apt to collect the words of a tramp's slang vocabulary as eagerly as he files the record of the "Charlton Spur."

Often, therefore, he becomes pitiable. To see an ardent, simple-minded scrap-man struggling with a pile of newspapers, an enormous pair of squeaky shears, a sticky mucilage-bottle, and his helpmeet's undisguised scorn, is saddening indeed.

Some few, young at the pursuit, invent "systems" meant to be convenient of reference, compact of stowage, and neat of appearance. But the old stager listens to these Utopians with a scornful yet loving smile. He, too, has had his systems, and seen their constitutions become enfeebled day by day until they faded away. He knows that the true scrap-man never refers to his scraps; there are others for that part of the pursuit. His duty is simply to haul scraps ashore and deposit them above high-water mark.

It is said that humorists are melancholy. Often they have some secret grief. But to the eye of the keen observer of human foibles little things are significant.

To the sympathetic scrap-man this fact is eloquent: Mark Twain is the inventor of a scrap-book.

"Above That Which is Written"

A Parable

By Katharine P. Woods

There was once a musician who, in the course of his musical studies, discovered in himself the power to perceive certain sounds inaudible to the rest, or at least to the large majority of the rest, of mankind. Perhaps he was elated, certainly he was pleased, at this discovery, and he proceeded straightway to construct a flute which, in addition to the usual scale or gamut, possessed two notes above the normal limit—notes inaudible to all but himself. Yet they were, of course, but repetitions of well-known portions of the scale, only at a higher pitch; and by their aid the musician was able to compose and render melodies of wondrous sweetness and compass—melodies worthy, in the opinion of their author and sole auditor, to be sung by angels; and with these he delighted himself continually.

Now, there dwelt near the musician an aged hermit, famed for holiness through all the country round; and to him came one night, in a vision, a word from the Lord; and he arose and went to seek the young musician. And when he had found him he said, "My son, play for me."

So the young man played; and, when he had finished, he said, "My father, heardest thou *all* the melody? were there no silences in the song?"

"Nay," said the hermit, "no silences; but two notes so sweet as never mortal pipe hath breathed till now: sweeter than love and truer than truth."

Wherewith he was silent, and gazed steadfastly upon the young man from out the shadow of his huge black cowl.

The player also was silent for a space, with his brow sunk upon his hand. And at last he said: "My father, what is sweeter than love?"

"Love," replied the hermit.

"And what," said the player, "can be truer than truth?" But like an echo the hermit answered:

"Truth."

Then again the player bent his head in thought. And after some moments he sprang to his feet and cried, "I hear!" as though he understood whereof the holy man had spoken.

But, lo! the hermit was gone, for his message had been told.

Now, it must be said that in that country and in that time the notes of the scale had other names than now, and these were the names thereof: Love, Truth, Pardon, Peace, Purity, Steadfastness, Humility; the which repeated themselves in endless octaves, ever higher and higher—since the limits of the ear be not the limits of sound—and were blended and intermingled in infinite variety of chord and cadence.

So, when the hermit had gone, the Player said to himself, "May not others also have 'ears to hear'?" whereupon he took his flute and repaired to the neighboring city.

Now, as he walked through the streets thereof, playing, behold, he noted that the people were greatly moved; but that different classes answered to the various keys, as though they themselves had been pipes of a great world-organ, and he their master. Mothers responded ever to the note of Love; the aged and the careworn to the note of Peace; while many an outcast thrilled through all her sinful being in answer to the clear, sweet melody in the sad, plaintive minor key of Humility. But there were few who responded to the song of Truth, unless it were pitched very low; only to the little children no key came amiss.

Therefore, when he had won, as he believed, the hearts of the people by the melodies they knew, the Player sounded before them the two supernal notes.

But upon their ears they fell like silence.

Then he besought them to listen, and played, one by one, the notes they knew; and above them all—sweet, clear, true as a dream of heaven—the notes supernal. But they could not hear; yet, because they loved him, they believed that the notes were. And as he passed through all the city, sounding them upon his magic flute, here and there one and another would pause, listen—then, perchance, he would shake his head and go on upon his way as one who heard not; or, it may be, turn, throw himself at the feet of the Player, and pray to become his disciple. Then the heart of the musician was glad within him. Yet how to bring the deaf ones to the hearing of these notes?

The Player had now become very famous; not by his own will, but by the love of the people: for indeed he drew after him the hearts of all, most sweetly and mightily. Gold for the asking might have been his, but he would none thereof, dwelling meanly and faring simply as of old, and wandering day by day through the streets, playing to whoso chose to listen. And when the silence that fell around him told of the breathing of those supernal notes, the people bowed before him, and revered him as a god.

Yet in all this the Player was not altogether content.

Two notes supernal? but why not *three?* and the faint, far-away echo of that note, unheard, haunted his dreams by night and filled his thoughts by day. And by nicest calculation he wrought another flute which should have sounded it; but even to his ears the breathing of that note was silence. But the name thereof was Pardon.

Now, it chanced that in that city there dwelt two sisters, daughters of a musician who had not scorned the gifts of the people. Wherefore the sisters were rich, and dwelt in sumptuous chambers, faring, also, ever upon dainty meats; yet was the elder of them sickly and a cripple. But in her eyes was a wondrous gladness, and on her lips a smile of peace. The younger sister was fair and strong, gifted also by heaven with a voice of such rare melody that she feared to injure it by singing overmuch to the people; wherefore, though they honored the gift that was in her, herself they loved but little. In truth, she was rather wont to sing for her own pleasure than for the pleasure of others; and caring, also, little for any music but her own, it befell that, though many whispers had come to her of the magic flute, she had not yet heard a note thereof. As for the elder sister, she might not venture, of her own will, anywhither.

Now, it chanced upon a certain day that, as he walked through the town, the Player turned into the streets where rose in their splendor the dwellings of the rich; though he was not wont to seek out those who of themselves might seek his music and his teaching. And, as he played, he paused beside the home of the sisters; and the melody that breathed through the magic flute was the sweetest heard as yet outside of heaven. And when he sounded the notes of Love and Truth, the crippled sister folded upon her breast her worn, white hands and smiled in still content; but when that third sweet sound was breathed into the silence, unbroken even to the ear of the Player himself, the girl sprang erect upon her couch, and, crying out, "Pardon! Pardon! and beyond is Peace!" fell back and died for very joy thereof.

But the beautiful singer knew not of this. She looked

down from her casement, and her eyes drew up towards themselves the eyes of the Player. Then a rose from her bosom fell at his feet, and so began the beginning of the end. Wherefore it was surely needless that so fair a maid should claim to hear the notes supernal, and thereby stain her soul with falsehood and deceit; yet was her question to the Player only whether he could teach her to sing, as well as hear, their wondrous cadences. But at this he shook his head and smiled; yet the beauty of the maiden had shone so long and deeply through his eyes into his heart that it bore fruit in a new song of rare and exquisite melody. And afterwards he took in his the fair hand of the singer and spake sweet words to her. For were it not well, he said, that they should wed; they to whom alone supernal Love and Truth had been revealed? And because his face was fair and his voice was passing sweet, also the clasp of his hand was warm and tender, the heart of the singer clave to him with a great love, and she became his wife.

But the people loved her not; and the words that they spake of her pride and falsehood, of her hardness of heart and bitter contentiousness, and of the lovers she had allured by her beauty to die for her sweet sake, were sad to hear; aye, even her one only sister, said they, had perished by her neglect. But the Player knew well that the sweet soul of the cripple had passed away in an ecstasy of joy, like a moth in the fire of his melody; and for the rest, the singer looked into his with radiant, loving eyes, and it sufficed him. Yet the people would not be content therewith, but cast them forth from the city, both her and her husband; believing not that the notes supernal might be heard by such as she; and even of the Player whom they had loved, they said, "If a voice like hers be Love and Truth for him, he hath deceived us. Away with him!"

Then these two went forth and dwelt in a cave by the seashore; and the winds and waves chanted their bridal song. Also there sounded in the strong, sweet soul of the Player many a harmony till then unheard of man; and the ears of the singer were filled with the ocean melody; wherefore she leaned her fair head upon her husband's bosom, and his arm was round her waist, and both were well content.

Now, in course of time, a child came to the ocean cave. His hair was like the clouds of a golden morning, and his eyes as the blue of the summer sky; moreover, his young voice had the sweetness of the magic flute; and as he grew apace, he learned the music of the waves and the song of the sea-shells. Therefore the heart of the father was glad within him; but the mother was sad and would not be comforted.

Now, at eventide, the Player—his work all done—would have pleased both her and himself by the strains of his magic flute, and he would also have had her sing a melody well known to both, where to the notes supernal her sweet voice bore a wondrous harmony. But when the silence—ah! to him so full, but to her empty save for her own voice—when such silence came between them, the heart of the woman could bear no more, and, falling at his feet, she told him all.

And the heart of the Player grew dull and cold within him, his cheek grew pale, and his dark eyes dull and glassy; but because he had loved her, he said no word, only, with a touch of his hand on her fair hair, he left her alone; and the woman wept all the night. And on the morrow she said: "My husband, canst thou not forgive?" Whereto he answered, kindly: "Yea, thou art forgiven!" and left her alone that day also. And it so befell for many days.

But because she loved him tenderly, the heart of the woman grew strong for very misery, and a set purpose grew within her. And even when he was absent, casting the nets or selling fish in the city for their subsistence, then through the magic flute would she breathe her fine, sweet breath, striving to sound the notes that she had feigned to hear, and would call upon the boy to listen.

Thus it came to pass that as the Player returned to the cave one golden eventide, he heard from the magic flute those notes of Love and Truth sounded till then by his own lips alone on earth, and in the face of his laughing boy he read that to the child also the silence was alive with melody. Then into the eventide there stole a third note, faint, sweet, tender, the note he had longed to hear; and, clasping his wife in his arms, he cried out for her Pardon.

And the west was golden with the glory of the dying sun; the sea glowed with opalescent radiance; the child was in their arms, and in each heart true and pardoning Love.

And beyond was Peace.

His Humble Ambition

By George I. Putnam

The little clerk from the book-store was very happy while his affair with the tall music-teacher was on, principally from the augmented sense of complacency with which every young fellow is afflicted when he discovers, single-handed, the Nicest Girl in the World, and reflects that no other fellow has ever equaled him in sagacious discernment. But when it came to an end that admitted of no happy sequel, he was most miserable; and no more so from the disappointment than from the sympathy of his fellow-lodgers, which excited itself in his behalf. It was shown in eloquent glances and wordless movings of the lips on the part of the ladies; while the gentlemen slapped him between his narrow shoulders, shouted, "Brace up, old man!" in a tone of encouragement for an army corps, and claimed to be equally with himself at the heart of his sorrow. In the houseful of his friends he was quite alone, for their ready condolences appeared to veil ironical smiles (it seemed that each of the gentlemen had been through the experience more or less thoroughly several times), and he was driven back upon himself by the very force of their effusions.

"I do wish they wouldn't!" he despaired in his room, pacing its three long strides up and down, and rumpling his flat brown hair with his soft fingers. Ah! but they would. And so he forsook these lodgings in which he had learned to love and to dream, and moved to others further down town, where he was quite unknown. There was a practical advantage in this: he was so near his place of employment that he could save on car-fare. But in the sad light of his cruel disappointment he had no longer any reason for saving nickels—or even dimes!—he told himself in one wild burst of desperation when extravagance seemed his only road to a reconciliation with fate; and the reflection came upon him as a last cruel buffet, causing him to draw a long, regretful sigh.

The October days that followed fed his melancholy. The ripeness of summer was gone, and in rural places Nature's auction-flag was out; but the trees in the square through which he walked to his retail counter of late books got rid of their summer goods at an abominable sacrifice, scarce advertising the sale. They were like prisoners in the environment of walls, their roots covered with stone and asphalt to prevent escape; they observed the changing seasons perfunctorily and without joy; and the fall winds crying over the naked twigs voiced their lament. The little clerk understood these sighs and sobs, and was grateful in his heart for the sympathy they expressed. It was as his own voice wailing to him from afar; and he heard in it no promise of a future spring.

He came from the west through the square on a morning when early fall was laying a chill finger on the world. The elms had been among the first to give up the fight for summer's retention, and were strewing their brown, crumpled leaves thickly upon the asphalt. Men were sweeping them with rattan brooms into little heaps, and the dark water in the gutters was banked by them into cold, repellent pools. Green creeping vines were faded in places, and were taking on, in a subdued, listless way, the tint of the bricks they had striven to hide. Before him rose a white marble arch—local monument of a national pride; he saw it outlined through the baring branches. Away to his right, on the south of the square, a bright red cart