

failure in art. He had been always about to
 30 paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun
 it. He earned a little by serving as a model
 to young artists. He regarded himself as a
 special protector of the two young artists in
 the studio above.

35 Sue told Behrman of Johnsy's fancy about the
 ivy leaves outside her window.

Old Behrman was not happy to hear such
 stupid thoughts.

"What!" he cried. "That's silly. Who in the world
 40 dies because leaves drop off from a vine? I
 have not heard of such a thing. Someday I
 will paint a masterpiece, and you shall both
 leave this awful house with the money I give
 you!"

45 Johnsy was sleeping when they went
 upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down, and
 motioned Behrman into the other room.
 They peered out the window fearfully at the
 ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a
 50 moment without speaking. A constant, cold
 rain was falling, mixed with snow.

C When Sue awoke the next morning, she
 found Johnsy staring at the drawn green
 shade.

55 "Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a
 whisper.

Sue pulled it up. But, lo! After the heavy rain
 and strong wind, there yet stood out against
 the brick wall one firm ivy leaf. It was the last
 60 on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, it
 hung bravely from a branch some 20 feet
 above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy calmly. "It will
 fall today, and I shall die at the same time."

65 The day wore away, and they could see the

lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the
 wall. And even the next day, the ivy leaf
 was still there. Johnsy lay for a long time
 observing it. And then she called to Sue, who
 70 was cooking her chicken soup in the kitchen.

"I've been a bad girl, Sue," said Johnsy.

"Something has made that last leaf stay there
 to show me how bad I was. It is a sin to want
 to die. You may bring me a little soup now. I
 75 will eat it." Sue eagerly did what she said.

The doctor came in the afternoon. He
 hopefully noted Johnsy's change for the
 better. The doctor told Sue, "Johnsy is
 recovering. Now I must see another case
 80 downstairs. Behrman, some kind of an artist,
 I believe. Pneumonia too. He is an old, weak
 man. There is no hope for him."

D Johnsy seemed stronger the next
 morning. That afternoon Sue came to the bed
 85 where Johnsy lay and put one arm around
 her.

"I have something to tell you," she said. "Mr
 Behrman died of pneumonia today.

He was ill only two days. The doorkeeper
 90 found him sick in his room downstairs. His
 shoes and clothing were wet through and icy
 cold.

They couldn't imagine where he had been.
 And then they found a lantern and a ladder,
 95 and some brushes, and green and yellow
 paint—look out of the window, dear, at the
 last surviving ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't
 you wonder why it never moved when the
 wind blew? It's Behrman's masterpiece—he
 100 painted it there the night that the last leaf
 fell."