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Jack Jones
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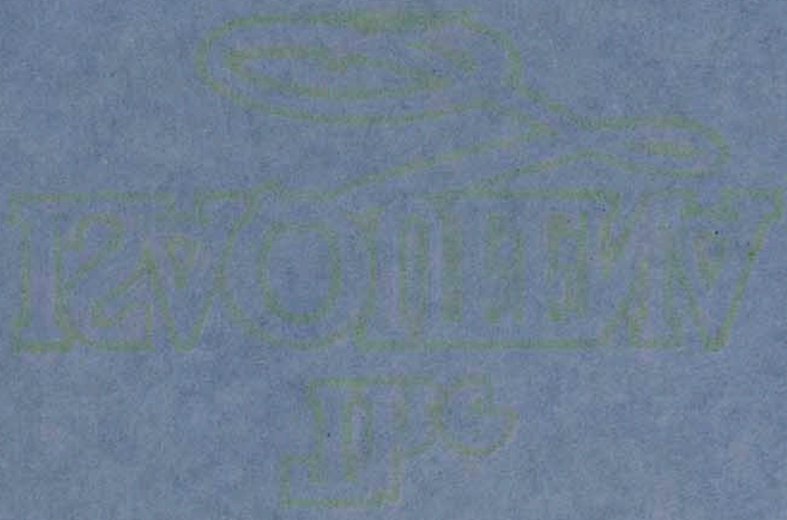

The Isaqueena

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Humanitarianism and Literature

ESSAY

By Annie May Ledbetter

NO movement in history has had a more direct and far-reaching effect on literature than the Humanitarian Movement, which had it's beginning in the eighteenth century and reached it's height about the middle of the nineteenth century. Just at the time when writers were producing novels and poems in which the impossible, weird adventures of Gothic imagination, and the thrilling extraordinary feats of romanticism were featured, men like Robert Burns were calling attention to the beauties of common, everyday life, and thus sowing the seeds which were later to find their harvest in humanitarianism. A prose writer who did the same with the novel was Mrs. Behn who wrote *Aronooko*. *Aronooko* has its setting in Africa and is directed against slavery and the slave-trade. This was the first humanitarian novel ever written in English and although it has it's limitations it served as the parent of that large family of humanitarian novels which came into being in the nineteenth century.

The humanitarian movement of the nineteenth century grew out of the Napoleonic wars. There were two main causes for the poverty which was everywhere manifest—the enclosure of land and the invention of machinery. The former gave unfair advantages to the large land-owners and took away the time honored occupations of hundreds of agricultural laborers. The latter gave increase of wealth to large manufacturers because of increase in efficiency and production, and deprived whole towns full of people of their daily bread. England had always had her poor but never in such large and increasing numbers. As Henry George said in his *Progress and Poverty*, the rich grew richer and the poor grew poorer. While the capitalists indulged their families in the trinkets of luxury, the laborers buried their children for lack of bread to sustain them. And still England was considered a progressive nation. "This progress was variously viewed—with satisfaction by those who shared most its benefits, with protest by those who found themselves worse off than their fellows, with enthusiasm by the engineers, inventors and scientists who were most responsible for it's initiation and continuance, with digust by the moralists and traditionalists who saw it's deviations from what they believed was the straight and narrow way." (1)

Of this last group, the philanthropists, there was a large number. Men studied the conditions of the poor and endeavored to enlist the public sympathy and get the ear of Parliament. Many reforms were instituted and many others proposed. "For the first time perhaps in the history of mankind, poverty seemed unnecessary, remediable and therefore terribly unjust." (2) All this flood of rising sympathy and human interest necessarily affected literature. Those who had chosen writing for a profession began to plan how best they could influence the public in behalf of the poor and suffering. At no period in the history of English literature has a greater bulk of writing been produced than at this time. Poems, essays, novels, tracts, treaties of all kinds were devoted to this sentiment. These writers may be divided into two groups—those who merely gave a picture of the actual conditions and a plea for the oppressed, and those who suggested some sort of remedies for the evils of the day.

Among the writers of the former class Charles Dickens stands out above the rest because of the number of his works and the agreeble manner in which he weaves in his problem. In *Hard Times* he makes a plea to the employers for kindness toward those who eke out a humdrum existence while pursuing the welfare of others. Baunderbly is a splendid representation of the self-centered employer whose interests are centered around the welfare of his own family. Dickens leaves no stones unturned in showing the conditions of human machinery.

"Look around town—so rich as 'tis—an' see the numbers o' people as has been broughten into bein' heer, fur to weave an' to card an' to piece out a livin', an' the same one way, some how twixt their cradles an' their graves. Look how we live, an' where we live an' in what numbers, an' by what chance an' with what sameness; an' look how the mills is awlus agoin' an' how they never works us to any dis'ant object—ceptin' awlus death—— who can look an't sir, an' fairly tell a man 'tis not a muddle?"

The book emphasizes the fact that the employers are considering man-power and steam-power alike, making no distinction between humanity and machinery. This is how Dickens felt about it: "Four hundred and more Hands in this mill; two hundred and fifty horse steam power. It is known to the force of a single pound weight, what the engine will do; but not all the calculators of the national debt can tell me the capacity for good or evil, for love or hatred, for patriotism or discontent, for the decomposition of virtue into vice, or the reverse, at any single moment in the soul of one of these it's quiet servants, with the composed faces and the regulated actions." The book is full of pathos and horror. Scenes of every-

(1) and (2) Thorndike: "Literature in a Changing Age." Ch. V.

day factory life such as opium-eating and drinking are brought in, and many other evils resulting from over-work and under-nourishment.

Bleak House has for it's theme the injustice of the prison-system. The prison conditions of the nineteenth century were pronounced by even the officials themselves to be "dreadful." The number of small crimes listed as "capital offenses" increased every year and men were thrown into prison upon the slightest provocation. Trials often stretched over years before any sentence was pronounced upon the prisoner. The hero of *Bleak House* is one of those unfortunate young men who has been misunderstood, misjudged and thrown into prison. The best period of his life, his youth, is spent in a wretched prison under the most unspeakable conditions and finally after fifteen years of this misery, death comes upon him before he has been tried and he is robbed of life in both the sense of existence and of real living. The atmosphere of the prison is symbolized by the fog which Dickens describes as hanging over it. He makes the statement in the end that the fog will never be lifted until all Englishmen lift it together.

Great Expectations, another one of Dicken's novels, has the humanitarian current running through it, although it is not so pronounced as in some of the other books. The need for prison-reform is emphasized in several places. Pip, the boy-hero of the book, has his dealings with convicts from the prison ship, and helps one to escape. His first impressions of the man are so vivid they bring a feeling of horor to the reader: "A fearful man, all in gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and broken shoes, and with an old rag tied around his head. A man who had been soaked in water and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briers; who limped, and shivered and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin." The description of the prison-ship, which Dickens also puts into the mouth of Pip, is no less gruesome. He likens it to a wicked Noah's Ark as it lay "cribbed and barred, and anchored by massive rusty chains; the prison ship was ironed like the prisoners." Dickens also spoke for the down-trodden and oppressed in other novels. "Through him spoke the heart and conscience of the British public." (1)

After Dickens, the humanitarian novelist who perhaps comes next in importance is Mrs. Gaskell, the wife of a Unitarian minister, who lived for a number of years in Manchester, the great manufacturing center of England, and was permitted to see daily the tragedy of factory life enacted on the stage of life around her. She was a writer of broad sympathies and, although she has not written so voluminously and on such varied subjects as Charles Dickens, her novels are more intensely realistic and more direct in appeal. *Mary Barton,* the story of a Manchester girl and the factory people she loved, is considered one of the classics of nineteenth century fiction. The book is an attempt to bring factory conditions into the novel. The emotional effect has rarely been surpassed. From the start the reader is convinced that the conditions are not exaggerated and that the author knows the real life of the factory village. The following quotation, taken from the chapter entitled "Poverty and Death," shows how keenly Mrs. Gaskell observed and felt:

"There were homes over which Carson's fire threw a deep, terrible gloom, the homes of those who would fain work and no man gave unto them—the homes of those to whom leisure was a curse. There, the family music was angry wails, when week after week passed by and there was no work to be had, and consequently no wages to pay for the bread the children cried aloud for in their young impatience of suffering. There was no breakfast to lounge over; their lounge was taken in bed, to try and keep warmth in them that bitter March weather, and by being quiet, to deaden the growing wolf within. Many a penny that would have gone little way enough in oat meal and potatoes, bought opium to still the hungry little ones and make them forget their uneasiness in heavy troubled sleep. It was mother's mercy. The evil and the good of our nature came out strongly then."

Sympathy, sadness, tears even, are the lot of the reader before this novel is read. John Barton, the father of Mary Barton, is pictured as a good, kind-hearted man, being turned to a cynic and a murderer by the squalor and death about him. He grows more and more bitter against the capitalists, at whose feet he lays the blame for the death of his little boy and some of his best friends. The whole book is a true picture of tragedy and a plea for alteration. Mrs. Gaskell wrote other novels with this theme, the most noted being *North and South.*

Besides these two, there were a number of other novelists who followed this line of thought in their works. Charles Kingsley published *Yeast* and *Alton Locke,* laying bare the grievances of labor and proposing plans for bringing about harmony and contentment. In 1844 Mrs. Norton wrote *The Child of the Islands* comparing the life of a young prince to that of the poor. Thomas Cooper came out of the prison and wrote *The Purgatory of Suicides. Disraeli* wrote *Sybil,* treating of factory misery and chartist riots. Everywhere the fever of writing spread.

Poet's as well as prose writers took up the pen in behalf of the poor. Wardsworth, though usually considered a nature poet wrote often of beggars and the poor in such poems as *The Old Cumberland Beggar* and *Alice Fell.* Crabbe and Shelley also gave time and thought to

(1) Cross-Development of The English Novel. Pgs. 180-196.

this subject. Mrs. Browning, however was perhaps the most fruitful poet-champion of the poor. In her poem entitled *The Cry of the Human,* Mrs. Browning's *"Be Pitiful, O God"* is wrung out by

"The curse of gold upon the land,
The lack of bread enforces,—
The rail cars snort from stand to stand,
Like more of Death's White Horses:
The rich preach 'rights' and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing;
The poor die mute with starving gaze
An corn-ships in the offing,
Be pitiful, O God!"

More famous still is *The Cry of the Children* in which is pictured the starving of both, bodies and souls of little children. It was at this time also that Hood published his *Song of the Shirt.*

There is a long list of those who wrote to gain sympathy for the poor, but there were others who did more than stir the emotions of the readers. They gave much thought to ways in which conditions could be bettered, thus presenting the practical as well as the emotional side of the question. The most outstanding of this second group was Thomas Carlyle who had little patience with the idealists and those who did so much "palaver" about the poor but did little to help them. He was for doing something and in his *Sartor* and *Past and Present* he gave his suggestions for action. His remedies were: Education, immigration, factory legislation, repeal of the corn laws, profit-sharing, and government regulations. In his *Past and Present* Carlyle violently attacks the principle of "Political Economy." He speaks of it as a "logic-varnish" and "Mammon-gospels." To him the term, "supply-and-demand," is a kind of "wine-and walnuts," philosophy advocated by those who are seeking to tear down society. Throughout the book he glorifies labor and honors those who toil. "Fair day's wages," he says, "for a fair day's work, is the most unrefusable demand! Money wages to the extent of keeping your workers alive that he may work more; these unless you mean to dismiss him straight way out of this world, are indispensable alike to the noblest worker and the least noble." His point on the repeal of the Corn Laws was made in the following statement: "There is not a man I would kill and strangle by Corn Laws, even if I could! No, I would fling my Corn Laws and shot-belts to the devil and try to help this man. I would teach him—by noble real legislation, by true nobles-work, by unwearied, valiant, and were it wageless, effort in my Parliament and in my Parish, I would aid, constrain, encourage him to effect more or less the blessed change." He makes a beautiful appeal for liberty and democracy and finally exclaims, "Some Chivalry of Labor, some noble Humanity and practical Divineness of Labor will yet be realized on this earth. Or why will, why do we pray to Heaven, without setting our shoulders to the wheel? The Present, if it will have the Future accomplish, must itself commence." Such was Carlyle's view and he had the pleasure of seeing many of these reforms passed on and carried out by the government.

Carlyle was not fighting single-handed but Ruskin also was studying the economic problems of the day and writing his solutions in concise form for the eye of the public. His views were much like those of Carlyle and after a while he became his faithful disciple. Ruskin had spent the greater part of his life in pursuing the principle of beauty and in art criticism, but in the end he became interested, through Carlyle, in the humanitarian cause and devoted his writing to the social, religious and political conditions of his time. In his *Unto this Last, Munera Pulveris,* and *Letters to a Working Man* he appeals to the employee rather than the employer, to help himself. His best book, however, was *Time and Tide,* in which he gave his proposals. His larger purpose was the union of art and labor, so that the humblest might share in the ministrations and the joyful practice of the arts, and so that the gifted might devote a part of their talents toward making the national life for possible and then encouraging for beauty." (1) In his own words his sermon was, "that the streets which are the habitation of the poor and the fields which are the play-grounds of their children, shall be destroyed to the rule of the spirits, wheresoever they are, in earth and heaven, that ordain and reward, with constant and conscious felicity, all that is decent and orderly, beautiful and pure."

Thus was nineteenth century literature revolutionized from romantic to realistic-humanitarian fiction and verse by the great influence which swept over the country. The appeal was made by one group and followed up by another, which presented plans and proposals. The "gospel of labor" and of the oppressed was most powerfully preached in the press and the whole aspect of life was changed.

(1) Thorndike—Literature in a Changing Age.

Growing Pains

STORY

Frances White

MAB SHERIDAN surveyed herself again in the long mirror. Yes, perhaps this expression was best, an indulgent smile with just a dash of wordly experience. That would be more likely to interest him, especially since he had been all over the world and would hardly be interested in a kid of seventeen. Of course, she was different, just because she was young didn't mean that her life was made up of chocolate sodas, movie heros, and college boys,—at least, she had met him.

Just one month ago she had met him. She had run over to Mrs. Landon's with a message from her mother. She remembered now how thoughtlessly she had gone, all unconscious of the wonderful thing in store for her. Mrs. Landon was sitting in her favorite rocker on the porch when Mab came up the steps.

"Mrs. Landon, Mother says—,"and there open mouthed she had stopped and stared.

"Oh Mab, this is my nephew Knox Landon. He has just come on a little visit to me from a trip to South America." Such was the common-place introduction.

Mab only managed to stammer something incoherently as the tall stranger bowed. His face was bronzed by the tropical sun, making a curious yet not unpleasant contrast to his curly hair and quizzical blue eyes. His smile was slow yet friendly and well, sort of understanding. And he had said—. ,

But here Mab was aroused from her day-dreams of this celestial being by a gentle knock at her door.

"May I come in?" And without waiting for an invitation the intruder opened the door. She was tall and slender and there was something about her that caused one to apply the adjective splendid.

"Oh, of course, Aunt Phyllis, come in" replied her niece resignedly.

Aunt Phyllis was a pleasant sort of person and pretty, tho in a rather faded way, for she was at least twenty-seven. She was mother's youngest sister and paid them a long visit each year. She was their guest now and must be humored.

"Mab dear, will you run down to the corner drug-store and get me a tube of cold cream and a hair-net? I'm going out to lunch and I need them both right now."

"Yes, I suppose so." Mab pulled a large drooping hat on. She was sure freckles must be distasteful to him.

She ran down the steps and out of doors, but once she reached the sidewalk, she toned down her head-long flight to a sedate walk.

The corner drug-store was an oasis for weary and thirsty pedestrians. Its striped awning shaded the sidewalk in front and its electric fans sent out a cool inviting breeze. The sight of it never failed to have a soothing effect on Mab as memories of past ice-cream sodas and other chilly confections rose up before her. But today these memories could not wholly be responsible for the wild beating of her heart and the delighted little chills running up and down her back as she came in sight of the store. No, indeed, this wonderful electrifier was none less than a shining roadster parked at the curb. It was Knox's car! And since he was at the corner, he must be in the drug store. And she would get to see him again. And, oh—!

The tall bronzed young man, coming out of the telephone booth at the rear of the store, smiled quickly as he caught sight of the rosily blushing Mab making her purchases at the toilet counter.

"Small fairy princess, don't tell me you are wandering around by yourself! What indiscretion! Surely you must see it is unwise for you to go unguarded. Some dashing young Lothario—or maybe a movie magnate, might put on a little kidnapping act."

Mab smiled at this banter but her heart beat madly. He had called her a fairy princess. Of course, he had laughed but didn't she know that he did it to hide his true emotions and to fool this simple clerk. Her hands trembled as she took her packages, she could barely get out the "Charge it, please."

"Now you must partake of a soda with me," and he deftly guided her to a small secluded table. There was no one else in the store except the clerk, but Knox lowered his voice.

"Mab, dear child, can you keep a secret?"

"Oh, yes, of course I am. I know heaps of secrets that I haven't ever told," eagerly.

"Then you must keep mine, for a while at least. My dear, I'm in love!"

Mab thought she would surely swoon with the sweet joy of this revelation. As in a dream she heard him continue.

"She is to me, the sweetest thing on God's good earth. A dainty fairy in the form of a human. But there, child, I must not tire you with my ravings. You have been such a good little pal to me since I've been here, that I wanted you to know about it."

She hardly heard anything except that she was a dainty fairy, and he had called her a fairy princess. She could only look at him dumbly.

"I'll tell you the name of this wonderful woman tonight at the club. Not now, this is not an appropriate place to whisper the name of an angel. You are going tonight?"

"Yes, Mother says I may, if Aunt Phyllis goes too."

The smile broadened on Knox's face.

"Then you'll be there, dear child, for Phyllis is going. If you have finished I'll take you home."

The ride home was the shortest and most thrilling episode Mab felt she had ever experienced. Arriving there Knox came into the house with her.

"If you don't mind, see if Phyllis is ready. She had promised to lunch with me."

Mab frowned as she did his bidding. But how foolish of her. Poor old Aunt Phyllis, she wouldn't begrudge her these few crumbs of happiness. Perhaps Knox was just sorry for her anyway. She wondered how she could live until tonight when he would tell her of his love and ask her to brighten his life by marrying him. How exquisite! Mab Landon! Heavenly! She would hesitate just a little to make him plead and then———. Mab blushed again at her own thoughts.

As soon as supper was over, Mab rushed up to her room to begin dressing. She fixed her hair a dozen different ways and at last decided on a rather mature and elaborate coiffure. He had called her a fairy! Then she frowned at her reflection. No, fairy princess didn't wear their hair exactly this way and anyway he had admired her short curls. This coiffure would do when she was Mrs. Knox Landon.

The peach colored taffeta dress was a bit childish, yet she did look rather nice. She admired herself in front of the long mirror. She touched her cheek to notice the contrast of her white hand against the wild-rose softness. Her eyes sparkled as she practiced different expressions and gestures.

Her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Aunt Phyllis. Why Aunt Phyllis was pretty even if she was nearly middle aged. She sort of made one think of a stately queen, a fairy queen—no just a queen. Her face looked awfully sweet and kind of radiant as if she knew something real nice that made her happy. Unexpectedly she kissed Mab, then blushed vividly.

"Hurry dear, the Burdells are waiting for us in their car." How surprised Aunt Phyllis would be when she and Knox told her about themselves.

The dance at the club was in full swing when they arrived. Much to Mab's chagrin, Knox claimed Aunt Phyllis, while she had to be contented with fat Jimmy Webb.

"Say Mab, there's a new sheik in town that wants you to know him. He claims he saw you on the street and you knocked him for a row of ash-cans. He's here tonight. Can I bring him over?" Jimmy puffed as he talked. Dancing was a strenuous exercise for a fat guy.

Mab stifled a feigned yawn and nodded indifferently, but she came to attention when she caught sight of the new-comer. He was tall and slim and blonde. And when he smiled he looked like three movie actors rolled into one. And dance! Knox was a dear, but his dancing didn't make you feel like you were floating in space.

After the encore they went out on the veranda, the new boy looked at her admiringly.

"I wonder if you realize how beautiful you are?" he said huskily. Mab moved uneasily.

"Your hair is spun gold and your eyes twin sapphires. You won't deny me the unmeasured joy of seeing you again?"

Of course, this was what one termed a "line," yet Mab did not dislike it. What a shame that she was going to marry Knox and not have a good time with young men like this one.

"Maybe. Let's go dance."

Knox claimed the next dance and guided her to a secluded nook on the porch. Mab's heart beat violently as he took her hand.

"Mab child, you're the sweetest thing. I hate the thought of losing such a good pal when I leave here, so how would you like me for an uncle?"

"An-an uncle?"

"Yes dear. Is it such a surprise?"

"But—but I don't understand!"

"Why, your Aunt Phyllis has taken pity on my lonely state and has promised to marry me. We're not going to announce our engagement until next month, but we wanted you to know, because—don't you remember?—You introduced us. Aren't you going to congratulate your—uncle?"

In some way Mab complied and rose to return to the ball-room.

"We're going to live in New York and you're to visit us so often."

But Mab did not reply as she slipped into his arms for a dreamy waltz. Unconsciously, she noted how inferior his dancing was to the new-comer's, Don.

She was silent on the return journey, wrapped up in her thoughts. Aunt Phyllis was not with them, Knox was bringing her. Uncle Knox!

Aunt Phyllis was waiting for her and Mab kissed her and wished her all happiness. Numbly, she wondered why she didn't feel more heart-broken. Why wasn't her heart "a leaden lump in her breast?" She really should at least pace the floor dry eyed throughout the night. But she was curiously disinclined to make even that concession to her dead romance, besides her bed looked so inviting and she was tired.

She decided as she put out the lights, that, after all, it wouldn't be so much fun to keep house and just see the same man every day for the rest of one's natural life. Then, too, Knox wasn't such a good dancer. It was going to be fun visiting them in New York. She climbed into bed with a luxurious feeling and pulled the cover up. Don Philips! A nice sounding name. How sleepy she was. Blonde waving hair. Dancing on air. Her hair was spun gold. Don Philips—Mab Phillips—Nicer than Mab Landon—He wanted to see her again—Don——.

Losses in Literary World During Past Four Months

By Ruth Mildred Jones

SADDENED by the fact that they themselves have gone, yet joyous in the hope that their works will live on: the literary world mourns the death, during the past four months, of several of its most gifted members. Among these are Alphonso Smith, Joseph Conrad, Anatole France, Frank Carpenter, Maria Thompson Daviess, Newton Fuessle, and Isabel Ostrander.

Especially, has the world of the novel lost; especially has England lost—for she has lost Joseph Conrad. Joseph Conrad died suddenly at his house at Bishops Bourne, near Canterbury, on August 3, 1924. Of his death, the New Republic writes: "Except Thomas Hardy, no English man of letters could have given by his death such historic importance to the year 1924 as Joseph Conrad."

Leador Josef Konrad Korzeniowski was born in the Ukraine on December 6, 1857, of Polish descent. Reared in a refined home, he would probably have become a Polish gentleman had he not been seized by a mania for the sea. Even at the age of nine he once placed his finger on the Congo River on his map and exclaimed: "I am going there!" In 1877, after several years spent on the sea, he came to England; and, in 1884, became a naturalized British citizen. For a long time, he kept secret the fact that he was writing a book, *Almayer's Folly*. After its publication, however, the public clamored for more. He soon left the sea and wrote, *An Outcast of the Islands*. *Tales of Unrest*, published in 1898, divided the London Academy annual prize for the most noteworthy production with Sir Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* and Hewlett's, *The Forest Lovers*. Conrad has written so many graphic sea stories that he has won for himself the title of *Master of All the Seas*. He was in the midst of a new book when he died.

In May, 1923, Conrad made his only visit to America, visiting his publisher, Frank M. Doubleday, at his home on Long Island.

One does not need to comment on France's loss; it is sufficient to say that she has lost Anatole France. He has been hailed for years as the greatest living man of letters in France, and classed among the great stylists of modern literature of all lands.

Anatole France died at Tours, October 13, 1924. He had been in ill health for years and at the point of death for many days. During the last few days, he lay in an unconscious state for the greater part of the time, realizing and conversing about his condition, however, when he roused up. He knew that he was going to die.

Jacques Anatole Thibault was a real Parisian, being born on April 16, 1844, in the center of the French capital. He was educated at the college Stanislais, by means of great financial sacrifices on the part of his father. While at this college, he was a member of l'Academie d' Emulation.

At the age of 24 while he was scholar, poet, assistant librarian in the Senate, collaborator in bibliographical periodicals, author of classic editions catalogues, disciple in the Parnassian school; he wrote his first book *Alfred de Vigny*. His first novel, *Le Crime de Sylvester Bonnard*, published in 1881, attracted great attention. Some of his other novels and short stories are *Le Lys Rouge*, *La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedangue*, *Thais*, *Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame*, *La Revolt des Anges*.

He was a member of the Legion of Honor and of the French Academy, being elected to the latter in 1896. In 1921, he went to Stockholm to receive the Noble prize in literature.

He was actively interested in socialism, taking the side in defence of Dreyfus in the well-known Dreyfus affair.

In 1920, at the age of 76, he married Mlle Emma la Prevotte.

Last spring, with great reluctance because of his serious physical condition, he attended at Paris the celebration of his 80th birthday.

An American novelist and short-story writer, not so popular, perhaps, as Mr. Conrad, but deserving of greater success than he obtained, is Newton Fuessle, author of *The Flail* (novel), *God Shod* (novel), *Jessup* (*novel*), *Flesh and Phantasy* (short-story), and many other stories in popular magazines. Mr. Fuessle died in New York City, during June, at the age of 41. He was a sincere, conscientious realist who had power, even tho' his technique was often uneven and his expression not equal to his conception.

Mr. Fuessle was born in Chicago, Ill., October 16, 1883. He began his career as a reporter, serving on the staffs of many newspapers including the Idaho Stateman, Seattle Star, Post-Intelligencer, Chicago Inter-Ocean, Omaha News, United Press. He was also editor of the Mediator, Cleveland, Ohio, from 1910 through 1914.

Frank Carpenter, strictly-speaking, is a newspaper correspondent; yet his works are of great interest to the literary world. Some of them are: *How the World is Clothed*, *How the World is Housed*, *How the World is Fed*, *Through North America with the Children*, *Around the World With the Children*. At the time of his death, Mr. Carpenter was in Japan, writing his impressions of the place.

Mr. Carpenter was born in Mansfield, Ohio, May 8, 1855. He began newspaper work as a legislative corre-

spondent. Later, he was sent around and over the world for newspaper syndicates. His articles have appeared in all leading American journals and magazines.

Mrs. Maria Thompson Daviess, who died last month, was a short-story writer, a playwright, and a novelist. She was an invalid for some time prior to her death; but she never once gave up any of her work, even directing plays from her invalid's chair when she was unable to be on her feet.

Mrs. Daviess—a Kentuckian, by the way—is well-known for her autobiography, *Seven Times Seven,* which appeared in the Pictorial Review recently, and also, for her *From Bayonet to Knitting Needles,* a short-story which appeared in the Delineator shortly after the War. Some of her novels are *Selina Sue and The Soap Box Babies, The Road to Providence, Rose of Old Harpeth, The Treasure Babies, The Daredevil, The Golden Bird,* and *The Matrix.* Her best known novel, *The Melting of Molly,* was dramatized in 1912, as were several of her other novels.

In the loss of Charles Alphonso Smith, the literary world has lost not only a widely-read author, but also an educator of great repute. His works are met by the English grammar student as well as the freshman in college. The former meets him in his authoritative works on English grammar, *Elementary English Grammar and Exercise Book, Studies in English Syntax,* and *Old English Grammar and Exercise Book.* The freshman meets him in his delightful essay: *What Can Literature Do for Me?* Announcement has recently been made that Mr. Smith's last work before his death was to get out a new edition of the book. Two of his most facinating books are *Poe—How to Know Him* and the *Life of O'Henry,* whose lifelong friend he was. Some of his other works are *Repetition and Parallelism in English Verse, Dre Amerikansche Literature Selections from Huxley, The American Short Story, Short Studies Old and New, Keynote Studies in Keynote Books of the Bible,* and *New Words Defined.*

Charles Alphonso Smith was born in Greensboro, N. C., May 28, 1864; and was living in Charlottesville, N. C., at the time of his death this past summer. He graduated from Davidson, and later studied at John Hopkins and abroad. Beside being professor of English in Louisana State University, University of N. C., University of Virginia, and professor of American History and Institutions at the University of Berlin; and besides writing extensively he was a noted lecturer.

—o—

Ashes

A few scattered ashes,
Grayish, ghastly, sombre;
You have no beauty,
For in your haunting, specious forms
Are all life's sorrows
Revealed in silence.
The smothered hopes,
Ambitions choked with fears,
Unsatisfying pleasures, no longer glittering;
Distrust, a clouded faith in love;
Life's tragedies unveiled.
Burnt offerings to ungrateful gods
Who cryptic smile;
Who give as hostage for a soul's sacrifice
A lifeless, ashen smile.
Your grayish flakes—memories.
A few scattered ashes,
Ghastly, sombre.
No beauty, no joy, no cheer;
Realties' end. Gloomy grey;
And yet—
There must have been a flame!

JACK JONES.

Main Street on Saturday Afternoon

ESSAY

By Leola Gilreath

A CROWD of people is always fascinating to me. While solitude is very well occasionally, allowing opportunity for soliloquy, too much of one's own company is bad for the individual, tending to make one dreamy and absent-minded. There is something about a group of people which attracts, this is shown when people always "follow the crowd." If a number of people enter a certain store others soon follow, for no one likes to patronize a business house which is not well known. How good it feels to be a part of the crowd!

Saturday afternoon on Main Street! To an observer Main Street is a busy scene, scores of people may be seen hurrying back and forth while it is almost impossible to find parking space without going several blocks out of the way. Traffic is congested, the shrill note of the traffic whistle rings out every three or four minutes and a pedestrian has difficulty in crossing the street.

For some, Saturday afternoon is a half holiday while others work harder on Saturday than on other days of the week. This is especially true of the merchants. The employees of the mills have Saturday afternoon free and this is probably their only opportunity to shop. The clothing stores are crowded; Mary must have a new dress for Sunday and this is her only opportunity for purchasing it. Another reason for the Saturday rush is pay day, many firms pay weekly salaries. What can I buy with this week's pay? The spendthrift cannot rest until he has spent his last nickel. Then there is always the bystander, window shopper and of course the tea-hound who may be found on Main Street. All these make up the crowd. As a rule it is a friendly crowd, people hurrying to and fro but good humoredly, smiling, and exchanging greetings with friends.

Who does not enjoy watching a Saturday crowd on Main Street? Here come a group of young girls, well dressed, attractive and conscious of the fact as they trip along oblivious of every one save themselves and the impression they are making on certain bystanders in the vicinity of the drug stores. Then there is the self-conscious girl who doesn't know exactly how to hold her hand bag or what expression to keep on her face; she feels that all eyes are upon her when probably one out of a hundred notices her.

Occasionally one notices an individual who does not seem to belong to any certain class, he appears devoid of any interest in his surroundings and merely observes the rest of the crowd without being a part of it.

I like to watch the traffic on Saturday afternoon when practically every type of motorist is represented, from the inexperienced driver to the expert. How capable some motorists appear and how incapable others. The whistle blows and the red light appears, the careful driver holds out his hand and gradually comes to a halt, the reckless youth dodges in and out, passes every car until he reaches the next block and when he sees that he must stop there, applies the brakes and skids the tires. Three girls very gayly dressed drive down the street in a Ford, all chewing gum as if their life depended on the speed of their jaws. The red light is flashed, lizzie comes to a halt but the chewing goes on, there is no cop to interfere there. Again there is the red light, traffic comes to a halt save for one rather ancient looking roadster which proceeds straight on its course down the main thoroughfare; the cop who has observed this law breaker steps out in front of this car and commands the driver to stop, demanding his reason for not halting, the driver explains that this is his first visit to a city where they have a traffic system like this one. He is allowed to pass on with the admonition to "remember next time." Then there are those who have "whipped down the main drag" so many time that they can almost close their eyes and do so.

Main Street on Saturday afternoon holds an attraction which is irresistible to some. I have known people who counted that Saturday lost on which they were unable to go down the street. However, if the weather is fine and one is in a good humor a crowd is an interesting place to be. Certainly one has missed a great deal if he has never experienced the bustle and excitement which a crowd on Main Street affords.

———o———

Dreamland

Claim my thoughts
That I may forget
Let my lips feel the cool
Of soft rippling waters
Soothe my brow
With magic tenderness
And cast around me
Beauty—joy!

—Martha Cox.

So This is Coney Island

SKETCH

By Marie Reaves

THE noisy, screeching sound stopped. There was a grinding of the brakes. The car door automatically slid back, and a laughing, noisy bunch elbowed its way to the platform. In every eye there was the gleam of excitement, on every face, the expression of an adventurer.

I was as excited as the others, as mother and I stepped on the platform, and also impatient at the necessary delay in getting into what my inner vision termed "dreamland." To me, it was the land of the unreal, of wonder, of amusement. All my life, I had had a keen desire to go to this fairyland, to enjoy its bliss for only one brief day. After that, I was sure that I would feel satisfied. Every article which was in anyway connected with the great playground of the United States, I had read eagerly, hungrily.

Now, my hopes were to be realized! I was standing at the entrance to this wonderland. Should I have to unlock a tiny door, and reduce my size by a magic fluid as Alice of Wonderland had done, to crawl through it? Or should I have to knock at a barred door and repeat a chant for it to swing open as the cave door had done for the Arabian robbers?

I was brought back to the land of reality by the harsh, grating, voice of a uniformed, grizzly little man "Move this way!" "Don't stop! Keep going—keep going!"

We were in the center of this wild mob of pleasure seekers. All around us was laughter, gaiety, joking. On our right was a school marm of the old order, prim, dignified, feigning calmness. On our left, a young girl with a baby doll face, whose curls were tucked under a broad, pink crepe de chine hat, flashed bewitching smiles at the stolid youth who held her arm with an air of possession. "How about the racer first, Dick?" I heard her say, "Sure—you said it Sal!" Came his ready reply.

The racer? Yes—we'd ask to be shown the racer. We'd ride in that too.

My view ahead was barred by a fat squably man, who carried a sofa cushion under each arm. At his side was a slender, black-haired girl, whose eyes flashed as she spoke "Fa-ther—do let's go to see the moon!" Dismaized, I revolved her words in my mind! Go to see the moon? What nonsense! But whatever it was, I wanted to see it too.

By this time, the crowd had progressed to the head of the stairs and began descending a flight of iron steps, bordered by dingy, smoky walls. This was the entrance! As we descended, we got our first glimpse of Coney Island. There was a sea of huge houses, intermingled with elevated railroad tracks and ferris wheels, about which people swarmed as ants. There were flaring colors everywhere, red, yellow, green, orange in large proportions. There came to our ears, the rattle crash of flying cars over steel tracks, the excited yells of people as the cars dashed down a precipice. Above this din, the shrill voices of the nearby venders occasionally arose. "Hot D-awgs!" "Taffy Candy!" "Right this way to freshly parched pea-nuts!" Then the rumble and the roar of the different flying machinery reigned again, baffling the human voice.

Arriving at the foot of the stairs, the crowd turned to the left, then scattered in all directions. We stood dazed, uncertain which way to go. On every side, in flaring colors, some wonder was advertized. Many people had gone up a flight of stairs, straight in front of us. Everybody, except us, seemed to have some purpose in mind, some definite place to go. But we must at least seem to have a purpose, so we walked briskly after the crowd which had ascended the narrow flight of stairs.

We found ourselves in an immense house, crowded with people, punching this, poking that, or getting into some kind of instrument which whirled them around and around, then rolled them out in different places on the floor. On our right was a row of box-like machines with a slot at the top with the instruction, "Insert nickel here." Walking by, we eagerly read the titles of the minature picture shows. Many were standing with an eye at the round hole, turning the crank at the side. The label over the most popular one read "What Girls Do When They Are Alone." Horrid, I thought, for I saw no girl using this one. Another read "The Romance of Betty and Dick." We decided that these should not have our nickels and passed on.

Turning to the right, we saw a sight which made us gasp. People were getting into huge barrels which revolved. They had to keep walking as the barrel turned, or else they would be dumped and bruised. At last, the barrels turned and emptied their contents sprawling upon the floor and were readily filled again.

Hurriedly, we left the building and were caught up in the seething mass of humanity and were carried with it along the street. It was useless to go counter to it. In front of us an elderly man walked with three boys. He talked loudly so that his voice would carry above the noise. "See here, boys, I want you to go on the Giant Racer if you want to go on anything. We haven't time to take in

many things and if you ride on this, you will get a sample of what all the other things are."

"Good advice," approved mother, and when they dived under a huge sign "Giant Racer," we followed. We found ourselves on a little platform on each side of which ran iron tracks. "Oh!" gasped mother, "This is the same kind I rode on when I was a girl and came here thirty years ago. I've never forgotten it. You never will." A little red car containing six people came gliding up to the platform. "All in! All in! Quick-right here!" Yelled a uniformed employer. I hesitated. "I'll go with you, then" mother said and hopped in, good sport that she was—I followed. My heart was pounding, my breath came in gasps. Was this the car which ran up to perilous heights and then shot downward at a terrific rate? An insane desire to get out seized me. But at that moment, the director pulled a huge lever and we started off. "Fasten your chains!" He bellowed. We tried several times before we finally got it hooked. Then the car began slowly to climb a steep incline. My fear was being realized! We reached the top, then with sickening swiftness the car shot down, down. Finally it began to climb again. I looked at mother and ventured to speak "Let's sit way down low and shut our eyes. I don't believe it would h-hurt so bad." Then the inevitable drop came again, with gritted teeth, and with a deathlike grip on the chain, we managed to endure it. At last it slowed down and stopped. I jumped out in a hurry and was so anxious to get out of the place that I started across the tracks, only to be directed to go under a subway exit by a pay window.

Out in the open at last, we followed the crowd to the beach and hung over the railing on the boardwalk and observed the bathers and sun baskers. The entire beach was covered. There was scarcely room for another to lie on the sand. Heads bobbed above the waves at irregular intervals. Lunch papers were scattered over the sand. What a motley crowd it was! Each probably came from some crowded tenement to get a breath of fresh air, to bask in the sun, to dip in the brawny waves.

We began to walk along the boardwalk which was lined with stores, cafes and restaurants. Being tempted into one attractive tea room, we came out with flattened pocketbooks, for the food was high.

Wandering around, we came to a white fronted building which bore the sign "Baby Incubator." What! Another sideshow with freaks of nature? Poor babies! But on entering, my conception was changed. White clad nurses and doctors watched over the glass cases in which rested tiny forms, wrapped in pink or blue flannels. The tiny hands moved in the warm air currents which were kept passing through the incubator. Here a marvelous work was being done. This institution had reduced mortality among babies to a great percentage.

As we left this interesting place, we noticed that the crowds had thinned and that it was growing late. We went back to the main thoroughfares. The noise and din was still unbearable. The clang, crash, swish, and whirl of machines united in one great chorus.

Here was a city which was only an immense carnival, a city which science had built. It was very real. It was no fairyland. Everyone, as the man who ran the gigantic machines, who sold taffy candy, who pulled the jinrikishas was human Each one was fighting the winning or losing fight of life.

Slowly, we climbed the stairs to the station. Near the top, we turned to get our last glimpse of this strange city The scenic railways, the rolling bowls, racers and merry-go-rounds were in full swing, the flaring colors seemed to wave in the dusk. Then myraids of colored lights gleamed forth over this carnival city. A deep satisfaction filled my heart. I had seen Coney Island—in all its aspects!

—o—

The Voice of Perseverance

What mystical quality this
That bids my tired muscles cease not?
Aching ligaments, eyes that need the cool,
Refreshing draught of sleep
A brain that turmoil grips with
Burning fingers never losing hold.
Yet the voice within me
Crying "On"!
I can not quit amid the din
The hour is yet to come.
This transformed bit of nature's clay
Rebels
The task is nearly done.
Minutes drag from slow time's wavering scythe
Succor from the voice, firm tones
"On"!
The hour is soon to come.

GRACE ALEXANDER.

Under Fire

STORY

By Marie Reaves

THE room was smoke-laden and the air was heavy with liquor odors. This was what Slit called an ideal setting. "Gimme no more than that, with plenty of the old rum left and a jolly bunch at the table, with money stacked high and a game agoing. Then I'm happy."

But the bunch was not jolly for they felt that they had been cheated of their spoils. Three of them were mad, fighting mad. The other one sat sullen and with downcast eyes. He fully realized the situation. He knew that his life was in danger, because he had failed to do the bidding of the Blokes. The taunts and jeers hurled at him by the three older men failed to arouse him.

Slit, sitting opposite the sullen one, planked both elbows on the shiny, mahogany table, narrowed the thin slits which harbored cold, calculating eyes, twisted his thin, white lips into a sneer, and lowered his bushy black eyebrows "Hop!"

The downcast head was thrown back, and a pair of frank, blue eyes, gazed from a rather effeminate, regular featured, pale face, unflinchingly into the evil face before him. The other two men watched closely. Things had come to a show down.

"Huh!" Sneered Slit, "you're a pretty baby to be in this company of fine gentlemen." He nodded toward a neatly dressed grey haired man on his left, who had penetrating black eyes, a bristling grey mustache, and a huge wart on the side of his nose; then toward, a heavily built, rather baldheaded man on his right, whose beady eyes moved ceaslessly from one man to the other. "I can't see fer the iife of me" continued Slit "why we ever took you in and by gory, if it hadn't been that ye are Bill's son, and Bill told us to look after you afore he died we'd er" —His voice trailed off, leaving his threat vague. Presently he began again and his voice didn't seem so rasping. "We want to do right by Bill. He pulled us three lots. We'll let you go this time, but I want yer to know that we don't put up with no boneheads, babies, or saps in here! By the time that fair skin of yours gits tanned and scratched a mite, and then soft lips of yourn harden out in a straight line, and some o'that fine mass of yer curly hair gets pulled out, yer wont be such a disgrace to Bill. The idea of Bill's boy having red curly hair!"

Hoarse guffaws broke the tension. When the noise had subsided Slit continued, "Still that there chin o'yourn is set and determined like—like Bill's and them blue eyes won't hurt none after they get a spark'o' still in them. What in the land 'o' gotion Bill meant by letting you grow up like this, I don't know." His voice became coarser. "But," he warned, "we'll break you in or you'll get out! Don't you say so Sam?" Slit turned to the beady eyed one.

"Yes", he growled as he leaned heavily on the table and gazed at Hop with his beady, cruel eyes. "My man, we've told you how," he warned. "We meant fer you to bring back cash, cold cash." Instead you came a-snooping back like a soft hearted worm. Yer brought back nuthing!" His jaws snapped set "we don't usually tell folks but once!"

Hop stirred uneasily in his chair, "Alright Mcquire," what you got to say?" Slit turned to the man on his left. Mcquire, the oldest of the four, was always turned to for council. He looked like a president of a flourishing firm but was only a crafty adviser for the Blokes.

He leaned against the table, meditatively, then fixed his penetrating eyes on Hop and began again in a dignified, casual voice, the weary cross examining.

"Hop, you understood exactly what you were supposed to do?"

"Yes" sullenly.

"After you had won from your man, on number nine last night you were to get his check and go to the smoker. After about ten minutes, you were to come back and make like you had gotten sorry for beating him and were to tear up a check before him, the check being a duplicate and the point being to prevent him from giving the cashier instructions not to cash it, as soon as he got home. You understood that?" Hop nodded. "Why, exactly why, didn't you git the money now?"

"He said he was broke," Hop began sullenly, then began speaking rapidly as if anxious to have his say. "He told me how his little kid had been sick, and how his store hadn't been running good, how he was worried to death, and he looked it too! That he had played to take his mind off his troubles and had only gotten in deeper." Hop straightened, his chin became set, his frank eyes looked squarely into those before him. "I could a got it," he confessed, "If I had pushed him but no gentleman would a cornered a wreck like that, I-I let him off!" He broke of defiantly.

"We trims em close I tell yer," Sam started but Mcquire silenced him with his uplifted hand. His was the reasoning, cold, calculating mind which could size up a situation and then know how to best deal with it. He turned to Hop again.

"I see how you felt, Hop. I felt that way too at first," he lied easily. "Don't let it worry you, I got over it, you will too. But remember this, what the other fellow's

got, he most likely cheated from somebody else and its your unlimited privilege to get it from him, beings you know how to get away with it. These boys," he turned to Slit and Sam, "know their business. They trim their men and trim them close. 'while yer getting—get all!' is our motto, Hop, and we want you to remember it!"

Hop listened to this even voiced, kind faced man, and as he talked, the debate whether it was right or wrong to do as he was told was ended, and he decided that he would be doing right. Only then did he really become interested in these men and their plans. A desire came into his soul to make them proud that he was not a disgrace to his father, to show them that he was no boob, no baby, and that he had grit and courage enough to live down his training and become a full fledged member of the Blokes.

The three men with heads together had been talking, while Hop sat in this reverie. Finally the words "he's the very one for it" brought back his attention.

Mcquire again became the spokesman. "Hop, we're going to give you another chance." He spoke with decision. "We've got a little job to be done and we believe that you are the one for it. We have been looking about and investigating for a long time to find a suitable place but now, we have found it, and we are ready to carry through our scheme.

"I'm ready!" Hop said simply.

"That's the spirit, my boy," approved Sam. "I knew it was in him; even though he has been raised up by a blinking grandma in the country."

Hop's eyes blazed, his jaws snapped, and an awful red mounted to his temple. Even his very hair seemed to blaze. He rose from his seat, and, drawing back his fist, stood over Sam menacingly.

"You—you!" he blurted, "you don't speak of her like that! Or I'll souse you, you yellow cur! She was the sweetest, kindest little lady that ever breathed," his voice lowered, his hand fell, "would to God she were living now! Slit tell me what to do." Hop sank limply into his chair.

Mcquire registered another mental note. "All must be taboo on that subject," it read. "The boy must be treated with kindness until he gets hardened. Working in Slit's hangout hasn't accomplished what is had been hoped."

Aloud, he said, "Sam didn't mean anything, Hop," He glanced warningly at Sam. "He will never speak like that again. This will be all for tonight. Next week, we will explain our plans fully to you and you will begin work."

Two weeks later, old Fred Jones' little tin lizzie rattled merrily down a country road, kicking up its customary cloud of dust. Between the sputterings of the engine, old weather beaten, bronzed Fred, stared at his companion and talked affably. The meager replies didn't bother him.

After a fit of sputtering had died down, Fred turned to his companion again, "so you're going up to Mr. Carter's?" He didn't wait for an answer. "He's a mighty fine man—is Mr. Carter. And he has the best watermelons! Yes sir, and good old apple cider." He smacked his lips with anticipation. "Then that Mrs. Carter can certainly cook! Especially apple pies and tarts. Yes, I ate some at a picnic onst." The Ford lurched to one side of the road, but Fred took it to task. "Its a mighty nice place," he continued. "Its all pretty and white setting up amongst all those green trees and pretty flowers. And there's Miss Maria, you'll like Miss Maria. She's their daughter, you know and is around sixteen years. Every time I go down the road she waves big when she sees me." The car slowed down to go over a rickety country bridge.

"You're a parson, aren't you?" Fred asked, and when the companion nodded, he confessed proudly "I knew it cause your collar was turned backward!"

The occupant, a young man, rather pale, stared at the road ahead. Fred looked him over again. Under the edge of his wide, black hat, he saw curly auburn locks. His features were regular, his lips full, his chin firmly set. Once, when Fred got a glimpse of his eyes, he said to himself, "They've got a look 'o' meaning in 'em. He's what I call wholesome looking and clean. If he preaches any out here, I want to hear him."

"Well, if we ain't here!" he said out loud and the Ford bumped across a little ditch and ran up by a white fence which enclosed a rambling. two story house with green vines and blinds and a glowing flower garden.

The sputtering stopped. Fred crawled out over the door, but the young preacher remained motionless "We're here!" called Fred, as he hauled out the suit cases and the preacher pulled himself together and climbed down.

Fred's vigorous rap brought a young girl to the door, flushed and embarrassed, "Maria, this is Mister Harvey, the preacher, whut wrote to your Ma about coming out here to stay until he got to fellin' better."

Maria gazed at the preacher with her frank, brown eyes.

"B-but," she stammered, "I thought it was a preacher. I-I mean an old one."

"No, there ain't no mistake, Miss Maria. This is the one and I met him at the train in my bus. Tell your Ma he's out here."

Maria looked at the young man again, her gaze lingering on his curly hair especially. "Oh—yes", she managed to say, "Mother is out in the garden. She told me to show you to your room if you got here before she came back."

Mr. Harvey paid Fred and followed Maria into a wide hall, at the back of which was a wide stairsteps. It's that room at the head of the steps," she directed, pointing up the steps. "You can hang your hat here," she motioned to an old fashioned hatrack.

Mr. Harvey hung up his hat, ascended the stairs, op-

ened the screeching door at the head of the stairs and disappeared from sight.

Fred had waited until he heard the door closed. "He's all right, Miss Maria, a mighty nice young man, I calls him. Kind of quiet and sober though. By the way, is there any more of that cider left?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jones, but Father hasn't made any more, and the old is all gone."

Fred then bowed his way out and took his rattling bus off down the road.

Maria sank down on the porch steps and mused. She pulled her soft brown curls thoughtfully. "So this is the preacher! He's not much more than a boy, about twenty-three or four, I imagine. He is so romantic looking!

What will Mother and Father think of him and they had planned to get him to preach sometime. Some joke! she laughed softly to herself.

The days passed quickly for the preacher. He seemed to fit right into the family. Mrs. Carter looked after him in her motherly way, urging him to eat more and doing little kind deeds for him, as darning his coat when he snagged it one day. The night after he had come she confided to her husband, a brusque, businesslike man, as they were preparing to retire. "John I liked him from the very start. I'm so glad that we decided to take him. He looks just like he needs mothering, and I always did want a boy"—she turned and gazed wistfully out into the darkness. Mr. Carter grunted, as he labored to get a troublesome collar undone. "Yep, he seems to be alright. Kinder 'o' young to be a preacher, it seems. But I guess he knows his business. It won't hurt any to have him around for a while anyway."

The friendly atmosphere, the rich milk and appetizing food did much for the preacher. His face became fuller and ruddy, he laughed more often, showing his shining white teeth, and really came to enjoying this life. He helped Mr. Carter in the fields when the laborers were scarce, although they protested. Often in the late evening, he and Maria rode spirited horses over the large farm. Then, too he sat with Maria on the front seat of the Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Carter behind, when they went to the little church on the hill. But through all those golden days and hours a purpose, a plan was being fulfilled and he kept it always before him.

However, an unexpected event happened which caused him great anxiety. After supper on Sunday, they were all seated on the wide front porch when Deacon Potts drove his sorrel up into the yard. He called Mr. Harvey out to the buggy.

"Parson," he said, "we want you to preach fer us this next Sunday. Reverend Whittier won't be here and everybody said they'd like of hear the young preacher staying at the Carters."

Mr. Harvey protested. He said he didn't feel like it, that he was here on a rest. He explained that it would be impossible for him to preach, as he hadn't brought his sermons with him but to no avail. Deacon Potts drove off with the warning words, "No sir, we're expecting you to preach, and we're not a-going to git nobody else,—so load your gun, parson!"

Mr. Harvey excused himself and went at once to his room. Sitting down at the rickety little table, he hurriedly wrote a note. "Get me a sermon, quick!" it read. "These folks have got it into their heads to make me preach and I can't get out of it! Its just a week from today! Send something at once! ! It'll take me all week to learn it. This is really urgent! ! ! I'll be looking for it anxiously—be quick ! !" He had been generous with the exclamation marks, so deeply was his trouble. He locked himself in his room and paced the floor, his hands gripped tightly behind his back. "This is a pretty pickle," he muttered. "Me!—to preach! Land but they will call it a good joke!" He hit off viciously. After pacing the floor several times, he sat down on the bed and tried to calm himself. "Just when everything was going good," he thought. "Everything just ready to be pulled!" Then his face lit up. Why couldn't it be pulled before Sunday? They could! Yes—it could be done and its got to be done!" Hastily he tore up the first note and hurriedly scribbled a second one. The content was very different from the first. "All ready!" It read, "Come Friday." Then he became calmer. "They'd better come!" He murmured and mopped his forehead vigorously. "I've been here three weeks tomorrow and now everything is ready." He got up and strode over to the massive walnut bureau and looked at his mirrowed self. "Things have livened me up a bit" was his unspoken comment. He threw back his shoulders, "I'm not such a disgrace to Bill now. I'm a full fledged Bloke!" His chest expanded and he held his head high. Then he went over to the window and sat down on the sill. There was a lovely sunset spread in blazing colors across the sky. The cows mowed softly in the barn yard, and off in the distance dogs barked. After a little, he heard the string-st-ring from the cowshed and knew that the evening milking was being done. He feel into a reverie, "I'll pick at least one round thousand here," he thought, "and then they won't blame me so. They will not say I'm a baby or a saphead any more. Mr. and Mrs. Carter are fine people, but the soft and easy kind and will be easy to pull. I hate to but I haven't allowed myself to think about it for I'm going to! But then—there's Maria—Maria," his bossom heaved with a sigh. "I could love Maria—I do love her. She is the kind of girl that will stick to one through thick and thin. Her love would be worth the world!" Again he sighed, but this time he gritted his teeth and commanded himself. "Think of something more reasonable, my boy, she can never be won by you!" But he couldn't think of anything else for her soft voice drifted up to him with the

perfume of the garden. He knew that she was in the garden below, and that it was a popular love tune that she was humming, but he wouldn't allow himself to look down at her. Instead, he abruptly got up and slammed down the window." I mustn't do like this. I must make myself cruel! I must not weaken now. I have played my part, I deserve the reward and the thanks of the Blokes—and" shaking himself out of the reverie, "I mean to have it!"

Monday and the following days dragged by. They were very much like the other days he had spent there; nor were Mr. and Mrs. Carter or Maria different. If it could be, Mrs. Carter was kinder, Mr. Carter more interested and Maria, more adorable. It was the attitude of the preacher that made the difference in the length of the passing of the days. He responded irritably to the friendly acts and words. The thought "It will be over Friday!" corsed through his mind continually. He talked less and tried to be alone as much as possible.

At last Friday came in the form of a glorious warm day. The preacher had not slept well, his face seemed drawn a bit and his eyes strained, but his chin was even more set and determined. He seemed nervous and irritable all day. In the evening as they sat on the porch, the preacher's eyes watched the road through the dusk. And when two yellow disks appeared in the distance, he began to tremble slightly and did not take his eyes off of them. They grew bigger and bigger the dark outline of a car loomed up. As the car slowed down near the driveway, he held his breath. It bumped across the ditch and came straight toward the house. Dazed, he heard the screeching of brakes and a man's voice, a familiar voice, call out "Isn't there a parson here?" There was a stir on the porch. Mr. Carter came forward. "Sure is," he called back. "And he's a fine one too."

Mr. Harvey's heart sank, but he squared his shoulder and stepped down on the wide porch steps. "Right here," he managed to say fairly cheerfully, "Can I aid you, my friends?"

Mrs. Carter nudged her husband excitedly, "Reckon, what do they want?"

Then the voice came through the dusk again. "We're coming I've a service to ask of you." A man helped a stout woman from the car and they came through the gate and met the preacher on the gravel walk, near a huge, white rose bush. There was a hurried consultation. Then Mr. Harvey led the way up the steps. The lights from the hall fell on the stranger's face. The woman had a round full face, which a slanting brown hat partly hid. The man was a businesslike, grey haired individual, with a bristling grey mustache and a large wart on one side of his nose.

"This is Mr. and Mrs. Carter—Miss Huxley and Mr. Drake. And this is Miss Maria Carter." The grey haired man looked at her searchingly as they spoke. Mr. Harvey turned to Mr. and Mrs. Carter, "With your permission, this couple would like to be married here."

"Sure, sure!" Mr. Carter readily responded and led the way into the parlor, and lit the lights. "Come right into the parlor, he invited cordially."

Mr. Harvey looked at the license and got them to sign their names. Then he asked the couple to link arms and join hands. Mr. and Mrs. Carter stood near the fireplace, and Maria stood, excited, against the wall. A simple ceremony was performed, the couple answering "I do" at the proper time. Mr. Harvey's voice trembled slightly, but the service went off well. The ceremony over, the groom was heartily congratulated and the bride was given their best wishes. Mr. Harvey then went over to a rickety little table. The license sheet shook visibly in his hand. Mr. Carter," he said, " I will ask you to sign your name here as a witness."

"But—I thought—" began Mr. Carter and the preacher gulped. However, he crossed the room and wrote his name in his sprawling handwriting on the dotted line.

The couple began hurridly to make their exit as all newly weds will do. As Mr. Drake passed the preacher, he pressed a bill and a letter into his hand "Here's a letter for you," he muttered under his breath. "It's one your father wrote to you and has had a mighty hard time getting through to you."

Then they were gone.

Mr. Harvey begged to be excused and went to his room. He locked the door and leaned against it, holding the precious license in his hand. His breast heaved, his face was lit up with exultation. He had done it! Now they'd respect him. Now he had won his spurs! He was a fit son of Bill's at last! The gleam of triumph shown forth from his eyes. He crossed the room and lit the light, holding the valued license under it. He held up what seemed to be only a single sheet and began to work with the edges. He finally lifted one corner and then carefully separated the two sheets. He gasped joyfully at what he found between them. Unspeakable joy filled his heart. Before him, pasted on the inside sheet was a blank check with J. B. Carter written at the bottom in a sprawling hand. Now they could pull him and pull him hard! A round $1000 at least maybe they'd take more. He was elated, enthused. "I'm a true son of Bill's at last," he breathed joyfully. He sat down on the edge of the bed, taking in the significance of it all. He remained motionless for a long time. There he thought of the other letter that he had been given. He held it up and looked at it closely. It was a thumb marked, dirty letter on which was written. "To My Boy—Hop." Down in one corner was scribbled "Joe, get this to Mcquire. He will get it to Hop. I warn you!"

A message from a dead man! A message from his

father! He wondered what it could mean as he tore it open. A check fell out and a note. He grasped it and read, written in a sprawling handwriting "Hop—you don't know me—but I'm your father. I'm dying. I haven't done right by yer, my boy. I told Mcquire and the others to take you in with them but I've changed my mind, my boy, I reckon this pain or somethin' has made me do it. But Hop, don't go in with the bunch, don't be a robber, don't waste your life like I've done mine. Hop, be respectable, be decent, be manly, be anything except a drunkard and robber—be, be even a preacher! I'm putting in here all I've got to help you go straight. It's a $1000 and may not have been gotten honestly but it will do good now. Boy be a man—a real one! Old Bill."

Hop sat dazed. The words "Be a preacher" rang through his mind. His soul was stirred, his mind perplexed. All through the night he wrestled with the problem. Just after he had gotten a start with the Blokes and he was commanded to stop. His mind was tortured and his soul was troubled. He lay on his bed, wrestling it out. There seemed no way he wanted to go on, the Blokes would fix him. Then, what would the Carters think? Then there was the thousand dollars. Should he possess it as he had always hoped to do some day or should he give up his treasure to the Blokes to compensate them and start oft even with the world?

Toward morning, his mind became clearer, and he thought clearly and deeply. In his soul a purpose was being formed. He dropped to his knees and sobs racked his body. "I've played with you, God—I've profaned your holy marriage. I'm a sinner, God, show me the way!"

The dawn found him still on his knees, his soul quiet and his mind at rest. He rose from his cramped position and went to the table. He picked up the blank check and tore it into pieces. Then he took his clothes from the closet and drawers and began to pack his suit cases. At seven thirty, he met the Carters in the dining room, white faced, calm. He faced them and spoke slowly but with decision.

"I've enjoyed my stay here very much. You have been very kind to me. I have been much benefited not only in body, but in soul. I am not worthy of this kindness, this hospitality." He halted and cleared his voice. "It has become necessary for me to leave at once. I cannot explain it to you now. But if you have found me worthy, have faith in me. I will explain all to you some day. I know you will understand. I will come back and if you think me worthy of the honor, I will preach for you." His face glowed with a strange light, "Yes I will preach for you," he repeated. He looked them squarely in the eye then turned to Maria and gazed into her eyes. His purpose was strenghtened by what he read in them. "Yes" —he said softly "I know—that I will come back!"

———o———

Pansy Folk

Like myriads of baby faces,
Tender, soft and pure
They rest on the earth's warm bosom—
The sun by day a guardian
Encouraging life and beauty
Each evening a pale moon beckons
For a smile from
The Pansy Folk.

Wee smiling faces,
Innocent, shy or pure
Each a different expression
Yet each a baby smile
To awaken maternal love
And tug at the heart of the passer by—
These are
The Pansy Folk.

Our God in the Heavens
Bends low his face to the earth
To whisper a message to His universe.
Tenderness humility
Kidness, love, and beauty
All this God's message
He speaks through the faces of
The Pansy Folk.

—Eula Burns.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The Four Roads---Which?

MOTION is characteristic of life; and in the current of life people are always moving—moving Each person chooses the way he wishes to move and it is the road he travels which makes or mars his life for "the great thing in the world is not so much where we stand, as in the direction we are moving." Many people choose the wrong way; they follow false gods, shop only by price, overlooking the real bargains and realize too late that the best and most successful life is obtained as Dr. Henry Van Dyke so well words it, "Not by the low road of cowardly surrender; not by the crooked road of compromise and falsehood; not by the soft road of ease and self indulgence, but by the straight road of faith and courage and self-sacrifice—the King's Highway!"

College life? What does the life called college life mean to a girl? Dr. Le Baron Russell Briggs in his essay *To College Girls* says that the object of college life is to strengthen a girls intellect and character; the strength is the result of living rightly. If a girl does live rightly in college, "she will find there enough learning to make her humble, enough friendships to make her heart large and warm, enough culture to teach her the refinement of simplicity, enough wisdom to keep her sweet in poverty and temperate in wealth. There she will learn to see great and small in their true education, to look at both sides of a question, to respect the point of view of every honest man or woman and to recognize the point of view that differs most widely from her own."

College gives to each girl the opportunity to show the stuff of which she is made; should she not then carefully choose the road which she will travel for the four years in college?

Some girls come to college from High Schools where their records were spotless; their marks were excellent, and their leadership accepted, but on entering college they find everything so different. Adapting themselves t college life is not as easy as they had expected, and they realize that to succeed they must make a steady struggle. And what is the result? They lose interest in college activities, they soon drop out, they are not "good sports"—their low road of surrender could take them only a short distance.

"The crooked road of compromise and falsehood" will attract some girls no doubt. Those who follow this road soon learn to copy other girl's notebooks and if needs be "slip" valuable notes just before examination. "Pass your work by the honest effort of someone else" is the slogan of these travelers. An attractive road no doubt, but who wishes to live a falsehood?

To some girls college is a merry lark; not a place to worry away their happiest years by hard study and obeying rules. College gives them an opportunity to wear noticeable clothes and to "vamp" the men of the town. More important to them is the grin of a tea-hound than a passing mark on a test, and they consider it their special privilege to giggle and scream (especially in public) and to be dare-devils like the flappers in the movies. They cause the college authorities trouble; they spend money lavishly and are a disappointment to their parents as they flit away their time on "the road of ease and self-indulgence." Is such a road to be desired and followed—are its travelers real college girls? Dr. Briggs says that the true college woman is a woman through and through—not an alluring time-killer who appeals to the basest and at her best to the most frivolous instincts of man. This road of "ease and self-indulgence" is glittering and bright but destructive, and often discontents the girls who try to go through college by the straight road of "faith and courage and self-sacrifice."

Girls of this last type come to college to develop themselves mentally, morally, and physically, and are willing to pay the price. They have faith in the experienced minds of the authorities and instructors and respect their judgments. These girls have courage—the spirit to fight on. They do not blame the instructor or the world when they fail on their work, but have courage to look into their innerselves, find the trouble, admit it, try again, and finally experience the joy of overcoming difficulties.

Also these girls give of themselves. By self-sacrifice they always find time for the various student activities—the Y. W. C. A. the Literary Societies, or the different college clubs. They have no regrets when they deny themselves movies, receptions, or idle strolls, for there is self-sacrifice in the straight road of success—strength in character and intellect is the result—the "King's Highway!"

Women in Politics

THE National Democratic Convention in New York afforded a splendid opportunity for the person who wishes to study women in politics. A recent newspaper article calls attention to the fact that at the convention all types were to be seen; the flapper, the recent college graduate, the club woman, the house wife, the farm woman, the city woman, the mother, the grandmother and the business woman. Very few of the women spoke at the convention, but practically all who did made a favorable impression. Mrs. LeRoy Springs, National Committee woman and Delegate-at-large from South Carolina, was a prominent figure at the convention. She received eighteen votes for the vice-presidential nomination, which indicates a growing interest among politicians in women as candidates for important offices.

Another woman has been in the public's eye of late on account of her activity in the political world. Mrs. M. A. Ferguson will soon step into the governor's chair in the Lone Star State. Mrs. Ferguson, according to those who know her in her home, is an excellent home maker and mother, yet she is enthusiastic over the new work which is to fall upon her shoulders. She says that the responsibility is great, but she intends to meet it squarely and she has no fear of the size of her task. When asked whether or not she would turn to her husband for help, she replied, "Of course, I shall consult my husband and I shall also consult some of the other able men who have so loyally supported me in my battle for nomination."

Mrs. Ferguson, along with a great many other women, does not see why a woman may not fill the presidential chair at no distant date. She says, "The day is not far distant when America may see a woman president just as Texas will have a woman governor. It is my belief that a woman could be elected president, not only because of her sex, but also because she would stand for some great principle, possibly peace."

Are women "all nerves" as some psychologists are insisting today? Or can they stand the strain of important public office? "Ma Ferguson" says she is not afraid of her job and fully expects to succeed—Perhaps what women can accomplish in high office yet remains to be seen.

A recent summary in the Woman's Citizen records eighty-four women legislators in thirty states elected in 1922, five being in the upper house. Two women have seats in the House of Representatives at Washington.

One thing certainly women have to learn about politics, as yet. They have not yet worked themselves into the inner circles of party machinery when their influence may be a factor in actually shaping political issues and determining the direction of political development. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is quoted recently as saying:

"There is no doubt that women today are a notable political factor; but whereas statistics show that they a surprisingly large number of minor political offices, they are not yet on the 'inside' of politics. They are not consulted in the making of platforms and the dictating of party politics. Their progress is largely due to courtesy and an application of their capacity for ornamentation.

"The immediate problem is for men and women to learn to work together, to trust each other, and to take the best from their respective points of view, when the time comes that men and women have learned this and some woman steps forward as the real leader of her party, a moral leader holding aloft the standard of some great cause which she will defend loyally and work for zealously, then men and women will vote for her irrespective of sex."

Are women making the most of their place in politics? From the statement above it appears that they are not. The present generation of voters have not been trained to take the lead in politics. It is up to those who will be the next to vote to study the "world of politics" so as to become the best politicians, the best voters, the best office holders (who knows but that some day one of their number may be in the presidential chair!) and the best citizen possible. The women may change this old world yet!

JOKE DEPARTMENT

CHUCKLE! CHUCKLE!

Yes, Sir!

How do you make your fortune, sir.
A druggist was asked one day—
By selling drugs, cigars, ice-cream
Or is it some other way?

O, yes I sell those things, of course
The druggist soon replied
But the face of woman is my fortune, sir
(And lo, he had not lied!)

* * * *

Professor: (Shaking little boy) "I believe Satan has hold of you!"

Little Boy: "I think so too."

* * * *

Speaker (in the college chapel): "I am happy to see all these shining faces before me this morning, girls."

(Sudden application of several hundred powder puffs.)

* * * *

Suitor: "So Mary is your oldest sister; who comes after her?"

Kid Brother: "Nobody yet, but pa says the first one that comes after her can have her."

* * * *

Professor: "If I were to cut a steak in half and then cut the halves in half, what would I have?"

Freshman: "Fourths."

Professor: "And then cut the fourths in half?"

Freshman: "Eights."

Professor: "And then?"

Freshman: "Sixteenths."

Professor: "And then?"

Freshman: "Thirty seconds."

Professor: "And then?"

Freshman (disgusted): "Hash!"

* * * *

Miss Jones: "According to Milton's idea of the universe, where is hell, Jane?"

Jane (awakening suddenly at the sound of her name): "Here, ma'am." —The Oriole.

* * * *

Her head was resting on the back of the chair. The dark lashes which fringed her violet eyes, were wet with tears. He leaned over her. He placed one hand on her smooth white forehead. He caught hold of her chin with the other. She struggled frantically, desperately, to free herself, but his overpowering strength held her still. At last, a short quick struggle—and, "I thought that tooth was never coming out," said the dentist to the child.

* * * *

BORROWED LAUGHS

Sweet young thing: "Were you ever pinched for going fast?"

He: "No, but I've been slapped."

—The Nautilus.

* * * *

"I'm going to call my baby Charles," said the author, "after Charles Lamb, you know. My son is such a dear little lamb."

"Oh, I'd call him William Dean," said his friend—"he Howells so much."

* * * *

A LEGEND

Two old maids
Went for
A tramp in the woods
The tramp
Died.

—The Chronicle.

* * * *

Professor: "Give me a sentence with 'detest' and 'deduce' in it."

Bright Boy: "I flunked de test and Dad gave me de duce." —The Nautilus.

* * * *

A soft light falls
On tinted walls;
Incense is in the air
The music thrills
And jazz then fills
The building everywhere.
I sit with him
Where all is dim
Far from the merry dance
I watch his face
And easy grace
And listen—in a trance.
Altho I know
That he will go
And so the somethings o'er
To the other girls
With bobbing curls
I fall for him the more
Gee! That's what makes me sore.

—Yale Record.

Patronize Those Who Patronize Us

BAKERIES:

Federal.

CANDY:

Savoy.

COLLEGES:

G. W. C.

Furman.

CAFETERIES:

S. & W.

Sam's Lunch Room.

DEPARTMENT STORES:

Breazeale's Fashion Salon.

Cabaniss-Gardner.

Ceely's Fashion Shoppe.

Efird's.

Meyers-Arnold.

Stradley's

Vogue.

Yeager's Quality Shop.

DRUG STORES:

Armstrong's Pharmacy.

Reynolds and Earle.

Doster Bros. Drug Co.

ENGRAVERS:

Peace Printing Co.

FURNITURE STORES:

Jones Furniture Co.

GRILL:

Bryan-Boyett.

JEWELERS:

Hale's.

Vaughan.

LAUNDRIES:

Greenville Steam Laundry.

MUSIC HOUSES:

Leagues.

Marchants.

MEN'S READY TO WEAR:

Stewart & Merritt.

J. O. Jones.

MILLINERY:

Five Dollar Hat Shop.

NEWSPAPERS:

Greenville Daily News.

PRINTERS:

Peace Printing Co.

SHOE STORES:

Ashmore-McDavid.

Broadway Shoe Store.

Patton-Tillman & Bruce.

Piedmont Shoe Co.

"Let him, who serves you best, serve you most."
—BEN FRANKLIN, PRINTER

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