



## SHADOWS IN DREAMS

By EVAH MCKOWAN

Illustration by  
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As the city clock struck the hour of five on a late spring afternoon, Jerusha Abbott pushed back the papers on her desk, rose, and opened the office window.

The air that was warm, yet cool, played with her hair and soothed her temples. Idly she watched the traffic below while her stenographer finished and put away the day's work, and her secretary arranged the work to be first attacked in the morning.

When the two had departed, together with the draughtsmen and clerks from the outer office, Jerusha came back to her desk. Outside, the spring called to her. Inside, a mountain of work was calling quite as insistently. The heating plant in the new public library was not working satisfactorily and demanded her immediate attention. The excavation for the Children's Hospital was costing double the amount she had anticipated. Finally, but foremost in her thoughts, the City Fathers had returned her design for the new gateway into the Natural Park; had returned her dignified Ionic design in gray granite, and asked for something to cost less, preferably of cobblestones.

"Cobblestones!" she said aloud. "I'll have to see Masters. I'll take this home and make a design in cobblestones to show him the difference."

She took down the coat of her man-tailored suit, put on her plain but expensive hat and gloves, and emerged into the slanting yellow-gold of the sunlight. Just around the corner her machine was drawn up at the curb—a long, low, imported racing car with untold reserve power, that was, someway, typical of its owner.

As the car wound its way among the congested five-o'clock traffic, she was aware that both she and it were the cynosure of many eyes; aware that townspeople, who had strangers with them, pointed her out.

"That's Jerry Abbott, our rising architect. She has the city council eating out of her hand. They build what she tells them, when she tells them, where she tells them, how she tells them. Don't know how she does it, but she is force personified. Yes, a great car. Cost her five thousand dollars."

To Jerusha, threading her way adroitly, the homage of the multitude was merely a natural phase of her success; merely the earned increment of years of almost dynamic work and ambition.

As she passed the Polson building she was hailed by a well-dressed man emerging from the doorway. She swung her car to the curb, a little surprised.

"Good afternoon, Grant," she said, opening the door for him to enter.

"No thanks, I'll walk for the exercise. But I wanted to ask you to drive with Richard III. and me on Saturday. Can you get off? I've something I want particularly to show you."

"Saturday? Oh, no, I couldn't. Not this week."

"I thought you took Saturday afternoon off."

"I do, officially. But I'm always too busy to plan anything. I could go Sunday, I suppose."

"Sunday, then. Only Saturday always seems more like a holiday; more like truant pleasures."

"Shan't we take the car? I haven't been out to really let it go this year."

"No. We'll drive Richard III. A horse is the only thing for this errand. At ten, then, Sunday morning."

Pursuing her way, Jerusha wondered much at the strangeness of Grant Wetherel's request. He was the only other architect in the young city of Waterford, and of late Jerusha had felt a certain shyness about meeting him,

knowing, as she did, that she had encroached greatly into what had once been his territory. She knew the feeling was foolish, for he, man-like, was always affable and easy in her presence, but she simply could not help it.

And his errand—what could he want to show her? Did he want to ask her advice about something? But no, his pride would forbid that.

In her exquisitely furnished apartment, she ate a solitary and expensive dinner, served by a solitary and expensive French maid. And all through the meal and her mail and evening paper, curiosity as to the purpose of Sunday's excursion persisted, to be finally crowded out by the matter of the cobblestone gateway.

A brilliant sun shone in a sapphire sky when, on Sunday morning, Richard III. mounted the crest of the long hill leading from Waterford, and, with neck arched as though proud of his task, sped down the road, beating the turf with flying feet.

The two, in the comfortable seat of the trap, settled in deep contentment. The earthy smell of growing things came from the greening fields, mixed at times with the breath of the haws and briars in the fences.

"Penny for your thoughts," she said at length.

He turned and looked at her, and she noticed how steel-blue and straight were his eyes.

"I was wondering what the spring—all this riot of colour and fragrance and song means to you."

"The spring?" she repeated, putting up feminine defences. "For several years it has only meant more buildings and harder work."

HE took her cue. In the silence that followed, she reflected how conversationally safe one always was with Grant.

"I see you're resigning from the school board," he ventured at length.

"Yes. Why?"

He only smiled, and she asked again.

"What do you read in that?"

"Oh, I imagine it must be a new school somewhere. Probably the high school; it's the worst. Am I right?"

"Yes, they're going to put in a new collegiate. I have more than I can do now, but I simply could not sit by and see some firm who have always built cut-and-dried red brick atrocities come in here and inflict that style on us."

He smiled again; "Yes, that would be terrible."

She turned to him impulsively.

"Grant, don't you get it—my dream? A little city

nestling among its hills and built of the gray granite quarried from them; shaded with its native trees and paved with its own cement: with all public buildings in harmony, both in design and material, and no false notes anywhere. We've caught it young; why may it not be one of the most beautiful cities in the country, or even in the world?"

"Still," he answered, "while false notes are not desirable, a minor chord here and there but accentuates the beauty of the harmony. And there is such a thing as deadly monotony."

"Nonsense," she said, crisply. "You have been in old Quebec villages, or little towns in England and Normandy. There was monotony, as you call it, in those places. That is, they were all of one material and practically one design. Yet the effect was distinctive and restful. That is what I am after, a town designed with distinction. We have all the materials within our gates. I wonder you didn't get it going before I did."

He shook his head.

"Not I. I'm an individualist. I don't try to iron out an Alberta farmer to fit an apartment, or put a clergyman into a flippant summer cottage. For a lion, I would design a jungle, not a cage. I'm not even ashamed of that big pile I did for the Gregsons on the North Hill Road. It's fitting. They wanted something to shout, 'We have more money than any one else.' It shouts all right, and every one's expectations are fulfilled."

JERUSHA reflected that all the people she knew who lived in Grant's houses were rapturous over the just-what-we-wanted-ness of them.

"I call monotony the crowning sin," he went on. "Every time I drive by the cement village out south, that you designed for Garford, I think of that. Everything is orderly and convenient to the n'th degree, but all individuality is stamped out. The English couple, who love to putter around a rose garden, live in a house of the same size and design as the Dutch neighbour next door who has ten children, each of whom has a different animal pet. I keep saying Smith lives here, and Smith lives here, and Smith lives here, all down the street. The one is as sensible as the other."

Jerusha sat very still with her hands clasped tight. Grant Wetherel was the first man in Waterford to criticise her work directly to her. She flashed him a look from her strong, deep, brown eyes.

"No," he said, answering her thought, "I'm not jealous. The only one I envy is the man who owns a beautiful piece of God's earth somewhere, who has his health and the job he was made for, and a wife and children to work for. He is the only successful man. City success, so-called, does not appeal to me."

She was watching him intently.

"Do you know, you were really made for a poet," she told him.

"Even so," he answered, "I think my work can stand all the poetry I can put into it. We don't agree on that; but I certainly did not bring you out to-day to quarrel about it."

"I know," she said. "When is my devouring curiosity to be satisfied?"

For answer he turned in at a gateway with stone pillars, on each side of which were regal Lombardy poplars, and passing her the reins he opened the gate; then, as they drove up the curved, grass-grown gravel drive, her eyes grew wide with delight. The house of blue stone was almost hidden by huge, old trees; the walks were flaggings of the same stone (Continued on page 30)