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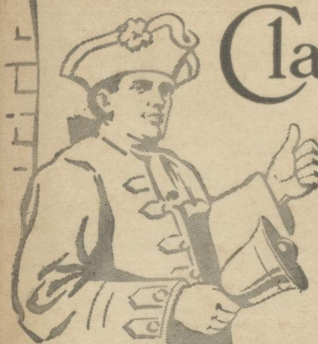
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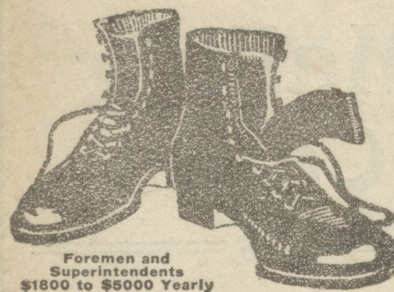
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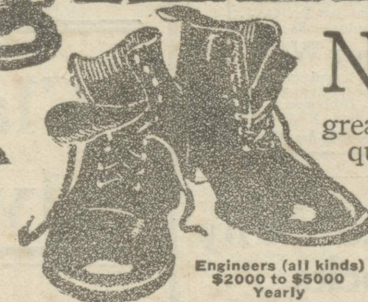
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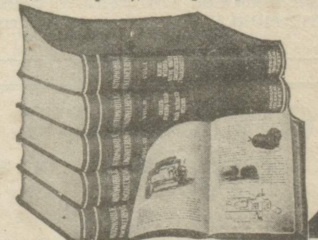
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**The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker**  
*How I Learned It in One Evening*

By George Raymond

"HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?" This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago, Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them. Imagine my amazement then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!" I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet, and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office, and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly. His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help you.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning of course that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University had just completed a new course in business talking and

public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said 'went in one ear and out the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now 7,500 dollars a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely,

that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

\*\*\*\*\*

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's course, and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dull season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little Town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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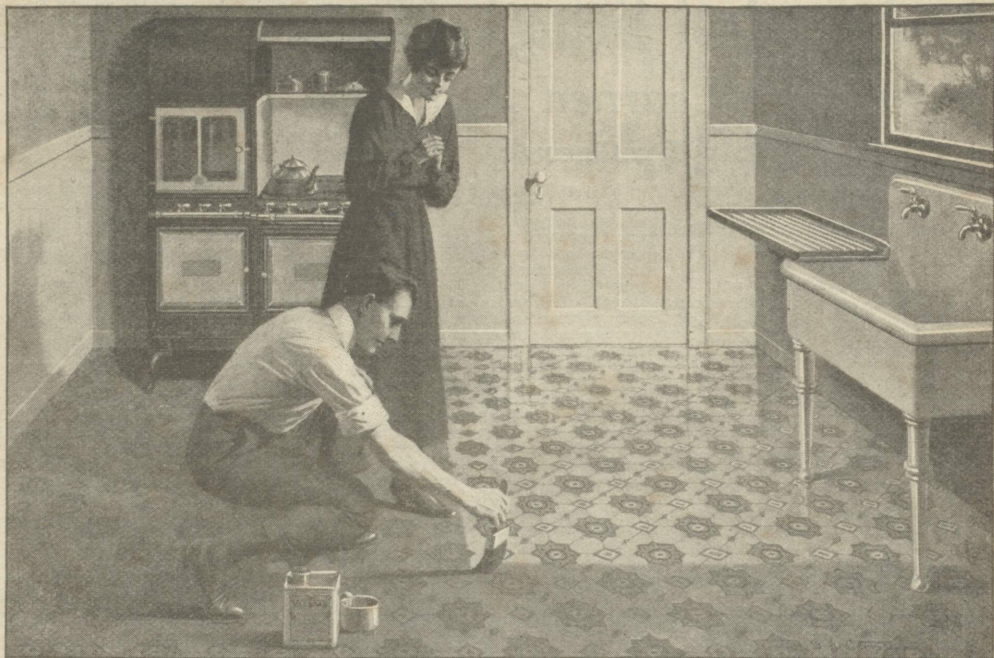
**Independent Corporation**

*Publishers of The Independent Weekly*  
Dept. L-1083, 119 West 40th St., New York

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# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1919

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## The Sea Bride

THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENTFUL WHALING-CRUISE

By Ben Ames Williams

Author of "The Murder Ship," "Swords of Wax," "Three in a Thousand," etc.

IN "The Sea Bride" the author has dragged from the very depths an epic of the ocean. It is full of the spindrift and mist of the wide waters, the mutterings of mutiny, the treachery of intriguers striving to break the law of the sea. It is a story of whaling days, when the deck of a ship was a floating empire and the captain its autocratic ruler. It has all the ingredients of a great American novel—a romance with the tang of the salt and the thrill of adventurous life.—THE EDITOR.

THEY were to be married before the open fire, in the big living-room of the old house on the hill. Up-stairs, Bess Holt was helping Faith dress. Faith sat before the old, veneered dressing-table with its little mirror tilting on the curved standards, and submitted quietly and happily to Bess's ministrations. Bess was a chatterbox, and her tongue flew as nimbly as the deft fingers that arranged Faith's veil.

Faith was content; her soft eyes resting on her own image in the little mirror were like the eyes of one who dreams dreams and sees visions. She scarce heard Bess at all.

Only once she turned and looked slowly about this low-ceiled old room that had been her home. The high, soft bed, with its canopy resting on the four tall posts; the high chest of drawers, the little dressing-table, the delicate chairs—these were all old and familiar friends, whom she was leaving behind her. And she loved them, loved the ugly paper on the wall, loved the old daguerreotypes above the chest of drawers, loved the crooked sampler that hung by the never-used fireplace. She loved all these things!

She smiled happily and confidently. She loved them, but she loved big Noll Wing better. She would not regret—

Below stairs, her father, Jem Kilcup, talked with Dr. Brant, the minister. They spoke of wind and weather, as men do whose lives lie near the sea. They spoke of oil, of ships, of tedious cruises when the seas were bare of whales.

Their talk wandered everywhere, save where their thoughts were; they did not speak of Faith nor of Noll Wing. Jem could not bear to speak of his girl who was going from his arms to another's; the minister understood, and joined with him in a conspiracy of silence. Only, when Bess came whispering down to say that Faith was ready, old Jem gripped Dr. Brant's arm and whispered harshly into the minister's ear:

"Marry them tight, and marry them hard and true, doctor. By God—"

Dr. Brant nodded.

"No fear, my friend," he said. "Faith is a woman—"

"Aye," said Jem hoarsely. "Aye; and she's made her bed. God help her!"

Things began to stir in the big house. Noll Wing was in the back room with Henry Ham, who had sailed with him three voyages and would back him in this new venture. Young Roy Kilcup had found them there. Old Jem had a demijohn of cherry rum, thirty years unopened. He sent it in to Noll; and Noll Wing smacked his lips over it cheerfully and became more amiable than was his custom.

Roy Kilcup caught him in this mood and took quick advantage of it. When the three came in where Jem and Dr. Brant were waiting, Roy crossed and gripped his father's arm.

"I'm going," he whispered. "Cap'n Wing will take me, as ship's boy. He's promised, dad."

Old Jem nodded. His children were leaving him; he was past protesting.

"I'm ready," Roy told his father. "I'm going to pack right after they're married." He saw Dr. Brant smile, and whispered: "Be quick as you can, sir."

The minister touched the boy's shoulder reassuringly.

"Quiet, Roy," he said. "There's time!"

People were gathering in the living-room from the other parts of the house. They came by twos and threes. The men were awkward and uneasy, and strove to be jocular; the women smiled with tears in their eyes. Bess Holt, alone, did not weep. She was to play the organ; she sat down upon

the stool and spread her pretty, soft skirts about her, and looked back over her shoulder to where Jem Kilcup stood out in the hall. He was to sign to her when Faith was ready.

Dr. Brant crossed and stood beside the fireplace where the logs were laid, ready for the match. Noll Wing and Henry Ham took stand with him.

Cap'n Noll Wing stood easily, squarely upon his spread legs. He was a big man; his chest swelled barrel-like; his arms stretched the sleeves of his black coat. Cap'n Wing was seldom seen without a cap upon his head. Some of those in that room discovered in this moment, for the first time, that he was bald.

The tight, white skin upon his skull contrasted unpleasantly with the brown of his leathern cheeks. The thick hair about his ears was tinged with gray. Across his nose and his firm cheeks tiny veins drew lacy patterns of purple. Garnished in wedding finery, he was nevertheless a man past middle life, and no mistaking—a man almost as old as Jem Kilcup, and wedding Jem Kilcup's daughter. He was an old man, but a man for all that; stout and strong and full of sap. He had the dignity of mastery; he had the bearing of a man accustomed to command and be obeyed. Roy Kilcup looked at him with eyes of worship.

Bess, watching over her shoulder, saw old Jem look up the stairs, then turn and nod awkwardly to her. She pressed the keys, the organ breathed, the tones swelled forth and filled the room. Still, over her shoulder, she watched the door, as did every other eye. They saw Faith appear there by her father's side; they saw her hand drop lightly on his arm. Jem moved; his broad shoulders brushed the sides of the door. He brought his daughter in and turned with her upon his arm toward where Noll Wing was waiting.

Faith's eyes, as she came through the door, swept the room once before they found the eyes of Cap'n Wing and rested there. That single glance had shown her Dan'l Tobey, behind the others, near the window; and the memory of Dan'l's face played before her as she moved toward where Noll waited. Poor Dan'l! She pitied him as women do pity the lover they do not love. She had been hard on Dan'l. Not her fault; but still the truth. Hard on Dan'l Tobey. And misery dwelt upon

his countenance, so that she could not forget, even while she went to meet Noll Wing before the minister.

While they made their responses, Noll in his heavy voice of a master, and Faith in the level tone of a proud, sure woman, her eyes met his and promised him things unutterable. It is this speaking of eyes to eyes that is marriage; the words are of comparatively small account. Faith pledged herself to Noll Wing when she opened her eyes to him and let him look into the depths of her.

A woman who loves wishes to give. Faith gave all herself in that gift of her quiet, steady eyes. Cap'n Wing, before them, found himself abashed. He was glad when the word was said, when the still room stirred to life. He kissed Faith hurriedly; he was a little afraid of her. Then the others pressed forward and separated them, and he was glad enough to be thrust back, to be able to laugh and jest and grip the hands of men.

The women and some of the men kissed Faith as she stood there, hanging on her father's arm. Then Bess Holt cried in dismay:

"Faith, the fire was never lighted!"

It was true. In the swift moments before Faith came down-stairs no one had remembered to touch a match to the kindling under the smooth, white-birch logs in the great fireplace. When Faith saw this she felt a pang of disappointment at her heart. She loved a fire, an open fire, merrily blazing.

She had always dreamed of being married before this great fire in her father's home. She herself had chosen these logs, and under her eye her brother Roy had borne them into the house and laid them upon the small stuff and kindling she had prepared. She had wanted that fire to spring to life as she and Noll Wing were married; she had thought of it as a symbol of the new life that was beginning for her and for her husband. She was terribly disappointed.

In that first pang she looked helplessly about for Noll. She wanted comfort pitifully. But Noll was laughing in the doorway, talking with old Jonathan Felt, the owner of his vessel. He had not heard, he did not see her glance. Bess Holt cried:

"Somebody light it quick! Roy Kilcup, give me a match. I'll light it myself. Don't look, Faith! Oh, what a shame!"

Roy knew how his sister had counted on that fire.

"I'll bet Faith doesn't feel as though she were really married," he laughed. "Not without a fire going. Do you, Faith? Better do it over, Dr. Brant."

Some one said it was bad luck; a dozen voices cried the some one down. Then, while they were all talking about it, round-faced Dan'l Tobey went down on his knees and lighted the fire that was to have illumined Faith's wedding.

Faith, her hand at her throat, looked for Noll again; but he and old Jonathan had gone out to that ancient demijohn of cherry rum. Dan'l was looking hungrily at her; hungry for thanks. She smiled at him. They were all pressing around her again.

Faith's luggage had already gone aboard. When she and Jem and Bess reached the wharf, the others were at the tables, under the boat-house, aft. They rose and pledged Faith in lifted glasses. Then Faith sat down beside her husband, at the head of the board, and old Jem settled morosely beside her. They ate and drank merrily.

Faith was very happy, dreamily happy. She felt the big presence of her husband at her side; and she lifted her head with pride in him, and in this ship which he commanded. He was a man. Once or twice she marked her father's silence, and once she touched his knee with her hand lightly, in comfort. Cap'n Wing made a speech. They called on Jem, but Jem was in no mind for chatter. They called on Faith; she rose and smiled at them, and said how happy she was, and laid her hand on her husband's shoulder proudly.

Roy came, running, after a time. And a little later the tug whistled from the stream, and Cap'n Wing looked overside, and stood up and lifted his hands.

"Friends," he said jocosely, "I'd like to take you all along. Come if you want. But—tide's in. Them as don't want to go along had best be getting ashore."

Thus it was ended; that wedding-supper on the deck, in the late afternoon, while the flags floated overhead, and the gulls screamed across the refuse-dotted waters of the harbor, and the tide whirled and eddied about the piles. Thus it was ended.

Old Jem kissed her first of all, kissed her roundly, crushing her to his breast; and she whispered, in his close embrace:

"It's all right, dad. Don't worry. All right. I'll bring you home—"

He kissed her again, cutting short her promise. Kissed her and thrust her away, and stumped ashore and went stockily off along the wharf and out of sight, never looking back. A solitary figure; somewhat to be pitied, for all his broad shoulders and his fine old head.

The others in their turn. Then every one waited, calling, laughing, crying, while the Sally Sims was torn loose from her moorings. Cap'n Wing was another man now; he was never one to leave his ship to another's care, Faith thought proudly. His commands rang through the still air of late afternoon; his eye saw the hawsers cast off, saw the tug take hold.

The Sally Sims moved; she moved so slowly that at first one must watch a fixed point upon the wharf to be sure she moved at all. Men were in the rigging now, setting the big, square sails. The wind began to tug at them. The voice of the mate, Mr. Ham, roared up to the men in profane commands. Cap'n Wing stood stockily on wide-spread legs, watching, joining his voice now and then to the uproar.

The sea presently opened out before them, inviting them, offering all its wide expanses to the Sally Sims's blunt bow. The Sally began to lift and tilt awkwardly. The tug had long since dropped behind; they shaped their course for where the night came up ahead of them. They sailed steadily eastward into the gathering gloom.

"Mr. Tobey!" bawled Cap'n Wing.

Dan'l came aft to where Faith stood with her husband. He did not look at her, so that Faith was faintly disquieted. The captain pointed to the litter of planks and boxes and dishes and food where the wedding-supper had been laid. Faith watched dreamily, happily. She had loved that last gathering with the friends of her girlhood. There was something sacred to her, in this moment, even in the ugly debris that remained.

But not to Cap'n Wing. He said harshly in his voice of a master:

"Have that trash cleared up, Mr. Tobey. Sharp, now."

Trash! Faith was faintly unhappy at the word. Dan'l bawled to the men, and half a dozen of them came shuffling aft. She touched her husband's arm.

"I'm going below now, Noll," she whispered to him.

He nodded.

"Get to bed," he said. "I'll be down."

He had not looked at her; he was watching Dan'l and the men.

## II

For two weeks past Faith had been much aboard the Sally Sims, making ready the tiny quarters that were to be her home. When she came down into the cabin now, it was with a sense of familiarity. The plain table, built about the butt of the mizzenmast; the chairs; the swinging, whale-oil lamps—these were old friends, waiting to replace those other friends she had left behind in her bedroom at home. She stood for a moment at the foot of the cabin-companion, looking about her; and she smiled faintly, her hand at her throat.

She was not lonely, not homesick, not sorry. But her smile seemed to appeal to these inanimate surroundings to be good to her.

Then she crossed the cabin quietly and went into the smaller compartment, which was used by Cap'n Wing for his books, his instruments, his infrequent hours of leisure. This ran almost entirely across the stern of the ship; but it was little more than a corridor. The captain's cabin was on the starboard side, opening off this corridorlike compartment. There was scant room aft aboard the Sally Sims. The four officers bunked two by two in cabins opening off the main cabin; the mate had no room to himself. And by the same token, there was no possibility of giving Faith separate quarters. There were two bunks in the captain's cabin, one above the other. The upper had been built in during the last two weeks. That was all.

Faith had not protested. She was content that Noll was hers; the rest did not matter. She found a measure of glory in the thought that she must endure some hardships to be at his side while her man did his work in the world. She was, after the first pangs, glad that she must make a tiny chest and a few nails serve her for wardrobe and dressing-room; she was glad that she must sleep on a thing like a shelf built into the wall, instead of her high, soft bed with the canopy at home. She was glad—glad for life—glad for Noll—glad for everything.

She began quietly to prepare herself for bed. And while she loosened her heavy hair and began the long, easy brushing that kept it so glossy and smooth, her thoughts ran back over the swift, warm rapture of

her awakening love for Noll. Big Noll Wing—her husband now; she his bride.

She had always worshiped Noll, even while she was still a schoolgirl, her skirts short, her hair in a long, thick braid. Noll was a heroic figure, a great man who appeared at intervals from the distances of ocean, and moved majestically about the little world of the town, and then was gone again. The man had had the gift of drama; his deeds held that element which lifted them above mere exploits and made them romance. When he was third mate of the old Bertha, a crazy islander tried to knife him and fleshed his blade in Noll Wing's shoulder, from behind. Noll had wrenched around and broken the man's neck with a twist of his hands.

He had always been a hard man with his hands, a strong man, perhaps a brutal man. Faith, hearing only glorified whispers of these matters, had dreamed of the strength of him. She saw this strength not as a physical thing, but as a thing spiritual. No one man could rule other men unless he ruled them by a superior moral strength, she knew. She loved to think of Noll's strength. Her breath had caught in ecstasy of pain that night he first held her close against his great chest till she thought her own ribs would crack.

Not Noll's strength alone was famous. He had been a great captain, a great man for oil. His maiden voyage as skipper of his own ship made that reputation for the man. He set sail, ran forthwith into a very sea of whales, worked night and day, and returned in three days short of three months with a cargo worth thirty-seven thousand dollars. A cargo that other men took three years to harvest from the fat fields of the sea; took three years to harvest, and then were like as not to boast of the harvesting. Oh, Noll Wing was a master hand for sperm oil; a master skipper as ever sailed the seas.

She remembered, this night, her first sight of him; her first remembered sight. It was when her father came home from his last voyage, his chest crushed, himself a helpless man who must lie abed long months before he might regain a measure of his ancient strength again. His ship came in, down at the wharves, at early dawn; and Faith and Roy, at home with their mother, had known nothing of the matter till big Noll Wing came up the hill, carrying Jem Kilcup in his arms as a baby is borne. Their mother opened the

door, and Noll bore Jem up-stairs to the bed he was to keep for so long. And Faith and Roy, who had always seen in their father the mightiest of men, as children do, marveled at Noll Wing with wide eyes. Noll had carried their father in his arms.

Faith was eleven then; Roy not much more than half as old. While Noll's ship remained in port she and Roy had stolen down often to the wharves to catch a glimpse of the great man; they had hidden among the casks to watch him; they had heard with awe his thundering commands. And then he sailed away.

When he came again Faith was thirteen; and she tagged at his heels, and he bought her candy and took her on his knee and played with her. Those weeks of his stay were witchery to Faith. Her mother died during that time, and Noll was her comforter. The big man could be gentle in those days and very kind.

He came next when Faith was sixteen; and the faint breath of bursting womanhood within her made Faith shy. When a girl passes from childhood, and feels for the first time the treasure of womanhood within herself, she guards that treasure zealously, like a secret thing. Faith was afraid of Noll; she avoided him; and when they met her tongue was tied. He teased her, and she writhed in helpless misery.

Nineteen at his next coming; but young Dan'l Tobey, risen to be fourth mate on that cruise with Noll, laid siege to her. She liked Dan'l; she thought he was a pleasant boy. But when she saw Noll, now and then, she was silent before him; and Noll had no eyes to see what was in the eyes of Faith. He was, at that time, in the tower of his strength; a mighty man, with flooding pulses that drove him restlessly. He still liked children; but Faith was no longer a child. She was a woman; and Noll had never had more than casual use for women. He saw her, now and then, nothing more.

Nevertheless, this seeing was enough so that Dan'l Tobey had no chance at all. Dan'l went so far as to beg her to marry him; but she shook her head.

"Wait," she whispered. "No, no. Wait."

"You mean—you will—some day?" he clamored.

She was frightened and cried out:

"No. I don't mean anything, Dan'l. Please—don't ask me. Wait."



He told her, doggedly, the day he sailed away, that he would ask her again when he came home. And Faith, sure as sure that she would never love Dan'l Tobey, was so sorry for him that she kissed him good-by; kissed him on the forehead. The boy was blind; he read in that kiss an augury of hope for the future, and went away with heart singing. He did not know the true philosophy of kisses.

Noll Wing, on that cruise, passed the great divide of life without knowing it. Till then he had been a strong man, proud in his strength, sufficient unto himself, alone without being either lonely or afraid; but when he came home there was stirring in him for the first time a pang of loneliness. This was the advance courier of age come suddenly upon him.

This unrest was stirring in him when he went to see old Jem Kilcup, and Faith opened the door to him and invited him to come in.

He came in, tugging at his cap, and his eyes rested on her pleasantly. She was tall, as women go, but not too tall; and she was rounded and strong and firm. Her hair was thick and soft, and her voice was low and full. When she bade him good evening, her voice thrummed some chord in the man; a pulse pricked faster in his throat.

He had come to see Jem; Jem was not at home. Faith told him this. In the old days he would have turned and stamped away. Now he hesitated; then looked about for a chair, sat down. And Faith, who for the life of her could not hold still her heart when Noll Wing was near, sat in a chair that faced him, and they fell a talking together.

Thus began their strange courtship. It was scarce conscious on either side. Noll took comfort in coming to her, in talking to her, in watching her. His pulses stirred at watching her. And Faith made herself fair for his coming, and made him welcome when he came.

They came together by chance one night when the moon played hide-and-seek with dark clouds in the sky; they met upon the street, as Faith came home with Bess Holt; and Noll walked with them to Bess's house, and then he and Faith went on together. She led him to talk of himself, as ever. When they came to her gate, some sudden impulse of unaccustomed modesty seized the man. He said hoarsely:

"But, pshaw, Faith! You must be sick of my old yarns by now."

She was silent for a moment there before him. Then she lifted her eyes, smiling in the moonlight, and she quoted softly and provokingly:

" . . . She thank'd me,  
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her."

Noll Wing was no man of little reading. He understood, and cried out hoarsely.

'Twas then, the moon providentially disappearing behind a cloud, that he caught her and held her till her ribs were like to crack, while his lips came fumbling down to find her own.

Afterward, Faith hid her eyes in shame and scolded herself for frowardness, until he reassured her; she bade him, then, pay court in due form at her feet. He knelt before her, the big, strong man. And her eyes filled, and she knelt with him.

It was in her heart that she was pledging herself sacredly, with this man, forevermore.

Followed the swift days of preparation; a pleasant flurry, through which Faith moved calmly, her thoughts far off. Old Jem Kilcup was wroth; he knew Noll Wing, and tried to tell Faith something of this knowledge. But she, proud and straight, would have none of it; she commanded old Jem into silence, then teased him into smiles till he consented and bade her take her man.

So—marriage! It was done now—done. She was away with Noll, the world and life before them. Brave Noll, strong Noll. She loved him so!

When he came down into the cabin she was waiting for him. She had put on a dressing-gown, a warm and woolly thing that she and Bess had made of a heavy blanket, to protect her against the chill winds of the sea. Her braids were upon her shoulders; her hair parted evenly above her broad brow. Her eyes were steady and sweet and calm. Noll, studying her while his heart leaped, saw, where the dressing-gown parted at her throat, a touch of white, a spray of brodered blossoms which Faith herself had made, with every stitch a world of hope and dreams.

Faith lifted her eyes and came closer to him. He took her roughly in his arms,

and she lifted one arm and threw it around his thick neck, and drew his face down.

"Ah, Noll!" she whispered proudly.

### III

FAITH WING fitted easily into the life aboard the Sally Sims, as the whaler worked eastward before starting on the long southerly slant that would bring her at last to her true hunting-grounds. The mates saw Faith daily as a pleasant figure in the life of the cabin; the boat-steerers and the seamen and greenies caught glimpses of her, now and then, when she sat on deck with sewing, or a book, or with idle hands and thoughtful eyes. Faith, on her part, studied the men about her, and watched over Noll, and gave herself to the task of being a good wife and helpmate to him.

The first weeks of the cruise were arduous ones, as they are apt to be on a whaler; for of the whole crew, more than half were green hands recruited from the gutters, the farms, the slums—weak men, in many cases, rotted by wrong living; slack-muscled, jangle-nerved; weak men who must be made strong, for there is no place for weakness in a whaler's crew.

It was the task of the mates to make these weaklings into men. The greenies must learn the rigging; they must learn their duties in response to each command; they must be drilled to their parts in the boats and prepared for the hunts that were to come. Your novice at sea has never an easy time of it; he learns in a hard school, and this is apt to be especially true upon a whaler. While the methods of the officers differed according to the habit of the officer, they were never gentle.

Cap'n Wing watched over all this, took a hand here and there. And Faith, quietly in the background, saw a new Noll, saw in each of the officers a man she had never seen ashore.

Noll was the master, the commander. When his voice bellowed along the decks, even the greenest man leaped and desperately strove in his efforts to obey. Noll was the dominant man, and Faith was pleasantly afraid of him and his roaring tones. She loved being afraid of him.

There were four officers aboard the Sally Sims. These four, with Roy—in his capacity of ship's boy—lived with Noll and Faith in the main cabin. They were Faith's family. Big Henry Ham, the mate, was a man of slow wit but quick fist; a

man with a gift of stubbornness that passed for mastery. The men of his watch, and especially the men of his boat, feared him acutely. He taught them this fear in the first week of the cruise, by the simple teachings of blows. Thereafter he relaxed this chastisement, but held a clenched fist always over their cowering heads. He had what passed for a philosophy of life, to justify this.

Dan'l Tobey, the second mate, was a man of another sort. Faith was startled and somewhat amused to find what a difference there was between Dan'l afloat and Dan'l ashore. Ashore, he was a round-faced, freckled, sandy-haired boy with no guile in him; an impetuous, somewhat helpless and inarticulate boy. Afloat, he was a man; reticent, speaking little, speaking to the point when he spoke at all. Shrewd, reading the character of his men, playing upon them as a musician plays upon his instruments.

Of the five men in his boat, not one but might have whipped him in a stand-up fight. Nevertheless, he ruled them. This one he dominated by cutting and sarcastic words that left the man abashed and helpless; that one he flattered; another he joked into quick obedience.

Dan'l had, Faith decided, more mental ability than any man aboard—short of her Noll. He ruled by his wits; and this the more surprised her because she had always thought Dan'l more than a little stupid. She watched the unfolding of the new Dan'l with keener and keener interest as the weeks dragged by.

James Tichel, the third mate, was a thin little old man given to occasional bursts of tigerish rage in which he was the match for any man aboard. In his second week he took the biggest man in his boat and beat him into a helpless, clucking wreck of bruises. Thereafter there was no need for him to strike a second time.

Willis Cox was fourth mate. He was a youngster; this his first cruise in the cabin. He had been promoted from the fo'c's'le by Noll Wing on Noll's last voyage. By the same token, he worshiped Noll as a demigod, with the enthusiasm of youth.

All these men had been changed, in subtle ways, by their coming to sea. Faith, during the first weeks, was profoundly puzzled and interested by this transformation. There was a new strength in all of them which she marked and admired. At the

same time there were manifestations by which she was disquieted.

Noll Wing—her Noll—had changed with the rest. He had changed not only in his every-day bearing, but in his relations with her. She was troubled, from the very beginning, by these changes; and she was troubled by her own reactions to them.

The pitiless intimacies of their life together in the cabin of the Sally Sims were hard for Faith. They shared two small rooms; and Noll must be up and down at all hours of day and night, when the weather was bad or the business of whaling engrossed him. Faith, without being vain, had that reverence and respect for herself which goes by the name of modesty. Her body was as sacred to her as her soul. The necessity that they were under of dressing and undressing in a tiny room not eight feet long was a perpetual torment to her.

She had been, when she married, prepared for disillusionment. Faith was not a child; she was a woman. She had the wisdom to know that no man is a heroic figure in a nightshirt. But she was not prepared to discover that Noll, who walked among men as a master, could fret at his wife like a nervous woman.

This fretfulness manifested itself more than once in the early stages of the voyage. For Noll was growing old, and growing old a little before his time because he had spent his life too freely. He was, at times, as querulous as a complaining old man. Because he was apt to be profane in these moods, Faith tried to tell herself that they were the stormy outbreaks of a strong man. But she knew better. When Noll, after they lost their second whale, growled to her:

"Damn Tichel! The man's losing his pith. You'd think a man like him could strike a whale and not let it get away."

Faith knew this was no just accusation against Tichel, but an out-and-out whine of irritability.

She knew this, but would not admit it, even in her thoughts.

Another matter troubled her. Noll Wing was a drinker. She had always known that. It was a part of his strength, she thought, to be able to drink strong liquor as a man should. But aboard ship she found that he drank constantly, that there was always the sickly-sweet smell of alcohol about him. And at times he drank to stupefaction, and slept, loglike, while Faith lay wide-eyed and

ashamed for him in the bunk below his. She was sorry; but because she trusted in Noll's strength and wisdom, she made no attempt to interfere.

More than once, when Noll fretted at her while others were about, she saw Dan'l Tobey's eyes upon her; and at such times she took care to look serene and proud. Dan'l must not so much as guess it, if Noll should ever make her unhappy.

But—Noll make her unhappy? The very thought was absurd. He was her Noll; she was his. When they were wedded, she had given herself to him, and taken him as a part of herself, utterly and without reservation. He might fail her high expectations in little things; she might fail him. But for all that, they were one, one body and soul so long as they both should live.

She was as loyal to him, even in her thoughts, as to herself. For this was Faith; she was Noll's forever.

She thought that what she felt was hidden; but Dan'l Tobey had eyes to see. And now and then, when in crafty ways he led big Noll to act unworthily before her, he watched for the shadow that crossed her face, and smiled in his own sly soul.

#### IV

THERE WAS, in Dan'l Tobey's boat, a little man named Mauger. It was he whom Dan'l ruled by a superior tongue, deriding the man and scorching him with jests that made Mauger crimson with shame for himself. Mauger was a greeny; he was a product of the worst conditions of the city. He was little and shrunken and thin, and his shoulders curled forward as though to hug and shelter his weak chest. Nevertheless, there was a ratlike spirit in the man, and a ratlike gleam in his black, little eyes. He was one of those men who inspire dislike, even when they strive to win the liking of their fellows. The very fo'c's'le baited him.

It was through Mauger that the first open clash between Cap'n Wing and Faith, his wife, was brought to pass; and the thing happened in this wise:

Dan'l Tobey knew how to handle Mauger; and he kept the little man in a continual ferment of helpless anger. When they were off in the boats after a whale, or merely for the sake of boat-drill, Dan'l gave all his attention to Mauger, who rowed tub-oar in Dan'l's boat.

"Now, if you'll not mind, Mauger," he would say, "just put your strength into the stroke there. Just a trifle of it. Gently, you understand, for we must not break the oars. But lean to it, Mauger. Lean to it, little man!"

And Mauger strove till the veins stood out upon his narrow forehead and his black, little eyes gleamed. And within him boiled and boiled a vast revolt, a hatred of Dan'l. Again and again he was on the point of an open outbreak; he cursed between his teeth, and slavered, and thought of the bliss of sinking his nails in Dan'l's smooth throat. The wrath in the man gathered like a tempest.

But always Dan'l pricked the bubble of this wrath with some sly word that left Mauger helpless and bewildered.

He set the man to scrub the decks, amidships, one day after an eighty-barrel bull whale had been tried out. There were other men at work scrubbing; but Dan'l gave all his attention to Mauger. He leaned against the rail and smiled cheerfully at the little man, and spoke caustically:

"Not used to the scrub-brush, Mauger. That's plain to see. But you'll learn its little ways. Give you time." And: "Here's a spot, here by my foot, that needs attention. Come. No, yonder. No, beyond that again. So." Or: "See, now, how the Portugee there scrubs." And when Mauger looked toward the Portugee, Dan'l rasped: "Come—don't be looking up from your tasks, little man. Attention, there!"

This continued until Mauger, fretted and tormented and wild with the fury of a helpless thing, was minded to rise and fling himself at Dan'l's round, freckled face. And in that final moment before the outbreak must surely have come, Dan'l said pleasantly:

"So. That is nicely. Go below now, Mauger, and rest. Ye've worked well."

And the kindness of his tone robbed Mauger of all wrath, so that the little man crept forward and down to his bunk and fairly sobbed there with rage and nerves and general bewilderment.

Dan'l was the man's master, fair.

This was one side of the matter; Cap'n Noll Wing was on the other side.

Noll Wing had been harassed by the difficulties of the early weeks of the cruise. It seemed to the man that the whole world combined to torment him. He was, for one thing, a compound of rasping nerves; the

slightest mishap on the Sally Sims preyed on his mind; the least slackness on the part of the mates, the least error by the men, sent him into a futile storm of anger. Even toward Faith he blew hot, blew cold. There were times when he felt the steadfast love she gave him was like a burden hung about his neck; and he wished he might cast it off, and wished he had never married her, and wished—a thousand things. These were the days when the old strength of the man reasserted itself, when he held his head high, and would have defied the world.

But there were other hours, when he was spiritually bowed by the burdens of his task; and in these hours it seemed to him Faith was his only reliance, his only support. He leaned upon her as a man leans upon a staff. She was now a nagging burden, now a peaceful haven of rest to which he could retreat from all the world.

If he felt thus toward Faith, whom, in his way, the man did love, how much more unstable was his attitude toward the men about him! Now, it is a truth which every soldier knows, that a commanding officer must command. When he begins to entreat, or to scold like a woman, or to give any other indication of cracking nerves, the men under him conspire maliciously to torment him, in the hope of provoking new outbreaks. It is instinctive with them; they do it as naturally as small boys torment a helpless dog. And it was so on the Sally Sims. The more frequently Noll Wing forgot that he was master, the more persistently the men harassed him.

His officers saw the change in Noll, and tried to hide it or deny it as their natures prompted. The mate, Mr. Ham, developed an unsuspected loyalty, covering his chief's errors by his own strength; and young Willis Cox backed him nobly. Dan'l Tobey, likewise, was always quick to take hold of matters when they slipped from the captain's fingers; but he did it a little ostentatiously. Noll himself did not perceive this ostentation; but the men saw, and understood. It was as though Dan'l whispered over his shoulder to them:

"See! The old man's failing. I have to handle you for him."

Once or twice Dan'l bungled some task in a fashion that provoked these outbreaks; and whether or not this was mere chance, Faith was always about on these occasions. For example: at dinner one day in the cab-

in, Dan'l looked mournfully at the salt beef that was set before him, and then began to eat it with such a look of resignation on his countenance that Noll demanded:

"What's wrong with the beef, Mr. Tobey?"

"Nothing, sir," said Dan'l pleasantly. "Nothing at all. It's very good fare, and almighty well cooked, I'd say."

Now, it was not well cooked. Tinch, the cook, had been hurried or careless. The junk he had brought down to the cabin was half raw, a nauseous mess. And Dan'l knew it, and so did Noll Wing. But Noll might have taken no notice but for Dan'l and Dan'l's tone.

As it was, he was forced to take notice. And so he bellowed for Tinch, and when the cook came running, Noll lifted the platter and flung it, with its greasy contents, at the man's head, roaring profanely.

Faith was at the table; she said nothing. But when Noll looked at her and saw the disappointment in her eyes—disappointment in him—he wished to justify himself, and so complained:

"Damn'd shame! A man can't get decent food out of that rascal. If I wasn't a fool, Faith, I'd have stayed ashore."

Faith thought she would have respected him more if, having given way to his anger, he had stuck to his guns instead of seeking thus weakly to placate her. And Dan'l Tobey watched Faith, and was well content with himself.

It was Dan'l, in the end, who brought Mauger and Cap'n Wing together; and if matters went beyond what he had intended, that was because chance favored him.

It was a day when Mauger took a turn at the awkward steering apparatus of the Sally Sims. The Sally's wheel was so arranged that when it was twirled it moved to and fro across the deck, dragging the tiller with it. To steer was a trick that required learning; and in any sea the tiller bucked, and the wheel fought the steersman in eccentric and amazing fashion. This antiquated arrangement was one of the curses of many ships of the whaling fleet. Mauger had never been able to get the trick of it.

Dan'l's watch came on deck and Mauger took the wheel at a moment when Cap'n Wing was below. Faith was with him. Dan'l knew the captain would be entering the log, writing up his records of the cruise, reading. He also knew that if Noll Wing

followed his custom, he would presently come on deck. And he knew—he himself had had a hand in this—that Noll had been drinking that day more than usual.

That Faith came up with Noll a little later was chance, no more. Dan'l had not counted on it.

Mauger, then, was at the wheel. Dan'l leaned against the deck-house behind Mauger, and devoted himself amiably to the task of instructing the man. His tone remained, throughout, even and calm; but there was a bite in it which seared the very skin of Mauger's back.

"You'll understand," said Dan'l cheerfully, "you are not rolling a hoop in your home gutter, Mauger. You're too impetuous in your ways. Be gentle with her."

This when, the Sally Sims having fallen off her set course, Mauger brought her so far up into the wind that her sails flapped on the yards. Dan'l chided him.

"Not so strenuous, Mauger. A little turn, a spoke or two. You overswing your mark, little man. Stick her nose into it, and keep it there."

The worst of it was, from Mauger's point of view, that he was trying quite desperately to hold the Sally's blunt bows where they belonged. But there was a sea; the rollers pounded her high sides with an overwhelming impact, and the awkward wheel put a constant strain on his none-too-adequate arms and shoulders. When the Sally swung off, and he fought her back to her course, she was sure to swing too far the other way; when he tried to ease her up to it, a following sea was sure to catch him and thrust him still farther off the way he should go.

He fought the wheel as if it were a live thing, and the sweat burst out on him, and his arms and shoulders ached; and all the time Dan'l at his back flogged him with gentle jeers and seared him with caustic words.

The ratlike little man had the temper of a rat. Dan'l knew this; he was careful never to push Mauger too far. So, this afternoon, he brought the man, little by little, to the boiling-point, and held him there as delicately in the balance as a chemist's scales. With a word, he might at any time have driven Mauger mad with fury; with a word he could have reduced the helpless little man to smothering sobs.

He had Mauger thus trembling and wild when Noll Wing came on deck, Faith at his

side. Dan'l looked at them shrewdly; he saw that Noll's face was flushed, and that Noll's eyes were hot and angry. And—behind the back of Mauger at the wheel—he nodded toward the little man and caught Noll's eye, and raised his shoulders hopelessly, smiling. It was as if he said:

"See what a hash the little man is making of his simple job. Is he not a hopeless thing?"

Noll caught Dan'l's glance; and while Mauger still quivered with the memory of Dan'l's last word, Noll looked at the compass, and cuffed Mauger on the ear and growled at him:

"Get her on her course, you gutter-dog!"

Which was just enough to fill to overflowing Mauger's cup of wrath. The little man abandoned the wheel—Dan'l caught it before the Sally could fall away—and he sprang headlong, face black with wrath, at Cap'n Wing.

He was scarce a third Noll's size; but the fury of his attack was such that for a moment Noll was staggered. Then the captain's fist swung home, and the little man whirled in the air and fell crushingly on head and right shoulder, and rolled on the slanting deck like a bundle of soiled old clothes—rolled and lay still.

Cap'n Noll Wing, big Noll, whom Faith loved, bellowed and leaped after the little man. He was red with fury that Mauger had attacked him, red with rage that Mauger had, for an instant, thrust him back. He swung his heavy boot and drove it square into the face of the unconscious man. Faith saw.

The toe of the captain's boot struck Mauger in the right eye-socket as he lay on his side. At the blow the man's eye literally splashed out.

Some women would have screamed; some would have flung themselves upon Noll to drag him back. Faith did neither of these things. She stood for an instant, her lips white. Her sorrow and pity were not for Mauger, who had suffered the blow. They were for Noll, her husband whom she loved and wished to respect, sorrow and pity for Noll, who had done this thing.

She turned quickly and went down into her cabin.

Noll came down minutes later, after she had heard the feet of running men, the voices of men upon the deck. He came down, found her in the cabin which served

as his office. She was standing, looking out one of the windows in the stern.

"That damned rat won't try that on again!" he said thickly.

She turned, and her eyes held his.

"That was a cowardly thing to do, Noll, my husband," she said.

## V

WHEN Noll Wing kicked the unconscious man, and Faith slipped quietly away and went below, the life of the Sally Sims for an instant stood still. Yella' Boy and Loum, two of the boat-steerers, were lounging at the forward end of the boat-house, and saw. Dan'l Tobey, who had gripped the wheel, saw. And three or four of the men amidships saw. For a space they all stood still, watching, while Noll growled above his victim, and Mauger, limp and senseless, rolled slackly back and forth upon the deck with the motion of the vessel.

Then Noll looked around and saw them all watching him with steady, hard, frightened eyes; and their silence irked him so that he broke it with a cry of his own.

"You, Yella' Boy, sluice him off!" he shouted.

Yella' Boy grinned, showed his teeth with the amiability of his dark race; and he took a canvas bucket and dropped it over the rail, and drew it up filled with brine, and flung this callously in Mauger's crushed and wounded face. The water loosed the clotted blood, washed it away in flecks and gouts. The salt burned cruelly. Mauger groaned hoarsely and slumped back into unconsciousness.

"Douse him again," Noll Wing commanded. "The dog's shamming!" He looked around, saw Dan'l at the wheel. "You, Mr. Tobey, look to him."

Dan'l was one of those men whose hands have a knack for healing. He knew something of medicine; he had gone so far upon a former cruise as to trim away a man's crushed fingers after an accident of the whale fisheries had nipped them. He hailed one of the men in the waist now, and gave the wheel to this man, and then crossed to where Mauger lay, and knelt beside him and dabbed away the blood upon his face.

Cap'n Wing, leaning against the rail, his knuckles white with the grip he had upon it, watched Dan'l, and swayed upon his feet. And Yella' Boy, with his bucket still

half full of brine, stood by and grinned and waited.

Mauger came slowly back to life under Dan'l's ministrations; he groaned and he began to twitch and kick. And of a sudden he cried out, like one suddenly waking from sleep. Then consciousness flooded him, and with it came the agony he was enduring, and he howled. After a time his howls grew weak and weaker till he was sobbing. Then Dan'l helped him to his feet. He had put a rough bandage about the man's head, and from beneath this bandage one of Mauger's eyes looked forth, blackly gleaming, wild with the torment he endured. This eye fixed its gaze upon Noll Wing.

Dan'l stepped a little nearer Noll and said in a low voice:

"His eye is gone, sir. It 'll never be any good. It ought to be trimmed out—cleared away."

That shocked the liquor out of Noll; his face went white beneath the brown; and Mauger heard, and suddenly he screamed again and leveled a shaking finger at Noll Wing and cursed him shrilly. Dan'l whirled and bade him be silent; he signed to Yella' Boy, and the harpooner half dragged, half carried Mauger forward. But as they went, Mauger, twisting in the other's arms, shook his thin fist at Noll Wing and swore terribly—cursed Noll, called death down upon him, vowed that he would some day even the score.

Yella' Boy cuffed him and dragged him away. And Dan'l watched Noll to see what the captain would say. Noll said nothing. He took off his cap and rubbed his bald head and looked for an instant like an old man; his eyes shifted furtively from Dan'l to the cursing man.

Abruptly he turned and went aft to the stern of the ship and stood there by himself, thinking. He sought reassurance; he abused Mauger under his breath, and told himself the little man had been well served. The Sally fell away; he turned and cursed the new man at the wheel, and got relief from the oath he spoke. It gave him a blustering sort of courage. He wished Dan'l Tobey would tell him he had done right. But Dan'l had gone forward to the fo'c's'le. Mauger was howling. And Noll shuddered. He was, suddenly, immensely lonely; he wished with all his soul for friendly support, for a word of comfort, a word of reassurance.

He went down into the cabin, thinking to speak with Henry Ham. Mr. Ham was always an apostle of violence. But the mate was sleeping; Noll could hear him snore. So was tigerish little James Tichel.

Noll went into the after-cabin and found Faith there. Her back was turned, she was looking out of the stern windows. He wished she would look at him, but she did not. So he said, his voice thick with anger, and at the same time plaintive with hunger for a reassuring word:

"That damned rat won't try that again!"

Then Faith turned and told him:

"That was a cowardly thing to do, Noll, my husband."

He had come for comfort; he was ready to humble himself; he was a prey to the instinct of wrong-doing man which bids him confess and be forgiven. But Faith's eyes accused him. When a man's wife turns against him— He said, bitter with rage:

"Keep your mouth shut, child. This is not a pink tea aboard the Sally Sims. You know nothing of what's necessary to handle rough men."

Faith smiled a little wistfully.

"I know it is never necessary to kick an unconscious man in the face," she said.

He was so helpless with fury and shame and misery that he raised his great fist as though he would have struck even Faith.

"Mind your own matters," he bade her harshly. "The dog struck me. Where would the ship be if I let that go? I should have killed him."

"Did you not?" Faith asked gently. "I thought he would be dead."

"No; hell, no!" Noll blustered. "You can't kill a snake. He'll be poisonous as ever in a day."

"I saw," said Faith; she shuddered faintly. "I—think his eye is gone."

"Eye?" Noll echoed. "What's an eye? He's lucky to live. There's skippers that would have killed him where he stood. For what he did—"

Faith shook her head.

"He's only a little man, weak, not used to sea life. You are big and strong, Noll. My Noll. There was no need of kicking him."

The man flung himself then into an insane burst of anger at her. He hated the whole world, hated Faith most of all because she would not soothe him and tell

him never to mind. He raved at her, gripped her round shoulders and shook her, flung her away from him. He was mad.

And Faith, steadfastly watching him, though her soul trembled, prayed in her heart that she might find the way to bring Noll back to manhood again; she endured his curses; she endured his harsh grip upon her shoulders. She waited, while he flooded her with abuse. And at the end, when he was quiet for lack of words to say, she went to him and touched his arm.

"Noll," she said.

He jerked away from her.

"What?"

"Noll—look at me."

He obeyed, in spite of himself; and there were such depths of tenderness and sorrow in her eyes that the man's heart melted in him.

"It's not Mauger I'm sorry for," she told him. "It's you, Noll. That you should be so cowardly, Noll—"

His rage broke then; he fell to fretting, whining. She sat down; he slumped like a child beside her. He told her he was tired, weary; that he was worried; that his nerves had betrayed him; that the drink was in him.

"They're all trying to stir me," he complained. "They take a joy in doing the thing wrong. They're helpless, slithering fools. I lost myself, Faith."

He pleaded with her, desperately anxious to make her understand; and Faith understood from the beginning, with the full wisdom of woman, yet let him talk out all his unhappiness and remorse. And because she loved him, her arms were about him and his great head was drawn against her breast long before he was done. She comforted him with touches of her light hands upon his head; she soothed him with murmurs that were no words at all.

The man reveled in this orgy of self-abasement. He groveled before her until she began to be faintly contemptuous in her heart at his groveling. She bade him make an end of it.

"I was a coward, Faith!" he cried. "You're right. I was a coward."

"You are a man, Noll," she told him. "Stronger than other men, and not in your fists alone. That is why I love you so."

"I know, I know," he told her. "Oh, you're a wonder, Faith."

"You're a man—always remember that," she said.

He got up abruptly. He started toward the main cabin, and she asked:

"Where are you going, Noll?"

"Forward," he said. "I've wronged Mauger." He was drunk with this new-found joy of abasing himself. "I'll tell the man so. I'll right things with him." And he added thoughtfully: "He cursed me. I don't want the man's hate. I'll right things with him."

She smiled faintly, shook her head.

"No, Noll."

He was stubborn.

"Yes. Why not? I've—"

"Noll, you're the master of this ship," she said thoughtfully. "Old Jonathan Felt put her in your charge. You are responsible for her. And that puts certain obligations on you, Noll. An obligation to be wise, and to be prudent, and to be brave."

He came back and sat down beside her. She touched his knee.

"You are like a king aboard here, Noll. And—the king can do no wrong. I would not go to Mauger if I were you. You made a mistake; but there is no need you should humble yourself before the men. They would not understand; they would only despise you, Noll."

"Let them!" he said hotly. "They're sneaking, spineless things."

"Let them fear you; let them hate you," she told him. "But—never let them forget you are master, Noll. Don't go to Mauger."

He had no real desire to go; he wished only to bask in her new-found sympathy. And he yielded readily enough at last.

The matter passed abruptly. She rose; he went up on deck; the Sally Sims went on her way. And for a day or two Noll Wing, an old man, was like a boy who has repented and been forgiven; he was offensively virtuous, offensively good-natured.

Mauger returned to his duties the second day. He wore a bandage across his face; and when it was discarded a week later the hollow socket where his eye had been was revealed. His suffering had worked a terrible change in the man; he had been morose and desperate; he was now too much given to chuckling, as though at some secret jest of his own. He went slyly about his tasks; he seemed to have a pride in his misfortune; when he saw men shrink with distaste at sight of his scarred countenance he chuckled under his breath. In

the upper lid some maimed nerve persisted in living. It twitched, now and then, in such a fashion that Mauger seemed to be winking with that deep hollow in his face.

The man had a fascination, from the beginning, for Noll Wing. The captain took an unholy joy in looking upon his handiwork; he shivered at it, as a boy shivers at a tale of ghosts. And he felt the gleaming glance of Mauger's remaining eye like a threat. It followed him whenever they were both on deck together; if he looked toward Mauger, he was sure to catch the other watching him.

One night, as they were preparing to sleep, Noll spoke of Mauger to Faith.

"He does his work better than ever," he said.

She nodded.

"Yes?" And something in Noll's tone made her attentive.

"Seems cheerful, too," said Noll. He hesitated. "I reckon he's forgot his threat to stick a knife in me. Don't you think he has?"

Faith's eyes, watching her husband, clouded; for she read his tone. Noll Wing, strong man and brave, could not hide his secret from her. She understood that he was deathly afraid of the one-eyed man.

## VI

THE Sally Sims was in the south Atlantic on the day when Noll Wing kicked out Mauger's eye. The life of the whaler went on, day by day, as a background for the drama that was brewing. The men stood watch at the mastheads; the Sally plunged and waddled awkwardly southward; and now and then a misty spout against the wide blue of the sea halted them; and boats were lowered, and the whales were struck and killed and towed alongside.

Held fast there by the chain that was snubbed around the fluke-chain bitt, they were hacked by the keen spades and cutting-knives, the great heads were cut off and dragged aboard and stripped of every fleck of oily blubber; and the huge bodies, while the spiral blanket strips were torn away, rolled lumberingly over and over against the bark's stout planks. Thereafter the try-works roared and the blubber boiled, and the black and stinking smoke of burning oil hung over the seas like a pall.

This smell of burning oil, the mark of the whaler, distressed Faith at first. It sickened her; and the soot from the fires

where the scrapple of boiled blubber fed the flames settled over the ship, and penetrated even to her own immaculate cabin. She disliked the smell; but the gigantic toil of the cutting-in and the roar of the try-works had always a fascination for her that compensated for the evil smell and the pervasive soot. She rejoiced in strength, in the strong work of lusty men. To see a great carcass almost as long as the Sally lying helpless below the rail never failed to thrill her.

For the men of the crew, it was all in the day's work—stinking, sweating, perilous toil. For Faith it was a tremendous spectacle. It intoxicated her; and in the same fashion it affected Noll Wing and Dan'l Tobey and tigerish old Tichel. When there were fish about, these men were subtly changed; their eyes shone, their chests swelled, their muscles hardened; they stamped upon the deck with stout legs, like a cavalry horse that scents the battle. They gave themselves to the toil of killing whales and harvesting the blubber as men give themselves to a debauch; and afterward, when the work was done, they were apt to surrender to a lassitude such as follows a debauch. There was keen, sensual joy in the running oil, the unctuous oil that flowed everywhere upon the decks; they dabbed their hands in it; it soaked their garments, and their very skins drank it in.

Cap'n Wing chose to go west, instead of around the tip of Africa and up into the Indian Ocean. So they passed through the Straits, fighting the wind day by day, and Faith saw the vast rocks towering into the skies on either side, each rock a mountain whose foot the waves were gnawing.

They slid out at last into the south Pacific, and struck a little north of west for the wide whaling grounds of the island-dotted South Seas. There they found their whales.

The routine of their tasks dragged on. But during this time a change was working in Noll Wing, which Faith and Dan'l Tobey and all who looked might see.

The Mauger incident had been, in some measure, a mile-stone in Noll's life. He had struck men before; he had maimed them. He had killed at least one man in fair fight, when it was his life or the other's. But because in those days his pulse was strong and his heart was young, the matter had never preyed upon him. He had been able to go proudly on his way, strong in his

strength, sure of himself, serene and unafraid. He was, in those days, a man.

But this was different; this was the parting of the ways. Noll had spent his great strength too swiftly. His muscles were as stout as ever, but his heart was not. Drink was gnawing at him; old age was gnawing at him.

At times, when he felt this failing of his own strong heart, he blamed Faith for it, and fretted at her because she dragged him down. At other times he was ashamed, he was afraid of the eyes of the men; he fled to her for comfort and for strength. He was a prey, too, to regretful memories. The matter of Mauger, for instance. He was, for all he fought the feeling, tortured by remorse for what he had done to Mauger.

And he was dreadfully afraid of the one-eyed man.

At first he half enjoyed this fear; it was a new sensation, and he rolled in it like a horse in clover. But as the weeks passed, it nagged at him so constantly that he became obsessed with it. He was pursued by the chuckling, mirthless mirth of the one-eyed man. He thought Mauger was like a scavenger-bird that waits for a sick beast to die. Mauger harassed him.

This change in Noll Wing reacted upon Faith. Because her life was so close to his, she was forced to witness the manifestations which he hid from the men; because her eyes were the eyes of a woman who loves, she saw things which the men did not see. She saw the slow loosening of the muscles of Noll's jaw; saw how his cheeks came to sag like jowls. She saw the old, proud strength in his eyes weaken and fail; she saw his eyes grow red and furtive; saw, too, how his whole body became overcast with a thickening, flabby garment of fat, like a net that bound his slothful limbs.

Noll's slow disintegration of soul had its effect upon Faith. She had been, when she came to the Sally Sims with him, little more than a girl; she had been gay and laughing, but she had also been calm and strong. As the weeks passed, Faith became less gay; her laugh rang more seldom. But by the same token, the strength that dwelt in her seemed to increase. While Noll weakened, she grew strong.

There were days when she was very lonely; she felt that the Noll she had married was gone from her. She was, for all her strength, a woman; and a woman is always happiest when she can lean on other

strength and find comfort there. But Noll—Noll, by this, was not so strong of soul as she.

She was lonely with another loneliness; with the loneliness of a mother. But Noll had told her brutally, in the beginning, that there was no place for a baby upon the Sally Sims. He overbore her, because in such a matter she could not command him. The longing was too deep in her for words. She could not lay it bare for even Noll to see.

Thus, in short, Faith was unhappy. Unhappy; yet she loved Noll, and her heart clung to him and yearned to strengthen and support the man, yearned to bring back the valor she had loved in him. There could never be, so long as he should live, any man but Noll for her.

Dan'l Tobey—poor Dan'l, if you will—could not understand this. Dan'l, for all his round and simple countenance, and the engaging frankness of his freckles and his hair, had an eye that could see into the heart of a man; but he knew much less about a woman.

Dan'l was wise; he was also crafty. He contrived, again and again, that Noll should act unworthily in Faith's eyes. To this extent he understood Faith; he understood her ideals, knew that she judged men by them, knew that when Noll fell short of these ideals Faith must in her heart condemn him. And he took care that Noll should fall short.

Dan'l loved Faith with a passion that gripped him, soul and body; yet it was not an unholy thing. When he saw her unhappy, he wished to guard her; when he saw that she was lonely, he wished to comfort her; when he came upon her, once, at the stern, and saw that she had tears in her eyes, it called for all his strength to refrain from taking her in his arms and soothing her. He loved her, but there was nothing in his love that could have soiled her. Dan'l was, in some fashion, a figure of tragedy.

His heart burst from him one day when they had been two weeks in the South Pacific. It was a hard, bitter day—one of those days when the sea is unfriendly, when she torments a ship with thrusting billows, when she racks planks and strains rigging, when she is perverse without being dangerous. There was none of the joy of battle in enduring such a sea; there was only irksome toil.

It told on Noll Wing. His temper worked under the strain. He was on deck through the afternoon; and the climax came when Willis Cox's boat parted the lines that held its bow, and fell and dangled by the stern lines, slatting against the rail of the Sally and spilling the gear into the sea. With every lurch of the sea the boat was splintering; and before the men, driven by Dan'l and Willis, could get it inboard again, it was as badly smashed as if a whale's flukes had caught it square. Noll had raged while the men toiled; when the boat was stowed, he strode toward Willis Cox and spun the man around by a shoulder grip.

"Your fault, you damned, careless skunk!" he accused. "You're no more fit for your job. You're a—"

Willis Cox was little more than a boy; he had a boy's sense of justice. He was heart-broken by the accident, and he said soberly:

"I'm sorry, sir. It was my fault. You're right, sir."

"Right?" Noll roared. "Of course I'm right. Do I need a shirking fourth mate to tell me when I'm right or wrong? By—"

His wrath overflowed in a blow; and for all the fact that Noll was aging, his fist was stout. The blow dropped Willis like the stroke of an ax. Noll himself filled a bucket and sluiced the man, and drove him below with curses.

Afterward the reaction sent Noll to Faith in a rage at himself, at the men, at the world, at her. Dan'l, in the main cabin, heard Noll swearing at her. And he set his teeth and went on deck, for fear of the thing he might do. He was still there, half an hour later, when Faith came quietly up the companion. Night had fallen by then; the sea was moderating. Faith passed him, where he stood by the galley; and he saw her figure silhouetted against the gray gloom of the after-rail. For a

*(To be continued in the April number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)*

#### THE GOLD GOWN

I WAITED for a rime all afternoon,  
But it came not. Then walked I in the town,  
And met a blue-eyed girl in a gold gown;  
Yet still I had no rime—but her instead,  
Living, though beautiful as she were dead,  
And inaccessible as is the moon.

*Richard Le Gallienne*

moment he watched her, gripping himself. He saw her shoulders stir as though she wept.

The man could not endure it. He was at her side in three strides. She faced him; and he could see her eyes dark in the night as she looked at him. He stammered:

"Faith! Faith! I'm so sorry—"

She did not speak, because she could not trust her voice. She was furiously ashamed of her own weakness, of the disloyalty of her thoughts of Noll. She swallowed hard.

"He's a dog, Faith," Dan'l whispered. "Ah, Faith—I love you. I love you. I could kill him, I love you so."

Faith knew she must speak. She said quietly:

"Dan'l—that is not—"

He caught her hand with an eloquent grace that was strange to see in the awkward, freckled man. He caught her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"I love you, Faith!" he cried.

She freed her hand, rubbed at it where his lips had pressed it. Dan'l was scarce breathing at all. He was fearful of what he had done, fearful of what she might do or say.

"Dan'l, my friend, I love Noll Wing with all my heart," she said simply.

And poor Dan'l knew, for all she spoke so simply, that there was no part of her which was his. And he backed away from her a little, humbly, until his figure was shadowed by the deck-house. And then he turned and went forward to the waist, and left Faith standing there.

He found Mauger in the waist, and jeered at him good-naturedly until he was himself again.

Faith, after a little, went below.

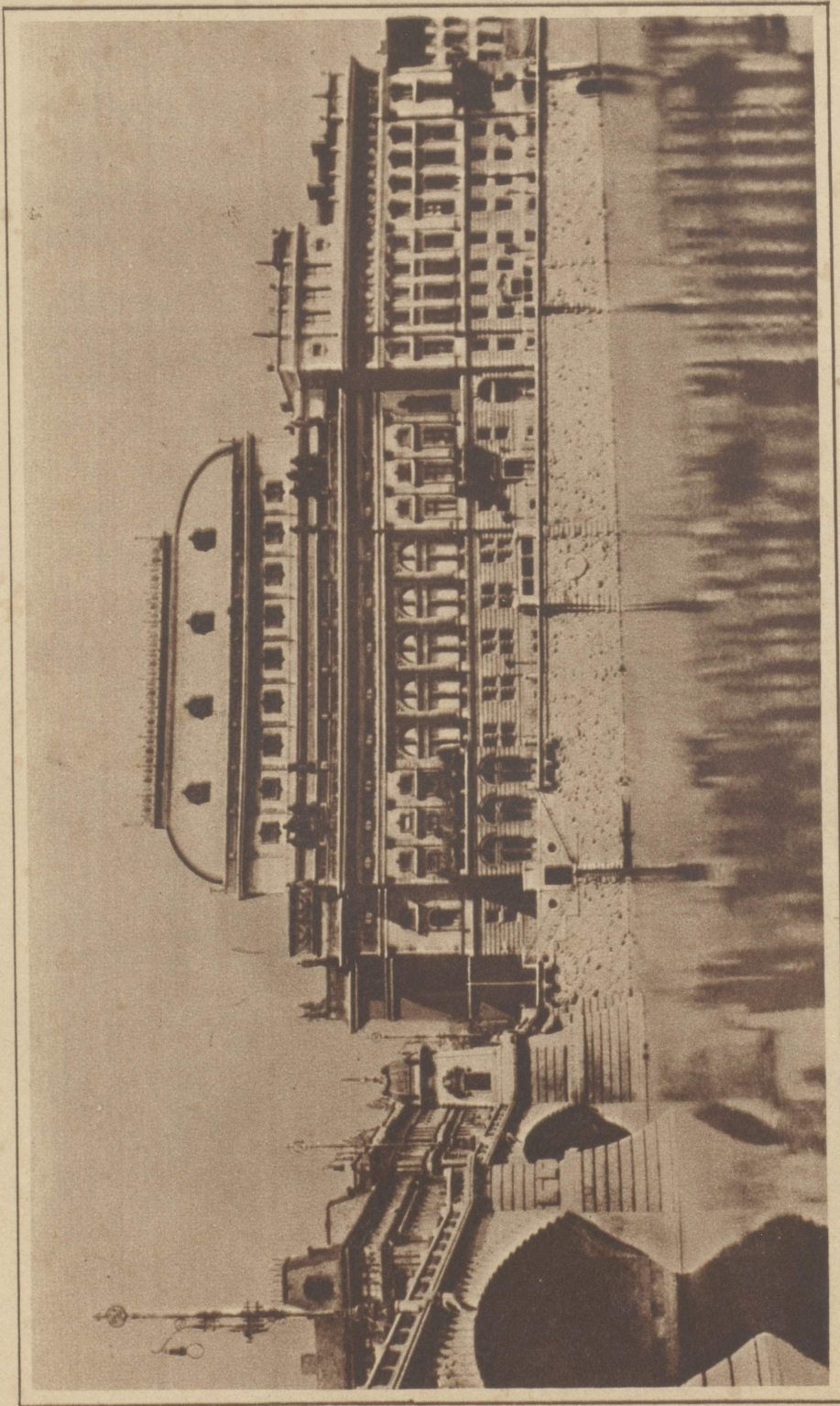
Noll was asleep in his bunk above hers. He lay on his back, one bare and hairy arm hanging over the side of the bunk. He was snoring, and there was the pungent smell of rum about him.

## The Old Capital of a New State



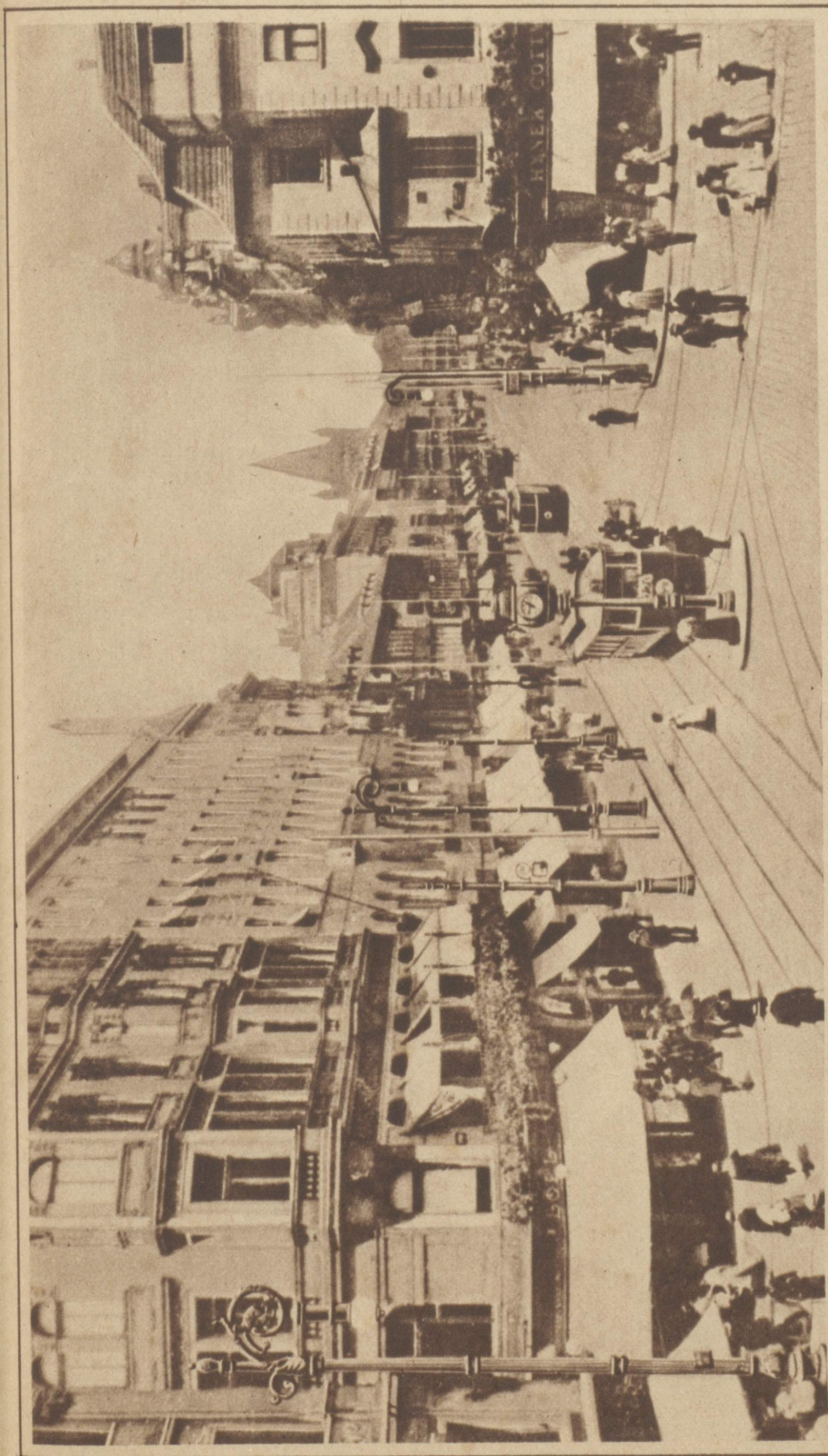
PRAGUE, THE CAPITAL OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

On the left is the Old Town Bridge Tower, built in the fourteenth century—In the distance, beyond the river Moldau, are the Hradshchin, or Castle, and the spires of the cathedral



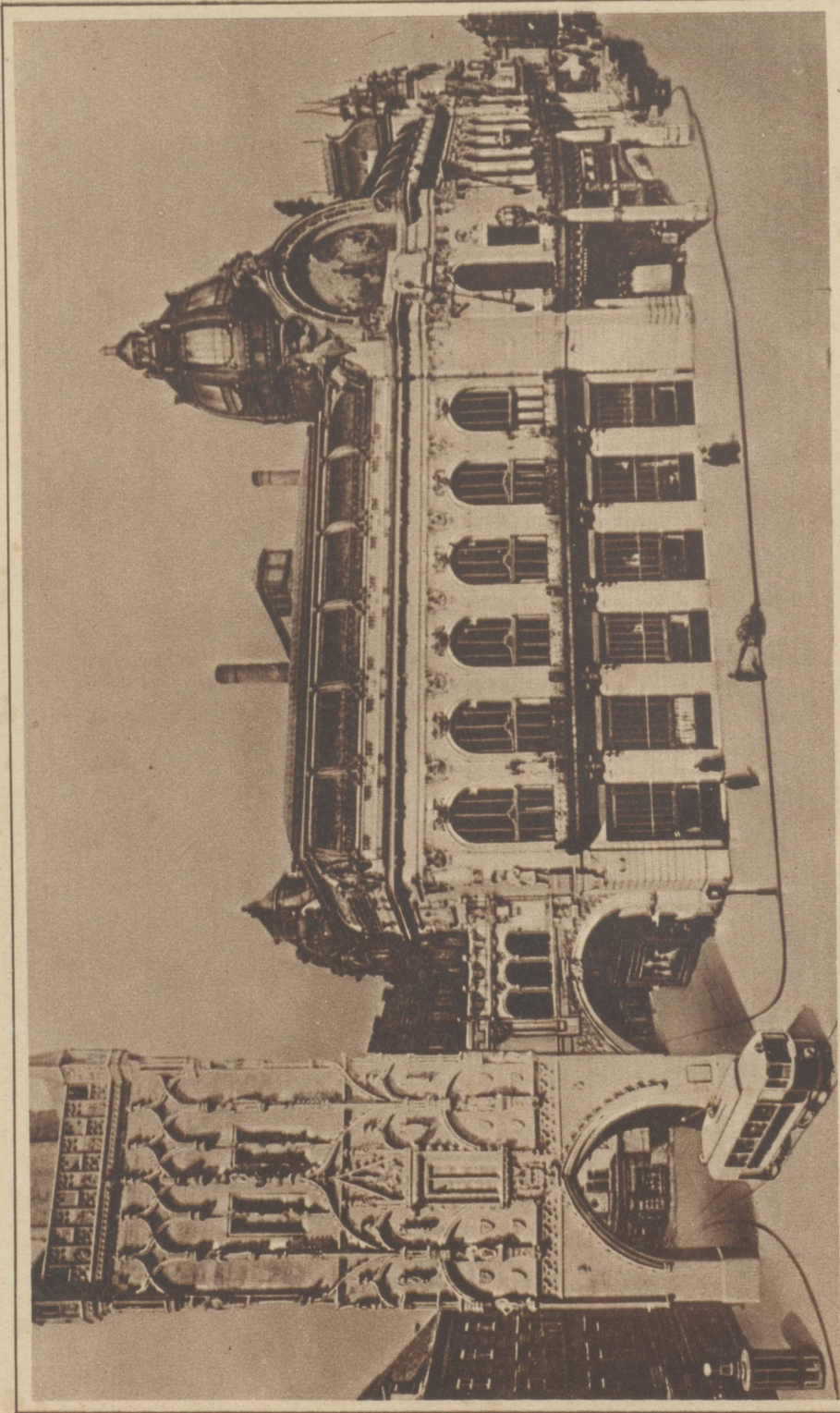
THE BOHEMIAN NATIONAL THEATER, PRAGUE

This is a modern building dedicated to the national drama of the Czechs—On the left is the Kaiser Franz bridge, the name of which may perhaps have been changed since Bohemia threw off the imperial yoke of Austria

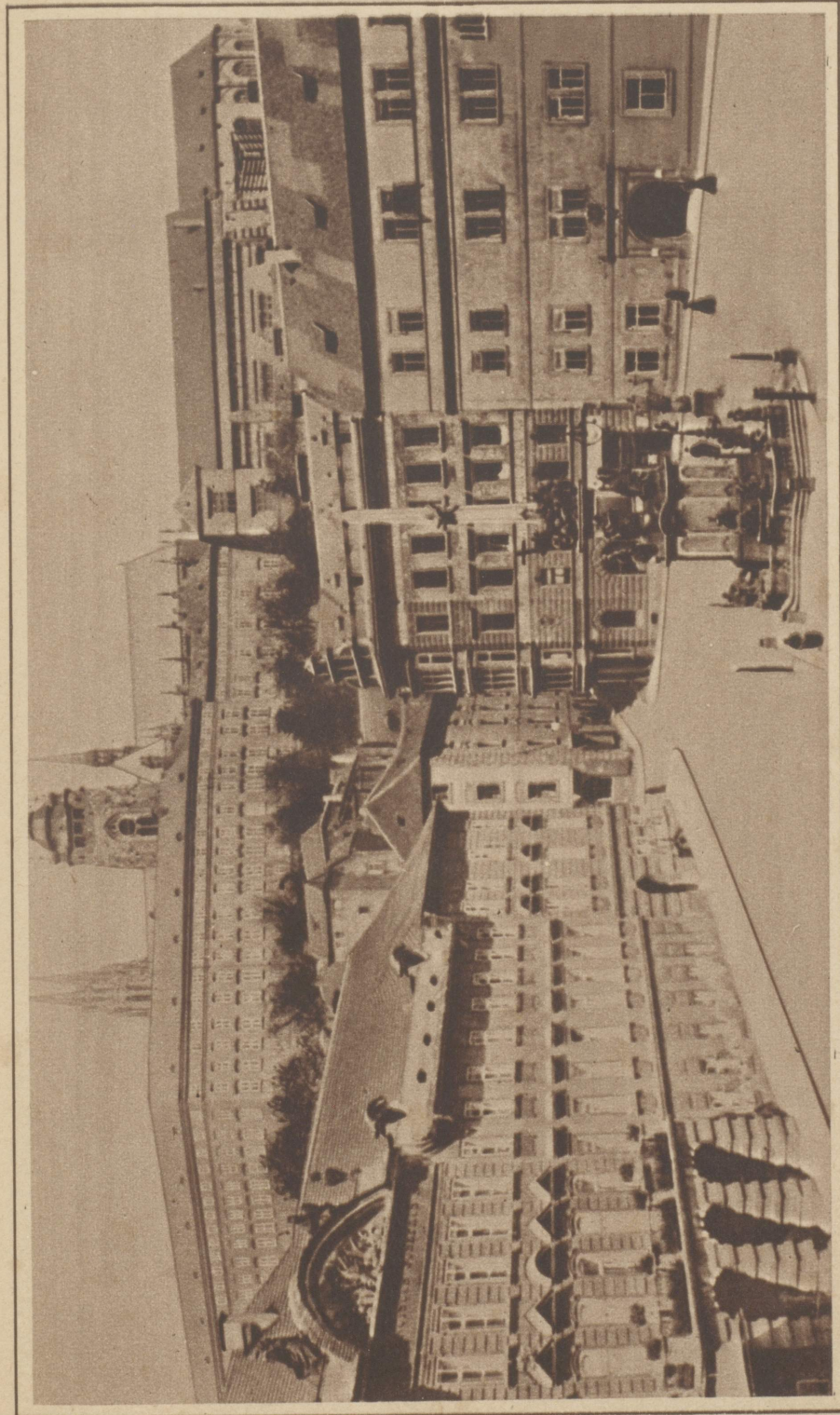


THE GRABEN, THE CHIEF SHOPPING STREET IN PRAGUE

The Graben, or Na Příkope, was formerly part of the moat around the old walled town of Prague—The walls, disappeared long ago, and the city has greatly expanded in modern times

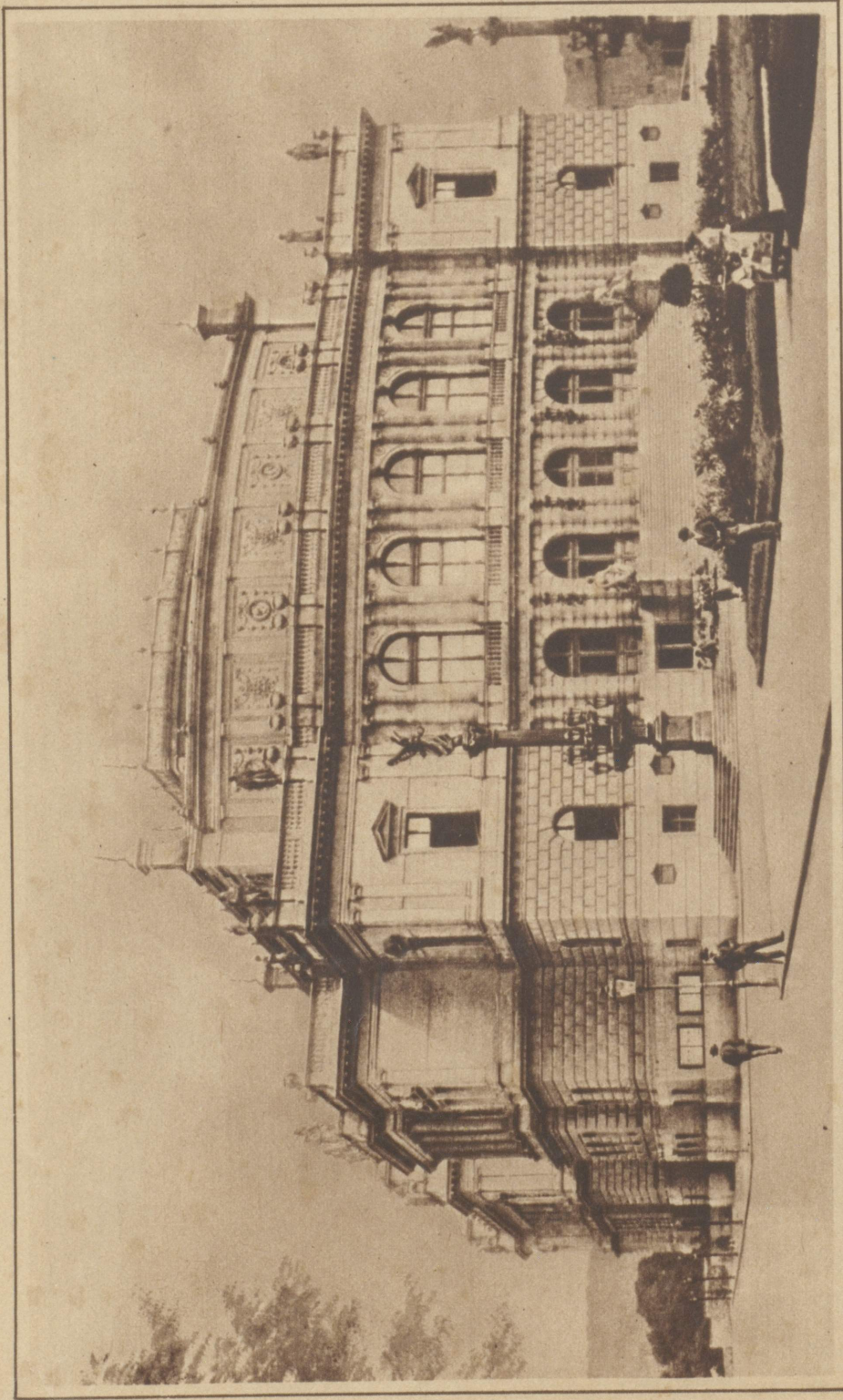


PRAGUE—THE POWDER TOWER AND CITY COUNCIL HALL  
The Powder Tower, or Prasna Brana, was one of the gate towers of the old city walls—Built in 1475, it was restored in 1883

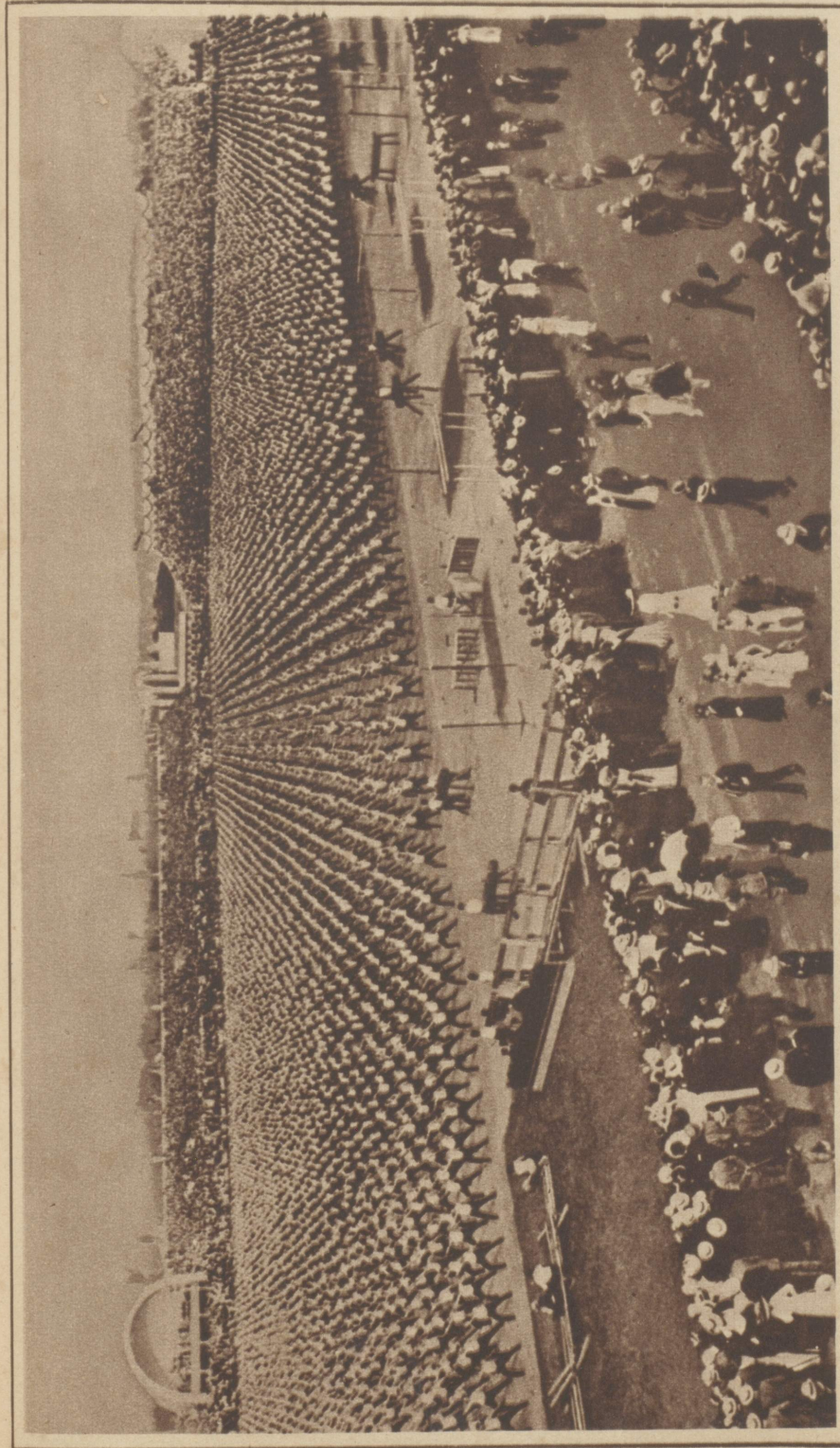


PRAGUE—THE CASTLE AND ST. VITUS'S CATHEDRAL  
The Hradshim, or Castle, built on a hill overlooking Prague, includes the Hofburg, which was the residence of the medieval kings of Bohemia, and several adjoining buildings—The cathedral stands in a square within it





THE RUDOLPHINUM, ONE OF PRAGUE'S FINE MODERN BUILDINGS  
 Built in 1884, the Rudolphinum contains a large collection of paintings, galleries for art exhibitions, a conservatory of music, and two concert-halls



A MEETING OF THE SOKOLE, OR BOHEMIAN ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION  
 Ostensibly devoted solely to gymnastic exercises, the Sokole was really a patriotic association of young Bohemians, preparing them to fight for liberty—This picture shows a field-day for eleven thousand members in the outskirts of Prague



PRAGUE—WENCESLAUS SQUARE AND THE BOHEMIAN NATIONAL MUSEUM  
 Vaclavske Namesti, or Wenceslaus Square, is one of the chief open spaces in Prague—The Bohemian National Museum is a handsome modern building, erected 1885-1890

## The War Against Illiteracy

THE FIVE MILLION ILLITERATES IN THE UNITED STATES ARE AN ELEMENT OF WEAKNESS AND DANGER TO OUR COUNTRY, AND SUCH A CONDITION SHOULD NO LONGER BE TOLERATED

By Philander P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education

FOR us as a people, now that we have won the war for freedom and democracy, there is another task of vital and supreme importance. That task is to fit ourselves and our children for life and citizenship in the new world which peace is bringing in.

All the issues of the future depend upon the accomplishment of this task, and all other tasks, for the present, are of only secondary importance. Others may be postponed; this cannot. For its accomplishment we must bend all our energies, pay the full price, and make whatever sacrifices may be necessary.

Without permanent loss or injury we may practise stringent economy in food, clothing, and fuel; we may deprive ourselves of many luxuries which have come to be regarded as necessities of life; we may refrain from unnecessary travel; we may dispense with desirable personal service; we may postpone new business enterprises; we may temporarily suspend many activities not immediately essential to the health and happiness of the nation. But things necessary for the support of our schools and other agencies of education we may not withhold except at the peril of permanent loss and irreparable injury.

Never before has the importance of maintaining our schools at their highest possible efficiency, and of giving to every one the best possible opportunity for education, been so apparent. Both for the future welfare of our country and for the individual benefit of the children, we must see that the standards of work are the highest possible and the attendance the largest possible. When the boys and girls now of school age reach manhood and womanhood, there will be need for a higher level of in-

telligence, skill, and wisdom for the work of life and for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship than we have ever yet attained.

During the period of reconstruction after the world war there will be such demands upon this country for men and women of scientific knowledge, technical skill, and general culture as have never before come to any nation. The world must be rebuilt, and the United States will have an opportunity to play a far more important part than it has ever played before in agriculture, manufacturing, and commerce, and also in the things of cultural life—art, literature, music, scientific discovery.

### THE DEMAND FOR TRAINED LEADERS

England, France, Italy, and the Teutonic nations have thrown into battle a very large percentage of their trained men, including most of the young professors and instructors in their colleges and schools. For four years their universities have been almost empty. The young men who under normal conditions would have received the education necessary to prepare them for leadership in the future development of their people have fought in the trenches, and many have died or have been mutilated.

All these countries must needs go through a long period of reconstruction, industrially and in many other respects. They will ask of us steel, engines, and cars for railroads, agricultural implements, and machinery for industrial plants. They will also ask for men to install these and to direct much of their development in every line. In this useful work for civilization our trained men and women should be able and ready to render every possible assistance.

It should be remembered that the number of students in our universities, colleges, normal schools, and technical schools is very small as compared with the total number of persons of producing age—little more than one-half of one per cent. Most of these students are young men and women who are becoming more mature and fit for service. On the other hand, of the sixty million men and women of producing age, the older ones are growing more unfit and passing beyond the age of service. It should also be remembered that it will be some time before the more mature young men who went into the army will be able to return to their normal pursuits.

Americanization is another educational movement of prime importance at the present time. We should give the people who come to our shores ample opportunity to learn the English language, the common language of communication in this country, and we should do all we can to induce them to take advantage of the opportunities offered. We should try to teach them something of the country to which they have come.

For hundreds of thousands of them, today, there is nothing beyond the Palisades of the Hudson. Those who settle in the great cities of the East know nothing of the wheat-fields of the West, the cotton-fields of the South, the fruit-growing sections of the Far West. They know nothing of our mountains and valleys, our hills and plains, our fields and forests, our rivers and waterfalls. We should teach them something of the history of the country, something of its marvelous growth and development, something of the principles for which Americans have been willing to fight and to die whenever it has been necessary.

Only thus may we expect them to gain an understanding of our country and of its ideals. Americanization means an entering into the spirit of the country.

#### THE HIGH COST OF ILLITERACY

The crisis through which we have passed has called our attention to the weaknesses and dangers that spring from our neglect of the education of our own people and the proper instruction of those who come to us from abroad. The Secretary of Agriculture is sending out large numbers of bulletins, urging farmers to produce more food, and telling them how to do so; but two and a

half million farmers cannot read a word of them, and nearly twice as many read with such difficulty that they make little or no use of them.

We have drafted into the army tens of thousands of men who cannot understand a word of the commands, and others who cannot read any order, direction, or sign, or make any memorandum of anything which they are told or which they see. Until the selective draft went into effect such men were not accepted as recruits, for the reason that it requires much time to drill and train them, and for the further reason that most of them cannot be made into good and intelligent soldiers. The first draft brought more than forty thousand of them, and in every cantonment one hears the same story of the difficulty of training them, of their inefficiency, and of attempts to shift them from one command to another.

Dr. John H. Finley, president of the University of the State of New York, presented this picture of what he found in one of the cantonments:

How practical is the need of a language in this country, common to all tongues, is illustrated by what I saw in one of the great cantonments a few nights ago. In the mess-hall, where I had sat an hour before with a company of the men of the National Army, a few small groups were gathered along the tables learning English under the tuition of some of their comrades, one of whom had been a district supervisor in a neighboring State and another a theological student. In one of these groups one of the exercises for the evening consisted in practising the challenge when on sentry duty. Each pupil of the group—there were four of Italian and two of Slavic birth—shouldered in turn the long-handled stove-shovel and aimed it at the teacher, who ran along the side of the room as if to evade the guard. The pupil called out in broken speech:

"Halt, who goes there?"

The answer came from the teacher:

"Friend!"

And then, in as yet unintelligible English—the voices of innumerable ancestors struggling in their throats to pronounce it—the words:

"Advance and give the countersign!"

So are those of confused tongues learning to speak the language of the land they have been summoned to defend. What a commentary upon our educational shortcomings that in the days of peace we had not taught these men, who have been here long enough to be citizens, and tens of thousands of their brothers with them, to know the language in which our history and laws are written, and in which the commands of defense must now be given!

Americanization can come only through teaching. We must win the mind and heart of the people for the country, and for its

institutions and ideals. This cannot be accomplished by force or compulsion. Americanism can never be obtained through processes of Prussianism. The ways of liberty and democracy are not the ways of militaristic autocracy.

The prayer of the negro preacher, "Oh, Lord, come down with a sledge-hammer in each hand and beat 'ligion into these niggers' souls!" can never be answered. The spirit of freedom and of love for the institutions of democracy—the love that will lead a man to die for them—cannot be created by force. It must be fostered by sympathy, friendly assistance, and intelligent leadership. Force, compulsion, and restraint may be necessary for immediate protection against disloyalty, and, when necessary, they must be used, but they are effective only for temporary restraint. They have little value for the promotion of permanent good citizenship, and still less in giving an understanding of our reasons for going into the world war and of the principles for which we fought.

It behooves us, therefore, to do everything possible to unite our people in spirit, in understanding, and in effort. If we do this work well, we shall be stronger for the tasks of war and also for the tasks of peace. We shall have here in America a great democratic people of more than one hundred millions capable of playing their part well in the front rank of the free nations of the earth. We shall be better able to show the world the real meaning of democracy, and to illustrate its worth.

#### THE WORK OF THE BUREAU OF EDUCATION

The last census showed more than thirteen million foreign-born persons in the United States, and more than thirty-two millions of foreign birth or parentage. It is estimated that five millions of the foreign-born habitually use one or other of more than a hundred foreign languages or dialects. The presence of this number of aliens and quasi-aliens presents many problems, with which the United States Bureau of Education has undertaken to deal. In order to make English the language of this nation, it has framed the following program of work:

A nation-wide campaign of publicity to insure the attendance of immigrants at night-schools and the interest of Americans in the project.

Publication and distribution of schedules

of operation for agencies cooperating, and bulletins for school authorities.

Publication and distribution of an educational guide for immigrants.

Distribution of the names of incoming immigrants who are unable to speak English to the various school authorities.

Publication and distribution of leaflets in foreign languages.

Publication of editorials in foreign languages in the foreign press.

Translation and printing of important speeches on national subjects, and of laws and regulations relating to aliens.

Utilization of foreign-born speakers to address aliens in their own languages.

Correlation of all agencies upon the basis of one Federal program of Americanization, especially through education.

Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, recently sent letters to members of Congress showing just what the situation is, and asking for remedial legislation. He says:

The war has brought facts to our attention that are almost unbelievable, and that are in themselves accusatory. I believe that the time has come when we should give serious consideration to the education of those who cannot read or write in the United States.

In 1910, when the last census was taken, there were in this country 5,516,163 persons over ten years of age who were unable to read or write in any language. More than fifty-eight per cent of these were white persons, and of these 1,534,272 were native-born whites. Although statistics are yet incomplete, it is said that there are more than 1,500,000 men between the draft ages of eighteen and thirty-six—questionnaires to those between thirty-six and forty-five have not been sent out, or have been recalled—who cannot read or write in English or in any other language. If these 5,516,163 illiterates were stretched in a double line of march at intervals of three feet, and were to march past the White House at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, it would require more than two months for them to pass.

We should, moreover, consider the economic loss arising out of this condition. If the labor value of an illiterate is less by only fifty cents a day than that of an educated man or woman, the country is losing \$825,000,000 a year through illiteracy. This estimate is no doubt below rather than above the real loss.

It is not pleasant to think of these millions of people who cannot read a bulletin on agriculture, a farm paper, a food-pledge card, a Liberty-loan appeal, a newspaper, the Constitution of the United States, or their Bibles, and who do not know how to keep personal or business accounts.

A NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN TO BE WAGED

All should work together in the campaign to extirpate illiteracy and to advance our standards of public education. Parents should make all possible efforts to keep their children at school, and should have public or private help when they cannot do so without it. The attendance in the high schools should be increased, and more boys and girls should be induced to remain until their course is completed. For all boys and girls who cannot attend the day sessions of the high schools, continuation classes should be formed, to meet at such times as may be arranged during working hours or in the evening.

All cities should maintain evening schools for adult men and women. In cities having considerable numbers of immigrants, evening schools should be maintained for them, with classes in English, civics, and such other subjects as will be helpful to these foreigners in understanding our industrial, social, and political life. For instruction in trades and industries and for continuation schools, the funds provided by the Federal vocational education law, the so-called Smith-Hughes Act, may be used.

In few States is the supply of broadly educated and well-trained teachers equal to the demand. In most States the normal schools do not yet prepare half enough teachers to fill the vacancies. The need for better schools to meet the new demands for a higher level of average intelligence, scientific knowledge, and industrial skill, which will come with the reestablishment of peace,

makes more urgent than ever the need for more and better-trained teachers.

All institutions of higher learning should reduce the cost of living and all other expenses to the lowest practicable figure, so that as few students as possible may be excluded because of the cost of attendance. Societies and individuals should lend to worthy students at low rates of interest, and on as long terms as may be necessary, funds needed to keep them in college until graduation. This is especially true of young men who have been in the army at low pay, and who find it difficult to finance a university course.

In agricultural colleges special intensive courses should be given to prepare teachers, directors, and supervisors of agriculture and practical farm superintendents. It should be remembered that the scientific knowledge and directing skill of these men, and their ability to increase the productive capacity of thousands of less highly trained men, are far more valuable than the work they could do as farm-hands. The total number of agricultural students in all our colleges is only a fraction more than one-tenth of one per cent of the total number of persons engaged in agriculture, or about thirteen in ten thousand—not enough to affect the agricultural production of the country materially by their labor, but enough to affect it immensely by their directive power when their college courses have been finished.

Every educational agency should redouble its energies and concentrate them on those things that will prepare its students to render the most effective service to the country and to the world now that the great war is over. Effective service is what counts. Every American school officer, every American teacher, and every American student should ever keep in mind this goal of effective service.

THE STARS OF EVENING

OFt when, a dream-eyed child, I saw dusk slain,  
I wondered at each pearly light  
As it was added to the twinkling chain  
Around the neck of night.

But love has come and whispered to me why,  
After all these unanswered years;  
Immortal lovers kiss behind the sky  
Each time a star appears!

Oscar C. Williams

# The Sun-Seeker

BY G. RANGER WORMSER

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

SHE came into the room very quietly. She stood in the doorway, looking down the sunlight-flooded spread of the carpet; glancing at the chints-covered chairs, at the long line of the book-crowded walls. She was dimly conscious of the highly polished bulk of her piano in one corner, with the bowl of peonies on it. Her eyes raised themselves to the mullioned windows set in the four sides of the room. The clean-cut steel of them gleamed in the sun that poured through their old, uneven glass.

She stood staring at the man sitting in the window-seat, his book lying face downward on his knee, his eyes fixed in the dazzling blaze of sunshine. He did not know that she stood there until she spoke.

"Jerry!"

His head turned slowly. His eyes, blue and set far apart, met her eyes.

"I didn't know you had come back," he told her. "I thought you'd gone down to the village. I never even heard the car drive up."

She took a step into the room. She closed the door behind her. She crossed the sunlight-filled space and stood in front of him.

"I wasn't down in the village," she said slowly. "I started for the village. I sent the motor off at the bottom of the hill. I met Hartley. Hartley and I walked home together."

"Is he outside now?" the man asked quickly. "Is Hartley outside?"

For an instant she hesitated.

He noted her hesitation. He smiled—a smile that came gradually to his clean-cut lips and quivered from them as it touched them.

"He wouldn't come in," she said. "He went back to his own place. He doesn't think you like him, Jerry. He almost told me as much this morning."

The man's long, white fingers spread themselves over the cover of the book. The brilliant blue of the cover was spotted with shaking golden specks of sunlight. The tips of his sensitive fingers lingered and vibrated in the warmth of the specks.

"I don't like Hartley, and I don't quite see why you should like Hartley, Marian. He isn't the kind of a person one could like—really like, you know. He isn't your sort, dear. In your heart I don't think you do like him. Come, now, Marian, you don't, do you?"

Looking up, he saw that her lower lip, full and very red, jerked.

"I do," she said. "I tell you, Jerry, I do like Hartley!"

He sat up straight.

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know! I'm sure I couldn't tell you why, exactly. Why does any one ever like any one else? He likes me and I like him. I guess that's about all there's to it."

"He's—he's rather careful of not showing he likes you, isn't he, Marian? Rather too careful, I should say."

He saw her mouth pouting.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Won't you try a bit, old girl, to see what I mean?"

"Jerry, sometimes you're positively aggravating!"

"Sorry, Marian!"

"Jerry, it's really too bad of you!"

"What, Marian?"

"Feeling as you do about Hartley. When I tell you I like him, there's nothing beyond that. You might know me well enough to know there wouldn't be. You aren't jealous, are you?"

"Of course not! I simply don't like him," he insisted good-humoredly. "I've no use for that kind of a man. In your heart—"



THE THING GREW IN SOUND. THE RISING CRESCENDO OF IT FILLED THE ROOM—

"But he's such a wonderful help to me, Jerry!" she interrupted. "You'll have to admit yourself, Jerry, that he's a remarkable musician."

"And that's why you like him, Marian?"  
"Oh, I don't know!"

She sat down on the window-seat. The sunlight streamed hotly over her and around her, and spilled itself in an intensity of yellowed warmth. She reached up a hand to draw down the Venetian blind.

"Don't!" he said.



—SHE WATCHED HIM, FASCINATED—HIS HALF-CLOSED EYES, HIS FACE GROWN WHITE

"How can you stand the glare?" she asked.

"There's no glare, old girl. It's warm and golden and dancing, and marvelously, brilliantly cleansing. It just reaches into the center of your being—the yellow glow

of it. I could sit here for hours, soaking and drenching myself with the feel of it."

"You're lazy, Jerry. You're like a cat, sitting in the sun, lapping it up, blinking with content!"

He grinned.

"Ever see me blink, Marian?"

She leaned forward, peering into his wide blue eyes with their thin-cut, short-lashed lids. They met hers with a strong, steady gaze.

She had often wondered about Jerry's eyes. She had thought once or twice that there was something tremendously golden and glowing that showed itself through them.

"No," she said earnestly. "I'll have to take that back, Jerry. I don't see how you do it, though!"

She twisted her head so that she faced the sun.

"You'd better be careful," he cautioned her.

Her hands went up to her eyes.

"Heavens! It's blinding!"

He laughed. His eyes fixed themselves in the hot, dazzling sun, and for a full moment he kept them there.

When he looked at her, she turned suddenly from him. His gaze felt bright and burning. She thought there was a strange intensity behind his eyes.

"I asked Hartley to come for luncheon," she admitted uncertainly.

"But you said he wouldn't come?"

"Yes."

"Then why bother with Hartley?"

"I'm not bothering, only he's coming over afterward, Jerry—right after luncheon—to play for me."

"So that's it!"

He picked up the book in his sensitive, beautiful hands, looked down at the number of the page, and then closed it.

"I thought you wouldn't mind. You'll be taking your walk directly we're through with lunch, won't you?"

"You want this room, eh?"

"You made me bring my piano out here from the house."

"I didn't do that for Hartley!" he said very softly.

"I didn't say you did."

"This room is just for you and me, Marian—and for the sun. I don't quite see how I'm going to make you understand it. I thought you might know. You've got to realize that Hartley—well, he isn't the kind of person to bring in here. It wouldn't be safe!"

"I don't know what in the world you're talking about," she said; "and I'll wager you don't know yourself!"

"I'm only trying to tell you, Marian. I

had this room built for—oh, why can't you let Hartley stay in the rest of the house? He doesn't belong in here. I don't care what you do with him, but you ought to keep him out of this room."

"You're mighty careful of your precious room!"

"I don't have to be careful," he said slowly. "It can take care of itself, this room can. The sun can take care of it!"

She wondered what he meant by that, but she could not quite bring herself to ask him. She did not want to launch him on one of his lengthy harangues about the sun. She was sick and tired of hearing about its beauty and its cleanliness and its purifying power.

In her heart she could not understand Jerry's worship of the sun. She did not want to think of it as Jerry did, as something that could actually force itself as a dominant being into their lives. She had not encouraged him to have this room—a sun-room—built off from the main house; but now that it was built, she could not for the life of her see why she should not enjoy the quiet of it as much as Jerry.

She knew that to Jerry the room, with its many wide windows, was something like a temple. She had never pretended to like it. She had tried to dissuade him from having it built. She had found fault with everything about it.

Particularly she had criticised the great mullioned windows with their thick panes of old, uneven glass. She disliked those windows furiously. They radiated the sun so glisteningly; they multiplied its brilliancy; they were always so completely and blazingly filled with its glory. To her it seemed that they caught at, and held, and potentially magnified, the sun itself.

When she had told Jerry that she hated those windows, he had laughed at her. He had overruled all her objections, saying that it was his own room. Of course, he had said it nicely. She thought of that now with rising resentment.

"I'll have Jennings move my piano back into the house to-morrow."

"No, Marian. I like to have you play here for me. You needn't have your piano moved."

"Well, then, what *shall* I do?"

"You can tell Hartley that you don't want him here."

She got to her feet.

"I'll not do that!"

"You can tell him when he comes this afternoon."

His eyes were on her. She went to the door.

"Are you coming?" Her voice was low. "Luncheon must be ready."

He put his book down on the center-table. He went out of the door after her, and followed her through the garden and into the house.

## II

THEY ate their meal in silence. They hurried with their food, and when they raised their eyes from their plates they avoided looking directly at each other.

When they had finished, he went out into the hall, got his hat and his stick, and started across the fields. Marian went upstairs to her room.

For a long time she stood looking at herself in the old wooden-framed mirror hanging above her dresser. She took down her hair and coiled it into her neck—the way Hartley had told her he liked to have her wear it. She smiled as she arranged it. The smile stayed on her lips. She thought her mouth looked nice curved in a smile.

She was glad her teeth were white and even. Her eyes were pretty, too. Men had always told her that of her eyes. She stared into her eyes. She made up her mind that she would look at Hartley as she was looking at herself.

She went into her clothes-closet and pulled at the different dresses. Blue—Hartley was fond of blue. She took out the blue dress.

She went over her conversation with Jerry. She could not recall his exact words. She had not time for that. She had always felt that he had no use for Hartley, that he never would have any use for Hartley. He had practically admitted that to her just now. She had borne with Jerry's likes and dislikes, but she told herself that at last she was tired of them.

He had said that he was not jealous of Hartley, and she knew that he had spoken the truth. She knew that it was not possible for Jerry to be jealous of her. His nearest approach to anything like jealousy was his feeling for his room.

She could not understand why Jerry should so object to Hartley. Supposing Hartley did make love to her!

She thought rather carefully of the possibility of Hartley making love to her. She

could take care of herself. She was not afraid of any one; certainly not of Jerry. She determined to take Hartley to the sun-room.

Suddenly she laughed aloud, and rang for her maid.

"Madam looks lovely!" the girl told her.

"It's my hair," Marian murmured.

"I'm tired of the way I always do it."

"Will madam want her hat?"

"No—I'm not going out."

She was conscious of the girl staring after her as she went out of the room and down the stairs. In the lower hall Jennings met her.

"Mr. Hartley, ma'am."

She went past the butler and into the drawing-room. Hartley was standing in the center of the old Persian rug.

"How sweet you look!" he said.

"That is nice of you. I didn't think you'd even notice."

"I couldn't help but notice!"

He had her hand in his. She thought that the grip of his fingers was pleasantly tight.

"We'll go on out into the sun-room, Hartley."

"And where may that be?"

"Just across the garden."

She led the way through the long window and out upon the terrace. They walked side by side through the garden.

"It's pretty here," he said.

She smiled up at him.

"You know you promised to play for me, Hartley?"

"You didn't think I'd forgotten that? You don't think I could ever forget anything I promised you, do you?"

"Why, no. I hope not!"

She pushed open the door of the sun-room.

"Lovely!" he said. "It couldn't be lovelier."

"It's really Jerry's room," she told him, and a touch of harshness came into her voice.

"Jerry—who doesn't like me!"

She laughed.

"Nonsense!" she said.

"Oh, it's not nonsense. I know that, you see."

"Jerry likes every one," she persisted.

"Then I'm the exception that proves the rule."

She avoided looking at him.

"Is it too glaring in here?"

He nodded.

"The light's terrific!"

"You can draw down the blinds if you want, Hartley. Jerry revels in the sunlight. He's only happy in a stream of sunshine. It's almost silly, the way he keeps on talking about the cleansing power of the sun. Jerry's the one who always leaves the blinds up."

"And if Jerry doesn't like it?"

"Jerry's out!" she said triumphantly.

### III

HARTLEY pulled down the blinds against the dazzling sunlight; but through the crevices the rays trickled persistently into the room.

In the cool dusk he went to the piano.

"What shall I play?" he asked.

She stood in the center of the room.

"Play anything. Just play!"

He began to play softly. The blending burst of notes rippled to her. It was something she knew. The melody ran on in her head as each phrase came to her ear. He played well.

"Bravo!" she told him, as he stopped.

He sat there looking at her.

"I can't play," he said.

"Oh, Hartley! Why?"

"You mustn't stand there—like—like a stick. How can I play to a stick?"

"I'm not a stick!" she protested.

"Come over here, where I can see you," he insisted.

She pulled a chair near to the piano. He began to play again. She did not know what he was playing. The thing grew in sound. The rising crescendo of it filled the room. It became tumultuous, frantic.

She watched him, fascinated—his half-closed eyes, his face grown white, his rapid-moving hands. Her breath came quickly. She started to rise from her chair. She made an imperceptible movement toward him.

His fingers snapped up from a great resounding chord. The vibration of it thrilled about her. The room was still, and she thought that it had grown very warm.

"That's better," he said, and held out his hand.

She got out of her chair, went to him, and took his hand. He drew her to him.

"Go on playing," she whispered. "It's too—too wonderful!"

"With you near me," he said thickly, "I could play wonderfully!"

She pulled away from him consciously.

"Then play," she murmured.

His hands crashed down upon the keys. She stood there rigidly. The volume of multiplied sound beat over her and through her. Her eyes closed. She had a strange feeling that the room was gradually filling with something tangible and real. The full music gripped her. Its power drew her irresistibly.

Then the loud, frenzied pitch of his playing fell, and his fingers made a subtle, whispering little melody. The phrases of it were repeated again and again. The insidious, tremulous allure of it quivered hauntingly through the scant notes of its insisting appeal.

Her eyes opened, and she stared about the room, dazed.

Screened from the sun, the place seemed strange to her. Something had come into the room—something invisible, but she could feel it. There was a sudden, stifling wave of heat.

Through the drawn blinds crept the persistent trickle of sunlight.

Then her eyes turned and met his eyes.

"Marian!"

She could not understand what was happening in the room. She felt faint. Her knees had grown weak. She held out her hands, trying to steady herself against the piano.

In a second he was at her side. His words rushed to her.

"I can play wonderfully—for you! Always for you, Marian—for you!"

She leaned against him.

"What is it, Hartley?" Her voice had a strange detached note in it. "What has happened?"

"Happened?" he repeated her word gutturally. "I've played for you! I've let you know it—I've made my music tell it to you!"

"Not—not that," she said slowly. "That's not what I mean."

"But you know it!" His hand was on her shoulder. "You know it! I love you, Marian—and you love me! I could see it as I played. I watched you! It was what I saw that made me play that way. Marian!"

She moved from him.

"This room!" she whispered, and her eyes grew wide and distended as she looked about her. "What has happened to this room?"



"MY HANDS, MARIAN—THEY'D NEVER BE GOOD FOR ANYTHING AGAIN!"

He gave a short laugh.

"There's something here!"

Her voice had a detached, helpless undertone in it.

"What, Marian? What in Heaven's name has come over you?"

She shivered.

"Something—it's hot!"

She thought then that she felt a movement—an invisible movement. It seemed as if something that had lain quiet had begun to stir itself.

Her eyes, unconsciously alert, went to the bowl of peonies that stood on the piano. As she stared at the flowers, their petals suddenly dropped, crinkled and dry.

"Marian!"

The thing—the invisible thing—was slowly, surely swelling. It was expanding into the corners of the room. She felt a torrid oppression. She was suffocating and smothering.

"The blinds!" she shrieked. "Hartley, pull up the blinds!"

He stood there staring at her.  
"The blinds!" she cried again.

She watched him go to the windows. She heard him pull up the blinds with a snap. Her eyes raised themselves to the mullioned windows set in the four walls of the room. The clear-cut steel of them gleamed in the sun that poured through their old, uneven glass. There was a dazzling blaze of sunshine.

Hartley was at her side.

"Go!" she whispered. "Go—now!"

"I'll not go," he said. "You don't want me to go!"

"Hartley, if Jerry—"

He interrupted her.

"Jerry isn't here!"

"Hartley, I didn't tell you before. Jerry said—"

"What do I care what Jerry said?"

"Hartley, if Jerry should find out—"

"How could Jerry find out? Are you going to tell him? Am I?"

The sun poured through the mullioned windows, through their old, uneven glass. Its concentrated rays seemed to be striking upon the chair beside the piano. The thin damask of the covering began to smolder. Smoke came slowly from it, drifting upward in a curling blue-gray column; and then a quick, darting, scarlet flame. The chair was burning!

"Hartley!"

"Where is water?"

"Can't you take the chair and throw it out? Can't you, Hartley?"

"My hands, Marian—they'd never be good for anything again!"

"Your hands! What shall we do, Hartley? I can't go near it—I can't! It's here

—it's in the room—it's everywhere! It's—"

Her words choked off into a sob.

"Water, Marian! Where is water?"

"Hartley, there's none here!"

"The garden?"

"Only a tap down at the farther end!"

"The house, then?"

"Hurry, Hartley! Hurry!"

She knew he had gone from the room.

Her eyes were fixed on the flames, which spread and lapped. Her ears were filled with the sharp crackling of the fire.

As she looked, a streak of flame shot high, catching at a curtain and running in a little leaping flare along the edge of it. She screamed.

Another chair caught. The flames were spreading brilliantly, luridly through the room. Marian ran out into the garden, shrieking in terror.

#### IV

A MAN came slowly across the fields, which were sun-flecked and sun-streaked and bathed in sunlight. The sun poured hotly over him. He had taken off his hat and carried it under his arm. He sauntered leisurely toward the house that lay in the valley.

At the top of the incline he stood stock-still. He had seen smoke coming from the farther end of the garden below him. Then a flame spurted startlingly into the quiet blue of the sky. And now he saw the figure of a woman rush out into the garden.

He turned. He faced the sun. He stood there in the dazzling blaze of golden sunshine. And across his face there surged a great, glad look of knowledge.

#### WAITING

HER face is like a flower that grows  
Beside the gates of home,  
Fair as a quiet stream that flows  
Where happy children roam.

Her eyes are tender as the light  
Of stars where lovers stray—  
Unfailing, through the deepest night  
They watch to guide his way.

Though far from her his path may go  
Through strife and black despair,  
Beside the gate her flowers will grow,  
And she will wait him there!

Mary Brooks'

## Turning Weeds Into Sheep

THE INTERESTING EXPERIMENT OF A WASHINGTON STATE RANCHMAN, WHICH MAY POINT THE WAY TO A MUCH-NEEDED INCREASE IN OUR PRODUCTION OF WOOL AND OF MUTTON

By Robert H. Moulton

IT has been estimated by the United States Bureau of Animal Industry that it takes one hundred and sixty pounds of wool a year to provide a soldier with uniforms, blankets, and other necessary items, and that it keeps twenty sheep working to supply that quantity, figuring on an average of an eight-pound fleece to each sheep. This makes it easy to understand the emergency that arose when the government called four million men to arms. Our production of wool in 1917 was about three hundred million pounds, and we suddenly found that we needed more than twice as much as that for the army alone, making no allowance for the needs of the civilian population.

The situation, of course, was greatly relieved by the suspension of hostilities, and any immediate fear of a shortage has probably passed. It remains true, however, that the world needs more wool. To do our share in providing it, as well as to increase the nation's food supply, the United States government has urged the necessity of raising more sheep.

The great difficulty to be overcome is the fact that the great areas of grazing-land which formerly existed in the West have been slowly disappearing, and what is still available does not furnish sufficient forage for any great increase in the number of



A TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF THE AUSTRALIAN SALT-BUSH—THE PLANT BELONGS TO THE GENUS ATRIPLEX AND TO THE CHENOPOD OR GOOSEFOOT FAMILY



sheep. Such is the situation—or so it seemed up to a year or two ago, when a Washington State sheep-rancher, Y. C. Mansfield, made a discovery which may be destined to play an important part in relieving any future scarcity of wool and mutton. Mr. Mansfield's discovery was simply this—that sheep will wax fat and grow luxuriant fleeces if fed on what is known as the Australian salt-bush.

Now the important thing about this is that there are literally millions of acres of this once-despised weed in some of our Western States, which would furnish grazing-land for enormous flocks of sheep. The land on which the salt-bush grows is now

wheat alone, without keeping live stock to help pay expenses.

Accordingly, he invested in a flock of sheep, and it was while driving these home that he made his discovery, which he has since turned to such good account. Along the road near the Mansfield ranch the salt-bush grew in abundance, and to the ranchman's amazement the sheep began feeding upon it greedily. He figured that the year before, in trying to get rid of what he supposed to be a noxious weed, he had destroyed about five hundred dollars' worth of good sheep feed besides wasting a great deal of labor.

The following year he increased his flock



STACKS OF DRIED SALT-BUSH STORED ON THE MANSFIELD RANCH AS FODDER FOR SHEEP

regarded as worthless; as a matter of fact, the salt-bush has been considered such a pest that there is a law in at least one State against allowing it to go to seed. If further and more extensive tests prove as satisfactory as those already made, it appears that here is practically a virgin field of sheep-raising, offering wonderful opportunities.

Mr. Mansfield's discovery came about in a peculiar way. For several years he farmed some three thousand acres of land, all of it wheat land with the exception of one hundred and fifty acres, which were sub-irrigated alfalfa land. Finally his fields became so foul with Russian thistles that this, together with the high cost of labor and the low price of wheat, made it impossible for him to continue the growing of

of sheep to a thousand head, and decided to try the experiment of feeding them exclusively on the salt-bush. The animals were first turned loose on five acres of ground on which the bush grew thickly, and although kept there for two weeks, they did not clean up all the feed. This patch of land had been used for two years as a yard for the feeding of stock, and its soil was richer than most of the surrounding area. Ordinarily, however, the salt-bush will grow freely on the most arid and unfertilized land, and requires practically no attention after once getting a stand.

Later in the summer Mr. Mansfield made some hay of the weed, but on account of the scarcity of labor he was not able to haul it in out of the shock. He had to drive his sheep through the field containing



A TRACT OF SALT-BUSH WITH A HERD OF SHEEP FEEDING ON IT



LAND SIMILAR TO THE TRACT SHOWN IN THE UPPER ENGRAVING, AFTER THE SHEEP HAVE CLEARED OFF THE SALT-BUSH WITH WHICH IT WAS COVERED

this hay to a stubble-field where there was plenty of other pasture; but the sheep always preferred the salt-bush hay, and would stop there to eat it.

Although his experiment during the first year convinced Mr. Mansfield that he had made a valuable discovery, he was loath to announce it for fear of misleading other farmers. It was not until after he had tried it for a second season, with equally good results, that he felt justified in giving it to the public. Other farmers in the same vicinity have since pastured small flocks of sheep on the salt-bush, and are hearty in indorsing his report. In every case where the sheep have been fed on the bush they have been superior, both in flesh and in wool, to other sheep in the same vicinity which were grazed on ordinary pasture.

The Australian salt-bush is a much-branched perennial, which forms a thick mat over the ground to a height of about two feet. Its branches extend laterally for

several feet, and frequently a single plant will cover an area of fifteen or even twenty square feet. Its leaves are about an inch long, broad at the apex, coarsely toothed along the margin, fleshy, and slightly mealy on the surface. It belongs to the genus *Atriplex* and to the chenopod or goosefoot family—of which that troublesome Western weed, the Russian thistle (*Salsola tragus*), is also a member. The seeds germinate better if sown on the surface, which should be planked or firmed by driving a flock of sheep across it. When covered to any depth, the seeds decay before germination.

There are great stretches of black alkali land in the United States, of no use for anything else, on which the salt-bush would thrive. It is confidently asserted that if these acres were sown to the salt-bush they would support millions of sheep, and would enable our Western ranchers to produce more wool and more mutton than the whole country now raises.

#### ANSWER TO AN INVITATION

Yes, I will play, but it must be with fire,  
Though only for an hour should be the game;  
I care not if I burn, so you be flame,  
But bring me not the small change of desire!

Yes, I will sail, if you fear not to drown,  
If you fear not to swim the unfathomed sea,  
To dive into its moonlit heart with me,  
Hand in my hand, down deep, and still deep down.

Yes, I will fly, if you fear not the height  
Nor yet the depth of all that blue abyss;  
Love spans it in the lightning of a kiss—  
With you and me be there no lesser flight!

I will not make a toy of this strange thing  
That, at your touch, goes calling through my veins—  
The god each petty amorist profanes;  
Your little kisses to the winds I fling.

Nor of your beauty will I honey take,  
Sipping and tasting of you like a bee;  
'Tis a far other love for you and me—  
Let other smaller folk their small love make!

But if you come to me with wild, lost lips,  
In a great darkness made of a great light,  
Then shall our wings mount in an equal flight,  
Nor fear, though all the firmament eclipse.

Though from the zenith to the pit we fall,  
Breast against breast and eyes adream on eyes,  
We shall be one with suns and seas and skies—  
The power and the glory of it all!

Nicholas Breton

## Heroines of Yesterday

WIVES AND MOTHERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—THEIR SPLENDID COURAGE  
AND PATRIOTISM IN THE TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS

By Carl Holliday

Professor of English in the University of Toledo

WE all know what the women of America accomplished and endured for the national cause during the great war now happily ended, and what they are still doing in many lines of patriotic service. It is interesting to turn back the pages of history and see what their great-great-grandmothers did and thought at another momentous crisis. We all have read what George Washington and John Adams and other founders of this nation thought of patriotism and sacrifice in righteous war; but what were the opinions of Martha Washington and Abigail Adams and other wives and mothers who suffered in that period of trial?

That George Washington trusted greatly in the patriotism, the loyalty, and the endurance of his wife is evident from the confidential letters he wrote her. He apparently concealed nothing from her—his doubts, his fears, his disappointments, his weariness. Every student of Colonial literature is familiar with his affectionate note to her written upon his acceptance of office as commander-in-chief of the army:

You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you in the most solemn manner that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being too great for my capacity; and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. My unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness you will feel from being left alone.

But did Mrs. Washington sit idly in "uneasiness"? By no means. She immediately set every agency of production under her control to "speeding up"—just what we were asked to do in 1917. Years

later she declared with pardonable pride that, with her negro servants, she kept sixteen spinning-wheels in constant operation, and that two of her best war-time dresses were made of old crimson damask chair-covers and the ravelings of brown-silk stockings. Her footman, her coachman, and her maid were attired in cloth made at home, and her only regret was that the coachman's scarlet cuffs were imported. But there was one consolation—they were imported *before the war*.

Nor was she contented to show her patriotism merely at home. Wherever she went, she was an inspiring example of self-sacrificing industry. Read these words from a lady who visited the wife of the commander-in-chief at the army headquarters:

Well, I will honestly tell you, I never was so ashamed in all my life. You see, Madam Budd and myself thought we would visit Lady Washington, and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her *knitting and with a speckled apron on!* She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady with her own hands was knitting stockings for herself and husband!

And that was not all. In the afternoon her ladyship took occasion to say, in a way that we could not be offended at, that it was very important at this time that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrymen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make ourselves. Whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be patterns of industry!

What a Spartan mother was Abigail Adams! Every night during those years of strife she called her son, John Quincy Adams—destined to be the sixth President of the United States—and bade him recite that famous ode of Collins:

How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blessed!

With such a wife, John Adams might well go forth to risk his all to found a new nation. His first definite step was taken in May, 1774, when he became a member of the Revolutionary Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. He wrote to a friend:

When I went home to my family from the town meeting in Boston, I said to my wife:

"I have accepted a seat in the House of Representatives, and thereby have consented to my own ruin, to your ruin, and to the ruin of our children. I give you this warning that you may prepare your mind for your fate."

She burst into tears, but instantly cried in a transport of magnanimity:

"Well, I am willing in this cause to run all risks with you, and be ruined with you, if you are ruined!"

These were times, my friend, in Boston, which tried women's souls as well as men's.

And when the day of actual carnage came, when devastation stalked over the land, like a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night, this woman just as patiently and just as bravely awaited the outcome of the struggle for liberty. Long years afterward John Quincy Adams remembered the quiet fortitude of his mother, and wrote:

For the space of twelve months my mother with her infant children dwelt liable every hour of the day and of the night to be butchered in cold blood, or taken and carried into Boston as hostages. My mother lived in unintermittent danger of being consumed with them all in a conflagration kindled by a torch in the same hands which on the 17th of June, 1775, lighted the fires at Charlestown. I saw with my own eyes those fires, and heard Britannia's thunders in the battle of Bunker Hill, and witnessed the tears of my mother and mingled them with my own.

Mrs. Adams herself wrote of such an occasion:

I went to bed about twelve, and rose again a little after one. I could no more sleep than if I had been in the engagement; the rattling of the windows, the jar of the house, the continual roar of twenty-four-pounders, and the bursting of shells give us such ideas, and realize a scene to us of which we could form scarcely any conception.

Months passed without a word from John Adams—months when his wife would say:

I would rather give a dollar for a letter by the post, though the consequence should be that I ate but one meal a day these three weeks to come.

Mrs. Adams converted young John Quincy into a postboy to ride daily the round trip of twenty-two miles between her farm at Braintree and Boston. In the midst of such loneliness, anxiety, and danger she had the valor to write her husband:

All domestic pleasures and enjoyments are absorbed in the great and important duty you owe your country, for our country is, as it were, a secondary god, and the first and greatest parent. It is to be preferred to parents, wives, children, friends, and all things, the gods only excepted; for, if our country perishes, it is as impossible to save an individual as to preserve one of the fingers of a mortified hand.

Small wonder that John Adams told her:

You are really brave, my dear. You are a heroine, and you have reason to be. For the worst that can happen can do you no harm. A soul as pure, as benevolent, as virtuous, and pious as yours has nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the last of human evils.

On a wedding anniversary observed in loneliness, Mrs. Adams wrote:

This day, dearest of friends, completes thirteen years since we were solemnly united in wedlock. Three years of this time we have been cruelly separated; I have, patiently as I could, endured it with the belief that you were serving your country.

Eliza Pinckney, of South Carolina, one of the most brilliant women America ever produced, saw her beloved sons ride away to serve with Washington; and in the midst of her loneliness, with the enemy devastating the South on every hand, there came a letter from one son, announcing that the plantation home had been burned. With steady hand she wrote in her reply:

MY DEAR TOM:

I have just received your letter with the account of my losses, and your almost ruined fortunes by the enemy. A severe blow! But I feel not for myself, but for you.

Your brother's timely, generous offer to divide what little remains to him among us is worthy of him.

Before the war closed, Madam Pinckney, who had been one of the richest women in the colonies, was obliged to write to a creditor who presented a bill:

I am sorry I am under a necessity to send this unaccompanied with the amount of my account due to you. It may seem strange that a single woman, accused of no crime, who had a fortune to live genteelly in any part of the world, that fortune,

too, in different kinds of property, and in four or five different parts of the country, should in so short a time be so entirely deprived of it as not to be able to pay a debt under sixty pounds sterling; but such is my singular case. After the many losses I have met with, for the last three or four desolating years from fire and plunder, both in country and town, I still had something to subsist upon; but alas, the hand of power has deprived me of the greatest part of that, and accident of the rest.

It was such a mother whose training caused Charles Pinckney to make, in an hour of trial, that memorable declaration so dear to every American:

Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute!

If ever there was a "war bride," Catherine Van Rensselaer Schuyler, of New York, was one. From girlhood to old age she was in the midst of military campaigns. She had been married but a week when her husband was called away to fight the Indians. Many a time she bade him farewell with the keen realization that it might be their last meeting on earth; but hers was a courage equal to that of Martha Washington or Eliza Pinckney.

During the Revolution, shortly after the battle of Saratoga, the British, Tories, and Indians came sweeping through the country toward her husband's estate. Despairing women and children choked the roads leading into the towns. Catherine Schuyler thought of the rich fields of grain about her home and the treasures lying in the family mansion, and she determined that neither food nor heirlooms should fall into the hands of the enemy.

Back into the country she sped. All along the way the hurrying refugees warned her to turn back, but she was deaf to all appeals. She reached the great farm, and, taking with her a badly frightened negro to spread the fire, she went down to the fields. The negro had no heart for the task; for he feared the vengeance of the foe.

"Very well!" she declared. "If you will not do it, I must do it myself."

And with that she threw the torches here and there amid the grain, and saw the flames sweep across the flats. Hastily gathering the family valuables, she fled back to Albany. Within twenty-four hours the enemy had burned the mansion to the ground.

Then came a real test of Christian womanhood. Within a few weeks Burgoyne, who had destroyed her country home, was defeated and a captive in her

Albany residence. Less noble people would have wreaked a bitter revenge upon him, but, says Chastellux, the French traveler, then in America:

Burgoyne was extremely well received by Mrs. Schuyler and her little family. He was lodged in the best apartment in the house. An excellent supper was served him in the evening, the honors of which were done with so much grace that he was affected even to tears, and could not help saying, with a deep sigh:

"Indeed, this is doing too much for a man who has ravaged their lands and burned their home!"

That Burgoyne was distinctly embarrassed by the turn of fate and the kindly treatment of his former victims is shown in his own words:

I expressed my regret at the event which had happened, and the reasons which had occasioned it. He desired me to think no more about it; said the occasion justified it, according to the rules and principles of war, and he should have done the same.

Mercy Warren, the sharp-tongued author of the Colonial satire, "Woman's Trifling Needs," forgot her sarcasm in the days of war, and offered her all to her country. Her husband was indeed her all, and his absence was agony to her. She wrote:

Oh, these painful absences! Ten thousand anxieties invade my bosom on your account, and sometimes hold my lids waking many hours of the cold and lonely night.

This was not a complaint; it was only the natural outcry of her love, and during the struggle she repeatedly urged on her husband with her enthusiasm and faithful trust in the justice of his cause.

Those were indeed days of fervent zeal and joyous sacrifice. Women accustomed to the finest silks and satins joined the patriotic society called Daughters of Liberty and vowed to wear no garment not made of homespun. No tea imported by the foe should touch their lips; no luxury would be bought while the soldiers were in need. Early in the morning women of quality might be seen carrying their spinning-wheels through the streets to a common meeting-place, where all day they spun and wove that the national resources might be saved. High or low, every woman "did her bit" that the new nation might survive.

With such ancestors, with such a heritage, it is no wonder that the American women of to-day have shown themselves worthy of their great and splendid country.

# The Book of Changes

BY HERMAN HOWARD MATTESON

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

SHE was called the Huntress. The remote islands of lower Puget Sound knew her by no other name.

She had arrived at Waldron Island on the Seattle packet-boat. Old Jimmy, postmaster, storekeeper, oracle, and chronicle of Waldron, said afterward that she was a young, handsome girl, with reddish hair, not over twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, and that she wore no wedding-ring.

Further, Jimmy said that he believed the poor girl to be *hiyu pelton* in the head, which in the Siwash tongue means "insane." Presently the few fishermen and Indians of the region came to agree to this diagnosis—all save Tumbo Tom, the old Indian medicine-man and bow-maker.

Jimmy based his conclusions touching the state of the girl's mind on several circumstances. She had asked to be directed to some uninhabited island where yew-trees grew. She had asked for the name and address of the nearest maker of bows and arrows. She had opened a purse containing American gold and foreign-looking money, and had paid old Jimmy five dollars to row her to the military reservation island when the trip hadn't been worth a penny over six bits.

Jimmy got word to Tumbo Tom, who dwelt on another island near by, and Tumbo beached his high-prowed canoe upon the shore of the reserve island. Across the channel sounded the thump of an ax, the crash of falling trees, the lesser noise of a hand-hammer. A cabin reared itself in the border of the forest of giant cedar and fir trees. Tumbo brought a smaller canoe to the island and left it there.

Then Tumbo returned to his own little cabin on the near-by island. When inquisitive fishermen plied the old savage with questions, Tumbo's replies were as guarded and Delphic as the words of a spirit whispering riddles among the spruce-trees.

A fisherman, drawing his purse-seine to a pucker, had drifted into the lee of the reserve island. He had heard a crashing in the brush, and a deer had broken from covert, to fall dead upon the sands with an arrow through its heart. A girl, red hair streaming over her shoulders, half naked, had come springing down the slope. At sight of the fisherman in the offing, she had fled wildly back into the forest.

Old Jimmy, hearing the fisherman's colorful account of the episode, was consumed with curiosity. The Huntress had rented a post-office box under the name of Jane Smith. No mail had ever arrived for the box number, but a weekly newspaper, either Japanese or Chinese, Jimmy didn't know which.



TUMBO TOM'S LITTLE BLACK EYES GLINTED CUNNINGLY AS THE ARCHERS PASSED THE BOW—

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A letter addressed to a woman who had died a year before lay in the post-office. Jimmy took the letter, studied it a moment, tucked it into the pocket of his tarpaulin coat, climbed into his dory, and rowed away.

Without knowing clearly just why he acted with such circumspection, Jimmy beached the dory very softly and walked lightly up the slope toward the cedar-shake cabin. From some spot not far into the wood there came a twanging noise and a faint thudding. He walked on, and then came to a sudden pause, while his lower jaw jarred open and remained pendulous.

Where the tall firs chanced to grow in orderly array, the girl had set up a target of woven reeds and grass. From a distance of something over a hundred yards, she was shooting arrows into the target from a man-length yew bow. Her reddish hair, done into a single thick braid, hung down her back. Upon her feet were sandals or moccasins of seal-hide. She was clothed in a robe-like garment of doeskin, which left her arms free and bare, and which depended to her naked knees.

At the sound of Jimmy's exclamation, the

girl turned and regarded him coldly. She stepped forward, took the letter, turned it over, examined it curiously, and handed it back. Sternly she directed him to bring no more mail to her island.

Jimmy turned, reentered his dory, and rowed away.

"You'd never know her," said Jimmy to his fisherman audience. "She's been on the island—let's see, it's going on a year. When she came she weighed about a hundred and ten; now she'll go a hundred and forty strong. Shoot the bow and arrow! I've lived in the islands fifty years, and I've seen Talapus George at his best, and Chief Chimiicum, but I never saw such shooting as that girl does—no!"

Tumbo Tom, using staves of yew that he had laid away for months, that he had rubbed and rubbed with oil of dog-salmon's liver, made the first bow for the Huntress. He made a second and a third, while she sat by watching narrowly every operation of cutting down the piece in the rough and scraping it with a clam-shell.

Then the Huntress made a bow. That she had bettered Tom's instruction was attested by his statement that he



—COLONEL NOGI HAD MADE NO BID, BUT STOOD FONDLING THE WONDERFUL, TOUGH, PERFECTLY BALANCED STAVE OF YEWE

27

had never seen a bow so finely, so perfectly balanced. Instead of wrapping the nocking-point about with green seal-hide, she had wrapped her bow as bamboo fishing-rods are wound; only she used strands of copper-colored hair from her own head instead of silk.

Beneath the arched firs she had laid off a space one hundred and twenty-eight yards in length. She called it her hall of three and thirty spans. There every day she practised, arrow after arrow, tirelessly, though at first the raw flesh of her bow thumb and finger had dripped red.

A second year passed, and a third. Twice a month Tumbo Tom fetched her newspapers; now and then he carried a sack of rice or a tin of tea. Occasionally some one questioned Tumbo concerning the strange, wild girl, but he kept his counsel, as savages do. Molested by no one, seen only at intervals by passing fishermen, it came to pass that she was spoken of as if she had been the heroine of some island legend, a being who had been, but who was no more.

## II

IN Victoria, on Vancouver Island, about two sides of which cluster the American San Juan Islands, is held every year the tournament of the Overseas Archery Association. Among the competitors will be found the foremost archers of the world—English, Welsh, Scottish, Turkish, Japanese.

A high-prowed Indian canoe hauled out on the shore near the estuary of Victoria. An old Indian, as wrinkled as the bark on a dead madroña-tree, walked up the street and along the dusty road to the archery field. In among the throng gathered about the butts he walked, unwrapped the deer-skins from about a bow that he was carrying, and stood silent, holding it in his claw-like hand.

Aye, this was a bow made of the ancient yew, like those of Strongbow and of the merry archers of Sherwood Forest. This bow was wrapped about at the nocking-point with strands of copper-colored human hair.

His lordship of Glenartney knew a bow. He took the weapon from the old brave's hand, and held it as if it had been a relic.

Effendi Mahmoud also knew a bow, for he was the world's foremost bowyer, and had hurled an arrow from a Turkish bow a distance of four hundred and eighty

yards. Effendi Mahmoud took the stave of red-brown yew from the Scotsman's hand.

Colonel Nogi, of the Japanese imperial army, likewise knew a bow, for the modern Samurai practises the art of Wada Daihachi and of Ulysses as indefatigably as did the warriors of a thousand years ago.

Tumbo Tom's little black eyes glistened cunningly as the Scotsman, the Turk, and the Japanese passed the bow from one to another.

Glenartney would give fifty English pounds for the bow. Effendi Mahmoud would give a hundred. Colonel Nogi had made no bid, but stood fondling the wonderful, tough, perfectly balanced stave of yew.

"You swear a promise never give away, never sell to any one," said Tumbo, addressing Nogi, "and you have bow for one piece money."

Nogi, smiling at the simplicity of the savage and the discomfiture of his rivals, drew a gold piece from his pocket and tossed it to Tumbo. The Indian took it gravely, returned to the estuary, climbed into his canoe.

"You sold it?" demanded the Huntress eagerly.

"Yes—for one piece money."

Tumbo handed the girl the gold piece.

"English money!" she said disappointedly, handing the coin back to the Indian.

"King Chautch money"—the Northwest Indian equivalent for English—"all right," said Tumbo; "but brown man, Jap, he give it. You tell me watch for Japanese man shoot arrow, and sell him bow for any piece money. You see it in Japan newspaper that Jap come here shoot arrow. He buy bow for one piece money."

"You did finely, Tumbo!" said the girl. "It is exactly— Did you see the archers shoot, Tumbo?"

"Two, three, four time, maybe."

"Like this, any of them?"

The Huntress took a bow that was leaning against the wall of the cabin and fitted an arrow to the string. At the distant end of her hall of three and thirty spans stood a peeled sapling, no thicker than her thumb. She drew the arrow to the head. There was a twang—a sweet humming—a crack. Fairly in twain she had split the Robin Hood's mark.

A moment she stood, poised. The single garment of doeskin revealed a figure all

grace and silky smoothness, yet muscled as with steel. Standing there in the border of the deep forest, she might have been the Versailles "Diana of the Chase," breathed into life by some gracious Aphrodite.

Tumbo Tom muttered his brief words of praise, but the girl's cold features showed neither pride nor exultation. Abruptly she turned and entered the cabin. Tumbo slid his canoe free, paddled away.

Pinned to the wall of the cabin were Japanese prints, gaily colored. One showed a hideously grinning Samurai, wearing five swords of varying lengths in his girdle. Beside him was a five-line verse, written in perpendicular Japanese characters. Upon a square of wrapping-paper the Huntress had drawn a calendar covering a period of years. The date on which she had landed at the island was circled by a black ring made with the burned end of a stick. A date some six weeks before was also black-circled.

With the burned stick she proceeded to mark a third circle about the current date—for it was the third anniversary of her arrival, and, more epochal still, it was the day upon which Tumbo Tom had sold the bow to Colonel Nogi of the Japanese army. Still another significance the day held—it was her birthday; she was twenty-four years old.

Dispassionately she regarded the calendar. What were days or years to her any longer? What was life?

Aloud, she read the inscription on the Japanese print:

"More fleeting than the glint of withered leaf wind-blown is the thing called life."

## III

BARON KATO ISAMURO lifted his head from the wooden pillow. The bitter wind, blowing from the mountains of Kamchatka, sifted the powdered snow in about the sliding, paper-covered panels of the room. Upon the bare floor the white grains lay in little drifts, and across the single army blanket which covered him.

Baron Kato rose and slipped into a padded pongee coat. Into his girdle, though in peace-time the wearing of swords is unlawful, he thrust five swords of varying lengths.

In a corner of the cell-like room was a squat statue of Buddha. As the Japanese paused before the image, his rugged fea-

tures smoothed themselves into lines as placid as those of the fat-faced idol.

Arousing himself as from a pleasant dream, Kato lifted a battered book from a shelf and began to turn the pages, with their perpendicular writing. It was the "Book of Changes," which teaches a Samurai how to live—and how to die.

Upon the title-page were the words—"Regulations for Samurai of Every Rank." Followed pages of harsh, ascetic rules:

Archery and gunnery must not be neglected.

The staple of diet shall be unhulled rice.

When death comes to him who fears death, it is like the passing of a noxious weed.

Dancing and couplet-writing are unlawful; to be addicted to such amusements is to resemble a woman. A man born a Samurai should live and die sword in hand.

A page or two Kato read, then laid down the book and slid back one of the paper-covered panels. Before him was a modern door of oak. He inserted a key in the lock, opened the door.

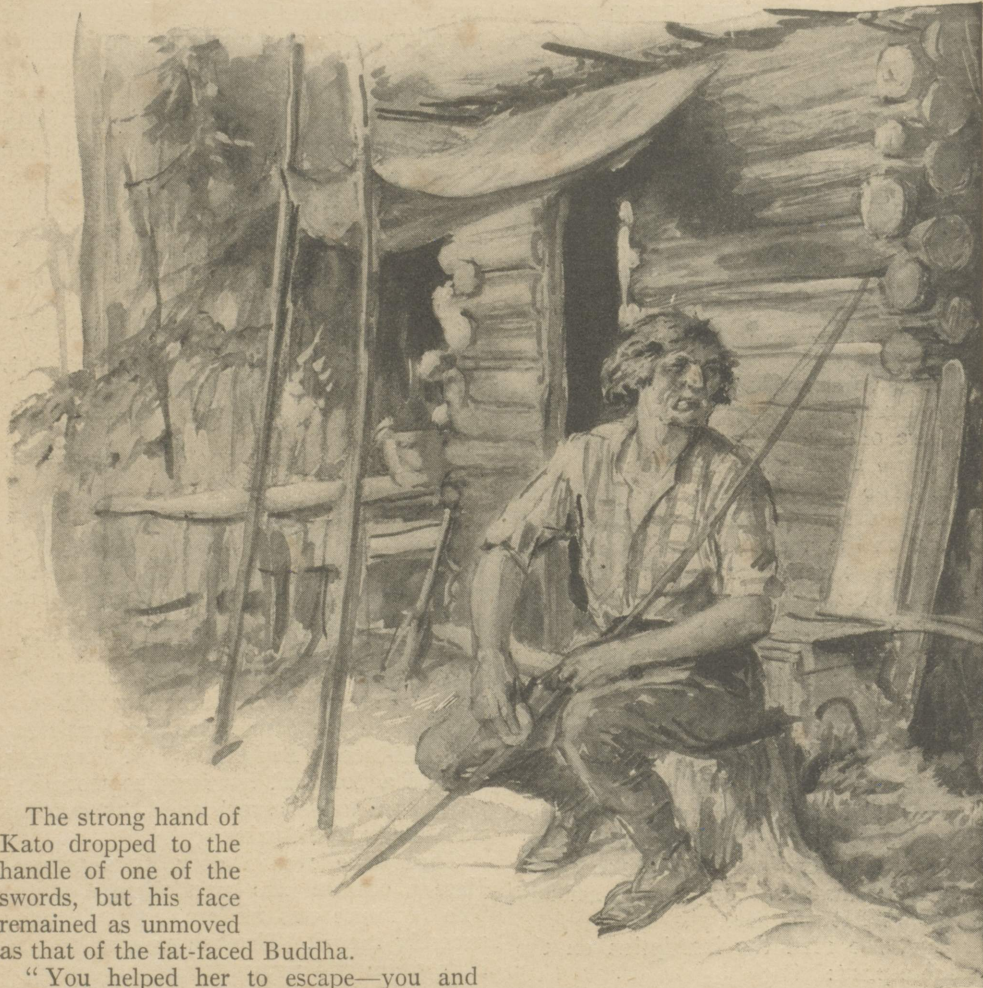
Passing through, he entered the ante-room of a veritable palace. The ceiling was high-vaulted, the walls were hung with tapestries. In the corner was the omnipresent fat-faced Buddha. One tapestry showed a Samurai, his fanglike teeth exposed in a wolfish snarl, one knotted hand upholding a threatening sword.

Through a second door Kato passed. Here a cheerful fire crackled in a grate. The furniture was modern, frail, delicate, superbly carved. Through an open door a little white crib was visible.

Kato lifted a wooden hammer and struck a suspended copper bell. A door to the left opened. A Japanese woman—of high caste, to judge from her garb and her fine features—came forward with short, mincing steps. She had two thick gold bodkins thrust through her enamel-smooth black hair.

"Where is the blossom girl?" demanded Kato.

"Gone!" answered the woman, staring stupidly before her. "I helped her to get away—last night, while you slept. She is gone. I led her through the snow to the pagoda not yet completed, that you had told her was to be a shrine. I showed her the iron bars cunningly hidden beneath the hangings, destined to be her cell of shame. I am your wife, daughter of a Samurai. You shall mock the daughter of a Samurai with no Yoshiwara mistress. She is gone!"



The strong hand of Kato dropped to the handle of one of the swords, but his face remained as unmoved as that of the fat-faced Buddha.

"You helped her to escape—you and your kinsman, Mosohito?"

The woman continued to stare straight ahead. Kato stepped to a lacquered cabinet and took from a small box a pellet wrapped in silver-foil. He placed the pellet in the woman's hand. She turned into the room where stood the white crib, and closed the door.

For a moment she hung over the crib, then walked on into an adjoining apartment. She seated herself upon a tabouret before a mirror, smoothed her hair, readjusted one of the gold bodkins.

Daughter of a Samurai, she had been taught from infancy to contemplate death with serenity, and even with indifference. Almost a suspicion of a derisive smile showed upon her fine features. She lifted her face and recited a Japanese verse:

"More fleeting than the glint of withered leaf wind-blown is the thing called life."

TUMBO TOM MUTTERED HIS BRIEF WORDS OF PRAISE, BUT THE GIRL'S COLD FEATURES SHOWED NEITHER PRIDE NOR EXULTATION—

She placed the silvered pellet between her lips.

Baron Kato, watching the door close after the woman, clapped his hands and called to the serving-girl to bring him his bowl of unhulled rice.

He ate, clapped his hands, and called a name:

"Mosohito!"

A powerfully built Japanese stood respectfully in the doorway.

"I would practise with the bow, Mosohito," said Kato, "in the three and thirty span hall."

Outside the palace, standing in a grove of scrubby trees, was a long, low building, an exact replica of the thirty-three-span



—SHE DREW THE ARROW TO THE HEAD. THERE WAS A TWANG—A SWEET HUMMING—A CRACK. FAIRLY IN TWAIN HAD SHE SPLIT THE ROBIN HOOD'S MARK

archery hall of Kyoto. Here, every day, Kato practised. Never had he equaled the records of Wada Daihachi and Masatoki, each of whom had shot into the clout, at a distance of one hundred and twenty-eight yards, more than four arrows a minute for twenty consecutive hours; but some time he would do as well. Aye, some day he would do as well! The iron will that had brought

Kato a high command in the Russian war, that had made him the absolute feudal monarch of a far northern island, would some day make him equal to Wada Daihachi and Masatoki.

"I would shoot a thousand arrows, Mosohito."

Kato paused at the door of the hall, while Mosohito fetched bundles of arrows

and his master's favorite bow, an English yew bow of eighteenth-century make. Kato had given a hundred English pounds for it. For its equal he would give a thousand pounds—two thousand pounds for its better.

Kato stepped to the door, a steel-barbed arrow nocked to place.

"Mosohito," said Kato, "the snow without is not so very deep. Three and thirty spans is the distance to yonder sheltering clump of trees. Until you have gained the shelter of the trees, I will bend no bow!"

Mosohito sprang away through the snow and leaped in among the tree-trunks. Kato drew the arrow to his cheek; the bow-string twanged like the strings of a samisen when the minstrel strikes into a heroic lay of the old Samurai.

## IV

ULRICA JENSEN'S last letter had come to David Hannay from Kyoto. She was having a wonderful time. She had journeyed from Nagasaki to Osaka by steamer, thence to Kyoto in a man-drawn cart. On the steamer she had met a devotee of Buddhism. She had admired and envied the man's serenity of mind, the sufficiency of his religion—or philosophy. She proposed to learn more of Buddhism. She was a seeker after truth. Truth lay hidden in a well. She proposed to plumb the depths.

How like her, David thought with vague disquietude! Ulrice Jensen, the Valkyr, daughter of the Vikings! Bold blood of the fearless Norsemen ran in her veins.

No further word did he receive. Three years passed by. He wrote, cabled, communicated with United States ministers and consuls. No word!

David's occupation was with dyestuffs and pigments. He was a chemist. In his work he found what he thought was an analogy to the situation. For a fine, clean, white girl to dabble in Oriental mysticism, to him, touched the chemical law of incompatibles. You mix potassium chlorate with tincture of iron; result—explosion. Mix East with West; result—

Kipling had already expressed the same idea in his "Ballad of East and West," only David didn't know it. He never read poetry; he preferred to read monographs on "The Phlogistic Theory of Affinals."

The war having brought to a stop the importation of dyestuffs, David's hitherto ignored formula for fixing pigments in cotton

and woolen fabrics became worth a fortune. With more money in his possession than he had expected to handle in a lifetime, he set forth for Seattle, thence journeyed to Nagasaki, to Osaka, to Kyoto, and home again. Here and there he caught faint, elusive traces of Ulrice. He learned that she had returned to America—and that was all.

Then luck favored him. In Seattle he got track of an officer on a coastwise vessel who remembered observing a passenger with red hair—a beautiful, frail young girl, who left the boat somewhere in the San Juan Islands.

So, at last, David came to the island of the military reserve.

Stealing through the wood, he found a hiding-place in a clump of shrubbery. Finally she came, a dryad, clad in a single garment of doeskin, a bow in her hand, arrows in a quiver upon her back.

From his hiding-place David stared at her, and then clasped his hands to his face. It was she—it was not she—he could not decide. Rica had been slender, almost ethereal. This girl, though grace itself, was robust, Junolike. That naked brown arm of hers was more thickly muscled than his own. That copper-colored hair—Rica's! It was she!

A bird came flying by far overhead. The Huntress lifted her bow and snapped an arrow to the nocking-point. Grotesquely fluttering, beating its futile wings against the shaft that had pierced it, the bird came to earth.

It was not she! Rica had fainted once, when the machine in which they were riding had struck a dog. It couldn't be she!

Still—he watched her narrowly. Her walk, imperious, purposeful—it was Rica's walk. The way she held her head slightly to one side—that copper-colored hair—it was Rica!

David stepped from cover. At the sound of his footfall the girl turned. She gave a barely perceptible start. Then her eyes settled upon him blankly, unblinkingly, like those of an image.

He stretched forth his hands, spoke her name. She laughed harshly, pointed for him to go. Still he stood, his arms spread. She began to back away slowly, fitting an arrow to the string.

"Go!" she said. "Go!"

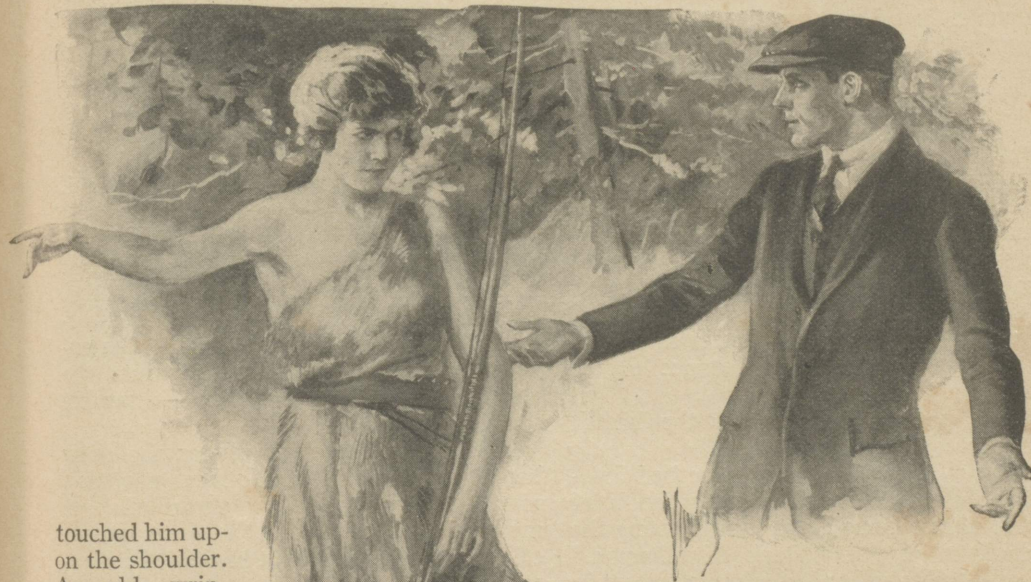
Still he did not move. She lifted the bow, let fly the arrow, which struck, quivering, into the tree-trunk beside him.

Through the thicket of trees she watched him while he made his way dejectedly to the beach. Then her knees weakened beneath her. She sank slowly to the earth, where she lay in a huddled heap.

Upon the wharf before old Jimmy's store, David awaited the packet-boat that would take him back to Seattle. A hand

merciful in a negative way only. Cho Densu's famous portrait of Kwannon shows her sitting coldly silent beside a cold stream that issues from the cold snows of Fujiyama.

"There is no passion, affection, birth, or death," whispered the Huntress, gazing fixedly at the fat-faced Buddha. "There is



HE STRETCHED FORTH HIS HANDS, SPOKE HER NAME. SHE LAUGHED HARSHLY, POINTED FOR HIM TO GO

touched him up on the shoulder.

An old, wrinkled Indian stood beside him, grinning vacuously. The Indian dropped something into David's hand—

a tiny, gold-mounted fountain pen, marked with the initials "U. J." Four years before, David had bought that pen in a Cincinnati jewelry-store as a gift for Rica.

The packet-boat came. David sat staring at the trinket in his hand. The boat whistled shrilly and warped out. Sitting with the pen in his hand, David became aware that the boat had come and gone, and was a lessening dot in the distant channel leading toward Seattle.

## V

THE Huntress sat silent and motionless. Her countenance, mirroring the character of her meditations, was stern, stoic, rather than serene.

Mamjusri, the Japanese god of wisdom, is pictured always as being a fanged man-brute. Kwannon, the goddess of mercy, is

no beginning and no end. A Samurai must live and die sword in hand. An enemy has injured; wash clean the defilement in his blood!"

A knock sounded upon the door. Tumbo Tom stood without, a soiled letter in his hand.

"Boat man, he carry this letter to one island, another, then give to me," explained Tom.

The letter bore a Japanese postmark and Japanese stamps. It was addressed to "The Bow-Maker of the San Juans."

She opened it and read. A triumphant gleam showed in her dark eyes. Spreading the letter, she searched for a bit of paper and prepared to write. Her fountain pen was missing. Strange! As she continued to search for the pen, Tumbo Tom stood by, outstaring the fat-faced Buddha.

The pen was gone. Strange! She took a pencil and wrote swiftly:

Colonel Nogi is *not* absolved from his promise neither to sell nor to give away the bow of yew.

The bow-maker of the San Juans possesses an equally wonderful bow, which is not for sale. Some day it shall be a gift into the hand found worthy to bend it.

The Huntress addressed the envelope to "Baron Kato Isamuro, Myriad Islands, Japan, Far North."

Some few weeks later a smiling, silk-hatted Japanese sought out Tumbo Tom. The Japanese had been commissioned by one mighty in his own country to give a thousand English pounds for a bow equal to the bow of Colonel Nogi.

Tumbo shook his head. He had no bow for sale; he was not the bow-maker of the San Juans.

The Japanese smiled, and departed in his smart launch. Where the channel wound between two islands, the launch veered to one side and came to anchor. From the island's wooded top the Japanese watched Tumbo Tom through his glasses as the old Indian reported the circumstance to the Huntress.

The Japanese reembarked, the launch went on toward Seattle.

Every day the Huntress practised indefatigably with the bow and arrow, her brief hours of rest being spent in meditating the aphorisms of the "Book of Changes." Most often upon her lips, always present in her consciousness, were the five-line verse of the withered leaf, wind-blown, and the command:

"An enemy has injured; wash clean the defilement in his blood."

Five rounds she had fired, every arrow a perfect hit, when through the trees she caught sight of the fine yacht that came to anchor off Tumbo Tom's island. A single exclamation escaped her as she saw the launch return to the yacht, the sailors swarm up the side ladder, and a small boat come on toward the reserve island, rowed by a single man.

Bow in hand she stood, the wind gently flapping her doeskin robe about her knees. Straight toward her he came, with more warmth in his bright, black eyes than had ever emanated before from his cold, hard, Samurai soul.

"You have come!" she said evenly. "So I planned it. No lying words!" she expostulated fiercely, as he broke into extravagant courtier speech. "You have come! So I planned it."

She stepped past him, entered the cabin, and returned, holding in her hand a wonder-

ful bow of yew wound about the nocking-point with hair from her own head.

"For him worthy to bend it," she said. "Come!"

She stood pointing down the vista of her forest hall of three and thirty spans.

"The gage!" he demanded. "What shall it be?"

"The winner shall name it," she said, "after the round is shot."

The slant eyes of Baron Kato glittered hungrily as they roamed over the marvelous figure of the Huntress and came to a sleepy rest upon the beautiful face flushing through the tan.

"The winner names the gage," he said. "The loser pays—no matter what!"

"Yes."

Baron Kato stripped off his coat of Christian cut and rolled up his Christian sleeves, revealing the knotted, corded muscles of his pagan, Samurai arms. The arrows began humming, thudding into the clout. A dozen arrows he fired—a perfect score.

He watched her narrowly as she drew her first. Smooth and silken was that round, brown arm. How absurd the old myth of the Greeks that the Amazons cut off the right breast lest it hamper the bow-string!

Her first arrow into the clout, the second, a dozen—a perfect score.

Another round, and Kato had a miss. The Huntress also had a miss in the second round. Arrow to arrow they stood, and score to score.

The third round, and again Kato had a single miss—his last shot.

Nine arrows the Huntress fired perfectly—ten—eleven. Baron Kato smiled, for he was a Samurai. Twelve, a hit—a perfect score!

"I have lost—I pay the score," he said calmly, gazing into the girl's face. "Name the gage."

Not at once did she answer, but stood thoughtful as one confused, though a thousand times she had planned what should be hers when the hour arrived.

"Be merciful!" said Kato, jestingly yet earnestly. "Be merciful! For your sake, my children are motherless. For your sake, Mosohito died. Be merciful!"

At his words, she felt her blood surge hotly. Merciful! She would be merciful as the "Book of Changes" teaches mercy. A Samurai beg for mercy!



THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW  
SHE HURLED THE FAT-  
FACED BUDDHA

"Three and thirty spans long is my forest hall," she said. "At the distant end are sheltering trees. Until you have gained that shelter, I will bend no bow."

He made her a mocking bow and sped away, leaping in and out among the trees like a fleeing stag. She lifted the bow. The arrow sped.

A sobbing cry escaped her lips. Crying, sobbing hysterically, she flung the bow from her and ran to the shelter of the cabin. Through the open window she hurled the fat-faced Buddha. From the walls she tore the Japanese print with the five-line verse about the withered leaf, wind-blown. Tumbling her pitifully few belongings about, she searched forth a ring, set with a single brilliant. Kissing the ring again and again, she finally fell upon her knees beside her bed, bowed her head, and repeated a simple, old-fashioned Christian prayer of her childhood.

She arose, stripped off her barbaric raiment, and clothed herself in her garb of a Christian girl.

Drifting helplessly in the boat, Tumbo Tom found the Baron Kato, a yard-long

arrow through and through his body to the left of the shoulder-blade and just beneath the clavicle. Tom severed the arrow-head and drew forth the haft. The Indian paddled the boat to the side of the yacht, and the Japanese sailors helped their master up the side. From the rail, Kato smiled down at Tumbo Tom, for Kato was a Samurai even in the hour of death.

The girl, huntress no longer, opened the cabin door.

"Not a word!" said the caller, holding up a silencing hand. "I don't want to know. The past is dead, gone, buried. Let's talk about the present. Here are these arms of mine—"

"Oh, David!"

"There! There! Cry if you want to, Rica! Anyway, kiss me again. There!"





## THREE

BY BEULAH

will look at him, open your heart to him," said the nurse. "See, he has your husband's eyes."

"No, he took my husband's love from me; I cannot, will not love him."

"He will die," sobbed the nurse. "He is frail and delicate; you alone can nurse him into health and strength!"

But the woman turned her face to the wall, and presently she slept—and the child slept also; and the child's sleep was for eternity.

\* \* \*

"I DON'T want to see him," moaned the young wife, closing her dark eyes and resolutely turning away. "I don't love him—I never shall love him."

"But he is a beautiful baby," whispered the nurse. "He is your child, your own little child." She placed the fragile infant, a boy, beside the young woman on the bed. "See how tiny he is; if you don't mother him he will die. Won't you open your arms to this little soul who is calling for you, begging for your love?"

"No," the woman persisted. "He has taken months of my life away, made me deny myself countless pleasures, robbed me of my youth—my beauty. I never wanted him before birth; how can I love him now?"

"Oh, but you will love him, if only you

"AND this is the end?" said the girl, pale lips drawn in agony, dark eyes black with pain.

"Yes," said the doctor. "There will be no little one."

"No little one!" Her frail hands tore at the coverings, and she smiled a wan smile.

"You should be glad," said the doctor. "Your child would have had no name, would have been born of shame. It is better there was the accident."

"My child would have had a mother," answered the girl. "You've no right to think I am glad. I wanted it. I needed it. Always I've wanted my baby. If he had not been married, my baby would have had a name. My baby is not a child of shame, but a child of love!"



## SOULS

POYNTER

"Hush, you must not excite yourself," said the doctor. "You will bring on a fever."

"What have I to live for?" moaned the girl, and that night, even as the young wife's child slept, the girl slept also.

\* \* \*

THE way was dark, the road was stony; and it hurt his tender, bare feet. His little hands groped in the darkness, and struck against cold, bare walls. It was so black, so terrible—he was so tiny and afraid; and he cried aloud in anguish, but no one answered, no one came. Along down the stony chasm his little feet dragged, and he moaned all the way. His baby flesh was bruised and torn, and his baby heart was terrified.

Ahead, far, far ahead was a faint, glimmering light. If he could only reach that light before the nameless fear behind engulfed him! But the light was far away, and he was tired, bitterly tired. If only friendly arms would assist him, lift him up out of the darkness and set him in the light. But there were no friendly arms, nothing but bare, cold walls, and stony roads and darkness.

At last, after ages and ages, the light came closer; and as he struggled into it, a

soft hand caught at his, and a sweet voice murmured, "Baby, my baby!" and he cried aloud in ecstasy, "Mother!" Then the friendly arms he had longed for gathered him up; gathered him close to a soft, motherly bosom, and soft lips tenderly caressed his hair and eyes and rosy face. But wonderingly he cried: "You are not my mother!"

"No," said the soft voice. "No, I am not your mother, but you are the baby I should have had, and God has given me the right to carry you to Him."

And he sank back in her arms, was content; and together they entered the boat which was to carry them across the stormy sea into the bright, shining light ahead.

# Theodore Roosevelt as a Man of Letters

HISTORIAN, ESSAYIST, CRITIC, NATURALIST, AND JOURNALIST, HIS WRITINGS WERE THE EXPRESSION OF THE FULL LIFE AND MANY-SIDED PERSONALITY OF A GREAT AMERICAN

By Brander Matthews

THE more closely we scrutinize Theodore Roosevelt's life, and the more carefully we consider his many ventures in many totally different fields of human activity, the less likely we are to challenge the assertion that his was the most interesting career ever vouchsafed to any American—more interesting even than Benjamin Franklin's, fuller, richer, and more varied. Like Franklin, Roosevelt enjoyed life intensely. He was frank in declaring that he had been happy beyond the common lot of man; and we cannot doubt that Franklin had the same feeling.

The most obvious cause of the happiness and of the interest of these two famous men's careers is that each of them had an incessant and insatiable curiosity, which kept forcing them to push their inquiries into a heterogeneity of subjects wholly unrelated one to another. "The Many-Sided Franklin" was the title which Paul Leicester Ford gave to his biography of the great Philadelphian; and Roosevelt was even more polygonal.

Like Franklin, again, Roosevelt will hold a secure place among our statesmen, our men of science, and our men of letters, demanding due appraisal by experts in statecraft, in natural science, and in literature. But they differ in that Roosevelt was an author by profession, while Franklin was an author by accident. Roosevelt had looked forward to literature as a calling, whereas Franklin produced literature only as a by-product.

Franklin never composed anything in the hope or desire for fame or for money, or even in response to a need for self-expres-

sion; what he wrote was always put forth to further a cause that he had at heart. He never published a book; and if he could return to earth, he would indubitably be surprised to discover that he held a foremost place in the histories of American literature.

Roosevelt was as distinctly a man of letters as he was a man of action. He made himself known to the public, first of all, as the historian of the American navy in the war of 1812; he followed this up with the four strenuously documented volumes of his "Winning of the West"; and amid all the multiplied activities of his later years he made leisure for the written appreciation of one or another of the books he had found to his taste.

## ROOSEVELT'S JOURNALISTIC WORK

It must be admitted that in the decade which has elapsed since he left the White House his intense interest in public affairs led him to devote a large part of his energy to the consideration of the pressing problems of the hour, to topics of immediate importance, to themes of only ephemeral value, sufficient unto the day. In three or four different periodicals he served as "contributing editor"—in other words, he was a writer of signed editorials, in which he was always free to express his own views frankly and fully, without undue regard for that mysterious entity, the "policy of the paper."

These contemporary contributions to dailies and weeklies and monthlies are journalism rather than literature; and the more completely they fulfilled the purpose of the

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moment the less do they demand preservation. But in these same ten years Roosevelt wrote also his two books of travel in Africa and in South America, as vivacious as they were conscientious; his alluring and self-revelatory autobiography; and his two volumes of essays and addresses, "History as Literature" and "A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open," both of them pungent with his individuality.

It is not always—in fact, it is not often—that the accomplished man of letters has the essential equipment for journalism. He is likely to be more or less "academic," and to lack the simplicity, the singleness of purpose, the directness of statement, demanded in the discussion of the events of the moment. The editorial stands in the same relation to literature that the stump speech holds to the stately oration. The editorial, like the stump speech, aims at immediate effect; and it is privileged to be more emphatic than might be becoming in a more permanent effort. It was perhaps Roosevelt's wide experience in addressing the public from the platform which made it easier for him to qualify as a contributing editor and to master the method of the newspaper.

In his state papers and messages he had already proved that he had the gift of the winged phrase, keenly pointed and barbed to flesh itself in the memory. He had preached the doctrine of the "strenuous life" and he had expounded the policy of the "square deal." He had denounced some men as "undesirable citizens" and others as "malefactors of great wealth." And when he took up the task of journalism he was happily inspired to the minting of other memorable phrases.

There was, for example, an unforgetful felicity in his characterization of the "weasel words" that sometimes suck the life out of a phrase seemingly strong and bold. Never did he use smooth and sleek rhetoric to disguise absence or vagueness of thought. In the periodical, as on the platform, he spoke out of the fulness of his heart, after his mind had clarified his emotion so that it poured forth with crystalline lucidity. Possibly the practise of the platform, which finds a profit in iteration and reiteration, was responsible for the occasional diffuseness and redundancy in his writing for the periodical.

There was no mistaking the full intent of his own words. He knew what he meant to

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say, and he knew how to say it with simple sincerity and with vigorous vivacity. His straightforwardness prevented his ever employing phrases that faced both ways and that provided rat-holes from which he might crawl out. His style was tinglingly alive; it was masculine and vascular; and it was always the style of a gentleman and a scholar. He could puncture with a rapier, and he could smash with a sledge-hammer; and if he used the latter more often than the former it was because of his forthrightness and his consuming hatred of things "unmanly, ignominious, infamous."

Journalism was young—indeed, one might say that it was still waiting to be born—when Franklin put forth his pamphlets appealing to the scattered colonies to get together, and to make common cause against the French who had let loose the Indians to harry our borders. Franklin was cannily persuasive, and made use of no drumlike words, empty, loud-sounding, and monotonous; but there burned in his pages the same pure fire of patriotism that lighted Roosevelt's more impassioned exhortations to arouse ourselves from lethargy and sloth that we might do our full duty in the war which has saved civilization from the barbarian.

Where Franklin addressed himself to common sense, Roosevelt called upon the imagination. Perhaps Franklin, as is the tendency of a practical man, a little distrusted the imagination; but Roosevelt, as practical as Franklin, had imagination himself, and he knew that the American people also have it.

It is by imagination, by the vision and the faculty divine, that now and again an occasional address, like Lincoln's at Gettysburg, or a contributed editorial, like Roosevelt's on "The Great Adventure," transcends its immediate and temporary purpose, and is lifted up to the serener heights of pure literature. It is not without intention that "The Great Adventure" has been set by the side of the Gettysburg address; they are akin, and there is in Roosevelt's paragraphs not a little of the poetic elevation and of the exalted dignity of phrase which combine to make the address a masterpiece of English prose.

Consider the opening words of "The Great Adventure" and take note of its concision, like that of a Greek inscription:

Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die, and none are fit to die who have shrunk from

the joy of life and the duty of life. Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure. Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first. Never yet was a country worth living in unless its sons and daughters were of that stern stuff which bade them die for it at need; and never yet was a country worth dying for unless its sons and daughters thought of life not as something concerned only with the selfish evanescence of the individual, but as a link in the great chain of creation and causation, so that each person is seen in his true relations as an essential part of the whole, whose life must be made to serve the larger and continuing life of the whole.

Consider also these words, a little later in the same article:

If the only son who is killed at the front has no brother because his parents coldly dreaded to play their part in the Great Adventure of Life, then our sorrow is not for them, but solely for the son who himself dared the Great Adventure of Death. If, however, he is the only son because the Unseen Powers denied others to the love of his father and mother, then we mourn doubly with them, because their darling went up to the sword of Azrael, because he drank the dark drink proffered by the Death Angel.

#### HIS STYLE AND LITERARY TASTE

Roosevelt's style is firm and succulent; and its excellence is due to his having learned the lesson of the masters of English. He wrote well because he had read widely and deeply, because he had absorbed good literature for the sheer delight he took in it. Consciously or unconsciously he enriched his vocabulary, accumulating a store of strong words which he made flexible, bending them to do his bidding. But he was never bookish in his diction; he never went in quest of recondite vocabularies, because his taste was refined, and because he was ever seeking to be "understanded of the people."

Like Lord Morley, he had little of the verbal curiosity contemned by Milton as toilsome vanity, and he was ready, with Montaigne, to laugh "at fools who will go a quarter of a league to run after a fine word." He never indulged in fine words, suspecting their sincerity as we all suspect the sincerity of what is called "fine writing"—often only the written equivalent of "tall talk."

To him life was more important than literature, and what he was forever seeking to put into his literature was life itself. He was a nature-lover, but what he loved best was human nature. Yet his relish for life was scarcely keener than his relish for literature. We may think of him as preeminently an outdoor man, and such he was, of

course; but he was also an indoor man—a denizen of the library, as he was an explorer of the forest. Indoors and out of doors he was forever reading; and he could not venture into the wilds of Africa in search of big game without taking along with him the volumes of the "pigskin library," which testified at once to the persistence and to the diversity of his tastes as a reader.

He devoured books voraciously—all sorts of books, old and new, established classics and evanescent "best-sellers," history and fiction, poetry and criticism, travels on land and voyages by sea. To use an apt phrase of Dr. Holmes, he was at home with books "as a stable-boy is with horses." He might have echoed Lowell's declaration that he was "a bookman." The title of one of his more recent collections of essays is revelatory of his attitude toward himself—"A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open," for even when he went into the open he wanted to have a book within reach.

Of course, he enjoyed certain books, and certain kinds of books better than others. Of all Shakespeare's tragedies he best liked the martial "Macbeth," preferring it to the more introspective "Hamlet." He was not unlike the lad who was laid up, and whose mother proposed to read the Bible to him, whereupon he asked her to pick out "the fightingest parts."

Roosevelt had a special regard for the masculine writers—for Malory, especially, holding the "Morte d'Arthur" to be a better piece of work than the more delicate and decorated "Idyls of the King" which Tennyson made out of it. In fact, Roosevelt once went so far as to dismiss Tennyson's effeminate transpositions as "tales of blameless curates clad in tin-mail."

He enjoyed writing as much as he did reading; and as a result his works go far to fill a five-foot shelf of their own. When the man of action that he was had been out in search of new experiences and in the hunt for new knowledge, the man of letters that he also was impelled him to lose no time in setting down the story of his wanderings, that others might share in the pleasure of his adventure without undergoing its perils.

Being a normal human being, he liked to celebrate himself and to be his own Boswell; but he was never vain or conceited in his record of his own sayings and doings. He had the saving sense of humor, and he de-

lighted in nothing more than to tell a tale against himself. He was not self-conscious or thin-skinned; and he laughed as heartily as any one when *Mr. Dooley* pretended to mistake the title of his account of the work of the Rough Riders, calling it "Alone in Cuba."

Perhaps it was because he was so abundantly gifted with the sense of humor that he had a shrewd insight into character, and could delineate it incisively by the aid of a single significant anecdote. In sketching the many strange creatures with whom he was associated in the Far West, in South America, and in Africa, he showed that he had the kodak eye of the born reporter.

So it is that he gave us the two delightful volumes for which he drew upon his experiences as a rancher in the West, the stirring book devoted to the deeds of his dearly beloved Rough Riders, whom he was forever recalling as "my regiment," and the solid tomes in which he set down the story of his trips as a faunal naturalist in Africa and in South America. They are all books pulsing with life, vibrating with vitality, and they are all books unflinchingly interesting to the reader, because whatever is narrated in them has been unflinchingly interesting to the writer.

Walter Bagehot once suggested that the reason why there are so few really good books, out of all the immense multitude that pour forth from the press, is that the men who have seen things and done things cannot write, whereas the men who can write have rarely done anything or seen anything. Roosevelt's adventure books are really good, because after having seen many things and done many things he could write about them so vividly and so sharply as to make his readers see them.

Perhaps the "Autobiography" ought to be classed with the earlier adventure books, since they also were autobiographic. It is a candid book; it puts before us the man himself as reflected in his own mirror; but it is not complete, since it was composed, not in the retrospective serenity of old age, but while the autobiographer was still in the thick of the fight, compelled to silence about many of the events of his career which we should like to see elucidated.

It was published serially month by month; and perhaps because of the pressure under which it was undertaken it seems to have a vague air of improvisation, as if it had not been as solidly thought out and as

cautiously written as one or another of the earlier books—the "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," for example, or the "Rough Riders." But it abides as a human document, and it explains why the autobiographer's buoyant personality appealed so intimately to the American people.

#### HIS WORK AS A CONSTRUCTIVE THINKER

"A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open" contains two characteristic essays, both of them delightful in their zest and in their individuality. One is on "Books for Holidays in the Open"; the other is about the author's "Wild Hunting Companions"—a searching and sympathetic appreciation of the human types developed by the wild life of the lessening wild places still uninvaded by advancing civilization.

In "History as Literature, and Other Essays," there are other papers as characteristic and as attractive. Three of them are the addresses which he delivered, on his triumphant return from his African rambles, at the universities of Oxford and Berlin and at the Sorbonne in Paris. They represent the high-water mark of his work as a constructive thinker. They are the lofty and dignified utterances of a statesman who was a practical politician of immense experience in the conduct of public affairs, and who was also a man of letters ambitious to present worthily the results of his experience and of his meditation.

These disquisitions on themes seemingly so remote from his special fields of activity as "The Biological Analogies of History," for example, have been described as daring; and in fact they are daring. But they justify themselves, since they disclose Roosevelt's possession of the assimilated information and the interpreting imagination which could survey the whole field of history, past and present, using the present to illuminate the past and the past as a beacon to the present, and calling upon natural history to shed light upon the evolution of human history.

These addresses are representative of Roosevelt when he chose to indulge himself in historic speculation; and in the same volume there is an essay, less ambitious, but highly individual in theme and in treatment, and quite as representative as its stately companions. This is the discussion, at once scholarly and playful, of "Dante in the Bowery"—a paper which could have been written only by a lover of lofty poetry

who had been a practical politician in New York.

To Roosevelt, Dante's mighty vision is not a frigid classic demanding formal lip-service and lending itself to destructive analysis; it is a living poem with a voice as warm as if it had been born only yesterday. To him the figures who pass along Dante's pages are not graven images, tagged with explanatory foot-notes; they are human beings like unto us, the men of today and of New York.

Thus it is that Roosevelt is led to dwell on the unaffectedness with which Dante dares to be of his own town and of his own time, and the simplicity with which Dante, wishing to assail those guilty of crimes of violence, mentions in one stanza Attila and in the next two local highwaymen "by no means as important as Jesse James and Billy the Kid"—less formidable as fighting men, and with adventures less startling and less varied. Roosevelt called attention to the fact that—

Of all the poets of the nineteenth century, Walt Whitman was the only one who dared to use the Bowery—that is, to use anything that was striking and vividly typical of the humanity around him—as Dante used the ordinary humanity of his day; and even Whitman was not quite natural in doing so, for he always felt that he was defying the conventions and prejudices of his neighbors; and his self-consciousness made him a little defiant.

Dante felt free to use the local present as unconsciously as he used the universal past; and the essayist asks why it is that to us moderns in the twentieth century it seems improper, and indeed ludicrous, to illustrate human nature by examples chosen alike from Castle Garden and the Piræus, "from Tammany and the Roman mob organized by the foes or friends of Cæsar. To Dante such feeling itself would have been inexplicable."

#### ROOSEVELT'S MOST ENDURING WORK

Varied and brilliant as were Roosevelt's contributions to other departments of literature, it is more than probable that his ultimate reputation as a man of letters will most securely rest upon his stern labors as a historian—not on the brisk and lively little book on New York that he contributed to Freeman's "Historic Towns" series, not on the biographies of Benton and Gouverneur Morris that he wrote for the "American Statesmen" series, not on the shrewd and sympathetic life of Cromwell, not on

the stirring and picturesque "Hero Tales of American History," which he prepared in collaboration with Henry Cabot Lodge, but on the four stately tomes of his most energetic and ambitious undertaking, the story of "The Winning of the West," which he began early in his manhood, and which he was always hoping to carry further.

Macaulay once praised the work of one of his contemporaries because it exhibited the most valuable qualities of the historian—"perspicuousness, conciseness, great diligence in examining authorities, great judgment in weighing testimony, and great impartiality in estimating characters"; and no competent reader of "The Winning of the West" could fail to find all these qualities in its pages.

A later historian, Professor Morse Stephens, set up four tests for the valuation of historical writing:

First, the modern historian must have "conscientiously mastered all the documents relating to his period at first hand."

Secondly, he must appreciate all accessible primary material "with careful weighing of evidence and trained faculty of judgment."

Thirdly, he must possess absolute impartiality, "in intention as well as in act."

Fourthly, he must also possess "the one necessary feature of literary style" in a history—"clearness of statement."

And "The Winning of the West" can withstand the application of all four of these tests. In other words, it is scientific in the collection and comparison and analysis of the accessible facts, and it is artistic in its presentation to the reader of the results of the writer's indefatigable research.

As "The Winning of the West" was written by Roosevelt it could not help being readable, every chapter and every page alive and alert with his own forceful and enthusiastic personality. This readability is not attained by any facile eloquence or any glitter of rhetoric—although it has passages, and not a few of them, which linger in the memory because of their felicitous phrasing. The book is abidingly readable because it is the result of deliberate literary art employed to present honestly the result of honest, scientific inquiry. This is Roosevelt's sterling virtue as a historian, and it was fitly acknowledged by his fellow workers in this field when they elected him to the presidency of the American Historical Association.

In an evaluation of the final volumes of Parkman's fascinating record of the fateful struggle between the French and the English for the control of North America—an article written in 1892, while that great historian was still living—Roosevelt remarked that "modern historians always lay great stress upon visiting the places where the events they described occurred." He commented that although this is advisable, it is less important than the acquisition of an intimate acquaintance "with the people and the life described." Then he said:

It is precisely this experience which Mr. Parkman has had, and which renders his work so especially valuable. He knows the Indian character and the character of the white frontiersman, by personal observation as well as by books; neither knowledge by itself being of much value for a historian. In consequence he writes with a clear and keen understanding of the conditions.

Roosevelt himself had the clear and keen understanding of conditions with which he credited Parkman, in whose footsteps he was following, since "The Winning of the West" may be called a continuation of "France and England in North America." Like Parkman, Roosevelt was a severely trained scientific investigator, who was also a born story-teller. If the historian is only an investigator, the result is likely to be a justification of the old gibe which defined history as "an arid region abounding in dates"; and if he is only a story-teller his narrative will speedily disintegrate.

"The true historian," Roosevelt asserted in "History as Literature," his presidential address to the American Historical Association, "will bring the past before our eyes as if it were the present. He will make us see as living men the hard-faced archers of Agincourt, and the war-worn spearmen who followed Alexander down beyond the rim of the known world. We shall hear grate on the coast of Britain the keels of

the Low Dutch sea-thieves whose children's children were to inherit unknown continents. . . . We shall see conquerors riding forward to victories that have changed the course of time. . . . We shall see the terrible horsemen of Timur the Lame ride over the roof of the world; we shall hear the drums beat as the armies of Gustavus and Frederick and Napoleon drive forward to victory. . . . We shall see the glory of triumphant violence and the revel of those who do wrong in high places; and the broken-hearted despair that lies beneath the glory and the revel. We shall also see the supreme righteousness of the wars for freedom and justice, and know that the men who fell in those wars made all mankind their debtors."

#### A FINE AND CHARACTERISTIC PASSAGE

At the end of the foreword to "A Book-Lover's Holidays" there is a noble passage which calls for quotation here as an example of Roosevelt's command of nervous English, measured and cadenced. It is proposed in proof of the assertion that the joy of living is his who has the heart to demand it:

The beauty and charm of the wilderness are his for the asking, for the edges of the wilderness lie close beside the beaten roads of present travel. He can see the red splendor of desert sunsets, and the unearthly glory of the afterglow on the battlements of desolate mountains. In sapphire gulfs of ocean he can visit islets, above which the wings of myriads of sea-fowl make a kind of shifting cuneiform script in the air. He can ride along the brink of the stupendous cliff-walled cañon, where eagles soar below him, and cougars make their lairs on the ledges and harry the big-horned sheep. He can journey through the northern forests, the home of the giant moose, the forests of fragrant and murmuring life in summer, the iron-bound and melancholy forests of winter.

Theodore Roosevelt had the heart to demand it, and the joy of living was his.

#### THEODORE ROOSEVELT

October 27, 1858—January 6, 1919

THE stalwart hands with firmness fraught,  
The brain that throbbed with virile thought,  
The patriot heart, true to the last,  
Have gone into the silence vast;  
And yet they leave a path of light  
Across the darkness of the night—  
The threefold light of sword and pen  
And the strong leadership of men.

William Hamilton Hayne

# Renunciation

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

Author of "The Blue-Eyed Manchu," etc.

WHEN she came to him that night, forty-eight hours before he sailed for France with his battalion on democracy's greatest, most splendid adventure, she did so of her own free will. For he had not seen her; he had not written to her; he had even tried not to think of her since that shimmering, pink-and-lavender morning of early June, two years earlier, when, in rose point lace and orange-blossoms, she had walked up the aisle of St. Thomas's Church and had become the wife of Dan Coolidge.

Her low, trembling "I will!" had sounded the death-knell of Roger Kenyon's tempestuous youth. He had plucked her from his heart, had uprooted her from his mind, from his smoldering, subconscious passion had cast the memory of her pale, pure oval of a face to the limbo of visions that must be forgotten.

It seemed strange that he could do so; for Roger had always been a hot-blooded, virile, inconsiderate man who rode life as he rode a horse, with a loose rein, a straight bit, and rowel-spurs. He had always had a headstrong tendency to hurdle with tense, savage joy across the obstacles he encountered—which were of his own making as often as not. He had been in the habit of taking whatever sensations and emotions he could—until he had met Josephine Erskine up there in that sleepy, drab New England village where, for a generation or two, her people had endeavored to impose upon the world with a labored, pathetic, meretricious gentility.

Heretofore, woman had meant nothing to him except a charming manifestation of sex. Then suddenly, like a sweet, swift throe, love had come to him in Josephine's brown, gold-flecked eyes and crimson mouth. He had told her so quite simply as they walked in the rose-garden; but she had shaken her head.

"No, Roger," she had replied.

"Why not?"

"I do not love you."

She told him that she was going to become the wife, for better or for worse, of Dan Coolidge, a college chum of his—a mild, bald-headed, paunchy, stock-broking chap with a steam-yacht, a garage full of imported, low-slung motor-cars, a red-brick-and-white-woodwork house on the conservative side of Eleventh Street, a few doors from Fifth Avenue, a place in Westchester County at exactly the correct distance between suburbia and yokeldom; four servants, including a French—not an English—butler; and a mother who dressed in black bombazine and bugles.

"Yes," she had said in a weak, wiped-over voice, "I am going to marry Dan."

"Because you love him—and because you don't love me?"

"Yes, Roger!"

He had laughed—a cracked, high-pitched laugh that had twisted his dark, handsome face into a sardonic mask.

"You lie, my dear," he had replied brutally, and when she gasped and blushed he had continued: "You lie—and you *know* you do! You love—*me!* I can feel it in my heart, my soul, in every last fiber and cell of my being. I can feel it waking and sleeping. Your love is mine, quite mine—a thing both definite and infinite. You don't love Dan!"

"But—"

"I tell you why you're going to marry him. It's because he has money, and I have no financial prospects except a couple of up-State aunts who are tough and stringy, and who have made up their minds to survive me, whatever happens."

"I must think of mother and the girls," had come her stammered admission through a blurred veil of hot tears; "and Fred—he must go to Harvard—"

"Right! You have your mother, and the girls, and Fred, and the rest of your

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family, and they'll all live on Dan's bounty and on the sacrifice you're making of yourself—not to mention myself!"

Then, after a pause, taking her by both her slender shoulders, he went on:

"I could make love to you now, my dear. I could crush you in my arms—and you'd marry Dan afterward, and somehow strike a compromise between your inbred, atavistic Mayflower Puritanism and the resolute Greek paganism which is making your mouth so red. But"—as she swayed and trembled—"I won't! I'm going to play the game!"

She said nothing. He laughed and spoke again:

"Confound it! You can put your foot on every decency, on every bully, splendid emotion, on the blessed decalogue itself—as long as you play the game!"

So he had gone away, after being Dan's best man, to his little plantation in South Carolina. For two years he had not seen her, had not written to her, had even tried not to think of her—

And there she stood—now—on the threshold of his room in the discreet little hotel where he had put up, with a grinning, plump boy in buttons, his hand well weighted with money, winking as if to say:

"It's O. K., boss. I'm goin' to keep mum, all right, all right!"

Then the boy closed the door, and the bolt snapped into the lock with a little steely, jeering click of finality.

## II

SHE was dressed in white from head to foot; only her lips were red, and the long-stemmed Gloire de Dijon rose that she held in her hand. She spoke in a matter-of-fact voice, as if continuing a conversation that had been interrupted just for a second by the entry of a servant or the postman's whistle:

"Don't you see, Roger? I had to come. I had to say good-bye to you—before you sail for France!"

He did not move from where he stood between the two windows, with the moonlight drifting across his shoulders into the dim, prosy hotel room, and weaving a fantastic pattern into the threadbare carpet. There was surprise in his accents, and a keen, peremptory challenge.

"How did you know that I was booked to sail? Our orders are secret. I am here on a special mission until the day after to-

morrow—incognito, at that. Josephine, how did you find me out? Who told you that I was here?"

She smiled.

"Of course I knew, dear. How could I help knowing?"

Suddenly, strangely, the explanation—what there was of it—seemed lucid and satisfactory and reasonable, and he crossed the room and bowed over her hand. He took the rose from her narrow, white fingers and inhaled its heavy, honeyed fragrance.

"A rose from your garden!" He heard his own voice coming in an odd murmur. "From your garden up there in the little New England village!"

"Yes, Roger."

"Did your mother send it to you?"

"No, I picked it myself. It kept fresh, didn't it, Roger dear?"

"Yes."

He remembered the garden where they had walked side by side, two years earlier—where he had told her of his love. It was the one splotch of color, the one sign of the joy of life, in the whole drab Massachusetts community, this old garden which the Erskine family had jealously nursed and coddled for generations. It was a mass of roses, creepers as well as bushes, scrambling and straining and growing and tangling in their own strong-willed fashion, clothing old stones with hearts of deep ruby and amethyst, building arches of glowing pink and tea-yellow against the pale sky, lifting shy, single, dewy heads in hushed corners, as if praying.

But he had always liked the scarlet Gloire de Dijon roses best. They were like her lips.

## III

He looked up.

"What about Dan?" he asked.

"Oh, Danny—" She smiled.

"He is my friend, and your husband. If he knew—"

"Danny won't mind, dear," she said.

Her words carried conviction. Somehow he knew that Dan wouldn't mind. He sat down on the hard couch that faced the windows, drew her down beside him, and put his arm around her shoulder. Her hand, which sought and found his, was very steady and very cool.

He did not speak; neither did she. Twisting his head sidewise, he looked at her. She was in shadow from the shoulder

downward. Only her face was sharply defined in the moonlight. The scarlet lips seemed to swim to him along the slanting, glistening rays, and he leaned over.

There was hunger in his soul, in his mind, in his heart, in his body.

"I am going to play the game!"

The words came from very far, from across the bitter bridge of years, with the jarring, dissonant shock of a forgotten reproach.

"Dear, dear heart!" he whispered.

She did not resist. She did not draw back; nor did she say a word. Only, just as his lips were about to touch hers, something—"an immense, invisible, and very sad presence," he described it afterward—seemed to creep into the room with a huge whirring of wings.

The whirring was soundless; but he felt the sharp displacement of the air as the pinions cut through it, the left tip resting on the farther window-sill, the right on a chair near the bed, on which he had thrown his khaki overcoat and his campaign hat.

With the whirring came a sense of unutterable peace and sweetness, strangely flavored with a great pain. As he leaned back without having touched her lips, the pain was mysteriously transmuted. It became a realization, not a vision, of color—clear, deep scarlet with a faint golden glow in the center. Then began to assume a definite form—that of a gigantic Gloire de Dijon rose, which, as he watched, slowly shrank to its natural proportions until it rested, velvety, scented, where he had dropped it among the books on his writing-desk.

He rose to pick it up. When he turned

back again, he saw that she had left the couch and was standing on the threshold of the open door, a blotch of filmy, gauzy white.

She was gone before he could rush to her side. When he tried to cross the threshold, to run after her, he felt again the whirring of wings, which brought with it a sense of ineffable sweetness and peace, and which enveloped his subconscious self in a rush of blind delight.

## IV

It was Captain Donaldson of his regiment who startled him out of his sleep early the next morning.

"Hurry up, old man!" he said. "The transport sails this afternoon instead of tomorrow."

Roger Kenyon tumbled out of bed and walked over to the desk where he had dropped the rose the night before.

"What are you looking for?" asked his friend. "A cigarette? Here—have one of mine!"

"No, no. I thought I had left a rose here last night—a scarlet Gloire de Dijon rose; but—"

"Gallant adventure, eh?" laughed Donaldson. "Say, you must have been drinking! Why, this isn't a rose—it's a white lily!"

He picked up the stiff, sweet-scented flower.

"By the way," asked Donaldson, facing his friend over coffee and toast and eggs, "have you heard that Danny Coolidge's wife died last night?"

"Yes," replied Roger Kenyon.

## FLOWER OF BEAUTY

Oh, flower of beauty, bloom  
Within my garden walls!  
Light up the paths of gloom;  
Shine where the darkness falls.

Oh, flower of beauty, I  
Am crying for your light;  
My garden walls are high,  
And hold the helpless night,

As helpless as my soul  
That lies within its gloom.  
Now may the seed unroll—  
Oh, flower of beauty, bloom!

Edwin Justus Mayer

# The Coming Back of Oscar Wilde

AMID THE EPHEMERAL FROTH OF THE LATTER-DAY STAGE, REVIVALS OF THE BRILLIANT IRISHMAN'S STERLING WORK HAVE STRUCK AN IMPRESSIVE NOTE

By Richard Le Gallienne

OUR greatest authority on human nature has told us that "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." The same philosopher has also admonished us that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil."

These aphorisms have a particular application to the case of Oscar Wilde, and they very naturally sprang to my mind of late as I listened, with great interest and some surprise, to a comment made, apropos of the recent revival of Wilde's comedy, "An Ideal Husband," by one of America's most famous business men. He had been to see that play a few evenings before, and though it was of course by no means his first acquaintance with its author, he had come away from it so reastonished, so to speak, at the soundness and brilliance of Wilde's intellect that he paid it, impromptu, a tribute which Wilde would have valued beyond any number of "esthetic" appreciations.

Intellect is always appreciated by intellect, however various and apparently remote from one another the fields in which it operates. Intellect is like electricity in that respect—capable of doing all kinds of work, but always "capable." The intellect of a Coleridge and a Napoleon, though superficially different, is essentially one, and a great poet and a great business man are much nearer to each other than they usually suppose.

The essence of intellect is what we call practicality. Beyond all other qualities it has clear sight, and, after that, the power to apply that clear sight to action of whatever kind—all real writing being a form of action. It is the greatest of all Oscar Wilde's surprises, his supreme paradox,

that he whose earliest notoriety was that of a sort of effeminate artistic buffoon, masquerading with sunflowers and knee-breeches, should be more and more recognized for one of the keenest intellects of our time, and one of its great spiritual influences.

"Can Oscar Wilde come back?" asked my captain of industry, and, after his manner, answered his own question. "He has come back—that night at 'An Ideal Husband' proved it to me."

Curiously enough, some years ago I had heard a like comment—identical, indeed, in its meaning—from an English business man, who, one would have said, was the last to appreciate the curled fop in Regency costume, with high stock and so forth, but with a beautiful voice and an evident humorous eye on his own masquerade, who was lecturing to us on his "Impressions of America."

"That man is no fool," said the English business man, "though he does his best to behave like one." As the lecture ended, and we sought our coats and hats, he added: "I haven't heard so much common sense in a long time."

That was long ago, not far from the beginning of Wilde's momentous, tragic, and much misunderstood career. At that time he had written nothing beyond his first volume of poems. The insight of that English business man is therefore the more remarkable. Linked up with the comment of the American business man which is the occasion of this article, it makes an appreciation which, more than any, would have appealed to Wilde's intensely practical mind.

For it has been not the least of Wilde's misfortunes that he has been posthumously appropriated for their own by an unpleasant rag-tag and bobtail of literary and artistic failures and *poseurs*, would-be "decadents" and "degenerates," not to speak of those "biographers" who, as Wilde once said, "always go in with the undertaker." These undesirable parasites, "maggots in the decay of the divine," knew nothing of Wilde's strength. It has been their unsavory trade to traffic in his weakness. They knew nothing of his profound intellectual and spiritual health. Their only care was to note and exaggerate the marks of decay in a noble mind.

It goes without saying that his cleansing humor and his drastic, purifying wit—wit like a surgeon's knife—are as little their affair as his innocent fairy tales and his profound meditations on "The Soul of Man under Socialism." Like flies on carrion, these vermin on a great mind love best to feast on the morbidity of his "Salome"—missing what is really fine and significant even in that uncharacteristic and imitative play—or on the merely Corinthian elements of "Dorian Gray." The Wilde they are alone interested in—and him, too, they misunderstand—was the whimsical worldling who loved to scandalize the respectable middle-class English mind with talk of "strange sins" and "purple passions." Only moping intellectual perverts could take such talk seriously. With Wilde it was merely "for fun," and as much a joke on his "disciples" as on the respectable middle-class mind.

Wilde had too much brain to take evil seriously. His writings show that he was more interested in goodness, from an intellectual point of view, as being a greater mystery than evil. And there is nothing more surprising in his complex nature than the way in which sophistication and simplicity are found together, and even harmonized. He was, of course, thinking of this seeming incongruity in his own make-up when he wrote "simplicity is the last refuge of the complex," thus saying, as his method always was, a serious thing in an apparently trivial way.

This persistent humorous disguise of his real intellectual and spiritual self is not unnaturally misleading, and has caused him to be misunderstood; though, in the end, as he doubtless intended, it has made the serious side of him the more effective. For

the modern world looks askance on prosing moralists, suspecting them of being either professionals or hypocrites, and has little faith in any truth that cannot face the test of laughter.

#### WILDE'S PRAISE OF "JOHN HALIFAX"

If one were to take Wilde as his "biographers" and those "sedulous apes," his very poor imitators, would have us do, we should think of him as caring for nothing but the "poison-honey" of certain forms of French literature—Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," Huysmans's "À Rebours," Flaubert's "Salammbô" and "La Tentation de St. Antoine." Of course, these great writers had their influence upon him, as they have influenced all writers who have come after them; but it will, I think, be a surprise to many readers of Oscar Wilde that, much as he admired Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," he was also an admirer of "John Halifax, Gentleman." There is a stretching of the octave of which few men in our time have been capable, and I think that no more significant evidence could be brought, not merely of his intellectual many-sidedness, but of the remarkable inclusiveness of his humanity.

I owe my knowledge of this evidence to the enthusiasm of one of Wilde's American publishers, Mr. H. S. Nichols, who, in his edition of Wilde's writings, has included the reviews and other contributions which Wilde made to the *Woman's World*, an English monthly magazine which he edited while he was marking time, and needing money, between his lecture tour in this country and his début as the author of "Lady Windermere's Fan." The reprinting of every fugitive scrap of a writer's work is seldom to be commended, but in this case Mr. Nichols is fully justified. Not to have known Wilde's opinion of "John Halifax, Gentleman," would have been to miss a most important document toward the complete understanding of his strange mentality.

Who, indeed, could have supposed that the novelist of "Dorian Gray," the dramatist of "Salome," the poet of "The Sphinx," could have felt as he did about Mrs. Craik and her famous masterpiece? On the occasion of her death, Wilde wrote:

Mrs. Craik will live long in the affectionate memory of all who knew her, and one of her novels, at any rate, will always have a high and honorable place in English fiction. Indeed, for

simple narrative power, some of the chapters of "John Halifax, Gentleman," are almost unequaled in prose literature.

At the very beginning of his career, however, in his first volume of "Poems," published soon after his leaving Oxford, he had unmistakably shown his devotion to the great sane and central masters of English poetry. This volume, at the time of its publication, and since, has been decried as a mere collection of echoes. It is perhaps more imitative than is usual with a young poet's first volume, but it is more importantly true to say that the "imitations" give evidence of an original poetic gift such as has seldom been found in the imitative juvenilia of other poets. In our day Wilde is not the only writer who has combined imitation with originality; and his early poems are "imitations" that could only have been made by a strong, original mind.

#### THE QUALITY OF WILDE'S EARLY VERSE

In the matter of imitation, too, much depends on the models that the young writer chooses to imitate; and it was certainly significant, and of good omen, that Wilde, while echoing Keats and Swinburne, as was to be expected, was evidently much more under the influence of such austerer poets as Milton, Wordsworth, and Matthew Arnold. Indeed, throughout all his writing to the end, such bracing influences as theirs are always present. The stern marble masters of Greece and Rome, and those in modern literature who have most been modeled upon their style and vitalized by their spirit—these, with the Bible and Shakespeare, were always the sustaining influences behind all Wilde's intellectual vagaries and excursions into the exotic and the bizarre. It was because he had such a firm hold on Homer and Plato and Shakespeare, on the eternal humanities and on the eternal verities, too, that Wilde was able to give to his rôles of dandy and society fool so arresting a significance.

Of course, I do not mean to imply that he was merely a moralist in disguise—like his much more single-minded countryman, Bernard Shaw. Indeed, I do not think that he was anything "on purpose," but, on the contrary, many things by the accident of nature—a manifold genius expressing an unusually complicated individuality with a necessary variety of method.

At Oxford he made some reputation for his scholarship, particularly for his Greek.

He was already known, too, for his gift of fantastic conversation, and for his love of those beautiful accessories of life, old furniture, tapestries, china, and so forth, which was expressed in his traditional *mot* of aspiration to live up to his blue china, and was afterward to find flamboyant expression in the cult of the sunflower and "the esthetic movement." He was also known as a poet, if the winning of the Newdigate at Oxford can be said to confer that distinction. It was as a poet that, after leaving college, he made his bow to that London society of which he was later to be so easy a conqueror and so tragic a victim.

The first poem in that first volume of "Poems, by Oscar Wilde, London, 1881," seems, as we look back, to have had an ominous and pathetic significance. I quote it both on that account and because it is a striking sonnet. Incidentally, too, I may draw attention to Wilde's knowledge of the Bible shown in the twelfth and thirteenth lines:

Lo, with a little rod  
I did but touch the honey of romance.

I think that very few of his commentators could give chapter and verse for that Scriptural reference. But here is the sonnet, entitled, "Helas!"

To drift with every passion till my soul  
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play,  
Is it for this that I have given away  
Mine ancient wisdom and austere control?  
Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll  
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday  
With idle songs for pipe and virelay,  
Which do not mar the secret of the whole.  
Surely there was a time I might have trod  
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance  
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God.  
Is that time dead? Lo, with a little rod  
I did but touch the honey of romance—  
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

Imitative or not, this first volume of poems was full of strength and beauty, and still vibrates with youthful vitality. I have no space to quote from its more serious poems, but this "Requiescat," in its exquisite tenderness, casts a significant sidelight on the nature of the young "esthete":

Tread lightly, she is near  
Under the snow;  
Speak gently, she can hear  
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair  
Tarnished with rust,  
She that was young and fair  
Fallen to dust.

Lilylike, white as snow,  
She hardly knew  
She was a woman, so  
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,  
Lie on her breast.  
I vex my heart alone—  
She is at rest.

I have heard that it was a loved sister whom Wilde thus pathetically mourns; and in connection with this early volume, another tender little poem has recently been reprinted from the copy in which he inscribed it to his wife:

I can write no stately proem  
As a prelude to my lay;  
From a poet to a poem,  
I would dare to say.

For if of these fallen petals  
One to you seem fair,  
Love will waft it till it settles  
On your hair.

And when wind and winter harden  
All the loveless land,  
It will whisper of the garden—  
You will understand.

Wilde's early poems were received, I may say, with that unintelligent contumely with which London reviewers—usually young Oxford graduates of good but poor connections, for whom somehow or other a living must be found—are accustomed to welcome Englishmen of genius. With his practical good sense and instinct for "direct action," Wilde now determined to give his belief in beauty an effective advertisement. Ruskin, William Morris, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti had already begun their crusade against Victorian Philistinism, horse-hair sofas, wax fruit under glass, antimacassars, and all the horrible "decorations" of the period. William Morris, in particular, had begun the reform by the manufacture of beautiful pottery for household needs, not to speak of those famous chairs which have gone all over the world, and which are, it is to be feared, far better known than Morris's poetry. But the ideas of these quiet philosophers, painters, and craftsmen might very well have influenced only a small circle had it not been for that flamboyant young Irishman from Oxford—Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde—who suddenly had the courage—and it must have needed no little—to—

Walk down Piccadilly  
With a sunflower or a lily  
In his mediæval hand.

Thus Oscar Wilde became the "apostle of beauty" to the Philistines, and if our houses and general surroundings are more beautiful to-day, we owe it, if you like, to his fearless impudence, to his willingness to play the fool in a good cause—but always, let us not forget, for the fun of it.

#### WILDE'S LECTURE TOUR IN AMERICA

The English institution called *Punch* played Wilde's game for him, by the spiteful and quite stupid caricature of the esthete *Postlethwaite*. Then Gilbert and Sullivan came more genially to his assistance with their immortal "Patience," as a result of which—some say as an involuntary, innocent advertisement—Oscar Wilde came on his famous lecture tour to America.

As he stepped off the boat in New York, long-haired and fur-coated, he made two of his most famous epigrams. To the reporters he confessed himself "disappointed with the Atlantic," and to the custom-house officers he declared that he had "nothing to declare—but his genius." Then he went forth to lecture America on "The English Renaissance of Art," giving the lecture so entitled for the first time in Chickering Hall, New York, on January 9, 1882. He repeated it in many other American towns, and lectured on "House Decoration," "Art and the Handicraftsman," and "What Makes an Artist?"

On his return to England, Wilde toured the provinces with his lecture "Impressions of America," to which I have already referred. Of course, as was natural, he could not resist poking a little fun here and there, but for the most part his impressions were surprisingly sympathetic and understanding. It is interesting to compare Wilde's evidently sincere pleasure in America with the bitterness of Dickens's "American Notes," and even certain early observations by Rudyard Kipling.

America certainly understood Wilde far better in those days than England did—perhaps from the fact that, being a nation of "jolliers," it soon "got on" to the fact that behind his posturings he was a "jollier," too. Moreover, he surprised America by a frank admiration of so much that no one expected to see him admire—American machinery, for example. Here are a few sentences from his lecture:

There is no country in the world where machinery is so lovely as in America. I have always

wished to believe that the line of strength and the line of beauty are one. That wish was realized when I contemplated American machinery. It was not until I had seen the water-works at Chicago that I realized the wonders of machinery; the rise and fall of the steel rods, the symmetrical motion of great wheels, is the most beautifully rhythmic thing I have ever seen.

I was disappointed with Niagara—most people must be disappointed with Niagara. Every American bride is taken there, and the sight of the stupendous waterfall must be one of the earliest, if not the keenest, disappointments in American married life. One sees it under bad conditions, very far away, the point of view not showing the splendor of the water.

It is a popular superstition that in America a visitor is invariably addressed as "stranger." I was never addressed as "stranger." When I went to Texas I was called "captain"; when I got to the center of the country I was addressed as "colonel," and on arriving at the borders of Mexico, as "general." On the whole, however, "sir," the old English method of addressing people, is the most common.

Soon after his return to England, Oscar Wilde married Miss Constance Lloyd, and, with that boyish love of playing a part which was behind so much of his misunderstood posing, took up the rôle of husband and father with much show of gravity. He cut his ambrosial locks, discarded his knee-breeches, and suddenly, one morning, London society was startled by the apparition of "our only Oscar" with short, smooth hair, and appareled in the usual garb of the modish man about town. Soon, for the sunflower, he was to display the famous green carnation in his buttonhole.

#### WILDE'S FAIRY TALES AND ESSAYS

Meanwhile he seriously set himself down to earning his living as the editor of the *Woman's World*, and to playing with his children and telling them stories with his beautiful and elaborately modulated voice. His first volume of fairy tales, "The Happy Prince, and Other Tales" (1888), is the memorial of this tranquil and idyllic period of his life. These stories well illustrate the chameleon quality of his nature and his literary gift; for they are as child-hearted as the stories of Hans Andersen, and written in the simplest words and most unaffected style.

They are filled, too, with that sense of pity for human suffering, particularly the suffering of the poor, which he never lost even in his most artificial period—a sense which is one of many characteristics that sharply distinguish him from his imitators. Such stories as "The Happy Prince" and

"The Selfish Giant"—to which one may add "The Young King," from his later and more elaborately wrought volume, "The House of Pomegranates"—will remain while English lasts as touching contributions to the literature of pity. The moral of "The Young King," in particular, shows with what a sympathetic eye this intellectual dandy looked upon those who do the hard and dreary work of the world, and support that superstructure of society which he loved at once to satirize and to amuse.

Three nights before his coronation the young king has three dreams, in which he sees the weaver wearily weaving his coronation robe; the diver, with blood gushing from his ears and nostrils, as he brings up a great pearl from the sea which is to be set in his scepter; and a multitude of men toiling in the bed of a dried-up river to find rubies for his crown. The dreams impress him so much that at his coronation he refuses to wear or carry these insignia of his office.

"Shall Joy wear what Grief has fashioned?" he asks the old bishop who is waiting to crown him—and in that simple phrase, how, as with a sword, he smites through to the heart of the selfish materialism of modern society!

He was to develop that same theme later in an essay which perhaps remains the greatest surprise and enigma of his career, "The Soul of Man under Socialism." Meanwhile, he almost immediately followed up his fairy tales with a romance that was certainly as far removed from them in spirit as possible—the exotic, cynical, and gruesomely tragic romance of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1890). The power of this story is undeniable, and its moral is scarcely less shuddering than that of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." There is much beauty in the book, too; but its atmosphere breathes evil, and the sweetness throughout is sinister. However, that was necessary to the story, and an element of refreshment is to be found in its brilliant conversations. In these Wilde first came definitely before the public as the wit who had long been known in London society.

"The man," says one of his characters, "who can dominate a London dinner-table can dominate the world."

Wilde was already dominating London dinner-tables with his extraordinary conversation. Soon, through the medium of



his plays, he was to dominate the world by his gift of saying brilliant, nonsensical things which first made one laugh, often in spite of oneself, and then set one thinking—presently to realize that they were far from being as nonsensical as they seemed, but were actually profound criticisms on life in disguise. Like the old-time fool with his cap and bells, Wilde had taken up the rôle of king's jester to the public, and, while amusing it, he got home with deep and drastic truths that it would have heeded in no other form.

A hint of the forthcoming plays was presently given in the famous dialogue on "The Decay of Lying," printed in 1890 in the *Nineteenth Century*, a whimsical paradoxical arraignment of "realism" and that realistic school of novelists, with Zola as its master, which was then the fashion. By "lying" Wilde meant the power of imagination, and his dialogue was a plea for romance, invention, and fantasy in fiction. He begins thus:

One of the chief causes that can be assigned for the curiously commonplace character of most of the literature of our age is undoubtedly the decay of lying as an art, a science, and a social pleasure. The ancient historians gave us delightful fiction in the form of fact; the modern novelist presents us with dull facts under the guise of fiction. The blue book is rapidly becoming his ideal book for method and manner.

Passages such as this give us a foretaste of the dialogue that was soon to convulse with laughter not merely the stalls of London theaters, but the "gods" of the gallery and the pit, for Wilde's wit had such a basis of common sense that it appealed to all classes.

Thinking is the most unhealthy thing in the world, and people die of it just as they die of any other disease. Fortunately in England, at any rate, thought is not catching. Our splendid physique as a people is entirely due to our national stupidity. I only hope we shall be able to keep this great, historic bulwark of our happiness for many years to come; but I am afraid that we are beginning to be overeducated. At least, everybody who is incapable of learning has taken to teaching.

Side by side with these gayer excursions into paradox there appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* that essay on "The Soul of Man under Socialism" (1891), already mentioned, which perhaps shows the essential seriousness of Wilde's mind more than any other of his writings. Though here and there he employs his favorite method of flippant badinage, for the most part the

essay is very gravely written. Wilde fearlessly strikes to the root of the matter, showing at once his instinctive sympathy with the victims of our present social system, and his understanding of its practical problems. This essay shows how sincere had been his sigh at the end of his boyish sonnet on democracy:

These Christs that die upon the barricades,  
God knows it, I am with them in some things!

Indeed, Wilde's heart was always in the right place, for all his affectation of cynicism. Sorrow and poverty never appealed to him in vain—as, years after, on his discharge from prison, his letters to the London *Daily Chronicle* on "The Case of Warder Martin," dealing with the cruel treatment of some children in jail, which had come under his notice, were further to testify.

Here are a few sentences from "The Soul of Man under Socialism" which will illustrate the temper of the whole essay:

Some try to solve the problem of poverty by keeping the poor alive; or, in the case of a very advanced school, by amusing the poor. But this is not a solution; it is an aggravation of the difficulty. The proper aim is to try and construct society on such a basis that poverty will be impossible. And the altruistic virtues have really prevented the carrying out of this aim.

Upon the other hand, socialism itself will be of value simply because it will lead to individualism. Socialism, communism, or whatever one chooses to call it, by converting private property into public wealth and substituting cooperation for competition, will restore society to its proper condition of a thoroughly healthy organism, and insure the material well-being of each member of the community. It will, in fact, give life its proper basis and its proper environment.

But for the full development of life to its highest mode of perfection something more is needed. What is needed is individualism. If the socialism is authoritarian; if there are governments armed with economic power as they are now with political power; if, in a word, we are to have industrial tyrannies, then the last state of man will be worse than the first.

Nothing should be able to harm a man except himself. Nothing should be able to rob a man at all. What a man really has is what is in him. What is outside of him should be a matter of no importance.

It will be a marvelous thing—the true personality of man—when we see it. Its value will not be measured by material things. It will have nothing. And yet it will have everything, and whatever one takes from it, it will still have, so rich will it be. It will not always be meddling with others, or asking them to be like itself. It will love them because they will be different. And yet, while it will not meddle with others, it will help all, as a beautiful thing helps us by being what it is. The personality of man will be very

wonderful. It will be as wonderful as the personality of a child.

#### WILDE'S SUCCESS AS A PLAYWRIGHT

On February 22, 1892, was produced "Lady Windermere's Fan," and Wilde entered upon that career of triumph which was as splendid as it was brief. For three years London was at his feet. Since Sheridan no dramatist had so completely "taken the town." He laughed, and the world laughed with him. "A Woman of No Importance" followed on April 19, 1893, and "An Ideal Husband" and "The Importance of Being Earnest" were produced within six weeks of each other—January 3, 1895, and February 14, 1895, respectively. Three of his plays were running simultaneously at London theaters when the stroke of destiny fell upon that gay, victorious figure, "the last of the dandies," which was to convert him into the most tragic figure of our time. Wilde had, in his youth, already tried his hand at playwriting, but "Vera, or the Nihilists," and "The Duchess of Padua" were melodramatic tragedies of an old pattern; while "Salome" was equally uncharacteristic of his real vocation to the stage.

Out of the ordeal of his imprisonment Wilde came with a broken spirit, and surely with a contrite heart, as "De Profundis" and the splendid swan-song of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" bear noble witness. As one looks back, and then again realizes the reaction that has set in, since his death, toward a truer and lasting understanding of his genius, one can only vainly wish that the generation which saw both his triumph and his disgrace had been more generous in its attitude when, having gone through his ordeal and paid the bitter price, he was once more in the world, in the full maturity of his powers, and with a soul chastened and purged as by fire.

There is no estimating what the stimulus of a more kindly front toward him on the part of a public which he had delighted, and which he had also instructed far more than it realized, might have done for his genius. At all events he could hardly have given us any more comedies, and perhaps it was best, after all, that he should leave us his broken heart in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and go and rest in peace.

Yet all is well; he has but passed  
To life's appointed bourn,  
And alien tears will fill for him  
Pity's long-broken urn.

Already the sad side of his story is taking its proper subordinate place in a career in which it was but a passing shadow. As I hinted at the beginning, he is rapidly reversing Shakespeare's dictum. Whatever evil there was in his life is buried with him, while the greatly overbalancing good is surviving with ever-increasing potency. Society begins to understand the difficult temperament of a man of genius better than it did even so short a time ago as during Wilde's generation. As the business man, whose visit to "An Ideal Husband" suggested this article, finely said:

"The artist nature does not possess the strong moral brakes on temperament, the delicate system of balances, which control the average human machine—the all-round, well-balanced man, as we say. Otherwise he would not be an artist."

Many as were the parts played by Wilde in his picturesque, meteoric career, it was as a wit that he has exercised the greatest influence upon his time; but his wit would not have had its driving force had he not been a poet, a philosopher, a deep and sad thinker upon life, as well as a laughing one. To be at once so sensitive a poet, so warmly human, so alive alike to the absurdity and the gravity of human life, and so accomplished a man of the world, is a rare combination. All this various background of his nature gives Wilde's wit a richness and a lasting application which distinguish it from any other wit of our time.

One of its significant qualities is its kindness. Impudent as it often is, and sets out to be, it is seldom unkind, and never bitter. There it is markedly different from the wit of Whistler, who absurdly pretended, with his characteristic arrogance, that Wilde had stolen his wit from him—as if a man could steal a general habit of mind. We all know the anecdote of Wilde congratulating Whistler on a *mot*, and generously adding how much he would like to have said it.

"Never mind, Oscar, you will say it," was the ugly retort, like the swift sting of a hornet.

Whistler's wit was always of the same kind, always a mean irritability vented against his rivals. Oscar Wilde's, on the contrary, played over all social absurdities like laughing sunshine. There was always something kind and even lovable about it; it was playful, like a clever child—and Wilde, indeed, was all his life no little of a child. It is that quality in him which made