



Jissen Women's University Rare Books  
Honma Hisao Collection

Digital Archives of Mason Library

Oscar Wilde  
Scrapbook

Vol. 17



it possible to write such exquisite nonsense as "The Importance of Being Earnest"—perhaps the one thing he did that was incapable of imitation by his contemporaries.

Again, beside Wilde's wit, such wit as Bernard Shaw's has a lean and hungry look—ill-nourished on the humanities, the wit of a schoolmaster, a doctrinaire, or a smart, atheistic, half-educated mechanic. Its appeal to the lower middle classes has naturally been enormous; but Wilde's wit appealed to all classes, for it drew its nutriment from a deep and rich culture and a broad, sympathetic knowledge of human beings in general.

Though it is his wit, the marvelous play of phrases tossed from one character to another, that mainly accounts for the success of Wilde's plays—proving, even more than the plays of Sheridan, that dialogue with a minimum of plot can carry a play, in spite of the critics—it must not be forgotten that Wilde has a great gift for character-creation, too. His figures are not mere puppets, as some have tried to make out, automata for the discharge of epigrams. On the contrary, they have all been closely observed, and they spring to life spontaneously, without any apparent effort of their creator. This is true of reading the plays, as of seeing them acted.

#### A MASTER OF PHRASE AND EPIGRAM

All the same, when the play is ended, and characters and dialogue alike have served their first purpose of making us laugh an evening through, we find the phrases of the dialogue coming back to us with an independent life. They haunt us with deeper meanings and wider applications than we had suspected. In fact, over and above our amusement, we find ourselves with an intellectual residuum, a piquant stimulus of thought, such as no other English playwright of our time has brought us. The phrases were certainly funny, but, as they recur to us, we become more and more struck by their remarkably destructive or instructive truth.

Here are a few such phrases picked at random from the plays:

My experience is that as soon as people are old enough to know better, they don't know anything at all.

There is a great deal of good in Lord Augustus. Fortunately it is all on the surface—just where good qualities should be.

To be in society is merely a bore; but to be out of it is simply a tragedy.

The history of women is the history of the worst form of tyranny the world has ever known—the tyranny of the weak over the strong. It is the only tyranny that lasts.

We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.

Experience is the name Tuffy gives to his mistakes.

What a pity that in life we only get our lessons when they are of no use to us!

Pleasure is Nature's test, her sign of approval. When we are happy, we are always good; but when we are good, we are not always happy.

To get back one's youth one has merely to repeat one's follies.

Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul.

An idea that is not dangerous is unworthy of being called an idea at all.

In this world there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it. The last is much the worst, the last is the real tragedy.

The Book of Life begins with a man and a woman in a garden. It ends with Revelations.

Twenty years of romance make a woman look like a ruin; but twenty years of marriage make her look like a public building.

Discontent is the starting-point in every man's career.

To recommend thrift to the poor is both grotesque and insulting. It is like advising a man who is starving to eat less.

Nothing is so dangerous as being too modern. One is apt to grow old-fashioned quite suddenly.

Philanthropic people lose all sense of humanity.

The fact of a man being a poisoner is nothing against his prose.

What is a cynic? A man who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing.

Perhaps this last phrase is the finest thing Wilde ever said; but often during these last four years I have thought of another saying of his, flippant on the surface, like so many, but, when analyzed and applied as it was meant to be, how profound and far-reaching! Speaking of the possibility of the arts making a bond of friendship between nations, he says that some day, when the world grows really civilized, men will say:

"We will not go to war with France, because her prose is perfect."

How lightly it is said, but what a world of truth and common sense lies beneath it! Will the time never come when spiritual and intellectual gratitude between nations will prove in itself an indissoluble league, and the great men and great achievements of individual nations give them a certain protective sacredness even in the eyes of their enemies? But alas, Rheims and Louvain are in ruins, and it was found necessary to protect even St. Mark's and Notre-Dame with sand-bags.

## Told by the Camera



WALKER D. HINES, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF RAILROADS

Mr. Hines, who succeeded Ex-Secretary McAdoo as head of the United States Railroad Administration, was formerly chairman of the board of directors of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway—He is forty-nine years old, and a Kentuckian by birth

From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union, New York





MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES T. MENOHER, DIRECTOR OF THE AIR SERVICE

The new head of the Air Service recently returned from France, where he commanded the Forty-Second Division, the famous fighting unit known as the Rainbow Division

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

An interesting photograph taken during the President's visit to London—From left to right, the figures are Mrs. Wilson, Queen Mary, President Wilson, King George, and Princess Mary





A NEW PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL GIBBONS

Taken in New York on January 14, when the venerable prelate, now in his eighty-fourth year, came from Baltimore to attend the funeral of Mgr. Fay

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



MRS. VINCENT ASTOR AT THE VICTORY HUT IN BATTERY PARK, NEW YORK

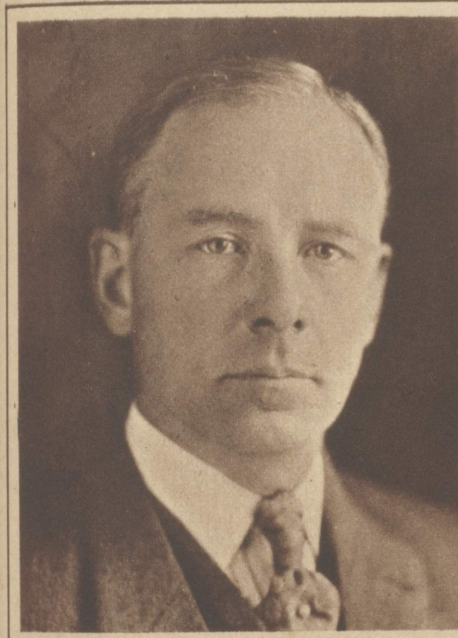
Mrs. Astor, formerly Miss Helen Huntington, is chairman of the women workers at the hut—With her (on the right) is Miss Marion Hollins, a member of her staff

From a photograph by Thompson, New York

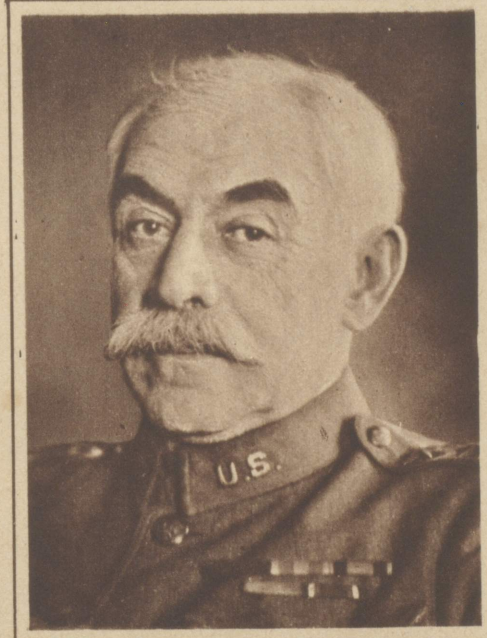




WILHELM FRIEDRICH (WILLIAM FREDERICK), THE EX-KAISER'S ELDEST GRANDSON  
If any royalist party survives in Germany, he may one day be a "young pretender" to the throne which his father, the former crown prince, and his grandfather, the former Kaiser, have renounced  
From a copyrighted photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



THOMAS W. LAMONT, OF NEW YORK  
Serving as an American financial adviser at the international peace conference in Paris  
From a copyrighted photograph by Bachrach, N. Y.



MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS H. BARRY  
Recently appointed to command the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governors Island  
Copyrighted by the Press Illustrating Service, N. Y.



CAPTAIN ROBERT A. BARTLETT  
The explorer from Newfoundland, who intends to cross the arctic regions in an airplane next July  
Copyrighted by the International Film Service, N. Y.



LIEUT.-GENERAL JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS  
The South African general, who is one of the most active advocates of the idea of a league of nations  
From a photograph by the Central News Service, N. Y.





JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

Mr. Rockefeller, son and namesake of America's wealthiest citizen, was chairman of the New York committee of the United War Work Campaign, and has done much patriotic service during the war

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



J. LEONARD REPLOGLE, A LEADING STEEL EXPERT

Mr. Replogle, who has large iron and steel interests at Pittsburgh and in New Jersey, was one of the "dollar-a-year men," and did valuable service during the war as director of steel supplies for the War Industries Board

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington





SPEAKER CLARK AND HIS PREDECESSOR, SPEAKER CANNON

These two men, between them, have held the Speakership of the House of Representatives for sixteen years. Mr. Cannon having served from 1903 to 1911, and Mr. Clark, whose tenure will end on March 4, from 1911 to 1919

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI, POLISH PIANIST AND PATRIOT

One of the most surprising of recent political developments has been the appearance of Mr. Paderewski as a leader of the forces of patriotism and nationalism in Poland, and his acceptance of office as provisional premier of Warsaw. This picture shows him with Major Kaslowski (left) and Captain Marten (right)





LIEUTENANT LOUIS F. SWIFT, JR., AND WILLIAM E. SWIFT

Soldier sons of Louis F. Swift, of Chicago—Lieutenant Swift is now serving overseas; his brother is a cadet at the aviation school at Miami, Florida

From a photograph by Bachrach, New York

## The Lucky Eye

BY ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

Illustrated by Walter Tittle

CAPTAIN EPHRAIM HOMMEDIEU cocked a keen eye down the rambling village street. Captain Silas Pease followed the glance, and observed the approach of Hezekiah Hodges.

"Well, Eph," he observed dreamily, "it must be some hard to be a miser and know that all flesh is grass!"

"Grass?" growled Captain Pease resentfully. "When the Lord garners that there bunch, he'll find nothin' but weeds, an' mostly pisin!"

"Wouldn't wonder," his crony chuckled.

Taking a prolonged pull at his pipe, Eph watched the object of their mutual dislike as that unworthy abruptly tacked across the street and steered a slanting course in the general direction of the village green.

"What d'ye make o' that?" he inquired. "Somebody comin' down Water Street he don't want ter see?"

"Bet 'tain't nobody wantin' ter see *him!*" replied Captain Pease, nodding his head eagerly and tossing one booted leg over the other.

"Wouldn't wonder," Captain Hommedieu agreed.

Simultaneously they hitched back the empty salt-kegs on which they sat, in order to obtain a continued view of the disappearing Hodges.

"There ye are, Si," Eph chuckled. "It was Sam Lucky he was wearin' away from. He's a right smart lad, is Sam, if his mother was a Portugee. Gosh all cods, she wur a purty gal—remember?"

Silas smiled reminiscently.

"Yep, that's true. They do say that Sam's sparkin' Elsie Wheeler. Leastwise he's there a lot since he come."

"Too bad he ain't stayin' on," Hommedieu regretted. "Perhaps he might make that old skinflint do something for Elsie by way of weddin' settlement."

"Hezekiah Hodges give Elsie more'n a

sharp word?" Captain Pease snorted. "Why, he wouldn't give her the measles if he had 'em!"

"She's his only kin. She's got to get it all some day, ain't she?" queried Hommedieu. "Even pickled herring can't last forever. How old be he, anyhow? Nigh on to seventy."

"Let's see." Silas pulled his beard—a beard that looked as if it had been roughly obtained from a hair mattress. "His mother died when he was fifteen. That was fifty-seven years ago—the date's on her gravestone. I figger that Hezekiah's seventy-two—which is about seventy gol-durned years too many. Well, we're 'most through with him, I guess," he added hopefully.

"Wouldn't wonder," Eph observed; "but the old raskil will find some way to spend his money so's she don't git it—blamed if I kin guess how, he's that miserly."

There was a pause while the two elderly seamen stared out at the glinting waters of the cove and sniffed the familiar odors of the little New England port that had called them home after many years of ocean wanderings. The afternoon was brilliant, the wind caustic with salt. Wing and wing, the fishing-boats fled harborward before it. Captain Hommedieu sighed and turned to contemplate the gray and white town spreading itself along the beach and up the low dunes.

For a brooding quarter-hour there was placid and ruminative silence. It might have lasted till sundown, but for the purposeful interruption of Sam Lucky.

"Well, Sam!" Hommedieu pried his teeth from his pipe-stem and eyed the young man with reluctant approval. "What's eatin' ye?"

"Nothin's eatin' me," Lucky grinned, but his handsome face sobered as quickly as it had lightened to his smile. "I came to you two to get the right of something. I want



to know for a fact just how that old miser Hodges cheated Elsie Wheeler. The old devil's got such a grip on this whole town that nobody'll speak out. And Elsie—well, you know her—she's so scared of being unfair to anybody, she won't say a word."

"Better set, Sam," said Captain Pease, kicking an "empty" invitingly. "Wouldn't wonder if we could give you the rights o' it. Me an' Eph got our pensions an' our an-

as security; an' when Wheeler up an' died, he tuck the place. Oh, it wuz legal, he had the witnessed words, but it sure were a dirty Chinese trick!"

"So he's goin' to let her live her young life out drudgin' down to the Chowder Palace. He's goin' to count his dollars while she hulls clams and peels potatoes and lugs chowder-kettles!" Sam Lucky threw out his arms in a large Latin gesture of angry



"AND NOBODY DOES ANYTHING. I TELL YOU, I'M GOIN' TO DO SOMETHING!"

nuity, an' we dun't hev to fear no man. You thinkin' o' marryin' Elsie?"

The young man's dark face flushed.

"No, cap." He shook his head sadly. "I'm a play-actor, and a Portugee, and that puts me out of her class for good; but Elsie and me have been friends since we learned to bait a hook and pull a dory, and I'm not goin' to see her done if I can help it."

"Sam," said Captain Hommedieu with solemn conviction, "you *can't* help it. That old shark has got the law on his side. It was this way—he made Elsie's father, that wuz his own half-brother, a little loan, an' he fixed the note so's he got the hull place

disdain. "And nobody does anything. I tell you, *I'm* goin' to do something!"

Ephraim shifted his quid deliberately.

"Sam Lucky, what kin you do? You're nothin', as you say, but a play-actor, doin' shindies with your Professor What's-His-Name in the vaudyville; though we certainly do admire to hear you assault him."

Lucky crossed his arms over his breast and gazed out to sea. He was a picturesque figure against the background of blue water, with his slender straightness, his smooth, handsome face softened by the mysterious shine of deep-set eyes—eyes that seemed to hold and fascinate with a power all their

lambent own. The seven years of his absence from the village had hammered and sandpapered its hall-marks away. Seven years of far travel can do much to change a man, and his had carried him into the farthest climes.

Absently he took a coin from his pocket and began flipping it back and forth, his long fingers incredibly quick and graceful in their movements. The two captains watched him in growing wonder. In those supple fingers the coin darted like a live thing.

"What sort of play-actin' do you do, Sam?" said Pease suddenly. "I bet you're a juggler!"

Sam sent the silver disk high in air, and appeared to call it back in a half-circle that defied the laws of gravitation.

"Well," he said slowly, "I learned a lot of things out in India, you know. Some of 'em were juggling tricks, and some of 'em wasn't. Did you ever hear about Hindu hypnotism?" He straightened and shook himself with the agility and thoroughness of a wet dog. "But my two weeks' vacation is 'most up," he added ruefully. "I've got to join the professor in Boston; so, if I'm going to do anything with that old devil, I'd better begin. Trouble is, I don't know just where to begin."

Suddenly the pupils of Sam's black eyes widened, and a flush of color darkened his cheek. Instinctively the two captains followed his glance, and with the duplicate exactness of a well-trained chorus, they winked—for the trim blue gingham silhouette of Elsie Wheeler could be seen emerging from the fly-screen door of the Chowder Palace.

"So-long!" said Sam over his shoulder, for he was already three strides away from the dock.

"Don't care if he *be* a Portugee play-actor," said Hommedieu. "I hope he fergits it an' asks Elsie"; and he spat with vigor and precision.

## II

SILENCE again fell between the inseparable derelicts, but no sooner had they settled to comfortable somnolence than they were again aroused. Josh Coffin, the town crier, came hurrying along, with a look of astounded inquiry on his face. Behind him ran Tony, the half-wit, obviously the bearer of incredible news, for Josh was shooting back questions at him as they scuttled by.

"Now what?" gasped Hommedieu.

A crutch and a cane came into instantaneous use as the veterans leaped out on the scent of excitement; but, try as they would, their more able-bodied predecessors gained on them and turned the corner toward the green. They stiffly galloped around the turn and stopped short.

"Sink me!" Captain Eph exclaimed.

The ejaculation was called forth by the sight of a stone-sled drawn in at the graveyard gate. On it reposed two huge slabs of white marble; behind, on a low swing truck, a sturdy shaft lay lengthwise; and at these a dozen Portuguese workmen, borrowed from the Tisbury concrete works, labored with rollers, blocks, and crowbars. Directing the proceedings was a city man in store clothes and a bowler hat, and in his wake, seemingly longer, leaner, and more appropriately cadaverous than ever, loomed Hezekiah Hodges.

The singular cortège had not arrived unobserved. The decorous columned doorways of the neat colonial houses surrounding the church and green had already opened to emit decorous women and such decorous children as were not indecorously playing on the water-front, and a silent group surrounded the voluble and perspiring laborers.

No questions were asked and no information vouchsafed. The thick lower slab was rolled into place and expertly plastered to receive the massive six-sided foot, whereon the shaft was to be set.

The observers, however, had not failed to interpret the proceedings. Captain Hommedieu poked the pea-jacketed ribs of Captain Pease, and gave vent to his feelings in a stentorian whisper.

"Sink me, but Hezekiah ain't takin' no chances on his monument!"

"Haw, haw!" The town crier thus audibly voiced his appreciation.

"What yer laughin' at?" demanded Hodges sharply.

Josiah Coffin's smile faded. Captain Hommedieu took up the challenge.

"Must 'a' cost ye a heap, Hezekiah. Must 'a' had a notion ye couldn't count on yer feller townsmen to erect a proper memorial to ye. Well, if it wuz put up by public subscription, it wouldn't be of no size to be no ornament to the town, *that's* certain!"

"What's the law ag'in' a man raisin' his own monument?" Hodges snarled. "You can't say that it ain't the handsomest in the





HE FIXED HODGES WITH EYES THAT GLITTERED WITH THE INTENSITY OF HIS ANGER—

churchyard. This yere stun artist says Pierpont Morgan ain't got no better."

"Got your eppytap all writ up?" sneered Captain Pease.

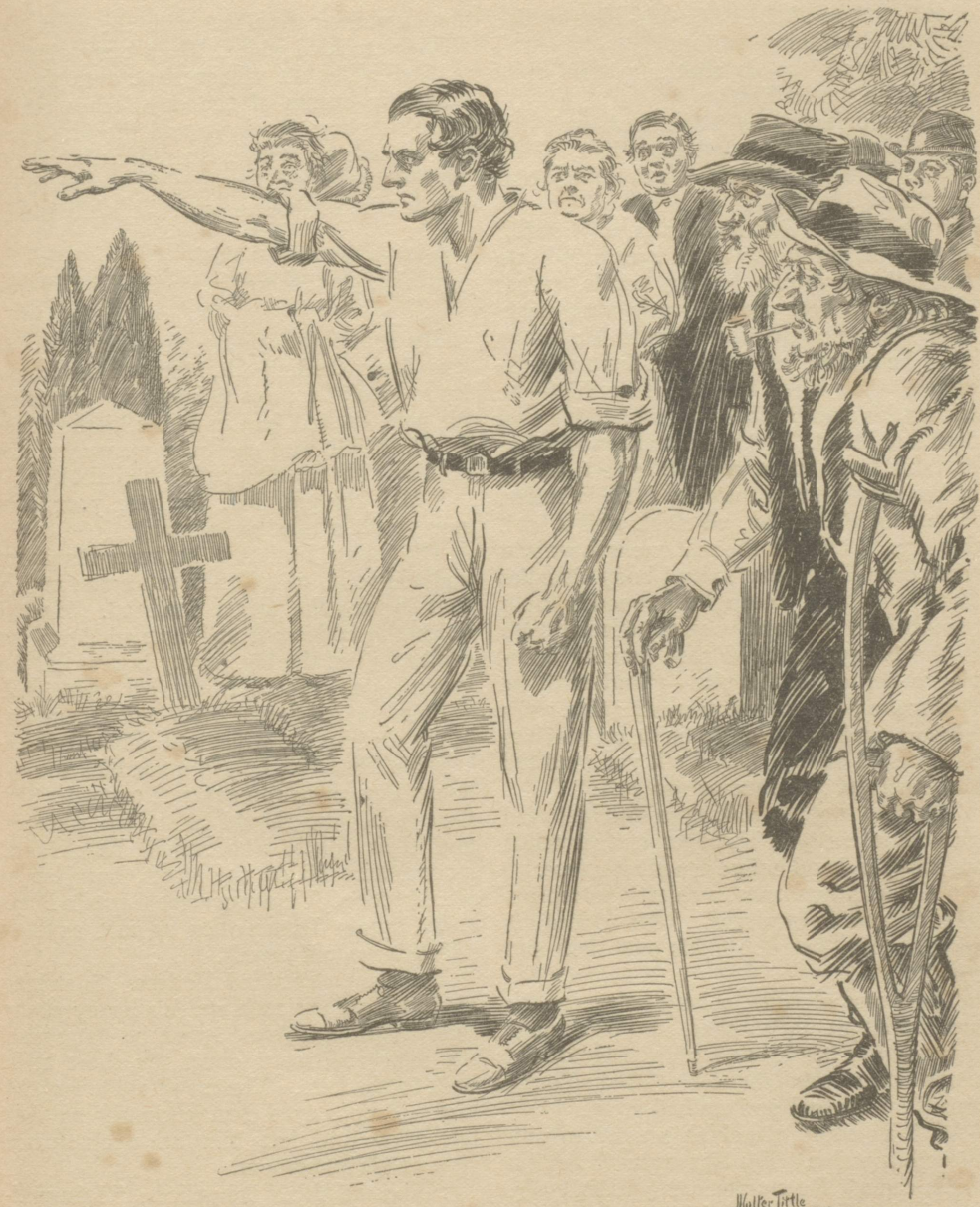
The stone artist smirked and cleared his throat.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Hodges has decided on the inscription. It is now being cut, two-and-a-half-inch block letters, very neat. It reads, 'Hezekiah Hull

Hodges,' with space above to add 'Here lies,' when the—er—term becomes appropriate—'Hezekiah Hull Hodges,' and then a beautiful verse:

"To all men just, to my ideals true,  
Kindly I lived, and well respected, too.  
Stranger, pray pause, and dry the tear—  
My soul's in heaven, though I lie here.

"Mr. Hodges's own composition," the



Walter Tittle

—"A LIAR, A HYPOCRITE, A THIEF! HE ROBBED HIS OWN FLESH AND BLOOD!"

artist added, with a congratulatory wave of his hand.

The penetrating voice of old Mrs. Saunders spoke from the outer edge of the circle.

"All I got to say, Hezekiah, is that if you'd want'er be plumb certain about yer soul bein' in heaven, there's a few things you'd better be doin' on earth!"

Emboldened by this speech, Mrs. Fish-house Peters voiced her protest.

"Before I'd let a niece o' mine work down to a chowder palace, Mr. Hodges, I'd sell my stun, not spend thousands on it as should hev been hers!"

"That's right!" affirmed the minister's wife, with most unusual self-assertion.

Hodges's face darkened, but before he could reply to this feminine onslaught there was a swift milling among the onlookers, and Sam Lucky stepped out on the grass



of the Hodges plot. Pease and Hommedieu exchanged meaning glances.

"He's goin' to do that somethin' right now!" whispered Eph.

"Wouldn't wonder," Si hissed excitedly.

The young man looked about him. There was something forceful in his cool poise that compelled silence.

"Oh, don't think for a minute, friends," he drawled, while his black eyes bored into Hodges's narrowed, leering pupils, "that old skinflint here doesn't know what *ought* to be written on that monument! He knows what he's done, all right; he isn't self-deceived. He's a liar, a hypocrite, a thief—he tricked his own brother—he robbed his own flesh and blood. He knows well enough that he can't live honest, nor die honest, till he makes good—yes, I mean to Elsie Wheeler. His epitaph's written, all right, and it isn't this one. I tell you the real one was written then, over his brother's dead body that lies there, with that cheap little wooden cross to mark him"—Lucky pointed dramatically to the flimsy memorial that humbly occupied a corner of the plot—"and until he *does* make good, and stop wastin' that girl's freedom and youth and health on marbles to tickle his vanity with, I tell you, and tell him, he'll get no peace nor no rest!"

He fixed Hodges with eyes that glittered with the intensity of his anger, and stretched out his open hand before the other's face.

"A liar, a hypocrite, a thief!" he repeated with terrible emphasis. "He tricked his own brother—he robbed his own flesh and blood!"

There was a pause, a long pause, as the two stared at each other, and a strange expression of helplessness came over the old man's pale countenance. Then Lucky turned on his heel and walked away.

With an effort, Hezekiah seemed to pull himself together. His lips opened, but no words came. He stammered inarticulately, then furiously signed the laborers to resume their work.

"Well!" said Captain Pease, squaring his shoulders. "Let's be goin' down along. I guess it 'll give us all more pleasure to contemplate Hezekiah's monument when that there 'here lies' gets put in."

The crowd dispersed, its buzzing growing louder as it drew farther away.

### III

THAT night the scene at the graveyard was discussed in every house. The return-

ing fishermen were met with the news, the village crackled with it like a busy wireless.

And while the village slept over the astounding events of the day, other events were shaping; for dawn and the first passers-by beheld, written in red chalk on the virgin marble of the newly erected shaft, words that seemed to burn the white stone:

A liar, a hypocrite, a thief.  
I tricked my brother, I robbed my own flesh and blood.

By sunup the square was thronged. It was Tony, the half-wit, who had the temerity to break the news to Hodges. Thrusting his pale, excited face in at the kitchen door as Hezekiah was carefully measuring the grains of his morning coffee, he babbled:

"Mr. Hodges, Mr. Hodges, your stun says you're a thief an' a liar!"

The miser hesitated between his anger and the value of a handy saucepan, and in that instant the target vanished. He put down the coffee-pot and hurried down the center hall of the big, empty house. In the ground glass of the front door there were various cut patterns. Through these one might observe the street and remain unseen.

What Hezekiah beheld made him uneasy. Something extraordinary was toward. The fishermen, who should be at the wharves, and their wives, who should be at their stoves, were all on the street, hurrying in one direction. Up along came Captain Pease and Captain Hommedieu as fast as their afflictions would permit.

The sight electrified Hodges. Snatching his hat from the rack and his heavy ebony cane from the Chinese stand, he flung open the door and raced down the short brick walk to the gate. The crowd made way for him. People eyed him curiously as they fell aside and left him an unobstructed view of his monument.

"Who did this?" he yelled. "It's sacrilege! Who dared deface my gravestun?"

His fury was terrible. Even the rough-and-tumble fishermen gave back before him as he stormed.

"A hundred dollars," he screamed—"a hundred dollars to the man or woman who gives up the criminal—a hundred dollars!"

"Hold on!" cried Josh Coffin, the crier. "Hold on till I get my bell!"

"Hold on yerself!" snapped Hezekiah, suddenly coming to earth. "That offer ain't no good if it's Sam Lucky, and I *know* it is!"

"No, it ain't." It was Captain Pease who spoke. "Sam sailed over last evening to visit Abe Luffert at the lighthouse, an' he ain't back yet. Go 'long, Josh, an' git yer bell."

Josh obeyed. At intervals all that day the irregular streets echoed to its clang and the mellow, unctuous tones of the crier's voice announcing the reward.

Hezekiah, after having carefully washed away the red-chalked version of his character, descended upon the town council and demanded redress. The village's one policeman was detailed to make inquiry. The red chalk, it was learned, had been obtained from the schoolhouse; but that involved no one, as the lock had not been repaired for years, and access to the interior was a mere matter of opening the door.

Only one incident of an exciting nature resulted from the various activities of the search. Sam Lucky, on his return from the lighthouse, learned of Hezekiah's accusation. Then Sam smiled. His teeth were very white and even, but they looked dangerous. He sought out his enemy.

Hezekiah was on the upper step of the town-hall porch as Sam saw him. With a deliberation and menace that were snake-like, Sam mounted those six low steps toward his victim.

"I hear you accuse *me* of writing on your stone, Hodges," he said softly. "I want to tell you I did *not*. I'd 'a' writ much worse than that. I told you you'd get no rest till you cleared your conscience, didn't I? I told you you didn't have yourself fooled about what you'd done. You know that what was writ on your stone last night was the truth. Hezekiah Hodges, you're a liar, a hypocrite, a thief! You tricked your brother—you robbed your own flesh and blood!" he repeated, as he stooped the better to stare into the old man's vengeful eyes. "I'm goin' to Boston on to-night's train, but that won't stop the writin' on the wall—see if it does!"

He straightened, snapped his fingers decisively in Hezekiah's face, and turned on his heel.

Hodges remained as if frozen. The impertinence seemed to daze him utterly. It was not till Sam had reached Main Street that he recovered himself; then he danced with fury.

"A liar, a hypocrite, a thief!" he repeated in a cracked treble. "I'll have the law!"

He tottered back to the board-room and

spent his rage in demands for justice. Meanwhile his tormentor sought out Elsie, who was miserably self-conscious of the whole affair, and took her out sailing, while Mrs. Tewsbury tactfully did double duty as cook and waitress of the Chowder Palace till long past the dinner-hour.

Night came, and the town sank to rest after wishing Sam Lucky a cordial farewell at the "deppo." The lone watchman slumbered, as usual, on the green bench under the trees before the town hall. All was still. The ships' bells of the anchored fleet tinkled the speeding hours, to the melodious reassurance that all was well. No one roused the watchman with a command to turn the wheel of the great bronze alarm-bell.

Nevertheless, in those peaceful hours another outrage was perpetrated. When the light of a new day fell upon the marble of the bewitched monument it revealed once more the red chalk accusations—Hezekiah Hull Hodges was branded as a liar, a hypocrite, and a thief.

Warned of this new attack, Hezekiah did not wait to read the arraignment, but went straight to the authorities. A light had come to him—there was a motive. Who should hold ill will against him? Who other than Elsie Wheeler? Angered beyond all self-control, Hodges demanded the instant arrest of his niece.

Shocked and indignant, the council at last shook off its fear of the power of the Hodges money. Truckle to him they might in business matters, but this attack upon a girl—the girl who, having been victimized and fleeced, had valiantly and uncomplainingly gone to work right in her own home town—was not to be endured. The New England backbone stiffened, the New England tongue was whetted. Judge Spear awoke to eloquence, and the statements surreptitiously lettered upon Hodges's tombstone were unanimously indorsed to his face.

Boiling with resentment, Hodges burst into Mrs. Captain Tewsbury's Chowder Palace, and surprised Elsie among the steaming caldrons in the kitchen. Elsie bore his furious tongue-lashing in silence; but Mrs. Tewsbury had cultivated a storm voice on her many voyages with her late husband. She would and did have Hezekiah Hodges understand that Elsie was a good, God-fearing girl, who worked hard and "gave no one no trouble"; that she slept with the Tewsbury baby, who had the croup, and that they had all been up and



down all night in each other's company. As for writing on her uncle's gravestone that he was a liar, a hypocrite, and a thief, she only wished Elsie had, but she knew that the girl hadn't. However, if any one were needed to sit up nights for that purpose, she, Mrs. Captain Elisha Tewsbury, would gladly volunteer for such a public service.

Hodges, vanquished, took to his heels, and Mrs. Tewsbury rushed to the rescue of the neglected and scalding chowder.

A half-hour later, when Captain Hommedieu dropped in at the Palace for news of the fray, he discovered Elsie on the back steps, her lips trembling, and tears in her sweet blue eyes. Eph's tact was of the harpoon variety.

"Did that sculpin go to Boston without sayin' good-by to ye?" he asked bluntly.

Elsie looked up in utter amazement.

"How did you know?" she asked, startled out of her maidenly reticence.

"That idjit didn't trust hisself, I guess," said the captain to the ambient air.

Elsie looked comforted, and then blushed scarlet.

"I don't know what you mean!" she stammered, and fled into the house.

But the captain knew—and he swore.

#### IV

As the day drew to its close and no clue to the perpetrator of the outrages had been discovered, Hezekiah's anger grew. The whole place was leagued against him—of that he was certain. They laughed in their sleeves and taunted him. Determined to obtain some cooperation from the town fathers, he again visited the court-house, demanding that a watch be set over his desecrated grave.

The council agreed that the demand was just. No fellow townsman, however unpopular, could be expected to endure with equanimity the blazoning of his faults upon his tombstone, where tradition demanded that virtues alone should be set forth. It was up to the town to put a stop to such offenses.

The policeman was summoned, but he explained that his duties appertained to the day exclusively. It was the obvious duty of his colleague of the night hours to take charge.

The night patrolman was haled from his bed to receive orders. He looked sheepishly from the contorted face of Hodges to the frowning countenance of his employers,

hitched his trousers, ground his heel, loosened his soft collar with a hooked finger, and refused pointblank to assume the responsibility. He didn't mind, as he explained in humble and mumbling tones, a "run in" with any who might be smuggling liquor "by the underground." He could be trusted to give the alarm for fires; but he'd be jiggered if he'd sit in no graveyard and watch no Hodges monument, even if there weren't no corpse under it. There was no better officer than he, he assured them all, and no more loyal American citizen, but there were limits. It was not, as he proved to them, expected of him. There was no mention of any such service when he was sworn in. Spooks was spooks, and if it was anybody's business, it seemed clearly indicated that it was the minister's.

To request the Rev. Mr. Masters to sit up all night on any such pretext was out of the question. Judge Spear suggested, with bitter irony, that Mr. Hodges should defend his own tombstone. As the heaviest taxpayer in the town, Mr. Hodges sneered, the town owed him protection. The monument was his property, and his property was being defaced.

Josiah Coffin was summoned, and the matter was set before him. Then Hezekiah had an inspiration. He announced that fifteen dollars—to be deducted from the reward of one hundred offered for capture—would be paid for the service of watching the lot. Coffin hesitated, but on the stipulation of cash in advance he finally accepted the commission.

With every evidence of physical pain, Hodges tore three bills from the inside lining of an old wallet and handed them to the crier. Coffin fingered them eagerly, deposited two with Judge Spear, and requested change for the other.

The conference broke up, and its members duly sought their homes—all but Coffin. He must provision for this 'night cruise in unknown waters. He must have a pail of chowder from the Palace, sandwiches, and—

As twilight darkened over the sea, Josiah hobbled over to the rambling old waterfront structure, formerly a sail-loft, which provided bachelor quarters for Captain Hommedieu and a refuge for Captain Pease in time of marital unrest. Eph and Si were seated, as usual, back to back in two green-painted armchairs, a lamp between them on the deal table. Eph studied the worn

pages of a farmer's almanac, while Si laboriously puzzled over a monograph on whales. The room was shadowy with hung nets, piles of them, globular with glass air-bobs, littering the floor.

Into this reposeful interior Josiah entered, with a peculiar jerk of his finger and quick drooping of the left eyelid.

"Sure," grinned Captain Hommedieu, as he rose stiffly. "How many bottles?"



BOILING WITH RESENTMENT,  
HODGES BURST INTO MRS.  
CAPTAIN TEWSBURY'S  
CHOWDER PALACE

"Three," whispered the crier. "One for you, and one for Si, and one for me."

"Givin' a party?" Pease inquired.

Josiah drew up a chair.

"I'm ordered," he said, spreading his shoulders with importance, "at a special

town meetin', to watch the stun of that gosh-all-fired shark, Hodges; an' I thut as you an' Cap Pease there would like to be in on it—not on the reward, I mean," he explained hastily; "I'm official watcher; but—well—for company. I'll say we'd bet-

ter make it four bottles, boys; what d'ye say?"

He held out a two-dollar bill, and laid it on the table. Captain Hommedieu lifted a knotted hand to his rheumatic shoulder, but curiosity is stronger than rheumatism, and,



moreover, he read acceptance in Captain Pease's eye.

"I dunno," he said. "Better take the demijohn."

"Wouldn't wonder," agreed Pease. "Get the loan of them there vac bottles that Mrs. Tewsbury lets out to them motor-boat parties, some chowder an' biscuit, an' a swig o' underground." He smacked his lips. "When do the wake begin?"

"'Bout eight," grinned Coffin. "Meet me there. I'll have the lantern and the snack—sort o' picnic, hey, boys?"

## V

EIGHT bells sounded over the water as the three watchers met beneath the gruesome shades of the graveyard willows. They selected for their provisions a table-top tombstone, whose owner had lived so long ago that all feeling of objection on his part was eliminated. The provident town crier had secured three yacht cushions, whereon they disposed themselves for the night. Near by, under a voluminous sweater, reposed the heavy demijohn. The lantern was placed at such an angle that the light fell upon the base of the impressive shaft that towered above them. Under the mellowing influence of the demijohn and the adventure, time rolled back for three old friends as they gossiped of a thousand memories and more tales of wonder than *Scheherezade* ever thought of.

"Was in Kobe when the tidal wave"—"Do you remember Kanaka Jim, that Long brought home?"—"Swizzle me all cods, it was Bully Hayes"—"We seen things out in Bombay, Eph an' me!"

The underground whisky got lower in the jug. They took no note now of the faint chiming of the ships' bells in the harbor, and were scarcely conscious of the booming voice of the clock in the white belfry close beside them. Midnight came and went. Only one light showed in the closed and silent houses. Only Captain Hommedieu observed it, and he swore softly. He knew that that lamp shone in Elsie Wheeler's room—second floor, back of Mrs. Cotton's—and Eph felt sure it was not the baby's croup that held Elsie wakeful in the night.

Hot chowder from the vacuum bottles, pilot-biscuit, and ever and anon a return to the seductive jug, enlivened the three watchers.

"Ye know," observed Hommedieu, "whoever done this trick isn't goin' to come

along here an' get put in irons. They'd have to be drunk or crazy to walk right up to that lantern, let alone hearin' us yarnin'."

"Well, you don't expect us to sit yere in no dark, do ye?" demanded Coffin. "Neither you nor me nor Cap Pease is skeered of no land ghosts; but we're mariners enough to know the use o' starboard an' port lights. Heft us that jug, will ye?"

Hommedieu "hefted" the demijohn. Half-way in transit his arm became rigid.

"What's that?" he rasped, frozen into immobility.

Some one was walking heavily on the brick path, and an intermittent light flickered along the white paling. Then the click of the iron latch of the churchyard gate rang sharp in the tense silence. The hinges creaked, and footsteps approached with rhythmic steadiness.

A low-carried lantern now revealed a pair of heavy boots. The upper portion of the visitor remaining in the darkness. The light was barely lit, yet the man walked as if sure of every step.

"Sink me!" whispered Hommedieu in indignant amazement. "Sink me, if it ain't that blanked old skinflint come to see fer himself if ye're settin' up to yer watch!"

Coffin's face purpled with indignation as he raucously hissed:

"Well, just let him come! He'll see I ain't one to give no word an' not hold to it—the scarified old beetle!"

The brighter light of their own lamp now caught the approaching figure. There was something strange in its mechanical movement, something stranger still in the look of those wide-open, staring eyes.

"Hey, Hodges!" called Pease nervously.

"Sh!" hushed the crier, clutching hold of Silas's arm with the force of pincers. "So help me, he's—he's sleep-walkin'!"

The gaunt, marionettelike body slowed its measured pace and slunk brokenly to its knees before the monument. For an instant it remained there in an attitude of prayer, the lantern's light glinting on the staring, unseeing eyes. Then slowly, reluctantly, as if forced to the action by some unseen power, the stiff fingers of the right hand rose. They held a stick of red chalk. Methodically the hand began to form letters upon the marble, and with strange mouthings the lips followed each stroke—a ghastly parody of childish effort.

The three hardened old salts shook with fright. It was Eph who first recovered.

"You got the legs," he chattered. "Josh Coffin, you run an' get Judge Spear. Bring him here! This ain't goin' to be believed by nobody. Go git him!"

The crier rose with alacrity. The strange, inhuman caricature of Hezekiah Hodges continued painfully to letter the epitaph. The two captains, watching from the shadows, could plainly follow the words as that twisted mouth framed them—"a liar, a hypocrite, a thief."

Swift approaching steps, and the click of the latch. The wavering glow behind the kneeling writer revealed old Judge Spear in carpet slippers and a slicker. Both Pease and Hommedieu rose and moved forward, but the judge raised a warning hand. On tiptoe he circled wide and joined them.

"Tain't safe to wake a sleep-walker," he whispered.

"Well, if we dun't," Coffin argued shrewdly, "he ain't ever goin' to believe what we tell him, not if we get the hull town to witness."

"We cannot take chances on the man's life," replied the judge.

"I'd say that, too, mostly," agreed Hommedieu, "but that there—"

"What's he doin' now?" Coffin interrupted.

His work completed, Hodges was slowly dragging himself erect. He thrust out a seeking hand, seeming for a moment uncertain of his direction.

"Ketch him!" exclaimed Pease impulsively.

The sound of the voices appeared to reach the man's numbed consciousness, for he turned his still, masklike face toward the watchers. They held their breath, standing rigid as the marble monument, yet the blind eyes seemed to realize their presence. At first slowly, and then with lunging steps, he began to back away. His foot caught on some obstruction, and he fell, vanishing, suddenly engulfed in the darkness between the graves.

Judge Spear restrained his companions. They heard Hodges lift himself and grope vaguely for the fallen lantern. At last his hand closed upon it, and he held it up. Its rays fell upon a small wooden cross at whose foot he had crumpled—a small wooden cross on which was painted:

To the memory of John Hodges Wheeler.

The man stared at the gaunt, white symbol. His face, deep graven by the strong

lights and shadows of the flickering flame, took on a look of abject terror. Then into the staring eyes came consciousness once more, but reason storm-swept with fear and amazement.

"Good Heavens, he's awake!" gasped Judge Spear.

In questioning horror the aroused sleeper looked up at the still stars, around at the graves, down at his feet. Then his eyes traveled to his own shaking hand, which still clutched a fragment of red chalk. With a broken, animal cry that tore the stillness, he threw his arms above his head and fled, staggering, groping into the night.

The four shaken witnesses stood side by side in the quaking darkness. Judge Spear gulped a stinging dose from the demijohn, nor questioned its illicit source.

"There will be no further need to watch," he said in a hushed voice. "Gentlemen, the court is adjourned!"

## VI

CAPTAIN PEASE joined Captain Hommedieu on the empty salt-kegs at Martin's Wharf. Captain Hommedieu was suffering acutely from rheumatism, and had been unable to make his accustomed visit to the post-office, the general center of news.

"Well, Eph!" Silas lit his pipe before beginning his narrative. "Old Hodges done the right thing when he done it. Judge Spear says he's made over the Wheeler place to Elsie, stock and furniture, an' he doesn't believe Hezekiah 'll ever show his face here again. He wrote the judge that if the stun people would take his monument back at half price, why, he's agreeable, and Elsie's to get the money; but she ain't goin' out none—seems as if she didn't keer." Si grunted inarticulate rage. "An' I 'most fergot, here's a letter fer ye, or a circular—it's sort o' big fer a letter."

He handed his friend a long envelope. The enclosure proved to be a small, yellow handbill.

"Professor Castiglio, the marvelous magician," it set forth, "assisted by Swami Sammi, the Hindu hypnotist and juggler, in world-staggering feats of mysterious magic, would tour the New England States."

Two portraits ornamented the announcement, from one of which the dark, handsome features and mysterious eyes of Sam Lucky looked straight at the startled captains from under the flat, close-plaited folds



of a white turban. They stared in silence at the picture.

"Do you remember what we seen in Calcutta?" said Hommedieu in a hushed voice.

"An' that fakir in Bombay!" Pease replied in a tone of awe.

"There's a lot of queer things in the world," muttered Hommedieu.

"Not forgettin' a rotten conscience!"

Captain Si ran a distorted finger down the list of dates and places that announced the route of the eminent entertainers. From a

tattered pocket he fished a pencil stub, and on the back of the circular he penciled a few lines.

"Thet 'll about ketch him," he averred, glancing again at the route. "You got the legs, you stump back to the deppo and send that there telegram."

Captain Eph read the message:

MR. SWAMI SAMMI LUCKY,  
Elite Theater, Portland, Maine.  
Come quick, you dumbd idjit. There's a girl  
here you got hipnertized!

## The Rogues' Gallery

THE MOST PICTURESQUE AND ROMANTIC FIGURES IN THE LONG ANNALS OF  
CRIME, FROM ANCIENT PIRATES LIKE THE ARGONAUTS TO  
MODERN SWINDLERS LIKE MME. HUMBERT

By Edgar Saltus

**B**ISMARCK said that a German should be ready to sacrifice not only life, but honor—such honor as exists between thieves, he must have meant, a meaning which a later Hun elucidated. "We can never be gentlemen," the creature chattered at an Englishman, who might have replied, and probably would have if he had thought: "No, scoundrels always."

Fortunately there are scoundrels and scoundrels. There have been rascals who ennobled their order. There have been rascals who were merely fine chaps. That Hunland has produced nothing of the kind is due to the fact that she could not be decent even in crime. In the circumstances it takes the taste out of one's mouth to turn from her scrofulous dwarfs to the splendid figures which the rogues' gallery of history displays.

As you enter there, the first picture is that of a rough-and-ready crew who, leaping literally from nowhere, vacated the morning-land, sailed the seas, entered the Euxine, and told primitive folk the time of day. In poetry they are known as the Argonauts. Poetry put them in argosies, crimson-hulled, purple-rigged, freighted with youth and beauty. Poetry is rather embellishing. The Argonauts were pirates.

Piracy used to be a trade quite like any other. It was also a school. From it infant Europe learned to spell. In addition to being a school, it was divine. To a world still young, pirates were gods. It was from them that blessings came. They told you not merely the time of day, but how to navigate the seas and how to beggar your neighbor.

That was all so marvelous that in processes of time piracy became a form of chivalry of which the knights, pirates no longer, were called corsairs. It was Byron, perhaps, unless it were Scott, to whom we are indebted for that.

Meanwhile Columbus had put down an idea, borrowed a boat on it, and brought back a world. At once into the ken of Europe swam unsuspected stars, and with them visions of realms and riches hitherto undreamed. By papal decree Spain took them all, and for their preservation shook at any alien who might venture that way the pleasant menace of "irons without sight of sun or moon."

The threat fell idly on the ears of men. It amused Raleigh. Morgan laughed at it. There you have two rascals worth looking at. A very important person whose name I have entirely forgotten called Raleigh a

spider from Hades. The term was unaffected. It was also apt.

### RALEIGH'S ROMANTIC RASCALITY

King Elizabeth was even more felicitous. She called him a little dear. But Elizabeth, who had succeeded in being royally unaware of Shakespeare, was femininely aware of Sir Walter. He flattered her. He flattered her inhumanly. So are women and sovereigns won. At present, or at all events at present writing, the neutrality that doth hedge a king is Holland. But in those days a queen was some pumpkins. Flattery, therefore, was indicated. Raleigh applied it, and with what art will presently appear.

Piracy meanwhile had become a liberal profession. Recognized by the British government, younger sons took to it instead of the bar. Then suddenly the Caribbean swarmed with corsairs, or, more exactly, with buccaneers, as they were superiorly known at that time. They sought what men have ever sought—glory, gold, the joy of killing, the murderous serenity of the seas. In reading accounts of them you feel that they had their fill. That is so satisfactory. Besides, satisfaction stirs the imagination. It stirred theirs. With it they discovered El Dorado.

There is a great armchair of enchantments called "The Thousand and One Nights." Europe was unacquainted with them. They had not then been mistranslated. There is a little pastel of fairy-land called "Tales from Perrault." With that also Europe was unacquainted. Perrault had not yet come. It was small matter. The deficit El Dorado supplied. Arcady was less fair, Avalon less perfect. Moreover, by comparison, Pactolus was a beggarly ditch. In addition there was the sovereign, the Dorado, that is to say the Gilded One, whose body, rubbed with gum, was dusted with gold powder.

What more would you have—except hygiene? But the story set Europe mad. Besides, the site was known. It lay just beyond the Orinoco. Paradise always does lie just beyond. Expeditions in search of it started from every port. Here enters Sir Walter.

Three hundred and twenty-five years ago by the clock, Raleigh sailed for South America, and incidentally for anything and everything he could lay his hands on. Of buccaneers he was the biggest. Others took what they could get. He did also, and

their loot for good measure. While he was at it he found the site of El Dorado, but of the fabulous land of the fabulous Inca not a trace.

It will be assumed that on his return he exploded the legend. He did nothing of the kind. He said that El Dorado was precisely as it had been described, only more so, and to Elizabeth he related that at sight of her picture the emotions of the Gilded One were such that he swooned. No wonder she called him a little dear! My pen blushes at his scoundrelism.

### THE GREATEST OF ALL THE MORGANS

Now let us take a look at Morgan. Men do not dream any more as that man lived. As a lad he shipped before the mast on which, almost before you could say Jack Robinson, he hoisted the black flag. Springing from the forecandle, he mounted hand over hand from grade to grade until, with a fleet manned by two thousand demons, he was king of the high seas, a king with skull and crossbones for crown.

In the Antilles he was not king merely, he was a whirlwind. Puerto Principe fell before him like a house of cards. At sight of him Puerto Bello crumpled. From the unburied dead a pestilence stalked. Guzman, President of Panama, flew to the rescue. He brought an army and left a ransom. It was not the pestilence that alarmed him. It was Morgan, who followed him back to Panama and bagged every ounce of gold in the shop.

Then presently he was afar, leaning against the Pillars of Hercules, threatening to pull them down, threatening to demolish Gibraltar, whose forts he hushed. A fine chap! But fate was against him. Peace between England and Spain ensued, and a royal accolade diminished him from king into knight.

### THE TRUTH ABOUT CAPTAIN KIDD

By comparison Kidd would seem very small potatoes, were it not for his beard, rich but false, and the mystery of the treasure that drapes him. The mystery is as false as the beard. If I may believe all I hear, and I am always most anxious to, portions of the treasure are at this very moment visible on Fifth Avenue.

The manner in which it was originally acquired is, if possible, equally clear. In a trial held at the Old Bailey it was shown that Kidd was not exactly what you would



call a pirate, but rather the agent of a syndicate, composed of big bugs, who had hired him to hunt and bag what pirates he could. It was a new sport, one which, properly conducted, promised to be more diverting than pigeon-shooting and more profitable than throwing dice.

Kidd saw to that. He cruised about, holding up and gutting every son of a gun he met. It was rare fun, and the profits were so lavish that instead of cashing them in to the syndicate he cached them for keeps. But where? That riddle, which has perplexed the simple, expert journalism solved. Some years ago the *Figaro*, a pleasant Parisian sheet, announced that Kidd sank the treasure in a lake in Central Park, where, later, the original Astor, when engaged in seal-hunting, tumbled overboard and found it. For that scoop, and certainly it was one, the *Figaro* rather patted itself on the back. Very justifiably, too. Poe never did better.

Kidd is not, perhaps, much to look at, but he belonged to an epoch that is. Men then, that were men, were not exclusively devoted to pious works. The legends of their days and deeds make very nice reading. They even made tolerable libretti. Look at *Fra Diavolo*. From brigand he turned hero, not in Auber's opera merely, but in a revolution. For that matter, look at *Robin Hood*, look at *Hernani*. Mr. De Koven wove a score about the one and Verdi was equally diligent, though perhaps more inspired, with the other.

#### THE ADVENTURES OF JACK SHEPPARD

It was from such splendid outlaws that Fielding and Ainsworth got a trapping or two for their characters. Ainsworth was the author of a hundred novels and a thousand crimes. The best concerns Jack Sheppard. I like Claude Duval well enough. If I were a girl, I would elope with Dick Turpin; but for steady company, give me Jack Sheppard.

He had a most taking way, so taking that it landed him in Newgate, where, at his manacled feet, sat people known as persons of distinction. I am not making that up; it is all down somewhere, and with it the fact that the king, George II, inquired—in German—very kindly about him. Well, why not? Of the two, Jack was far the cleverer. He saw *Robin Hood* and went him ten better. He not only inspired an opera, he inspired melodramas, panto-

mimes, farce, the president of the Royal Academy, and Hogarth himself. The attention he received was enough to make a prima donna blush. But Jack took it all, as he took everything else, very quietly. Like all great men, he was modest.

"Nothing," says a contemporary account, "contributes so much to the entertainment of the town as Jack's adventures."

These were not burglaries. Jack's experiments in the abstract science were very commonplace. No gentleman not in his cups would do more than boast of them. What endeared him to everybody was not his experiments, but his escapes.

One is gigantic. Handcuffed and chained to the floor of his cell, he broke loose, pulled down a cart-load of masonry, burrowed through a nine-foot wall, forced five doors, one of which the turnkeys themselves could not open, got to the roof and away. In all of prison lore, no one, except Latude, ever did better. Nabbed a fortnight later, Jack, drunk as a lord and equally insolent, promised his keepers that for all their irons he would go when he liked. You may be sure they believed him. Jack's word was better than his bonds.

#### THE POLISHED PRISONER OF THE BASTILLE

Latude's escape is told in his memoirs. That book is the longest lie ever printed; but, crammers deducted, a miracle remains. The Bastille which he described certainly existed, but only in his imagination. The Bastille was a hotel at which, for one reason or another, you were urged to put up. Life there was a holiday. Except for the refractory, there were no cells. One guest had a bed of scarlet damask and a service of gold. Another guest asked for a billiard-table and got it. Latude complained because a chicken was not stuffed.

Shut up for annoying a lady, he insulted everybody. There was no getting on with him at all. As a consequence he was put in a cell. The cell, a vault on the top of the building, was supplied with a chimney and a door. The chimney was so grated that if he had given up the ghost it may be doubted if he could have given it up that chimney. Behind the door were warders and a surveillance so keen that a speck on the floor could have betrayed him.

None the less he made a rope ladder, which was afterward exhibited, and removed the gratings from the chimney. The gratings were fastened with mortar. To

soften the mortar he blew water from his mouth. For years he was at it; then he escaped, but only to be retaken and thrown into a deeper dungeon, where he succeeded in making tablets from bread-crumbs, ink from blood, pens from fish-bones, and in writing a letter which finally secured his release, but which at first his jailer refused to take, believing that it had come from the devil. But by that time the Pompadour was dead. The rascal had been jailed for annoying her. He might have done worse, and in the rogues' gallery he looks it.

#### CARTOUCHE, PRINCE OF BURGLARS

Across the way is Cartouche. In his day, if you had said that, the street would have emptied. Cartouche was terror. He was also charm. A slender fellow with a wild-cat's agility and an endearing smile, he had a sword at his side and a knife in his mouth. His tongue stung as promptly as his steel. When, after a life splendidly misspent, the death-warrant was brought him, he corrected its grammar with a jest. It takes a fine chap to do that.

He did something finer. He furnished his dining-room admirably. The sideboard was a joy to behold. Then, happening, by accident as it seemed, to jostle a stranger, he lifted his plumed hat high in the air, held it at arm's length, swept the ground with it, apologized properly, and, for further amends, invited the man to supper. The guest did not know his host from Adam, but the furniture, the sideboard aglow with gold plate, he recognized at once. They were his.

Doubly furious, enraged at the robbery, and even more by the effrontery of the invitation, he whipped out his sword. You will fancy that the footpad did likewise. Not a bit of it. There he stood, arms folded, smiling endearingly and giving it to him very gently.

"I am Cartouche, and your most obedient servant."

The terror of that! But the potency, too! Back went the sword, back also went the poor devil. It was his turn to apologize. Whether then he stopped and supped I cannot say, but I can say that he was an imbecile if he did not. To break bread with a king of the highways must, I think, be a treat.

For that matter it would be a treat to wine and dine with any of these rascals. You don't find their like to-day. Modern

additions to the gallery consist mainly in dull ruffians. There are exceptions, yes, but barely more than a baker's dozen.

#### THE MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING DUKE

Among these, the picture of the last Duke of Portland is about the best, though whether it is a good likeness I really do not know; but I fervently hope so, for behind it there is a story that knocks "The Mysteries of Udolpho" into a cocked hat. Beginning very tamely with a murder, it works up into an unholy masquerade and ends with the funeral of a shopkeeper, who was then dying, it is true, but of laughter. It was certainly very lively. In the coffin was old iron. Moreover, to add to the gaiety, presently the dead man popped up in his shop and frightened the clerks into fits.

There are stories, however old, that are always young. This story has been told and retold, and will be told again; yet, to my immense regret, not by me. I lack the art, which is a detail, for I lack, too, the space. But here, in cobweb, is the outline:

At Welbeck, the seat of the Portlands, the duke's brother was very well one minute and quite dead the next. Whether or not the duke killed him you are left to guess, though what may help is the fact that if he did not hear the benches of the Old Bailey creak, if he did not see a black-capped beak, one finger raised—if he missed these emotions, he missed also his vocation. He should have been an actor. Instead, he turned mole, burrowing beneath Welbeck, into an underground plaisance from which an escape could be effected, ordinarily that is, but a duke is—or was then—a marked man.

This man needed a disguise, and he got one. His bankers received instructions to transfer from his account to that of T. C. Druce the sum of two hundred thousand pounds. There you have him not merely underground, but in the heart of a fantasmagoria. The real was giving to the fictitious. Moreover, a metamorphosis was in preparation. From the skin of a mole a shopkeeper emerged. Ovid imagined nothing so surprising. Saint-Germain, who made little diamonds big and old women young, was unequal to such wizardry. Even Edison could not do it.

What is better still, there is more of it. In no time, Druce opened a shop in London, and the duke disappeared. Then Druce went away and the duke came back.



Then the duke vanished and Druce popped up. Between them they played hide-and-seek for years, during which Druce, who had married and was the father of a bouncing brat, effected an exit from life in an empty hearse, and the duke—all creaks and shivers gone—returned, dying of laughter, to Welbeck. Finally, full of years and dishonors, he really and truly did die, whereupon the widowed daughter-in-law of the late Mr. Druce advanced the foregoing allegations and claimed the peerage for her son. She did not get it, but if I were Lloyd George I would get her another for the entertainment that she caused. Honest husbandry should be rewarded.

#### MME. HUMBERT'S FANTOM MILLIONS

By the same token, if I were Clémenceau, I would do even better by Mme. Humbert. For while Mrs. Druce may have displayed an enviable imagination, this other lady is a genius. Mrs. Druce had a vanishing duke, and that in itself is a corker. But how it dwindles beside vanishing litigants, fantom millions, and the high act of necromancy in which Mme. Humbert took an absence of anything, a zero with the periphery eliminated, and from it produced a safe full of government bonds which, at a touch, crumbled into a collar-button and a penny. Where is "The Moonstone" after that? Where are "Armada" and "The Woman in White"? Mrs. Druce knocked "The Mysteries of Udolpho" silly. With rarer ability Mme. Humbert smashed to smithereens the complete works of Wilkie Collins. It is true she had to cut and run for it, but genius is never appreciated.

But *oyez!* At Nice, not so many years ago, Richard Crawford, a plutocratic New Yorker, concluded to die, but beforehand, for our amusement, perhaps, he made and executed two wills on the very same day. Aged and ailing at the time, he had been tenderly nursed by Thérèse Machin, a sweet young thing, the daughter of a local and most respectable greengrocer. By one will he gave her his millions. By the other they went to his nephews.

That was hard luck on Thérèse, or rather might have been, if the nephews had not turned out to be very decent chaps, as rich as their uncle, and anxious merely for an amicable adjustment. As a result they entered into an agreement whereby, pending decision, the millions invested in govern-

ment bonds were to be sealed in a safe, of which Thérèse was to be guardian.

As it was stipulated, so it was done, and not a minute too soon, for at once the nephews sued for the entire estate. What are you to do with chaps like these? Thérèse defended the action, and one of the boys stepped out. The second brother kept at it until he was nonsuited, when the other brother stepped back. Then, sometimes jointly, sometimes severally, they pleaded, counterpleaded, petitioned, and appealed. It seemed as though the very devil were in them. But, thank fortune, there was the safe before which—delightful precaution—guards patrolled, and which, as it was afterward shown, contained air, a bit of celluloid, and a two-sou piece.

No matter, there it was, and on the strength of it Thérèse was enabled to lead a life of active brigandage, to borrow a hundred million francs, to hocus-pocus the astutest, fill her house with the pick of the basket, bamboozle the world, rook the ghetto, add to the gaiety of nations, and call herself the daughter of—whom do you suppose?

Meanwhile, or rather long before—just a week after the death of her amusing benefactor—she had become Mme. Humbert, daughter-in-law, and at-law, of the minister of justice, who must have been a fine old cock. Between the two my admiration wavers. For though Thérèse, in the full play of her genius, invented Crawford, invented his wealth, his nephews, and his wills, it was the elder Humbert who, by virtue of his office, was able to shuffle the cards and stage the litigation between frauds and fantoms on which this immortal farce was founded.

In the trial that followed—when Thérèse was caught, and it took a fast express to do it—she admitted with very engaging modesty that the entire masterpiece was her own, every bit of it except the millions, which, when she was not looking, others had squandered, but which had come to her from her father who was—must she tell? And in public? She covered her face, bowed her head. Bazaine!

Bazaine, the arch-traitor who, in the Franco-Prussian War, sold out Metz to the Huns. All pure poetry. Bazaine was no more her father than I am. Fine work, though. Startled the court. A genius to the last! In this whole gallery of rascalions I like her face the best.



HER ATTITUDE WAS RECEPTIVE, SUBTLY PROVOCATIVE OF CONFIDENCES, AND MR. MILLER APPEARED TO SENSE IT

## Hick, Hick, Hooray!

BY THOMAS ADDISON

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

SHE was American of the fourth descent from somebody—she did not know whom—coming from some place—she did not know where. By birth her name was Titlark, by marriage it was Poggles, but by deliberate assumption it was Blavowski. The reason becomes instantly apparent when it is recorded that the lady conducted a beauty parlor.

Poggles's Beauty Parlor, or even Titlark's—what lure of mystery, of wizard lore, could pertain to an establishment so entitled? None! Therefore, in the interests of a beneficent art, the name of a ravishing adventuress was lifted from the pages of a best-seller, and Mrs. Poggles thenceforward was known to an innocent public as Mme.

Telka Blavowski, priestess in the temple of Venus.

She was a raven-haired, comely, wide-awake person who had passed the forty mark, and did not show it. Her dress was devoid of the frills and fripperies the less sagacious members of her craft flaunted in the face of patronage. Black, cunningly fashioned to give to her somewhat ample contours the seeming of gently molded circumfluences, was her chosen color.

Should any one ascribe the choice to a loved remembrance of a recently departed mate, well and good; his relict bore him no ill will, not any more than to a thorn removed from the flesh in which it had cankered. As a matter of plain fact, how-



ever, she leaned to black for one sole sufficient reason—it was a dramatic foil to a skin as white and smooth as a pan of morning's milk.

To no witchery of cosmetics did Mme. Telka Blavowski owe her miracle of a complexion; it was an outright gift of the gods which jealously tended, had endured with her from girlhood. But not for worlds would she have proclaimed it so. Rather did she foster in a wistful clientele the belief that art, not nature, was sponsor for her cuticular charm. In fine, it was an asset in the practise of her profession worth money in the till. Could it have been stripped from her and placed on sale it would have brought from eager bidders its weight in rubies of the Orient.

The beauty parlor was on the ground floor of the Leroy office-building in a flourishing Southern city. Velours hangings gathered on a brass rod veiled the lower half of the broad plate-glass window on which were inscribed Mme. Blavowski's name and calling.

Here, on a Thursday morning early in September, the lady sat in a rocking-chair, looking out over her draperies at a weird procession of human heads bobbing by as if unrelated to any supporting substance.

One of these heads had fixed *madame's* attention. Twice in the space of perhaps three minutes it had passed the window, and was now repassing. It was crowned with a soft black hat which was pushed back from the forehead, revealing a seamed and sunburnt face shaved clean.

The peculiarity of this particular head, which drew Mme. Telka's flashing black eyes to it, was that with each passing it had turned to the window with a certain spasmodic quirk, as of metal to magnet, and with a slowing up in progression which now, on its third appearance, brought it to an irresolute pause.

"He's coming in, Lucille. He's made up his mind."

Mme. Telka addressed this remark to her assistant, a quasi-young thing with beaded lashes and a cloud of genuine peroxid hair. She also had been watching the performance outside, though with only languid interest.

"A hick!" she pronounced laconically. "He'll be shedding hayseed all over the place."

Her employer rebuked her for the cynicism,

"Money is money, it don't matter whose pocket it's in," she defixed austere. "Go over outer the way and sit down, Lucille."

Lucille tilted on spool heels across the wide room to her post of duty. This was a little alcove in which was a table and two chairs in confidential *vis-à-vis*. On the table were marshaled in precise array orange-sticks, rouge-buffers, eye-pencils, files, nail-scissors, and Heaven knows what of unguents, pastes, creams, and powders in vessels of silver, glass, and porcelain. Here Lucille sat down and yawned in frank abandon.

## II

THE door opened, and the man in his entirety of body hesitantly inserted himself into the room. He was not young, yet one received from his face the impression of an unconquerable boyishness. Had Mme. Telka Blavowski said "Boo!" at that moment, undoubtedly he would have turned and fled; instead she rose from her chair without precipitancy and drawled in a refined tone:

"Aw—howdoo, sir? Can I have the pleasure to be of service to you?"

The man returned the salutation with an embarrassed grin.

"Thank you, ma'am," he stammered. "I ain't just sure you kin help me any. I saw an ad about your place in the paper an' thought I'd drop in an' see."

He advanced as he spoke, a tall, loosely knitted figure clothed in the fashion prevalent of a Sunday in village centers. His pale-blue eyes rested in awed fascination on the implements ranged on the polished surface of the table within the alcove before which the chief ministrant of the beauty parlor had taken her stand. *Madame* smiled reassuringly.

"There's few but what we can't help, Mr.—aw?"

"Miller, ma'am, Henry Miller," supplied the other. "From Green Cove, up the river."

"Aw—yes! Chawmin' place, I'm told," purred the lady with serene mendacity. "De-lighted, Mr. Miller. Pray accep' this chair."

Mr. Miller seated himself bashfully at the table. Mme. Telka flirted to with a milk-white hand the filmy curtains to the recess. The act seemed to enshroud them with privacy which, however, was wholly illusory, for barring a slight mistiness of

outline they could be seen from the waiting-room as well as before.

"Consultations is free," observed *madame* vivaciously.

She sat down opposite her client. Her attitude was receptive, subtly provocative of confidences, and Mr. Miller appeared to sense it.

"That don't worry me none, ma'am," he said. "I'm able to pay, I reckon." He grinned with large complacency. "I sold my sawmill last week for fourteen thousand dollars, money in the bank. What I want to know is, kin you do anything for them?"

He spread flat on the table two enormous red hands. The skin of them was rough, freckled, and hairy, and the fingers were thick and stumpy, with nails hard as duck-bills; powerful hands that could wield a cant-hook as easily as Mme. Telka could twiddle a toothpick. She surveyed them with a qualm of dismay. It was mollified immediately by the remembrance of the cash in bank, and she summoned a cogitative frown.

"I can do consid'able," she professed at length. "Consid'able, if you don't expect too much."

"I ain't expectin' it," declared the client earnestly. "All I'm hopin' for is that you kin make 'em look like somethin' human; not smaller, it ain't possible, but more like—well, like *hands*!"

He held them up, palms out, two huge slabs of calloused flesh. Something in the intense solicitude of his expression stirred Mme. Telka Blavowski to an emotion in which sympathy and curiosity were blended.

"I can whiten 'em, and smooth 'em, and soften 'em," she encouraged. "The nails is what 'll take time. They got to grow; but I guess we can manage 'em. You ain't married?"

She smiled at the inutile question even as she uttered it. The answer was in evidence.

"No, ma'am," he said.

"But you're goin' to be?" she hinted with an arch look.

"I dunno, ma'am."

A cherry tinge flooded Mr. Miller's tanned cheek. He had laid his hands on the table again. It was as if they were detached personal effects that he did not precisely know what to do with. *Madame* lifted one of them, and rested the fingers on her small pink palm. She bent over in apparent study of them. An odd tangle of thoughts was besetting her.

"You don't know?" she murmured. "That sounds funny."

"Well, you see, ma'am—" The man floundered between desire and diffidence. He craved to share his secret with some one—some one other than his intimates, with whom, somehow, secrets of this nature could not be shared. And this friendly woman opposite was not in a position to abuse a stranger's confidence, even if she would. He took courage and plunged forward. "You see, ma'am, I ain't asked her. To tell the truth, I'm skeered to—a big, rough cuss like me, an' she like a—a piece o' fine chinaware. Why, ma'am, if I was to tech her, I'd be afeared o' breakin' her!"

He laughed back in his throat, low and pleased, as at a tender drollery he had perpetrated. *Madame* dipped an orange-stick in a colorless liquid and set to work at the skin-folds on his nails.

"She lives in your town?" she asked.

"No—at Arcadia, 'bout six miles from me. I go down there in my car to preachin'. They got a better man, to my thinkin', than at Green Cove."

"I suppose so," said *madame* dryly. "So you got a car? That's nice. And you take her out in it?"

She selected a pair of cuticle-scissors and plied them deftly.

"Yes, ma'am, 'long with others." He laughed again. "You see, she teaches school in Arcadia, an' I ain't exactly what you'd call bookish myself. So sometimes I bring the preacher an' his wife, an' sometimes the county clerk an' hisn. It makes it interestin' for Miss Lizzie, I figure, 'stead o' chasin' around all alone with a dummy like me."

Mme. Telka glanced at him curiously, and resumed her task.

"Lizzie! So that's her name?"

"Yes'm—Miss Lizzie Evans."

"How old is she? But that's a pers'nal question—"

"No, ma'am, not at all," refuted Mr. Miller in his abandon to the subject uppermost in his heart. "She's thirty-three an' I'm forty-three. 'Tain't such a mighty diff'rence, do you think it is, ma'am, 'tween a man an' a woman?" A note of anxiety was in his voice.

"Some people thinks it's just about right," she answered, and added demurely: "I ain't so much older than her myself, and a widder." She sighed.

"Oh, a widder!"



Mr. Miller adopted a hushed tone in harmony, as he thought, with the occasion. The lady giggled gently.

"It's over long ago—ages. I'm in black for business reasons. And it's a protection to me. Some gen'l'mun is inclined to be flirty, you know, even if a body ain't as pretty as a picture."

Madame relinquished his hand, and, tilting back her head, looked full at him. It disclosed the white roundness of her throat and neck. Her eyes were very bright, and her full lips were curved with an inscrutable expression. Henry Miller, up to now rapt in devotion at the shrine of his Arcadian divinity, was as a man suddenly led forth into another fane and bidden to see. It was this acute transition, perhaps, that brought a miracle to his tongue.

"But, ma'am, you're as pretty as any picture I ever seen. You—you're like moonlight on the water!"

Madame sat perfectly still an astonished moment. Then:

"You call yourself a dummy, and say things like that?"

Miller had crimsoned to his ears. He was abashed, out of countenance utterly.

"I don't know how it happened; I ain't never said the like of it afore in all my life," he stammered. "It warn't flirty, ma'am—honest!"

The lady mantled him with a smile as free of guile as his spoken words, for all unconsciously he had dipped into the hidden founts of her fancy. But she only said:

"Aw, I know it! You ain't that kind." She gave her attention to his other hand. "You didn't tell me yet," she went on after a while, "what got you to wanting treatment. You going to quit working, now you got all that money?"

"Quit!" The idea of it made him chuckle. "I'm only just startin' in. I'm aimin' now to git into somethin' bigger—buyin' standing timber. Takes a head, that does, not hands; an' so I got the notion I'd spruce up a leetle." He held up his free hand and regarded it quizzically. "Hams she called 'em—"

"Not Miss Evans? Not her?"

Mme. Telka paused in her work.

"Oh, no, ma'am! Another girl I know at Green Cove—one o' the kiddin' kind. But it set me to thinkin'. If they looked like that to her, they'd look like that to others." He grinned not unmirthfully. "I

reckon they do favor a shoulder o' hog a leetle when they're spread out on a steerin'-wheel. It kinder struck me that way when I was drivin' in here to the city this mornin'."

"Aw, so you came in your car instead of by train?" Madame's interest in her client was accelerated. "I love motoring!"

"Yes'm," said Henry simply.

He checked the impulse, born of a broad good-nature, to go further. It might be considered "flirty"—a thing as remote as the stars of heaven from his mind.

Madame worked on in silence after this; but her thoughts were busy. Here was a man of a likable homeliness, and genuine as his forest trees. Strong as a giant he was, and gentle as a child. Capable, too, in his way. And he had a motor-car, and fourteen thousand dollars in the bank! An unattached woman might well think upon these things.

She put his hand aside, giving it a dainty tap as she did so, to signify that she was done with it for the present. This was a business, as she had decided at the beginning, to be profitably nourished.

"That's all for now, Mr. Miller," she said. "I got an engagement coming on. To-morrer at ten, please."

Miller contemplated his burnished nails with a blank look.

"You're done with me for to-day?" he exclaimed. "I was kinder hopin' you'd git to whiten 'em some—my hands."

"In one day!" Madame smiled indulgently. "You didn't think that, did you? We got to treat 'em, you know—manipulation, massaging, depilation. All that takes time. You ain't got to go home right off, have you? You can stay in the city a few days?"

"Why, yes," he hesitated. "I reckon I could manage to hang around a while, ma'am, only—"

"You want to get back and see Miss Evans," put in Madame slyly.

"It's on Sundays I run down there, ma'am, an' this is only Thursday," he said soberly. "It ain't that. It's 'cause it's so dog-gone lonely here in the city, when you ain't got friends. That's why." He stood up and reached in his pocket. "What am I owin' you, ma'am, for as fur as you've gone?"

"Aw, that can wait till we're through." She rose and looked at him across the table from under drooped lashes. "You oughtn't



"SOME GEN'L'MAN IS GOING TO LOSE HIS HEART TO-NIGHT, MISS—ER—AW?"

to be lonesome with an auto. There's lots of lovely drives, and places where you can have a little supper if you want. I don't get to go much myself, for I ain't got a friend with a car. But—"

A studied pause eloquent of invitation supervened. Henry Miller's mental processes were not inordinately rapid, but they could keep pace with a proposition as plain as this. His pale eyes lighted up.

"I'm not making too bold on short acquaintance, I hope, ma'am—if I am, just put me where I belong—but I'd be downright pleased to drive you out any time you say!"

"Why, that's awf'ly kind, I'm sure!" She flashed him a melting glance. "Of course, I know it's 'cause you're just so lonely—"

"No, no! I'd like to have you, ma'am—honest!" he asseverated with a warmth that reddened him as he realized it.

"Aw, you needn't make believe with me, Mr. Miller," she retorted playfully. "I un'erstand. We're just two lonely people wanting company, and so— Come at six to-night, and I'll be ready. Here, I guess.

People do so like to talk when a feller comes 'round to where you live."

"Thank you, ma'am. Six o'clock prompt," said Mr. Miller gratefully.

He put out his hand, and hers nestled in it—a little velvety living thing he could have flattened to a shaving with one careless pressure of his fingers. A thought sent a hot shiver coursing through him. He dropped Mme. Telka's hand, and with a mumbled word of parting made his way to the street. Lucille, employed in her alcove with a client, with a twisted smile watched him go.

"She must 'a' soaked that hick proper, the way he looks," she mused. "Two or three dollars maybe, and it's ruined him. He's going to jump in the river and end it all!"

Mme. Telka Blavowski, meanwhile, had turned to a mirror on the wall behind her, and stood before it in studious contemplation. Presently she spoke softly to herself.

"You're getting on, Sarah Poggles! A few more years, and you won't have a chance. And I could make a gen'l'man of him in his looks." She shrugged her plump



shoulders. "We'll see what happens. I got him going, anyway!"

## III

ON Sunday Henry Miller did not attend preaching at Arcadia. It was the first time in three months that he had failed to do so. Lizzie Evans knew, because she had kept track of it.

She was a little creature, not over five feet three, and spare of figure, though not of a dried and drear tenuity. Hints of a graceful girlhood still lingered with her. Her small, sallow face, with straight hair drawn severely back from the temples, could never have passed her to the exhibition bench of a beauty show; yet, on the other hand, it was lighted with a pair of opal-brown eyes of an emotional quality that could attract, repulse, and even command, as the mood might dictate. They were an abiding charm, these eyes; they were also an asset of much value to a teacher of turbulent boys and girls in the third grade of a haphazard country school.

On this Sunday Miss Evans sat in automatic attention to the reverend gentleman expounding his text from the pulpit above her; but her thoughts did not dutifully follow him. They strayed.

Henry Miller's accustomed seat was in the rear of hers, on the side aisle. Through every service hitherto she had felt his devotional eyes upon her, as one feels in a dark room a friendly presence there besides one's own, yet neither sees nor touches it. To-day the presence was missing, and Miss Evans felt strangely desolate. There was no comfort in the sermon for her. Promises of celestial bliss lacked, it seemed, a prerequisite of some sort here below.

That night, after making ready for bed, Miss Evans sat for a long time at her darkened window, looking out on a starlit world and seeing nothing of it. Her thoughts, looming large, obscured the prospect. What these thoughts were it would be indelicate, perhaps, to inquire; but they resulted in a procedure of an odd likeness to that of a certain lady in the city not so many hours before.

Miss Evans rose and drew the curtains to her windows with the deliberation of a settled resolve. Following this she relighted her lamp, and, holding it high, placed herself squarely before the glass of the golden-oak bureau in the corner and examined in slow detail the face reflected back to her.

At last she placed the lamp on the table, and, gathering up the scattered sheets of the Sunday paper from the city, sat down to a quest through its advertising columns. She was rewarded, it appeared, for she scissored out an item and put it carefully away. This done, she extinguished the light and got into bed.

She was going to take a little journey in the morning. School would not begin for a week yet; until then she was free.

It was eleven o'clock the next day when Miss Evans entered Mme. Blavowski's beauty parlor. The proprietress was out on a business errand, and Lucille of the beaded lashes was dismissing from her ministrations a macaronic elderly gentleman who ogled her with his recession bow.

There was not a shade of hesitancy in Miss Evans's bearing as she stepped in. She was a woman with her mind made up, and there is no other such determined being on this green earth.

"I wish," she said in a clear, calm voice, "to be recommended to a cream that will improve my complexion."

"Yes?" said Lucille without enthusiasm.

She was inclined to look disparagingly on this small, plain person habited in a mode antedated in the fashion sheets.

"And," pursued Miss Evans, "I wish to have my hair waved, and to be instructed how I may keep it waved at home. And I will have my hands manicured, I think."

Lucille's manner took on a sudden suavity. This was an order that she could make run into money.

"A Kressle wave, of course?" she suggested unctuously. "We do that back in there—a private room. But I'll have to keep you waiting—dre'fully sorry—till Mme. Blavowski returns. I'm all alone; but I expect her every minute."

"I'm in no hurry," said Miss Evans agreeably. "What will it cost, all of it?"

"Well, the wave, and pads for home use, is nine dollars and a half. The cream—Say, did you ever meet Mme. Blavowski?"

"No."

"Um! She's got a skin like twenty-dollar white velvet," said Lucille with feeling. "You wait till you see her. Rose de Blavowski is what done it—her own make, and only two dollars per jar. Now the manicuring—lemme look at your hands, please. U-m-m! You've suttinly kep' 'em well. I won't charge you only fifty cents for them."

"Twelve dollars!"

Miss Evans could not suppress a little gasp. The expense was beyond her utmost anticipation.

"I'll show you how to use the cream and give you a massage with it," put in Lucille quickly. "You won't know yourself, reelly. What you need is color. Rose de Blavowski will give it to you, and puffedekly nachual—like the flowers in the yard. Shall I begin with your hands while we're waiting?"

Miss Evans, as the other talked, could see roses blooming in her cheeks. It decided her.

"Very well, you may do so," she assented.

Lucille seated her, and, as she worked, discoursed on a certain secret lotion which she reserved strictly for the elect among her patrons. From any face under fifty it sent wrinkles packing about their business; in proof whereof she again cited Mme. Blavowski's serviceable complexion.

"And only five dollars!" she concluded.

A dramatic gesture implied that at this paltry sum she was throwing the precious elixir away. Miss Evans sighed wistfully, but was firm.

"Not to-day, I thank you. I'll think about it."

"Sure! To-morrer is another day," observed Lucille in bright accord. "Guess I got it all the first crack," she reflected. "Oh, well!"

Madame came in as the manicuring was finished. She was sparkling with the good humor of one on whom the Fates are smiling sunnily. Miss Evans was lost in wonder at her, but Lucille considered her with a sardonic eye. She could guess the cause of her cheeriness. That hick again! He was shedding coin instead of hayseed. Talk about luck! Some people fell into it like a cat in the cream. The thought irritated Lucille.

"I been waiting for you," she said in an injured tone. "I got a client here that wants a Kressle. This way, lady."

She marched Miss Evans off into the back room without giving Mme. Telka the wonted opportunity to parade her professional patter before a new votary in the temple.

## IV

It was an hour later when the two emerged from their retirement. Miss Evans's cheeks wore a delicate flush. Her

thrush-brown hair was fluffed and waved. It fringed her forehead with wanton undulations, and rippled seductively up on her well-turned head. Her eyes were luminous with the mirrored discovery that she almost touched on prettiness. She was denied her hat by Lucille. The artist's pride was evoked in the girl, and she wished her superior to witness the wonder she had wrought.

"Aw—chawmin', chawmin'! A credit to the parlor," drawled madame graciously. She patted the little palpitant figure with an approving hand. "Some gen'l'man is going to lose his heart to-night, Miss—er—aw?"

"Miss Lizzie Evans," offered Lucille, who made it a practise to book the names of promising clients.

She stared at Mme. Blavowski. That lady's hand had abruptly ceased to pat; it had frozen still.

"Arcadia?" she catechized breathlessly. "Yes. Why?"

Miss Evans came to an alarmed stop. Mme. Blavowski had whirled about and thrown a glance at the clock on the wall. "My Lord! Twelve thirty!" she gulped.

As if timed to her very words, Henry Miller entered from the street. He was resplendent in a pearl-gray stiff hat, a pearl-gray "cut in" business suit, fawn spats, and a butterfly tie of Peking blue. It would have been difficult to find his match anywhere off Times Square.

"I'm on the dot, Telka!" he grinned in high feather. "Had to park my car 'round the corner—"

He stopped. Something unusual was going on. Mme. Telka had made him a covert sign which failed of whatever purpose inspired it. Henry did not comprehend. He only gaped at her, and from her to the little woman with head disdainfully lifted who stood away from her to one side.

Something about her, sweetly familiar yet unaccountably strange, riveted his gaze. Slowly it was drilled into him who this lovely being was. Incredulity, amazement, and then a great tide of gladness swept over him.

"Lizzie, is it—is it you?" he faltered.

He advanced a step or two, and halted. In the eyes fixed on him was no responsive gladness. Repulsion and a vast surprise were there, nothing more. Both were oblivious of their audience in the shock of this critical moment.





"A GEN'L'MAN AIN'T ALWAYS A MAN, BUT  
A MAN IS ALWAYS A GEN'L'MAN.  
HE'S ONE. GO ON HOME WITH  
HIM IN HIS CAR!"

Mme. Blavowski looked on in stony immobility. She could find no word to change the sorry turn that fate had served her. Lucille looked on in acute enjoyment; it was a play and no admission asked.

Miss Evans remained mute. Pained, be-

wildered to extremity, Henry shuffled a step nearer.

"Won't you speak to me, Lizzie?" he pleaded. "I'm powerful glad to see you."

She answered then, her eyes slanting scornfully at *madame*.

"You expect me to believe that?"

He was silent, while understanding came difficultly to him.

"Oh!" he said at last. "You think—" He stopped there, inhaling deeply. Miss Evans, seeing only a perfectly interpretable confusion on his part, turned to Lucille.

"My hat, please. I am going!"

It loosened Henry Miller's tongue. It did not occur to him to question her presence there, or its motive. His sole desperate thought was to explain his own presence, and his easy familiarity with this other woman. Single-minded though he was in his affections, he could perceive that appearances were against him.

"Look, Lizzie!" he cried. He extended his hands. They were absurdly smooth, and of a yellow whitishness, like bleached straw. "She done this for me, Tel—Missus Telka there. They were only *hams* before. It's what Annie Robbins at Green Cove called 'em, an' what everybody thought, I reckon. An' now look!"

He paddled the air with them lightly, the better to compel Lizzie's attention, and went on.

"It's what I come for to-day—to have 'em treated some more. It's what I've been here since Thursday for; an' it's why I warn't at church yesterday."

Miss Evans's lip curled, but she waited.

"I wanted to give you a surprise," continued Henry. "I—I thought mebbe it 'd please you. An' this suit o' clothes—I thought you'd like 'em. She helped me there, too, Missus Telka did; I couldn't tell just what to git. She's been kind to me—a real friend. She's showed me about—showed me drives to places I didn't ever know of. I swan to goodness, Lizzie, I'd 'a' died o' lonesomeness here if it hadn't been for her!"

It was an unfortunate addendum. Miss Evans's eyes had softened—had held, indeed, a promise; but with this last utterance they hardened to icy brilliance.

"What a pity!" she commented in a brittle voice, and devoted her complete attention—or so she imagined—to the adjustment of her hat.

Lucille coughed to smother an incipient snicker. She was regarding Mme. Blavowski closely.

Henry Miller's frank statement had dissipated any lingering hopes that *madame* may have had of him into the mists that dreams are made of; but she was not without the sovereign mettle of the martyr. She drawled out in handsomely affected nonchalance:

"Aw, don't mention it, Henry! I had a good time. I seen a lot of places myself I wasn't at before. We're even up, you and me. You don't owe me a cent for treatments. So that's settled!"

She wiped out the account with a flourish of her alabaster hand, and turned her attention to a superfluous rearrangement of the tidy on a neighboring chair.

Miss Evans's fluttering fingers jabbed her hatpin in with careless disregard of the Kressle wave. The hat was canted on her head at a rakish angle of which she was totally unaware; and in this grand crisis she would have cared not a whit had she been aware of it. She was starting off in high-crested hauteur when Lucille spoke.

"Here's your face-cream and hair-pads, lady!"

Miss Evans could not repudiate the package, as she would have given twice twelve dollars to do. She accepted it with dignity, and was marching past Henry Miller's crushed and baffled figure, when Mme. Blavowski startled her to a stand.

"What's the use of all this?" she broke out in severe accents. "You heard what he said, and it's the truth. He's talked of you till I'm deaf with it. The man is crazy in love with you—nutter! The Lord-knows why, but it's so. Go on home with him. I've done enough to his hands. They'll be like they was in a month, anyway; and they're best so at that. A gen'l'man ain't always a man, but a man is always a gen'l'man. He's one. Go on home with him in his car!"

She moved off with a grand air; but she had neglected something, and she stopped.

"He didn't offer to call me Telka himself; I ast him to," she said.

Calmly superior to the spellbound gaze of her assistant, Mme. Blavowski retired in state to the room at the rear.

Miss Evans's haughty aloofness had slipped from her, until now she stood bare of pride and contritely suppliant.

"Henry, will you—oh, will you take me home?" she petitioned in trembling tones.

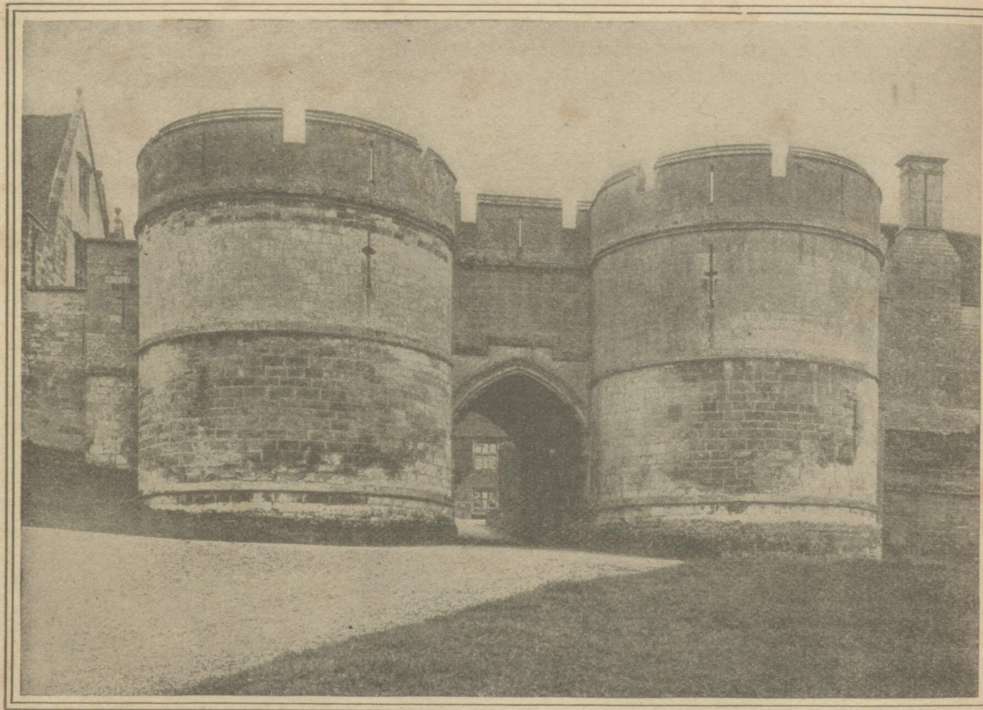
"Will I?" cried Henry. "I'd tote you ev'ry step of it in my arms, leetle girl, if there warn't no other way o' gittin' there!"

When they were gone, Lucille waved her handkerchief wildly above her head.

"Hick, hick, hooray!" she crowed.

Then, strangely, she dropped down on a chair and dabbed at her eyes with the flimsy little rag.





THE GATEWAY OF ROCKINGHAM CASTLE, IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, ONCE A ROYAL RESIDENCE

# Old English Roads and New Associations

(SECOND ARTICLE)

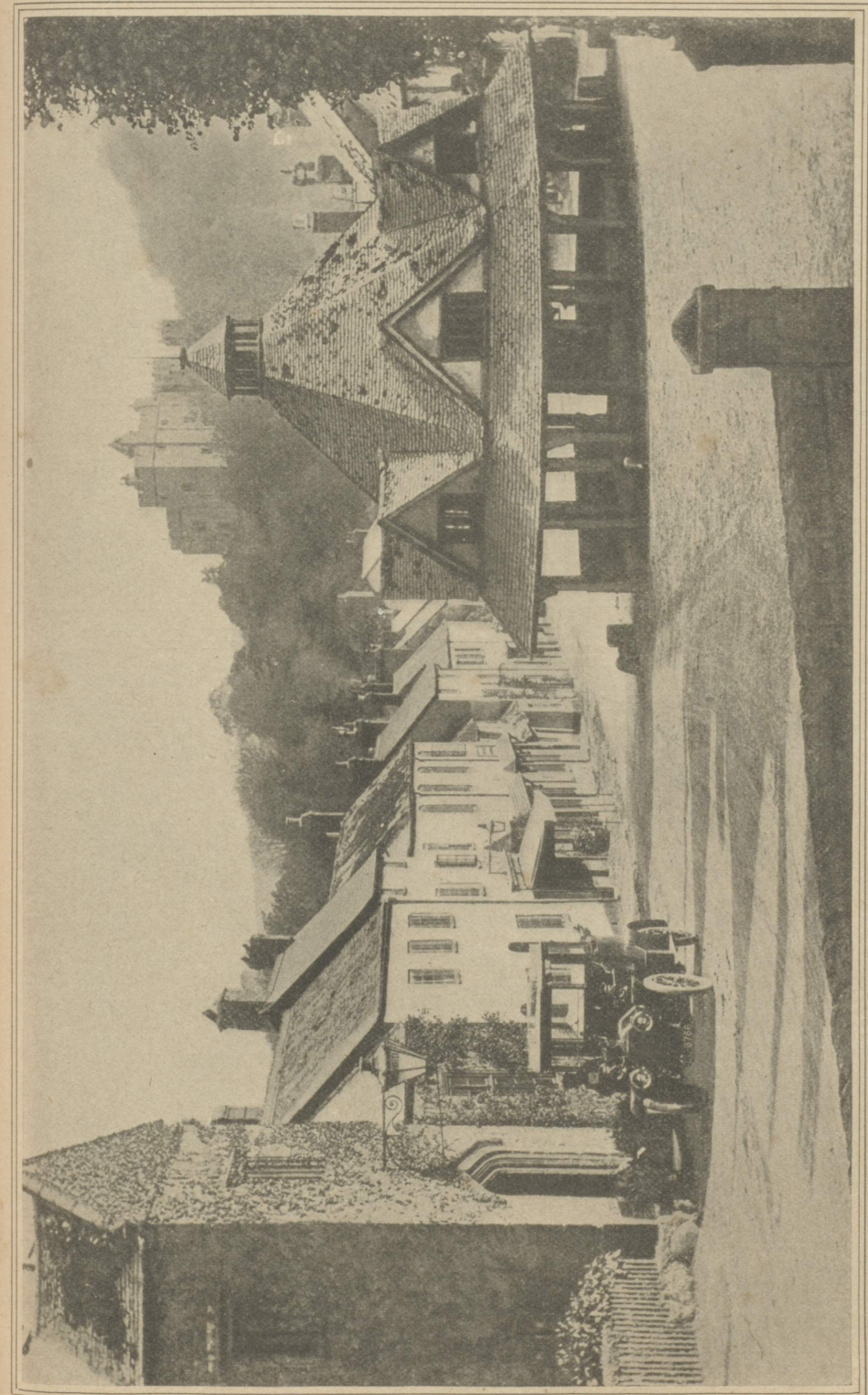
THE OBSERVANT TOURIST FINDS AN EPITOME OF ENGLAND'S LONG HISTORY IN HER CASTLES AND ABBEYS, HER TOWN WALLS AND COUNTRY CHURCHYARDS, HER OLD INNS AND WAYSIDE CROSSES

By Ernest C. Pulbrook

WE have followed our road through the quiet English country, past the stately gates of historic mansions and the picturesque cottages of humble folk, winding between tall hedges in a sheltered valley or striking across the open pastures of a breezy upland. Now we come to a village, a group of houses fringing a wide common or gathered round a green. In the center of the green is a pond, to which the animals come to drink when the day's work is done, or a well or pump, the meeting-place of idlers, only rivaled by the parlor of the inn.

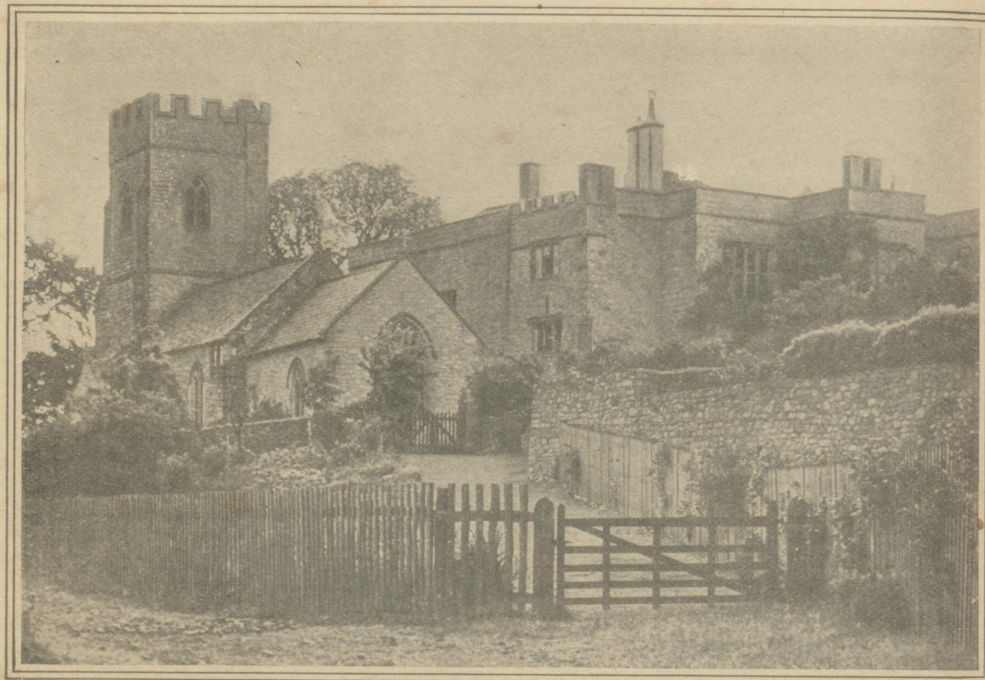
306

Other villages line the banks of a little-frequented creek, cling to the slopes of a gorge in the cliffs by the sea, radiate like the spokes of a wheel up the lanes leading from a cuplike hollow, top a ridge—bleak and bare and wind-swept, with stout walls and deep porches to brave the blast—or are so scattered that each cottage stands far

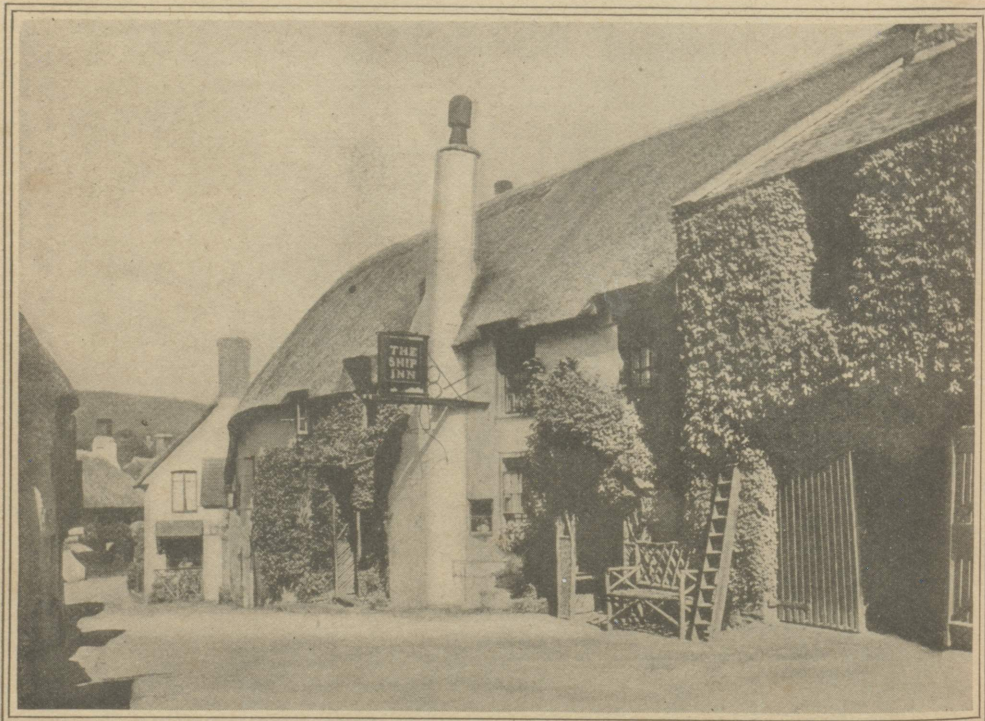


DUNSTER, A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE IN SOMERSETSHIRE—THE CURIOUS BUILDING ON THE RIGHT IS THE OLD YARN MARKET; ON THE HILL ABOVE THE VILLAGE IS A FINE ELIZABETHAN CASTLE





WEST QUANTOXHEAD, NEAR BRIDGEWATER, IN SOMERSETSHIRE—THE VILLAGE CHURCH AND, CLOSE BESIDE IT, THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE, WHICH HAS BELONGED TO THE LUTTRELL FAMILY SINCE THE NORMAN CONQUEST



THE SHIP INN AT PORLOCK, ON THE SOMERSETSHIRE COAST, ONCE A FAVORITE HAUNT OF THE POET SOUTHEY

from its neighbor. Here is the inn, whose swinging sign-board often bears a name indicating the character of the place, the chief occupation of its inhabitants, or their adherence to the family whose park is just outside. There stands the schoolhouse, whose attractions depend upon its age. The little shop with its medley of merchandise invites attention; and perhaps in the center

You cannot escape legend and history. This one relates a libelous story that here Shakespeare was once found drunk in the porch of the inn. That one recounts that the landlocked sea which washes its shores was the scene of Canute's command to the waves to go back; and a third witnessed Hampden's stand against ship-money.

Trees half conceal the village church,



THE OLD GILDHALL AT TOTNES, IN DEVONSHIRE, WHICH WAS ONCE PART OF ST. MARY'S PRIORY

of the village is a market-cross—a cross which tells that once upon a time the place was more important than now, when even its oldest inhabitant is unaware that it was ever a busy mart.

Villages there are, all too many, ugly and repellent, from which stranger and native alike flee in disgust; but their number is comparatively few, and often some historical association gives them an attraction they cannot otherwise claim for themselves. As you thread the roads of England, and pass through village after village, you are constantly stumbling in the footsteps of the great—Washington and Shakespeare, Milton and Franklin, Bunyan and Dickens, to mention a few who are the heritage of all the English-speaking race, and whose names come to mind at once.

whose lich-gate affords glimpses of simple tombstone and massive vault. Here, too, may often be seen names which are household words in America—Washington and Franklin and Penn—and hundreds not so well known outside their own locality. Penn and his Quaker friends rest in no ordinary churchyard, but in the sequestered graveyard of the old meeting-house amid the trees in a quiet Buckinghamshire valley, marked only by the tiniest of headstones put up not so long ago.

The churches, too, bear the stamp of their own neighborhood. Sussex and part of Hampshire show red roofs and shingle spires; Somerset rejoices in beautiful towers; Devon and Cornwall in finely carved screens and bench-ends; Suffolk has its unique round towers.



Here is a church as beautiful as it is large—much too large for present requirements, but erected in a day when the district was far more populous than now. There we find a noble house of prayer erected by a wealthy merchant. Some were built as a thank-offering for success, or for some marvellous deliverance; others as an expiation for sin, such as those reputed to owe their origin to the murderers of Becket.



MERMAID STREET, RYE, A QUAIN OLD STREET UP WHICH THE COACHES USED TO CLIMB—RYE, IN SUSSEX, WAS ONE OF THE CINQUE PORTS, BUT ITS HARBOR LONG AGO SILTED UP

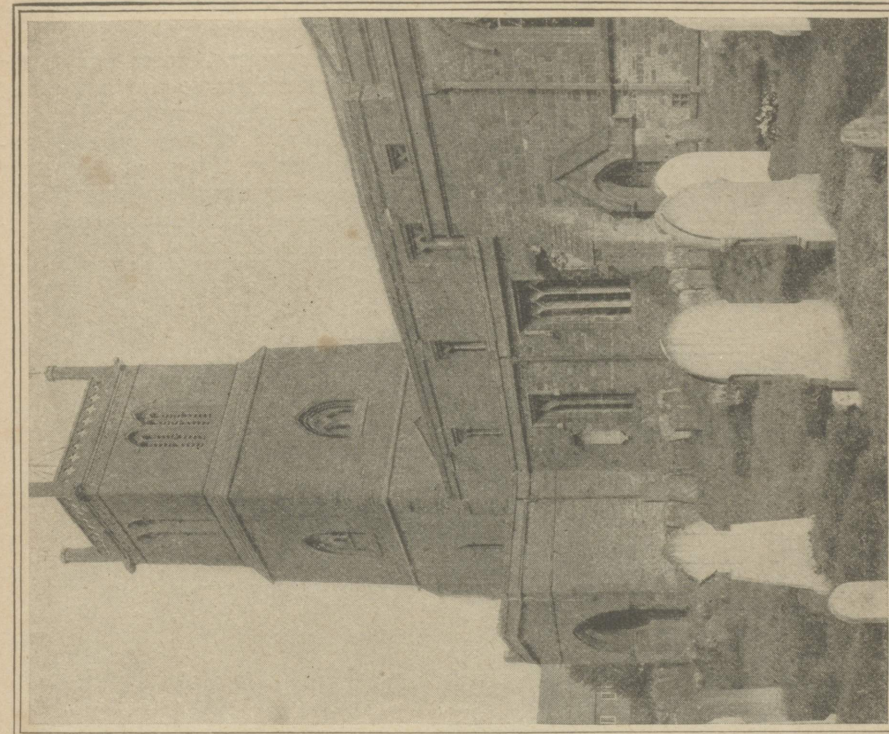
In one district nearly every churchyard possesses its cross, often far older than the building itself, for it marks the spot where the Gospel was first preached. In another, never a cross is to be found.

From the village the road winds on down the valley until it comes to the town—perhaps a sleepy place dominated by a castle on the hill which overlooks it, or perhaps a busy place of trade and industry. Its main street is sure to be diversified with buildings of varied style and age. A shop with round bay windows broken up into little panes, and an overhanging upper story, stands next

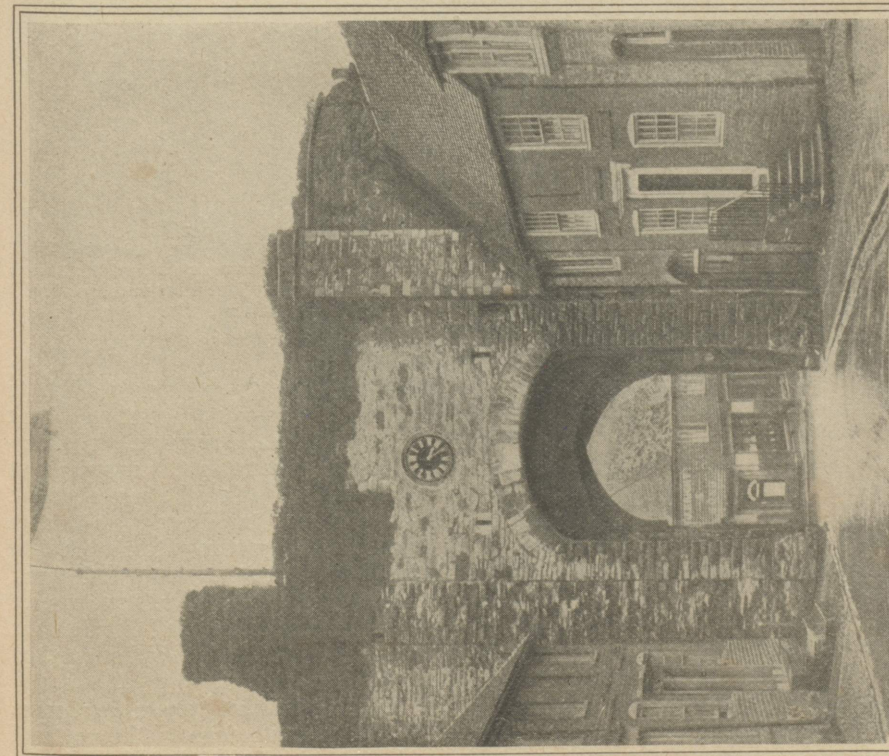
the red-brick house of Georgian times inhabited by the doctor, which is flanked on the other side by a modern store brilliant with brass and plate glass.

Here is an ancient inn, long and low, with an archway giving access to a yard and an extensive range of stabling. Almost opposite is one of those large, comfortable-looking places from which the modern hotel has descended, entered by a square, pillared

portico, over which strides a lion or other strange beast. Off the High Street are quiet squares and streets of residential houses of equally different styles and ages. Prim Queen Anne and Georgian dwellings stand behind walls or iron railings hammered into artistic shape by the craftsmen of their time, with here and there an older building with deep porches and mullioned windows, or the very latest example of the modern builder's style. Such contrasts of the old and new are seen in almost every street, unless the place be one of those which fell asleep a century ago and have not yet awakened.



THE VILLAGE CHURCH AT ECTON, IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE—FOR MANY GENERATIONS ECTON WAS THE HOME OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S ANCESTORS, AND SEVERAL OF THEM ARE BURIED IN THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD



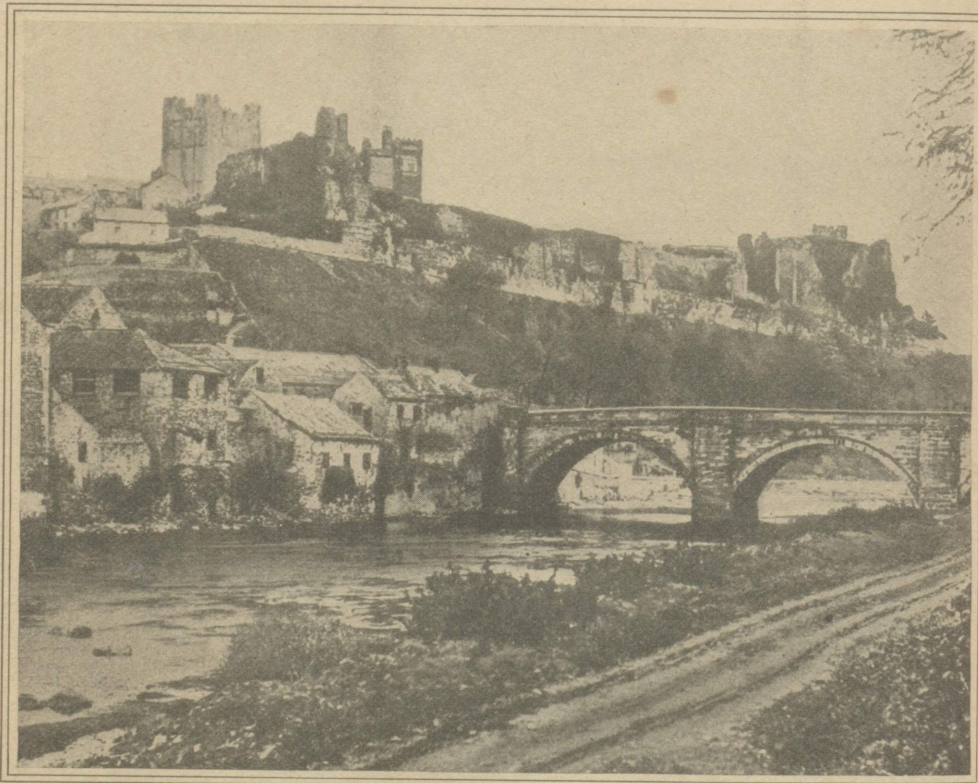
THE LAND GATE, RYE, THE ONLY EXISTING PORTION OF THE TOWN WALLS—VERY FEW ENGLISH TOWNS RETAIN THEIR ANCIENT WALLS, BUT IN MANY CASES ONE OR MORE OF THE GATES REMAIN



Perhaps it is a fortified town of medieval times, surrounded by a wall, which we enter through a massive gateway still bearing the slit for a portcullis. The wall has been breached in many places to make room for houses, and steep lanes and flights of steps lead up to courtyards entered by passages beneath overhanging upper stories. In such towns the streets are narrow and tortuous,

whose name is indicative of the commodities formerly sold there.

In the older market-places stands the cross, a graceful shaft set on a flight of steps, a noble Gothic structure of statues and pinnacles, or a covered building surmounted by a cross. Many of these have been swept away by vandals who considered such objects of beauty in the way, and ruth-



RICHMOND, A PICTURESQUE LITTLE TOWN IN NORTHERN YORKSHIRE, WITH THE OLD BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER SWALE, AND THE IMPOSING RICHMOND CASTLE ON THE HILL ABOVE THE TOWN

for the houses were huddled close together inside the walls. Seen from the belfry, or from the top of the entrance tower, it presents a delightful expanse of roofs and gables.

The railroad does not approach too closely, but before its coming the coach made light of the steep ascent, and cantered up the cobbles to the inn with much tooting of the horn. Elsewhere the main street is so wide that a battalion might almost march along it in extended order. In the center of the town is a still broader space, where the weekly market is held; or maybe its trade has passed, leaving a market-house

lessly pulled them down or sold them to the highest bidder—who sometimes took them away to reerect elsewhere. Winchester nearly lost its cross in this manner, but the citizens interfered at the last moment. The Poultry Cross at Salisbury is said to have been erected by a knight in atonement for a sacrilege. Another cathedral town, Chichester, possesses a fine structure of early Tudor days, still called the Market Cross, though the cross itself was long ago replaced by a bell turret.

The covered market-crosses are more common in the south than in the north of England, but wherever found are usually



MILTON'S VILLAGE, CHALFONT ST. GILES, IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE—THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE POET FINISHED "PARADISE LOST" IS NOW A MILTON MUSEUM



A VILLAGE IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY—HAMPTON LUCY, NEAR STRATFORD-ON-AVON, A COMMUNITY WHICH HAS CHANGED LITTLE SINCE THE GREAT DRAMATIST'S DAY



a sign that the market rights once belonged to a bishop or an abbot. Before the market opened a brief service was held from the steps, and here the market tolls were paid and public announcements given out.

More modern are the market-houses, the earliest of which date from the seventeenth

more the road continues through the open country—past broad meadows which have yielded fat grazing for a thousand years; past corn-fields with hedgerows dividing the landscape into checkers of all shapes and sizes; past swelling open land where the billowing fields are denoted only by the



AN OLD VILLAGE INN WITH THATCHED ROOF AND HANGING SIGN—THE OTHER OLD THATCHED BUILDING ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE IS THE SCHOOLHOUSE

century. They usually consist of an upper story set on pillars, and occasionally they possess a small lock-up in the corner of the market space beneath.

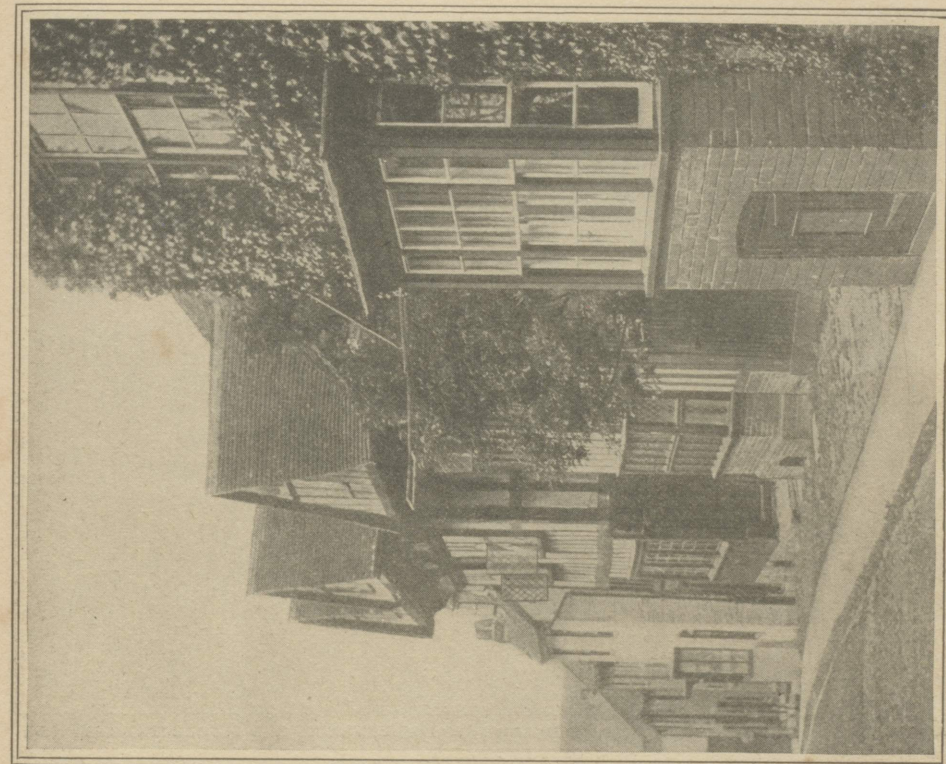
Other buildings of the market-towns are town halls; guild-houses of the trades; ancient homes of the merchants who built up their prosperity, often degraded to base purposes and sadly misused, but not totally defaced; almshouses erected by these merchants; mills spanning a stream, and perhaps an electric-light plant which was a cloth-mill before the industry shifted to other parts of the country.

These towns are soon explored, and once

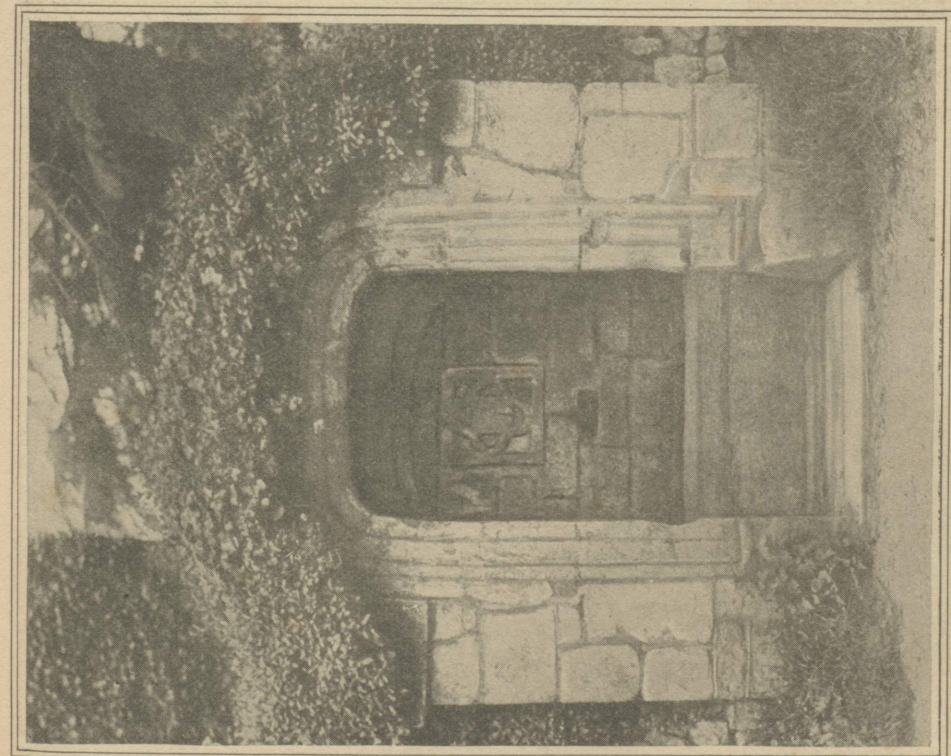
crops they grow. Perhaps the way runs along the foot of a downland ridge, whose lower slope rises in steps of narrow terraces one above the other, relics of the ancient system of tillage when the plow was always driven in one direction.

Where springs are abundant wells are common—a dipping well beneath the bank supplying water to a cottage, or a holy well covered by a chapel-like structure. Some are reputed to cure certain ailments; to others are ascribed more miraculous powers in which the old folks still believe.

Here the old toll-houses command every crossroad, though they are fast being de-



A PICTURESQUE TIMBERED HOUSE WITH THREE PROJECTING GABLES, THE DWELLING OF AN OLD-TIME MERCHANT IN A MEDIEVAL ENGLISH TOWN



AN OLD COVERED WELL BY THE WAYSIDE—SOME OF THESE ARE SUPPOSED TO CURE CERTAIN DISEASES, OR TO POSSESS MIRACULOUS POWERS





AN ANCIENT VILLAGE MARKET-CROSS WHERE IN OLD DAYS PRAYERS WERE SAID BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE MARKET



THE MARKET-HOUSE AT LEDBURY, IN HEREFORDSHIRE, BUILT IN 1633, ONE OF THE OLDEST STRUCTURES OF ITS KIND IN ENGLAND

molished. If you wander far enough, a May-pole may be seen or a memorial to a crime that thrilled the country.

Old inn, old battle-field, old abbey, old monument—England is full of them. Here and there is a huge horse or a gigantic figure cut in the escarpment of the chalk, whose origin is lost in the mist of ages. Another of these strange landmarks is the great cross in the Chilterns, said to be a mammoth sign-post guiding travelers to a gap in the

on England, one is glad to know. Only thus will you learn to know the real England, with all its prejudices and its virtues, its characteristics good and bad.

The stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farmhouses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about the country churches; attend wakes



A VERY OLD STONE COTTAGE—NOTE THE WIDE, DEEP PORCH AND THE THATCHED ROOF, TIME-WORN AND PATCHED

hills; and there are some more modern ones, representing George III on horseback, or a crown to commemorate Queen Victoria's jubilee.

The observant tourist will mark varieties of plow, of spade, of wagon, of methods of work. He will notice that in one part of England all the carts have blue bodies and red wheels, while elsewhere they are painted a clayey buff resembling khaki. The sickle and the harvester may be used in the same field at harvest-time, and in the hilly western counties corn is sometimes carried to the rick on wooden sledges.

Lastly, the character and appearance and speech of the folk may be observed; for uniformity of dialect has not yet been forced

and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humors.

So wrote a famous American author just a hundred years ago, the passage quoted being the opening paragraph of Washington Irving's "Rural Life in England," which forms part of his "Sketch Book." And just as Irving in his time did much to interpret England and America to each other, so to-day the thousands of American soldiers who have been in English training-camps, or in English hospitals recovering from wounds, have not only learned something of England and its ordinary people, but have been missionaries teaching the Englishman better acquaintance with America.





LOLA FISHER, IN A SCENE FROM CLARE KUMMER'S CLEVER COMEDY, "BE CALM, CAMILLA"  
From a photograph by White, New York

## THE STAGE

A DASH OF SHAKESPEARE IN VARIOUS DIRECTIONS, WITH AN ATTEMPT TO  
ACCOUNT FOR HIS ALLEGED UNPOPULARITY

By Matthew White, Jr.

THE happiness reflected from the faces of New York theatrical folk as the year of the armistice came to its close was not wholly due to the throngs that filled the playhouses nightly while awaiting ships bearing returning troops. Shakespeare, too, came in for his innings. Not only did Robert Mantell play a seven-weeks' season of classic repertory which seemed to make more than the usual stir,

but Walter Hampden, resuming his impersonation of *Hamlet*, first essayed at special matinées last spring, found a public so eager to listen to him that an actual run in these Friday afternoon and Saturday morning performances was inaugurated, sandwiched in with Hampden's regular job at the Booth as leading man with Lola Fisher in "Be Calm, Camilla."

Nor was this all. There appeared a

318

brand-new *Hamlet*, first time on any stage, so that New Yorkers got two fresh impersonators of the melancholy prince within a twelvemonth—neither of them to be despised, either. As a matter of fact, monkeying with the Bard of Avon seems far safer for the men than the women. If you don't believe me, look back at the records hung up—or rather down—by Maude Adams's *Juliet*, Annie Russell's *Puck*, Elsie Ferguson's *Portia*, and the three hapless Shakespearean heroines essayed by Laurette Taylor last spring.

The newest *Hamlet*, also the youngest, is Fritz Leiber, who is only thirty-five years old, and who has been playing with Man-

tell for nine years in parts like *Iago*, *Othello*, *Laertes*, *Mercutio*. Long before these Mantell days he had acted Shakespeare in that prime training-school—stock, beginning with the Dearborn Company, in Chicago, his native city. For three seasons, too, he was with the Ben Greet Players, after which he joined Julia Marlowe.

By courtesy of Mr. Mantell, Leiber played *Hamlet* at a special matinée a week before Christmas, and acquitted himself altogether creditably. In looks he is well fitted for the rôle, resembling our greatest living *Hamlet*—Forbes-Robertson—more than a little. His diction, too, is in the main fine. Possibly, in his efforts to avoid



HELEN HAYES, WHO IS THE WASTREL ARTIST'S DREAM DAUGHTER IN THE SECOND ACT OF BARRIE'S LATEST COMEDY, "DEAR BRUTUS"

From a photograph by Abbe, New York





NONETTE, WHO IS ZAIDA IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "SOMEBODY'S SWEETHEART"

*From a photograph by Ajeda, New York*

rant, he now and then underplayed a passage; but I think that Shakespeare himself, had he been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the Forty-Fourth Street Theater, would have been well pleased with the impersonation. This in spite of the fact that Heywood Broun, in the *Tribune*, declared that the *Hamlet* title for the year rests with Hampden, while John Corbin, of the *Times*, found that now and then Lei-

ber's enunciation lacked purity, and that his voice had no great variety or range.

I am recording my idea of what Shakespeare would think had he been able to see Leiber's impersonation as the original creation of the part, and not after persistent playing and comment and dissection and wrangling had incrustured it with traditions three centuries deep.

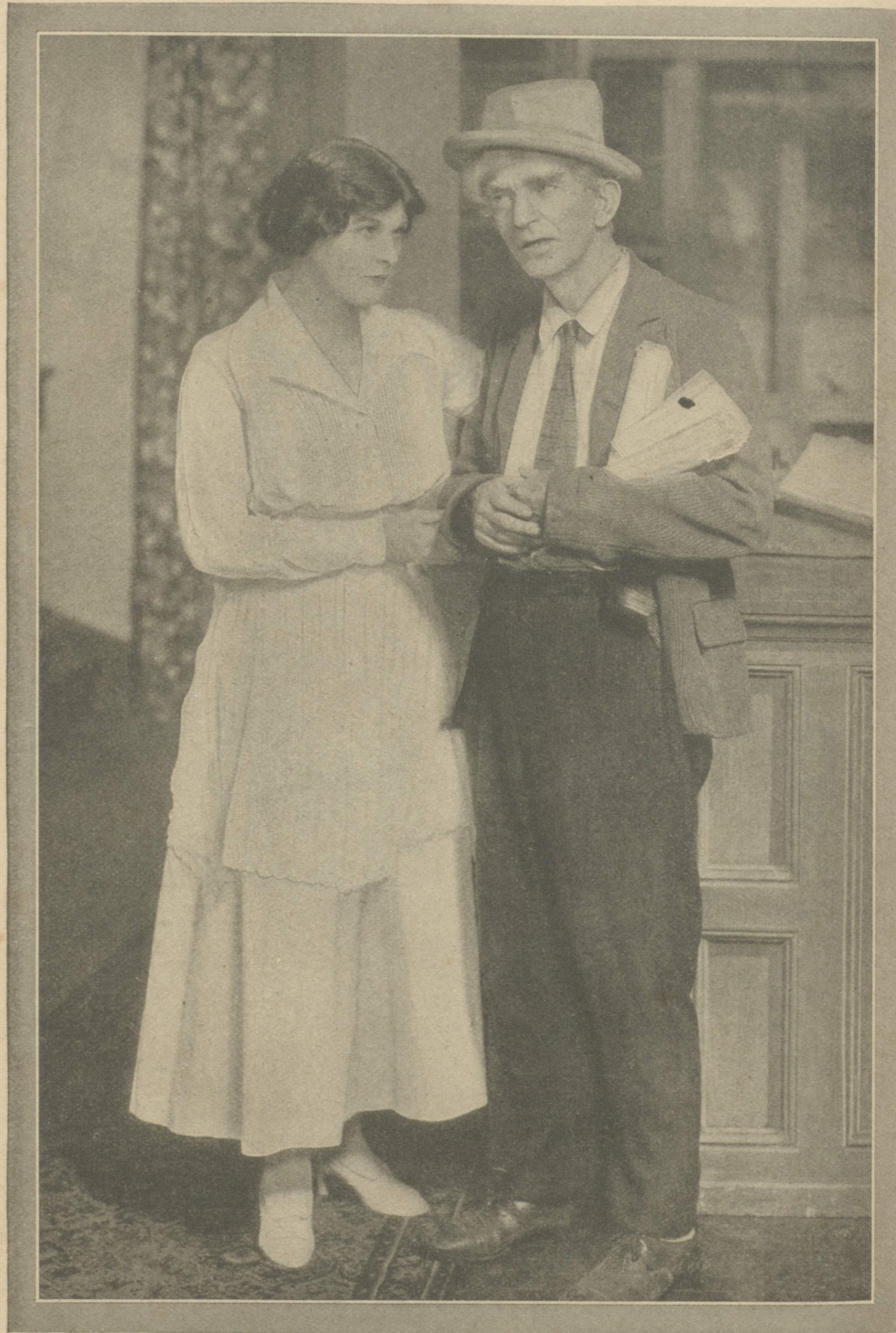
Of Hampden's *Hamlet*, Mr. Broun wrote



WILDA BENNETT, LEADING WOMAN, AS WIFE TO DONALD BRIAN, IN THE MUSICAL-COMEDY HIT, "THE GIRL BEHIND THE GUN"

*From her latest photograph by Geisler & Andrews, New York*





BEATRICE NICHOLS AND FRANK BACON IN A SCENE FROM THE BIG COMEDY HIT, AT NEW YORK'S GAIETY THEATER, "LIGHTNIN' "

*From a photograph by White, New York*



VIOLET HEMING, LEADING WOMAN IN THE MYSTERY WAR PLAY, "THREE FACES EAST," HAVING AN ALL-SEASON RUN AT THE COHAN & HARRIS THEATER

*From her latest photograph by Campbell, New York*





HELEN FORD, AS SHE APPEARS IN THE MUSICAL-COMEDY SUCCESS, "SOME TIME"

*From a photograph by Abbe, New York*

last spring that it was somewhat "set and mature," yet admirable in performance, because of the richness of his reading. Mr. Corbin calls it a highly distinguished rendering, but deplors Hampden's tendency to think of the melancholy prince rather as a character than as part of a play.

Walter Hampden is a native of Brooklyn, but did most of his acting in England until

he brought Charles Rann Kennedy's "Servant in the House" to this country in manuscript form, ten years ago, and played *Manson*, the name-part, with such success. He appeared with Nazimova in Ibsen pending final arrangements for the presentation of the Kennedy piece. In England he had acted with the Frank Benson players, and in due course reached the London Adelphi



JULIETTE DAY, WHO HAS A LIVELY PART IN THE PRINCESS THEATER MUSICAL COMEDY, "OH, MY DEAR!"

*From a photograph by Abbe, New York*





ENID BENNETT, STARRED IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE, "FUSS AND FEATHERS"

From a copyrighted photograph by the Evans Studio, Los Angeles

in "The Song of the Sword"; but his longest training was in Shakespeare.

Following the extended run of "The Servant in the House," he appeared in the short-lived "Winterfeast," also by Mr. Kennedy, and then created a prominent rôle in Clyde Fitch's posthumous production, "The City." He was the *Caliban* in the notable performance of "The Tempest" at the Century, and shortly thereafter went into comedy, in this way coming to be cast for Clare Kummer's initial success—also in association with Lola Fisher—"Good Gracious Annabelle."

Reverting to *Hamlet*, it may be interesting to recall the comments made when E. H. Sothern, now retired, made his first appearance in the rôle—which happened at the Garden Theater on September 17, 1900.

other line of work—Taylor Holmes, the star of "His Majesty Bunker Bean."

As I said at the outset, Shakespeare is decidedly looking up this season—a pleasant contrast to my lament last June, when I found that during the season then closing there had been only two brief showings of him in New York. In this theatrical year, besides the two *Hamlets* already mentioned, we have already had Mantell's *Hamlet*, also his appearances in "Romeo and Juliet," "King Lear," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Macbeth."

As I sat watching "Hamlet" unfold itself, the other afternoon, I kept asking myself why it was that people didn't enjoy Shakespeare, and reached the conclusion that they only imagine that they don't. I verily believe that it is his commentators

The *Times* thought that in its general discretion the portrayal recalled that of Edwin Booth, but that it lacked the force, the thrill, and the uplifting effect of great tragic acting. The *Sun* averred that the performance was a disappointment "only to those who had predicted that Sothern would come an awful cropper in the rôle. As a matter of fact, Mr. Sothern was not only a good *Hamlet*, but he gave what was without doubt the best piece of acting of his career." Alan Dale called it a "distinctively nineteenth-century *Hamlet*, a cozy, gentle, declamatory person 'enjoying' bad health."

The *Ophelia* was Virginia Harned, at that time Mrs. Sothern. The *Rosencrantz*, I find from a glance at the cast, was an actor whom you have come to know in quite an-

who have been the undoing of this master dramatist so far as his being a best-seller is concerned. Why not quit disputing as to what this or that sentiment may mean, and let the author speak for himself?

Shakespeare should have the best equipment, not only in cast, but in scenery and effects, that is possible. And take him out of the schoolroom atmosphere. Of all playwrights Shakespeare wrote for the theater. Less talk, then, of the "closet drama."

Barrie has gone to Shakespeare for the title of his latest play, a comedy which ran all season at the London Wyndham's, and which gives every indication of lasting from Christmas until Easter in New York. "Dear Brutus" is very far indeed from being another "Kiss for Cinderella," "Peter Pan," or "Little Minister." Its first and last acts are thoroughly delightful, but the middle one is Barrie at his most obscure. None the less, such is the Barrie



WILLETTE KERSHAW, STARRING IN THE CHICAGO COMPANY PRESENTING "THE CROWDED HOUR"

From a photograph by Lewis-Smith, Chicago





ROSIE QUINN, ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE MIDNIGHT WHIRL ATOP THE CENTURY THEATER, NEW YORK

From a photograph by Abbe, New York

vogue that the cream of the town's theatergoers will cheerfully endure the tedium induced by most of what is said in the magic wood, not only for the sake of the undeniable charm of the other two acts, but because to enjoy Barrie stamps one in the world of drama as does an ability to appreciate Debussy or Glazounoff in music.

"Julius Caesar" supplied the rather far-fetched name in the lines:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

The theme is what might have happened had we a chance of living our lives differ-

ently—an idea much used in our theaters of late; but Barrie has chosen to treat the subject at a different angle from either "Eyes of Youth" or "Roads of Destiny." I am inclined to believe that were he not too famous to be amenable to revision, a play-doctor could have swung that weak second act into line with the two admirable ones that precede and follow it. But Barrie, of course, like Shaw, is sacrosanct, and what he has written he has written; so audiences suffer in silence. The actors care not a whit, for what player is there who will quarrel with the words he has to say, provided he has enough of them?

Not only has Barrie borrowed his title from Shakespeare, but the *deus ex machina* in his play is no other than Puck of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in modern garb—a cranky old man known as Lob. He assembles a house-party of people not very well acquainted with one another for Midsummer eve, the night when fairies are most apt to roam. Then he conjures up the wood in which to have them walk abroad for the mere pleasure of watching the effect that its magic properties will have upon them. A watching more interesting to the audience is that maintained by the first characters in the last act to slough off the woody influences as they await the moment when their companions, too, shall wake up to their real selves.

The Charles Frohman management has provided a cast of rare excellence for the interpretation of this whimsy, headed by William Gillette, as the artist who has become a waster through drink, and who is the only one promised a real reform at the end. The part is as far a cry as one could possibly imagine from the head of the American household that Gillette did in "A Successful Calamity." The artist's wife falls to Hilda Spong, who was an important member of that famous old Lyceum stock, and who came back to us three years ago, after an absence in Australia, to play with Arnold Daly in his revival of "Candida."

Sam Sothern—brother of E. H.—has the same part in "Dear Brutus" that he had in the London production, and Matey, the thieving butler, gets a capital interpreter in Louis Calvert, who was *Sir Toby* in "Twelfth Night," *Falstaff* in "The Merry Wives," and *Sir Peter* in "The School for Scandal," during the seasons of 1910-1911 at the New Theater. But most of the good notices went to almost an unknown, in the person of the girl, Helen Hayes, the artist's dream daughter. Miss Hayes was on Broadway briefly last autumn as *Penrod's* sister in the Booth Tarkington play, and before that she acted *Pollyanna* on the road. For the rest, she is a native of Washington, where she had her early training in the Columbia and Poli stock companies.

Also on the "Dear Brutus" roster is that sterling actress of the old school, Marie Wainwright, who made her first appearance as *Juliet*, no less, at the old Booth's Theater in New York, on May 17, 1877, in support of the English star, George Rignold. Although she began her career in Shake-

speare, and was destined to play many Shakespearian parts, Miss Wainwright did not hesitate, the very next year, to jump into comic opera, for she is down on the records as the first American *Josephine* in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore." This was sung at the Boston Museum.

She was also the first American *Countess Zicka* in Sardou's "Diplomacy." After that she spent five years as lead with Lawrence Barrett, and, after appearing in the classics for several seasons with Louis James, in 1886 she became leading woman with the Booth-Salvini combination. This was followed by a starring tour in "Amy Robsart." Back again with Gillette, she is only resuming a relationship that began with the mother in "Samson," in 1908, and continued with her *Mrs. General Varney*, in "Secret Service," in 1911. More recently she was the *Mother Superior* with Frances Starr in "Marie-Odile."

It is a Shakespearian character that gives title to the most important revival of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House—Weber's "Oberon," not heard in New York since 1870. It was produced in English, between Christmas and New Year's, with all the pomp and circumstance afforded by Urban scenery, to which its fairy story lends itself admirably.

For the prima donna rôle, Rosa Ponselle was selected—the second appearance at the Metropolitan of this young American girl of twenty-two from Meriden, Connecticut, who, a year ago, was doing a sister act in vaudeville. A music-teacher chanced to see her work, realized the possibilities in her voice, and after four months of training contrived to get a hearing for her from Mr. Gatti, with the result that in the first week of opera, last November, she scored heavily as *Leonora* in Verdi's "Forza del Destino."

Grand opera would appear to be in the way of losing its tragic note. "Oberon" has a happy ending, and recent novelties at the Metropolitan have tended to librettos of a lighter sort. Of the three Puccini one-act offerings that had their world *première* on Broadway on December 14, "Gianni Schicchi," which is comedy, made the most favorable impression.

With the war over, we may look for more wonderful results than ever on the stage of what is now without dispute the world's foremost temple of music. "Faust" has been restored to the repertory with Farrar



as *Marguerite*, and a new running-mate has been found for the perennial "Cavalleria" in "Coq d'Or," last season's novelty. And Caruso is still on hand.

A famous tenor, more or less suggestive of John McCormack—who has been singing at the Metropolitan again this winter—is the hero of George M. Cohan's new play for Chauncey Olcott. "The Voice of McConnell," it is called, and I felt well repaid for deserting Broadway to go over to the Manhattan Opera House in Thirty-Fourth Street to see it. Cohan has written three new songs for the production, all typical Irish melodies, and of course Olcott is the man to sing them. And I must add a word on the skilfulness with which they are introduced—not lugged in, but sprouting naturally out of the story itself, which the *Times* reviewer described in these words:

Technically the play is almost perfect, a whole text-book for the aspiring playwright.

Chauncey Olcott was born in Buffalo, fifty-nine years ago, and made his first stage appearance sixteen years later, at the Union Square Theater in New York, as *Pablo* in "Pepita, or the Girl with the Glass Eyes." Surely she must have been some heroine! I wonder if Mr. Olcott remembers just what was the trouble. Two years after that he went with Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead," as *Frank Hopkins*. After a couple of seasons in this rural atmosphere, he switched to the sea, and became *Ralph Rackstraw* in "Pinafore," followed by *Nanki Poo* in "The Mikado." A period in London for the study of music ensued, and on his return, some twelve years later, he started his series of Irish parts by starring in "Ma-vourneen."

#### A JOURNEY WORTH TAKING

A comedy, well written, well acted, and well placed in the Little Theater is "A Little Journey," by Rachel Crothers. It may not achieve the popularity of her "Old Lady 31," but one comes away with a satisfying sense of having spent one's time with real types who have no odor of the footlights about them. What is more, one gets full measure of drama, not the scant story, threatening to collapse at every scene, so frequently offered us of late years. The only thing that collapses in "A Little Journey" is the sleeper in which the first two acts are laid.

Cyril Keightley—the rugged man of the West who pays the heroine's fare when she loses her ticket—is an English actor whom the late Charles Frohman brought to America in 1908, to be leading man for Billie Burke in the latter's first starring venture, "Love Watches." Of him Mr. Frohman said at the time:

"He reminds me more of the late Maurice Barrymore—Ethel's father—than any other actor has ever done."

"Mr. Keightley has dignity, poise, and a sense of humor," one of the next day's reviewers said of him.

Four years afterward he attracted fresh attention by his admirable performance of the lead in the all-man play, "The New Sin." Then he was *Richard Laird* in "The Song of Songs," and two seasons later he acted the lead in the surprise comedy, "Cheating Cheaters."

Estelle Winwood, heroine of "A Little Journey," is likewise from England. She came over two years ago to play in "Hush," which lived only a little longer than its name at the Little Theater. Last season she was fortunate to be chosen for the feminine lead in that clever comedy, "Why Marry?"

Most of the laughs in "A Little Journey" go to Jobyna Howland, who started her career by appearing with James K. Hackett as *Princess Flavia* in "Rupert of Hentzau," the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." This was just twenty years ago, and Miss Howland came to the stage from being C. D. Gibson's model for the illustrations to the book. Nine years later she married Arthur Stringer, the story-writer.

#### A FARCE WITH A STRANGE DRAWBACK

"Keep It to Yourself" keeps its audiences laughing all the evening except at the two important curtains. In farce, of all forms of plays, the climax is most important, and it is odd indeed to note that in Mark Swan's clever adaptation from the French, which involves a bride and groom and a too-easy subject for hypnotism, the flat moments are those which come just before curtain-fall in the first and second acts. Surely it would be easy to remedy the defect by dropping the curtain an instant or two sooner in each case.

However, I think this is not going to interfere with the run of the funniest farce I have seen since "Fair and Warmer." Edwin Nicander is featured as the hyp-

notist, and Alphonz Ethier looks a stalwart bridegroom to the life. Both men had their training in hard-working, twelve-performances-a-week stock. Dallas Welford as *Charlie*, the forgetful waiter, is another constant provider of mirth. He is an English comedian at whom one has but to look to laugh. He came here to play "Mr. Hopkinson" in 1906, and you saw him last about a year ago as the apoplectic in "Sick Abed."

#### ANOTHER "THIRTEEN" KNOCK-OUT

"But look here, you can't do that! It's a bit too—well, too swift, don't you think?"

"All right. We'll do it anyway, and call the thing melodrama. Even Belasco's producing that these days."

I can imagine some such conversation taking place between the two collaborators on "The Woman in Room Thirteen." The result of acting on the second man's suggestion is one of the season's smashing hits, to which the smart set is flocking in throngs. Samuel Shipman and Max Marcini, both associated with previous successes—"Friendly Enemies" and "Cheating Cheaters," to name only two—give their audience good measure, too, in a prologue and four acts, with a cast of seventeen people, while A. H. Woods has stinted nothing on the producing end. There are Janet Beecher, Lowell Sherman, Gail Kane, Will Deming, and Charles Waldron, to say nothing of a novelty in scenic effects which may well make the movies hustle a bit as they see the legitimate crowding them closer in the matter of swift transitions from room to room.

The play starts off with a bang. There's no "planting" of clues to the character of its chief personages before they appear, but Miss Beecher and Lowell Sherman are shown straight off the bat on the edge of their divorce. She has another husband—Charles Waldron—in the other acts, a husband with whom No. 1 has voted to get even, if it takes a lifetime to do it. There is a court-room scene as effective, thanks to the new device, as it is brief, and while lacking the characterization of "Within the Law" and the mystery element of "The Thirteenth Chair," the newer play is not so very distantly related to both of these in the matter of thrills.

Janet Beecher comes to "The Woman in Room Thirteen" after a period of rest following the abrupt withdrawal of "Double

Exposure" last autumn, and Gail Kane returns to the speaking stage from a somewhat lengthy lingering in pictures. Lowell Sherman was in "The Knife," and Charles Waldron, one of the many clever graduates of the old Murray Hill stock, was the hero in "Daddy Longlegs." As the second husband he replaces the late John Mason, who was taken ill after only one performance on the road. Will Deming, you will recall, scored heavily in "Where Poppies Bloom," which was laid aside to permit of Marjorie Rambeau's return to "Eyes to Youth," preparatory to a season in London.

#### LORD DUNSANY'S LATEST

Personally I am not partial to "nut" plays—beloved of the long-haired men and short-haired women who have turned Greenwich Village into a freak section of Manhattan. A typical specimen is "A Night in Avignon," by Cale Rice Young, the first playlet on the bill at the Punch and Judy Theater, where Stuart Walker has inaugurated his new Portmanteau season. When I tell you that the pantomime by which it was followed seemed far more comprehensible to the majority of the audience, you may imagine the boredom induced by this latest effort of a man whom the program calls "one of the foremost of America's poets."

The pantomime, "Stingy," was written by Maxwell Parry, an aviator of the A. E. F., who disappeared on July 8 last after bringing down two German machines. Herbert E. Hyde has fitted descriptive music to this children's entertainment that adds a hundred per cent to its effectiveness; but of course the *pièce de résistance* of the bill is Lord Dunsany's "The Laughter of the Gods," in three short acts.

I do not agree with those who think the new play inferior to Dunsany's "Gods of the Mountain." It reveals a keener insight into foibles that are as common to-day as they were in the time of Babylon's decadence, the period of the piece, which turns on the disgust of the courtiers when the king insists on removing his capital to a jungle city. Three of them, egged on by their wives, induce a prophet to foretell the impending doom of the new capital, hoping to induce the monarch to return to the flesh-pots of happier days; but the king refuses to heed the warning, and the gods, to have the laugh on the court folk who have ignored them, destroy the city as pre-



dicted, although originally they had no such intention.

Stuart Walker has supplied a striking setting for this sterling bit of dramatic work, to which his company, headed by George Gaul—the colored man in “Seventeen,” and *Job* in the dramatization of the Bible story—McKay Morris, Elizabeth Patterson, and Margaret Mower do full justice. Lord Dunsany, whose family name is Plunkett, saw active service in South Africa and again in the war with Germany. As a playwright he was first introduced to this country at the Neighborhood Playhouse in Grand Street, May 13, 1916, with “A Night at an Inn,” the first in his “Great Gods” trilogy.

#### A QUARTET OF BOOK PLAYS

“Tillie,” a comedy of the Pennsylvania Dutch, is the sort of play that usually has hard sledding on Broadway. Patricia Collinge’s fascinating impersonation of the heroine may pull it through, as Mrs. Fiske did a few years since with “Erstwhile Susan,” a play based on another of Helen Martin’s novels about the Mennonite folk. The last act is capital, but that is rather a small average of merit when you consider that there are three other acts.

Like Lord Dunsany, Patricia Collinge is Irish. She came to New York when she was sixteen, her first part here being that of a flower-girl in “The Queen of the Moulin Rouge.” After a period of struggle she became *Youth* in “Everywoman.” Later, her work as leading woman with Douglas Fairbanks and William H. Crane in “The New Henrietta” caused her to be recognized by first-nighters when she came before them again in “The Show Shop” and “He Comes Up Smiling,” Fairbanks’s last bouts with the legitimate before he capitulated to pictures. Instead of following him in that direction, Miss Collinge proceeded to preach the gospel of gladness up and down the land as *Pollyanna*.

Along with “Tillie,” several other by-products of books reached the stage—one of them, “The Melting of Molly,” with musical trimmings. Broadway has been threatened with this, for lo, these several years, and I cannot truthfully say that it has been deprived of much in the waiting. In a season that gives us Gilbert and Sullivan so well done by the American Singers at the Park, a musical show must be above the average to get by.

Another capture from the types for the footlights is “Cappy Ricks,” starring Tom Wise and William Courtenay jointly. Each of these gentlemen has had his failure since September, Mr. Wise with “Mr. Barnum” and Mr. Courtenay with “The Maid of the Mountains,” although in each case the individual added to his reputation. It is to be hoped that their reunion may bring them the good luck that attended their venture in another book play, “Pals First.”

The crowning metamorphosis has been wrought by George Cohan. Summoned as first aid to the struggling in fitting for the stage “A Prince There Was”—dramatized from the story “Enchanted Hearts,” and starring Robert Hilliard—he insisted on banishing so much of the fantastic in favor of the practical that Hilliard got out soon after the run started. Cohan took the part himself as a stop-gap, and decided to keep it when what had threatened to prove a flivver turned out a success.

#### DITRICHSTEIN IN SERIOUS VEIN

The French do these things gracefully. I shudder to think what might have happened to our sensibilities had “The Marquis de Priola” been the work of an English-speaking playwright. This is the drama from the French of Henri Lavedan in which Leo Ditrichstein returns to New York under his own management.

Attached to the Italian embassy in Paris, the marquis knows no greater joy than to break women’s hearts. In the night and day during which we see him through the eyes of M. Lavedan, he worships two of them—one the wife from whom he had been divorced—and is himself worsted by a third. He seeks to launch his adopted son on the same career of cruelty, but at the final curtain he faces twenty years of paralysis and blindness, the result of his excesses. Ditrichstein portrays the man with masterly strokes, both of voice, gesture, and physiognomy, and the character is likely to live in his repertory as *Baron Chevrier* did in Mansfield’s.

In the supporting cast are no fewer than three leading women—Jane Grey, Lily Cahill, and Katherine Emmett, while as the son, Brandon Tynan has a rôle of high importance. It is claimed that he seems too old for it—which recalls the well-known dictum regarding *Juliet*, to the effect that no actress has the ability to play the character until she is too old to look it.

## The Odd Measure

### A Blind Man Who Works for the Blind

Sir Arthur Pearson,  
Founder of St.  
Dunstan's Hostel

TEN or twelve years ago many Americans knew Sir Arthur Pearson as a man who had made his own way to the front in London journalism, and as one of the active forces in English public affairs. Then the current of his life was turned by what seemed a tragic misfortune—the failure of his sight. He has since found a new career and a new sphere of usefulness in devoting himself to the welfare of others who have suffered the same loss. He has become an expert and a pioneer in this field, and has made his training-school in London, St. Dunstan’s Hostel, a model which many teachers of the blind have studied and imitated.

Sir Arthur recently visited the United States and Canada, to confer with those in charge of work for American and Canadian soldiers blinded in the great war. While in New York he gave an interesting talk about his ideas, and told stories to show how unintelligent the usual methods of dealing with sightless people have been. They have either been treated as if they had lost all their faculties at once, or as if they possessed supernatural and uncanny powers. He cited the case of a well-meaning English attendant who used to help him get a swim.

“Now, sir, the steps,” the man would say. “There are four of them. One, sir; two, sir; three, sir; four, sir”—as if a blind man could not possibly count four.

And then, when they got back to the dressing-room, the attendant would announce:

“Here we are, sir—your clothes on your right, sir, and the looking-glass on your left!”

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Vexed Question of the Dalmatian Littoral

Why Italy Wants a Foothold on the Eastern Shore of the Adriatic

THE question of Dalmatia and the eastern coast of the Adriatic is one of the most tangled of all the problems of delimitation with which the peace conference in Paris has to deal.

As far back as history goes, that country was inhabited by Illyrian peoples who had moved westward from beyond the Balkans, and who brought corn and the vine with them from the east. Its modern name is derived from one of their settlements, Dalminium, in what is now Herzegovina. About seven centuries before Christ, Phœnician and Greek traders came adventuring up the Adriatic in their galleys, and established colonies in the islands and on the coast. Thus was begun the Hellenization of the Adriatic Sea border. There had been no conquest save penetration by trade.

The first contact with the power of Rome came about 230 B.C., but it was not until the reign of Augustus that the stubborn Illyrians were finally subdued. Their territory became a rich Roman province, and two famous emperors—Aurelian and Diocletian—were born within its borders.

The decline of the empire opened the way for the invader, and in 493 the Ostrogoths came. In the sixth century Constantinople, as the heir of Rome, asserted her dominion for a time; but her rule was submerged by a new wave of barbarians, the fierce Avars, who left the country a desert behind them. Then came the Slavs, and Dalmatia became part of the first Serbian state, whose crown passed in the twelfth century to Hungary; but Serbian or Slavic the land remains to this day. Its history through the Middle Ages was a long struggle against the Hungarian and the Turk and a vain effort to stave off the power of Venice over the towns along the coast. The queen city of the Adriatic got full control at the end of the seventeenth century, and retained her sway until her fall in 1797. Austria intervened for a moment, but gave way before the sword of Napoleon, who



first assigned Dalmatia to Italy and then annexed it to France. It went back to Austria when the Corsican conqueror fell.

It is said that under the Roman Empire there were five million inhabitants in Dalmatia; now there are only six hundred thousand. Zara, the capital, like all the coast towns, is typically Venetian in appearance. Its old walls still surround it, and above the principal entrance gate is the winged lion of Venice. It is a busy little town of narrow, crowded streets, barred windows, and low doors; its one industrial specialty is the distilling of maraschino from Dalmatian cherries. Below, the Adriatic plunges in an arm known as the Canal of Zara, protected by the islet of Ugljan, from whose highest point, Monte San Michele, you can look over to Ancona on the coast of Italy.

Italy's shore of the Adriatic is low-lying and has no good harbor between Venice in the north and Brindisi in the south; but her whole fleet could ride in safety in the Zara roadstead. No wonder she is reviving the question of the heritage of Rome and Venice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Damascus, the  
Oldest City  
in the World

*Freed from the  
Turks, It May  
Be the Capital  
of an Autonomous  
Syria*

THE Arabs say that the first town was Damascus and the last town will be Damascus. When Mohammed from the hill of Saliheyeh saw the "rose-red city half as old as time," the pearl set in emerald and washed by the waters of the Barada—the Abana of the Bible—he turned his eyes away lest its beauty should divert his heart from heaven, and his followers exclaimed:

"If paradise be on earth, it is this, it is this!"

To-day the soldiers of a British garrison are within its walls and walk the street called Straight, where Saul of Tarsus tarried in the house of Judas. It is a city of some four hundred thousand inhabitants, on a plateau two thousand feet above the sea, and has seen the rise and fall of many empires—the Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Roman, and now the Ottoman. The straight street still runs through its center, as it did two thousand years ago, but now there are railways—one to Beirut, on the Syrian coast, and the Hedjaz line running far southward to Medina and Mecca.

Before the war, the outer world knew little of Damascus. Now and then a tourist steamer put in at Beirut, and its passengers journeyed inland over the hills; but they saw little of Damascus except the Victoria Hotel, and what the dragoman thought they ought to see. That would include the city gates, which an act of treason opened to the Arabs led by Kalid in 635; the Tangiziya, now a military school; the Ilbogha mosque, which was turned into a biscuit-factory, and the site of the palace of Nureddin, who defeated the crusaders under the walls of Damascus in 1148.

For centuries the ancient city was famous for the temper of its steel blades, but in 1401 Timur, the Tatar conqueror, carried off all the craftsmen skilled in the armorer's art—which had been the gift of the Emperor Diocletian to Damascus. Diocletian's armories were somewhere near the citadel, in the northwest corner of the town, but the exact spot has been forgotten. It was said to be some virtue in the water used in tempering the steel that added to its suppleness.

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" said Naaman, captain of the host of the King of Syria, to the Prophet Elisha.

Beirut, the port of Damascus and its rival in picturesqueness, lies at the foot of the fertile slopes of Lebanon, studded with vineyards and groves of pines and mulberries. There is a great American college there, where more than a thousand Armenian, Syrian, and Egyptian boys are trained in medicine and other useful arts.

Six miles from Beirut, on the old road that runs inland, there is an inscription recording the landing of French troops there in 1860, to protect

the Syrian Christians from being massacred by their Moslem neighbors. Beside it are ancient records of conquests of Syria by Rameses, Tiglath-Pileser, and Shalmaniser. Will General Allenby record there the date of his entry into Damascus as the dawn of a new era for a town that was old when vanished Tyre and Sidon were at their prime?

\* \* \* \* \*

Mercantile  
Enterprise of  
the Retreating  
Germans

*A Story That  
Recalls the Man  
Who Sold the  
Post-Office*

IN the good—or bad—old days when "bunco-steering" was a recognized industry in New York, wonderful stories used to be told of the exploits of certain skilful operators of that classic form of fraud. It was said that one of them, getting hold of a well-to-do farmer, took the countryman to look at a large structure on lower Broadway, where he explained that he owned the building, and that owing to a peculiar combination of circumstances he was offering it for sale to a cash buyer at a bargain price; and he actually ended by getting the farmer to part with a large roll of bills in return for an exceedingly shadowy title to the New York Post-Office.

That story may not be true, but one is forcibly reminded of it by a tale told by a correspondent in Belgium at the time of the German evacuation. It appears that many of the retreating Teutons were disposing of their helmets, rifles, and other portable possessions to any one who would pay a small cash price for such souvenirs; but the most remarkable instance of mercantile enterprise was that of four stragglers near Namur, who had discovered a heavy howitzer abandoned in the grounds of a Belgian *château*. The correspondent found the four Germans offering to sell the huge gun—a ponderous steel structure weighing many tons, complete with limber and caisson—to any one who would pay the trifling sum of fifty marks for it!

It is not recorded, however, that any purchaser cared to undertake the speculation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Even in a  
Great War,  
Little Things  
May Count

*As the K. of C.  
Demonstrated  
with Soap and  
Towels for Soldiers*

HUMAN nature does not change, and the great war, unprecedented cataclysm as it was, only reemphasized many of the old saws. For instance, that little things count—as the Knights of Columbus discovered within an hour of the opening of their first building in France.

The secretary in charge of the building had carried across with him the usual small trunk-load of supplies, including a few cakes of soap and a half-dozen towels. He had been forewarned that his job would involve a great deal of perspiration—hence, no doubt, his desire for cleansing materials. The Knights had just obtained the sanction of the War Department, through General Pershing, to get into the game of caring for our boys; so this pioneer secretary was put upon his mettle to make a hit for himself and for the organization as a whole.

He got his opportunity in a hurry. A crowd of tired, mud-stained Yankees were coming along a country road after a turbulent "at home" to innumerable Fritzes in the front trenches. They saw the "Everybody Welcome" sign hung above the door of the K. of C. shack—which, in itself, was a unique example of something the Germans had missed in their retreat from that part of the battle-zone. On seeing the sign the boys yelled with surprising energy and made for the door *en masse*.

The secretary welcomed them eagerly, gave them cigarettes and candy, and laid out stationery in case they wished to write to their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. The boys smoked, and chewed candy and gum. They commenced writing letters, and their fingers, grimed by active connection with mother earth in the trenches, gave the letter-paper every evidence of having gone through strenuous proceedings.

One young warrior approached the secretary's littered table.

"You ain't got a glove?" he requested.

"A catcher's glove? Sure!" said the secretary, reaching for one.

"Not that," said the soldier. "I couldn't write with that on."



"You want a glove to write with?"

If the boy wanted one, it was up to the secretary to get one, for unwritten instructions to K. of C. workers run along the lines followed by the famous Light Brigade.

"Yes, any old glove will do," said the fighting man, attempting to relieve the secretary's puzzled look. "Any old glove, as long as it's clean. My fingers are making a bad muss of this letter, and I haven't seen soap and water for three days."

The secretary felt the prod of inspiration. Glancing over the packed room, he saw many grimy brows bent over grimy hands that were artistic with the bayonet, if not with the pen.

"Wait just one jiffy," he told the soldier.

Into his trunk he went, and out of the trunk came a towel and soap. The soldier pounced upon them and vanished to the rear of the building, where the rusty handle began to creak on an old pump which—again by some unaccountable neglect—the Germans had left unruined.

Presently he returned, his face beaming after a refreshing douche of suds; and as he flourished his brown, clean hands before the surprised eyes of his companions, questions popped out from all mouths. Smiling and placid, he selected a fresh supply of stationery and recommenced writing. Insistent queries rained upon him. To all he gave a single reply:

"See the sec."

The secretary was stormed. He took the trunk and surrendered it to the clamorous doughboys. There really wasn't much left of the towels by the time the boys were through, and the old pump had rickets in its rheumatic arm; but no soiled letters went home to America from that shack.

That was the small beginning. The secretary wired to K. of C. headquarters in Paris, and K. of C. headquarters in Paris cabled to K. of C. headquarters in America. Thousands of towels and a large shipment of soap traveled just as quickly as transport conditions permitted. Every K. of C. secretary at disembarkation ports, at supply bases, and in the field received his quota, and found plenty of demand for it. This service evolved into something greater, as it was bound to do. The Knights installed shower-baths—batteries of them—and everywhere preached the good doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness, besides promoting scrappiness.

Which may explain why many thousands of physically clean and mentally cheerful letters have journeyed across the ocean on K. of C. stationery.

\* \* \* \* \*

Spartacus of  
Rome and  
Dr. Spartacus  
of Berlin

*Dr. Liebknecht's  
Ill-Omened  
Choice of a  
Pseudonym*

WHY Spartacides, Spartacans, or whatever they are to be called? Why, indeed, the human race should be afflicted with such members as those forming the Spartacus group—younger brothers of the raging Bolsheviki—is a question for wise men to ponder over. But the question why the followers of the late Dr. Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg should, of all designations, have chosen that of *Spartacus Leute*, or Spartacus people, is easier to answer.

It appears that some years ago, needing a pseudonym for his political writings, Dr. Liebknecht looked about him for something classic, and, bethinking himself of the rebellious gladiator who gave the Romans so much trouble, thenceforth signed himself "Dr. Spartacus." When the Kaiser's downfall gave him his chance to project himself into the lime-light, he found that his own name lent itself ill to forming the name of a party, whereas "Spartacus" might do well enough. Literally, "Liebknecht" means "dear knave." One can easily see that a band of hotheads stuffed with half-baked ideas of "freedom" would not care to be called knaves of any kind.

At the same time, Dr. Liebknecht might have reflected that his choice of a classical name was scarcely an augury of success. Why did he not hunt a little farther through history and find some rebel who achieved

freedom for himself and his fellows? Spartacus failed miserably. Originally a Thracian robber chief, he was captured, brought to Rome, and trained as a gladiator. He broke loose with some seventy companions, entrenched himself on the slopes of Vesuvius, and, having been joined by many runaway slaves, beat off the attacks of two or three Roman commanders. At the height of his power he is said to have had seventy thousand armed men, and for nearly two years he had southern Italy at his mercy, twice defeating a consular army sent from Rome. Finally Crassus—then a pretor, later a triumvir with Cæsar and Pompey—penned the rebels in the toe of Calabria. Their leader broke out, but could not escape, and died fighting to the last. The insurrection ended in tragedy and horror, for the Romans, to warn their slaves against another revolt, crucified six thousand of Spartacus's followers all along the Appian Way from Rome to Capua.

History repeated itself when Spartacus of Berlin perished miserably.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Widow  
of Richard  
Wagner

*The Octogenarian  
High Priestess of  
the Shrine at  
Baireuth*

MUSICAL circles everywhere were stirred by the recent report, soon contradicted though it was, of the death at Baireuth, in Bavaria, of Richard Wagner's widow, Frau Cosima Wagner. Since the great war began nothing had been heard of the gaunt old lady who tended the famous composer's shrine so jealously from the time when he died in her arms at Venice, in 1883, until, to her great dismay, his copyrights expired and she lost her autocratic control over the production of his music-dramas. There can be little more for her now than to wait for death and burial beside her husband in the grounds of the Villa Wahnfried, which they built together in 1874.

Born in 1837, few women of her time have led a fuller, more romantic life than this daughter of the famous Hungarian pianist, the Abbé Liszt. Her mother was the runaway wife of the French Comte d'Agoult and the granddaughter of a Jewish banker of Frankfort. Cosima was one of three children born of her union with Liszt, all of whom were legitimated by the priest-musician with the ascetic face, and brought up by his mother.

At the age of twenty, Cosima married one of her father's many "favorite pupils," the concert pianist Hans von Bülow, but the marriage did not prove to be a very happy one. Seven years later, when she met Richard Wagner at Munich, where "Tristan and Isolde" was being given for the first time under the patronage of mad King Louis of Bavaria, she fell in love with him. Wagner had long been separated from his first wife, the unhappy Minna Planer, who died about this time. He was as much taken with Cosima—a splendid musician herself, and an unusually intelligent if not handsome woman—as she with him. Quite naturally, perhaps, she followed her mother's example, and a little later she and Wagner took up their abode together in a villa near Lucerne, in Switzerland. There, in 1869, Cosima bore the composer his only son, Siegfried. Shortly after that event, Hans von Bülow obtained a divorce, and in 1870 she and Wagner were married.

Siegfried Wagner must be a great disappointment to his mother. Long, thin, stoop-shouldered, and unprepossessing in his person, his ability as a musician does not even permit him to conduct his father's music to the satisfaction of the most friendly critics, and his own compositions remain better unheard. From Wagner's son and Liszt's grandson the world and his mother probably expected too much.

Frau Cosima had two daughters before Siegfried was born. Against one of these, shortly before the war, mother and son instituted proceedings to restrain her from placing "née Wagner" after her name, claiming that her father was Hans von Bülow. The case was postponed, and apparently has not been heard yet. The lady, whose first name is Isolde, is the wife of Herr Biedler, a conductor at the Munich Opera.



# Light Verse

## THE HONEST COUNTERFEITER

THE greatest niggard in the universe  
Is Time, that miser of eternity,  
Who hoards all years like gold crammed in a  
purse,  
While doling only baser days to me.

Yet there's an alchemist I know, called Love;  
To him I'll straight convey each coin that's  
doled;  
Each hour he'll take, and stamp both sides thereof  
With the true print of his eternal gold!

Harry Kemp

## AT THE ZOO

IF you hear old Ego whining  
City air is strangling you,  
That your job is too confining—  
Pay a visit to the Zoo.

Seven paces to the left, seven paces to the right,  
Pad the paws that weave a weft eloquent of  
cheated might.

Watch the Bengal tiger stare through his narrow  
bars of steel;  
See the Nubian lion's lair, stuffy lazaret of deal.  
What a truly tragic plight, what a fate for roving  
heft!

Seven paces to the right, seven paces to the left.

If convinced your life's a bungle,  
Cramped as *Punch* and *Judy's* stage,  
Think of monarchs of the jungle  
Or the desert in a cage!

Richard Butler Glaenzer

## HINDSIGHT

DID never you notice, in shop or in mart,  
When seeking things toothsome, substantial,  
or smart—

Or cheap, which is commoner far to us all—  
You passed in review every counter and stall  
Till, firmly convinced you were right in your  
guess,  
You purchased that cabbage, umbrella, or dress;  
As soon as 'twas bought and your shopping you'd  
quit,

You saw something better and cheaper than it?

So wholly depraved are inanimate things,  
As one of the classic philosophers sings,

That bargains play hide-and-go-seek from your  
eyes  
Until you have bought; then they spring a  
surprise,  
Commingle with taunting, by showing them-  
selves  
In the visiblest place on the visiblest shelves.  
In baffled disgust I have frequently thought:  
"Where were you, old-timer, before I had  
bought?"

I've seen—so have you—that some marital bliss  
Was spoiled ere the smack of the first nuptial  
kiss;

When one or the other who'd muttered "I will"  
Saw somebody else who had hidden until  
Their fates they had sealed past convenient  
mending—

A promising honeymoon bitterly ending.  
In love, as in trade, one is like to be caught—  
To see something better just after he's bought!

Strickland Gillilan

## OLD SAFETY

DELIGHT and danger hand in hand  
Forever dance with dizzy feet;  
Old Safety ever hugs the land,  
His only care to sleep and eat.

To little gods that rule the mart  
He pays his due and bends his knee;  
But gods that bless and break the heart—  
He scarcely knows that such gods be.

What though with glory and with awe  
Man's little lot be magnified,  
He keeps the letter of the law;  
His skin is safe, whate'er betide.

For him no rainbow of romance,  
No leap into the arms of joy,  
No dazzling partnership with chance,  
No Helen, and no burning Troy.

The hallowed dream, the flaming bliss,  
That fill the souls of those who dare,  
Though on the edge of the abyss,  
To love—and fall they know not where!

Their souls will fling themselves on fire,  
Or on the gleaming lances run,  
Martyrs of some divine desire  
For others sought, for others won.

338

## LIGHT VERSE

339

Yea, not as these is he who hides  
And hoards his being, safe and small,  
Far from the elemental tides,  
And, living so, lives not at all.

Dust unto dust! Such dust as he  
Insults the procreative sod  
Which, sandy desert though it be,  
Somewhere with palms gives thanks to God.

This dust shall never flame nor flower,  
Nor answer to the kindly spring,  
Nor any resurrecting power  
Breathe life into this lifeless thing.

Safe lived he—safe, being dead, he lies,  
Forgotten of life forevermore;  
One with the dead who do not rise,  
The souls God needs not any more!  
Gilbert Leigh

## UNFRIENDLY RETICENCE

THEY say that money often talks;  
If that be true, I cannot see—  
Unless she is a frightful snob—  
Why she so seldom speaks to me!

Allene Gates

## THE MASTERS OF THE SKY

BEFORE these last short years had flown  
And made the airy riddle known,  
The starry vault was God's alone.

Then came man's keen imaginings,  
And from the secrecy of things  
He wrung the mystery of wings.

Upon the cloudlands coursed his plane;  
He rode the wind's path as a lane,  
And claimed the ether his domain.

But when Bellona learned to fly,  
And battling squadrons warred on high,  
The blue again was No Man's Sky!

McLanburgh Wilson

## THE TRUTHFUL SOLDIER

HE sought the most remote of glades,  
Then sat upon a stone  
And wrote love-notes to twenty maids,  
And signed each "Yours alone."

Charles C. Jones

## A WILL-O'-WISP

IF I could roam with Constance  
Beside the azure sea,  
Whose waves would match her eyes of blue,  
Ah, would she smile on me?

If I could gaze with Constance  
At some clear tropic sky,  
Whose sunrise gold is like her hair,  
Ah, would she still be shy?

If I could pluck with Constance  
Two rosebuds drenched in dew—  
Their dainty red just like her lips—  
Ah, would she let me woo?

The answer to these questions  
I am afraid to seek,  
For Constance is elusive  
As the dimple in her cheek.

If I could take her in my arms,  
She'd sever love's frail net,  
And vanish like a will-o'-wisp—  
For she's a born coquette!

William Hamilton Hayne

## TOO LATE

I NEVER knew you were so fair  
Before he married you!  
I used to see a smiling face  
And tailored gown of blue;

But now I see twin stars beneath  
A crown of dusky hair,  
And crimson lips that breathe of love—  
Ah, beauty everywhere!

I never knew you were so fair  
Before he married you,  
And now I'm wretched, girl, because  
You are so all-fired true!

Grace G. Bostwick

## MY DOG

IT must be funny to be a dog,  
And never have heard of the war,  
And never have bought a Liberty Bond,  
And not know what it's for.

Perhaps dogs wonder why most men wear  
The same brown clothes this year;  
But not to know it's a uniform—  
Now mustn't that be queer?

It sort of rests my weary brain  
To think that this is so,  
And that all that matters to my dog  
Is whether I love him or no!

Edward Blanco

## THE SUREST SIGN

I SAW the little boys to-day  
Come out upon the street to play;  
With loud hurrahs they gathered round  
A circle chalked upon the ground.  
The game they played, the noisy glee,  
A happy secret told to me.

The crocus had not told it yet,  
Anemone nor violet;  
But when the boys with whoop and shout  
Brought store of shining marbles out,  
I knew that spring had ventured near,  
And whispered in each willing ear!

Jeanne Oldfield Potter

76



# Fighting a Food Shortage

THE HARD WORK AND RESOURCEFUL PERSEVERANCE WITH WHICH A COLONY OF FOUR-FOOTED COOPERATORS MET THE PROBLEMS OF AN UNLUCKY WINTER

By Enos A. Mills

Author of "Wild Life in the Rockies," "In Beaver World," etc.

COLD weather came before my new beaver neighbors had laid in their supplies for the winter. They had harvested one stock of food earlier, but this was in their old home several miles downstream. A fierce forest-fire had devastated the region while they were in the midst of their preparations for winter, and had left their home site uninhabitable. The place was abandoned, and the beavers started off in a body to found a new colony.

They traveled up the stream, having the hardships and adventures that ever fall to pioneers. The place they selected for their new home was on a tributary stream not far from my cabin. It was in an old glacier meadow, of which one side had been overgrown by a belt of pines, while the other side was still open. Along the stream and beyond the pines was a ragged and extensive growth of quaking aspen. Upstream the mountain rose steeply, culminating in the summit of Mount Meeker.

Here the beavers built a typical house of sticks, sod, and mud. They were working on a dam across the stream when a trapper came into the region. He broke the dam three or four times. When he finally left, autumn was half gone and preparations for winter in the new beaver colony were only well begun. The dam, which was to make a pond deep enough to prevent the water freezing to the bottom, was unfinished. As yet they had not begun cutting and storing aspen for their winter's food-supply.

These beavers had been industrious; they had planned well; but they had had one misfortune after another, and now a severe cold wave still further handicapped their harvesting operations. The quieter reaches of the stream were frozen over, and a heavy plating of ice was left on the pond. They

would have difficulty transporting their aspen cuttings under such conditions.

Late in October I visited this new wilderness home. At the lower end of the frozen pond was a two-foot hole in the ice. This had been gnawed by the beavers, but for what purpose I could not then determine.

Ordinarily, beavers first cut the nearest and most accessible trees—those on the shore of their pond. Then they go farther up-stream, and finally they will cut trees on near-by slopes. Rarely, if he can help it, does a beaver go fifty feet from the water, although, if necessary, he will go down-stream and float trees against the current, or will drag them up steep slopes.

One crew of loggers had started to work in a near-by grove. They were cutting aspens that were about four inches in diameter and twelve feet high. Before dragging them to the pond, an opening or trail-way through the woods had been cleared. Every bush in the way was nibbled off, every obstructing log cut in two and the ends rolled aside.

Dragging the tree-cuttings to the pond was slow, hard work, and it was also dangerous for the foragers to go so far from the water. A beaver is heavy-bodied and short-legged. With his webbed hind feet he is a speedy swimmer, but on land he is a lubber, and moves slowly and with effort.

A few days later the purpose of the hole in the ice of the frozen pond was made plain. A freshly swept trail in the snow led to it out of the woods, and the beavers were taking their green aspen cuttings into the pond by that safer route.

I followed the trail back to where a number of aspens had been cut. Their stumps were about fifteen inches above the snow, and two trees still lay where they

fell. These were about six inches in diameter, and perhaps twenty feet long. Preparatory to being dragged to the pond they had been gnawed into sections of from three to six feet.

The beavers had not nearly finished their harvesting when a heavy fall of snow came, and they were compelled to abandon their dragway from the aspen grove where they had been cutting. They turned their attention to another patch of aspens. It was only sixty feet from the edge of the pond, but was separated from it by a thick belt of pines and a confusion of fallen, fire-killed spruce logs.

## A FORMIDABLE ENEMY APPEARS

Deep snow, thick pines, and fallen logs did not stop the persevering harvesters. Tracks in the snow showed that they had been at work beyond the belt of pines. During one night five beavers had wallowed out to the aspens, and had felled and dragged several to the pond; but wolves had pounced upon one of them while he was at work, and, pursuing another on his way to the pond, had overtaken and killed him in the deep snow.

The wolves appeared to realize the distress of the beavers, and lurked about for opportunities to seize the hunger-driven animals. Three days of good weather followed, but the beavers, in fear of their formidable enemies, cut few aspens. Then came another snow-storm, which further hindered the work of harvesting.

Beavers never give up. To get the food they needed so imperatively, my persistent neighbors now decided to dig a tunnel. Beginning on the bottom of the pond, near the shore, they dug outward toward the aspen grove. For fifteen feet their subway ran about two feet under the surface; then it inclined upward, and came out under a pine-tree, close to the aspens. Only in the last few feet of the distance was there difficult digging through frozen ground. Apparently the thick carpet of fallen leaves and the deep snow had checked the frost, and the earth had not frozen deeply.

From the end of their tunnel the beavers cleared a dragway about eighteen inches wide to the aspen grove. In doing this they cut through three or four large logs and tunneled under several others. Then a number of aspens were felled, cut into short sections, dragged to the end of the tunnel, pushed out into the pond beneath

the ice, and finally piled on the bottom of the pond, close to the house.

Solid snow-drifts formed in the grove while this laborious work was going on. A few aspens were cut from the top of a five-foot drift. Next summer the tall stumps suggested that prehistoric beavers, as large as bears, must have reappeared on earth.

At last cold, ice, snow, and the fear of enemies completely stopped the beavers' harvest. The food provided for the colony's winter supply was less than one-half of the normal quantity; but they had done their best, and, come what might, they would meet it patiently, stoically.

The colonists had a hard winter. I visited them a number of times. Now and then snow covered the frozen pond, but usually the wind, sweeping down through the woods along the avenue of the stream, kept the ice clear. One day, looking through the clear ice, I counted six beavers, but on most occasions I was able to see only one or two. The total population of the colony was perhaps twelve or fifteen.

## A NEW SOURCE OF SUPPLY

The upper part of the area flooded by their pond had been a partially swampy tract, bearing thick growths of water-loving plants. Finding themselves faced by a food shortage, the beavers burrowed there for roots of sedge, bulbs of lilies, tubers of many plants, and long, juicy roots of willow and alder; but they had only commenced to dig these out when the ever-thickening ice froze over the soil and shut them off. Their early hard luck had prevented them from building the dam as high as it should have been, or the water would have been deeper over this area.

They were not beaten yet, however. They dug a waterway—a canal about two feet wide and nearly as deep—from their house in the center of the pond to the heart of the rooty area. Even after most of the pond was frozen to the bottom, they kept this line of communication open.

Mutual aid is an important factor in beaver life. Without organized cooperation, they could not possibly accomplish the surprising amount of work they do. Their strong love for home, causing them to remain long in one place, their astonishing skill, and their untiring industry, enable them to achieve truly remarkable results.

The members of this colony had toiled unceasingly since the late summer. I do



not know how many days' work they put into their big ditch. I do not know how they handled the problem of a shortage of food, or whether they went on short rations. But it is safe to say that no beaver had more than his portion, for they are firm believers in the principle of cooperation.

I had glimpses of their operations through the clear spots in the ice. They tore the root-filled section to pieces, and devoured all that it contained; but not until the following summer, when the dam was broken and the water ran out of the pool, did I realize how deeply the bottom of the pond had been plowed. I have seen gardens uprooted by hogs, and mountain meadows dug to pieces by grizzly bears, but none of them equaled this.

The supply of roots finally ran out, and the bark of the green aspens was eaten off, and still this mountain region was white with winter and the pond locked and sealed with ice. Beavers are strict vegetarians. There were trout in the pond, but these were not caught; nor were bodies of the starved beavers eaten, as sometimes occurs among other animals.

#### HOW THE BEAVERS ESCAPED

At last the beavers found that they must either escape from the pond, which had become a foodless prison, or perish. An examination which I made in the spring indicated that they first tried to escape through the long tunnel which they drove toward the aspens, but this had apparently been closed by the ice. They had then excavated several feet of a new tunnel, but evidently found that they could not drive it through the hard earth. Beavers are wonderful engineers—the handling of earth in building dams or in the making of canals is as much in their line as tree-felling—but cutting and tunneling through frozen, gravelly soil is too difficult for them.

They next attempted to cut a hole upward through the two feet of ice, as I found out later when the ice was breaking up; and they almost succeeded. On the edge of their house they had raised a working foundation of mud and sticks, and had gnawed upward to within three or four inches of the surface. Beavers are expert gnawers, and have been known to cut through trees more than two feet in diameter with their powerful teeth and jaws. Perhaps they might have succeeded eventually, but apparently they found another and better way out of the pond.

What they did was to tunnel out through the unfrozen earth beneath the bottom of the dam. They commenced on the bottom of the pond, and drove a fifteen-inch tunnel nearly level through the base of the dam, a foot or two beneath the water, and below the frost-line, coming out in the ice-covered channel of the stream.

As this tunnel had to be dug under water, it must have been slow work, and the excavators must have relieved one another at frequent intervals. When a working beaver had to breathe, he had to swim to the house and climb up to the floor, above water-level, in order to obtain air.

Tracks of six muddy-footed fellows on the snow at the outer end of the completed tunnel told the number who survived that cruel winter. Spring came, and warmth and flood water broke up the ice on the pond about a month after they escaped. No young beavers were seen.

The surviving beavers lived in holes along the bank of the stream until summer; then they wandered away. Late that August, however, they—or possibly six other beavers—came back to the place. They completed the unfinished dam and repaired the abandoned house, and by mid-October they had a huge pile of food stored in the pond for the coming winter.

#### NOT A DREAM

Love, that was I who stole last night  
Down through the wind and rain,  
And laid my hand, so thin and white,  
Upon your eyes again.

Those were my lips that came between  
Your tears and softly spoke;  
And yet you said: "It was a dream!"  
Dear love, when you awoke.

Wilson Nixon

## A One-Man Concern

BY A. LINCOLN BENDER

Illustrated by George Brehm

IT took J. Wesley Crowder ten years to attain his eminence in the heavy-hardware line. From the day when, as a green high-school graduate, he applied bravely for a position, until ten years later, when he came to direct the destinies of J. Wesley Crowder & Co., he had studied, struggled, and succeeded.

J. Wesley was not handsome. He was thin, and inclined to show too many wrinkles. Also, he appeared to be always on the jump, like some rabbit momentarily expecting the wind to shift and bring with it news that a hound was coming.

J. Wesley wore his suits until they became shiny. Style as portrayed by million-dollar tailoring concerns tempted him not a bit. He dressed soberly, quietly, and with a great regard for comfort. His hair was thin, his ears stuck out just a bit, and his nose was not a mark of beauty.

But he was a success. Bradstreet's said so—credit double A. His acquaintances said so with resounding praise. His competitors said so while wiggling uncomfortably in their offices, as they waited for J. Wesley to make new and unexpected moves. Lastly, his employees said so. They knew it, because J. Wesley told them so himself.

In the words of Bill Moore, the book-keeper, J. Wesley Crowder & Co. was a "one-man concern." His business was J. Wesley's love, his shrine, his mother and father and poor relations all rolled into one. Through its various stages he was happy, worried, smiling, harried in turn. He fondled it, doctored it, nursed it, and knew every trick and turn in all its departments as he knew his own two rooms in his quiet hotel.

He was president, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary all in one, and sales-manager and advertising-manager besides. He was a veritable spider, all eyes, who spun his web himself and sat in the center

of it, watching his manikins jump for him as he pulled the strings. It was fascinating, this being king of a domain; it was life worth living.

Then, after ten continuous years without a day off, J. Wesley suddenly felt himself tire. At first, he did not realize that he was cracking under the strain. He thought that a rest of a week or two would put him back on his feet, fresh and eager to strive after new laurels. But he could not take the time off. If he went away, the web would sag at the ends! He was needed in the business; the wheels needed his driving-power behind them. He was the hubs of the wheels, without which the wagon was useless.

Every morning for a week he had crawled into his office, his eyes heavy from an insomnia-laden night, his nerves jangled. There was not much relief after he got there. He was irritable. The steady stream of his subordinates, who conferred with him constantly, put him on the ragged edge. For it was part of J. Wesley's rigid system that everything, from the purchase of a lead-pencil to the signing of a contract, should come before him for his O. K.

J. Wesley had never married. He had not had time. Many times he had said as much to his business associates at the Hardware Club. Not that he disliked the ladies—not he! That was shown by his large office force, composed almost exclusively of them. Filing department, contract, foreign, inquiries—each was patrolled by women. Only the nominal heads were men, and they but mere puppets—monitors of the class-room rather than thinking cogs of his business machinery.

His private secretary was a woman. She, too, though clever and quick, was but a person who carried out his orders, and never broached the word "initiative."

On the third day of his weariness, J.



Wesley sighed as he threw up the cover of his roll-top desk. He felt decidedly off color. He could not eat, he could not sleep, his nerves jumped. Until ten o'clock he issued his orders to the department heads in order, and they had tired him worse than ever.

At that moment Miss Houghton brought in his mail. J. Wesley was proud of Helen Houghton—not of her appearance, not of her attractiveness, but of her business qualifications. He often made boast of the fact that he had schooled her himself. She answered most of his mail with but a word from him, thus saving him much time that would otherwise have been taken up in dictating.

This morning Miss Houghton hovered a bit as they finished their tasks. Her cheeks had taken on a becoming blush, causing J. Wesley to look twice at her. He had never thought of her in a personal, friendly manner. She had never appealed to his sense of beauty; but this morning she was certainly attractive. He noted this phenomenon for the first time in their eight years' acquaintance.

"Well?" he asked as she stood before him.

"Mr. Crowder," she said, "I think it is only fair to inform you that I am going to resign, to take effect from the first of the month."

J. Wesley dropped the letter that he had been perusing, and raised his brows in surprise.

"What?"

Miss Houghton had been with him so long that the mere thought of her departure caused a chill to pass up and down J. Wesley's back.

"Yes. I have thought it over, and I am going to leave. Of course you will give me a letter of reference, should I need it?"

"But," spluttered J. Wesley, rising and fixing his eyes on her—"but, Miss Houghton, I—this won't do!"

He caught himself in the middle of his utterance. What was he blurting out? He, J. Wesley Crowder, acknowledging to one of his employees that he possibly could not run the concern without her assistance? He snapped his jaws and bowed.

"I thank you, Miss Houghton," said he. "You certainly have worked faithfully, and I shall do everything I can for you. You know what is best. If you will place yourself in readiness, I shall make an imme-

diately move to secure another girl for you to break in."

His head was bent over a letter, and he did not look up when she passed out of the room.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "Just as I was becoming accustomed to her work, she leaves. Oh, well, that's always the way! Lucky I have my fingers on every pulse of the work, or I would find myself in a fine stew many times."

## II

As the morning lengthened, the more J. Wesley thought of his private secretary's announcement, the more morose he grew. He needed her—of that there was no doubt. She was valuable to him; far too valuable to lose. He would offer her an increase in salary.

Then his pride revolted. He did *not* need her. Why should he think so? He needed no one of his employees. He knew every detail of his business.

But after a lunch that tasted like straw, he returned, his thoughts chaotic. Twice he found himself watching Miss Houghton's features as she came in to consult him about a letter.

Late in the afternoon he broke out suddenly:

"Miss Houghton, I can't conceive why you are leaving me. We have worked so long together that I have come to depend on you. Are you dissatisfied?"

Instantly he was sorry that he had spoken. He wished that he could recall the words.

She did not seem to take the question as directly personal. Rather, her clear gray eyes bored to his, and her lips were firm as she replied:

"Partly. I said I was going to resign, Mr. Crowder. This is why—I am tired of being a nonentity here. You ask if I am dissatisfied, and I say I am, emphatically. I have been here with you for eight years, and I know as much about the business as you do, and what am I? An automaton! I don't like it. I am going to leave. There is no incentive here. I—please don't take offense, Mr. Crowder—I am tired of working for an egotist, for a one-man concern!"

J. Wesley Crowder gazed open-mouthed at his private secretary. Her cheeks were tinged a deep red, and once again he noted subconsciously that she was distinctively attractive.

Her words burned. He felt them as if each had been a lash. It was a cruel blow to his pride, his ambition, his success. It was a challenge!

He felt his blood grow hot, and it was on the tip of his tongue to blurt out:

"You may leave this minute, Miss Houghton, if the place is so distasteful!"

But she had subsided, and her pencil hovered over the book tentatively. He tapped the floor with his toe, and once again plunged into his work, finishing in a mad hurry.

As she went quietly to her room, he gave vent to his thoughts.

"Egotist! One-man concern! Huh! Why not? I know everything that goes on! There are no leaks in this firm! There—"

A tinge of pain shot to his back, and he bit his lip.

He had been arraigned in his own office, and by a mere employee! His cheeks burned. Miss Helen Houghton, his aid for eight years, had called him an egotist! With an exclamation he seized his hat, crammed it on, and stalked out.

The office force looked up in surprise as his tall, lean figure passed toward the elevator. Then, apprehensive that perhaps they had overstayed their time, they shot hasty glances at the clock. But it was J. Wesley Crowder who was making the error. Four thirty, and he was going home!

## III

No one doubted J. Wesley's methods of obtaining business. He went after his men, and landed them almost invariably. There was nothing underhanded about his methods. He played the game on its merits; only J. Wesley seemed to be able to smell out his victims and catch them before his rivals knew that the markets were open.

There was one dissipation that J. Wesley Crowder allowed himself. That was his membership in the Hardware Club. Here he ate every noon. Here he gathered pointers that he either elaborated or discarded. Here it was that almost every day he talked over the hardware situation with two or three of his strongest competitors.

John Donaldson, sturdy and full-limbed, with a smooth, well-shaven face and shrewd eyes, was J. Wesley's open enemy. He was full of the vim of the younger generation, and a hustler. Behind J. Wesley's back Donaldson was wont to say:

"Piker! He don't let another person



HE SEIZED HIS HAT,  
CRAMMED IT ON, AND  
STALKED OUT



share in his success. Never saw a man like him. He's the boss—and wants everybody to know it. His employees never get a chance. Piker!"

Which was putting in other words what Miss Helen Houghton had said.

"But," John Donaldson would go on, "I'll get him yet—see if I don't!"

Thus it lay, when Miss Houghton told J. Wesley Crowder why she was resigning.

Overnight he thought it over. Mentally he visualized her every duty. He recalled with a deep sigh that she had saved him many a valuable moment. She was reliable, punctual, willing, tireless, one might almost say brilliant.

Then, as he pictured her trim figure, he turned his mind back to the afternoon.

"Tired of working for an egotist! Knows as much as I do!"

That had been the most trying part of her statement. It was not complimentary in the least, but she had not said it with vindictive intent; it was rather the sorrowful remark of a person who is telling a friend of a fault. Her intonation had hurt J. Wesley. Even after he fell asleep he could somehow hear her voice in his ear.

The next morning he plunged directly into his work, as if nothing had happened. Not once did he glance up as Miss Houghton passed about, handing him his mail or bringing him some paper that he wanted. By manner and gesture he made her feel that he had forgotten her very existence; but he was watching her intently. Twice, as he looked up suddenly, he caught her stealing furtive glances at him, and he wondered vaguely what they meant.

At noon he left, saying:

"I will return at three, Miss Houghton. I am going over to the Carbine Company to land that bolt contract."

There was a smile on her lips as she responded:

"I hope you succeed, Mr. Crowder!"

He bowed and pulled the door to. Always she had said just that. Always, when he announced that he was going out for business, she had sped him on with a good word and a smile.

At the lunch-table, John Donaldson glanced up and queried:

"Going over to the Carbine Company?"

J. Wesley Crowder frowned. Donaldson was becoming a bit too familiar of late.

"Yes," he replied shortly, and ordered his lunch.

He left immediately after paying his bill. At three, to the minute, he was back at the office. As he hung his hat on the closet-tree, Miss Houghton approached. There was a question in her eyes, and her lips were parted.

"Did you land them?"

J. Wesley Crowder sat down before he replied.

"Bring your book," he ordered. "No, I lost them. They said I was too high. Too high! My gracious, Miss Houghton, I went over my figures seven times! I know no one could beat them!"

She smiled in a consoling manner, and seated herself to await his dictation. He had picked up his column of figures and was glancing over them. Then, with a shake of his head, he tossed them to one side and started on his mail.

When he had finished, Miss Houghton reached over and secured the estimate sheet. Rapidly she glanced at the figures. Then, quietly:

"You have the screws down at sixty cents a dozen, Mr. Crowder. They should be six cents."

Without a word he seized the paper and studied it. Then he grew red.

"You are right," he said slowly.

J. Wesley Crowder pored over the list of figures. One item stood out as if written in fire. He had erred on one of the most important jobs in the city. It meant ten thousand dollars' worth of business to J. Wesley Crowder & Co., and he had lost it by the mere misplacing of a cipher.

Seven times he had gone over his estimate, and each time that cipher had eluded his sight. He cursed himself for a fool.

If only he had discovered the error himself! Miss Houghton had been the one to locate it. No wonder she had said that she knew as much about the business as he did! J. Wesley Crowder, smartest heavy-hardware man in the city, had overestimated on a large contract on account of a misplaced cipher. Suppose it got out! He would be a standing joke for months. And would it not get out? Miss Houghton was going to leave in two weeks!

J. Wesley snarled at himself, and called himself all the darned fools in six counties; but the damage had been done. He must swallow it and digest it as best he could.

When Miss Houghton came in to hand him his evening mail he was in a red rage. It was gall and wormwood to be under her



THERE WAS A QUESTION IN HER EYES, AND HER LIPS WERE PARTED. "DID YOU LAND THEM?"

gaze. His brows met in a straight line. It seemed only meet and proper that he should cull over her work and discover any little errors. She had found one of his—he must find one of hers!

But as she stood there his rage seemed to dissolve miraculously. Somehow he found himself rested by the very sight of her. He handed back the letters and smiled faintly.

"Send them out, Miss Houghton," he said, brushing his hand across his forehead. "I'm dog-tired to-day. That mistake took all the starch out of me!"

Her gaze was solicitous.

"You need a rest, Mr. Crowder. You are worn out."

He felt himself agree with her statement. He was tired! The numberless details that he absorbed in the day's work were beginning to weary him.

"Good night, Mr. Crowder," said Miss Houghton. "Better luck next time!"

J. Wesley caught his breath. How comforting her voice sounded; how restful her very figure looked! Even to her shoes she was neat and wholesome. And she was going to leave him!

"Good night, Miss Houghton," he said.

He roundly condemned himself for letting her go. "Bonehead! Unadulterated ass!" was his muttered opinion of himself.

#### IV

THE week that was to be Helen Houghton's last passed too quickly for J. Wesley Crowder. Another young lady had been employed, but she was dreadfully slow in grasping details. Miss Houghton was patient, and her advice served to reduce the tension somewhat. J. Wesley marveled at the wealth of material she had stored in her head. He noted with amazement how confidently she handled work that he himself had found difficult. Twice he was on the point of asking her to stay, but his pride held him back. That sentence, "tired of working for an egotist," smote him every time he thought of the subject. It was a particularly sore spot.

The day before she left, John Donaldson added insult to injury. He twitted J. Wesley on the Carbine Company contract.

"Got it over on you that time!" he exultantly cried. "Pulled a spoke out of your wheel then, old boy!"