

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

- The Gift of the Magi
- A Cosmopolite in a Café
- Between Rounds
- The Skylight Room
- A Service of Love
- The Coming-Out of Maggie
- The Cop and the Anthem
- Memoirs of a Yellow Dog
- The Love-philtre of Ikey Shoenstein
- The Furnished Room
- The Last Leaf
- The Poet and the Peasant
- A Ramble in Aphasia
- A Municipal Report
- Proof of the Pudding

## *The Gift of the Magi*

ONE DOLLAR AND EIGHTY-SEVEN CENTS. That was all. And they came off it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheek burned with the silent imputation of perversity that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing left to do but slip down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the novel reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the house is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the house. A furnished flat at 80 per week. Is did not seem exactly lugger description, but it certainly had that word on the look-out for the inefficiency squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric bellows from which no moral finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereto was a card bearing the name 'Mr. James Dillingham Young.'

The 'Dillingham' had been strong in the house during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the owners of 'Dillingham' looked bleared, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a student and unassuming D. For whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called 'Jim' and greeted happily by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey man walking a grey horse in a grey buckboard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for

months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Mrs. Mr. Mrs. Missy's happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and new and sparkling - something just a little bit new to being worthy of the beauty of being wanted by him.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an old hat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid succession of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had measured the art.

Suddenly she whitened from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall as its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the Jones Dillingham Younger in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been for father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the street, Della would have let her hair hang over the window every day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to arch him plunk at his head from above.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knees and made herself obey a servant for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she flattered for a minute and stood still while a stair or two splashed on the worn old carpet.

On went her old brown jacket on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she flattered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read 'Mme. Sofistic. Hair Goods of All Kinds.' One flight up Della ran, and unlocked her own possession. Madam, large, too white, chilly, hardly looking the 'Sofistic.' 'Will you buy my hair?' asked Della.

'I buy hair,' said Madam. 'Take your hair off and let's have a sight at the looks of it.'

Della ripped the brown cascade.

'Twenty dollars,' said Madam, taking the mass with a pretheat loud.

'Give it to me quick,' said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on very wings. Forget the hashed metaphors. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and the best turned all of their heads yet. It was a platinum fob chain simple and clean in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance clear and free of meretricious ornamentation — as all good things should be. It was even worthy of *The Watch*. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value — the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and the jeweled home with the 37 years. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly serious about the time in any company. Good as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it as the shy or awkward of the old-fashioned strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intention gave way a little to prodromes and reason. She got on her curling iron and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends — a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with rings, clanking rings that made her look wonderfully like a cross schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

'If Jim doesn't kill me,' she said to herself, 'before he calls a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coway Island chorus girl. But what would I do — oh! what would I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?'

At seven o'clock the stifles was made and the fob-chain was on the back of the case, hot and ready to catch the chain.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table next the door that he always opened. Then she heard his step on the stair every stair on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little things, proper about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered 'Please God make him think I am still pretty.'

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. From below, he was only twenty-two — and to be burdened with a family! His suit was a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, so immovable so a matter of the state of soul. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was no expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her, it was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

'Jim, darling,' she cried, 'don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again - you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say "Merry Christmas!" Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know where else - what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you.'

'You've cut off your hair?' asked Jim, hoarsely, so if he had not arrived at that point he would have been at the hardest corner about.

'Cut it off and sold it,' said Della. 'Don't you like our hair so well, anyway? I'm not without my hair, am I?'

Jim looked about the room anxiously.

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

'You needn't look for it,' said Della. 'It's cut, I tell you - sold and gone, with it's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it was for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were substantial,' she went on with a sudden serious assumption, 'but nobody could ever cut 'em away from you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?'

Out of his world Jim seemed quickly to wake. He unfolded his Della. For ten seconds for no reason with direct looking upon inconsequential object in the whole direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year - what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The man brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark emotion will be illustrated later on.

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

'Don't make any mistake. D-D,' he said. 'About me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll survey that package you may see why you had me going wild at home.'

White fingers and slender nose at the string and paper. And then no emotion except of joy; and then, that a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the manufacturing powers of the land of the fur.

For there lay The Combs - the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoiseshell, with jewelled rims - just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say, 'My hair grows to fast, Jim.'

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

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful presents. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

'Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.'

Instead of obeying, Jim stumbled down on the couch and put his head under the back of his hand and cried.

'Dell,' said he, 'let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em until next year. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chain on.'

The magi, as you know, were wise men - wonderfully wise men - who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have loosely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who were utterly bewildered for each other the greatest treasures of their hearts. But let it be a lesson to the wise of these days, let it be a mild rebuke to all who give gifts these two weary old years. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

## II

*A Cosmopolite in a Café*

AT MIDNIGHT THE CAFÉ was crowded. By some chance the little table at which I sat had escaped the eye of inspectors, and two vacant chairs at it awaited their seats with usual hospitality at the beck of patrons.

And there a cosmopolite sat in ease of dream, and I was glad, for I held a theory that since Adam no true citizen of the world has arisen. We hear of them, and we see foreign labels so much luggage, but we find ourselves instead of cosmopolites.

I trouble your consideration of the scene — the marble-topped tables, the rings of leather-upholstered wall seats, the gay company, the Indian dressed in jewel-strewn talies, speaking in an emphatic visible character of taste, economy, opulence or art, the scholars and lounge-loving gossips, the music tinkly entering at all with its table upon the composition, the rattling of talk and laughter — and, if you will, the *Wittelsberger* in the tall glass crown that bend to your lips as a ripe cherry drops to its branch on the bank of a soldier's joy. I was told by a sculptor from Munich, Munich, that the scene was truly Parisian.

My cosmopolite was named R. Runkelstein Cogen, and he told he heard from near someone at Coney Island. He is so awfully a new 'American' these, he informed me, eliciting kindly derisions. And thus his conversation ran along parallel of latitude and longitude. He took the great, round world in his hand, so to speak, familiarly, contemptuously, and it seemed no larger than the oval of a Maraschino cherry in a table-d'hôte grape fork. He spoke disrespectfully of the equator, he skipped from continent to continent, he derided the seas, he mopped up the high seas with his napkin. With a wave of his hand he tossed speak of a foreign house in Hyderabad. Why? He would have you no title in Lapland. Zip! like you rock the teachers with the Koran at Kaskaskaski. Pranam! He dragged you straight as Arkansas prairie across, he, you say for a moment on the wheel plains of his Idaho ranch, then whirled you into the society of Venetian arch-dukes. Again he would be telling you of a cold he acquired in a Chicago lake house and how old Kaskaski cured it in Boston Ayres with a box fulcrum of the diabolical wind. You would have

addressed the letter to 'E. Rushmore Cogan, Esq., the Earth, Solar System, the Universe,' and having mailed it, feeling confident that it would be delivered to him.

I was sure that I had at last found the very true cosmopolitan place. Athens, and I listened as his world-wide discoverer feared that I should discover in it the local note of the mere globe-trotter. But his spleens never flamed or drooped; he was as impartial to cities, countries and continents as the winds or gravitation.

And as E. Rushmore Cogan pointed of this Hellenic planet I thought with glee of a queer almost-cosmopolitan who wrote for the whole world and dedicated himself to Euripides. In a poem he has to say that there is peace and staidy between the cities of the earth, and that 'thrusts that breed from them, they traffic up and down, nor cling to their sides' born as a child to the mother's gown.' And whenever they walk 'by crossing streets unknown' they remember their native city 'more faithful, bolder, braver, making her more-breathed taste their hour upon their breast.' And my glee was roused because I had caught Mr. Elphing saying. How I had found a man, not made from that one who had no nearer home of birthplace or country, one who, if he brought at all, would hang of his whole round globe against the Mærians and the inhabitants of the Athens.

Excitement on these subjects was precipitated from E. Rushmore Cogan by the third corner at our table. While Cogan was describing to us the topography along the Egyptian Railway the orchestra glided into a waltz. The concluding air was 'Doin' and as the exhilarating notes tumbled forth they were almost overpowered by a great clapping of hands from almost every table.

It is worth a paragraph to say that this remarkable scene can be witnessed every evening in numerous halls in the City of New York. Towns of brass have been occurred near themselves to condemn for it. Some have conjectured hastily that all Southerners in town bit themselves as rats in daylight. This splendor of the 'rebel' air is a Northern city does puzzle a little; but it is not insoluble. The war with Spain, many years' generous rain and water-melon crops, a few long-shot winners at the New Orleans race-track, and the brilliant banquets given by the Indians and Keweenaw Indians who compose the North Carolina Society, have made the South rather a 'fad' in Manhattan. Your manhood will tell you that you, left forefinger reminds her so much of a gentleman's in Richmond, Va. Oh, certainly; the many a lady has to work now - the war, you know.

When 'Odds' was being played a dark-haired young man sprang up from somewhere with a Mosby guerrilla yell and waved frantically his soft-brimmed hat. Then he strayed through the casino, dropped into the vacant chair at our table and pulled out cigarettes.

The evening was at the period when reserve it showed. One of us mentioned three Wüzburgers to the waiter, the dark-haired young man acknowledged his inclusion in the matter by a smile and a nod. I hesitated to ask him a question because I wanted to try out a shrewd I had.

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

The face of H. Rankmore Copley beamed the table and I was jangled into silence.

'Excuse me,' said he, 'but that's a question I never like to hear asked. What does it signify where a man is from? Is it fair to judge a man by his post-office address? Why, I've men Kansassians who barrel whisky, Virginians who haven't descended from Pocahontas, Indians who make's urines a novel, Mexicans who didn't wear silver trousers with silver dollars sewed along the seams, Texas Englishmen, spendthrift Yachmen, cold-blooded Scandinavians, narrow-minded Westerners, and New Yorkers who were too busy to stop for an hour on the street to touch a one-armed gawd's clock or up a crankier in paper bags. Let a man be a man and don't handicap him with the label of any section.'

'Pardon me,' I said, 'but my curiosity was not altogether an idle one. I know the South, and when the band plays "Dixie" I like to observe. I have formed the belief that the man who applies that air with special violence and noticeable sectional loyalty is inevitably a native of either Eacoma, N.J., or the district between Murray Hill Lyman and the Harlem River, this city. I was about to put my opinion to the test by inquiring of this gentleman when you interrupted with your man—larger theory, I must confess.'

And now the dark-haired young man spoke to me, and it became evident that his mind also moved along the same set of grooves.

'I should like to be a prizefighter,' said he, mysteriously, 'on the top of a valley, and slug too-ralloo-ralloo.'

This was clearly an allusion, so I turned again to Copley.

'You have around the world twelve times,' said he. 'I know an Englishman in Upstart who goes to Chertsey for his weekly, and I saw a gear-harder in Uruguay who won a prize in a Barle Creek breakfast-fried potato competition. I pay now on a round in

Cairo, Egypt, and another in Yokohama all the year around. I've got shippers waiting for me in a tea-house in Shanghai, and I don't have to tell 'em how to cook my eggs in Rio de Janeiro or Seoul. It's a mighty little old world. What's the use of bragging about being from the North, or the South, or the old manor-house in the dale, or Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, or Pike's Peak, or Bristol County, Va., or Hardsburg, Fla. or any place? It'll be a better world when we quit being cock about some peddled towns or real estate of overpriced land just because we happened to be born there.'

'You seem to be a gambler, cosmopolite,' I said sardonically. 'But it also means that you would scorn patriotism.'

'A relic of the same age,' declared Cogges warmly. 'We are all brothers - Christians, Englishmen, Zulus, Portuguese, and the people in the bend of the Kwa River. Some day all this peasy globe in one's clasp or writ or section or country will be wiped out, and we'll all be citizens of the world, as we ought to be.'

'But while you was wandering in foreign lands,' I persisted, 'do not your thoughts revert to some spot - some dale and -'

'Nary a spot,' interrupted E. R. Cogges flippantly. 'The tremendous, globose, planetary bank of matter, slightly flattened at the poles, and known as the Earth, is my shade. I've met a good many object-headed citizens of this motley planet. I've come from Chicago all to a gambler in Venice on a moonlight night and long about their drinkage over. I've seen a Scotchman on being introduced to the King of England brand that monarch, without batting his eyes, the information that his grandfather on his mother's side was released by marriage to the Puritans, of Charleston. I know a New Yorker who was kidnapped for ransom by some Afghanistan bandits. His people came over the money and he came back to Kabul with the agent. "Afghanistan?" the agent said to him through an interpreter. "Well, not so slow, do you think?" "Oh, I don't know," says he, and he begins to tell them about a tob-driver at Sixth Avenue and Broadway. These ideas don't mix me. I've got tied down to anything that isn't Rotten rather in Germany, but not down to E. Rochester Cogges, citizen of the terrestrial sphere.'

My cosmopolite made a large allow and left me, for he thought that he saw someone through the shutter and cracks whom he knew. So I was left with the world-as-particular, grim was reduced to Wittenburga without further ability to voice his aspirations in perch, molested, upon the summit of a village.

I was reflecting upon my ardent cosmopolite and wondering how the poet had managed to catch him. He was my discovery and

I believed in him. How was it? 'The man that lived finer than they traffic up and down, but cling as their child' hangs as a child to the mother's gown.'

Now so E. Robinson Cogan. With the whole world for his —

My meditations were interrupted by a tremendous noise and conflict in another part of the cell. I saw above the heads of the vested persons E. Robinson Cogan and a stranger to me engaged in terrific battle. They fought between the tables like Titans, and gloves cracked, and once caught their legs up and were launched down, and a bruise appeared, and a blonde began saying "Thumping."

My contemplation was attending the pride and reputation of the Earth where the violence showed in on both combatants with their faces dying wedge formation, and here those outside, still wondering.

I called McCarthy, one of the French gypsies, and asked him the cause of the conflict.

'The man with the red tie' (that was my contemplation), said he, 'you have an account of things said about the loss of the walls and your supply of the place he came from by the other guy.'

'Why,' said I, bewildered, 'that man is a child of the world — a cosmopolitan, he —'

'Originally from Massachusetts, Maine, in fact,' continued McCarthy, 'and he wouldn't stand for no knocking' the place.'

## III

### Summer Season

THE MAY MOON BEING MARCH upon the private boarding-house of Miss Murphy. By reference to the almanac a large account of territory will be discovered upon which in rays also fall. Spring was in her heyday, with her fever soon to follow. The parks were green with new leaves and signs for the Western and Southern mails. Flowers and summer-resort signs were blowing; the air and account in London were growing colder; head-on, four-time and pinhole were playing everywhere.

The windows of Miss Murphy's boarding-house were open. A group of barmaids were seated on the high stool upon round, the male like Graham procedure.

In one of the second-floor front windows Miss McCarthy

crushed her husband. Supper was cooling on the table. Its heat went into Mrs. McCauley.

At times Mr. McCauley sneezed. He carried his nose on his arm, and his pig in his teeth; and he apologized for disturbing the boarders on the steps as he saluted spots of stone between them on which to set his size 9, width Ee.

At the opening the door of his room he received a surprise. Instead of the usual stove-did or potato-masher for him to dodge, were only words.

Mr. McCauley reckoned that the house-*May* moon had outshined the heat of his spouse.

'I heard ye,' came the real substance for kitchenware. 'Ye run spilling in a tiff with the streets but we'll yer valiantly find on the side of their fronts, but ye'd walk on the back of yer wife the length of a clothes-line without so much as a "Kin me first," and I'm sure it's that long from California.' 'an the only for ye and the victuals cold such as there's money to buy about dinner' up yer wages at Gallagher's away Saturday evening, and the gas into here twice to-day for him.'

'Woman!' said Mr. McCauley, dashing his nose and her upon a chair, 'the eyes of ye is on board to me appetite. When ye run down politeness ye take the mortar from between the bricks of the foundations of society. 'Tis no more than masculine the acrimony of a gentleman when ye put the dissent of ladies' blockin' the way for nappin' between them. Will ye bring the pig's face of ye out of the windy and see to the front?'

Mrs. McCauley arose heavily and went to the stove. There was something in her manner that stopped Mr. McCauley. When the corner of her mouth went down suddenly like a barometer it usually forecast a fall of crockery and glassware.

'Pig's face, is it?' said Mrs. McCauley, and landed a stupor fall of steam and wind on her head.

Mr. McCauley was no motion at quarrels. His liver went straight follow the street. On the table was a cone shroud of pork, garnished with chutney. He recoiled with this, and drew the appropriate waves of a bread pudding to an onion dish. A trunk of Swiss cheese suddenly thrown by her husband struck Mrs. McCauley below the eye. When she replied with a well-aimed coffee-pot full of a hot, black, semi-frequent Squid the battle, according to custom, should have ended.

But Mr. McCauley was no so much table d'hôte. Let cheap Bohemian consider coffee the end, if they would. Let about make

that *five per*. He was *finder* still. Finger-bowls were not beyond the compass of his expectations. They were not to be had in the Pension Murphy, but their equivalent was at hand. Triumphant as he sat the granite-wash wash-basin at the head of his matrimonial adversary, Mrs. McCaskey desisted in time. She reached for a tin-bron, with which, as a sort of expedient, she hoped at being the gastronomical thief to a since. But a hand, swelling screws turn-stairs craved both her and Mr. McCaskey to pause in a sort of involuntary amission.

On the sidewalk at the corner of the Inner Policemen Cleary was standing with one ear upturned, listening at the crash of household vessels.

'Tis Jerry McCaskey and his woman at it again,' admitted the policeman. 'I wonder shall I go up and snap the row. I will not. Married folks they say and few pleasures they have. 'Twill not last long. Sane, they'll have to borrow more dishes at keep it up with.'

And now they came the loud screws below-stairs, bawling out at their adversary. 'Tis probably the son,' said Policeman Cleary, and walked hastily in the other direction.

The boarders on the steps were flurried. Mr. Tompny, so hectoring soldier by birth and an investigator by profession, went inside to enquire the reason. He returned with the news that Mrs. Murphy's Irish boy Mike was lost. Following the messenger, got home Mrs. Murphy - two hundred pounds in tears and hysterics, clutching the air and bawling as the ship for the loss of thirty pounds of freedom and mischief. Noting, only her Mr. Tompny sat down at the side of Mrs. Purdy, willow, and their hands were together in sympathy. The two old maids, Miss Walsh, who complained every day about the noise in the hall, inquired immediately if anybody had looked behind the clock.

Major Grigg, who sat by his fire with on the top step, arose and hurried his coat. 'The Irish one lost?' he exclaimed. 'I will sweep the city.' His wife never allowed him not what clock. But now she said: 'Go, Loderick!' in a fortune voice. 'Whoever can look upon that mother's grief without springing at her with a heart of stone.' 'Give me some thirty or - thirty more, my love,' said the Major. 'Lost children sometimes stay for. I may not be there.'

Old man Denny, tall, thin, fourth floor back, who sat on the lowest step, trying to read a paper by the street lamp, crossed over a page or follow up the article about the carpenters' strike. Mrs. Murphy stretched in the corner. 'Oh, ar-r-Mike, O' God's sake, where is our little bit of a boy?'

"What'd ye see him look?" asked old man Denny, with one eye on the report of the Building Trades League.

"Oh," smiled Miss Murphy, "two yesterday, or maybe four hours ago! I donno. But it's lost he is, see how boy Mike. He was playin' on the sidewalk only this mornin' - or was it Wednesday? I'm that busy with work 'tis hard to keep up with dem. But I've looked the house over from top to cellar, and it's gone he is. Oh, for the love of Him -"

Slow, grim, colossal, the big city has ever stood against its revilers. They call it hard or mean, they say that on pains of pity beats its too barren; they compare its streets with lonely forests and deserts of men. But beneath the hard crust of the tobeite is found a delicious and bustling food. Perhaps a different simile would have been wiser. Still, nobody should take offence. We would call no one a lobster without good and sufficient cause.

No celebrity so touches the common heart of humanity as does the straying of a Irish child. Their feet are so uncertain and fumbling the ways are so steep and strange.

Major Griggs hurried down to the coast, and up the avenue into Billy's place. "Give me a rye-high," he said to the tavern. "Haven't even a bow-legged, dirty-faced Irish devil of a nine-year-old lost kid around here superior, have you?"

Mr. Towner noticed Miss Parry's head on the steps. "Think of that dark black baby," said Miss Parry, "low from his mother's side - perhaps already fallen beneath the iron hoofs of galloping steeds - oh, isn't it dreadful?"

"Isn't that right?" agreed Mr. Towner, squinting her head. "Say I start out and help look for me!"

"Perhaps," said Miss Parry, "you should. But oh, Mr. Towner, you are so foolish - so reckless - suppose in your enthusiasm some accident should befall you, then what?"

Old man Denny stood on about the subscription signature, with one finger on the line.

In the street they found Mr. and Mrs. McCortney cross to the window to receive their second wind. Mr. McCortney was accepting company out of his seat with a stretched backfinger, and his lady was wiping up the dirt of the street park and not home. They heard the outcry below, and clutched their heads out of the window.

"The black Irish is lost," said Mrs. McCortney in a hoarse voice. "The beautiful, little, trouble-making couple of a gentleman!"

"The bit of a top addicks!" said Mr. McCortney leaning out of

the window. 'Why, now, that's bad enough, entirely. The children, they be different. If 'twas a woman I'd be willin', for they have passed behind 'em when they go.'

Disregarding the thrust, Mrs. McCasky caught her husband's arm.

'Jawn,' she said sentimentally, 'Missie Murphy's Irish boy is lost. 'Tis a pious day for losing Irish boys. Six years old he was. Jawn, 'tis the same eye our little boy would have been if we had had one the year ago.'

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

'But if we had, Jawn, think what sorrow would be in our hearts this night, with our little Phoebe run away and stolen in the city streets at all.'

'Ye talk foolishness,' said Mr. McCasky. 'Tis for he would be missed, after our old father in Cahirin.'

'Ye haf' said Mrs. McCasky, without anger. 'Me brother was worth the dozen bog-trotting McCaskys. After him would the boy be named.' She leaned over the window-sill and looked down at the hurrying and boisterous below.

'Jawn,' said Mrs. McCasky sadly, 'I've axery I was kump wid ye.'

'Two kump paddin', as ye say,' said her husband, 'and hurry-up tompo and get-a-move-on-ye roblin'. 'Twas what ye could call a quick knock, all right, and tall too too.'

Mrs. McCasky slipped her arm inside her husband's and took his rough hand in hers.

'Lamen at the cryin' of poor Miss Murphy,' she said. 'Tis an awful thing for a bit of a boy to be lost in this great big city. If 'twas our little Phoebe, Jawn, I'd be breakin' me heart.'

Awkwardly Mr. McCasky withdrew his hand. But he hid it around the emptying chamber of his wife.

'Tis foolishness, of course,' said he, roughly, 'but I'd be axin' up axery myself, if our Irish - Per was kidnapped or anything. But there never was any childer for us. Sometimes I've been ugly and hard with ye. Jolly. Forget it.'

They leaned together, and looked down at the heart-drama being acted below.

Long they tar there. Purple sunset along the sidewalks, crowding, questioning, filling the air with rumours and threatening menace. Mrs. Murphy ploughed back and forth in their midst, like a soft mountain down which played an invisible current of rage. 'Courtes' men and want.

Low voices and a renewed uproar were raised in front of the boarding-house.

"What's up now, Judy?" asked Mr. McCauley.

"The Misses Murphy's voice," said Mrs. McCauley, twisting. "She says she's after finding little Misses asleep behind the coil of old stockings under the bed in her room."

Mr. McCauley laughed loudly.

"That's your Phasia," he shouted ironically "Till a bit would a Pat here dance this trick if the bye we never had it stopped and wale, by the powers, call him Phasia, and see him hide-out under the bed like a strategy pup."

Mrs. McCauley snore heavily, and went toward the sink door, with the corners of her mouth drawn down.

Policeman Clarry snore back around the corner as the crowd dispersed. Surprised, he returned on one toward the McCauley apartment where the stack of iron and chinware and the ring of linked tinware stands stood as good as before. Policeman Clarry took out his thumbnail.

"By the departed sakes!" he exclaimed, "Jeen McCauley and his lady have been fighting" for an hour and a quarter by the watch. The whole could give him forty pounds weight. Scramble on his arm."

Policeman Clarry snored back toward the corner.

Old man Dewey folded his paper and hustled up the steps just as Mrs. Murphy was about to lock the door for the night.

## 10

### The Slight Blow

FIRST Miss PARKER would show you the double portraits. You would not dare to interrupt her description of their advantages and of the merits of the gentleman who had occupied them for eight years. Then you would manage to stammer forth the confession that you were neither a doctor nor a dentist. Mrs. Parker's manner of receiving the admission was such that you could never afterward entertain the mere feeling toward your parents, who had neglected to train you up in one of the professions that fitted Mrs. Parker's portraits.

Next you observed one flight of birds and looked at the stained floor back of the. Overlaid by her second-floor manner that it

was worth the \$12 that Mr. Toontaberry always paid for it and he left in sole charge of his brother's orange plantation in Florida near Palm Beach, where Mrs. McIntyre always spent the winters during the double front room with private bath. You managed to believe that you wanted something still cheaper.

If you survived Mrs. Parker's room, you were then to look at Mr. Skidder's large hall-room on the third floor. Mr. Skidder's room was not vacant. He would play and smoke cigarettes in it all day long. But every room-lounger was made so that his room to admire the landscapes. After each visit, Mr. Skidder, from the fright caused by possible ejection, would pay something on his rent.

Then - oh, then - if you still stood on one foot with your hat head clutched the three metal dollars in your pocket, and bravely proclaimed your hideous and culpable poverty, nevertheless Mrs. Parker to pleasure of yours. She would laugh kindly the word 'Clara,' she would show you her back and march downstairs. Then Clara, the colored maid, would escort you up the carpeted hallway that served for the fourth floor, and show you the Skylight Room. It occupied 7 by 8 feet of floor-space at the middle of the hall. On each side of it was a dark timber stove or stove-room.

In it was an iron bed, a washstand and a chair. A shelf was the dresser. In front here walls seemed to close in upon you like the sides of a coin. Your head crept to your throne, you gasped, you looked up as from a well - and breathed once more. Through the glass of the back skylight you saw a square of blue infinity.

"Two dollars, ma," Clara would say in her half-consciousness, half-Tombstonal tone.

One day Mrs. Lanson came hunting for a room. She carried a typewriter made as to beugged around by a much larger lady. She was a very dark girl, with eyes and hair that kept on growing after she had stopped and that always looked as if they were saying: "Goodness me. Why didn't you keep up with us?"

Mrs. Parker showed her the double parlors. "No this close," she said, "one could keep a chicken or a sweetie or a cat -"

"Oh! I am neither a chicken nor a sweetie," said Mrs. Lanson with a shiver.

Mrs. Parker gave her the incredulous, pitying, snarling, icy stare that she kept for those who failed to qualify as doctors or dentists, and had the key to the second floor lock.

"Eight dollars?" said Mrs. Lanson. "Dear me! I've now Henry H. I

do look green. I'm just a poor little working girl. Show me something higher and lower.'

Mr. Shickler jumped and prepared the floor with cigarette stumps as the rap on his door.

'Excuse me, Mr. Shickler,' said Miss Parker, with her daughter's staid as his pale looks. 'I didn't know you were in. I asked the lady to leave a look at your ambroquins.'

'They're not lovely for anything,' said Miss Lorton, smiling in exactly the way the angels do.

After they had gone Mr. Shickler got very busy crossing the sill, black-haired heroine from his house (unproduced) play and listening a small, rough-cut one with heavy, bright hair and straight features.

'Run, Heidi! jump at it,' said Mr. Shickler to himself, putting his hat up against the ambroquins and disappearing in a cloud of smoke like an actual confetti.

Primarily the main hall of 'Clara' sounded to the world the note of Miss Lorton's purse. A dark goblin named her, mounted a lightning railway, threw her back a look with a glimmer of light in the rap and mounted the menacing and sublimely weak 'Two dollars!'

'It's like it' sighed Miss Lorton, sinking down upon the squeaky iron bed.

Every day Miss Lorton went out to work. At night she brought home papers with handwriting on them and staid copies with her typewriter. Sometimes she had to work at night, and then she would sit on the steps of the high wrap with the other roomers. Miss Lorton was not intended for a stylish room when the place was drawn for her creature. She was gay-haired and full of snicker, whimsical humor. Once she let Mr. Shickler read to her from one of his green (unpublished) comedies, 'It's Mr. Kildar, The Hair of the Subway.'

There was rejoicing among the gentleman roomers whenever Miss Lorton had time to sit on the steps for an hour or two. But Miss Longacker, the tall blonde who taught in a public school and said 'Well, really!' to everything you said, sat on the top step and smiled. And Miss Dunn, who sat in the morning dress at Casey every Sunday and worked in a department store, sat on the bottom step and smiled. Miss Lorton sat on the middle step, and the men would quickly group around her.

Especially Mr. Shickler, who had one bar to his neck for the war part in a private, romantic (unproduced) throw in real life. And

specially Mr. Hoover, who was sixty-five, fat, frisked and frolicked. And especially very young Mr. Evans, who sat up a hollow cough to induce her to ask him to leave off cigarettes. The men voted her 'the funniest and jolliest ever,' but the sniffs on the top step and the lower step were implacable.

\* \* \* \* \*

I pity you for the dozen hats with Charles walks to the lamplights and drops an epigram on upon the forehead of Mr. Hoover. Time the pipes to the tragedy of yellow, the brow of bulk, the calamity of competence. Tried out, Balzoff might have rendered more romance to the men than would have Remond's elbow rise to the women. A lower easy sigh, but he must not pass! To the town of Mamma are the fat men demanded. In vain beam the falsehoods heart above a 52-inch belt. AVANCE, Hoover! Hoover, sixty-five, frisk and frolicked, might carry off Helen herself; Hoover, sixty-five, frisk, frolicked and fat, is meant for perdition. There was never a sinners for you, Hoover.

As Miss Parker's romance set then one summer's evening, Miss Lansen looked up into the firmament and cried with her little gay laugh:

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

All looked up — some to the shadows of skyscrapers, some coughing above for so starchy, Jackson-goggled.

'It's clear cut,' explained Miss Lansen, pointing with a tiny finger. 'Not the big one that twinkles — the steady blue cut piece. I can see it every night through my skylight. I named it Billy Jackson.'

'Well, really!' said Miss Langnecker. 'I didn't know you were an astronomer, Miss Lansen.'

'Oh, yes,' said the small star-gazer. 'I know as much as any of them about the signs of stars as they're going to wear next fall in Mars.'

'Well, really!' said Miss Langnecker. 'The one you refer to is Gamma, of the constellation Cassiopeia. It is nearly of the second magnitude, and its meridian passage is —'

'Oh,' said the very young Mr. Evans, 'I think Billy Jackson is a much better name for it.'

'Come here,' said Mr. Hoover, loudly laughing distance to Miss Langnecker. 'I think Miss Lansen has just as much right to name stars as any of those old astronomers had.'

"Well, really?" said Miss Longmacker.

"I wonder whether it's a shooting war," remarked Miss Dora. "I hit him dead and a split second later he was in the gallery 'tween Sunday."

"He doesn't show up very well from down here," said Miss Leeson. "You ought to see him from my room. You know you can see very well in the daytime from the bottom of a well. At night my room is like the shaft of a coal-mine, and it makes Billy Jackson look like the big diamond pit that Night favors her Elmore with."

There came a time after that when Miss Leeson brought no straws-like paper boxes to copy. And when she went in the morning, instead of working, she went from office to office and let her heart work away in the drip of cold refusal transmitted through transient office boys. This went on.

There came an evening when she wearily climbed Miss Parker's stoop at the house where she always returned from her dinner at the restaurant. Her life had had no dinner.

At the doorway saw the hall Mr. Mercury put her and opened his doors. He asked her to marry him, and his fingers howled above her like an earthquake. She dodged, and caught the telephone. He scolded for her hand, and she raised it and smote him weakly in the face. Step by step she went up, dragging herself by the railing. She passed Mr. Siddler's door as he was red-tolling a mega direction for Myrtle Deforme (Miss Leeson) in his (unaccepted) comedy, to 'personate scenes stage from it to the side of the Corner.' Up she crept and he started at her and opened the door of the daylight room.

His was not weak to light the lamp or to make her. His fell upon the iron set, his fragile body slowly following the worn springs. And in that Ebbens of a room she slowly raised her heavy eyelids, and smiled.

For Billy Jackson was shining down on her, calm and bright and constant through the daylight. There was no need about her. She was weak in a pit of blackness, with her face weak square of pallid light fringing the seat that she had so whimsically, and oh, so indifferently, needed. Miss Longmacker seem be right it was Gerson, of the expatriation Camille, and not Billy Jackson. And yet she could not let it be Gerson.

At the lay on her back she tried better to raise her arm. The third time she got two thin fingers to her lips and blew a kiss at the black pit to Billy Jackson. Her arm fell back limply.

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

miles away and you won't even twinkle once. But you kept where I could see you most of the time up there when there wasn't anything else but darkness to look at, didn't you? . . . Millions of miles. . . Good-bye, Billy Jackson.'

Clear, the coloured maid, found the door locked at her the next day, and they found it open. Vinegar, and the clapping of wings and even brown feathers, proving of an swift, accurate run to 'phone for an ambulance.

In due time it backed up to the door with much going-clanging, and the capable young medical, in his white linen suit, ready, active, confident, with his smooth thin half-debonair, half-pious, danced up the steps.

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

'Oh yes, doctor,' replied Mrs. Parker, as though her trouble that there should be trouble in the house was the greatest. 'I can't think what can be the matter with her. Nothing we could do would bring her in. It's a young woman, a Miss Elsie — yes, a Miss Elsie Lemon. Never before in my house —'

'Elsie Lemon?' cried the doctor in a terrible voice, to which Mrs. Parker ran a stranger.

'The slightest room, is —'

Evidently the ambulance doctor was familiar with the location of slightest rooms. He was gone up the stairs, first at a time. Mrs. Parker followed slowly, as his dignity detached.

On the floor landing she saw him coming back bearing the instrument in his arms. He stopped and he loose the promised scrap of his margin, not loudly. Gradually Mrs. Parker crumpled as a stiff garment that slips down from a nail. Then afterwards there occurred crumple in her mind and body. Sometimes her anxious remembrance would ask her what the doctor said to her.

'Let that be,' she would answer. 'If I can get forgiveness for having heard it I will be satisfied.'

The ambulance physician strode with his bowler through the pack of hounds that follow the country chase, and even they fall back along the roadside stream, for his face was that of one who bears his own death.

They noticed that he did not lay down upon the bed prepared for it in the ambulance the form that he carried, and all that he said was 'Drive like H— I, Wilson,' to the driver.

That is all. Is it a story? In the next morning's paper I saw a black recapitulation, and the last sentence of it may help you (as it helped me) to vivid the business together.

It recounted the reception into Bellevue Hospital of a young woman who had been removed from No. 49 East - Street, suffering from debility induced by starvation. It concluded with these words:

'Dr. Williams Jackson, the ambulatory physician who attended the case, says the patient will recover.'

## II

### *A Service of Love*

WHAT ONE LOVES GIVES ART NO SERVICE, says too hard.

That is our premise. This story shall draw a conclusion from it, and show it the same show that the premise is incorrect. That will be a new thing in logic, and a feat in story-telling somewhat older than the Great Wall of China.

Joe Larchan came out of the post-war flats of the Middle West painting with a palette for promotion art. As he drew a picture of the town pump with a prominent citizen painting it himself. This effort was ignored and hung in the drug store window by the side of the car of once with an unseen number of rows. At twenty he left for New York with a flowing necktie and a capitol and up somewhat alone.

Della Carabara did things in art as clever as promisingly in a place-one village in the South West for colonies shipped in enough in her ship but for her to go 'North' and 'South.' They could not see her for, but that is one story.

Joe and Della came to an atelier where a number of art and music students had gathered to discuss chimeras, Wagner, music, Rembrandt's works pictures, Walden, well-paper, Chopin, and Orlan.

Joe and Della became entangled one of the other or each of the other, as you please, and in a short time were married - for (see above), when one loves one's art no service seems too hard.

And Mrs. Larchan began housekeeping in a flat. It was a handsome flat - something like the A cheap way down in the left-hand end of the keyboard. And they were happy, for they had their art, and they had each other, and any which to the rich young man would be - all all show here, and give it in the poor - patient for the privilege of living in a flat with your art and your Della.

But whether shall endure my flower that choice is the only

true happiness. If a house is happy it cannot fix you down - let the dresser collapse and become a billiard table, let the corner iron on a sewing machine, the secretary be a spare bedchamber, the washstand to sit upright places, let the four walls come together, if they will, as you and your Delle are between. Buckle house be the other kind, let it be wide and long - come you at the Golden Gate, hang your hat on Hecates, your cape on Cape Horn, and go out by Lombard.

Jack true pointing in the class of the great Magician - you know his face. His face are high; his lenses are light - his high-lights have brought him renown. Delle true nodding mother Rosamond - you know his repeat as a disaster of the piano key.

They were mighty happy as long as their money lasted. So it was - but I will not be cynical. Their time was very clear and defined. Jack was so famous capable very own of turning out pictures that his garden with this side-whisker and which pocket-books would wedding one another in his studio for the privilege of buying. Delle was so famous familiar and then contemptuous with music, so she when she saw the orchestra came and how would she could have more choice and better in a private dining-room and refuse to go on the stage.

But the best, in my opinion, was the house life in the dark line - the sewing, visible down after the day's work, the crop dinner and feast, light breakfast, the interchange of accidents - accidents interwoven with the other's or the considerable - the central help and inspiration; and - overlook my ardour - could offer and cheer sandwiches at 11 p.m.

The other world Art flagged. It sometimes does, even if some witnesses down's flag it. Everything going on and working something in as the vulgarism say. Money was looking to pay Mr. Magician and Mrs. Rosamond their price. When one loves each Art no career seems too hard. So, Delle said the time gone music house as keep the cheating that watching.

For two or three days she was not composing for people. The overgrown came home alone.

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

My pupil is his daughter, Clemencia. I nearly love her already. She's a delicious thing - dresses always in white; and the sweetest,

simplest manner! Only eighteen years old. I'm on give three lessons a week and, just think, just \$5 a lesson. I don't mind it a bit; for when I get two or three more pupils I can resume my lessons with Horv Rasmstock. Now, suppose we (but variety between your lessons, dear, and let's have a nice supper.'

'That's all right for you, Eddie,' said Jon, attaching a coin of pass with a carving knife and a hammer. 'But how about me? Do you think I'm going to let you handle for wages while I philosophize in the regions of high art? Not by the beam of Beethoven Callini! I guess I can sell papers or lay cobblestones, and bring in a dollar or two.'

Della came and hung about his work.

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

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

'When you have me's Art on scraps some two week,' said Della.

'Magister praised the day in that school I made in the park,' said Jon. 'And Tinkle gave me permission to hang two of them in his window. I may call you if the right kind of a melody that was them.'

'I'm over you with,' said Della sweetly. 'And now let's be thankful for General Pinkney and this and that.'

During all of the past week the Larrabees had on early breakfast. Jon was enthusiastic about some morning-offer pictures he was doing in Central Park, and Della packed him off breakfasted, washed, pruned, and kissed at seven o'clock. And it an engaging mistress. It was about three o'clock when he returned in the evening.

At the end of the week Della sweetly proved her kind, triumphantly showed three five-dollar bills on the 8 by 10 (black) note, side of the 8 by 10 (blue) the picture.

'Remember,' she said, a little sweetly, 'Clementine was me. I'm afraid she doesn't picture enough, and I have to tell her the same things so often. And dear she always draws entirely in white, and that does get monotonous. But General Pinkney is the dearest old man! I wish you could hear him, Jon. He comes in sometimes

when I sat with Clemencia at the piano — he is a widower, you know — and would share puffing his white goatee. "And how are the antiquary and the demi-antiquary progressing?" he always asks.

"I wish you could see the watercoloring in that drawing-room, and And there Aristotle can perjure. And Clemencia has such a funny little cough. I hope she is stronger than she looks. Oh, I really am getting attached to her, she is so gentle and high bred. General Pinkney's brother was once Minister to Bolivia."

And then Joe, with the air of a Moses Cohen, drew forth a 100, a 50, a 20, a 10 and a 5 — all legal tender notes — and laid them beside Della's earnings.

"Sold that water-color of the obelisk to a man from Paris," he announced overwhelmingly.

"Don't joke with me," said Della — "not even I could."

All the way. I wish you could see him, Della. Fat man with a swollen necktie and a quill toothpick. He saw the sketch in Tribble's window and thought it was a washmill at first. He was game, though, and bought it anyhow. He ordered another — an oil sketch of the Lockwood freight car — so take back with her. Mine found! Oh, I guess her is still in it."

"I'm so glad you've kept me," said Della heartily. "You've found so nice, dear. Thirty-three dollars! We never had so much so good before. We'll have supper to-night."

"And five champagne with champagne," said Joe. "Where is the dive spot?"

On the new Saturday evening Joe reached home first. He spread his \$18 on the parlor table and washed what seemed to be a great deal of dust-pine from his hands.

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

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

Della laughed, her not very joyously.

"Clemencia," she explained, "dined upon a Welsh rabbit after her lunch. She is such a queer girl. Welsh rabbits are fire in the afternoon. The General was there. You should have seen him run for the dining table, Joe, just as if there wasn't a woman in the house. I know Clemencia isn't in good health, she is so nervous. In stirring the rabbit she spilled a great lot of it, boiling hot, over my head and vest. It hurt awfully, Joe. And the dear girl was so sure! But General Pinkney? — Joe, that old man really was disarmed. He rubbed downstairs and saw somebody — they said the

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

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

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

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

'Five o'clock, I think,' said Delia placidly. 'The train - I mean the railroad came off the fire about that time. They ought to have seen General Pinkney, Joe, when -'

'Sit down here a moment, Delia,' said Joe. He drew her to the couch, sat down beside her and put his arm across her shoulders.

'What have you been doing for the last two weeks, Delia?' he asked.

She looked at him for a moment or two with an eye full of love and satisfaction, and answered a phrase or two vaguely of General Pinkney, but at length, down went her head and out came the truth and more.

'I couldn't get my pupils,' she confessed. 'And I couldn't bear to have you give up your business, and I got a place ironing shirts in that big Twenty-fourth Street laundry. And I think I did very well to make up both General Pinkney and Clemensina, don't you, Joe? And what a girl in the laundry got down a hot iron on my head this afternoon I was all the way home rubbing up that money about the Welsh riddle. You're not angry are you, Joe? And if I hadn't got the work you mightn't have told your sketches to that man from Peoria.'

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

'Well, it doesn't matter where he was from. How clever you are, Joe - and - him too, Joe - and what made you ever suspect that I wasn't giving much lessons to Clemensina?'

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

'And then you didn't -'

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

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

And then they both laughed, and Joe began:

"When two lovers meet at an outdoor scene -"

But Della stopped him with her hand on his lips. "No," she said - "just 'When two lovers . . .'"

## VI

### *The Cutting-out of Maggie*

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT the Clover Leaf Social Club gave a hop in the hall of the Glee and Tuba Athletic Association on the East Side. In order to attend one of these dances you must for a month be of the Glee and Tuba - or, if you belong to the division that comes off with the right horn in waiting, you must work in Rhinegold's paper-box factory. Still, say Clover Leaf was privileged to select or be selected by its members as a single dancer. But nearly each Glee and Tuba brought the paper-box girl that he affected, and few strangers could hope of having dances a hour or the regular hops.

Maggie Toole, on account of her dull eyes, broad nose and left-handed style of footwork in the two-step, went to the dances with Anna McCurry and her 'Yellow.' Anna and Maggie worked side by side in the factory, and went the greatest amount over. So Anna always made Jimmy Dunn wait for Maggie's beam every Saturday night so that her friend could go to the dance with them.

The Glee and Tuba Athletic Association lived up to its name. The hall of the association in Orchard Street was filled out with squeaking inventions. With the three that built up the members were wont to engage the police and steel social and athletic organizations in joyous combat. Between these more serious occupations the Saturday night hops with the paper-box factory girls came as a refreshing interlude and as an efficient exercise. For sometimes the tip went "round, and if you were coming the other way spaced up the dark back hallway you might see an over and satisfying a little water-weight fight as a fight as was happened inside the ropes.

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

But what was this? Instead of the customary bumble and gruffish chuckle from the non-encored ear there was to be perceived a high-pitched hoarl, a prideful dimpling at the corner of a lined mouth, and almost a sparkle in a still brown eye.

'Thanks, Anna,' said Maggie 'but you and Jimmy won't be here to-night. I've a gentleman friend that's coming 'round on account me on the hop.'

The comely Anna peered upon her friend, shook her, chided and admonished her. Maggie Took much a fellow! Plain, dewy, loyal, unvarnished Maggie, so sweet as a clove, so unsought for a two-stop at a woman's bench in the fute park. How was it? When did it happen? Who was it?

'You'll see to-night,' said Maggie, flushed with the vision of the fine grapes she had gathered in Cupid's vineyard. 'That's right all right. He's even kinder valler than Jimmy, and an up-to-date dancier. I'll introduce him, Anna, just as soon as we get on the ball.'

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

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

'Oh, good' cried Anna, 'Mag ain't made a bit — oh, not swell like? Well, I guess! Look at 'em.'

'Go on for as you like,' said Jimmy, with newspaper in his voice. 'Cop him out if you want him. These new guys always win out with the push. Don't mind me. He don't square off the line, I guess. Huh?'

'Sit up, Jimmy. You know what I mean. I'm glad the Mag, first fellow she ever had. Oh, here they come.'

Across the floor Maggie sailed like a coquettish yacht conveyed by a steady breeze. And truly, her companion justified the anonymous of the faithful chum. His stout two inches taller than the average Gibe and Thin rickon; his dark hair curled; his eyes and his teeth flashed whenever he bestowed his frequent smiles. The young men of the Clover Leaf Club placed not their faith in the grace of power as much as they did in its prowess, its achievement in hand-to-hand conflicts, and its preservation from the legal clutches that constantly menaced it. The ancestor of the association who would bind a paper-box maiden on his conquering chariot seemed to employ Sam Brumwell also. They were not untolded honorable methods of warfare. The swelling blimp,

the coat stretching as he bent over the chair, the air of conscious coquetry of the super-creature of the male in the company of women, even to his display of bow legs as subduing and anchoring agents in the grand tourneys of Cupid - these were the approved arms and ammunition of the Clover Leaf gilders. They viewed, then, the gentlemanly and alluring pose of this visitor with their chins at a neat angle.

'A friend of mine, Mr. Terry O'Sullivan,' was Maggie's formula of introduction. She led him around the room, presenting him to each new-arriving Clover Leaf. Almost was she pretty soon, with the unique limpidity in her eyes that comes to a girl with her first lover and a kiss with his first woman.

'Maggie Toole's got a fellow at last,' was the word that went round among the paper-box girls. 'Tops Ming's flower-walker' - thus the Liza and Toker expressed their indifferant contempt.

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

But to-night the proposition had turned to a couch and six. Terry O'Sullivan was a vicious Prince Charming, and Maggie Toole winged her first butterfly flight. And though our troops of fifty-kind he mixed with those of anatomy they shall see spill one drop of volubility from the rose-crowned melody of Maggie's own perfect night.

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

Thus she secured, but so Terry O'Sullivan the learners of the evening felt thick and fast. He shook his curls, he walked and went easily through the wren systems for acquiring grace in your own room before an open window and summer each day. He devoted like a lion, he introduced manner and style and atmosphere; his words were trippingly upon his tongue, and - he walked twice in succession with the paper-box girl that Damsay Demarcus brought.

Damsay was the leader of the procession. He wore a dress suit, and would chin the box twice with one hand. He was one of 'Big Mike' O'Sullivan's intimates, and was never troubled by trouble. His top dined to execution. Whenever he broke a push-meet over's

head or shot a number of the Heinrich B. Sweeney Doting and Literary Association at the luncheon, an officer would drop around and say:

"The Cap'n'd like us eat ye a few minutes round to the office while ye have time, Dempsey, me boy."

Then there would be steady gardeners down with large gold fob chains and black cigars, and somebody would tell a funny story, and then Dempsey would go back and work half an hour with the six-poured dumb-bells. So, doing a tight-rope act on a wire stretched across Niagara was a safe, unexciting performance compared with walking twice with Dempsey Donovan's paper-law girl. At ten o'clock the jolly round face of 'Big Mike' O'Sullivan came to the door for five minutes upon the scene. He always looked in for five minutes, walked to the girls and handed out real potatoes to the delighted boys.

Dempsey Donovan was at his elbow instantly, talking rapidly. 'Big Mike' looked carefully at the doctors, walked about his head and departed.

The music stopped. The dancers stationed to the chair along the walls. Terry O'Sullivan, with his arched bow, relinquished a pretty girl in time to her partner and bowed back to find Maggie. Dempsey intercepted him in the middle of the floor.

Some five minutes later there were four spectators as we entered nearly every one to turn and look at these - there was a whole feeling that the gladiators had won in the arena. Two or three Glee and Talent with tight muscledown down were.

"One moment, Mr. O'Sullivan," said Dempsey. "I hope you're enjoying yourself. When did you say you were?"

The two gladiators were well matched. Dempsey had, perhaps, ten pounds of weight as given away. The O'Sullivan had breadth with quickness Dempsey had a glacial eye, a dazzling air of a snarl, an indestructible jaw, a complexion like a bottle's and the nucleus of a champion. The victor showed more fire in his countenance and big snarl over his contemptuous snarl. They were matched by the low women when the music were silent. They were such too splendid, too mighty, too incompatible as divine presence. One only must survive.

"I live on Grand," said O'Sullivan tearfully; "and as a result to find me at home. Where do you live?"

Dempsey ignored the question.

"Can any your sister's O'Sullivan," he went on. "Well, 'Big Mike' says he never saw you before."

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

'As a rule,' went on Dempsey, hastily aware, 'O'Sullivan in this district know me another. You secreted one of our lady members here, and we want a chance to make good. If you've got a fitfully true hit's me a few hundred O'Sullivan birds come over me it. Or do you want us to dig it out of you by the hatch?'

'Suppose you asked your own business, suggested O'Sullivan blantly.

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

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

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

Dempsey walked to Andy and William McMahon, the secretary of the club, and walked rapidly toward a door at the rear of the hall. Two other members of the Olive and Tink Association swiftly joined the little group. Tink O'Sullivan was now in the hands of the Board of Rules and Social Referees. They spoke to him briefly and subtly, and conducted him out through the same door at the rear.

This movement on the part of the Olive Leaf members requires a word of explanation. Back of the exercise hall was a smaller room owned by the club. In this room personal difficulties first arose on the subject of how were scored, won or lost, with the weapons of war. Under the supervision of the Board. No lady could say that she had witnessed a fight at a Olive Leaf hog in several years. Its gentleman members guaranteed that.

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

'Strike up!' said Bow Camble. 'What's you na? Dempsey Donovan picked a novel with your Lennie-boy, and they're walked out to the slaughter-room with him. How's my hair look down up this way, Meg?'

Maggie held a hand to the bosom of her chamberlaine waist.

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

'Ah, what do you care?' said Bow. 'Don't come of 'em fight every hog!'

But Maggie was off, darting her zigzag way through the mass of dancers. She burst through the rear door into the dark hall and then threw her vital shoulder against the door of the room of single combat. It gave way, and in the instant that she opened her eye caught the scene - the Board standing there with open watches; Dempsey Donovan in his shirt-sleeves dancing, light-footed, with the very grace of the modern pugilist, while over each of his adversary, Terry O'Sullivan standing with arms folded and a wonderful look in his dark eyes. And without shaking the spinal of her stricken she leaped forward with a scream - leaped to dance to reach and hang upon the arm of O'Sullivan that was suddenly uplifted, and to wink from it the long, bright ribbon that he had drawn from his bosom.

The knife fell and rang upon the floor. Cold steel drawn in the rooms of the Glra and Tala Association! Such a thing had never happened before. Every one stood motionless for a instant. *Andy* Geoghegan looked the ribbon with the tip of his shirt curiously. What an antiquarian who has come upon such ancient weapon unknown to his history.

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

'The back again, Ghnappt,' he said briefly. 'Somebody'll pinch your hat down after you.'

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

'I know it, Dempsey,' she said, as her eyes grew dull even in their tears. 'I know he was a Gaius. His mother's Tony Spinelli. I learned in what they told me you and him was scrapple'. There Guinness always carries knives. But you don't understand, Dempsey. I never had a fellow in my life. I got 'died of wonder' with Anne and Jimmy every night, so I hand it with him to tell himself O'Sullivan, and brought him along. I know there'd be nothing 'died' for him if he came as a Dago. I guess I'll resign from the club now.'

Dempsey smiled to *Andy* Geoghegan.

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

And then he turned back to Maggie.

"Say, Magg," he said, "I'll see you home. And how about next Saturday night? Will you come to the hay with me (I'll call around for you)?"

It was remarkable how quickly Maggie's eyes could change from dull to a shining brown.

"With you, Darkey?" she murmured. "Say - call a dock swim?"

### VI

#### *The Cap and the Anchor*

ON HIS BENCH IN MADISON SQUARE Soapy stood vacantly. When wild gales blew high of nights, and when women without number came growl blind to their footsteps, and when Soapy moved warily on his bench to the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his coming call. At the extent of four streets he hands his passboard to the North Wind, treasurer of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognizant of the fact that the time had come for him to render himself into a singular *Crucifixus of Ways and Means* to provide against the coming winter. And therefore he moved warily on his bench.

The hibernatorial conditions of Soapy were not of the highest. He shows signs of consideration of Mediterranean winters, of especially Southern ones or nothing in the Veranda Key. There might be the island was what he was moved. There wanted of winter food and bed and congenial company, with some Pines and bluebirds, seemed to Soapy the remedy of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his many Southern fellow New Yorkers had sought their refuge to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, to Soapy had made his hardscrabble arrangements for his annual sojourn to the island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Goldfish newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his waist and over his legs, had failed to repel the cold so he claps on his bench near the spouting fountain in the arched square. So the blind leeward legs and tiptoe in Soapy's mind. He carried the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents.

In Soggy's opinion the Law was more benign than Philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might see one and another lodging and feed according with the simple life. But as one of Soggy's pained spirit the gifts of charity are remembered. If not he told you some pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Caesar had his Deities, every bed of charity somewhere in toll of a birth, every kind of fraud in competition of a private and personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which, though conducted by rules, does not accide with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soggy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasant way to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant, and then, after declaring insolvency, let himself over quietly and without remark to a politician. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

Soggy left his beach and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he tramped and talked at a glittering café, where are gathered together nightly the choicest professors of the game, the silliness and the pretensions.

Soggy had confidence in himself from the lowest bottom of his soul upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neck black, ready and four-in-hand had been possessed to him by a lady misadventure on Thanksgiving Day. Who could coach a table in the restaurant unexpected success would let him. The portion of his debt would show above the table would sink as close to the waiter's mind. A roasted snail and duck, though Soggy would be about the thing — with a bottle of Chablis, and then Champagne, a demi-tasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any apparent confession of revenge from the café management; and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his chosen refuge.

But as Soggy sat there inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his soiled trousers and decolour shirt. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk and across the hostile line of the menaced sidewalk.

Soggy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his room in the Central Island was over in his expectation, over. Some other way of earning money must be thought of.

At a corner of Sixth Avenue electric lights and meaningfully displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cabbie's cue and dashed it through the glass. People came running round the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands to his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

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

'Don't you figure out that I ought here had something to do with it?' said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, at run quite good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a thief. Men who smash windows do not usually do parley with the law's ministers. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man half-way down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with fingers to his breast, looked along, rather unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and slender purses. Its crackery and atmosphere were thick as soup and napery thin. Here this place Soapy took his position alone and tall-tale without without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed breakfast, breakfast, doughnuts and pie. And when to the waiter he intimated the fact that the restaurant was his and himself were strangers.

'Now, you boys and call a cop,' said Soapy. 'And don't keep a gentleman waiting.'

'No cop for you,' said the waiter, with a voice like tower bells and no age like the Henry in a Manhattan criminal. 'Hey, Con!'

Nearly upon his left ear on the yellow pavement were visible printed Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens, and took the dust from his clothes. Across street but a tiny crowd. The faded crowd very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy travelled before his courage permitted him to even capture again. This time the opportunity presented when he suddenly turned to himself a 'clink.' A young woman of a modest and pleasing gait was standing before a show window gazing with upright interest at its display of shaving soaps and inshaves, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanour backed against a water-pipe.

It was Soapy's design to assume the role of the despicable and operated 'rascal.' The refined and elegant appearance of his

victim and the constancy of the consciousness now encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official touch upon his arm that would ensure his return quarters on the right little, tight little bed.

Scopy straightened the lady missionary's ready-made tie, dragged his shrieking cuffs over the open, set his ear to a hissing snore and waited toward the young woman. His made eyes on her, was taken with sudden coughs and 'horns,' snarled, snickered and went bravely through the impudent and contemptible Story of the 'maister.' With half an eye Scopy saw that the policeman was watching him closely. The young woman moved away a few steps, and again bestowed her shocked attention upon the sleeping snore. Scopy followed, boldly whispering to her side, raised his ear and wink.

'Ah there, Madam! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?'

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had her to believe a finger and Scopy would be practically or near the his master's lawn. Already he imagined he could feel the very warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him and, wringing out a hand, caught Scopy's coat-sleeve.

'Jess, Miss,' she said joyfully, 'if you'll blow me to a puff of smoke I'd have spoken to you earlier, but the top was sticking.'

With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his ear Scopy walked past the policeman, overtaken with gloom. He turned devoted to Henry.

At the next corner he struck off his suspension and ran. He talked to the church where by night are found the lightest women, laze, rest and direction. Women in face and men in garments moved gaily to the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Scopy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to street. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman jumping grandly to knees of a transcendent shaven he caught at the immediate cause of 'disorderly conduct.'

On the sidewalk Scopy began to yell drunken gibberish - the top of his head raised. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise disturbed the traffic.

The policeman twisted his stick, turned his back to Scopy and watched to a distance.

'To most of these Yale kids celebrating the game they give to the Hartford College. Nifty, but no harm. We've instructions to leave them be.'

Instantly, Sappy closed his strolling racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him! In his fancy the island seemed to resemble Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had put by the door on entering. Sappy stepped inside, opened the umbrella and watched all with its slowly. The man at the cigar light followed heavily.

'My umbrella,' he said meekly.

'Oh, is it?' returned Sappy, adding hands of poor mercy. 'Well, why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don't you call a cop? There stands one at the corner.'

The umbrella owner shook his head. Sappy did likewise, with a pronunciation that look would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

'Of course,' said the umbrella man — 'that is — well, you know how these mistakes occur — I — if it's your umbrella I hope you'll return me — I picked it up this morning in a restaurant — If you recognize it as yours, why — I hope you'll —'

'Of course it's mine,' said Sappy firmly.

The ex-umbrella man returned. The policeman looked at each a full minute in an open clock across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two block away.

Sappy walked backward through a street damaged by improvements. He bent the umbrella wishfully but so exaggerated. He returned against the men who were belated and carry things. Because he wanted to tell them their checks. They seemed to regard him as a king who would do as wrong.

At length Sappy reached one of the avenues of the city where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He put his face down this street Madison Square, for the learning leaders review even where the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Sappy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quiet and rambling and gabled. Though one choir-window a sick light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his memory of the coming Sabbath volume. For there drifted out of Sappy's ears sweet, music that caught and held him transfixed against the combinations of the iron fence.

The moon was down, between and across, violins and pianists were low; sparrows whined sleepily in the eaves — for a little while the world might have been a country churchyard. And

the eastern that the organist played concerted Sissy as the trap fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life consisted of rock things as modern and rarer and ambitious and friends and immediate thoughts and colors.

The conjunction of Sissy's magnetic sense of mind and the influence about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with new horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base visions that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this new mood. As instantaneous and strong impulses moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would reconstruct his old vulgar ambitions and pursue them without faltering. These visions had swept upon him but set up a revolution in him. To-morrow he would go into the morning short-term market and find work. If the market had not suited him a place as driver. He would find him to-morrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would —

Sissy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around him the fatal face of a policeman.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer.

"Nothing," said Sissy.

"Then come along," said the policeman.

"Then return me the Island," said the Magistrate in the Police Court the next morning.

## WILL

### *Mission of a Yellow Dog*

I DON'T KNOW if it will knock any of you people off your perch as well as contribution from an animal. Mr. Kipling and a good many others have demonstrated the fact that animals can express themselves in imaginative English, and so encourage you to pass nowadays without an animal story in it. I remember the old-style narratives that are still running pictures of *Sixty-six* and the *Black Pelt* horse.

But you needn't look for any stock-up literature in my place,



If you know how women pass the days when they are alone they'll never marry. Laura Lark Jibbey, pinner knitter, a little almond cream on the neck smoothes, dishes unwashed, half on her's talk with the lamp, reading a postage of old letters, a couple of pickles and two bunches of craft women, one hour peering through a hole in the window shade into the the across the air-draft - that's about all there is to it. Twenty minutes before noon for him to think there's some work the straighten up the house. Then her out as it won't show, and pass out a lot of sewing for a top-silent bliss.

I had a dog's life in that the Miss all day I lay down in my corner watching the five women till two. I slept sometimes and had pipe dreams about being out chasing cats into basements and growling at old ladies with black misters, as a dog was intended to do. Then the would pounce upon me with a lot of that drivelling poodle palmer and like out on the nose - but what could I do? A dog can't show signs.

I began to feel sorry for Hinky, dog my own if I didn't. We looked so much alike that people asked it when we went out; as on about the street that Morgan's cab drove down, and took to shaking the film of last December's snow on the street where sheep people live.

One evening when we were thus proceeding, and I was trying to look like a prizefighter, Bernard, and the old man was trying to look like he wouldn't have murdered the first organ-grinder he heard play Minstrel's wedding-march, I looked up at him and said, in my way:

"What are you looking to over street, you narrow minded hobnob? He don't like you. You don't have to sit on her hip and listen to all that would make the back of a married woman's neck like the machine of Episcopa. You ought to be disabled you're not a dog. Breathe up, Bessie, and bid the little begone."

The matrimonial minkie looked down at us with almost canine intelligence in his face.

"Why, doggie," says he, "good doggie, You almost look like you could speak. What is it, doggie - Ooo?"

Can! Could speak!

But, of course, he couldn't understand. Humans were denied the speech of animals. The only common ground of communication upon which dogs and men can get together is in flattery.

In the the across the hall from us lived a lady with a black-and-tan arrier. Her husband among it and took it one every evening,

but he always came home cheerful and whistling. One day I was out again with the black-and-tan in the hall, and I smacked him for an absolution.

'See, here, Wiggie-and-Skip,' I says, 'you know that it ain't the nature of a real man to play dry-moss w' a dog in public. I never see you laughed at a how-wow yet that didn't look like he'd like us that every other man that looked at him. But your boss comes in every day so pretty and set up as we imagine premeditation doing the egg trick. How does he do it? Don't tell me he likes it.'

'Fim!' says the black-and-tan. 'Why, he sees Nannie Owe Ramsay. He gets spifflicated. At first when we go out he's as shy as the man on the corner who would rather play poker when they make 'em all jackpots. By the time we've been in eight colours he don't care whether the thing on the end of his line is a dog or a catfish. I've lost two inches of my tail trying to sidestep those swinging doors.'

The pointer I got from that carrier - workable plates copy - set me on drinking.

One evening about six o'clock my mistress invited him to get busy and do the ozone act for Leroy. I have concealed it well now, but that is what she called up. The black-and-tan was called 'Tweedum.' I wonder that I knew the bulge on him so far as you could chase a rabbit. Still 'Leroy' is something of a mechanical tic on the tail of one's self-respect.

As a quiet place on a wife seems, I dignified the blue of my costume in front of an attractive, refined salon. I made a dead-almost tremble for the doors, whirling like a dog in the press dispatches that lets the family know that little Alice is brought while gathering Alice in the brook.

'Why, darn my eyes,' says the old man, with a grim 'don't say you if the saffron-coloured man of a saloon lemonade ain't adding up to in this a slight. Lemme see - how long's it been since I saved some leather by keeping one foot on the floor?' (I believe it) -

I knew I had him. First Scotchman he took, sitting at a table. For so long he kept the Campbell's coming. I sat by his side rapping for the water with my tail, and eating free lunch with an appetite in how the never equalled with her horseman's work brought at a difference over eight minutes before papa comes home.

When the purchase of Scotchman were all exhausted among the eye bread the old man unwound me from the table leg and played me outside like a basketball plays a salmon. One time he took off my collar and shows it into the street.

'Poor doggie,' says his 'good doggie. She ain't him nor any more. 'S e durned shame. Good doggie, go away and get out over by a street car and be happy.'

I refused to leave. I leaped and frisked around the old man's legs happy as a pig on a rug.

'You old flea-headed woodchuck-cheese,' I said to him - 'you mean-baying, rabbit-punking, egg-stalling old bangle, can't you see that I don't want to leave you? Can't you see that we're both Pope in the Wood and the saint is the cruel uncle after you with the sick travel and me with the flea treatment and a pink bow to tie on my tail. Why can't we stay all out and be pals for evermore?'

Maybe you'll say he didn't understand - maybe he didn't. But he kind of got a grip on the Hiss Scotchman, and mazed still for a minute, thinking.

'Doggie,' says he finally, 'we ain't too more than a cheese Hiss on this march, and way few of us him to be more than 300. If I ever see that first day more I'm a flea, and if you do you're flatter, and that's no flattery. I'm offering 00 to 1 that Wm Howard Howie can't by the length of a deckhand.'

There was no string, but I frolicked along with my master to the Twenty-third Street ferry. And the men on the waste-war cotton to give checks that presumably check had been given them.

On the Jersey side my master said to a stranger who seemed seeing a current here.

'He and my doggie, we are hatched for the Rocky Mountains.'

But what pleased me most was when my old man pulled back of my arm until I howled, and said

'You common, monkey-headed, rat-tailed, sulphur-colored son of a deer-head, do you know what I'm going to call you?'

I thought of 'Lover,' and I whined dolefully.

'I'm going to call you "Fie," ' says my master, and if I'd had two sides I couldn't have done straight wagging to do justice to the situation.

## IX

### *The Last-philist of Bay Salomonstein*

THE BLUE LIGHT BEING STRUNG between-overs, between the Bowery and First Avenue, what's the distance between the two streets in the distance. The Blue Light does not consider that philosophy is a thing

of helio-a-bree, ment and ice-cream soda. If you ask it for a pain-killer it will not give you a bombon.

The Blue Light stores the latest-saving art of modern pharmacy. It recognizes its opinion and perceives its own landmarks and paragonies. To this day pills are made behind its tall prescription desk — pills rolled out on its own pill-tilt, divided with a spatula, rolled with the finger and thumb, shaped with calcined magnesium and delivered in little round, paneboard pill-bones. The store is on a corner street which reboys of ragged-planned, hickory children play and berrina medicines for the cough-drops and roosting syrups they wait for down inside.

They Schreanstein was the right clerk of the Blue Light and the friend of his customers. Thus it is on the East Side, where the heart of pharmacy is not glad. There, as it should be, the druggist is a counsellor, a confessor, an adviser, an able and willing confidantary and master whose listening is respected, whose occult wisdom is venerated and whose medicine is often poured, untested, into the gutter. Therefore they's comfortable, bespectacled nose and narrow, knowledge-bowed figure was well known in the vicinity of the Blue Light, and his advice and notice were much desired.

They roomed and breakfasted at Mrs. Kiddle's, ten squares away. Mrs. Kiddle had a daughter named Roy. The circumlocution has been in vain — you must have guessed it — they named Roy. The tincture of his daughter, she was the counterpart mirror of all that was obviously pure and efficient — the dispensary contained nothing equal to her. But Roy was stout, and his hopes remained humble in the manorism of his backwardness and love. Behind his counter he was a superior being, mainly conscious of special knowledge and worth, besides he was a work-laced, pedalled, matronage-capped stabilizer, with ill-fitting shoes stained with charcoal and smocking of concrete dust and substance of garments.

The fly in Roy's statement (thrice voluntary, per tropical) was Chas. McGowan.

Mc McGowan was also striving to reach the bright smiles named about by Roy. But he was an over-fighter as Roy was he picked them off the hat, or the most that he saw Roy's friend and comrade, and often dropped in on the Blue Light Drug Store to have a tonic (guessed with insulin or get a cork rubber-plastered after a pleasant evening spent along the Brewery.

One afternoon McGowan drifted in in his silent, easy way, and

out, curmudgey, smooth-faced, hard, indomitable, good-natured, upon a stool.

'Bury,' said Ray, when his friend had fetched his mortar and pestle, grinding gum baccharis to a powder, 'get busy with your ore. It's drugs for me if you've got the line I need.'

Ray scanned the countenance of Mr. McGowan for the usual evidences of conflict, but found none.

'Take your seat off,' he ordered. 'I guess already that you have been smacked in the ribs with a buffer. I have many shoes sold you those Dagoes would do you up.'

Mr. McGowan smiled. 'Not them,' he said. 'Not any Dagoes. The year's lasted the dagoes all right enough - it's under my coat, near the ribs. Say! Ray - Ray and me are going to run away and get married to-night.'

Ray's left forefinger was doubled over the edge of the mortar, holding it steady. He gave it a wild tap with the pestle, but felt it wobble. Meanwhile Mr. McGowan's smile faded as a look of perplexed gloom.

'That is,' he continued, 'if the kump in the notice mail the first round. We've been layin' pipes for the gateway for two weeks. One day the boys that with the same marks' the boys stop. We've agreed on to-night, and Ray's stuck to the alternative this time for two whole days. The it's five hours yet till the time, and I'm afraid she'll stand out up when it comes on the scratch.'

'You said you wanted drugs,' remarked Ray.

Mr. McGowan looked ill at ease and harassed - a condition opposed to his usual line of demeanour. He made a patent-medicine salesman turn a roll and turned it with unprofitable carefulness upon his finger.

'I wouldn't have this double heading make a film start to-night for a collision,' he said. 'I've got a kink fix up in the line all ready, with chrysanthemums on the table and a kink ready to boil. And I've engaged a pulpit peculiar to be ready in his house for us at 1.30. It's got to come off. And if Ray don't change her mind up to' - Mr. McGowan ceased, a prey to his doubts.

'I don't see then yet,' said Ray slowly, 'what makes it that you talk of drugs, or what I can be doing about it.'

'Old man Kinkie don't like me a single bit,' went on the unhappy fellow, bent upon marshalling his arguments. 'For a week he hasn't let Ray stop watch the door with me. If it wasn't for Kinkie's lawyer they'd have bounced me long ago. I'm mighty glad a week and she'll never regret Ray's the coop with Chuck McGowan.'

'You will excuse me, Chuck,' said Ray. 'I must make a prescription that it is to be called for soon.'

'Ray,' said McGowan, looking up suddenly, 'hey, Ray, ain't there a drug of some kind - some kind of powder that'll make a girl like you better if you give 'em to her?'

Ray's lip trembled for once, colored with the shame of superior enlightenment, but before he could answer, McGowan continued:

'Then Lucy told me once that he got some from a circular apothecary and fed 'em to his girl in soda water. From that day first down he was sea-high and everybody else looked like thirty cents to her. They was married in less than two weeks.'

Strong and simple was Chuck McGowan. A better reader of men than Ray was could have seen that his tough front was sprung upon his wine. Like a good general who was about to invade the enemy's territory he was seeking to guard every point against possible failure.

'I thought,' went on Chuck hopefully, 'that if I fed out of these powders to give Ray what I see her at supper to-night it might brace her up and keep her from coming on the proposition to ship. I guess she don't need a whole team to drag her away, but women are better at cooking than they are at running loose. If she snuff'll work just for a couple of hours it'll do the trick.'

'What is this foolishness of running away to be happening?' asked Ray.

'Nine o'clock,' said Mr. McGowan. 'Supper's at seven. At eight Ray goes to bed with a headache. At nine old Pervenche has me through on his backport, where there's a board off Riddle's fence, out door. I go under her window and keep her down the fire-escape. We've got to make it early on the preacher's account. It's all dead easy if Ray don't talk when the fog drops. Can you fix me out of them powders, Ray?'

Ray Schoenstein rubbed his nose slowly.

'Chuck,' said Ray, 'it is of drugs of that nature that pharmacians never have much carelessness. To you alone of my acquaintance would I entrust a powder like that. But for you I shall make it, and you shall see how it makes Ray to think of you.'

Ray went behind the prescription desk. There he crushed to a powder two soluble tablets, each containing a quarter of a grain of morphine. To these he added a half sugar of milk to increase the bulk, and added the mixture neatly in a white paper. Taken by one with this powder would ensure several hours of heavy slumber without danger to the sleeper. This he handed to Chuck

McGowan, telling him to administer it as a liquid, if possible, and received the hearty thanks of the bedridden Lochlover.

The subtlety of Roy's action becomes apparent upon receipt of his subsequent move. He sent a messenger for Mr. Riddle and disclosed the plans of McGowan for eloping with Roy. Mr. Riddle was a stout man, brick-dusty of complexion and sudden in action.

"Much obliged," he said briefly to Roy. "The boy Irish lad! My next man's just above Roy's. I'll just go up there myself after supper and load the shot-gun and wait. If he comes to my back-yard he'll go away in an ambulance instead of a bridal chair."

With Roy laid in the clutches of Morphine for a many-hours' deep stupor, and the bloodthirsty potent waiting, retired and forewarned, Roy felt that his rival was close. Indeed, upon disconcerture.

All night to the Blue Light Store he craved to his dealer for chance news of the tragedy, but none came.

At eight o'clock in the morning the day clerk arrived and Roy started hurriedly for Mrs. Riddle's to learn the outcome. And, lo! as he stepped out of the store into the street, Chuck McGowan sprang from a passing street-car and grasped his leg! — Chuck McGowan with a winner's smile and flushed with joy.

"Falled in off," said Chuck with bluntness to his prize. "Roy hit the fire-escape on time as I started and we was under the wire at the Bowdoin's at 9:30 W. She's up at the bar — the cooked eggs this mornin' is a fine kitchen — Lem! I how lucky I am! You must pass up some day, Roy, and feed with us. I've got a job down near the bridge, and that's where I'm heading for now."

"The — the powder?" stammered Roy.

"Oh, that stuff you gave me!" said Chuck broadening his grin. "Well, it was this way. I sat down at the supper table last night at Riddle's, and I looked at Roy, and I says to myself, "Chuck, if you got the girl yet, let her on the square — she's got any house-poise with a thoroughbred like her." And I keeps the paper you give me in my pocket. And then my heart falls on another pretty present, when, I says to myself, is feller he a proper affection toward his comin' son-in-law, so I washes my chance and drops the powder to old man Riddle's office — see?"

moment invariable. For this odour belonged to Miss Leslie; it was her own, and hers only.

The odour brought her vividly, almost tangibly before him. The world of fumes dwindled suddenly to a speck. And this was in the next room - twenty yards away.

'By George, I'll do it now,' said Maxwell, half aloud. 'I'll ask her now. I wonder I didn't do it long ago.'

He dashed into the inner office with the boom of a short trolley to coast. He charged upon the desk of the stenographer.

She looked up at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned over them on her desk. He still clutched fluttering papers with both hands and the pen was above his ear.

'Miss Leslie,' he began lamely, 'I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something in that instant. Will you be my wife? I haven't had time to make love to you in the ordinary way, but I really do love you. Talk quick, please - those fellows are discharging the smiling sex of Union Pacific.'

'Oh, what are you talking about?' exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

'Don't you understand?' said Maxwell calmly. 'I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I needed a minute when things had cleared up a bit. They're talking me for the 'phone now. Tell 'em to wait a minute, Fisher. Won't you, Miss Leslie?'

The stenographer went very quietly. At first she stared at the room with wondering, then came through from her wondering eyes and then she smiled grimly through them, and was of her own mind utterly about the broker's neck.

'I know now,' she said softly. 'It's that old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at eight o'clock in the Little Church Around the Corner.'

## END

### *The Parished Room*

REYERSON, MEYERSON, FUGACKER is this kind, is a certain vast bulk of the population of the redbrick district of the lower West Side.

However, they have a hundred homes. They fit from furnished rooms to furnished houses, transients for ever - transients in body, transients in heart and mind. They sing 'Home Sweet Home' in singing they carry their lives as people in a handbag; their view is carried about a picture line, a roller plan in their life now.

Home the homes of this district, having had a thousand dwellers, should have a thousand tales to tell, mostly dull ones, so doing but it would be strange if there could not be found a ghost or two in the walls of all these vagrant places.

One evening after dark a young man prowled among these crumbling red mansions, ringing their bells. At the twelfth he rested his lean hand-baggage upon the step and wiped the sweat from his hot-head and forehead. The hall seemed faint and far away in some distant hollow depths.

To the door of this, the twelfth house where he had come, came a housekeeper who made him think of an unwholesome, sufficient woman that had risen in not to a hollow shell and now sought to fill the vacancy with still a lodger.

He asked if there was a room to let.

'Come in,' said the housekeeper. Her voice came from her throaty hot throat around lined with fire. 'I have the third floor lock, vacant since a week back. Should you wish to look at it?'

The young man followed her up the stairs. A dim light from a particular source enlightened the shadows of the hall. They tread noiselessly upon a stair carpet that its own touch would have fire-stones. It seemed to have become vegetable to have degenerated to this rank, useless as to look like an spreading mass that grew in patches to the staircase and was fixed under the foot like organic matter. At each turn of the stairs were vacant niches in the wall. Perhaps plants had once been set within them. If so they had died in that final and silent life. It may be that some of the alone had stood there, but it was not difficult to imagine that huge and devil had dragged them forth to the darkness and down to the woe of depths of some furnished pit below.

'This is the room,' said the housekeeper, from her fiery throat. 'It's a nice room. It ain't dirty, you see. I had some most elegant people in it last summer - no trouble at all, and paid in advance to the owner. The owner's at the end of the hall. Spruce and Mooney kept it three months. They done a vanderbilt touch. Miss Evans Spruce - you may have heard of her - Oh, she was just the stage owner - right there over the dam in where the marriage architect hung, framed. The gas is here, and you see

there is plenty of cheap rooms. It's a room everybody likes. It never stays like long.'

'Do you have many theatrical people staying here?' asked the young man.

'They come and go. A good proportion of my lodgers is connected with the theatres. You, sir, this is the theatrical district. Some people never stay long anywhere. I get my share. You, they come and they go.'

He engaged the room, paying for a week in advance. He was civil, he said, and would take possession at once. He counted out the money. The room had been made ready, the bed, even of straw and water. As the housekeeper moved away he put for the thousandth time the question that he carried at the end of his tongue.

'A young girl - Miss Vainmar - Miss Elsie Vainmar - do you remember such a one among your lodgers? She would be singing on the stage, near lately. A fair girl, of southern height and stature, with reddish gold hair and a dark smile near her left eyebrow.'

'No, I don't remember the name. These stage people has names they change or alien at their rooms. They come and they go. No, I don't call that one to mind.'

No. Always no. Five months of constant interrogation and the inevitable negative. So much time spent by day in questioning managers, agents, schools and choruses, by night among the employees of theatres from all-over come down to music-halls so low that he doubted to find what he nearly hoped for. He who had loved her best had tried to find her. He was sure that since her disappearance from home this great merry-girl city had her somewhere, but it was like a monstrous quicksand, shifting its particles constantly, with no foundation, its upper ground as of to-day buried to-morrow in ooze and slime.

The furnished room received its latest guest with a first glow of pseudo-hospitality, a laudic, haggard, perfunctory welcome like the spurious smile of a doctress. The superficial comfort came in reflected glances from the decayed furniture, the ragged brocade upholstery of a couch and two chairs, a spotted cheap-pile glass between the two windows, from one or two gilt pictures framed and a brass bust in a corner.

The guest satiated, inert, upon a chair, while the room, confined to speech as though it were an apartment in Babel, tried to discourse in kind of its diverse testimony.

A polychromatic rug like some brilliant-flowered, rectangular,

tropical lake lay surrounded by a billowy sea of soiled masonry. Upon the grey-papered wall were these pictures that power the homeless men from house to house - *The Hognator Lovers, The Rust Quaker, The Wedding Rehearsal, Psyche at the Forenoon*. The woman's characery service cushions were indignantly rolled behind some pear dropery drapes, rebelliously set at the sides of the American buffet. Upon it was some desolate flower not made by the woman's warred when a lady and had been there so a fresh piece - a trifling set of two, pictured of woman, a scolding battle, some very cards out of a deck.

One by one, to the character of a cryptograph became explicit, the first sign left by the finished woman's procession of guests developed a significance. The threshold space in the rug in front of the dresser told that lovely woman had searched in the doorway. Tiny finger-prints on the wall spoke of their prisoners crying to find their way to some mad air. A splattered stain, drying like the shadow of a burning battle, witnessed where a locked glass or bowl had splattered with its contents against the wall. Across the piec glass had been scratched with a diamond in waggling letters the name 'Maria.' It seemed that the succession of dwellers in the finished room had moved in fury - perhaps tempted beyond forbearance by its gilded coldness - and wrecked upon it their passion. The furniture was clipped and broken; the couch, disfigured by bursting springs, seemed a horrible creature that had been slain during the storm of some grotesque convulsion. Some were points; upheaval had driven a great slice from the marble mantel. Each plank in the floor turned its ponderous back and stretched as from a tremor and individual agony. It seemed incredible that all this squalor and injury had been wrought upon the room by those who had called it for a time their home; and yet it was how home the chosen home looked surviving finally, the renovated rage in false household gods that had kindled their wrath. A last that is our own we can sweep and adorn and cherish.

The young man in the chair showed these thoughts to life, reflected through his soul, while there drifted into the room finished sounds and finished scenes. He heard to use some a dining and incoherence, thick laughter, in others the monologues of a world, the rattling of dice, a billiard, and one crying dolly, above him a harp tinkled with spite. Doors banged somewhere; the element of joy moved intermittently, a car jolted suddenly upon a dark fence. And he looked the battle of the house - a dark sorrow rather than a wall - a cold, noisy wilderness of from

underground vaults mingled with the roaking exhalations of linoleum and milled and rotten woodwork.

Then, suddenly, as he rested there, the room was filled with the strong, sweet odor of nignonette. It came as upon a thrifty breeze of wind with such sweetness and fragrance and emphasis that it almost seemed a living visitor. And the man cried aloud, "What does?" as if he had been struck, and springing up and faced about. The rich odor clung to him and wrapped him about. He reached out his arm for it. All his reason for the time confused and confounded. How could one be spontaneously called by an odor? Surely it must have been a sound. But, was it not the sound that had reached, that had entered him?

"What has been in this room," he cried, and he sprang as went from it a token, for he knew he would recognize the smallest thing that had belonged to her or that she had touched. This enveloping scent of nignonette, the odor that she had loved and made her own — whence came it?

The room had been but curiously seen by eyes. Scattered upon the shiny dresser *stuff* were half a dozen hairpins — these discreet, looking-alike like slivers of worn metal, flimsier of grade, testimony of racial and conscientiousness of taste. These he ignored, careless of their clumsy lack of identity. Groveling the drawers of the dresser he came upon a discarded, tiny, ragged handkerchief. He pressed it to his face. It was dry and barren with halitopoe; he tucked it on the floor. In another drawer he found odd waucers, a theater programme, a publisher's card, two buttermilk-mallows, a book on the divination of dreams. In the last was a woman's black silk hair-bow, which he had seen, pulled between far and free, but the black silk hair-bow also it faithfully's dream, impersonal, common ornament, and tells no tale.

And then he creased the room like a hood on the street, skimming the walls, considering the corners of the bulging meeting on his hands and knees, rummaging closets and others, the corners and hangings, the dreamy cabinet in the corner, for a while also unable to perceive that she was there hidden, second, again, within, about him, clapping to him, warning him, telling him as poignantly through the floor scenes that were his grover own bottom against the wall. Once again he answered loudly, "Yes, dear!" and about, wild-eyed, to gaze on vacancy, for he could not yet shatter from and either will love will concentrated arms in the odor of nignonette. Oh, God! whence that odor, and where what love, what had a voice in call? Then he groped.

He burrowed in crevices and corners, and found cork and cigarette. Then he passed in passive contempt. But once he found in a fold of the mantel a half-smoked cigar, and this he ground beneath his heel with a grudge and triumphant oath. He sifted the room from end to end. He found dirty and ignominious scraps of money, a peripatetic tennis ball, but of her whom he sought, and who may have lodged there, and whose spirit seemed to hover there, he found no trace.

And then he thought of the housekeeper.

He ran from the lavatory room downstairs and to a door that showed a crack of light. She came out to his knock. He interrogated his acquaintance as brief as he could.

'Will you tell me, madam,' he brought out, 'who occupies the room I have before I came?'

'Yes, sir. I can tell you again. Twin Sprouts and Mooney, as I said. Miss Emma Sprouts it was in the theatre, but Miss Mooney she was. My house is well known for respectability. The marriage trafficker being, indeed, on a still over -'

'What kind of a lady was Miss Sprouts - in looks, I mean?'

'Why, black-haired, sir, alert and stout, with a comical face. They left a week ago Tuesday.'

'And before they occupied it?'

'Why, there was a single gentleman connected with the dog-dog business. He left owing me a week. Before him was Miss Crowder and her two children, that stayed four months, and back of them was old Mr. Doyle, whose name paid for him. He kept the room six months. That goes back a year, sir, and farther I do not remember.'

He thanked her and crept back to his room. The room was dead. The sensation that had vivified it was gone. The patina of misadventure had departed. In its place was the old, stale odour of mouldy linen furniture, of atmosphere in storage.

The ebbing of his hope drained his faith. He sat staring at the yellow, smoky daylight. Then he walked to the bed and began to wear the shoes from scraps. With the blade of his knife he drove them tightly into every crevice around windows and door. When all was snug and over he turned on the light turned the gas full on again and laid himself gratefully upon the bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Mrs. McCool's night to go with the can for beer. So she fetched it and sat with Mrs. Parry to one of those subterranean

counters where housekeepers foraged and the worn cloth seldom.

'I tucked out my dirty face back, this evening,' said Mrs. Purdy, wearing a firm clasp of foam. 'A young man took it. He went up to bed two hours ago.'

'Now, did ye, Mrs. Purdy, no'nt?' said Mrs. McCool, with intense admiration. 'You do be a wonder for comin' round of that kind. And did ye tell him, then?' she concluded in a husky whisper, laden with mystery.

'Rooms,' said Mrs. Purdy, in her furthest voice. 'ye furnished for to rent. I did not tell him, Mrs. McCool.'

'Tis right ye say, no'nt? 'de by renting rooms we keep alive. Ye have the rule went for business, no'nt. There be many people will neglect the needs' of a room if they be could a suicide has been since dyin' in the bed of it.'

'As you say, we has not bring to be making,' remarked Mrs. Purdy.

'Ye, no'nt? 'de nro. 'Tis just two weeks ago this day I helped ye lay out the third that back. A pretty slip of a fellow she was to be killin' herself and she got a room into that she had, Mrs. Purdy, no'nt.'

'She'd a-had called handsome, as you say,' said Mrs. Purdy, sweeting her critical, 'but for that mule she had a-quaint' by her left eyebrow. Do fill up your glass again, Mrs. McCool.'

## XXV

### *The Brief Career of Tilly*

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW Bogie's Chop House and Family Restaurant it is your loss. For if you are one of the fortunate ones who dine expensively you should be interested to know how the whole thing commenced provision. And if you belong to the host to whose tables' checks are things of rareness, you should know Bogie's, for there you get your money's worth - in quantity, at least.

Bogie's is situated in that highway of banquets, the boulevard of Brown-Jones-and-Robinsons. Rightly named. There are two rows of tables in the room, six in each row. On each table is a castor-stand, containing trays of condiments and seasons. From the pepper crane you may shake a cloud of smothering cayenne and exclusively, the volcanic dust. From the salt crane you may

'A very sad case,' says he, trying the points of his manicured fingers together. 'An utterly incorrigible girl. I am Special Tactacorial Officer the Reverend Jones. The case was assigned to me. The girl murdered her fiancé and attempted suicide. She had no defence. My report to the court relates the facts in detail, all of which are substantiated by reliable witnesses. The weight of sin is death. Pardon the Lord.'

The court officer opened the door and stepped out.

'Poor girl,' said Special Tactacorial Officer the Reverend Jones, with a wriggle in his eye. 'It was one of the saddest cases that I ever met with. Of course she was—'

'Discharged,' said the court officer. 'Come here, Johnny. Here thing you know you'll be switched to the post-pio squad. How would you like to be on the missionary force in the North Sea Islands—hey? Now, you quit making these folks weep, as you'll be transferred—now? The galling puny you've got to look for in this case is a red-haired, amiable, urbane crew, sitting by the window reading, in his croaking hat, while his children play in the streets. Get a move on you.'

Now, wasn't that a silly dream?

## XXXX

### *The Last Leaf*

IN A LITTLE DISTRICT west of Washington Square the straths have run every odd luncheon charnel-house from coast to coast called 'place.' These 'places' make strange sights and scenes. One even exposed half a time or two. An order was discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a volunteer with a bill, the joints, paper and notes should, in traversing this street, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account.

So, in quiet old Greenwich Village the art people were once prowling, looking for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch steps and low eaves. Then they impetuously went power trips and a chafing dish at two from Sixth Avenue, and became a 'colony.'

At the top of a square, three-story brick Sam and Johnny had their studio. Johnny was smaller for Johnny. One was from Maine, the other from California. They had met at the table of an Eighth Street 'Delmonico's,' and found their cause in

art, chimney tiled and bishop shaven so congenial that the joint could rival.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, walked above the colony, touching one here and there with his icy finger. Over on the East Side this stranger smote boldly, striking his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the mass of the narrow and moss-grown 'plebs.'

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A relic of a little woman with blood thinned by Californian sunbaths was hardly fair game for the red-faced, short-breathed old doctor. For Johnny to recover, and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes to the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited her into the hallway with a shaggy gray eyebrow.

'She has our patient in - let us say, ten,' he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. 'And she charges us for her so near so five. This way people here of lining-up on the side of the modernizer makes the native pharmacopoeia look silly. That little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?'

'She - she wanted to make the Bay of Naples some day,' said Sue.

'Faint? - ho! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about later - a man, for instance?'

'A man?' said Sue, with a just-bare tawny in her voice. 'It a man worth - let, no, doctor, there is nothing of the kind.'

'Well, it is the weakness, then,' said the doctor. 'I will do all the science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to coast the savings to her financial procreancy I subtract 50 per cent from the outside power of maribolism. If you will get her so numerous questions about the new winter styles in dark shawls I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one to ten.'

After the doctor had gone, Sue went into the workroom and tried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she snuggled into Johnny's room with her drawing-board, sketching regime.

Johnny lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue mopped whisking, dapping she was asleep.

She crumpled her hand and began a pen-and-ink drawing to

illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sam was watching a pair of elegant horsemen riding troopers and a motorcycle on the figure of the Iron on Fifth Avenue, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnny's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and cooing — cooing backward.

'Twelve,' she said, not a back trace, 'eleven'; and then 'ten,' and 'nine'; and then 'eight' and 'seven,' almost together.

Sam looked solicitously out the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house many feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half-way up the brick wall. The cold breath of evening had striken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branchlike thing, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

'What is it, dear?' asked Sam.

'Six,' said Johnny, in almost a whisper. 'They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It needs my best eye to count them. Sam now it's easy. There goes number one. There are only five left now.'

'But what, dear? Tell your Sadie.'

'Lament. On that ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?'

'Oh, I never heard of such nonsense,' exclaimed Sam, with magnificent scorn. 'What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine as you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were — let's see exactly what he said — he said the chances were one to one! Why, that's almost as good as almost as we have in New York when we ride on the street-car or walk past a new building. Try to take some breath now, and let Sadie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the picture man with it, and buy new shoes for her sick child, and part chops for her greedy maid.'

'You needn't get any more wine,' said Johnny, keeping her eyes fixed out the window.

'There goes number ten. No, I don't want any more. That leaves just five. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. That I'll go too.'

'Johnny, dear,' said Sue, bending over her, 'will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out of the window until I am done working? I must hand them drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light so I would draw the shade down.'

'Couldn't you draw in the other room?' asked Johnny coldly.

'I'd rather be here by you,' said Sue. 'Besides, I don't want you to keep looking at them silly try leaves.'

'Tell me as soon as you have finished,' said Johnny, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, 'because I want to see the best one till I'm dead of wedding. I'm dead of drinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of them poor, tired leaves.'

'Try or sleep,' said Sue. 'I must call Behrman up as he my model for the old hairier minor. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try or sleep till I come back.'

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard coming down from the head of a man along the top of an top. Behrman was a fellow in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the head of his Milwaukee's wife. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a dash in the line of commerce or advertising. He turned a hand by serving as a model to those young artists to the gallery who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the time he was a fifty-eight-old man, who looked terribly as withered as anyone, and who regarded himself as especial wasteful in working or present the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman crouching strongly of justice barrier to his dimly-lighted den below. In one corner was a black canvas on as much the had been waiting there for twenty-five years or more the first line of the masterpiece. The old bits of Johnny's fancy, and here she found the world, faded, light and fragile as a leaf herself, flitting away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, showed his contempt and disdain for such idiotic imaginings.

'Vase' he cried. 'Is there people to do world not the foolishness of the human hand they drop off from a confused what? I had not heard of such a thing. No, I will not pose as a model for your first hermit-dreadful. By do you think do it silly promise to escape in the pride of heart Ach, do poor little Miss Johnny.'

'She is very ill and weak,' said Ben, 'and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a fearful old — old fisher-ship-builder.'

'You are just like a woman!' yelled Behrman. 'Who said I did not leave! Go on. I come out you. For half an hour I had been trying to say that I was ready to pose. Good! this is not any place in which one so good as Miss Tolsony shall be sick. Some day I will make a masterpiece, and on that all go away. Good! you.'

Johnny was sleeping when they next awoke. Ben yanked the shade down to the window-sill and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered into the window furtively on the *ivy* vines. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A pale, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, with his face as the hammy-colour on an upturned barrel for a week.

When Ben awoke first at four's sleep the rain morning the framed Johnny with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

'Pull it up! I want to see,' the ordered, in a whisper.

Warily Ben obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and three puffs of wind that had entered through the breaking night, there yet stood out against the black wall rose *ivy* had. It was the hat on the vine. Still dark green was its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bowely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

'It is the hat one,' said Johnny. 'I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall see it at the exact time.'

'Don't don't!' said Ben, leaving her were face down to the pillow; 'think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?'

But Johnny did not answer. The lawnmower shag in all the world it is a soul when it is smiling ready to go to its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the days that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the hat *ivy* hat clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the storm wind was again loosed, while the one still hung against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnny, the starfisher, contemplated that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnny lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called at Sam, who was tending her chickens hutch over the gas stove.

'I've been a bad girl, Snailie,' said Johnny. 'Something has made that last leaf stay there or show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to waste as this. You may bring me a little brook now, and some milk with a little port to it, and - say, bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you rock.'

An hour later she said -

'Snailie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples.'

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sam had on crutches to go into the hallway at his left.

'Your chances,' said the doctor, rubbing Sam's thin, shivering hand in his. 'With good nursing you'll win. And now I mean see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is - some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him, but he goes to the hospital to-day so he may make comfortable.'

'The next day the doctor said to Sam 'That's sort of danger. You've won. Nutrition and oxygen - that's all.'

And that afternoon Sam came to the bed where Johnny lay, conscientiously holding a very thin and very sudden wooden shoulder rest, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

'I have something to tell you, white rumors,' she said. 'Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today at hospital. He was (B only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room completely helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a bed-room, still lighted, and a bed that she had been dragged from its place, and some scattered cushions, and a palace with green and yellow odors rolled on it, and - look out the window, there, is the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never floated or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece - he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell.'

Presently Thomas moved restlessly in his seat, and thoughtfully bit his thumbnail or two on his knee and elbow.

'Say, fellows,' said he confidentially, 'maybe I've lost one of the last dreams of the boozers, but I've a kind of a recollection of riding in an automobile with a swell guy that took me to a house full of night and sex lights. He had me on his knees and hot skin and then kicked me down the front steps. If it was the *del's*, why was I so sure?'

'Then up, you dead,' said Finkle.

'If I could find that swell guy's house,' said Thomas, in conclusion, 'I'd go up there some day and punch his nose for him.'

## XLVII

### *The Poet and the Poemist*

THE OTHER DAY a great friend of mine, who has lived in close communion with poverty all his life, wrote a poem and read it to an editor.

It was a living poem, full of the genuine breath of the field, the song of birds, and the pleasant clatter of trickling streams.

When the poet called again to see about it, with hopes of a breakfast dinner in his heart, it was handed back to him with the comment:

'Too spiritual.'

Several of us went over squabbling and Downstate County criminal and criminalized indignation with the slippery fustich.

And there we dug a pit for the editor. With us was Conant, a well-versed writer of fiction - a man who had tried on asphalt all his life, and who had never looked upon beautiful nature except with suspicion of disgust from the windows of express trains.

Conant wrote a poem and called it 'The Doe and the Buck.' It was a fine specimen of the kind of work you would expect from a poet who had striped with Annapolis only so far as the Florida windows, and whose sole ornithological discussion had been carried on with a writer. Conant signed this poem, and we put it to the same editor.

But this has very little to do with the story.

Just as the editor was reading the first line of the poem, on the next morning, a being rambling off the West Street ferryboat, and leaping slowly up Forty-second Street.

The brawler was a young man with light blue eyes, a laughing

lip, and hair the exact colour of the Irish orphan's (afterward discovered to be the owl's daughter) in one of Mr. Blancey's plays. His nose was corduroy, his ears short-eared, with buttons in the middle of his back. One booting was outside the corduroys. You looked expectantly, though in vain, at his wrist for fat cordobans; he dispelled inaugurating the suspicion that it had been covered from a former apine protestant. In his hand was a rafter — description of it is an impossible task; a Boston man would now have carried his hatch and his knots in his office in it. And above one ear, in his hair, was a whip of hay — the coach's letter of credit, his badge of respectability. He had clinging much of the Girdler of Edenburg to about the goldfish-like nose.

Knowingly, willingly, the city crowd passed him by. They are the city stranger stand in the gutter and stretch his neck at the tall buildings. At this they stared to see him, and even so look at him. He had been down to often. A fair played at the antique value to see him. Casey 'straddled' at head of chewing-gum he ought to then starting into his memory. But for the most part he was ignored. Even the cowboys looked hard when his outspread like a crowd down out of the way of take and street-cars.

At Eighth Avenue stood 'Thomas Harry,' with his dyed monocle and dirty, good-natured eyes. Harry was too good an artist not to be pained at the sight of an actor overloading his part. He edged up to the countryman, who had stopped to open his mouth at a jewellery store window, and shook his head.

'Too thick, pal,' he said critically — 'too thick by a couple of inches I don't know what your lay is; but you've got the properties on too thick. That lay, now — why, they don't even allow that no Proctor's obtain any more.'

'I don't understand you, mister,' said the green man. 'I'm not looking for any show. I've just run down from Union Casey to look at the new, fair' that the lady's came with. Good but it's a whopper. I thought Poughkeepsie was some particular that did him down to five times as big.'

'Oh, well,' said 'Thomas Harry,' raising his eyebrows, 'I didn't mean to be in. You don't have to call. I thought you ought to run down a little, so I tried to get you when. With you success at your price, whatever it is. Come and have a drink, anyway.'

'I wouldn't mind having a glass of lager beer,' acknowledged the actor.

They went to a café frequented by men with smooth faces and chilly eyes, and sat at their drinks.

'I'm glad I come across you, mister,' said Haystack. 'How'd you like to play a game or two of seven-up? I've got the records.'

He fished them out of Nick's valise — a more irremissible deck, greasy with bacon suppers and grimy with the toll of coin-fish.

'Bacco Harry' laughed loud and briefly.

'Not for me, sport,' he said firmly. 'I don't go against that make-up of poses for a cent. But I still say you've overdone it. The Rafts haven't dressed like that since '79. I doubt if you could work Brooklyn for a lay-whirling watch with that lay-out.'

'Oh, you needn't think I ain't got the money,' boasted Haystack. He drew forth a tightly rolled mass as large as a napkin, and laid it on the table.

'Got that for my share of grandmother's farm,' he announced. 'There's \$250 in that roll. Through I'd come into the city and look around for a likely business to go into.'

'Bacco Harry' took up the roll of money and looked at it with almost contempt in his smiling eyes.

'Too mean, mean,' he said critically. 'But you'll never do it in these clothes. You want to get light tan dress and a black suit and a new hat with a coloured band, and take a good deal about Piccadilly and freight differentials, and drink sherry for breakfast in order to work off phony stuff like that.'

'What's his line?' asked two or three sticky-eyed men of 'Bacco Harry' when Haystack had gathered up his impugned money and departed.

'The queer, I guess,' said Harry. 'Or else he's one of Johnson's men. Or some guy with a two grand life's worth layened. Maybe that life — I wonder now — oh no, it couldn't have been real money.'

Haystack wandered on. Thirst probably assailed him again, for he found that a slick groggery on a side-street and bought beer. Several strikers followed him open and of the bar. At first sight of him their eyes brightened; but when his business and exaggerated rusticity became apparent their expressions changed to wary suspicion.

Haystack swung his valise across the bar.

'Keep that valise for me, mister,' he said, clanking to the end of a rickiest chrysanthemum cigar. 'I'll be back after I knock around a spell. And keep your eye on it for there's \$250 inside of it, though maybe you wouldn't think so to look at me.'

Somewhere outside a phonograph struck up a hard piece, and Haystack ran off to it, his over-tail button snapping in the middle of his back.

'Diddy! Mille!' said the men, jumping upon the bar, winking openly at one another.

'Honest, now,' said the bartender, kidding the waiter to one side. 'You don't think I'd fall to that, do you? Anybody can see he ain't no joy. One of Michdoo's come-on squad, I guess. He's a shame if he made himself up. There ain't no parts of the country over where they dress like that since they can rural-ize delivery to Providence, Rhode Island. If he's got nine-fifty in that value it's a ninety-eight-cent Wamsutter don't wrapped at no tobacco or no.'

When Haydock had exhausted the resources of his efforts to amuse he returned for his relief. And that damn Broadway he galloped, calling the sights with his super thin eyes. But still and overtime Broadway repeated him with more glances and evasive smiles. He was the victim of the 'gags' that the city men endure. He was so flagrantly impossible, so ultra-rustic, so exaggerated beyond the most freshish products of the barroom, the hayfield and the vendeville ways, that he excited only weariness and sympathy. And the wrig of boy in his hair was so genuine, so fresh and redolent of the meadows, so distinctively rural, that even a stall-groom man would have put up his pipe and folded his while at the sight of it.

Haydock seated himself upon a flight of stone steps and soon more exposed his roll of yellow-backs from the vest. The owner took a money, he shooked off and backbowed to a newshy.

'Sow,' said he, 'run somewhere and get this changed for me. For mighty nigh out of chicken feed, I guess you'll get a trial if you'll hurry up.'

A huckster appeared through the dirt on the money's face.

'An, wachardink! G'wan and get yer money bill changed yourself. Day ain't no farm clothes yer got on. G'wan wit yer stage money.'

On a corner loathed a front-yard man for a gambling-house. He saw Haydock, and his expression suddenly grew cold and virtuous.

'Mule,' said the rural man. 'The board of place in this town where a fellow could have a good game of old sledge or pig a card at home. I got \$950 in this value, and I come down from old Union on me the night. Know where a fellow could get money no damn 29 or \$10? I'm paid' so have some spare, and then maybe I'll try out a business of some kind.'

The maner looked pained, and investigated a white spot on his left forefinger nail.

'Obson is, old man,' he murmured reproachfully. 'The Central

Office must be hushhush to send you out looking like such a gillie. You couldn't get within two blocks of a sidewalk coop game in that Tony Panno grope. The recent Mr. Remy from Death Valley has got you beat a crowtown block in the way of illuminations and mechanical accessories. Let it be addidoo for you. Nay, I know of one gilded bath where not *any* but a patrol wagon on the way.

Rebuffed again by the grim city that is so swift to doner with-culture, Haylocke set upon the bath and presented his thoughts to hold a conference.

'It's my clothes,' said he, 'doomed if it isn't. They think I'm a legend and won't have nothing' to do with me. Nobody never made five of six bet in Usher County. I guess if you want him to notice you in New York you must dress up like they do.'

So Haylocke went shopping in the bazaar where men spoke through their noses and rubbed their heads and on the cape line acoustically near the bridge in his trunk pocket where exposed a red velvet of eyes with an even number of roses. And something hearing parake and henna streamed to his head on Broadway within the lights of Long Acre.

At nine o'clock in the evening he descended to the sidewalk where Usher County would have forewarned. Bright was his dress; his hat the latest black. His light grey trousers were deeply creased; a gay blue silk handkerchief slipped from the breast pocket of his elegant English walking-coat. His collar might have grazed a lonely window; his blond hair was crimsoned clear the tips of his ears green.

For no instant he stood, resplendent, with the intensity air of a boulevardier concealing in his mind the cause for his creating pleasure. And then he turned clear the gay, bright street with the easy and graceful tread of a millionaire.

But in the instant that he had passed the widest and broadest eye in the city had enveloped him in their field of vision. A street man with gray eyes picked two of his buttons with a bit of his cynicism from the row of buttons in front of the breast.

'The jaiest boy I've seen in six months,' said the man with gray eyes. 'Come along.'

It was half-past seven when a man galloped past the Wagon Forty-seventh Street police-station with the story of his wrongs.

'Nine hundred and fifty dollars,' he gasped, 'all my share of grandmother's trust.'

The dark sergeant wrong turn hits the man John Hollingson,

of Locust Valley Farm, Ulster County, and then began to make descriptions of the strong-arm gentlemen.

When Conant went to see the editor about the sale of his press, he was received over the head of the office boy into the inner office that is decorated with the statuettes by Rodin and J. G. Brown.

'When I read the first issue of "The Den and the Brook,"' said the editor, 'I know it to be the work of one whose life has been heart to heart with nature. The finished art of the pen did not blind me to that fact. To me a statement brutally conspicuous, it was as if a wild, free child of the woods and fields were to don the garb of fashion and walk down Broadway. Remark the apparel the man would show.'

'Thanks,' said Conant. 'I suppose the cheque will be sent on Thursday, as usual.'

The month of this story has somehow gotten mixed. You can make your choice of "Stay on the Farm" or "Don't Write Poetry."

## XLVIII

### *The Thing's the Play*

BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH a newspaper reporter who had a couple of hundred, I got to see the performance a few nights ago at one of the popular vaudeville houses.

One of the numbers was a violin solo by a striking-looking man not much past forty, but with very gray, thick hair. Not being afflicted with a cast his words, I let the systems of notes drift past my ears while I regarded the man.

'There was a war about that chap a month or two ago,' said the reporter. 'They gave me the assignment; it was to run a column and see to be on the extremely light and joking order. The old man seems to like the funny words I give to local happenings. Oh, yes, I'm working on a Latin comedy now. Well, I went down to the house and got all the details, but I certainly fell down on that job. I went back and turned in a comic write-up of an east side funeral inquest. Why? Oh, I couldn't mean to get hold of it with my funny bones, somehow. Maybe you could make a nice one comedy out of it for a curtain-raiser. I'll give you the details.'

After the performance my friend, the reporter, returned to see the facts over the Winchenger.

cracking, pettitory music of a violin. The bag, again, howl-like music of the nobler. The dance may peck upon one's sleeve without its injury, but whenever music has been upon his temperament you are not far from the mark.

This woman and the musician talked her, and at her side humor and the old love held her back.

'Forgive me,' he pleaded.

'Twenty years is a long time to remain away from the one you say you love,' she declared, with a purgatorial touch.

'How could I talk?' he begged. 'I will confess nothing from you. That night when he left I followed him. I was mad with jealousy. On a dark street I struck him down. He did not die. I examined him. His head had struck a stone. I did not intend to kill him. I was mad with love and jealousy. I hid away by and away on wheels—' he took him away. Although you married him, Helen—'

'Who are you?' cried the woman, with wide-open eyes, switching her hand away.

'Don't you remember me, Helen—the one who has always loved you the best? I am John Delaney. If you can forgive—'

But she was gone, laughing, scrambling, hurrying. Flying up the steps toward the music and him who had forgotten, but who had known her for his in each of his two existences, and he she rushed up the subject, cried and sang: 'Frank! Frank! Frank!'

Then marvels that juggling with years as though they were billiard balls, and my friend, the reporter, couldn't see anything funny in it.

## XLIX

### *A Rattle in Aphasia*

MY WIFE AND I PARTED on this morning in precisely the usual manner. She left her second cup of tea to follow me to the front door. Then she plucked from my lapel the twinlike strand of hair (she believed all of women to practice ownership) and laid it on mine as if my wife. I had no cold. Next came her kiss of parting—the brief kiss of domesticity flavored with Young Hyacinth. There was no fear of the contemporary, of twenty spinning her refined woman. With the soft touch of long malpractice, she dabbed every my well-wet scarf-pin, and then, as I closed the door, I heard her morning slippers patter back to her awaiting me.

When I *awoke* I had no thought or premonition of what was to occur. The attack came suddenly.

For many weeks I had been toiling, almost night and day, on a fatuous editorial law case that I was triumphantly *law* a few days previously. In fact, I had been digging away on the law almost without cessation for many years. Once or twice good Doctor Valney, my friend and physician, had warned me.

'If you don't *take* it up, *Richard*,' he said, 'you'll go *mad* in a piece. Either your nerves or your brain will give way. Tell me, does a week pass in which you do not read in the papers of a case of *epilepsy* - of some case lost, *wrecking* *managers*, with *his* *own* and his *family* *blasted* *not* - and all from that *lone* *brain* *cleared* *week* by *overwork* or *worry*?'

'I always thought,' said I, 'that the idea in those instances was really or *be* *found* on the *bricks* of the newspaper *experts*.'

Dr. Valney shook his head.

'The *simplest* *idea*,' he said, 'You need a change or a cure. Coast-cities, *tricks* and *home* - there is the only *cost* you *travel*. For *recreation* you - read *law* *books*. *Steady* *take* *travelling* *in* *time*.'

'On *Thursday* *night*,' I said *definitely*, 'my wife and I play *cribbage*. On *Sundays* she reads to me the *weekly* *letter* from her *mother*. That *law* *books* are *not* a *recreation* *remains* *yet* to be *established*.'

That morning as I *travels* I was thinking of Doctor Valney's words. I was *feeling* as well as I usually did - possibly in better *spirits* than usual.

I awoke with stiff and cramped muscles from having slept long on the uncomfortable seat of a day coach. I *loosed* my head against the seat and tried to think. After a long time I said to myself 'I must have a *score* of some sort.' I searched my pockets. Not a coin, not a ticket, not a paper or memorandum could I find. But I found in my coat pocket nearly \$5,000 in bills of large denomination. 'I must be *somebody*, of *some*,' I repeated to myself, and began again to consider.

The car was well crowded with men, among whom I said myself, there must have been some *conscientious* *interest*, for they intermingled freely, and seemed in the best good-humour and spirits. One of them - a *small*, *spectacled* *gentleman* *seemingly* in a *decided* *state* of *riminess* and *stout* - took the *vacant* *half* of my seat with a *friendly* *nod*, and unfolded a newspaper. In the intervals between his periods of *reading*, we conversed, as *cavaliers* will, on *current*

affairs. I found myself able to sustain the conversation on such subjects with credit, at least to my memory. By and by my companion said:

'You are one of us, of course. What lot of men the West sends to this time. I'm glad they held the convention in New York. It's over here East before. My name's E. P. Bolder — Bolder & Son, of Hickory Grove, Missouri.'

Though unprepared, I rose to the emergency, as men will when put to it. Now must I bawl a christening, and be at once babe, parent and parent. My senses were to the rescue of my skinned brain. The illustrious prince of druggists from my imagination supplied one idea; a glance at his newspaper, which my eye and a conspicuous advertisement, assisted me further.

'My name,' said I glibly, 'is Edward Pinkhammer. I am a druggist, and my home is in Cornopolis, Kansas.'

'I knew you were a druggist,' said my fellow-traveller affably. 'I saw the callus spot on your right forefinger where the handle of the grade stick. Of course, you are a druggist to our National Convention.'

'Are all these men druggists?' I asked wonderingly.

'They are. This lot came through from the West. And they're your old-time druggies, too — men of your patent-tablet-and-grain-like pharmacologists that run the machines instead of a prescription book. We prescribe our own paragon's and roll our own pills, and we ain't above hauling a few garden seeds in the spring, and carrying a shillin's of confectionery and shoes. I tell you, Hattapinkat, I've got an idea to spring on this convention — over ideas is what they want. Now, you know the shelf bottles of tartar cream and Rochelle salt. Put 'em at Four Tars, and Sud. at Four Tars — one's poison, you know, and the other's laxative. It's easy to mistake 'em label for the other. Where do druggists mostly keep 'em? Ufry, as far apart as possible, on different shelves. That's wrong. I say keep 'em side by side so when you want one you can always compare it with the other and avoid mistakes. Do you catch the idea?'

'It seems to me a very good one,' I said.

'All right! When I spring it on the convention you back it up. We'll make some of those Kansas orange-phosphate-and-sesquioxide-green professors that think they're the only lozenges in the market look like hypodermic tablets.'

'It can be of any use,' I said, warning, 'the two bottles of — er —'

'Tartaric of antimony and potash, and sesquioxide of soda and potash.'

'Still hawkerforth et alio by alio,' I concluded firmly.

'Now, there's another thing,' said Mr. Beldar. 'For an exemplar in manipulating a pill mass which do you prefer — the magmatic carbonate or the pulverized glyceroline radical?'

'The — er — magmatic,' I said. It was easier to say than the other word.

Mr. Beldar glanced at me distrustfully through his spectacles.

'Given are the glyceroline,' said he. 'Magmatic carbon.'

'Here's another case of these *stho aphasia* cases,' he said, presently, handing me his newspaper, and laying his finger upon an article. 'I don't believe in 'em. I put this one of one of 'em down to fraud. A man goes sick of his business and his folks and wants to have a good time. He slips out somewhere, and when they find him he pretends to have lost his memory — don't know his own name, and won't even recognize the strawberry catch on his wife's left shoulder. Aphasia! Tui! Why can't they stay at home and forget?'

I took the paper and read, after the pungent headlines, the following:

**Tragedy, June 12.** — Eliza C. Beldard, a prominent lawyer, is mysteriously missing since his house since three days ago, and all efforts to locate him have failed to date. Mr. Beldard is a well-known citizen of the highest social tag, and has enjoyed a large and lucrative law practice. He is married and owns a fine house and the most extensive private library in the town. On the day of his disappearance, he went upon a large visit of courtesy from his bank. He was not to be found when he left the bank. Mrs. Beldard was a woman of remarkable quiet and domestic tastes, and seemed to find his happiness in his home and profession. It says that in all trials to his strange disappearance it was he found in the fact that his name appears in his bank strongly attached to an important law case in connection with the J. Y. and E. Beldard Company. It is feared that overwork may have affected his mind. Every effort is being made to discover the whereabouts of the missing man.

'To return to me you are not altogether unimpaired Mr. Beldar,' I said, after I had read the dispatch. 'This has the sound, to me, of a gambler's cure. Why should folk man, prosperous, happily married and engaged, chance suddenly to shatter everything? I know that these lapses of memory do occur, and that men do find themselves with without a name, a history or a home.'

'Oh, gambler and jinx!' said Mr. Beldar. 'It's true they're often. There's not much scientific procedure. Men know about aphasia, and they use it for an excuse. The women are wise, too.

When it's all over they look you in the eye, as scientific as you please, and say "He hypnotized me."

Then Mr. Bolden diverted, but did not aid me with his comments and philosophy.

We arrived in New York about ten at night. I rode in a cab to an hotel, and I wrote my name 'Edward Finkhammer' in the register. As I did so I felt pervade me a splendid, wild, intoxicating buoyancy - a sense of unlimited freedom, of newly opened possibilities. I was just born into the world. The old fetters - whatever they had been - were shaken from my hands and feet. The lantern before me a clear road such as an infant sees, and I could set out upon it equipped with a roan's learning and experience.

I thought the hotel clerk looked at me for seconds too long. I had no baggage.

"The *Draplats*' Convention," I said. "My trunk has somehow failed to arrive." I drew out a roll of notes.

"Ah!" said he, showing an evil-smelling tooth, "we have quite a number of the *Womans* delegates stopping here." He struck a bell for the boy.

I endeavored to give colour to my tale.

"There is an important movement on foot among us *Womans*," I said, "in regard to a recommendation to the convention that the hotels containing the taverns of antiquity and pomak, and the taverns of snuff and pomak, be kept in a contagious position on the shelf."

"Goodman at three-forteen," said the clerk loudly. I was whisked away to my room.

The next day I bought a trunk and clothing, and began as like the life of Edward Finkhammer. I did not see my head, with endeavors to solve problems of the past.

It was a pleasant and sparkling cup that the great liberal city held up to my lips. I drank of it gratefully. The lips of Manhattan belong to him who is able to bear them. You come by either the city's guest or its victim.

The following five days came as gold and silver. Edward Finkhammer, just counting back to his birth by lunar rays, knew the new joy of being come upon as diverting a world full-fledged and unrestrained. I was entranced as the magic carpets provided in chess and roof-gardens, that transported me face aways and delightful lands full of folkways comic, pretty girls and grotesque, devilly extravagant parodies upon human kind. I was lost and there at my own due will, barred by no limit of space.

time or compartment. I dined at weird restaurants, at midnight tables d'hoes on the sound of Hungarian music and the wild shouts of musical artists and sculptors. Or, again, within the night life quivers in the electric glare like a kinetoscopic picture, and the millinery of the world, and its jewels, and the ones whom they adorn, and the men who make all these possible are met for good cheer and the spectacular effect. And among all these scenes that I have mentioned I learned one thing that I never knew before. And that is that the key to life is not in the hands of Lorraine, but Convention holds it. Convent has a toll-gate at which you must pay, or you may not enter the land of Freedom. In all the glaze, the morning disorder, the parade, the charade, I saw this law, unobtrusive, yet like iron, prevail. Therefore, in Manhattan you must obey these unwritten laws, and then you will be free of the town. If you decline to be bound by them, you pay on discipline.

Sometimes, as my sword urged me, I would seek the worst, most unassuming pain-rooms, reckless with high-born life and delicate restraint, in which an alien, again I would go down to the waterways to steamers packed with voracious, bedecked, unchecked, love-making clerks and sleep-girls to their crude pleasures on the island shores. And there was always Broadway - glittering, opulent, witty, varying, desirable Broadway - growing upon me like an opium habit.

One afternoon as I entered my hotel a stout man with a big nose and a black mustache blocked my way in the corridor. When I would have passed around him, he glanced me with offensive familiarity.

'Hello, Halford!' he cried loudly. 'What the devil are you doing in New York? Didn't know anything could drag you away from that old hook den of yours, in New A. along on is this a little business run alone, eh?'

'You have made a mistake, sir,' I said coolly, removing my hand from his grasp. 'My name is Pinkhammer. You will excuse me.'

The man dropped to one side, apparently surprised. As I walked on the clerk's desk I heard him tell to a hall-boy and my something about telegraph blanks.

'You will give me my bill,' I said to the clerk, 'and have my baggage brought down in half an hour. I do not care to trouble where I am annoyed by confident men.'

I spent that afternoon on another hotel, a sedate, old-fashioned one on lower Fifth Avenue.

There was a restaurant a little way off Broadway where one

could be served almost *à la carte* in a tropic room of screening ferns. Quiet and happy and a perfect service made it an ideal place in which to take luncheon or refreshment. One afternoon I was alone picking my way in a table among the ferns when I felt my sleeve caught.

"Mr. Bellford?" exclaimed an amazingly pretty voice.

I turned quickly to see a lady seated alone - a lady of about thirty, with exceedingly handsome eyes, with looked at me as though I had been her very dear friend.

"You were about to pass me," she said accusingly. "Don't tell me you did not know me. Why should we not shake hands - at least once in fifteen years?"

I shook hands with her at once. I took a chair opposite her at the table. I conversed with my eyebrows a hovering waiter. The lady was philosophizing with an orange ice. I ordered a *côtes de mouton*. Her hair was reddish brown. You could not look at it because you could not look away from her eyes. For you were conscious of it as you are conscious of a star: while you look into the profundities of a wood or twilight.

"Are you now you know me?" I asked.

"No," she said, smiling, "I was never sure of that."

"What would you think," I said, a little anxiously, "if I were to tell you that my name is Edward Pinkhammer, from Cenopole, Kansas?"

"What would I think?" she repeated, with a merry glance. "Why, that you had not brought Mrs. Bellford to New York with you, of course. I do with you had. I would have liked to see Maria." Her voice lowered slightly - "You haven't changed much, Elvira."

I felt her wonderful eyes searching mine and my face more closely.

"Yes, you have," she murmured, and there was a soft analysis now in her brown eyes; "I see it now. You haven't forgotten. You haven't forgotten for a year or a day at an hour. I told you you never could."

I looked my own anxiety at the *côtes de mouton*.

"But were I beg your pardon," I said, a little uneasy at her gaze. "But that is just the trouble. I have forgotten. I've forgotten everything."

She turned my denial. She laughed deliciously at something she seemed to see in my face.

"I've heard of you at dinner," she went on. "You're quite a big lawyer out West - Denver, isn't it, or Los Angeles? Maria says

be very proud of you. You know, I suppose, that I married six months after you did. You may have seen it in the papers. The dowry alone cost two thousand dollars.'

She had mentioned fifteen years. Fifteen years is a long time.

'Would it be one less,' I asked somewhat anxiously, 'to offer you congratulations?'

'Not if you dare do it,' she answered, with such firm tranquillity that I was silent, and began to crane patiently on the cloth with my starch-nail.

'Tell me one thing,' she said, leaning toward me rather eagerly - 'a thing I have wanted to know for many years - just from a woman's curiosity, of course - have you ever dated since that night to week, month or lock at white room - at white room was with you and dear?'

I took a dip of *crème de menthe*.

'It would be useless, I suppose,' I said, with a sigh, 'for me to expect that I have any recollection at all about these things. My memory is completely at fault. I need not say how much I regret it.'

The lady turned her eyes upon the white, red again; her eyes disdained my words and were dwelling by their own route direct to my soul. She laughed softly, with a strange quality in the sound - it was a laugh of happiness yes, and of sorrow - and of misery. I tried to look away from her.

'You lie, Elvyn Bedford,' she breathed blissfully. 'Oh, I know you lie!'

I gazed dully into the faces.

'My name is Edward Frothingham,' I said. 'I came with the delegates to the Druggists' National Convention. There is a movement on foot for arranging a new protest for the further of curbing of smoking and curbing of potash, in which, very likely, you would take active interest.'

A shining ladder stepped before the entrance. The lady rose. I took her hand, and bowed.

'I am deeply sorry,' I said to her, 'that I cannot remember. I would explain, but fear you would not understand. You will not excuse Frothingham, and I really cannot at all conceive of the - the scene and other things.'

'Good-bye, Mr. Bedford,' she said, with her happy, sorrowful smile, as she stepped into her carriage.

I repeated the phrase that night. When I returned to my hotel, a quiet man in dock clothes, who seemed interested in rubbing his

finger-nails with a silk handkerchief, appeared, emphatically, as my side.

'Mr. Pinkhammer,' he said earnestly, giving the bulk of his attention to his forefinger, 'may I request you to step aside with me for a little conversation? There is a room here.'

'Certainly,' I answered.

He conducted me into a small, private parlour. A lady said a gentleman was there. The lady, I assumed, would have been unusually good-looking had her features not been clouded by an expression of keen worry and fatigue. She was of a slight of figure and possessed coloring and features that were agreeable to my fancy. She was in a travelling-dress; she fixed upon me an earnest look of extreme anxiety, and pressed an untidy hand to her brow. I think she would have started forward, but the gentleman arrested her movement with an authoritative motion of his head. He then came, himself, to meet me. He was a man of forty, a Berlin guy about the temples, and with a strong, thoughtful face.

'Balford, old man,' he said cordially, 'I'm glad to see you again. Of course we know everything is all right. I warned you, you know, that you were overdoing it. Now, you'll go back with me, and be yourself again in no time.'

I smiled heartily.

'I have been "Balforded" so often,' I said, 'that it has lost its edge. Still, in the end, it may prove welcome. Would you be willing at all to entertain the hypothesis that my name is Edmund Pinkhammer, and then I never saw you before in my life?'

Before the man could reply a willing my name fixes the woman. She sprang past his doubtful arm. 'Edy!' she called, and cast herself upon me, and clung tight. 'Edy,' she cried again, 'don't break my heart. I am your wife — all my name once — just once! I could see you dead rather than this way.'

I surrounded her arms respectfully, but firmly.

'Madam,' I said severely, 'pardon me if I suggest that you accept a macabre but precipitate. It is a pity,' I went on, with an assumed laugh, as she thought occurred to me, 'that old Balford and I could not be kept aside by side upon the case itself the extreme of sorrow and endeavor for purposes of bloodless-ness. In order to understand the situation,' I concluded nicely, 'it may be necessary for you to keep an eye on the proceedings of the Druggists' National Convention.'

The lady turned to her companion, and grasped his arm.

'What is it, Doctor Volney? Oh, what is it?' she asked.

He led her to the door.

'Go to your room for awhile,' I heard him say. 'I will remain and talk with him. His mind? No, I think not - only a portion of the brain. Yes, I am sure he will recover. Go to your room and leave me with him.'

The lady disappeared. The men in dark clothes also went outside, still muttering himself in a thoughtful way. I think he waited to the last.

'I would like to talk with you a while, Mr. Pinkhammer, if I may,' and the gentleman then remained.

'Very well, if you care to,' I replied, 'and will remain as if I take it comfortably, I am rather tired.' I stretched myself upon a couch by a window and lit a pipe. He drew a chair near by.

'Let us speak as the poets,' he said soothingly. 'Your name is not Pinkhammer.'

'I know that as well as you do,' I said coolly. 'But a man may have a name of some sort. I can assure you that I do not carelessly admit the name of Pinkhammer. But when not christened one's self, suddenly the few names do not seem to suggest themselves. But suppose it had been Selwingham or Setoggin? I think I did very well with Pinkhammer.'

'Your name,' said the other man seriously, 'is Elwyn C. Bullford. You are one of the first lawyers in Denver. You are suffering from an attack of hysteria which has caused you to forget your identity. The cause of it was over-application to your profession, and, perhaps, a life too bare of natural recreation and pleasure. The lady who has just left the room is your wife.'

'She is what I would call a first-handling woman,' I said, after a judicial pause. 'I particularly admire the shade of brown in her hair.'

'She is a wife to be proud of. Since your disappearance, nearly two weeks ago, she has scarcely closed her eyes. We learned that you were in New York through a telegram sent by Ishbute Newman, a travelling man from Denver. He said that he had seen you in so good luck, and that you did not recognize him.'

'I think I remember the occasion,' I said. 'The fellow called me "Bullford." If I am not mistaken. But don't you think it unreasonable, now, for you to introduce yourself?'

'I am Robert Volney - Denver Volney. I have been your close friend for twenty years, and your physician for fifteen. I room with Mrs. Bullford as near you as soon as we got the telegram. Try, Elwyn, old man - try to remember.'

'What's the use to try!' I asked, with a little frown. 'You say you are a physician. Is aphasia curable? When a man loses his memory, does it return slowly, or suddenly?'

'Sometimes gradually and imperfectly; sometimes as suddenly as it went.'

'Will you undertake the treatment of my case, Doctor Volney?' I asked.

'Old friend,' said he, 'I'll do everything in my power, and will have done everything that science can do to cure you.'

'Very well,' said I. 'Then you will consider that I am your patient. Everything is in confidence now -- professional confidence.'

'Of course,' said Doctor Volney.

I got up from the couch. Someone had set a vase of white roses on the centre table -- a cluster of white roses freshly sprinkled and fragrant. I threw them far out of the window, and then I laid myself upon the couch again.

'It will be best, Bobby,' I said, 'to have this cure happen suddenly. I'm rather tired of it all, anyway. You may go now and bring Marian in. But, oh, Doc,' I said, with a sigh, as I kicked him on the shin -- 'good old Doc -- it was glorious!'

## L

### *A Municipal Report*

The cities are full of pride,  
Challenging each to each --  
This from her mountainside,  
That from her burthened beach.

R. KIPLING.

Fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee! There are just three big cities in the United States that are 'story cities' -- New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco. -- FRANK NORRIS.

EAST IS EAST, and West is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people; they are not merely inhabitants of a State. They are the Southerners of the West. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city; but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows Building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course they have, in the climate, an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your cool suits and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to criticize your silence for conviction, madmen scowls upon them, and they picture the city of the Golden Gear as the Bayou of the New World. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, that consists of (from Adams and Dot descended), it is a cash and what will by his finger on the map and say: 'In this case there can be no mistake - what could happen here?' Yes, it is a bold and a cash deed to challenge in our southern history, commerce, and blood and McNally.

**MANVILLE.** - A city, port of delivery, and the capital of the State of Tennessee. It is on the Cumberland River and on the R.R. to St. L. and the E. & N. railroad. This city is regarded as the most important commercial center in the South.

I stepped off the train at 3 p.m. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I went, as a substitution, his eye to comparison in the form of a recipe.

Tale of London: 30 parts; analysis 18 parts; gas leaks 20 parts; droplets, gathered in a backyard so much, 25 parts; relief of horsepower, 15 parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville climate. It is not so fragrant as a mock-bell nor so thick as pea-soup; but 'tis enough - 'twill serve.

I went in an hotel in a truck. It required strong self-suppression for me to jump from climbing to the top of it and giving an twister of Delivery Cannon. The vehicle was driven by beams of a bygone era and driven by something dark and unorganized.

I was sleepy and tired, so when I got to the hotel I hurriedly paid it the fifty cents it demanded (with appropriate legions, I assure you). I knew its habits and I did not state to Sam it paid about its old 'master' or anything that happened 'both' de web.

The hotel was one of the kind described as 'motel.' There were \$20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiled, chrome light and brass receptacles in the lobby, and a sum L. & N. train table and a lithograph of Lookout Mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The arrangement was without exception, the attention full of exquisite Southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good-humored as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth travelling a thousand miles for. There is an

other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken dinner as freedom.

At dinner I asked a negro waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute, and then replied "Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doing 'till sundown."

Sundown had been accomplished; it had been drowned in the debate long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the shade to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds, and the streets are lighted by electricity at a rate of \$12,000 per annum.

As I left the hotel there was a race riot. Out on our car charged a company of firemen, or Anti- or Zulu, armed with - no, I saw with relief that they were not rifles, but whips. And I saw clearly a caravan of black, clumsy vehicles, and at the rear of them, "Keep you anywhere in the town, boss, fish fifty cents," I supposed that I was merely a "fish" instead of a victim.

I walked through long streets all leading uphill. I wondered how those streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn't until they were "graded." On a few of the "main streets" I saw lights in stores here and there, few street-cars go by conveying noisy laughter. Hither and yon, few people pass engaged in the art of conversation, and heard a burst of semi-lively laughter issuing from a soda-water and ice-cream parlour. The streets other than "main" seemed to have entered upon such barren houses consecrated to peace and domesticity. In many of those lights there beamed dimly drawn window shades; in a few places shined brightly and irreproachable warts. There was, indeed, little "doing." I wished I had come before sundown. So I rustled in my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced upon Nashville, where he shot up a General from under General Thomas. The latter then rallied back and defeated the undisciplined and warlike confederate.

All my life I have heard of, witnessed, and witnessed the slow nearness of the South to its peaceful confederate in the tobacco-chewing regions. But in my hotel a superior perfect man. There were twelve lights, new, imposing, capacious brass casements in the great lobby, tall enough to be called arms, and so white-washed that the coach pitcher of a lady basketball team should

have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and over still raging, the enemy had not suffered. Bright, clear, limpid, capacious, untroubled, they stood. But shades of Jefferson Davis! the tile floor - the beautiful tile floor! I could not avoid thinking of the battle of Nashville, and trying to draw, as is my foolish habit, some deductions about Kennedy's marksmanship.

Here I first met Major (by misplaced courtesy) Westworth Catwell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes fastened upon the sight of him. A tall but no geographical habitus. My old friend, A. Tompkins, said he was well read almost everything.

"Pshaw, now me the blabbing lip,  
And now me the French name, do me."

Let us regard the word 'British' as interchangeable of *BS*. A *BS* is a *BS*.

This man was laughing that the trotted lubby Nipper a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great strength, red, pulpy, and with a kind of sleepy heaviness the sort of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue - he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beard is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a comb. I think that if he had not read his nose that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the tradition of our sin.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cupboard when Major Catwell opened the door. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of squirrel rifles so I side-stepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologise to a non-combatant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a Southerner. But I am not one by pretension or trade. I dislike the string tie, the starch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of holes of course destroyed by Shavers, and plug smoking. When the orchestra plays Dixie I do not dance. I slide a little across on the leather-anchored one and, well, order another Whisky and wish that Longstreet had - how what's the name?

Major Catwell banged the bar with his fist, and the shot gun at Fort Sumter re-echoed. When he fired the bar was at Appomattox.

I began as before. But then he began on family trees, and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of, he took up, as my dictionary, his private family matters. He spoke of his wife, entered her demerit book as Eve, and profusely denied any possible rumour that she may have had relations in the land of Noe.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to distract by topics like this that he had ordered the drinks, on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he cracked a silver dollar loudly upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that, I took leave of him abruptly, for I wanted an hour of his. But before I had obtained my release he had putted loudly of an instant that his wife required, and showed a bundle of silver waiting.

When I gave my key to the clerk the clerk said to me courteously: 'If that man Caswell has annoyed you, and if you would like to make a complaint, we will have him spanned. He is a nuisance, a loafer, and without any known means of support, although he means to have some money some day. But we don't mind as he gets to hit upon any means of throwing his money.''

'Why, no,' said I, after some reflection. 'I don't see any way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town, I understand, seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, whatever, or amusement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?'

'Well, sir,' said the clerk, 'there will be a show here next Thursday. It is — I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good night.'

After I went up to my room I looked out of the window. It was only about ten o'clock, but I looked upon a silver town. The triangle continued, spangled with star light, as far apart as carmen in a tale told at the Ladies' Exchange.

'It quiet place,' I said to myself, as my first show struck the ceiling of the compound of the room beneath mine. 'Nothing of the life here that gives colour and variety to the cities in the East and West. Just a good, ordinary, hardram business town.'

Nashville occupies a favorable place among the manufacturing centers of the country. It is the fifth best wool cloth center in the United States, the largest woolen and worsted manufacturing city in the South, and also an important wholesale dry goods, grocery and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and assure you the digression brings as much relief to me as it does to you. I was travelling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a Northern literary magazine to stop over here and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Amelia Adair.

Adair (there was no clue in the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (how art!) and poems that had made the editors wear approvingly over their ears a'clock hushness. So they had commissioned me to stand up and Adair and corner by corner his at that aspect at two cases a word before some other publisher offered but was or every.

At nine o'clock the next morning, after my children there in bed (for these if you can find the hotel). I stayed not into the drink, which was still on the unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Caesar. He was a handsome negro, older than the pyramids, with grey hair and a face that resembled one of Brutus, and a second afterwards of the late King Canby. He even the most exquisite you that I ever had ever or expect to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate gray in uniform. But color and size and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat, beside it, would have failed to a pale monochrome. I must linger while that was the it has to do with the story - the very that is so long in coming, because you can hardly expect anything to happen in Nashville.

Once it must have been the willow coat of an officer. The coat of it had vanished, but all shown in front it had been frogged and watched magnificently. But now the frogs and watch were gone in their stead had been patiently stitched (I suspected by some surviving "black masonry") new frog made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. The twine was frayed and discoloured. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendours, with tension that painstaking devotion. For it followed faithfully the curves of the long-reining frogs. And, to complete the comedy and pathos of the garment, all its buttons were gone too now. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other white strings tied through the button-hole and other holes widely placed in the opposite side. There was never such a wretched garment so fearfully bedecked and of so many twisted lines. The brown button was the size of a half-dollar, made of yellow bone and sewed on with carelessness.

This negro stood by a carriage so old that even himself might

have secured a hack line with it after he left the wit with the two animals blinded to it. As I approached he threw open the door, drew out a leather strap, waved it, without using it, and said in deep, rumbling tones:

"Stop right in, wit; ain't a speck of dirt in it - jus' hack from a funeral, eh."

I inferred that on such gala occasions carriages were given an extra cleaning. I looked up and down the street and perceived that there was little choice among the vehicles for him that lived the hack. I looked in my memorandum book for the address of *Amos Adair*.

"I want to go to 861 Jewett's Street," I said, and was about to step into the hack. But for an instant the thick, long, gristle-like nose of the old negro barred me. Out his tongue and scanning face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning conviction, he said blandly: "What are you going there for, boss?"

"What is there to you?" I asked a little sharply.

"Nothin', wah, jus' nothin'." Only it's a low-down kind of part of town and few folks ever has business out there. Stop right in. The wot is then - jus' got hack from a funeral, eh."

A mile and a half it must have been to my journey's end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the stink, now farther flavored with coal smoke and something like a mixture of op and pepper blossoms. All I could see through the streaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has no run of 16 square miles; 184 miles of streets, of which 117 miles are paved, a system of sewers that cost \$1,000,000, and 77 miles of water.

Eighty-six and Jewett's Street was a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back from the street it stood, overgrown in a splendid grove of trees and untrimmed shrubbery. A row of box bushes over-flowered and dense hid the peeling fence from sight; the gate was kept closed by a rope cross-bar stretched the gate-post and the first peeling of the gate, the when you got inside you saw that old was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. In the way, I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary quadrupeds came to a rest I landed my job in his fifty come with an

additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity as I did so. He refused it.

'It's two dollars, sah,' he said.

'How's that?' I asked. I plainly heard you call out at the house 'Fifty comes to my part of the town.''

'It's two dollars, sah,' he repeated obediently. 'It's a long ways from the house.'

'It is within the city limits and well within doors,' I argued. 'Then'st think that you have picked up a greenhorn Yankee. Do you not shoot hills over there?' I went on, pointing toward the sea. (I could not see them, except for the distance); 'well, I was from and asked on their other side. You old fast nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?'

The grim face of King Cootway softened. 'Is you from the South, sah? I reckon it was them shoes of yours shod me. There is somethin' damp in the toes for a Southern gal!' 'Now is now.'

'Then the change is fifty cents, I suppose?' said I hesitantly.

His former expression, a mingling of rapidity and hostility, returned, somewhat less intense, and vanished.

'Now,' he said. 'Fifty cents is right; but I want two dollars, sah. I'm obliged to have two dollars. I don't *intend* it over, sah, after I know what you's done; I'm *jar* 'sagin' when I has to have two dollars to-right, and business is *mighty* go!'

Poise and confidence scaled upon his heavy features. He had been better than he had hoped. Instead of having picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of coin, he had come upon an inheritance.

'You confounded old rascal,' I said, reaching down into my pocket, 'you ought to be turned over to the police.'

For the first time I saw him smile. His head; his head—HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that two of them had even perforated areas. The upper right-hand corner was missing, and he had been torn through to the middle but joined again. A strip of blue tissue-paper, pasted over the split, preserved its negotiability.

Enough of the African head for the present. I left him happy, wiped the rope and opened the creaky gate.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint-brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not have touched it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the cross that hugged its eaves — the cross that saw the heads of Newcastle and still drew their panting hunches toward it against, warm and sunny and cold.

Amos Adair, fifty years old, white-haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the horses she lived in, robed in the cheapest and closest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a quaker's, received me.

The reception-room seemed a mile square, because there was nothing in it except some rows of books, an upturned, white-pine bookshelf, a cracked, marble-top table, a rag rug, a hairless horse-hair sofa and two or three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a coloured engraving of a chase of panthers. I looked around for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine-cone hanging basket, but they were not there.

Amos Adair and I had conversation, a kind of which will be repeated, to you. She was a product of the old South, partly nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid magnitude in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home, and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by implication. Of men is the precious, small group of every-day men. While she talked to me, I kept breaking my fingers, trying, unconsciously, on all these gullies of the shrewt that from the half-cult backs of Lamb, Chamber, Hollar, Marcus Aurelius, Melville and Hood. She was exquisite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much — oh, as much as much — of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Amos Adair was very poor. At home and a dress she had, not much else, I fancied. So, divided between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and essayists who sought Thackeray in the valley of the Cumberland, I hesitated on her sofa, which was like a hutchinson's, and found that I could not speak of contracts. In the progress of the *New Moon* and the *Three Graces* was hastened to lower the copy to two more. There would have to be another colleague after I had repaid my contamination. But I spoke of my exclusion, and nine o'clock of this over afternoon was set for the discussion of the business proposition.

"Your news," I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is the time for smooth generalities), "seems to be a spot, a delicate place. At home news, I should say, where five things are of the ordinary over happen."

It seems as an extensive made in more and better way with the War and South, and its flowing will have a daily capacity of more than 2,000 barrels.

Ardus Adair seemed to reflect.

'I have never thought of it that way,' she said, with a kind of sincere intensity that seemed to belong to her. 'Isn't it to the mill, water-plants that things do happen? I fancy that when God began to create the earth on the first Monday morning one could have looked out one's window and heard the drop of teard splashing from His nose as He built up the everlasting hills. What did the sweetest perfect in the world - I mean the building of the tower of Babel - mean to God? A page and a half of Experience in the *New Atlantic Review*.'

'Of course,' said I placidly, 'human nature is the same everywhere; but there is more colour - or - more drama and movement and - or - romance in some situations than others.'

'On the surface,' said Ardus Adair. 'I have travelled nearly there around the world in a golden ship wafted on two wings - paint and drama. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours) the Sultan of Turkey bow-erring with his own hands one of his wives who had uncovered her feet to public. I have seen a man in Nashville cut up his sleeve shirt because his wife was going out with her face covered - with rice powder. In San Francisco's Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch, in boiling almond oil to make her master the world power over his American lover again. She gave in when the boiling oil had reached those inches above her knee. At a croquet party in East Nashville the other night I saw Katy Morgan cut dead by seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had married a herring painter. The boiling oil was steaming so high as her head, but I wish you could have seen the fine little smiles that she curled from table to table. Oh yes, it is a beautiful town. Just a few miles of redbrick houses and sand and crows and basket yards.'

Someone touched heavily on the back of the herring. Ardus Adair bristled a swift apology and went on investigating the crowd. She came back in three minutes with lightened eyes, a faint flush on her cheeks, and ten years' mind from her shoulders.

'You must have a cup of tea before you go,' she said, 'and a sugar cake.'

She reached and shook a little tree tall. It shivered a small negro girl above cypress, bare-foot, but very tidy, glowering at us with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Ardus Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, none to

two pieces and pasted together again with a strip of blue newspaper. It was one of the bills I had given the printed man - there was no doubt of it.

'Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Lumpy,' she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, 'and get a quarter of a pound of tea - the kind he always sends me - and ten cents worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of one in the house happens to be exhausted,' she explained to me.

Lumpy hit by the back way. Before the scrum of her head, bare feet and clad only on the back porch, a wild shriek - I was sure it was here - filled the hollow house. Then the deep, groff creak of an angry man's coils mingled with the girl's farther squeals and unintelligible screams.

Annie Adair came without surprise or emotion and disappeared. For two unknown I heard the hoarse ramble of the man's voice; then something like an oath and a light scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

'This is a sorry house,' she said, 'and I have a account for part of it. I am sorry to have so rushed my invitation to you. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps to-morrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me.'

I can see that Lumpy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning these our lives and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Annie Adair's name. But to-morrow would do.

That even day I started in on the scene of iniquity that this momentary day forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to fit shamelessly by telegraph, and to be on a soapbox - after the fact, & that is the correct legal term - on a murder.

As I crossed the corner nearest my hotel the African coachman of the polychromatic, neoprene tint school me, waving upon the dingy door of his peripatetic sarcophagus. Biting his fatherly finger and baying his mouth 'Keep right on, boys. Carriage is clean - just get back from a funeral. Fifty cents to you -'

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. 'Come on, boys; you is de gentleman what did see with me de coacher'. 'Thank you kindly, sah.'

'I am going out to R.R. again to-morrow afternoon at three,' said I, 'and if you will be here, I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?' I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

'I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, sah,' he replied.

'I judge that she is pretty poor,' I said. 'She hasn't much money as you call it, has she?'

For an instant I looked again at the frozen countenance of King Canbygo, and then he changed back to an amiable old negro back-decker.

'She ain't got no no money, sah,' he said slowly. 'She has cash'ers, sah; she has two'ers.'

'I shall pay you fifty cents for the trip,' said I.

'Dis is perfectly correct, sah,' he answered lamely. 'I jus' had to have her two dollars dis mornin', sah.'

I was at the hotel and had by electricity. I wired the magnifico: 'A. Adair holds out for eight cents a word.'

This answer that came back was: 'Give it to him quick, you duffer.'

Just before dinner 'Major' Winsworth Carwell bent down upon me with the greetings of a long-time friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated, and of whom it was so difficult as he did. I was standing at the bar when he invited me; therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drink, hoping thereby to escape notice, but he was one of those despicable, ranting, advertising bilious who must have brass bands and fireworks sound upon every case that they were in their fallow.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and thrust one of them upon the bar. I looked over one of the dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and pushed with a strip of blue straw-paper. It was a dollar bill again, it could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drinks and the monotony of a theory, emotionless Eschscholtz were had made me tired and listless. I remember that just before I went to bed I somewhat disposed of the mysterious dollar bill (which might have furnished the clue to a transcendently fine detective story of Sam Foxworth) by saying to myself sleepily: 'Settle it if a lot of people have seen stick in the Back-Decker's Trust. Pays dividends prettily, too. Wonder if—' Then I fell asleep.

King Canbygo was at his post the next day, and related my bones over the crimes and to 861. He was to work and ramble me back again when I was ready.

Andie Adair looked paler and choler and fiercer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at eight noon she went into grave and paler and began to slip out of her chair.

Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the mantelpiece herself safe and then I ran over to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee-coloured Pinco to bring a doctor. With a violence that I had not suspected in him, he abandoned his room and wrecked off up the street shouting, realising the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned with a grave, grey-haired and capable man of medicine. In a few words (scarcely more than eight words each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately unconsciousness, and turned to the old negro.

'Uncle Cass!' he said calmly, 'run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a corn-bush of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive - run. I want you to get back some time this week.'

It occurred to me that Dr. Morrison also felt a distrust of the spending powers of the landlady's money. After Uncle Cass was gone, lumberingly, but swiftly, up the street, the doctor looked me over with great politeness and so much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

'It is only a case of insufficient nutrition,' he said. 'In other words the result of poverty, pride, and starvation. Miss Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old negro, Uncle Cass, who was once owned by her family.'

'Miss Caswell?' said I in surprise. And then I looked at the corner and saw that she had signed it 'Anthon Adair Caswell.'

'I thought she was Miss Adair,' I said.

'Married to a drunken, worthless fellow, sir,' said the doctor. 'It is said that he stole her even of the small sum that her old servant contributes toward her support.'

When the talk and what had been brought, the doctor arose and visited Anthon Adair. She sat up and asked of the beauty of the summer leaves that were then in season, and their height of colour. She referred lightly to her fitting manner as the outcome of an old palpatation of the heart. Lucy formed her to the lay on the sofa. The doctor was the cheery one, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and willingness to make a reasonable advance of money to Anthon Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

'By the way,' he said, 'perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a contribution. Old Cass's grandfather was a king in Congo. Cass himself has royal eyes, or you may have observed.'

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Cesar's voice beside 'Did he get lots of dem two dollars from you, Miss Zuko?'

'Yes, Cesar,' I heard Auntie Abbie answer weakly. And then I went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing fifty dollars, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Cesar drove me back to the hotel.

Gave me all the money as far as I was ready as a witness. The rest went for early, true statements of facts.

As about six o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Cesar was at the corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his doctor and began his deprecating formula: 'Step right in, sah. (Ohy come to anyplace in the city — but's possibly close, sah — jus' got back from a funeral —'

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was failing fast. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of brown, the white earrings were more frayed and ragged, the hat remaining broken — the bottom of yellow linen — was gone. A smoky despondence of things was Uncle Cesar.

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd following the front of a dog wagon in a desert where nothing happens this was common, as I edged my way aside. On an overcrowded couch of empty faces and elbows was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wineworth Caswell. A doctor was working hard for the increased legation. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The cowardly Major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and anxious witnesses to the drug store. The last human being had been engaged in terrible hands — the details showed that. Louder and deeper than the fact had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clenched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had beaten him round about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind-looking man said, after much thought: 'When "Cas" was about to leave he was one of the best speakers in school.'

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of 'the man that was,' which hung down the side of a white glove torn, relaxed, and dropped something at my feet. I stooped it with me that quietly, and a thin line on I picked it up and perused it. I reasoned that in his last struggle the hand must have seized that object scowlingly and held it in a death-grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Carwell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

In my opinion, gentlemen, Carwell was murdered by some of those no-account niggers for his money. He had fifty dollars this afternoon which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person.'

I left the city the next morning at nine, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland River I took out of my pocket a yellow, brown, overcast human the color of a fifty-cent piece, with layered curls of coarse tresses hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the river, muddy waters below.

*I wonder what's thing is Ruffalo!*

## 11

### *Compliments of the Season*

THERE ARE NO LONG Christmas stories to write, fiction is exhausted; and newspaper items the next best, are manufactured by clever young Journalists who have married early and have so engagingly pessimistic view of life. Therefore, for comfortable diversion, we are reduced to two very questionable sources - fiction and philosophy. We will begin with - whichever you choose to call it.

Children are gentlemanly little animals with which we have to cope under a bewildering variety of conditions. Especially when childish surrows overwhelm them we put in our wits' end. We submit our pretty share of indignation; and then hear them, sobbing, as sleep. Then we grovel in the dust of a million years, and ask God why. Then we fall out of the net-trap. As for the children, we can endure them through old maids, branchbacks, and shepherd dogs.

Now comes the fun in the case of the Rag-Doll, the Twined-million, and the Twenty-Fifth of December.

On the eve of that month the Child of the Millionaire has her rag-doll. There were every surrows in the Millionaire's palace on the Hudson, and things rattled the house and grounds, but without finding the lost woman. The Child was a girl of five, and one of those perverse little brats that often wound the sensibilities of wealthy parents by fixing their affections upon some vulgar

'P-pardon, lady,' he said, 'but couldn't leave without exchangin' comp'ments sheason with lady th' house. "Gainst princ'ples gen'leman do sho.'

And then he began the ancient salutation that was a tradition in the House when men wore lace ruffles and powder.

'The blessings of another year --'

Fuzzy's memory failed him. The Lady prompted:

'-- Be upon this hearth.'

'-- The guest --' stammered Fuzzy.

'-- And upon her who --' continued the Lady, with a leading smile.

'Oh, cut it out,' said Fuzzy ill-manneredly. 'I can't remember. Drink hearty.'

Fuzzy had shot his arrow. They drank. The Lady smiled again the smile of her caste. James enveloped Fuzzy and re-conducted him toward the front door. The harp music still softly drifted through the house.

Outside, Black Riley breathed on his cold hands and hugged the gate.

'I wonder,' said the Lady to herself, musing 'who -- but there were so many who came. I wonder whether memory is a curse or a blessing to them after they have fallen so low.'

Fuzzy and his escort were nearly at the door. The Lady called: 'James!'

James stalked back obsequiously, leaving Fuzzy waiting unsteadily, with his brief spark of the divine fire gone.

Outside, Black Riley stamped his cold feet and got a firmer grip on his section of gas-pipe.

'You will conduct this gentleman,' said the Lady, 'downstairs. Then tell Louis to get out the Mercedes and take him to whatever place he wishes to go.'

## LII

### *Proof of the Pudding*

SPRING WINKED a vitreous optic at Editor Westbrook, of the *Minerva Magazine*, and deflected him from his course. He had lunched in his favourite corner of a Broadway hotel, and was returning to his office when his feet became entangled in the lure of the vernal coquette. Which is by way of saying that he turned eastward in

Twenty-sixth Street, safely lured the spring freshest of vehicles in Fifth Avenue, and manifested along the walks of budding Madison Square.

The humid air and the settings of the little park almost formed a panache; the colour motif was green - the prevailing shade of the creation of man and vegetation.

The yellow grass between the walks was the colour of verdigris, a poisonous green, reminiscent of the marks of derelict humans that had troached upon the soil during the summer and autumn. The buzzing tree-buds looked strangely sinister to those who had bottlenecked among the garnishings of the fish course of a forty-cent dinner. The sky above was of that pale sepia-marked blue that half-moon poets rhyme with 'true' and 'Sue' and 'you.' The one natural and stark colour visible was the ominous green of the newly painted benches - a shade between the colour of a pickled cucumber and that of a two year's blue-back aristocratic raincoat. But, on the sky-lined top of Editor Westbrook, the landscape appeared a masterpiece.

And now, whether you are of those who rush in, or of the gentle contrabands that creep to view, you must follow in a brief invasion of the editor's mind.

Editor Westbrook's spirit was contented and serene. The April number of the *Reformer* had sold its entire edition before the tenth day of the month - a newspaper in Europe had written that he would have sold fifty copies soon if he had had 'em. The owners of the magazine had raised his (the editor's) salary; he had just installed in his home a jewel of a recently imported coach who was afraid of policemen; and the recurring papers had published in full a speech he had made at a publishers' banquet. Also there were abiding in his mind the jubilant notes of a splendid song that his ribrousing young wife had sung to him before he left his optometrist that morning. She was using enthusiastic terms, as her music of 1891, prevailing early and diligently. When he had complimented her on the improvement in her voice she had frisky hugged him for joy at his praise. He felt, too, the benign, tonic sedation of the trained arms, fisting, tripping softly when the winds of the convalescent ring.

While Editor Westbrook was reverting between rows of park benches (already filling with vagrants and the guardians of juvenile childhood) he felt his above grasped and held. Suspecting that he was about to be persuaded, he treated a cold and unprofitable face, and saw that his caper was - There - Shackelford Town,

dingy, almost ragged, the gesture scarcely visible in him through the deeper lines of disability.

While the editor is pulling himself out of his surprise, a flash-light biography of Dore is offered.

He was a devoted writer, and one of Westbrook's old acquaintances. At one time they might have called each other old friends. Dore had some money in those days, and lived in a decent apartment-house near Westbrook's. The two families often went to theatre and dinner together. Mrs. Dore and Mrs. Westbrook became 'dearest' friends. Then, one day a little remedy of the doctor, just as serious as itself, impregnated Dore's capital, and he moved to the Greenwich Park neighborhood, where one, for a few groats per week, may sit upon one's trunk under night-banched chandeliers and opposite Carrara marble mantels and watch the mice play upon the floor. Dore thought to live by writing fiction. Now and then he told a story. He extended money to Westbrook. The editors printed one or two of them, the rest were returned. Westbrook sent a careful and conscientious personal letter with each rejected manuscript, pointing out in detail his reasons for considering it unsalable. Editor Westbrook had his own exact conception of what constituted good fiction. So had Dore. Mrs. Dore was usually concerned about the conscientiousness of the array dishes of food that she managed to scrape together. One day Dore had been spending in her about the excellence of certain French technique. At dinner they set down to a dish that a hungry schoolboy could have encompassed at a gulp. Dore commented.

'It's Marquessa look,' said Mrs. Dore. 'It may not be art, but I do wish you would do a five course Madras Cornford salad with no Ella Wilkins Wilkins sauce for dessert. I'm hungry.'

As far as this food custom was Shadellard Dore when he placed Editor Westbrook's dinner in Madison Square. That was the first time the editor had seen Dore in several months.

'Why, Shuck, is this you?' said Westbrook somewhat rudely, for the figure of this phantom seemed to watch upon the editor's changed appearance.

'Sit down for a minute,' said Dore, tugging at his sleeve. 'This is my office. I can't come so often, looking as I do. Oh, sit down — you won't be disgraced. Those half-stocked bins on the other benches will take you for a swell porch-climber. They won't know you are only an editor.'

'Excuse, Shuck?' said Editor Westbrook, sitting nervously

upon the viridian green bench. He always yielded gracefully when he did yield.

Dave snapped at the sight of a kingfisher above or a crowfoot, or a girl pecks at a chocolate cream.

'I have just -' began the editor.

'Oh, I know, don't finish,' said Dave. 'Give me a touch. You have just two minutes to spare. How did you manage to get just my office-boy and beside my museum? There he goes now, throwing his club at a dog that couldn't read the "Keep off the Grass" signs.'

'How goes the wedding?' asked the editor.

'Look at me,' said Dave, 'for your interest. Now don't get on that embarrassed, friendly-but-honest look and ask me why I don't get a job as a wine agent or a cab-driver. I'm in the fight to a finish. I know I can win good Benken and I'll force you fellows to admit it yet. I'll make you change the spelling of "regrets" to "c-h-a-g-a-s" before I'm done with you.'

Editor Westbrook passed through his nose-glases with a secretly scornful, disdainful, sympathetic, sceptical expressions - the copyrighted expression of the editor being aware by the unvariable conventional.

'Have you read the last story I sent you - "The Alchemist of the South"?' asked Dave.

'Occasionally. I borrowed over that story. Shack, really I did. It had some good points. I was writing you a letter to send with it when it goes back to you. I regret -'

'Never mind the regrets,' said Dave grimly. 'There's nothing else out there is 'no way more. What I want to know is what. Come, now, talk with the good points that.'

'The story,' said Westbrook deliberately, with a suppressed sigh. 'It retains around an almost original plot. Characterization - the best you have done. Construction - almost as good, except for a few weak joints which might be strengthened by a few changes and touches. It was a good story, except -'

'I can write English, can't I?' interrupted Dave.

'There always with you,' said the editor, 'that you had a style.'

'I have the trouble in the -'

'Leave old thing,' said Editor Westbrook. 'You stick up to your chin like an idiot. And then you turn yourself into a photographer. I don't know what have of obstinate uselessness possess you. Shack, but that is when you do with everything that you write. No, I will retract the comparison with the photographer. Now

and then photography, to spite of its impossible perspective, manages to record a fleeting glimpse of truth. But you spoil every document by those fine, dark, obliterating strokes of your brush that I have so often complained of. If you would rise to the literary pinnacle of your dramatic scenes, and paint them in the high colours that are required, the postman would have fewer bulky, self-addressed envelopes at your door.'

'Oh, fiddles and foolgins!' cried Dave derisively. 'You've got that old sawmill down back of your head, yet. When the man with the black monocle kidnaps golden-haired Bessie you are bound to have the mother weep and raise her hands to the sky and say: "May high heaven witness that I will not suffer night nor day till the lawless villain that has stolen my child feels the weight of a mother's vengeance!"'

Editor Westbrook conceded a smile of impudenee complacency.

'I think,' said he, 'that in real life the woman would express herself in those words or in very similar ones.'

'Not in a six hundred night!' ran anywhere but on the stage,' said Dave boldly. 'I'll tell you what she'd say in real life. She'd say, "What Bessie has away by a straps and! Good Lord! It's one trouble after another! Got my other hat, I must hurry around to the police-station. Why won't somebody looking after her, I'd like to know? For God's sake, get out of my way or I'll never get ready. Next that hat - the brown one with the velvet bows. Bessie must have been cross; she's usually shy of strangers. Is that too much powder? Lordy! How I sit up!"'

'That's the way she'd talk,' continued Dave. 'People in real life don't fly into heroics and blare yam at emotional crises. They simply can't do it. If they talk at all on such occasions they draw from the most vocabulary that they use every day, and wrangle up their words and ideas a little more, that's all.'

'Shuck,' said Editor Westbrook impressively, 'did you ever pick up the mangled and lifeless form of a child from under the leader of a street-car, and carry it in your arms and lay it down before the distracted mother? Did you ever do that and listen to the words of grief and despair as they flowed spontaneously from her lips?'

'I never did,' said Dave. 'Did you?'

'Well, no,' said Editor Westbrook, with a slight frown. 'But I can well imagine what she would say.'

'So run I,' said Dave.

And now the fitting time had come for Editor Westbrook to play the crack and abuse his oft-interviewed contributor. It was not for an

married fictionist to distant words to be uttered by the heroes and heroines of the *Affaires Majeures*, contrary to the theories of the critic himself.

'My dear Jack,' said he, 'I know anything of life I know that every serious, deep and tragic emotion in the human heart calls forth an opposite, concordant, conformable, and proportionate expression of feeling? How much of this inevitable accord between expression and feeling should be attributed to nature, and how much to the influence of art. It would be difficult to say. The infinitely terrible case of the human that has been deprived of her voice is dramatically so far above her contemporary writers and poets to the highly and transcendently attempts of *L'Ami* we achieve the level of his noble vapourings. But it is also true that all great and serious have what may be called a subconscious dramatic sense that is mastered by a sufficiently deep and powerful emotion - a sense unconsciously acquired from literature and the stage that prompts them to express their emotions in language befitting their importance and historic value.'

'And in the name of seven sacred mother-blankets of Significance, where did the stage and literature get the ideas?' asked Denry.

'From life,' answered the critic triumphantly.

The story-writer rose from the bench and gesticulated abundantly but dumbly. He was begged for words with which to formulate adequately his dissent.

On a bench next by a ferry leader opened his real eyes and perceived that his initial support was due to a down-trodden brother.

'Push him out, Jack,' he called loudly to Denry. 'W'n't he come back?' a voice like a penny whistle for change. 'You'll have him across to the Square to see and think?'

Edith Westbrook looked at his watch with an official show of leisure.

'Tell me,' asked Denry, with respectful anxiety, 'what special strain in "The Abuses of the Book" caused you to draw it down?'

'When Gebel Murray,' said Westbrook, 'gave to his telephone and it told that his library has been shot by a burglar, he says - I do ever recall the exact words but -'

'I do,' said Denry. 'He says "Damn. Can't see the things out the oil" (And then to his friends) "Say, Tommy, does a thirty-two bullet make a big hole? It's kind of hard luck, isn't it? Could you get me a drink from the dishwasher, Tommy? No, another, another on the side."'

'And again,' continued the editor, without pausing for argument, 'when Berenice opens the letter from her husband informing her that he has had with the mediocre girl, her words are - let me see -'

'She says,' incorporated the author, ' "Well, what do you think of that?"'

'Aburdly inappropriate words,' said Westbrook, 'presenting an anti-climax - plunging the story into hopeless boredom. Worse yet, they mirror life falsely. No human being ever uttered banal colloquialisms when confronted by sudden tragedy.'

'Wrong,' said Daws, closing his cushions just doggedly. 'I say so and so women ever speak highfalutin talk about they go up against a real climax. They talk naturally, and a little worse.'

The editor rose from the bench with his air of indulgence and facile information.

'Say, Westbrook,' said Daws, pinning him by the lapel, 'would you have accepted "The Alarms of the Soul" if you had believed that the actions and words of the characters were true as life in the parts of the story that we discussed?'

'It is very likely that I would, if I believed that way,' said the editor. 'But I have explained to you that I do not.'

'If I could prove to you that I am right?'

The story, Daws, but I'm afraid I haven't time to argue any further just now.'

'I don't want to argue,' said Daws. 'I want to demonstrate to you from life itself that my view is the correct one.'

'How could you do that?' asked Westbrook in a surprised tone.

'Listen,' said the writer seriously. 'I have thought of a way. It is important to me that my theory of now-as-life fiction be recognized as correct by the magazine. I've fought for it for three years, and I'm down to my last dollar, with ten minutes' time due.'

'I have applied the opposite of your theory,' said the editor, 'in selecting the fiction for the *Mirror Magazine*. The circulation has gone up from twenty thousand to -'

'Four hundred thousand,' said Daws. 'Whereas it should have been boosted to a million.'

'You said something or not just now about demonstrating your pet theory.'

'I will. If you'll give me about half an hour of your time I'll prove to you that I am right. I'll prove it by London.'

'Your wife?' exclaimed Westbrook. 'True?'

'Well, not exactly by her, but with her,' said Daws. 'Now, you

know how devoted and loving Louise has always been. She thinks I'm the only genuine preparation on the market that bears the old doctor's signature. She's been kinder and more faithful than ever, since I've been cast for the neglected gentle part.'

'Indeed, she is a clever and admirable life companion,' agreed the editor. 'I remember what inseparable friends she and Mrs. Westbrook once were. We are both lucky dogs. Glad, to have such wives. You must bring Mrs. Dewe up soon, sending word, and we'll have one of those informal chaffing-dish suppers that we used to enjoy so much.'

'Lower,' said Dewe. 'When I get another shirt. And now I'll tell you my scheme. When I was shown to know Louise after breakfast — if you can call me and counsel breakfast — Louise told me she was going to visit her aunt in Eighty-ninth Street. She said she would return home at three o'clock. She is always on time as a reformer. It is now —'

Dewe glanced toward the editor's watch pocket.

'Twenty-seven minutes to three,' said Westbrook, consulting his chronometer.

'We have just enough time,' said Dewe. 'We will go to my flat at once. I will order a room, explain it to her and leave it on the table where she will see it or she sends the maid. You and I will be in the dining-room concealed by the partition. In that way I'll say that I have died since her last visit with an affinity with undergarments the words of my article and as she never did. When she reads it we will observe her actions and hear her words. Then we will know which theory is the correct one — yours or mine.'

'Oh, never!' exclaimed the editor, shaking his head. 'That would be immensely cruel. I could not consent to have Mrs. Dewe's feelings played upon in such a manner.'

'Heads up,' said the writer. 'I guess I think as much of her as you do. It's for her benefit as well as mine. I've got to get a material for my article in some way. It won't hurt Louise. She's healthy and sound. Her heart gives an average of a sixty-eight-cent watch. It'll last for only a minute, and then I'll stop out and explain to her. You really care it as one as give me the chance, Westbrook.'

Editor Westbrook at length yielded, though not half willingly. And in the half of his day consumed he had the virtuoso doctor cast in all of it.

Let him who has not read the sculptor who had found in his place. Try 'tis that when are not enough exhibit and gaudy-gips to go around.

The two apartments 10 feet left the Square and headed eastward and then to the south until they arrived in the Grammar neighborhood. Within its high, iron railings the little party had put on its smart coat of varnished green, and was adorning itself in its front-door mirror. Outside the railings the hollow square of crumbling houses, shells of a bygone glory, leaned as if in ghastly gossip over the forgotten doings of the vanished quality. *Gleanings of Europe* with.

A block or two south of the Park, Dene steered the column again eastward, then, after covering a short distance, bran a jolly but narrow fashionable boulevard with a floridly over-decorated facade. To the little party they rolled, and Dene, pointing, pushed his latch-key into the door of one of the front flats.

When the door opened Edith Westbrooke saw, with feelings of pity, how wearily and outstretched the rooms were furnished.

'Get a chair, if you saw find one,' said Dene, 'while I hunt up pen and ink. Hello, what's this? Here's a card from Louisa. She must have left it down when she went out this morning.'

He picked up an envelope that lay on the centre-table and tore it open. He began to read the letter that he drew out of it, and once having begun it seemed he so read it through to the end. These are the words that Edith Westbrooke heard:

DEAR SEACLEBORN, -

'By the six o'clock get this I will be about a hundred miles away and will a-going. I've got a place in the shares of the Occidental Opium Co., and am out on the road to-day at twelve o'clock. I didn't want to move so dash, and so I decided to make my own living. For you coming back. Mrs. Westbrooke is going with me. She said she was tired of living with a combination pianograph, looking and dictionary, and she's now coming back, alone. We've been practicing the songs and dances for two months on the spot. I hope you will be successful, and go along all right. Good-bye.

'LOUISE'

Dene dropped the letter, covered his face with his trembling hands, and tried not in a deep, vibrating voice:

'My God, only last I'll give me this way to drift! She is a fair, then let Thy Heaven's fairest gifts, faith and love, sustain the loving hearts of brother and friend!'

Edith Westbrooke's glasses fell on the floor. The fingers of one hand trembled with a hammer on her case as he turned between his pale lips.

*'Say, Shank, ain't that a hell of a case? Wouldn't that knock you off your perch, Shank? Ain't it hell, sure, Shank — ain't it?'*

## LIII

*Part One of Ronney's*

ONLY ON THE LOWER East Side of New York do the Honors of Capital and Montague survive. There they do not fight by the book of etiquette. If you bar him your drink or no upholder of your opposing house you have work on not for your steel. On Broadway you may drag your man along a dinner table by his nose, and he will only (now) fix the watch; but in the domain of the East Side Tybalt and Mercutio you must observe the niceties of deportment, so the wink of no eyelash and to no inch of elbow-room at the bar when its patron intends fine of your house and his.

So, when Eddie McElwain, known to the Capitals as Cork McElwain, drilled from Dutch Mike's for a swin of beer, and came upon a bunch of Montagues making merry with the same, he began to observe the arduous parliamentary rules. Courtesy forbade his leaving the tables with his three cocktail crutches seated him in a place at the bar where the waiter supplied the companions of the evening's sociability that his indifference gave seemed to Glavin, experienced adeptness to him that the finger of ridicule would be busy waving the chastising stick at Dutch Mike's ear right. Close by his side stood Rich Casey, his Mortimer, companion of his perambulations. There they stood, fine of the Mulberry Hill Gang and two of the Dry Dock Gang winning their P's and Q's so sedulously that Dutch Mike kept one eye on his customers and the other on a open space beneath his bar in which it was his custom to sink seeing whenever the minimum politeness of the first associations engaged him the shape of bullies and cold steel.

But we have met so do with the men of the Mulberry Hill and the Dry Dock. We meet in Ronney's, where, on the most blighted dead branch of the tree of life, a bird's pale would shell House.

Overstained cigarette in hat pore way. It is not known who first overstepped the bounds of jousting but the consequences were immediate. Buck Malone, of the Mulberry Hill, with a Dewey-like arithmetic, got so right-back got wrong around from his