

# ...Traveling In Bohemia...

"A poet?" said Bobby in tones of deep disgust. "Really, Nancy, I think you might draw the line somewhere."

"Speaking of lines," Nancy went on cheerfully, "there was also an artist."

"Good Lord!" groaned Bobby.

"Incidentally, there was a sculptor and a man who wrote problem stories."

"And I've been abroad only two months."

"It was your going abroad that did it, Bobby. It awakened a longing for travel. I couldn't go to Europe. We were too poor even to go into the country. That Wall street fracas complicated our summer plans dreadfully. I said to myself, 'I really must travel, but it must be a journey without money and without price.' Then I shut myself in my room and concentrated my mind upon a purple iris in a glass vase. (By the way, Bobby, there has also been a yogi, but that's quite another story.) Did you ever concentrate your mind on a purple iris in a glass vase?"

Bobby shook his head emphatically.

"Well, of course, I really ought to choose something yellow, but I prefer purple. I get just as many ideas when I meditate upon purple, and the ideas are much livelier. After I had put in about fifteen minutes on the iris, I said, 'Go to. I will travel in Bohemia.' I got my tickets from Mrs. Wallace. I was to be personally conducted. When Mrs. Wallace couldn't do the conducting, she was to provide a substitute; but I didn't bother her much about substitutes. I furnished them myself. Do you know Mrs. Wallace?"

Bobby didn't.

"What does Wallace do?" he asked.

"He stays at home."

"What does Mrs. Wallace do?"

"She travels in Bohemia."

Bobby sat up very straight.

"Now, Nancy, see here."

"But she's all right, Bobby. She was a Schuyler, but she has a taste for bear leading. She doesn't have to live in Bohemia, but she worships at the shrine of genius. She has at least one rabid enthusiasm each fortnight."

"You seem to have hit her pace," said Bobby rather grimly.

"Exactly, only I doubled up. Sometimes I drove my enthusiasm tandem. You see my time was short."

"Why?"

Nancy blushed, and when Nancy blushes, she is adorable. Then she looked embarrassed. Bobby knows she never is embarrassed, but he always finds the exhibition entertaining.

"Well, I knew that after August I couldn't be happy outside the Philistine camp," the young woman said vaguely.

Bobby returned the last day of August.

"It was too transparent. He laughed, so did Nancy."

"Tell me all about it," he said, taking out his cigar case. Bobby always smokes cigars, and good ones. Even the most casual observer would never expect him to be guilty of a cigarette.

Nancy put an ash-tray at his elbow, and offered him a sofa cushion.

"It will probably make you very tired," she said sweetly, and he took the cushion.

"Mrs. Wallace gave a dinner," Nancy began.

"A good dinner?"

"Yes."

"That's not Bohemia."

"No; but it introduced me to Bohemians. They did the rest. I've been where verses and hair and vin ordinaire flowed like water, Bobby, but that came later. Mrs. Wallace's wines are distinctly Philistine."

"Where was Wallace?"

"He had an important business engagement at his club."

"My heart warms toward Wallace," murmured the man who came often.

"I went out to dinner with Mrs. Wallace's latest enthusiasm. Wasn't that noble of her, Bobby? He's a poet, and she had told me that he was the most fascinating being she had ever known. She said he was like the angel Israfil, whose heart-strings were a lute."

"I'll bet you made the lute play ragtime," said Bobby.

"Not at all. You evidently don't know Bohemia. There aren't any Commandments in Bohemia. There is only one, but that one is, 'Thou shalt not drop thy pose.' It's fairly inspiring, Bobby, to see how devoutly they follow that one law. Israfil might covet his neighbor's wife and run amuck through the Decalogue, but never a word would he play rag-time. It's this way. Everybody in Bohemia falls in love early and often, but no good Bohemian ever forgets himself in loving. An

egoist rampant on a field purple. There you have Bohemia's coat of arms."

"But he did tune his lute to sing thy praise," urged Bobby.

Nancy smiled.

"He wrote twenty-six sonnets to me."

"Suffering Moses!"

"I've never been called out of my name as I was in those sonnets, Bobby. My worst enemy wouldn't have recognized me. Now, Bobby, tell me seriously. Do you think I have a sinuous, serpentine smile?"

Bobby grinned.

"And would you like to be a pomegranate flower and a marble sphinx and an old-world melody, all in fourteen lines?"

"Well, it's a good thing to hurry through a stunt like that," suggested Bobby consolingly.

"He found out before we were half through the soup that my nearness troubled him strangely. He asked if I ever felt a haunting premonition of approaching pain. I told him I seldom felt that until after the salad. Then we talked about the Gospel of Pain. Don't ask me what it is, Bobby. I don't know, but it's very beautiful. I almost wept over it during the entree."

"We had Maeterlinck with the salad. No; it isn't a cheese. It's a man who writes prose that makes one yearn, and plays that makes one squirm. Either process is a delirium of exquisite pain. The poet said so. Would you rather yearn or squirm, if you had your choice, Bobby?"

"I don't think I've ever squirmed, and we don't yearn in Philistia. We just want things."

For no apparent reason Nancy blushed. Then she returned hastily to her pot.

"We reached Swinburne by dessert time. You see the agony of protest ended with Maeterlinck, and salad. With the nesselrode and Swinburne we resigned ourselves to indigestion, physical and moral. On the whole, I think I liked it better. It's more restful. Still I didn't like sanguine grapes of sorrow, and purple blood of pain, and dead sheaves, and ruined fruit, and all that sort of thing with nesselrode. It seemed so messy. I bore up for a while, and then I asked him if he hadn't a nice clean little Felicia Hemans bit of verse, by way of cordial."

"He wasn't offended. He smiled a beautiful, wistful, far-off smile, and said that a star-eyed, dewy-souled child like me, could not be expected to find in her heart an echo to the sob of world agony."

"It made me feel very young, Bobby. He looked at me across a great gulf of years and experience, and yearned for the snows of yesterday. Anybody could see him yearn. There was no mistaking the fact that, personally, he had been steeped in sobbing agony. It was very impressive. It was calculated to make any girl long to be a healing spirit. I quite understood why women called him fascinating."

"Bobby, why do women find an unsavory masculine record interesting?"

"They don't," said the man who came often. "At least good women don't. It is the hurt of the record that interests them, the possibility of healing. It is romantic, foolish. Men trade on the folly. But when good women stop yearning over worthless men, God help the world!"

Then Nancy put out a slim little hand and patted his pillow. There were times when she was distinctly fond of Bobby. He apparently did not notice the friendly hand. He had learned to know Nancy.

"And with the coffee?" he asked.

"We had coffee in the drawing-room. The artist was served with it. He wasn't really as beautiful as the poet, but then he is very young. He is a symbolist. No; I don't know what it is. That's just it. If any one knew what it is, it wouldn't be. The ineffably subtle is what my artist is after. He told me so at once, so that I wouldn't nurse any vain hope of satisfying his quest. But then, a little later, he decided that my smile had the subtlety of a Da Vinci smile. That's because it is sinuously serpentine, I suppose. I'm going to suppress that smile, Bobby. I don't believe it is fit for publication."

The smile was rioting over the piquant face—gay, wholesome, infectious smile. Bobby watched it with indications of approval.

"A smile is in the eyes of the observer," he remarked sentimentally.

"Don't rob the general public because a few Bohemians have astigmatism."

"It was the next night after that dinner that I really set sail for Bohemia," Nancy went on. "Mrs. Wal-

lace went with me. The man who writes problem novels took us."

"Was he beautiful, too?" Bobby inquired, with fine scorn in his tone.

"Bobby, he was lovely. He looked like a cross between an oatmeal advertisement and a spanked cherub. You never saw anything so round and prosy and innocuous and serious. Psychological! Why, my yogi wasn't a circumstance to him. Anything one says sets him off, and if one keeps still, the silence sets him off. He says silence is so full of question that it drives him mad—that he can endure very little of it at a time. And he looks like a mild, benignant full moon when he says it."

"We went to a table d'hote place way uptown. It is the last refuge of the chosen few, the last stronghold of Bohemia. The artist begged me, with tears in his eyes, not to tell anybody about it."

"As soon as it is known," he said, "the crowd will rush in and spoil it, as they have spoiled your other haunts."

"Isn't it pathetic, Bobby, to be so great that the vulgar horde follows one and hangs upon one's words and gestures? There's something positively epic about that retreat of the Bohemians. It reminds me of all sorts of things in history, only I can't think what they are. Driven back from one rocky fastness to another."

"Rocky they are," agreed Bobby.

"Don't interrupt me when I am seeing noble visions, Bobby. Making one stand after another, only to be pursued and routed. Why, it's like Homer; or Roland, or the Boer war, or the Tenderloin."

"I suggested to the artist that he ought to make a picture of the devoted hand planting their standard on the Harlem height—sort of a Custer's Last Rally group, you know. He didn't think it would be symbolic. He was afraid it would tell a story, and no one who paints a picture that tells a story can be saved."

"It's a very nice little place, this refuge of the elect. There's a garden and a long grape arbor and a delightful French patron. He would make an excellent Bloomingdale warden. He believes in humoring them, ces gens la. He told me so. He confided in me. It was my hopeless Philistinism that moved him to it, I suppose. He said he had already known cette espece in the Quartier Latin, so he understood them."

"His sont des braves garcons, mademoiselle, mais un peu—vous savez, un peu—"

"I savoyed."

"C'est toujours comme ca avec les vers et les tableaux. Ils rendent un peu drole. Mais avec de coeur! Mais oui, mademoiselle. Ah, si on pouvait acheter des poulets avec de coeur!"

"It would be jolly, wouldn't it, Bobby, if one could buy chickens with good-will in any of the world's markets?"

"It has been done," said Bobby.

"Oh, no, it hasn't. Some men think they are doing it, but they always pay in something else, sooner or later—pay to the last farthing."

"How many were eating the chickens on this particular night?"

"About fifteen, I fancy—mostly men. I met them all. It was quite a little family—sort of a mutual relief association. Everybody was allowed to talk about himself for a certain length of time, provided he'd give the other man a chance to talk about himself for the same length of time. Reciprocity is a great thing, Bobby. I've never seen men and women so frankly and absorbingly interested in themselves as those Bohemians. It's delightful to see such simplicity of motive. I should think Bohemia wouldn't be complex enough for the problem novelist, but I suppose he goes, not for copy, but for a chance to talk about his copy."

"We seem to have lost the poet," prompted the man who came often.

"Oh, no, we haven't. He was in a corner alone, his eye in fine frenzy rolling—toward me. He wrote the sonnet on the back of an envelope (addressed to him in a feminine hand), and sent it over to me. It was my second that day. He sat up late the night before to write the first one. This second one was most depressing. It seemed there wasn't even a faint auroral gleam of sympathy about me. I smiled on all. I was la belle dame sans merci, and he suffered—crucely."

so well that he has been forgiven for the blunders of the war office in the early stages of the South African war, when he was at the head of the war department.

The Marchioness of Lansdowne is one of the most exclusive hostesses in London, with all the prejudices of the ancient nobility to which her lineage as the daughter and granddaughter of a duke entitle her, and many a titled personage, who would have no difficulty in gaining admission to a royal drawing room at Buckingham palace, has never had the chance of stepping across the marchioness' threshold. A state carriage, similar to that used by royalty, carries this great lady to such fashionable entertainments as she honors with her presence, and three powdered fannies stand up behind, wearing the most gorgeous of livery. Lansdowne house, which stands in Belgrave square, is one of the show residences in the metropolis, boasting one of the choicest private picture galleries in Europe and the finest private collection of ancient sculptures outside of Rome.

It would be rather a notable instance of the ups and downs of political life if Lord Lansdowne, who, barely two years ago, was the most unpopular high official in England, should become prime minister. Lord Salisbury is well known to have been waiting only for the end of the war in order to give up statecraft in favor of chemistry—his hobby. It is generally understood that he will resign almost immediately, and it is even said the government will declare a general election, the expectation being that, having brought the war to a successful end, the Conservatives will be returned stronger than ever.

**Receiver Appointed**  
Chicago, July 5.—Upon allegations of dishonest and corrupt methods of management, by which the directors of the Model Gold Mining Company, an Arizona corporation, are charged, have made fortunes at the expense of the stockholders. Joseph H. Marshall has secured from Judge Tuttle the appointment of a receiver, K. H. Thatcher, who is now in charge of the company's affairs. The amount involved in the case may run up to \$1,000,000, and hundreds of residents of Chicago and vicinity, including policemen and persons of Catholic connections, are said to have been victimized. Frank Jager is alleged to have been the manipulator of the affairs of the corporation.

**Proves a Bonanza.**  
North Yakima, July 5.—Assays from the Elizabeth mine, in the Gold Hill district, show \$335 in gold, \$12 in silver and \$1.68 in copper. The price of stock has advanced from 10 cents to \$1 per share and none is offered at this sum. The mine is known as the old W. W. Fife claim, in the Summit mining district, on the border life between Yakima and Pierce counties. It has been opened by the Elizabeth Mining Company, with headquarters in this city. A shaft has been sunk to the depth of 200 feet which exposes a vein of ore

forty-two inches wide. Specimens of the ore were sent to assayers in Seattle with the result that the property shows a bonanza. Other assays are being made at Tacoma to ascertain whether the Seattle mine had made a mistake or not. If the Tacoma results are the same, there will be a great rush to the Gold Hill district at once.

—T—E—  
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