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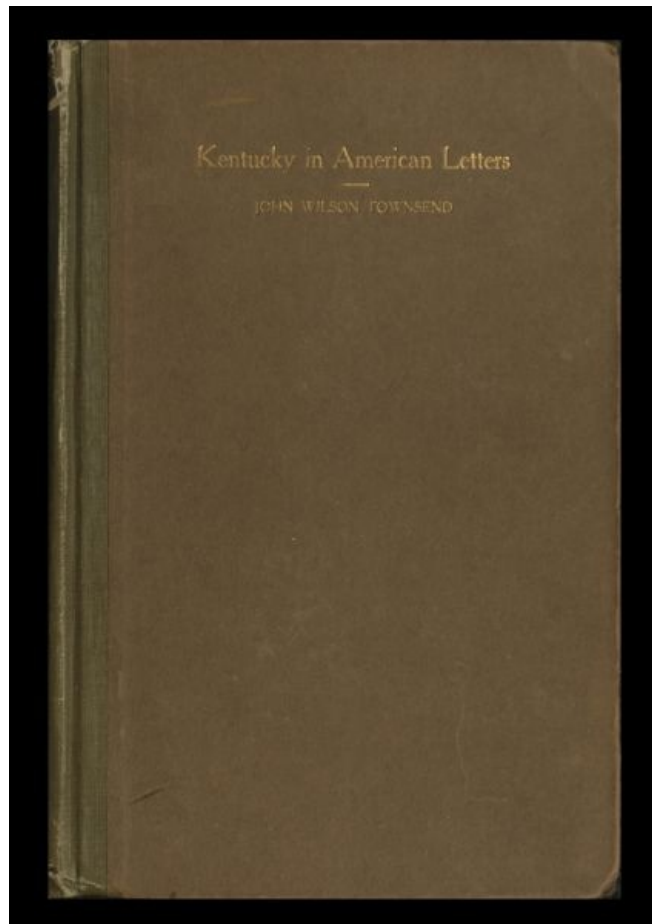
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**KENTUCKY IN
AMERICAN LETTERS**

OTHER WORKS BY MR. TOWNSEND

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Richard Hickman Menefee. 1907
Kentuckians in History and Literature. 1907
The Life of James Francis Leonard. 1909
Kentucky: Mother of Governors. 1910
Lore of the Meadowland. 1911

**KENTUCKY IN
AMERICAN LETTERS
1784-1912**

[Pg iii]

BY

JOHN WILSON TOWNSEND

**WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
JAMES LANE ALLEN**

**IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II**

**THE TORCH PRESS
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
NINETEEN THIRTEEN**

*Of this edition one thousand sets have been printed, of which
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[Pg iv]

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To
**Mary Katherine Bullitt
and
Samuel Judson Roberts
and to their memories**

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KENTUCKY IN AMERICAN LETTERS

JAMES NEWTON BASKETT

James Newton Baskett, novelist and scientist, was born near Carlisle, Kentucky, November 1, 1849. He was taken to Missouri in early life by his parents. He was graduated from the University of Missouri in 1872, since which time he has devoted himself almost exclusively to fiction and to comparative vertebrate anatomy, with ornithology as his particular specialty. At the world's congress of ornithologists at the Columbian Exposition in 1893, Mr. Baskett presented a paper on *Some Hints at the Kinship of Birds as Shown by Their Eggs*, which won him the respect of scientists from many lands. He has published three scientific works and three novels: *The Story of the Birds* (New York, 1896); *The Story of the Fishes* (New York, 1899); *The Story of the Amphibians and Reptiles* (New York, 1902); and his novels: *At You All's House* (New York, 1898); *As the Light Led* (New York, 1900); and his most recent book, *Sweet Brier and Thistledown* (Boston, 1902). Of this trio of tales the first one, *At You All's House*, is the best and the best known, Mr. Baskett's masterpiece hitherto. For the Texas Historical Society he wrote, in 1907, a series of papers upon the *Early Spanish Expedition in the South and Southwest*. With the exception of three years spent in Colorado for the benefit of his health, Mr. Baskett has resided at Mexico, Missouri, since leaving Kentucky.

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"I 'OVES 'OO BEST, 'TAUS 'OO BEAT 'EM ALL"^[1]

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[From *As the Light Led* (New York, 1900)]

They had been boy and girl together, not schoolmates nor next-farm neighbors, but their homes were in the same region. Her father's house was far enough away to make the boy's visits not so frequent as to foster the familiarity which breeds contempt, yet they gave him an occasional little journey out of the humdrum of home lanes, and away from the monotonous sweep of the prairie's flat horizon.

Hers was rather a timber farm, located on the other side of Flint Creek, where the woods began to fringe out upon the treeless plain again; but his was high out eastward upon the prairie swell, several miles from water. From his place the wooded barrier between them seemed only a brown level brush-stroke upon the sky's western margin.

Sometimes, when he was tired from his day's work afield, he watched the sun sink behind this border, which the distance made so velvety; and, if the day were clear, it looked to him as if the great glowing ball were lying down upon a cushion for its comfort. If it set in a bank of cloud or storm, it seemed to send up long streaming, reaching stripes, as if it waved a farewell to the sky, and stretched a last grasp at the day as it left it, or shot a rocket of distress as it sank.

When a child he had often sent her his good-will upon the westering messenger, and he imagined that the beams, sometimes shot suddenly out from beneath a low-hung cloudy curtain, were answers to his greetings. Long after it was dreary at his place, he fancied the light was still cuddling somewhere in the brush near her and that it was cheery yet over there.

When he was seven and she was three, he was visiting at her house one day. She was sitting on a bench in the old, long porch, shouting to him, her elder brother, and some others, as they came toward her from a romp out in the orchard. Suddenly Bent bantered the boys for a race to the baby; and, swinging their limp wool hats in their hands, they sped toward her. The child caught the jubilation of the race, and when Bent dropped first beside her, she grabbed him about the neck, laid the rose of her cheek against the tan of his, and said:

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"I 'oves 'oo best, 'tause 'oo beat 'em all."

The act was an infant tribute to prowess, a bound here in babyhood of the heart which wants but does not weigh; of the body which asks but does not question. The boy felt his heart go to meet hers, so that the little girl stood ever after as his idol. As time went on, his reverence for her as a lisper grew as she became a lass; and though, out of the dawning to them of what the years might bring, there came eras of pure embarrassment, wherein their firmness and trust wavered a little, yet confiding companionship came anew and stayed, till some new revelation of each to self or other barred for a time again their ease and intimacy. They were man and woman now, with a consciousness of much that the grown-up state must finally mean to them, if this continued. There was the freedom from embarrassment which experience brings; but there came with all this a sort of proximity of hopes and aims, which, burdened sweetly with its own importance, persisted with a presage of a crisis down the line.

He could no longer ride up to her side as she left the stile at church, and, without a previous engagement or the lubricant of a commonplace, open a conversation right into the heart of things. When she responded to him now it was with a shy sort of confidence which admits so much yet defines so little. Yet never when they met did they fail to pick up the thread, which tended to bind them closer and closer, and give it a conscious snatch of greater strain, till, as either looked back at the skein of incidents, there came a delightful feeling of hopeless entanglement in this fibre of their fate. However, the ends of the filament were free and floating yet, as the fray of a swirling gossamer in the autumn wind. Day by day these two felt that these frayed ends would meet sometime; and hold? or snap? and then? and then!

Nothing had ever strongly tried their attachment. Yet there was creeping now into the heart of each a sort of heaviness—a wondering, at least—if the other was still holding true to the childish troth; a definite sort of mental distrust was abiding between them, along with a readiness to be equal to anything which an emergency might bring. But in their hearts they were lovers still.

JAMES LANE ALLEN

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James Lane Allen, the foremost living American master of English prose, was born near Lexington, Kentucky, December 21, 1849. His home was situated some five miles from Lexington, on the old Parker's Mill road, and it was burned to the ground more than thirty years ago. He was the seventh and youngest child of Richard Allen, a Kentuckian, and his wife, Helen Foster Allen, a native of Mississippi. Lane Allen, as he was known in Kentucky until he became a distinguished figure in contemporary letters, was interested in books and Nature when a boy under his mother's tutelage. He was early at Kentucky University, now rechristened with its ancient name, Transylvania. Mr. Allen was valedictorian of the class of 1872; and five years later the degree of Master of Arts was granted him, after an amusing quibble with the faculty regarding the length of his oration, *The Survival of the Fittest*. He began his career as teacher of the district school at the rural village of Slickaway, which is now known as Fort Spring, about two miles from his birthplace. He taught this school but one year, when he went to Richmond, Missouri, to become instructor of Greek in the high school there. A few years later he established a school for boys at Lexington, Missouri. Mr. Allen returned to Kentucky to act as tutor in a private family near Lexington; and in 1878, he was elected principal of the Kentucky University Academy. He resigned this position, in 1880, to accept the chair of Latin and English in Bethany College, Bethany, West Virginia, which he occupied for two years, when he returned once more to Lexington, Kentucky, to open a private school for boys in the old Masonic Temple. In 1884 Mr. Allen discarded the teacher's garb for that of a man of letters, and since that time he has devoted his entire attention to literature.

While his kinsfolk and acquaintances regarded him with quiet wonder, if not alarmed astonishment, he carefully arranged his traveling bags and set his face toward the city of his dreams and thoughts—New York. Once there he shortly discovered that it was a deal easier to get into the kingdom of heaven than into the pages of the great periodicals, yet he had come to the city to make a name for himself in literature and he was not to be denied. His struggle was most severe, but his victory has been so complete that the bitterness of those days has been blown aside. The first seven or eight years of his life as a writer, Mr. Allen divided between New York, Cincinnati, and Kentucky. He finally quit Kentucky in 1893, and he has not been in the state since 1898, at which time his *alma mater* conferred the honorary degree of LL. D. upon him. He now resides in New York.

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Mr. Allen began with short essays for *The Critic*, *The Continent*, *The Independent*, *The Manhattan*, and other periodicals; and he contributed some strong and fine poems to *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Interior*, *Harper's Monthly*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, *The Independent*, and elsewhere. But none of these represented the true beginning of his work, of his career. His first short-story to attract general attention was *Too Much Momentum*, published in *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1885. It, however, was naturally rather stiff, as the author was then wielding the pen of a 'prentice. This was followed by a charming essay, *The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky*, in *Harper's* for February, 1886, and which really pointed the path he was to follow so wonderfully well through the coming years.

His first noteworthy story, *Two Gentlemen of Kentucky*, appeared in *The Century Magazine* for April, 1888. Then followed fast upon each other's heels, *The White Cow*; *King Solomon of Kentucky*, perhaps the greatest short-story he has written; *Posthumous Fame*; *Flute and Violin*; and *Sister Doloroso*, all of which were printed in the order named, and in *The Century*, save *Flute and Violin*, which was originally published in *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1890. These "Kentucky tales and romances" were issued as Mr. Allen's first book, entitled *Flute and Violin* (New York, 1891; Edinburgh, 1892, two volumes). Many of the author's admirers have come to regard these stories as the finest work he has done. As backgrounds for them he wrote a series of descriptive and historical papers upon Kentucky, originally published in *The Century* and *Harper's*, and collected in book form under the title of the first of them, *The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky* (New York, 1892). Up to this time Mr. Allen had written nothing but short-stories, verses, and sketches. While living at Cincinnati he wrote his first novelette, *John Gray* (Philadelphia, 1893), which first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* for June, 1892. This is one of the author's strongest pieces of prose fiction, though it has been well-nigh forgotten in its original form.

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These three books fitted Mr. Allen for the writing of an American classic, *A Kentucky Cardinal* (New York, 1894), another novelette, which was published in two parts in *Harper's Magazine* for May and June, 1894, prior to its appearance in book form. This, with its sequel, *Aftermath* (New York, 1895), is the most exquisite tale of nature yet done by an American hand. It at once defies all praise, or adverse criticism, being wrought out as perfectly as human hands can well do. At the present time the two stories may be best read in the large paper illustrated edition done by

Mr. Hugh Thomson, the celebrated English artist, to which Mr. Allen contributed a charming introduction. *Summer in Arcady* (New York, 1896), which passed through the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* as *Butterflies*, was a rather realistic story of love and Nature, and somewhat strongly drawn for the tastes of many people. When his complete works appear in twelve uniform volumes, in 1913 or 1914, this "tale of nature" will be entitled *A Pair of Butterflies*.

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The Choir Invisible (New York, 1897), Mr. Allen's first really long novel, was an augmented *John Gray*, and it placed him in the forefront of American novelists. Mr. Orson Lowell's illustrated edition of this work is most interesting; and it was dramatized in 1899, but produced without success, as the author had prophesied. Later in the same year *Two Gentlemen of Kentucky* appeared as a bit of a book, and was cordially received by those of the author's admirers who continued to regard it as his masterpiece. *The Reign of Law* (New York, 1900), a tale of the Kentucky hemp-fields, of love, and evolution, was published in London as *The Increasing Purpose*, because of the Duke of Argyll's prior appropriation of that title for his scientific treatise. The prologue upon Kentucky hemp strengthened Mr. Allen's reputation as one of the greatest writers of descriptive prose ever born out of Europe. It was widely read and discussed—in at least one quarter of the country—with unnecessary bitterness, if not with blind bigotry.

The Mettle of the Pasture (New York, 1903), which was first announced as *Crypts of the Heart*, is a love story of great beauty, saturated with the atmosphere of Kentucky to a wonderful degree, yet it has not been sufficiently appreciated. For the five years following the publication of *The Mettle*, Mr. Allen was silent; but he was working harder than ever before in his life upon manuscripts which he has come to regard as his most vital contributions to prose fiction. In the autumn of 1908 his stirring speech at the unveiling of the monument to remember his hero, King Solomon of Kentucky, was read; and three months later *The Last Christmas Tree*, brief prelude to his Christmas trilogy, appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*. *The Bride of the Mistletoe* (New York, 1909), part first of the trilogy, is one of the finest fragments of prose yet published in the United States. It aroused criticism of various kinds in many quarters, one declaring it to be one thing, and one another, but all agreeing that it was something new and wonderful under our literary sun. The critics of to-morrow may discover that *The Bride* was the foundation-stone of the now much-heralded *Chunk of Life School* which has of late taken London by the ears. Yet, between *The Bride* and *The Widow of the Bye Street* a great gulf is fixed. Part two of the trilogy was first announced as *A Brood of the Eagle*, but it was finally published as *The Doctor's Christmas Eve* (New York, 1910). This, one of Mr. Allen's longest novels, was met by adverse criticism based on several grounds, but upon none more pointedly than what was alleged to be the unnatural precocity of the children, who do not appear to lightly flit through the pages in a way that our old-fashioned conventions would prescribe they should, but somewhat seem to clog the unfolding of the tale. Whatever estimate one may place upon *The Doctor*, he can scarcely be held to possess the subtle charm of *The Bride*. The third and final part of this much-discussed trilogy will hardly be published before 1914, or perhaps even subsequent to that date.

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The Heroine in Bronze (New York, 1912), is Mr. Allen's latest novel. It is an American love story with all of the author's exquisite mastery of language again ringing fine and true. For the first time Mr. Allen largely abandons Kentucky as a landscape for his story, the action being in New York. The phrase "my country," that recurs throughout the book, succeeds the "Shield," which, in *The Bride of the Mistletoe*, was the author's appellation for Kentucky. The sequel to *The Heroine*—the story the boy wrote for the girl—is now preparing.

Twenty years ago Mr. Allen wrote, "Kentucky has little or no literature;" and while he did not write, perhaps, with the whole horizon of its range before him, there was substantial truth in the statement. The splendid sequel to his declaration is his own magnificent works. He pointed out the lack of merit in our literature, but he did a far finer and more fitting thing: he at once set out upon his distinguished career and has produced a literature for the state. He has created Kentucky and Kentuckians as things apart from the outside world, a miniature republic within a greater republic; and no one knows the land and the people other than imperfectly if one cannot see and feel that his conception is clear and sentient. With a light but firm touch he has caught the shimmering atmosphere of his own native uplands and the idiosyncrasies of their people with all the fidelity with which the camera gives back a material outline.

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KING SOLOMON OF KENTUCKY: AN ADDRESS^[2]

[From *The Outlook* (December 19, 1908)]

We are witnessing at present a revival of conflict between two ideas in our civilization that have already produced a colossal war; the idea of the greatness of our Nation as the welded and indissoluble greatness of the States, and the idea of the separate dignity and isolated power of each sovereign commonwealth. The spirit of the Nation reaches out more and more to absorb into itself its own parts, and each part draws back more and more into its own Attic supremacy and independence, feeling that its earlier struggles were its own struggles, that its heroes were its own heroes, and that it has memories which refuse to blend with any other memories. It will willingly yield the luster of its daily life to the National sun, but by night it must see its own

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lighthouses around its frontiers—beacons for its own wandering mariner sons and a warning to the Nation itself that such lights are sacred wherever they stand and burn.

But if the State more and more resists absorption into the Federal life, then less and less can it expect the Nation to do what it insists is its own peculiar work; the greater is the obligation resting upon it to make known to the Nation its own peculiar past and its own incommunicable greatness. Among the States of the Union none belongs more wholly to herself and less to the Nation than does Kentucky; none perhaps will resist more passionately the encroachments of Federal control; and upon her rests the very highest obligation to write her own history and make good her Attic aloofness.

But there is no nobler or more eloquent way in which a State can set forth its annals than by memorializing its great dead. The flag of a nation is its hope; its monuments are its memories. But it is also true that the flag of a country is its memory, and that its monuments are its hopes. And both are needed. Each calls aloud to the other. If you should go into any land and see it covered with monuments and nowhere see its flag, you would know that its flag had gone down into the dust and that its hope was ended. If you should travel in a land and everywhere see its flag and nowhere its monuments, you would ask yourself, Has this people no past that it cares to speak of? and if it has, why does it not speak of it? But when you visit a country where you see the flag proudly flying and proud monuments standing everywhere, then you say, Here is a people who are great in both their hopes and in their memories, and who live doubly through the deeds of their dead.

Where are Kentucky's monuments for her battlefields? There are some; where are the others? Where are her monuments for her heroes that she insists were hers alone? Over her waves the flag of her hopes; where are the monuments that are her memories?

This man whom you memorialize to-day was not, in station or habiliment, one of Kentucky's higher heroes; his battlefield was the battlefield of his own character; but the honor rightly heaped upon him at last makes one remember how many a battlefield and how many a hero remain forgotten. Not alone the fields and heroes of actual war, but of civic and moral and scientific and artistic leadership. These ceremonies—whom will they incite to kindred action elsewhere? What other monuments will they build?

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There is a second movement broader than any question of State or National patriotism, in which these ceremonies also have their place. It is the essential movement of our time in the direction of a new philanthropy.

No line of Shakespeare has ever been perhaps more quoted than this: "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." It is true that he put the words into the mouth of a Roman of old; but they were true of the England of his time and they remained true for centuries after his death. But within the last one hundred years or less an entirely new spirit has been developed; a radically new way of looking at human history and at human character has superseded the old. The spirit and genius of our day calls for the recasting of Shakespeare's lines: Let the evil that men do be buried with them; let the good they did be found out and kept alive.

I wish to take one illustration of the truth of this from the history of English literature.

Do you know when and where it was that satire virtually ceased to exist in English literature? It was at the birthplace and with the birth of Charles Darwin. From Darwin's time, from the peak on which he stood, a long slope of English literature sinks backward and downward toward the past; and on that shadowy slope stand somewhere the fierce satirists of English letters. Last of them all, and standing near where Darwin stood, is the great form of Thackeray. All his life he sought for perfection in human character and never found it. He searched England from the throne down for the gentleman and never found the gentleman. The life-long quest sometimes left him bitter, always left him sad. For all of Thackeray's work was done under the influence of the older point of view, that the frailties of men should be scourged out of them and could be. Over his imagination brooded the shadow of a vast myth—that man had thrown away his own perfection, that he was a fallen angel, who wantonly refused to regain his own paradise.

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And now from the peak of the world's thought on which Darwin stood, the other slope of English literature comes down to us and will pass on into the future. And as marking the beginning of the modern spirit working in literature, there on this side of Darwin, near to him as Thackeray stood near to him on the other side, is the great form of George Eliot. George Eliot saw the frailties of human nature as clearly as Thackeray saw them; she loved perfection as greatly as he loved perfection; but on her lips satire died and sympathy was born. She was the first of England's great imaginative writers to breathe in the spirit of modern life and of modern knowledge—that man himself is a developing animal—a creature crawling slowly out of utter darkness toward the light. You can satirize a fallen angel who willfully refuses to regain his paradise; but you cannot satirize an animal who is developing through millions of years his own will to be used against his own instincts.

And this new spirit of charity not only pervades the new literature of the world, but has made itself felt in every branch of human action.

It has affected the theatre and well-nigh driven the drama of satire from the stage. Every judge knows that it goes with him to the bench; every physician knows that it accompanies him into the sick-room; every teacher knows that he must reckon with it as he tries to govern and direct the

young; every minister knows that it ascends with him into his pulpit and takes wing with his prayer.

And thus we come back around a great circle of the world's endeavor to the simple ceremony of this hour and place. There is but one thing to be said; it is all that need be said; it is an attempt to burnish one corner of a hero's dimmed shield.

It is autumn now, the season of scythe and sickle. Time, the Reaper, long ago reaped from the field of this man's life its heroic deed; and now after so many years it has come back to his grave and thrown down the natural increase. On the day when King Solomon was laid here the grass began to weave its seamless mantle across his frailties; but out of his dust sprang what has since been growing—what no hostile hand can pluck away, nor any wind blow down—the red flower of a man's passionate service to his fellow-men when they were in direst need of him.

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And so, long honor to his name! A new peace to his ashes!

THE LAST CHRISTMAS TREE^[3]

[From *The Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia, December 5, 1908)]

The stars burn out one by one like candles in too long a night.

Children, you love the snow. You play in it, you hunt in it; it brings the tinkling of sleighbells, it gives white wings to the trees and new robes to the world. Whenever it falls in your country, sooner or later it vanishes: forever falling and rising, forming and falling and melting and rising again—on and on through the ages.

If you should start from your homes and travel northward, after a while you would find that everything is steadily changing: the air grows colder, living things begin to be left behind, those that remain begin to look white, the music of the earth begins to die out; you think no more of color and joy and song. On your journey, and always you are traveling toward the silent, the white, the dead. And at last you come to the land of sunlessness and silence—the reign of snow.

If you should start from your homes and travel southward, as you crossed land after land, in the same way you would begin to see that life was failing, colors fading, the earth's harmonies being replaced by the discords of Nature's lifeless forces, storming, crushing, grinding. And at last you would reach the threshold of another world that you dared not enter and that nothing alive ever faces—the home of the frost.

If you should rise straight into the air above your housetops, as though you were climbing the side of an unseen mountain, you would find at last that you had ascended to a height where the mountain would be capped with snow. All round the earth, wherever its mountains are high enough, their summits are capped with the one same snow; for above us, everywhere, lies the upper land of eternal cold.

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Some time in the future, we do not know when, but some time in the future, the Spirit of the Cold at the north will move southward; the Spirit of the Cold at the south will move northward; the Spirit of the Cold in the upper air will move downward to meet the other two. When the three meet there will be for the earth one whiteness and silence—rest.

A great time had passed—how great no one knew; there was none to measure it.

It was twilight and it was snowing. On a steep mountainside, near its bald summit, thousands of feet above the line that any other living thing had ever crossed, stood two glorious fir trees, strongest and last of their race. They had climbed out of the valley below to this lone height, and there had so rooted themselves in rock and soil that the sturdiest gale had never been able to dislodge them; and now the twain occupied that beetling rock as the final sentinels of mortal things.

They looked out toward the land on one side of the mountain; at the foot of it lay a valley, and there, in old human times, a village had thriven, church spires had risen, bridal candles had twinkled at twilight. On the opposite side they looked toward the ocean—once the rolling, blue ocean, singing its great song, but level now and white and still at last—its voice hushed with all other voices—the roar of its battleships ended long ago. One fir tree grew lower down than the other, its head barely reached up to its comrade's breast. They had long shared with each other the wordless wisdom of their race; and now, as a slow, bitter wind wandered across the delicate green harps of their leaves, they began to chant—harping like harpers of old who never tired of the past.

The fir below, as the snowflakes fell on its locks and sifted closely in about its throat, shook itself bravely and sang:

"Comrade, the end for us draws nigh; the snow is creeping up. To-night it will place its cap upon my head. I shall close my eyes and follow all things into their sleep."

"Yes," thrummed the fir above, "follow all things into their sleep. If they were thus to sleep at

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last, why were they ever awakened? It is a mystery."

The whirling wind caught the words and bore them to the right and to the left over land and over sea:

"Mystery—mystery—mystery."

Twilight deepened. The snow scarcely fell; the clouds trailed through the trees so close and low that the flakes were formed amid the boughs and rested where they were created. At intervals out of the clouds and darkness the low musings went on:

"Where now is the Little Brother of the Trees—him of the long thoughts and the brief shadow?"

"He thought that he alone of earthly things was immortal."

"Our people, the Evergreens, were thrust forth on the earth a million ages before he appeared; and we are still here, a million ages since he left, leaving not a trace of himself behind."

"The most fragile moss was born before he was born; and the moss outlasted him."

"The frailest fern was not so perishable."

"Yet he believed he should have eternal youth."

"That his race would return to some Power who had sent it forth."

"That he was ever being borne onward to some far-off, divine event, where there was justice."

"Yes, where there was justice."

"Of old it was their custom to heap white flowers above their dead."

"Now white flowers cover them—the frozen white flowers of the sky."

It was night now about the mountaintop—deep night above it. At intervals the communing of the firs started up afresh:

"Had they known how alone in the universe they were, would they not have turned to each other for happiness?"

"Would not all have helped each?"

"Would not each have helped all?"

"Would they have so mingled their wars with their prayers?"

"Would they not have thrown away their weapons and thrown their arms around one another? It was all a mystery."

"Mystery—mystery."

Once in the night they sounded in unison:

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"And all the gods of earth—its many gods in many lands with many faces—they sleep now in their ancient temples; on them has fallen at last their unending dusk."

"And the shepherds who avowed that they were appointed by the Creator of the universe to lead other men as their sheep—what difference is there now between the sheep and the shepherds?"

"The shepherds lie with the sheep in the same white pastures."

"Still, what think you became of all that men did?"

"Whither did Science go? How could it come to naught?"

"And that seven-branched golden candlestick of inner light that was his Art—was there no other sphere to which it could be transferred, lovely and eternal?"

"And what became of Love?"

"What became of the woman who asked for nothing in life but love and youth?"

"What became of the man who was true?"

"Think you that all of them are not gathered elsewhere—strangely changed, yet the same? Is some other quenchless star their safe habitation?"

"What do we know; what did he know on earth? It was a mystery."

"It was all a mystery."

If there had been a clock to measure the hour it must now have been near midnight. Suddenly the fir below harped most tenderly:

"The children! What became of the children? Where did the myriads of them march to? What was the end of the march of the earth's children?"

"Be still!" whispered the fir above. "At that moment I felt the soft fingers of a child searching my

boughs. Was not this what in human times they called Christmas Eve?"

"Hearken!" whispered the fir below. "Down in the valley elfin horns are blowing and elfin drums are beating. Did you hear that—faint and far away? It was the bells of the reindeer! It passed: it was the wandering soul of Christmas."

Not long after this the fir below struck its green harp for the last time:

"Comrade, it is the end for me. Good-night!"

Silently the snow closed over it.

The other fir now stood alone. The snow crept higher and higher. It bravely shook itself loose. Late in the long night it communed once more, solitary:

"I, then, close the train of earthly things. And I was the emblem of immortality; let the highest be the last to perish! Power, that put forth all things for a purpose, you have fulfilled, without explaining it, that purpose. I follow all things into their sleep."

In the morning there was no trace of it.

The sun rose clear on the mountaintops, white and cold and at peace.

The earth was dead.

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NANCY HUSTON BANKS

Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks, novelist, was born at Morganfield, Kentucky, about 1850. She is the daughter of the late Judge George Huston, who for many years was an attorney and banker of her native town. When a young woman Miss Huston was married to Mr. James N. Banks, now a lawyer of Henderson, Kentucky. Mrs. Banks's first book, *Stairs of Sand* (Chicago, 1890), has been forgotten by author and public alike, but shortly after its publication, she went to New York, and there she resided at the Hotel St. James for many years. At the present time she is living in London. She became a contributor to magazines, her critical paper on Mr. James Lane Allen and his novels, which appeared in *The Bookman* for June, 1895, being her first work to attract serious attention. A few years later Mrs. Banks dropped her magazine work in order to write her charming novel of life in southern Kentucky, *Oldfield* (New York, 1902). This story was highly praised in this country and in England, the critics of London coining a descriptive phrase for it that has stuck—"the Kentucky Cranford." Her next novel, *'Round Anvil Rock* (New York, 1903), was a worthy follower of *Oldfield*. One reviewer called it "a blend of an old-fashioned love story and an historical study." Mrs. Banks's most recent novel is *The Little Hills* (New York, 1905). The opening words of this story: "The air was the breath of spice pinks," was seized upon by the critics and set up as a sign-post for the book's tone. Mrs. Banks has been a great traveler. She was sent to South Africa during the Boer war by *Vanity Fair* of London, and her letters to that publication were most interesting. She knew Cecil Rhodes and George W. Steevens, the war correspondent, and, with her beauty and charm, she became a social "star" in the life about her. Mrs. Banks's one eccentricity—according to the literary gossips of New York—is her distaste for classical music; and that much of her success is due to the fact that she knows how to handle editors and publishers, we also learn from the same source. At least one of her contemporaries once held—though he has since wholly relented and regretted much—that, in a now exceedingly scarce first edition, she out-ingrained Ingram! But, of course, that is another story.

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ANVIL ROCK^[4]

[From *'Round Anvil Rock* (New York, 1903)]

The courage and calmness which he had found in himself under this test, heartened him and made him the more determined to control his wandering fancy. Looking now neither to the right nor the left, he pressed on through the clearing toward the buffalo track in the border of the forest which would lead him into the Wilderness Road. Sternly setting his thoughts on the errand that was taking him to the salt-works, he began to think of the place in which they were situated, and to wonder why so bare, so brown, and so desolate a spot should have been called Green Lick. There was no greenness about it, and not the slightest sign that there ever had been any verdure, although it still lay in the very heart of an almost tropical forest. It must surely have been as it was now since time immemorial. Myriads of wild beasts coming and going through numberless centuries to drink the salt water, had trodden the earth around it as hard as iron, and had worn it down far below the surface of the surrounding country. The boy had seen it often, but always by daylight, and never alone, so that he noted many things now which he had not observed before. The huge bison must have gone over that well-beaten track one by one, to judge by its narrowness. He could see it dimly, running into the clearing like a black line beginning far off between the bordering trees; but as he looked, the darkness deepened, the mists thickened, and

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a look of unreality came over familiar objects. And then through the wavering gloom there suddenly towered a great dark mass topped by something which rose against the wild dimness like a colossal blacksmith's anvil. It might have been Vulcan's own forge, so strange and fabulous a thing it seemed! The boy's heart leaped with his pony's leap. His imagination spread its swift wings ere he could think; but in another instant he reminded himself. This was not an awful apparition, but a real thing, wondrous and unaccountable enough in its reality. It was Anvil Rock—a great, solitary rock rising abruptly from the rockless loam of a level country, and lifting its single peak, rudely shaped like a blacksmith's anvil, straight up toward the clouds.

THE OLD-FASHIONED FIDDLERS

[From the same]

Those old-time country fiddlers—all of them, black or white—how wonderful they were! They have always been the wonder and the despair of all musicians who have played by rule and note. The very way that the country fiddler held his fiddle against his chest and never against his shoulder like the trained musician! The very way that the country fiddler grasped his bow, firmly and squarely in the middle, and never lightly at the end like a trained musician! The very way that he let go and went off and kept on—the amazing, inimitable spirit, the gayety, the rhythm, the swing! No trained musician ever heard the music of the country fiddler without wondering at its power, and longing in vain to know the secret of its charm. It would be worth a good deal to know where and how they learned the tunes that they played. Possibly these were handed down by ear from one to another; some perhaps may have never been pent up in notes, and others may have been given to the note reader under other names than those by which the country fiddlers knew them. This is said to have been the case with "Old Zip Coon," and the names of many of them would seem to prove that they belonged to the time and the country. But there is a delightful uncertainty about the origin and the history of almost all of them—about "Leather Breeches" and "Sugar in the Gourd" and "Wagoner" and "Cotton-eyed Joe," and so on through a long list.

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WILLIAM B. SMITH

William Benjamin Smith, perhaps the greatest scholar ever born on Kentucky soil, first saw the light at Stanford, Kentucky, October 26, 1850. Kentucky (Transylvania) University conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon him in 1871; and the University of Göttingen granted him his Doctor of Philosophy degree in 1879. Dr. Smith was professor of mathematics in Central College, Missouri, from 1881 to 1885, when he accepted the chair of physics in the University of Missouri. In 1888 he was transferred to the department of mathematics in the same institution, which he held until 1893, when he resigned to accept a similar position at Tulane University. In 1906 Dr. Smith was elected head of the department of philosophy at Tulane, which position he holds at the present time. He was a delegate of the United States government to the first Pan-American Scientific Congress, held at Santiago, Chile, in 1908. Dr. Smith is the author of the following books, the very titles of which will show his amazing versatility: *Co-ordinate Geometry* (Boston, 1885); *Clew to Trigonometry* (1889); *Introductory Modern Geometry* (New York, 1893); *Infinitesimal Analysis* (New York, 1898); *The Color Line* (New York, 1905), a stirring discussion of the Negro problem from a rather new perspective; two theological works, written originally in German, *Der Vorchristliche Jesus* (Jena, Germany, 1906); and *Ecce Deus* (Jena, Germany, 1911), the English translation of which was issued at London and Chicago in 1912. These two works upon proto-Christianity have placed Dr. Smith among the foremost scholars of his day and generation in America. Besides his books he wrote two pamphlets of more than fifty pages each upon *Tariff for Protection* (Columbia, Missouri, 1888); and *Tariff Reform* (Columbia, Missouri, 1892). These show the author at his best. And his biography of James Sidney Rollins, founder of the University of Missouri, was published about this time. During the month of October, 1896, Dr. Smith published six articles in the *Chicago Record*, on the silver question and in defense of the gold standard, which were certainly the most thorough brought out by the presidential campaign of that year. Among his many public addresses, essays, and articles, *The Pauline Codices F and G* may be mentioned, as well as his articles on *Infinitesimal Calculus* and *New Testament Criticism* in the *Encyclopaedia Americana* (New York, 1906); and he compiled the mathematical definitions for the *New International Dictionary* (New York, 1908). Dr. Smith's fine poem, *The Merman and the Seraph*, was crowned in the *Poet Lore* competition of 1906. As a mathematician, philosopher, sociologist, New Testament critic, publicist, poet, and alleged prototype of *David*, hero of Mr. James Lane Allen's *The Reign of Law*—which he most certainly was not!—Dr. Smith stands supreme among the sons of Kentucky.

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A SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE NEGRO PROBLEM^[5]

[From *The Color Line* (New York, 1905)]

It is idle to talk of education and civilization and the like as corrective or compensative agencies. All are weak and beggarly as over against the almightiness of heredity, the omnipotence of

the transmitted germ-plasma. Let this be amerced of its ancient rights, let it be shorn in some measure of its exceeding weight of ancestral glory, let it be soiled in its millennial purity and integrity, and nothing shall ever restore it; neither wealth, nor culture, nor science, nor art, nor morality, nor religion—not even Christianity itself. Here and there these may redeem some happy spontaneous variation, some lucky freak of nature; but nothing more—they can never redeem the race. If this be not true, then history and biology are alike false; then Darwin and Spencer, Haeckel and Weismann, Mendel and Pearson, have lived and laboured in vain.

Equally futile is the reply, so often made by our opponents, that miscegenation has already progressed far in the Southland, as witness millions of Mulattoes. Certainly; but do not such objectors know in their hearts that their reply is no answer, but is utterly irrelevant? We admit and deplore the fact that unchastity has poured a broad stream of white blood into black veins; but we deny, and perhaps no one will affirm, that it has poured even the slenderest appreciable rill of Negro blood into the veins of the Whites. We have no excuse whatever to make for these masculine incontinences; we abhor them as disgraceful and almost bestial. But, however degrading and even unnatural, they in nowise, not even in the slightest conceivable degree, defile the Southern Caucasian blood. That blood to-day is absolutely pure; and it is the inflexible resolution of the South to preserve that purity, no matter how dear the cost. We repeat, then, it is not a question of individual morality, nor even of self-respect. He who commences with a negress debases himself and dishonours his body, the temple of the Spirit; but he does not impair, in anywise, the dignity or integrity of his race; he may sin against himself and others, and even against his God, but not against the germ-plasma of his kind.

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Does some one reply that some Negroes are better than some Whites, physically, mentally, morally? We do not deny it; but this fact, again, is without pertinence. It may very well be that some dogs are superior to some men. It is absurd to suppose that only the elect of the Blacks would unite with only the non-elect of the Whites. Once started, the *pamnixia* would spread through all classes of society and contaminate possibly or actually all. Even a little leaven may leaven the whole lump.

Far more than this, however, even if only very superior Negroes formed unions with non-superior Whites, the case would not be altered; for it is a grievous error to suppose that the child is born of its proximate parents only; it is born of all its ancestry; it is the child of its race. The eternal past lays hand upon it and upon all its descendants. However weak the White, behind him stands Europe; however strong the Black, behind lies Africa.

Preposterous, indeed, is this doctrine that *personal excellence is the true standard*, and that only such Negroes as attain a certain grade of merit should or would be admitted to social equality. A favourite evasion! *The Independent, The Nation, The Outlook*, the whole North—all point admiringly to Mr. Washington, and exclaim: "But only see what a noble man he is—so much better than his would-be superiors!" So, too, a distinguished clergyman, when asked whether he would let his daughter marry a Negro, replied: "We wish our daughters to marry Christian gentlemen." Let, then, the major premise be, "All Christian gentlemen are to be admitted to social equality;" and add, if you will, any desired degree of refinement or education or intellectual prowess as a condition. Does not every one see that any such test would be wholly impracticable and nugatory? If Mr. Washington be the social equal of Roosevelt and Eliot and Hadley, how many others will be the social equals of the next circle, and the next, and the next, in the long descent from the White House and Harvard to the miner and the ragpicker? And shall we trust the hot, unreasoning blood of youth to lay virtues and qualities so evenly in the balance and decide just when some "olive-coloured suitor" is enough a "Christian gentleman" to claim the hand of some simple-hearted milk-maid or some school-ma'am "past her bloom?" The notion is too ridiculous for refutation. If the best Negro in the land is the social equal of the best Caucasian, then it will be hard to prove that the lowest White is higher than the lowest Black; the principle of division is lost, and complete social equality is established. We seem to have read somewhere that, when the two ends of one straight segment coincide with the two ends of another, the segments coincide throughout their whole extent.

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THE MERMAN AND THE SERAPH^[6]

[From *Poet-Lore* (Boston, 1906)]

I

Deep the sunless seas amid,
Far from Man, from Angel hid,
Where the soundless tides are rolled
Over Ocean's treasure-hold,
With dragon eye and heart of stone,
The ancient Merman mused alone.

II

And aye his arrowed Thought he wings
Straight at the inmost core of things—
As mirrored in his magic glass
The lightning-footed Ages pass—
And knows nor joy nor Earth's distress,

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But broods on Everlastingness.

"Thoughts that love not, thoughts that hate not,
Thoughts that Age and Change await not,
 All unfeeling,
 All revealing,
Scorning height's and depth's concealing,
These be mine—and these alone!"—
Saith the Merman's heart of stone.

III

Flashed a radiance far and nigh
As from the vortex of the sky—
Lo! a maiden beauty-bright
And mantled with mysterious might
Of every power, below, above,
That weaves resistless spell of Love.

IV

Through the weltering waters cold
Shot the sheen of silken gold;
Quick the frozen heart below
Kindled in the amber glow;
Trembling heavenward Nekkan yearned,
Rose to where the Glory burned.

"Deeper, bluer than the skies are,
Dreaming meres of morn thine eyes are;
 All that brightens
 Smile or heightens
Charm is thine, all life enlightens,
Thou art all the soul's desire"—
Sang the Merman's heart of fire.

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"Woe thee, Nekkan! Ne'er was given
Thee to walk the ways of Heaven;
 Vain the vision,
 Fate's derision,
Thee that raps to realms elysian,
Fathomless profounds are thine"—
Quired the answering voice divine.

V

Came an echo from the West,
Pierced the deep celestial breast;
Summoned, far the Seraph fled,
Trailing splendours overhead;
Broad beneath her flying feet,
Laughed the silvered ocean-street.

VI

On the Merman's mortal sight
Instant fell the pall of Night;
Sunk to the sea's profoundest floor
He dreams the vanished vision o'er,
Hears anew the starry chime,
Ponders aye Eternal Time.

"Thoughts that hope not, thoughts that fear not,
Thoughts that Man and Demon veer not,
 Times unending
 Comprehending,
Space and worlds of worlds transcending,
These are mine—but these alone!"—
Sighs the Merman's heart of stone.

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Anderson Chenault Quisenberry, historical writer, was born near Winchester, Kentucky, October 26, 1850. He was educated at Georgetown College, Georgetown, Kentucky. In 1870 Mr. Quisenberry engaged in Kentucky journalism, being editor of several papers at different periods, until 1889, when he went to Washington to accept a position in the War Department; but he has continued his contributions to the Kentucky press to the present time. His first volume was *The Life and Times of Hon. Humphrey Marshall* (Winchester, Kentucky, 1892). This was followed by his other works: *Revolutionary Soldiers in Kentucky* (1896); *Genealogical Memoranda of the Quisenberry Family and Other Families* (Washington, D. C., 1897); *Memorials of the Quisenberry Family in Germany, England, and America* (Washington, D. C., 1900); *Lopez's Expeditions to Cuba, 1850-51* (Louisville, Kentucky, 1906), one of the most attractive of the Filson Club publications; and *History by Illustration: General Zachary Taylor and the Mexican War* (Frankfort, Kentucky, 1911), the most recent volume in the Kentucky Historical Series of the State Historical Society. Mr. Quisenberry resides at Hyattsville, Maryland, going into Washington every day for his official duties.

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THE DEATH OF CRITTENDEN^[7]

[From *Lopez's Expeditions to Cuba, 1850-1851* (Louisville, Kentucky, 1906)]

The victims, bound securely, were brought out of the boat twelve at a time; of these, six were blindfolded and made to kneel down with their backs to the soldiers, who stood some three or four paces from them. These six executed, the other six were put through the same ghastly ceremony; then twelve others were brought from the boat; and so on, until the terrible and sickening tragedy was over. As each lot were murdered their bodies were cast aside to make room for the next lot.

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An eyewitness says of these martyrs to liberty: "They behaved with firmness, evincing no hesitation or trepidation whatever." Among those shot was a lad of fifteen who begged earnestly on his knees that some one be sent to him who could speak English, but not the slightest attention was paid to him. One handsome young man desired that his watch be sent to his sweetheart. After the first discharge those who were not instantly killed were beaten upon the head until life was extinct. One poor fellow received three balls in his neck, and, raising himself in the agonies of death, was struck by a soldier with the butt of a musket and his brains dashed out.

Colonel Crittenden, as the leader of the party, was shot first, and alone. One of the rabble pushed through the line of soldiers, and rushed up to Crittenden and pulled his beard. The gallant Kentuckian, with the utmost coolness, spit in the coward's face. He refused to kneel or to be blindfolded, saying in a clear, ringing voice: "A Kentuckian kneels to none except his God, and always dies facing his enemy!"—an expression that became famous. Looking into the muzzles of the muskets that were to slay him, standing heroically erect in the very face of death, with his own hands, which had been unbound at his request, he gave the signal for the fatal volley; and died, as he had lived, "Strong in Heart." Captain Ker also refused to kneel. They stood up, faced their enemies, were shot down, and their brains were beaten out with clubbed muskets.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON

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Robert Burns Wilson, poet of distinction, the son of a Pennsylvania father and a Virginia mother, was born in his grandfather's house near Washington, Pennsylvania, October 30, 1850. When a very small child he was taken to his mother's home in Virginia; and there the mother died when her son was but ten years old, which event saddened his subsequent life. Mr. Wilson was educated in the schools of Wheeling, West Virginia, after which he went to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to study art. When but nineteen he was painting portraits for a living. In 1871 he and John W. Alexander, now the famous New York artist, chartered a canoe and started down the Ohio river from Pittsburgh, hoping in due course to dock at Louisville, Kentucky. They had hardly reached the Kentucky shore, however, when they disagreed about something or other, and young Alexander left him in the night and returned to Pittsburgh. The next day Mr. Wilson ran his boat into a bank in Union county, Kentucky; he lived in that county a year, when he went up to Louisville. He gained more than a local reputation with a crayon portrait of Henry Watterson, and he was actually making considerable headway as an artist when he was discovered by the late Edward Hensley, of Frankfort, Kentucky, who persuaded him to remove to that town. Mr. Wilson settled at Frankfort in 1875, and he lived there for the following twenty-five years. His literary and artistic labors are inseparably interwoven with the history and traditions of that interesting old town, for he was its "great man" for many years, and its toast. As painter and poet he was heralded by the folk of Frankfort until the outside world was attracted and nibbled at his work. The first public recognition accorded his landscapes was at the Louisville and New Orleans Expositions of 1883 and 1884.

Mr. Wilson's first poem, *A Wild Violet in November*, was followed by the finest flower of his

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genius, *When Evening Cometh On*, which was originally printed in *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1885. This is the only Southern poem or, perhaps, American, that can be mentioned in the same breath with Gray's *Elegy*. Many of his poems and prose papers were published in *Harper's*, *The Century*, and other periodicals. His first book, *Life and Love* (New York, 1887), contained the best work he has ever done. The dedicatory lines to the memory of his mother were lovely; and there are many more poems to be found in the volume that are very fine. *Chant of a Woodland Spirit* (New York, 1894), a long poem of more than fifty pages, portions of which had originally appeared in *Harper's* and *The Century*, was dedicated to John Fox, Jr., with whom Mr. Wilson was friendly, and who spent a great deal of his time at the poet's home in Frankfort. His second and most recent collection of lyrics, *The Shadows of the Trees* (New York, 1898), was widely read and warmly received by all true lovers of genuine poesy. Mr. Wilson's striking poem, *Remember the Maine*, provoked by the tragedy in Havana harbor, was printed in *The New York Herald*; and another of his several poems inspired by that fiasco of a fight that is remembered, *Such is the Death the Soldier Dies*, appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*. The Kentucky poet's battle-hymns to the boys in blue were excelled by no other American singer, unless it was by the late William Vaughn Moody. Mr. Wilson's fourth and latest work, a novel, *Until the Day Break* (New York, 1900), is unreadable as a story, but the passages of nature prose are many and exquisite.

While he has always been a writing-man of very clear and definite gifts, Mr. Wilson has painted many portraits and landscapes, working with equal facility in oils, water-color, and crayon. He is held in esteem by many competent critics as an artist of ability, but nearly all of his work in any of three mediums indicated, is exceedingly moody and pessimistic; and his water-colors, especially, are "muddy." It is greatly to be regretted that he did not remain the poet he was born to be, instead of drawing his dreams—many use a stronger word—in paints.

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As has been said, Mr. Wilson was the presiding genius of the town of Frankfort during his life there; and he was a bachelor! Thereby hangs a tale with a meaning and a moral. For many years the widows and the other women past their bloom, burned incense at the shrine of the mighty man who could wrap himself in his great-coat, dash through a field and over a fence, punching plants with his never-absent stick, and return to town with a poem pounding in his pulses, and another landscape in his brain. Ah, he was a great fellow! But the tragedy of it all: after all these years of adoration from ladies overanxious to get him into their nets, they awoke one morning in 1901 to find that little Anne Hendrick, schoolgirl, and daughter of a former attorney-general of Kentucky, had married their heart's desire, that their dreams were day-dreams after all. The marriage took place in New York, after which they returned to Frankfort. The following year their child, Elizabeth, was born; and a short time afterwards he removed to New York, where he has lived ever since. Rumors of his art exhibitions have reached Kentucky; but the only tangible things have been prose papers and lyrics in the magazines.

A short time before his death, Paul Hamilton Hayne, the famous Southern poet, sent Wilson this greeting: "The old man whose head has grown gray in the service of the Muses, who is about to leave the lists of poetry forever, around whose path the sunset is giving place to twilight, with no hope before him but 'an anchorage among the stars,' extends his hand to a younger brother of his art with an earnest *Te moriturus saluto*." These charming words were elicited by *June Days*, and *When Evening Cometh On*.

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LOVINGLY TO ELIZABETH, MY MOTHER^[8]

[From *Life and Love. Poems* (New York, 1887)]

The green Virginian hills were blithe in May,
 And we were plucking violets—thou and I.
 A transient gladness flooded earth and sky;
 Thy fading strength seemed to return that day,
 And I was mad with hope that God would stay
 Death's pale approach—Oh! all hath long passed by!
 Long years! Long years! and now, I well know why
 Thine eyes, quick-filled with tears, were turned away.

First loved; first lost; my mother:—time must still
 Leave my soul's debt uncanceled. All that's best
 In me, and in my art, is thine:—Me-seems,
 Even now, we walk afield. Through good and ill,
 My sorrowing heart forgets not, and in dreams
 I see thee, in the sun-lands of the blest.

Frankfort, Kentucky, October 6, 1887.

WHEN EVENING COMETH ON

[From the same]

When evening cometh on,

Slower and statelier in the mellowing sky
 The fane-like, purple-shadowed clouds arise;
 Cooler and balmier doth the soft wind sigh;
 Lovelier, lonelier to our wondering eyes
 The softening landscape seems. The swallows fly
 Swift through the radiant vault; the field-lark cries
 His thrilling, sweet farewell; and twilight bands
 Of misty silence cross the far-off lands
 When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
 Deeper and dreamier grows the slumbering dell,
 Darker and drearier spreads the bristling wold,
 Bluer and heavier roll the hills that swell
 In moveless waves against the shimmering gold.
 Out from their haunts the insect hordes, that dwell
 Unseen by day, come thronging forth to hold
 Their fleeting hour of revel, and by the pool
 Soft pipings rise up from the grasses cool,
 When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
 Along their well-known paths with heavier tread
 The sad-eyed, loitering kine unurged return;
 The peaceful sheep, by unseen shepherds led,
 Wend bleating to the hills, so well they learn
 Where Nature's hand their wholesome couch hath spread;
 And through the purpling mist the moon doth yearn;
 Pale gentle radiance, dear recurring dream,
 Soft with the falling dew falls thy faint beam,
 When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
 Loosed from the day's long toil, the clanking teams,
 With halting steps, pass on their jostling ways,
 Their gearings glinted by the waning beams;
 Close by their heels the heedful collie strays;
 All slowly fading in a land of dreams,
 Transfigured specters of the shrouding haze.
 Thus from life's field the heart's fond hope doth fade,
 Thus doth the weary spirit seek the shade,
 When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
 Across the dotted fields of gathered grain
 The soul of summer breathes a deep repose,
 Mysterious murmurings mingle on the plain,
 And from the blurred and blended brake there flows
 The undulating echoes of some strain
 Once heard in paradise, perchance—who knows?
 But now the whispering memory sadly strays
 Along the dim rows of the rustling maize
 When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
 Anon there spreads upon the lingering air
 The musk of weedy slopes and grasses dank,
 And odors from far fields, unseen but fair,
 With scent of flowers from many a shadowy bank.
 O lost Elysium, art thou hiding there?
 Flows yet that crystal stream whereof I drank?
 Ah, wild-eyed Memory, fly from night's despair;
 Thy strong wings droop with heavier weight of care
 When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
 No sounding phrase can set the heart at rest.
 The settling gloom that creeps by wood and stream,
 The bars that lie along the smouldering west,
 The tall and lonely, silent trees that seem
 To mock the groaning earth, and turn to jest
 This wavering flame, this agonizing dream,
 Ah, all bring sorrow as the clouds bring rain,
 And evermore life's struggle seemeth vain
 When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Anear doth Life stand by the great unknown,
In darkness reaching out her sentient hands;
Philosophies and creeds, alike, are thrown
Beneath her feet, and questioning she stands,
Close on the brink, unfearing and alone,
And lists the dull wave breaking on the sands;
Albeit her thoughtful eyes are filled with tears,
So lonely and so sad the sound she hears
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Vain seems the world, and vainer wise men's thought.
All colors vanish when the sun goeth down.
Fame's purple mantle some proud soul hath caught
No better seems than doth the earth-stained gown
Worn by Content. All names shall be forgot.
Death plucks the stars to deck his sable crown.
The fair enchantment of the golden day
Far through the vale of shadows melts away
When evening cometh on.

When evening cometh on,
Love, only love, can stay the sinking soul,
And smooth thought's racking fever from the brow:
The wounded heart Love only can console.
Whatever brings a balm for sorrow now,
So must it be while this vexed earth shall roll;
Take then the portion which the gods allow.
Dear heart, may I at last on thy warm breast
Sink to forgetfulness and silent rest
When evening cometh on?

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DANIEL HENRY HOLMES

Daniel Henry Holmes is, with the possible exceptions of Theodore O'Hara and Madison Cawein, the foremost lyric poet Kentucky can rightfully claim, although he happened to be born at New York City, July 16, 1851; and that single fact is the only flaw in Kentucky's fee simple title to his fame. His father, Daniel Henry Holmes, Senior, was a native of Indiana; his mother was an Englishwoman. Daniel Henry Holmes, Senior, settled at New Orleans when a young man as a merchant; but a year after the birth of Daniel Henry Junior—as the future poet always signed himself while his father lived—or in 1852, he purchased an old colonial house back of Covington, Kentucky, as a summer place for his family, and called it Holmesdale. So Daniel Henry Junior Holmes became a warm-weather Kentuckian when but one year old; and he spent the following nine summers at Holmesdale, returning each fall to New Orleans for the winter. When the Civil War began his father, whose sympathies were entirely Southern, removed his family to Europe, where eight years were spent in Tours and Paris. In 1869, at the age of eighteen years, Daniel Henry Junior, with his family, returned to the United States, and entered his father's business at New Orleans. His dislike for commercialism in any form became so great that his father wisely permitted him to return to Holmesdale, which was then in charge of an uncle, and to study law at Cincinnati. In the same year that he returned to Holmesdale (1869), the house was rebuilt; and it remains intact to-day. His family shortly afterwards joined him, and Holmesdale became the manor-place of his people for many years. Holmes was graduated in law in 1872, and he practiced in a desultory manner for some years. In 1883 he married Miss Rachel Gaff, of Cincinnati, daughter of one of the old and wealthy families of that city. He and his bride spent the year of their marriage at Holmesdale, and, in 1884, went abroad.

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Holmes's first and finest book of poems, written at Covington, was entitled *Under a Fool's Cap: Songs* (London, 1884), and contained one hundred and forty-four pages in an edition that did not exceed five hundred copies. The poet whimsically placed his boyhood name of "Daniel Henry Junior" upon the title-page. This little volume is one of the most unique things ever done by an American hand. Holmes took twenty-four old familiar nursery jingles, which are printed in black-face type at the top of the lyrics relating to them, and he worked them over and turned them over and did everything but parody them; and in only one of them—*Margery Daw*—did he discard the original metres. He employed "three methods of dealing with his nursery rhymes; he either made them the basis of a story, or he took them as an allegory and gave the 'modern instance,' or he simply continued and amplified. The last method is, perhaps, the most effective and successful of all," the poems done in this manner being far and away the finest in the book. Holmes spent the seven years subsequent to the appearance of *Under a Fool's Cap*, in France, Italy, and Germany. In 1890 his father gave him Holmesdale. He returned to Kentucky, and the remaining years of his life were spent at Covington, save several winters abroad.

Holmes's second book of lyrics, *A Pedlar's Pack* (New York, 1906), which was largely written at Holmesdale, contained many exceedingly clever and charming poems, but, with the exception of some fine sonnets, *A Pedlar's Pack* is verse, while *Under a Fool's Cap* is genuine poetry. Holmes was an accomplished musician, and his *Hempden Homespun Songs* (Cincinnati, 1906), mostly written in Dresden, contained fourteen songs set to music, of which four had words by the poet. Of the other ten songs, three were by W. M. Thackeray, two by Alfred de Musset, and Austin Dobson, Henri Chenevers, W. E. Henley, Edgar Allan Poe, and Alfred Tennyson were represented by having one of their songs set to music. This was his only publication in the field of music, and his third and final book. Holmes's last years were spent at the old house in Covington, devoted to arranging his large library, collected from the bookshops of the world, and to his music. His life was one of endless ease, the universal pursuit of wealth being neither necessary nor engaging. He had lived parts of more than forty years of his life at Holmesdale when he left it for the last time in the fall of 1908 to spend the winter at Hot Springs, Virginia, where he died suddenly on December 14, 1908. He had hardly found his grave at Cincinnati before lovers of poetry on both sides of the Atlantic arose and demanded word of his life and works. This demand has been in part supplied by Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, the Maine publisher, who has exquisitely reprinted *Under a Fool's Cap*, and written this beautiful tribute to the poet's memory:

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"One vital point of interest should be restated: the man who took these old tags of nursery rhymes and fashioned out of them some of the tenderest lyrics ever written was an American by birth and in the doing of this unique thing did it perfectly. That he never repeated these first fine careless raptures is nothing to his discredit. That he *did* accomplish what he set himself to do with an originality and a proper regard to the quality of his work rather than its quantity is the essential fact; and in his ability to touch a vibrating chord in the hearts of all who have come across these lyrics we feel that the mission of Daniel Henry Holmes was fulfilled both in letter and in spirit."

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BELL HORSES

[From *Under a Fool's Cap* (London, 1884)]

Bell horses, Bell horses,
What time of day?
One o'clock! Two o'clock!
Three! and away.

I shall wait by the gate
To see you pass,
Closely press'd, three abreast,
Clanking with brass:

With your smart red mail-cart
Hard at your heels,
Scarlet ground, fleck'd around
With the Queen's seals.

Up the hills, down the hills,
Till the cart shrink
To a faint dab of paint
On the sky-brink,

Never stop till you drop,
On to the town,
Bearing great news of state
To Lords and Crown.

And down deep in the keep
Of your mail-cart,
There's a note that I wrote
To my sweetheart.

I had no words that glow,
No penman's skill,
And high-born maids would scorn
Spelling so ill;

But what if it be stiff
Of hand and thought,
And ink-blots mark the spots
Where kisses caught,

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He will read without heed
Of phrases' worth,
That I love him above
All things on earth.

I must wait here, till late
Past Evensong,
Ere you come tearing home—
Days are so long!—

But I'll watch, till I catch
Your bell's chime clear ...
If you'll bring *me* something—
Won't you please, dear?

MY LADY'S GARDEN

[From the same]

How does my Lady's garden grow?
How does my Lady's garden grow?
With silver bells, and cockle-shells,
And pretty girls all in a row.

All fresh and fair, as the spring is fair,
And wholly unconscious they are so fair,
With eyes as deep as the wells of sleep,
And mouths as fragrant as sweet June air.

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They all have crowns and all have wings,
Pale silver crowns and faint green wings,
And each has a wand within her hand,
And raiment about her that cleaves and clings.

But what have my Lady's girls to do?
What maiden toil or spinning to do?
They swing and sway the live-long day
While beams and dreams shift to and fro.

And are so still that one forgets,
So calm and restful, one forgets
To think it strange they never change,
Mistaking them for Margarets.

But when night comes and Earth is dumb,
When her face is veil'd, and her voice is dumb,
The pretty girls rouse from their summer drowse,
For the time of their magic toil has come.

They deck themselves in their bells and shells,
Their silver bells and their cockle-shells,
Like pilgrim elves, they deck themselves
And chaunting Runic hymns and spells,

They spread their faint green wings abroad,
Their wings and clinging robes abroad,
And upward through the pathless blue
They soar, like incense smoke, to God.

Who gives them crystal dreams to hold,
And snow-white hopes and thoughts to hold,
And laughter spun of beams of the sun,
And tears that shine like molten-gold.

And when their hands can hold no more,
Their chalice hands can hold no more,
And when their bells, and cockle-shells,
With holy gifts are brimming o'er,

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With swift glad wings they cleave the deep,
As shafts of starlight cleave the deep,
Through Space and Night they take their flight
To where my Lady lies asleep;

And there, they coil above her bed,—
A fairy crown above her bed—
While from their hands, like sifted sands,

Falls their harvest winnowèd.

And this is why my Lady grows,
My own sweet Lady daily grows,
In sorcery such, that at her touch,
Sweet laughter blossoms and songs unclose.

And this is what the pretty girls do,
This is the toil appointed to do,
With silver bells, and cockle-shells,
Like Margarets all in a row.

LITTLE BLUE BETTY

[From the same]

Little Blue Betty lived in a lane,
She sold good ale to gentlemen.
Gentlemen came every day,
And little Blue Betty hopp'd away.

A rare old tavern, this "Hand and Glove,"
That Little Blue Betty was mistress of;
But rarer still than its far-famed taps
Were Betty's trim ankles and dainty caps.

So gentlemen came every day—
As much for the caps as the ale, they say—
And call'd for their pots, and her mug to boot:
If it bettered their thirst they were welcome to't;

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For Betty, with none of those foolish qualms
Which come of inordinate singing of psalms,
Thought kissing a practice both hearty and hale,
To freshen the lips and smarten the ale.

So gallants came, by the dozen and score,
To sit on the bench by the trellised door,
From the full high noon till the shades grew long,
With their pots of ale, and snatches of song.

While little Blue Betty, in shortest of skirts,
And whitest of caps, and bluest of shirts,
Went hopping away, rattling pots and pence,
Getting kiss'd now and then as pleased Providence.

How well I remember! I used to sit down
By the door, with Byronic, elaborate frown
Staring hard at her, as she whisk'd about me,—
Being jealous as only calf-lovers can be,

Till Betty would bring me my favourite mug,
Her lips all a-pucker, her shoulders a-shrug,
And wheedle and coax my young vanity back,
So I fancied myself the preferred of the pack.

Ah! the dear old times! I turn'd out of my way,
As I travell'd westward the other day,
For a ramble among those boy-haunts of mine,
And a friendly nod to the crazy old sign.

The inn was gone—to make room, alas!
For a railroad buffet, all gilding and glass,
Where sat a proper young person in pink,
Selling ale—which I hadn't the heart to drink.

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THE OLD WOMAN UNDER THE HILL

[From the same]

There was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still;
Baked apples she sold and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman who never told lies.

A queer little body, all shrivelled and brown,
In her earth-colour'd mantle and rain-colour'd gown,
Incessantly fumbling strange grasses and weeds,

Like a rickety cricket, a-saying its beads.

In winter or summer, come shine or come rain,
When the bustles and beams into twilight wane,
To the top of her hill, one can see her climb,
To sit out her watch through the long night-time.

The neighbourhood gossips have strange tales to tell—
As they sit at their knitting and tongues waggle well
Of the queer little crone who lived under the hill
When the grannies among them were hoppy-thumbs still.

She was once, they say, a young lassie, as fair
As white-wing'd hawthorn in April air,
When under the hill—one fine evening—she met
A stranger, the strangest maid ever saw yet:

From his crown to his heels he was clad all in red,
And his hair like a flame on his shoulders was shed;
Not a word spake he, but clutching her hand,
Led her off through the darkness to Shadowland.

What befell her there no mortal can tell,
But it must have been things indescribable,
For when she returned, at last, alone,
Her beauty was dead, and her youth was gone.

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They gather'd about her: she shook her head
—She had been through Hell—that was all she said
In answer to whens, and hows, and whys;
So they took her word, for she never told lies.

And now, they say, when the sun goes down
This queer little woman, all shrivell'd and brown
Turns into a beautiful lass, once more,
With gold-stranded hair and soft eyes of yore,

And out of the hills in the stills and the gloams
Her beautiful fabulous lover comes,
In scarlet doublet and red silken hose,
To woo her again—till the Chanticleer crows.

And she, poor old crone, sits up on her hill
Through the long dreary night, till the dawn turns chill,
And suffers in silence and patience alway,
In the hope that God will forgive, some day.

MARGERY DAW

[From the same]

See-Saw! Margery Daw!
Sold her bed to lie upon straw;
Was she not a dirty slut
To sell her bed, and live in dirt?

And yet perchance, were the circumstance
But known, of Margery's grim romance,
As sacred a veil might cover her then
As the pardon which fell on the Magdalen.

It's a story told so often, so old,
So drearily common, so wearily cold:
A man's adventure,—a poor girl's fall—
And a sinless scapegoat born—that's all.

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She was simple and young, and the song was sung
With so sweet a voice, in so strange a tongue,
That she follow'd blindly the Devil-song
Till the ground gave way, and she lay headlong.

And then: not a word, not a plea for her heard,
Not a hand held out to the one who had err'd,
Her Christian sisters foremost to condemn—
God pity the woman who falls before them!

They closed the door for evermore

On the contrite heart which repented sore,
And she stood alone, in the outer night,
To feed her baby as best she might.

So she sold her bed, for its daily bread,
The gown off her back, the shawl off her head,
Till her all lay piled on the pawnier's shelf,
Then she clinch'd her teeth and sold herself.

And so it came that Margery's name
Fell into a burden of Sorrow and Shame,
And Margery's face grew familiar in
The market-place where they trade in sin.

What use to dwell on this premature Hell?
Suffice it to say that the child did well,
Till one night that Margery prowled the town,
Sickness was stalking, and struck her down.

Her beauty pass'd, and she stood aghast
In the presence of want, and stripped, at the last,
Of all she had to be pawned or sold,
To keep her darling from hunger and cold.

So the baby pined, till Margery, blind
With hunger of fever, in body and mind,
At dusk, when Death seem'd close at hand,
Snatch'd a loaf of bread from a baker's stand.

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Some Samaritan saw Margery Daw,
And lock'd her in gaol to lie upon straw:
Not a sparrow falls, they say—Oh well!
God was not looking when Margery fell.

With irons girt, in her felon's shirt,
Poor Margery lies in sorrow and dirt,
A gaunt, sullen woman untimely gray,
With the look of a wild beast, brought to bay.

See-saw! Margery Daw!
What a wise and bountiful thing, the Law!
It makes all smooth—for she's out of her head,
And her brat is provided for. It's dead.

WILLIAM H. WOODS

William Hervey Woods, poet, was born near Greensburg, Kentucky, November 17, 1852, the son of a clergyman. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, in Virginia, after which he studied for the church at Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Woods was ordained to the ministry of the Southern Presbyterian church in 1878; and since 1887 he has been pastor of the Franklin Square church at Baltimore. For the past several years he has contributed poems to *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *The Century*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Youth's Companion*, *The Independent*, and several other periodicals. This verse was collected and published in a pleasing little volume of some hundred and fifty pages under the title of *The Anteroom and Other Poems* (Baltimore, 1911). As is true of the purely literary labors of most clergymen, a few of the poems are somewhat marred by the homiletical tone—they simply must point a moral, even though that moral does not adorn the tale. Several of the poems reveal the author's love for his birthplace, Kentucky; and, taken as a whole, the book is one of which any of our singers might be proud.

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SYCAMORES^[9]

[From *The Anteroom and Other Poems* (Baltimore, 1911)]

They love no crowded forest dark,
They climb no mountains high,
But ranged along the pleasant vale
Where shining waters lie,
Their brown coats curling open show
A silvery undergleam,

Like the white limbs of laughing boys
Half ready for the stream.

What if they yield no harvests sweet,
Nor massive timbers sound,
And all their summer leafage casts
But scanty shade around;
Their slender boughs with zephyrs dance,
Their young leaves laugh in tune,
And there's no lad in all the land
Knows better when 'tis June.

They come from groves of Arcady,
Or some lost Land of Mirth,
That Work-a-day and Gain and Greed
May not possess the earth,
And though they neither toil nor spin,
Nor fruitful duties pay,
They also serve, mayhap, who help
The world keep holiday.

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ANDREW W. KELLEY

Andrew W. Kelley ("Parmenas Mix"), poet preëminent of life on a country newspaper, was born in the state of New York about 1852. When twenty years of age he left Schenectady, New York, for Tennessee, but in 1873 he settled at Franklin, Kentucky, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was associate editor of Opie Read's paper, *The Patriot*, for some time, but when that sheet died, he drifted from pillar to post until a kindly death discovered him. The gossips of the quiet little town of Franklin will to-day tell the enquirer for facts regarding Kelley's life that he was engaged to a New York girl, all things were ready for the celebration of the ceremony, when the bride-to-be suddenly changed her mind, and poor *Parmenas Mix* was thus started in the drunkard's path. He planned to go East for several years prior to his death, to seek his literary fortunes, but he sat in his room and dreamed his life away. Kelley died at Franklin, Kentucky, in 1885. He was buried in the potter's field, a pauper and an outcast, which condition was wholly caused by excessive drinking. The very place of his grave can only be guessed at to-day. Kelley wrote many poems, nearly all of which celebrated some phase of life on a country newspaper, but his masterpiece is *The Old Scissors' Soliloquy*, which was originally published in *Scribner's Monthly*—now *The Century Magazine*—for April, 1876. It appeared in the "Bric-a-Brac Department," illustrated with a single tail-piece sketch of editorial scissors "lying at rest" upon newspaper clippings, with "a whopping big rat in the paste." Many of his other poems were also published in *Scribner's. The New Doctor, Accepted and Will Appeal*, and *He Came to Pay*, done in the manner of Bret Harte's *The Aged Stranger*, are exceedingly clever. A slender collection of his poems could be easily made, and should be. Opie Read wrote a tender tribute to the memory of his former friend, in which his merits were thus summed up: "The country has surely produced greater poets than 'Parmenas Mix,' but I doubt if we shall ever know a truer lover of Nature's divine impulses. He lightened the heart and made it tender, surely a noble mission; he talked to the lowly, he flashed the diamond of his genius into many a dark recess. He preached the gospel of good will; he sang a beautiful song."

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *Blades o' Blue Grass*, by Fannie P. Dickey (Louisville, 1892); *Poetry of American Wit and Humor*, by R. L. Paget (Boston, 1899).

THE OLD SCISSORS' SOLILOQUY

[From *Scribner's Monthly*, April, 1876]

I am lying at rest in the sanctum to-night,—
The place is deserted and still,—
To my right lie exchanges and manuscripts white,
To my left are the ink and the quill—
Yes, the quill, for my master's old-fashioned and quaint,
And refuses to write with a pen;
He insists that old Franklin, the editor saint,
Used a quill, and he'll imitate Ben.

I love the old fellow—together for years
We have managed the *Farmer's Gazette*,
And although I am old, I'm his favorite shears
And can crowd the compositors yet.
But my duties are rather too heavy, I think,
And I oftentimes envy the quill

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As it lazily leans with its nib in the ink
While I'm slashing away with a will.

But when I was new,—I remember it well,
Though a score of long years have gone by,—
The heaviest share of the editing fell
On the quill, and I think with a sigh
Of the days when I'd scissor an extract or two
From a neighboring editor's leader,
Then laugh in my sleeve at the quill as it flew
In behalf of the general reader.

I am being paid off for my merriment then,
For my master is wrinkled and gray,
And seldom lays hold on his primitive pen
Except when he wishes to say:
"We are needing some money to run this machine,
And subscribers will please to remit;"
Or, "That last load of wood that Jones brought us was green,
And so knotty it couldn't be split."

He is nervous and deaf and is getting quite blind
(Though he hates to acknowledge the latter),
And I'm sorry to say it's a puzzle to find
Head or tale to the most of his matter.
The compositors plague him whenever they see
The result of a luckless endeavor,
But the darling old rascal just lays it to me,
And I make no remonstrance whatever.

Yes, I shoulder the blame—very little I care
For the jolly compositor's jest,
For I think of a head with the silvery hair
That will soon, very soon be at rest.
He has labored full long for the true and the good
'Mid the manifold troubles that irk us—
His only emolument raiment and food,
And—a pass, now and then, to the circus.

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Heigho! from the past comes a memory bright
Of a lass with the freshness of clover
Who used me to clip from her tresses one night
A memorial lock for her lover.
That dear little lock is still glossy and brown,
But the lass is much older and fatter,
And the youth—he's an editor here in the town—
I'm employed on the staff of the latter.

I am lying at rest in the sanctum to-night—
The place is deserted and still—
The stars are abroad and the moon is in sight
Through the trees on the brow of the hill.
Clouds hurry along in undignified haste
And the wind rushes by with a wail—
Hello! there's a whooping big rat in the paste—
How I'd like to shut down on his tail!

LATE NEWS

[From *Scribner's Monthly*, December, 1876]

In the sanctum I was sitting,
Engaged in thought befitting
A gentleman of letters—dunning letters, by the way—
When a seedy sort of fellow,
Middle-aged and rather mellow,
Ambled in and questioned loudly, "Well, sir, what's the news to-day?"

Then I smiled on him serenely—
On the stranger dressed so meanly—
And I told him that the Dutch had taken Holland, sure as fate;
And that the troops in Flanders,
Both privates and commanders,
Had been dealing very freely in profanity of late.

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Then the stranger, quite demurely,
Said, "That's interesting, surely;

Your facilities for getting news are excellent, that's clear;
Though excuse me, sir, for stating
That the facts you've been narrating
Are much fresher than the average of items gathered here!"

YOUNG E. ALLISON

Young Ewing Allison, one of the most versatile of the Kentucky writers of the present school, was born at Henderson, Kentucky, December 23, 1853. He left school at an early age to become the "devil" in a Henderson printing office. At seventeen years of age Mr. Allison was a newspaper reporter. At different times he has been connected with *The Journal*, of Evansville, Indiana; city and dramatic editor of *The Courier-Journal*; editor of *The Louisville Commercial*; and from 1902 to 1905 he was editor of *The Louisville Herald*. Mr. Allison founded *The Insurance Field* at Louisville, in 1887, and has since edited it. He has thus been a newspaper man for more than forty years; and though always very busy, he has found time to write fiction, verse, literary criticism, history, and librettos. In prose fiction Mr. Allison is best known by three stories: *The Passing of Major Kilgore*, which was published as a novelette in *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1888; *The Longworth Mystery* (*Century Magazine*, October, 1889); and *Insurance at Piney Woods* (Louisville, 1896). In half-whimsical literary criticism he has published two small volumes which are known in many parts of the world: *The Delicious Vice* (Cleveland, 1907, first series; Cleveland, 1909, second series). These papers are "pipe dreams and adventures of an habitual novel-reader among some great books and their people." Mr. Allison's libretto, *The Ogallallas*, a romantic opera, was produced by the Bostonians Opera Company in 1894; and his *Brother Francisco*, a libretto of tragic opera, was presented at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, by order of Emperor William II. The music to both of these operas was composed by Mr. Henry Waller, Liszt's distinguished pupil. In history Mr. Allison has written *The City of Louisville and a Glimpse of Kentucky* (Louisville, 1887); and *Fire Underwriting* (Louisville, 1907). Of his lyrics, *The Derelict*, a completion of the four famous lines in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, has been printed by almost every newspaper and magazine in the English-speaking world, set to music by Mr. Waller, and an illustrated *edition de luxe* has recently appeared. *The Derelict* and *The Delicious Vice* have firmly fixed Mr. Allison's fame.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *Confessions of a Tatler*, by Elvira M. Slaughter (Louisville, 1905); letter from Mr. Allison to the writer.

ON BOARD THE DERELICT

A Reminiscence of *Treasure Island*

[From a leaflet edition]

*Fifteen men on the Dead Man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
—[Cap'n Billy Bones his song]*

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
The mate was fixed by the bos'n's pike,
The bos'n brained with a marlin'spike,
And the Cooney's throat was marked belike
It had been gripped
By fingers ten;
And there they lay,
All good dead men,
Like break-o'-day in a boozin' ken—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

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Fifteen men of a whole ship's list—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and bedamned, and the rest gone whist!
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
The skipper lay with his nob in gore
Where the scullion's axe his cheek had shore,
And the scullion he was stabbed times four.
And there they lay
And the soggy skies
Dreened all day long

In up-staring eyes—
At murk sunset and at foul sunrise—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Ten of the crew had the Murder mark—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
'Twas a cutlass swipe, or an ounce of lead,
Or a yawing hole in a battered head—
And the scuppers glut with a rotting red.
And there they lay—
Aye, damn my eyes!—
All lookouts clapped
On paradise,
All souls bound just the contra'wise—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em good and true—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Every man Jack could ha' sailed with Old Pew—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold,
With a ton of plate in the middle hold,
And the cabins riot of loot untold.
And they lay there
That had took the plum
With sightless glare
And their lips struck dumb,
While we shared all by the rule of thumb—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

*More was seen through the sternlight screen—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Chartings undoubt where a woman had been—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
A flimsy shift on a bunker cot,
With a thin dirk slot through the bosom spot,
And the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot.
Or was she wench ...
Or some shuddering maid...?
That dared the knife
And that took the blade?...
By God! she was stuff for a plucky jade!—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!*

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
We wrapp'd 'em all in a mains'l tight,
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight—
With a yo-heave-ho!
And a fare-you-well!
And a sullen plunge
In the sullen swell,
Ten-fathoms deep on the road to hell—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

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HESTER HIGBEE GEPPERT

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Mrs. Hester Higbee Geppert ("Dolly Higbee"), newspaper woman and novelist, was born near Edina, Missouri, March 12, 1854. She was the daughter of James Parker Higbee, a Kentuckian, and his second wife, Martha Lane (Galleher) Higbee, a woman of Virginian parentage. Both of Miss Higbee's parents died before she was fourteen years old, and she came to Lexington, Kentucky, to live in the family of Dr. Samuel H. Chew, who had married her half-sister. Dr. Chew's farm was situated some seven miles from Lexington, and there Miss Higbee lived for ten years. She was educated in Midway, Kentucky, and then taught for several years. She detested teaching and, "in January, 1878, while it was still quite dark, I stole down stairs with five dollars in my pocket and such luggage as I could carry in a handbag, tiptoed into the drizzle and 'lit

out." The flip of a nickle determined that her new home should be Louisville, and to that city she went. Miss Higbee was the first woman in Kentucky, if not in the South, to adopt journalism as a profession. The following fourteen years of her life were spent in the daily grind of newspaperdom, she having held almost every position on *The Courier-Journal*, save that of editor-in-chief. In the four hottest weeks of the year, and in the brief intervals of leisure she could snatch from her daily duties, Miss Higbee wrote her now famous novel, *In God's Country* (New York, 1890). After the Lippincotts had refused this manuscript, *Belford's Monthly Magazine* accepted it by telegram, paying the author two hundred dollars for it, and publishing it in the issue for November, 1889; and in the following May the story appeared in book form. Colonel Henry Watterson wrote a review of *In God's Country* that was afterwards published as an introduction for it, and this did much to bring the tale into wide notice. Miss Higbee went to Chicago in 1893 to accept a position on *The Tribune*. On April 4, 1894, she was married to Mr. William Geppert of Atlanta, and the first five years of their married life were spent at Atlanta. It was during this time that Mrs. Geppert's best story was written, *Burton's Scoop*, one of the first American stories written upon hypnotism and related phenomena. The opening chapters of this appeared in the author's little literary magazine, *The Autocrat*, which she conducted at Atlanta for about two years, but it has never been published in book form. Two musical romances, entitled *The Scherzo in B-Flat Minor* (Atlanta, 1895), and *Un Ze Studio* (Atlanta, 1895), attracted considerable attention, and a third was announced as *Side Lights*, but was never published. *In God's Country* was dramatized, with Miss Catherine Gray cast in the role of *Lydia*, and opened at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, September 5, 1897, but the work of the playwright and actors was most displeasing to the author. In 1900 Mr. Geppert became one of the editors of the New York *Musical Courier*, and he and his wife have since resided at Croton-on-the-Hudson. Mrs. Geppert has abandoned literature, but *In God's Country* has given her a permanent place among the writers of Kentucky.^[10]

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *Confessions of a Tatler*, by Elvira M. Slaughter (Louisville, 1905);
Lexington Leader (July 25, 1909).

THE GARDENER AND THE GIRL^[11]

[From *In God's Country* (New York, 1890)]

Her hair had come down and was tumbling about her neck; she whipped it out and caught it back with a hairpin, took up the guitar, and skirted the shadowy porch to the room over the kitchen. The window was open and she could see Karl sitting in the middle of the room with his head bowed upon his hands. She tapped lightly on the pane. He looked up and saw her standing in the dim light with the guitar in her hand.

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"Karl," she said, "I want you to sing me that song before you go—the one you sung me that day for your dinner."

He came forward and took the instrument. He saw she had been crying, but the experience of the summer had been so crushing, he was so subdued by her past behavior, that he did not dream the tears were for him.

"You are grieved for someding," he said, with touching sympathy.

He opened the door and gave her a chair, and, sitting near her on the sill of the window, began to sing the song with all the tenderness and pathos his own yearning and bitter disappointment could put into it. It brought back all the old tumult. She saw now, when it was too late, that she had overestimated her strength. When he finished, she was sobbing; and in an instant he was kneeling by her chair, raising to her a face sad, searching, but shining with the tremulous glow of a hope just born.

"You weep. Liebchen, is it for me?"

She did not answer, but laid a hand gently on his head and looked at him, with all the pent yearning of her full heart, all the agony of that long, weary struggle, and all the pathos of defeat in her eyes. It was no use. At that moment it seemed that there was nothing else in the world but him. Everything else was remote, dim, and unreal.

He clasped her with a fierce, exultant joy.

"You love me in spite of dis?" he asked, looking down at his coarse attire. "You love me in spite of dat I am your nigga?"

"In spite of all," she faltered.

It was out at last: the crest of victory sank in inglorious surrender. Her humiliation was his triumph.

He looked at her with a face radiant, shining with a beauty not of earth.

"Liebchen," he whispered, "it is divine."

"You vill gome mit me to mein gountry?" he asked presently.

She laid a finger on his lips. "Don't," she said; "I can't bear it."

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"I vill not be a vagabond in mein own gountry; we vill be very happy. Gome mit me, Liebchen."

He would not be a vagabond in his own country. The information that would have been worth much to her once was worth nothing now. She scarcely heard it.

"I can't do that," she said. "You must go, and I must stay here and do as I have promised; but I wanted to tell you that I know I have been very cruel, and that I am very sorry. It was hard for me, too, and I could not trust myself to be kind."

It seemed but a moment she had been sitting there with his arms around her and his head upon her breast, but the east was red and the sun was almost up. Lydia rose wearily. The sense of defeat, that was more fatiguing than the struggle, clung to her. "It's time you were gone," she said. He took her hands in his and asked, with searching earnestness,

"If you love me, vy vill you not come mit me?"

"I can't," she answered, too tired for explanation.

"Is it your fader?" he asked.

She nodded, and said good-bye, looking up at him with a tender glow on her face. The hair streaming about her shoulders had caught the flame of sunrise like a torch. He stooped and touched it with his lips as reverently as he would have kissed the garment of a saint.

HENRY C. WOOD

Henry Cleveland Wood, novelist and verse-maker, was born at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, in January, 1855. His mother was a writer of local reputation. In 1874 Mr. Wood's poems and stories began to appear in English and American magazines; and he has continued his work for them until this day. Seven of his novels have been serialized by the following publications: *Pretty Jack and Ugly Carl* (*The Courier-Journal*); *Impress of Seal and Clay* (*New York Ledger*, in collaboration with his uncle, Henry W. Cleveland, author of a biography of Alexander H. Stephens); *The Kentucky Outlaw*, and *Love that Endured* (*New York Ledger*); *Faint Heart and Fair Lady* (*The Designer*); *The Night-Riders* (*Taylor-Trotwood Magazine*); and *Weed and War* (*The Home and Farm*). Of these only one has been issued in book form, *The Night Riders* (Chicago, 1908). This was a tale of love and adventure, depicting the protest against the toll-gate system in Kentucky years ago, with a brief inclusion of the more recent tobacco troubles. Mr. Wood's verse has been printed in *Harper's Weekly*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Ainslee's Magazine*, *The Smart Set*, *The Youth's Companion*, and other periodicals. Two of his librettos, *The Sultan's Gift* and *Amor*, have been set to music; and at least one of his plays has been produced, entitled *The Pretty Shakeress*. Mr. Wood conducts a little bookshop in his native town of Harrodsburg.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *Blades o' Blue Grass*, by Fannie P. Dickey (Louisville, 1892);
Illustrated Kentuckian (November, 1894).

THE WEAVER

[From *The Quiver* (London, England)]

The sun climbed up the eastern hills,
And through the dewy land
Shot gleams that fell athwart the rills
That sang on every hand.

Upon the wood and in the air
There hung a mystic spell,
And on the green sward, every where,
Soft shadows lightly fell.

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And in a cottage where the bloom
Of roses on the wall
Filled all the air, there was a loom
Well built of oak and tall.

All through the fragrant summer day
A maiden, blithe and fair,
Sat at the loom and worked away,
And hummed a simple air;—

"Oh! idle not, ye leafy trees,
Weave nets of yellow sun,
And kiss me oft, O! balmy breeze,
My task is but begun."

Still higher in the hazy sky
The sun climbed on and on,

And autumn winds came rushing by,
The summer's bloom was gone;

Now sat a mother at the loom,
The shuttle flew along,
With whirr that filled the little room
Together with her song;—

"O! shuttle! faster, faster fly,
For know ye not the sun
Is climbing high across the sky,
And yet my work's not done?"

The sun shot gleams of amber light
Along the barren ground,
And shadows of the coming night
Fell softly all around.

And in the little cottage room
From early dawn till night,
A woman sat before the loom
With hair of snowy white.

The hands were palsied now that threw
The shuttle to and fro,
While as the fabric longer grew
She sang both sweet and low;—

"Half hidden in the rosy west
I see the golden sun,
And I shall soon begin my rest,
My task is almost done!"

The spring again brought joy and bloom,
And kissed each vale and hill;
But in the little cottage room
The oaken beam was still.

The swaying boughs with rays of gold
Wove nets of yellow sun,
And cast them where a headstone told—
The weaver's task was done.

WILLIAM E. CONNELLEY

William Elsey Connelley, historian and antiquarian, was born near Paintsville, Kentucky, March 15, 1855, the son of a soldier. At the age of seventeen he became a teacher in his native county of Johnson; and for the following ten years he continued in that work. John C. C. Mayo, the mountain millionaire, was one of his pupils. In April, 1881, Mr. Connelley went to Kansas; and two years later he was elected clerk of Wyandotte county, of which Kansas City, Kansas, is the county-seat. In 1888 he engaged in the lumber business in Missouri; and four years thereafter he surrendered that business in order to devote himself to his banking interests, which have hitherto required a considerable portion of his time. In 1905 Mr. Connelley wrote the call for the first meeting of the oil men of Kansas, which resulted in the organization of an association that began a crusade upon the Standard Oil Company, and which subsequently resulted in the dissolution of that corporation by the Supreme Court of the United States. This is set down here because Mr. Connelley is, perhaps, prouder of it than of any other thing he has done. He is well-known by students of Western history, but, of course, his fame as a writer has not reached the general reader. He is a member of many historical societies and associations, including the American, Nebraska, Missouri, Ohio, and Kansas, of which he was president in 1912. Mr. Connelley has made extensive investigations into the language and history of several of the Indian tribes of Kansas, his vocabulary of the Wyandot tongue being the first one ever written. He has many original documents pertaining to the history of eastern Kentucky; and the future historian of that section of the state cannot proceed far without consulting his collection. The novelist of the mountains, John Fox, Jr., has sat at the feet of the historian and learned of his people. Mr. Connelley lives at Topeka, Kansas. A complete list of his works is: *The Provisional Government of Nebraska Territory* (Topeka, 1899); *James Henry Lane, the Grim Chieftain of Kansas* (Topeka,

1899); *Wyandot Folk-Lore* (Topeka, 1899); *Kansas Territorial Governors* (Topeka, 1900); *John Brown—the Story of the Last of the Puritans* (Topeka, 1900); *The Life of John J. Ingalls* (Kansas City, Missouri, 1903); *Fifty Years in Kansas* (Topeka, 1907); *The Heckewelder Narrative* (Cleveland, Ohio, 1907), being the narrative of John G. E. Heckewelder (1743-1823), concerning the mission of the United Brethren among the Delaware and Mohegan Indians from 1740 to the close of 1808, and the finest book ever issued by a Western publisher, originally selling for twenty dollars a copy, but now out of print and very scarce; *Doniphan's Expedition* (Topeka, 1907); *The Ingalls of Kansas: a Character Study* (Topeka, 1909); *Quantrill and the Border Wars* (Cedar Rapids, 1910), one of his best books; and *Eastern Kentucky Papers* (Cedar Rapids, 1910), "the founding of Harman's Station, with an account of the Indian Captivity of Mrs. Jennie Wiley." In 1911 Baker University conferred the honorary degree of A. M. upon him. For the last three years Mr. Connelley has been preparing a biography of Preston B. Plumb, United States Senator from Kansas for a generation, which will be published in 1913.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *Who's Who in America* (1912-1913); letters from Mr. Connelley to the writer.

KANSAS HISTORY

[From *History as an Asset of the State* (Topeka, Kansas, 1912)]

Kansas history is like that of no other State. The difference is fundamental—not a dissimilarity in historical annals. This fact has been long recognized. A quarter of a century ago Ware wrote that

Of all the States, but three will live in story:
Old Massachusetts with her Plymouth Rock,
And old Virginia with her noble stock,
And sunny Kansas with her woes and glory.

The south line of Kansas is the modified line between free soil and slave territory as those divisions existed down to the abolition of slavery. For almost half a century it was the policy of the Government to send here the remnants of the Indian tribes pushed west by our occupation of their country. The purpose in this was to make the Western prairies the Indian country of America and thus prevent its settlement until the slave-power was ready to utilize it for its peculiar institution. Many things occurred which had not been counted on, and the country was forced open before the South was ready to undertake its settlement. While the crisis was premature, the slave-power entered upon the contest with confidence. It had never lost a battle in its conflict with the free-soil portion of the Union, and it expected to win in Kansas. The struggle was between the two antagonistic predominant ideas developed in our westward expansion, and ended in a war which involved the entire nation and threatened the existence of the Union. Politically, Kansas was the rock about which the troubled waters surged for ten years. The Republican party grew largely out of the conditions and influence of Kansas. When hostilities began the Kansans enlisted in the armies of the Union in greater proportion to total population than did the people of any other State. Here the war was extremely bitter, and in some instances it became an effort for extermination. Kansas towns were sacked, and non-combatants were ruthlessly butchered. The border embraced at that time all the settled portion of the State, and it would be difficult indeed to make the people of this day comprehend what occurred here. Kansas was founded in and by a bloody struggle, which, within her bounds, continued for ten years. No other State ever fought so well. Kansas was for freedom. She won, and the glory of it is that the victory gave liberty to America. That is why we maintain that Kansas history stands alone in interest and importance in American annals.

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The history of a State is a faithful account of the events of its formation and development. If the account is set out in sufficient detail there will be preserved the fine delineations of the emotions which moved the people. These emotions arise out of the experiences of the people. And the pioneers fix the lines of their experiences. They lay the pattern and mark out the way the State is to go, and this way can never be altered, and can, moreover, be but slightly modified for all time. These emotions produce ideals which become universal and the common aim of the State, and they wield a wonderful influence on its progress, growth, and achievement. A people devoid of ideals can scarcely be found, but ideals differ just as the experiences which produced the emotions from which they result differed. If there be no particular principle to be striven for in the founding of a State, then no ideals will appear, and such as exist among the people will be found to have come over the lines from other and older States. Or, if by chance any be developed they will be commonplace and ordinary, and will leave the people in lethargy and purposeless so far as the originality of the thought of the State is concerned. The ideals developed by a fierce struggle for great principles are lofty, sublime in their conception and intent. The higher the ideals, the greater the progress; the more eminent the achievement, the more marked the individuality, the stronger the characteristics of the people.

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Charles Turner Dazey, author of *In Old Kentucky*, was born at Lima, Illinois, August 13, 1855, the son and grandson of Kentuckians. When a lad the future dramatist was brought to Kentucky for a visit at the home of his grandparents in Bourbon county, whom he was to visit again before returning to Kentucky, in 1872, to enter the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Kentucky University, where he studied for a year. In the fall of 1873 young Dazey matriculated in the Arts College of the University. Ill-health caused him to miss the following year, but he returned in 1875 and remained a student in the University until the summer of 1877. He was a member of the old Periclean Society, the society of James Lane Allen and John Fox, Jr., while at the University. When he left Lexington he lacked two years of graduation. Mr. Dazey later went to Harvard University, where he was one of the editors of the *Harvard Advocate*, and the poet of his class of 1881. While a Senior at Cambridge he had begun dramatic composition, and after leaving the University he became a full-fledged playwright. His plays include: *An American King*; *That Girl from Texas*—first called *A Little Maverick*—with Maggie Mitchell in the title-role; *The War of Wealth*; *The Suburban*; *Home Folks*; *The Stranger*, in which Wilton Lackaye played for two seasons; *The Old Flute-Player*; and *Love Finds a Way*. In collaboration with Oscar Weil Mr. Dazey wrote *In Mexico*, a comic opera, produced by The Bostonians; and with George Broadhurst he wrote two plays: *An American Lord*, with William H. Crane as the star; and *The Captain*, played by N. C. Goodwin.

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The play by Mr. Dazey in which we are especially interested here, is, of course, *In Old Kentucky*, a drama in four acts, first written to order for Katie Putnam, a soubrette star, who was very popular a quarter of a century ago. She, however, did not consider the play suited to her, and it was then offered to several managers without success, until it was finally accepted by Jacob Litt. When first produced by Mr. Litt at St. Paul on August 4, 1892, it had a most distinguished cast: Julia Arthur, the beautiful, appeared as *Barbara Holton*; Louis James as *Col. Doolittle*; Frank Losee as *Joe Lorey*; and Marion Elmore made a most alluring *Madge Brierly*. This was only a trial production, and the play went into the store-house for a year, when, in August, 1893, it began its first annual tour at the Bijou Theatre (now the Lyceum), at Pittsburgh. In that first regular company Bettina Gerard played *Madge*; Burt Clark, *Col. Doolittle*; George Deyo, *Joe Lorey*; William McVey, *Horace Holton*; Harrison J. Wolfe, *Frank Layson*; Charles K. French, *Uncle Neb*; Edith Athelston, *Barbara*; and Lottie Winnett was *Aunt Alatheia*. Mr. Litt and his associate, A. W. Dingwall, have always mounted *In Old Kentucky* handsomely, and this has been an important element in its great success. For twenty years this drama of the bluegrass and the mountains has held the boards, more than seven million people have seen it, and even to-day it is being produced almost daily with no signs of loss in popular interest. It is the only play Mr. Dazey has written with a Kentucky background, and it would be "a hazard of new fortunes" for him to attempt to do so; he could hardly improve upon his masterpiece. In 1897 Mr. Litt had a small edition of *In Old Kentucky* privately printed from the prompt-books; and in 1910 Mr. Dazey collaborated with Edward Marshall in a novelization of the play, which was published as an attractive romance by the G. W. Dillingham Company, of New York. With Mr. Marshall he also novelized *The Old Flute-Player* (New York, 1910). Mr. Dazey has recently dramatized *Fran*, John Breckinridge Ellis's popular novel; and at the present time he is engaged upon a new play, which he thinks, promises better than anything he has so far written. Mr. Dazey was in Kentucky several times between 1877 and 1898, the date of his most recent visit, at which time he found John Fox, Jr., giving one of his inevitable readings in Lexington, and James Lane Allen looking for the last time, mayhap, upon the scenes of his books. He spent several weeks with friends and relatives near Paris; and, like all good Kentuckians, he "hopes to revisit the dear old state in the near future." Mr. Dazey has an attractive home at Quincy, Illinois.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *Who's Who in the Theatre*, by John Porter (Boston, 1912); letters from Mr. Dazey to the writer.

THE FAMOUS KNOT-HOLE^[12]

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[From *In Old Kentucky* (1897)]

Act III, Scene IV. The exterior of the race-track. Fence, tree, etc.

Colonel. (Enter L.) I didn't go in. I kept my word, though it nearly finished me. (*Shouts heard.*) They're bringing out the horses. (*Looks through knot-hole.*) I can't see worth a cent. It's not hole enough for me. To Hades with dignity! I'll inspect that tree. (*Goes to tree; puts arm around it.*)

[*Enter Alatheia, R.*]

Alatheia. (Pauses, R. C.) Everyone's at the races. I'm perfectly safe. There is that blessed knot-hole. (*Goes to hole; looks through.*)

Col. (Comes from behind tree; sees Alatheia.) A woman, by all that's wonderful—a woman at my knot-hole. (*Approaches.*) Madam! (*Lays hand on her shoulder.*)

Alatheia. (Indignantly.) Sir! (*Turns.*) Col. Sundusky Doolittle!

Col. Miss Alatheia Layson! (*Bus. bows.*)

Alatheia. Colonel, what are you all doing here?

Col. Madam, what are you all doing here?

Alathea. Colonel, I couldn't wait to hear the result.

Col. No more could I.

Alathea. But I didn't enter the race-track.

Col. I was equally firm.

Alathea. Neb. told me of the knot-hole.

Col. The rascal, he told me, too!

Alathea. Colonel, we must forgive each other. If you really must look, there is the knot-hole.

Col. No, Miss Lethe, I resign the knot-hole to you. I shall climb the tree.

Alathea. (*As Colonel climbs tree.*) Be careful, Colonel, don't break your neck, but get where you can see.

Col. (*Up tree.*) Ah, what a gallant sight! There's Catalpa, Evangeline—and there's Queen Bess! (*Shouts heard.*)

Alathea. What's that? (*To tree.*)

Col. A false start. They'll make it this time. (*Shouts heard.*) They're off—off! Oh, what a splendid start!

Alathea. Who's ahead? Who's ahead? (*To tree.*)

Col. Catalpa sets the pace, the others lying well back.

Alathea. Why doesn't Queen Bess come to the front? Oh, if I were only on that mare. (*Back to fence.*)

Col. At the half, Evangeline takes the lead—Catalpa next—the rest bunched. Oh, great heavens!—(*Lethe to tree.*)—there's a foul—a jam—and Queen Bess is left behind ten lengths! She hasn't the ghost of a show! Look! (*Lethe back to tree.*) She's at it again. But she can't make it up. It's beyond anything mortal. And yet she's gaining—gaining!

Alathea. (*Bus.*) Keep it up—keep it up!

Col. At the three quarters; she's only five lengths behind the leader, and gaining still!

Alathea. (*Bus.*) Oh, push!—push!—I can't stand it! I've got to see! (*Climbs tree.*)

Col. Coming up, Miss Lethe! All right, don't break your neck, but get where you can see. In the stretch. Her head's at Catalpa's crupper—now her saddle-bow, but she can't gain another inch! But look—look! she lifts her—and, Great Scott! she wins!

(*As he speaks, flats forming fence are drawn. Horses dash past, Queen Bess in the lead. Drop at back shows grand stand, with fence in front of same. Spectators back of fence. Neb. and Frank. Band playing "Dixie." Holton standing near, chagrined. Col. waves hat and Alathea handkerchief, in tree. Spectators shout.*)

(*For second curtain, Madge returns on Queen Bess. Col. and Alathea down from tree and passing near. Other horses enter as curtain falls.*)

[*Curtain*]

JOHN P. FRUIT

John Phelps Fruit, the distinguished Poe scholar, was born at Pembroke, Kentucky, November 22, 1855. He was graduated from Bethel College, Russellville, Kentucky, in 1878, after which he became a teacher. For two years Professor Fruit was president of Liberty College, Glasgow, Kentucky; and from 1883 to 1897 he was professor of English in his *alma mater*, Bethel College. In 1895 the University of Leipzig granted him the Ph. D. degree; and three years later he was elected to the chair of English in William Jewell College, Liberty, Missouri, which he still occupies. Dr. Fruit's first work was an edition of Milton's *Lycidas* (Boston, 1894), and this was followed by his edition of Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner* (Boston, 1899). Both of these little volumes have been used in many schools and colleges. Dr. Fruit devoted many years to the study of Edgar Allan Poe and his works, and his researches he brought together in *The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry* (New York, 1899). This book gave Dr. Fruit a foremost place among the Poe scholars of his time. His work was officially recognized by the University of Virginia, the poet's college, and it has been widely and cordially reviewed. At the present time Dr. Fruit is engaged in a comprehensive study of Nathaniel Hawthorne, his pamphlet, entitled *Hawthorne's Immitigable* (Louisville, Kentucky, n. d.), having attracted a deal of attention.

THE CLIMAX OF POE'S POETRY^[13]

[From *The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry* (New York, 1899)]

Accustomed as we are, from infancy up, to so much "rhyme without reason," in our nursery jingles and melodies, we associate some of Poe's poetry, remotely, at first blush, with the negroes singing "in the cotton and the corn." So much sound makes us suspicious of the sense, but a little closer ear appreciates delicate and telling onomatopoeic effects. Liquids and vowels join hands in sweetest fellowship to unite "the hidden soul of harmony."

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As if, at last, to give the world assurance that he had been trifling with rhythm and rhyme, he wrote *The Bells*.

The secret of the charm resides in the humanizing of the tones of the bells. It is not personification, but the speaking in person to our souls. To appreciate this more full, observe how Ruskin humanizes the sky for us. "Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us, is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential."

Poe made so much of music in his doctrine of poetry, yet he never humanized the notes of a musical instrument....

He took the common bells,—the more praise for his artistic judgment,—and rang them through all the diapason of human sentiment.

If we have imagined a closer correspondence between expression and conception, in the previously considered poems, than really exists, there can be no doubt on that point, even to the mind of the wayfaring man, in reading *The Bells*.

If it be thought that the poet could harp on only one theme, let the variety of topic in *The Bells* protest.

Again, Poe's doctrine of "rhythm and rhyme" finds its amplest verification in *The Bells*. Reason and not "ecstatic intuition," led him to conclude that English versification is exceedingly simple; that "one-tenth of it, possibly, may be called ethereal; nine-tenths, however, appertain to the mathematics; and the whole is included within the limits of the commonest common-sense."

It must be believed that Poe appropriated, with the finest artistic discernment, the vitalizing power of rhythm and rhyme, and nowhere with more skill than in *The Bells*. It is the climax of his art on its technical side.

Read the poem and think back over the course of the development of poet's art-instincts.

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HARRISON ROBERTSON

Thomas Harrison Robertson, erstwhile poet and novelist, and now a well-known journalist, was born at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, January 16, 1856. He was educated at the University of Virginia, after which he settled at Louisville, Kentucky, as a newspaper man, verse-maker, and fictionist. Mr. Robertson has held almost every position on *The Courier-Journal*, being managing editor at the present time. He won his first fame with a Kentucky racing story, the best one ever written, entitled *How the Derby Was Won*, which was originally published in *Scribner's Magazine* for August, 1889. Ten years later his first long novel, *If I Were a Man* (New York, 1899), "the story of a New-Southerner," appeared, and it was followed by *Red Blood and Blue* (New York, 1900); *The Inlander* (New York, 1901); *The Opponents* (New York, 1902); and his most recent novel, *The Pink Typhoon* (New York, 1906), an automobile love story of slight merit. In the early eighties "T. H. Robertson" wrote some of the very cleverest verse, so-called society verse for the most part, that has ever been done by a Kentucky hand; but he soon abandoned "Thomas" and the Muse. The writer has always held that our literature lost a charming poet to win a feeble fictionist when Harrison Robertson changed literary steads, although his *How the Derby Was Won* must not be forgotten. Now, however, he has given up the literary life for the daily grind of a great newspaper; and he may never publish another poem or novel. More's the pity!

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TWO TRIOLETS^[14]

[From *A Vers de Société Anthology*, by Caroline Wells (New York, 1907)]

What He Said:

This kiss upon your fan I press—
Ah! Sainte Nitouche, you don't refuse it?
And may it from its soft recess—
This kiss upon your fan I press—
Be blown to you, a shy caress,
By this white down, whene'er you use it.
This kiss upon your fan I press—
Ah, Sainte Nitouche, you *don't* refuse it!

II

What She Thought:

To kiss a fan!
What a poky poet!
The stupid man,
To kiss a fan,
When he knows that—he—can—
Or ought to know it—
To kiss a *fan*!
What a poky poet!

STORY OF THE GATE

[From the same]

Across the pathway, myrtle-fringed,
Under the maple, it was hinged—
The little wooden gate;
'Twas there within the quiet gloam,
When I had strolled with Nelly home,
I used to pause and wait.

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Before I said to her good-night
Yet loath to leave the winsome sprite
Within the garden's pale;
And there, the gate between us two,
We'd linger as all lovers do,
And lean upon the rail.

And face to face, eyes close to eyes,
Hands meeting hands in feigned surprise,
After a stealthy quest,—
So close I'd bend, ere she'd retreat,
That I'd grow drunken from the sweet
Tuebrose upon her breast.

We'd talk—in fitful style, I ween—
With many a meaning glance between
The tender words and low;
We'd whisper some dear, sweet conceit,
Some idle gossip we'd repeat,
And then I'd move to go.

"Good-night," I'd say; "good-night—good-by!"
"Good-night"—from her with half a sigh—
"Good-night!" "*Good*-night!" And then—
And then I do *not* go, but stand,
Again lean on the railing, and—
Begin it all again.

Ah! that was many a day ago—
That pleasant summer-time—although
The gate is standing yet;
A little cranky, it may be,
A little weather-worn—like me—
Who never can forget

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The happy—"End?" My cynic friend,
Pray save your sneers—there was no "end."
Watch yonder chubby thing!
That is our youngest, hers and mine;
See how he climbs, his legs to twine
About the gate and swing.

INGRAM CROCKETT

Ingram Crockett, whom a group of critics have hailed as one of the most exquisite poets of Nature yet born in Kentucky, first saw the light at Henderson, Kentucky, February 10, 1856. His father, John W. Crockett, was a noted public speaker in his day and generation, and a member of the Confederate Congress from Kentucky. Ingram Crockett was educated in the schools of his native town, but he never went to college. For many years past Mr. Crockett has been cashier of the Planters State Bank, Henderson, but the jingle of the golden coins has not seared the spirit of song within his soul. In 1888 he began his literary career by editing, with the late Charles J. O'Malley, the Kentucky poet and critic, *Ye Wassail Bowle*, a pamphlet anthology of Kentucky poems and prose pieces. A small collection of Mr. Crockett's poems, entitled *The Port of Pleasant Dreams* (Henderson, 1892), was followed by a long poem, *Rhoda, an Easter Idyl*. The first large collection of his lyrics was *Beneath Blue Skies and Gray* (New York, 1898). This volume won the poet friends in all parts of the country, and proclaimed him a true interpreter of many-mooded Nature. *A Year Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields* (Buffalo, New York, 1901), a prose-poem, contains some excellent writing. A story of the Christiandolphians of western Kentucky, *A Brother of Christ* (New York, 1905), is Mr. Crockett's only novel, and it was not overly successful. *The Magic of the Woods and Other Poems* (Chicago, 1908), is his most recent volume of verse. "It contains poems as big as the world," one enthusiastic critic exclaimed, but it has not brought the author the larger recognition that he so richly deserves. This work surely contains Mr. Crockett's best work so far. One does not have to travel far in any direction in Kentucky in order to find many persons declaring that Ingram Crockett is the finest poet living in the state to-day. His latest book, *The Greeting and Goodbye of the Birds* (New York, 1912), is a small volume of prose-pastels, somewhat after the manner of his *Year Book*. It again reveals the author's close companionship with Nature, and his exquisite expression of what it all means to him.

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AUDUBON^[15]

[From *Beneath Blue Skies and Gray* (New York, 1898)]

Not with clash of arms,
Not 'midst war's alarms,
Thy splendid work was done,
Thy great victory won.

Unknown, thro' field and brake,
By calm or stormy lake,
Lured by swift passing wings—
Songs that a new world sings—

Thou didst untiring go
Led by thine ardor's glow,
Cheered by thy kindling thought
Beauty thy hand had wrought.

Leaving thy matchless page
Gift to a later age
That would revere thy name—
Build for thee, surely fame.

O, to have been with thee,
In that wild life and free,
While all the birds passed by
Under the new world sky!

O, to have heard the song
Of that glad-hearted throng,
Ere yet the settlers came
Giving the woods to flame!

O, to have with thee gone
Up the white steps of Dawn!
Or where the burning west
Crimsoned the wild drake's breast!

Yet better than bays we bring
Are the woods whispering
When life and leaf are new
Under the tender blue!

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Master, awake! for May
Comes on her rainbowed way—
Hear thou bird-song again
Sweeter than praise of men!

THE LONGING^[16]

[From *The Magic of the Woods and Other Poems* (Chicago, 1908)]

I am weary of thought, forever the world goes by
With laughter and tears, and no one can tell me why—
I am weary of thought and all it may ever bring—
But oh, for the light-loving fields where the meadow-larks sing!

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I have toiled at the mills, I've known the grind and the roar
Over and over again one day as the day before—
And what does it all avail and the end of it—where?
But oh, for the clover in bloom and the breeze blowing there!

Fame? What is fame but a glimmering mote, earth cast,
That e'en as we grasp it dulls—dust of the dust at last.
For what have the ages to say of the myriad dead?
But oh, for the frost-silvered hills and the dawn breaking red!

Ah, God! the day is so short and the night comes so soon!
And who will remember the time, or the wish, or the boon?
And who can turn backward our feet from the destined place?
But oh, for the bobolink's cheer and the beauty of April's face!

DEAREST

[From the same]

Dearest, there is a scarlet leaf upon the blackgum tree,
And in the corn the crickets chirp a ceaseless threnody—
And scattered down the purple swales are clumps of marigold,
And hazier are the distant fields in many a lilac fold.

Dearest, the elder bloom is gone, and heavy, dark maroon,
The elderberries bow beneath a mellow, ripening noon—
And, shaking out its silver sail, the milkweed-down is blown
Through deeps of dreamy amber air in search of ports unknown.

Dearest, full many a flower now lies withered by the path,
Their fragrance but a memory, the soul's sad aftermath—
The birds are flown, save now and then some loiterer thrills the way
With joyous bursts of lyric song born of the heart of May.

Ah, dearest, it is good-bye time for Summer and her train,
And many a golden hour will pass that ne'er shall come again—
But, dearest, Love with us abides tho' all the rest should go,
And in Love's garden, dearest one, there is no hint of snow.

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ELIZA CALVERT OBENCHAIN

Mrs. Eliza Calvert Obenchain, ("Eliza Calvert Hall"), creator of *Aunt Jane of Kentucky*, was born at Bowling Green, Kentucky, February 11, 1856; and she has lived in that little city all her life. Miss Calvert was educated in the private schools of her town, and then spent a year at "The Western," a woman's college near Cincinnati, Ohio. Her first poems appeared in the old *Scribner's*, when John G. Holland was the editor; and her first prose papers were published in *Kate Field's Washington*. She was married to Professor William A. Obenchain, of Ogden College, Bowling Green, on July 8, 1885, and four children have been born to them. *Aunt Jane of Kentucky* (Boston, 1907), the memories of an old lady done into short stories, opens with one of the best tales ever written by an American woman, entitled *Sally Ann's Experience*. This charming prose idyl first appeared in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, for July, 1898, since which time it has been cordially commended by former President Roosevelt, has been reprinted in *Cosmopolitan*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and many other magazines, read by many public speakers, and finally issued as a single book in an illustrated *edition de luxe* (Boston, 1910). Many of the other stories in *Aunt Jane of Kentucky* are very fine, but *Sally Ann* is far and away superior to any of them. Mrs. Obenchain's *The Land of Long Ago* (Boston, 1909), was another collection of Aunt Jane stories. *To Love and to Cherish* (Boston, 1911), is the author's first and latest novel. Upon these four volumes Mrs. Obenchain's fame rests secure, but *Sally Ann's Experience* will be read and

enjoyed when her other books have been forgotten. She struck a universal truth in this little tale, and the world will not willingly let it die. Her most recent work is a *A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets* (Boston, 1912), a large and delightful volume on coverlet collecting and the study of coverlet making.

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"SWEET DAY OF REST"^[17]

[From *Aunt Jane of Kentucky* (Boston, 1907)]

"I ricollect some fifty-odd years ago the town folks got to keepin' Sunday mighty strict. They hadn't had a preacher for a long time, and the church'd been takin' things easy, and finally they got a new preacher from down in Tennessee, and the first thing he did was to draw lines around 'em close and tight about keepin' Sunday. Some o' the members had been in the habit o' havin' their wood chopped on Sunday. Well, as soon as the new preacher come, he said that Sunday wood-choppin' had to cease amongst his church-members or he'd have 'em up before the session. I ricollect old Judge Morgan swore he'd have his wood chopped any day that suited him. And he had a load o' wood carried down cellar, and the nigger man chopped all day long in the cellar, and nobody ever would 'a' found it out, but pretty soon they got up a big revival that lasted three months and spread 'way out into the country, and bless your life, old Judge Morgan was one o' the first to be converted; and when he give in his experience, he told about the wood-choppin', and how he hoped to be forgiven for breakin' the Sabbath day.

"Well, of course us people out in the country wouldn't be outdone by the town folks, so Parson Page got up and preached on the Fourth Commandment and all about that pore man that was stoned to death for pickin' up a few sticks on the seventh day. And Sam Amos, he says after meetin' broke, says he, 'It's my opinion that that man was a industrious, enterprisin' feller that was probably pickin' up kindlin'-wood to make his wife a fire, and,' says he, 'if they wanted to stone anybody to death they better 'a' picked out some lazy, triflin' feller that didn't have energy enough to work Sunday or any other day.' Sam always would have his say, and nothin' pleased him better'n to talk back to the preachers and git the better of 'em in a argument. I ricollect us women talked that sermon over at the Mite Society, and Maria Petty says: 'I don't know but what it's a wrong thing to say, but it looks to me like that Commandment wasn't intended for anybody but them Israelites. It was mighty easy for them to keep the Sabbath day holy, but,' says she, 'the Lord don't rain down manna in my yard. And,' says she, 'men can stop plowin' and plantin' on Sunday, but they don't stop eatin', and as long as men have to eat on Sunday, women'll have to work.'

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"And Sally Ann, she spoke up, and says she, 'That's so; and these very preachers that talk so much about keepin' the Sabbath day holy, they'll walk down out of their pulpits and set down at some woman's table and eat fried chicken and hot biscuits and corn bread and five or six kinds o' vegetables, and never think about the work it took to git the dinner, to say nothin' o' the dish-washin' to come after.'

"There's one thing, child, that I never told to anybody but Abram; I reckon it was wicked, and I ought to be ashamed to own it, but"—here her voice fell to a confessional key—"I never did like Sunday till I begun to git old. And the way Sunday used to be kept, it looks to me like anybody could 'a' been expected to like it but old folks and lazy folks. You see, I never was one o' these folks that's born tired. I loved to work. I never had need of any more rest than I got every night when I slept, and I woke up every mornin' ready for the day's work. I hear folks prayin' for rest and wishin' for rest, but, honey, all my prayer was, 'Lord, give me work, and strength enough to do it.' And when a person looks at all the things there is to be done in this world, they won't feel like restin' when they ain't tired.

"Abram used to say he believed I tried to make work for myself Sunday and every other day; and I ricollect I used to be right glad when any o' the neighbors'd git sick on Sunday and send for me to help nurse 'em. Nursing the sick was a work o' necessity, and mercy, too. And then, child, the Lord don't ever rest. The Bible says He rested on the seventh day when He got through makin' the world, and I reckon that was rest enough for Him. For, jest look; everything goes on Sundays jest the same as week-days. The grass grows, and the sun shines, and the wind blows and He does it all."

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"For still the Lord is Lord of might;
In deeds, in deeds He takes delight,"

I said.

"That's it," said Aunt Jane, delightedly. "There ain't any religion in restin' unless you're tired, and work's jest as holy in his sight as rest."

Our faces were turned toward the western sky, where the sun was sinking behind the amethystine hills. The swallows were darting and twittering over our heads, a somber flock of blackbirds rose from a huge oak tree in the meadow across the road, and darkened the sky for a moment in their flight to the cedars that were their nightly resting place. Gradually the mist changed from amethyst to rose, and the poorest object shared in the transfiguration of the sunset hour.

Is it unmeaning chance that sets man's days, his dusty, common days, between the glories of the rising and the setting sun, and his life, his dusty, common life, between the two solemnities of birth and death? Bounded by the splendors of the morning and evening skies, what glory of thought and deed should each day hold! What celestial dreams and vitalizing sleep should fill our nights! For why should day be more magnificent than life?

As we watched in understanding silence, the enchantment slowly faded. The day of rest was over, a night of rest was at hand; and in the shadowy hour between the two hovered the benediction of that peace which "passeth all understanding."

KATE SLAUGHTER McKINNEY

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Mrs. Kate Slaughter McKinney ("Katydid"), poet and novelist, was born at London, Kentucky, February 6, 1857. She was graduated from Daughters', now Beaumont, College, Harrodsburg, Kentucky, when John Augustus Williams was president. On May 7, 1878, Miss Slaughter was married at Richmond, Kentucky, to James I. McKinney, now superintendent of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. Mrs. McKinney's best work is to be found in her first book of verse, *Katydid's Poems* (Louisville, 1887). This slender volume was extravagantly praised by the late Charles J. O'Malley, but it did contain several lyrics of much merit, especially "The Little Face," a lovely bit of verse surely. Mrs. McKinney's first novel, *The Silent Witness* (New York, 1907), was followed by *The Weed by the Wall* (Boston, 1911). Both of these works prove that the author's gift is of the muses, and not of the gods of the "six best sellers." Neither of her novels was overly successful, making one wish she had held fast to her earlier love, verse-making. Besides these three volumes, Mrs. McKinney has published a group of songs which have attracted attention. She resides at Montgomery, Alabama.

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A LITTLE FACE^[18]

[From *Katydid's Poems* (Louisville, Kentucky, 1887)]

A little face to look at,
A little face to kiss;
Is there anything, I wonder,
That's half so sweet as this?

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A little cheek to dimple
When smiles begin to grow;
A little mouth betraying
Which way the kisses go.

A slender little ringlet,
A rosy little ear;
A little chin to quiver
When falls the little tear.

A little face to look at,
A little face to kiss;
Is there anything, I wonder,
That's half so sweet as this?

A little hand so fragile
All through the night to hold;
Two little feet so tender
To tuck in from the cold.

Two eyes to watch the sunbeam
That with the shadow plays—
A darling little baby
To kiss and love always.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY

Charles J. O'Malley, the George D. Prentice of modern Kentucky literature, the praiser extraordinary and quite indiscriminately of all things literary done by Kentucky hands, and withal

a poet of distinguished ability, was born near Morganfield, Kentucky, February 9, 1857. Through his father O'Malley was related to Father Abram J. Ryan, the poet-priest of the Confederacy; and his mother was of Spanish descent. He was educated at Cecilian College, in Hardin county, Kentucky, and at Spring Hill, a Jesuit institution near Mobile, Alabama, from which he returned to Kentucky and made his home for some years at Henderson. His contributions in prose and verse to the newspapers of southwest Kentucky made him well-known in the State. A series of prose papers included *Summer in Kentucky, By Marsh and Pool*, and *The Poets and Poetry of Southwest Kentucky*, attracted much favorable comment. His finest poem, *Enceladus*, appeared in *The Century Magazine* for February, 1892, and much of his subsequent work was published in that periodical. In 1893 O'Malley removed to Mt. Vernon, Indiana, to become editor of *The Advocate*, a Roman Catholic periodical. His first and best known book, *The Building of the Moon and Other Poems* (Mt. Vernon, Indiana, 1894), brought together his finest work in verse. From this time until his death he was an editor of Roman Catholic publications and a contributor of poems to *The Century, Cosmopolitan*, and other high-class magazines. For several years O'Malley was editor of *The Midland Review*, of Louisville, and this was the best periodical he ever edited. Many of the now well-known writers of the South and West got their first things printed in *The Review*. It did a real service for Kentucky authors especially. During his later life O'Malley seemed to realize that he had devoted far too much time in praising the literary labors of other writers, and he turned most of his attention to creative work, which was making him better known with the appearance of each new poem. O'Malley may be ranked with John Boyle O'Reilly, the Boston editor and poet, and he loses nothing by comparison with him. He was ever a Roman Catholic poet, and his religion marred the beauty of much of his best work. Besides *The Building of the Moon*, O'Malley published *The Great White Shepherd of Christendom* (Chicago, 1903), which was a large life of Pope Leo XIII; and *Thistledrift* (Chicago, 1909), a little book of poems and prose pastels. For several years prior to his passing, he planned a complete collection of his poems to be entitled *Songs of Dawn*, but he did not live to finish this work. At the time of his death, which occurred at Chicago, March 26, 1910, O'Malley was editor of *The New World*, a Catholic weekly. Today he lies buried near his Kentucky birthplace with no stone to mark the spot.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Century Magazine* (October, 1907); *The New World* (Chicago, April 2, 1910).

ENCELADUS^[19]

[From *The Building of the Moon and Other Poems* (Mount Vernon, Indiana, 1894)]

I shall arise; I am not weak; I feel
A strength within me worthy of the gods—
A strength that will not pass in gray despair.

Ten million years I have lain thus, supine,
Prostrate beneath the gleaming mountain-peaks,
And the slow centuries have heard me groan
In passing, and not one has pitied me;
Yea, the strong gods have seen me writhe beneath
This mighty horror fixed upon my chest,
And have not eased me of a moment's pain.

Oh, I will rise again—I will shake off
This terror that outweighs the wrath of Jove!
Lo, prone in darkness I have gathered hope
From the great waters walking speaking by!
These unto me give mercy, thus forshewn:

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"We are the servants of a mightier Lord
Than Jupiter, who hath imprisoned thee.
We go forth at His bidding, laying bare
The sea's great floor and all the sheer abyssms
That drop beneath the idle fathoms of man,
And shape the corner-stones, and lay thereon
The mighty base of unborn continents.
The old earth, when it hath fulfilled His will,
Is laid to rest, and mightier earths arise
And fuller life, and like unto God,
Fills the new races struggling on the globe.

"Profoundest change succeeds each boding calm,
And mighty order from the deep breaks up
In all her parts, and only Night remains
With all her starts that minister to God,
Who sits sublimely, shaping as He wills,
Creating always." These things do they speak.
"The mountain-peaks, that watch among the stars,
Bow down their heads and go like monks at dusk
To mournful cloisters of the under-world;

And then, long silence, while blind Chaos' self
Beats round the poles with wings of cloudy storm."

These things, and more, the waters say to me,
How this old earth shall change, and its life pass
And be renewed from fathomless within;
How other forms, and likelier to God,
Shall walk on earth and wing the peaks of cloud;
How holier men and maids, with comelier shapes,
In that far time, when He hath wrought His plan,
Shall the new globe inherit, and like us
Love, hope, and live, with bodies formed of ours—
Or of our dust again made animate.

These things to me; yet still his curse remains,
His burden presses on me. God! thou God!
Who wast before the dawn, give ear to me!
Thou wilt some day shake down like sifted dust
This monstrous burden Jove hath laid on me,
When the stars ripen like ripe fruit in heaven,
And the earth crumbles, plunging to the void
With all its shrieking peoples!—Let it fall!
Let it be sown as ashes underneath
The base of all the continents to be
Forever, if so rent I shall be freed!

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Shall I not wait? Shall I despair now Hope
On the horizon spreads her dawn-white wings?
Ah, sometimes now I feel earth moved within
Through all its massive frame, and know His hand
Again doth labor shaping out His plan.
Oh, I shall have all patience, trust and calm,
Foreknowing that the centuries shall bring,
On their broad wings, release from this deep hell,
And that I shall have life yet upon earth,
Yet draw the morning sunlight in my breath,
And meet the living races face to face.

NOON IN KENTUCKY

[From the same]

All day from the tulip-poplar boughs
The chewink's voice like a gold-bell rings,
The meadow-lark pipes to the drowsy cows,
And the oriole like a red rose swings,
 And clings, and swings,
Shaking the noon from his burning wings.

A flash of purple within the brake
The red-bud burns, where the spice-wood blows,
And the brook laughs low where the white dews shake,
Drinking the wild-haw's fragrant snows,
 And flows, and goes
Under the feet of the wet, wood-rose.

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Odors of may-apples blossoming,
And violets stirring and blue-bells shaken—
Shadows that start from the thrush's wing
And float on the pools, and swim and waken—
 Unslaken, untaken—
Bronze wood-Naiads that wait forsaken.

All day the lireodendron droops
Over the thickets her moons of gold;
All day the cumulous dogwood groups
Flake the mosses with star-snows cold,
 While gold untold
The oriole pours from his song-thatched hold!

Carol of love, all day in the thickets,
Redbird; warble, O thrush, of pain!
Pipe me of pity, O raincrow, hidden
Deep in the wood! and, lo! the refrain
 Of pain, again
Shall out of the bosom of heaven bring rain!

LANGDON SMITH

Langdon ("Denver") Smith, maker of a very clever and learned poem, was born in Kentucky, January 4, 1858. From 1864 to 1872 he attended the public schools of Louisville. As a boy Smith served in the Comanche and Apache Wars, and he was later a correspondent in the Sioux War. In 1894 Smith was married to Marie Antoinette Wright, whom he afterwards memorialized in his famous poem, and who survived him but five weeks. In the year following his marriage, he went to Cuba for *The New York Herald* to "cover" the conflict between Spain and Cuba; and three years later he represented the *New York Journal* during the Spanish-American War. Smith was at the bombardment of Santiago and at the battles of El Caney and San Juan. After the war he returned to New York, in which city he died, April 8, 1908. He was the author of a novel, called *On the Pan Handle*, and of many short stories, but his poem, *Evolution*, made him famous. The first stanzas of this poem were written in 1895; and four years later he wrote several more stanzas. Then from time to time he added a line or more, until it was completed. *Evolution* first appeared in its entirety in the middle of a page of want advertisements in the *New York Journal*. It attracted immediate and wide notice, but copies of it were rather difficult to obtain until it was reprinted in *The Scrap-Book* for April, 1906, and in *The Speaker* for September, 1908.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *Evolution, a Fantasy* (Boston, 1909), is a beautiful and fitting setting for this famous poem. In the introduction to this edition Mr. Lewis Allen Browne brings together the facts of Langdon Smith's life and work with many fine words of criticism for the poem. In 1911 W. A. Wilde and Company, the Boston publishers, issued an exquisite edition of *Evolution*. Thus it will be seen that Smith and his masterpiece have received proper recognition from the publishers and the public; the judgment of posterity cannot be hurried; but that judgment can be anticipated, at least in part. That it will be favorable, characterizing *Evolution* as one of the cleverest, smartest things done by a nineteenth century American poet, the present writer does not for a moment doubt.

EVOLUTION^[20]

[From *Evolution, a Fantasy* (Boston, 1909)]

I

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,
In the Paleozoic time.
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

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II

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into light again.

III

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

IV

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold
Of a Neocomian shore.

The eons came, and the eons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was riven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

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V

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms,
In the hush of the moonless nights.
And oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled, and our senses thrilled
In the first faint dawn of speech.

VI

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath, and death by death,
We followed the chain of change.
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

VII

I was thewed like an Auroch bull,
And tusked like the great Cave Bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell o'er the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed.
We mumbled the bones of the slain.

VIII

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted it, head and haft.
Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,
Where the Mammoth came to drink;—
Through brawn and bone I drave the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

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IX

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
Loud answered our kith and kin;
From west and east to the crimson feast
The clan came trooping in.
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,
We fought, and clawed and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

X

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,
With rude and hairy hand,
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall
That men might understand.
For we lived by blood, and the right of might,
Ere human laws were drawn.
And the Age of Sin did not begin
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

XI

And that was a million years ago,
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here to-night in the mellow light,
We sit at Delmonico's;

Your eyes are as deep as the Devon springs,
Your hair is as dark as jet,
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet—

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XII

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
And the scarp of the Purbeck flags,
We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
And deep in the Coraline crags;
Our love is old, our lives are old,
And death shall come amain;
Should it come to-day, what man may say
We shall not live again?

XIII

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds
And furnished them wings to fly;
He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,
And I know that it shall not die;
Though cities have sprung above the graves
Where the crook-boned men made war,
And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves,
Where the mummied mammoths are.

XIV

Then as we linger at luncheon here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.

WILL J. LAMPTON

William James Lampton ("Will J. Lampton"), founder of the "Yawp School of Poetry," was born in Lawrence county, Ohio, May 27, 185-, within sight of the Kentucky line. (Being a bachelor, like Henry Cleveland Wood, he has hitherto declined to herald the exact date of his birth.) His parents were Kentuckians and at the age of three years he was brought to this State. His boyhood and youth was spent in the hills of Kentucky. He was fitted at private schools in Ashland and Catletsburg, Kentucky, for Ohio Wesleyan University, which he left for Marietta College. In 1877 Mr. Lampton established the *Weekly Review*—spelled either way!—at Ashland, Kentucky. Although he had had no prior training in journalism, he wrote eleven columns for his first issue. His was a Republican sheet, and the good Democrats of Boyd county saw to it that it survived not longer than a year. From Ashland Mr. Lampton went to Cincinnati and joined the staff of *The Times*. *The Times* was too rapid for him, however, and from Cincinnati he journeyed to Steubenville, Ohio, to take a position on *The Herald*. Mr. Lampton remained on that paper for three years, when he again came to Kentucky to join the staff of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Some time later his paper sent him to Cincinnati, which marked his retirement from Kentucky journalism. It will thus be seen that he "lapsed out of Kentucky for a time, and lapsed again at the close of 1882." Leaving Cincinnati he went to Washington and originated the now well-known department of "Shooting Stars" for *The Evening Star*. For some years past he has resided in New York, working as a "free-lance." For a long time he contributed a poem almost every day to *The Sun*, *The World*, or some other paper. In 1910 the governor of Kentucky created the poet a real Kentucky colonel; and this momentous elevation above earth's common mortals is heralded today upon his stationery. Colonel Lampton, then, has published six books, the editions of three of which are exhausted, and he is now happy to think that his works are "rare, exceedingly scarce." The first of them, *Mrs. Brown's Opinions* (New York, 1886), was followed by his chief volume hitherto, *Yawps and Other Things* (Philadelphia, 1900). The "other things" were poems, not yawps. Colonel Henry Watterson contributed a clever introduction to the attractive volume; and another form of verse was born and clothed. *The Confessions of a Husband* (New York, 1903), was a slight offset to Mary Adams's *The Confessions of a Wife*. Colonel Lampton's other books are: *The Trolley Car and the Lady* (Boston, 1908), being "a trolley trip from Manhattan to Maine;" *Judge Waxem's Pocket-Book of Politics* (New York, 1908), which was "owned by Judge Wabash Q. Waxem, Member of Congress from Wayback," bound in the form of an actual pocket-book; and his latest collection of cleverness, *Tame Animals I Have Known* (New York, 1912). The tall—and bald!—Kentuckian lives at the French Y. M. C. A., New York, in order, as he himself has said, "to give a Parisian tinge to his religion." His "den" is a delight to Bohemians, a replica of many a country newspaper office in Kentucky. He is one of the joys of life surely. And though he has turned out almost as much as Miss Braddon, he can recall but the four lines he wrote in 1900

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upon Mr. James Lane Allen:

"The Reign of Law"—
Well, Allen, you're lucky;
It's the first time it ever
Rained law in Kentucky.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Bookman* (September, 1900); *The Bookman* (May, 1902);
Cosmopolitan Magazine (November, 1907); *Lippincott's Magazine* (August,
1911).

THESE DAYS^[21]

[From *Pearson's Magazine* (April, 1907)]

Pray,
What is it to-day
That it should be worse than the early days?
Are the modern ways
Darker for all the light
That the years have shed?
Is the right
Dead—
Under the wheels of progress
By the side of the road to success,
Bleeding and bruised and broken,
Left in forgetfulness?
Is truth
Stronger in youth
Than in age? Does it grow
Feeble with years, and move slow
On the path that leads
To the world's needs?
Does man reach up or down
To take the victor's crown
Of progress in science, art and commerce?
In all the works that plan
And purpose to accomplish
The betterment of man?
Does the soul narrow
With the broadening of thought?
Does the heart harden
By what the hand has wrought?
Who shall say
That decay
Marks the good of to-day?
Who dares to state
That God grows less as man grows great?

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OUR CASTLES IN THE AIR^[22]

[From *Pearson's Magazine* (September, 1908)]

I builded a castle in the air,
A magical, beautiful pile,
As the wonderful temples of Karnak were,
By the thirsty shores of the Nile.
Its glittering towers emblazoned the blue,
Its walls were of burnished gold,
Which up from the caverns of ocean grew,
Where pearls lay asleep in the cold.
Its windows were gems with the glint and the gleam
Of the sun and the moon and the stars.
Like the eyes of a god in a Brahmin's dream
Of the land of the deodars.
It stood as the work of a master, alone,
Whose marvelous genius had played
The music of heaven in mortar and stone
With the tools of his earthly trade.
I builded a castle in the air,
From its base to its turret crown;
I stretched forth my hand to touch it there
And the whole darn thing fell down.

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Gee whiz,
Fizz,
You shine in our eyes
Like the stars in the skies;
You glint and gleam
Like a jeweled dream;
You sparkle and dance
Like the soul of France,
Your bubbles murmur
And your deeps are gold,
Warm is your spirit,
And your body, cold;
You dazzle the senses,
Dispelling the dark;
You are music and magic,
The song of the lark;
O'er all the ills of life victorious,
You touch the night and make it glorious.
But, say,
The next day?
Oh, go away!
Go away
And stay!
Gee whiz,
Fizz! ! !

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MARY ANDERSON DE NAVARRO

Mrs. Mary Anderson de Navarro, the celebrated actress of the long ago, and a writer of much ability, is a product of Kentucky, although she happened to be born at Sacramento, California, July 28, 1859. When but six months old she was brought to Louisville, Kentucky, and there her girlhood days were spent. Miss Anderson was educated at the Ursuline Convent and the Presentation Academy, two Roman Catholic institutions of Louisville. At the age of seventeen years, or, on November 27, 1876, she made her *debut* as *Juliet* in "Romeo and Juliet," at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, and her "hit" was most decided, both press and public agreeing that a brilliant career was before her. Miss Anderson's superb figure, her glorious hair, her magnificent voice, made her the great beauty she was, and thoroughly delightful. Leaving Louisville for a tour of the principal cities of the country, she finally arrived in New York, where she was seen in several Shakespearian roles. Some time later she put on "Pygmalion and Galatea," one of her greatest successes. In London Miss Anderson won the hearts of the Britishers with "The Lady of Lyons," "Pygmalion and Galatea," and other plays. Her second season on the stage saw a gorgeous production of "Romeo and Juliet" in London, with the American girl in her first role, *Juliet*. This "held the boards" for an hundred nights. She returned to the United States, but she was soon back in London, where "The Winter's Tale," her next play, ran for nearly two hundred nights. Short engagements on the continent followed, after which she came again to this country, and to her old home, Louisville, which visit she has charmingly related in her autobiography, *A Few Memories* (London and New York, 1896), which work Joseph Jefferson once declared would make permanent her stage successes. From Louisville "Our Mary," as she was called by Kentuckians, was seen in Cincinnati, from which city she went to Washington, where she forever rang down the curtain upon her life as an actress. That was in the spring of 1889, and in June of that year she was married to Antonio F. de Navarro, since which event she has resided in England. In recent years Mary Anderson, that was, has visited in New York, but she has not journeyed out to Kentucky. In 1911 she collaborated in the dramatization of Robert Hichens's novel, *The Garden of Allah*, and she was in New York for its *premier*.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *A Few Memories* is delightfully set down, and, though the author made no especial claims as a writer, her book will keep her fame green for many years; *McClure's Magazine* (July, 1908); *Harper's Weekly* (January 9, 1909); *Century Magazine* (March, 1910).

LAZY LOUISVILLE^[23]

[From *A Few Memories* (London, 1896)]

After visiting many of the principal States, I was delighted to find myself again in quaint, charming Louisville, Kentucky. Everything goes along so quietly and lazily there that no one seems to change or grow older. Having no rehearsals I used my first free time since I had left the city soon after my *debut* to see the places I liked best. Many of my childhood's haunts were visited with our old nurse "Lou." At the Ursuline Convent, with its high walls, where music had

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first cast a veritable spell, and made a willing slave of me for life, most of the nuns looked much the same, though I had not seen them in nineteen years. The little window of the den where I had first resolved to go upon the stage, was as bright and shining as ever; and I wondered, in passing the old house, whether some other young and hopeful creature were dreaming and toiling there as I had done so many years before. At the Presentation Academy I found the latticed summer-house (where, as a child, I had reacted for my companions every play seen at the Saturday matinées, instead of eating my lunch) looking just as cool and inviting as it did then. My little desk, the dunce-stool, everything seemed to have a friendly greeting for me. Mother Eulalia was still the Superioress, and in looking into her kind face and finding so little change there, it seemed that the vortex I had lived in since those early years was but a restless dream, and that I must be a little child again under her gentle care. No one was changed but myself. I seemed to have lived a hundred years since leaving the old places and kindly faces, and to have suddenly come back again into their midst (unlike Rip Van Winkle) to find them as I had left them.

Many episodes, memorable to me, occurred in Louisville. Not the least pleasant was Father Boucher's acknowledgment (after disapproving of my profession for years) that my private life had not fallen under the evils which, at the beginning, he feared to be inevitable from contact with the theatre. Father Boucher was a dear old Frenchman, who had known and instructed me in matters religious since my childhood. My respect and affection for him had always been deep. When he condemned my resolution to go upon the stage quite as bitterly as did my venerated guardian, Pater Anton, my cup of unhappiness overflowed. All my early successes were clouded by the alienation of such unique friends. My satisfaction and delight may be imagined when, after years of estrangement, Father Boucher met me with the same trust with which he had honoured me as a child, and heartily gave me his blessing.

It was also at Louisville that the highly complimentary "resolutions" passed by the Senate of Kentucky, and unanimously adopted by that body, were presented to me. They were the State's crowning expression of goodwill to their grateful, though unworthy, country-woman.

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MARY R. S. ANDREWS

Mrs. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, short-story writer and novelist, was born at Mobile, Alabama, in 1860, but she was brought to Lexington, Kentucky, in September, 1861, when her father, Rev. Jacob S. Shipman, an Episcopal clergyman, was chosen rector of Christ Church. When six years old she was sent to Christ Church Seminary, the church's school, conducted by Rev. Silas Totten and his daughters. One of these daughters tells with a smile to-day that "May" Shipman's first story, written at the age of seven, was upon her dog, "Shep." When thirteen years of age she discovered that the older girls in the school were studying French, when she was not, and she went to her father with the request that she be permitted to join the class. But the rector's question, "May, would you put in your furniture before you built your walls?" sent her back to her Latin and mathematics without further protest. She attended the school for eleven years, and at it received her education, never having attended any other institution. On November 26, 1877, when the future writer was seventeen years of age, her father accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, New York, and the family shortly afterwards removed to that city. She has been in Kentucky but twice since: five years after her departure, and about ten years ago. But that she has not forgotten her Kentucky home is evinced in the signed copies of her books which have found their way to the Blue Grass country and in her letters to former friends. On the last day of December, 1884, Miss Shipman married William Shankland Andrews, now associate justice of the supreme court of New York. Mrs. Andrews spends her summers in the Canadian woods, and the winters at her home in Syracuse, New York. Her first novel, *Vive L'Empereur* (New York, 1902), a story of the king of Rome, was followed by *A Kidnapped Colony* (New York, 1903), with Bermuda as the background. *Bob and the Guides* (New York, 1906), was the experiences of a boy, "Bob," with the French guides of the Canadian woods who pursue caribou. *A Good Samaritan* (New York, 1906), has been called the best story ever printed in *McClure's Magazine*, in which form it first appeared. *The Perfect Tribute* (New York, 1906), a quasi-true story of Lincoln and the lack of enthusiasm with which the crowd received his Gettysburg speech, adorned with a love episode at the end, is Mrs. Andrews's finest thing so far. This little tale has made her famous, and stamped her as one of the best American writers of the short-story. It was originally printed in *Scribner's Magazine* for July, 1906. Her other books are: *The Militants* (New York, 1907), a collection of stories, several of which are set in Kentucky, and all of them inscribed to her father in beautiful words; *The Better Treasure* (Indianapolis, 1908), is a charming Christmas story, with a moral attached; *The Enchanted Forest and Other Stories* (New York, 1909), a group of stories first told to her son and afterwards set down for other people's sons; *The Lifted Bandage* (New York, 1910), a most unpleasant, disagreeable tale as may well be imagined; *The Courage of the Commonplace* (New York, 1911), a yarn of Yale and her ways, one of the author's cleverest things; *The Counsel Assigned* (New York, 1912), another story of Lincoln, this time as the young lawyer, is not greatly inferior to *The Perfect Tribute*. Mrs. Andrews's latest volume, *The Marshal* (Indianapolis, 1912), is her first really long novel. It is a story of France, somewhat in the manner of her first book *Vive L'Empereur*, but, of course, much finer than that work of her 'prentice years. It has been highly praised in some quarters, and rather severely criticized in others. At any rate it has not displaced *The Perfect Tribute* as her

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masterpiece. That little story, with *A Good Samaritan*, *The Courage of the Commonplace*, and *Crowned with Glory and Honor*, fairly entitle Mrs. Andrews to the first and highest place among Kentucky women writers of the short-story. She has attained a higher note in a most difficult art than any other woman Kentucky has produced; and it is only right and just that her proper position be allotted her in order that she may occupy it; which she will do with a consensus of opinion when her Kentucky life is more widely heralded.

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THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT^[24]

[From *The Courage of the Commonplace* (New York, 1911)]

Three years later the boy graduated from the Boston "Tech." As his class poured from Huntington Hall, he saw his father waiting for him. He noted with pride, as he always did, the tall figure, topped with a wonderful head—a mane of gray hair, a face carved in iron, squared and cut down to the marrow of brains and force—a man to be seen in any crowd. With that, as his own met the keen eyes behind the spectacles, he was aware of a look which startled him. The boy had graduated at the very head of his class; that light in his father's eyes all at once made two years of work a small thing.

"I didn't know you were coming, sir. That's mighty nice of you," he said, as they walked down Boylston Street together, and his father waited a moment and then spoke in his usual incisive tone.

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"I wouldn't have liked to miss it, Johnny," he said. "I don't remember that anything in my life has ever made me as satisfied as you have to-day."

With a gasp of astonishment the young man looked at him, looked away, looked at the tops of the houses, and did not find a word anywhere. His father had never spoken to him so; never before, perhaps, had he said anything as intimate to any of his sons. They knew that the cold manner of the great engineer covered depths, but they never expected to see the depths uncovered. But here he was, talking of what he felt, of character, and honor, and effort.

"I've appreciated what you have been doing," the even voice went on. "I talk little about personal affairs. But I'm not uninterested; I watch. I was anxious about you. You were a more uncertain quantity than Ted and Harry. Your first three years at Yale were not satisfactory. I was afraid you lacked manliness. Then came—a disappointment. It was a blow to us—to family pride. I watched you more closely, and I saw before that year ended that you were taking your medicine rightly. I wanted to tell you of my contentment, but being slow of speech, I—couldn't. So"—the iron face broke for a second time into a whimsical grin—"so I offered you a motor. And you wouldn't take it. I knew, though you didn't explain, that you feared it would interfere with your studies. I was right?" Johnny nodded. "Yes. And your last year at college was—was all I could wish. I see now that you needed a blow in the face to wake you up—and you got it. And you waked." The great engineer smiled with clean pleasure. "I have had"—he hesitated—"I have had always a feeling of responsibility to your mother for you—more than for the others. You were so young when she died that you seem more her child. I was afraid I had not treated you right well—that it was my fault if you failed." The boy made a gesture—he could not very well speak. His father went on: "So when you refused the motor, when you went into engineers' camp that first summer, instead of going abroad, I was pleased. Your course here has been a satisfaction, without a drawback—keener, certainly, because I am an engineer, and could appreciate, step by step, how well you were doing, how much you were giving up to do it, how much power you were gaining by that long sacrifice. I've respected you through these years of commonplace, and I've known how much more courage it meant in a pleasure-loving lad such as you than it would have meant in a serious person such as I am—such as Ted and Harry are, to an extent, also." The older man, proud and strong and reserved, turned on his son such a shining face as the boy had never seen. "That boyish failure isn't wiped out, Johnny, for I shall remember it as the corner-stone of your career, already built over with an honorable record. You've made good. I congratulate and I honor you."

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The boy never knew how he got home. He knocked his shins badly on a quite visible railing, and it was out of the question to say a single word. But if he staggered, it was with an overload of happiness, and if he was speechless and blind, the stricken faculties were paralyzed with joy. His father walked beside him and they understood each other. He reeled up the streets contented.

That night there was a family dinner, and with the coffee his father turned and ordered fresh champagne opened.

"We must have a new explosion to drink to the new superintendent of the Oriel mine," he said. Johnny looked at him, surprised, and then at the others, and the faces were bright with the same look of something which they knew and he did not.

"What's up?" asked Johnny. "Who's the superintendent of the Oriel mine? Why do we drink to him? What are you all grinning about, anyway?" The cork flew up to the ceiling, and the butler poured gold bubbles into the glasses, all but his own.

"Can't I drink to the beggar, too, whoever he is?" asked Johnny, and moved his glass and glanced up at Mullins. But his father was beaming at Mullins in a most unusual way, and Johnny got no wine. With that Ted, the oldest brother, pushed back his chair and stood and lifted his glass.

"We'll drink," he said, and bowed formally to Johnny, "to the gentleman who is covering us all with glory, to the new superintendent of the Oriel mine, Mr. John Archer McLean," and they stood and drank the toast. Johnny, more or less dizzy, more or less scarlet, crammed his hands in his pockets and stared and turned redder, and brought out interrogations in the nervous English which is acquired at our great institutions of learning.

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"Gosh! are you all gone dotty?" he asked. And "is this a merry jape?" And "Why, for cat's sake, can't you tell a fellow what's up your sleeve?" While the family sipped champagne and regarded him.

"Now, if I've squirmed for you enough, I wish you'd explain—father, tell me!" the boy begged.

And the tale was told by the family, in chorus, without politeness, interrupting freely. It seemed that the president of the big mine needed a superintendent, and wishing young blood and the latest ideas, had written to the head of the Mining Department in the School of Technology, to ask if he would give him the name of the ablest man in the graduating class—a man to be relied on for character as much as brains, he specified, for the rough army of miners needed a general at their head almost more than a scientist. Was there such a combination to be found, he asked, in a youngster of twenty-three or twenty-four, such as would be graduating at the "Tech?" If possible, he wanted a very young man—he wanted the enthusiasm, he wanted the athletic tendency, he wanted the plus-strength, he wanted the unmade reputation which would look for its making to hard work in the mine. The letter was produced and read to the shamefaced Johnny. "Gosh!" he remarked at intervals, and remarked practically nothing else. There was no need. They were so proud and so glad that it was almost too much for the boy who had been a failure three years ago.

On the urgent insistence of every one, he made a speech. He got to his six-feet-two slowly, and his hand went into his trousers as usual. "Holy mackerel," he began—"I don't call it decent to knock the wind out of a man and then hold him up for remarks. They all said in college that I talked the darnedest hash in the class, anyway. But you will have it, will you? I haven't got anything to say, so's you'd notice it, except that I'll be blamed if I see how this is true. Of course I'm keen for it—Keen! I should say I was! And what makes me keenest, I believe, is that I know it's satisfactory to Henry McLean." He turned his bright face to his father. "Any little plugging I've done seems like thirty cents compared to that. You're all peaches to take such an interest, and I thank you a lot. Me, the superintendent of the Oriel mine! Holy mackerel!" gasped Johnny, and sat down.

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ELVIRA MILLER SLAUGHTER

Mrs. Elvira (Sydnor) Miller Slaughter, the "Tatler" of *The Louisville Times* in the old days, and a verse-writer of considerable reputation, was born at Wytheville, Virginia, October 12, 1860. When a child Miss Miller was brought to Kentucky, as her mother had inherited money which made necessary her removal to this State in order to obtain it. She was educated at the Presentation Academy, in Louisville, by the same nuns that had instructed Mary Anderson de Navarro, the famous actress. She was subsequently gold medalist at a private finishing school, but she still clings to the Catholicism instilled at the Presentation Academy. Shortly after having left school Miss Miller published her first and only book of poems, *Songs of the Heart* (Louisville, 1885), with a prologue by Douglass Sherley.^[25] About this time her parents lost their fortune, and she secured a position on *The Louisville Times*, where she was trained by Mr. Robert W. Brown, the present managing editor of that paper. After three years of general reporting, Miss Miller became editor of "The Tatler Column," and this she conducted for fourteen years with cleverness and success, only resigning on the day of her marriage to Mr. W. H. Slaughter, Jr. Her second book, *The Tiger's Daughter and Other Stories* (Louisville, 1889), is a group of fairy tales, several of which are entertaining. *The Confessions of a Tatler* (Louisville, 1905), is a booklet of the best things she did for her department on *The Times*. She surely handled some men, women, books, and things in this brochure in a manner that even he who runs may read and—understand! From 1909 to 1912 she lived at Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati, Ohio, but at the present time she is again at Louisville, engaged in literary work.

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THE SOUTH AND SONG

[From *The Midland Review* (Louisville, Kentucky)]

I.—THE SOUTH

Spirit, whose touch of fire
Wakens the sleeping lyre—
Thou, who dost flood with music heaven's dominions,
Where hast thou taken flight—

Thou comfort, thou delight?
In what blest regions furled thy gloomy pinions,
Since from the cold North voices call to me:
"Thou South, thou South! Song hath abandoned thee!"

II.—VOICES

We cry out on the air:
Thy palace halls are bare,
Shorn of the glory of the dream-gods' faces:
Thy sweetest strain were sung
When thy proud heart was young;
Fame hath no crowns, nay, nor no vacant places—
So, all in vain, thy poet-songs awaken:
Thou serenadest casements long forsaken.

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Thy rivers proudly flow,
As in the long ago.
Like kings who lead their rushing hosts to battle:
Thy sails make white the seas—
They fly before the breeze,
As o'er the wide plains fly storm-drifted cattle:
Laughter and light make beautiful thy portals,
Spurned by the bright feet of the lost immortals.

What gavest thou to him
Whose fame no years may dim,
Song's great archangel, glorious, yet despairing—
Who, o'er earth's warring noises
Heard Heaven's and Hell's great voices—
Who, from his shoulders the rude mantle tearing,
Wrapt the thin folds about his dying wife,
The angel and the May-time of his life?

And what to him whose name
Is consecrate to Fame—
Whose songs before the winds of war were driven—
Who swept his lute to mourn
That banner soiled and torn,
For which a million valiant hearts had striven—
Who set God's cross high o'er the battling horde,
And sheltered neath its arms the lyre and sword?

What gav'st thou that true heart
That shrined its dreams apart,
From want and care and sorrow evermore—
Him, who mid dews and damp,
Burned out life's feeble lamp,
Striving to keep the wolf from out his door,
And while the land was ringing with his praise,
Slumbered in Georgia, tired and full of days?

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And what to him whose lyre,
Prometheus-like, stole fire
From heaven; whom sea and air gave fancies tender—
Whose song, winged like the lark,
Died out in death's great dark;
Whose soul, like some bright star, clothed on in splendor,
Went trembling down the viewless fields of air,
Wafted by music and the breath of prayer?

What gav'st thou these? A crust:
A coffin for their dust:
Neglect, and idle praise and swift forgetting—
Stones when they asked for bread:
Green bays when they were dead—
Who sang of thee from dawn till life's sun-setting,
And whose tired eyes, thank God! could never see
Thy shallow tears, thy niggard charity.

Yet fair as is a night,
O strong, O darkly bright!
Thou shinest ever radiant and tender,
Drawing all hearts to thee,
As from the vassal sea
The waves are lifted by the moon's white splendor:

So poet strains awake, and fancies gleam
Like winds and summer lightning through thy dream.

SUNDOWN LANE

[From *The Louisville Times*]

Through a little lane at sundown in the days that used to be,
When the summer-time and roses lit the land,
My sweetheart would come singing down that leafy way to me
With her dainty pink sunbonnet in her hand.
Oh, I threw my arms about her as we met beside the way,
And her darling, curly head lay on my breast,
While she told me that she loved me in her simple, girlish way,
And then kisses that she gave me told the rest;
For a kiss is all the language that you wish from your sweetheart,
When you meet her in the gloaming there, so lonely and apart,
And she set my life to music and made heaven on earth for me
In that little lane at sundown in the days that used to be.

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Through a little lane at sundown we went walking hand in hand,
'Mid the summer-time and roses long ago,
And the path that we were treading seemed to lead to fairyland,
The place where happy lovers long to go;
Oh, we talked about our marriage in the quiet, evening hush,
And I bent to whisper love words in her ear,
And her dainty pink sunbonnet was no pinker than her blush
For she thought the birds and flowers all might hear;
Oh, that dainty pink sunbonnet, bright in memory still it glows,
It hid her smiles and blushes as the young leaves veil the rose,
When she set my life to music and made heaven on earth for me,
In that little lane at sundown in the days that used to be.

Through a little lane at sundown I go roaming all forlorn,
Though the summer-time once more smiles o'er the land,
And the roses seem to ask me where their sister rose has gone
With her dainty pink sunbonnet in her hand.
But false friends came between us and I found out to my cost,
When I learned too late her sweetness and her truth,
That the love we hold the dearest is the love that we have lost,
With the roses and the fairyland of youth.
Now the flowers all bend above her through the long, bright summer day,
And my heart grows homesick for her as she dreams the hours away,
She who set my life to music and made heaven on earth for me
In that little lane at sundown in the days that used to be.

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JOSEPH S. COTTER

Joseph Seaman Cotter, Kentucky's only negro writer of real creative ability, was born near Bardstown, Kentucky, February 2, 1861. From his hard day-labor, he went to night school in Louisville, and he has educated himself so successfully that he is at the present time principal of the Tenth Ward colored school, Louisville. Cotter has published three volumes of verse, the first of which was *Links of Friendship* (Louisville, 1898), a book of short lyrics. This was followed by a four-act verse drama, entitled *Caleb, the Degenerate* (Louisville, 1903). His latest book of verse is *A White Song and a Black One* (Louisville, 1909). Cotter's response to Paul Lawrence Dunbar's *After a Visit to Kentucky*, was exceedingly well done, but his *Negro Love Song* is the cleverest thing he has written hitherto. His work has been praised by Alfred Austin, Israel Zangwill, Madison Cawein, Charles J. O'Malley, and other excellent judges of poetry. Cotter is a great credit to his race, and he has won, by his quiet, unassuming life and literary labors, the respect of many of Louisville's most prominent citizens. One of his admirers has ranked his work above Dunbar's, but this rating is much too high for any thing he has done so far. In the last year or two he has turned his attention to the short-story, and his first collection of them has just appeared, entitled *Negro Tales* (New York, 1912).

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NEGRO LOVE SONG^[26]

[From *A White Song and a Black One* (Louisville, Kentucky, 1909)]

I lobes your hands, gal; yes I do.

(I'se gwine ter wed ter-morro'.)
 I lobes your earnings thro' an' thro'.
 (I'se gwine ter wed ter-morro'.)
 Now, heah de truf. I'se mos' nigh broke;
 I wants ter take you fer my yoke;
 So let's go wed ter-morro'.

Now, don't look shy, an' don't say no.
 (I'se gwine ter wed ter-morro'.)
 I hope you don't expects er sho'
 When we two weds ter-morro'.
 I needs er licends—you know I do—
 I'll borrow de price ob de same frum you,
 An' den we weds ter-morro'.

How pay you back? In de reg'ler way.
 When you becomes my honey
 You'll habe myself fer de princ'pal pay,
 An' my faults fer de inter's' money.
 Dat suits you well? Dis cash is right.
 So we two weds ter-morro' night,
 An' you wuks all de ter-morro's.

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD

Ethelbert Dudley Warfield, historical writer, was born at Lexington, Kentucky, March 16, 1861, the brother of Dr. Benjamin Breckinridge Warfield, the distinguished professor in Princeton Theological Seminary. President Warfield was graduated from Princeton, continued his studies at the University of Oxford, and was graduated in law from Columbia University, in 1885. He practiced law at Lexington, Kentucky, for two years, when he abandoned the profession for the presidency of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. In 1891 he left Miami for the presidency of LaFayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, where he has remained ever since. In 1899 Dr. Warfield was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry. He teaches history at LaFayette. Besides several interesting pamphlets upon historical subjects, Dr. Warfield has published three books, the first of which was *The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798: an Historical Study* (New York, 1887), his most important work so far. *At the Evening Hour* (Philadelphia, 1898), is a little book of talks upon religious subjects; and his most recent volume, *Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, Junior* (New York, 1898), is the pathetic tale of the years of an early hero of the Spanish-American war, graphically related.

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

[From *The Presbyterian and Reformed Review* (April, 1892)]

Columbus is one of the few men who have profoundly changed the course of history. He occupies a unique and commanding position, seeming to stand out of contemporary history, and to be a force separate and apart. He is the gateway to the New World. His career made a new civilization possible. His achievement conditions the expansion and development of human liberty. His position is simple but certain. His figure is as constant and as inexorable as the ice floes which girdle and guard the pole are to us, or as the sea of darkness which he spanned was to his predecessors. He inserted a known quantity into the hitherto unsolvable problem of geography, and not only rendered it solvable, but afforded a key to a vast number of problems dependent upon it, problems not merely geographical, but economical, sociological and governmental as well.

Yet in all this there mingles an element of error. Great events do not come unanticipated and unheralded.

"Wass Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan,"

sang Luther, knowing well that God hath foreordained from the foundation of the world whatsoever cometh to pass. "In the fullness of time" God does all things in His benign philosophy. In the fullness of time man was set in the midst of his creation; in the fullness of time Christ came; in the fullness of time God opened the portals of the west.

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If the Welsh were driven on our shores under Madoc, if the Norsemen came and sought to found here "Vinland, the good," they did not light upon the fullness of time. God had no splendid purpose for the Welsh; the Northland force was needed to make bold the hearts of England, France, and Italy, to unify the world with fellow-service in the Orient, to break the bonds of

feudalism, and to wing the sandals of liberty. As Isaac Newton sat watching the apple fall in his garden, he was but resting from the labor of gathering into his mind the labors of men who had in this or that anticipated his discovery of the law of gravitation. In all scientific advance many gather facts. One comes at length and in a far-reaching synthesis arranges the facts of many predecessors around some central truth and rises to some great principle. So generalizations follow generalizations, and the field of truth expands in ever-widening circles from the central fact of God's establishment. Columbus is not like Melchisedec. He had antecedents—antecedents many and obvious. The highest tribute we can pay him is to say that he fixed upon one of the world's great problems, studied it in all its relations, embraced clear and definite views upon it, and staked his all upon the issue; and that not in a spirit of mere adventure, but of dedication to a noble purpose. He gave to a speculative question reality, and thereby gave a hemisphere to Christendom.

But like the girl who admitted the Gauls to the Capitol at Rome in return for "what they wore on their left arms," Columbus was overwhelmed by the reward which he demanded for his services. Without natural ability to command, and without experience, he demanded and obtained a fatal authority.

EVELYN S. BARNETT

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Mrs. Evelyn Snead Barnett, a novelist of strength and promise, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, June 9, 1861, the daughter of Charles Scott Snead. On June 8, 1886, Miss Snead became the wife of Mr. Ira Sayre Barnett, a Louisville business man. Mrs. Barnett was literary editor of *The Courier-Journal* for seven years, and her Saturday page upon "Books and Their Writers" was carefully edited. She did a real service for Kentucky letters in that she never omitted comment and criticism upon the latest books of our authors, with an occasional word upon the writers of the long ago. She was succeeded by the present editor, Miss Anna Blanche Magill. Mrs. Barnett's first story, entitled *Mrs. Delire's Euchre Party and Other Tales* (Franklin, Ohio, 1895), the "other tales" being three in number, was followed by *Jerry's Reward* (Boston, 1902). These novelettes made clear the path for the author's big novel, *The Dragnet* (New York, 1909), now in its second edition. This is a great mystery story, one reviewer ranking it with the best detective tales of the present-day school. The American trusts and the hearts of women furnish the setting for *The Dragnet*, which is bigger in promise than in achievement, and which bespeaks even greater merit for Mrs. Barnett's new novel, now in preparation.

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THE WILL^[27]

[From *The Dragnet* (New York, 1909)]

Soon after their return, the Alexanders were forced to move to town. Charles needed the time he had to spend on the road going to and fro, and he was unwilling to put unnecessary hours of work on Trezevant, who not only bore his share during the day, but was sleeping with one eye open in a dingy corner of the shops. As the Dinsmore was expensive, they rented a modern flat, with tiny rooms, but plenty of sunlight. Constance knew they could save here, especially as Diana still wished to make her home with them.

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Finally, the last day at Hillside came.

Charles drove Diana and Lawson to town, to get things ready there, leaving Constance to see the last load off, and to make sure that everything was in good shape for the Clarks, who intended to take possession in the spring. Constance went into every room, list in hand, checking the things the new owners had purchased. Then she tried the window bolts, and snapped the key in the lock of the front door. She blew the horn for the brougham. The coachman came up. In a business-like, everyday manner, she ordered him to drive to town, and, getting in, without one look from the window, she left Hillside.

When she arrived at the new home, she was pleased to find that Diana and Lawson had arranged the furniture in the small rooms, and had a dainty little luncheon awaiting. As she was sitting down to enjoy it, her first visitor rang the bell—Aunt Sarah, just returned from the East and the latest fashions, looking younger than ever, and with a torrent of society gossip that was almost Sanscrit to Constance, occupied so long with the realities.

"What was your idea, Constance, in coming to this tiny place?" she asked, when she had given a full account of the delights of her summer.

Constance hesitated, but only for a moment. "Economy," she said, boldly.

Aunt Sarah looked anxious. "My dear child, has your husband been preaching? Don't let him fool you; they all try it. It's a trick. Every now and then they think it their duty to cry hard times, when it is no such thing. You go to scrimping and saving, like an obedient wife, and the first thing you

know he buys an automobile or a yacht, or wants you to give a ball."

Constance smiled. "But this is real, Aunt Sarah. You know we are fighting a big trust, and while, eventually, we expect to win, we have to be content with little or no profits for a few years." [Pg 121]

"Trusts! Profits! What difference do they make as long as you have a steady income of your own?"

Constance was debating with herself whether she ought to speak plainly and have it out with the Parker pride then and there, or wait until she were not quite so tired and unstrung, when she was happily spared a decision by her aunt's switching off to another track.

"Talking of money reminds me that I heard a piece of news to-day," she said, lowering her voice in deference to Diana's presence behind thin walls. "I heard that Horace Vendire made a will shortly after his engagement to — and has left her millions."

"Oh, aunt! I wonder if it is true! How dreadful it would be!"

Aunt Sarah put up her jeweled lorgnette. "Constance Parker, what on earth is the matter with you to-day? You seem to be getting everything distorted, looking at the world upside down. It's that country business—" she continued emphatically; "the very moment you developed a fondness for that sort of life, I knew you were bound to grow careless and indifferent in thoughts, ways, and opinions. People who love the country always seem to think they have to sneer at civilization."

Constance was too tired to argue, and too disturbed over the last piece of gossip to explain; so she said weakly that she supposed she had changed, and let the rest of the visit pass in banalities.

The next day a little lawyer sprang a sensation by notifying those whom it concerned that he held the last Will and Testament of Horace Vendire, duly signed, attested, and sealed in his presence, a month before the disappearance.

Charles came to tell the two women.

"No, no!" cried Diana: "It's a mistake! He did not intend it to stand!"

"You surmise the contents of the will?"

"If it was made only a month before he disappeared. Had he lived, he would have altered it. I begged him to. Must I go to the meeting of the heirs?" [Pg 122]

"I think it is best. Cheer up; there are many things worse than money. Constance and I will go with you. Mr. James is back, and has asked us."

So Diana went, and she could not have looked more terrified had she been listening to the last trump, instead of to the smooth voice of a young lawyer reading the bequests of her dead lover.

The will was dated, July 26th, 1900. By it, Horace Vendire's life insurance was left to his brother James, an annuity of five thousand dollars to his mother, and an income of only three thousand a year to his fiancée, Diana Frewe, as long as she remained unmarried. It was evident to Charles that Vendire did not wish to give her enough to help her friends. The residue, and, eventually, the principal, were to be used in building and endowing the Horace Vendire Public Library in the city of New York.

In a codicil, he directed that his stock in the American Blade and Trigger Company should be sold, the directors of that company being given the option of buying it at par before it was offered elsewhere.

Mr. James Vendire was the first to congratulate Diana.

"Oh, don't!" she cried, shrinking from his proffered hand. "I cannot bear it. It is yours; you must take it." She grew almost incoherent.

Constance petted and soothed. "Be still, dear. Remember you are weak and unstrung. We will go home now, and see what can be done later."

JOHN PATTERSON

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John Patterson, "a Greek prophet not without honor in his own American land," was born near Lexington, Kentucky, June 10, 1861. He was graduated from Kentucky State University in 1882; and the following year Harvard granted him the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He took his Master's degree from Kentucky University in 1886. The late Professor John Henry Neville, one of Kentucky's greatest classical scholars, first taught John Patterson Greek; and to his old professor he is indebted for much of his success as a teacher of Greek and a translator and critic of its literature. Professor Patterson's first school after leaving Harvard was a private one for boys near Midway, Kentucky; and he was for several years principal of the high school at Versailles, Kentucky. His first book, *Lyric Touches* (Cincinnati, 1893), is his only really creative work so far.

It contains several fine poems and was widely admired at the time of its appearance. In 1894 Professor Patterson was made instructor of Greek in the Louisville High School, which position he held for seven years. His first published translation was *The Medea of Euripides* (Louisville, 1894), which he edited with an introduction and notes. This was followed by *The Cyclops of Euripides* (London, 1900), perhaps his finest work hitherto. In 1901 Kentucky University conferred the honorary degree of Master of Literature upon Professor Patterson; and in the same year he helped to establish the Patterson-Davenport school of Louisville. In 1907 he became professor of Greek in the University of Louisville; and since September, 1908, he has been Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences of the University with full executive powers, practically president. His institution granted him the honorary degree of LL. D. in 1909. Doctor Patterson's latest work is a translation into English of *Bion's Lament for Adonis* (Louisville, 1909). At the present time he is engaged upon a critical edition of the Greek text of the *Lament*.

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A CLUSTER OF GRAPES^[28]

[From. *Lyric Touches* (Cincinnati, 1893)]

Misty-purple globes,
Beads which brown autumn strings
Upon her robes,
Like amethyst ear-rings
Behind a bridal veil
Your veils of bloom their gems reveal.

Mellow, sunny-sweet,
Ye lure the banded bee
To juicier treat,
Aiding his tipsy spree
With more dulcet wine
Than clover white or wild woodbine.

Dripping rosy dreams
To me of happy hall
Where laughter trims
The lamps till swallow-call;
Of flowery cup and throng
Of men made gods in wit and song.

Holding purer days
Your luscious fruitfulness,
When prayer and praise
The bleeding ruby bless,
And memory sees the blood
Of Christ, the Savior, God and good.

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Monks of lazy hills,
Stilling the rich sunshine
Within your cells,
Teach me to have such wine
Within my breast as this,
Of faith, of song, of happiness.

CHORAL ODE (ERIPIDES' MEDEA, LINES 627-662.)

[From the same]

The loves in excess bring nor virtue nor fame,
But if Cypris gently should come,
No goddess of heaven so pleasing a dame:
Yet never, O mistress, in sure passion steeped,
Aim at me thy gold bow's barbed flame.

May temperance watch o'er me, best gift of the gods,
May ne'er to wild wrangling and strifes
Dread Cypris impel me soul-pierced with strange lust;
But with favoring eye on the quarrelless couch
Spread she wisely the love-beds of wives!

Oh fatherland! Oh native home!
Never city-less
May I tread the weary path of want
Ever pitiless
And full of doom;
But on that day to death, to death be slave!

Without a country's worse than in a grave.

Mine eye hath seen, nor do I muse
On other's history.
Nor home nor friend bewails thy nameless pangs.—
Perish dismally
The fiend who fails
To cherish friends, turning the guileless key
Of candor's gate! Such friend be far from me!

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WILLIAM E. BARTON

William Eleazar Barton, novelist and theologian, was born at Sublette, Illinois, June 28, 1861. He reached Kentucky for the first time on Christmas Day of 1880, and matriculated as a student in Berea College, where he spent the remainder of the college year of 1880-1881, and four additional years. During two summers and autumns he taught school in Knox county, Kentucky, then without a railroad, taking long rides to Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Falls and other places which have since appeared in his stories. The two remaining vacations he spent in travel through the mountains, journeying by Ohio river steamer along the northern counties, and by horseback far into the Kentucky hills in various directions. In 1885 Mr. Barton graduated from Berea with the B. S. degree; and three years later the same institution granted him M. S., and, in 1890, A. M. He was ordained to the Congregational ministry at Berea, Kentucky, June 6, 1885, and he preached for two years in southern Kentucky and in the adjacent hills of east Tennessee, living at Robbins, Tennessee. Mr. Barton's first book was a Kentucky mountain sketch, called *The Wind-Up of the Big Meetin' on No Bus'ness* (1887), now out of print. This was followed by *Life in the Hills of Kentucky* (1889), depicting actual conditions. He became pastor of a church at Wellington, Ohio, in 1890, and his next two works were church histories. Berea College conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Mr. Barton in 1895; and he has been a trustee of the college for the last several years. He was pastor of a church in Boston for six years, but since 1899, he has been in charge of the First Congregational Church of Oak Park, Illinois. Dr. Barton's other books are: *A Hero in Homespun* (New York, 1897), a Kentucky story, the first of his books that was widely read and reviewed; *Sim Galloway's Daughter-in-Law* (Boston, 1897), the Kentucky mountains again, which reappear in *The Truth About the Trouble at Roundstone* (Boston, 1897); *The Story of a Pumpkin Pie* (Boston, 1898); *The Psalms and Their Story* (Boston, 1898); *Old Plantation Hymns* (1899); *When Boston Braved the King* (Boston, 1899); *The Improvement of Perfection* (1900); *The Prairie Schooner* (Boston, 1900); *Pine Knot* (New York, 1900), his best known and, perhaps, his finest tale of Kentucky; *Lieut. Wm. Barton* (1900); *What Has Brought Us Out of Egypt* (1900); *Faith as Related to Health* (1901); *Consolation* (1901); *I Go A-Fishing* (New York, 1901); *The First Church of Oak Park* (1901); *The Continuous Creation* (1902); *The Fine Art of Forgetting* (1902); *An Elementary Catechism* (1902); *The Old World in the New Century* (1902); *The Gospel of the Autumn Leaf* (1903); *Jesus of Nazareth* (1904); *Four Weeks of Family Worship* (1906); *The Sweetest Story Ever Told* (1907); with Sydney Strong and Theo. G. Soares, *His Last Week, His Life, His Friends, His Great Apostle* (1906-07); *The Week of Our Lord's Passion* (1907); *The Samaritan Pentateuch* (1906); *The History and Religion of the Samaritans* (1906); *The Messianic Hope of the Samaritans* (1907); *The Life of Joseph E. Roy* (1908); *Acorns From an Oak Park Pulpit* (1910); *Pocket Congregational Manual* (1910); *Rules of Order for Ecclesiastical Assemblies* (1910); *Bible Classics* (1911); and *Into All the World* (1911). Since 1900 Dr. Barton has been on the editorial staff of *The Youth's Companion*. The locale of his novels was down on the Kentucky-Tennessee border, amid ignorance and poverty—a background upon which no other writer has painted.

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A WEARY WINTER^[29]

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[From *The Truth About the Trouble at Roundstone* (Boston, 1897)]

The winter came and went, and the breach only widened with the progress of the months. The men dropped all pretense of religious observance. They grew more and more taciturn and sullen in their homes. They cared less and less for the society of their neighbors, and as they grew more miserable they grew more uncompromising. When little Ike was sick and Jane going to the spring just before dinner found a gourd of chicken broth, so fresh and hot that it had evidently been left but a few minutes before, she knew how it had come there, and hastened to the house with it. But Larkin saw the gourd and at a glance understood it, and asked,—

"Whar'd ye git that ar gourd? Whose gourd is that?" and snatching it from her, he took it to the door and flung it with all his might. Little Ike cried, for the odor of the broth had already tempted his fickle appetite, and Larkin bribed him to stop crying with promises of candy and all other injurious sweetmeats known to children of the Holler. But when the illness proved to be a sort of winter cholera terminating in flux, he was glad to maintain official ignorance of a bottle of

blackberry cordial which also was left at the spring, and which proved of material benefit in the slow convalescence of Ike.

It was thought, at first, that Captain Jack Casey would be able to effect a reconciliation between the men. He was respected in the Holler, and was often useful in adjusting differences between neighbors. He was a justice of the peace, for that matter, and had the law behind him. But his military title and his reputation for fair dealing gave him added authority.

He was the friend of both men, and had known them both in the army. He was Eph's brother-in-law, beside, and their wives' friendship, like their own, dated from that prehistoric period, "before the war."

But even Captain Jack failed to move either of the two enraged neighbors.

Brother Manus made several ineffectual attempts at a reconciliation, but at last gave up all hope. [Pg 129]

"I'll pray fur 'em," he said, "but I cyant do no more."

Great was his professed faith in prayer; it may be doubted whether this admission did not indicate in his mind a desperate condition of affairs.

But there was one person who could never be brought to recognize the breach between the families. Shoog made her frequent visits back and forth unhindered. To be sure, Ephraim tried to prevent her. He scolded her; he explained to her, and once he even whipped her. But while she seemed to understand the words he spoke, and grieved sorely over her punishments, she could not get through her mind the idea of an estrangement, and at length they gave up trying to have her understand. So, almost daily, when the weather permitted, Shoog crossed the foot log, and wended her way across the bottoms to Uncle Lark's. Larkin at first attempted to ignore her presence, but the attempt failed, and she was soon as much in his arms and heart as she had ever been; and many prayers and good wishes went with her back and forth, as Jane and Martha saw her come and go, and often went a piece with her, though true to their unspoken parole of honor to their husbands, speaking no word to each other.

BENJ. H. RIDGELY

Benjamin Howard Ridgely, short-story writer, was born at Ridgely, Maryland, July 13, 1861. In early childhood he was brought to Woodford county, Kentucky, where he grew to manhood. He was educated in private schools and at Henry Academy. He studied law but abandoned it for journalism. Ridgely removed to Louisville in 1877 to accept a position on *The Daily Commercial*, which later became *The Herald*. He went with *The Courier-Journal* and in a short time he was made city editor. Ridgely left *The Courier-Journal* to establish *The Sunday Truth*, of which he was editor, with his friend, Mr. Young E. Allison, as associate editor. President Cleveland, urged by Col. Henry Watterson and other leading Democrats, appointed Ridgely consul to Geneva, Switzerland, on June 20, 1892, which post he held for eight years. Being able to speak French and Spanish fluently, he was well fitted for the consular service. On May 8, 1900, President McKinley transferred Ridgely to Malaga, Spain, where he remained for two years, when he was again transferred, this time going to Nantes, France, where he also staid for two years. President Roosevelt sent Ridgely to Barcelona, Spain, on November 3, 1904, as consul-general. He resided at that delightful place until March, 1908, when he was made consul-general to Mexico, with his residence at Mexico City. Ridgely died very suddenly at Monterey, Mexico, on October 9, 1908. His body was brought back to Kentucky and interred in Cave Hill cemetery, Louisville; and there he sleeps to-day with no stone to mark the spot. Ridgely's reports to the state department are now recognized as papers of importance, but is upon his short-stories and essays that he is entitled to a place in literature. His stories of consular life, set amid the changing scenes of his diplomatic career, appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, *The Century*, *McClure's*, *Scribner's*, *The Strand*, *The Pall Mall Magazine*, and elsewhere. Writing a miniature autobiography in 1907 he set himself down as the author of a volume of short-stories, which, he said, bore the imprint of The Century Company, New York, were entitled *The Comedies of a Consulate*, and, strangest thing of all, were published two years prior to the time he was writing, or, in 1905! It is indeed too bad that his alleged publishers fail to remember having issued his book, for one would be worth while. What a castle in Spain for this spinner of consular yarns! [Pg 130]

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A KENTUCKY DIPLOMAT^[30]

[From *The Man the Consul Protected* (*Century Magazine*, January, 1905)] [Pg 131]

Colonel Gillespie Witherspoon Warfield of Kentucky was an amiable and kindly man of fifty, with the fluent speech and genial good breeding of a typical Blue-grass gentleman. In appearance and dress he was still an ante-bellum Kentuckian, with a weakness for high-heeled boots, long frock-coats, and immaculate linen. When he said, "Yes, sah," or "No, sah," it was like a breath right off

the old plantation. It should be added that he was a bachelor and a Mugwump.

Being a Kentuckian, he was naturally a colonel; though, as a matter of fact, it was due solely to the courtesy of the press and the amiable custom of the proud old commonwealth that he possessed his military title. Nor had the genial colonel been otherwise a brilliant success in life. Indeed, I am pained to recite that he had achieved in his varied professional career only a sort of panorama of failures. He had failed at the bar, failed in journalism, failed as a real-estate broker, and, having finally taken the last step, had failed as a life-insurance agent. In this emergency his relatives and friends hesitated as to whether they should run him for Congress or unload him on the consular service. His younger brother, who was something of a cynic, insisted that Gillespie was fitted by intelligence to be only a family physician; but it was finally decided at a domestic council that he would particularly ornament the consular service. In pursuance of this happy conclusion, an organized onslaught was made upon the White House. The President yielded, and one day the news came that Colonel Gillespie Witherspoon Warfield had been appointed consul of the United States to Esperanza.

It is needless to suggest that Colonel Warfield took himself very seriously in his new official capacity. It had not occurred to him, however, that his consular mission was rather a commercial than a patriotic one: he believed that he was going abroad to see that the flag of his country was treated with respect, and to protect those of his fellow-countrymen who in any emergency might have need of the services of an astute and fearless diplomat. In fact, the feeling that his chief official function was to be that of a sort of diplomatic protecting angel took such possession of him that he assumed a paternal attitude toward the whole country. Thus, bursting with patriotism, he set sail one day from New York for Gibraltar, and was careful during the voyage to let it be understood on shipboard that if anybody needed protection he stood ready to run up the flag and make the eagle scream violently.

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Esperanza lies just around the corner from Gibraltar, and nowhere along all the Iberian littoral of the Mediterranean is the sky fairer or the sun more genial. The fertile *vega* stretches back to the foot-hills of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. Across the blue-sea way lies Morocco. It is a picturesque and beautiful spot, and if the consul be a dreamer, he may find golden hours for reverie. But I fear that neither the poetry nor the picturesqueness of the entourage appealed to Consul Warfield as he reached Esperanza that blazing September morning. He was more impressed with the shrill noises of the foul and shabby streets; with the dust that was upon everything, giving even to the palm-trees in the *parque* a gray and dreary look; with the flies that seemed to be hunting their prey in swarms like miniature vultures; with the uncompromising mosquitos singing shrilly for blood, and the bold, busy fleas that held no portion of his official person sacred.

The colonel was a buoyant man, but his exuberant soul felt a certain sinking that hot morning. It was a busy moment at Esperanza, and not much attention was paid to the new consul at the crowded Fonda Cervantes, whither, after a turbulent effort, he had persuaded his *cochero* to conduct him. He had been much disappointed that the vice-consul was not on hand to receive him at the railway station. The fact is, the consul had thought rather earnestly of a committee and a brass band at the depot, and the complete lack of anything akin to a reception had been something of a shock to his official and personal vanity. However, he was not easily discouraged, and after having convinced the proprietor of the fonda that he was the new American consul, and therefore entitled to superior consideration, he set out to find the consulate.

He found it in a narrow little street that went twisting back from the quay toward the great dingy cathedral, and certainly it was not what his imagination had fondly pictured it. He had thought of a fine old Moorish-castle sort of house, with a great carved door opening into a spacious *patio*, splendid with Arabic columns, and in the background a broad marble staircase leading up to the consulate. He had expected to see the flag of his country flying in honor of his arrival, and a uniformed soldier on duty at the entrance, ready to present arms and stand at attention when the new consul appeared.

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As a matter of fact, there was a very narrow little door opening into a very narrow little hallway that ran through the center of a very narrow, squalid little house. Over the doorway was perched the consular coat of arms. It was the poorest, dingiest, dustiest little escutcheon that ever bore so pretentious a device.

The dingy gilt letters were almost invisible, but the colonel managed to make them out. He could also see that the figure in the center of the shield was intended to represent a proud and haughty eagle-bird in the act of screaming; but the poor old eagle had been so rained upon and so shone upon, and the dust had gathered so heavily upon him, that he looked like a mere low-spirited reminiscence of the famous *Haliaëtus leucocephalus* which he was originally meant to represent.

Colonel Warfield of Kentucky was not discouraged. Being, as I have said, a buoyant man, he simply remarked to himself: "I'll have that disreputable-looking fowl taken down and painted." Then he walked on into the squalid little consulate.

An old man with shifty little blue eyes; a thin, keen face; long, straggling gray hair; and a long, thin tuft of gray beard, which looked all the more straggling and wretched because of the absence of an accompanying mustache, sat at a table reading a Spanish newspaper. This was Mr. Richard Brown of Maine, "clerk and messenger" to the United States consulate, who drew the allowance of four hundred dollars a year, and was the recognized bulwark of official Americanism at Esperanza. For forty years, during all the vicissitudes of war and politics, Richard Brown had

sat at his desk in the shabby little consulate, watching the procession of American consuls come and go, doing nearly all the clerical work of the office himself, and contemplating with cynical delight the tortuous efforts of the various untrained new officers to acquaint themselves with their duties and the language of the post.

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In his affiliations he had become entirely Spanish, having acquired a fluent knowledge of the language and a wide acquaintance with the people and their ways. None the less, in his speech and appearance he remained a typical down-east Yankee, and it is said at Esperanza that his one conceit was to look like the popular caricature of Uncle Sam. In this it is not to be denied that he succeeded. The "billy-goat" beard; the lantern-jaw; the thin, long hair; the thin, long arms; and the thin, long legs—these he had as if modeled from the caricature. And the nasal twang and the down-east dialect—alas! it would have filled the average melodramatic English novelist's devoted soul with untold satisfaction and delight to hear Richard Brown say "Wal" and "I gaiss," and otherwise mutilate the English language.

To the Spaniards he was known as Don Ricardo. The small Anglo-American colony at Esperanza referred to him as "old Dick Brown." He was a cynical, crusty, sour old man, who had become a sort of consular heirloom at Esperanza, and without whose knowledge and assistance no new American consul could at the outset have performed the simplest official duty. Knowing this, Richard Brown felt a very well-developed sense of his own importance, and looked upon each of his newly arrived superiors with ill-concealed contempt.

There was also a vice-consul at Esperanza; but as he was a busy merchant, who could find time to sign only such papers as old Brown presented to him in the absence of the consul, he was seen little at the consulate. He generally knew when a new consul was coming along or an old consul going away, but in this instance Brown had failed to advise him either of Major Ransom's departure or of Colonel Warfield's arrival. Thus it happened that only the amiable Mr. Brown was on hand when Colonel Warfield came perspiring upon the scene on the warm morning in September of which we write.

"Come in," he said sharply, as the consul hesitated upon the threshold. "What's your business?"

Colonel Warfield gave Mr. Brown a look that would have completely withered an ordinary person, but which was entirely lost upon the old man in question, and with magnificent dignity handed him the following card:

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COLONEL G. WITHERSPOON WARFIELD,
Consul of the United States of America.
ESPERANZA.

Mr. Richard Brown looked the card over carefully.

"Another colonel," he observed grimly. "The last one was a major; the one before him was a capting. Ain't they got nothin' but soldiers to send out here? Who's goin' to run the army? Are you a real colonel or jest a newspaper colonel, or are you a colonel on the governor's staff? There's your office over there on the other side of the hall. Kin you speak Spanish?"

ZOE A. NORRIS

Mrs. Zoe Anderson Norris, novelist and editor, was born at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, in 1861, the daughter of Rev. Henry T. Anderson, who held pastorates in many Kentucky towns. She was graduated from Daughters, now Beaumont, College, when she was seventeen years of age, or in 1878; and two days later she married Spencer W. Norris, of Harrodsburg, and removed to Wichita, Kansas, to live. Years afterwards Mrs. Norris divorced her husband and went to New York to make a name for herself in literature. She began with a Western story, *Georgiana's Mother*, which appeared in George W. Cable's magazine, *The Symposium*. Some time thereafter Mrs. Norris went to England—"like an idiot," as she now puts it. In London she "got swamped among the million thieving magazines, threw up the whole job," and traveled for two years on the Continent, writing for American periodicals. When she returned to New York she again wrote for *McClure's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *The Smart Set*, *Everybody's*, and several other magazines. Mrs. Norris's first novel, *The Quest of Polly Locke* (New York, 1902) was a story of the poor of Italy. It was followed by her best known novel, *The Color of His Soul* (New York, 1903), set against a background of New York's Bohemia, and suppressed two weeks after its publication because of the earnest objections of a young Socialist, who had permitted the author to make a type of him, and, when the story was selling, became dissatisfied because he was not sharing in the profits. The publishers feared a libel suit, and withdrew the little novel. Their action scared other publishers, and she could not find any one to print her writings. A short time later Mrs. Norris narrowly escaped dying as a charity patient in a New York hospital. When she did recover she worked for two years on *The Sun*, *The Post*, *The Press*, and several other newspapers in Manhattan. *Twelve Kentucky Colonel Stories* (New York, 1905), which were originally printed in *The Sun*, "describing scenes and incidents in a Kentucky Colonel's life in the Southland," were told Mrs. Norris by Phil B. Thompson, sometime Congressman from Kentucky. The stories have enjoyed a wide sale; and she is planning to issue another set of them shortly. Being badly treated

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by a well-known magazine, she became so infuriated that she decided to establish—at the suggestion of Marion Mills Miller—a magazine of her own. Thus *The East Side*, a little thing not so large—speaking of its physical size—as Elbert Hubbard's *The Philistine*, was born. That was early in 1909; and it has been issued every other month since. Mrs. Norris is nothing if not original; her opinions may not matter much, but they are hers. The four bound volumes of *The East Side* lie before me now, and they are almost bursting with love, sympathy, and understanding for the poor of New York. She has been and is everything from printer's "devil" to editor-in-chief, but she has made a success of the work. Her one eternal theme is the poor, in whom she has been interested all her life. For the last seven years she has lived among them; and among them she hopes to spend the remainder of her days. Her one best friend has been William Oberhardt, the artist, who has illustrated *The East Side* from its inception until the present time. To celebrate the little periodical's first anniversary, Mrs. Norris founded—at the suggestion of Will J. Lampton—The Ragged Edge Klub, which is composed of her friends and subscribers, and which gave her an opportunity to meet all of her "distinguished life preservers" in person. The Klub's dinners delight the diners—and the newspapers! Mrs. Norris's latest novel, *The Way of the Wind* (New York, 1911), is a story of the sufferings of the Kansas pioneers, and is generally regarded as her finest work. So long as *Zoe's Magazine*—which is the sub-title of *The East Side*—continues to come from the press, the pushcart people, the rag pickers, the turkish towel men, the kindling-wood women, the homeless of New York's great East Side will have a voice in the world worth having.

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THE CABARET SINGER^[31]

[From *The East Side* (September, 1912)]

For a few moments the orchestra, with dulcet wail of cello and violin, held the attention of those at the tables, then the Cabaret singer stepped out upon the soft, red carpet.

Against the mirrored wall at a small table set a young chap with his wife. The eyes of his wife followed his quick, admiring glances at the singer.

She began to sing "Daddy," sweeping the crowd with her long, soft glance, selecting her victim for the chorus.

She advanced toward the couple. She stood by the husband, pressed her rosy, perfumed cheek upon his hair, and began to sing.

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The young wife flushed crimson as she watched her husband in this delicate embrace, the crowd applauded; and the Cabaret singer, leaving him, went from one to the other of the men, some bald, some young, singing the chorus of "Daddy."

The young wife sighed as the flashing eyes of her husband followed the singer.

"Shall we go home?" she asked presently.

"Not yet!" he implored.

"I wish I could go home," she repeated, by and by. "My baby is crying for me. I know he is. I wish I could go home."

The song finished, the singer ran into the dressing room and threw herself into the arms of the old negress half asleep there. She began to cry softly.

The negress patted her white shoulder.

"What's de mattah, honey," she purred.

"I want to go home," the singer sobbed. "I am sick of that song. I am sick of these men. My baby is crying for me. I know he is. I want to go home!"

IN A MOMENT OF WEARINESS

[From the same]

I'm tired of the turmoil and trouble of life,
I'm tired of the envy and malice and strife,
I'm tired of the sunshine, I'm sick of the rain,
If I could go back and be little again,
I'd like it.

I'm tired of the day that must end in the night,
I'm afraid of the dark and I faint in the light,
I'm sick of the sorrow and sadness and pain,
If I could be rocked in a cradle again,
I'd like it.

But tired or not, we must keep up the fight,
We must work thru the day, lie awake thru the night,

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Stand the heat of the sun and the fall of the rain,
Be brave in the dark and endure the pain;
For we'll never, never be little again,
And we'll never be rocked in a cradle again,
Tho we'd most of us like it.

LUCY CLEAVER McELROY

Mrs. Lucy Cleaver McElroy, author of "uneuphonious feminine, but very characteristic Dickensy sketches," was born near Lebanon, Kentucky, on Christmas Day of 1861. She was the daughter of the late Doctor W. W. Cleaver, a physician of Lebanon. Miss Cleaver was educated in the schools of her native town, and, on September 28, 1881, she was married to Mr. G. W. McElroy, who now resides at Covington, Kentucky. Mrs. McElroy was an invalid for many years, but she did not allow herself to become discouraged and she produced at least one book that was a success. She began her literary career by contributing articles to *The Courier-Journal*, of Louisville, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and other newspapers and periodicals. Mrs. McElroy's first volume, *Answered* (Cincinnati), a poem, was highly praised by several competent critics. The first book she published that won a wide reading was *Juletty* (New York, 1901), a tale of old Kentucky, in which lovers and moonshiners, fox-hunters and race horses, Morgan and his men, and a girl with "whiskey-colored eyes," make the *motif*. *Juletty* was followed by *The Silent Pioneer* (New York, 1902), published posthumously. "The silent pioneer" was, of course, Daniel Boone. Both of these novels are now out of print, and they are seldom seen in the old book-shops. Mrs. McElroy died at her home on the outskirts of Lebanon, Kentucky, which she called "Myrtledeane," on December 15, 1901.

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OLD ALEC HAMILTON^[32]

[From *Juletty* (New York, 1901)]

"If you remember him at all, doctor, you remember that he was a curious man; curious in person, manner, habits, and thoughts.

"He was six feet two inches in height and tipped the Fairbanks needle at the two hundred notch; I believe he had the largest head and the brightest eyes I have ever seen. That big head of his was covered by a dense growth of auburn hair, and as every hair stood separately erect it looked like a big sunburned chestnut burr; his eyes twinkled and snapped, sparkled and glowed, like blue blazes, though on occasion they could beam as softly and tenderly through their tears as those of some lovesick woman. His language was a curious idiom; the result of college training and after association with negroes and illiterate neighbors. Of course, as a child, I did not know his peculiarities, and looked forward with much pleasure to seeing him and my grandmother, of whose many virtues I had heard. My father had expatiated much on the beauty of my grandfather's farm—three thousand broad acres (you have doubtless noticed, doctor, that Kentucky acres always are broad, about twice as broad as the average acre) in the heart of the Pennyryle District. As good land, he said, as a crow ever flew over; red clay for subsoil, and equal to corn crops in succession for a hundred years. But I am going to tell you, doctor, of my visit as a child to my grandfather. I had never seen him, and felt a little natural shrinking from the first meeting. My mother had only been dead a few weeks and—well, in short, my young heart was pretty full of conflicting emotions when I drew near the old red brick house. He was not expecting me, and I had to walk from the railway station. It was midsummer, and the old gentleman sat, without hat, coat, or shoes, outside his front door. As I drew near he called out threateningly:

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"'Who are you?'

"'Why, don't you know me?' I asked pleasantly.

"'No, by Jacks! How in hell should I know you?' he thundered.

"There was nothing repulsive about his profanity; falling from his lips it seemed guileless as cooings of suckling doves, so nothing daunted, I cried out cheerily as one who brings good news:

"'I'm Jack Burton, your grandson!'

"'What yer want here?'

"'Why, I've come to see you, grandfather,' I answered quiveringly.

"'Well, dam yer, take er look an' go home!' he roared.

"'I will!' I shouted indignantly, and more deeply hurt than ever before or since, I turned and ran from him.

"Then almost before I knew it he had me in his great, strong arms, his tears and kisses beating softly down like raindrops on my face, while he mumbled through his sobs:

"Why, my boy, don't you know your old grandfather's ways? Eliza's son! First-born of my first-born, you are more welcome than sunshine after a storm. Never mind what grandfather says, little man; just always remember he loves you like a son.'

"He had by that time carried me back to his door; there all at once his whole manner changed, and putting me on my feet, he cried: 'Thar, yer damned lazy little rascal, yer expect' me ter carry yer eround like er nigger? Use yer own legs and find yer grandmother.'

"But he could not frighten me then nor ever any more; I had seen his heart, and it was the heart of a poet, a lover, a gentleman, do what he might to hide it."

The doctor had allowed me to have my head, and talk in my rambling, reminiscent fashion, and agreed in my estimate of my grandsire.

"Yessir, just like him for the world!" he cried.

"I was at his house one day when the ugliest man in Warren County came out; he did not wait to greet him, but shouted, 'My God, man, don't you wish ugliness was above par? You'd be er Croesus.'"

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MARY F. LEONARD

Miss Mary Finley Leonard, maker of many tales for girls, was born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, January 11, 1862, but she was brought to Louisville, Kentucky, when but a few months old. Louisville has been her home ever since. Miss Leonard was educated in private schools, and at once entered upon her literary labors. She has published ten books for girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age, but several of them may be read by "grown-ups." The style of all of them is delightfully simple and direct. *The Story of the Big Front Door* (New York, 1898), was her first story, and this was followed by *Half a Dozen Thinking Caps* (New York, 1900); *The Candle and the Cat* (New York, 1901); *The Spectacle Man* (Boston, 1901); *Mr. Pat's Little Girl* (Boston, 1902); *How the Two Ends Met* (New York, 1903); *The Pleasant Street Partnership* (Boston, 1903); *It All Came True* (New York, 1904); *On Hyacinth Hill* (Boston, 1904); and her most recent book, *Everyday Susan* (New York, 1912). These books have brought joy and good cheer to girls in many lands, and they have been read by many mothers and fathers with pleasure and profit. Miss Leonard has made for herself a secure place in the literature of Kentucky, a place that is peculiarly her own. She has a novel of mature life in manuscript, which is said to be the finest thing she has done so far, and which will be published in 1913.

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GOODBY^[33]

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[From *The Candle and the Cat* (New York, 1901)]

Trolley sat on the gate-post. If possible he was handsomer than ever, for the frosty weather had made his coat thick and fluffy, besides this he wore his new collar. His eyes were wide open to-day, and he looked out on the world with a solemn questioning gaze.

He had been decidedly upset in his mind that morning at finding an open trunk in Caro's room, and clothes scattered about on chairs and on the bed. Of course he did not know what this meant, but to the cat mind anything unusual is objectionable, and it made him unhappy. Finally he stretched himself in the tray, where Caro found him.

"You darling pussie!" she cried, "Mamma do look at him. I believe he wants to go home with us. I wish we could take him."

But Mrs Holland said one little girl was all the traveling companion she cared for. "It wouldn't do dear, he would be unhappy on the train," she added.

"I don't know what I should have done without him. He and my candle were my greatest comforts—except grandpa," and Caro put her cheek down on Trolley's soft fur.

"What am I to do without my little candle?" her grandfather asked.

"Why, you can have the cat," Caro answered merrily.

No wonder Trolley's mind was disturbed that morning with such a coming and going as went on,—people running in to say goodby, and Aunt Charlotte thinking every few minutes of something new for the traveler's lunch, tickling his nose with tantalizing odors of tongue and chicken.

It was over at last, trunks and bags were sent off, Aunt Charlotte was hugged and kissed and then Trolley had his turn, and the procession moved, headed by the president.

"Goodby Trolley; don't forget me!" Caro called, walking backwards and waving her handkerchief.

When they were out of sight Trolley went and sat on the gate-post and thought about it. After a while he jumped down and trotted across the campus with a businesslike air as if he had come to an important decision. He took his way through the Barrows orchard to the Grayson garden where there was now a well-trodden path through the snow.

Miss Grayson and her brother were sitting in the library. They had been talking about Caro when Walter glancing toward the window saw a pair of golden eyes peering in at him. "There is Trolley," he said, and called Thompson to let him in.

Trolley entered as if he was sure of a welcome, and walking straight to Miss Elizabeth, sprang into her lap; and from this on he became a frequent visitor at the Graysons' dividing his time in fact about evenly between his two homes.

And thus an unfortunate quarrel which had disturbed the peaceful atmosphere of Charmington and separated old friends, was forgotten, and as the president often remarked, it was all owing to the candle and the cat.

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JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

Joseph Alexander Altsheler, the most prolific historical novelist Kentucky has produced, was born at Three Springs, Kentucky, April 29, 1862. He was educated at Liberty College, Glasgow, Kentucky, and at Vanderbilt University. His father's death compelled him to leave Vanderbilt without his degree, and he entered journalism at Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Altsheler was on the Louisville *Evening Post* for a year, when he went with *The Courier-Journal*, with which paper his remained for seven years. During his years on *The Courier-Journal* he filled almost every position except editor-in-chief. He later went to New York, and, since 1892, has been editor of the tri-weekly edition of *The World*. Mr. Altsheler was married, in 1888, to Miss Sara Boles of Glasgow, Kentucky, and they have an attractive home in New York. He began his literary career with a pair of "shilling shockers," entitled *The Rainbow of Gold* (New York, 1895), and *The Hidden Mine* (New York, 1896), neither of which did more than start him upon his real work. The full list of his tales hitherto is: *The Sun of Saratoga* (New York, 1897); *A Soldier of Manhattan* (New York, 1897); *A Herald of the West* (New York, 1898); *The Last Rebel* (Philadelphia, 1899); *In Circling Camps* (New York, 1900), a story of the Civil War and his best work so far; *In Hostile Red* (New York, 1900), the basis of which was first published in *Lippincott's Magazine* as "A Knight of Philadelphia;" *The Wilderness Road* (New York, 1901); *My Captive* (New York, 1902); *Guthrie of the Times* (New York, 1904), a Kentucky newspaper story of success, one of Mr. Altsheler's finest tales; *The Candidate* (New York, 1905), a political romance. The year 1906 witnessed no book from the author's hand, but in the following year he began the publication of a series of books for boys, as well as several other novels. His six stories for young readers are: *The Young Trailers* (New York, 1907); *The Forest Runners* (New York, 1908); *The Free Rangers* (New York, 1909); *The Riflemen of the Ohio* (New York, 1910); *The Scouts of the Valley* (New York, 1911); and *The Border Watch* (New York, 1912). "All the six volumes deal with the fortunes and adventures of two boys, Henry Ware and Paul Cotter, and their friends, Shifless Sol Hyde, Silent Tom Ross and Long Jim Hart, in the early days of Kentucky." Mr. Altsheler's latest historical novels are: *The Recovery* (New York, 1908); *The Last of the Chiefs* (New York, 1909); *The Horsemen of the Plains* (New York, 1910); and *The Quest of the Four* (New York, 1911). He is at the present time engaged upon a trilogy dealing with the Texan struggle for independence against Mexico, the first of which has recently appeared, *The Texan Star* (New York, 1912). This tale, with the other two that are to be issued in 1913, to be entitled, *The Texan Scouts*, and *The Texan Triumph*, are written chiefly for the young. He will also publish in 1913 a story to be called *Apache Gold*. "Joseph A. Altsheler has made a fictional tour of American history," one of his keenest critics has well said; and his work has been linked with James Fenimore Cooper's by no less a judge of literary productions than the late Richard Henry Stoddard.

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THE CALL OF THE DRUM^[34]

[From *In Circling Camps* (New York, 1900)]

Then I listened to the call of the drum.

Fort Sumter was fired upon, and the first cannon shot there set this war drum to beating in every village; it was never silent; its steady roll day after day was calling men up to the cannon mouth; it was persistent, unsatisfied, always crying for more.

Its beat was heard throughout a vast area, over regions whose people knew of each other as part of the same nation but had never met, calling above this line to the North, calling below it to the South, summoning up the legions for a struggle in which old jealousies and old quarrels, breeding since the birth of the Union, were to be settled.

The drum beat its martial note in the great cities of the Atlantic, calling the men away from the forges and the shops and the wharves—clerks, moulders, longshoremen, the same call for all; it passed on, and its steady beat resounded among the hills and mountains of the North, calling to the long-limbed farmer boys to drop the plough and take up the rifle, sending them on to join the moulders, and clerks, and longshoremen, and putting upon all one stamp, the stamp of the soldier, food for the cannon—and this food supply was to be the largest of its time, though few yet dreamed it.

The roll of the drum went on, through the fields, along the rivers, by the shores of the Great Lakes, out upon the plains, where the American yet fought with the Indian for a foothold, and into the interminable forests whose shades hid the pioneers; over levels and acres and curves of thousands of miles, calling up the deep-chested Western farmers, men of iron muscles and no pleasures, to whom unbroken hardship was the natural course of life, and sending them to join their Eastern brethren at the cannon mouth. [Pg 147]

It was an insistent drum, beating through all the day and night, over the mountains, through the sunless woods and on the burnt prairies, never resting, never weary. The opportunity was the greatest of the time, and the drum did not neglect a moment; it was without conscience, and had no use for mercy, calling, always calling.

Another drum and yet the same was beating in the South, and those who came at its call differed in little from the others who were marching to the Northern beat, only the clerks and the mill hands were much fewer; the same long-limbed and deep-chested race, spare alike of figure and speech, brown-faced men from the shores of the Gulf, men of South Carolina in whom the original drop of French blood still tintured the whole; brethren of theirs from Louisiana, gigantic Tennesseans, half-wild horsemen from the Texas plains—all burning with enthusiasm for a cause that they believed to be right.

This merciless drum rolling out its ironical chuckle noted that these Northern and Southern countrymen gathering to their standards were alike in their lack of pleasure; they were a serious race; life had always been a hard problem for them, a fight, in fact, and this fight into which they were going was merely another kind of battle, with some advantages of novelty and change and comradeship that made it attractive, especially to the younger, the boys. They had been hewers of wood and drawers of water in every sense of the word, though for themselves; generations of them had fought Indians, some suffering torture and death; they had endured bitter cold and burning heat, eaten at scanty tables, and lived far-away and lonely lives in the wilderness. They were a rough and hard-handed race, taught to work and not to be afraid, knowing no masters, accustomed to no splendours either in themselves or others, holding themselves as good as anybody and thinking it, according to Nature; their faults those of newness and never of decay. These were the men who had grown up apart from the Old World, and all its traditions, far even from the influence which the Atlantic seaboard felt through constant communication. This life of eternal combat in one form or another left no opportunity for softness; the dances, the sports, and all the gaieties which even the lowest in Europe had were unknown to them, and they invented none to take their place. [Pg 148]

They knew the full freedom of speech; what they wished to say they said, and they said it when and where they pleased. But on the whole they were taciturn, especially in the hour of trouble; then they made no complaints, suffering in silence. They imbibed the stoicism of the Indians from whom they won the land, and they learned to endure much and long before they cried out. This left one characteristic patent and decisive, and that characteristic was strength. These men had passed through a school of hardship, one of many grades; it had roughened them, but it gave them bodies of iron and an unconquerable spirit for the struggle they were about to begin.

Another characteristic of those who came at the call of the drum was unselfishness. They were willing to do much and ask little for it. They were poor bargain-drivers when selling their own flesh and bones, and their answer to the call was spontaneous and without price.

They came in thousands, and scores of thousands. The long roll rumbling from the sea to the Rocky Mountains and beyond cleared everything; the doubts and the doubters were gone; no more committees; an end to compromises! The sword must decide, and the two halves of the nation, which yet did not understand their own strength, swung forward to meet the issue, glad that it was obvious at last.

There came an exultant note into the call of the drum, as if it rejoiced at the prospects of a contest that took so wide a sweep. Here was long and happy work for it to do; it could call to many battles, and its note as it passed from village to village was resounding and defiant; it was cheerful too, and had in it a trick; it told the long-legged boys who came out of the woods of victories and glory, of an end for a while to the toil which never before had been broken, of new lands and of cities; all making a great holiday with the final finish of excitement and reasonable risk. It was no wonder that the drum called so effectively when it mingled such enticements with the demands of patriotism. Most of those who heard were no strangers to danger, and those who did not know it themselves were familiar with it in the traditions of their fathers and forefathers; every inch of the land which now swept back from the sea three thousand miles had been won at the cost of suffering and death, with two weapons, the rifle and the axe, and they were not going to shun the present trial, which was merely one in a long series. [Pg 149]

The drum was calling to men who understood its note; the nation had been founded as a peaceful republic, but it had gone already through the ordeal of many wars, and behind it stretched five

generations of colonial life, an unbroken chain of combats. They had fought everybody; they had measured the valour of the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Hessian, the Mexican, and the red man. Much gunpowder had been burned within the borders of the Union, and also its people had burned much beyond them. Those who followed the call of the drum were flocking to no new trade. By a country with the shadow of a standing army very many battles had been fought.

They came too, without regard to blood or origin; the Anglo-Saxon predominated; he gave his characteristics to North and South alike, all spoke his tongue, but every race in Europe had descendants there, and many of them—English, Irish, Scotch, French, German, Spanish, and so on through the list—their blood fused and intermingled, until no one could tell how much he had of this and how much of that.

The untiring drumbeat was heard through all the winter and summer, and the response still rolled up from vast areas; it was to be no common struggle—great armies were to be formed where no armies at all existed before, and the preparations on a fitting scale went on. The forces of the North and South gathered along a two-thousand-mile line, and those trying to look far ahead saw the nature of the struggle.

The preliminary battles and skirmishes began, and then the two gathered themselves for their mightiest efforts.

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

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Oscar Wilder Underwood, orator and magazine writer, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, May 6, 1862. He is the grandson of Joseph Rogers Underwood, a celebrated Kentucky statesman of the old *regime*. Mr. Underwood was prepared for the University of Virginia at the Rugby School of Louisville. In 1884 he was admitted to the bar and entered upon the practice of his profession at Birmingham, Alabama, his present home. He was prominent in Alabama politics prior to his election to the lower house of Congress, in 1895, as the representative of the Ninth Alabama district; and he has been regularly returned to that body ever since. Mr. Underwood is chairman of the committee on ways and means of the Sixty-second Congress, as well as majority leader of the House. In the Democratic pre-convention presidential campaign of 1912, the South almost unanimously endorsed Mr. Underwood for the nomination. Led by Alabama he was hailed in many quarters as the first really constructive statesman the South has sent to Congress in more than twenty years; further, his friends said, he has devoted his life to the study of the tariff and is now the foremost exponent of the subject living; his tariff policy is simply this: stop protecting the profits of the manufacturers; and that Underwood is Democracy's best asset. Earlier in the year, Mr. Underwood had been attacked by William J. Bryan, and his retorts in the House were so severe and unanswerable, he being the only man up to that time able to cope with the Colonel, that, of course, he had that distinguished gentleman's influence against him at the Baltimore convention. Nevertheless, every roll-call found him in third place, just behind Champ Clark, who was also born in Kentucky, and Woodrow Wilson, governor of New Jersey. He was running so strong as the convention neared its close, that at least one Kentucky editor came home and wrote a long editorial calling upon the Kentucky delegation to change its vote from Clark to Underwood; but on the following day the governor of New Jersey was nominated. A few of Mr. Underwood's contributions to periodicals may be pointed out: two articles in *The Forum* on "The Negro Problem in the South;" "The Corrupting Power of Public Patronage;" "What About the Tariff?" (*The World To-day*, January, 1912); "The Right and Wrong of the Tariff Question" (*The Independent*, February 1, 1912); and "High Tariff and American Trade Abroad" (*The Century*, May, 1912). By friend and foe alike Mr. Underwood is admitted to be the greatest living student of the tariff; and his speeches in Congress and out of it on this subject have given him a national reputation.

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THE PROTECTION OF PROFITS

[Delivered before the Southern Society of New York City (December 16, 1911)]

The kaleidoscope of political issues must and will continually change with the changing conditions of our Republic but there is one question that was with us in the beginning and will be in the end, and that is the most effective, efficient and fairest way of equalizing the burdens of taxation that are levied by the National Government. Of all the great powers that were yielded to the Federal Government by the States when they adopted the Constitution of our country, the one indispensable to the administration of public affairs is the right to levy and collect taxes. Without the exercise of that power we could not maintain an army and navy; we could not establish the courts of the land; the government would fail to perform its function if the power to tax were taken away from it. The power to tax carries with it the power to destroy, and it is, therefore, a most dangerous governmental power as well as a most necessary one.

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There is a very clear and marked distinction between the position of the two great political parties of America as to how power to tax should be exercised in the levying of revenue at the custom houses.

The Republican party has maintained the doctrine that taxes should not only be levied for the purpose of revenue, but also for the purpose of protecting the home manufacturer from foreign competition. Of necessity protection from competition carries with it a guarantee of profits. In the last Republican platform this position of the party was distinctly recognized when they declared that they were not only in favor of the protection of the difference in cost at home and abroad but also a reasonable profit to American industries.

The Democratic party favors the policy of raising its taxes at the custom house by a tariff that is levied for revenue only, which clearly excludes the idea of protecting the manufacturer's profits. In my opinion, the dividing line between the positions of the two great parties on this question is very clear and easily ascertained in theory. Where the tariff rates balance the difference in cost at home and abroad, including an allowance for the difference in freight rates, the tariff must be competitive, and from that point downward to the lowest tariff that can be levied it will continue to be competitive to a greater or less extent. Where competition is not interfered with by levying the tax above the highest competitive point, the profits of the manufacturer are not protected. On the other hand, when the duties levied at the custom house equalizes the difference in cost at home and abroad and in addition thereto they are high enough to allow the American manufacturer to make a profit before his competitor can enter the field, we have invaded the domain of the protection of profits. Some men assert that the protection of reasonable profits to the home manufacturer should be commended instead of being condemned, but in my judgment, the protection of any profit must of necessity have a tendency to destroy competition and create monopoly, whether the profit protected is reasonable or unreasonable.

You should bear in mind that to establish a business in a foreign country requires a vast outlay both in time and capital. Should the foreigner manufacturer attempt to establish himself in this country he must advertise his goods, establish selling agencies and points of distribution before he can successfully conduct his business. After he has done so, if the home producer is protected by a law that not only equals the difference in cost at home and abroad, but also protects a reasonable or unreasonable profit, it is only necessary for him to drop his prices slightly below the point that the law has fixed to protect his profits and his competitor must retire from the country or become a bankrupt, because he would then have to sell his goods at a loss and not a profit, if he continued to compete. The foreign competitor having retired, the home producer could raise his prices to any level that home competition would allow him and it is not probable that the foreigner who had already been driven out of the country would again return, no matter how inviting the field, as long as the law remained on the Statute Books that would enable his competitor to again put him out of business.

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Thirty or forty years ago, when we had numbers of small manufacturers, when there was honest competition without an attempt being made to restrict trade and the home market was more than able to consume the production of our mills and factories, the danger and the injury to the consumer of the country was not so great or apparent as it is to-day, when the control of many great industries has been concentrated in the hands of a few men or a few corporations, because domestic competition was prohibited. When we cease to have competition at home and the law prohibits competition from abroad by protecting profits, there is no relief for the consumer except to cry out for government regulation. To my mind, there is no more reason or justice in the government attempting to protect the profits of the manufacturers and producers of this country than here would be to protect the profits of the merchant or the lawyer, the banker or the farmer, or the wages of the laboring man. In almost every line of industry in the United States we have as great natural resources to develop as that of any country in the world. It is admitted by all that our machinery and methods of doing business are in advance of the other nations. By reason of the efficient use of American machinery by American labor, in most of the manufactures of this country, the labor cost per unit of production is no greater here than abroad. It is admitted, of course, that the actual wage of the American laborer is in excess of European countries, but as to most articles we manufacture the labor cost in this country is not more than double the labor cost abroad. When we consider that the average *ad valorem* rate of duty levied at the custom house on manufactures of cotton goods is 53% of the value of the article imported and the total labor cost of the production of cotton goods in this country is only 21% of the factory value of the product, that the difference in labor cost at home and abroad is only about as one is to two, and that ten or eleven per cent of the value of the product levied at the custom house would equal the difference in the labor wage, it is apparent that our present tariff laws exceed the point where they equalize the difference in cost at home and abroad, and we realize how far they have entered into the domain of protecting profits for the home manufacturer. This is not only true of the manufacture of cotton goods, but of almost every schedule in the tariff bill. To protect profits of necessity means to protect inefficiency. It does not stimulate industry because a manufacturer standing behind a tariff wall that is protecting his profits is not driven to develop his business along the lines of greatest efficiency and greatest economy. This is clearly illustrated in a comparison of the wool and the iron and steel industries. Wool has had a specific duty that when worked out to an *ad valorem* basis amounts to a tax of about 90% of the average value of all woolen goods imported into the United States, and the duties imposed have remained practically unchanged for forty years. During that time the wool industry has made comparatively little progress in cheapening the cost of its product and improving its business methods. On the other hand, in the iron and steel industry the tariff rate

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has been cut every time a tariff bill has been written. Forty years ago the tax on steel rails amounted to \$17.50 a ton, to-day it amounts to \$3.92. Forty years ago the tax on pig iron was \$13.60 a ton, to-day it is \$2.50. The same is true of most of the other articles in the iron and steel schedule, and yet the iron and steel industry has not languished; it has not been destroyed and it has not gone to the wall. It is the most compact, virile, fighting force of all the industries of America to-day. It has long ago expanded its productive capacity beyond the power of the American people to consume its output and is to-day facing out towards the markets of the world, battling for a part of the trade of foreign lands, where it must meet free competition, or, as is often the case, pay adverse tariff rates to enter the industrial fields of its competitor.

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Which course is the wiser for our government to take? The one that demands the protection of profits the continued policy of hot-house growth for our industries? The stagnation of development that follows where competition ceases, or, on the other hand, the gradual and insistent reduction of our tariff laws to a basis where the American manufacturer must meet honest competition, where he must develop his business along the best and most economic lines, where when he fights at home to control his market he is forging the way in the economic development of his business to extend his trade in the markets of the world. In my judgment, the future growth of our great industries lies beyond the seas. A just equalization of the burdens of taxation and honest competition, in my judgment, are economic truths; they are not permitted to-day by the laws of our country; we must face toward them, and not away from them.

What I have said does not mean that I am in favor of going to free trade conditions or of being so radical in our legislation as to injure legitimate business, but I do mean that the period of exclusion has passed and the era of honest competition is here.

Let us approach the solution of the problem involved with the determination to do what is right, what is safe, and what is reasonable.

ELIZABETH ROBINS

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Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Parkes, the well-known novelist of the psychological school, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, August 6, 1862. She was taken from Louisville as a young child by her parents for the reason that her father had built a house on Staten Island, where she lived until her eleventh year, when she went to her grandmother's at Zanesville, Ohio, to attend Putnam Female Seminary, an institution of some renown, where her aunts on both sides of the house had received their training. *Mrs. Gano*, the one fine character of Miss Robins's first successful novel, *The Open Question*, is none other than her own grandmother, Jane Hussey Robins, to whom she dedicated the story; and the house in which she lived is faithfully described in that story. In 1874, when she was twelve years of age, Miss Robins made her first visit to Kentucky since having left the State some years before; and she has been back many times since, her latest visit being made in 1912. Her mother and many of her kinsfolk are buried in Cave Hill cemetery; and her brother, uncle, and other relatives, including Charles Neville Buck, the young Kentucky novelist, reside at Louisville. She is, therefore, a Kentuckian to the core. On January 12, 1885, she was married to George Richmond Parkes, of Boston, who died some years ago. While passing through London, in 1889, Mrs. Parkes decided it was the most pleasing city she had seen, and she established herself there. She now maintains Backset Town Farm, Henfield, Sussex; and a winter home at Chinsegut, Florida. Mrs. Parkes won her first fame as an actress, appearing in several of Ibsen's plays, and attracting wide attention for her work in *The Master Builder*, especially. While on the stage she began to write under the pen-name of "C. E. Raimond," so as not to confuse the public mind with her work as an actress; and this name served her well until *The Open Question* appeared, at which time it became generally understood that the actress and author were one and the same person. She soon after began to write under her maiden name of Elizabeth Robins—and thus confounded herself with the wife of Joseph Pennell, the celebrated American etcher. With her long line of novels Miss Robins takes her place as one of the foremost writers Kentucky has produced. A full list of them is: *George Mandeville's Husband* (New York, 1894); *The New Moon* (New York, 1895); *Below the Salt* (London, 1896), a collection of short-stories, containing, among others, *The Fatal Gift of Beauty*, which was the title of the American edition (Chicago, 1896); *The Open Question* (New York, 1898). Miss Robins was friendly with Whistler, the great artist, and he designed the covers for *Below the Salt* and *The Open Question*, a morbid but powerful novel. She has been especially fortunate in seizing upon a subject of vital, timely importance against which to build her books; and that is one of the real reasons for her success. What the public wants is what she wants to give them. When gold was discovered in the Klondike, and all the world was making a mad rush for those fields, Miss Robins wrote *The Magnetic North* (New York, 1904). That fascinating story was followed by *A Dark Lantern* (New York, 1905), "a story with a prologue;" *The Convert* (New York, 1907), a novel based upon the suffragette movement in London, with which the author has been identified for seven years, and for which she has written more, perhaps, than any one else; *Under the Southern Cross* (New York, 1907); *Woman's Secret* (London, 1907); *Votes for Women: A Play in Three Acts* (London, n. d. [1908]), a dramatization of *The Convert*, produced by Granville Barker at the Court Theatre, London, with great success. The title of this play, if not the contents, has gone into the remotest corners of the world as the accepted slogan of the suffragette cause. *Come and Find Me!* (New York, 1908), another story of

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the Alaska country, originally serialized in *The Century Magazine*; *The Mills of the Gods* (New York, 1908); *The Florentine Frame* (New York, 1909); *Under His Roof* (London, n. d. [1910]), yet another short-story of the suffragette struggle in London, printed in an exceedingly slender pamphlet; and *Why?* (London, 1912), a brochure of questions and answers concerning her darling suffragettes. Upon these books Elizabeth Robins has taken a high place in contemporary letters. Her very latest story is *My Little Sister*, based upon a background of the white slave traffic in London, the shortened version of which appeared in *McClure's Magazine* for December, 1912, concluded in the issue for January, 1913, after which it will be published in book form in America under the original title; but the English edition will bear this legend, "Where Are You Going To?" When the first part of this strong story was printed in *McClure's* it attracted immediate and very wide attention, and again illustrated the ancient fact concerning the author's novels: her ability to make use of one of the big questions of the day as a scene for her story. Another book on woman's fight for the ballot, to be entitled *Way Stations* may be published in March, 1913. Miss Robins is the ablest woman novelist Kentucky has produced; but her short-stories are not comparable to Mrs. Andrew's.

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A PROMISING PLAYWRIGHT^[35]

[From *The Florentine Frame* (New York, 1909)]

Mrs. Roscoe invoked the right manager. *The Man at the Wheel* was not only accepted, it was announced for early production. Special scenery was being painted. The rehearsals were speedily in full swing. The play had been slightly altered in council—one scene had been rewritten.

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Generously, Keith made his acknowledgements. "I should not have gone at it again, but for you," he told Mrs. Roscoe. "It had got stale—I hated it, till that day I read it to you."

She smiled. "Nobody needs an audience so much as a dramatist. I was audience."

"You brought the fresh eye, you saw how the *scène à faire* could be made more poignant. Do you know," he said in that way he was getting into, re-envisaging with this companion some old outlook, "I sometimes feel the only difference between the poor thing and the good thing is that in one, the hand fell away too soon, and in the other it was able to give the screw just one more turn. You practically helped me to give the final turn that screwed the thing into shape."

She shook her head, and then he told her that after a dozen rebuffs he had made up his mind to abandon the play that very day he and the Professor had talked of cinque cento ivories.

It was not unnatural that the scant cordiality of Mrs. Mathew, whenever Keith encountered that lady at her sister's house, was insufficient to make him fail in what he acknowledged to Fanshawe as a sort of duty. This was: keeping Mrs. Roscoe fully informed of all the various stages in the contract-negotiation, the cast decisions, and the checkered fortunes of rehearsal.

It is only fair to Mrs. Mathew to admit that she had one reason more cogent even than she quite realized for objecting to the new addition to a circle that had, as Genie complained, grown very circumscribed during the days of mourning.

If keeping Mrs. Roscoe *au courant* with the fortunes of the play had appeared to Keith in the light of an obligation imposed by common gratitude, Mrs. Mathew conceived it as no less her duty not to allow dislike of the new friend's presence to interfere with the sisterly relation—a relation which on the older woman's part had always had in it a touch of the maternal. If that young man was "getting himself accepted upon an intimate footing"—all the more important that Isabella's elder sister should be there at least as much as usual, if only to prevent the curious from "talking."

In pursuance to this conception of her duty, one evening during the later rehearsals, Mrs. Mathew stood just inside the door of the cloak room that opened out of the famous gray and white marble entrance hall of the Roscoe house. Engaged in the homely occupation of depositing her "artics" in a corner where they would not be mixed up with other people's, Mrs. Mathew was arrested by a slight noise. Upon putting out her head she descried Miss Genie creeping down the stairs with a highly conspiratorial air. The girl, betraying every evidence of suppressed excitement, came to a halt before the closed doors of the drawing-room. The sound of Keith's voice reading aloud came softened through the heavy panels, and seemed to reassure the eavesdropper. She ran on noiseless feet to the low seat, where a man's hat showed black against the soft tone of the marble. She lifted the hat and appeared to be fumbling with the coat that was lying underneath.

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Suddenly the flash of a small square envelope on its way to the recesses of the visitor's overcoat!

"What are you doing?" demanded Aunt Josephine, coming down the hall.

"Oh! How you startled me! I'm not doing anything in particular—just waiting about till that blessed reading's over." She left the letter concealed in the folds of the coat, and for an instant she held the hat in front of her perturbed face: "Don't men's things have a nice Russia-leathery smell?" she remarked airily.

"Genie Roscoe, what pranks are you playing?" As Mrs. Mathew took hold of the coat, the girl's

self-possession failed her a little. She clung to the garment, sending anxious glances toward the door, whispering her nervous remonstrances and begging Aunt Josephine not to talk so loud. "You'll interrupt them."

"What is going on?" demanded Aunt Josephine, relaxing her hold on the coat.

"He's reading."

"Your poor mother!"

"Oh, she likes it."

"Humph! And that young man—does he never get tired of his own works?"

"It isn't *his* works that he's reading. It's other people's—to make him forget the way they murder the play at rehearsal. It's French things they read, usually." Genie hurried on with a nervous attempt to be diverting. "There's a new poet, did you know? I like the new ones best, don't you? What I can't stand is when they are so ancient, that they're like that decayed old Ronsard—"

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The form Mrs. Mathew's literary criticism took was a violent shake of the visitor's coat. Out of the folds dropped a note. It was addressed in Genie's hand to Mr. Chester Keith.

"What foolishness is this—"

"Don't tell mother," prayed the girl, trying in vain to recover the envelope.

Mrs. Mathew's face grew graver as she took in the girl's feverish anxiety.

"Dear Aunt Josephine!" Genie slipped her hand coaxingly through the arm of the forbidding-looking lady. "I know you wouldn't be so unkind. For all mother seems so gentle and you sometimes look so severe, you're ten times as forgiving, really, as mother is. You're more broadminded," said the unblushing flatterer.

"Oh, really"—Mrs. Mathew smiled a little grimly—but she had ere now proved herself as accessible to coaxing as the cast-iron seeming people often are. They betray, on occasion, a touching gratitude at not being taken at their own grim word.

"Why should I hesitate to tell what you don't hesitate to do?"

But Genie's arm was round her. "Oh, *you* know why. Mother has such extravagantly high ideas about what people ought to do."

In the other hand Mrs. Mathew still held the note, out of the girl's reach. "You make a practice of this?"

"No, no. It's the first time, and I'll never do it again, if you'll promise not to tell on me."

Mrs. Mathew hesitated.

"Dearest auntie, *be nice!* If you tell," the girl protested, "I'll have no character to keep up and I'll write him real—well, real letters."

"What do you mean? Isn't this a real letter?"

"No. It doesn't say half. It's *nothing* to what I could—"

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"Very well, if it's nothing—" Mrs. Mathew tore open the note.

Before she could so much as unfold it, Genie had plucked it out of her hand and fled upstairs.

Half way to the top she leaned over the bannisters. "If you tell I'll remember it all my life. If you don't I'll love you for ever and ever."

"You're a very silly child. And I'm not at all sure I won't speak to your mother."

"But I am!" the coppery head was hung ingratiatingly over the hand rail.

Aunt Josephine was already thinking of matters more important than a school girl's foolishness. "How long has that man been here?"

"Oh, hours and hours!" said Genie, accepting the diversion with due gratitude. "He stays longer and longer."

"Humph! that's what I think!" Aunt Josephine stalked into the drawing-room.

ELLEN CHURCHILL SEMPLE

Miss Ellen Churchill Semple, Kentucky's distinguished anthropo-geographer, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1863. Vassar College conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon her in 1882, and the Master of Arts in 1891. She then studied for two years at the University of

Leipzig. Miss Semple has devoted herself to the new science of anthropo-geography, which is the study of the influence of geographic conditions upon the development of mankind. Since 1897 she has contributed articles upon her subject to the *New York Journal of Geography*, the *London Geographical Journal*, and to other scientific publications. Miss Semple's first book, entitled *American History and Its Geographic Conditions* (Boston, 1903), proclaimed her as the foremost student of the new science in the United States. A special edition of this work was published for the Indiana State Teachers' Association, which is said to be the largest reading circle in the world. In 1901 Miss Semple prepared an interesting study of *The Anglo-Saxons of the Kentucky Mountains*, which was issued in 1910 as a bulletin of the American Geographical Society. Miss Semple's latest work is an enormous volume, entitled *Influences of Geographic Environment on the Basis of Ratzel's System of Anthro-Geography* (New York, 1911). This required seven long years of untiring research to prepare, and with its publication she came into her own position, which is quite unique in the whole range of American literature. Although scientific to the last degree, her writings have the real literary flavor, which is seldom found in such work. Miss Semple lectured at Oxford University in 1912, and in the late autumn of that year she discussed Japan, in which country she had experienced much of value and interest, before the Royal British Geographical Society in London, and later before the Royal Scottish Geographical Society in Edinburgh. Between various lectures in Scotland and England she continued her researches in the London libraries, returning to the United States as the year closed.

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MAN A PRODUCT OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE^[36]

[From *Influences of Geographic Environment* (New York, 1911)]

Man is a product of the earth's surface. This means not merely that he is a child of the earth, dust of her dust; but that the earth has mothered him, fed him, set him tasks, directed his thoughts, confronted him with difficulties that have strengthened his body and sharpened his wits, given him his problems of navigation or irrigation, and at the same time whispered hints for their solution. She has entered into his bone and tissue, into his mind and soul. On the mountains she has given him leg muscles of iron to climb the slope; along the coast she has left these weak and flabby, but given him instead vigorous development of chest and arm to handle his paddle or oar. In the river valley she attaches him to the fertile soil, circumscribes his ideas and ambitions by a dull round of calm, exacting duties, narrows his outlook to the cramped horizon of his farm. Up on the windswept plateaus, in the boundless stretch of the grasslands and the waterless tracts of the desert, where he roams with his flocks from pasture to pasture and oasis to oasis, where life knows much hardship but escapes the grind of drudgery, where the watching of grazing herds gives him leisure for contemplation, and the wide-ranging life a big horizon, his ideas take on a certain gigantic simplicity; religion becomes monotheism, God becomes one, unrivalled like the sand of the desert, and the grass of the steppe, stretching on and on without break or change. Chewing over and over the cud of his simple belief as the one food of his unfed mind, his faith becomes fanaticism; his big spacial ideas, born of that ceaseless regular wandering, outgrow the land that bred them and bear their legitimate fruit in wide imperial conquests.

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Man can no more be scientifically studied apart from the ground which he tills, or the lands over which he travels, or the seas over which he trades, than polar bear or desert cactus can be understood apart from its habitat. Man's relation to his environment are infinitely more numerous and complex than those of the most highly organized plant or animal. So complex are they that they constitute a legitimate and necessary object of special study. The investigation which they receive in anthropology, ethnology, sociology and history is piecemeal and partial, limited as to the race, cultural development, epoch, country or variety of geographic conditions taken into account. Hence all these sciences, together with history so far as history undertakes to explain the causes of events, fail to reach a satisfactory solution of their problems, largely because the geographic factor which enters into them all has not been thoroughly analyzed. Man has been so noisy about the way he has "conquered Nature," and Nature has been so silent in her persistent influence over man, that the geographic factor in the equation of human development has been overlooked.

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MRS. ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston, creator of the famous "Little Colonel Series," was born at Evansville, Indiana, May 15, 1863, the daughter of a clergyman. Miss Fellows was educated in the public schools of Evansville, and then spent the year of 1881-1882 at the State University of Iowa. She was married at Evansville, in 1888, to William L. Johnston, who died four years later, leaving her a son and daughter. Mrs. Johnston's first arrival in Kentucky as a resident (though not as a visitor), was in 1898, and then she stayed only three years. Her son's quest of health led her first to Walton, New York, then to Arizona, where they spent a winter on the desert in sight of Camelback mountain, which suggested the legend of *In the Desert of Waiting*. From Arizona they went to California and then, in 1903, decided to try the climate of Texas, up in the hill country,

north of San Antonio. Mrs. Johnston called her home "Penacres," and she lived there until her son's death in the fall of 1910. She and her daughter returned to Pewee Valley, Kentucky, in April, 1911, and purchased "The Beeches," the old home of Mrs. Henry W. Lawton, the widow of the famous American general. The house is situated in a six acre grove of magnificent beech-trees, and is a place often mentioned in "The Little Colonel" stories. Mrs. Johnston's books are: *Big Brother* (Boston, 1893); *The Little Colonel* (Boston, 1895); *Joel: A Boy of Galilee* (Boston, 1895; Italian translation, 1900); *In League with Israel* (Cincinnati, 1896), the second and last of Mrs. Johnston's books that was not issued by L. C. Page and Company, Boston; *Ole Mammy's Torment* (1897); *Songs Ysame* (1897), a book of poems, written with her sister, Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon, the social reformer of Evansville, Indiana; *The Gate of the Giant Scissors* (1898); *Two Little Knights of Kentucky* (1899), written in Kentucky; *The Little Colonel's House Party* (1900); *The Little Colonel's Holidays* (1901); *The Little Colonel's Hero* (1902); *Cicely* (1902); *Asa Holmes, or At the Crossroads* (1902); *Flip's Islands of Providence* (1903); *The Little Colonel at Boarding-School* (1903), the children's "Order of Hildegard" was founded on the story of *The Three Weavers* in this volume; *The Little Colonel in Arizona* (1904); *The Quilt that Jack Built* (1904); *The Colonel's Christmas Vacation* (1905); *In the Desert of Waiting* (1905; Japanese translation, Tokio, 1906); *The Three Weavers* (1905), a special edition of this famous story; *Mildred's Inheritance* (1906); *The Little Colonel, Maid of Honor* (1906); *The Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding* (1907); *Mary Ware* (1908); *The Legend of the Bleeding Heart* (1908); *Keeping Tryst* (1908); *The Rescue of the Princess Winsome* (1908); *The Jester's Sword* (1909; Japanese translation, Tokio, 1910); *The Little Colonel's Good Times Book* (1909); *Mary Ware in Texas* (1910); and *Travellers Five* (1911), a collection of short-stories for grown people, previously published in magazines, with a foreword by Bliss Carman. The little Kentucky girl—called the "Little Colonel" because of her resemblance to a Southern gentleman of the old school—has had Mrs. Johnston's attention for seventeen years, and she has recently announced that she is at work upon the twelfth and final volume of the "Little Colonel Series," as she feels that work for grown-ups is more worth her while. This last story of the series was published in the fall of 1912, entitled *Mary Ware's Promised Land*; and needless to say her "promised land" is Kentucky. There are "Little Colonel Clubs" all over the world, as Mrs. Johnston has learned from thousands of letters from children, and when she rings down the curtain upon her heroine many girls and boys in this and other countries will be sad.

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THE MAGIC KETTLE^[37]

[From *The Little Colonel's Holidays* (Boston, 1901)]

Once upon a time, so the story goes (you may read it yourself in the dear old tales of Hans Christian Andersen), there was a prince who disguised himself as a swineherd. It was to gain admittance to a beautiful princess that he thus came in disguise to her father's palace, and to attract her attention he made a magic caldron, hung around with strings of silver bells. Whenever the water in the caldron boiled and bubbled, the bells rang a little tune to remind her of him.

"Oh, thou dear Augustine,
All is lost and gone,"

they sang. Such was the power of the magic kettle, that when the water bubbled hard enough to set the bells a-tinkling, any one holding his hand in the steam could smell what was cooking in every kitchen in the kingdom.

It has been many a year since the swineherd's kettle was set a-boiling and its string of bells a-jingling to satisfy the curiosity of a princess, but a time has come for it to be used again. Not that anybody nowadays cares to know what his neighbor is going to have for dinner, but all the little princes and princesses in the kingdom want to know what happened next.

"What happened after the Little Colonel's house party?" they demand, and they send letters to the Valley by the score, asking "Did Betty go blind?" "Did the two little Knights of Kentucky ever meet Joyce again or find the Gate of the Giant Scissors?" "Did the Little Colonel ever have any more good times at Locust, or did Eugenia ever forget that she too had started out to build a Road of the Loving Heart?"

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It would be impossible to answer all these questions through the post-office, so that is why the magic kettle has been dragged from its hiding-place after all these years, and set a-boiling once more. Gather in a ring around it, all you who want to know, and pass your curious fingers through its wreaths of rising steam. Now you shall see the Little Colonel and her guests of the house party in turn, and the bells shall ring for each a different song.

But before they begin, for the sake of some who may happen to be in your midst for the first time, and do not know what it is all about, let the kettle give them a glimpse into the past, that they may be able to understand all that is about to be shown to you. Those who already know the story need not put their fingers into the steam, until the bells have rung this explanation in parenthesis.

(In Lloydsboro Valley stands an old Southern mansion, known as "Locust." The place is named for a long avenue of giant locust-trees stretching a quarter of a mile from house to entrance gate in a great arch of green. Here for years an old Confederate colonel lived all alone save for the negro servants. His only child, Elizabeth, had married a Northern man against his wishes, and gone

away. From that day he would not allow her name to be spoken in his presence. But she came back to the Valley when her little daughter Lloyd was five years old. People began calling the child the Little Colonel because she seemed to have inherited so many of her grandfather's lordly ways as well as a goodly share of his high temper. The military title seemed to suit her better than her own name for in her fearless baby fashion she won her way into the old man's heart and he made a complete surrender.

Afterward when she and her mother and "Papa Jack" went to live with him at Locust, one of her favorite games was playing soldier. The old man never tired of watching her march through the wide halls with his spurs strapped to her tiny slipper heels, and her dark eyes flashing out fearlessly from under the little Napoleon cap she wore.

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She was eleven when she gave her house party. One of the guests was Joyce Ware, whom some of you have met, perhaps, in "The Gate of the Giant Scissors," a bright thirteen-year-old girl from the West. Eugenia Forbes was another. She was a distant cousin of Lloyd's, who had no home-life like other girls. Her winters were spent in a fashionable New York boarding-school, and her summers at the Waldorf-Astoria, except the few weeks when her busy father could find time to take her to some seaside resort.

The third guest, Elizabeth Lloyd Lewis, or Betty, as every one lovingly called her, was Mrs. Sherman's little god-daughter. She was an orphan, boarding on a backwoods farm on Green River. She had never been on the cars until Lloyd's invitation found its way to the Cuckoo's Nest. Only these three came to stay in the house, but Malcolm and Keith MacIntyre (the two little Knights of Kentucky) were there nearly every day. So was Rob Moore, one of the Little Colonel's summer neighbors.

The four Bobs were four little foxterrier puppies named for Rob, who had given one to each of the girls. They were so much alike they could only be distinguished by the colour of the ribbons tied around their necks. Tarbaby was the Little Colonel's pony, and Lad the one that Betty rode during her visit.

After six weeks of picnics and parties, and all sorts of surprises and good times, the house party came to a close with a grand feast of lanterns. Joyce regretfully went home to the little brown house in Plainsville, Kansas, taking her Bob with her. Eugenia and her father went to New York, but not until they had promised to come back for Betty in the fall, and take her abroad with them. It was on account of something that had happened at the house party, but which is too long a tale to repeat here.

Betty stayed on at Locust until the end of the summer in the House Beautiful, as she called her god-mother's home, and here on the long vine-covered porch, with its stately white pillars, you shall see them first through the steam of the magic caldron).

Listen! Now the kettle boils and the bells begin the story!

EVA A. MADDEN

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Miss Eva Anne Madden, author of a group of popular stories for children, was born near Bedford, Kentucky, October 26, 1863, the elder sister of Mrs. George Madden Martin, creator of *Emmy Lou*. Miss Madden was educated in the public schools of Louisville, Kentucky, after which she took a normal course. At the mature age of fourteen she was writing for *The Courier-Journal*; two years later she was doing book reviews for *The Evening Post*; and when eighteen years of age she became a teacher in the public schools. Miss Madden taught for more than ten years, or until 1892, when she went to New York and engaged in newspaper work. Her first book, *Stephen, or the Little Crusaders* (New York, 1901), was published only a few months before she sailed for Europe, where she has resided for the last eleven years. Miss Madden's *The I Can School* (New York, 1902), was followed by her other books, *The Little Queen* (Boston, 1903); *The Soldiers of the Duke* (Boston, 1904); and her most recent story, *Two Royal Foes* (New York, 1907). Miss Madden has been the Italian representative of a London firm since 1907; and since 1908 she has been the correspondent of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* for the city in which she lives, Florence, Italy. She had a very good short-story in *The Century* for February, 1911, entitled *The Interrupted Pen*.

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THE END OF "THE I CAN SCHOOL."^[38]

[From *The I Can School* (New York, 1902)]

"Good-bye, Miss Ellison," she said, putting up her little mouth to be kissed. "I'm sorry that it's the end of the 'I Can School.'"

Then Miss Ellison was all smiles.

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"You sweet little thing," she said, which was exactly what she had done ten months before.

How long ago that seemed to Virginia. How stupid she had been about learning to spell that easy "cat."

Now she could read a whole page about a black cat which got into the nest of a white hen, and she could add numbers, and "write vertical." She had painted in a book, and modeled a lovely half-apple, made real by a stem and the seeds of a russet she had had for lunch one day. She knew the name of all the birds about Fairview, and she could tell about the wild flowers.

Altogether she felt very learned and scornful of a certain small person who had thought Kentucky the name of a little girl, and who had known nothing of George Washington, and who had called C-A-T kitten-puss.

Virginia's mamma was very proud of all her little girl knew. She did not wait for Virginia to get her work from the janitor. She took it all carefully home to show her husband.

"Papa," said Virginia, the moment Mr. Barton entered the house that evening, "it's vacation!"

"Vacation!" said her father. "My! my! I remember that there was a time, Miss Barton, when I loved it better than school; do you?"

Virginia hesitated.

"Ten months," she said at last, "is a lot of school. Lucretia and Catherine seem just as tired, papa. Their lessons don't interest them now that it's so hot. I love the 'I Can School,' papa; but it's nice to stay at home and play 'Lady come to see.'"

This was a very long speech for Virginia, the longest that she ever had made.

Her papa laughed.

"Miss Barton," he said, "profound student that you are, I see that in some things you are not altogether different from your parent. But let me remind you, Miss Barton, when you feel at times a little tired of vacation, that the 'I Can' will begin again on the tenth of September."

"And Miss Ellison will be so glad to see me!" said Virginia confidently.

Her papa laughed.

"As for that, Miss Barton—"

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"Now don't, Edward," interrupted his wife. "I am sure, Virginia, that Miss Ellison will be glad to see you in the fall. If I were you I would write her a little letter in the vacation. I have her address."

"And I'll tell Billy and Carter and Harry and all the children, and we'll all write so that she won't forget us. And she'll answer them, mamma, won't she?"

"I think she will," answered her mother. "It will be very nice for you to write to her."

But her husband said in a low voice, "Poor Miss Ellison."

"Good Miss Ellison, papa," said Virginia. "She's nice and I love her."

JOHN FOX, Jr.

John Fox, Junior, Kentucky's master maker of mountain myths, was born at Stony Point, near Paris, Kentucky, December 16, 1863, the son of a schoolmaster. He was christened "John William Fox, Junior," but he early discarded his middle name. By his father he was largely fitted for Kentucky, now Transylvania, University, which institution he entered at the age of fifteen, spending the two years of 1878-1880 there, when he left and went to Harvard. Mr. Fox was graduated from Harvard in 1883, the youngest man in his class. Though he had written nothing during his collegiate career, upon quitting Cambridge he joined the staff of the New York *Sun* and later entered Columbia Law School. He soon abandoned law and went with the *New York Times*, where he remained several months, when illness—blind and blessed goddess in disguise!—compelled him to go south in search of health. At length he found himself high up in the Cumberland Mountains, associated with his father and brother in a mining venture. He also taught school for a time, but the mountaineers of Kentucky were upon him, and he began to weave romances about them. Mr. Fox's first story, *A Mountain Europa* (New York, 1894), originally appeared in two parts in *The Century Magazine* for September and October, 1892. It was dedicated to James Lane Allen, whom its author had to thank for encouragement when he stood most in need of it. *On Hell-fer-Sartain Creek*, which followed fast upon the heels of his first book, made Mr. Fox famous in a fortnight. Written in a day and a half, *Harper's Weekly* paid him the munificent sum of six dollars for it, and printed it back with the advertisements in the issue for November 24, 1894. The ending was transposed just a bit and a word or two discarded for apter words before it was published in book form; and these revisions were very fine, greatly

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improving the tale. In its most recent dress it counts less than five small pages; and it may be read in as many minutes. The mountain dialect prevails throughout. It "admits an epic breadth," the biggest thing Mr. Fox has done hitherto, and now generally regarded as a very great short-story.

A Cumberland Vendetta and Other Stories (New York, 1895), contained, besides the title-story, first published in *The Century*, a reprinting of *A Mountain Europa*—which made the third time it had been printed in three years—*The Last Stetson*, and *On Hell-fer-Sartain Creek*. This volume was followed by Mr. Fox's finest work, entitled *Hell-fer-Sartain and Other Stories* (New York, 1897). Of the ten stories in this little volume but four of them are in correct English, the others, the best ones, being in dialect. The last and longest story, *A Purple Rhododendron*, originally appeared in *The Southern Magazine*, a now defunct periodical of Louisville, Kentucky. *The Kentuckians* (New York, 1897), was published a short time after *Hell-fer-Sartain and Other Stories*. This novelette pitted a man of the Blue Grass against a man of the Kentucky hills, and the struggle was not overly severe; the reading world did little more than remark its appearance and its passing.

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When the Spanish-American war was declared Mr. Fox went to Cuba as a Rough Rider, but left that organization to act as correspondent for *Harper's Weekly*. He witnessed the fiercest fighting from the firing lines, and his own experiences were largely written into his first long novel, entitled *Crittenden* (New York, 1900). This tale of love with war entwined was well told; and its concluding clause: "God was good that Christmas!" has become one of his most famous expressions. After the war Mr. Fox returned to the South. *Bluegrass and Rhododendron* (New York, 1901), was a series of descriptive essays upon life in the Kentucky mountains, in which Mr. Fox did for the hillsmen what Mr. Allen had done for the customs and traditions of his own section of the state in *The Bluegrass Region of Kentucky*. It also embodied his own personal experiences as a member of the police guard in Kentucky and Virginia. The word "rhododendron" is Mr. Fox's shibboleth, and he seemingly never tires of writing it.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come (New York, 1903), is his best long novel so far. The boy, Chad, is, perhaps, his one character-contribution to American fiction; and the boy's dog, "Jack," stands second to the little hero in the hearts of the thousands who read the book. The opening chapters are especially fine. The love story of *The Little Shepherd* is most attractive; and the Civil War is presented in a manner not wholly laborious. After *Hell-fer-Sartain* this novel is far and away the best thing Mr. Fox has done.

Christmas Eve on Lonesome and Other Stories (New York, 1904), contained the title-story and five others, including *The Last Stetson*, which had appeared many years before in *Harper's Weekly*, and later in *A Cumberland Vendetta*. Mr. Fox attempted to reach the theatre of the Russian-Japanese War, as a correspondent for *Scribner's Magazine*, but he was not allowed to join the ever advancing armies. His experiences may be read in *Following the Sun-Flag* (New York, 1905), with its tell-tale sub-title: "a vain pursuit through Manchuria." His next work was a novelette, *A Knight of the Cumberland* (New York, 1906), first published as a serial in *Scribner's Magazine*. It was well done and rather interesting.

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Mr. Fox spent the greater part of the year of 1907 in work upon *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* (New York, 1908), a story that must be placed beside *The Little Shepherd* when any classification of the author's work is made. The heroine, June, is none other than Chad in feminine garb. The book contains some of the most excellent writing Mr. Fox has done, the descriptions being especially fine. It was dramatized by Eugene Walter and successfully produced. A few months after the publication of *The Trail*, the author married Fritzi Scheff, the operatic star, to whom he had inscribed his story. They have a home at Big Stone Gap, in the Virginia mountains.

In April, 1912, Mr. Fox's most recent novel, *The Heart of the Hills*, began as a serial in *Scribner's*, to be concluded in the issue for March, 1913. It is red with recent happenings in Kentucky, happenings which are, at the present time, too hackneyed to be of very great interest to the people of that state.^[39] It must be remembered always that Mr. Fox is a story-teller pure and simple, and that he seemingly makes little effort to arrive at the stage of perfection in the mere matter of writing that characterizes the work of a group of his contemporaries. That he is a wonderful maker of short-stories in the mountain dialect is certain; but that he is a great novelist is yet to be established.

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THE CHRISTMAS TREE ON PIGEON^[40]

[From *Collier's Weekly* (December 11, 1909)]

The sun of Christmas poured golden blessings on the head of the valley first; it shot winged shafts of yellow light through the great Gap and into the month of Pigeon; it darted awakening arrows into the coves and hollows on the Head of Pigeon, between Brushy Ridge and Black Mountain; and one searching ray flashed through the open door of the little log schoolhouse at the forks of Pigeon and played like a smile over the waiting cedar that stood within—alone.

Down at the mines below, the young doctor had not waited the coming of that sun. He had

sprung from his bed at dawn, had built his own fire, had dressed hurriedly, and gone hurriedly on his rounds, leaving a pill here, a powder there, and a word of good cheer everywhere. That was his Christmas tree, the cedar in the little schoolhouse—his and *hers*. And *she* was coming up from the Gap that day to dress that tree and spread the joy of Christmas among mountain folks, to whom the joy of Christmas was quite unknown.

An hour later the passing mail-carrier, from over Black Mountain, stopped with switch uplifted at his office door.

"Them fellers over the Ridge air comin' over to shoot up yo' Christmas tree," he drawled.

The switch fell and he was gone. The young doctor dropped by his fire—stunned; for just that thing had happened ten years before to the only Christmas tree that had ever been heard of in those hills except his own. From that very schoolhouse some vandals from the Crab Orchard and from over Black Mountain had driven the Pigeon Creek people after a short fight, and while the surprised men, frightened women and children, and the terrified teacher scurried to safety behind rocks and trees, had shot the tree to pieces. That was ten years before, but even now, though there were some old men and a few old women who knew the Bible from end to end, many grown people and nearly all of the children had never heard of the Book, or of Christ, or knew that there was a day known as Christmas Day. That such things were so had hurt the doctor to the heart, and that was why, as Christmas drew near, he had gone through the out-of-the-way hollows at the Head of Pigeon, and got the names and ages of all the mountain children; why for a few days before Christmas there had been such a dressing of dolls in the sweetheart's house down in the Gap as there had not been since she herself was a little girl; and why now the cedar tree stood in the little log schoolhouse at the forks of Pigeon. Moreover, there was as yet enmity between the mountaineers of Pigeon and the mountaineers over the Ridge and Black Mountain, who were jealous and scornful of any signs of the foreign influence but recently come into the hills. The meeting-house, courthouse, and the schoolhouse were yet favorite places for fights among the mountaineers. There was yet no reverence at all for Christmas, and the same vandals might yet regard a Christmas tree as an imported frivolity to be sternly rebuked. The news was not only not incredible, it probably was true; and with this conclusion some very unpleasant lines came into the young doctor's kindly face and he sprang from his horse.

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Two hours later he had a burly mountaineer with a Winchester posted on the road leading to the Crab Orchard, another on the mountainside overlooking the little valley, several more similarly armed below, while he and two friends, with revolvers, buckled on, waited for the coming party, with their horses hitched in front of his office door. This Christmas tree was to be.

It was almost noon when the doctor heard gay voices and happy laughter high on the ridge, and he soon saw a big spring wagon drawn by a pair of powerful bays—Major, the colored coachman, on the seat, the radiant faces of the Christmas-giving party behind him, and a big English setter playing in the snow alongside.

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Up Pigeon then the wagon went with the doctor and his three friends on horseback beside it, past the long batteries of coke-ovens with grinning darkies, coke-pullers, and loaders idling about them, up the rough road through lanes of snow-covered rhododendrons winding among tall oaks, chestnuts, and hemlocks, and through circles and arrows of gold with which the sun splashed the white earth—every cabin that they passed tenantless, for the inmates had gone ahead long ago—and on to the little schoolhouse that sat on a tiny plateau in a small clearing, with snow-tufted bushes of laurel on every side and snowy mountains rising on either hand.

The door was wide open and smoke was curling from the chimney. A few horses and mules were hitched to the bushes near by. Men, boys, and dogs were gathered around a big fire in front of the building; and in a minute women, children, and more dogs poured out of the schoolhouse to watch the coming cavalcade.

Since sunrise the motley group had been waiting there: the women thinly clad in dresses of worsted or dark calico, and a shawl or short jacket or man's coat, with a sunbonnet or "fascinator" on their heads, and men's shoes on their feet—the older ones stooped and thin, the younger ones carrying babies, and all with weather-beaten faces and bare hands; the men and boys without overcoats, their coarse shirts unbuttoned, their necks and upper chests bared to the biting cold, their hands thrust in their pockets as they stood about the fire, and below their short coat sleeves their wrists showing chapped and red; while to the little boys and girls had fallen only such odds and ends of clothing as the older ones could spare. Quickly the doctor got his party indoors and to work on the Christmas tree. Not one did he tell of the impending danger, and the Colt's .45 bulging under this man's shoulder or on that man's hip, and the Winchester in the hollow of an arm here and there were sights too common in these hills to arouse suspicion in anybody's mind. The cedar tree, shorn of its branches at the base and banked with mosses, towered to the angle of the roof. There were no desks in the room except the one table used by the teacher. Long, crude wooden benches with low backs faced the tree, with an aisle leading from the door between them. Lap-ropes were hung over the windows, and soon a gorgeous figure of Santa Claus was smiling down from the very tiptop of the tree. Ropes of gold and silver tinsel were swiftly draped around and up and down; enmeshed in these were little red Santas, gaily colored paper horns, filled with candy, colored balls, white and yellow birds, little colored candles with holders to match, and other glittering things; while over the whole tree a glistening powder was sprinkled like a mist of shining snow. Many presents were tied to the tree, and under it were the rest of the labeled ones in a big pile. In a semicircle about the base sat the dolls in pink, yellow, and blue, and looking down the aisle to the door. Packages of candy in colored Japanese

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napkins and tied with a narrow red ribbon were in another pile, with a pyramid of oranges at its foot. And yet there was still another pile for unexpected children, that the heart of none should be sore. Then the candles were lighted and the door flung open to the eager waiting crowd outside. In a moment every seat was silently filled by the women and children, and the men, stolid but expectant, lined the wall. The like of that tree no soul of them had ever seen before. Only a few of the older ones had ever seen a Christmas tree of any kind and they but once; and they had lost that in a free-for-all fight. And yet only the eyes of them showed surprise or pleasure. There was no word—no smile, only unwavering eyes mesmerically fixed on the wonderful tree.

The young doctor rose, and only the sweetheart saw that he was nervous, restless, and pale. As best he could he told them what Christmas was and what it meant to the world; and he had scarcely finished when a hand beckoned to him from the door. Leaving one of his friends to distribute the presents, he went outside to discover that one vandal had come on ahead, drunk and boisterous. Promptly the doctor tied him to a tree, shouldered a Winchester, and himself took up a lonely vigil on the mountainside. Within, Christmas went on. When a name was called a child came forward silently, usually shoved to the front by some relative, took what was handed to it, and, dumb with delight, but too shy even to murmur a word of thanks, silently returned to its seat with the presents hugged to its breast—presents that were simple, but not to those mountain mites; colored pictures and illustrated books they were, red plush albums, simple games, fascinators and mittens for the girls; pocket-knives, balls, firecrackers, and horns, mittens, caps, and mufflers for the boys; a doll dressed in everything a doll should wear for each little girl, no one of whom had ever seen a doll before, except what was home-made from an old dress or apron tied in several knots to make the head and body. Twice only was the silence broken. One boy quite forgot himself when given a pocket-knife. He looked at it suspiciously and incredulously, turned it over in his hand, opened it and felt the edge of the blade, and, panting with excitement, cried: "Hit's a shore 'nough knife!"

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And again when, to make sure that nobody had been left out, though all the presents were gone, the master of ceremonies asked if there was any other little boy or girl who had received nothing, there arose a bent, toothless old woman in a calico dress and baggy black coat, her gray hair straggling from under her black sunbonnet, and her hands gnarled and knotted from work and rheumatism. Simply as a child, she spoke:

"I hain't got nothin'."

Gravely the giver of the gifts asked her to come forward, and, nonplussed, searched the tree for the most glittering thing he could find. Then all the women pressed forward and then the men, until all the ornaments were gone, even the half-burned candles with their colored holders, which the men took eagerly and fastened in their coats, clasping the holders to their lapels or fastening the bent wire in their button-holes, and pieces of tinsel rope, which they threw over their shoulders—so that the tree stood at last just as it was when brought from the wild woods outside.

Straightway then the young doctor hurried the departure of the merry-makers from the Gap. Already the horses stood hitched, and, while the laprobes were being carried out, a mountaineer, who had brought along a sack of apples, lined up the men and boys, and at a given word started running down the road, pouring out the apples as he ran, while the men and boys scrambled for them, rolling and tussling in the snow. As the party moved away, the mountaineers waved their hands and shouted good-by to the doctor, too shy still to pay much heed to the other "furriners" in the wagon. The doctor looked back once with a grateful sigh of relief but no one in the wagon knew that there had been any danger that day. How great the danger had been not even the doctor knew then. For the coming vandals had got as far as the top of the Dividing Ridge, had there quarreled and fought among themselves, so that, as the party drove away, one invader was at that minute cursing his captors, who were setting him free, and high upon the ridge another lay dead in the snow.

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In time there was a wedding at the Gap, and long afterward the doctor, riding by the little schoolhouse, stopped at the door, and from his horse shoved it open. The Christmas tree stood just as he had left it on Christmas Day, only, like the evergreens on the wall and over the windows, it, too, was brown, withered and dry. Gently he closed the door and rode on.

FANNIE C. MACAULAY

Mrs. Fannie Caldwell Macaulay ("Frances Little"), "the lady of the Decoration," was born at Shelbyville; Kentucky, November 22, 1863, the daughter of a jurist. She was educated at Science Hill Academy, Shelbyville, a noted school for girls. Miss Caldwell was married to James Macaulay of Liverpool, England, but her marriage proved unhappy. From 1899 to 1902 Mrs. Macaulay was a kindergarten teacher in Louisville, Kentucky; and from 1902 to 1907 she was engaged as supervisor of kindergarten work at Hiroshima, Japan. From Japan she wrote letters home which were so charming and clever that her niece, Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, the Louisville novelist, insisted that she make them into a book. The result was *The Lady of the Decoration* (New York, 1906), for more than a year the most popular book in America. This little epistolary tale of heroic

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struggle for one's work and one's love, was read in all parts of the English-speaking world. It set the high-water mark, probably, for even the "six best sellers." Mrs. Macaulay's second book, *Little Sister Snow* (New York, 1909), was the tender love story of a young American and a Japanese girl. The lad sailed away to his American sweetheart, leaving "Little Sister Snow" blowing him kisses from her native shore. Mrs. Macaulay's latest story, *The Lady and Sada San* (New York, 1912), was published in London under the title of *The Lady Married*, which was clearer, as it is the sequel to *The Lady of the Decoration*. The Lady's husband, Jack, sails away to China in pursuit of his scientific duties, leaving her lonely in Kentucky. She decides to make another journey to Japan; and on the way over she falls in with a charming young American-Japanese girl, Sada San, whom she subsequently saves from a most cruel fate. She then finds her husband, ill and exhausted with his long trip, and returns with him to Kentucky. The descriptions of the countries through which she passes are very fine: the best writing the author has shown hitherto. The little volume was reported as the best selling book in America at Christmas time of 1912. Mrs. Macaulay has spent much of her life during the last several years in Japan, but her home is at Louisville. She is a prominent club woman, and a charming lecturer upon the beauties of Nippon.

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APPROACHING JAPAN^[41]

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[From *The Lady of the Decoration* (New York, 1906)]

Still on Board. August 18th.

DEAR MATE:

I am writing this in my berth with the curtains drawn. No I am not a bit sea-sick, just popular. One of the old ladies is teaching me to knit, the short-haired missionary reads aloud to me, the girl from South Dakota keeps my feet covered up, and Dear Pa and Little Germany assist me to eat.

The captain has had a big bathing tank rigged up for the ladies, and I take a cold plunge every morning. It makes me think of our old days at the cottage up at the Cape. Didn't we have a royal time that summer and weren't we young and foolish? It was the last good time I had for many a long day—but there, none of that!

Last night I had an adventure, at least it was next door to one. I was sitting up on deck when Dear Pa came by and asked me to walk with him. After several rounds we sat down on the pilot house steps. The moon was as big as a wagon wheel and the whole sea flooded with silver, while the flying fishes played hide and seek in the shadows. I forgot all about Dear Pa and was doing a lot of thinking on my own account when he leaned over and said:

"I hope you don't mind talking to me. I am very, very lonely." Now I thought I recognized a grave symptom, and when he began to tell me about his dear departed, I knew it was time to be going.

"You have passed through it," he said. "You can sympathize."

I crossed my fingers in the dark. "We are both seeking a life work in a foreign field—" he began again, but just here the purser passed. He almost stumbled over us in the dark and when he saw me and my elderly friend, he actually smiled!

Don't you dare tell Jack about this, I should never hear the last of it.

Can you realize that I am three whole weeks from home! I do, every second of it. Sometimes when I stop to think what I am doing my heart almost bursts! But then I am so used to the heartache that I might be lonesome without it; who knows?

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If I can only do what is expected of me, if I can only pick up the pieces of this smashed-up life of mine and patch them into a decent whole that you will not be ashamed of, then I will be content.

The first foreign word I have learned is "Alohae," I think it means "my dearest love to you." Anyhow I send it laden with the tenderest meaning. God bless and keep you all, and bring me back to you a wiser and a gladder woman.

JAMES D. BRUNER

James Dowden Bruner, editor of many masterpieces of French literature, as well as an original critic of that literature, was born near Leitchfield, Kentucky, May 19, 1864. He was graduated from Franklin College, Franklin, Indiana, in 1888, and then taught French and German at Franklin for two years. Professor Bruner studied a year in Paris and Florence and, on his return to this country, in 1893, he was elected professor of Romance languages in the University of Illinois. Johns Hopkins University conferred the degree of Ph. D. upon him, in 1894, his dissertation being *The Phonology of the Pistoiese Dialect* (Baltimore, 1894, a brochure). From

1895 to 1899 Dr. Bruner was professor of Romance languages and literatures in the University of Chicago; from 1901 to 1909 he held a similar chair in the University of North Carolina; and since 1909 he has been president of Chowan College, Murfreesboro, North Carolina. Dr. Bruner has edited, with introductions and critical notes, *Les Aventures du Dernier Abencerage*, par Chateaubriand (New York, 1903); *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, par Octave Feuillet (Boston, 1904); *Hernani*, par Victor Hugo (New York, 1906); and *Le Cid*, par Pierre Corneille (New York, 1908), his finest critical edition of any French classic hitherto. His *Studies in Victor Hugo's Dramatic Characters* (Boston, 1908), announced the advent of a new critic of the great Frenchman's plays. It is an excellent piece of work.

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THE FRENCH CLASSICAL DRAMA^[42]

[From *Le Cid*, par Pierre Corneille (New York, 1908)]

Corneille in the *Cid* founded the French classical drama. Before the appearance of this masterpiece, a transition drama containing characteristics of the tragi-comedy as well as of the regular classical tragedy, of which Corneille's next three plays, *Horace*, *Cinna*, and *Polyeucte*, were to be perfect examples, the tragi-comedy prevailed in France. This tragi-comedy, or irregular drama, was a Renaissance product, having a history and characteristics of its own, being largely influenced by the tragedies of Seneca. Its most important characteristics are non-historic subjects, serious or tragic plots, the mixture of comic and tragic elements or tones, the high rank of the leading characters, the *style noble*, looseness of structure, the disregard of the minor or Italian unities of time and place, the classical form of verse and number of acts, romanesque elements, and a happy ending.

The most striking characteristic of the French classical drama of the seventeenth century, as of the modern short story, is that of compression. This statement is true both as to its form and its content. The accidental accessories of splendid decorations, magnificent costumes, subsidiary plots, and secondary characters that might detract from the main situation or obscure the general impression, are, as far as possible, sacrificed to the essential or necessary interests of dramatic art. Improbable and irrational elements are reduced to a minimum. Digressions, episodes, long soliloquies, oratorical tirades, minute descriptions of external nature, and complicated machinery that would encumber the plot or destroy proportion, are largely eliminated. The classical dramatist is too sensitive to the beautiful, the sublime, the essential, and the universal to admit into his conception of fine art either moral and physical deformity or the accidental and particular aspects of life. Classical tragedy is furthermore narrow in its choice of subject and form, in its number and range of characters, in its representation of material and physical action on the stage, and in its number of events, incidents, and actions. Its subjects and materials are taken almost wholly from ancient classical and Hebrew sources. Mediaeval, national, and modern foreign raw material, whether life, history, legend, or literature, is seldom utilized. Its manners and ideas are those of the court and the *salons*, and its religion is pagan. Its language is general, cold, regular, and conventional, and its versification is confined to rimed Alexandrine couplets, with the immovable caesura and little *enjambement*.

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The Frenchman's love of proportion, symmetry, restraint, and logical order led him to the cult of form. In striving after perfection of form, he naturally adopted compression as the best method of expressing this innate artistic reserve. This compactness and concentration of form, this compressed brevity, which the Frenchman inherited from the Latins, is well illustrated by the following lines from Wordsworth:

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of hand,
And eternity in an hour.

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MADISON CAWEIN

Madison Cawein, whom English critics name the greatest living American poet, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, March 23, 1865. He was christened "Madison Julius Cawein," but he had not gotten far in the literary lane before his middle name was dropped, though the "J." may be found upon the title-pages of his earlier books. After some preparatory work he entered the Louisville Male High School, in 1881, at the age of sixteen years. At high school Madison Cawein began to write rhymes which he read to the students and teachers upon stated occasions, and he was hailed by them as a true maker of song. He was graduated in 1886 in a class of thirteen members. Being poor in purse, Mr. Cawein accepted a position in a Louisville business house, and he is one of the few American poets who wrote in the midst of such commercialism. His was the singing heart, not to be crushed by conditions or environment of any kind. The year after his graduation he collected the best of his school verse and published them as his first book, *Blooms of the Berry* (Louisville, 1887). In some way William Dean Howells and Thomas Bailey Aldrich

saw this volume, praised it, and fixed the future poet in his right path. *The Triumph of Music* (Louisville, 1888), sounded after *The Blooms of the Berry*, and since that time hardly a year has passed without the poet putting forth a slender volume. The next few years saw the publication of his *Accolon of Gaul* (Louisville, 1889); *Lyrics and Idyls* (Louisville, 1890); *Days and Dreams* (New York, 1891); *Moods and Memories* (New York, 1892); *Red Leaves and Roses* (New York, 1893); *Poems of Nature and Love* (New York, 1893); *Intimations of the Beautiful* (New York, 1894), one of his longest poems; *The White Snake* (Louisville, 1895), metrical translations from the German poets; *Undertones* (Boston, 1896), which contained some of the finest lyrics he has done so far; *The Garden of Dreams* (Louisville, 1896); *Shapes and Shadows* (New York, 1898); *Idyllic Monologues* (Louisville, 1898); *Myth and Romance* (New York, 1899); *One Day and Another* (Boston, 1901), a lyrical eclogue; *Weeds by the Wall* (Louisville, 1901); *A Voice on the Wind* (Louisville, 1902). A glance at these titles, following fast upon each other, convinces the reader that Mr. Cawein was writing and publishing far too much, that he was not sufficiently critical of his work. Edmund Gosse, the famous English critic, has always been one of Mr. Cawein's most ardent admirers, and, in 1903, he selected the best of his poems, wrote a delightful introduction for them, and they were published in London under the title of *Kentucky Poems*. This volume brought the poet many new friends, as it assembled the best of his work from volumes long out of print and rather difficult to procure. *The Vale of Tempe* (New York, 1905), contained the best of Mr. Cawein's work written since the publication of *Weeds by the Wall* in 1901. *Nature-Notes and Impressions* (New York, 1906), a collection of poems and prose-pastels, was especially notable for the fact that it contained the first and only short-story the poet has written, entitled "Woman or—What?"

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The Poems of Madison Cawein (Indianapolis, 1907, five volumes), charmingly illustrated by Mr. Eric Pape, the Boston artist, with Mr. Gosse's introduction, brought together all of Mr. Cawein's work that he cared to rescue from many widely scattered volumes. He made many revisions in the poems, some of which (in the judgment of the writer) tend to mar their original beauty. But it is a work of which any poet may be proud; and it is not surpassed in quality or quantity by any living American.

Mr. Cawein's *Ode in Commemoration of the Founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony* (Louisville, 1908), which he read at Gloucester in August, 1907, was rather lengthy, but it contained many strong and fine lines; and a group of New England sonnets, some of the best he has done, appeared at the end of the ode. His *New Poems* (London, 1909), was followed by *The Giant and the Star* (Boston, 1909), a small collection of children's verse, dedicated to his little son, who furnished their inspiration. *Let Us Do the Best that We Can* (Chicago, 1909), was a beautiful brochure; and *The Shadow Garden and Other Plays* (New York, 1910), was four chamber-dramas which have been highly praised, and which contain some of the most delicate work the poet has done. *So Many Ways* (Chicago, 1911), was another pamphlet-poem; and it was followed by *Poems* (New York, 1911), selected from the whole range of his work by himself, with a foreword by William Dean Howells. Mr. Cawein's latest volume is entitled *The Poet, the Fool and the Faeries* (Boston, 1912). It brings together his work of the last two or three years, both in the field of the lyric and of the drama. And from the mechanical aspect it is his most beautiful book. The poet will publish two books through a Cincinnati firm in 1913, to be entitled *The Republic—a Little Book of Homespun Verse*, and *Minions of the Moon*.

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In March, 1912, literary Louisville celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of *Blooms of the Berry*, and the forty-seventh birthday of its author, Madison Cawein, the city's most distinguished man of letters. This was the first public recognition Mr. Cawein has received in the land of his birth, though it is now proposed to place a bust of him in the public library of Louisville. He is better known in New York or London than he is in Kentucky, but it will not be long before the people of his own land realize that they have been entertaining a world-poet, possibly, unawares. He is so far removed from any Kentucky poet of the present school that to mention him in the same breath with any of them is to make one's self absurd. Looking backward to the beginnings of our literature and coming carefully down the slope to this time, but two poets rise out of the mist of yesterday to greet Cawein and challenge him for the laureateship of Kentucky makers of song: Theodore O'Hara with his immortal elegy, and Daniel Henry Holmes with his sheaf of tender lyrics. These three are the nearest approach to the ineffable poets—who left the earth with the passing of Tennyson—yet nurtured upon Kentucky soil.

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Mr. Cawein is, of course, a poet of Nature, a landscape poet in particular who paints every color on the palette into his work. Had he been an artist he would have exhausted all colors conceived thus far by man, and would fain have originated new ones. There are literally hundreds of his poems in which every line is as surely a stroke as if done with the brush of a painter. Color, color, is his shibboleth-scheme, and he who would woo Nature in her richest robes may read Cawein and be content.

Amazing as it may seem Mr. Cawein has thirty-four volumes to his credit—almost one for every year of his life. This statement stamps him as one of the most prolific poets of modern times, if not, indeed, of all time. And that it is not all quantity, may be seen in the recent declaration of *The Poetry Review* of London: "He appears quite the biggest figure among American poets; his *return to nature* has no tinge of affectation; it is genuine to the smallest detail. If he suffers from fatigue, it is in him, at least, not through that desperate satiety of town life which with so many recent poets has ended in impressionism and death."

CONCLUSION^[43]

[From *Undertones* (Boston, 1896)]

The songs Love sang to us are dead:
Yet shall he sing to us again,
When the dull days are wrapped in lead,
And the red woodland drips with rain.

The lily of our love is gone,
That touched our spring with golden scent;
Now in the garden low upon
The wind-stripped way its stalk is bent.

Our rose of dreams is passed away,
That lit our summer with sweet fire;
The storm beats bare each thorny spray,
And its dead leaves are trod in mire.

The songs Love sang to us are dead;
Yet shall he sing to us again,
When the dull days are wrapped in lead,
And the red woodland drips with rain.

The marigold of memory
Shall fill our autumn then with glow;
Haply its bitterness will be
Sweeter than love of long ago.

The cypress of forgetfulness
Shall haunt our winter with its hue;
The apathy to us not less
Dear than the dreams our summer knew.

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INDIAN SUMMER^[44]

[From *Kentucky Poems* (London, 1903)]

The dawn is warp of fever,
The eve is woof of fire;
And the month is a singing weaver
Weaving a red desire.

With stars Dawn dices with Even
For the rosy gold they heap
On the blue of the day's deep heaven,
On the black of the night's far deep.

It's—'Reins to the blood!' and 'Marry!'—
The season's a prince who burns
With the teasing lusts that harry
His heart for a wench who spurns.

It's—'Crown us a beaker with sherry,
To drink to the doxy's heels;
A tankard of wine o' the berry,
To lips like a cloven peel's.

'S death! if a king be saddened,
Right so let a fool laugh lies:
But wine! when a king is gladdened,
And a woman's waist and her eyes.'

He hath shattered the loom of the weaver,
And left but a leaf that flits,
He hath seized heaven's gold, and a fever
Of mist and of frost is its.

He hath tippled the buxom beauty,
And gotten her hug and her kiss—
The wide world's royal booty
To pile at her feet for this.

A distant river glimpsed through deep-leaved trees.
A field of fragment flint, blue, gray, and red.
Rocks overgrown with twigs of trailing vines
Thick-hung with clusters of the green wild-grape.
Old chestnut groves the haunt of drowsy cows,
Full-uddered kine chewing a sleepy cud;
Or, at the gate, around the dripping trough,
Docile and lowing, waiting the milking-time.
Lanes where the wild-rose blooms, murmurous with bees,
The bumble-bee tumbling their frowsy heads,
Rumbling and raging in the bell-flower's bells,
Drunken with honey, singing himself asleep.
Old in romance a shadowy belt of woods.
A house, wide-porched, before which sweeps a lawn
Gray-boled with beeches and where elder blooms.
And on the lawn, whiter of hand than milk,
And sweeter of breath than is the elder bloom,
A woman with a wild-rose in her hair.

LOVE AND A DAY^[46]

[From *The Poems of Madison Cawein* (Indianapolis, 1907, v. ii)]

I

In girandoles and gladioles
The day had kindled flame;
And Heaven a door of gold and pearl
Unclosed, whence Morning,—like a girl,
A red rose twisted in a curl,—
Down sapphire stairways came.

Said I to Love: "What must I do?
What shall I do? what can I do?"
Said I to Love: "What must I do,
All on a summer's morning?"

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Said Love to me: "Go woo, go woo."
Said Love to me: "Go woo.
If she be milking, follow, O!
And in the clover hollow, O!
While through the dew the bells clang clear,
Just whisper it into her ear,
All on a summer's morning."

II

Of honey and heat and weed and wheat
The day had made perfume;
And Heaven a tower of turquoise raised,
Whence Noon, like some pale woman, gazed—
A sunflower withering at her waist—
Within a crystal room.

Said I to Love: "What must I do?
What shall I do? what can I do?"
Said I to Love: "What must I do,
All in the summer nooning?"

Said Love to me: "Go woo, go woo."
Said Love to me: "Go woo.
If she be 'mid the rakers, O!
Among the harvest acres, O!
While every breeze brings scents of hay,
Just hold her hand and not take 'nay,'
All in the summer nooning."

III

With song and sigh and cricket cry
The day had mingled rest;
And Heaven a casement opened wide
Of opal, whence, like some young bride,
The Twilight leaned, all starry eyed,
A moonflower on her breast.

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Said I to Love: "What must I do?
What shall I do? what can I do?"
Said I to Love: "What must I do,
All in the summer gloaming?"

Said Love to me: "Go woo, go woo."
Said Love to me: "Go woo.
Go meet her at the trysting, O!
And 'spite of her resisting, O!
Beneath the stars and afterglow,
Just clasp her close and kiss her—so,
All in the summer gloaming."

IN A SHADOW GARDEN^[47]

[From *The Shadow Garden, and Other Plays* (New York, 1910)]

Shadow of the Man: Elfin's haunt these walks.
The place is most propitious and the time.—
See how they trip it!—There one rides a snail.
And here another teases at a bee.—
In spite of grief my soul could almost smile.—
Elfin's! frail spirits of the Stars and Moon,
'Tis manifest to me 'tis you we see.—
We never knew, or cared, once.—Would we had!—
Our lives had proved less empty; and the joy,
That comes with beautiful belief in everything
That makes for childhood, had then touched us young
And kept us young forever; young in heart—
The only youth man has. But man believes
In only what he contacts; what he sees;
Not what he feels most. Crass, material touch
And vision are his all. The loveliness,
That ambuscades him in his dreams and thoughts,
Is merely portion of his thoughts and dreams
And counts for nothing that he reckons real;
But is, in fact, less insubstantial than
The world he builds of matter-of-fact and stone.
That great inhuman world of evidence,
Which doubts and scoffs and steadily grows old
With what it christens wisdom.—Did it know,
The wise are only they who keep their minds
As little children's, innocent of doubt,
Believing all things beautiful are true.

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UNREQUITED^[48]

[From *Poems* (New York, 1911)]

Passion? not hers! who held me with pure eyes:
One hand among the deep curls of her brow,
I drank the girlhood of her gaze with sighs:
She never sighed, nor gave me kiss or vow.

So have I seen a clear October pool,
Cold, liquid topaz, set within the sere
Gold of the woodland, tremorless and cool,
Reflecting all the heartbreak of the year.

Sweetheart? not she! whose voice was music-sweet;
Whose face loaned language to melodious prayer.
Sweetheart I called her.—When did she repeat
Sweet to one hope, or heart to one despair!

So have I seen a wildflower's fragrant head
Sung to and sung to by a longing bird;
And at the last, albeit the bird lay dead,
No blossom wilted, for it had not heard.

A TWILIGHT MOTH

[From the same]

Dusk is thy dawn; when Eve puts on its state
Of gold and purple in the marbled west,
Thou comest forth like some embodied trait,
Or dim conceit, a lily bud confessed;

Or of a rose the visible wish; that, white,
Goes softly messengering through the night,
Whom each expectant flower makes its guest.

All day the primroses have thought of thee,
Their golden heads close-harmed from the heat;
All day the mystic moonflowers silkenly
Veiled snowy faces,—that no bee might greet,
Or butterfly that, weighed with pollen, passed;—
Keeping Sultana charms for thee, at last,
Their lord, who comest to salute each sweet.

Cool-throated flowers that avoid the day's
Too fervid kisses; every bud that drinks
The tipsy dew and to the starlight plays
Nocturnes of fragrance, thy wing'd shadow links
In bonds of secret brotherhood and faith,
O bearer of their order's shibboleth,
Like some pale symbol fluttering o'er these pinks.

What dost thou whisper in the balsam's ear
That sets it blushing, or the hollyhock's,—
A syllabled silence that no man may hear,—
As dreamily upon its stem it rocks?
What spell dost bear from listening plant to plant,
Like some white witch, some ghostly ministrant,
Some specter of some perished flower of phlox?

O voyager of that universe which lies
Between the four walls of this garden fair,—
Whose constellations are the fireflies
That wheel their instant courses everywhere,—
Mid faery firmaments wherein one sees
Mimic Bootes and the Pleiades,
Thou steerest like some faery ship of air.

Gnome-wrought of moonbeam-fluff and gossamer,
Silent as scent, perhaps thou chariotest
Mab or King Oberon; or, haply, her
His queen, Titania, on some midnight quest.—
Oh for the herb, the magic euphrasy,
That should unmask thee to mine eyes, ah me!
And all that world at which my soul hath guessed!

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

Mrs. George Madden Martin, the mother of *Emmy Lou*, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, May 3, 1866. She is the sister of Miss Eve Anne Madden, who has also written several delightful books for children. She was educated in the public schools of Louisville, but on account of ill-health her training was concluded at home. In 1892 Miss Madden was married to Mr. Attwood R. Martin, and they have made their home at Anchorage, Kentucky, some miles from Louisville, ever since. Mrs. Martin's first book was *The Angel of the Tenement* (New York, 1897), now out of print, which she seemingly regards with so little favor that it is seldom found in the list of her works. *Emmy Lou—Her Book and Heart* (New York, 1902), made her famous throughout the English-reading world. It ran serially in *McClure's Magazine* during 1900. It is a masterpiece and, though she has published several stories since, this remains as her best book hitherto. Little "Emmy Lou" gets into the reader's heart in the most wonderful way, and, once there, she will not be displaced. She is the most charming child in Kentucky literature, a genuine creation. Mrs. Martin's short novel, *The House of Fulfillment* (New York, 1904) won her praise from people who could not care for her child, though the heroine was none other than "Emmy Lou" in long skirts. This was followed by *Abbie Ann* (New York, 1907); *Letitia: Nursery Corps, U. S. A.* (New York, 1907), was a very winsome little girl, who causes the men of the army many trials and vexations at various military posts where her parents happened to be stationed. *Emmy Lou* and *Letitia*, as has been pointed out by one of Mrs. Martin's keenest critics, regard childhood through the eyes of age and are best appreciated, perhaps, by adults; while *Abbie Ann* sees childhood through a child's eyes, and is certainly more appreciated by children than by grown-ups. Two of Mrs. Martin's most recent stories, *When Adam Dolve and Eve Span*, appeared in *The American Magazine* for October, 1911; and *The Blue Handkerchief*, in *The Century* for December, 1911.

[From *Emmy Lou—Her Book and Heart* (New York, 1902)]

About this time rumors began to reach Emmy Lou. She heard that it was February, and that wonderful things were peculiar to the Fourteenth. At recess the little girls locked arms and talked Valentines. The echoes reached Emmy Lou.

The Valentines must come from a little boy, or it wasn't the real thing. And to get no valentine was a dreadful thing—dreadful thing. And even the timidest of the sheep began to cast eyes across at the goats.

Emmy Lou wondered if she would get a valentine. And if not, how was she to survive the contumely and shame?

You must never, never breathe to a living soul what was on your valentine. To tell even your best and truest little girl friend was to prove faithless to the little boy sending the valentine. These things reached Emmy Lou.

Not for the world would she tell. Emmy Lou was sure of that, so grateful did she feel she would be to anyone sending her a valentine.

And in doubt and wretchedness did she wend her way to school on the Fourteenth day of February. The drug-store window was full of valentines. But Emmy Lou crossed the street. She did not want to see them. She knew the little girls would ask her if she had gotten a valentine. And she would have to say, No.

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She was early. The big, empty room echoed back her footsteps as she went to her desk to lay down book and slate before taking off her wraps. Nor did Emmy Lou dream the eye of the little boy peeped through the crack of the door from Miss Clara's dressing-room.

Emmy Lou's hat and jacket were forgotten. On her desk lay something square and white. It was an envelope. It was a beautiful envelope, all over flowers and scrolls.

Emmy Lou knew it. It was a valentine. Her cheeks grew pink.

She took it out. It was blue. And it was gold. And it had reading on it.

Emmy Lou's heart sank. She could not read the reading. The door opened. Some little girls came in. Emmy Lou hid her valentine in her book, for since you must not—she would never show her valentine—never.

The little girls wanted to know if she had gotten a valentine, and Emmy Lou said, Yes, and her cheeks were pink with the joy of being able to say it.

Through the day, she took peeps between the covers of her Primer, but no one else might see it.

It rested heavy on Emmy Lou's heart, however, that there was reading on it. She studied surreptitiously. The reading was made up of letters. It was the first time Emmy Lou had thought about that. She knew some of the letters. She would ask someone the letters she did not know by pointing them out on the chart at recess. Emmy Lou was learning. It was the first time since she came to school.

But what did the letters make? She wondered, after recess, studying the valentine again.

Then she went home. She followed Aunt Cordelia about. Aunt Cordelia was busy.

"What does it read?" asked Emmy Lou.

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Aunt Cordelia listened.

"B," said Emmy Lou, "and e?"

"Be," said Aunt Cordelia.

If B was Be, it was strange that B and e were Be. But many things were strange.

Emmy Lou accepted them all on faith.

After dinner she approached Aunt Katie.

"What does it read?" asked Emmy Lou, "m and y?"

"My," said Aunt Katie.

The rest was harder. She could not remember the letters, and had to copy them off on her slate. Then she sought Tom, the house-boy. Tom was out at the gate talking to another house-boy. She waited until the other boy was gone.

"What does it read?" asked Emmy Lou, and she told the letters off the slate. It took Tom some time, but finally he told her.

Just then a little girl came along. She was a first-section little girl, and at school she never noticed Emmy Lou.

Now she was alone, so she stopped.

"Get any valentines?"

"Yes," said Emmy Lou. Then moved to confidence by the little girl's friendliness, she added, "It has reading on it."

"Pooh," said the little girl, "they all have that. My mamma's been reading the long verses inside to me."

"Can you show them—valentines?" asked Emmy Lou.

"Of course, to grown-up people," said the little girl.

The gas was lit when Emmy Lou came in. Uncle Charlie was there, and the aunties, sitting around, reading.

"I got a valentine," said Emmy Lou.

They all looked up. They had forgotten it was Valentine's Day, and it came to them that if Emmy Lou's mother had not gone away, never to come back, the year before, Valentine's Day would not have been forgotten. Aunt Cordelia smoothed the black dress she was wearing because of the mother who would never come back, and looked troubled.

But Emmy Lou laid the blue and gold valentine on Aunt Cordelia's knee. In the valentine's centre were two hands clasping. Emmy Lou's forefinger pointed to the words beneath the clasped hands.

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"I can read it," said Emmy Lou.

They listened. Uncle Charlie put down his paper. Aunt Louise looked over Aunt Cordelia's shoulder.

"B," said Emmy Lou, "e—Be."

The aunties nodded.

"M," said Emmy Lou, "y—my."

Emmy Lou did not hesitate. "V," said Emmy Lou, "a, l, e, n, t, i, n, e—Valentine. Be my Valentine."

"There!" said Aunt Cordelia.

"Well!" said Aunt Katie.

"At last!" said Aunt Louise.

"H'm!" said Uncle Charlie.

MARY ADDAMS BAYNE

Mrs. Mary Addams Bayne, novelist, was born near Maysville, Kentucky, in 1866. Upon the death of her parents, she made her home with her brother, Mr. William Addams of Cynthiana, Kentucky, recently an aspirant for the gubernatorial chair of Kentucky. Miss Addams was married to Mr. James C. Bayne, a banker and farmer of Bagdad, Kentucky. Mrs. Bayne was a teacher and a short-story writer for some years before she became a novelist. Her first book, *Crestlands* (Cincinnati, 1907) was a centennial story of the famous Cane Ridge meeting-house, near Paris, Kentucky, the birthplace of the Stoneite or Reformed church. *Crestlands* is important as history and entertainingly told as a story. It was followed by *Blue Grass and Wattle* (Cincinnati, 1909), the sub-title of which is more illuminating, "The Man from Australia." This novel relates the religious life of a young Australian, educated in Kentucky, and his many fightings within and without form an interesting story. From the literary standpoint *Blue Grass and Wattle* is an advance over *Crestlands*, and it is an earnest for yet superior work in Mrs. Bayne's new novel, now in preparation. In the fall of 1912 Mrs. Bayne purchased the old Burnett place at Shelbyville, Kentucky, and this she has converted into the most charming home of that town.

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THE COMING OF THE SCHOOLMASTER^[50]

[From *Crestlands* (Cincinnati, 1907)]

The spirit of Indian Summer, enveloped in a delicate bluish haze, pervaded the Kentucky forest. Through the treetops sounded a sighing minor melody as now and then a leaf bade adieu to the companions of its summer revels, and sought its winter's rest on the ground beneath. On a fallen log a red-bird sang with jubilant note. What cared he for the lament of the leaves? True, he must

soon depart from this summer-home; but only to wing his way to brighter skies, and then return when mating-time should come again. Near a group of hickory-trees a colony of squirrels gathered their winter store of nuts; and a flock of wild turkeys led by a pompous, bearded gobbler picked through the underbrush. At a wayside puddle a deer bent his head to slake his thirst, but scarcely had his lips touched the water when his head was reared again. For an instant he listened, limbs quivering, nostrils dilating, a startled light in his soft eyes; then with a bound he was away into the depths of the forest. The turkeys, heeding the tocsin of alarm from their leader, sought the shelter of the deeper undergrowth; the squirrels dropped their nuts and found refuge in the topmost branches of the tree which they had just pilfered; but the red-bird, undisturbed, went on with his caroling, too confident in his own beauty and the charm of his song to fear any intruder.

The cause of alarm was a horseman whose approach had been proclaimed by the crackling of dried twigs in the bridle-path he was traversing. He was an erect, broad-shouldered, dark-eyed young man with ruddy complexion, clear-cut features, and a well-formed chin. A rifle lay across his saddle-bow, and behind him was a pair of bulky saddle-bags. He wore neither the uncouth garb of the hunter nor the plain home-spun of the settler, but rather the dress of the Virginian cavalier of the period, although his hair, instead of being tied in a queue, was short, and curled loosely about his finely shaped head. The broad brim of his black hat was cocked in front by a silver boss; the gray traveler's cape, thrown back, revealed a coat of dark blue, a waistcoat ornamented with brass buttons, and breeches of the same color as the coat, reaching to the knees, and terminating in a black cloth band with silver buckles.

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He rode rapidly along the well-defined bridle-way, and soon emerged into a broader thoroughfare. Presently he heard the high-pitched, quavering notes of a negro melody, faint at first and seeming as much a part of nature as the russet glint of the setting sun through the trees. The song grew louder as he advanced, until, emerging into an open space, he came upon the singer, a gray-haired negro trudging sturdily along with a stout hickory stick in his hand. The negro doffed his cap and bowed humbly.

"Marstah, hez you seed anythin' ob a spotted heifer wid one horn broke off, anywhars on de road? She's pushed down de bars an' jes' skipped off somewhars."

"No, uncle. I've met no stray cows; but can you tell me how far it is to Major Hiram Gilcrest's? I'm a stranger in this region."

"Major Gilcrest's!" exclaimed the darkey. "You'se done pass de turnin' whut leads dar. Did' you see a lane forkin' off 'bout a mile back by de crick, close to de big 'simmon-tree? Dat's de lane whut leads to Marstah Gilcrest's, suh."

"Ah, I see! but perhaps you can direct me to Mister Mason Rogers' house? My business is with him as well as with Major Gilcrest."

"I shorely kin," answered the negro, with a grin. "I b'longs to Marse Mason; I'se his ole uncle Tony. We libs two mile fuddah down dis heah same road, an' ef you wants to see my marstah an' Marstah Gilcrest bofe, you might ez well see Marse Mason fust, anyways; kaze whutevah he say, Marse Hiram's boun' to say, too. Dey's mos' mighty thick."

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The stranger turned his head to hide a momentary smile.

"You jes' ride straight on," continued Uncle Tony, pointing northward with his stick; "fus' you comes to a big log house wid all de shettahs barred up, settin' by itse'l a leetle back frum de road, wid a woods all roun' it—dat's Cane Redge meetin'-house. Soon's you pass it, you comes to de big spring, den to a dirty leetle cabin whar dem pore white trash, de Simminses, libs. Den you strikes a cawnfiel', den a orchid. Den you's dar. De dawgs and chickens will sot up a tur'ble rumpus, but you jes' ride up to the stile and holler, 'Hello!' and some dem no-'count niggahs'll tek you' nag and construct you inter Miss Cynthia Ann's presence. I'd show you de way myse'f, on'y Is'e bountah fin' dat heifer; but you carn't miss de way."

With this he hobbled off down the road in search of the errant heifer. Meanwhile our traveler rode steadily forward until, in another half-hour, he came in sight of a more prosperous-looking clearing than any he had seen since leaving Bourbonton.

ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

Mrs. Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, creator of *Pa Gladden*, was born at Columbus, Ohio, December 10, 1866, the daughter of Major John Nichols Cherry, to whose memory she inscribed her first book. Miss Cherry was graduated from the Columbus High School; and a short time thereafter she was married. The death of her husband compelled her to become the breadwinner for her several children, and in 1895 she joined the staff of the *Cincinnati Tribune*, which she left after two years for the Springfield, Ohio, *Republic-Times*, with which she was connected for a year. On July 4, 1898, she was married to Frederick Hastings Waltz, a few years her junior, and they settled at Louisville, where he had a position on *The Courier-Journal*. Mrs. Waltz became literary editor of *The Courier-Journal*, and this position she held until her death. Though she followed Miss Mary

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Johnston, W. H. Fields, Mrs. Hester Higbee Geppert, and Ernest Aroni^[51] in assuming charge of the paper's literary page, and the standards were thus high, she was one of the ablest writers that has ever conducted that department. Mrs. Waltz was a tremendous worker, one of her associates having written that, after a hard day's work on the paper, she would "go home, cook, wash and iron, clean house, do assignments, then write until after midnight on her 'Pa Gladden' stories; she wrote while going and coming on the street cars, and sometimes wrote on her cuffs with a lead pencil!" Mrs. Waltz's chief contribution to prose fiction is her well-known character, "Pa Gladden." These stories were accepted by *The Century Magazine* in 1902, and they were published from time to time, being brought together in a charming book, entitled *Pa Gladden—The Story of a Common Man* (New York, 1903; London, n. d. [1905]). "Pa Gladden" is certainly a real creation. Christian, optimist, lover of his kind, and above all companionable, he preached and lived the gospel of goodness. Some critics of the stories have quarreled with the great amount of dialect, most of which is used by Pa Gladden, but this is the only adverse comment that was made. The prayers of Pa, said throughout the book, are always very beautiful. Mrs. Waltz's death occurred very suddenly at her home in Louisville, "Meadowbrook," September 19, 1903, almost simultaneous with the appearance of her book. She was buried at Columbus, Ohio; and her grave is unmarked. *The Ancient Landmark* (New York, 1905), her posthumous novel, was a vigorous attack upon the divorce evil. She died before her time, worn out with work, and thus Kentucky and the whole country lost a writer of real achievement and greater promise.

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PA GLADDEN AND THE WANDERING WOMAN^[52]

[From *Pa Gladden* (New York, 1903)]

In the early darkness of the winter night Pa Gladden returned to the barn laden with a lamp, a candle, tea, and food. He felt glad he had sent for the doctor, although he attributed the young woman's illness to exposure and anxiety. She was tossing on the warm bed, at times unable to speak intelligibly. She drank the warm tea he gave her, and again asked for the doctor. Being assured that he would soon come, she turned her face to the wall. It was such a sorrowful sight that, setting the candle down on the floor, Pa Gladden knelt upon the boards and prayed fervently:

"Father of love, look down on our sorrerful darter this holy night when redeemin' love should fill all our hearts, this Christmas night when ye sent yer Son inter the world ter bear all our sins an' ignorances. Heal 'er sore heart, O Lord, heal 'er wounds with the soothin' balm o' thy love. Hold 'er in thy arms in all 'er trouble an' tribbelations, an' let Christmas day be a real turnin'-point in 'er life."

When he rose, the young woman was sitting up, her eyes full of deep meaning.

"You are a good man," she said. "I want to say I deserve it, all your goodness. I am not"—her voice rose to a shriek—"I am not wicked. You can pray for me, and over me if I should die. I am not afraid to be here. It's quiet and peaceful. I will try to be patient. Please tell me your name, sir."

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"Pa Gladden."

"Mine is Mary, plain Mary. Have you any daughter?"

"No"—with lingering regret; "but I'm allers Pa Gladden ter all the folks."

"If you had a daughter, Pa Gladden, she'd likely be grown up."

"Prubable."

"And married; and you might be praying for her, right by her side, like you are here. God bless you forever and forever, Pa Gladden!" She ended with a sob.

"Don't take on so. Won't ye come inter the house, my darter? I'll make it all right with Drusilly. Hers is a good heart."

"No, no. I'm afraid of women. Does it make you feel bad to see me cry, Pa Gladden? Then I'll set my lips tighter. Just let me stay here. If you had a daughter she'd want to be quiet now, peaceful and quiet."

He sat by her for a few moments longer.

"The doctor wull be comin' ter the house presently," he said cheerfully. "I must go an' pilot him here. Lie still, darter; he'll soon git something' outen them old leather saddle-bags ter quiet ye down. Doc Briskett knows his business."

She held out her hand to him.

"Yes, go, Pa Gladden, but leave me the little candle. It's lonesome in the dark when one is in misery. And I'll listen for your footsteps."

Pa was not much too soon. He heard the bump and rattle of the doctor's cart over the hard road before he reached the red gate.

"Now hold hard, doc," he called out as he swung it open. "Go out the barn road. Yer patient air out thar."

"Jee whillikins!" exclaimed Doc Briskett. "You never have brought me 'way out here to see a sick cow on a church-festival night!"

Pa climbed in beside him.

"It's a pore woman thet's sick," he announced calmly, and unfolded his story for the doctor's amazed ears.

"Pa Gladden!" exclaimed the doctor. "God alone knows what sort of an illness she may have. However, I'll see her. A tramp is likely to have any disease traveling." [Pg 209]

A lamp stood on the old table in the room, and the burly doctor took it and climbed to the upper room. Pa Gladden paused at the doorway to look over the white world of Christmas eve. On such a night, he thought, the shepherds watched, the star shone, the angels sang, the Child was born. Pa Gladden heard the voice of his mother in the long ago:

Carol, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity!

Then, hoarse and terrible, came the doctor's voice as he almost tumbled down the ladder:

"Pa, pa, get in that cart and drive like mad to Dilsaver's. Meenie is at home, and tell her I said to come back with you. Bring her here; bring some woman, for the love of God!"

REUBENA HYDE WALWORTH

Miss Reubena Hyde Walworth, author of a brief comedy that has come down to posterity with a deal of the perfume of permanency, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, February 21, 1867. She was the granddaughter of Reuben Hyde Walworth (1788-1867), the last chancellor of New York State, the feminine form of whose name she bore. Her father was the well-known novelist, Mansfield Tracy Walworth (1830-1873); and her mother and sister were writers of reputation. So it will be seen at a glance that Miss Walworth inherited her literary tastes legitimately. She began by contributing poems to the periodicals, but her one-act comediette, entitled *Where was Elsie? or the Saratoga Fairies* (New York, 1888), written before she was of age, made her widely known. This little comedy is now out of print, and it is exceedingly scarce. Miss Walworth was graduated from Vassar College in 1896, being poet of the class, and one of the editors of *The Vassarian*. She then taught in a woman's college for a time, when the war with Spain was declared and she determined to go to the front as a volunteer nurse. Miss Walworth was one of the higher heroines of that war. The last months of her life were spent at the detention hospital, Montauk, New York, where she rendered noble service in her country's cause. She was stricken with fever and died on October 18, 1898. Her body was taken to her home at Saratoga Springs, New York, and buried with military honors. Miss Walworth's comedy and lyrics should be republished.

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THE UNDERGROUND PALACE OF THE FAIRIES

[From *Where was Elsie?* (New York, 1888)]

Act I, Scene IV. *Enter Jack and Elsie with fairy flask and taper.*

Elsie. Is this the room, Mr. Jack o' Lantern?

Jack. Yes, Elsie, this is the room where the King told me to take you and await his presence. What a pity it is the Prince—[*Stops*].

Elsie. Prince! what Prince?

Jack. Sh! walls have ears, Elsie, and, indeed, I forgot that the King had forbidden us ever to speak of him again. But I must be off to dance attendance on the Queen. Her majesty, be it said with all due reverence, is not over-sweet when her loyal subjects are slow to obey her commands. [*Exit, but immediately puts his head in the door.*] Don't forget the magical water, Elsie. [*Exit.*]

Elsie. That's so; I had forgotten that I must drink this. [*Looks at flask in her hand.*] Jack says that it keeps anybody from growing old so fast; but if you get it from the fairies on Christmas eve, the way I did, you won't ever grow old. Oh dear! I don't want to be young forever. I want to grow up, and be sixteen. Then I'd wear my hair high, and have a long train. [*Struts up and down, but stops suddenly.*] Well, I don't care, you couldn't play hop-scotch in a train. [*Looking about her.*] I don't [Pg 211]

think this room's pretty, a bit. [*Catches sight of something shining on the wall.*] Oh my! what's that shiny thing? Wouldn't it be fun if there were a secret door there, just like a story book! I'm going to see what it is. [*Stops.*] Dear me! I forgot that horrid flask! [*Brightening up.*] Maybe it'll make me nice and old, though. I'll take the old spring water first, anyhow, and then I'll see what that thing is over there. I wonder what will happen. [*Drinks.*]

Curtain.

CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

Crittenden Marriott, novelist, was born at Baltimore, March 20, 1867, the great grandson of Kentucky's famous statesman, John J. Crittenden, the grandson of Mrs. Chapman Coleman, who wrote her father's biography, and the son of Cornelia Coleman, who was born at Louisville, Kentucky, and lived there until her marriage. Mr. Marriott's mother, grandmother, and aunts translated several of Miss Muhlbach's novels and a volume of French fairy tales. The future novelist first saw Kentucky when he was nine years old, and for the two years following he lived at Louisville and attended a public school. From 1878 to 1882 he was at school in Virginia, but he spent two of the vacations in Louisville. In 1883 he was appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, but two years later he was compelled to resign on account of deficient eyesight. He returned to Louisville where he clerked in an insurance office, the American Mutual Aid Society, which position he held until 1887, when he resigned and removed to Baltimore as an architectural draughtsman. He subsequently went to Washington, and from there to California. In 1890 Mr. Marriott joined the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and acted as representative of the Associated Press. Two years later he went to South Africa as a correspondent, tramping sixteen hundred miles in the interior, mostly alone. After this strenuous journey he returned to his aunt's home at Louisville, spending some of the time in Shelby county, Kentucky. He shortly afterwards went to New York as ship news reporter for *The Tribune*, which he held for six months. In 1893 Mr. Marriott went to Brazil for the Associated Press on the dynamite cruiser *Nictheroy*. The fall of 1894 found him again in Shelby county, this time meeting his future wife, a Louisville girl, whom he married in June, 1895. At the time of his wedding he was a newspaper correspondent in Washington. Mr. Marriott's health broke shortly afterwards, and from January to September, 1896, he was ill at Louisville. In 1897 he went to Cuba for the *Chicago Record*. When the now defunct Louisville *Dispatch* was established, Mr. Marriott became telegraph editor, which position he held for six months in 1898. Although he has resided in Washington since leaving the *Dispatch*, he regards Louisville as his real home, and he has visited there several times within the last few years, his most recent visit being late in 1912, when he came for his sister's wedding. Since 1904 Mr. Marriott has been one of the assistant editors of the publications of the United States Geological Survey. At the present time he is planning to surrender his post and establish a permanent home at Louisville. Mr. Marriott's first book, *Uncle Sam's Business* (New York, 1908), was an excellent study of our government at work, "told for young Americans." It was followed by a thrilling, wildly improbable tale of the Sargasso Sea, *The Isle of Dead Ships* (Philadelphia, 1909), the scene of which he saw several times on his various journeys around the world. *How Americans Are Governed in Nation, State, and City* (New York, 1910), was an adultization and elaboration of his first book, fitting it for institutions of learning and for the general reader. Mr. Marriott's second novel, *Out of Russia* (Philadelphia, 1911), a story of adventure and intrigue, was somewhat saner than *The Isle of Dead Ships*. From June to October, 1912, his *Sally Castleton, Southerner*, a Civil War story, ran in *Everybody's Magazine*, and it will be issued by the Lippincott's in January, 1913. The love story of a Virginia girl, daughter of a Confederate general, and a Kentuckian, who is a Northern spy, it is far and away the finest thing Mr. Marriott has done—one of the best of the recent war novels. In the past five years he has sold more than one hundred short-stories, some fifteen serials, and his fifth book is now in press, which is certainly a most creditable record. He has published two Kentucky stories, one for *Gunter's Magazine*, the other for *The Pocket Magazine* (which periodical was swallowed up by *Leslie's Weekly*); and he has recently finished a third Kentucky romance, which he calls *One Night in Kentucky*, and which will appear in *The Red Book Magazine* sometime in 1913.

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE ENEMY^[53]

[From *Sally Castleton, Southerner* (*Everybody's Magazine*, June, 1912)]

With her heart beating so that she could not speak, she opened the door. She knew that she must be calm, must not show too great terror, must not try to deny the enemy the freedom of the house. She clung to the door, half fainting, while the world spun round her.

Slowly the haze cleared. Dully, as from afar off, she heard some one addressing her and realized that a boy was standing on the porch steps holding his horse's bridle—a boy, short, rotund, friendly looking, with gilt and yellow braid upon his dusty blue uniform; just a boy—not an enemy.

"Well, sir?" she faltered.

The boy snatched off his slouch hat with its yellow cord. He stood swinging it in his hand, staring admiringly at the girls. "General Haverhill's compliments," he said. "He regrets to cause inconvenience, but he must occupy this house as headquarters for a few hours. He will be here immediately." He gestured toward a little knot of horsemen, who had paused at the foot of the lawn and were staring down the valley with field-glasses.

Sally managed to bow with some degree of calmness. "The house is at General Haverhill's disposal," she answered steadily. "I am sorry that I have only one aged servant and therefore cannot serve him as I should."

The boy smiled. He seemed unable to take his eyes from her face. "Oh, that's all right," he exclaimed cheerfully. "We are used to looking out for ourselves. Don't trouble yourself a bit. The general only wants a place to rest for a few hours."

"He may have that," Miss Castleton smiled faintly. After all, there were pleasant people among the Yankees. Besides, it was just as well to conciliate while she could. "In fact, he can have more. Uncle Claban is a famous cook and our pantry is not quite empty. May I offer supper to him and his staff?"

Her tones were quite natural. She felt surprised at her lack of fear; now that the shock of the meeting was over, the danger seemed somehow less.

The subaltern's white teeth flashed. "Really, truly supper at a table, with a table-cloth! It's too good to be true. I'll tell the general." He turned toward the horsemen, who were coming toward the steps.

Sally waited, watching curiously. She felt 'Genie's convulsive grasp on her hand and squeezed back reassuringly. "Don't be afraid, dear!" she murmured. "They're only men, after all. Try to forget that they are Yankees, and everything will come right." She turned once more to meet her guests.

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On all sides of the house the busy scene was rapidly changing. The dusty cavalymen, saddle-weary after a hard ride, were taking advantage of a few hours' halt. The troopers, gaunt, sun-burned, unshaven, covered with mud and dust, moved about this way and that. Company lines were formed, and long strings of picketed horses munched the clover, while other strings of horses, with a trooper riding bare-back, half a dozen bridles in his hands, clattered toward the creek. Stacked arms glittered in the sunlight. Men with red crosses on their sleeves established a tiny hospital tent and looked to the slightly wounded who had accompanied the flying column. Some of the Castleton fences went for farrier's fires, and his hammer clanked noisily.

The troops were too thoroughly seasoned campaigners to get out of hand, but the officers were as tired as the men, and there was no little foraging. The clusters of cherries, the yellow June apples, and the welcome "garden truck" were temptations not to be wholly resisted.

It was all new and strange to Sally and, hard as it was to see the Castleton acres trampled and overrun, she watched the busy scene with unconscious interest.

The voice of the young officer recalled her to herself. "General Haverhill," he was saying, in deference to a half-forgotten convention. "General Haverhill—Miss—?" He paused interrogatively.

The girl bowed. "I'm Miss Castleton," she said.

"Miss Castleton." The general swept off his slouch hat. "I suppose Lieutenant Rigby here has told you that we must use your house?"

"Yes, general. Will you come in?"

The subaltern interposed. "Miss Castleton has offered us supper, general," he said.

The general smiled. He was a powerful-looking man of forty; the scar of a saber gash across his face gave it a sinister aspect, but his smile was pleasant. "You are—loyal?" he questioned doubtfully. The question seemed unnecessary.

"Yes—to Virginia!" Sally met his eyes steadily.

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"Oh! I see!" Quizzically he contemplated the girl from under his bushy brows. "And this is—" he turned toward the younger girl.

"My sister, Miss Eugenia Castleton."

"Ah!" The general bowed. "I suppose you, too, are loyal—to Virginia, Miss Eugenia?" he said.

Perhaps it was the patronizing note in the question that touched 'Genie on the raw. Perhaps it was sheer terror. Whatever the cause, she flashed up, suddenly furious. "Oh!" she cried, stamping her small foot. "Oh! I wish I were a man! I wish I were a man!"

The grizzled Federal looked at her steadily, and not without admiration. "Perhaps it's lucky for me you're not," he answered, smiling.

Bowing, he stood aside to let the girls pass at the door, then clanked after them into the cool,

wide hall with its broad center-table, its chairs and lounge—the lounge on which Philip Byrd had so lately lain—and the big black stove. To save their lives neither Sally nor her sister could help glancing at that stove.

It was Sally's part to play hostess, and she did it valiantly. "Please sit down, general," she invited. "If you will excuse me, I will see about supper." With a smile she rustled from the room, 'Genie following rather sullenly.

In the wide kitchen she dropped into a chair, trembling. Had she acted her part well, she wondered, or had she overdone it? Was it suspicion that she had seen in the general's eyes as she left him? Would he search—and find? How long would he stay? Philip was wounded, suffering, probably hungry and thirsty. If the Yankees stayed very long, he might have to surrender. What would they do to him? Would they consider him a spy and—and—

A hand clutched her and she looked up. 'Genie was on her knees beside her, flushed, tear-stained face uplifted.

"Oh, Sally, Sally!" she wailed. "Did I do wrong? Did I make him suspect? Oh, if anything happens to Philip through my fault, I'll die!"

Sally laid her hand on the bright hair of the girl beside her. "You didn't harm Philip," she comforted. "It wouldn't do for us to be too friendly. That would be the surest way to make them suspicious."

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"But—but—he'll starve!"

"Oh, no he won't! I don't think they'll stay long. 'For a few hours,' that young officer said. But come!" Sally jumped up. "Come. Let's get supper for them. That'll give us something to do, and will keep them occupied—when it's ready. Men will always eat. Come!"

'Genie rose obediently, if not submissively. "Supper!" she flashed. "Supper! And we've got to feed those tyrants, with poor Philip starving right under their noses."

The elder sister smiled. "I'm sorry," she said gently; "but there are worse things than missing a meal or two. Perhaps it may be better for him, after all; for he must have some fever after that wound and that ride. Anyhow, we've got to feed these Yankees, so let's do it with a good grace. Men are easiest managed when they've eaten. If we've got to feed the brutes, let's do it."

ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE

Miss Abbie Carter Goodloe, novelist and short-story writer, was born at Versailles, Kentucky, in 1867. In 1883 she was graduated from the Girls' High School, Louisville; and in 1889 she received the degree of Bachelor of Science from Wellesley College. The next two years were spent in studying and traveling in Europe. On her return to the United States Miss Goodloe made her home at Louisville, of which city she has been a resident ever since. Her first book, *Antinous* (Philadelphia, 1891), a blank verse tragedy, was followed by *College Girls* (New York, 1895), an entertaining collection of short stories of college life. Miss Goodloe's first novel, *Calvert of Strathore* (New York, 1903), was set, for the most part, in the sunny land of France. *At the Foot of the Rockies* (New York, 1905), a group of short stories, is Miss Goodloe's best work so far. Several of the tales are of great merit and interest, one enthusiastic critic comparing them to Kipling's finest work. The author spent one glorious summer in Alberta, Canada, surrounded by the Northwest Mounted Police, Indians, Englishmen, Americans, and the romance of it all quite possessed her. These were the backgrounds for the eight stories which have won her wider fame than any of her other writings. A winter in Mexico furnished materials for her latest novel, *The Star-Gazers* (New York, 1910). The reader is presented to the late president of that revolutionary-ridden republic, Porfirio Diaz, together with the other celebrities of his country. The epistolary form of narration is adopted, and the result is not especially noteworthy. In no way does this work rank with *At the Foot of the Rockies*. The short-story is certainly Miss Goodloe's greatest gift, and in that field she should go far.

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A COUNTESS OF THE WEST^[54]

[From *At the Foot of the Rockies* (New York, 1905)]

She looked at the Honorable Arthur, abashed and weakly unhappy, and a wave of disgust swept over her. He was so big and stupid and irresolute. She would have liked him better if he had told her with brutal frankness that he no longer cared for her and wouldn't marry her. She had thought him grateful at least, and he wasn't even that. The affection he had inspired in her fell from her like a discarded garment. Suddenly she unfastened a button of her shirtwaist and drew from around her neck a little blue ribbon on which hung a seal ring. With a jerk she snapped the

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ribbon and slipped off the ring. She held it out to him.

"There," she said, coolly, "take it back to Rigby Park and give it to some fine English girl whom your father happens to know! I hope you'll enjoy your England. Montana's good enough for me!"

As she swept the Honorable Arthur with a scornful glance, she suddenly saw his jaw drop and a curious look spring into his eyes. Following the direction of his gaze she beheld two riders approaching at a hand gallop, a Mounted Police officer from Fort Macleod, whom she knew, and following briskly in his wake, a handsome Englishman of middle age. The hair about his temples was heavily tinged with white, but his complexion was as fresh and pink and white as a baby's, and he was most immaculately got up in riding things.

"It's the governor," she heard the Honorable Arthur whisper incredulously to himself.

The meeting between the two was cold and formal, after the fashion of the Anglo-Saxon male. Miss Ogden looked on in fascinated silence. The Earl of Rigby put up a single eyeglass and surveyed his son.

"By gad, my boy, I'm glad to see you again. You aren't looking any too fit, you know."

"Thanks, father—yes, I know it. When did you get here?"

"Just stepped off the train at Macleod two hours ago. Beastly train."

"Yes, isn't it? Howd'y do, Nevin?"

"Howd'y do, St. John? Howd'y do, Miss Ogden? Haven't seen you for a long while. May—may I—the Earl of Rigby, Miss Ogden."

The Earl of Rigby screwed his glass in again—it had fallen out when he had shaken his son's hand—and stared at the young woman before him.

"Awfully glad to meet you, I'm sure," he said, affably. "I—I had always understood that this country was an Eveless paradise. I'm glad to see I'm mistaken."

Miss Lily Ogden surveyed the Earl of Rigby imperturbably. Not one of the thrills which an hour before she would have supposed necessarily attendant on an introduction to a noble earl now disturbed her composure. Even his exaggeratedly polite compliment left her perfectly cool. He simply seemed to her an extremely handsome man, a good deal cleverer and stronger-looking than his son.

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"This country wouldn't be a paradise at all without Miss Ogden," said Nevin, gallantly. "She's the best horsewoman in Port Highwood and she'll help St. John show you the country, my lord."

"Thanks, Captain Nevin." She smiled on him sweetly, showing the white, even teeth between the scarlet lips, and then she turned to the Earl of Rigby. "I shall be delighted to show you the country—specially as Mr. St. John is obliged to go away in two or three days."

"I should like nothing better," said the earl, with conviction.

"Have to go on the round-up," murmured the Honorable Arthur.

"That's hard luck," said Nevin, sympathetically. "Two weeks, I suppose."

"Yes—father'll have to stop for a bit at the Highwood House. I fancy he'll wish he were back in England!"

"Not if Miss Ogden will ride with me," observed the earl.

A curious light came into the girl's gray eyes.

"I could show your lordship a new trail every day for the two weeks, and at the end of the time I am sure you could not decide which to call the prettiest," she asserted.

"I dare say," assented the earl, eagerly; "but I would like to try."

"Oh, Miss Ogden will take good care of you," said Nevin. "And now, as you have two guides, if you will excuse me, I think I won't go on into Highwood. Your lordship's things will be sent over early in the morning. His lordship was so anxious to see you, St. John, that we couldn't even persuade him to mess with us to-night," he remarked, jocularly, to the Honorable Arthur. "And now I will turn back, I think. Good-bye!" He waved a gauntleted hand, and wheeling his horse set off at an easy canter for the fort.

A somewhat awkward constraint fell upon the three so left, which Miss Ogden dispelled by turning her horse toward Highwood, and riding on slightly ahead of the Honorable Arthur and his father. The earl gazed admiringly at her slim back.

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"By gad, she's a beauty, Arthur, my deah boy, and she sits her horse perfectly."

"She's an American," remarked the young man, aggressively.

"She's beautiful enough to be English," retorted the earl, warmly. He spurred forward and rode at her right hand. The Honorable Arthur rather sulkily closed up on the left.

"I was just saying to Arthur, Miss Ogden, that he could go on the round-up and jolly welcome as

long as you have promised to show me the country. I am most deeply interested in our Canadian possessions, you know," said the earl.

She shot him a glance from under the black lashes of her gray eyes which made the Earl of Rigby fairly gasp.

"I shall try my best to keep your lordship from being bored while Mr. St. John is away," she said, sweetly.

It was two weeks later, or to be perfectly exact, two weeks and four days later, that a half-breed was sent down to the Morgan round-up, twenty-five miles west of Calgary, with a telegram for St. John. The Honorable Arthur was so dirty, tired, dusty, and sunburnt that the half-breed had difficulty in picking him out from the rest of the dirty, tired, dusty, and sunburnt round-up crew.

The sight of the telegram filled the young man with an indefinable fear, and the paper fluttered in his trembling hand like a withered leaf on a windshaken bough.

"Meet the 2:40 from Macleod at Calgary. Will be on train. Most important.

RIGBY."

His swollen tongue and parched lips got drier, his cracked and tanned skin paled as he read and reread the message. Suddenly a joyous thought came to him. "The old boy's relented sure, and wants me to go back with him," he told himself over and over. He thrust his few things into the one portmanteau he had brought with him and made such good time going the twenty-five miles into Calgary that he had been pacing up and down the station platform for ten minutes when the train pulled in. [Pg 222]

The Earl of Rigby, who had been hanging over the vestibule rail of the observation car, swung himself lightly down and cordially grasped his son's hand. The Honorable Arthur was struck afresh by the good looks and youthfulness of his aristocratic father.

"By Jove, Arthur, I'm glad to see you got my telegram, and I'm glad you got here in time. What? No, you won't need your portmanteau. The truth is," he gave an infectious laugh, "the Countess of Rigby—she was Miss Lily Ogden until last night, my deah boy—and I are on our way to England, and we couldn't leave the country without seeing you again. Won't you step into the coach and speak to her?"

GEORGE LEE BURTON

George Lee Burton, magazinest, was born at Danville, Kentucky, April 17, 1868. He was fitted at the Louisville Rugby School for the University of Virginia, from which he was graduated, after which he returned to Louisville, and studied law in the University of Louisville. Upon his graduation from that institution he was admitted to the bar, and he has since practiced his profession at Louisville with success. Mr. Burton began to write some years ago, contributing short-stories and sketches to the eastern periodicals. *The Century* published his clever story, *As Seen By His Bride*; and *Ainslee's Magazine* printed his *The Training of the Groom*, *The Deferred Proposal*, *Cupid's Impromptu*, and several other stories. His work for *The Saturday Evening Post*, however, has been his most noteworthy performance. For that great weekly he has written: *Getting a Start at Sixty* (published anonymously); *The Making of a Small Capitalist*, *A Fresh Grip*, *A Rebuilt Life*, and *Tackling Matrimony*, the last of which titles appeared in two parts in *The Post* for November 23 and November 30, 1912, was exceedingly well done. He has recently re-written *Tackling Matrimony*, greatly developing the story-part, and more than doubling its length, for the Harper's, who will issue it in book form early in the spring of 1913. Mr. Burton is a bachelor who has won wide reputation as a writer upon various phases of matrimonial mixups. He also has a certain sympathy with those who waste their youth in riotous living, but who win their true positions in the world after all seems lost. [Pg 223]

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AFTER PRISON—HOME^[55]

[From *A Rebuilt Life* (*Saturday Evening Post*, March 23, 1912)]

"Well, sir, when I got out I was shipped back to my own town, or rather the town from which I had been sent up. I was born five hundred miles from there; but my people had died when I was young and I had drifted in there when I was only sixteen years old—I guess that makes it my town after all. Now, at thirty-five I was back there from the pen and I stayed there.

"Maybe that was a mistake. I guess it was harder for me; but I had that much fight left in me. I wanted to show people that there was still some man in me, even if I had spent ten years in the pen that I deserved to spend there. Besides, I wouldn't like to start off fresh in a new place and build up a little, and just as I got to going have somebody from my home town come along and tell everybody that respected me that I was a murderer and an ex-convict and a lowdown sort of

nobody.

"I believe after all I'd rather start in as I did, back where they thought that about me to begin with, and build up fresh from that. I wanted to live down the killing and those ten years—and I believe I've sorter done it. It may sound foolish, but—though I don't excuse all that, remember—I have got to sorter respect myself again, and I tell you it feels good!

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"They didn't have prison reform in that state then, with an employment officer and a job all ready to help a poor devil start out again when he got back to freedom. They gave me a suit of clothes and five dollars and shipped me back to the town I came from, then turned me loose as an ex-convict to hump for myself like the other "exes," branded by those years of living in there.

"It certainly seemed strange to see the place again. There had been many changes in those years. I put up at one of these twenty-five-cents-a-night men's hotels, and took fifteen-cent meals—skipping one every day to make my five dollars last longer; and I commenced looking for a job.

"There didn't seem any need of more help anywhere. I tried many of my old acquaintances to see if I could get a place—I did not seem to have any friends left! I found ten years in the pen seemed to wipe out the claim of being even an acquaintance with most of them. They all looked at me curiously, as if I was a different brand of man—a cannibal, or Eskimo, or something.

"I'd rather they wouldn't have showed so plain they thought me dangerous or worse; yet I'd have swallowed that if they had only given me work. They didn't though; some of them weren't as cold with me as others, but none of them had anything for me.

"Of course I tackled all sorts of strangers, too, for work; but usually they didn't have any—and when they had they wanted references. I couldn't blame them; I guess I had a sort of pasty face and hangdog look.

"They had such a habit of asking: 'Where did you work last?'

"'I've been away a long time—have not worked here for several years,' I would say.

"'Where did you work while you were away?' came next.

"'I worked at broom-making part of the time,' I got to answering.

"Then, like as not, the boss would look at me suspiciously and say: 'No, I don't believe I need you just now; if I do I will let you know. Where do you live?'

"When I gave the number of the bum lodging house he would look as if that settled it; he had known all along I wasn't any good. And I felt so shamed and low down all the time I looked like he was right.

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"Five dollars don't last very long, even with two meals a day. I got work one day on a wrecker's force, tearing down an old building; but the foreman drove his men hard and I wasn't used to real work anyway. I couldn't stand up to it, and—I'm ashamed to tell it even now—I fainted about four o'clock that afternoon.

"Another day I got a place with the gang working repairs on the street-railroad tracks; but the man in charge said I was too slow and not strong enough—had better get some different kind of work. As if I hadn't tried everything I could! He didn't pay me for a full day either—said I wasn't worth it; and the worst was that I knew he was right. I was about at the end of my rope when my money gave out, and I was looking so weak and shamefaced that I didn't stand any sort of a chance. I got to feeling desperate.

"I remember that about this time I went in to answer an ad—'Man wanted as porter in well-established wholesale drug house.' The head of the place was a mild-mannered old man, who sat in the back office, but who always looked over the new men before they were employed. He began as usual:

"'Where did you work last?'

"'With the street-railroad gang,' I answered.

"'U-um! How long?'

"'One day,' I told him.

"'Ah!' he said, as if he had discovered something—'and before that?'

"'With a house-wrecking gang on Flint Street.'

"'Yes—how long there?'

"'Part of a day,' I said. 'I couldn't stand up to the work.'

"I thought he looked a little sympathetic then, but was not sure until he sniffed and asked the next question in a hard, thin voice:

"'And where before that?'

"I hesitated a moment; he looked at me more closely and said in that same tone:

"'Where?'

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"I had been looked at and questioned so much that way and had got so raw about it that now I almost shouted: 'In the penitentiary!'"

"'Why, bless my soul!' the mild little man gasped. 'No, I don't need you. Good day! Good day!'"

"He looked so shocked and I felt so desperate that I could not help adding, while I looked at him hard:

"'I was put in for manslaughter too—voluntary manslaughter!'"

"There wasn't any clerk in the room at the time.

"Oh, oh, indeed!' he gulped out, rising and backing away, big-eyed and trembly. He almost got to the back window before I turned and left.

"Maybe I didn't feel bitter and like 'what's the use—what's the use of anything!' I don't know what would have happened—I guess I'd have starved to death or worse—if it hadn't been for the hoboos' hotel—Welcome Hall—'Headquarters for the Unemployed,' as it's advertised.

"You don't know about the place? Well, sir, it's a dandy!—at least, that's the way I think about it—and a good many others do too. The worst of the hoboos won't go there if they can help it—they'd rather bum a dime and get a bed for the night in one of those ten-cent places.

"This Welcome Hall is a sort of industrial kindling-splitting joint. You blow in there and saw and split kindling for a bed and meals—you give them six hours' work.

"You see, in that way you can live off six hours' work a day and have some time left to look for a job. It's a good thing, and it's been a moneymaker too; it's the only charity I know of that's not a charity but a moneymaking concern. Of course people had to give it a place and start it; but it more than pays expenses, and at the same time helps to build up a man instead of making him a pauper or a deadbeat bum.

"I certainly was glad to find some place where I could at least earn my lodging and meals. I rested up some there and was glad I could just stay somewhere. Though I looked about for work a little, nearly every day, I lived along there for three weeks on my six hours a day of work—still out of a job. At last I guess my fighting blood got up again, I determined I would get a job of some kind, even if it was cleaning vaults. I decided no honest work was beneath me when it all seemed so far above me as to be out of reach.

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"'If I keep my eyes open and am not too choosy I must find something to do,' I said to myself, and set out to look for it in earnest. It was Saturday morning, I remember, for I thought of the next day being Sunday, when I could not even hunt for work. I had walked a good way and asked for work at a lot of places without getting anything to do, when I saw an old negro man sweeping leaves off the sidewalk and washing off the front steps of a plain two-story house with a bucket of water and a cloth.

"'I may not be much account but I sure can do that,' I thought, and asked him how much he got for it.

"'For dese here, boss, I gits ten cents; but when I wuks all de way roun' to de back do' I gits some dinner th'owed in,' he said with a grin.

"That wasn't so bad; and 'boss!'—how good that sounded! I went on down the street feeling almost like a man again and not a down-and-out ex-convict.

"About a square away I began to ask at every house if they didn't want the leaves swept off and the front steps washed. Maybe I looked too much like a tramp or too much above one with that 'boss' still ringing in my ears—the first time I had been spoken to that way for more than ten years! Anyway I got turned down at first.

"At the tenth place, however, a two-story-and-attic red brick, they gave me a job. The woman asked me in a sharp voice, as if she were defending herself from being overcharged:

"'How much?'"

"'Ten cents,' I answered, as meekly as I could.

"She seemed to think that was reasonable; and after waiting a minute, as if she wanted the work done and couldn't find any excuse for not letting me do it, she handed me a bucket and mop and broom and set me at it.

"I finished the job in about an hour; and I tell you I enjoyed that work! Beneath me? Why, it couldn't get beneath me—I was that low down in mind and living and even hope. I was just about all in, you understand; and I wasn't a plumb out-and-out fool.

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"I have got that dime yet; see here," he said, holding out a brightly polished dime surrounded by a narrow gold band, which he wore as a charm on his watch-chain; "whenever I begin to feel ashamed of my work I look at that and get thankful, and remember how proud and happy I felt when that sharp-looking woman handed it to me. I had done a little extra work in cleaning up the yard, and she said as she gave it to me:

"'That looks a whole lot better! You certainly earned that dime.'"

"I wouldn't have spent that money if I had had to go without food for two days! It seemed to put springs in my feet and I went down the street hustling for another job of the same kind. I found it before dinner; it was another ten cent job with twenty cents' worth of work; but I sure was glad to get it.

"I felt that, so long as Welcome Hall was making money, I was earning my way by those six hours of work a day, and I stayed on there for some time longer."

JAMES TANDY ELLIS

James Tandy Ellis, "Shawn's" father, was born at Ghent, Kentucky, June 9, 1868. He spent his boyhood days in one of the most romantically beautiful sections of Kentucky, on the Ohio river between Cincinnati and Louisville. He was educated at Ghent College and the State College of Kentucky at Lexington. Mr. Ellis has always been a great lover of Nature and his leisure-hours are usually spent with dog and gun or in angling. He engaged in newspaper work in Louisville and his character sketches soon made him well-known throughout the State. His first book, *Poems by Ellis* (Louisville, Kentucky, 1898), contained some very clever verse. *Sprigs o' Mint* (New York, 1906), was an attractive little volume of pastels in prose and verse. Mr. Ellis next issued three pamphlets: *Peebles* (Carrollton, Kentucky, 1908); *Awhile in the Mountains* (Lexington, Kentucky, 1909); and *Kentucky Stories* (Lexington, 1909). His latest book, entitled *Shawn of Skarrow* (Boston, 1911), is a novelette of river life in northern Kentucky, and the simple, direct manner of the little tale was found "refreshing" by the "jaded" reviewers. Colonel Ellis is now assistant Adjutant-General of Kentucky, and he resides at Frankfort, the capitol of the Commonwealth.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. Letters from Mr. Ellis to the Author; *Lexington Leader* (December 24, 1911).

YOUTHFUL LOVERS^[56]

[From *Shawn of Skarrow* (Boston, 1911)]

The winter had passed away. Shawn had been working hard in school, and under the encouragement of Mrs. Alden, was making fair progress, but Sunday afternoons found him in his rowboat, wandering about the stream and generally pulling his boat out on the beach at Old Meadows, for Lallite was there to greet him, and already they had told each other of their love. What a dream of happiness, to wander together along the pebbled beach, or through the upland woods, tell each other the little incidents of their daily life, and to pledge eternal fidelity. Oh, dearest days, when the rose of love first blooms in youthful hearts, when lips breathe the tenderest promises, fraught with such transports of delight; when each lingering word grows sweeter under the spell of love-lit eyes. Oh, blissful elysium of love's young dream!

They stood together in the deepening twilight, when the sun's last bars of gold were reflected in the stream.

"Oh, Shawn, it was a glad day when you first came with Doctor Hissong to hunt."

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"Yes," said Shawn, as he took her hand, "and it was a hunt where I came upon unexpected game, but how could you ever feel any love for a poor river-rat?"

"I don't know," said Lallite, "but maybe, it is that kind that some girls want to fall in love with, especially if they have beautiful teeth, and black eyes and hair, and can be unselfish enough to kill a bag of game for two old men, and let them think they did the shooting."

"Lally, when they have love plays on the show-boats, they have all sorts of quarrels and they lie and cuss and tear up things generally."

"Well, Shawn, there's all sorts of love, I suppose, but mine is not the show-boat kind."

"Thank the Lord," said Shawn.

He drew out a little paste-board box. Nestling in a wad of cotton, was the pearl given to him by Burney.

"Lally, this is the only thing I have ever owned in the way of jewelry, and it's not much, but will you take it and wear it for my sake?"

"It will always be a perfect pearl to me," said the blushing girl.

George Horace Lorimer, editor and novelist, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, October 6, 1868, the son of Dr. George C. Lorimer (1838-1904), the distinguished Baptist clergyman and author, who held pastorates at Harrodsburg (where he married a wife), Paducah, and Louisville, but who won his widest reputation in Tremont Temple, Boston. His son was educated at Colby College and at Yale. Since Saint Patrick's Day of 1899, Mr. Lorimer has been editor-in-chief of *The Saturday Evening Post*. He resides with his family at Wyncote, Pennsylvania, but he may be more often found near the top of the magnificent new building of the Curtis Publishing Company in Independence Square. As an author Mr. Lorimer is known for his popular *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* (Boston, 1902), which was one of the "six best sellers" for a long time. It was actually translated into Japanese. Its sequel, *Old Gorgon Graham* (New York, 1904), was more letters from the same to the same. The original of *Old Gorgon Graham* was none other than Philip Danforth Armour, the Chicago packer, under whom Mr. Lorimer worked for several years. Both of the books made a powerful appeal to men, but it is doubtful if many women cared for either of them. *The False Gods* (New York, 1906), is a newspaper story in which "the false gods" are the faithless *flares* which lead a "cub" reporter into many mixups, only to have everything turn out happily in the end. Mr. Lorimer's latest story, *Jack Spurlock—Prodigal* (New York, 1908), an adventurous young fellow who is expelled from Harvard, defies his father, and finds himself in the maw of a cold and uncongenial world, is deliciously funny—for the reader! All of Mr. Lorimer's books are full of the *Poor Richard* brand of worldly-wise philosophy, which he is in the habit of "serving up" weekly for the readers of *The Post*. That he is certainly an editor of very great ability, and that he has exerted wide influence in his field, no one will gainsay. The men who help him make his paper call him "the greatest editor in America;" and he is undoubtedly the highest salaried one in this country to-day. *The Post*, which was nothing before he assumed control of it, is one of the foremost weeklies in the English-reading world at the present time; and its success is due to the longheadedness and hard common sense of its editor, George Horace Lorimer.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Critic* (June, 1903); *The Bookman* (October, November, 1904); *Little Pilgrimages Among the Men Who Have Written Famous Books*, by E. F. Harkins (Boston, 1903, Second Series).

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HIS SON'S SWEETHEART^[57]

[From *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* (Boston, 1902)]

NEW YORK, November 4, 189-.

Dear Pierrepont: Who is this Helen Heath, and what are your intentions there? She knows a heap more about you than she ought to know if they're not serious, and I know a heap less about her than I ought to know if they are. Hadn't got out of sight of land before we'd become acquainted somehow, and she's been treating me like a father clear across the Atlantic. She's a mighty pretty girl, and a mighty nice girl, and a mighty sensible girl—in fact she's so exactly the sort of girl I'd like to see you marry that I'm afraid there's nothing in it.

Of course, your salary isn't a large one yet, but you can buy a whole lot of happiness with fifty dollars a week when you have the right sort of a woman for your purchasing agent. And while I don't go much on love in a cottage, love in a flat, with fifty a week as a starter, is just about right, if the girl is just about right. If she isn't, it doesn't make any special difference how you start out, you're going to end up all wrong.

Money ought never to be *the* consideration in marriage, but it ought always to be *a* consideration. When a boy and a girl don't think enough about money before the ceremony, they're going to have to think altogether too much about it after; and when a man's doing sums at home evenings, it comes kind of awkward for him to try to hold his wife on his lap.

There's nothing in this talk that two can live cheaper than one. A good wife doubles a man's expenses and doubles his happiness, and that's a pretty good investment if a fellow's got the money to invest. I have met women who had cut their husbands' expenses in half, but they needed the money because they had doubled their own. I might add, too, that I've met a good many husbands who had cut their wives' expenses in half, and they fit naturally into any discussion of our business, because they are hogs. There's a point where economy becomes a vice, and that's when a man leaves its practice to his wife.

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An unmarried man is a good deal like a piece of unimproved real estate—he may be worth a whole lot of money, but he isn't of any particular use except to build on. The great trouble with a lot of these fellows is that they're "made land," and if you dig down a few feet you strike ooze and booze under the layer of dollars that their daddies dumped in on top. Of course, the only way to deal with a proposition of that sort is to drive forty-foot piles clear down to solid rock and then to lay railroad iron and cement till you've got something to build on. But a lot of women will go right ahead without any preliminaries and wonder what's the matter when the walls begin to crack and tumble about their ears.

Sister Imelda ("Estelle Marie Gerard"), poet, was born at Jackson, Tennessee, January 17, 1869, the daughter of Charles Brady, a native of Ireland, and soldier in the Confederate army. After the war he went to Jackson, Tennessee, and married Miss Ann Sharpe, a kinswoman of Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi. Their second child was Helen Estelle Brady, the future poet. She was educated by the Dominican sisters at Jackson and, at the age of eighteen years, entered the sisterhood, taking the name of "Sister Imelda." For the next twenty-three years she lived in Kentucky, teaching music in Roman Catholic institutions at Louisville and Springfield, but she is now connected with the Sacred Heart Institute, Watertown, Massachusetts. Sister Imelda's booklet of poems has been highly praised by competent critics. It was entitled *Heart Whispers* (1905), and issued under her pen-name of "Estelle Marie Gerard." Many of these poems were first published in *The Midland Review*, a Louisville magazine edited by the late Charles J. O'Malley, the poet and critic. Sister Imelda is a woman of rare culture and a real singer, but her strict religious life has hampered her literary labors to an unusual degree.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Hesperian Tree* (Columbus, Ohio, 1903); letters from Sister Imelda to the Author.

A JUNE IDYL^[58]

[From *Heart Whispers* (1905)]

Every glade sings now of summer—
Songs as sweet as violets' breath;
And the glad, warm heart of nature
Thrills and gently answereth.

Answers through the lily-lyrics
And the rosebud's joyous song,
Faintly o'er the valley stealing,
As the June days speed along.

And we, pausing, fondly listen
To their tuneful minstrelsy,
Floating far beyond the wildwood
To the ever restless sea.

Till the echoes, softly, lowly,
Trembling on the twilight air—
Tells us that each rose and lily
Bows its scented head in prayer.

HEART MEMORIES

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[From the same]

In fancy's golden barque at eventide
My spirit floateth to the Far Away,
And dreamland faces come as fades the day.
They lean upon my heart. We gently glide
A down the magic shores of long ago,
While memories, like silver lily bells,
Are tinkling in my heart's fair woodland dells
And breathing songs full sweetly soft and low.

When eventide has slowly winged its flight,
And moonbeams clothe the flowers with radiant light,
Ah, then there swiftly come again to me,
Like echoes of some song-bird melody,
Borne on the breeze from far-off mountain height,
Fond thoughts of home, and Mother dear, of Thee.

A NUN'S PRAYER

[From the same]

When lilies swing their voiceless silver bells,
And twilight's kiss doth linger on the sea,
I wander silently o'er the scented lea
By brooks that murmur through the sleeping dells,
And rippling onward, chant the funeral knells
Of leaves they bear upon their breasts. On Thee,
Dear Lord, I lean! The grandest destiny
Of life is mine. Within my heart there wells
For thee a deep love, and sweetest peace
Doth glimmer star-like on the wavelet's crest.
Grant, Thou, O Christ, its gleaming ne'er may cease,
Until Death's angel makes the melody

HARRISON CONRARD

Harrison Conrard, poet, was born at Dodsonville, Ohio, September 21, 1869. He was educated at St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati. From 1892 until the spring of 1899 Mr. Conrard lived at Ludlow, Kentucky, when he removed to Arizona to engage in the lumber business at Flagstaff, his present home. While living at Ludlow he published his first book of poems, entitled *Idle Songs and Idle Sonnets* (1898), which is now out of print. Mr. Conrard's second and best known volume of verse, called *Quivira* (Boston, 1907), contained a group of singing lyrics of almost entrancing beauty. These are the only books he has so far published. "Some day," the poet once wrote, "I shall roll up my bedding, take my fishing rod and wander back east, and Kentucky will be good enough for me." He has, however, never come back. A new volume of his verse is to be issued shortly.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. Letters from Mr. Conrard to the Author; *Poet-Lore* (Boston, Fall Issue, 1907).

IN OLD TUCSON^[59]

[From *Quivira* (Boston, 1907)]

In old Tucson, in old Tucson,
What cared I how the days ran on?
A brown hand trailing the viol-strings,
Hair as black as the raven's wing,
Lips that laughed and a voice that clung
To the sweet old airs of the Spanish tongue
Had drenched my soul with a mellow rime
Till all life shone, in that golden clime,
With the tender glow of the morning-time.
In old Tucson, in old Tucson,
How swift the merry days ran on!

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In old Tucson, in old Tucson,
How soon the parting day came on!
But I oft turn back in my hallowed dreams,
And the low adobe a palace seems,
Where her sad heart sighs and her sweet voice sings
To the notes that throb from her viol-strings.
Oh, those tear-dimmed eyes and that soft brown hand!
And a soul that glows like the desert sand—
The golden fruit of a golden land!
In old Tucson, in old Tucson,
The long, lone days, O Time, speed on!

A KENTUCKY SUNRISE

[From the same]

Faint streaks of light; soft murmurs; sweet
Meadow-breaths; low winds; the deep gray
Yielding to crimson; a lamb's bleat;
Soft-tinted hills; a mockbird's lay:
And the red Sun brings forth the Day.

A KENTUCKY SUNSET

[From the same]

The great Sun dies in the west; gold
And scarlet fill the skies; the white
Daisies nod in repose; the fold
Welcomes the lamb; larks sink from sight:
The long shadows come, and then—Night.

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Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, creator of "Mrs. Wiggs," was born at Shelbyville, Kentucky, January 11, 1870. She was educated at Hampton College, Louisville. On December 18, 1902, she was married to Mr. Cale Young Rice, the Louisville poetic dramatist. Mrs. Rice is a member of several clubs, and to this work she has devoted considerable attention. Her first book, published under her maiden name of Alice Caldwell Hegan, the redoubtable *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* (New York, 1901), is an epic of optimism, "David Harum's Widow," to its admirers; and a platitudinous production, to its non-admirers. At any rate, it achieved the success it was written to achieve: one of the "six best sellers" for more than a year, and now in its forty-seventh edition! That, surely, is glory—and money—enough for the most exacting. The love episode running through the little tale did not greatly add to its merit, and when the old woman of the many trials and tribulations is absent, it drags itself endlessly along. *Lovey Mary* (New York, 1903), was a weakish sequel, partly redeemed by the one readable chapter upon the old Kentucky woman of Martinsville, Indiana, and her *Denominational Garden*. That chapter and *The 'Christmas Lady'* from *Mrs. Wiggs*, were reprinted in London as very slight volumes. *Sandy* (New York, 1905), was the story of a little Scotch stowaway in Kentucky; *Captain June* (New York, 1907), related the experiences of an American lad in Japan; *Mr. Opp* (New York, 1909), was a rather unpleasant tale of an eccentric Kentucky journalist, yet quite the strongest thing she has done. Mrs. Gusty, Jimmy Fallows, Cove City, *The Opp Eagle*, its editor, D. Webster Opp, his half-crazed sister, Kippy, are very real and very pathetic. Mrs. Rice's latest story, *A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill* (New York, 1912), was heralded as a "delightful blend of Cabbage Patch philosophy and high romance;" and it was said to have been the result of a suggestion made to the author by the late editor and poet, Richard Watson Gilder, that she should paint upon a larger canvas—which suggestion was both good and timely. That the "Cabbage Patch philosophy" is present no one will deny; but the "high romance" is reached at the top of Billy-Goat Hill which is, after all, not a very dizzy altitude. It was, of course, one of the "six best sellers" for several months. Indeed, more than a million copies of her books have been sold; and nearly as many people have seen the dramatization of *Mr. Opp* and *Mrs. Wiggs*.^[60]

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Outlook* (December 6, 1902); *The Bookman* (May, 1903); *The Critic* (June, 1904).

THE OPPRESSED MR. OPP DECIDES^[61]

[From *Mr. Opp* (New York, 1909)]

Half an hour later Mr. Opp dragged himself up the hill to his home. All the unfairness and injustice of the universe seemed pressing upon his heart. Every muscle in his body quivered in remembrance of what he had been through, and an iron band seemed tightening about his throat. His town had refused to believe his story! It had laughed in his face!

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With a sudden mad desire for sympathy and for love, he began calling Kippy. He stumbled across the porch, and, opening the door with his latch-key, stood peering into the gloom of the room.

The draft from an open window blew a curtain toward him, a white, spectral, beckoning thing, but no sound broke from the stillness.

"Kippy!" he called again, his voice sharp with anxiety.

From one room to another he ran, searching in nooks and corners, peering under the beds and behind the doors, calling in a voice that was sometimes a command, but oftener a plea: "Kippy! Kippy!"

At last he came back to the dining-room and lighted the lamp with shaking hands. On the hearth were the remains of a small bonfire, with papers scattered about. He dropped on his knees and seized a bit of charred cardboard. It was a corner of the hand-painted frame that had incased the picture of Guinevere Gusty! Near it lay loose sheets of paper, parts of that treasured package of letters she had written him from Coreville.

As Mr. Opp gazed helplessly about the room, his eyes fell upon something white pinned to the red table-cloth. He held it to the light. It was a portion of one of Guinevere's letters, written in the girl's clear, round hand:

Mother says I can never marry you until Miss Kippy goes to the asylum.

Mr. Opp got to his feet. "She's read the letter," he cried wildly; "she's learned out about herself! Maybe she's in the woods now, or down on the bank!" He rushed to the porch. "Kippy!" he shouted. "Don't be afraid! Brother D.'s coming to get you! Don't run away, Kippy! Wait for me! Wait!" and leaving the old house open to the night, he plunged into the darkness, beating through the woods and up and down the road, calling in vain for Kippy, who lay cowering in the bottom of a leaking skiff that was drifting down the river at the mercy of the current.

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Two days later, Mr. Opp sat in the office of the Coreville Asylum for the Insane and heard the story of his sister's wanderings. Her boat had evidently been washed ashore at a point fifteen miles above the town, for people living along the river had reported a strange little woman, without hat or coat, who came to their doors crying and saying her name was "Oxety," and that she was crazy, and begging them to show her the way to the asylum. On the second day she had been found unconscious on the steps of the institution, and since then, the doctor said, she had been wild and unmanageable.

"Considering all things," he concluded, "it is much wiser for you not to see her. She came of her own accord, evidently felt the attack coming on, and wanted to be taken care of."

He was a large, smooth-faced man, with the conciliatory manner of one who regards all his fellow-men as patients in varying degrees of insanity.

"But I'm in the regular habit of taking care of her," protested Mr. Opp. "This is just a temporary excitement for the time being that won't ever, probably, occur again. Why, she's been improving all winter; I've learnt her to read and write a little, and to pick out a number of cities on the geographical atlas."

"All wrong," exclaimed the doctor; "mistaken kindness. She can never be any better, but she may be a great deal worse. Her mind should never be stimulated or excited in any way. Here, of course, we understand all these things and treat the patient accordingly."

"Then I must just go back to treating her like a child again?" asked Mr. Opp, "not endeavoring to improve her intellect, or help her grow up in any way?"

The doctor laid a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"You leave her to us," he said. "The State provides this excellent institution for just such cases as hers. You do yourself and your family, if you have one, an injustice by keeping her at home. Let her stay here for six months or so, and you will see what a relief it will be."

Mr. Opp sat with his elbow on the desk and his head propped in his hand and stared miserably at the floor. He had not had his clothes off for two nights, and he had scarcely taken time from his search to eat anything. His face looked old and wizened and haunted from the strain. Yet here and now he was called upon to make his great decision. On the one hand lay the old, helpless life with Kippy, and on the other a future of dazzling possibility with Guinevere. All of his submerged self suddenly rose and demanded happiness. He was ready to snatch it, at any cost, regardless of everything and everybody—of Kippy; of Guinevere, who, he knew, did not love him, but would keep her promise; of Hinton, whose secret he had long ago guessed. And, as a running accompaniment to his thoughts, was the quiet, professional voice of the doctor urging him to the course that his heart prompted. For a moment the personal forces involved trembled in equilibrium.

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After a long time he unknotted his fingers, and drew his handkerchief across his brow.

"I guess I'll go up and see her now," he said, with the gasping breath of a man who has been under water.

In vain the doctor protested. Mr. Opp was determined.

As the door to the long ward was being unlocked, he leaned for a moment dizzily against the wall.

"You'd better let me give you a swallow of whiskey," suggested the doctor, who had noted his exhaustion.

Mr. Opp raised his hand deprecatingly, with a touch of his old professional pride. "I don't know as I've had occasion to mention," he said, "that I am the editor and sole proprietor of 'The Opp Eagle'; and that bird," he added, with a forced smile, "is, as everybody knows, a complete teetotaler."

At the end of the crowded ward, with her face to the wall, was a slight, familiar figure. Mr. Opp started forward; then he turned fiercely upon the attendant.

"Her hands are tied! Who dared to tie her up like that?"

"It's just a soft handkerchief," replied the matronly woman, reassuringly. "We were afraid she would pull her hair out. She wants it fixed a certain way; but she's afraid for any of us to touch her. She has been crying about it ever since she came."

In an instant Mr. Opp was on his knees beside her. "Kippy, Kippy darling, here's brother D.; he'll fix it for you! You want it parted on the side, don't you, tied with a bow, and all the rest hanging down? Don't cry so, Kippy. I'm here now; brother D.'ll take care of you."

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She flung her loosened arms around him and clung to him in a passion of relief. Her sobs shook them both, and his face and neck were wet with her tears.

As soon as they could get her sufficiently quiet, they took her into her little bedroom.

"You let the lady get you ready," urged Mr. Opp, still holding her hand, "and I'll take you back home, and Aunt Tish will have a nice, hot supper all waiting for us."

But she would let nobody else touch her, and even then she broke forth into piteous sobs and protests. Once she pushed him from her and looked about wildly. "No, no," she cried, "I mustn't go; I am crazy!" But he told her about the three little kittens that had been born under the kitchen steps, and in an instant she was a-tremble with eagerness to go home to see them.

An hour later Mr. Opp and his charge sat on the river-bank and waited for the little launch that was to take them back to the Cove. A curious crowd had gathered at a short distance, for their story had gone the rounds.

Mr. Opp sat under the fire of curious glances, gazing straight in front of him, and only his flushed face showed what he was suffering. Miss Kippy, in her strange clothes and with her pale hair flying about her shoulders, sat close by him, her hand in his.

"D.," she said once in a high, insistent voice, "when will I be grown up enough to marry Mr. Hinton?"

Mr. Opp for a moment forgot the crowd. "Kippy," he said, with all the gentle earnestness that was in him, "you ain't never going to grow up at all. You are just always going to be brother D.'s little girl. You see, Mr. Hinton's too old for you, just like—" he paused, then finished it bravely—"just like I am too old for Miss Guin-never. I wouldn't be surprised if they got married with each other some day. You and me will just have to take care of each other."

She looked at him with the quick suspicion of the insane, but he was ready for her with a smile.

"Oh, D.," she cried, in a sudden rapture, "we are glad, ain't we?"

RICHARD H. WILSON

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Richard Henry Wilson ("Richard Fisguill"), novelist and educator, was born near Hopkinsville, Kentucky, March 6, 1870. He received the degrees of B. A. and M. A. from South Kentucky College, and Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins in 1898. Dr. Wilson spent ten years in Europe studying at universities in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain; and he married a Frenchwoman. He has been a great "globe-trotter," and he speaks a dozen languages fluently. Since 1899 Dr. Wilson has been professor of Romantic languages at the University of Virginia. All the appointments of his home are in the French style, and French is the language of the family. Professor Wilson is a good Kentuckian, nevertheless, and he knows the land and the people well. He is to the University of Virginia what Professor Charles T. Copeland is to Harvard. His first book, *The Preposition A*, is now out of print. His novel, *Mazel* (New York, 1902), takes rather the form of a satire upon life at the University of Virginia. Professor Wilson's next story, *The Venus of Cadiz* (New York, 1905), is a rollicking extravaganza of cave and country life at Cadiz, Kentucky. Both of his novels have been issued under his pen-name of "Richard Fisguill"—"Fisguill" being bastard French for "Wilson." Professor Wilson contributes much to the magazines. Four of his short-stories were printed in *Harper's Weekly* between April and October of 1912, under the following titles, and in the order of their appearance: *Orphanage*, *The Nymph*, *Seven Slumbers*, and *The Princess of Is*. Another story, *The Waitress at the Phoenix*, was published in *Collier's* for September 7, 1912. A collection of his short-stories may be issued in 1913.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. *Library of Southern Literature* (Atlanta, 1910, v. xv); *Who's Who in America* (1912-1913).

SUSAN—THE VENUS OF CADIZ^[62]

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[From *The Venus of Cadiz* (New York, 1905)]

Colonel Norris was as laconic as usual, not even giving his address. He had written four letters in twelve years.

"The Colonel means a million francs," explained Captain Malepeste. "His letter was addressed to me, and he knows I always count in francs."

"The Colonel means a million marks," replied Captain Bisherig. "He began his letter: 'Dear Malepeste and Bisherig,' and I don't believe Colonel Norris would think in francs when he had me in mind."

"But the Colonel is an American," observed Gertrude. "Don't you think it would be more natural for him to count and think in dollars—a million dollars?"

"No, I do not," replied Doctor Alvin. "I believe all of you are wrong. The Colonel is in Australia. His business relations are doubtless with English houses. And in my opinion he means pounds, English money—a million pounds sterling."

"Why, that would make five million dollars!" exclaimed Gertrude.

"Twenty million marks!" ejaculated Captain Bisherig.

"Twenty-five million francs!" echoed Captain Malepeste.

"That is what it would be," assented Doctor Alvin, "and that is what the Colonel means, I feel sure. Nor am I surprised. Norris is a man of remarkable business instincts. He is as cool and collected on the floor of a stock exchange as he was on the field of battle. Then he had every incentive to make a fortune. And he has made one, take my word for it."

"Nom d'une pipe!" exclaimed Captain Malepeste. "We will all go to Paris, and buy a hôtel on the Champs-Elysees!"

"We will do no such thing," objected Captain Bisherig. "Your modern Babylon is no place for respectable folks to live in."

Captain Malepeste retorted:

"Well, if you think we should be willing to put up with more than one 'Dutchman,' and live in Germany—God forbid!"

Captain Bisherig and Captain Malepeste retired to the Music Room that they might settle with swords the question of the respective merits of Germany and France. Gertrude followed in the capacity of second and surgeon to both men. Susan and Doctor Alvin remained alone. Catherine had retired to her bedroom. [Pg 246]

"So papa is coming back with a fortune," observed Dr. Alvin, affectionately. "And ... and what is our Susie going to do—give a ball, and invite the Governor of Kentucky?"

"If father comes back with a million, I am going somewhere to study art," replied Susan.

The reply came so quickly that Dr. Alvin was startled.

Susan had fought out her battles alone. Unperceived she had crossed the threshold of womanhood.

"Study art ... be an artist, when a girl is as pretty as you are, and heiress to five million dollars!" cried Doctor Alvin, laying aside the mask he had worn so long.

It was Susan's turn to be astonished. She looked at her guardian fixedly, expressing pain in her look.

At length, in a low voice, she said:

"I do not see why."

"Susan!" began Doctor Alvin.

Then he hesitated, as if in doubt as to whether he should continue.

"I do not see why," repeated Susan, in the same low voice.

Doctor Alvin passed his hand over his forehead. He resumed:

"Susan, your father is coming back shortly. My guardianship is ended. Your father made me swear on Julia's coffin, that I would discourage in you all thoughts of marriage until he returned. He was afraid you might follow in Julia's footsteps. I was to represent sentiment as sentimentality, substitute art for love, and prevent your fancy crystallizing into some man-inspired desire. I have kept my promise. Your father will find you fancy-free, will he not?"

"Yes."

"But, Susan—" and Doctor Alvin's voice again expressed excitement. "But—"

Doctor Alvin's voice trembled so that he was obliged to start over again:

"Susan, you do not know what you are. You—you—are a beautiful woman. You are more beautiful than Julia was at the height of her beauty. You are more beautiful than your mother was—" [Pg 247]

Doctor Alvin's voice echoed mournfully as if he were calling upon the dead.

"Susan, you have only to look upon men to conquer them. You can achieve with a gesture what artists accomplish with a masterpiece. What can artists do, other than quicken the pulse of sluggish humanity? But, Susan—God guide your power—you will make blood boil, heads reel, hearts throb until they burst, if so you will it. Art—artists! There is no need of you studying art. Artists will study you. Have you never looked at yourself in the glass, child? Have you never, when—when—You have studied art with Malepeste, and you know what lines are. Have you never thought of studying your own lines? None of the great statues or paintings, of which Malepeste has the photographs, is so harmoniously perfect as you. Art!—You are the genius of art. I have influenced you into taking up various lines of work, that I might keep you from the pitfalls of love, until the proper time. But, now, my guardianship is ended. I have played a part. I must lay aside my mask. Susan, I have been deceiving you. Love is by all odds the greatest thing in the world. You must love. And you must let some one love you—some one of the many who will be ready to lay down their lives for you—"

LUCY FURMAN

Miss Lucy Furman, short-story writer, was born at Henderson, Kentucky, in 1870, the daughter of a physician. Her parents died when she was quite young, and she was brought up by her aunt. Miss Furman attended public and private schools at Henderson, and at the age of sixteen years, graduated from Sayre Institute at Lexington, Kentucky. The three years following her graduation [Pg 248]

were spent at Henderson and at Shreveport, Louisiana, the home of her grandparents, in both of which places she was a social leader. At the age of nineteen, it became necessary for her to make her own way in the world, and for about four years she was court stenographer at Evansville, Indiana. Miss Furman's earliest literary work was done at Evansville. The first stories she ever wrote were accepted by *The Century Magazine* when she was but twenty-three years of age. These were some of the *Stories of a Sanctified Town* (New York, 1896), one of the most charming books yet written by a Kentucky woman. At the age of twenty-five, when her prospects were exceedingly bright, Miss Furman's health failed entirely, and during the next ten years she was an invalid, seeking health in Florida, southern Texas, on the Jersey coast, and elsewhere, but without much success, and being always too feeble to do any writing. In 1907 she went up into the mountains of her native State to become a teacher in the W. C. T. U. Settlement School at Hindman, Knott county, Kentucky. She did very little at first, but gradually her strength came back, and for the last two years she has been writing stories and sketches of the Kentucky mountains for *The Century Magazine*. In 1911 *The Century* published a series of stories under the title of *Mothering on Perilous*, which will be brought out in book form. In 1912 Miss Furman had several stories in the same magazine, one of the best of which was *Hard-Hearted Barbary Allen*. Her lack of physical strength has compelled her to work very slowly, and it is only by living out-of-doors at least half the time that she can live at all. "I have charge of the gardening and outdoor work at the Settlement School," Miss Furman wrote recently, "but the happiest part of my life is my residence at the small boys' cottage, about which I have told in the 'Perilous' stories, and in which I find endless pleasure and entertainment. Here I hope to spend the remainder of my days." Very pathetic, reader, and very heroic!

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. Letters from Miss Furman to the Author; *The Century Magazine* (July, August, November, December, 1912).

A MOUNTAIN COQUETTE^[63]

[From *Hard-Hearted Barbary Allen* (*The Century Magazine*, March, 1912)]

Beneath the musket, on the "fire-board," lay a spindle-shaped, wooden object, black with age. "A dulcimer," Aunt Polly Ann explained. "My man made it, too, always-ago. Dulcimers used to be all the music there was in this country, but banjos is coming in now."

Miss Loring knew that the dulcimer was an ancient musical instrument very popular in England three centuries ago. She gazed upon the interesting survival with reverence, and expressed a wish to hear it played.

"Beldory she'll pick and sing for you gladly when she gets the dishes done," promised Aunt Polly Ann. "Picking and singing is her strong p'int, and she knows any amount of song-ballads."

At last Beldora came out on the porch and seated herself on a low stool near the loom. Laying the dulcimer across her knees, she began striking the strings with two quills, using both shapely hands. The music was weird, but attractive; the tune she played, minor, long-drawn, and haunting. Miss Loring received the second shock of the day when she caught the opening words of the song:

All in the merry month of May,
When the green buds they were swelling,
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbary Allen.

Often had she read and heard of the old English ballad "Barbara Allen"; never had she thought to encounter it in the flesh. As she listened to the old song, long since forgotten by the rest of the world, but here a warm household possession; as she gazed at Beldora, so young, so fair against the background of ancient loom and gray log wall, she felt as one may to whom the curtain of the past is for an instant lifted, and a vision of dead-and-gone generations vouchsafed.

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Beldora went off to fetch the nag, and Aunt Polly Ann accompanied the guest to the horse-block, laying an anxious hand on her arm.

"You heard the song-ballad Beldory sung to you. She knows dozens, but that's always her first pick. It's her favorrite, and why? Because it's similar to her own manœuvres. Light and cruel and leading poor boys on to destruction is her joy and pastime, same as Barbary's. Did you mind her eyes when she sung them words about

As she were walking through the streets,
She heard them death-bells knelling,
And every stroke it seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbary Allen!"

like it was something to take pride in, instead of sorrow for? Yes, woman, them words, 'Hard-hearted Barbary Allen,' is her living description, and will be to the end of time."

Ten days later the shocking news reached the school that Robert and Adriance Towles had fought on the summit of Devon Mountain for Beldora Wyant's sake, and Robert had fallen dead, with five bullets in him, Adriance being wounded, though not fatally. It was said that Beldora, pressed to choose between the two, had told them she would marry the best man; that thereupon, with their bosom friends, they had ridden to the top of Devon, measured off paces, and fired. Adriance had fled, but word came the next day that, weak from loss of blood, he had been captured and was on the way to jail in the county-seat near the school.

In the weeks until court sat and the trial came off there was much excitement. Sympathy for Adriance and blame for Beldora were everywhere felt. Most of the county and all of the school-women attended the trial, and interest was divided between the haggard, harassed young face of Adriance and the calm, opulent loveliness of Beldora. When she took the stand, people scarcely breathed. Yes, she had told the Towles boys she would marry the best man of them. She had had to tell them something,—they were pestering her to death,—and the law didn't allow her to marry both. She had had no notion they would be such fools as to try to kill each other. Miss Loring and the other women watched anxiously for some sign of pity or remorse in her, but there was not so much as a quiver of the lips or a tremor in her voice. As she sat there in the lone splendor of her beauty, somewhat scornfully enjoying the gaze of every eye in the court-room, one phrase of her "favorite" song rang ceaselessly through Miss Loring's head—"Hard-hearted Barbary Allen." Her lack of feeling intensified the sympathy for Adriance, and, to everybody's joy, the light verdict of only one year in the penitentiary was brought in.

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Half an hour later, Aunt Polly Ann, tragic in face and air, and with Beldora on the nag behind her, drew rein before the settlement school.

"Women," she said with sad solemnity on entering, "for four year' you have been bidding Beldory come and set down and partake of your feast of learning and knowledge; for four year' she has spurned your invite. At last she is minded to come. Here she is. Take her, and see what you can accomplish on her. My raising of her has requited me naught but tenfold tribulation. In vain have I watched and warned and denounced and prophesied; her inordinate light-mindedness and perfidity has now brung one pore boy to a' ontimely grave and another to Frankfort. Take her, women, and see if you can learn her some little demeanor and civility. Keep her under your beneficent and God-fearing roof, and direct her mind off of her outward and on to her inward disabilities! Women, I now wash my hands."

Receiving Beldora into the school was felt to be a somewhat hazardous undertaking, but affection and sympathy for Aunt Polly Ann moved the heads to do it. To the general surprise, Beldora settled down very adaptably to the new life, being capable enough about the industries, and passably so about books. But it was in music that she excelled. Miss Loring gave her piano lessons, and rarely had teacher a more gifted pupil.

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Needless to say, when Beldora picked the dulcimer and sang song-ballads at the Friday night parties, all the children and grown-ups sat entranced. For three or four weeks, on these occasions, she had the grace to choose other ballads than "Barbara Allen"; but one night in early November, after singing "Turkish Lady" and "The Brown Girl," she suddenly struck into the haunting melody and tragic words of "Barbara Allen." A thrill and a shock went through all her hearers. Miss Loring saw Howard Cleves start forward in his chair with a look of horror, almost repulsion, on his fine, intelligent face.

Howard was the most remarkable boy in the school. Five years before, when not quite fifteen, he had walked over, barefoot, from his home on Millstone, forty miles distant, and presented himself to "the women" with this plea: "I hear you women run a school where boys and girls can work their way through. I am the workingest boy on Millstone, and have hoed corn, cleared new-ground, and snaked logs since I turned my fifth year. I have heard tell, over yander on Millstone, that there is a sizable world outside these mountains, full of strange, foreign folk and wonderly things. I crave to know about it. I can't set in darkness any longer. My hunger for learning ha'n'ts me day and night, and burns me like a fever. I'll pine to death if I don't get it. Women, give me a chance. Hunt up the hardest job on your place, and watch me toss it off."

They gave him the chance; and never had they done anything that more richly rewarded them. Not only were his powers of work prodigious, but his eager, brilliant mind opened amazingly day by day, progressing by leaps and bounds. The women set their chief hopes upon Howard, believing that in him they would give a great man to the nation. Promise of a scholarship in the law school of a well-known university had already been obtained for him, and in one more year, such was his astonishing progress, he would be able to enter it, if all went well. Miss Loring had observed that, in common with every other boy, big or little, in the school, Howard had been at first much taken with Beldora's looks, and it was with relief that she beheld his expression of repulsion at Beldora's complacent singing of "Barbara Allen."

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The first real warning came at the Thanksgiving party. During a game of forfeits, Beldora was ordered to "claim the one you like the best." Miss Loring saw her first approach Howard with a dazzling and tender look in her splendid eyes, and even put out a hand to him; then suddenly, with a wicked little smile, she turned and gave both hands to Spalding Drake, a young man from the village. A deep flush sprang to Howard's face, his jaws clenched, his eyes blazed tigerishly. It might have been only chagrin at the public slight; still, it made Miss Loring anxious enough to have a long talk with Beldora next day and explain to her the hopes and plans for Howard's future and the tragedy and cruelty of interfering with them in any way.

One morning, three days before Christmas, Beldora's bed had not been slept in at all, and under the front door was a note in Howard's handwriting, as follows:

DEAR FRIENDS:

Beldora told me last week she aimed to marry Spalding Drake Christmas. Though he is a nice boy and I like him, I knew, if she did, I would kill him on the spot. Rather than do this, it is better for me to marry her myself beforehand. I have hired a nag, and we will ride to Tazewell by moonlight for a license and preacher.

I know a man is a fool that throws away his future for a woman, that Beldora is not worth it, and that I am doing what I will never cease to regret. It is like death to me to know I will never accomplish the things you set before me, and be the man you wanted me to be. I wish I had never laid eyes on Beldora. I have agonized and battled and tried to give her up; but she is too strong for me. I can fight no longer with fate. It would be better if women like Beldora never was created. She has cost the life of one boy, the liberty of another, and now my future. But it had to be.

Respectfully yours,

HOWARD.

BERT FINCK

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Edward Bertrand Finck ("Bert Finck"), prose pastelist and closet dramatist, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, October 16, 1870, the son of a German father and American mother. His parents were fond of traveling and much of his earlier life was spent in various parts of this country and abroad. He was educated in the private schools of his native city, finishing his academic training at Professor M. B. Allmond's institution. Mr. Finck began to write at an early age, and he has published four books: *Pebbles* (Louisville, 1898), a little volume of epigrams; *Webs* (Louisville, 1900), being reveries and essays in miniature; *Plays* (Louisville, 1902), a group of allegorical dramas; and *Musings and Pastels* (Louisville, 1905). All of these small books are composed of poetic and philosophical prose, many passages possessing great truth and beauty. In 1906 Mr. Finck was admitted to the bar of Louisville, and he has since practiced there with success. He seemingly took Blackstonian leave of letters some years ago, but the gossips of literary Louisville have been telling, of late, of a new book of prose pastels that he has recently finished and will bring out in the late autumn of 1913.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. Mr. Finck's letters to the Author; *Who's Who in America* (1912-1913).

BEHIND THE SCENES^[64]

[From *Webs* (Louisville, 1900)]

Could we but lift the countenance which pleases or repels, what seems so sweet might thrust away, and what is repugnant charm or win our sympathy and aid. Is not indifference often a net to catch or to conceal? Modesty, diplomatic egotism? Wit, brilliant misery? Contentment, wallowing despair? Langor, shrewd energy? Frivolity, woe burlesquely masked by unselfishness or pride? Is not philosophy, at times, resignation in delirium? The enthusiastic are ridiculed as being self-conceited; the patient condemned for having no heart. We stigmatize them as idle whose natures are toiling the noblest toil of all, for not rarely do thought-gods drift through a spell of idleness; a butterfly-fancy may breed a spirit that turns the way of an age's career; there are sleeps that are awakenings; awakenings, sleeps; none so worthless as many who are busy all the time. Smiles are sometimes selfish triumphs; peace, the swine-heart's well-filled trough. Cheeks rich with the fire of fever are envied as glow of health; steps, eager to escape from a spectre, we laudingly call enthusiasm in work; and the brain's desperate efforts to stifle bitter thoughts sharpen tongues that fascinate with their brilliant gayety—the world dances to the music of its sighs.

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OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan, poet and dramatist, was born at Tilfordsville, near Leitchfield, Kentucky, in 1870. She attended the public schools, in which her parents were teachers, until she was ten years of age, when they left Kentucky and established a school at Donophan, Missouri. Three years later she was ready for college, but her mother's health broke, and the family settled in the Ozark Mountains, near Warm Springs, Arkansas, where another school was conducted, this time with the daughter as her father's assistant. For the following five years she taught the young

idea of backwoods Arkansas how to shoot; and during these years she herself was always hoping and planning for a college education, which hopes and plans seemed to crumble beneath her feet when her mother died, in 1888, and she returned to Kentucky with her invalid father. She had purposed in her heart, however, and finally obtained a Peabody scholarship, which took her to the University of Nashville, Tennessee, from which institution she was graduated two years later. Miss Tilford then accepted a position to teach in Missouri, but the climate so affected her health that she was forced to resign and repair to Houston, Texas, to recuperate. She shortly afterwards took a course in a business college and, for a brief period, held a position in a bank. Teaching again called her and for two years she taught in the schools of San Antonio, Texas. In 1894 Miss Tilford did work in English and philosophy at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Massachusetts; and a year later she turned again to teaching, holding a position in Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. This was followed by a year spent in reading in the libraries of Boston, in which city she also worked as a stenographer. Several of her articles were accepted by the magazines about this time, which decided her to settle upon literature as her life work. She worked too hard at the outset, however, her health gave way, and she spent some months in the mountains of Georgia in order to regain her strength. Miss Tilford was married, in 1898, to Mr. Pegram Dargan, of Darlington, South Carolina, a Harvard man, whom she had met while at Radcliffe. Not long after she went to New York, and there resumed her literary labors with a high and serious purpose. Mrs. Dargan's first volume of dramas, *Semiramis and Other Plays*, was published by Brentano's in 1904, and taken over by the Scribner's in 1909. Besides the title-play, *Semiramis*, founded on the life of the famous Persian queen, this book contained *Carlotta*, a drama of Mexico in the days of Maximilian, and *The Poet*, which is Edgar Allan Poe's life dramatized. Mrs. Dargan's second volume of plays bore the attractive title of *Lords and Lovers and Other Dramas* (New York, 1906), the second edition of which appeared in 1908. This also contains three plays, the second being *The Shepherd*, with the setting in Russia, and the third, *The Siege*, a Sicilian play, the scene of which is laid in Syracuse, three hundred and fifty-six years before Christ. Mrs. Dargan's *Lords and Lovers*, set against an English background, is generally regarded as the best work she has done hitherto. Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie has praised this play highly, placing the author beside Percy MacKaye and Josephine Preston Peabody Marks. Mrs. Dargan is Kentucky's foremost poetic dramatist, and the work she has so far accomplished may be considered but an earnest of what she will ultimately produce. Her beautiful masque, *The Woods of Ida*, appeared in *The Century Magazine* for August, 1907, and it has taken its place with the finest English work in that branch of the drama. She has had lyrics in *Scribner's*, *McClure's*, *The Century*, and *The Atlantic Monthly*, her most recent poem, "In the Blue Ridge," having appeared in *Scribner's* for May, 1911. Mrs. Dargan's home is in Boston, but for the last three years she has traveled abroad, spending much time in England, the background of her greatest work. Her third and latest volume contains three dramas, entitled *The Mortal Gods and Other Plays* (New York, 1912). This was awaited with impatience by her admirers on both sides of the Atlantic and read with delight by them.

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"Mrs. Dargan has so recently achieved fame that it may seem premature to pronounce a critical judgment on her work," wrote Dr. George A. Wauchope, professor of English in the University of South Carolina, in claiming her for his State. "It is certain, however," he continued, "that it marks the high tide of dramatic poetry in this country, and is, indeed, not unworthy of comparison with all but the greatest in English literature. One is equally impressed by the creative inspiration and the mastery of technique displayed by the author. Each of her plays reveals a dramatic power and a poetic beauty of thought and diction that are surprising. The numerous songs, also, with which her plays are interspersed, yield a rich and haunting melody that is redolent of the charming Elizabethan lyrics. The dramas as a whole are audacious in plot and vigorous in characterization. In the handling of the blank verse, in the witty scenes of the sub-plots, in the splendor of the phrasing, in the strong undercurrent of reflection, and, above all, in their spiritual uplift and noble emotion, these dramas give evidence of a remarkably gifted playwright who not only possesses a deep feeling for art at its highest and best, but who also has command of all the varied resources of dramatic expression."

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It would be difficult for a critic to say more in praise of an author, would it not?

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NEAR THE COTTAGE IN GREENOT WOODS^[65]

[From *Lords and Lovers* (New York, 1906)]

Act IV, Scene I. *Henry, with lute, singing.*

Ope, throw ope thy bower door,
And come thou forth, my sweet!
'Tis morn, the watch of love is o'er,
And mating hearts should meet.
The stars have fled and left their grace
In every blossom's lifted face,
And gentle shadows fleck the light
With tender memories of the night.

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Sweet, there's a door to every shrine;
Wilt thou, as morning, open thine?
Hark! now the lark has met the clouds,
And rains his sheer melodious flood;
The green earth casts her mystic shrouds
To meet the flaming god!
Alas, for me there is no dawn
If Glaia come not with the sun.

[Enter Glaia. The king kneels as she approaches.]

Gla. 'Tis you!

Hen. [Leaping up] Pardon! Queen of this bowerland,
Your glad eyes tell me that I have not sinned.

Gla. How cam'st thou here? Now who plays Hubert false?
Nay, I'm too glad thou'rt come to question so.
'Tis easy to forgive the treachery
That opes our gates to angels.

Hen. O, I'm loved?

Gla. Yes, Henry. All the morn I've thought of you,
And I rose early, for I love to say
Good-by to my dear stars; they seem so wan
And loath to go away, as though they know
The fickle world is thinking of the sun
And all their gentle service of the night
Is quite forgot.

Hen. And what didst think of me?

Gla. That you could come and see this beauteous wood,
Fair with Spring's love and morning's kiss of grace,
You'd be content to live awhile with me,
Leave war's red step to follow living May
Passing to pour her veins' immortal flood
To each decaying root; and rest by springs
Where waters run to sounds less rude than song,
And hiding sibyls stir sweet prophecies.

Hen. The only springs I seek are in your eyes
That nourish all the desert of myself.
Drop here, O, Glaia, thy transforming dews,
And start fair summer in this waste of me!

Gla. Poor Henry! What dost know of me to love?

Hen. See yon light cloud half-kirtled with faint rose?
What do I know of it but that 'tis fair?
And yet I dream 'twas born of flower dews
And goes to some sweet country of the sky,
So cloud-like dost thou move before my love,
From beauty coming that I may not see,
To beauty going that I can but dream.
O, love me, Glaia! Give to me this hand,
This miracle of warm, unmelting snow,
This lily bit of thee that in my clasp
Lies like a dove in all too rude a cote—
Wee heaven-cloud to drop on monarch brows
And smooth the ridgy traces of a crown!
Rich me with this, and I'll not fear to dare
The darkest shadow of defeat that broods
O'er sceptres and unfriended kings.

Gla. Why talk
Of crowns and kings? This is our home, dear Henry,
For if you love me you will stay with me.

Hen. Ah, blest to be here, and from morning's top
Review the sunny graces of the world,
Plucking the smilingest to dearer love,
Until the heart becomes the root and spring
Of hopes as natural and as simply sweet
As these bright children of the wedded sun
And dewy earth!

Gla. I knew you'd stay, my brother!
You'll live with me!

Hen. But there's a world not this,
O'er-roofed and fretted by ambition's arch,
Whose sun is power and whose rains are blood,
Whose iris bow is the small golden hoop
That rims the forehead of a king,—a world
Where trampling armies and sedition's march
Cut off the flowers of descanting love
Ere they may sing their perfect word to man,
And the rank weeds of envies, jealousies,
Push up each night from day's hot-beaten paths—

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Gla. O, do not tell me, do not think of it!

Hen. I must. There is my world, and there my life
Must grow to gracious end, if so it can.
If thou wouldst come, my living periapt,
With virtue's gentle legend overwrit,
I should not fail, nor would this flower cheek,
Pure lily cloister of a praying rose,
E'er know the stain of one despoiling tear
Shed for me graceless. Will you come, my Glaia?

Gla. Into that world? No, thou shalt stay with me.
Here you shall be a king, not serve one. Ah,
The whispering winds do never counsel false,
And senatorial trees droop not their state
To tribe and treachery. Nature's self shall be
Your minister, the seasons your envoys
And high ambassadors, bearing from His court
The mortal olive of immortal love.

Hen. To man my life belongs. Hope not, dear Glaia,
To bind me here; and if you love me true,
You will not ask me where I go or stay,
But that your feet may stay or go with mine.
Let not a nay unsweet those tender lips
That all their life have ripened for this kiss.

[*Kisses her*]

O ruby purities! I would not give
Their chaste extravagance for fruits Iran
Stored with the honey of a thousand suns
Through the slow measure of as many years!

Gla. Do brothers talk like that?

Hen. I think not, sweet

Gla. But you will be my brother?

Hen. We shall see.

Gla. And you will stay with me? No? Ah, I fear
All that you love in me is born of these
Wild innocences that I live among,
And far from here, all such sweet value lost,
I'll be as others are in your mad world,
Or wither mortally, even as the sprig
A moment gone so pertly trimmed this bough.
Let us stay here, my Henry. We shall be
Dear playmates ever, never growing old,—
Or if we do 'twill be at such a pace
Time will grow weary chiding, leaving us
To come at will.

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Hen. No, Glaia. Even now
I must be gone. I came for this—to say
I'd come again, and bid you watch for me.
A tear? O, love! One moment, then away!

[*Exeunt. Curtain*]

HARRY L. MARRINER

Harry Lee Marriner, newspaper poet, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, March 24, 1871, the son of a schoolman. He was educated by his father and in the public schools of his native city. He engaged in a dozen different businesses before he suddenly discovered that he could write, which discovery caused him to accept a position on the now defunct *Chicago Dispatch*, from which he went to *The Evening Post*, of Louisville, remaining with that paper for several years. In 1902 Mr. Marriner went to Texas and became assistant city editor of the *Dallas News*; and he has since filled practically all the editorial positions, being at the present time Sunday editor of both the *Dallas News* and the *Galveston News*, which are under the same management. In 1907 Mr. Marriner originated a feature consisting of a daily human interest poem, printed on the front page of his two papers. For some time he concealed his identity under the title of "The News Staff Poet," but in 1909 he discarded his cloak and came out into the sunlight of reality in order that his hundreds of admirers throughout the Southwest might be content. Mr. Marriner's "poetry" is rather homely verse based upon the everyday things and thoughts and experiences of everyday people. This verse has had a wonderful vogue in Texas and Oklahoma, and the surrounding States. Dealing with dogs and "kids," with sore toes and sentiment, with joys and griefs, dolls and ball gowns, country stores and city life, street cars and prairie schooners, mint-fringed creeks and bucking bronchos, it is a medley of everything human. The cream of his verse has been brought together in three charming little books: *When You and I Were Kids* (New York, 1909); *Joyous Days* (Dallas, 1910); and *Mirthful Knights in Modern Days* (Dallas, 1911). Mr. Marriner has written the lyrics for two musical comedies; and he has had short-stories in the periodicals.

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WHEN MOTHER CUTS HIS HAIR^[66]

[From *When You and I Were Kids* (New York, 1909)]

How doth the mind of man go back to when he was a boy;
When feet were full of tan and dust, and life was full of joy;
But many a man looks back in fear, for in a time-worn chair,
He sees himself draped in a sheet, while Mother cuts his hair.

The scissors drag, and sniffles rise when ears lop in the way,
And on the porch rain locks of hair like tufts of prairie hay,
'Til in the glass a little boy, his anguish scarcely hid,
Looks on himself and views with pain the job that Mother did.

The mule may shed in summertime the felt that Nature grew,
The rabbit may lose bits of fur, and look like blazes, too;
But neither bears that patchwork look, that war map of despair,
That zigzags on the small boy's head when Mother cuts his hair.

SIR GUMSHOO^[67]

[From *Mirthful Knights in Modern Days* (Dallas, 1911)]

Sir Gumshoo, known as Wot d'Ell, a noble Knight from Spain,
Was one who was so strong a Pro he'd water on the brain.
He would not drink a dram at all, or even sniff at it,
And just the sight of lager beer would throw him in a fit.

It chanced one day Sir Gumshoo rode upon a noble quest—
His lady had acquired a cold that settled on her chest,
And to the rural districts he repaired, for it was plain
He must secure some goosegrease that she might get well again.

He found a rude, bucolic rube who had goosegrease to sell;
Sir Gumshoo bought about a quart, and all was going well
When he who rendered geese to grease made him a stealthy sign
And led him to a bottle filled with elderberry wine.

The Knight declined; he was a Pro, which fact he did explain;
The farmer, sore disgusted, took his goosegrease back again,
Whereat the Knight in anguish sore gave up himself for lost
And took a fierce and fiery drink with all his fingers crossed.

That night he rode as rides a pig upon a circus steed;
He clutched his charger 'round the neck, for he was stewed indeed,
And, bowing to his lady fair, as bows the wind-tossed pine,
He handed her part of a quart of elderberry wine.

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LUCIEN V. RULE

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Lucien V. Rule, poet, was born at Goshen, Kentucky, August 29, 1871. He spent one year at State College, Lexington, when he went to Centre College, Danville, from which he was graduated in 1893. Mr. Rule studied for the ministry, but he later engaged in newspaper work, in which he spent six or seven years. During the last few years he has devoted his time to writing and speaking upon social and religious subjects. His first book of poems, entitled *The Shrine of Love and Other Poems* (Chicago, 1898), is his best known work. He is also the author of a small pamphlet of social and political satires, entitled *When John Bull Comes A-Courtin'* (Louisville, 1903). This contains the title-poem, the sub-title of which reads: "Sundry Meditations on the Rumored Matrimonial Alliance between J. Bull, Bart., and his cousin, Lady Columbia;" and several shorter poems. Those inscribed to Tolstoi, Whittier, and Walt Whitman are very strong. Mr. Rule's latest book is *The House of Love* (Indianapolis, 1910). In 1913 he will probably publish a group of poetic dramas-in-cameo for young people, and a brief collection of biographical studies. Mr. Rule resides at his birthplace, Goshen, Kentucky.

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WHAT RIGHT HAST THOU?^[68]

[From *When John Bull Comes A Courtin'* (Louisville, Kentucky, 1903)]

What right hast thou to more than thou dost need
While others perish for the want of bread?
What right hast thou upon a palace bed
To idly slumber while the homeless plead;
A vicious and voluptuous life to lead,
While millions struggle on in rags and shame?
What right hast thou thus vilely to inflame
Thy fellow men with hate, O fiend of greed?
What right hast thou to take the hallowed name
Of God upon thy lips, or Christ's, who came
To save the race from sorrows thou dost cause?
Not always helpless 'neath thy cruel paws,
O Beast of Capital, shall Labor lie;
Thy doom this day is thundered from the sky!

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THE NEW KNIGHTHOOD

[From the same]

Arise, my soul, put off thy dark despair;
Say not the age of chivalry is gone;
For lo, the east is kindling with its dawn,
And bugle echoes bid thee wake to wear
Majestic moral armour, and to bear
A worthy part in truth's eternal fray.
Say not the muse inspires no more to-day,
Nor that fame's flowers no longer flourish fair.
Live thou sublimely and then speak thy heart,
If thou wouldst build an altar unto art.
Stand with the struggling and the stars above
Will shower celestial thoughts to thrill thy pen.
Put self away and walk alone with Love,
And thou shalt be the marvel of all men!

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EVA WILDER BRODHEAD

Mrs. Eva Wilder (McGlasson) Brodhead, novelist and short-story writer, was born at Covington, Kentucky, in 187-. Her parents were not of Southern origin, her father having been born in Nova Scotia, and her mother at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. She was educated in New York City and in her native town of Covington. She began to write when but eighteen years of age, and a short time thereafter her first novel appeared, *Diana's Livery* (New York, 1891). This was set against a background most alluring: the Shaker settlement at Pleasant Hill, Kentucky, into which a young man of the world enters and falls in love with a pretty Shakeress. Her second story, *An Earthly Paragon* (New York, 1892), which was written in three weeks, ran through *Harper's Weekly* before being published in book form. It was a romance of the Kentucky mountains, laid around

Chamouni, the novelist's name for Yosemite, Kentucky. It was followed by a novelette of love set amidst the salt-sea atmosphere of an eastern watering place, *Ministers of Grace* (New York, 1894). Hildreth, the scene of this little story, is anywhere along the Jersey coast from Atlantic City to Long Branch. *Ministers of Grace* also appeared serially in *Harper's Weekly*, and when it was issued in book form Col. Henry Watterson called the attention of Richard Mansfield to it as a proper vehicle for him, and the actor promptly secured the dramatic rights, hoping to present it upon the stage; but his untimely death prevented the dramatization of the tale under highly favorable auspices. It was the last to be published under the name of Eva Wilder McGlasson, as this writer was first known to the public, for on December 5, 1894, she was married in New York to Mr. Henry C. Brodhead, a civil and mining engineer of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Brodhead's next novelette, *One of the Visconti* (New York, 1896), the background of which was Naples, the hero being a young Kentuckian and the heroine of the old and famous Visconti family, was issued by the Scribner's in their well-known Ivory Series of short-stories. Her last Kentucky novel, *Bound in Shallows* (New York, 1896), originally appeared in *Harper's Bazar*. That severe arbiter of literary destinies, *The Nation*, said of this book: "No such work as this has been done by any American woman since Constance Fenimore Woolson died." It was founded on material gathered at Burnside, Kentucky, where Mrs. Brodhead spent two summers. Her most recent work, *A Prairie Infanta* (Philadelphia, 1904), is a Colorado juvenile, first published in *The Youth's Companion*. Aside from her books, Mrs. Brodhead won a wide reputation as a short-story writer and maker of dialect verse. More than fifty of her stories have been printed in the publications of the house of Harper, the publishers of four of her books; in *The Century*, *Scribner's*, and other leading periodicals. Many of her admirers hold that the short-story is her especial forte. Five of them may be mentioned as especially well done: *Fan's Mammy*, *A Child of the Covenant*, *The Monument to Corder*, *The Eternal Feminine*, and *Fair Ines*. She has written much dialect verse which appeared in the Harper periodicals, *The Century*, *Judge*, *Puck*, and other magazines. Neither her short-stories nor her verse has been collected and issued in book form. Since her marriage Mrs. Brodhead has traveled in Europe a great deal, and in many parts of the United States, traveled until she sometimes wonders whether her home is in Denver or New York, and, although she is in the metropolis more than she is in the Colorado capital, her legal residence is Denver, some distance from the mining town of Brodhead, named in honor of her husband's geological discoveries and interests. In 1906 she was stricken with a very severe illness, followed by her physician's absolute mandate of no literary work until her health should be reestablished, which has been accomplished but recently. She has published but a single story since her sickness, *Two Points of Honor*, which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for July 4, 1908. At the present time Mrs. Brodhead is quite well enough to resume work; and the next few years should witness her fulfilling the earnest of her earlier novels and stories, firmly fixing her fame as one of the foremost women writers of prose fiction yet born on Kentucky soil.

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THE RIVALS^[69]

[From *Ministers of Grace* (New York, 1894)]

As the days merged towards the end of August, Hildreth was packed to the very gates. The wiry yellow grasses along the neat walks were trampled into powder. The very sands, for all the effacing fingers of the tides, seemed never free of footprints, and by day and night the ocean promenade, the interior of the town, lake-sides, hotels, and the surf itself, were a press of holiday folk.

In these times Mr. Ruley seldom went forth in his rolling-chair, except early of a morning, when the beach was yet way-free, and the sands unfrequented save for a few barelegged men, who, with long wooden rakes, cleaned up the sea-verge for the day.

Sometimes Wade pushed the chair. But since the night when he gave Elizabeth the honeysuckles he had in some measure avoided the old preacher's small circle. There had been, on that occasion, a newness of impulse in his spirit which made him feel the advisability of keeping himself out of harm's way, however sweet that way might seem. Graham was the favored suitor. He, Wade, having no chance for the rose, could at least withhold his flesh from the thorn.

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"So," said Gracie Gayle, "you're out of the running?"

"Ruled off," smiled Wade.

"Don't you make any mistakes," wisely admonished Miss Gayle. "I've seen her look at him, and I've seen her look at *you*."

"This is most surprising," indicated Wade, with a feigned accent. "You will pardon me, Gracie, if I scarcely credit your statement."

"Be sarcastic if you want to," said Gracie. "If you knew anything at all, you'd know that straws show which way the wind blows. When a woman regards a man with a kind of flat, frank sincerity, it's because her heart's altogether out of his reach. When she looks *around* him rather than *at* him, it's because——" Gracie lifted her shoulders suggestively.

"Grace," breathed Wade, gravely, "I am hurt to the quick to see you developing the germs of what painfully resembles thought. For Heaven's and your sex's sake, pause while there is yet time!

Women who form the pernicious habit of thinking lose in time the magic key which unlocks the hearts of men."

Grace sniffed.

"Men's hearts are never locked," she said, sagaciously. "The heavier the padlock the smoother the hinges." She shook her crisp curls as she tripped away with her airy, mincing, soubrette tread.

Notwithstanding the inconsequent nature of this talk, it set Wade to thinking. Perhaps he had carried his principle of self-effacement too far. At all events, when he next saw Miss Ruley, he went up to her and stopped for a moment's conversation.

It chanced to be on the sands. Elizabeth was sitting by herself under the arch of a lace-hung sunshade, which cast shaking little shadows on her face, sprigging it with such delicate darkness as lurk in the misty milk of moss-agate.

"You are going in, then?" she asked, smiling up rather uncertainly, and noticing his flannel attire. "Mr. Graham is already very far out. That is he, I think, taking that big breaker. What a stroke!"

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Wade, focussing an indulgent eye, saw a figure away beyond the other bathers, rising to the lift of a great billow. The man swam with a splendid motion. Whether he dived, or floated, or circled his arms in that whirling stroke of his, he seemed in subtle sympathy with the sea, possessed of a kinship with it, and in an element altogether his own.

Wade expressed an appropriate sentiment of admiration.

Just then Gracie Gayle came gambolling along, a childish shape, kirtled to the knee in bright blue, and turbaned in vivid scarlet. Among the loose-waisted figures on the sands she was like a humming-bird scintillating in a staid gathering of barnyard fowls. Bailey was with her, having returned after a fortnight's absence.

The two paused beside Elizabeth, and Wade went on, confused by the singular way in which that small fair face, shadow-streaked and faintly smiling, lingered in his vision. He was still perplexed with a half-pleasant, half-pained consciousness of it as he plunged into the pushing surf and felt a dizzy world of water heave round him. The surge was strong to-day, and the splashing and screaming of the shore bathers sent him farther and still farther out. Gradually their cries lessened in his ear, and there was with him presently only the hollow thud of the waves and the rushing hiss of the crestling foam.

Once, as he rose to a sea-lift, it seemed to him that he heard a sound that was not the boom of the breakers nor the song of the slipping froth. It came again, whatever it was, and as he gave ear he took in a human intonation, sharp and agonized. It was a cry for help.

Wade shook the brine from his hair, freeing his gaze for an outlook. In the glassy mound of water to his right a face, lean and white with alarm, gleamed and faded. That the sinking man was Graham came instantly to Wade's mind—Graham, a victim to some one of the mischances which the sea reserves for those who adventure too confidently with her.

Wade struck out instantly for the spot where Graham's appalled features had briefly glimpsed. Shoreward he could note an increasing agitation among the multitudes. Evidently the people had noticed the peril of the remote swimmer whose exploits had so lately won admiring comment. The beachguard no doubt was buckling to his belt the life-rope coiled always on the sands for such emergencies. Cries of men and women rang stifled over the water—exclamations of fear and advice and excitement, mingled in a long continuous wail.

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Graham's head rose in sight, a mere speck upon the dense green of the bulging water. Wade, fetching nearer in wide strokes, suddenly felt himself twisted violently out of his course, and whirled round in a futile effort with some mysterious current. He was almost near enough to lay hold of Graham when this new sensation explained lucidly the cause of Graham's danger. They were both in the claws of an undertow, which, as Wade realized its touch, appeared as if wrenching him straight out to the purring distance of the farther sea.

Even in the first consternation of this discovery he felt himself thrust hard against a leaden body, and in the same instant Graham's hands snatched at him in a desperate reach for life.

"For God's sake don't hold me like this!" Wade expostulated. "Let go. Trust me to do what I can. You're strangling me, man!"

But Graham was past sanity. He only clutched with the more frenzy at the thing which seemed to keep him from the ravenous mouth of the snarling waters.

Wade, in a kind of composed despair, sent a look towards the beach. They were putting out a boat, a tiny sheel which frisked in the surf, and seemed motionless in the double action of the waves. Men laid hard at the oars. The little craft took the first big wave as a horse takes a hurdle. It dropped from the glassy height, and Wade saw it sink into a breach of the sea. Then flashing with crystal, it bore up again and outward.

The figures running and gesticulating on the beach had a marvellous distinctness to Wade's submerging eyes. He noticed the blue sky, flawed with scratches of white, the zigzag roof-lines of the great town, the twisting flags and meshes of the dark wire. Everything oppressed him with a

sort of deadly clearness, as if a metal stamp should press in melting wax.

He was momentarily sinking, drawn ever outward by the undercurrent, and downward by the weighty burden throttling him in its senseless grasp. He looked once more through a blinding veil of foam, and saw the boat dipping far to the left. A phantasm of life flickered before him. Unsuspected trivialities shook out of their cells, and amazed him with the pygmy thrift of memory. Then came a sense of confusion, as if the spiritual and corporal lost each its boundary and ranged wild, and Wade felt the sea in his eyes, stroking them down as gently as ever any watcher by the dying.

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CORDIA GREER PETRIE

Mrs. Cordia Greer Petrie, a talented writer of very great promise and of decided performance, was born near Merry Oaks, Kentucky, February 12, 1872. When she was a child her parents removed to Louisville, Kentucky, and in the public schools of that city she was educated, after which she spent a half-year at old Eminence College, Eminence, Kentucky. In July, 1894, Miss Greer was married to Dr. Hazel G. Petrie, of Fairview, Kentucky, who, for the past ten years, has been mine physician in various sections of eastern Kentucky. At the present time he is serving six mines and making his home at Chenoa, near Pineville, Kentucky. In her writings Mrs. Petrie has created a character of great originality in Angeline Keaton, an unlettered inhabitant of a remote Kentucky hamlet. "Of the original Angeline," Mrs. Petrie once wrote, "I know but little. She and her shiftless, 'no-erkount' husband, Lum, together with her son, Jeems Henry, lived in Barren county, not far from Glasgow. Angeline supported the family by working on the 'sheers,' 'diggin one half the taters fur tother half!' She was very anxious for her boy to 'git an edjycation' and no sooner would he get comfortably settled in a 'cheer' until she would exclaim, 'Jeems Henry! Git up offen them britches, you lazy whelp! Git yer book and be gittin some larnin in your head!' Without a word Jim Henry would climb up the log wall and from under the rafters abstract his blue back speller." Characterization is Mrs. Petrie's chief strength; and she is a positive refutation of the masculine dictum that women lack humor. With her friend, Miss Leigh Gordon Giltner, the short-story writer, she collaborated on an Angeline sketch, entitled "When the Bees Got Busy," which was published in the *Overland Monthly* for August, 1904; and the prize story reprinted at the end of this note is the only other Angeline story that has been published so far. She has won several prizes with other stories, but a group of the Angeline sketches are in manuscript, and they will shortly appear in book form. *Angeline Keaton*, "with her gaunt angular form clad in its scant calico gown," is sure to "score" when she makes her bow between the covers of a book. She is every bit as cleverly conceived as *Mrs. Wiggs*, *Susan Clegg*, or any of the other quaint women who have recently won the applause of the American public.

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ANGELINE JINES THE CHOIR

[From *The Evening Post* (Louisville, Kentucky)]

She sat upon the edge of the veranda, fanning herself with her "split" sunbonnet, a tall, angular woman, whose faded calico gown "lost connection" at the waist line. Her spring being dry, she came to our well for water. Discovering that Angeline Keaton was a "character," I invariably inveigled her to rest awhile on our cool piazza before retracing her steps up the steep, rocky hillside to her cabin home.

"I missed you yesterday," I said as a starter.

"Yes'm," she answered in a voice harsh and strident, yet touched with a peculiar sibilant quality characteristic of the Kentucky backwoodsman, "and thar wuz others that missed me, too!"

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Settling herself comfortably, she produced from some hidden source a box of snuff and plied her brush vigorously.

"We-all have got inter a wrangle over at Zion erbout the church music," she began. "I and Lum, my old man, has been the leaders ever since we moved here from Lick-skillet. We wuz alluz on hand—Lum with his tunin' fork and me with my strong serpraner. When it come to linin' off a song, Lum wuz pintedly hard to beat. Why, folks come from fur and near to hear us, and them city folks, at Mis' Bowles' last summer, 'lowed thar warn't nothing in New York that could tech us. One of 'em offered us a dollar to sing inter a phonygraf reckerd, but we wuz afeerd to put our lives in jopperdy by dabblin' in 'lectricerty. But even celebrerty has its drawbacks, and a 'profit is not without honor in his own country,' as the saying is. A passel of 'em got jellus, a church meeting was called, unbeknownst to us, and ermong 'em they agreed to make a change in the music at old Zion. That peaked-faced Betty Button wuz at the bottom of it. Ever since she tuk that normal course at Bowling Green she's been endeeverin' to push herself inter promernence here at Bear Waller. Fust she got up a class in delarty, but even Bear Waller warn't dull ernough to take to that foolishness! Then she canvassed the county with a cuttin' system and a book called 'Law at a Glance.' Now she's teaching vogle culshure. She orter know singers, like poits, is born, not

made! Jest wantin' to sing won't do it. It takes power. It's give up mine's the powerfulest voice in all Bear Waller. I kin bring old Brindle in when she's grazing in the woods, back o' Judge Bowles' medder, and I simply step out on the portico and call Lum to dinner when he's swoppin' yarns down to the store quarter o' mile away. Fur that matter, though, a deaf and dum man could fetch Lum to *vittles*.

"Do you know Bear Waller owes its muserkil educashun to me? Mine wuz the fust accordyon brought to the place, and I wuz allus ready to play fur my nabers. I didn't hafter be *begged*. I orgernized the Zobo band, I lent 'em my ballads, but whar's my thanks? At the battin' of an eye they're ready to drop me for that quavery-voiced Button gal and them notes o' hern that's no more'n that many peryids and commers.

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"When the committee waited on me and Lum we jest flew mad and 'lowed we'd quit. Maybe we wuz hasty, but it serves 'em right. Besides, these Bear Wallerites ain't compertent to appreshiate a voice like mine, nohow. I decided I'd take my letter to Glasgow and jine that brag choir of their'n. It did me good to think how it 'ud spite some folks to see me leadin' the singin' at the county seat!

"Lum wuz dead set ergin it, but armin' myself with the rollin' pin and a skillet o' bilin grease, I finally pervailed on him to give in. Lum is of a yieldin' dispersishun if a body goes at 'im right.

"Jim Henry, that's my boy, an' I tuk a early start. We had tied up the colt in the cow shed and I wuz congratulatin' myself on bein' shet of the pesky critter when I heerd him nicker. Lookin' back, I saw him comin' in a gallerp, his head turned to one side, while he fairly obscured the landscape with great clouds o' pike dust!

"We wuz crossin' the railroad when old Julie heered that nicker, an' right thar she balked. Neither gentle persuasion from the peach tree switch which I helt in my hand, nor well-aimed kicks of Jim Henry's boots in her flanks could budge her till that colt come up pantin' beside her. We jest did clear the track when the accomerdashun whizzed by. Well, sir, when old Julie spied them kyars she began buck-jumpin' in a manner that would'er struck terror to a less experienced hosswoman. Jim Henry, who wuz gazin' at the train with childlike pleasure, wuz tuk wholly by suprise, and before he knowed what wuz up he wuz precippytated inter the branches o' a red-haw tree. He crawled out, a wreck, his face and hands scratched and bleedin' and his britches hangin' in shreds, and them his Sundays, too! I managed to pin 'em tergether with beauty pins, and cautionin' him not to turn his back to the ordiance, we finally resumed our journey. That colt alluz tries hissself, and jest as we reached the square, in Glasgow, his appertite began clammerin', and Julie refused to go till the pesky critter's wants wuz appeased. Them Glasgowwites is dear lovers of good hoss flesh, and quite a crowd gethered to discuss the good pints of the old mare and that mule colt.

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"Some boys mistook Jim Henry for somebody they knowed and hollered, 'Say, Reube!' 'Hey, Reube!' at him. Jim Henry wuz fur explainin' to 'em their mistake, till one of 'em began to sing, 'When Reuben comes to town, he's shore to be done brown!' 'Jim Henry,' says I, sternly, 'you're no child o' mine ef you take *that!* Now, if you don't get down and thrash him I'm agoin' to set you afire when I get you home.'

"Jim Henry needed no second biddin'. He wuz off that nag in a jiffy, and the way he did wallerp that boy wuz a cawshun! He sellerbrated his victry by givin' the Bear Waller war-whoop. Then crawlin' up behind me, he said he wuz *now* ready fur meetin'. That boy's a born fiter. He gets it honest, for me and Lum are both experts, but then practice makes perfect, as the sayin' is.

"Our arrival created considerable stir in meetin'. Why is it that when a distinguished person enters a church it allus perduces a flutter? Owin' to the rent in Jim Henry's britches, I shoved him inter the back seat. Cautionin' him not to let me ketch him throwin' paper wads, I swept merjesterically up the ile and tuk a seat by the orgin. A flood of approvin' glances fastened themselves on my jet bonnet and fur-lined dolman. I wuz sorry I didn't know the fust song. It must have been a new one to that choir. Thar wuz four of 'em and each one wuz singin' it to a different tune, and they jest couldn't keep tergether! The coarse-voiced gal to my rear lagged dretfully. When the tall blonde, who wuz the only one of 'em that knowed the tune, when she'd sing,

"Wake the song!"

that gal who lagged would echo,

"Wake the song!"

in a voice as coarse as Lum's. She 'peared to depend on the tall gal for the words, for when the tall 'un would sing,

"Song of Ju-ber-lee,"

the gal that lagged, and the two gents, would repeat, 'Of Ju-ber-lee.'

"I passed her my book, thinkin' the words wuz tore out o' hern, but, la! she jest glared at me, and she and them gents, if anything, bellered louder'n ever. I looked at the preacher, expecting to see him covered with shygrin, but, la! he wuz takin' it perfectly cam, with his eyes walled up at the ceilin' and his hands folded acrost his stummick like he might be havin' troubles of his own.

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"I kept hopin' that tryo would either ketch up with the leader or jest have the curridge to quit. Goodness knows, I done what I could fur 'em, by beatin' time with my turkey wing.

"Somebody must have give 'em a tip, for the next song which the preacher give out as 'a solo,' that tryo jest pintedly giv it up and set thar is silent as clamps. The tall gal riz and commenced singin' and that tryo never pertended to help her out! My heart ached in symperthy fur her as she stood thar alone, singin' away with her voice quaverin', and not a human bein' in that house jined in, not even the *preacher*! But she had *grit*, and kept right on! Most people would'er giv right up. She's a middlin' good singer, but is dretfully handercapt by that laggin' tryo and a passel o' church members that air too triflin' to sing in meetin'. The song wuz a new 'un to me, but havin' a nacheral year for music, I soon ketched the tune and jined in on the last verse with a vim. Of course I could only hummit, not knowin' the words, but I come down on it good and strong and showed them folks that Angeline Keaton ain't one to shirk a duty, if they wuz. After the sermon the preacher giv out 'Thar Is a Fountain Filled with Blood.' Here wuz my chanct to show 'em what the brag-voice of Bear Waller wuz like!

"With my voice risin' and falling and dwellin' with extry force on the fust syllerbles of foun-tin and sin-ners, in long, drawn-out meeter, I fairly lost myself in the grand old melerdy. I wuz soarin' inter the third verse when I discovered I wuz the only one in the house that knowed it! The rest of 'em wuz singin' it to a friverlous tune like them Mose Beasley plays on his fiddle! What wuz more, they wuz titterin' like I wuz in error! The very idy! That wuz too much fur me, and beckernin' Jim Henry to foller, I marched outer meetin'!

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"We found the old mare had slipped the bridle and gone home, so thar wuz nothin' left fur us to do but foot it. The last thing I heered as we struck the Bear Waller pike and set out fur home wuz that coarse-voiced gal, still lagging behind, as she sang,

"The Blood of the Lamb!"

MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Miss Maria Thompson Daviess, author of *The Melting of Molly*, was born at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, in October, 1872, the descendant of the famous Joseph Hamilton Daviess, the granddaughter of the historian of Harrodsburg, whose full name she bears, and the niece of Mrs. H. D. Pittman and Miss Annie Thompson Daviess, the Kentucky novelists. Miss Daviess was graduated from Science Hill Academy, Shelbyville, Kentucky, in 1891, after which she studied English for a year at Wellesley College. She then went to Paris to study art at Julien's, and several of her pictures have been hung in the Salon. As a miniature painter she excelled. At the conclusion of her art course, Miss Daviess returned to America, making her home at Nashville, Tennessee, where she resides at the present time. She taught at Belmont College, Nashville, for a year or more, and set up as a painter of miniatures for a public that demanded values in their portraits that she could not see fit to grant, so she finally decided to write. Miss Daviess's first book, and the one that she is still best known by, was *Miss Selina Lue and the Soap-Box Babies* (Indianapolis, 1909). Miss Lue, spinster, tucks babies into a row of soap-boxes, maintaining sort of a free day-nursery, and the reader has much delicious humor from her duties. *Miss Selina Lue* was followed by *The Road to Providence* (Indianapolis, 1910), dominated by the character of Mother Mayberry, guide, philosopher, and friend to a Tennessee town; *Rose of Old Harpeth* (Indianapolis, 1911), was a love story "as ingenuous and sweet as a boy's first kiss under a ruffled sunbonnet." Selina Lue and Mother Mayberry were both past their bloom; Rose possessed the power and glory of youth. *The Treasure Babies* (Indianapolis, 1911), was a delightful children's story, which has been dramatized and produced, but Miss Daviess's most charming novel, *The Melting of Molly* (Indianapolis, 1912), was "the saucy success of the season," for eight months the best selling book in America. Molly must melt from the plumpest of widows to the slenderest of maidens in just three months because the sweetheart of her girlhood days, now a distinguished diplomat, homeward bound, demands a glimpse of her in the same blue muslin dress which she wore at their parting years ago. The melting process, with the O. Henry twist at the end, is the author's business to narrate, and she does it in the most fetching manner. The little novel is "gay, irresistible, all sweetness and spice and everything nice." Miss Daviess's latest story, *Sue Jane* (New York, 1912), has for its heroine a little country girl who comes to Woodlawn Seminary (which is none other than the author's *alma mater*, Science Hill), is at first laughed at and later loved by the girls of that school. She is as quaint and charming a child as one may hope to meet in the field of juvenile fiction. *The Elected Mother* (Indianapolis, 1912), the best of the three short-stories tucked in the back of the Popular edition of *Miss Selina Lue* (New York, 1911), was a rather unique argument for woman's equal rights. It proves that motherhood and mayoralties may go hand and hand—in at least one modern instance. *Harpeth Roses* (Indianapolis, 1912), were wise saws culled from the pages of her first four books, made into an attractive little volume. Just as the year of 1912 came to a close Miss Daviess's publishers announced that her new novel, *Andrew the Glad*, a love story, would appear in January, 1913. *Phyllis*, another juvenile, will also be issued in 1913, but will first be serialized in *The Visitor*, a children's weekly, of Nashville. That Miss Daviess has been an indefatigable worker may be gathered at a glance. She has the "best seller touch," which is the most gratifying thing a living writer may possess.

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The present public demands that its reading shall be as light as a cream puff and sparking as a brook, and, in order to qualify for *The Bookman's* monthly handicap, a writer must possess those two requisites: deftness of touch and brightness. These Miss Daviess has. And so, when the summer-days are over-long and the winter's day is dull, Maria Thompson Daviess and her brood of books will be found certain dispellers of earthly woes and bringers of good cheer.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Bookman* (December, 1909); *The Bookman* (July, 1912).

MRS. MOLLY MORALIZES^[70]

[From *The Melting of Molly* (Indianapolis, 1912)]

Why don't people realize that a seventeen-year-old girl's heart is a sensitive wind-flower that may be shattered by a breath? Mine shattered when Alfred went away to find something he could do to make a living, and Aunt Adeline gave the hard green stem to Mr. Carter when she married me to him. Poor Mr. Carter!

No, I wasn't twenty, and this town was full of women who were aunts and cousins and law-kin to me, and nobody did anything for me. They all said with a sigh of relief, "It will be such a nice safe thing for you, Molly." And they really didn't mean anything by tying up a gay, dancing, frolicking, prancing colt of a girl with a terribly ponderous bridle. But God didn't want to see me always trotting along slow and tired and not caring what happened to me, even pounds and pounds of plumpness, so he found use for Mr. Carter in some other place but this world, and I feel that He is going to see me through whatever happens. If some of the women in my missionary society knew how friendly I feel with God, they would put me out for contempt of court.

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No, the town didn't mean anything by chastening my spirit with Mr. Carter, and they didn't consider him in the matter at all, poor man. Of that I feel sure. Hillsboro is like that. It settled itself here in a Tennessee valley a few hundreds of years ago and has been hatching and clucking over its own small affairs ever since. All the houses set back from the street with their wings spread out over their gardens, and mothers here go on hovering even to the third and fourth generation. Lots of times young, long-legged, frying-size boys scramble out of the nests and go off to college and decide to grow up where their crow will be heard by the world. Alfred was one of them.

And, too, occasionally some man comes along from the big world and marries a plump little broiler and takes her away with him, but mostly they stay and go to hovering life on a corner of the family estate. That's what I did.

I was a poor, little, lost chick with frivolous tendencies and they all clucked me over into this empty Carter nest which they considered well-feathered for me. It gave them all a sensation when they found out from the will just how well it was feathered. And it gave me one, too. All that money would make me nervous if Mr. Carter hadn't made Doctor John its guardian, though I sometimes feel that the responsibility of me makes him treat me as if he were my step-grandfather-in-law. But all in all, though stiff in its knees with aristocracy, Hillsboro is lovely and loving; and couldn't inquisitiveness be called just real affection with a kind of squint in its eye?

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And there I sat on my front steps, being embraced in a perfume of everybody's lilacs and peachblow and sweet syringa and affectionate interest and moonlight, with a letter in my hand from the man whose two photographs and many letters I had kept locked up in the garret for years. Is it any wonder I tingled when he told me that he had never come back because he couldn't have me and that now the minute he landed in America he was going to lay his heart at my feet? I added his honors to his prostrate heart myself and my own beat at the prospect. All the eight years faded away and I was again back in the old garden down at Aunt Adeline's cottage saying good-by, folded up in his arms. That's the way my memory put the scene to me, but the word "folded" made me remember that blue muslin dress again. I had promised to keep it and wear it for him when he came back—and I couldn't forget that the blue belt was just twenty-three inches and mine is—no, I *won't* write it. I had got that dress out of the old trunk not ten minutes after I had read the letter and measured it.

No, nobody would blame me for running right across the garden to Doctor John with such a real trouble as that! All of a sudden I hugged the letter and the little book up close to my breast and laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks.

Then before I went into the house I assembled my garden and had family prayers with my flowers. I do that because they are all the family I've got, and God knows that all His budding things need encouragement, whether it is a widow or a snowball-bush. He'll give it to us!

And I'm praying again as I sit here and watch for the doctor's light to go out. I hate to go to sleep and leave it burning, for he sits up so late and he is so gaunt and thin and tired-looking most time. That's what the last prayer is about, almost always,—sleep for him and no night call!

Cale Young Rice, poet and dramatist, was born at Dixon, Kentucky, December 7, 1872. He graduated from Cumberland University, in Tennessee, and then went to Harvard University, where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1895, and his Master's degree in the following year. In 1902 Mr. Rice was married to Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan, whose *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* had been published the year before. Mr. Rice has been busy for years as a lyric poet and maker of plays for the study, though several of them, indeed, have received stage presentation. His several books of shorter poems are: *From Dusk to Dusk* (Nashville, Tennessee, 1898); *With Omar* (Lebanon, Tennessee, 1900), privately printed in an edition of forty copies; *Song Surf* (Boston, 1901), in which *With Omar* was reprinted; *Nirvana Days* (New York, 1908); *Many Gods* (New York, 1910); and his latest book of lyrics, *Far Quests* (New York, 1912). Mr. Rice's plays have been published as follows: *Charles di Tocca* (New York, 1903); *David* (New York, 1904); *Plays and Lyrics* (London and New York, 1906), a large octavo containing *David*, *Yolanda of Cyprus*, a poetic drama, and all of his best work; *A Night in Avignon* (New York, 1907), a little one-act play based upon the loves of Petrarch and Laura, which was "put upon the boards" in Chicago with Donald Robertson in the leading *role*. It was part one of a dramatic trilogy of the Italian Renaissance. Next came a reprinting in an individual volume of his *Yolanda of Cyprus* (New York, 1908); and *The Immortal Lure* (New York, 1911), four plays, the first of which, *Giorgione*, is part two of the trilogy of one-act plays of which *A Night in Avignon* was the first part. The trilogy will be closed with another one-act drama, *Porzia*, which is now announced for publication in January, 1913. Mr. Rice has been characterized by the *New York Times* as a "doubtful poet," but that paper's recent and uncalled for attack upon Madison Cawein, together with many other seemingly absurd positions, makes one wonder if it is not a "doubtful judge." After all is said, it must be admitted that Mr. Rice has done a small group of rather pleasing lyrics, and that his plays, perhaps impossible as safe vehicles for an actor with a reputation to sustain, are not as turgid as *The Times* often is, and not as superlatively poor as some critics have held. Of course, Mr. Rice is not a great dramatist, nor a great poet, yet the body of his work is considerable, and our literature could ill afford to be rid of it. The Rices have an attractive home in St. James Court, Louisville, Kentucky.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Critic* (September, 1904); *The Atlantic Monthly* (September, 1904); *The Bookman* (December, 1911); *Lippincott's Magazine* (January, 1912).

PETRARCA AND SANCIA^[71]

[From *A Night in Avignon* (New York, 1907)]

Petrarca. While we are in the world the world's in us.

The Holy Church I own—
 Confess her Heaven's queen;
 But we are flesh and all things that are fair
 God made us to enjoy—
 Or, high in Paradise, we'll know but sorrow.
 You though would ban earth's beauty,
 Even the torch of Glory
 That kindled Italy once and led great Greece—
 The torch of Plato, Homer, Virgil, all
 The sacred bards and sages, pagan-born!
 I love them! they are divine!
 And so to-night—I—

(*Voices.*)

They! it is Lello! Lello! Lello! Sancia!—

(*Hears a lute and laughter below, then a call, "Sing, Sancia"; then Sancia singing:*)

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To the maids of Saint Remy
 All the gallants go for pleasure;
 To the maids of Saint Remy—
 Tripping to love's measure!
 To the dames of Avignon
 All the masters go for wiving;
 To the dames of Avignon—
 That shall be their shriving!

(*He goes to the Loggia as they gayly applaud. Then Lello cries:*)

Lello. Ho-ho! Petrarca! Pagan! are you in?
 What! are you a sonnet-monger?

Petrarca. Ai, ai, aih!
 (*Motions Gherhardo—who goes.*)

Lello. Come then! Your door is locked! down! let us in!
 (*Rattles it.*)

Petrarca. No, ribald! hold! the key is on the sill!
 Look for it and ascend!

(Orso *enters*.)
Stay, here is Orso!

(*The old servant goes through and down the stairs to meet them. In a moment the tramp of feet is heard and they enter—Lello between them—singing:*)

Guelph! Guelph! and Ghibbeline!
Ehyo! ninni! onni! ònz!
I went fishing on All Saints' Day
And—caught but human bones!

I went fishing on All Saints' Day,
The Rhone ran swift, the wind blew black!
I went fishing on All Saints' Day—
But my love called me back!

She called me back and she kissed my lips—
Oh, my lips! Oh! onni ònz!
"Better take love than—bones! bones!
(Sancia *kisses* Petrarca.)
Better take love than bones."

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(*They scatter with glee and Petrarca seizes Sancia to him.*)

Petrarca. Yes, little Sancia! and you, my friends!
Warm love is better, better!
And braver! Come, Lello! give me your hand!
And you, Filippa! No, I'll have your lips!

Sancia. (*interposing*). Or—less? One at a time, Messer Petrarca!
You learn too fast. Mine only for to-night.

Petrarca. And for a thousand nights, Sancia fair!

Sancia. You hear him? Santa Madonna! pour us wine,
To pledge him in!

Petrarca. The tankards bubble o'er!
(*They go to the table.*)
And see, they are wreathed of April,
With loving myrtle and laurel intertwined.
We'll hold symposium, as bacchanals!

Sancia. And that is—what? some dull and silly show
Out of your sallow books?

Petrarca. Those books were writ
With ink of the gods, my Sancia, upon
Papyri of the stars!

Sancia. And—long ago?
Ha! long ago?

Petrarca. Returnless centuries!

Sancia. (*contemptuously*). Who loves the past,
Loves mummies and their dust—
And he will mould!
Who loves the future loves what may not be,
And feeds on fear.
Only one flower has Time—its name is Now!
Come, pluck it! pluck it!

Lello. Brava, maid! the Now!

Sancia. (*dancing*). Come, pluck it! pluck it!

Petrarca. By my soul, I will:
(*Seizes her again.*)
It grows upon these lips—and if to-night
They leant out over the brink of Hell, I would.
(*She breaks from him.*)

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Flippa. Enough! the wine! the wine!

Sancia. O ever-thirsty

And ever-thrifty Pippa! Well, pour out!
(*She lifts a brimming cup.*)
We'll drink to Messer Petrarca—
Who's weary of his bed-mate, Solitude.
May he long revel in the courts of Venus!

All (drinking). Aih, long!

Petrarca. As long as Sancia enchants them!

Flippa. I'd trust him not, Sancia. Put him to oath.

Sancia. And, to the rack, if faithless? This Flippa!
Messer Petrarca, should not be made
High Jurisconsult to our lord, the Devil,
Whose breath of life is oaths?...
But, swear it!—by the Saints!
Who were great sinners all!
And by the bones of every monk or nun
Who ever darkened the world!

Lello. Or ever shall!

(*A pause.*)

Petrarca. I'll swear your eyes are singing
Under the shadow of your hair, mad Sancia,
Like nightingales in the wood!

Sancia. Pah! Messer Poet—
Such words as those you vent without an end—
To the Lady Laura!

Petrarca. Stop!

(*Grows pale.*)

Not *her* name—here!
(*All have sat down; he rises.*)

Sancia. O-ho! this air will soil it? and it might
Not sound so sweet in sonnets ever after?
(*To the rest—rising.*)
Shall we depart, that he may still indite them?
"To Laura—On the Vanity of Passion?"
"To Laura—Unrelenting?"
"To Laura—Whose Departing Darkens the Sky?"
(*Laughs.*)
"To Laura—Who Deigns Not a Single Tear?"
(*Orso enters.*)
Shall we depart?

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ROBERT M. McELROY

Robert McNutt McElroy, author of the best of the recent histories of Kentucky, was born at Perryville, Kentucky, December 28, 1872. He took the three degrees conferred by Princeton University; and since 1901 he has been assistant professor of American history in that institution. For the *Metropolitan Magazine* of New York Dr. McElroy wrote an excellent *History of the Mexican War*, but this work has not yet appeared in book form. His *Kentucky in the Nation's History* (New York, 1909), gave him an honorable place among the younger generation of American historians, and certainly a high place in Kentucky literature. Upon his history of Kentucky Dr. McElroy labored for many years, no sacrifice was too great for him to make, no journey too long for him to undertake, provided a better perspective were to be obtained at the end of his travels. He spent many months with Colonel Reuben T. Durrett at Louisville, working in his library, and sitting at his feet drinking from the well of Western history which the Colonel has kept undefiled. This, too, was what so sadly mars his work: he does in the discussion of several great questions, hardly more than serve as amanuensis for Colonel Durrett and the late Colonel John Mason Brown. Their opinions and conclusions are accepted *carte-blanche*, and all other authorities are ruthlessly set aside. Dr. McElroy accepts Colonel Brown's book upon the Spanish Conspiracy, and writes a single line concerning Thomas Marshall Green's great work! He brings his narrative down to the commencement of the Civil War, which probably indicates that a second volume is in preparation in order that the entire field may be surveyed. His work is most scholarly, the latest historical procedure is sustained throughout, and the pity is that he so

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slavishly followed one or two authorities, though both of them were wholly excellent and profound, to the exclusion of all others. Originality of opinion is what the work lacks, a lack which it might have easily possessed with the author's undoubted ability, had he not lingered so long in literary Louisville.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. Letters from Dr. McElroy to the Author; *Who's Who in America* (1912-1913).

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK^[72]

[From *Kentucky in the Nation's History* (New York, 1909)]

It was at this critical moment that George Rogers Clark, the future conqueror of the Northwest territory, took up his permanent abode among the Kentucky pioneers. Clark had visited Kentucky, on a brief tour of inspection, during the previous autumn (Sept., 1775), and had been placed in command of the irregular militia of the settlements. He had returned to Virginia, filled with the importance of establishing in Kentucky an extensive system of public defence, and with the firm conviction that the claims of Henderson & Company ought to be disallowed by Virginia. His return to Kentucky, in 1776, marks the beginning of the end of the Transylvania Company. In spite of his youth (he was only twenty-four) he was far the most dangerous opponent that Henderson & Company had in the province. A military leader by nature, he had served in Lord Dunmore's war with such conspicuous success that he had been offered a commission in the British Army. This honor he had declined, preferring to remain free to serve his country in the event of a revolt from British tyranny.

Shortly after his arrival, Clark proposed that, in order to bring about a more certain connection with Virginia, and the more definitely to repudiate the authority of the Transylvania Company, a regular representative assembly should be held at Harrodsburg. His own views he expressed freely in advancing his suggestion. Agents, he said, should be appointed to urge once more the right of the region to be taken under the protection of Virginia, and, if this request should again be unheeded, we should "employ the lands of the country as a fund to obtain settlers, and establish an independent state."

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The proposed assembly convened at Harrodsburg on the 6th of June. Clark was not present when the session began, and when he arrived, he found that the pressing question of the day had already been acted upon, and that he himself, with Gabriel John Jones, had been elected a delegate to represent the settlements in the Virginia Assembly. Clark knew that such an election would not entitle them to seats, but he agreed to visit Williamsburg, and present the cause of his fellow pioneers. Provided with a formal memorial to the Virginia Assembly, he started, with Jones, for Virginia and, after a very painful journey, upon which, Clark declared, I suffered "more torment than I ever experienced before or since," they reached the neighborhood of Charlottesville, only to learn that the Assembly had adjourned. Jones set off for a visit to the settlements on the Holston; but Clark, intent upon his mission, pushed on to Hanover County, where he secured an interview with Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia.

After listening to Clark's report of the troubles of the frontier colony, and doubtless enjoying his denunciation of the Transylvania Company, Governor Henry introduced him to the executive Council of the State, and he at once requested from them five hundred pounds of powder for frontier defence. He had determined to accomplish the object of his mission in any manner possible, and he knew that if he could induce the authorities of Virginia to provide for the defence of the frontier settlements, the announcement of her property rights in them would certainly follow, to the destruction of the plans of Henderson and his colleagues.

The Council, however, doubtless also foreseeing these consequences, declared that its powers could not be so construed as to give it authority to grant such a request. But Clark was insistent, and urged his case so effectively that, after considerable discussion, the Council announced that, as the call appeared urgent, they would assume the responsibility of lending five hundred pounds of powder to Clark, making him personally responsible for its value, in case their assumption of authority should not be upheld by the Burgesses. They then presented him with an order to the keeper of the public magazine, calling for the powder desired.

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This was exactly what Clark did not want, as the loan of five hundred pounds of powder to George Rogers Clark, could in no sense be interpreted as an assumption by Virginia, of the responsibility of defending the western frontier, and his next act was most characteristic of the man. He returned the order with a curt note, declaring his intention of repairing at once to Kentucky, and exerting the resources of that country to the formation of an independent State, for, he frankly declared, "a country which is not worth defending is not worth claiming."

This threat proved instantly successful. The Council recalled Clark to their presence and, on August 23, 1776, delivered him another order calling for five hundred pounds of gunpowder, which was to be conveyed to Pittsburg by Virginia officials, there "to be safely kept and delivered to George Rogers Clark or his order, for the use of the said inhabitants of Kentucky."

With this concession Clark was completely satisfied, for he felt that by it Virginia was admitting her obligation to defend the pioneers of the West, and that an open declaration of sovereign rights over the territory must soon follow. He accordingly wrote to his friends in Kentucky, requesting them to receive the powder at Pittsburg, and convey it to the Kentucky stations, while he himself awaited the opening of the autumn session of the Virginia Assembly, where he hoped

to procure a more explicit verdict against the claims of Henderson's Company.

At the time appointed for the meeting, Clark, accompanied by his colleague, Gabriel John Jones, proceeded to Williamsburg and presented his petition to the Assembly, where again his remarkable personality secured a victory. In spite of the vigorous exertions of Henderson and Campbell in behalf of the Transylvania Company, the Virginia Assembly (December 7, 1776) passed an act dividing the vast, ill-defined region, hitherto known as Fincastle County, into three sections, to be known as Kentucky County, Washington County, and Montgomery County, Virginia. The County of Kentucky, comprising almost the same territory as is contained in the present State of Kentucky, was thus recognized as a political unit of the Virginia Commonwealth, and as such was entitled to representation.

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This statute decided the fate of the Transylvania Company, as there could not be two Sovereign Proprietors of the soil of Kentucky County. And so passed, a victim to its own lust of gain, the last attempt to establish a proprietary government upon the free soil of the United States; and George Rogers Clark, as founder of Kentucky's first political organization, became the political father of the Commonwealth, even as Daniel Boone had been the father of her colonization.

EDWIN D. SCHOONMAKER

Edwin Davies Schoonmaker, poet, was born at Scranton, Pennsylvania, February 1, 1873. He removed from Ohio to Kentucky in 1886, and he lived at Lexington almost continuously until 1904. Mr. Schoonmaker was educated at old Kentucky (Transylvania) University; and in 1904 he married a Kentucky woman, who has published a play and a novel. For the last several years he and his wife have lived at Bearsville, New York, high up in the Catskills. Mr. Schoonmaker's first book was a verse play, entitled *The Saxons—a Drama of Christianity in the North* (Chicago, 1905). This was based upon the attempt on the part of Rome to force the religion of Christ upon the pagans in the forests of the North, and it was a very strong piece of work. His second work, another verse drama, will appear in 1913, entitled *The Americans*. It will be published by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley, for whom Mr. Schoonmaker is planning two other plays. Mr. Schoonmaker has had short lyrics in many of the leading magazines.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Arena* (May, 1906); *Hampton's Magazine* (June, 1910); *The Forum* (August, 1912).

THE PHILANTHROPIST^[73]

[From *The American Magazine* (October, 1912)]

I neither praise nor blame thee, aged Scot,
In whose wide lap the shifting times have poured
The heavy burden of that golden hoard
That shines far off and shall not be forgot.

I only see thee carving far and wide
Thy name on many marbles through the land,
Or flashing splendid from the jeweler's hand
Where medaled heroes show thy face with pride.

Cræsus had not such royal halls as thou,
Nor Timon half as many friends as crowd
Thy porches when thy largesses are loud,
Learning and Peace are stars upon thy brow.

And still thy roaring mills their tribute bring
As unto Cæsar, and thy charities
Have borne thy swelling fame beyond the seas,
Where thou in many realms art all but king.

Yet when night lays her silence on thine ears
And thou art at thy window all alone,
Pondering thy place, dost thou not hear the groans
Of them that bear thy burdens through the years?

CREDO HARRIS

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Credo Harris, novelist, was born near Louisville, Kentucky, January 8, 1874. He was educated in

the schools of Louisville and finished at college in the East. He settled in New York as a newspaper man and the following ten years of his life were given to that work. In 1908 Mr. Harris abandoned daily journalism in order to devote himself to fiction. Only a few of his short-stories had gotten into the magazines when his first book, entitled *Toby, a Novel of Kentucky* (Boston, 1912), appeared. In spite of the fact that the author's literary models were, perhaps, too manifest, *Toby* was well liked by many readers. Mr. Harris's second story, *Motor Rambles in Italy* (New York, 1912), was cordially received by those very critics who assailed his first volume with vehemence. It is both a book of travels and a romance, the recital being in the form of love letters to his sweetheart, Polly, and also descriptive of the country from Baden-Baden to Rome seen from the tonneau of a big touring-car. Mr. Harris has a new story well under way, which will probably appear in 1913. He resides at Glenview, Kentucky, with his father, but his work on *The Louisville Herald* takes him into town almost every day.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. Letters from Mr. Harris to the Author; *The Courier-Journal* (November 30, 1912).

BOLOGNA^[74]

[From *Motor Rambles in Italy* (New York, 1912)]

Bologna! Home of the sausage! Does not your mouth water at just the thought of it! I can see your pretty nose turn up in a curve that simply screams "Disgusting"—but you have never been quite fair to this relic of menageries.

To-day at luncheon our waiter first pranced up with a dish I did not recognize. It has long been a rule of mine—especially in Italy—that when I do not recognize a dish I wave it by. But rules are sent broadcast before the Bolognese spirit of patriotism. Would I be permitted to refuse this dish? No. He poked it still nearer and gave me a polite look. "No," I said, "not any." He poked it still nearer and his look became troubled. "No," I said again. This time his look was indignant as he exclaimed: "But, signor, it is *mortadella*!" Indeed, we found his persistence quite justifiable.

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I could be satisfied to linger here. It is a pleasant mixture of cosmopolitan and mediaeval, blending a touch of geniality which adds much to its charm. The people are happier, perhaps it would be best to say more smiling, in Bologna than farther north. If one can be reconciled to the incongruity of living in a hotel that was a fifteenth century palace overlooking the solemn tombs of jurists, and then stepping to the corner for a twentieth century electric car, he can steel himself to put up with many other temperamental contradictions to be found in this capital of the Emilia.

But because of its cosmopolitanism I shall tell you little. In big places like this there is so much to see, so much to digest, so much to read out of guide books, that—what's the use? My letters are permitted, you have threatened, only so long as I tell an occasional thing which may serve you and the Dowager when you come through next year by motor, and while I do not believe you quite mean this, or would throw it down if you saw me heading toward the tender realms of nothingness, your wish shall, nevertheless, constitute my aim. Should I digress, it will be because my love for you is stronger than myself—an assertion of doubtful value at the present time.

So if you want to know Bologna, read your guide books. Here, you shall have only the more untrodden paths, which, if you follow as I have done, you may be fortunate. For you must know that all I have seen has been discovered by your eyes alone. Many a day has passed since you brought and taught me the things truly beautiful in this world. Great sculptures, rich paintings, magnificent architecture, are in the well worn paths of every one's progress which those who pass cannot help seeing, but a changing leaf, the sweep of a bird, a child's laugh at the roadside, ah, those are the bounties your hands have poured into my lap! Thousands pass along this way, piled high with perishable treasures, and never dream that they are trampling a masterpiece with every crunch of their bourgeoise boots.

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HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

Mrs. Hallie Erminie Rives-Wheeler, maker of mysteries, was born near Hopkinsville, Kentucky, May 2, 1874, the daughter of Colonel Stephen T. Rives. She is a cousin of Princess Troubetzkey, the celebrated Virginia novelist. Miss Rives, to give her her old name, was educated in Kentucky schools, after which she went to New York with her mother. In 1896 Miss Rives's mother died and she and her father moved to Amherst county, Virginia, which is her present American home. Her literary labors fall naturally into two periods: the first, which included five "red-hot" books, as follows: *The Singing Wire and Other Stories* (Clarksville, Tennessee, 1892), the "other stories" being four in number and nameless here; *A Fool in Spots* (St. Louis, 1894); *Smoking Flax* (New York, 1897); *As the Hart Panteth* (New York, 1898); and *A Furnace of Earth* (New York, 1900). Miss Rives's second period of work began with *Hearts Courageous* (Indianapolis, 1902), a romance of Revolutionary Virginia, and continues to the present time. This was followed by *The Castaway* (Indianapolis, 1904), based upon the career of Lord Byron; and the great poems of the Englishman are made to swell the length of the story. In *Tales from Dickens* (Indianapolis, 1905),

Miss Rives did for the novelist what Lamb did for Shakespeare—made him readable for children. *Satan Sanderson* (Indianapolis, 1907), a wild and thrilling tale of today, one of the "six best sellers" for many months, was followed by what is, perhaps, her best book, a story set in Japan, entitled *The Kingdom of Slender Swords* (Indianapolis, 1910). Her latest novel is *The Valiants of Virginia* (Indianapolis, 1912), the action of which begins in New York, but is transferred to Virginia. Miss Rives was married in Tokyo, Japan, December 29, 1906, to Mr. Post Wheeler, writer and diplomat, now connected with the American embassy at Rome. While none of her novels is set against Kentucky backgrounds, several of her short stories published in the magazines are Kentucky to the core.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The American Review of Reviews* (October, 1902); *The Nation* (August 11, 1904).

THE BISHOP SPEAKS^[75]

[From *Satan Sanderson* (Indianapolis, 1907)]

Inside the study, meanwhile, the bishop was greeting Harry Sanderson. He had officiated at his ordination and liked him. His eyes took in the simple order of the room, lingering with a light tinge of disapproval upon the violin case in the corner, and with a deeper shade of question upon the jewel on the other's finger—a pigeon-blood ruby in a setting curiously twisted of the two initial letters of his name.

There came to his mind for an instant a whisper of early prodigalities and wildness which he had heard. For the lawyer who had listened to Harry Sanderson's recital on the night of the making of the will had not considered it a professional disclosure. He had thought it a "good story," and had told it at his club, whence it had percolated at leisure through the heavier strata of town-talk. The tale, however, had seemed rather to increase than to discourage popular interest in Harry Sanderson. The bishop knew that those whose approval had been withheld were in the hopeless minority, and that even these could not have denied that he possessed desirable qualities—a manner by turns sparkling and grave, picturesqueness in the pulpit, and the unteachable tone of blood—and had infused new life into a generally sleepy parish. He had dismissed the whisper with a smile, but oddly enough it recurred to him now at sight of the ruby ring.

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"I looked in to tell you a bit of news," said the bishop. "I've just come from David Stires—he has a letter from Van Lennap, the great eye-surgeon of Vienna. He disagrees with the rest of them—thinks Jessica's case may not be hopeless."

The cloud that Hugh's call had left on Harry's countenance lifted.

"Thank God!" he said. "Will she go to him?"

The bishop looked at him curiously, for the exclamation seemed to hold more than a conventional relief.

"He is to be in America next month. He will come here to examine, and perhaps to operate. An exceptional girl," went on the bishop, "with a remarkable talent! The angel in the chapel porch, I suppose you know, is her modelling, though that isn't just masculine enough in feature to suit me. The Scriptures are silent on the subject of woman-angels in Heaven; though, mind you, I don't say they're not common on earth!"

The bishop chuckled mildly at his own epigram.

"Poor child!" he continued more soberly. "It will be a terrible thing for her if this last hope fails her, too! Especially now, when she and Hugh are to make a match of it."

Harry's face was turned away, or the bishop would have seen it suddenly startled. "To make a match of it!" To hide the flush he felt staining his cheek, Harry bent to close the safe. A something that had darkled in some obscure depth of his being, whose existence he had not guessed, was throbbing now to a painful resentment. Jessica to marry Hugh!

"A handsome fellow—Hugh!" said the bishop. "He seems to have returned with a new heart—a brand plucked from the burning. You had the same *alma mater*, I think you told me. Your influence has done the boy good, Sanderson!" He laid his hand kindly on the other's shoulder. "The fact that you were in college together makes him look up to you—as the whole parish does," he added.

Harry was setting the combination, and did not answer. But through the turmoil in his brain a satiric voice kept repeating:

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"No, they don't call me 'Satan' now!"

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

Edwin Carlile Litsey, author of *The Love Story of Abner Stone*, was born at Beechland, Kentucky,

June 3, 1874. He was educated in public and private schools, but he did not go to college. At the age of seventeen years Mr. Litsey entered the banking business, and he is now connected with the Marion National Bank, of his present home, Lebanon, Kentucky. His first novel, *The Princess of Gramfalon* (Cincinnati, 1898), was a daring piece of imagination, creating impossible lands and peoples, and it has been forgotten by author and public alike. Mr. Litsey's strongest and best work so far is a beautiful tale of Nature, entitled *The Love Story of Abner Stone* (New York, 1902). This novelette made the author many friends, as it is a charming story. In 1904 he won first prize in *The Black Cat* story-contest, over ten thousand competitors, with *In the Court of God*. His stories of wild animals in their haunts were brought together in *The Race of the Swift* (Boston, 1905). This contains some of his best work, the first story being especially fine and strong. Mr. Litsey's latest novel, *The Man from Jericho* (New York, 1911), was not up to the standard set in his earlier works, and in no sense is it a noteworthy production. It shows a decided falling off, and it brought disappointment to many admirers of *The Love Story of Abner Stone* and *The Race of the Swift*. In 1912 Mr. Litsey contributed several short-stories to *The Cavalier*, and next year he will issue another novel, to be entitled *A Maid of the Kentucky Hills*.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Book Buyer* (July, 1902); *Munsey's Magazine* (April, 1903).

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THE RACE OF THE SWIFT^[76]

[From *The Race of the Swift* (Boston, 1905)]

The next morning, near midday, her merciless offsprings teased and worried her so that the she-fox crept forth in spite of the warning of the day before, and set her sharp muzzle towards the crest of the range, with the intention of invading territory which hitherto her feet had never pressed. There were wild turkeys back in the hills, and wary and suspicious as she knew them to be, they were no match for her wily woodcraft. But scarcely had her noiseless feet gone over the top of the knob, when a sharp yelp immediately behind her caused her to jump and turn quickly. They were there—her enemies—and their noses were smelling out her trail, for as yet they had not seen her. Even as she leaped for the nearest cover like a yellow flash, her first thought was of the little ones biding at home. She must lead her foes away from that cleft in the rocks where her love-children lay awaiting her return. And though her life should be given up, yet would she die alone, and far away, before she would sacrifice her young.

It was a hard and stubborn race which she ran for the next six hours. At times her loyal, loving heart seemed ready to burst from the strain she thrust upon it. At times fleet feet were pattering almost at her heels, and pitiless jaws were held wide to grasp her; then again only the echo of the stubborn cry of her pursuers reached her. She had doubled time and again. Once a brief respite was granted her when she dashed up a slanting tree-trunk which, in falling, had lodged in the branches of another tree. Eight tawny forms dashed hotly, furiously by, then she descended and took the back track. Only for a moment, however, were the cunning dogs deceived. They discovered the artifice almost as soon as it was perpetrated, and came harking back themselves with redoubled zeal. So the long hours of the afternoon wore away. Not a moment that was free from effort; not an instant that death did not hover over the mother fox, awaiting the least misstep to descend. Back and forth, around and across, and still the subtlety of the fox eluded the haste and fury of the hounds. All were tired to the point of exhaustion, but none would give up. The sun went down; tremulous shadows, like curtains hung, were draped among the trees. The timid stars came out again and the halfed moon arose, a little larger than the night before. And still, with inveterate hate on the one side, and the undying strength of despair on the other, the grim chase swept through the night. At last the blood-rimmed eyes of the reeling quarry saw familiar landmarks. Unconsciously, in her blind efforts, she had come to the neighborhood of her den. Perhaps the love within her heart had guided her back. She found her strength quickly failing, and with a realization of this her scheming brain awoke as from a trance, and drove her to deeper guile. Two rods away was the creek. To it she staggered, splashed through the low water for a dozen yards, and hid herself beneath the gnarled roots of a tree from the base of which the stream had eaten away the soil. She listened intensely. She heard the pack lose the scent, search half-heartedly for a few minutes, for they, too, were weary to dropping, then withdraw one at a time, beaten. But for half an hour the brave animal lay against the tree roots, waiting and resting. Then she came out cautiously, looked around her, and with difficulty gained the mouth of her den. Casting one keen glance over her shoulder through the checkered spaces of the forest, she glided softly within, and lying down, curled her tired body protectingly around her sleeping little ones.

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MILTON BRONNER

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Milton Bronner, literary critic and journalist, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, November 10, 1874. He was graduated from the University of Virginia, in 1895, when he returned to his home to join the staff of the old *Louisville Commercial*. In 1900 Mr. Bronner removed to Covington, Kentucky, to become city editor of *The Kentucky Post*, of which paper he is now editor-in-chief. Mr. Bronner's first book, called *Letters from the Raven* (New York, 1907), was a work about Lafcadio Hearn with many of Hearn's hitherto unpublished letters. His second and most

important volume so far, *Maurice Hewlett* (Boston, 1910), is the first adequate discussion of the novels and poems of the celebrated English author. His method was to treat the works in the order of their publication, together with a brief word upon Mr. Hewlett's life. His little book must have pleased the novelist as much as it did the public. Mr. Bronner seems to have a *flair* for new writers who later "arrive." Thus years ago *Poet-Lore* published his paper on William Ernest Henley, before Henley's fame was so firmly established. Some years later *The Independent* had his essay on Francis Thompson, whom all the world now declares to have been a great and true poet. Still later *The Forum* printed his criticism of John Davidson, in which high estimates were set upon the unfortunate fellow's works; and *The Bookman* has printed a series of his critical appreciations of such men as John Masefield, Ezra Pound, Wilbur Underwood, W. H. Davies, W. W. Gibson, and Lionel Johnson, which introduced these now celebrated poets to the American public.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Forum* (September, 1910); *The Bookman* (August; November, 1911); *The Bookman* (April; October, 1912).

MR. HEWLETT'S WOMEN^[77]

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[From *Maurice Hewlett* (Boston, 1910)]

Mr. Hewlett is mainly interested in his women. They are the pivots about whom his comedies and tragedies move. And his treatment of them differs from all the great contemporary novelists. Kipling gives snapshot photographs of women. He shows them in certain brief moments of their existence, in vivid blacks and whites, caught on the instant whether the subjects were laughing or crying. Stevenson's few women are presented in silhouette. Barrie and Hardy give etchings in which line by line and with the most painstaking art, the features are drawn. But Meredith and Mr. Hewlett give paintings in which brush stroke after brush stroke has been used. The reader beholds the finished work, true not only in features, but in colouring.

Now Mr. Hewlett is purely medieval. The Hewlett woman is forever the plaything of love. She is always in the attitude of the pursuing who is pursued. She is forever the subject of passion, holy or unholy. Men will fight for her, plunge kingdoms and cities in war or ruin for her, die for her. Sometimes, as in "The Stooping Lady," she is the willing object of this love and stoops to enjoy its divine benison; sometimes she flees from it when it displays a satyr face as in "The Duchess of Nona;" sometimes she is caught up in its tragic coil as in "The Queen's Quair," and destroyed by it. Hewlett's women, like Hardy's, are stray angels, but like Meredith's they are creatures of the chase. And, note the difference from Meredith!—this, according to the gospel of Mr. Hewlett, is as it should be.

Since it is woman's proper fate to be loved, it would seem to be impossible for Mr. Hewlett to write a story in which there is not some romantic love interest. And in each case there is a stoop on the part of one. The stoop may be happy or the reverse, but it is there. He recurs to the idea again and again, but each time with a difference that prevents monotony.

In the main, Mr. Hewlett's women are good women. They are loyal and loving, ready alike to take beatings or kisses. There is no ice in their bosoms which must needs be thawed. Nor are Mr. Hewlett's women "kind" after the manner of the Stendhal characters. They are not women who make themselves common. For the most part, they are Rosalinds and Perditas of an humbler sort, with the beauty of those immortal girls, but without their supreme wit and high spirits. They are girls who are stricken down with love's dart and who make no effort to remove the dear missiles. They are true dwellers in romance-land, beautiful creatures who give themselves to their chosen lords without thought of sin or of the future.

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A. ST. CLAIR MACKENZIE

Alastair St. Clair Mackenzie, author of *The Evolution of Literature*, was born at Inverness, Scotland, February 17, 1875. "Blue as a molten sapphire gleams the Moray Firth below Culloden Moor, under whose purple heather sleep some of the warrior ancestors of Alastair St. Clair Mackenzie, near which he was born." The University of Glasgow conferred the degree of Master of Arts upon him in 1892. He then did graduate work in English at the University of Edinburgh for a year, after which he studied for some months under Sir Richard C. Jebb of the University of Cambridge, and Edward Caird of Oxford University. Mackenzie met S. R. Crockett, Henry Drummond, William Black, Alfred Tennyson, and many other distinguished men of letters, before he came to America. After a brief residence in Philadelphia he came to the State University of Kentucky, at Lexington, in September, 1899, as head of the department of English, and under his supervision the curriculum has been extended from three courses to thirty. Among Kentucky educators he has been the pioneer in introducing Journalism, Comparative Philology, and

Comparative Literature. In 1911 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Kentucky Wesleyan College, the only degree of the kind ever conferred by that institution. In 1912 Dr. Mackenzie was Ropes Foundation lecturer at the University of Cincinnati. He is now dean of the Graduate School of the University of Kentucky. Besides contributing many articles to periodicals, Dr. Mackenzie wrote, in 1904, the first history of Lexington Masonic Lodge, No. 1, the earliest in the West; and, in 1907, the article on Hew Ainslie, the Scottish-Kentucky poet, published in the *Library of Southern Literature*, and pronounced by many competent critics to be the finest essay in that great collection. His *The Evolution of Literature* (New York, 1911), the English edition of which was issued by John Murray, London, deals with the origins of literature, as its title indicates, and it has placed Dr. Mackenzie at the head of Southern students of this subject. Into this work went the researches and deliberate judgments of a lifetime; and that a scholar should produce such a work in the West or South, without a great library near at hand, is in itself remarkable. Dr. Mackenzie has done what will probably come to be regarded as the most scholarly production of a Kentucky hand, although the work is more suggestive than it is conclusive.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *Library of Southern Literature* (Atlanta, 1910, v. xv); *Who's Who in America* (1912-1913).

A KELTIC TALE^[78]

[From *The Evolution of Literature* (New York, 1911)]

Here is an old Keltic tale of farewell. It was a night of mist, a low moon brooding over the braes, the heathery braes. The man sat by the seashore, as he sang quaint ballads of a land across the water, where men never see death. There was none to reveal the secrets of the glens, nor could any one tell him what the eagle cried to the stag at the corrie, while the burn wimpled on with its song of sobbing. He sat and listened, but he was knowing naught of sadness. To his ears came only the accents of the fairies of joy, and they called him to seek the fountain where song had its birth. Away from the sea he climbed till its voice came faint, faint across the bracken. At last, full weary, he slept. The night passed, and a leveret stood up, gazing upon his face without fear. A deer came to the stream, beheld the sleeping figure, and fled not. A grey linnet perched upon the pale hand lying across the bosom; it looked the sun in the face, and sang, but the man did not awake. Again the shadows melted into the night of stars, and the hills said to one another, "He has found Death and Life. For we know, and God knows, all his dreams. He has found the secret of the sea, the message of all the streams, and the fountain-head of song."

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In quest of literary strivings and achievements, lowly as well as exalted, we have journeyed through all the principal lands of the globe. The forests of Africa have shaded us from the scorching sun, and the tang of the salt sea has smitten us off Cape Horn. Visions of scenes familiar have mingled with sights and sounds of cities that flourished forty centuries ago. Wherever we have gone, we have noticed that vitality is the quality which gives permanent value to all true art. Popular opinion, blind perhaps to the qualities of art as art, caring nothing about the more elusive charms of verse and prose, is quick to detect the presence or absence of a vital relationship between literature and humanity. Literary art voices life and gives life. The higher the art the more effectively does it fill the onlooker with a sense of life, personal and racial, dignified, wholesome, inexhaustible. Apparently it is the ideal within the real that becomes ever more manifest in the course of the evolution of literature.

LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

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Miss Laura Spencer Portor, poet and short-story writer, was born at Covington, Kentucky, in 1875. She lived at Covington until ten years old, when she was taken to Paris, France, where she attended private schools for two years. She returned to Kentucky, and attended school at Cincinnati, but she afterwards entered the old Norwood Institute, Washington. Her education being finished, Miss Portor again made her home at Covington, where she resided until a few years ago, when she went to New York, her home at the present time. She has worked in many literary fields. Children's work; essays; short-stories; feature and editorial work of all kinds; and verse for children and "grown-ups." Miss Portor is now children's editor of *The Woman's Home Companion*. She has been so very busy with her magazine work that she has found time to publish but one book, *Theodora* (Boston, 1907), a little tale for children, done in collaboration with Miss Katharine Pyle, sister of the famous American artist, the late Howard Pyle, and herself an artist and author of ability and reputation. The next few years will certainly see several of Miss Portor's manuscripts published in book form. Among her magazine stories and verse that have attracted attention may be mentioned her purely Kentucky tales, such as "A Gentleman of the Blue Grass," published in *The Ladies' Home Journal*; "The Judge," which appeared in *The Woman's Home Companion*; "Sally," a Southern story, printed in *The Atlantic Monthly*; and "My French School Days," an essay, also printed in *The Atlantic*, are thought to be the best things in prose Miss Portor has written so far. Her poems, "The Little Christ" (*Atlantic Monthly*), and "But One Leads South" (*McClure's Magazine*), are her most characteristic work in verse. She has written much for children in both prose and poetry. Miss Portor is one of Kentucky's proudest

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hopes in fiction or verse, and the books that are to be published from her pen will bring together her work in a manner that will be highly pleasing to her admirers.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. *Harper's Magazine* (August, 1900); *St. Nicholas Magazine* (October, 1912).

THE LITTLE CHRIST^[79]

[From *The Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1905]

Mother, I am thy little Son—
Why weepest thou?

*Hush! for I see a crown of thorns,
A bleeding brow.*

Mother, I am thy little Son—
Why dost thou sigh?

*Hush! for the shadow of the years
Stoopeth more nigh!*

Mother, I am thy little Son—
Oh, smile on me.
The birds sing blithe, the birds sing gay,
The leaf laughs on the tree.

*Oh, hush thee! The leaves do shiver sore
That tree whereon they grow,
I see it hewn, and bound, to bear
The weight of human woe!*

Mother, I am thy little Son—
The Night comes on apace—
When all God's waiting stars shall smile
On me in thy embrace.

*Oh, hush thee! I see black starless night!
Oh, could'st thou slip away
Now, by the hawthorn hedge of Death,—
And get to God by Day!*

BUT ONE LEADS SOUTH^[80]

[From *McClure's Magazine*, December, 1909]

So many countries of the earth,
So many lands of such great worth;
So stately, tall, and fair they shine,—
So royal, all,—but one is mine.

So many paths that come and go,
Busy and freighted, to and fro;
So many that I never see
That still bring gifts and friends to me;
So many paths that go and come,
But one leads South,—and that leads home.

Oh, I would rather see the face
Of that dear land a little space
Than have earth's richest, fairest things
My own, or touch the hands of kings.—
I'm homesick for it! When at night
The silent road runs still and white,—
Runs onward, southward, still and fair,
And I know well it's going there,
And I know well at last 'twill come
To that old candle-lighted home,—
Though all the candles of heaven are lit,
I'm homesick for the sight of it!

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Miss Leigh Gordon Giltner, poet and short-story writer, was born at Eminence, Kentucky, in 1875. She is the daughter of the Rev. W. S. Giltner, who was for many years president of Eminence College, from which the future writer was graduated. She later pursued a course in English at the University of Chicago, and studied Shakespeare and dramatic art with Hart Conway of the Chicago School of Acting. Miss Giltner's book of lyrics, *The Path of Dreams* (Chicago, 1900), brought her many kind words from the reviewers. This little book contained some very excellent verse, but, shortly after its appearance, the author abandoned poesy for the short-story. Her stories and sketches have appeared in the *New England Magazine*, *The Century*, *Munsey's Overland Monthly*, *The Reader*, *The Era*, and several other periodicals. Within the last year or so she has had quite a number of short-stories in *Young's Magazine* "of breezy stories." At the present time Miss Giltner has a Kentucky novel and a comedy in preparation, both of which should appear shortly. She is one of the most beautiful of Kentucky's writers: her frontispiece portrait in *The Path of Dreams* is said to have disarmed many carping critics who untied the little volume with malice aforethought. But back of her personal loveliness, is a mind of much power, cleverness, and originality.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Nation* (September 6, 1900); *Munsey's Magazine* (October, 1902); *The Overland* (October, 1910).

THE JESTING GODS^[81]

[From *Munsey's Magazine* (July, 1904)].

From the first it had been, in the nature of things, perfectly patent to every member of the party gathered at Grantleigh for the shooting that Tompkins' bride cared not a whit for Tompkins—which, if one happened to know the man, was scarcely a matter for surprise.

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Tompkins, though a good fellow on the whole, was an unmitigated idiot. Not a mere insignificant unit in the world's noble army of fools, but a fool so conspicuous and of so infinite a variety as to be at all times the cynosure of the general gaze.

When a man is a fool and knows it, his folly not infrequently attains the measure of wisdom. Let him but conceal his motley beneath a cloak of weighty silence and he will presently acquire a reputation for solid intelligence and a wise conservatism. But Tompkins was not one of these. He joyously jangled his bells and flourished his bauble, wholly unaware the while of the spectacle he was making of himself. If he could have been persuaded to take on a neutral tint and keep himself well in the background, inanity might, in time, have assumed the dignity of intellectuality: but he lacked the sense of proportion, of values. He was always in the foreground and always a more or less inharmonious element in the *ensemble*.

Tompkins had published an impossible volume of prose, followed by a yet more impossible volume of verse: his crudely impressionistic essays at art made the judicious grieve: he dabbled in music and posed as a lyric tenor, though he had neither voice nor ear. A temperament essentially histrionic kept him constantly in the centre of the stage. With no remote realization of his limitations, he aspired to play leads and heavies, when Fate had inexorably cast him for a line of low comedy. He contrived to make divers and sundry kinds and degrees of an idiot of himself on all possible occasions—and even when there was no possible occasion therefor. He had a faculty for doing the wrong thing which amounted to inspiration.

We had been wont to speculate at the Club as to whether Tompkins would ever find a woman the measure of whose folly should so far exceed his own as to impel her to marry him. We wondered much when we heard that he had at last achieved this feat. We wondered more when we saw the woman who had made it a possibility.

"*Titania and Bottom*, by Jove!" whispered Ronalds to me as Tompkins followed his wife into the drawing-room on the evening of their arrival at Grantleigh Manor. (Tompkins is asked everywhere on account of his relationship to old Lord Wrexford.) My fancy, which I had allowed to play freely about the lady of Tompkins' choice since I had heard of his marriage, had wavered between a spinster of uncertain age who had accepted him as a *dernier resort* and a simpering school girl too young to know her own mind. I now glanced at the bride—and gasped.

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She was one of those women whose beauty is so absolute, so compelling, as to admit of neither question nor criticism. It quite took away one's breath. Every man in the room was gaping at her, but she bore the ordeal with all grace and calm, though she was the daughter of a struggling curate in some obscure locality remote from social advantages. She was of a singularly striking type: the beauty of her face was almost tragic in its intensity: the ghost of some immemorial sorrow seemed to lurk in the depths of her dark eyes: but when her too sombre expression was irradiated by the transient gleam of her rare smile, she was positively dazzling. (I am aware that I shall seem to "promulgate rhapsodies for dogmas" so to speak, but my proverbial indifference to feminine charm should endorse me.)

As the days passed—we were at Grantleigh for a fortnight—I found myself watching for some flaw in her conception, some inaccuracy in her interpretation of her *role*. But I watched in vain. There was always a perfect appreciation of the requirements of the situation, always the

perfection of taste in its treatment. Evidently she had thrown herself into the part and was playing it—would play it, perhaps, to the end—with artistic *abandon*, tempered by a fine discretion and discrimination. If her yoke galled, this proud woman made no sign. But even the subtlest artiste has her unguarded moment, and it was in such a moment that I chanced to see her the night before the last of our stay.

The men had come in late from a day's shooting over the moors and were on their way to their rooms to dress for dinner. Tompkins had gone up stairs just ahead of me (his apartments were next mine) and had carelessly left a door opening on the corridor slightly ajar. In passing I unconsciously glanced that way and my eyes fell full upon the mirrored face of Elinor Tompkins as her husband crossed toward where she sat at her dressing table. The flash of feeling that crossed her countenance held me for a moment transfixed. Such a look, such an unbelievable complex of shrinking, repugnance, utter loathing and self-contempt I had never seen or imagined.... Like a flash it came and went. The next instant she had forced herself to smile and was lifting her face for her husband's caress, while Tompkins, physically and mentally short-sighted, bent and inclined his lips to hers. I caught my breath sharply. A choking sensation in my throat paid tribute to her art. Not even Duse was more a mistress of emotional control, expression, and repression. But this was something more than the perfection of acting: it was courage, the courage of endurance long drawn out—a greater than that which impels men to the cannon's mouth and a swift and sure surcease from suffering.

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That evening at dinner, Villars, who had run up to town for the day, and found time for a gossip at the Club, proceeded to open his budget. He had had the satisfaction of surprising us with the rumored engagement of Lady Agatha Trelor to the scapegrace son of an impoverished peer: he had hinted delicately at a scandal in high official life: and had made his climax with the announcement of the sudden demise of old Lord Ilverton and the consequent succession of Delmar to his title and estates—when I glanced, by purest chance, at Mrs. Tompkins. (I had fallen into a way of looking at her often—she was certainly an interesting study.) Her face was white, even to the lips. Chancing to turn, she found my eyes upon her. In an instant she had somehow compelled the color to her cheeks and recovered her wonted perfect poise and calm.

That night in the smoking room, Villars shed light upon the subject. Tompkins was presumably haunting his wife's footsteps at the moment. In his unconscious egotism he never spared her: there was seldom a moment when she might drop her smiling mask: the essence of his personality pervaded her whole atmosphere.

"I met old Waxby at the Club to-day," Villars was saying, "and—*apropos* of Delmar's succession to the title—he mentioned that there had been a serious affair of the heart between him and our fellow-guest, Mrs. Tompkins, then Elinor Barton. It seems one of Ilverton's innumerable country places was near the village where the Bartons lived and Delmar met the girl there last Autumn. The affair soon assumed serious proportions: Ilverton heard of the engagement: cut up an awful shindy: had a scene with Del, and finally bundled him off to India post haste. The girl had grit, though. She sent her compliments to Lord Ilverton with the assurance that he need have given himself no uneasiness, as she had already twice refused his son and heir, and was prepared to repeat the refusal should occasion arise. They say his Lordship, who had cooled down a bit, chuckled mightily over the message and vowed that had it only been one of his younger sons, she should have had him, by Jupiter!... But things weren't easy for the girl at home. She had an invalid mother, a nervous, nagging creature, who dinned it into her ears that she'd lost the chance of a lifetime: that she was standing in the light of three marriageable younger sisters: that with her limited social advantages few matrimonial opportunities might be expected to come her way—and more to the same effect till the poor girl was nearly driven frantic."

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"Why not have tried the stage—with her voice and presence any manager would have been glad to take her on," Landis suggested.

"She considered it, they say, but her reverend father turned a fit at the bare suggestion. At this juncture, Tompkins presented himself as a suitor: it was duly pointed out to Miss Barton by her loving parents that he was rather an eligible *parti*: rich, not bad looking, and a nephew of Wrexford's, and that she would better take the goods the gods provided, which, in sheer desperation, she ultimately did. You can see she loathes him, but she's evidently made up her mind to be decent to him—and by Jove, she doesn't do it by halves! She's got sand, all right, and I honor her for the way she makes the best of a bad bargain—though it's not a pleasant thing to see."

"It's a beastly pity!" broke in Ronalds warmly. "It makes me ill to see her wasting herself and her subtleties on a dolt like Algy. What a splendid pair she and Del would have made, and what a shame his Lordship didn't obligingly die a few months sooner—since it had to be!"

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At this precise moment I caught sight of Tompkins standing just without the parted portierres. How long he had been there I could not guess, but doubtless quite long enough. He looked like a man who had had a facer and was a bit dazed in consequence. I think I gasped, for on the instant he looked my way with a glance that held an appeal, which I must somehow have answered. In an instant he was gone and the other men, all unaware of his proximity, pursued their theme.

I did not see Tompkins at our hurried buffet breakfast next morning, and I began to hope he would not go out with the guns that day, thus sparing me the awkward necessity of meeting him again. But he presently appeared on the terrace in his shooting togs, and I knew I was in for it. His manner, however, which was entirely as usual, reassured me. Either he had heard less than I

had feared or the callousness of stupidity protected him. He chatted with his wonted gayety with the men: he made the ladies at hand to see us off a labored compliment or two, and met my eye without consciousness or embarrassment. I wondered if it were stolidity or stoicism? All day he was in the best of spirits: he was positively hilarious when we gathered at the gamekeeper's cottage for luncheon—and I decided upon the former with a sense of relief, for the thing had somehow got on my nerves.

But later, as we returned to the field, he so palpably waited for me to come up with him (we always put Tompkins in the van for safety's sake—he did such fearful and wonderful things with his gun) that I was forced to join him. After a moment he said, with an effort:

"Sibley, I want to ask, as a very great personal favor, that you will never, under any circumstances, mention to anyone—to *any one*," he repeated, with a curious effect of earnestness, "about—last night."

I hastened to give him my assurance. It was the least I could do.

"Thank you," he said simply. "I felt I might depend upon you." Then, because we were men—and Englishmen—we spoke of other things. [Pg 317]

Late that afternoon, as we bent our steps homeward, Tompkins and I found ourselves again together. We had somehow strayed from the rest, and under the guidance of a keeper, striding ahead, laden with trappings of the hunt, were making our way toward Grantleigh. Tompkins' manner was entirely simple and unconstrained. A respect I had not previously accorded him was growing upon me. We were both dead tired, and when we spoke at all it was of the day's sport.

As we neared the Manor, the keeper, far in the lead, vaulted lightly over a stile in a hedgerow. I followed less lightly (my enemies aver that I am growing stout) with Tompkins in the rear.... Suddenly a shot, abnormally loud and harsh in the twilight hush, rang out at my back. Blind and deaf—fatally blind and deaf as I had been—I realized its import on the instant. Even before I turned I knew what I should see.

Tompkins was lying in a huddled heap at the foot of the stile, and as I bent over him I saw that it was a matter of moments. He had bungled things all his life, poor fellow, but he had not bungled this.

"An accident, Sibley," he gasped, as I knelt beside him. "I was—always—awkward—with a gun, you know. *An accident*—you'll remember, old man? Elinor must not—"

Speech failed him for an instant. An awful agony was upon him, but no moan escaped his lips. His life had been a farce, a failure, but if he had not known how to live, assuredly he knew how to die.... The shadows were closing round him. He put out a groping hand for mine.

"I think I'm—going, Sibley," he whispered. "Tell Elinor—" And with her name upon his lips, he went out into the dark.

MARGARET S. ANDERSON

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Miss Margaret Steele Anderson, poet and critic, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1875. She was educated in the public schools, with a short special course at Wellesley College. Since 1901 Miss Anderson has been literary editor of *The Evening Post*, of Louisville, having a half-page of book reviews and literary notes in the Saturday edition. From 1903 to 1908 she was "outside reader" for *McClure's Magazine*; and since quitting *McClure's*, she has been a public lecturer upon literature and art in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Memphis, and Lake Chautauqua. Miss Anderson's fine poems have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Century*, *McClure's*, but the greater number of them have been published in *The American Magazine*. She has also contributed considerable verse to the minor magazines. The next year will witness Miss Anderson's poems brought together in a charming volume, entitled *The Flame in the Wind*, which form they very certainly merit. No Kentucky woman of the present time has done better work in verse than has she.

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THE PRAYER OF THE WEAK^[82]

[From *McClure's Magazine* (September, 1909)]

Lord of all strength—behold, I am but frail!
Lord of all harvest—few the grapes and pale
Allotted for my wine-press! Thou, O Lord,
Who holdest in Thy gift the tempered sword,
Hast armed me with a sapling! Lest I die,
Then hear my prayer, make answer to my cry:

Grant me, I pray, to tread my grapes as one
 Who hath full vineyards, teeming in the sun;
 Let me dream valiantly; and undismayed
 Let me lift up my sapling like a blade;
 Then, Lord, Thy cup for mine abundant wine!
 Then, Lord, Thy foeman for that steel of mine!

NOT THIS WORLD^[83]

[From *McClure's Magazine* (November, 1909)]

Shall I not give this world my heart, and well,
 If for naught else, for many a miracle
 Of spring, and burning rose, and virgin snow?—
*Nay, by the spring that still shall come and go
 When thou art dust, by roses that shall blow
 Across thy grave, and snows it shall not miss,
 Not this world, oh, not this!*

Shall I not give this world my heart, who find
 Within this world the glories of the mind—
 That wondrous mind that mounts from earth to God?—
*Nay, by the little footways it hath trod,
 And smiles to see, when thou art under sod,
 And by its very gaze across the abyss,
 Not this world, oh, not this!*

Shall I not give this world my heart, who hold
 One figure here above myself, my gold,
 My life and hope, my joy and my intent?—
*Nay, by that form whose strength so soon is spent,
 That fragile garment that shall soon be rent,
 By lips and eyes the heavy earth shall kiss,
 Not this world, oh, not this!*

Then this poor world shall not my heart disdain?
 Where beauty mocks and springtime comes in vain,
 And love grows mute, and wisdom is forgot?
*Thou child and thankless! On this little spot
 Thy heart hath fed, and shall despise it not;
 Yea, shall forget, through many a world of bliss,
 Not this world, oh, not this!*

WHISTLER (AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM)^[84]

[From *The Atlantic Monthly* (August, 1910)]

So sharp the sword, so airy the defense!
 As 'twere a play, or delicate pretense;
 So fine and strange—so subtly-poised, too—
 The egoist that looks forever through!

That winged spirit—air and grace and fire—
 A-flutter at the frame, is your desire;
 Nay, it is you—who never knew the net,
 Exquisite, vain—whom we shall not forget!

ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

Mrs. Abby Meguire Roach, "the very cleverest of the Louisville school of women novelists," was born at Philadelphia in 1876. She was educated in the schools of her native city, finishing her training with a year at Wellesley College. In 1899 she was married to Mr. Neill Roach, of Louisville, Kentucky, and that city has been her home since. Mrs. Roach wrote many stories of married life for the New York magazines, which were afterwards collected and published as *Some Successful Marriages* (New York, 1906). These have been singled out by the reviewers as "charming" and "most beautiful"; and her work has been compared to Miss May Sinclair's, the famous English novelist. One of Mrs. Roach's most recent stories was published in *The Century Magazine* for July, 1907, entitled "Manifest Destiny," but this has not been followed by any others in the last year or so. "Unremembering June," one of the best of the tales in *Some Successful Marriages*, relates the love of Molly-Moll for her invalid husband, after whose death she falls in love with Reno, the father of Lola, "who had been his salvage from the wreck of his marriage."

UNREMEMBERING JUNE^[85]

[From *Some Successful Marriages* (New York, 1906)]

"And you will let me have word of you? Surely? And give me a chance to be of use? Won't you?" he persisted, taking leave. She swept his face swiftly with a glance of inquiry, intelligence. "Won't you?"

"O-h—perhaps," with just the faintest puckering of the mouth.

But spring passed without word from her, until there were times when Reno's impatience seethed like a colony of bees at hiving-time.

At last he wrote.

With unpardonable deliberation a brief answer came: Molly's son was a couple months old, but not yet finished enough to be much to look at.

He wrote again: Lola was pale from the city, and bored with herself and her maid; a farm with other children on it sounded like fairyland to her. Could some arrangement be made...?

Lola had been there a month before he had any word but her own hard-written and naturally not very voluminous love-letters, letters in which the homesickness was an ever fainter and fainter echo of the first wild cry, and in which the references to "Dandie" made it plain that she had adopted the other children's auntie into a peculiar relationship with herself. At last a postscript from Mrs. Loring herself:

"Wouldn't you like to come to see her? It's worth a longer trip."

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"Of course I would. You're uncommon slow asking me. What kind of father, and man, do you think me?"

Molly was standing with the baby in her arms, chewing its chub of fist. In the warm wind soft wisps of blown brown hair curled all around forehead and neck. Her flesh was firm, transparent, aglow; her skin as clear, satiny, pink as the baby's. And what generous, sweet plumpness! She was at perhaps the most beautiful time of a woman's life—in the glamour of first young motherhood, with the beauty of perfect health and uncoarsened maturity.

And in the black-and-white of her shirt-waist suit there was no more suggestion of mourning than there is thought of winter in full June—rich, warm, full of promise, "unremembering June," the present and future tenses of the year's declension.

As she stood biting the baby, Reno understood why. His look devoured her.

Seeing him, her eyes only gave greeting, and, smiling, directed his to the group of animated children's overalls in a sand-pile in front of her. One particular occupant of one particular pair of overalls spied him. Lola flew. He held her off, brown, round, rosy. "Why, who is this? Whose little girl—or boy—are you?"

Her head dropped; she dropped from his hand like a nipped flower.

"Whose little girl *are* you?" coached a rich voice with an undercurrent of laughter.

Like a flower again, the child swayed at the breath of that elemental nature. "Dandie's little girl," ventured a small voice. At sight of the father's face, Molly laughed, a laugh of many significances. And with a flood of recollected loyalty, "*Papa's!*" gasped the child, and smothered him with remorse.

"Wouldn't you like to be Dandie's and papa's little girl all at once?"

("Well! I like that!")

"Why, yes. Ain't I? Can't I?"

"I think you can."

("Oh, you do?")

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"No?" His grip on her wrist hurt, and forced her to look up. ("Is it only a mother you want for Lola—and yourself?"); and, looking, she was satisfied; and, looking, she flushed slowly from head to foot, answering him.

"The most loyal, affectionate woman in the world!" he added, after a little.

"Oh, never mind the fairy tales!" she scoffed, pleased, waiting.

He spoke none of the time-honored commonplaces that belittle or dignify or mask the real individual feeling under the stereotype of what it is assumed love ought to be. He could foresee her amusement. Besides, it would have been about as appropriate as trying to capture a bird with a smile.

"But I would never marry any woman that I wasn't sure would be kind to Lola and fond of her."

"Oh, Lola!" Her whole look was soft and sweet. "I am fond of her now." Then a mischievous laugh bubbled in her throat. "And could be of you, too, if you insist." Even with the laugh her eyes were deeper than words, grave and tender.

"As to that, also, Molly-Moll, what you will be to me I am quite satisfied, quite."

IRVIN S. COBB

Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb, humorist and short-story writer, was born at Paducah, Kentucky, June 23, 1876. He was educated in public and private schools, but the newspaper field loomed large before him, and at the age of nineteen he became editor of the Paducah *Daily News*. For three years he conducted the "Sour Mash" column in the Louisville *Evening Post*, when he returned to Paducah to become managing editor of the *News-Democrat*, which position he held from 1901 to 1904. Late in the year of 1904 Mr. Cobb went to New York, and for a year he was editor of the humorous section and special writer for *The Evening Sun*. In 1905 he became staff humorist for *The World*, and for the following six years he remained with that paper. Mr. Cobb has written several plays, none of which have been published in book form, but they have been produced upon the stage. They include: *The Campaigner*, *Funabashi*, *Mr. Busybody*, *The Gallery God*, *The Yeggman*, and *Daffy-Down-Dilly*. He has written many humorous stories, among which may be mentioned: *New York Through Funny Glasses*, *The Hotel Clerk*, *Live Talks with Dead Ones*, *Making Peace at Portsmouth*, *The Gotham Geography*, and *The Diary of Noah*.

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Then, one day, the daily grind racked his nerves, he rebelled and bethought himself of the good old days in Kentucky years ago. Ah, what a fine chapter was added to the history of our native letters when Cobb looked backward! Now, when he was but twenty-four years of age, he had written a story, a horror tale of Reelfoot Lake, which he named "Fishhead" and immediately forgot, but which he had brought on East with him. On this he made some minor revisions and started it on its round of the magazine editors. But Cobb didn't wait for the fate of "Fishhead"; and it's a good thing that he didn't! He wrote what he now regards as his first fiction story, *The Escape of Mr. Trimm*; and *The Saturday Evening Post* accepted it so quickly, printing it in the issue for November 27, 1909, that Cobb gleefully cashed the cheque and sent them another shortly thereafter. The editor of *The Post*, George Horace Lorimer, whom many competent judges considered the greatest editor in the United States, realized that a new literary planet had swam into his ken; and in 1911 he asked Cobb to become a staff contributor, which the Kentuckian was delighted to do. All of his stories have appeared in that publication, all save *Fishhead*, which Mr. Lorimer regarded as a bit too strong medicine for his subscribers. Mr. Cobb's next big story in *The Post* was one that he has come to regard as the best thing he has done hitherto, "An Occurrence Up a Side Street," which appeared in the issue for January 21, 1911. This was a real horror tale, a "thriller," making one couple the name of Cobb with Poe, a comparison which has gathered strength with the passing of the months. For *The Post* Mr. Cobb created Judge Priest, a character that has made him famous. He did a group of tales about and around this leading citizen of a certain Southern town—which town was none other than his own Paducah; and which character was none other than old Judge Bishop, whom many Kentuckians recall with pleasure. Cobb is a great realist and he has never had any patience with the romanticists. He painted the old town and the old judge and the judge's friends and enemies—if he had any—just as he remembered them. The best of these yarns, perhaps, was "Words and Music," printed in the issue for October 28, 1911; and when they were collected the other day and published under the title of *Back Home* (New York, 1912), that story, in which the old judge "rambles," was the first of the ten tales the book contained. Some reviewers of this work have rather loosely characterized it as a novel, and in a certain big sense it is; but the sub-title is a better description: "the narrative of Judge Priest and his people." The book is really a series of pictures; and what Francis H. Underwood did so well in his Kentucky novel, *Lord of Himself*, and what William C. Watts did much better in his *Chronicles of a Kentucky Settlement*, Irvin S. Cobb has done in a manner superior to either of them in his *Back Home*. Judge Priest is a worthy and welcome addition to the gallery of American heroes of prose fiction, hung next to Bret Harte's highest heroes. Cohan and Harris have acquired the dramatic rights of his book, and it is to be made into play-form by Bayard Veiller, author of *Within the Law*, the great "hit" of the 1912 New York season, in collaboration with the Kentuckian, who once wrote of his original plays, which have already been listed: "One was accidentally destroyed, one was lost, and one was loaned out and never returned." Let us hope that none of these things may overtake the present work; and that, when Thomas Wise struts across the boards in the autumn of 1913 as Judge Priest he may receive a bigger "hand" than he ever drew in *The Gentleman from Mississippi*.

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Besides these tales of Judge Priest, Cobb wrote several detached short-stories, and many humorous articles for *The Post* during 1912. The best of this humor appeared simultaneously with *Back Home*, in a delightful little book, called *Cobb's Anatomy* (New York, 1912). This contained four essays on the following subjects: "Tummies," perhaps the funniest thing he has done so far; "Teeth;" "Hair;" "Hands and Feet." The only adverse criticism to make of the work was its length: it was too short. Its sequel will appear in 1913 under the title of *Cobb's Bill of*

Fare, containing four humorous skits. Aside from his Judge Priest yarns, which began in *The Post* in the autumn of 1911 and ran throughout the year of 1912, and his humorous papers which also appeared from time to time, Cobb wrote the greatest short-story ever written by a Kentuckian (save that first book of stories by James Lane Allen), entitled "The Belled Buzzard" (*The Post*, September 28, 1912). This, with "An Occurrence Up a Side Street," and "Fishhead," which is to be published in *The Cavalier* for January 11, 1913, after having been rejected by almost every reputable magazine in America, form a trio of horror tales of such power as to compel comparison with the best work of Edgar Poe, with the "shade" going to the Kentuckian in many minds. All three of them, together with "The Escape of Mr. Trimm"; "The Exit of Anse Dugmore," a Kentucky mountain yarn; and four unpublished stories, called "Another of Those Cub Reporter Stories"; "Smoke of Battle"; "To the Editor of the Sun;" and "Guilty as Charged," will appear in book form in the autumn of 1913, entitled *The Escape of Mr. Trimm*.

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In summing up Cobb's work for the New York *Sun*, Robert H. Davis, editor of the Munsey magazines, wrote: "Gelett Burgess, in a lecture at Columbia College, said that Cobb was one of the ten great American humorists. Cobb ought to demand a recount. There are not ten humorists in the world, although Cobb is one of them.... Thus in Irvin Cobb we find Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Edgar Allan Poe at their best.... If he uses his pen for an Alpine stock, the Matterhorn is his." And George Horace Lorimer holds that Cobb is "the biggest writing-man ever born in Kentucky; and he's going to get better all the time." This is certainly high praise, but that it voices the opinions of many people is beyond all question. "The great 'find' of 1912" may be the trade-mark of his future.

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THE BELLED BUZZARD^[86]

[From *The Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia, September 28, 1912)]

There was a swamp known as Little Niggerwool, to distinguish it from Big Niggerwool, which lay nearer the river. It was traversable only by those who knew it well—an oblong stretch of yellow mud and yellower water, measuring, maybe four miles its longest way and two miles roughly at its widest; and it was full of cypress and stunted swamp oak, with edgings of cane-break and rank weeds; and in one place, where a ridge crossed it from side to side, it was snagged like an old jaw with dead tree-trunks, rising close-ranked and thick as teeth. It was untenanted of living things—except, down below, there were snakes and mosquitoes, and a few wading and swimming fowl; and up above, those big woodpeckers that the country people called logcocks—larger than pigeons, with flaming crests and spiky tails—swooping in their long, loping flight from snag to snag, always just out of gunshot of the chance invader, and uttering a strident cry which matched those surroundings so fitly that it might well have been the voice of the swamp itself.

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On one side Little Niggerwool drained its saffron waters off into a sluggish creek, where summer ducks bred, and on the other it ended abruptly at a natural bank of high ground, along which the county turnpike ran. The swamp came right up to the road, and thrust its fringe of reedy, weedy undergrowth forward as though in challenge to the good farm lands that were spread beyond the barrier. At the time I am speaking of it was midsummer, and from these canes and weeds and waterplants there came a smell so rank as almost to be overpowering. They grew thick as a curtain, making a blank green wall taller than a man's head.

Along the dusty stretch of road fronting the swamp nothing living had stirred for half an hour or more. And so at length the weedstems rustled and parted, and out from among them a man came forth silently and cautiously. He was an old man—an old man who had once been fat, but with age had grown lean again, so that now his skin was by odds too large for him. It lay on the back of his neck in folds. Under the chin he was pouched like a pelican and about the jowls was wattled like a turkey-gobbler.

He came out upon the road slowly and stopped there, switching his legs absently with the stalk of a horseweed. He was in his shirtsleeves—a respectable, snuffy old figure; evidently a man deliberate in words and thoughts and actions. There was something about him suggestive of an old staid sheep that had been engaged in a clandestine transaction and was afraid of being found out.

He had made amply sure no one was in sight before he came out of the swamp, but now, to be doubly certain, he watched the empty road—first up, then down—for a long half minute, and fetched a sighing breath of satisfaction. His eyes fell upon his feet and, taken with an idea, he stepped back to the edge of the road and with a wisp of crabgrass wiped his shoes clean of the swamp mud, which was of a different color and texture from the soil of the upland. All his life Squire H. B. Gathers had been a careful, canny man, and he had need to be doubly careful on this summer morning. Having disposed of the mud on his feet, he settled his white straw hat down firmly upon his head, and, crossing the road, he climbed a stake-and-rider fence laboriously and went plodding sedately across a weedfield and up a slight slope toward his house, half a mile away, upon the crest of the little hill.

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He felt perfectly natural—not like a man who had just taken a fellowman's life—but natural and safe, and well satisfied with himself and his morning's work. And he was safe—that was the main thing—absolutely safe. Without hitch or hindrance he had done the thing for which he had been

planning and waiting and longing all these months. There had been no slip or mischance; the whole thing had worked out as plainly and simply as two and two make four. No living creature except himself knew of the meeting in the early morning at the head of Little Niggerwool, exactly where the squire had figured they should meet; none knew of the device by which the other man had been lured deeper and deeper in the swamp to the exact spot where the gun was hidden. No one had seen the two of them enter the swamp; no one had seen the squire emerge, three hours later, alone. The gun, having served its purpose, was hidden again, in a place no mortal eye would ever discover. Face downward, with a hole between his shoulderblades, the dead man was lying where he might lie undiscovered for months or for years, or forever. His pedler's pack was buried in the mud so deep that not even the probing crawfishes could find it. He would never be missed probably. There was but the slightest likelihood that inquiry would ever be made for him—let alone a search. He was a stranger and a foreigner, the dead man was, whose comings and goings made no great stir in the neighborhood, and whose failure to come again would be taken as a matter of course—just one of those shiftless, wandering dagoes, here to-day and gone to-morrow. That was one of the best things about it—these dagoes never had any people in this country to worry about them or look for them when they disappeared. And so it was all over and done with, and nobody the wiser. The squire clapped his hands together briskly with the air of a man dismissing a subject from his mind for good, and mended his gait.

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He felt no stabbings of conscience. On the contrary, a glow of gratification filled him. His house was saved from scandal; his present wife would philander no more—before his very eyes—with these young dagoes, who came from nobody knew where, with packs on their backs and persuasive, wheedling tongues in their heads. At this thought the squire raised his head and considered his homestead. It looked pretty good to him—the small white cottage among the honey locusts, with beehives and flowerbeds about it; the tidy whitewashed fence; the sound outbuildings at the back, and the well-tilled acres roundabout.

At the fence he halted and turned about, carelessly and casually, and looked back along the way he had come. Everything was as it should be—the weedfield steaming in the heat; the empty road stretching along the crooked ridge like a long gray snake sunning itself; and beyond it, massing up, the dark, cloaking stretch of swamp. Everything was all right, but—. The squire's eyes, in their loose sacs of skin, narrowed and squinted. Out of the blue arch away over yonder a small black dot had resolved itself and was swinging to and fro, like a mote. A buzzard—hey? Well, there were always buzzards about on a clear day like this. Buzzards were nothing to worry about—almost any time you could see one buzzard, or a dozen buzzards if you were a mind to look for them.

But this particular buzzard now—wasn't he making for Little Niggerwool? The squire did not like the idea of that. He had not thought of the buzzards until this minute. Sometimes when cattle strayed the owners had been known to follow the buzzards, knowing mighty well that if the buzzards led the way to where the stray was, the stray would be past the small salvage of hide and hoofs—but the owner's doubts would be set at rest for good and all.

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There was a grain of disquiet in this. The squire shook his head to drive the thought away—yet it persisted, coming back like a midge dancing before his face. Once at home, however, Squire Gathers deported himself in a perfectly normal manner. With the satisfied proprietorial eye of an elderly husband who has no rivals, he considered his young wife, busied about her household duties. He sat in an easy-chair upon his front gallery and read his yesterday's Courier-Journal which the rural carrier had brought him; but he kept stepping out into the yard to peer up into the sky and all about him. To the second Mrs. Gathers he explained that he was looking for weather signs. A day as hot and still as this one was a regular weather-breeder; there ought to be rain before night.

"Maybe so," she said; "but looking's not going to bring rain."

Nevertheless the squire continued to look. There was really nothing to worry about; still at midday he did not eat much dinner, and before his wife was half through with hers he was back on the gallery. His paper was cast aside and he was watching. The original buzzard—or, anyhow, he judged it was the first one he had seen—was swinging back and forth in great pendulum swings, but closer down toward the swamp—closer and closer—until it looked from that distance as though the buzzard flew almost at the level of the tallest snags there. And on beyond this first buzzard, coursing above him, were other buzzards. Were there four of them? No; there were five—five in all.

Such is the way of the buzzard—that shifting black question-mark which punctuates a Southern sky. In the woods a shoat or a sheep or a horse lies down to die. At once, coming seemingly out of nowhere, appears a black spot, up five hundred feet or a thousand in the air. In broad loops and swirls this dot swings round and round and round, coming a little closer to earth at every turn and always with one particular spot upon the earth for the axis of its wheel. Out of space also other moving spots emerge and grow larger as they tack and jibe and drop nearer, coming in their leisurely buzzard way to the feast. There is no haste—the feast will wait. If it is a dumb creature that has fallen stricken the grim coursers will sooner or later be assembled about it and alongside it, scrouging ever closer and closer to the dying thing, with awkward outthrustings of their naked necks and great dust-raising flaps of the huge, unkempt wings; lifting their feathered shanks high and stiffly like old crippled grave-diggers in overalls too tight—but silent and patient all, offering no attack until the last tremor runs through the stiffening carcass and the eyes glaze over. To humans the buzzard pays a deeper meed of respect—he hangs aloft longer; but in the

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end he comes. No scavenger shark, no carrion crab, has chambered more grisly secrets in his digestive processes than this big charnel bird. Such is the way of the buzzard.

The squire missed his afternoon nap, a thing that had not happened in years. He stayed on the front gallery and kept count. Those moving distant black specks typified uneasiness for the squire—not fear exactly, or panic or anything akin to it, but a nibbling, nagging kind of uneasiness. Time and again he said to himself that he would not think about them any more; but he did—unceasingly.

By supper-time there were seven of them.

He slept light and slept badly. It was not the thought of that dead man lying yonder in Little Niggerwool that made him toss and fume while his wife snored gently alongside him. It was something else altogether. Finally his stirrings roused her and she asked drowsily what ailed him. Was he sick? Or bothered about anything?

Irritated, he answered her snappishly. Certainly nothing was bothering him, he told her. It was a hot-enough night—wasn't it? And when a man got a little along in life he was apt to be a light sleeper—wasn't that so? Well, then? She turned upon her side and slept again with her light, purring snore. The squire lay awake, thinking hard and waiting for day to come.

At the first faint pink-and-gray glow he was up and out upon the gallery. He cut a comic figure standing there, in his shirt in the half light, with the dewlap at his throat dangling grotesquely in the neck-opening of the unbuttoned garment, and his bare bowed legs showing, splotched and varicose. He kept his eyes fixed on the skyline below, to the south. Buzzards are early risers too. Presently, as the heavens shimmered with the miracle of sunrise, he could make them out—six or seven, or maybe eight. [Pg 333]

An hour after breakfast the squire was on his way down through the weed field to the country road. He went half eagerly, half unwillingly. He wanted to make sure about those buzzards. It might be that they were aiming for the old pasture at the head of the swamp. There were sheep grazing there—and it might be that a sheep had died. Buzzards were notoriously fond of sheep, when dead. Or, if they were pointed for the swamp he must satisfy himself exactly what part of the swamp it was. He was at the stake-and-rider fence when a mare came jogging down the road, drawing a rig with a man in it. At sight of the squire in the field the man pulled up.

"Hi, squire!" he began. "Goin' somewheres?"

"No; jest knockin' about," the squire said—"jest sorter lookin' the place over."

"Hot agin—ain't it?" said the other.

The squire allowed that it was, for a fact, mighty hot. Commonplaces of gossip followed this—county politics, and a neighbor's wife sick of breakbone fever down the road a piece. The subject of crops succeeded inevitably. The squire spoke of the need of rain. Instantly he regretted it, for the other man, who was by way of being a weather wiseacre, cocked his head aloft to study the sky for any signs of clouds.

"Wonder whut all them buzzards are doin' yonder, squire," he said, pointing upward with his whipstock.

"Whut buzzards—where?" asked the squire with an elaborate note of carelessness in his voice.

"Right yonder, over Little Niggerwool—see 'em there?"

"Oh, yes," the squire made answer. "Now I see 'em. They ain't doin' nothin, I reckon—jest flyin' round same as they always do in clear weather."

"Must be somethin' dead over there!" speculated the man in the buggy.

"A hawg probably," said the squire promptly—almost too promptly. "There's likely to be hawgs usin' in Niggerwool. Bristow, over the other side from here—he's got a big drove of hawgs." [Pg 334]

"Well, mebbe so," said the man; "but hawgs is a heap more apt to be feedin' on high ground, seems like to me. Well, I'll be gittin' along towards town. G'day, squire." And he slapped the lines down on the mare's flank and jogged off through the dust.

He could not have suspected anything—that man couldn't. As the squire turned away from the road and headed for his house he congratulated himself upon that stroke of his in bringing in Bristow's hogs; and yet there remained this disquieting note in the situation, that buzzards flying, and especially buzzards flying over Little Niggerwool, made people curious—made them ask questions.

He was halfway across the weedfield when, above the hum of insect life, above the inward clamor of his own busy speculations, there came to his ear dimly and distantly a sound that made him halt and cant his head to one side the better to hear it. Somewhere, a good way off, there was a thin, thready, broken strain of metallic clinking and clanking—an eery ghost-chime ringing. It came nearer and became plainer—tonk-tonk-tonk; then the tonks all running together briskly.

A cowbell—that was it; but why did it seem to come from overhead, from up in the sky, like? And why did it shift so abruptly from one quarter to another—from left to right and back again to left? And how was it that the clapper seemed to strike so fast? Not even the breachiest of breachy young heifers could be expected to tinkle a cowbell with such briskness. The squire's eye searched the earth and the sky, his troubled mind giving to his eye a quick and flashing scrutiny. He had it. It was not a cow at all. It was not anything that went on four legs.

One of the loathly flock had left the others. The orbit of his swing had carried him across the road and over Squire Gathers' land. He was sailing right toward and over the squire now. Craning his flabby neck the squire could make out the unwholesome contour of the huge bird. He could see the ragged black wings—a buzzard's wings are so often ragged and uneven—and the naked throat; the slim, naked head; the big feet folded up against the dingy belly. And he could see a bell too—an ordinary cowbell—that dangled at the creature's breast and jangled incessantly. All his life nearly Squire Gathers had been hearing about the Belled Buzzard. Now with his own eye he was seeing him.

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Once, years and years and years ago, some one trapped a buzzard, and before freeing it clamped about its skinny neck a copper band with a cowbell pendent from it. Since then the bird so ornamented has been seen a hundred times—and heard oftener—over an area as wide as half the continent. It has been reported, now in Kentucky, now in Florida, now in North Carolina—now anywhere between the Ohio River and the Gulf. Crossroads correspondents take their pens in hand to write to the country papers that on such and such a date, at such a place, So-and-So saw the Belled Buzzard. Always it is the Belled Buzzard, never a belled buzzard. The Belled Buzzard is an institution.

There must be more than one of them. It seems hard to believe that one bird, even a buzzard in his prime, and protected by law in every Southern state and known to be a bird of great age, could live so long and range so far, and wear a clinking cowbell all the time! Probably other jokers have emulated the original joker; probably if the truth were known there have been a dozen such; but the country people will have it that there is only one Belled Buzzard—a bird that bears a charmed life and on his neck a never-silent bell.

Squire Gathers regarded it a most untoward thing that the Belled Buzzard should have come just at this time. The movements of ordinary, unmarked buzzards mainly concerned only those whose stock had strayed; but almost anybody with time to spare might follow this rare and famous visitor, this belled and feathered junkman of the sky. Supposing now that some one followed it today—maybe followed it even to a certain thick clump of cypress in the middle of Little Niggerwood!

But at this particular moment the Belled Buzzard was heading directly away from that quarter. Could it be following him? Of course not! It was just by chance that it flew along the course the squire was taking. But, to make sure, he veered off sharply, away from the footpath into the high weeds. He was right; it was only a chance. The Belled Buzzard swung off, too, but in the opposite direction, with a sharp tonking of its bell, and, flapping hard, was in a minute or two out of hearing and sight, past the trees to the westward.

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Again the squire skimmed his dinner, and again he spent the long, drowsy afternoon upon his front gallery. In all the sky there were now no buzzards visible, belled or unbelled—they had settled to earth somewhere; and it served somewhat to soothe the squire's pestered mind. This does not mean, though, that he was by any means easy in his thoughts. Outwardly he was calm enough, with the ruminative judicial air befitting the oldest justice of the peace in the county; but, within him, a little something gnawed unceasingly at his nerves like one of those small white worms that are to be found in seemingly sound nuts. About once in so long a tiny spasm of the muscles would contract the dewlap under his chin. The squire had never heard of that play, made famous by a famous player, wherein the murdered victim was a pedler, too, and a clamoring bell the voice of unappeasable remorse in the murderer's ear. As a strict church goer the squire had no use for players or for play-actors, and so was spared that added canker to his conscience. It was bad enough as it was.

That night, as on the night before, the old man's sleep was broken and fitful, and disturbed by dreaming, in which he heard a metal clapper striking against a brazen surface. This was one dream that came true. Just after daybreak he heaved himself out of bed, with a flop of his broad bare feet upon the floor, and stepped to the window and peered out. Half seen in the pinkish light, the Belled Buzzard flapped directly over his roof and flew due south, right toward the swamp—drawing a direct line through the air between the slayer and the victim—or, anyway, so it seemed to the watcher, grown suddenly tremulous.

Kneedeep in yellow swamp water the squire squatted, with his shotgun cocked and loaded and ready, waiting to kill the bird that now typified for him guilt and danger and an abiding great fear. Gnats plagued him and about him frogs croaked. Almost overhead a logcock clung lengthwise to a snag, watching him. Snake-doctors, insects with bronze bodies and filmy wings, went back and forth like small living shuttles. Other buzzards passed and repassed, but the squire waited, forgetting the cramps in his elderly limbs and the discomfort of the water in his shoes.

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At length he heard the bell. It came nearer and nearer, and the Belled Buzzard swung overhead not sixty feet up, its black bulk a fair target against the blue. He aimed and fired, both barrels bellowing at once and a fog of thick powder smoke enveloping him. Through the smoke he saw the bird careen, and its bell jangled furiously; then the buzzard righted itself and was gone, fleeing so fast that the sound of its bell was hushed almost instantly. Two long wing feathers drifted slowly down; torn disks of gunwadding and shredded green scraps of leaves descended about the squire in a little shower.

He cast his empty gun from him, so that it fell in the water and disappeared; and he hurried out of the swamp as fast as his shaky legs would take him, splashing himself with mire and water to his eyebrows. Mucked with mud, breathing in great gulps, trembling, a suspicious figure to any eye, he burst through the weed curtain and staggered into the open, his caution all gone and a vast desperation fairly choking him—but the gray road was empty and the field beyond the road was empty; and, except for him, the whole world seemed empty and silent.

As he crossed the field Squire Gathers composed himself. With plucked handfuls of grass he cleaned himself of much of the swamp mire that coated him over; but the little white worm that gnawed at his nerves had become a cold snake that was coiled about his heart, squeezing it tighter and tighter!

This episode of the attempt to kill the Belled Buzzard occurred in the afternoon of the third day. In the forenoon of the fourth, the weather being still hot, with cloudless skies and no air stirring, there was a rattle of warped wheels in the squire's lane and a hail at his yard fence. Coming out upon his gallery from the innermost darkened room of his house, where he had been stretched upon a bed, the squire shaded his eyes from the glare and saw the constable of his own magisterial district sitting in a buggy at the gate waiting for some one.

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The old man came down the dirtpath slowly, almost reluctantly, with his head twisted up sidewise, listening, watching; but the constable sensed nothing strange about the other's gait and posture; the constable was full of the news he brought. He began to unload the burden of it without preamble.

"Mornin', Squire Gathers. There's been a dead man found in Little Niggerwool—and you're wanted."

He did not notice that the squire was holding on with both hands to the gate; but he did notice that the squire had a sick look out of his eyes and a dead, pasty color in his face; and he noticed—but attached no meaning to it—that when the Squire spoke his voice seemed flat and hollow.

"Wanted—fur—whut?" The squire forced the words out of his throat.

"Why, to hold the inquest," explained the constable. "The coroner's sick abed, and he said you bein' the nearest jestic of the peace should serve."

"Oh," said the squire with more ease. "Well, where is it—the body?"

"They taken it to Bristow's place and put it in his stable for the present. They brought it out over on that side and his place was the nearest. If you'll hop in here with me, squire, I'll ride you right over there now. There's enough men already gathered to make up a jury, I reckon."

"I—I ain't well," demurred the squire. "I've been sleepin' porely these last few nights. It's the heat," he added quickly.

"Well, such, you don't look very brash, and that's a fact," said the constable; "but this here job ain't goin' to keep you long. You see it's in such shape—the body is—that there ain't no way of makin' out who the feller was, nor whut killed him. There ain't nobody reported missin' in this county as we know of, either; so I judge a verdict of a unknown person dead from unknown causes would be about the correct thing. And we kin git it all over mighty quick and put him underground right away, suh—if you'll go along now."

"I'll go," agreed the squire, almost quivering in his newborn eagerness. "I'll go right now." He did not wait to get his coat or to notify his wife of the errand that was taking him. In his shirtsleeves he climbed into the buggy, and the constable turned his horse and clucked him into a trot. And now the squire asked the question that knocked at his lips demanding to be asked—the question the answer to which he yearned for and yet dreaded.

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"How did they come to find—it?"

"Well, suh, that's a funny thing," said the constable. "Early this mornin' Bristow's oldest boy—that one they call Buddy—he heared a cowbell over in the swamp and so he went to look; Bristow's got cows, as you know, and one or two of 'em is belled. And he kept on followin' after the sound of it till he got way down into the thickest part of them cypress slashes that's near the middle there; and right there he run acrost it—this body.

"But, suh, squire, it wasn't no cow at all. No, suh; it was a buzzard with a cowbell on his neck—that's whut it was. Yes, suh; that there same old Belled Buzzard he's come back agin and is hangin' round. They tell me he ain't been seen round here sence the year of the yellow fever—I don't remember myself, but that's whut they tell me. The niggers over on the other side are right smartly worked up over it. They say—the niggers do—that when the Belled Buzzard comes it's a sign of bad luck for somebody, shore!"

The constable drove on, talking on, garrulous as a guinea-hen. The squire didn't heed him. Hunched back in the buggy he harkened only to those busy inner voices filling his mind with thundering portents. Even so, his ear was first to catch above the rattle of the buggy wheels the faraway, faint tonk-tonk! They were about halfway to Bristow's place then. He gave no sign, and it was perhaps half a minute before the constable heard it too.

The constable jerked the horse to a standstill and craned his neck over his shoulder.

"Well, by doctors!" he cried, "if there ain't the old scoundrel now, right here behind us! I kin see him plain as day—he's got an old cowbell hitched to his neck; and he's shy a couple of feathers out of one wing. By doctors, that's somethin' you won't see every day! In all my born days I ain't never seen the beat of that!"

Squire Gathers did not look; he only cowered back farther under the buggy-top. In the pleasing excitement of the moment his companion took no heed, though, of anything except the Belled Buzzard.

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"Is he followin' us?" asked the squire in a curiously flat voice.

"Which—him?" answered the constable, still stretching his neck. "No, he's gone now—gone off to the left—jest a-zoonin', like he'd forgot somethin'."

And Bristow's place was to the left! But there might still be time. To get the inquest over and the body underground—those were the main things. Ordinarily humane in his treatment of stock, Squire Gathers urged the constable to greater speed. The horse was lathered and his sides heaved wearily as they pounded across the bridge over the creek which was the outlet to the swamp and emerged from a patch of woods in sight of Bristow's farm buildings.

The house was set on a little hill among cleared fields, and was in other respects much like the squire's own house, except that it was smaller and not so well painted. There was a wide yard in front with shade trees and a lye-hopper and a well-box, and a paling fence with a stile in it instead of a gate. At the rear, behind a clutter of outbuildings—a barn, a smokehouse and a corncrib—was a little peach orchard; and flanking the house on the right there was a good-sized cowyard, empty of stock at this hour, with feeding racks ranged in a row against the fence. A two-year-old negro child, bareheaded and barefooted, and wearing but a single garment, was grubbing busily in the dirt under one of these feedracks.

To the front fence a dozen or more riding horses were hitched, flicking their tails at the flies; and on the gallery men in their shirtsleeves were grouped. An old negro woman, with her head tied in a bandanna and a man's old slouch hat perched upon the bandanna, peeped out from behind a corner. There were hound dogs wandering about, sniffing uneasily.

Before the constable had the horse hitched the squire was out of the buggy and on his way up the footpath, going at a brisker step than the squire usually traveled. The men on the porch hailed him gravely and ceremoniously, as befitting an occasion of solemnity. Afterward some of them recalled the look in his eye; but at the moment they noted it—if they noted it at all—subconsciously.

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For all his haste the squire, as was also remembered later, was almost the last to enter the door; and before he did enter he halted and searched the flawless sky as though for signs of rain. Then he hurried on after the others, who clumped single file along a narrow little hall, the bare, uncarpeted floor creaking loudly under their heavy farm shoes, and entered a good-sized room that had in it, among other things, a high-piled feather bed and a cottage organ—Bristow's best room, now to be placed at the disposal of the law's representatives for the inquest. The squire took the largest chair and drew it to the very center of the room, in front of a fireplace, where the grate was banked with withering asparagus ferns. The constable took his place formally at one side of the presiding official. The others sat or stood about where they could find room—all but six of them, whom the squire picked for his coroner's jury, and who backed themselves against the wall.

The squire showed haste. He drove the preliminaries forward with a sort of tremulous insistence. Bristow's wife brought a bucket of fresh drinking water and a gourd, and almost before she was out of the room and the door closed behind her the squire had sworn his jurors and was calling the first witness, who it seemed likely would also be the only witness—Bristow's oldest boy. The boy wriggled in confusion as he sat on a cane-bottomed chair facing the old magistrate. All there,

barring one or two, had heard his story a dozen times already, but now it was to be repeated under oath; and so they bent their heads, listening as though it were a brand-new tale. All eyes were on him; none were fastened on the squire as he, too, gravely bent his head, listening—listening.

The witness began—but had no more than started when the squire gave a great, screeching howl and sprang from his chair and staggered backward, his eyes popped and the pouch under his chin quivering as though it had a separate life all its own. Startled, the constable made toward him and they struck together heavily and went down—both on all fours—right in front of the fireplace.

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The constable scrambled free and got upon his feet, in a squat of astonishment, with his head craned; but the squire stayed upon the floor, face downward, his feet flopping among the rustling asparagus greens—a picture of slaving animal fear. And now his gagging screech resolved itself into articulate speech.

"I done it!" they made out his shrieked words. "I done it! I own up—I killed him! He aimed fur to break up my home and I tolled him off into Niggerwood and killed him! There's a hole in his back if you'll look fur it. I done it—oh, I done it—and I'll tell everything jest like it happened if you'll jest keep that thing away from me! Oh, my Lawdy! Don't you hear it? It's a-comin' clos'ter and clos'ter—it's a-comin' after me! Keep it away——" His voice gave out and he buried his head in his hands and rolled upon the gaudy carpet.

And now they heard what he had heard first—they heard the tonk-tonk-tonk of a cowbell, coming near and nearer toward them along the hallway without. It was as though the sound floated along. There was no creak of footsteps upon the loose, bare boards—and the bell jangled faster than it would dangling from a cow's neck. The sound came right to the door and Squire Gathers wallowed among the chairlegs.

The door swung open. In the doorway stood a negro child, barefooted and naked except for a single garment, eying them with serious, rolling eyes—and, with all the strength of his two puny arms, proudly but solemnly tolling a small, rusty cowbell he had found in the cowyard.

ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

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Isaac Frederick Marcossan, editor and author, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, September 13, 1876, of Jewish ancestry. He was educated in the public schools of Louisville, and attended High School for a year. In 1894 he entered journalism, joining the staff of the Louisville *Times*, of which he was subsequently literary and city editor. In 1903 Mr. Marcossan went to New York, and became associate editor of *The World's Work*; and in connection with this work he served its publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company, as literary adviser. While with *The World's Work* he wrote many articles on topics of vital interest. From March, 1907, to 1910, Mr. Marcossan was financial editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia. For *The Post* he conducted three popular departments: "Your Savings"; "Literary Folks"; and "Wall Street Men." Every other week he had a signed article upon some subject of general interest. Some of his articles upon "Your Savings" have been collected and published in a small book, called *How to Invest Your Savings* (Philadelphia, 1907). Mr. Marcossan's latest book, *The Autobiography of a Clown* (New York, 1910), written upon an unusual subject, attracted wide attention. A part of it was originally published anonymously as a serial in *The Post*, and the response it evoked encouraged Mr. Marcossan to make a little book of his hero, who was none other than Jules Turnour, the famous Ringling clown. Jules furnished the facts, or part of them, perhaps, but Mr. Marcossan made him more attractive in cold type than he had ever been under the big tent. *The Autobiography of a Clown* deserved all the kind things that were said about it. Since 1910 Mr. Marcossan has been associate editor of *Munsey's Magazine* and the other periodicals that are owned by Mr. Munsey. His articles usually lead the magazine.

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THE WAGON CIRCUS^[87]

[From *The Autobiography of a Clown* (New York, 1910)]

All the circuses then were wagon shows. They traveled from town to town in wagons. The performers went ahead to the hotel in 'buses or snatched what sleep they could in specially built vans. The start for the next town was usually made about three o'clock in the morning. No "run" from town to town was more than twenty miles, and more often it was considerably less. At the head of the cavalcade rode the leader, on horseback, with a lantern. Torches flickered from most of the wagons, and cast big shadows. The procession of creaking vehicles, neighing horses, and sometimes roaring beasts was an odd picture as it wound through the night. Many of the drivers slept on their seats. The elephant always walked majestically, with a sleepy groom alongside. The route was indicated by flaming torches left at points where the roads turned. Sometimes these torches went out, and the show got lost. More than once a farmer was rudely aroused from his slumbers, and nearly lost his wits when he poked his head out of his window and saw the black

bulk of an elephant in his front yard. It was, indeed, the picturesque day of the circus.

My first engagement was with the Burr Robbins circus, which was a big wagon show. The night traveling in the wagons was new to me, and at first strange. But I got to like it very much. It was a great relief to lie in the wagons, out under the stars, and feel the sweet breath of the country. Often the nights were so still that the only sounds were the creaking of the wagons, and occasionally the words, "Mile up," that the elephant driver always used to urge his patient, plodding beast.

The circus arrangement then was much different from now. Then the whole outfit halted outside the town, which was never reached until after daylight. The canvas men would hurry to the "lot" to put up the tents while we remained behind to spruce up for the parade. Gay flags were hoisted over the dusty wagons; the tired and sleepy performers turned out of tousled beds to put on the finery of the Orient. A gorgeous howdah was placed on the elephant's back, and a dark-eyed beauty, usually from some eastern city, was hoisted aloft to ride in state, and to be the envy and admiration of every village maiden. No matter how long, wet, or dusty had been our journey from the last town, everybody, man and beast, always braced up for the parade. Of course, by this time we were surrounded by a crowd of gaping countrymen. Often the triumphant parade of the town was made on empty stomachs, for there was to be no let-up until the people of the community had had every bit of "free doing" that the circus could supply. The clowns always drove mules in the parade. When the parade reached the grounds, the performers changed clothes, hastened back to the village hotel, and ate heartily. If there was time, we snatched a few hours of sleep. But sleep and the circus man are strangers during the season. Ask any circus man when he sleeps, and he will say, "In the winter time."

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GERTRUDE KING TUFTS

Mrs. Gertrude King Tufts, author of *The Landlubbers*, was born in Boone county, Kentucky, in 1877, the daughter of Col. William S. King. She was educated in Kentucky and at private schools in Philadelphia, after which she took a library course and went to New York to work. The property she had inherited had been squandered, so she was compelled to seek her own fortune. For a while she did well, but her struggle for success was most severe. For nearly two years Miss King knew "physical pain and the utter want of money." Finally, however, in 1907, she became editor of the educational department of the Macmillan Company, and then she set to work upon her novel, *The Landlubbers* (New York, 1909), which was first conceived as a short story, and was finished in the hot summer of 1908. Polly, heroine, is a school teacher out West, who hates her job, saves her money, and decides to see the world. On the trip across the Atlantic, she falls in with Flossie, confidence queen, and she is soon "broke." Suicide seems to be the only way out of her predicament and, at midnight, she quits her state-room to silently slip into the ocean. She is no sooner on deck, however, than she is confronted with cries from the crew and captain that the ship has struck an iceberg and is sinking. The next day Polly finds herself and Dick, hero-lover, on the old battered ship and alone. They, then, are "the landlubbers," and their experiences on the drifting, water-soaked craft, is the story. Miss King dramatized her novel, as she is anxious to become famous as a playwright, "not as a mere yarn-spinner." She also prepared a wonderful human document of her struggles in New York that was most interesting as an excellent piece of writing, and as an advertisement for her book. At the present time Miss King is said to be engaged upon a "long novel—a leisurely, picturesque thing into which I want to put a good deal of life." Miss King was married on February 26, 1912, to Mr. Walter B. Tufts, a New York business man. She is a kinswoman of Mr. Credo Harris, the Kentucky novelist.

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SHIPWRECKED^[88]

[From *The Landlubbers* (New York, 1909)]

I woke, not roused by any unusual sound or motion, but disturbed by a sense of hovering evil, a horror imminent and unescapable. I sat up, looked at my watch—for I had not turned off the light—and saw that it was toward half-past eleven o'clock. The great ship was silent, save for the throbbing of her iron pulses. As I listened, the fog-horn moaned out its warning, and as the deep note died away seven bells rang faintly from above. My watch, then, was right—and it was time!

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I remembered what I had to do, and obeyed the decision of my more wakeful self, though I was far more influenced by the sense of vague, impersonal fear. Still muffled in the stupor of sleep, and shaken from head to foot by a nervous trembling, I rose, put on my long cloak, and flung a scarf over my disordered hair, for if I were to meet anyone I must seem merely a restless passenger seeking a breath of fresh air. I moved rapidly as I grew more wakeful, and tried not to think. From habit I folded my rugs neatly, and plumped up the pillow on which I had been lying. My throat and lips were dry, and I drank a glass of water before I unlocked my door and stepped out into the passage.

There rose above me a long, horrible cry, a shout blent discordantly of the voices of two-score

men, a fearful sound as of the essence of brute fear. Many feet pattered upon the deck. There were wordless shouts, shrieked oaths, sharp commands, the boatswain's whistle piercing through the whole mass of confused sound. The great horn boomed just once more—I heard it through my hands upon my ears as I cowered against the wall.

Then the deck quivered under my feet as a horrible, grinding, rending crash shut out every other sound, and the great ship trembled throughout her length, and began to reel drunkenly from side to side, settling over, with every swing, further and further to port.

A new, more deafening clamour arose all about me, as the sleepers were aroused, and in half a minute the corridor was filled with whitefaced people in all sorts of dress and undress, carrying all kinds of queer treasures, weeping, shrieking, cursing; there was even laughter, hysterical and uncontrollable, and strange stammered words of blasphemy, prayer, reassurance, were shaken out between chattering teeth. A fat steward ran by, shoving rudely aside those whom till now he had lovingly tended as the source of tips. Now he struck away the trembling hands which clutched at his white jacket, ignoring the shivering inquiries as to "What was the matter?" The rapid passage of him gave the excited crowd the impulse it needed, and as one man they surged toward the stair—I with the rest.

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But at the foot of the stair reason returned to me, and I reflected that it was absurd for me to join in the struggle for that life which I had just prepared to renounce. Here was death held out to me in the cold hand of Fate, as I could not doubt—and here was I pitiably trying to thrust away the gift!

I wrenched myself out of that frantic crowd, and made my way back to my stateroom with some difficulty, owing to the ship's unusual motion and the increasing list to port. She quivered no longer, indeed, but there passed through her from time to time a long, waving shudder, like the throe of a dying thing, unspeakably fearful and very sickening. As I passed beyond the close-packed crowd the sounds of their terror became more awful. I could discern the cries of little children, the quavering clamour of the very old. The pity of it overcame me, and I staggered into my stateroom and closed the door upon it all. But overhead there was still the swift tramp of feet, the harsh sound of voices—steadier now, and less multiplied, the tokens of a brave and awful preparation.

The next quarter of an hour—for I am sure that the time could not have been as much as twenty minutes, though it seemed that I sat with clenched hands for several days—was spent in a struggle with myself which devoured all my strength. I had heard much, and, in the folly of my peaceful, untempted youth, had often spoken of the cowardice of suicide. But now it required more courage and strength of will than I had ever believed myself capable of just to sit upon that divan, passively waiting to give back my warm, vigorous life to the infinity whence it came. Several times I gave in, and rose and laid my hand upon the doorknob—and conquered myself and went back to the divan and sat down again. Meanwhile, the noise went on above and about me; the fat steward, his face green with fear, flung my door open without knocking. "To the boats, Miss—captain's orders—no luggage——" He went on to the next room: "To the boats, sir!" The room was empty, and he passed to the next: "To the boats——" His teeth knocked against each other, tears of fright glittered down his broad face, but I heard him open doors faithfully the length of the starboard passage. It was, I suppose, his great hour.

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I went to close the door, and found myself confronted by a man, barefooted, clad in shirt and trousers. It was Champion. "You awake, miss? I came to call you—All right? I'm going to get Mr. Darragh on deck," and he vanished.

His friendly, anxious look broke down something in me, and I was on a sudden overwhelmed by the passion of life; my humanity awoke again, and I longed for life, for life however stern, painful, hardwring from peril and deprivation, for life snatched with bleeding hands out of the fanged jaws of the universe. I stood irresolute, the handle of the door in my hand, for I know not how long. The swaying of the ship became less regular, and the sounds of her straining, wrenched framework sickened me. I stepped over the threshold—the ship gave a last long trembling lurch from which it seemed she could not right herself; there rose a mighty hissing roar and the shriek of the steam from the hold, louder cries from the deck, the lights went out. I stumbled in the dark and fell, striking my head, and something warm and wet trickled down my face as a huge silence settled down upon me, swift and gentle as the wing of a great brooding bird, and I was very peaceful and very happy, for was I not being rocked—no, I was swinging, "letting the old cat die" in the big backyard at Carsonville, Illinois. No, it was better than that—I was dying, for the dark was shot by flashes of golden light, throbbing and raying painfully from my head, and then everything ebbed quietly, gently away.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

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Charles Hanson Towne, poet of New York's many-sided life, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, February 2, 1877, the son of Professor Paul Towne. He left Kentucky before he was five years old, and he has been living in New York practically ever since. Mr. Towne was educated in the public

schools of New York, and then spent a year at the College of the City of New York. He was editor of *The Smart Set* for several years, but he resigned this position to become literary editor of *The Delineator*. At the present time Mr. Towne is managing editor of *The Designer*, one of the Butterick publications. With H. Clough-Leighter he published two song-cycles, entitled *A Love Garden*, and *An April Heart*; and with Amy Woodforde-Finden he collaborated in the preparation of three song-cycles, entitled *A Lover in Damascus*, *Five Little Japanese Songs*, and *A Dream of Egypt*. His original and independent work is to be found in his three volumes of verse, the first of which was *The Quiet Singer and Other Poems* (New York, 1908), a collection of lyrics reprinted from various magazines; *Manhattan: a Poem* (New York, 1909), an epic of New York City; and *Youth and Other Poems* (New York, 1911), a metrical romance of domestic happiness, with a group of pleasing shorter poems. *Manhattan* is the best thing Mr. Towne has done so far. The poem is the life of the present-day New Yorker, the rich and the poor, the famous and the infamous, from many points of view. The poet has turned the most commonplace events of everyday life into verse of exceptional quality and much strength. As the singer of the passing show in New York City, Mr. Towne has done his best work.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Bookman* (March, 1910); *The Forum* (June, 1911); *Cosmopolitan Magazine* (December, 1912).

SPRING^[89]

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[From *Manhattan, a Poem* (New York, 1909)]

Spring comes to town like some mad girl, who runs
With silver feet upon the Avenue,
And, like Ophelia, in her tresses twines
The first young blossoms—purple violets
And golden daffodils. These are enough—
These fragile handfuls of miraculous bloom—
To make the monster City feel the Spring!
One dash of color on her dun-grey hood,
One flash of yellow near her pallid face,
And she and April are the best of friends—
Benighted town that needs a friend so much!
How she responds to that first soft caress,
And draws the hoyden Spring close to her heart,
And thrills and sings, and for one little time
Forgets the foolish panic of her sons,
Forgets her sordid merchandise and trade,
And lightly trips, while hurdy-gurdies ring—
A wise old crone upon a holiday!

SLOW PARTING^[90]

[From *Youth and Other Poems* (New York, 1911)]

There was no certain hour
Wherein we said good-bye;
But day by day, and year by year
We parted—you and I;
And ever as we met, each felt
The shadow of a lie.

It would have been too hard
To say a swift farewell;
You could not goad your tongue to name
The words that rang my knell;
But better that quick death than this
Glad heaven and mad hell!

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OF DEATH

(To Michael Monahan)

[From the same]

Why should I fear that ultimate thing—
The Great Release of clown and king?

Why should I dread to take my way
Through the same shadowed path as they?

But can it be a shadowy road
Whereon both Youth and Genius strode?

Can it be dark, since Shakespeare trod
Its unknown length, to meet our God;

Since Shelley, with his valiant youth,
Fared forth to learn the final Truth;

Since Milton in his blindness went
With wisdom and a high content;

And Angelo lit with white flame
The pathway when God called his name;

And Dante, seeking Beatrice,
Marched fearless down the deep abyss?

Where Plutarch went, and Socrates,
Browning and Keats, and such as these,

Homer, and Sappho with her song
That echoes still for the vast throng;

Lincoln and strong Napoleon,
And calm, courageous Washington;

Great Alexander, Nero—names
That swept the world with deathless flames—

I need not fear that I shall fall
When the Lord God's great Voice shall call;

For I shall find the roadway bright
When I go forth some quiet night.

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WILLIAM E. WALLING

William English Walling, writer upon sociological subjects, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, March 14, 1877. When twenty years of age he was graduated from the University of Chicago with the B. S. degree; and he subsequently did graduate work in economics and sociology for a year at the same institution. Since 1902 Mr. Walling has been a resident at the University Settlement in New York. He has contributed to many of the high-class magazines, but he is best seen as a writer in his two books, entitled *Russia's Message* (New York, 1908); and *Socialism As It Is* (New York, 1912). The first title, *Russia's Message*, is one of the authoritative works upon that race; and it has been received as such in many quarters. And the same statement may be made of his excellent discussion of socialism. Mr. Walling is a member of many political and social societies. He has an attractive home at Cedarhurst, Long Island. In the early spring of 1913 the Macmillan Company will issue another book for Mr. Walling, entitled *The Larger Aspects of Socialism*.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Nation* (August 6, 1908); *Review of Reviews* (August, 1908); *The Independent* (May 16, 1912).

RUSSIA AND AMERICA^[91]

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[From *Russia's Message* (New York, 1908)]

Russia, like the United States, is a self-sufficient country; more than a country, a world. Like the new world, the Russian world forms an almost complete economic whole, embracing under a single government nearly all, if not all, climates and nearly all the raw products used in modern life; both countries are large exporters of agricultural products, both are devoted more to agriculture than to manufacturing industry. Both of these worlds are composed largely of newly acquired and newly settled territory; though both are inhabited by very many races, in each a single race prevails numerically and in most other respects over all the rest, and keeps them together as a single whole. As the result of the mixture of races and the recent settlement of large parts of both countries, their culture is international, world-culture, unmarked by the comparatively provincial nationalistic tendencies of England, Germany, or France. We may look, according to a great German publicist, Kautsky, to America for the great economic experiments of the near future and to Russia for the new (social) politics.

America is essentially a country of rapid economic evolution, while Russia is undeveloped, economically and financially dependent. America is the country of economic genius, a nation whose conceptions of material development have reached even a spiritual height. The great American qualities, the American virtues, the American imagination, have thrown themselves almost wholly into business, the material development of the country. Americans are the first of modern peoples that have learned to respect the repeated failures of enterprising individuals with a genius for affairs, knowing that such failures often lead to greater heights of success. They have learned how to excuse enormous waste when it was made for the sake of economics lying in the distant future. They can appreciate the enterprise of persons who, instead of immediately

exploiting their properties, know how to wait, like some of our most able builders that, foreseeing the brilliant future of the locality in which they are situated, are satisfied with temporary structures and poor incomes until the time is ripe for some of the magnificent modern achievements in architecture, in which we so clearly lead. All three of these types of men we admire are true revolutionists, who prefer to wait, to waste, or to fail, rather than to accept the lesser for the greater good.

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So it is with Russians in their politics. There seems no reason for doubting that the near future will show that the political failures now being made by the Russians are the failures of political genius, that the waste of lives and property will be repaid later a hundredfold, and that the hopeful and planful patience with which the Russians are looking forward and working to a great social transformation promises the greatest and most magnificent results when that transformation is achieved. Already the political revolution of the Russian people, though not yet embodied in political institutions, is becoming as rapid, as remarkable, as phenomenal, as the economic revolution of the United States.

THOMPSON BUCHANAN

Thompson Buchanan, novelist and playwright, was born at New York City, June 21, 1877. Before he was thirteen years of age his family settled at Louisville, Kentucky; and from 1890 to 1894 he attended the Male High School in that city. Being the son of a retired clergyman of the Episcopal church, it was fitting that he should select the University of the South as his college, and in September, 1895, he reached the little town of Sewanee, in the Tennessee mountains, and matriculated in the University. He left college without a degree in July, 1897, and returned to his home at Louisville, where he shortly afterwards became police court reporter for the now defunct *Louisville Commercial*. Mr. Buchanan was connected with the *Commercial* until 1900, save six months of service as a private in the First Kentucky Volunteer Infantry during the Spanish-American War. He saw service in the Porto Rico campaign with his regiment and, after peace was declared, returned to his home and to his position on the paper. In 1900 Mr. Buchanan went with *The Courier-Journal*; and during the same year he was dubbed a lieutenant in the Kentucky State Guards. In 1902 he left Colonel Watterson's paper for *The Louisville Herald*, of which he was dramatic critic for more than a year. The year of 1904 found Mr. Buchanan in New York on *The Evening Journal*, with which he was connected for four years, when he abandoned journalism in order to devote his entire attention to literature. Mr. Buchanan's first book, *The Castle Comedy* (New York, 1904), a romance of the time of Napoleon, which many critics compared to Booth Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire*, was followed by *Judith Triumphant* (New York, 1905), another novel, set in the ancient city of Bethulia, with the Judith of the Apocrypha as the heroine. His dramatization of *The Castle Comedy* was so generally commended, that he decided to desert the field of fiction for the writing of plays. His first effort, *Nancy Don't Care*, was met with a like response from the public, and the young playwright presented *The Intruder*, which certainly justified belief in his ultimate arrival as a dramatist, if it did nothing more. The play that brought Mr. Buchanan wider fame than anything he has done hitherto was *A Woman's Way*, a comedy of manners, in which Miss Grace George created the character of the wife with convincing power. *Marion Stanton* is quite unfortunately in love with her exceedingly rich, but bored, husband, Howard Stanton, who seeks the society of other women, one of whom happens to be with him when his motor car is wrecked near New Haven at a most unseemly hour. The New York "yellows" are advised of the accident and they, of course, desire details—which desire precipitates the action of the play. "Scandal," in type the size of an ordinary country weekly, is flashed across the "heads" of the big dailies, extras are put forth hourly, a family conference is called at the home of the Stantons, a rich young widow from the South is regarded by the papers as Stanton's partner in the accident, and a very merry time is had by all concerned. The way the woman took out of her difficulties is unfrequented by many, although it should have been well-worn long before *Marion* made it famous. The drama was one of the authentic successes of 1909, and it certainly established its author's reputation. A novelization of *A Woman's Way* (New York, 1909), was made by Charles Somerville, and accorded a large sale, but how infinitely better would have been a publication of the play as produced! Quite absurd novelizations of plays are at the present time one of the literary fads which should have been in at the birth and death of Charles Lamb. *The Cub*, produced in 1910, a comedy with a mixture of melodrama and farce, was concerned with a young Louisville newspaper man, "a cub," who is assigned to "cover" a family feud in the Kentucky mountains. That he finds himself in many situations, pleasant and otherwise, we may be sure. A celebrated critic called *The Cub* "one of the wittiest of plays"—which opinion was shared by many who saw it. *Lula's Husbands*, a farce from the French, was also produced in 1910. *The Rack*, produced in 1911, was followed by *Natalie*, and *Her Mother's Daughter*, all of which were given stage presentation. Mr. Buchanan spent most of the year of 1912 writing and rehearsing his new play, *The Bridal Path*, a matrimonial comedy in three acts, which is to be produced in February, 1913. None of his plays have been issued in book form, but, besides his first two romances and the novelization of *A Woman's Way*, two other novels have appeared, entitled *The Second Wife* (New York, 1911); and *Making People Happy* (New York, 1911). That Thompson Buchanan is the ablest playwright Kentucky has produced is open to no sort of serious discussion; with the exception of Mr. Dazey and Mrs. Flexner he is, indeed, quite

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alone in his field. Kentucky has poetic dramatists almost without number, but the practical playwright, whose lines reach his audience across the footlights, is a *rara avis*. Augustus Thomas, the foremost living American playwright, resided at Louisville for a short time, and his finest drama, *The Witching Hour*, is set wholly at Louisville, although written in New York, but Kentucky's claim upon him is too slender to admit of much investigation. Mr. Buchanan has done so much in such a short space of time that one is tempted to turn his own favorite shibboleth upon him and exclaim: "Fine!"

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THE WIFE WHO DIDN'T GIVE UP^[92]

[From *A Woman's Way* (*Current Literature*, New York, June, 1909)]

Act III, Scene I. Mr. Lynch, the reporter, enters, joining General Livingston, Mrs. Stanton's father, and Bob, Morris, and Whitney, all of whom have had escapades with the winsome widow.

General Livingston. I represent Mr. Stanton, and I tell you, sir, I do not propose to have him hounded in this damnable fashion any longer. I shall hold you personally responsible.

Lynch. General, you're the fifth man who's said that to me since three o'clock.

General Livingston. (*Sharp.*) What!

Lynch. And if you do physically assault me, General, I shall certainly land you in the night court, and collect space on the story spread on the front page, sure—"Famous old soldier fined for brutally assaulting innocent young newspaper man."

(*General Livingston stands completely dumbfounded, his hands twitching, quivering with rage.*)

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General Livingston. (*Gasps almost tearfully.*) Have you newspaper men no sense of personal decency, personal dignity?

Lynch. Don't be too hard on us, General. During business hours, our associations are very bad.

General Livingston. What do you mean?

Lynch. We have the name of the lady who was with Mr. Stanton in his car at the time of his accident. We have learned all about the trip and we have the woman's name. So I have come to give Mr. Stanton a---

General Livingston. (*Interrupting.*) Would the papers print that?

Lynch. Would they print it? Well—(*Smiles significantly.*)

General Livingston. Then I shall say nothing, but our lawyers will take action.

Lynch. They'd better take it quick. You'll have fifty reporters up here by tomorrow night. If Mr. Stanton refuses to say anything, we will simply send out the story that the woman in the car with him at the time of his automobile accident was—(*Pauses, then with dramatic emphasis.*) Mrs. Elizabeth Blakemore.

General Livingston. (*Starting back in amazement.*) Good gracious!!

Bob and Morris. (*Turn, face each other, absolute amazement showing on their faces, speak together.*) Well, what do you think of that? (*Whitney alone is not surprised. The situation is held a moment, then Stanton enters. He does not see Lynch at first.*)

Stanton. (*As he comes on.*) General, I wish to apologize—(*Stops short, seeing Lynch.*)

General Livingston. (*Whirling on Stanton.*) Apologize! Apologize! How dare you, sir! (*Losing his self-control.*) My great-grandfather killed his man for just such an insult---

[*Marion enters to save the situation. The reporter withdraws for a moment, while the general informs her that Mrs. Blakemore must leave the house at once. Marion demurs.*]

Marion. Father, I told you once what concerns my own life I must settle my own way. I don't want to appear disrespectful, but you cannot coerce me in my own house. (*Walks past him to the door and opens it.*) Good evening, Mr. Lynch.

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Lynch. (*Sincere tone.*) I hope you will believe me, Mrs. Stanton, when I tell you it is not a pleasure to me to have to come on this errand.

Marion. Thank you, Mr. Lynch.

Lynch. I'd rather talk to Mr. Stanton.

Marion. Sorry, but—(*Her manner is pleasant and friendly, but firm. Lynch evidently likes her and with a shrug he accepts situation.*)

Lynch. Then please understand my position, and how I regret personally the question that, as a newspaper man, I must put. (*Marion bows.*) Bluntly, Mrs. Stanton, we have the name of that woman.

Marion. Yes.

Lynch. And we are going to publish it unless it can be proven wrong.

Marion. I'd expect that. Who is she?

Lynch. Mrs. Elizabeth Blakemore. (*Lynch pronounces the name regretfully. Marion stares at him a moment in amazement, then throws back her head and gives way to a peal of laughter. The men on the stage stare at Marion amazed.*)

Marion. Oh, this is too good! Too good! Forgive me, Mr. Lynch. (*Goes off into another peal of laughter, turns to the men.*) Howard, Dad, all of you, did you hear that? What a splendid joke! (*The men try awkwardly to back her up.*)

General Livingston. Splendid! Haw! Haw!

Bob. Fine, he, he!

Morris. (*At head of table.*) Ho, ho. I never knew anything like it.

Whitney. I told Mr. Lynch he was on a cold trail.

Lynch. (*Grimly.*) You can't laugh me off.

Marion. (*Struggling for self-control.*) Of course not. But you must forgive my having my laugh first. I'll offer more substantial proof. (*Opens door, letting in immediately the sound of women's talking and laughter which stop short as though the women had looked around at the opening of the door. Calling in her most dulcet tone.*) Elizabeth!

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Mrs. Blakemore. (*Her voice heard off stage.*) Yes, Marion, dear. (*An amazed gasp from the men. Mrs. Blakemore appears at the door.*)

Marion. Come in! (*Mrs. Blakemore enters, looks about quickly, almost fearfully. Marion slips her arm about Mrs. Blakemore's waist in reassuring fashion, laughing, but at the same time giving Mrs. Blakemore a warning pressure with her arm.*) Don't say a word, dear. The greatest joke you ever heard! Come! (*Mrs. Blakemore, following suit, slips her arm about Marion. They come down stage to Lynch, their arms about each other's waist most affectionately. The men are staring at them dumfounded. Marion and Mrs. Blakemore stop opposite Lynch. Marion speaks gaily.*) Mr. Lynch, of the City News, may I present Mrs. Elizabeth Blakemore?

Lynch. (*In amazement.*) Mrs. Blakemore!

Mrs. Blakemore. (*Bowing pleasantly.*) Glad to meet you, Mr. Lynch.

Lynch. (*Repeating, dazed.*) Mrs. Blakemore!

Marion. (*Gaily.*) And you see she's not lame a bit from her broken leg.

Mrs. Blakemore. What's the joke?

Marion. (*Taunting.*) You would not expect, Mr. Lynch, to find plaintiff and corespondent so friendly.

Mrs. Blakemore. (*Gasping.*) Plaintiff! Corespondent!

Marion. Yes, dear. Mr. Lynch came all the way up from down town to tell me that I am going to bring a divorce suit against Howard, naming you as corespondent. Now wasn't that sweet of him? (*She keeps her warning pressure about Mrs. Blakemore's waist.*)

Mrs. Blakemore. (*Taking the cue.*) This is awful! Horrible!

Marion. Now, dear, don't lose your sense of humor. (*To Lynch.*) Are you satisfied, Mr. Lynch?

Lynch. Forgive me. Mrs. Stanton, but you are so confounded clever you might run in a "ringer." (*Reaches in his pocket, brings out a picture, holds it up and compares the picture with Mrs. Blakemore. Finally looks up.*) Guess you win, Mrs. Stanton.

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Marion. Thanks. (*Bows satirically.*)

Lynch. Yes, you must be right I don't believe even you could put your arm about the other woman. (*A suppressed, gasping exclamation from the men.*)

Marion. That observation hardly requires an answer, Mr. Lynch.

Lynch. Sorry to have disturbed you. Good night!

All. (With relief.) Good night.

[The flabbergasted reporter withdraws, but Marion still keeps her arm about Mrs. Blakemore. When he re-opens the door, as if he had forgotten something, he finds the picture undisturbed. Mrs. Blakemore thanks Marion for her generosity, and goes out, followed by the others. "Good night, my friend," the widow remarks, "you'll get all that is coming to you." Stanton calls back Marion who has also deserted the room.]

Stanton. Marion! Marion!

Marion. (Enters.) Has she gone?

Stanton. Who?

Marion. Puss?

Stanton. Oh, she's not my Puss.

Marion. Not your Puss, Howard? Then whose Puss is she?

Stanton. God knows—maybe. Marion. I've loved you all the time. I've been a fool, a weak, dazzled fool. I love you. Won't you forgive me and take me back?

Marion. Take you back? Why, I've never even given you up. Do you think I could stand for that cat—Puss, I mean—in this house and me off to Reno?

CURTAIN.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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Will Levington Comfort, "the new style novelist," was born at Kalamazoo, Michigan, January 17, 1878. He was educated in the grammar and high schools of Detroit, and was at Albion College, Albion, Michigan, for a short time. Mr. Comfort was a newspaper reporter in Detroit for a few months, but, in 1898, he did his first real reporting on papers in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Covington, Kentucky. During the Spanish-American War he served in the Fifth United States Cavalry; and in 1899 he was war correspondent in the Philippines and China for the "Detroit Journal Newspaper Syndicate;" and in 1904 he was in Russia and Japan during the war for the "Pittsburgh Dispatch Newspaper Syndicate." Thus he followed the war-god almost around the world; and out of his experiences he wrote his anti-war novel, *Routledge Rides Alone* (Philadelphia, 1909). This proved to be one of the most popular of recent American novels, now in its ninth edition. It was followed by *She Buildeth Her House* (Philadelphia, 1911), his quasi-Kentucky novel. In order to get the local color for this book, Mr. Comfort spent some months at Danville, Kentucky, the *Danube* of the story, and of his stay in the little town, together with his opinion of the Kentucky actress in the book, Selma Cross, he has written: "I always considered Selma Cross the real thing. I had quite a wonderful time doing her, and she came to be most emphatically in Kentucky. It was a night in Danville when some amateur theatricals were put on, that I got the first idea of a big crude woman with a handicap of beauty-lack, but big enough to win against every law. She had to go on the anvil, hard and long. I was interested to watch her in the sharp odor of decadence to which her life carried her. She wabbles, becomes tainted a bit, but rises to shake it all off. I did the Selma Cross part of *She Buildeth Her House* in the Clemons House, Danville.... I also did a novelette while I was in Kentucky. The Lippincotts published it under the caption, *Lady Thoroughbred, Kentuckian*." No critic has written nearer the truth of Selma Cross than the author himself: "She was a bit strong medicine for most people." Mr. Comfort has made many horseback trips through Kentucky, and he has "come to feel authoritative and warmly tender in all that concerns the folk and the land." His latest novel, *Fate Knocks at the Door* (Philadelphia, 1912), is far and away the strongest story he has written. Mr. Comfort has created a style that the critics are calling "new, big, but crude in spots;" and it certainly does isolate him from any other American novelist of today. Whatever may be said for or against his style, this much is certain: he who runs may read it—some other time! His work is seldom clear at first glances. Mr. Comfort devoted the year 1912 to the writing of a new novel, *The Road of Living Men*, which will be issued by his publishers, the Lippincotts, in March, 1913. He has an attractive home and family at Detroit.

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AN ACTRESS'S HEART^[93]

[From *She Buildeth Her House* (Philadelphia, 1911)]

Selma Cross was sick for a friend, sick from containing herself. On this night of achievement there was something pitiful in the need of her heart.

"New York has turned rather too many pages of life before my eyes, Selma, for me to feel far above any one whose struggles I have not endured."

The other leaned forward eagerly. "I liked you from the first moment, Paula," she said. "You were so rounded—it seemed to me. I'm all streaky, all one-sided. You're bred. I'm cattle.... Some time I'll tell you how it all began. I said I would be the greatest living tragedienne—hurled this at a lot of cat-minds down in Kentucky fifteen years ago. Of course, I shall. It does not mean so much to me as I thought, and it may be a bauble to you, but I wanted it. Its far-away-ness doesn't torture me as it once did, but one pays a ghastly price. Yes, it's a climb, dear. You must have bone and blood and brain—a sort of brain—and you should have a cheer from below; but I didn't. I wonder if there ever was a fight that can match mine? If so, it would not be a good tale for children or grown-ups with delicate nerves. Little women always hated me. I remember one restaurant cashier on Eighth Avenue told me I was too unsightly to be a waitress. I have done kitchen pot-boilers and scrubbed tenement-stairs. Then, because I repeated parts of plays in those horrid halls—they said I was crazy.... Why, I have felt a perfect lust for suicide—felt my breast ache for a cool knife and my hand rise gladly. Once I played a freak part—that was my greater degradation—debased my soul by making my body look worse than it is. I went down to hell for that—and was forgiven. I have been so homesick, Paula, that I could have eaten the dirt in the road of that little Kentucky town.... Yes, I pressed against the steel until something broke—it was the steel, not me. Oh, I could tell you much!"...

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She paused but a moment.

"The thing so dreadful to overcome was that I have a body like a great Dane. It would not have hurt a writer, a painter, even a singer, so much, but we of the drama are so dependent upon the shape of our bodies. Then, my face is like a dog or a horse or a cat—all these I have been likened to. Then I was slow to learn repression. This a part of culture, I guess—breeding. Mine is a lineage of Kentucky poor white trash, who knows, but a speck of 'nigger'? I don't care now, only it gave me a temper of seven devils, if it was so. These are some of the things I have contended with. I would go to a manager and he would laugh me along, trying to get rid of me gracefully, thinking that some of his friends were playing a practical joke on him. Vhruebert thought that at first. Vhruebert calls me *The Thing* now. I could have done better had I been a cripple; there are parts for a cripple. And you watch, Paula, next January when I burn up things here, they'll say my success is largely due to my figure and face!"

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FRANK WALLER ALLEN

Frank Waller Allen, novelist, was born at Milton, Kentucky, September 30, 1878, the son of a clergyman. He spent his boyhood days at Louisville, and, in the fall of 1896, he entered Kentucky (Transylvania) University, Lexington, Kentucky. While in college he was editor of *The Transylvanian*, the University literary magazine; and he also did newspaper work for *The Louisville Times*, and *The Courier-Journal*. Mr. Allen quit college to become a reporter on the *Kansas City Journal*, later going with the *Kansas City Times* as book editor. He resigned this position to return to Kentucky University to study theology. He is now pastor of the First Christian (Disciples) church, at Paris, Missouri. Mr. Allen's first stories were published in *Munsey's*, *The Reader*, and other periodicals, but it is upon his books that he has won a wide reputation in Kentucky and the West. The first title was a sketch, *My Ships Aground* (Chicago, 1900), and his next work was an exquisite tale of love and Nature, entitled *Back to Arcady* (Boston, 1905), which has sold far into the thousands and is now in its third edition. A more perfect story has not been written by a Kentuckian of Mr. Allen's years. *The Maker of Joys* (Kansas City, 1907), was so slight that it attracted little attention, yet it is exceedingly well-done; and in his latest book, *The Golden Road* (New York, 1910), he just failed to do what one or two other writers have recently done so admirably. His Nature-loving tinker falls a bit short, but some excellent writing may be found in this book. Mr. Allen has recently completed another novel, *The Lovers of Skye*, which will be issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Company in the spring of 1913.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *The Reader Magazine* (October, 1905); *Who's Who in America* (1912-1913).

A WOMAN ANSWERED

[From *The Maker of Joys* (Kansas City, Missouri, 1907)]

At this moment the servant lifted the tapestries and announced: "The lady, sir."

This time, before he could stop her, she took his hand and kissed it.

"There was little use in my coming today," she said, "except to thank you."

"Why, I do not quite understand you. What for?" asked the rector in surprise.

"For answering my question."

"Tell me?" he replied.

"You've known me a long time," she answered, "and being Jimmy Duke, it isn't necessary for me to tell you how I've lived. But you and me—once youth is gone, sir, and people are a long time old."

I've thought of this a great deal lately, and I've been trying to decide what's right and what's wrong.... Then I read in the papers about you. About the things you preach and the like, and I knew you could tell me. I knew you'd know whether good people are faking, and which life is best. You see, I'd never thought of it in all my life before until just a little while ago. Just a month or such a matter."

"And now?" asked the Shepherd of St. Mark's.

"I could have left the old life years ago if I had wanted to," she continued, ignoring his question. "There is a man—well, there's several of them—but this a special one, who, for years, has wanted me to marry him. I always liked him better than anybody I knew, but I just couldn't give up the life. He is a plain man in a little village in Missouri, and I thought I'd die if I went. He offered to move to the city and I was afraid for him. You see I just didn't know what was good and what was bad, yet I didn't want this man to become like other men I knew."

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"Tell me, what are you going to do?" he asked eagerly. He had almost said, "Tell me what to do."

"Well," she answered, "since I have been thinking it all over, things as they are have become empty. There is no joy in it, and I am weary of it all.... Yesterday I came to you. I wanted to ask you whether it was best or not to leave the old life. But I did not have to ask you. I saw how it was when you told me what you had done. And O, how I thank you for straightening it all out for me. Besides," she added with hesitancy, "after I left you last night I telegraphed for the man in the little village out west."

When she had gone he gazed out of the window after her as she walked buoyant and happy through the night.

"Perhaps," softly said the Maker of Joys, "it is the memory of the old days that is sweetest after all."

VENITA SEIBERT

Miss Venita Seibert, whose charming stories of German-American child life have been widely read and appreciated, was born at Louisville, Kentucky, December 29, 1878. Miss Seibert was educated in the Louisville public schools, and almost at once entered upon a literary career. She contributed short stories and verse to the leading periodicals, her first big serial story being published in *The American Magazine* during 1907 and 1908, entitled *The Different World*. This dealt with the life and imaginings of a little German-American girl, a dreamy, sensitive child, and showing the poetry of German home life and the originality of childhood. The story was highly praised by Miss Ida M. Tarbell and other able critics. Under the title of *The Gossamer Thread* (Boston, 1910), Miss Seibert brought these tales together in one volume. There "the chronicles of Velleda, who understood about 'the different world,'" may be read to the heart's desire. Miss Seibert, who resides at Louisville, Kentucky, promises big for the future, and her next book should bring her a wider public, as well as greater growth in literary power.

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BIBLIOGRAPHY. *McClure's Magazine* (September, 1903); *Library of Southern Literature* (Atlanta, 1910, v. xv).

THE ORIGIN OF BABIES^[94]

[From *The Gossamer Thread* (Boston, 1910)]

Oh, it was a puzzling world. Not the least puzzling thing was babies. Mrs. Katzman had come several times with a little brown satchel and brought one to Tante—a little, little thing that had to be fed catnip tea and rolled in a shawl and kept out of draughts. The advantage of having a new baby in the house was that it meant a glorious period of running wild, for of course one did not pretend to obey the girl who came to cook. Also, there was much company who brought nice things to eat for Tante, who naturally left the biggest part for the children.

Of course God sent the little babies, but how did he get them down to Mrs. Katzman? She averred that she got them out of the river, but this Velleda knew to be a fib, for of course they would drown in the river. Tante said they fell down from Heaven, but of course such a fall would kill a little baby. Gros-mamma Wallenstein said a stork brought them, and for a time Velleda thought Mrs. Katzman must be a stork; but when she saw a picture of one she knew that it was only a bird. Then she decided that the stork carried the babies to Mrs. Katzman's and she divided them around; but Mrs. Katzman's little boy, questioned in the most searching manner, declared that he had never seen a sign of any stork about the premises.

Just after Baby Ernest's coming, Velleda and Freddy went all the way to Mrs. Katzman's house—and it was quite a long way, fully three blocks—to beg her to exchange him for a girl.

"We've only used him two days and he's just as good as new," stated Velleda, guiltily concealing the fact that he cried a great deal. But Mrs. Katzman said she really couldn't think of it, as God settled all those matters himself. It was on this occasion that Velleda had cross-examined Mrs.

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Katzman's little boy regarding the stork. There was no doubting the truth of Georgie's statements, for he told Velleda dolefully that he himself had long desired a brother or a sister, but never a baby had he seen in that house. Evidently Mrs. Katzman fetched them from somewhere else in the brown satchel.

"You might have had ours," said Velleda. "We didn't want him. We prayed for a girl."

"Oh, you'll soon find out *that* don't do any good." Georgie kicked gloomily at a stone. "I used to pray, too, but God's awful stubborn when it comes to babies."

Velleda wondered at the strangeness of things. All the little girls and some of the little boys who had no baby brother or sister to take care of, thought it a great treat to be allowed to wheel the baby-buggy up and down the square, really a most irksome task, as Velleda could testify. At Velleda's house they believed with the poet that "Time's noblest offspring is the last," so the baby reigned king, which was not always pleasant for his smaller slaves. Therefore she wondered at Georgie's taste. However, since he evidently regarded his brotherless state as a deep misfortune, she was full of sympathy and would do what she could for him.

"You just pray a little harder," she advised; "and," struck by a brilliant thought, "look in the brown satchel every night! Maybe you'll find one left over."

She and Freddy went home feeling very sorry for Georgie. He was only another illustration of the old saying which Onkel often commented on—the shoemaker's children wear ragged shoes, the painter's own house is the last to receive a fresh coat, and the stork woman has no baby of her own.

Regarding this great question there was one point upon which everybody agreed. Velleda had her own system of deciding questions; she sifted the versions of her various informants, retained those points upon which all agreed, and upon this common ground proceeded to erect the structure of her own reasoning. Grown-ups, she knew, had a weakness for mild fibbing, which was not lying and not wrong at all, but was naturally very disconcerting when one burned to learn the real truth about a thing. The stork theory, the river theory, the falling from Heaven theory—all possessed one mutual starting point: God sent the little babies. There was of course no doubt in that regard, and Velleda finally decided that God placed them in the woods in a certain spot, marked where they were to go, and then vanished into Heaven (for of course no one had ever seen God), whereupon Mrs. Katzman approached with the brown satchel.

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This was a most satisfactory theory, with no flaws in its logic, reasonable and probable, and conflicting with no known law. The question was shelved.

Velleda, going up to the third floor room of Nellie Johnson with a pitcher of milk which the dairywoman had asked her to deliver, found the girl huddled up before a small stove, looking so white and miserable that Velleda's heart ached for her, although she knew that Nellie was a very wicked person and nobody in the neighborhood spoke to her. Across her knees lay a white bundle. Velleda considered the matter.

"I guess God loves you anyway, Nellie," she concluded. "He has sent you a little baby."

The girl tossed the bundle upon the bed with a fierce gesture.

"God?" she said bitterly. "It ain't God sent that baby. The Devil sent him!"

Velleda fled down the stairs.

It is indeed a puzzling world.

CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

Charles Neville Buck, novelist and short-story writer, was born near Midway, Kentucky, April 15, 1879. He spent the first fifteen years of his life at his birthplace, save the four years he was in South America with his father, the Hon. C. W. Buck, who was United States Minister to Peru from 1885 to 1889, and the author of *Under the Sun*, a Peruvian romance. At the age of fifteen years, Charles Neville Buck went to Louisville to enter the high school; and, in 1898, he was graduated from the University of Louisville. He studied art and joined the staff of *The Evening Post*, of Louisville, as cartoonist, which position he held for a year, when he became an editorial writer on that paper. Mr. Buck studied law and was admitted to the bar, but he did not practice. In 1908 he quit journalism for prose fiction. His short-stories were accepted by American and English magazines, but he won his first real reputation with a novel of mental aberration, entitled *The Key to Yesterday* (New York, 1910), the scenes of which were set against Kentucky, France, and South America. Mr. Buck's next novel, *The Lighted Match* (New York, 1911), was an international love romance in which a rich young American falls in love with the princess, and about-to-be-queen, of a bit of a kingdom near Spain. Benton, hero, has a rocky road to travel, but he, of course, demolishes every barrier and proves again that love finds a way. *The Lighted Match* is a rattling good story, and it contains many purple patches between the hiss of the revolutionist's bomb and lovers' sighs. Mr. Buck's latest novel, *The Portal of Dreams* (New York, 1912), was a

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very clever story. His first Kentucky novel, and the finest thing he has done, he and his publisher think, is *The Strength of Samson*, which will appear in four parts in *The Cavalier*, a weekly magazine, for February, 1913, after which it will be almost immediately published in book form under the title of *The Call of the Cumberlands*. Mr. Buck's home is at Louisville, Kentucky, but he spends much of his time in New York, where he lives at the Hotel Earle, in Waverly Place, a stone's throw from the apartments of his friend, Thompson Buchanan, the Kentucky playwright.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. *Harper's Weekly* (October 8, 1910); *Cosmopolitan Magazine* (August, 1911); *Who's Who in America* (1912-1913).

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THE DOCTRINE ACCORDING TO JONESY^[95]

[From *The Lighted Match* (New York, 1911)]

Despite the raw edge on the air, the hardier guests at "Idle Times" still clung to those outdoor sports which properly belonged to the summer. That afternoon a canoeing expedition was made up river to explore a cave which tradition had endowed with some legendary tale of pioneer days and Indian warfare.

Pagratide, having organized the expedition with that object in view, had made use of his prior knowledge to enlist Cara for the crew of his canoe, but Benton, covering a point that Pagratide had overlooked, pointed out that an engagement to go up the river in a canoe is entirely distinct from an engagement to come down the river in a canoe. He cited so many excellent authorities in support of his contention that the matter was decided in his favor for the return trip, and Mrs. Porter-Woodleigh, all unconscious that her escort was a Crown Prince, found in him an introspective and altogether uninteresting young man.

Benton and the girl in one canoe, were soon a quarter of a mile in advance of the others, and lifting their paddles from the water they floated with the slow current. The singing voices of the party behind them came softly adrift along the water. All of the singers were young and the songs had to do with sentiment.

The girl buttoned her sweater closer about her throat. The man stuffed tobacco into the bowl of his pipe and bent low to kindle it into a cheerful spot of light.

A belated lemon afterglow lingered at the edge of the sky ahead. Against it the gaunt branches of a tall tree traced themselves starkly. Below was the silent blackness of the woods.

Suddenly Benton raised his head.

"I have a present for you," he announced.

"A present?" echoed the girl. "Be careful, Sir Gray Eyes. You played the magician once and gave me a rose. It was such a wonderful rose"—she spoke almost tenderly—"that it has spoiled me. No commonplace gifts will be tolerated after that."

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"This is a different sort of present," he assured her. "This is a god."

"A what!" Cara was at the stern with the guiding paddle. The man leaned back, steadying the canoe with a hand on each gunwale, and smiled into her face.

"Yes," he said, "he is a god made out of clay with a countenance that is most unlovely and a complexion like an earthenware jar. I acquired him in the Andes for a few *centavos*. Since then we have been companions. In his day he had his place in a splendid temple of the Sun Worshipers. When I rescued him he was squatting cross-legged on a counter among silver and copper trinkets belonging to a civilization younger than his own. When you've been a god and come to be a souvenir of ruins and dead things—" the man paused for a moment, then with the ghost of a laugh went on—"it makes you see things differently. In the twisted squint of his small clay face one reads slight regard for mere systems and codes."

He paused so long that she prompted him in a voice that threatened to become unsteady. "Tell me more about him. What is his godship's name?"

"He looked so protestingly wise," Benton went on, "that I named him Jonesy. I liked that name because it fitted him so badly. Jonesy is not conventional in his ideas, but his morals are sound. He has seen religions and civilizations and dynasties flourish and decay, and it has all given him a certain perspective on life. He has occasionally given me good council."

He paused again, but, noting that the singing voices were drawing nearer, he continued more rapidly.

"In Alaska I used to lie flat on my cot before a great open fire and his god-ship would perch crosslegged on my chest. When I breathed, he seemed to shake his fat sides and laugh. When a pagan god from Peru laughs at you in a Yukon cabin, the situation calls for attention. I gave attention.

"Jonesy said that the major human motives sweep in deep channels, full-tide ahead. He said you might in some degree regulate their floods by rearing abutments, but that when you tried to build a dam to stop the Amazon you are dealing with folly. He argued that when one sets out to dam up the tides set flowing back in the tributaries of the heart it is written that one must fail. That is the gospel according to Jonesy."

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He turned his face to the front and shot the canoe forward. There was silence except for the quiet dipping of their paddles, the dripping of the water from the lifted blades, and the song drifting down river. Finally Benton added:

"I don't know what he will say to you, but perhaps he will give you good advice—on those matters which the centuries can't change."

Cara's voice came soft, with a hint of repressed tears.

"He has already given me good advice, dear—" she said, "good advice that I can't follow."

GEORGE BINGHAM

George Bingham ("Dunk Botts"), newspaper humorist, was born near Wallonia, Kentucky, August 1, 1879. He quit school at the age of ten years to become "the devil" in a printing office at Eddyville, Kentucky. Two years later he removed to Mayfield, Kentucky, and accepted a position on *The Mirrow*. Shortly afterwards he wrote his first fictitious "news-letter" from an imaginary town called Boney Ridge, Kentucky, and submitted it to the critical eye of a tramp printer. This nomad at once saw the boy's design: to burlesque the letters received from the *Mirror's* crossroad correspondents; and he encouraged him. Mr. Bingham remained at Mayfield until he was twenty years of age, at which time he felt important enough to go out and see the world. Like most prodigals homesickness seized him for its very own; and he started home perched high on a freight train. Homeward bound he first had the name of his future paper suggested to him. Battling through a tiny town in Tennessee he enquired of the brakeman as to its name.

"Walhalla," answered the "shack."

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"Hogwallow?" repeated the young Kentuckian.

"Hell no! Who ever heard of a place called 'Hogwallow'?"

Upon reaching home Mr. Bingham decided to put the village of Hogwallow, Kentucky, on the map. His first letter from that town was printed in the old *Mayfield Monitor*, under the pen-name of "Dunk Botts," which he has retained hitherto. After having written several Hogwallow letters, he was compelled to accept a position on a small newspaper; then nothing more was heard of Hogwallow until 1901, when he wrote a letter every few weeks, for a year, and then went to California. He "arrived back home on June 1, 1905, had a chill a week later, and launched *The Hogwallow Kentuckian* on July 15." He took the public into his confidence, telling them that his object was to conduct a burlesque newspaper, or, rather, a parody on one. He peopled his imaginary town and its environs with forty or more characters whose names summed them up without further ado; and he founded such important places as Rye Straw, Tickville, Hog Hill church and graveyard, Wild Onion schoolhouse, Gander Creek, and several other necessary hamlets and institutions. On May 15, 1909, Mr. Bingham suspended publication in order to make another trip to California. Two years later he returned to Kentucky for the sole purpose of resurrecting his paper. He resumed publication on June 17, 1911, at Paducah, but Irvin Cobb's town seemingly got on his nerves and, after three months, he tucked his "sheet" under his arm and returned to his first love, Mayfield, where he has remained ever since. *The Hogwallow Kentuckian* is published every Saturday night, read in thirty-seven states, and copied by the leading newspapers of America and England. Mr. Bingham has written more than five thousand "news items" for the paper, besides some five hundred short-stories, sketches, and paragraphs. He contributes considerable Hogwallow news to Charles Hamilton Musgrove's^[96] page in *The Evening Post* of Louisville; but he is an "outside contributor," doing his work at Mayfield.

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HOGWALLOW NEWS

[From *The Hogwallow Kentuckian* (December 21, 1912)]

Atlas Peck can't see why his left shoe wears out so much quicker than his right one, when his right one does just as much walking as his left.

Until times get better and the financial questions of the nation gets fully settled the Old Miser on Musket Ridge will live on two hickorynuts per day.

Sim Flinders has brought back with him from the Calf Ribs neighborhood a feather bed made of owl feathers. While coming home with it on his back the other night it was so soft and downy he fell to sleep while walking along the road.

Yam Sims appeared in public last Sunday with a new pair of pants and a striped necktie. They have made a wonderful change in his appearance, and until they wear out he will rank among our best people.

A dawg fight attracted a lot of attention and broke up the conversation at the Hog Ford

moonshine still house the other day. One of the dawgs belonged to Poke Eazley and the other to Jefferson Potlocks, and the difficulty came up over some misunderstanding between their owners.

Ellick Hellwanger is fixing to celebrate his wooden wedding next week with a quart of wood alcohol.

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Tobe Moseley's mule is able to walk around again after being propped up against a persimmon tree for several days.

Tobe Moseley took his jug over to the sorghum mill early Tuesday morning of last week after some molasses, and has not yet returned. No grave fears, however, are entertained on account of his protracted absence, as sorghum molasses run slow in cold weather.

Bullets have been falling in Hogwallow for the past few days. They are thought to be those Raz Barlow fired at the moon a few nights ago.

Luke Mathewsla has a good hawg pen for sale cheap. It would make a good front yard, and Luke may move his house up behind it.

Cricket Hicks has gone up to Tickville to get an almanac, as he is on the program for a lot of original jokes at Rye Straw Saturday night.

Isaac Hellwanger fell off of a foot lawg while watching a panel of fence float down Gander creek the other morning. He says it don't pay to get too interested in one thing.

Slim Pickens has received through the mails a bottle of dandruff cure, and he is taking two teaspoonfuls after each meal.

Poke Eazley has been puny this week with lumbago, and had to be excused from singing at the Dog Hill church Sunday, being too weak to carry a tune, or lift his voice.

Fit Smith is having his shoes remodeled, and will occupy them next week.

Columbus Allsop's head has been itching for several days. He says that is a sign Christmas is coming.

The Dog Hill Preacher will be surprised by his congregation next Sunday morning when they will give him a Christmas present, which they have already bought. The preacher is greatly surprised every time his congregation gives him anything.

Fletcher Henstep's geese are being fattened for Christmas, and have been turned loose in the Musket Ridge corn patches. They all wear lanterns as it is late before they get in at night.

MABEL PORTER PITTS

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Miss Mabel Porter Pitts, poet, was born near Flemingsburg, Kentucky, January 5, 1884. Her family removed to Seattle, Washington, when she was a girl, and her education was received at the Academy of the Holy Names. Miss Pitts lived at Seattle for a number of years, but she now resides at San Francisco. Her verse and short-stories have appeared in several of the eastern magazines, and they have been read with pleasure by many people. Her first book of poems, *In the Shadow of the Crag and Other Poems* (Denver, Colorado, 1907), is now in its third edition, five thousand copies having been sold so far. This seems to show that there are people in the United States who care for good verse. Miss Pitts is well-known on the Pacific coast, where she has spent nearly all her life, but she must be introduced to the people of her native State, Kentucky. Her short-stories are as well liked as her poems, a collection of them is promised for early publication, and she should have a permanent place in the literature of Kentucky.

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ON THE LITTLE SANDY^[97]

[From *In the Shadow of the Crag and Other Poems* (Denver, 1907)]

Just within the mystic border of Kentucky's blue grass region
There's a silver strip of river lying idly in the sun,
On its banks are beds of fragrance where the butterflies are legion
And the moonbeams frame its glory when the summer day is done.

There's a little, rose-wreathed cottage nestling close upon its border
Where a tangled mass of blossoms half conceals an open door,
There's a sweet, narcotic perfume from a garden's wild disorder,
And the jealous poppies cluster where its kisses thrill the shore.

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From across its dimpled bosom comes the half-hushed, careful calling
Of a whippoorwill whose lonely heart is longing for its mate,
And the sun aslant the sleepy eyes of fox-gloves gently falling

Tells the fisherman out yonder that the hour is growing late.
From the branches of the poplars a spasmodic sleepy twitter
Comes, 'twould seem, in careless answer to the pleading of a song,
And perhaps the tiny bosom holds despair that's very bitter
For his notes are soon unheeded by the little feathered throng.
Then the twilight settling denser shows a rush-light dimly burning—
Ah, how well I know the landing drowsing 'neath its feeble beams,
And my homesick heart to mem'ries of the yesterday is turning
While I linger here, forgotten, with no solace but my dreams.

MARION FORSTER GILMORE

Miss Marion Forster Gilmore, the young Louisville poet and dramatist, was born at Anchorage, Kentucky, November 27, 1887. She was educated at Hampton College, Louisville, and at a private school in Washington, D. C. At the age of fourteen years she wrote a poem while crossing the Rocky Mountains that attracted the attention of Joaquin Miller and Madison Cawein, and won her the friendship of both poets. When but fifteen years old she had completed her three-act tragedy of *Virginia*, set in Rome during the days of the Decemvirs. This is purely a play for the study, and hardly fitted for stage presentation, yet it has been praised by William Faversham, the famous actor. Miss Gilmore contributed lyrics to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and *Leslie's Weekly*, which, with her play, she published in a charming book, entitled *Virginia, a Tragedy, and Other Poems* (Louisville, Kentucky, 1910). *The Cradle Song*, originally printed in the *Cosmopolitan* for May, 1908, is one of the best of her shorter poems. Miss Gilmore has recently returned to her home at Louisville, after having spent a year in European travel and study.^[98]

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THE CRADLE SONG^[99]

[From *Virginia, a Tragedy, and Other Poems* (Louisville, Kentucky, 1910)]

Adown the vista of the years,
I turn and look with silent soul,
As though to catch a muted strain
Of melody, that seems to roll
In tender cadence to my ear.
But, as I wait with eyes that long
The singer to behold—it fades,
And silence ends the Cradle Song.

But when the shadows of the years
Have lengthened slowly to the West,
And once again I lay me down
To sleep, upon my mother's breast,
Then well I know I ne'er again
Shall cry to God, "How long? How long?"
For, to my soul, her voice will sing
A never-ending Cradle Song.

APPENDIX

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MRS. AGNES E. MITCHELL

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Dr. Henry A. Cottell, the Louisville booklover, is authority for the statement that Mrs. Agnes E. Mitchell, author of *When the Cows Come Home*, one of the loveliest lyrics in the language, lived at Louisville for some years, and that she wrote her famous poem within the confines of that city. The date of its composition must have been about 1870. Mrs. Mitchell was the wife of a clergyman, but little else is known of her life and literary labors. It is a real pity that her career

has not come down to us in detail. She certainly "lodged a note in the ear of time," and firmly fixed her fame with it.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME

[From *The Humbler Poets*, edited by S. Thompson (Chicago, 1885)]

With Klingle, Klangle, Klingle,
'Way down the dusty dingle,
 The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
 That makes the daisies grow;
Koling, Kolang, Kolingleingle,
'Way down the darkening dingle,
 The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends, and twilight plays
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
 When the cows come home.

With Jingle, Jangle, Jingle,
Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,
 The cows are coming home;
Malvine and Pearl and Florimel,
DeCamp, Red Rose and Gretchen Schnell,
Queen Bess and Sylph and Spangled Sue,
Across the fields I hear her OO-OO,
And clang her silver bell;
Goling, Golang, Golingleingle,
With faint far sounds that mingle,
 The cows come slowly home;
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
 When the cows come home.

With Ringle, Rangle, Ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
 The cows are coming home;
Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
 And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang, to-ringleingle,
By threes and fours and single,
 The cows come slowly home.
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
 When the cows come home.

With a Tinkle, Tankle, Tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
 The cows are coming home.
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Starine, Peach Bloom and Phoebe Phyllis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies
 In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank, to-linkleinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
 The cows come slowly home;
And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song—its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
 When the cows come home.

With a Klingle, Klangle, Klingle,
With a loo-oo and moo-oo and jingle.
 The cows are coming home;
And over there on Morlin hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill;

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The dew drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines.
And over the silent mill;
 Ko-link, ko-lang, ko-lingeingle;
 With a ting-a-ling and jingle,
 The cows come slowly home;
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers and rain,
For dear old times come back again
 When the cows come home.

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[10] Mrs. Geppert died at Scarsborough-on-the-Hudson, New York,

February 23, 1913. Her remains were not brought to Kentucky for interment.

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[23] Copyright, 1896, by Osgood, McIlvaine and Company, London.

[24] Copyright, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

[25] (George) Douglass Sherley, born at Louisville, Kentucky, June 27, 1857; educated at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, and University of Virginia; joined staff of the old Louisville *Commercial*; made lecture tour with James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet; now resides near Lexington, Kentucky. Author of: *The Inner Sisterhood* (Louisville, 1884); *The Valley of Unrest* (New York, 1884); *Love Perpetuated* (Louisville, 1884); *The Story of a Picture* (Louisville, 1884). Mr. Sherley has done much occasional writing since his four books were published, which has appeared in the form of calendars, leaflets, and in newspapers.

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[37] Copyright, 1901, by L. C. Page and Company.

[38] Copyright, 1902, by Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.

[39] When Mr. Fox followed the trail of the Goebel tragedy he was poaching upon the especial preserves of Miss Eleanor Talbot Kinkead, whose romance of the "autocrat," *The Courage of Blackburn Blair* (New York, 1907), was widely read and reviewed. Miss Kinkead was born in Kentucky, and, besides the story mentioned above, is the author of *'Gainst Wind and Tide* (Chicago, 1892); *Young Greer of Kentucky* (Chicago, 1895); *Florida Alexander* (Chicago, 1898); and *The Invisible Bond* (New York, 1906).

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[49] Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips and Company.

[50] Copyright, 1907, by the Standard Publishing Company.

[51] Ernest ("Pat") Aroni, was far and away the finest dramatic critic Kentucky has produced, and a delightful volume of his work could be gathered from the files of *The Courier-Journal*. Mr. Aroni's fame has lingered in Kentucky in a rather remarkable manner, as he never published a book or wrote for the magazines. He is now chief editorial writer on *The North American*, Philadelphia.

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[60] *Mr. Opp* was dramatized by Douglas Z. Doty, a New York editor, and presented at Macaulay's Theatre, in Louisville, but it was shortly sent to the store-house. *Mrs. Wiggs* was put into play-form by Mrs. Anne (Laziere) Crawford Flexner, in 1904, with Madge Carr Cook in the title-role. Mrs. Flexner was born at Georgetown, Kentucky; educated at Vassar; married Abraham Flexner of Louisville, June 23, 1898; lived at Louisville until June, 1905, since which time she has spent a year in Cambridge, Mass., and a year abroad; now residing in New York City. She has written two original plays: *A Man's Woman*, in four acts; and *A Lucky Star*, the fount of inspiration being a novel by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, entitled *The Motor Chaperon*, which was produced by Charles Frohman, with Willie Collier in the steller part, at the Hudson Theatre, New York, in 1910. She also dramatized A. E. W. Mason's story, *Miranda of the Balcony* (London, 1899), which was produced in New York by Mrs. Fiske in 1901. Mrs. Flexner is the only successful woman playwright Kentucky has produced; and it is a real pity that none of her plays have been published. *Mrs. Wiggs* has held the "boards" for eight year; and it seems destined to go on forever.

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- [93] Copyright, 1911, by J. B. Lippincott Company.
- [94] Copyright, 1910, by Small, Maynard and Company.
- [95] Copyright, 1911, by W. J. Watt and Company.
- [96] Mr. Musgrove, who is to leave *The Post* at the end of 1912 to become humorist editor of *The Louisville Times*, was born in Kentucky, and is the author of a charming volume of verse, *The Dream Beautiful and Other Poems* (Louisville; 1898). He is to issue in 1913 another book of poems, through a Louisville firm, to be entitled *Pan and Aeolus*. When Mr. Musgrove joins *The Times* he will take *The Post's* clever cartoonist, Paul Plaschke, with him; and they will occupy an office next to Colonel Henry Watterson's in the new Courier-Journal and Times building.
- [97] Copyright, 1907, by the Author.
- [98] There are two other young women poets of Louisville who should be mentioned in the same breath with Miss Gilmore: Miss Ethel Allen Murphy, author of *The Angel of Thought and Other Poems* (Boston, 1909), and contributor of brief lyrics to *Everybody's Magazine*; and Miss Hortense Flexner, on the staff of *The Louisville Herald*, whose poems in the new *Mammoth Cave Magazine* have attracted much attention. Miss Flexner is to have a poem published in *The American Magazine* in 1913.
- [99] Copyright, 1910, by the Author.

Transcriber's Notes:

- Obvious punctuation and spelling errors fixed throughout.
- The oe ligature in this etext has been replaced with œ.
- Inconsistent hyphenation is as in the original.
- Page 106: The title and italicization has been changed from (... little story, *With A Good Samaritan* ...) to this (... little story, with *A Good Samaritan* ...) to match the title in the rest of the text.
- Page 392: In the Index Mulligan, Murphy and Musgrove are entered out of alphabetic order as in the original.

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