - '~~

~~'Who are you?' cried the woman, with wide-open eyes, snatching~~

~~her hand away.~~

~~'Don't you remember me, Helen - the one who has always~~

~~loved you the best? I am John Delaney. If you can forgive - '~~

~~But she was gone, leaping, stumbling, hurrying, flying up the~~

~~stairs toward the music and him who had forgotten, but who had~~

~~known her for his in each of his two existences, and as she climbed~~

~~up she sobbed, cried and sang: 'Frank! Frank! Frank!'~~

~~Three mortals thus juggling with years as though they were bil­~~

~~liard balls, and my friend, the reporter, couldn't see anything~~

~~funny in it!~~

XL1X

A Ramble in Aphasia

MY WIFE AND I PARTED on that morning in precisely our usual

manner. She left her second cup of tea to follow me to the front

door. There she plucked from my lapel the invisible strand of lint

(the universal act of woman to proclaim ownership) and bade me

take care of my cold. I had no cold. Next came her kiss of parting

- the level kiss of domesticity flavoured with Young Hyson. There

was no fear of the extemporaneous, of variety spicing her infinite

custom. With the deft touch of long malpractice, she dabbed awry

my well-set scarf-pin; and then, as I closed the door, I heard her

morning slippers pattering back to her cooling tea.

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When I set out I had no thought or premonition of what was to

occur. The attack came suddenly.

For many weeks I had been toiling, almost night and day, at a

famous railroad law case that I won triumphantly but a few days

previously. In fact, I had been digging away at the law almost

without cessation for many years. Once or twice good Doctor

Volney, my friend and physician, had warned me.

'If you don't slacken up, Bellford,' he said, 'you'll go suddenly to

pieces. Either your nerves or your brain will give way. Tell me,

does a week pass in which you do not read in the papers of a case

of aphasia - of some man lost, wandering nameless, with his past

and his identity blotted out - and all from that little brain-clot

made by overwork or worry?'

'I always thought,' said I, 'that the clot in those instances was

really to be found on the brains of the newspaper reporters.'

Dr. Volney shook his head.

'The disease exists,' he said. 'You need a change or a rest.

Court-room, office and home - there is the only route you travel.

For recreation you - read law books. Better take warning in time.'

'On Thursday nights,' I said defensively, 'my wife and I play

cribbage. On Sundays she reads to me the weekly letter from her

mother. That law books are not a recreation remains yet to be

established.'

That morning as I walked I was thinking of Doctor Volney's

words. I was feeling as well as I usually did - possibly in better

spirits than usual.

I awoke with stiff and cramped muscles from having slept long

on the incommodious seat of a day coach. I leaned my head

against the seat and tried to think. After a long time I said to

myself: 'I must have a name of some sort.' I searched my pockets.

Not a card; not a letter; not a paper or monogram could I find.

But I found in my coat pocket nearly $3,000 in bills of large

denomination. 'I must be someone, of course,' I repeated to

myself, and began again to consider.

The car was well crowded with men, among whom I told myself,

there must have been some common interest, for they intermingled

freely, and seemed in the best good-humour and spirits. One of

them - a stout, spectacled gentleman enveloped in a decided odour

of cinnamon and aloes - took the vacant half of my seat with a

friendly nod, and unfolded a newspaper. In the intervals between

his periods of reading, we conversed, as travellers will, on current

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Affairs. I found myself able to sustain the conversation on such subjects with credit, at least to my memory. By and by my companion said:

'You are one of us, of course. Fine lot of men the West sends in this time. I'm glad they held the convention in New York; I've never been East before. My name's R. P. Bolder - Bolder & Son, of Hickory Grove, Missouri.'

Though unprepared, I rose to the emergency, as men will when put to it. Now must I hold a christening, and be at once babe, parson and parent. My senses came to the rescue of my slower brain. The insistent odour of drugs from my companion supplied one idea; a glance at his newspaper, where my eye met a conspicuous advertisement, assisted me further.

'My name,' said I glibly, 'is Edward Pinkhammer. I am a druggist, and my home is in Cornopolis, Kansas.'

'I knew you were a druggist,' said my fellow-traveller affably. 'I saw the callous spot on your right forefinger where the handle of the pestle rubs. Of course, you are a delegate to our National Convention.'

'Are all these men druggists?' I asked wonderingly.

'They are. This car came through from the West. And they're your old-time druggists, too - none of your patent tablet-and-granule pharmashootists that use slot machines instead of a prescription desk. We percolate our own paregoric and roll our own pills, and we ain't above handling a few garden seeds in the spring, and carrying a sideline of confectionery and shoes. I tell you, Hampinker, I've got an idea to spring on this convention - new ideas is what they want. Now, you know the shelf bottles of tartar emetic and Rochelle salt Ant. et Pot. Tart. and Sod. et Pot. Tart. - one's poison, you know, and the other's harmless. It's easy to mistake one label for the other. Where do druggists mostly keep 'em? Why, as far apart as possible, on different shelves. That's wrong. I say keep 'em side by side so when you want one you can always compare it with the other and avoid mistakes. Do you catch the idea?'

'It seems to me a very good one,' I said.

'All right! When I spring it on the convention you back it up. We'll make some of these Eastern orange-phosphate-and-massage-cream professors that think they're the only lozenges in the market look like hypodermic tablets.'

'If I can be of any aid,' I said, warming, 'the two bottles of - er - '

'Tartrate of antimony and potash, and tartrate of soda and potash.'

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'Shall henceforth sit side by side,' I concluded firmly.

'Now, there's another thing,' said Mr. Bolder. 'For an excipient

in manipulating a pill mass which do you prefer - the magnesia

carbonate or the pulverized glycerrhiza radix?'

'The - er - magnesia,' I said. It was easier to say than the other

word.

Mr. Bolder glanced at me distrustfully through his spectacles.

'Give me the glycerrhiza,' said he. 'Magnesia cakes.'

'Here's another one of these fake aphasia cases,' he said,

presently, handing me his newspaper, and laying his finger upon

an article. 'I don't believe in 'em. I put nine out of ten of 'em

down as frauds. A man gets sick of his business and his folks and

wants to have a good time. He skips out somewhere, and when

they find him he pretends to have lost his memory - don't know

his own name, and won't even recognize the strawberry mark on

his wife's left shoulder. Aphasia! Tut! Why can't they stay at home

and forget?'

I took the paper and read, after the pungent headlines, the fol­

lowing:

'DENVER, June 12. - Elwyn C. Bellford, a prominent lawyer, is mysteri­

ously missing from his home since three days ago, and all efforts to locate him

have been in vain. Mr. Bellford is a well-known citizen of the highest stand­

ing, and has enjoyed a large and lucrative law practice. He is married and

owns a fine home and the most extensive private library in the State. On the

day of his disappearance, he drew quite a large sum of money from his bank.

No one can be found who saw him after he left the bank. Mr. Bellford was a

man of singularly quiet and domestic tastes, and seemed to find his happiness

in his home and profession. If any clue at all exists to his strange disappear­

ance, it may be found in the fact that for some months he had been deeply

absorbed in an important law case in connection with the Q. Y. and Z. Rail­

road Company. It is feared that overwork may have affected his mind. Every

effort is being made to discover the whereabouts of the missing man.'

'It seems to me you are not altogether uncynical Mr. Bolder,' I

said, after I had read the despatch. 'This has the sound, to me, of a

genuine case. Why should this man, prosperous, happily married

and respected, choose suddenly to abandon everything? I know that

these lapses of memory do occur, and that men do find themselves

adrift without a name, a history or a home.'

'Oh, gammon and jalap!' said Mr. Bolder. 'It's larks they're

after. There's too much education nowadays. Men know about

aphasia, and they use it for an excuse. The women are wise, too.

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When it's all over they look you in the eye, as scientific as you

please, and say: "He hypnotized me." '

Thus Mr. Bolder diverted, but did not aid me with his com­

ments and philosophy.

We arrived in New York about ten at night. I rode in a cab to

an hotel, and I wrote my name 'Edward Pinkhammer' in the regis­

ter. As I did so I felt pervade me a splendid, wild, intoxicating

buoyancy - a sense of unlimited freedom, of newly attained possi­

bilities. I was just born into the world. The old fetters - whatever

they had been - were stricken from my hands and feet. The future

lay before me a clear road such as an infant enters, and I could set

out upon it equipped with a man's learning and experience.

I thought the hotel clerk looked at me five seconds too long. I

had no baggage.

'The Druggists' Convention,' I said. 'My trunk has somehow

failed to arrive.' I drew out a roll of money.

'Ah!' said he, showing an auriferous tooth, 'we have quite a

number of the Western delegates stopping here.' He struck a bell

for the boy.

I endeavoured to give colour to my rôle.

'There is an important movement on foot among us Western­

ers,' I said, 'in regard to a recommendation to the convention that

the bottles containing the tartrate of antimony and potash, and the

tartrate of sodium and potash, be kept in a contiguous position on

the shelf.'

'Gentleman to three-fourteen,' said the clerk hastily. I was

whisked away to my room.

The next day I bought a trunk and clothing, and began to live

the life of Edward Pinkhammer. I did not tax my brain with

endeavours to solve problems of the past.

It was a piquant and sparkling cup that the great island city held

up to my lips. I drank of it gratefully. The keys of Manhattan

belong to him who is able to bear them. You must be either the

city's guest or its victim.

The following few days were as gold and silver. Edward

Pinkhammer, yet counting back to his birth by hours only, knew

the rare joy of having come upon so diverting a world full-fledged

and unrestrained. I sat entranced on the magic carpets provided in

theatres and roof-gardens, that transported one into strange and

delightful lands full of frolicsome music, pretty girls and

grotesque, drolly extravagant parodies upon humankind. I went

here and there at my own dear will, bound by no limits of space,

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time or comportment. I dined in weird cabarets, at weirder tables

d'hôte to the sound of Hungarian music and the wild shouts of

mercurial artists and sculptors. Or, again, where the night life

quivers in the electric glare like a kinetoscopic picture, and the

millinery of the world, and its jewels, and the ones whom they

adorn, and the men who make all three possible are met for good

cheer and the spectacular effect. And among all these scenes that I

have mentioned I learned one thing that I never knew before. And

that is that the key to liberty is not in the hands of Licence, but

Convention holds it. Comity has a toll-gate at which you must

pay, or you may not enter the land of Freedom. In all the glitter,

the seeming disorder, the parade, the abandon, I saw this law,

unobtrusive, yet like iron, prevail. Therefore, in Manhattan you

must obey these unwritten laws, and then you will be freest of the

free. If you decline to be bound by them, you put on shackles.

Sometimes, as my mood urged me, I would seek the stately,

softly murmuring palm-rooms, redolent with high-born life and

delicate restraint, in which to dine. Again I would go down to the

waterways in steamers packed with vociferous, bedecked,

unchecked, love-making clerks and shop-girls to their crude plea­

sures on the island shores. And there was always Broadway - glis­

tening, opulent, wily, varying, desirable Broadway - growing upon

one like an opium habit.

One afternoon as I entered my hotel a stout man with a big nose

and a black moustache blocked my way in the corridor. When I

would have passed around him, he greeted me with offensive

familiarity.

'Hallo, Bellford!' he cried loudly. 'What the deuce are you

doing in New York? Didn't know anything could drag you away

from that old book den of yours. Is Mrs. B. along or is this a little

business run alone, eh?'

'You have made a mistake, sir,' I said coldly, releasing my hand

from his grasp. 'My name is Pinkhammer. You will excuse me.'

The man dropped to one side, apparently astonished. As I

walked to the clerk's desk I heard him call to a bell-boy and say

something about telegraph blanks.

'You will give me my bill,' I said to the clerk, 'and have my bag­

gage brought down in half an hour. I do not care to remain where

I am annoyed by confidence men.'

I moved that afternoon to another hotel, a sedate, old-fashioned

one on lower Fifth Avenue.

There was a restaurant a little way off Broadway where one

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could be served almost alfresco in a tropic array of screening flora.

Quiet and luxury and a perfect service made it an ideal place in

which to take luncheon or refreshment. One afternoon I was there

picking my way to a table among the ferns when I felt my sleeve

caught.

'Mr. Bellford!' exclaimed an amazingly sweet voice.

I turned quickly to see a lady seated alone - a lady of about

thirty, with exceedingly handsome eyes, who looked at me as

though I had been her very dear friend.

'You were about to pass me,' she said accusingly. 'Don't tell me

you did not know me. Why should we not shake hands - at least

once in fifteen years?'

I shook hands with her at once. I took a chair opposite her at

the table. I summoned with my eyebrows a hovering waiter. The

lady was philandering with an orange ice. I ordered a crème de

menthe. Her hair was reddish bronze. You could not look at it,

because you could not look away from her eyes. But you were con­

scious of it as you are conscious of sunset while you look into the

profundities of a wood at twilight.

'Are you sure you know me?' I asked.

'No,' she said, smiling, 'I was never sure of that.'

'What would you think,' I said, a little anxiously, 'if I were to

tell you that my name is Edward Pinkhammer, from Cornopolis,

Kansas.'

'What would I think?' she repeated, with a merry glance. 'Why,

that you had not brought Mrs. Bellford to New York with you, of

course. I do wish you had. I would have liked to see Marian.' Her

voice lowered slightly - 'You haven't changed much, Elwyn.'

I felt her wonderful eyes searching mine and my face more

closely.

'Yes, you have,' she amended, and there was a soft, exultant note

in her latest tones; 'I see it now. You haven't forgotten. You

haven't forgotten for a year or a day or an hour. I told you you

never could.'

I poked my straw anxiously in the crème de menthe.

'I'm sure I beg your pardon,' I said, a little uneasy at her gaze.

'But that is just the trouble. I have forgotten. I've forgotten

everything.'

She flouted my denial. She laughed deliciously at something she

seemed to see in my face.

'I've heard of you at times,' she went on. 'You're quite a big

lawyer out West - Denver, isn't it, or Los Angeles? Marian must

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be very proud of you. You knew, I suppose, that I married six

months after you did. You may have seen it in the papers. The

flowers alone cost two thousand dollars.'

She had mentioned fifteen years. Fifteen years is a long time.

'Would it be too late,' I asked somewhat timorously, 'to offer

you congratulations?'

'Not if you dare do it,' she answered, with such fine intrepidity

that I was silent, and began to crease patterns on the cloth with my

thumb-nail.

'Tell me one thing,' she said, leaning toward me rather eagerly 'a

thing I have wanted to know for many years - just from a

woman's curiosity, of course - have you ever dared since that

night to touch, smell or look at white roses -

at white roses wet

with rain and dew?'

I took a sip of crème de menthe.

'It would be useless, I suppose,' I said, with a sigh, 'for me

to repeat that I have no recollection at all about these things.

My memory is completely at fault. I need not say how much I

regret it.'

The lady rested her arms upon the table, and again her eyes dis­

dained my words and went travelling by their own route direct to

my soul. She laughed softly, with a strange quality in the sound

it was a laugh of happiness yes, and of content -

and of misery. I

tried to look away from her.

'You lie, Elwyn Bellford,' she breathed blissfully. 'Oh, I know

you lie!'

I gazed dully into the ferns.

'My name is Edward Pinkhammer,' I said. 'I came with the del­

egates to the Druggists' National Convention. There is a move­

ment on foot for arranging a new position for the bottles of

tartrate of antimony and tartrate of potash, in which, very likely,

you would take little interest.'

A shining landau stopped before the entrance. The lady rose. I

took her hand, and bowed.

'I am deeply sorry,' I said to her, 'that I cannot remember. I

could explain, but fear you would not understand. You will not

concede Pinkhammer; and I really cannot at all conceive of

the roses and other things.'

'Good-bye, Mr. Bellford,' she said, with her happy, sorrowful

smile, as she stepped into her carriage.

I attended the theatre that night. When I returned to my hotel,

a quiet man in dark clothes, who seemed interested in rubbing his

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finger-nails with a silk handkerchief, appeared, magically, at my

side.

'Mr. Pinkhammer,' he said casually, giving the bulk of his atten­

tion to his forefinger, 'may I request you to step aside with me for

a little conversation? There is a room here.'

'Certainly,' I answered.

He conducted me into a small, private parlour. A lady and a

gentleman were there. The lady, I surmised, would have been

unusually good-looking had her features not been clouded by an

expression of keen worry and fatigue. She was of a style of figure

and possessed colouring and features that were agreeable to my

fancy. She was in a travelling-dress; she fixed upon me an earnest

look of extreme anxiety, and pressed an unsteady hand to her

bosom. I think she would have started forward, but the gentleman

arrested her movement with an authoritative motion of his hand.

He then came, himself, to meet me. He was a man of forty, a little

grey about the temples, and with a strong, thoughtful face.

'Bellford, old man,' he said cordially, 'I'm glad to see you again.

Of course we know everything is all right. I warned you, you

know, that you were overdoing it. Now, you'll go back with us,

and be yourself again in no time.'

I smiled ironically.

'I have been "Bellforded" so often,' I said, 'that it has lost its

edge. Still, in the end, it may grow wearisome. Would you be will­

ing at all to entertain the hypothesis that my name is Edward

Pinkhammer, and that I never saw you before in my life?'

Before the man could reply a wailing cry came from the woman.

She sprang past his detaining arm. 'Elwyn!' she sobbed, and cast

herself upon me, and clung tight. 'Elwyn,' she cried again, 'don't

break my heart. I am your wife - call my name once - just once! I

could see you dead rather than this way.'

I unwound her arms respectfully, but firmly.

'Madam,' I said severely, 'pardon me if I suggest that you

accept a resemblance too precipitately. It is a pity,' I went on,

with an amused laugh, as the thought occurred to me, 'that this

Bellford and I could not be kept side by side upon the same shelf

like tartrates of sodium and antimony for purposes of identifica­

tion. In order to understand the allusion,' I concluded airily, 'it

may be necessary for you to keep an eye on the proceedings of

the Druggists' National Convention.'

The lady turned to her companion, and grasped his arm.

'What is it, Doctor Volney? Oh, what is it?' she moaned.

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He led her to the door.

'Go to your room for awhile,' I heard him say. 'I will remain

and talk with him. His mind? No, I think not - only a portion of

the brain. Yes, I am sure he will recover. Go to your room and

leave me with him.'

The lady disappeared. The man in dark clothes also went out­

side, still manicuring himself in a thoughtful way. I think he

waited in the hall.

'I would like to talk with you a while, Mr. Pinkhammer, if I

may,' said the gentleman who remained.

'Very well, if you care to,' I replied, 'and will excuse me if I take

it comfortably; I am rather tired.' I stretched myself upon a couch

by a window and lit a cigar. He drew a chair near by.

'Let us speak to the point,' he said soothingly. 'Your name is not

Pinkhammer.'

'I know that as well as you do,' I said coolly. 'But a man must

have a name of some sort. I can assure you that I do not extrava­

gantly admire the name of Pinkhammer. But when one christens

one's self, suddenly the fine names do not seem to suggest them­

selves. But suppose it had been Scheringhausen or Scroggins! I

think I did very well with Pinkhammer.'

'Your name,' said the other man seriously, 'is Elwyn C. Bellford.

You are one of the first lawyers in Denver. You are suffering from

an attack of aphasia, which has caused you to forget your identity.

The cause of it was over-application to your profession, and, per­

haps, a life too bare of natural recreation and pleasures. The lady

who has just left the room is your wife.'

'She is what I would call a fine-looking woman,' I said, after a

judicial pause. 'I particularly admire the shade of brown in her

hair.'

'She is a wife to be proud of. Since your disappearance, nearly

two weeks ago, she has scarcely closed her eyes. We learned that

you were in New York through a telegram sent by Isidore

Newman, a travelling man from Denver. He said that he had met

you in an hotel here, and that you did not recognize him.'

'I think I remember the occasion,' I said. 'The fellow called me

"Bellford," if I am not mistaken. But don't you think it about time,

now, for you to introduce yourself?'

'I am Robert Volney - Doctor Volney. I have been your close

friend for twenty years, and your physician for fifteen. I came with

Mrs. Bellford to trace you as soon as we got the telegram. Try,

Elwyn, old man - try to remember!'

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'What's the use to try!' I asked, with a little frown. 'You say you

are a physician. Is aphasia curable? When a man loses his memory,

does it return slowly, or suddenly?'

'Sometimes gradually and imperfectly; sometimes as suddenly as

it went.'

'Will you undertake the treatment of my case, Doctor Volney?'

I asked.

'Old friend,' said he, 'I'll do everything in my power, and will

have done everything that science can do to cure you.'

'Very well,' said I. 'Then you will consider that I am your patient.

Everything is in confidence now - professional confidence.'

'Of course,' said Doctor Volney.

I got up from the couch. Someone had set a vase of white roses

on the centre table - a cluster of white roses freshly sprinkled and

fragrant. I threw them far out of the window, and then I laid

myself upon the couch again.

'It will be best, Bobby,' I said, 'to have this cure happen sud­

denly. I'm rather tired of it all, anyway. You may go now and

bring Marian in. But, oh, Doc,' I said, with a sigh, as I kicked him

on the shin - 'good old Doc - it was glorious!'

L

A Municipal Report

The cities are full of pride,

Challenging each to each

This from her mountainside,

That from her burthened beach.

R. KIPLING.

Fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee!

There are just three big cities in the United States that are 'story cities' - New

York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco. - FRANK

NORRIS.

EAST IS EAST, and West is San Francisco, according to Californi­

ans. Californians are a race of people; they are not merely inhabi­

tants of a State. They are the Southerners of the West. Now,

Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city; but when you ask them

why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows

Building. But Californians go into detail.

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Of course they have, in the climate, an argument that is good

for half an hour while you are thinking of your coal bills and heavy

underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for

conviction, madness comes upon them, and they picture the city

of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad of the New World. So far, as a

matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all

(from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his

finger on the map and say: 'In this town there can be no romance

- what could happen here?' Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to

challenge in one sentence history, romance, and Rand and

McNally.

NASHVILLE. - A city, port of delivery, and the capital of the State of Ten­

nessee, is on the Cumberland River and on the N.C. & St. L. and the L. & N.

railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational centre in the

South.

I stepped off the train at 8 p.m. Having searched the thesaurus in

vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, hie me to comparison

in the form of a recipe.

Take of London fog 30 parts; malaria 10 parts; gas leaks 20

parts; dewdrops, gathered in a brickyard at sunrise, 25 parts; odour

of honeysuckle 15 parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a

Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a moth-ball nor as thick

as pea-soup; but 'tis enough - 'twill serve.

I went to an hotel in a tumbril. It required strong self-suppres­

sion for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an

imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a

bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

I was sleepy and tired, so when I got to the hotel I hurriedly

paid it the fifty cents it demanded (with approximate lagniappe, I

assure you). I knew its habits; and I did not want to hear it prate

about its old 'marster' or anything that happened 'befo' de wah.'

The hotel was one of the kind described as 'renovated.' That

means $20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights

and brass cuspidors in the lobby, and a new L. & N. time table

and a lithograph of Lookout Mountain in each one of the great

rooms above. The management was without reproach, the atten­

tion full of exquisite Southern courtesy, the service as slow as the

progress of a snail and as good-humoured as Rip Van Winkle.

The food was worth travelling a thousand miles for. There is no

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other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken livers en

brochette.

At dinner I asked a negro waiter if there was anything doing in

town. He pondered gravely for a minute, and then replied:

'Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doin'

after sundown.'

Sundown had been accomplished; it had been drowned in the

drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went

forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds; and the streets are lighted by electricity at

a cost of $32,470 per annum.

As I left the hotel there was a race riot. Down upon me charged

a company of freedmen, or Arabs, or Zulus, armed with - no, I

saw with relief that they were not rifles, but whips. And I saw

dimly a caravan of black, clumsy vehicles; and at the reassuring

shouts, 'Kyar you anywhere in the town, boss, fuh fifty cents,' I

reasoned that I was merely a 'fare' instead of a victim.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how

those streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn't until they

were 'graded.' On a few of the 'main streets' I saw lights in stores

here and there; saw street-cars go by conveying worthy burghers

hither and yon; saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation,

and heard a burst of semi-lively laughter issuing from a soda-water

and ice-cream parlour. The streets other than 'main' seemed to

have enticed upon their borders houses consecrated to peace and

domesticity. In many of them lights shone behind discreetly drawn

window shades; in a few pianos tinkled orderly and irreproachable

music. There was, indeed, little 'doing.' I wished I had come before

sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced against

Nashville, where he shut up a National force under General Thomas. The

latter then sallied forth and defeated the confederates in a terrible conflict.

All my life I have heard of, admired, and witnessed the fine

marksmanship of the South in its peaceful conflicts in the tobacco-chewing

regions.

But in my hotel a surprise awaited me.

There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in

the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide-mouthed

that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should

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have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces dis­

tant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging,

the enemy had not suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious,

untouched, they stood. But shades of Jefferson Brick! the tile

floor - the beautiful tile floor! I could not avoid thinking of the

battle of Nashville, and trying to draw, as is my foolish habit,

some deductions about hereditary markmanship.

Here I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth

Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from

the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend,

A. Tennyson, said, as he so well said almost everything:

'Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,

And curse me the British vermin, the rat.'

Let us regard the word 'British' as interchangeable ad lib. A rat

is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog

that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of

great acreage, red, pulpy, and with a kind of sleepy massiveness

like that of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue - he was very

smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a

man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not

used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the

criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addi­

tion of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when

Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough

to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of

squirrel rifles; so I side-stepped so promptly that the major seized

the opportunity to apologize to a non-combatant. He had the

blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had

dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a Southerner. But I am not

one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat,

the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by

Sherman, and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays Dixie I do

not cheer. I slide a little lower on the leather-cornered seat and,

well, order another Würzburger and wish that Longstreet had but

what's

the

use?

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist, and the first gun at

Fort Sumter re-echoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox

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I began to hope. But then he began on family trees, and demon­

strated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of

the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of, he took up, to my dis­

taste, his private family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her

descent back to Eve, and profanely denied any possible rumour

that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by

noise the fact that he had ordered the drinks, on the chance that I

would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were

down he crashed a silver dollar loudly upon the bar. Then, of

course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for

that I took leave of him brusquely; for I wanted no more of him.

But before I had obtained my release he had prated loudly of an

income that his wife received, and showed a handful of silver

money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously:

'If that man Caswell has annoyed you, and if you would like to

make a complaint, we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a

loafer, and without any known means of support, although he

seems to have some money most the time. But we don't seem to

be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally.'

'Why, no,' said I, after some reflection; 'I don't see my way

clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on

record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town,'

I continued, 'seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertain­

ment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger

within your gates?'

'Well, sir,' said the clerk, 'there will be a show here next Thurs­

day. It is - I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to

your room with the ice water. Good night.'

After I went up to my room I looked out of the window. It was

only about ten o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The driz­

zle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as currants in

a cake sold at the Ladies' Exchange.

'A quiet place,' I said to myself, as my first shoe struck the ceil­

ing of the occupant of the room beneath mine. 'Nothing of the

life here that gives colour and variety to the cities in the East and

West. Just a good, ordinary, humdrum business town.'

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centres of the

country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest

candy and cracker manufacturing city in the South, and does an enormous

wholesale dry goods, grocery and drug business.

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I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and assure you

the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I

was travelling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a com­

mission from a Northern literary magazine to stop over there and

establish a personal connection between the publication and one

of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clue to the personality except the handwrit­

ing) had sent in some essays (lost art!) and poems that had made

the editors swear approvingly over their one o'clock luncheon. So

they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by

contract his or her output at two cents a word before some other

publisher offered her ten or twenty.

At nine o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers en bro­

chette (try them if you can find that hotel), I strayed out into the

drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner

I came upon Uncle Cæsar. He was a stalwart negro, older than the

pyramids, with grey wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus,

and a second afterwards of the late King Cetewayo. He wore the

most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expect to see. It

reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate grey in

colours. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's

coat, beside it, would have faded to a pale monochrome. I must

linger with that coat for it has to do with the story - the story that

is so long in coming, because you can hardly expect anything to

happen in Nashville.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape

of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and

tasselled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone.

In their stead had been patiently stitched (I surmised by some sur­

viving 'black mammy') new frogs made of cunningly twisted

common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and dishevelled. It

must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished

splendours, with tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed

faithfully the curves of the long-missing frogs. And, to complete

the comedy and pathos of the garment, all its buttons were gone

save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The

coat was fastened by other twine strings tied through the button­

holes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There

was never such a weird garment so fantastically bedecked and of so

many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half-dollar,

made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might

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have started a hack line with it after he left the ark with the two

animals hitched to it. As I approached he threw open the door,

drew out a leather duster, waved it, without using it, and said in

deep, rumbling tones:

'Step right in, suh; ain't a speck of dust in it - jus' back from a

funeral, suh.'

I inferred that on such gala occasions carriages were given an

extra cleaning. I looked up and down the street and perceived that

there was little choice among the vehicles for hire that lined the

kerb. I looked in my memorandum book for the address of Azalea

Adair.

'I want to go to 861 Jessamine Street,' I said, and was about to

step into the hack. But for an instant the thick, long, gorilla-like

arm of the old negro barred me. On his massive and saturnine face

a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment.

Then, with quickly returning conviction, he asked blandishingly:

'What are you gwine there for, boss?'

'What is that to you?' I asked a little sharply.

'Nothin', suh, jus' nothin'. Only it's a lonesome kind of part of

town and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The

seats is clean - jes' got back from a funeral, suh.'

A mile and a half it must have been to our journey's end. I could

hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the

uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the drizzle, now

further flavoured with coal smoke and something like a mixture of

tar and oleander blossoms. All I could see through the streaming

windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of 10 square miles; 181 miles of streets, of which 137

miles are paved; a system of waterworks that cost $2,000,000, with 77 miles of

mains.

Eight-sixty-one Jessamine Street was a decayed mansion. Thirty

yards back from the street it stood, outmerged in a splendid grove

of trees and untrimmed shrubbery. A row of box bushes over­

flowed and almost hid the paling fence from sight; the gate was

kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate-post and the

first paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that 861

was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence.

But in the story, I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary

quadrupeds came to a rest I handed my jehu his fifty cents with an

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additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity as I did

so. He refused it.

'It's two dollars, suh,' he said.

'How's that?' I asked. 'I plainly heard you call out at the hotel:

"Fifty cents to any part of the town." '

'It's two dollars, suh,' he repeated obstinately. 'It's a long ways

from the hotel.'

'It is within the city limits and well within them,' I argued.

'Don't think that you have picked up a greenhorn Yankee. Do you

see those hills over there?' I went on, pointing toward the east (I

could not see them, myself, for the drizzle); 'well, I was born and

raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell

people from other people when you see em?'

The grim face of King Cetewayo softened. 'Is you from the

South, suh? I reckon it was them shoes of yourn fooled me. There

is somethin' sharp in the toes for a Southern gen'l'man to wear.'

'Then the charge is fifty cents, I suppose?' said I inexorably.

His former expression, a mingling of cupidity and hostility,

returned, remained ten minutes, and vanished.

'Boss,' he said, 'fifty cents is right; but I needs two dollars, suh;

I'm obleeged to have two dollars. I ain't demandin' it now, suh;

after I knows whar you's from; I'm jus' sayin' that I has to have

two dollars to-night, and business is mighty po'.'

Peace and confidence settled upon his heavy features. He had

been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having picked up a

greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance.

'You confounded old rascal,' I said, reaching down into my

pocket, 'you ought to be turned over to the police.'

For the first time I saw him smile. He knew; he knew; HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed

that one of them had seen parlous times. Its upper right-hand

corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle

but joined again. A strip of blue tissue-paper, pasted over the split,

preserved its negotiability.

Enough of the African bandit for the present: I left him happy,

lifted the rope and opened the creaky gate.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint-brush had not touched

it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not

have bowled it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the

trees that hugged it close - the trees that saw the battle of

Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it

against storm and enemy and cold.

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Azalea Adair, fifty years old, white-haired, a descendant of the

cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the

cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a

queen's, received me.

The reception-room seemed a mile square, because there was

nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted, white-pine

bookshelves, a cracked, marble-top table, a rag rug, a hairless horse­

hair sofa and two or three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall,

a coloured crayon drawing of a cluster of pansies. I looked around

for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine-cone hanging

basket, but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation, a little of which will be

repeated to you. She was a product of the old South, gently nur­

tured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was

deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She

had been educated at home, and her knowledge of the world was

derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious,

small group of essayists made. While she talked to me, I kept

brushing my fingers, trying, unconsciously, to rid them guiltily of

the absent dust from the half-calf backs of Lamb, Chaucer,

Hazlitt, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne and Hood. She was exquis­

ite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays

knows too much - oh, so much too much - of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Azalea Adair was very poor. A

house and a dress she had, not much else, I fancied. So, divided

between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and

essayists who fought Thomas in the valley of the Cumberland, I

listened to her voice, which was like a harpsichord's, and found

that I could not speak of contracts. In the presence of the Nine

Muses and the Three Graces one hesitated to lower the topic to

two cents. There would have to be another colloquy after I had

regained my commercialism. But I spoke of my mission, and

three o'clock of the next afternoon was set for the discussion of

the business proposition.

'Your town,' I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is

the time for smooth generalities), 'seems to be a quiet, sedate

place. A home town, I should say, where few things out of the

ordinary ever happen.'

It carries on an extensive trade in stoves and hollow ware with the West and

South, and its flouring mills have a daily capacity of more than 2,000 barrels.

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Azalea Adair seemed to reflect.

'I have never thought of it that way,' she said, with a kind of sin­

cere intensity that seemed to belong to her. 'Isn't it in the still,

quiet places that things do happen? I fancy that when God began

to create the earth on the first Monday morning one could have

leaned out one's windows and heard the drop of mud splashing

from His trowel as He built up the everlasting hills. What did the

noisiest project in the world - I mean the building of the tower of

Babel - result in finally? A page and a half of Esperanto in the

North American Review.'

'Of course,' said I platitudinously, 'human nature is the same

everywhere; but there is more colour - er - more drama and

movement and - er - romance in some cities than in others.'

'On the surface,' said Azalea Adair. 'I have travelled many

times around the world in a golden airship wafted on two wings

- print and dreams. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours)

the Sultan of Turkey bow-string with his own hands one of his

wives who had uncovered her face in public. I have seen a man in

Nashville tear up his theatre tickets because his wife was going

out with her face covered - with rice powder. In San Francisco's

Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by

inch, in boiling almond oil to make her swear she would never

see her American lover again. She gave in when the boiling oil

had reached three inches above her knee. At a euchre party in

East Nashville the other night I saw Kitty Morgan cut dead by

seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had

married a house painter. The boiling oil was sizzling as high as

her heart; but I wish you could have seen the fine little smile that

she carried from table to table. Oh yes, it is a humdrum town.

Just a few miles of redbrick houses and mud and stores and

lumber yards.'

Someone knocked hollowly at the back of the house. Azalea

Adair breathed a soft apology and went to investigate the sound.

She came back in three minutes with brightened eyes, a faint flush

on her cheeks, and ten years lifted from her shoulders.

'You must have a cup of tea before you go,' she said, 'and a

sugar cake.'

She reached and shook a little iron bell. In shuffled a small

negro girl about twelve, bare-foot, not very tidy, glowering at me

with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Azalea Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar

bill, a dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn in

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two pieces and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue paper.

It was one of the bills I had given the piratical negro - there was no doubt of it.

'Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Impy,' she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, 'and get a quarter of a pound of tea - the kind he always sends me - and ten cents worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be exhausted,' she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet had died away on the back porch, a wild shriek - I was sure it was hers - filled the hollow house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's further squeals and unintelligible words.

Azalea Adair rose without surprise or emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse rumble of the man's voice; then something like an oath and a light scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

'This is a roomy house,' she said, 'and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps tomorrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me.'

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street-car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But tomorrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of iniquity that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph, and to be an accomplice - after the fact, if that is the correct legal term to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpareil coat seized me, swung open the dungeony door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flirted his feather duster and began his ritual:

'Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean jus' got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any- '

And then he knew me and grinned broadly.

'Scuse me, boss; you is de gen'l'man what rid out with me dis mawnin'. Thank you kindly, suh.'

'I am going out to 861 again tomorrow afternoon at three,' said I, 'and if you will be here, I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?' I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

'I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, suh,' he replied.

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'I judge that she is pretty poor,' I said. 'She hasn't much money

to speak of, has she?'

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King

Cetewayo, and then he changed back to an extortionate old negro

hack-driver.

'She a'n't gwine to starve, suh,' he said slowly. 'She has reso'ces,

suh; she has reso'ces.'

'I shall pay you fifty cents for the trip,' said I.

'Dat is puffeckly correct, suh,' he answered humbly; 'I jus' had

to have dat two dollars dis mawnin, boss.'

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine:

'A. Adair holds out for eight cents a word.'

The answer that came back was: 'Give it to her quick, you

duffer.'

Just before dinner 'Major' Wentworth Caswell bore down upon

me with the greetings of a long-lost friend. I have seen few men

whom I have so instantaneously hated, and of whom it was so dif­

ficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me;

therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would

have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping thereby to escape another,

but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising bibbers

who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent

that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills

from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once

more at the dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn

through the middle, and patched with a strip of blue tissue-paper. It

was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a

dreary, eventless Southern town had made me tired and listless. I

remember that just before I went to bed I mentally disposed of the

mysterious dollar bill (which might have formed the clue to a

tremendously fine detective story of San Francisco) by saying to

myself sleepily: 'Seems as if a lot of people here own stock in the

Hack-Driver's Trust. Pays dividends promptly, too. Wonder if - '

Then I fell asleep.

King Cetewayo was at his post the next day, and rattled my

bones over the stones out to 861. He was to wait and rattle me

back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had

looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at eight

cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair.

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Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian

horsehair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the

coffee-coloured Pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had

not suspected in him, he abandoned his team and struck off up the

street afoot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned

with a grave, grey-haired and capable man of medicine. In a few

words (worth much less than eight cents each) I explained to him

my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately

understanding, and turned to the old negro.

'Uncle Cæsar,' he said calmly, 'run up to my house and ask Miss

Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tum­

bler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive - run. I want you

to get back some time this week.'

It occurred to me that Dr. Merriman also felt a distrust as to the

speeding powers of the landpirate's steeds. After Uncle Cæsar was

gone, lumberingly, but swiftly, up the street, the doctor looked me

over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he

had decided that I might do.

'It is only a case of insufficient nutrition,' he said. 'In other

words, the result of poverty, pride, and starvation. Mrs. Caswell

has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she

will accept nothing except from that old negro, Uncle Cæsar, who

was once owned by her family.'

'Mrs. Caswell!' said I, in surprise. And then I looked at the

contract and saw that she had signed it 'Azalea Adair Caswell.'

'I thought she was Miss Adair,' I said.

'Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir,' said the doctor. 'It

is said that he robs her even of the small sums that her old servant

contributes toward her support.'

When the milk and wine had been brought, the doctor soon

revived Azalea Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the

autumn leaves that were then in season, and their height of colour.

She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an

old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the

sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the

door. I told him that it was within my power and intentions to

make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future

contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

'By the way,' he said, 'perhaps you would like to know that you

have had royalty for a coachman. Old Cæsar's grandfather was a

king in Congo. Cæsar himself has royal ways, as you may have

observed.'

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As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Cæsar's voice

inside: 'Did he git bofe of dem two dollars from you, Mis' Zalea?'

'Yes, Cæsar,' I heard Azalea Adair answer weakly. And then I

went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor.

I assumed the responsibility of advancing fifty dollars, putting it as

a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle

Cæsar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The

rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about six o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Cæsar was at

his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his

duster and began his depressing formula: 'Step right in, suh. Fifty

cents to anywhere in the city - hack's puffickly clean, suh - jus' got

back from a funeral - '

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting

bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of colour, the

twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining

button - the button of yellow horn - was gone. A motley descen­

dant of kings was Uncle Caesar.

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the

front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was

manna; so I edged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of

empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of

Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the

immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by

its absence.

The erstwhile Major had been found dead on a dark street and

brought by curious and ennuied citizens to the drug store. The

late human being had been engaged in terrific battle - the details

showed that. Loafer and reprobate though he had been, he had

been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clenched

so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citi­

zens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabu­

laries to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him.

One kind-looking man said, after much thought: 'When "Cas"

was about fo'teen he was one of the best spellers in school.'

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of 'the man

that was,' which hung down the side of a white pine box, relaxed,

and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot qui­

etly, and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned

that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object

unwittingly and held it in a death-grip.

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At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the

possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of

Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

'In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of

these no-account niggers for his money. He had fifty dollars this

afternoon which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel.

When he was found the money was not on his person.'

I left the city the next morning at nine, and as the train was

crossing the bridge over the Cumberland River I took out of my

pocket a yellow, horn, overcoat button the size of a fifty-cent

piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it

out of the window into the slow, muddy waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo!

LI

~~Compliments of the Season~~

~~THERE ARE NO MORE Christmas stories to write. Fiction is~~

~~exhausted; and newspaper items the next best, are manufactured~~

~~by clever young Journalists who have married early and have an~~

~~engagingly pessimistic view of life. Therefore, for seasonable~~

~~diversion, we are reduced to two very questionable sources - facts~~

~~and philosophy. We will begin with - whichever you choose to~~

~~call it.~~

~~Children are pestilential little animals with which we have to~~

~~cope under a bewildering variety of conditions. Especially when~~

~~childish sorrows overwhelm them are we put to our wits' end. We~~

~~exhaust our paltry store of consolation; and then beat them, sob­~~

~~bing, to sleep. Then we grovel in the dust of a million years, and~~

~~ask God why. Thus we call out of the rat-trap. As for the chil­~~

~~dren, no one understands them except old maids, hunchbacks,~~

~~and shepherd dogs.~~

~~Now come the facts in the case of the Rag-Doll, the Tatterde­~~

~~malion, and the Twenty-fifth of December.~~

~~On the tenth of that month the Child of the Millionaire lost her~~

~~rag-doll. There were many servants in the Millionaire's palace on~~

~~the Hudson, and these ransacked the house and grounds, but~~

~~without finding the lost treasure. The Child was a girl of five, and~~

~~one of those perverse little beasts that often wound the sensibili­~~

~~ties of wealthy parents by fixing their affections upon some vulgar,~~

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~~'P-pardon, lady,' he said, 'but couldn't leave without exchangin'~~

~~comp'ments sheason with lady th' house. ' 'Gainst princ'ples~~

~~gen'leman do sho.'~~

~~And then he began the ancient salutation that was a tradition in~~

~~the House when men wore lace ruffles and powder.~~

~~'The blessings of another year - '~~

~~Fuzzy's memory failed him. The Lady prompted:~~

~~'- Be upon this hearth.'~~

~~'- The guest - ' stammered Fuzzy.~~

~~'- And upon her who - ' continued the Lady, with a leading~~

~~smile.~~

~~'Oh, cut it out,' said Fuzzy ill-manneredly. 'I can't remember.~~

~~Drink hearty.'~~

~~Fuzzy had shot his arrow. They drank. The Lady smiled again~~

~~the smile of her caste. James enveloped Fuzzy and re-conducted~~

~~him toward the front door. The harp music still softly drifted~~

~~through the house.~~

~~Outside, Black Riley breathed on his cold hands and hugged the~~

~~gate.~~

~~'I wonder,' said the Lady to herself, musing 'who - but there~~

~~were so many who came. I wonder whether memory is a curse or a~~

~~blessing to them after they have fallen so low.'~~

~~Fuzzy and his escort were nearly at the door. The Lady called:~~

~~'James!'~~

~~James stalked back obsequiously, leaving Fuzzy waiting~~

~~unsteadily, with his brief spark of the divine fire gone.~~

~~Outside, Black Riley stamped his cold feet and got a firmer grip~~

~~on his section of gas-pipe.~~

~~'You will conduct this gentleman,' said the Lady, 'downstairs.~~

~~Then tell Louis to get out the Mercedes and take him to whatever~~

~~place he wishes to go.'~~

LII

Proof of the Pudding

SPRING WINKED a vitreous optic at Editor Westbrook, of the Min­

erva Magazine, and deflected him from his course. He had lunched

in his favourite corner of a Broadway hotel, and was returning to

his office when his feet became entangled in the lure of the vernal

coquette. Which is by way of saying that he turned eastward in

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Twenty-sixth Street, safely forded the spring freshet of vehicles in Fifth Avenue, and meandered along the walks of budding Madison Square. The lenient air and the settings of the little park almost formed a pastoral; the colour motif was green - the presiding shade at the creation of man and vegetation.

The callow grass between the walks was the colour of verdigris, a poisonous green, reminiscent of the horde of derelict humans that had breathed upon the soil during the summer and autumn. The bursting tree-buds looked strangely familiar to those who had botanized among the garnishings of the fish course of a forty-cent dinner. The sky above was of that pale aquamarine tint that hall-room poets rhyme with 'true' and 'Sue' and 'coo.' The one natural and frank colour visible was the ostensible green of the newly painted benches - a shade between the colour of a pickled cucumber and that of a last year's fast-back cravenette raincoat. But, to the city-bred eye of Editor Westbrook, the landscape appeared a masterpiece.

And now, whether you are of those who rush in, or of the gentle concourse that fears to tread, you must follow in a brief invasion of the editor's mind.

Editor Westbrook's spirit was contented and serene. The April number of the Minerva had sold its entire edition before the tenth day of the month - a newsdealer in Keokuk had written that he could have sold fifty copies more if he had had 'em. The owners of the magazine had raised his (the editor's) salary; he had just installed in his home a jewel of a recently imported cook who was afraid of policemen; and the morning papers had published in full a speech he had made at a publishers' banquet. Also there were echoing in his mind the jubilant notes of a splendid song that his charming young wife had sung to him before he left his uptown apartment that morning. She was taking enthusiastic interest in her music of late, practicing early and diligently. When he had complimented her on the improvement in her voice she had fairly hugged him for joy at his praise. He felt, too, the benign, tonic medicament of the trained nurse, Spring, tripping softly adown the wards of the convalescent city.

While Editor Westbrook was sauntering between rows of park benches (already filling with vagrants and the guardians of lawless childhood) he felt his sleeve grasped and held. Suspecting that he was about to be panhandled, he turned a cold and unprofitable face, and saw that his captor was - Dawe - Shackleford Dawe,

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Dingy, almost ragged, the genteel scarcely visible in him through the deeper lines of the shabby.

While the editor is pulling himself out of his surprise, a flashlight biography of Dawe is offered.

He was a fiction writer, and one of Westbrook's old acquaintances. At one time they might have called each other old friends. Dawe had some money in those days, and lived in a decent apartment-house near Westbrook's. The two families often went to theatres and dinners together. Mrs. Dawe and Mrs. Westbrook became 'dearest' friends. Then one day a little tentacle of the octopus, just to amuse itself, ingurgitated Dawe's capital, and he moved to the Gramercy Park neighbourhood, where one, for a few groats per week, may sit upon one's trunk under eight-branched chandeliers and opposite Carrara marble mantels and watch the mice play upon the floor. Dawe thought to live by writing fiction. Now and then he sold a story. He submitted many to Westbrook. The Minerva printed one or two of them; the rest were returned. Westbrook sent a careful and conscientious personal letter with each rejected manuscript, pointing out in detail his reasons for considering it unavailable. Editor Westbrook had his own clear conception of what constituted good fiction. So had Dawe. Mrs. Dawe was mainly concerned about the constituents of the scanty dishes of food that she managed to scrape together. One day Dawe had been spouting to her about the excellences of certain French writers. At dinner they sat down to a dish that a hungry schoolboy could have encompassed at a gulp. Dawe commented. 'It's Maupassant hash,' said Mrs. Dawe. 'It may not be art, but I do wish you would do a five-course Marion Crawford serial with an Ella Wheeler Wilcox sonnet for dessert. I'm hungry.'

As far as this from success was Shackleford Dawe when he plucked Editor Westbrook's sleeve in Madison Square. That was the first time the editor had seen Dawe in several months.

'Why, Shack, is this you?' said Westbrook somewhat awkwardly, for the form of this phrase seemed to touch upon the other's changed appearance.

'Sit down for a minute,' said Dawe, tugging at his sleeve. 'This is my office. I can't come to yours, looking as I do. Oh, sit down, you won't be disgraced. Those half-plucked birds on the other benches will take you for a swell porch-climber. They won't know you are only an editor.'

'Smoke, Shack?' said Editor Westbrook, sinking cautiously

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Upon the virulent green bench, he always yielded gracefully when he did yield. Dawe snapped at the cigar as a kingfisher darts at a sunperch, or a girl pecks at a chocolate cream.

'I have just - ' began the editor.

'Oh, I know; don't finish,' said Dawe. 'Give me a match. You have just ten minutes to spare. How did you manage to get past my office-boy and invade my sanctum? There he goes now, throwing his club at a dog that couldn't read the "Keep off the Grass" signs.'

'How goes the writing?' asked the editor.

'Look at me,' said Dawe, 'for your answer. Now don't put on that embarrassed, friendly-but-honest look and ask me why I don't get a job as a wine agent or a cab-driver. I'm in the fight to a finish. I know I can write good fiction and I'll force you fellows to admit it yet. I'll make you change the spelling of "regrets" to "c-h-e-q-u-e" before I'm done with you.'

Editor Westbrook gazed through his nose-glasses with a sweetly sorrowful, omniscient, sympathetic, sceptical expression - the copyrighted expression of the editor beleaguered by the unavailable contributor.

'Have you read the last story I sent you - "The Alarum of the Soul"?' asked Dawe.

'Carefully. I hesitated over that story, Shack, really I did. It had some good points. I was writing you a letter to send with it when it goes back to you. I regret - '

'Never mind the regrets,' said Dawe grimly. 'There's neither salve nor sting in 'em any more. What I want to know is why. Come, now; out with the good points first.'

'The story,' said Westbrook deliberately, after a suppressed sigh, 'is written around an almost original plot. Characterization the best you have done. Construction - almost as good, except for a few weak joints which might be strengthened by a few changes and touches. It was a good story, except - '

'I can write English, can't I?' interrupted Dawe.

'I have always told you,' said the editor, 'that you had a style.'

'Then the trouble is the - '

'Same old thing,' said Editor Westbrook. 'You work up to your climax like an artist. And then you turn yourself into a photographer. I don't know what form of obstinate madness possesses you, Shack, but that is what you do with everything that you write. No, I will retract the comparison with the photographer. Now

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and then photography, in spite of its impossible perspective, man­

ages to record a fleeting glimpse of truth. But you spoil every

denouement by those flat, drab, obliterating strokes of your brush

that I have so often complained of. If you would rise to the liter­

ary pinnacle of your dramatic scenes, and paint them in the high

colours that art requires, the postman would leave fewer bulky,

self-addressed envelopes at your door.'

'Oh, fiddles and footlights!' cried Dawe derisively. 'You've got

that old sawmill drama kink in your brain yet. When the man with

the black moustache kidnaps golden-haired Bessie you are bound

to have the mother kneel and raise her hands in the spotlight and

say: "May high heaven witness that I will rest neither night nor

day till the heartless villain that has stolen me child feels the

weight of a mother's vengeance!" '

Editor Westbrook conceded a smile of impervious complacency.

'I think,' said he, 'that in real life the woman would express her­

self in those words or in very similar ones.'

'Not in a six hundred nights' run anywhere but on the stage,'

said Dawe hotly. 'I'll tell you what she'd say in real life. She'd say:

"What! Bessie led away by a strange man? Good Lord! It's one

trouble after another! Get my other hat, I must hurry around to

the police-station. Why wasn't somebody looking after her, I'd

like to know? For God's sake, get out of my way or I'll never get

ready. Not that hat - the brown one with the velvet bows. Bessie

must have been crazy; she's usually shy of strangers. Is that too

much powder? Lordy! How I'm upset!"

'That's the way she'd talk,' continued Dawe. 'People in real life

don't fly into heroics and blank verse at emotional crises. They

simply can't do it. If they talk at all on such occasions they draw

from the same vocabulary that they use every day, and muddle up

their words and ideas a little more, that's all.'

'Shack,' said Editor Westbrook impressively, 'did you ever pick

up the mangled and lifeless form of a child from under the fender

of a street-car, and carry it in your arms and lay it down before the

distracted mother? Did you ever do that and listen to the words of

grief and despair as they flowed spontaneously from her lips?'

'I never did,' said Dawe. 'Did you?'

'Well, no,' said Editor Westbrook, with a slight frown. 'But I

can well imagine what she would say.'

'So can I,' said Dawe.

And now the fitting time had come for Editor Westbrook to play

the oracle and silence his opinionated contributor. It was not for an

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unarrived fictionist to dictate words to be uttered by the heroes and

heroines of the Minerva Magazine, contrary to the theories of the

editor thereof.

'My dear Shack,' said he, 'if I know anything of life I know that

every sudden, deep and tragic emotion in the human heart calls

forth an apposite, concordant, conformable, and proportionate

expression of feeling? How much of this inevitable accord between

expression and feeling should be attributed to nature, and how

much to the influence of art, it would be difficult to say. The sub­

limely terrible roar of the lioness that has been deprived of her

cubs is dramatically as far above her customary whine and purr as

the kingly and transcendent utterances of Lear are above the level

of his senile vapourings. But it is also true that all men and women

have what may be called a subconscious dramatic sense that is

awakened by a sufficiently deep and powerful emotion - a sense

unconsciously acquired from literature and the stage that prompts

them to express those emotions in language befitting their impor­

tance and histrionic value.'

'And in the name of seven sacred saddle-blankets of Sagittarius,

where did the stage and literature get the stunt?' asked Dawe.

'From life,' answered the editor triumphantly.

The story-writer rose from the bench and gesticulated elo­

quently but dumbly. He was beggared for words with which to

formulate adequately his dissent.

On a bench near by a frowsy loafer opened his red eyes and

perceived that his moral support was due to a down-trodden

brother.

'Punch him one, Jack,' he called hoarsely to Dawe. 'Wat's he

come makin' a noise like a penny arcade for amongst gen'lemen

that comes in the Square to set and think?'

Editor Westbrook looked at his watch with an affected show of

leisure.

'Tell me,' asked Dawe, with truculent anxiety, 'what especial

faults in "The Alarum of the Soul" caused you to throw it down.'

'When Gabriel Murray,' said Westbrook, 'goes to his telephone

and is told that his fiancée has been shot by a burglar, he says - I

do not recall the exact words, but - '

'I do,' said Dawe. 'He says: "Damn Central; she always cuts me

off." (And then to his friend): "Say, Tommy, does a thirty-two

bullet make a big hole? It's kind of hard luck, ain't it? Could you

get me a drink from the sideboard, Tommy? No; straight; nothing

on the side." '

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'And again,' continued the editor, without pausing for argu­

ment, 'when Berenice opens the letter from her husband inform­

ing her that he has fled with the manicure girl, her words are - let

me see - '

'She says,' interposed the author: ' "Well, what do you think of

that!" '

'Absurdly inappropriate words,' said Westbrook, 'presenting

an anti-climax - plunging the story into hopeless bathos. Worse

yet; they mirror life falsely. No human being ever uttered banal

colloquialisms when confronted by sudden tragedy.'

'Wrong,' said Dawe, closing his unshaven jaws doggedly. 'I say

no man or woman ever spouts highfalutin talk when they go up

against a real climax. They talk naturally, and a little worse.'

The editor rose from the bench with his air of indulgence and

inside information.

'Say, Westbrook,' said Dawe, pinning him by the lapel, 'would

you have accepted "The Alarum of the Soul" if you had believed

that the actions and words of the characters were true to life in the

parts of the story that we discussed?'

'It is very likely that I would, if I believed that way,' said the

editor. 'But I have explained to you that I do not.'

'If I could prove to you that I am right?'

'I'm sorry, Shack, but I'm afraid I haven't time to argue any

further just now.'

'I don't want to argue,' said Dawe. 'I want to demonstrate to

you from life itself that my view is the correct one.'

'How could you do that?' asked Westbrook in a surprised tone.

'Listen,' said the writer seriously. 'I have thought of a way. It is

important to me that my theory of true-to-life fiction be recog­

nized as correct by the magazines. I've fought for it for three

years, and I'm down to my last dollar, with two months' rent due.'

'I have applied the opposite of your theory,' said the editor, 'in

selecting the fiction for the Minerva Magazine. The circulation has

gone up from ninety thousand to - '

'Four hundred thousand,' said Dawe. 'Whereas it should have

been boosted to a million.'

'You said something to me just now about demonstrating your

pet theory.'

'I will. If you'll give me about half an hour of your time I'll

prove to you that I am right. I'll prove it by Louise.'

'Your wife!' exclaimed Westbrook. 'How?'

'Well, not exactly by her, but with her,' said Dawe. 'Now, you

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'Indeed, she is a charming and admirable life companion,' agreed the editor. 'I remember what inseparable friends she and Mrs. Westbrook once were. We are both lucky chaps, Shack, to have such wives. You must bring Mrs. Dawe up some evening soon, and we'll have one of those informal chafing-dish suppers that we used to enjoy so much.'

'Later,' said Dawe. 'When I get another shirt. And now I'll tell you my scheme. When I was about to leave home after breakfast if you can call tea and oatmeal breakfast - Louise told me she was going to visit her aunt in Eighty-ninth Street. She said she would return home at three o'clock. She is always on time to a minute. It is now - '

Dawe glanced toward the editor's watch pocket.

'Twenty-seven minutes to three,' said Westbrook, scanning his timepiece.

'We have just enough time,' said Dawe. 'We will go to my flat at once. I will write a note, address it to her and leave it on the table where she will see it as she enters the door. You and I will be in the dining-room concealed by the portieres. In that note, I'll say that I have fled from her forever with an affinity who understands the needs of my artistic soul as she never did. When she reads it we will observe her actions and hear her words. Then we will know which theory is the correct one - yours or mine.'

'Oh, never!' exclaimed the editor, shaking his head. 'That would be inexcusably cruel. I could not consent to have Mrs. Dawe's feelings played upon in such a manner.'

'Brace up,' said the writer. 'I guess I think as much of her as you do. It's for her benefit as well as mine. I've got to get a market for my stories in some way. It won't hurt Louise. She's healthy and sound. Her heart goes as strong as a ninety-eight-cent watch. It'll last for only a minute, and then I'll step out and explain to her. You really owe it to me to give me the chance, Westbrook.'

Editor Westbrook at length yielded, though but half willingly. And in the half of him that consented lurked the vivisectionist that is in all of us.

Let him who has not used the scalpel rise and stand in his place.

Pity 'tis that there are not enough rabbits and guinea-pigs to go around.

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The two experimenters in Art left the Square and hurried east­

ward and then to the south until they arrived in the Gramercy

neighbourhood. Within its high iron railings the little park had put

on its smart coat of vernal green, and was admiring itself in its foun­

tain minor. Outside the railings the hollow square of crumbling

houses, shells of a bygone gentry, leaned as if in ghostly gossip over

the forgotten doings of the vanished quality. Sic transit gloria urbis.

A block or two north of the Park, Dawe steered the editor again

eastward, then, after covering a short distance, into a lofty but

narrow flathouse burdened with a floridly over-decorated façade.

To the fifth story they toiled, and Dawe, panting, pushed his

latch-key into the door of one of the front flats.

When the door opened Editor Westbrook saw, with feelings of

pity, how meanly and meagrely the rooms were furnished.

'Get a chair, if you can find one,' said Dawe, 'while I hunt up

pen and ink. Hallo, what's this? Here's a note from Louise. She

must have left it there when she went out this morning.'

He picked up an envelope that lay on the centre-table and tore

it open. He began to read the letter that he drew out of it; and

once having begun it aloud he so read it through to the end.

These are the words that Editor Westbrook heard:

DEAR SHACKLEFORD, -

'By the time you get this I will be about a hundred miles away

and still a-going. I've got a place in the chorus of the Occidental

Opera Co., and we start on the road to-day at twelve o'clock. I

didn't want to starve to death, and so I decided to make my own

living. I'm not coming back. Mrs. Westbrook is going with me.

She said she was tired of living with a combination phonograph,

iceberg and dictionary, and she's not coming back, either. We've

been practising the songs and dances for two months on the quiet.

I hope you will be successful, and get along all right. Good-bye.

'LOUISE.'

Dawe dropped the letter, covered his face with his trembling

hands, and cried out in a deep vibrating voice:

'My God, why hast Thou given me this cup to drink? Since she is

false, then let Thy Heaven's fairest gifts, faith and love, become the

jesting bywords of traitors and friends!'

Editor Westbrook's glasses fell to the floor. The fingers of one

hand fumbled with a button on his coat as he blurted between his

pale lips:

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'Say, Shack, ain't that a hell of a note? Wouldn't that knock you off your perch, Shack? Ain't it hell, now, Shack - ain't it?'

~~LIII~~

~~Past One at Rooney's~~

~~ONLY ON THE LOWER East Side of New York do the Houses of Capulet and Montague survive. There they do not fight by the book of arithmetic. If you but bite your thumb at an upholder of your opposing house you have work cut out for your steel. On Broadway you may drag your man along a dozen blocks by his nose, and he will only bawl for the watch; but in the domain of the East Side Tybalts and Mercutios you must observe the niceties of deportment to the wink of an eyelash and to an inch of elbowroom at the bar when its patrons include foes of your house and kin.~~

~~So, when Eddie McManus, known to the Capulets as Cork McManus, drifted into Dutch Mike's for a stein of beer, and came upon a bunch of Montagues making merry with the suds, he began to observe the strictest parliamentary rules. Courtesy forbade his leaving the saloon with his thirst unslaked; caution steered him to a place at the bar where the mirror supplied the cognizance of the enemy's movements that his indifferent gaze seemed to disdain; experience whispered to him that the finger of trouble would be busy among the chattering steins at Dutch Mike's that night.~~

~~Close by his side drew Brick Cleary, his Mercutio, companion of his perambulations. Thus they stood, four of the Mulberry Hill Gang and two of the Dry Dock Gang minding their P's and Q's so solicitously that Dutch Mike kept one eye on his customers and the other on an open space beneath his bar in which it was his custom to seek safety whenever the ominous politeness of the rival associations congealed into the shapes of bullets and cold steel.~~

~~But we have not to do with the wars of the Mulberry Hills and the Dry Docks. We must to Rooney's, where, on the most blighted dead branch of the tree of life, a little pale orchid shall bloom.~~

~~Overstrained etiquette at last gave way. It is not known who first overstepped the bounds of punctilio; but the consequences were immediate. Buck Malone, of the Mulberry Hills, with a Dewey-like swiftness, got an eight-inch gun swung round from his~~