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STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

From the Photograph by  
Edith S. Watson



*THE*

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## INDIANS AND INDIAN AFFAIRS IN CANADA

BY R. E. GOSNELL

I.—THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF THREE ARTICLES



THE committee which sat during the late session of Parliament at Ottawa investigating Indian affairs heard a good deal of evidence and discussed many matters of current and historical interest. The Indians of British Columbia and the Six Nations tribes, more particularly, have for some time been showing symptoms of unrest in respect of supposed grievances, and the Committee in question was appointed at the instance of Hon. Mr. Meighen, at that time Superintendent of Indian Affairs, so that the entire scope of the management of these affairs might be brought under review and that the Department might to some extent at least be relieved of the responsibility of policies of direction and control, in other words, that onus and responsibility might be divided with Parliament. Many representative Indians made

statements and they were also represented by counsel and others.

When I referred to the "unrest" among the Indians it must not be understood to convey the idea of its usual significance in that connection as applied to native tribes, say, of India, or Africa or even in Canada as exhibited in the Northwest at the time of the Riel rebellion, an unrest which usually precedes an uprising. Our Indians are not in the slightest degree in a rebellious mood, and not one of them has a thought of going on the warpath. Two or three of the tribes of Northern British Columbia have been in a surly mood, but, of course, they realize that any demonstration of force would be a futile and dangerous course to pursue. The policy of the Canadian Government towards the Indians since assuming their guardianship in 1860 has followed the well-known traditions of the Home authorities, one of tender solici-

tude in respect of their welfare and of preserving absolute good faith with them. The loyalty of the Indians to Canada and Great Britain was best attested by their conduct in the late war, when, exempted as they are from military service, large numbers enlisted and fought nobly at the Front. In one instance, at least, all the males of military age joined up, leaving only old men, women and children on the reservation. Moreover, after all, the unrest is confined to comparatively few tribes, and has taken rather the form of constitutional agitation than any form of menace. When the Indians of the Northwest took up arms during the Riel rebellion of 1885, it was not the result of any grievances on their part. It was because they were misled by Riel and his associates, and also because in some measure the fighting blood of ancestors, near and remote, was still in their veins and the warwhoop was still a familiar and welcome sound to their ears. In a somewhat similar sense the unrest of to-day as to supposed rights to which they think themselves deprived, has been fostered by certain persons, who, if not to be termed agitators are not wholly disinterested in creating grievances for them. I have in mind the ancient Society for the Protection of the Aborigines—or some such title as that—whose meddlesomeness with perfectly pious intentions often did more harm than good. It may be, too, that the more civilized of the tribes have become infected with the virus of general unrest, which next to victory itself seems to have been the most conspicuous product of the war. It is to be regretted that at this time, the worries and responsibilities of the Government and Parliament in respect of after the war problems should have superimposed an agitation on behalf of the Indians. However, as I have already stated, the discontented element has proceeded in a perfectly constitutional way and this is perhaps the best evidence of their

advancing civilization. Among the Indians, especially in the Six Nations tribes, there are men of high intelligence and considerable education, worthy in these respects of their greatest representative in history, Joseph Brant, who was not only educated in an academical way, but was of high renown as warrior, orator and statesman, and he had been preceded by sachems of his nation whose gifts of eloquence and leadership would have been remarkable even in white men. For this very reason, such men whose viewpoint and logic are not altogether those of the white man, have given the Indian Department a great deal of trouble in the way of correspondence, delegations, etc., and Mr. Duncan C. Scott, who is the administrative head, does not in such circumstances lie on an official bed of roses. His worries on their account do not conduce to higher flights of poetry than those to which he has already reached. Hence a committee of the House of Commons to whom, as to a policeman, the Indians could tell their troubles. But in addition to that the Committee had an even more important purpose in hand and that was to consider the better education of Indian children and the enfranchisement of the Indians so that ultimately they shall cease to be wards of the State and stand as men upon their own feet.

I did not at first intend to deal at any length with the Six Nations or their contentions, except in so far as this may be regarded as constitutional issues of interest in themselves; but as we have in these Indians the most notable of the North American Aborigines, touching upon her own history, a few facts should be noted. Originally they were the Five Nations allied in stock and neighbours, to whom afterwards were added the Tuscaroras, who had fled to them after the war with "the people of Carolina", and became incorporated with them. We are told that the Five Nations encouraged the people of other na-

tions to so incorporate and when they subdued a foreign tribe, or nation, after the usual revenge in the way of torture, making "cruel examples", they adopted their captives, who upon good behaviour, became equally esteemed with members of their own tribes. We are also told that from time immemorial, the Five Nations were the most democratic of all the native tribes of North America and their views of personal liberty and equality were most pronounced. Each nation was an independent republic governed by their sachems, or old men, who held public councils or what might be termed federal parliaments at intervals, at which speech-making was a great feature. Oratory was much cultivated and was the most distinguished of their gifts of inheritance. As a people they had good conceit of themselves, thinking they were "by nature superior to the rest of mankind, and call themselves Onguehonwe; that is, men surpassing all others."\* Comparing them with other autochthonous peoples, they were probably the intellectuals of North America, as the Greeks were of the Ancient World. Do we wonder then that their descendants of to-day give the Indian Department trouble?

Another bit of history interesting for its own sake might be given. Before the first settlement of Canada by the French, what is known of the Indians is darkly clouded with tradition; but at that time the Five Nations were at war with the Adirondacks who drove them from their ancient habitat in the country around Hochelaga (now Montreal) to the territory which they made famous by their occupation. In "Colden's Indians" it is stated that the Five Nations were more or less agricultural in their pursuits and inclined to peace, being despised by the Adirondacks—whose ancient domain, by the way, was the Ottawa country—for follow-

ing business, bartering the products of the soil for the spoils of the hunt—which they thought fit only for women. It was through conflict with the Adirondacks that they became trained in warfare and warlike, and shortly the very name of "Mohawk" was terrifying throughout a vast extent of the Indian country. Like that of Cromwell, it might have been used by mothers to make their children good.

We come now to the important and pertinent part of our subject. Without referring at all to the tragic and bloody chapter of Iroquois warfare which Parkman has made as familiar to Canadian readers as the War of the Roses, or the Riel rebellion, in the War of Independence the Six Nations took sides with the British and shared the fate of the loyalists in the final issue. The British Government, in compensation for their losses in that struggle and as a recognition of their loyal co-operation, gave them a large tract of land on the Grand River in Ontario to which new home they were brought under the leadership of Brant and upon which they settled. The rest of their history does not interest us, except in the way that out of ancient treaty rights in New York state and the terms of transference to Canada certain claims have arisen, not at all new, it is true, because they have been urged for years; but pressed with great vigour last year before the Committee of the House referred to. In a very brief way, it may be stated that it is claimed on their behalf that the power of Parliament to deal with the Six Nations is limited by the international obligations between the British Crown and them. In other words, by virtue of treaty rights extending as far back as 1664, specifically recognized later at intervals, until their settlement in Canada, they regard themselves as allies, not subjects, of the

\*"Colden's Indians," 1724.

Crown. They assume the position of a protectorate, governed by their own hereditary council of the Six Nations—preserving its historic forms, rights and powers, intact from very ancient times—and not subject to the laws and authority of Canada except in so far as these are affected municipally—an *imperium in imperio*. Incidentally, the term hereditary indicates that this council is not elective, but in direct descent from time immemorial. The claim of under-sovereignty is based on the fact that the British Government and British Colonial governors from the very beginning of friendly relations always regarded and referred to the Six Nations as allies with whom they made treaties and compacts, recognizing them as a free and independent state possessing the fundamental rights of governing its own internal affairs in its own way; and that nothing since has transpired to alter or destroy that status. It is pointed out in their behalf that they were given extensive territory in Canada by patent under the Great Seal which they and their posterity were to enjoy forever in the most free and ample manner according to their several customs and usages. When the management of Indian Affairs was transferred from Imperial to Canadian hands in 1860, all Indian rights and titles, as then existing, were carried on unimpaired. The interference of the Indian Department with the internal affairs of the Six Nations and the assumption of Parliament to make laws governing them are, in essence, the complaints made by these people who seek a recognition of their ancient status.

I have here tried to state as clearly and fairly as possible the case of the Six Nations which on the face of it would appear to raise a nice constitutional issue. Unfortunately for the case, it is confronted with facts and conditions that make the law and govern the situation and not a theory of historic rights. It is true that at

a time when the French and English were in deadly conflict in America and the Six Nations were an important factor, they were referred to as allies and in other terms of friendly equality, such as "brothers" and so on, but it is also true that the Six Nations acknowledged themselves to be subjects of the King. In many of the conferences with the Governor of New York, the latter would speak of them as being subjects of the same sovereign and he actually exercised authority over them in matters which affected their relations with their "white brothers". The speeches at these conferences were filled with an imagery and rhetoric suited to the comprehension of the "untutored mind" that are not to be taken too seriously at this date and were not taken too seriously by the Indians themselves at that date. In fact, the Indians were adepts in ornate and highly poetic expression which did not bind them too seriously to any line of action and their alliances had to be frequently renewed for that very reason. The Six Nations formed a buffer between the French and English Colonies and it was highly diplomatic to always refer to them as "Allies" and "brothers". Moreover, the Six Nations specifically acknowledged the right of conquest, and while they were never conquered by the British in the usual sense and were never at war with them, except as they harried white settlements at times, there is another kind of conquest which comes of occupation which only superior might can resist. The possession of North America by the whites is largely the result of that kind of conquest. Dr. McKenna, in the April issue of *The Canadian Magazine* very clearly, or as clearly as it is possible to do so, defines the nature of sovereignty over a country originally sparsely inhabited in a more or less nomadic way by the Indians. It is the kind of title in sovereignty that has given us large areas in Africa, India and other parts

of the world, and we comfort our conscience with the practical thought that we have occupied these wide domains for the ultimate good of their original inhabitants.

Again every person born in Canada is a Canadian citizen, and a subject of the Crown. It is not conceivable as practicable that there can be even quasi-sovereignty of peoples living with us and among us and not of us. It is acknowledged that there are certain municipal laws and regulations which affect the liberty and independence of the Indians and which must be obeyed. Municipal law of whatever nature derives its authority from the Crown through the Provinces or in another wider sense from the Crown of the Dominion. Any rights and usages of the Indians that they enjoy on their reservations in the way of internal regulations are in their nature municipal and not sovereign, and not included in the law of nations, but opposed to it. Therefore, we may dismiss the contentions of the Six Nations Indians as untenable and the principle involved as unworkable, if for no other reason. If the Indians were segregated on an island wholly by themselves and were capable of self government and self-sustaining in all respects as are the people of the Isle of Man, for instance, their claims for a degree of local self-government enjoyed by the latter would be on a different basis. They would still, however, be Canadian citizens, and under Canadian sovereignty. It was claimed by certain persons who appeared before the Committee that they represented all the Indians of Canada, and if certain rights were not recognized it would have a bad effect and set a bad precedent throughout Canada. To the boundary of British Columbia all the Indians have been settled by treaty and all such issues as land titles and sovereignty are as extinct as the dodo. Outside of the Six Nations the tribes are not interested and are giving no

trouble on that score. British Columbia Indians are on a little different basis and I propose to deal with them in a separate article.

The report of the Committee, which is likely to become one of the standing committees of the House, has in the main supported the Department of Indian Affairs in its policy in the past and in its aims for the future. It has not recognized the claims of the Six Nations, nor has it given countenance to the demands of those representing the Indians of British Columbia. It supports the position of the Department in respect of provision for enfranchisement, not all at once, of course, but as speedily as is practicable, and also in respect of compulsory education. Obviously, the sooner the Indians cease to be wards of the Nation and become full-fledged citizens of the Dominion the better. Many of them, possibly the great majority, may object, because the responsibility which goes with it has its drawbacks for people unused to exercise it. It is the fear of the novice in swimming or attempting any new physical feat. Education is the training for the exercise of that responsibility. Voluntary education has not been a success taking the Indian population as a whole.

Compulsory education with them, it will have to be conceded at the outset, will be attended with many difficulties, especially in the West, where the reservations are usually remote from settlement, and will involve largely increased expenditure on the part of the Government. In the West, particularly, missions conducted by the churches—Roman Catholic, English Church, Methodist and Presbyterian—have had to do almost altogether with the education of the Indian children, and while much good has been done as a restraining influence, it has not been wholly a success. It has been, for one thing, a source of much trouble and vexation for the department, through the rivalry, per-



haps I should say the zeal, of the several denominations in claiming certain tribes as of their own flock, and these rivalries are not calculated to impress the mind of the Indian favourably. He cannot understand. And, personally, I am of the opinion that too much attention has been paid to the doctrinal aspects and forms of religion, to an understanding of which the training of the mind—very important in itself—is the preliminary essential. The new policy, I imagine,

looks to the establishment of central or consolidated schools, which necessarily involves the children being educated off the reservations, and one of the difficulties to be overcome is the disinclination of Indian parents to being separated from their children, though the establishment of efficient schools on the reservation is not practicable. Perhaps it will have to be carried on with not too great haste and with, at first, not too much compulsion.

(To be continued.)

## SPRING IN TOWN

By MARY SUSANNE EDGAR

**H**ERE the Spring wearies on the dusty pavement,  
 Here her heart falters on the gray stone curb,  
 Alien she wanders 'mong the dull-eyed strangers,  
 Begging a grass-blade or a cooling herb.

But out on the hillside, did you hear her merry laughter  
 When the wind sang through her tresses and the brook danced o'er  
 her feet?

Did you see the pale arbutus she had twined into a garland?  
 Did you catch the scent of violets strangely sweet?

Ah, the Spring may be a beggar-maid, beside the dusty pavement,  
 But enthroned upon the hillside she rules the world as queen:  
 Her heralds raise their bugles along the sunlit highway,  
 And her loyal subjects spread their cloaks of green.

# “CARELESS”

BY BILLEE GLYNN



OLD BILL was in the habit of shaking his grizzled head over it.

“He was pek-u-lar,” he would say, “pek-u-lar! The whul darn thing was pek-u-lar, in fact, till it looked like nuthin’ more’n as if a page or two o’ that magazine the Tenderfoot left behind with her picture in it ’ad somehow slipped covers an’ got torn up on the trail till a feller couldn’t help ridin’ on romance nohow. A long trail it was, too, all the w’y to the capital from the foothill country, but it ran like a placer stream from beginnin’ to end—bright with more’n one woman’s eyes and the purtiest of the whul sex at the end of it.

“None of us believed him, of course, when he came back and spun the yarn—though he did do it so out of the or’inary, gentle and reserved like. The best lie he ever told, we said, and he had let loose some. Always runnin’ to imagernation and head, that feller, like a buckin’ bronco. But you couldn’t help likin’ him for wot he was any more’n you could guess wot that was goin’ to be or had been. He never told us that. Just blew inter camp one mornin’ a little poorer and gayer’n we’d ever seen anyone afore an’ we called ’im “Careless” on the head of it, an’ set up a drink that he didn’t take.

“He wasn’t very sociable in that line—didn’t need to be, I raickon, for he was a little gay, more or less, alwus. Anyhow, when it came to a scrap he was his weight in wildcats, an’ the beast that could buck ’im or he didn’t look a picture on has yet to be bred

in the foothill country. Then he was such a bloomin’ kid in it all—an unroped, reckless sort of young’un, with his smile an’ his kurly hair, that the average woman simply went daft over ’im. At least the only average one we knew at the McTavish did, till he had to fight for her, and as for the other—well, as I’ve said afore, not a soul of us hitched up to it, till the newspaper came with the whul blame story, headed in big, black letters, when it made us sit up some an’ take notice.”

That was Old Bill’s version of it and the man—but then Old Bill beneath his oilcloths was a poet born, just the same as Careless. Indeed if it came down to facts it might be ascertained that the Tenderfoot was a poet too. At any rate, though he had worked on the press in the East, he was a very young tenderfoot, and described her vividly as only a very young tenderfoot and newspaper man could. He told of the fine, fresh, virginal lines of her body, of the light in her eyes, of the siren sweetness of her voice, of the love at her lips. He told everything of her that was good and nothing that was bad, and he ended it all with the sweeping statement that both love and lips were still unclaimed—that in all the romance of her career and necessities of her art she had never been kissed, and that it was part of her fame as an actress and a woman.

He was a very young tenderfoot truly—and Careless who heard, was older only in act. He laughed his quick, musical laugh in a manner that was new and an hour later rode out

of camp with a roll at his saddle and the biggest conceit he had ever tumbled on at his heart. He waved a hand to them blithely as he went.

"It's a bit of a jog," he said, "but she's worth while, stranger, if you don't lie. Toast one, you fellows, to the luck of the camp." And they gave him the laugh.

"Don't break up to it so fast," remarked Slivers to the Tenderfoot, who was gaping around. He's Spanish-Irish, but not big enough fool for a three hundred mile trail to a cache he can't lift. The roll's a bluff, and he's gone down to hold hands with Nell Lowry at the McTavish. She's got lips, too, you know."

Slivers was no poet.

Down in the rockbed of the arroyo the cowboy's nag was hitting fire from the trail. It was early summer and the moonlight shook phosphorescently in a light, cool breeze. Far, far in the distance behind, mountains and night grew into one—an indistinguishable hooded darkness—and where the arroyo went shallow and the saddle height gave view, the tumbled foothills piled back like fallen, glistening totems under the moon. For twenty miles the sharp clang of the hoofs rang out incessantly, then out of the arroyo and down the valley thudded heavily in the handicap of sand. The town lights ducked suddenly as horse and rider dipped into a gulch, and when they came again were no longer mystic earth stars bobbing poetry, but crude, sputtering reality.

At the McTavish, Careless threw his reins over a post and sauntered in. There was an odour of beeksteak in the air, and stagnant tobacco smoke that bit at the eyes, but nowhere apparent the buxom form and full-lipped laugh of the waitress, Nell Lowry. A group of cattlemen in one corner were making a night of it and just opposite two eastern-tailored strangers flashed diamonds over their soup. Careless swung himself to a table, rang up a boy and sent him for a steak and the girl.

She came by and by when the steak was through—big, brown-eyed and good to look at—and sat opposite him, her chin in her hands.

"It's four weeks," she said reproachfully in her broken, musical tones. "Where hev you been?"

"Been here for half an hour," responded the cowboy, "an' you weren't. Got another half to stay."

"If you're in sich a rush you'd better go right now."

He shoved away his plate and leaned forward on his hands also, a light smouldering in his eyes.

"You didn't mean that—you know it."

She nodded her head back slightly toward the other table where the noise had fallen to browbent ominous silence.

"Thar may be others that does, then," she signified, drumming one hand and holding him tensely for a moment or two with the invitation of her eyes.

He covered the hand with his own and laughed carelessly. "But I care for no 'un but you, sweet Nell, in all the world."

She smiled with a flurry of blood at her cheeks and a pretense of withdrawing from his grasp.

"You're a liar, like all the rest of them, I raickon," she said, "but I guess a girl was made to be lied to, an' I rather like your style o' doin' it. Hev a care on though, an' let me loose, or you may get hurt. It's leery here."

The deviltry in Careless's eyes grew suddenly tender.

"Are you a-scared, little girl, a-scared?" he queried.

"No—but what about that?"

The sputtering enmity of the party behind had suddenly concentrated itself in a harsh, challenging voice calling out to the waitress an order in drinks. As she half rose and attempted to free herself to comply, however, Careless drew her back and coolly ordered the boy to attend instead.

"Are you a-scared, little girl, a-scared?" he gueried again.

She resigned herself with eyes askance at the red-faced vexation of one of the strangers and laughed softly at the luxury of the situation.

"You're a divil," she said, "if thar ever was one—an' sich a kid. Why you're no more'n a kid, are you?"

He met the doting of her look with one as melting and leaned so close that their breaths mingled — that in the beating passion which encompassed them the menacing stir of feet and growl of voices behind passed unattended.

"Nell," he said, "you've never kissed me in yer life. Will you do it now—here—just once? Are you game, girlie, are you game?"

"Game!" She drew back a fraction and met the full career of his glance; then laughed again with a sudden break to it. "Oh you kiddie," she sighed, "you little kid!" Then dropped her chin forward on her hands again, her full, virile womanhood open to the caress.

Simultaneously almost and in response an oath ripped forth like the crack of a revolver and with the crash of an overturned table the big light that lit the room went suddenly out. The boy with an eye to trouble had reached it just in time, and the frenzied rush of half-drunken cattlemen broke noisily on chairs and impeding furniture.

Careless with an arm to the girl's waist slipped quietly out the side door. It was but a moment to his horse, and the girl stood watching him at the bottom of the front staircase as he mounted.

"You're a-goin' to get hurt some time," she warned in raised tones, "if you don't hev a better care on."

"Then you shouldn't make it so worth my while," he parried, as he dug in the spurs and threw back a kiss at her. "S' long!"

The next minute the hurtle of pursuit flung itself out on the veranda and a six-shooter snapped up the road

in vain distemper. The girl hurried up the rickety stairs and watched him out of sight from an upstairs window. She wondered vaguely why he had ridden in the wrong direction—away from the cattle ranch.

It was a good eighty miles and in the evening that Careless came up with his next amour. He had slept a stretch back farther and seen to his horse, so that man and animal were comparatively fresh, and there was really no need to stop, but the sight of the camp nestling snugly at the roadside with the brown smoke curling through overhanging poplars was too much for esthetic cowboy tastes, and he drew rein.

They met him in the manner of gypsies, the men with grunts and sullen looks, the women with calm, inquisitive, speculative eyes. They asked him no questions, however, and he asked them none. The supper on the stained oilcloth cover was a quiet, psychic affair, but afterward when he had crossed with silver the palm of the eldest of the three women and had her tell his fortune, they began to take an interest in him.

Careless, on his side, with the brown glow of the coffee he had drunk in his veins, was only too glad to be genial. With eloquent lips, eyes, and hands he told them stories of the cattle country—touching lightly but significantly on his own exploits and, by and by when warmed up to it he threw back his curly pate and laughed like one perfectly at home, and held out a frank, sparkling camaraderie to them. He did all this—did it dramatically—and, as he went on, the wholesome, weathered, nut-brown youth in the face of the youngest of the women crouched closer at him across the fire, taking on and reflecting a part of his ardour till she seemed to be dreaming there.

Unconsciously, perhaps, as he continued he addressed her more particularly as his best auditor—then suddenly in a pause in the narrative, they found themselves alone in their

interest with the others regarding them.

Careless glanced at the chief, who smiled back at him grimly. He had heard the jingle of coin in the cowboy's pocket, and was no fool at that stage of the game to mar financial possibilities through overhaste in anger. The others were scowling and a heavy, swarthy fellow with a red kerchief at his throat moved over and plucked the woman savagely by the arm, saying something in the gypsy argot. With the blood flaming at her cheeks she yanked herself fiercely away, hurling an epithet at him between her closed teeth—but heeded his warning none the less, for she remained afterward with downcast eyes, looking into the fire.

Addressing the chief this time, Careless was about to proceed as though nothing had happened when a welcome interruption ensued.

A short distance away around the bend in the trail the quick, nervous outbreak of a horse's hoofs swung suddenly to them—and one of the women uttered in high, shrill tones, "Ere's Mag!"

It was the immediate signal to the circle about to fall into waiting and silence.

A moment later and the rider had come up and dismounted with a leap, displaying in the twitching, tongued half-light a three-quarter skirt and a comely form. Then having loosed her horse with the celerity of long practice she moved over to the fire, whip in hand.

Met with a jargon of greetings and questions she stood staring around at them and blinking an extremely lovely pair of eyes at the light—then her glance suddenly fell on Careless and darted back to the others with swift inquiry.

The chief answered her for some short time in his own tongue, during which she darted bright little glances at the cowboy who had risen to his feet with a profound doffing of his sombrero, then as if accepting the in-

troduction she bowed in a friendly way, and, motioning him to sit down while she placed herself opposite, proceeded to inspect him thoroughly—the vital, clear-cut face with its power of eye and the lithe, graceful, buck-skinned form. His frank admiration evidently bothered her not a bit, and she met it at length with a little of her own that was quite as frank.

She was nineteen or twenty, probably, with features inexpressibly charming in their natural invitation; dark with a clear skin and a cloud of hair, and of medium height, though queenly even in her unfashioned skirt. The masterly, passionate turn of the lips seemed to haunt the whole face, and the eyes gleamed out at times with just the slightest frown.

"So you're a cowpuncher," she interrogated in a somewhat harsh, though rich, voice when her inspection had subsided. "You mayn't alwus hev been that though, hev you?"

Careless shook his head retrospectively, in the manner of one looking back through infinite tragic experience, and laughed at her again before he spoke.

"No, I mayn't alwus hev been that," he signified.

"Wot do they call you?"

"Careless, just."

The girl threw back her head and laughed a round, throaty gurgle that caught the cowboy's tenor. "Well, you do look it," she emphasized: "you do look it."

Then suddenly the whole camp became infected and laughed, too—laughed with its eyes on Careless and with the firelight making its wide-spread faces ghoulish—all but the chief, who still retained his grim, hovering, statuesque silence.

With a swift glance in his direction the girl the next moment leaned forward with a quick change of tone.

"Youh bean't gawin' to stay here all night, I raickon," she said, with a light in her eyes that Careless, in the noonday of his chivalry, failed entirely to heed.

"That all depends, I raickon, on the lettin."

"Mag," growled the chief, with a black look at her, "yoh mind yer own bisness. It's free ground 'ere, I guess—an' he's got money to pay."

The girl met his gaze squarely, combatively for a moment, then with a shrug of her shoulders turned to one of the men who had come out of the shadow with a violin.

"Gawin' to scrape some, Sammy?" she drawled. "Better give it to the stranger—perh'ps he ken play."

Then catching assent in the cowboy's face, she made a precipitous dart for the instrument interrupting the mournful strain the man was drawing from the strings, and tearing it away, bow and all, handed it over to Careless.

Nothing perhaps could have been more to his liking. It was one of the things on which he particularly prided himself at all times, but that night he played as he never played before—played to a pair of lovely brown eyes across the fire and with all the high, tender passion of his Spanish-Irish heart. From æons and æons far, primitive, unlimited things seemed to leap to his nimble fingers and into crisp, vibrant, moon-sheened air. And by and by the girl moved closer to him—and when at last he broke into the piquant vivacity of an old-time fandango, she got up and danced to his music with a free and artless grace. Of the whole camp there was only these two—the man playing and the girl moving to the strains. Then when it was all over she sank beside him in a breathless heap, and Careless in the silence which followed felt the soft brush of her beating body with a sense of intoxication.

The chief was the first to rouse himself from the spell of the incident. "Yoh women better get to bed," he commended gruffly. "Sammy, take yer fiddle."

The man obeyed, following the three women out into the canvas-

ghosted shadow of the rigs. He returned presently, however, throwing a sullen look at the girl, then flashed a gloomy inquiry on the chief. The latter for the time deigned him no notice, but spoke again abruptly in a few minutes.

"Better to bed, Mag" he threw out sharply; it's no time for moonin'."

The girl raised her head for an instant to sweep the three gypsies with a clear steady glance. "An' wot 'er the rest o' yoh gawin' to do?" she asked pertinently.

That was all that was said, but the question seemed to hang in the air. The silence grew ponderous with it by and by, and when the embers had died out one by one and the moon drifted behind a cloud, the darkness came in the depths of the trees to sit sphinxlike—with the heavy faces of the three gypsies looming out of it, sinister and implacable. In the midst of it and with combative cheerfulness, Careless tried to whistle an air once, but it died somehow on his lips, then feeling the girl's head on his shoulder, and shielded partly as they were from the others, he stole an arm around her waist. When he looked up again—it may have been hours, for the darkness had now become a smiling protection—two of the three men's heads had disappeared. He wondered where, but in his nestling state of mind cared not to bother about it. Indeed the hope formed quickly in his heart that the chief, crouched there and becoming much too apparent in the returning moonlight, would go soon, also.

Then suddenly he was seized by four arms from behind and a knife glittered before his eyes, while the girl sprang up with a startled scream. That very moment, however, she had covered the gypsies with the glistening barrel of a tiny revolver, fired one quick shot with a sharp command, and the cowboy stood released, his own weapon in his hand. The chief, who had risen in protest sat down again snarling something at her

fiercely, and she answered with a hot wrath that left him silent. Then she turned to Careless—still covering with his gun at his hip the two men who stood there transfixed and grinning evilly.

"Yer pony, stranger," she said with a bright glance, "an' I'll ride with youh a bit. It's all right now—they're not game."

Careless turned to her and laughed in the way he had, throwing the challenge of the words at those in front.

"I like yer style a heap," he said, his eyes shining with adoration, "an' you ken ride the whul darn way if you like an' think I'm good enough."

A minute later they had found their beasts and were down the trail with the rush of the cool night air in their faces. At the bottom of the incline beyond the bend the girl instinctively drew rein, and Careless hitching to a side seat on his saddle, pulled over till their limbs almost touched beneath the sleek, bellowing bodies of the nags. The moon was out at its brightest again, turning the place into a sort of fairy scene.

"I'm sorry," she said, breaking the silence for the first time. "They're not as bad as they look, maybe—only wanted yer siller, I guess—an' the old un's real good—I ken do as I like."

"Yer old man, I suppose?"

She nodded her head.

"Still yer not goin' back," he begged eagerly, a hand on her arm.

"W'y not?" but she waited with downcast eyes and a colour in her cheeks.

He leaned so close that he caught the warmth of her breath.

"Because," he said, "however you may raickon that bunch back thar, they'll never be up to you at any time, an' because I rather think I want yuh myself." He swept a hand to the sky and the plain in front of them. "It's a big, free world out thar," he went on, "an' we fit fine—let's ride it together."

She laughed softly, deliciously, the dream of it in her eyes, and for a

moment her head rested on his shoulder and he kissed her lips—then she drew back with a sigh of regret.

"Don't yer tempt me, stranger," she said with a touch of sternness; "I'm the old un's girl, an' I guess he needs me. If you want to—come back, though"—and her eyes coquetted the invitation—"You'll find us on this trail for six weeks, I raickon, an' there'll be nothin' to be afeared of."

"But now," he insisted, stretching out a hand.

"Well, now, I raickon, it's time to go." She flicked up her pony and turned about at a walk.

He wheeled also, his body bent at her in the moonlight.

"But now, Mag," he repeated earnestly, "now!"

She laughed lightly, yet with significance. "I'll be lookin' for yer, maybe," she said. And with a challenging, backward glance, and a hand to her lips she dug in the spurs.

He watched her till she disappeared over the top of the incline, then rode slowly on, a dejected, spectral figure.

The trail lay wholly across the rippling prairie country after that. Mile on mile the land stretched away, clumped with poplars or an odd line of cottonwoods beside a stream, and here and there the gray sagebrush running to meet horse and rider. Always to the ever-receding bend of the horizon and with an easy, loping gait the cowboy rode ceaselessly, through occasional drab villages squatted dully in wide, shambling streets that belched a cloud of dust at the horse's hoofs, and, on, on into time and nothing; through hosts and hosts of blue lobelias that in the morning laughed up with dewy eyes and showered their fragrance in sacrifice.

Once in twenty-four hours he slept, ate, and picketed his horse, but returned to the journey with combative interest. Then in the hot noon of the third day thoroughly tired and worn out, he got down again and beneath the shade of some poplars fell into a long, troubled sleep—in which the

same dream wound itself coil after coil about the weary fabric of his brain. The horizon, receding before him, he fancied was filled and filled with brown, lovely, gypsy eyes that lured him on and on, but with which he could never, never quite catch up, pursue them as he might. At last he ran them into a great building, thronged with thousands of people, where women sat in jewels and low-necked, shimmering dresses that his pony's hoofs rubbed dirtily, and where the eyes became suddenly fixed on the face of a different woman altogether—a woman who held out her arms to him in the crowd and smiled a welcome. But always when he went to clasp her to him—the moment when everything seemed accomplished—she would change back to the horizon again with the eyes that mocked and mocked at him out of their interminable loveliness.

It was in one of these shocks of failure that he sat up suddenly and rubbed his own eyes—then he rubbed them again.

Before him on the greensward and dressed in cowboy fashion like himself a young fellow was eating a slight repast, and smiling away at him merrily.

"I didn't want to disturb you," he said in very good English and a peculiarly soft voice, "but I didn't think either, you owned all the shade."

Careless looked about to where the stranger's horse was picketed—then back at him. He was slim and of medium height, with a rather loose-wearing of his clothes, and had an oval, expressive face with dark, flashing eyes. Careless was aware of an instinctive liking, even before he answered:

"I raickon," he said, "yer ken have as much o' the shade as you want, an' if yer goin' my way I'll be glad of yer company."

As he swept a hand down the trail the young fellow nodded. "For fifty miles or so, anyway," he said. "Better draw up, hadn't you?"

Careless answered the suggestion with a hungry appetite, and they ate in silence—then rode on together. It was evening, now, and the light went slowly out, leaving the billowed prairie a sea of dark that rocked gently beneath their horses' feet, and in the quick night air, with a moon, bowling red like Burgundy, on the horizon, conversation struck a lively, genial note.

With a peculiar sympathy and adaptability to each other's point of view they mixed their philosophies of life to their heart's content, and sent a merry laugh back at the cloyed, un-free world they seemed always leaving behind. Verily they tore systems and conditions to pieces till civilization had not a leg to stand on—or rather the stranger did, in his boyishly passionate, romantic way, and with a play of fancy and education that set his companion wondering; but to it all Careless agreed—agreed out of the infinite, if laughing, rebellion of his own heart, and because—well, such a buoyant, devil-may-care comradeship on a night road was a thing to remember. On the head of it he made known something of himself and his reason for hitting the trail.

The young fellow laughed in consequence and looked him over with interest.

"I wish you luck with her," he said, "but you may not find her so very nice after all—as nice, maybe, as a cowboy girl you know, somewhere."

"I don't know of any," rejoined Careless carelessly.

"But you may sometime, and before long. It's one like that who would love you best—a little wild and woolly westerner, say, with a dark eye and the grit of a god."

Repeating the final phrase with unction, Careless turned suddenly in his saddle to give vent to the conclusion he had arrived at previously.

"That sounds about as much like a cattler," he said, "as things you've said afore. I know 'em all hefts an'



shades an' I raickon you don't wear the brand." Then with a sparkle of inquisitive fun in his eyes, "In fact I'm not just sure as you'd know a coyote if you seen it."

The other glanced with a quick, appreciative glance. "You can call me Bill," he retorted, "and it ought to be enough for you, if I know a man."

Careless tapped his head with his sombrero, three times in acknowledgment of the compliment. "I'll double up on that, Bill."

"And wish I were a woman instead, I suppose, or I don't know a man."

For a moment, bent over in his saddle, Careless eyed him in close, cool scrutiny—the almost pretty but meaningful face turned straight ahead with its smiling lips, and the plump, shapely body beneath its loose cowboy dress.

"You'd hev made a purty good one, it strikes me," he said, "an I rather imagine I would hev fallen in love with you. If you've a sister, I raickon you best keep her out o' sight."

The other laughed again, a cajoling sound.

"There is one girl in our family—and only one. Looks considerable like me, too, they say."

"Would I stand a show?" asked Careless recklessly.

His companion turned humorously and regarded him with a veiled, musing glance, then spoke with deliberation:

"If she ever loves anyone, it will be someone like you—I mean, I wouldn't wonder."

Careless sidled his horse till they rode close together. "Tell me something about her," he pleaded impulsively.

Once more the other laughed in his soft, rippling way.

"Would you also like our address," he mocked lightly, "and an invitation to come and see me?"

"If you live in the same place," retorted Careless laconically. Then

with an instinctive sense of courtesy and withdrawal, "But I meant it right, you know, an' I'm only askin' you about 'er—you needn't tell me."

His apology, however, met with unresponsive banter. "If you're goin' to take it so hard I rather guess I'd better—particularly as you're never likely to meet."

So with their horses reined to a walk the young fellow half lightly, half earnestly, and with something that Careless could not understand, spoke of a girl who lived somewhere in the limits of a big city, and who, with an immense income left her, spent it on the poor because she was a socialist—but outside of society lived her own life, nevertheless, and was a madcap in many ways. She could ride a horse, he said, with any man living, and sometimes did—away into the mountains when she got tired of the dross. She was beautiful, too—at least men were in the habit of saying so—but she loved none of them—yet, and as Careless listened a silence fell over him, for did he not know that it was just such a girl he had—or could have—been dreaming of all his life, and, as the young fellow had said, they were never likely to meet.

He interrupted at length in tones, for a cowboy, almost sadly romantic.

"You ken cut it out now," he stated uneasily, "for if yer not lyin' I raickon with her as a subject, an' without that invite you might say a little too much—"

"For a fellow who would ride over three hundred miles to see an actress," added the other slyly.

Then they laughed together, a rich reckless peal, and with Careless, through some unknown yet vivid instinct, keeping his pony as close as was possible and travel, they rode on into the white glare of the moonlight in silence.

It was at the first gray peep of the dawn that the young stranger expressed a desire to halt and have something to eat. So where a clump

of trees by a stream afforded some brushwood and shelter they got down and built a fire and unrolled their blankets. A rather hearty meal they made of it there out of the necessaries they carried—a real jollification in fact, that Careless remembered long afterward—then, at the stranger's suggestion, they lay down for a short nap.

On awakening about an hour later, by the token of the new day, Careless looked around to find his companion gone. He sprang hurriedly to his feet, then catching sight of the small parcel, wrapped neatly in a silk handkerchief, that had been left on his blanket, made haste to open it. In it he found a photograph and a short note that had been scribbled with a lead pencil. It was the picture of his late companion in female dress, a beautiful, piquant girl, and with staring eyes he read:

"As I am my only sister, myself, I was afraid to let you see me again in daylight—your instincts being so keen—but you have the invite in spite of the actress. Good luck with her, too—though you are bound to fail for you will find her quite as difficult to know as she is beautiful—as difficult, maybe, as a cowboy girl."

A signature and address was attached, and as Careless read the note over and over again, and fancied he heard the laugh at the end of it, a smile stole into his eyes.

"Hang 'it," he broke out, "if I'd only known!"

Then slowly and reminiscently he got back in the saddle, following the trail straight into the sunrise.

It was noon, almost, when he reached the city, and down a long avenue of overhanging trees and fine residences, where people turned to look after him, he drew up at length before the poster of a beautiful woman—the woman of the magazine—a woman with masses of blonde, sunlit hair and the depth of brooding of an evening in her eyes. He stared at it long—so long that the face with its perfect lips seemed somehow to give

back a silent challenge, then remembering the warning of the cowboy girl he threw his head and laughed.

"We'll see if I fail," he said.

In a proscenium box in the theatre that night, coolly, superbly on his mettle, Careless sat with the curiosity of a vast audience rippling toward him. They had smiled first, then looked with interest, then overlooked entirely the government party in the box behind and had eyes for him alone. To them in his buckskin togs—clean ones, by the way—and a red silk kerchief he represented the Great Untamed—the Great Untamed, perhaps, in a manner they had never quite seen it before—and with all his unscrupulous, piquant challenge, Careless accepted the role and flung it back at them. He was so infinitely "careless", indeed, so thoroughly West and fit for anything that he might have just been breaking a broncho back on the ranch, or making love to the waitress, Nell Lowry.

But when the curtain went up and the performance began everything went out of mind but that one woman. The Tenderfoot back there had told no lie, and for two acts he watched her, his youth singing in every pulse. Then just at the conclusion of the third act and her last thrilling appeal, while she stood for the moment alone on the stage, and the audience still sat silent in the spell of it, he stepped quietly and quickly out of his box across the footlights, and before she had quite wakened to his presence he clasped her gently but firmly by the waist. For a moment—while he tried to reassure her, and the audience rose as a man with snarls and hisses at him—she struggled hotly, then her head thrown back resigned herself with dignity. The sudden rush from behind the scenes Careless swept with the point of his six-shooter.

"Keep back you," he warned, "or someone'll get hurt—an' it won't be her."

Then he threw back his head and laughed suddenly at the richness of the situation, and half-turned to the audience that hushed instantly at the sound of his voice.

"'Cause someun' told me back thar she never had been," he said, "I've ridden three hundred miles to kiss this woman on the lips an' I rather raickon I'm goin' to do it. I am a cowboy from the foothill country."

He laughed again in his devil-may-care way in their thunder-struck, gap-

ing faces—and as if in echo with a full, free, startling note of relish, the woman joined him—then turned to them, too.

"If he's ridden three hundred miles for one," she said, imitating her companion's speech, "I rather raickon he's worth it—and I don't mind myself."

Then while a ripple of appreciation stole over the vast audience, to grow immediately after into a thunder of acclaim, she held up her face to him in the most girlish fashion.

## DEFINITION

By FLORENCE DEACON BLACK

I AM the terrible Mystery  
That never, never can be known,  
The mystery of the World, of Me.

I am the hours of sick despair,  
The anguish of the thing refused,  
The loneliness, the bruise, the care.

I am the great, great Want —  
Of eyes and lips once nestled close,  
I am the Restless Want.

I am the Love that is yet to be  
The glad-winged soar of the wish fulfilled,  
The unutterable moment's ecstasy.

I — — — — — am Life.



A STORMY DAY

From the Painting by  
Charles E. DeBelle,  
Exhibited by  
the Canadian National Exhibition.



# HERRIE'S ROSES

BY ADRIAN MACDONALD



FOR an instant Herrie thought that his box was crushed—his box with the precious roses. A vociferous mass of paper, newsboy and bag charging for a customer barely missed it by an inch. The rascal would, as a matter of fact, have struck it fairly, if Herrie had not adopted defensive tactics with his elbow. "That was a narrow thing," he told himself with a frown; but when he was assured that his burden was out of jeopardy the cloud vanished from his face, and he was once more buoyant and affable as the summer day.

It seemed to him as he walked along the busy pavement that everyone was glad of his errand, and was secretly wishing him the best of luck.

At one point his eyes rested on a girl who came out of a dingy fruit store to pull some bananas. Her sleeves were rolled back to her elbows revealing her rounded arms; and as she reached up for the fruit her white apron and wisps of her hair floated out in the light breeze. She was followed from the store by an old man, her customer, who used his walking-stick to point out the bananas he desired. This did not please the girl; the stick kept fluttering about her face and hands in a most disconcerting manner, and when she had finished she handed over the bag and took the money with obvious disgust. Apparently the old fellow tried to make amends by some little witticism, but she turned her back on him, and her eyes met those of Robert Herrie.

Herrie had watched the episode with that expansive interest which a man in love feels towards all humanity. It had amused him to see the girl's annoyance, and when he caught her eye he laughed out aloud and waved his hand at her. She did not, however, seem to appreciate his interest; a look of surprise came over her face and she turned back into the shop with a disdainful shrug. How could she know that it was only his exuberance of spirits? How could she know what made him so exuberant?

He continued his way along the crowded street until he came to a little store where tobacco, pipes and magazines were displayed in confusion. This store was familiar to him, marking as it did the place of turning into a certain side street. No poet, so far as I can remember, has ever said that a tobacco shop stood at the gate of paradise, yet there it was tangible enough under its red and white striped awning.

With a quickening step he turned down past the little shop and entered the side street. He was immediately aware of a change. The clamour of street cars and vehicles became fainter at every stride; the crowd and the distracting display of store windows were left behind; while above, instead of the brazen fronts of shops and offices, appeared the soft, green foliage of maple trees. He would have thought that he had passed from the city to some quiet country town in a few steps had it not been for the insistent hum of a factory that

came to his ears, thin and small like the buzzing of a bee.

As he walked along he glanced at his polished oxfords to assure himself that they had not lost their sheen. To his satisfaction he observed that they were as bright as when he had left the shoe shine parlour. He next took off his hat and passed his fingers caressingly over his hair to smooth out any stray locks. Finally he tilted his hat to one side, adjusted his tie—which had come out over his coat—and carefully hitched up his trousers so that just the right amount of green sock was visible. His unusual elation set him whistling—to tell the truth somewhat out of tune—the chorus about the wedding bells which shall ring so merrily; and he wondered why it had never before entered his head to bring matters to a point.

He had known Esther for several years—in fact, on looking back, he could see that he had paid her some attention. He had waited for her at the choir door several Sundays; they had canoed, had gone to ball games and the movies together; and frequently had spent pleasant evenings at her home, singing or playing cards with her mother and brother. When he had left his job at the grocery store and had gone braking on the railroad, he had been conscious, so he could remember, of a certain pang at the thought of being out of town so often; but the pang had been of that indefinable sort that might have been merely homesickness or timidity at the idea of change, and it had not suggested any action. Not until the day before had he ever thought of speaking to Esther on the subject of—well, in short, to be blunt, of asking her to marry him.

It was through listening to Burrot, his conductor, that he made up his mind. While their train—it was a local freight—was waiting for No. 1 on a siding, they two wandered off to a shady spot under an elm tree. Here they stretched themselves out full length on the grass and prepared to

rest at ease. For some time they lay in silence, gazing up at the limbs of the tree and the wide blue sky beyond. Then the conductor spoke.

"I say, Herrie, it's mighty hard, isn't it?"

There was an insinuating note of candour and intimacy in his voice.

"What's hard, old man?" Herrie returned. "To my notion this isn't bad at all, lying here like a couple of Weary Willies. Railroadng is tough all right—sometimes. But after all there's a sort of something about it that gets a fellow. Now the grocery business, for instance, isn't in it with railroadng, take it how you like."

"I'll say so," agreed the conductor.

"But I'm not kicking about the life, Bob. I've been on the railroad ever since I left school ten years ago, and I guess I'll stick with it yet awhile. It's not the life I'm kicking about—it's things in general."

Now Herrie knew well enough that when a fellow begins to talk of "things in general", he is either about to give his views of the cruel men higher up, or is becoming sentimental and is going to confide in you the secrets of his heart.

In either case the proper mode of procedure is to intersperse at suitable intervals such remarks as, "Too bad, old man", "Cheer up", "After all, what need you care", and as soon as possible to go to sleep.

Herrie acted accordingly.

He rolled over in the soft grass, settled his head on a knoll that seemed free of ants, and said lazily, "You seem a bit blue. Nothing wrong, eh?"

And Burrot started.

There was a girl who was waiting for him until he had gathered together enough money to commence house-keeping. What with the high cost of living, and giving young Mary a course at the business college (Mary was his young sister) it was taking all he could do to keep himself going. The war had kept him from getting a start, and at this rate he couldn't pull

in his little pile in two years—it was mighty tough, all right. And she wasn't an ordinary girl; she was the right sort to make a fellow happy.

"But, of course, Bob, a chap like you, who hasn't got a girl, can't understand how a fellow feels. Gosh, she even worries when we're a bit late getting in, and I don't phone her as usual—gets fancying maybe we've been wrecked."

Herrie had thrown in the proper remarks, scarcely hearing what was being said, until the last sentence. It for some time seemed to pique him. The conductor had assumed an air of placid superiority, as if to say, "As for you, of course, it scarcely matters whether you ever get back at all or not; one man more or less of your sort means nothing. But my case is different. My welfare is of great importance—this girl is waiting for me, fretting her life away waiting for me to make her happy."

Herrie surveyed the conductor. He lay with his hands under his head and his eyes half closed, basking in self-content and mock sadness as he thought of this girl of his.

The air of superiority did not please the brakeman at all. He felt a strong impulse to say that he too was not to be despised—that a girl, a nice girl, was fond enough of him to wait until he was ready.

Unconsciously he began to think what ground he could have for such a bold assertion, and his thoughts lit on Esther. He had not seen her for three weeks; but he recalled her quiet eyes, her dimpled smile, her voice, and the way she frequently sat with one foot drawn up under her like a child. He pictured himself describing her to the conductor, and in a flash the decision was born—the very next day would see him on the way to arrange the matter with Esther.

And here he was. A brakeman's pay, especially when it had been spent with no thought for the morrow, had not allowed him to get a diamond

or anything of that kind; but he had bought a dozen and a half of the finest roses he could find.

Her home was a cottage which stood about the middle of the block under two great trees. So old was it that the bricks were green with mould and corroded away along the ground and about the corners. It looked at him with a queer stolid solemnity; for it was of primitive architecture resembling a human face. The door was in the centre for a nose, the windows on either side formed great peering eyes, and the eave dropped over in the shape of a brow.

On this day the house wore an expression of more profound solemnity than usual. Both blinds were pulled down.

Instinctively Herrie stopped whistling, and without knowing the cause felt a thrill of apprehension.

With a certain trepidation he went up to the door and rapped twice upon the massive knocker. There was no answer. He was conscious of the hum of the factory, and the voices of two people who passed on the street; but within no sound at all.

He knocked again.

Was it possible that there was no one at home? Such a contingency had not occurred to him. What should he do? As he pondered over the question he became aware of someone speaking to him.

"Was ye wantin' to see someone?"

He turned around and through the vines on the verandah caught sight of a plump little woman in a white apron.

"Was ye lookin' to find someone at home?" she repeated.

"Well, yes," he replied. "I sort of thought to see the people who live here."

"There ain't no one at home. Mrs. Neil's son's been took with typhoid in Chicago, an' she's gone to nurse him. All her folks lives there, an' her husband's been dead this long time, so she just shut up the house an' left last week."



"And Miss Neil?" asked Herrie anxiously.

"I didn't hear no different, so I guess she's gone with her mother. Was ye wantin' to see her partieler?"

"Oh, no," he said, "I just thought I'd call;" and he went back down the walk to the street.

At first he felt merely blank disappointment. The whole castle which he had built over night had vanished. Esther had gone, and he could not tell when he would see her again—possibly not for weeks. To be sure he might speak to her then; but that looked so far in the future, and so different from what he had planned, that he could not endure to think of it. His mind had been made up to-day, he had been eager, perhaps excited; but now everything was upset. It was miserable.

His feelings then revolted on himself. What a fool he had been! Esther's liking for him he had taken for granted. What would she have thought? Would she not have been startled by his sudden boldness? And what an idiot he looked with this great box of roses—a dozen and a half of them—almost two whole days' pay. It mortified him, besides, to remember the things he had been thinking. He had pictured Esther in the future, the immediate future, as fondly dreaming of him while he was out on a trip, and waiting anxiously for his return. Instead of that it appeared she had not thought enough of him to let him know that she herself was going away. It was a shabby trick on her part. He had no claim on her but the claim of friendship, yet she might surely have let him know of her departure.

He felt that his pride had been hurt; and suddenly his mortification turned to resentment. In his vexation he believed that she had been at fault in letting him get into a position where he could make such a fool of himself. A wave of anger passed over him. He would never let her know what he had intended to tell her.

He would go back to his work, bury himself in it, and live as if she did not exist.

His angry thoughts burned into his mind. As he walked along he clung to his box and glared steadily in front of him.

Up one street and down another he strode as if on urgent business. How long he walked he did not know; but at last he found his way back into the busy thoroughfare down which he had proceeded so gaily on his way to see Esther. He had thought then that there never was a street so genial and stirring; now, however, it seemed poignantly cheerless.

The light had begun to fade in the lower depths of the street, and the pale lamps in the stores were gleaming out. The pavements were full of people hurrying home from work, preoccupied, weary, and caring not a whit whether he was sad or gay. Auto horns coughed impatiently, and the street cars crashed past crowded to the steps.

Herrie watched the people hurrying off to their cheerful homes; he thought of the evening he had intended to spend with Esther; and then he pictured to himself his dreary boarding-house and the tiresome chatter of the boarders at supper.

It occurred to him suddenly that it was past the supper hour and that the others would have finished their cold meat, fried potatoes and apple sauce. If he returned now he would have to go supperless—Mrs. Taylor had no mercy on "lates". A man might endure being disappointed in love, but it is a different matter to lose his supper. He became aware that he was hungry, and began to look around for some place where he could eat.

He continued his way down the street past a hardware store, a drug store, a bakeshop, and his eyes rested on a little fruit store with great piles of fruit in the window — peaches, grapes, yellow oranges, purple plums, and heavy bananas hanging from the ceiling.

The shop was lighted by a gas lamp which shed a soft lumination upon the counter, the boxes and the piles of fruit, and cast great shadows in the corners. Partly covered by one of these shadows, with her back toward him and the light falling upon her head and shoulders, sat a girl reading.

Contrasted with the cheerlessness of the street the interior of the shop was most inviting, and as he looked he discovered at the back, cut off from the rest of the store by a curtain, a small alcove in which was a table spread with a cloth. This made him conscious of a white sign on the window pane not a foot from his face:

LIGHT LUNCHES HERE

15c.

He opened the door and entered. As he did so the girl rose to wait on him.

When the light fell fully on her face Herrie recognized her. She was the girl he had seen earlier in the day pulling the bananas for the old man, and he stood for a moment with his hand on the door-latch regarding her. Why had he not noticed it before? Was it just the effect of the soft light on her face, or was it reality? She was beautiful—with her heavy hair, the strange shadows playing over her face, her rich full lips, clear-cut like the lips of a statue, but as red as coral, and her eyes soft and deep as night. It was amazing. Was he dreaming, or was she really as beautiful as she seemed?

He approached her and began to talk.

"The sign on the window says you serve light lunches," he ventured. "Could a fella by any chance get a square meal?"

"It is lunches that we serve. This is not the Ritz — it is only Tony Fidelo's," the girl answered in a voice which, with its soft Italian intonation, was music in Herrie's ears. "You can not get a square meal here."

"Couldn't you stretch a point and feed a starving man?" he persisted with greater assurance now that he had heard her speak.

"What would you have?"

"Anything from baled hay to cocoanuts."

"You come from the Zoo, perhaps?" she suggested laughing. "We have no hay, but we have cocoanuts. But a square meal could not be made of cocoanuts." Then she added slyly, "Perhaps mister will try peanuts?"

"I'm hungry enough to eat anything. I've not had a bite since noon. Listen," he whispered, leaning intimately over the counter, "you bring along three or four light lunches and I'll see what I can do."

"I could get some soup, maybe."

"Now you're talking!"

"You wait and I'll see."

She vanished like a beautiful figure in a dream; but in a moment returned to say that he might have some soup with sandwiches and tea.

Sighing with relief he took his place at the table in the little alcove, and after setting his big box of roses and his hat on a chair prepared to be comfortable.

As the girl bustled about getting salt, pepper, spoons and a napkin, he could not help watching her. Every movement of her form was marked by a piquant, foreign grace.

She finished with the table and brought in a steaming bowl of soup, a cup of hot tea and a plate of sandwiches.

"I said to her make them very, very big—the man is hungry like a bear," she remarked, pointing to the sandwiches and smiling archly.

"Ah," he sighed, "you've saved my life!"

With great gusto he devoured the food, and between the mouthfuls gazed at the girl. A feeling of light-hearted placidity, of devil-may-care contentment, filled his mind and set his blood dancing as if the hot soup he was supping were a heady kind of punch. He seemed scarcely himself—

he was translated. The quick succession of conflicting emotions—the exultation of the afternoon, the sudden mortification at finding Esther gone, and finally a strange new bewilderment in the presence of this girl—seemed to have unbalanced his mind. He could not take his eyes off her. She noticed the intentness of his gaze but did not appear to resent it; for when she had finished waiting on him she leaned on the back of a chair, and deftly tucking into place a stray lock of hair that had fallen over her face smiled at him.

They were alone in the little room, and for all that could be heard no one was in the house. The only sounds audible were the faint rumble of traffic coming from the street, and the ticking of a clock on the wall.

The man stopped eating. He felt a desire to talk to this girl, to become more intimate with her, to learn something about her.

"Is this Tony What's-his-name—"

"Fidelo," she supplied.

"Is Tony Fidelo your dad?"

"Oh, no," she responded in a shocked tone. "I'm an orphan. My father and my mother are dead in Italy since I was a child of eight years. Tony is my father's brother, and he asked for me to be sent to him in America. He is a good man; he sent me to school like other American children. Yes, he is a very good man, but—"

"Yes?"

"Tony is a good uncle," she repeated confidentially, "but his wife—I do not like her. She keeps me in the shop all day and almost all the nights; and scolds when I have fun and am out late. She says I am light like American girls. Ugh, I hate her! I can do nothing but she scolds."

There was a moment's silence; then he asked suddenly, "Won't you tell me your name?"

"Sure. What do you think is my name, when the name of my father's brother is Fidelo?" There was the light of mischief in her eyes.

"Ah now," he protested, "you know I mean your first name."

"What do you want to know my name for?" she returned.

"Come, be a good girl. It won't hurt you to tell me your name. Here are we two all alone, why shouldn't we be friends? You're a nice girl, and I'm a lonesome beggar with nothing to do, so where's the harm?"

"My name is not a pretty name; you would not like it."

"Try it on me. It must be a very pretty name or it wouldn't be yours."

"Quit kidding me," she chided in a naïve slang. "You must be crazy to talk like that!" Her voice was low and purring. Herrie knew that she was teasing him, suspected that she must be something of a coquette, but did not care. "Listen," she continued without waiting for him to speak, "I want you to tell me something. The truth, remember! Where were you off to this afternoon when you waved your hand at me?"

Herrie sat up straight.

"I didn't think you'd got that," he gasped.

"Sure I did; it was a bad thing to do and I want to know why you did it."

"You looked so cute when you got peevied at the old chap that I couldn't help it. And then—"

He stopped, and a frown came upon his face.

"Yes?"

"Oh nothing."

"I will say you were not on business with a smile like you had. Please tell me truly where you were going," she insisted.

"I was going to make a fool of myself," he exclaimed bitterly. "A man's always happy when he's going to make a fool of himself. I was an idiot—an awful idiot. I thought—well never mind what I thought. I was going to make a fool of myself, but thank heaven I couldn't! So let's say no more about it."

"You needn't tell me if you don't want to," she pouted.

"Now don't get sore with me. What does it matter where I was going?"

"You went to see some girl."

"I didn't see any girl, and I don't want to see any girl," he burst out. "That's all done with. No girl is that to me," and he snapped his fingers in the air.

"Oh," she returned, shrugging her shoulders, "is that so? Well, I guess I had better go back to my book then."

Herrie fell into a panic when he thought that she was about to leave him; he saw himself once more alone with no place to go but back to the dreary boarding-house; and he felt again that sense of depression that had possessed his spirits before he had entered the little store. She did not move immediately, however, but stood tapping the floor with her toe, as if waiting for him to say something. When he perceived that her threat was not in earnest his faintheartedness vanished.

"Don't go away," he said, reaching out his hand appealingly. "Don't go and leave me alone just because I was talking like a fool. No man can say what he means when a girl with eyes like yours is looking at him. Come, little girl, come and sit down. Look, here's a chair right beside me. Come around here and let's be good friends, won't you?"

She turned slowly about and came over beside him. He pulled the chair close to his own, and taking her by the arm drew her down into it. A thrill went through him as he felt his power over her. Neither of them spoke for several minutes.

From outside there came the dulcet, pulsing music of an accordion played by some street beggar. The notes were as the essence of the summer night, soft and sweet, sad and amorous; filled with the strange rude romance of life and universal emotion. Like a delirium the music entered into the man's soul, and he understood what it meant with its passion and sweetness.

He looked about at the narrow room—the dark paper on the walls, the gaudy picture of two lovers in a boat, happy in the light of a round, full moon, the gas lamp with its smoky globe, and the heavy curtains obscuring them from the street but allowing a glimpse of the counter and the boxes of fruit; and then his eyes rested on the girl by his side.

She was certainly beautiful—as beautiful, Herrie thought, as one of the beauties who smile in the advertisements for the fine-grade Turkish cigarettes.

He leaned over towards her; she did not move away.

"Tell me your name," he whispered coaxingly. "You'll tell me your name now, won't you?"

"Tonina," she responded. "It is not a pretty name, is it?"

"It's the prettiest name I ever heard. What made you think I wouldn't like it? Let me hear it again, I—I—"

What he was going to say was not finished. Suddenly there came a sound of footsteps from the other side of the door, and the handle turned.

The girl jumping up hastily began to gather the dishes; the man stood up more slowly and instinctively reached for his hat and box. Round the corner of the door there appeared the head of a fat Italian woman, scowling and ugly. She glared at the two for several moments without speaking, and disappeared, closing the door with a slam.

The girl stopped gathering the dishes, and with a nod towards the door said, "She wants the dishes. Do not mind her. But maybe you had better go—and I think—you had better not come back."

She was alarmed at his ardour; but he took her hand and pleaded earnestly, "Don't send me away now that we've got to know each other. Couldn't you come out with me? It's early yet—can't be much after seven. We could scare up something to do for a bit of fun. Come on, like a good girl."

"Wait for me in half an hour at the Gore fountain," she slowly acquiesced. "I'll be off then."

Herrie arrived at the fountain in ten minutes and sat down to wait. For him this was a novel experience; he had never done such a thing before. In the back of his mind there lurked a disturbing suspicion that he was making a fool of himself; but he did not let it come fully into consciousness. What harm if he were? His life up to the present had been unspeakably tame—no excitement of any sort beyond an occasional show and a little pool or bowling. To-night he was engaged in a real adventure. She was some girl all right, even if she was a Dago. A Dago? Never! Her voice showed that she was no plain Dago. Call her Italian, and her slightly foreign ways only made her prettier. He had never seen such eyes before—soft, and dark, and melting. She was beautiful enough, he thought, to be put in the movies—more beautiful than most of the stars he had seen there. That such a girl should have made a date with him was hard to believe. His heart beat quickly at the thought.

How long would she keep him waiting? By the illuminated clock in the Post Office it was then eleven minutes to eight. Roughly estimating the time since he had left the little shop, he reckoned it at about fifteen, perhaps twenty minutes. If she kept her promise she would be along by eight o'clock. To put it at the latest (he did so in order to curb his eagerness) say ten minutes after the hour.

She did not come, as a matter of fact, until half-past eight; and when she did come into sight hurrying toward him past a bright store window, he felt a shock of disappointment to discover that she was not as striking in looks as he had supposed. Her straw hat with faded ribbons and flowers and her shabby coat seemed a trifle prosaic among the finer things of other women he could see on the street. When, however, she had come

up close to him and he could look into her eyes the spell returned.

They were both embarrassed at first—could think of nothing to say—stood staring at the falling water as it glistened in the rays of the neighbouring street lights.

At last Herrie brought his thoughts together enough to ask, "Well, where will we go—Tonina?"

She smiled at hearing him call her by name. "It don't take you long to learn, Mr.—"

"Herrie," he supplied. "But Bob's what they call me, and if I call you Tonina, you'll call me that, won't you?"

"Sure—I will call you anything. Let's go and see what is on at the Princess."

The posters in front of the Princess did not take Tonina's fancy, so they boarded a car for the Island ferry—the amusement park was on the Island.

It is surprising what at certain times will give a man pleasure. To put two car tickets into the fare box instead of one, to have a youngster on the ferry ask if Tonina was his girl, to find her take an interest in hearing him, tell about himself and his work, and to feel her take his arm in the crowd at the gate of the park increased Herrie's heart-beat alarmingly.

The park itself was a new glory to him. He had, of course, been there before, but somehow had missed its mad spirit of excitement, glamour and delirious romance. On previous visits it had appeared to him a mere series of hoaxes. To-night, however, everything was changed. Tonina seemed to know its blazing, lurid intricacies by heart, and led him on eagerly—her lips were partly opened and her dark eyes were dancing—through the whole turbulent maze. He caught the fever from her—even outdid her. His money was thrown about lavishly; everything on the ground which promised a novel sensation was tried. The experience in-

toxicated him; it cut through his veneer of self-restraint and set his soul quivering with the lust for ever more poignant thrills; and he yielded himself up to the call of each new attraction with complete abandon. If he had stopped to think he would scarcely have recognized himself as the man who lay under the elm tree only the previous afternoon listening to Conductor Burrot.

It occurred to him to wish that he had thrown away his box of flowers before he had begun collecting balloons, canes, kewpies and pop-corn. Now, however, it was too late to do anything; he must lug it with him for the rest of the night.

At last they found themselves deposited, after fifteen minutes of the wildest whirl of mystery, terror and shock that human ingenuity could devise, on what was in reality a broad board walk leading down to the lake, but what to Herrie seemed Elysium. Tonina had let her hand slip into his as they came through this hall of horrors, and she did not withdraw it now. It lay in his, yielding to his pressure.

"Gosh," he gasped, "that was a thriller!"

"Wasn't it truly! I'm frightened in my heart yet," and she gave his hand a gentle squeeze.

"Where next, girlie? You know this circus better than I do. After that one I'm ready for anything—lead on," he said.

"Do you really want more? I'm tired almost."

"No home for me yet—not for an hour."

"Gee, you must be one millionaire! You did not say to me about owning a railroad or two; you only told me how you worked on one. You've spent a good many dollars already — you had better quit while you have one or two left."

"Forget it. I'm out for a time."

"Let's go down to the beautiful lake," she proposed.

"That's the idea," he agreed with enthusiasm.

Down the board walk toward the lake, which was just visible, shining between the trees in the rays of the moon, they strolled arm-in-arm. As they walked on, the babel of sounds became softer, finally faded away, while the moonlight rested their eyes after the glare, and the odour of oranges, peanuts, cigarettes and oil torches was replaced by the sweet, fresh tang of air moving out across the water.

The walk narrowed to the width of three boards and then became lost in the sand. They found a half buried beam—perhaps a piece of some old ship—and sat down.

The spot was deserted. The reflection of the park lights far behind lit up the sky faintly. Towards the left stretched a long line of ghostly cottages, some with curious Chinese lanterns glimmering weirdly, others in darkness. In front the lake played with the moonbeams, and kept up an indeterminate, musical wash amongst the pebbles on the beach. It was one of those evenings in which all things seem unreal, lacking in substance, the mere echoes of a mood. Anything strange, anomalous, chimerical might happen on such a night, and pass with the semblance of reality.

The two sat looking at the water for some time; then Herrie spoke.

"Tonina," he said, "this has been a night of wonderful things for me—very wonderful. It don't scarcely seem like me at all. I've always been a stick-at-home sort of fella—"

"Go on!" she objected. "You don't need to tell me! I do not think you speak the truth."

"Honest. When I look back it seems like someone else. I can't scarcely believe it. Just think yesterday I was bumping along on a local freight, and to-morrow, I guess, I'll be doing the same thing in the same way. But to-night—"

"Will it be the same to-morrow exactly—as yesterday?"

She had taken her hat off and the pale moon brought out her features

with delicate distinctness. As she spoke she leaned gently over toward him.

"Never," he exclaimed fervently. "It seems to me that when I went into your store I went out of myself. I can't explain it. It's as if I had gone into a new world. Did you ever feel that way?"

"No," she replied in a doubtful tone, "it does not seem like anything that has been to me. But look at that boat. Is it real?"

A white yacht was drifting past like a phantom ship in the night, while those on board chanted a quaint, slow melody of love. . . .

At last, by way of nothing at all, she asked him what was in the box he had been clinging to all day.

With startling vividness the question brought everything back to him. He saw Esther again with her quiet ways and open friendliness, and recalled what he had hoped for concerning her this very night. Things were vastly different from what he had expected! With questioning eyes he regarded the girl by his side, contrasting her with Esther. She at least had not slighted him; fatuously he told himself that she could never cause him pain. Then once more with increased bitterness his resentment towards Esther returned, and there surged over him suddenly an overpowering impulse.

"Roses, little girl, roses," he whispered in Tonina's ear. "They're for the girl I love—the girl I'm going to marry. I love you, Tonina. You're beautiful, wonderful—"

"Stop," she cried, starting back. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, Tonina—well, I can't say it right—my mind's all in a whirl. But I want you to marry me."

"But that is impossible. You must be crazy — you do not know what you're saying. I can't do that."

"Why can't you? You've got to. Why do you stay here with me like this—why did you let me take your hand if you can't?"

"But that is different—that is what American girls do. I did not mean anything at all. When a girl loves she gives her life—everything. No, it is impossible." From the distance a whistle was heard to blow. "There," she continued, "the last boat leaves in not many minutes. We must go."

She was nervous, embarrassed; and sat staring at him with wide-open, puzzled eyes.

"Come, Tonina," he persisted, "promise me, and take the roses."

"But the roses they are not for me," she protested. "You have had them all the day. You could not have bought them for me. You can not deceive me—I am no fool."

He lied fluently: "I got them before I'd ever seen you for a sick friend; but when I got there he was better and had gone away. He's in Chicago. But it was lucky that I got them. Now they're here for you. You can have them when you promise to marry me."

Opening the box she buried her face in the cool, sweet flowers.

"Do you promise, Tonina?" he insisted.

"Well," she answered, slowly raising her head, "I think you mean it, but it takes you not long to make up your mind. But for me—I cannot say now. In the morning perhaps."

Next morning things, as they have a habit of doing, looked somehow quite different to Herrie. Romance found it hard to live through a meal of luke warm porridge and skimmed milk. Romeo could not have inhabited a second-rate boarding-house.

Moreover, the notion which had been lurking in the back of his mind the previous evening had come fully to light; it now engrossed all his thoughts—he had made a fool of himself. Who was this girl whom he had asked to share his life? What did he know of her except that she was rather pretty and a Dago? The word returned to his mind and burned there like a poisonous acid; nothing he could do would drive it away. She was only a Dago. This morning he

must go to hear her answer to the question he had pressed so persistently—he hated himself now for his persistence—the night before. What her answer would be there could be no doubt.

To cap the matter his landlady presented him with a letter just come by the morning mail from Esther, apologizing for not having written before, and asking him to come and see her. Her mother, she said, had gone to Chicago, but she herself was staying in the city with cousins until her brother was well.

There was nothing for him to do, however, but to keep his promise with Tonina.

Late in the morning, on his way to his train, he entered the little fruit store for the second time, and the first thing he saw, lying on the counter, was his great box of roses. Tonina was there right enough, but she was waiting on a customer as he entered and gave him no sign of recognition. When the customer had left, however, she went over to the box of roses, and taking the cover off pointed inside to a card—the card he had placed there so carefully the day before.

On it were written the words, "To my Sweetheart Esther".

"So your friend who was sick is called Esther, Mr. Herrie, and he lives not so far away as Chicago," she said with a quiet dignity that he could not help but admire. "Well, you must go to your Esther—I do not steal any girl's *amante*." Then suddenly she lost control of herself. Tearing the flowers from the box she hurled the whole dozen and a half viciously into the man's face. "There, you lying wretch, who tell me not the truth," she cried, "take them to her, to your Esther. I will not have them—they are her's."

With that she covered her face with her hands and rushed from the shop.

Herrie stood speechless. The thorns of the roses stung his face. He passed his hands over it and found blood. What did it mean? There was something in it all he did not understand. Then slowly there dawned on his mind some realization of the tragic power of this passion he had been treating so lightly—this passion which runs through all life, consuming the hearts of men and women, making sweet, long hours of toil, bubbling in the mysterious springs of life and outweighing the fear of death; and he cursed himself for his stupidity.

Deeply humiliated he gathered up his flowers and left the shop.





# POMPEY

H. F. PARKINSON



COLD January gale is blowing outside and is lashing the open sea into white-crested fury. The officers and the crew of H.M. Destroyer *Sandfly* are thankful that it is their stand-off day. In such weather it is so much more comfortable to be safely moored in harbour than to be braving the rampant elements far out on the North Sea. In the ward-room two officers are sitting before a glowing stove and on the rug beside it is curled the hero of our story. He is just a little dog, wiry-haired and ugly, but he is possessed of a pair of appealing eyes which won the Captain's heart when first they met. That was one bleak rainy November evening. The Captain was striding along the Hard in Portsmouth through the driving rain and discovered a little bundle of hair shivering and frightened in a corner. The appealing eyes which looked up at him reminded him of something he had lost, as it seemed to him long years ago, so he picked the little bundle up and put it in the capacious pocket of his oils. From then on the little dog was a fixture on the *Sandfly* and went by the name of Pompey, which is the service nickname for the great naval dockyard at Portsmouth. At first the Captain paid little attention to the dog but an affection soon grew up. Pompey followed him everywhere on board. Below he was always close beside the Captain wherever he happened to be. At sea he would be crouched in a corner of the bridge with his eyes

fixed on the Captain's face and apparently listening to every command given. Pompey used to get sea-sick and when it would be getting rough he would be ordered to go below, because in bad weather the bridge of a destroyer is dangerous as well as uncomfortable for little dogs. Then, like the school-boy, he would creep aft and down the ladder with many a backward glance to see if the Captain would not change his mind. When finally he would arrive below he would wait in the aft cabin or ward-room until the Captain would come off watch and then the little dog's joy would know no bounds.

To return to the ward-room on that cold night in January—the two officers are lounging before the fire talking languidly of days gone by at Greenwich College and of dear old Captain Montgomery. *Montie* was chief of the lecturing staff and the universal favourite of all young naval officers. One of the two officers has a ruddy, jolly face and by the three gold bands on his sleeve is recognized as a Commander. He is an older man and commands the famous *Saracen*. The *Saracen* with her long record of successful and exciting episodes is now flotilla leader of the Nth destroyer squadron in which the *Sandfly* fills the junior position. The other officer is a "two ringer"—a lieutenant and is the Captain of the *Sandfly*. In the Navy List you will find him described as "George R. Bullivant, Lieut. R.N." but to his few friends he is just "Bullie". He is not old, perhaps twenty-six. His face is serious and

his demeanour taciturn. No one seems to understand him and it is curious that he should go by a nick-name at all. People say that when he was younger he was disappointed in love. That may or may not be true, but at twenty-one he was as jolly and care-free as any young officer in His Majesty's Navy in peace time and was feared by all opponents on the tennis court or cricket crease. Then his father died and the family heritage fell to pieces as dust. Millicent, whom he idealized and was to have married, went abroad with her mother and a letter with an enclosure came to him a month later. From then he ceased to be a happy boy with not a care but a taciturn and very efficient naval officer.

"Oh! I say, Bullie, if you would add a cat and a parrot to your establishment you would advertise this war-boat as a rest home for ancient spinsters." This from the Commander with a beaming smile.

The answer came slowly, "Please leave my dog alone. His love for me is sincere, but as for human beings—well, perhaps I have been unfortunate."

Needless to say the conversation languished, but the Commander's respect for the young lieutenant deepened.

The Nth Destroyer Squadron was a very fast flotilla and a month later had travelled Southward in record time in a desperate effort to cut off a returning fleet of German raiders. The sortie had not been successful and the ships were returning to port carrying a crestfallen set of officers and men. The destroyers were sailing in single line, each ship following in the wake of the one ahead. The *Saracen*, of course, was leading the way and, as junior ship, the *Sandfly* was following at the foot of the line. On the bridge of the *Sandfly* stood the Captain giving his commands in a very sharp manner because he was seething inwardly. At the commencement of the movement his active,

mathematical mind had grasped the situation and a manœuvre, which would probably have been successful, had suggested itself. This manœuvre had not been carried out by the flotilla leader and probably by now those fat German officers are smiling at one another and saying, "How smart we are". As his mind was running along this line his eye fell on Pompey, who was shivering in his corner. While the destroyer was rushing through the sea at full speed the bridge had been drenched in spray and little Pompey got his full share, but a little wet and cold would never induce him to leave his post and his Captain. The inevitable happened.

"Pompey go below," and with the usual slowness and backward glances the little dog proceeded to carry out the order. For the first time Pompey slipped and fell from the ladder and in less time than it takes to tell he had fallen to the deck, rolled beneath the railing, and gone into the foaming sea. The bark of terror reached the Captain's ears, and when he saw what had happened he hesitated and then gave the order "man overboard". He knew how serious a matter his action was; that he would be haled before the Admiral and possibly court-martialed. Technically the flotilla was still in action, but Pompey was the only living thing who really cared for him and he would not abandon him. If he did get into serious trouble—what matter? It is astonishing with what speed orders are carried out on a ship of war. Before the command was out of the Captain's mouth "full speed astern" had rung on the engine-room telegraph and the ship was trembling with the vibration of the mighty turbines as the propellers thrashed the water white and brought the ship rapidly to a standstill. The gaily coloured code flags "AS—man overboard" had run up to the yard arm to inform the leader of the reason of the stop. Before the ship had lost her way the dinghy had been swung outboard on her davits and two

brawny jack-tars and the coxswain were in their places ready. When the turbines had stopped the dinghy was dropped into the water and it was but a matter of a minute or two before, dripping and half-drowned, Pompey was passed over the ship's side into the hands of the Captain who had hurried down from the bridge to receive him. Some would have said there was a trace of tears in his eyes, but the assertion would have been met with his positive denial. At any rate, from then on the deepest affection existed between these two. The Captain was never so happy as when sitting before the fire with Pompey in his lap, and the dog could hardly bear to allow his master out of his sight.

It was rather fortunate that the Commander came aboard next day and heard the story from the gunnery officer before the formal report was sent in. The Admiral and the Commander had often been known to spin yarns together in the R. N. Barracks and the Commander was soon able to create the opportunity for telling the Admiral what had happened and at the same time what an exceptionally keen and able officer the Captain made.

The Admiral, contrary to the popular idea of what an admiral is, understood human nature and so next day, with a smile on his face, he queried the report and lost it in a pigeon hole. In the evening the Commander was holding forth to some of his close friends in the mess and all had been amused by the story. "If Bully were not so clever and such an excellent officer I would be half inclined to think him a wee bit balmy. Just the same I don't believe a dog is capable of real affection. A dog is a dog and an animal's first instinct is always to save itself." The conversation changed to the latest scheme for launching torpedoes and the Commander forgot all about dogs and their steadfastness until he had cause to remember some six weeks later.

The brilliant destroyer action took place in March when the *Saracen* added still another leaf to her wreath of laurel. In the glory of the stunning blow dealt the enemy in the face of such odds we are apt to forget the brave souls lost with the ships which did not come back, and the bereaved to whom the famous victory means nothing but grief and loss. The press despatch gave a glowing account of the wonderful fight of the *Sandfly*, of the magnificent way she was handled, how she collected our disorganized ships into a column and executed a movement which demoralized the enemy and gave victory to our hands, of how her forward gun continued to pour forth its stream of destruction until the water rose too high and the gallant ship went down to her grave beneath the sea. In the years to come school children will be reading in poem and story of the wonderful fight of the *Sandfly* side by side with the glorious deed of the *Revenge*.

It is a vicious March night and the *Sandfly* is carrying on at full speed as usual at the foot of the line. There is tension in the atmosphere because a powerful enemy squadron is surely trapped this time. The wireless orders report that the enemy is in force but the Nth destroyer squadron must engage him until reinforcements arrive from the North and anyway, tradition has it, that one British ship is worth any two of an enemy in open battle. The Captain is on the bridge staring at that flickering little light which represents the stern of the ships ahead and is obscured now and then by the curtains of white spray which leap high over the *Sandfly's* bows and crash against the bridge windows. Poor Pompey has been sent below long ago, but the excitement is in his blood too, for he is standing facing the cabin door, nostrils distended, ready to dash towards the bridge and his Captain should anything happen. He is trembling with the excitement of it all and once or twice he has started through the door and returned again

because he was ordered to stay below and an order must be obeyed.

The British line of destroyers gradually alters course to the East when "E.R.—engage the enemy" is flashed down the line from the leader and the action has begun. Off to the south tongues of flame bear witness to the fact that the Germans are neither asleep nor afraid though travelling at top speed for home and safety. The British line is rapidly closing but the enemy cannot turn away because the coast is so close to the south of them. The *Sandfly* has selected her ship and her two big guns, fore and aft, are speaking with a machine-like rapidity brought about by months of constant drill and practice ashore and afloat. On the bridge the Captain is thinking of a dozen things at once. Soon a secret signal comes to him and calmly he gives his orders. "Hard to port" and "Clear fore-peak to ram". The ship swings on her new course, in unison with every other ship in the British line, and swoops like an eagle straight for the row of flashes which represent the enemy. A black hulk, above a crest of white, soon looms on the starboard bow. The Captain cons the ship and judges the distances within a matter of yards. The flying *Sandfly* seems to hesitate for the fraction of a second — then a sickening crash and pandemonium. The *Sandfly's* quarry trembles and rolls far over then back taking a heavy list from which she does not revive, and when last seen her decks were all awash. Some of the British destroyers have missed the targets and have flown through the enemy line to disappear in the darkness. Others were not so quick as the *Sandfly* in backing away after the impact and violent hand-to-hand conflicts are going on on the decks. The enemy can never be said to be lacking in initiative. The enemy ships which can do so, execute a quick manœuvre and are all soon lost in the darkness. They are rushing away in the direction from which they came. The Captain

sees them passing one by one, for the *Sandfly* had engaged the last in the German line, and instantly he grasped the situation. The enemy must pass close to the North of the Beagle Shoal and mine field. Although battered at the bow, the *Sandfly* is still capable of her fine old speed and frantically flashing "S.Z.C.—follow me into action", dashes among the scattered British ships, forming them into a line, and then away into the darkness in the direction of the mine field—the key to the situation. In just the nick of time the two lines come abreast again and the hot engagement which follows forces the German line to turn to the south and to disaster in that hidden terror of the deep—the field of mines. Shortly before this the valiant *Sandfly* had received her death-blow. As the lines began to draw abreast the first of the British line the *Sandfly* received the concentrated fire of a number of the enemy ships and her superstructure was soon reduced to a mere mass of wreckage. The only part which escaped the wholesale destruction was the fore-castle and the gun which continued to fire until the salt water closed over. She had settled very rapidly because an accurately launched torpedo had torn a great gaping hole in her side. Her end was a glorious example of what that stirring motto "No Surrender" always means to British seamen.

When the firing commenced poor Pompey was almost choked with excitement and fear for his master's safety, but he was able to curb his anxiety until the crash of the collision occurred. Then nothing would have stopped him. He was up the ladders and on the bridge in a matter of seconds and then crouching in his corner he remained until the end. His eyes never left the set face of his master either when it was lit by the blinding flashes of the guns or in the intervals of pitch blackness between. When the bridge was wrecked Pompey was unhurt and sprang to the prostrate form

and gripping a lapel of the great coat made a futile effort to drag it to the aft cabin, to, what seemed to him would be, peace and comfort for both as of old.

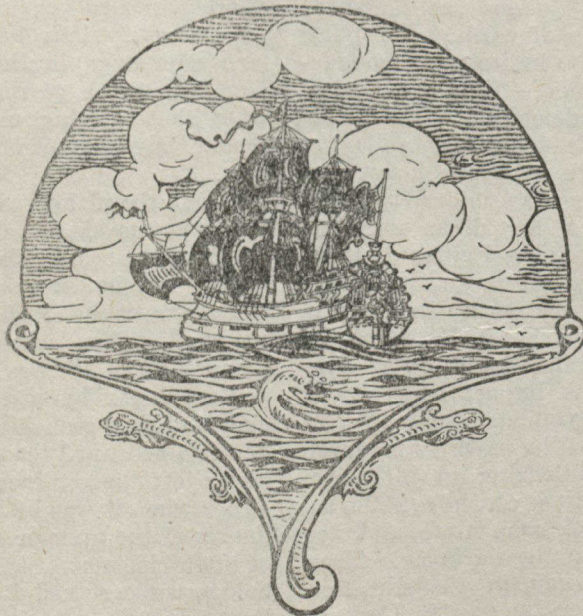
Next morning the sun rose bright and clear, and from a cloudless sky it beamed down upon a sparkling, blue sea. It was Nature in all her beauty and in such contrast to the honours of man's making enacted in this very spot a few short hours before. The only witnesses of the terrible struggle were floating bits of wreckage here and there. The victors were limping back to port and the battered *Saracen* was returning by way of the mine field to see if any could be saved. The Commander on the bridge, had no feeling of elation in his soul for the victory and glory which are his but an aching feeling of lonesomeness for the brother officers who were no more. The thought that "Bullie" was gone and that he would never have another opportunity of being kind or considerate to him, almost stifled the Commander with emotion, big man though he was. Something blue floating on the water arrested his attention and

his eye caught the glint of gold. A quick command and the ship came to a standstill and a boat was lowered. The Commander himself embarked, and the swinging oars soon brought him to the floating object. There, with his teeth tightly gripping the lapel of the blue great-coat was little Pompey, stiff and cold, "faithful unto death." It had been beyond his power to take his master back to warmth and comfort.

It was too much for the Commander, and he covered his face with his hands and gulped down a sob. Nothing appeals to a strong man so much as absolute loyalty and devotion, and poor little Pompey was all of that and more.

The naval funeral was carried out with all due honours and ceremony, but a little funeral took place elsewhere with no publicity at all. In the Commander's garden, hidden among the rolling hills of sunny Sussex, now stands a little stone and the engraving runs as follows:

"Pompey, 19th March, 1917. No man hath greater love than that of one who layeth down his life for his friend."





THE OLD MILL

From Painting by  
Manly MacDonald,  
Exhibited by  
the Ontario Society of Artists



# A UNIVERSITY IN THE MAKING

BY PROFESSOR W. F. TAMBLYN



SOME universities have arisen out of schools for theology, some began with the study of medicine. Western University was founded at London, Ontario, forty-three years ago in the educational interests, primarily, of Huron College students in theology, but almost immediately upon the opening of Arts classes under the direction of the Anglican diocese of Huron, a Medical Faculty was formed by twelve of the leading physicians of London. The medical needs of the populous territory between Lake Huron and Lake Erie were at least as potent a factor as theology in the gradual establishment of the new university.

When the Arts Faculty sank during the decade 1885-1895 into a state of suspended animation, the Faculty of Medicine sustained the activity of the University. The perseverance of a number of doctors and the down-right need of medical education in Western Ontario combined to keep the work going on. Like the growth of the little city of London itself, the progress of its medical school was anything but sensational at any time, but steady, solid and sure.

The Arts Department crept out of its trance in 1895, since when the classes have proceeded uninterruptedly, though financial backing was precarious. Up to 1908 the subscriptions of a few individuals in London

and in England, the interest of Huron College, an Anglican theological school founded in 1867, and the general want slowly becoming conscious in London and vicinity of better facilities for higher education of both sexes stood between the Arts Faculty and extinction. But as students of various religious denominations passed through the Arts and Medical courses, Western University was strengthening its hold on the public mind of London and the western counties. It came to be understood that an important public service was being rendered, and a vision came to some leading men of how much more might and should be done. The battle for several years unsuccessfully waged by the Senate of the University for recognition by the provincial Government of its honour graduates as high school specialists sharpened the civic interest in Western University and enlisted sympathy for its cause. It was believed by some that the provincial government in its enthusiasm of twenty years ago for centralized university work did less than justice to Western. When also the Carnegie Commission visited the medical buildings and reported quite adversely on the laboratory equipment of that department, local supporters of the institution thought that more emphasis was laid on its deficiencies than on the manifest merits and successes of its faculty, students and graduates. The example of the new civic universities





Institute of Public Health, Western University, where doctors and graduate nurses are trained for public health work

rapidly springing up in Great Britain was noted, in contradistinction to the centralizing policy unfortunately pursued for some time in Ontario education. Altogether, a strong feeling was worked up in London, which spread to the surrounding counties, that the university should be put on the broadest possible basis, removed from denominational control, and raised out of its hand-to-mouth existence by regular and substantial grants from the city and the province.

In 1908, then, Western University was re-born with an Arts Faculty entirely undenominational, with a governing board representing both the City of London and the Ontario Government, a Senate including representatives from nine counties and their cities, and an annual grant by the London City Council. The first support from the provincial government came in the shape of the Institute of Public Health. For some time

the progressive physicians of and associated with the Western Medical Faculty had been urging the creation of such an institution in London. Built, equipped and provided with an annual grant by the Ontario Government, the first institution of its kind on this continent, it is a substantial help to medical practice and public hygiene in all this part of the province, an object lesson to the people of the enterprise and value of Western University, and since its opening in 1912 it has provided the University with laboratories and some of the teaching in the courses for both arts and medical students in Chemistry, Pathology, Bacteriology, Public Health, and to some extent in Physics and Biology. It was in 1914 that the Government began to make direct annual grants to the reconstructed university. Up to last year the Government and city grants have grown to the amounts respectively, of \$84,000



From an oil painting by M. Healey

A part of the present College of Arts, Western University

(with promise of much more in 1921) and \$55,000. The allowance made by the City of London is handsome indeed, heartily endorsed as it is by all sections of the citizens, notably by the Labour Unions and the Chamber of Commerce, an example to other Canadian cities in the encouragement of learning and worthy of comparison to the educational efforts of the larger cities of Great Britain and the United States.

The story of Western University is hardly one of past and present, but rather of present and more especially the future. Not of antiquity but of its coming glory must it boast. Its real birth as a university broad-based upon the people's will was only thirteen years ago. Before 1908 was its antenatal, embryonic time. The Anglican Huron College was its mother, and still a large part of the Arts class-work is carried on in the building rented to it by Huron College. But

three other buildings have had to be acquired for lecture-rooms and the housing of the library, and this year will see the completion of the new building for the Faculty of Medicine, costing more than \$400,000. By an overwhelming majority in a public vote the citizens of London gave \$100,000 towards payment for this beautiful building.

The increase in library accommodation was made necessary by liberal grants from the city and the Board of Governors, by a number of private gifts, and especially by the splendid action of the well-known bibliophile, J. Davis Barnett, LL.D., formerly of Stratford. His library of about 45,000 volumes and several thousand pamphlets, including invaluable Canadiana and one of the largest private Shakespeare collections in America, accumulated during half a century of his life, he presented to Western University in 1918, himself becoming its curator.

This library, like the other libraries of the University (Arts, Medicine and Public Health), is as open to the general public as to the Faculty, students and graduates. Altogether the Western libraries have a total of at least 55,000 books, while the Public Library of London, which looks well after the needs of students, has as many more. The present temporary library buildings, like the class-rooms, are less than ample for the rapidly growing student body and Faculty. No wonder the desire on all sides for the immediate construction of the projected new buildings northwest of the River Thames has become almost feverish.

In 1919 the Roman Catholic colleges, Assumption at Sandwich for men, and Ursuline, formerly at Chatham, for women, entered into affiliation with Western University. Ursuline College purchased a building in London for its work in Arts, which was transferred there in the fall of 1920. Assumption College will build alongside the new University site in the near future. These accretions to Western University and its sphere of influence have been brought about in a short space of time with much diplomatic skill.

Other developments have been extensive and are going forward with accelerating pace. The faculty of the University has increased to the number of thirty-one in Arts and fifty-nine in Medicine (forty-one doing full-time work). The student body numbers this year 534 in all departments and affiliated colleges, 441 proceeding to the degrees of B.A., D.P.H. and M.D.

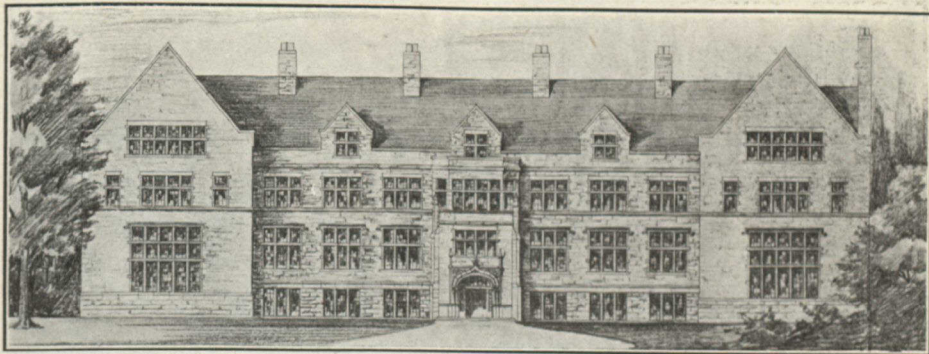
One of the most striking advances in these few last years has been the creation of well-equipped laboratories out of almost nothing. The heads of the various scientific departments have given devoted energy to this work. A new course in Commerce and Finance has been instituted this

year with a promising enrollment. A new Arts and Agriculture course is being arranged between the University and the Ontario Agricultural College. There will be three divisions of this course, viz.: (1) for those intending to become specialists in Agriculture, four years in Arts followed by two years in Technical Agriculture at the O.A.C., leading to the two degrees; (2) also for specialists, two years in Arts and two years in Agriculture at O.A.C., leading to the degree in Agriculture; (3) for practical agriculturists and rural leaders, the four years Arts course with Agriculture each year (taught at Western). Courses in Public Health are somewhat uniquely developed at Western, under various favouring circumstances. Public Health constitutes a distinct Faculty alongside Arts and Medicine.

Here it may be briefly mentioned that another unique feature of the Western University Arts course is a compulsory half-year class (one hour a week) in "Library Science". The students are introduced in determined and thorough fashion to the blessed company and goodly fellowship of books, made to feel at home with them and with the range of learned periodicals, indexes, etc., trained and examined in the use of a library. "Here is no shuffling".

In 1918 the Ontario Government came to an agreement with Western for the recognition of honour degrees, because of the library and laboratory development and the large additions to the Faculty of Arts, and because the university centralization theory had grown less fashionable. Honour graduates in Arts of Western are now eligible for standing as specialists in high school teaching in Ontario.

Along with the Arts Faculty, the Faculty of Medicine was also gaining in efficiency and prestige. The number of full-time professors has grown



Provisional elevation of the proposed Natural Science Building of the College of Arts,  
Western University

to nine not including professors in charge of Physics, Chemistry and Biology. In the new building which nears completion there will be larger space for the thoroughly modern laboratories and library.

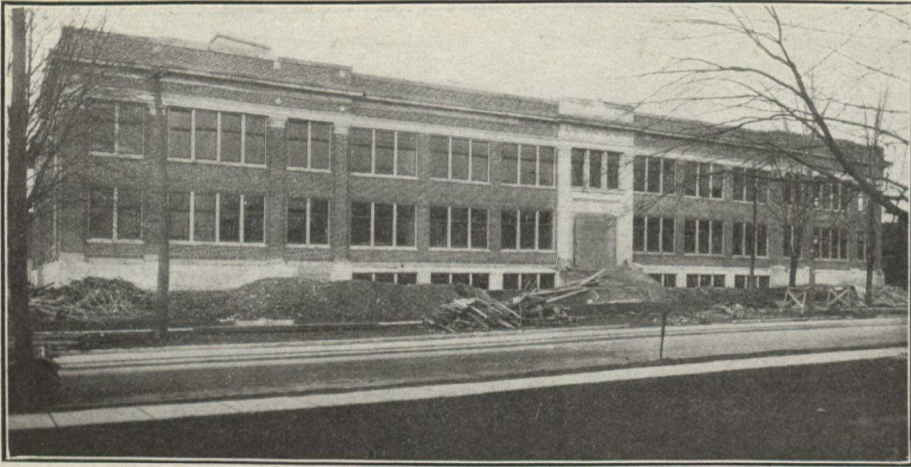
During the war Western University played its part by equipping and maintaining Stationary Hospital No. 10. The C.O.T.C. of the University prepared four hundred and fifty students for active service; many were able to qualify for commissions, and served with credit and distinction in the Canadian and British armies.

Biological and geological museums have had recently considerable beginnings from private donations. A valuable collection was recently given by Dr. Edwin Seaborn of London. Mr. J. A. Morton of Wingham has presented a botanical collection of more than 3,000 plants. Mr. W. E. Saunders, the London ornithologist, is presenting a collection of bird skins for use in class-room work.

Private benefactions have also taken the form of prizes and scholarships for meritorious students. Far the largest contribution received hitherto by the University from a private source was the recent bequest of \$200,000 made by the late John Smallman, which will not be actually available for some time under the conditions of the will. Only last year the

County Council of Middlesex took the important step of voting \$100,000 towards the new buildings, as a memorial of Middlesex young men fallen in the Great War. This will doubtless be a stimulus to both public and private subscription in the near future.

The new campus is a tract of two hundred acres situated about half a mile from the northern limits of the city on the north bank of the North Branch of the River Thames. It is well wooded with pine and hardwood and will lend itself to attractive landscape development. A detailed survey of this area has been made and profiles taken and charted. Moreover, an expert architect has laid out a scheme for the relative location of all the buildings that will be required by the University for the next two centuries. It is the conviction of the present administration that this plan will prevent the disorderly and haphazard arrangement of buildings which has made so many university campuses unattractive and inconvenient. It is thought, too, that the choice of Collegiate Gothic architecture for the first buildings will establish a form of architectural style which succeeding administrations will follow, and thus insure a pleasing uniformity among all the buildings of the University. The bridge to be built across



New Medical Building, Western University

the Thames to give access to the campus will be a cement structure of three low arches and similar to the bridge at Princeton, N.J., now spanning Lake Carnegie.

Two buildings are to be erected at the outset. One of these will be set apart for the natural sciences. Each of these buildings will have a frontage of about two hundred feet with two wings each of a depth of one hundred and thirty feet. The material for facing will be gray stone. It is estimated that each building will cost from \$400,000 to \$450,000.

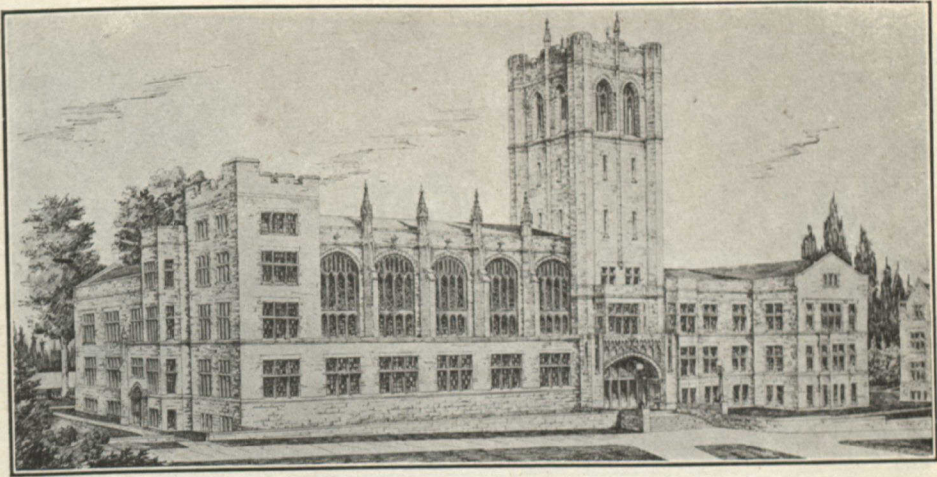
The spacious site, one of the finest in America, will give full scope for college athletics. An important determination of Western University is to train the sound body for the sound mind. Western believes in the playing fields, is bent on spurring the schools of Western Ontario to physical as well as mental excellence, and makes individual physical training a *sine qua non* for all students, in at least the first two years of the course. Health and wisdom are two facets of one aim in this modern gymnasium of learning.

The play is no less emphasized than the playground. Since even the 1890's the teachers and students of Western

have been enthusiastic for public performance of drama. Very few years have passed, except in war time, without at least one play produced in college, or more recently in the theatres of the city. Much time and pains have been spent on this work and, it is thought, wisely. In the new buildings it is certain that an auditorium equipped as an up-to-date theatre will be provided. A good preliminary training-school for the university players is the compulsory course in First Year English, entitled "Public Speaking".

More may be said to show the modern spirit of Western University. It is modern in its coeducational character from the beginning; no contentious adaptations have had to be made. The Literary Society of the University is composed of both sexes, who debate together, and the President is sometimes a woman student. No condescensions are dreamed of; equality is an axiom.

Western is modern, again, in that it is not the outcome of any individual's impulse, nor an instinctive and random growth, but the definitely considered, clearly projected realization on comprehensive lines of a large community's educational needs. It is



Provisional perspective of the proposed Main Building of the College of Arts,  
Western University

like a modern city, "planned", broadly planned for Western Ontario. Its name speaks the purpose and function of this university for "the west country". Like the great new civic universities of England it is supported and directed by city and government, not by any close corporation.

In the planning of Western's activities, the aim is to secure a symmetrical development of liberal and practical, *veritas et utilitas*. Cardinal Newman once stated in a famous discourse the value of knowledge as an end in itself, quite apart from its moral, political and economic uses. In a university, he said "a habit of mind is formed which lasts through life, of which the attributes are, freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation, and wisdom, or what I have ventured to call a philosophical habit". Again, liberal education is a "refinement or enlargement of mind", "an acquired illumination", a form of the *alma lux*, no doubt. "It is well to be a gentleman, to have a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind, a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life;

these are the connatural qualities of a large knowledge."

We may prefer now, after sixty years, the word "disinterested" to Newman's word "dispassionate". The mercenary mind of Canada, rife with advertising, not least in Western Ontario, needs nothing more than dry light, disinterested thought, the habit of pursuing truth for its own sake. This would incidentally make Canada more moral. We blamed in "the Hun", in whom modern materialism culminated, his inability to see truth apart from Germany's expediency. It is Western University's business to take the beam of individual expediency out of our own eye. At the same time its laboratories and libraries provide also for economic and moral needs.

Perhaps Newman's discussion of the university was mid-Victorian in its concentration on the point of knowledge. He sums up the aim of education as "a beauty, a perfection of the intellect", in some distinction from "physical or moral beauty". Western University is more Spartan in its eager attention to the physical, moral and social growth of boy or girl, to



Looking south from the site of the Main Building on the new campus of the Western University

the development of the whole character.

Public health and individual health are here pursued as ends in themselves and for the increase of power. That the new age and Western with it are swinging back to a broadened idealism, appears for example in the enlargement of the medical course to include at least one year of pure Arts. It may be to the general physical training, the active social life and the close co-ordination of Arts and Medical work, as well as to the comparative smallness of the student body that the remarkable university spirit of both faculty and students is due.

This young university is forward-looking also in its democratic purpose of social service. As Dr. W. S. Fox, Dean of the College of Arts, writes forcibly in a recent report:

"It is the policy of the College of Arts to aim at producing a type of graduate who, on the scholastic and practical side, is animated by the desire to know the truth in every sphere and to act in accordance with ascertained fact, who has a passion for accuracy of knowledge and performance

alike, who regards all honourable callings as of equal dignity; whose view of the world and men is broad and tolerant; a type of graduate who, on the human and spiritual side, has a vital appreciation of his duty to his country and the world, who has sworn fealty to the laws of morality and who refuses to see others deprived of the liberty of thought which he demands for himself—in short, a man of character who realizes that his college experience has been primarily a training for life and service rather than for a definite vocation.

"It is the policy in the College of Arts to limit non-laboratory classes to thirty students, a division of a class that exceeds this number being automatically effected and an extra instructor provided for the new class thus created. The maintaining of small classes and the pedagogical gain resulting therefrom can be, and ought to be, one of the distinctive features of the Western University. Strict insistence upon this as a policy will make it possible for the College of Arts of the Western University to produce the type of graduate it aims to produce".



A view of the new campus of the College of Arts, Western University

The modern university must be the soul of the people, a force for disinterested truth, and for material help as well, to all classes of citizens. The establishment of the Western University Summer School in 1918 and its steady growth since then is one way of wider service to the people. Extramural courses and extension lectures for London and other western towns are already given and will grow with the increase of financial means. Many of the general public have registered for the elementary course in Public Health. A special effort has been made to interest the working men and women of London in courses similar to those pursued by the W.E.A. in Great Britain, but more facilities are required for this work, to extend it to the cities and townships around, and to make Western in the fullest sense

of the words, "the University of the People of Western Ontario".

Those who are now engaged in building this University, fighting through many difficulties, see already the dawn of the day. "Bliss is it in that dawn to be alive", though still severer toils are plain in prospect. For 800,000 people in the western counties, for graduates of their one hundred secondary schools, one-third of those in the whole province, an institution of advanced education is being provided at their doors that will take the highest rank. A young university like Western can shake itself free from what George Meredith calls "the stupor of precedents". It need not be troubled by the burden of the past, in setting its face to the future that it will help to contrive.





# RUPERT BROOKE

SOME MEMORIES OF HIS TORONTO VISIT

BY R. H. HATHAWAY



MUCH has been written about Rupert Brooke's visit to America in the Summer of 1913, but one is likely, unless one has dipped into the posthumous volume of his letters to *The Westminster Gazette*, in which, with the pen at once of a poet and an unusually alert and observant youth, he vividly describes his impressions and experiences during that visit, to gather from it all that Brooke saw more of Canada — geographically speaking, at least — than he did of the United States. And yet such, as a matter of fact, was the case. After seeing New York, Brooke went to Boston and Cambridge — the home of Harvard University — and then came to Canada, where he made a leisurely journey across the Continent, starting at Montreal, and taking in, in order, Ottawa, Quebec (with a side trip to the Saguenay River), Toronto (with a run over to Niagara Falls), Winnipeg, and Vancouver. Here he took train for San Francisco, whence he set out for the dreamful isles of the South Seas.

It is not strange, perhaps, that the fact here indicated should have escaped general attention, for Brooke came among us so quietly, so unobtrusively, that he was off and away before his presence was known to more than a few persons. But had it been otherwise what difference would have been made? The stripling English poet had made something of a name for himself in certain literary circles "at home", but practically no one in this

distant outpost of Empire had even heard of him; and so he came among us, looked upon us with quiet, amused interest, noted down the things which struck him most, and passed on his way with hardly any but a small group here and there being aware of the fact. And how little did the members of those small groups know, or imagine how fortunate they were, or how precious should be the souvenir of that same stripling!

Perhaps Duncan Campbell Scott some time will set down his recollections of the visit that Rupert Brooke, carrying with him a letter of introduction from John Masefield, paid him at his Ottawa home, and will tell us something of the talk which passed between them in the elder poet's old-world garden; but it may be that there are but few others throughout the length and breadth of this land of ours who can add much to the brief record of Brooke's bird-of-passage flight across Canada which is to be found in his "Letters from America". For this youth, with the face and bearing of young Apollo, was shyness itself; he was aloof and distant among strangers, as the characteristic, cultured Englishman alone can be. I truly believe, indeed, that when Brooke wrote, as set forth in the chapter of his book headed "Ontario": "But the English sat quite still, looking straight in front of them, and hoping that nobody would speak to them," he was referring to himself and his feelings at the time of which he was writing.

I am not going to pretend that I have much to tell about Brooke that is particularly new or important, but it happened to be my good fortune—as I see it now—to be one of the few who met him during his brief stay in Toronto, and I wish to set down my impressions and memories of him while there is time.

Brooke brought with him to Toronto a letter of introduction from Duncan Campbell Scott to Edmund Morris, the painter (who, sadly enough, lost his life in the St. Lawrence River under peculiarly tragic circumstances only a month or two later). Morris was a member of the Arts and Letters Club, and what so natural, therefore, as that he should introduce his poet-visitor to that club? I have still a clear picture in my mind of the youth's first appearance in the spacious club room. It was a perfect day in late July. Everybody who could get away to the Northern lakes or to the country had gone, and as a result the attendance at luncheon that day was rather small. I therefore had full opportunity to note the unusual looking stranger. For unusual looking he certainly was. It always seems odd for a man to speak of another as beautiful, but I cannot help using that word to describe Brooke. Tall, straight, slender, blue-eyed, high-coloured, with clear-cut, regular features, and a mass of fair hair, rather long and carelessly worn, he was indeed a beautiful youth—veritably a Greek God in modern guise. There was no suggestion of effeminacy about him, however; you were conscious of something virile and clean and wholesome in the man. You knew somehow that his hands, while they looked soft and well-kept, were used to the cricket-bat and the oar; you felt, too, that for all the perfection of his colouring and the fineness of his features, he was not vain of his appearance, though it does not seem possible that he could have been unaware of his attractiveness. Gushing, indiscreet persons must again and again have held up the mirror of their fatuity before him,

but the result so frequent in such cases had not followed in his; his head had not been turned by admiration and adulation. But the impression he made above all was that of youth. He seemed, in truth, to be the very embodiment of youth—youth incarnate.

Men, as a rule, of course, pay little attention to other men's clothes, but I recall that Brooke's clothes were not, at any rate, of Bond Street make, and his broad-brimmed, soft felt hat plainly had seen much service. In fact, he looked as if it was not his habit to give much thought or care to his personal appearance; but it may be that he affected that sort of thing as a counter to the unusual goodness of his looks. For Brooke to have been particular about the cut and hang of his clothes would have been—well, impossible. It must be said, however, that his linen was irreproachable, and that the large, loose-flowing tie which he wore was entirely natural to him.

It was my happy fortune to know something of Brooke's work. I had read it in *The Poetry Review*, *The Blue Review*, *Poetry and Drama*, and other such publications in which the then developing "Georgian Poets"—of whom Brooke was one of the most prominent as well as one of the most promising—were showing what they were doing and what they were aiming at. Besides, I had picked up not long before what was perhaps the only copy in Toronto of his, at that time, sole book—"Poems", published in London, in 1911. I thus was able to show Brooke that there was at least one man in the group about him who had some previous knowledge not only of his existence, but—what was perhaps of more importance to him—of his work.

I must say that I found Brooke more ready to talk on almost any subject other than himself, though I cannot but admit that my recollection of what he said is most deplorably meagre. How I wish now that I had hastened to write down the things he did say; but who among us — our

guest least of all—suspected that here was a man made for immortality? I remember, however, that Brooke expressed himself as confident that poetry was about to come into its own again in England; that he spoke of the work of the so-called “Georgian Poets”, saying it was taking a form and direction distinctly different from that which had preceded it. The new poetry, said Brooke, was not so obviously and consciously poetry as was the poetry of the period which was passing. He spoke in somewhat disparaging terms in this connection of Tennyson; “sugary” was the word he used to describe him.

Of contemporary English poets, in answer to a question, he said he ranked Robert Bridges first, and intimated that he was generally so ranked by his fellow “Georgians”. Kipling he plainly didn’t care for, but he preferred not to speak about him or about Alfred Noyes. Masfield, he said, had done some fine work, but I gathered that he thought more highly of the Masfield of the sea songs and ballads than of the Masfield of the long, realistic narratives in verse. He admitted that he didn’t know much about our Canadian poets, but said he was anxious to know more. He had read some of Bliss Carman’s work, however, and liked it. But all this had almost to be dragged out of him; for he seemed not to relish talking what he very probably regarded as “shop”.

What seemed to concern him more than anything else at the time were the experiences ahead of him. He was particularly curious about the West, and about the Indians out there, whom he apparently expected to find in something like wild state.

I met Brooke two or three times later, and on one occasion had him autograph my copy of his “Poems”. He was very gracious about it, and after signing his name proceeded to make some textual changes in the book, among others changing the word “greasy” in the poem “Jealousy” to read “queasy,” and altering the title

of the sonnet “Libido” to “Lust”. This, he said, was the original title, but his publishers would have none of it, and the only way he could get even with them was by altering the title every opportunity that came his way.

In one of our talks, Brooke spoke of a plan then afoot at home to bring out a quarterly volume containing the new work of his friends, Lascelles Abercrombie, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson and John Drinkwater, and himself. He didn’t know, he said, what the title of the publication would be, or indeed, whether the plan would ever come to anything. I told him that if he would arrange to have a prospectus sent to me in the event of the project going through, I should do what I could to help it along. He promised to do this, and was as good as his word, for a couple of months or so later I received a printed announcement from England of the intention to issue just such a publication as Brooke had described, under the title “New Numbers”, with a subscription slip attached. I at once set out to bring the forthcoming publication to the attention of everybody whom I knew or could learn of as likely to be interested, and it gives me particular pleasure to recall that I was able to obtain fifteen or twenty subscribers for “New Numbers” right here in Toronto. It gives me even greater pleasure to know—as Lascelles Abercrombie in responding a year or so ago to a letter asking if sets of *New Numbers* (only four issues were published) were still to be had, assured me was the case—that Toronto “was easily next to London in the number of subscribers”. But all this is by the way.

To revert to my talks with Brooke, I remember that on the last day of his stay here, we left the club together, and that I beguiled the short walk back to his hotel by telling him that Toronto had a population of some 500,000, that the C.P.R. building towering before us was the highest building in the Empire, and other such banalities. He seemed to take

my chatter in good part, but his mind apparently was intent on other and more important matters, for as we parted he said he was going to his room to write a poem. I wished him luck as I bade him good-bye, and never saw him again, and never again shall I see him now, for the eager, questing spirit of Rupert Brooke has since found the answer to all questions in the "Eternal Peace".

I venture here, with some diffidence, to offer a possible explanation for certain aspects of the, to say the least, unflattering picture of Toronto which Brooke has left for all the world to see in his "Letters from America". All who met him here—at any rate such is my impression—assumed that he was in the hands of friends, who were looking after him and showing him about; but this seems not to have been the case, the man apparently being left pretty much to himself outside of the hours he spent at the A. and L. Club. Evidence of this to me is the fact that Brooke speaks of the houses of Toronto as being "mostly of wood", when everybody knows that hardly a city can be named where wooden houses are so uncommon as in this city of brick. Brooke, it seems to me, wandering about by himself and without guidance, saw comparatively little of that portion of the city in which Toronto people take their greatest pride—the residential—but saw more of the older and poorer down-town section than anything else. Hence the remark which disturbed, if it did not anger, us. However, we Toronto people must be a thin-skinned and self-conscious lot, when the casual words of a youthful poet, written while pausing here in a bird's-flight across our country had such an effect on us. At any rate, we should know, without having outsiders tell us that, so great and fine a city as we have here, it is not ideal by any manner of means.

After Brooke left the city Mr. Lindsay Crawford, who was then editor of the magazine section of *The Globe*, asked me to write something for him

about the young poet and his work. I acceded, and turned in a half a column or so, giving what, I feel certain, was the very first appreciation of Brooke's work to be published on this side of the Atlantic. I reproduce part of it below. The article, I might say, was accompanied by one of Brooke's most characteristic poems, "Dust," and his fine sonnet, "Oh, Death shall find me":

"Mr. Brooke . . . is one of the most remarkable of the young men who are rapidly bringing poetry into her own in England. As yet he has but one book to his credit—"Poems," published in 1911—but that one book, on its appearance, established Mr. Brooke's position firmly among the so-called "Georgian Poets," the critics hailing it, almost with united voice, as one of the most original and remarkable first books of poems issued in many a day.

"A white-flashing radiance, a high, clear, strong light, is the distinguishing thing about Mr. Brooke's work, though he can be vividly realistic when in the mood. His is, in all truth, no imitative, school-bred muse. That clear-burning, swift-moving light of his did not come through reading or study; it is his own, the direct gift of the high gods themselves. Nor is that flashing light cold and brilliant like the far stars, bright and clear though it is; we feel the man as well as the poet behind and in Mr. Brooke's poems. These, in a word, are no mere exercises; they are living things, for the writer found them in his heart.

"In technique Mr. Brooke's work is as remarkable as it is in subject. He shows a liking for the sonnet, and that he is at home in that difficult form of verse is plainly shown by the example given below, which begins his "Poems." The unexpected conclusion of this sonnet is quite characteristic of Mr. Brooke's poems, many of them taking just such a sudden and unlooked-for turn at the end. But, though the strait-jacket nature of the sonnet is doubtless good discipline for him, Mr. Brooke's best work is in a free, semi-blank verse, marked by unexpected rhythms and subtle harmonies which delight the attentive ear.

"That Mr. Brooke will go far, provided he can resist the things which beset the young man of genius, is a safe prediction; at any rate, the future of this modest, fresh-faced lad—he is but

twenty-five—will be watched with real interest by those who were so fortunate as to meet him while he was in Toronto last week.

“Mr. Brooke, in association with his friends and fellow-poets, Lascelles Abercrombie and John Drinkwater—both, like him, full of promise, and both, perhaps, with more real accomplishment to their credit—purposes shortly commencing the issue of a quarterly pamphlet volume containing the new work of the three men. Mr. Abercrombie has a private press, and will be the printer of what promises to be a most important publication.”

It will have been noticed that in my reference to the proposal to issue the publication which subsequently eventuated under the title *New Numbers*, I omitted mention of the fourth of the men concerned in it, namely, Wilfrid Gibson. How this happened I cannot say, but the omission was later brought to my attention by the unexpected receipt of a letter from Brooke. Mr. Lindsay Crawford, it appeared, had sent a copy of the paper containing my article after him. I need not say that I treasure this letter among my dearest possessions, for to see or even to recall it is to bring before me once again a clear picture of a tall, fair-haired youth, whose name is certain to live forever with only names which shine in the roll of lives untimely ended. Sidney, Marlowe, Chatterton, Keats, Shelley—it is with names such as these that Rupert Brooke's name will be forever linked, not so much for the work he has actually accomplished, as for those last sonnets of his—written at the very beginning of the Great War and inspired by the passionate love of England—which show what the world has lost in his early and tragic death. I cannot refrain from quoting here the poignant lines from Marlowe's “Doctor Faustus” as applicable to Brooke:

Cut is the tree that should have grown  
full straight,  
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough.

Here, without further introduction, is Brooke's letter to me, which is

really the excuse and justification for the present article:

Suva, Fiji, November, 1913.

Dear Mr. Hathaway:

Excuse me writing on this florid paper. My conscience has been pricking me, that I never wrote and thanked you for that kind, that too kind, article on me that appeared in the Toronto paper a few months back, after my too short visit to your city. I heard you were responsible for it. I didn't write, did I? Anyhow, it was very good of you. I won't discuss it, though I'll not pretend that praise of my poetry doesn't make me feel warm. But there's one point of fact I'd like to be meticulous about, I fancy you omitted my friend W. W. Gibson's name as the fourth of us who are concerned in “New Numbers,” as I rather discontentedly hear it is to be called. I sometimes think he's worth the other three. It'll be out in January, I suppose. I've had no news for ages from home. I suppose my mail's somewhere in this hemisphere. But I've been wandering in strange places.

This is a wonderful part of the world. In Samoa I saw R. L. S.'s tomb, and I began to understand his love of the place. It is a region a man might well return to after some years in the dust of Europe. But to settle here young would be treachery.

I hope to get back to England in the Spring. Best wishes to you and greetings to everyone I know at the Club. Remember me kindly to Crawford.

Yours sincerely,

RUPERT BROOKE.

P. S.—I left a “Georgian Poetry” with poor Morris, to be given to the A. & L. Club,—if it cared. Did it ever get there?

It seems to me that pages of description would fail to give a more complete and definite idea of the character and personality of Rupert Brooke than is self-portrayed in the above letter, and I leave it to the discerning to judge if such be not the case.

I have been considering how best to bring this paper of mine to a close, and have decided that I cannot do so better than by quoting the sestet of Brooke's sonnet, “The Dead”, to my mind the finest of all his war sonnets,

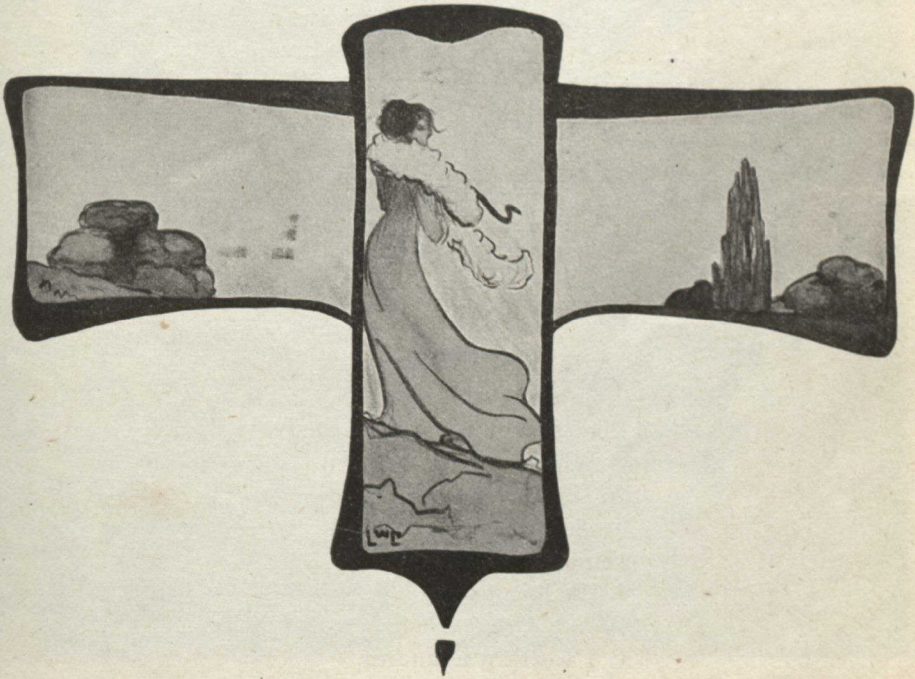
finer even than the better known and more generally admired "The Soldier", commencing, "If I should die," for it seems to me to sum up in brief the picture of Rupert Brooke which remains in the minds and hearts of all who knew him, either in person or through his work:

There are waters blown by changing  
winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And  
after

Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves  
that dance  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a  
white,

Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

Those who knew and loved Rupert Brooke do not mourn him, greatly as they deplore what they feel the world of English letters has lost in his early and tragic death, for to them his memory is, and always will be, "a white, unbroken glory, a gathered radiance, a width, a shining peace."



## QUIET SHE RESTS

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

QUIET she rests; unresting deeps  
 Buffet and sway her straining barque;  
 Mid the thick night, the starless dark,  
 In peace she sleeps.

What loveliness may rival hers?  
 What soul so innocent and free? . . .  
 Storm strikes across the angry sea,—  
 She wakes, and stirs.

She prays a little. Her prayers cease.  
 She smiles. Her lover far away  
 Is caring for her. *He* will pray . . .  
 She sleeps in peace.

## CONFESSIOAL

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

A LAVENDER lady,  
 Holy and old,  
 Like a cool place and shady  
 When summer is bold;  
 In her deep eyes *Dimittis*—  
 The long release!  
 Innumerable pities,  
 Healing peace.

O I worship unknown  
 Her frail, worn face;  
 With lavender blown  
 (An intangible trace,  
 A breath alone!)  
 About creamy lace;—  
 All my sins I atone  
 In this cool, shady place.



CANADIAN OAKS

By H. Perré.

From the Private Collection of the  
late Sir Glenholm Falconbridge





# FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

## I

There is nothing more remarkable in Canadian political history than the situation in the Ontario Legislature. There is no natural alliance between farmers and industrial workers and yet a coalition representing organized Agriculture and organized Labour holds together, and governs with courage and some degree of efficiency. Mr. Drury is disciplined from time to time by the official managers of the Farmers' party but he remains placid and repeats the offence as occasion seems to require. But he is never arrogant nor ever unnecessarily contentious or provocative. He commands the favour of Boards of Trade, is applauded at swallowtail banquets, displays a Christian spirit towards capitalists, and is even companionable with protectionists. He has actually no majority in the Legislature but does not seem to recognize that a majority is essential to the comfort of a government. And somehow or other whenever a majority is required it appears.

Mr. Drury appoints Commissions upon which his opponents seem to hold the balance of power, but apparently with serene confidence that their judgments will not be affected by partisan considerations. He makes speeches which sometimes have the flavour of an impracticable idealism but seems to be severely practical in dealing with actual immediate conditions and problems. For the causes which carry his judgment he sanctions appropriations with the freedom of a capitalist and defends his position with the language of an economist. He avoids issues which have no natural relation to Provincial affairs but is seldom evasive in dealing with any question upon which he should declare himself on the platform or in the Legislature. How much of what he reveals is indifference, how much independence, how much calculation, is not disclosed and one suspects is not likely to be disclosed. It may be the knowledge that he has a farm in Simcoe greatly explains his apparent sense of security without a Legislative majority. Ontario is interested in Mr. Drury as it was in Sir James Whitney and possibly they have a greater likeness to each other than the people have yet discovered.

## II

It is still uncertain whether or not the Emergency Tariff Bill will be adopted by the United States Congress, if adopted, whether President Wilson will apply the veto, and if there is enough support for the measure to override the veto. The scale of duties to be levied would bear very heavily upon Canada. We should again have to face the situation which was produced by the McKinley and Dingley tariffs.

It is said that we would be secure if the trade agreement negotiated by the Taft Administration and the Laurier Government ten years ago had been accepted by Canada. But that agreement was terminable on short notice by

either country. The fact that the compact held no guarantee of permanence was one of the reasons for its rejection by the Canadian people. It will be remembered that George Brown gave as his chief reason for withdrawing from the Coalition Cabinet which organized Confederation that a powerful section of the Ministry were favourable to a trade agreement with the United States dependent upon concurrent legislation. Hon. Edward Blake, many years later, opposed unrestricted reciprocity as advocated by the Liberal party because of inconveniences that would be experienced in maintaining any fiscal agreement and apprehensions that would be entertained as to its termination. Many manufacturers allege that they would have less fear of free trade with the United States if there could be any assurance that such a relation, once established, would never be disturbed. But it is clear that neither the American Congress nor the Canadian Parliament could give any such assurance except for a fixed period under a definite treaty, while there would always be danger even during the life of such a treaty that changing conditions and conflict in interpretation would produce friction and misunderstanding.

There is, therefore, a substantial body of opinion in Canada which holds that the Canadian Parliament should control the Canadian tariff as a necessary assertion of national independence and as the best surety against friction with Washington. This may or may not be the dominant sentiment but at least the view is held even by many people who are not extreme protectionists and who desire to maintain intimate trading relations with the neighbouring country. No doubt falling prices of farm products and heavy grain shipments to the United States in order to get the advantages of a favourable exchange chiefly explain the agitation for higher duties at Washington. But the bulk of American farmers have been protectionist for a generation and in general political sympathy with the Republican party. The agreement which Mr. Taft negotiated with Canada was not popular with American farmers, as he discovered in his contest with Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt. In the recent Presidential campaign Mr. Harding gave distinct pledges to the agricultural voters and it is likely that these pledges will be implemented whether or not the Emergency Tariff Bill goes into effect.

But whatever may be done at Washington there is no sound reason for acute resentment in Canada. Those among us who talk of "retaliation" would do well to think deeply upon the delicacy and gravity of international relations. There was no "retaliation" at Washington when we rejected the trade compact which was negotiated ten years ago. During the war, whether the United States was neutral or combatant, nothing was done at Washington of which we in Canada had reason to complain. Indeed there was fair, if not generous, dealing with the Dominion by Congress and the Wilson Administration. The Republican party is protectionist and we cannot deny its right to make such tariff changes as in its judgment American interests may demand. It is true that the balance of trade between the two countries is now overwhelmingly against the Dominion. In 1920 we bought goods and products from the United States to the total value, according to the Department of Commerce at Washington, of \$971,854,000, as against exports to that country of \$611,788,000. In 1919 our purchases from the United States totalled \$734,244,319 and we sold goods and products there to the value of only \$494,696,000. In addition our losses on exchange during the twelve months were between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000.

If the duties upon exports from the Dominion are materially increased the balance of trade will be still more unfavourable. We will have no alter-

native but to buy less from the neighbouring country. It may even become necessary to readjust Canadian duties in the interest of Canadian manufacturers and producers. If we freely concede the right of Congress to make the American tariff the right of the Canadian Parliament to adjust duties in the national interest cannot be challenged. But we need not legislate in the spirit of enmity nor disturb the good relations which now exist by provocative writing and angry rhetoric. Whether the American tariff is increased or reduced the duty of the Canadian Parliament is to consider only the interests of Canada and to remember that "retaliation" is not a word which should pass between neighbours and that deliberate trade reprisals are as dangerous as they are unprofitable.

### III

Mr. Charles G. Dawes, who was Brigadier-General and Chief of Supply Procurement for the American Expeditionary Forces, had a glorious hour with one of the Congressional Committees at Washington which is investigating war expenditures. He swore freely and denounced in vigorous language the partisans who, he professed to believe, were "muckraking" for political purposes. He declared that long after the Committee was in oblivion the accomplishments of the American army would be remembered. He was not a Democrat, he said, but he did not feel like picking out flyspecks in the conduct of the War Department. "Everything considered," he said, "I don't think a single, solitary dollar was wasted in France. Damn it all, the business of an army is to win the war, not to quibble around with a lot of cheap buying. We did not keep a double-entry system of books over there. We were fighting and getting the stuff to the men. Hell and Mariah, we weren't trying to keep a set of books. We were trying to win the war. I want to say to you that we couldn't spend our time trying to find a thousand barrels of vinegar and disregard what might be happening at the front. If a call came from the front for something for wounded men, by God, we got it, and we did not bother about any double-entry bookkeeping system."

He told the Committee that he could not understand why men could not show patriotism in time of peace as well as in war, and to questions about the "aircraft scandal" he answered:—"While we didn't have the planes we had the aviators. You want to be fair. Aviation was an entirely new thing. We started out in a brand new field. Nobody wanted to steal anything, it was like a fellow starting a department store overnight when he had just been running a little grocery. It was big and new to him. That's the reason we failed in aircraft."

In defence of General Pershing he said:

"There were hounds in this country who tried to spread the false news that Pershing was at a theatre the night of the armistice. He was there, like hell. He was at his office, starting the work of cancelling vast war contracts to save money. It will take twenty-five or fifty years for Pershing to get his place in history, but let me tell you the time will come when every doughboy overseas will be proud to say he was one of Pershing's men.

"You can try to give me all the hell you want—I like it. You kick because I sold a lot of secondhand junk to the French Government for \$400,000,000 instead of keeping 40,000 soldiers there to guard it while we tried to peddle it. My conscience hurts me sometimes when I think we charged them too much.

"And they are trying to say that Pershing permitted the sacrifice of thousands of lives on Armistice Day. It's the most damnable lie ever uttered. And it's all right to sit back here, viewing from a partisan standpoint the work overseas, when, if you

people, so free to condemn, had been there you might have done just as we did—or worse. Liquidation? Why, hell, men, we liquidated everything.

“There wasn’t any willful destruction of property in France, as this Committee has tried to show. The junk we couldn’t sell was given away—it was cheaper than burning or burying it. They pinned one of these medals on me but it had a damned sight better have gone to some poor devil in the ranks who better deserved it.”

In another portion of his evidence Mr. Dawes said, “Sure, we paid. We didn’t dicker. Why, man alive, we had to win the war. It was a man’s job. We would have paid horse prices for sheep, if the sheep could have pulled artillery to the front. Oh, it’s all right now to say we bought too much vinegar and too many cold chisels, but we saved the civilization of the world.” He added, “I don’t like this criticism of the British, the spirit of antagonism. I am not in sympathy with this Irish-American or hyphenated stuff. You see I am not a politician or expecting a job, thank God.” Finally the witness declared, “Put Fatty Arbuckle, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford down in the park performing and this whole Committee would go down there and leave us alone.”

It may be that Mr. Dawes’s language should be censored, but one can understand his distress and disgust with the methods adopted to discredit the Wilson Administration, and to make the great part which the United States played in the war a shame instead of a glory to the American people. There cannot be a war without waste any more than there can be a war without sacrifice. It is remarkable how few “war scandals” have survived in Canada. But there were “muckrakers” and there are still whisperers who might well read Mr. Dawes’s evidence and, like the cub in *The Jungle Book*, “think and be still”.

#### IV

There is a formidable movement in the United States to revise the schedule of railway workers. It is estimated that between 1917 and 1920 the total payments for labour on American railways have been increased by \$2,000,000,000 or \$2,500,000,000. By the Adamson Act imposed upon Congress by President Wilson, the eight-hour day was established and wages heavily advanced. The McAdoo Award gave further substantial increases to railway employees. Six or seven months ago wages were again advanced by order of the United States Railroad Labour Board. This last increase alone aggregated \$652,000,000. In Canada in 1910 the total annual payment in salaries and wages to railway employees was \$67,167,793; in 1914, \$111,763,972; in 1918, \$152,274,953; and in 1919, \$208,939,995. For 1920 the total was probably \$250,000,000. In 1910 the ratio of salaries and wages to gross earnings was 38.61 per cent., and in 1919, 54.56 per cent. The hour basis for statistical purposes was not adopted until 1917 and it is therefore possible to give exact comparative increases to various classes of railway employees only between 1917 and 1919:

	1917 cents	1919 cents
Section men .....	20.6	36.6
Machinists .....	42.2	68.5
Masons and bricklayers .....	35.0	58.5
Carpenters .....	30.4	58.1
Painters .....	29.6	59.7
Electricians .....	32.3	61.3
Car repairers .....	26.3	54.2
Dispatchers .....	62.3	95.7

	1917 cents	1919 cents
Telegraphers .....	30.8	60.8
Station agents .....	32.2	52.0
Road freight engineers .....	53.8	79.8
Road freight firemen .....	36.4	60.7
Road freight conductors .....	48.3	67.8
Road freight brakemen .....	32.4	53.7
Passenger engineers .....	68.8	101.7
Passenger firemen .....	41.3	76.7
Passenger conductors .....	58.9	79.8

It is contended that wage advances explain two-thirds of the increase in cost of transportation. All such advances were made while the American railways were controlled by the government. The increases secured by American railway workers were accepted by the Canadian railways. All the great railway brotherhoods are international organizations and although only 8 per cent. of the membership is in Canada advances secured by the organizations are made to apply uniformly all over the continent.

The total number of employees on the American railways increased under government control by 261,000. The railways declare not only that the number of workers is now excessive, but that wage increases were followed by decrease of efficiency. As to this, there are naturally acute differences of opinion but it does seem that the schedules imposed upon the railways involve serious waste of time and money. In an appeal by the railways for immediate abrogation of the national agreements between the Companies and their employees Mr. A. W. Atterbury, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Lines, said, "The national agreements, rules and working conditions forced on the railroads as war measures cause gross waste and inefficiency. I estimate that elimination of this waste would reduce railway operating expenses at least \$300,000,000 per annum. It would be far better to save this sum by restoring conditions of efficient and economical operation than to reduce wages."

According to *The New York Times*, "Evidence has been taken for a month under oath of almost incredible waste of wage money. In one case large sums were paid to four employees because the classification of their work was changed. In another case a worker stood idle while another was called to do work which was paid for at the rate of five hours' time for thirty minutes' actual work, while a train was delayed ninety minutes unnecessarily. In another case the rules required the railway to pay four men 112 hours' time for work taking four hours and 33 minutes. These items are merely samples of what occurs under rules which pile up such cases into huge totals. Under one rule time in which no work was done ran up to \$14,500,000 for a year for a single craft."

The American railways demand release from the regulations which compel all the roads to pay trunk line wages and to conform to schedules prescribed by the United States Labour Board. It is clear, although the fact is not so openly confessed, that they desire freedom to bargain direct with the Railway Brotherhoods without right of interference by any board at Washington or by the officials of any other national or international union organization. They insist that great economies can be effected by readjustment of the schedules and substitution of regulations which will compel "a full day's work for a full day's wage".

Advocates of public ownership contend that the position of the American railways has not greatly improved since the roads were returned to the private companies. But there is much evidence that under government control the equipment of the roads was vitally impaired, many engines were disabled, and necessary repairs neglected. Besides an advance in freight rates a few months ago was counterbalanced by wage increases which totalled \$600,000,000. Whatever may be the immediate situation of the American railways it cannot be established that the experiment in public ownership was successful while the experience of Great Britain has been even less satisfactory than that of the United States. In Canada the Government took over the railways not so much from choice as from apparent necessity and it is too soon to pronounce judgment upon the advantages or disadvantages of public operation in this country. A deficit in 1919 of \$50,000,000 was followed in 1920 by a deficit of \$55,000,000 or \$60,000,000. If the accounts of the public railways were kept as are those of private corporations the deficit would be at least \$80,000,000. Thus all our revenue from income and excess profits taxes goes to meet railway losses. Whether the final decision of the country will be for or against public ownership has to be determined, but it is certain that increasing deficits will compel a very close and severe examination into the whole railway problem in Canada.

## V

The great war, which will have long consequences in many countries, has accentuated the quiet, sullen sense of injustice which prevails among negroes in the United States. Lincoln emancipated the slaves but they are still politically disfranchised. By various devices they are kept from the polls and excluded from representative offices. They have been a subject race if there is such a race in the world, but at last they seem to have found a spirit and courage which it was believed they did not possess and could not develop. The war against autocracy in Europe threatens autocracy in America.

By conscription 400,000 blacks in the United States were called to the colours. Of these 200,000 went overseas. One thousand negro officers were trained at Plattsburgh. Four coloured regiments won the Croix de Guerre. One regiment of fifty-six officers and 2,000 men returned with only twenty of the officers and 1,200 men. Not one man of this regiment had yielded a foot of ground or been taken prisoner. There are now 12,000,000 blacks in the United States. They form one-seventh of the working force of the country. There are 800,000 farmers and 1,000,000 farm labourers among the coloured population. Eighty per cent. of the women are in domestic or industrial service. Through the scarcity of labour during the war many coloured people became industrial workers and were admitted to Labour unions. In 1866 the negroes owned 12,000 houses; they now own 600,000. Then they had 20,000 farms; now they have 981,000. In 1866 they controlled 2,100 businesses and their accumulated wealth was estimated at \$20,000,000. Fifty years later they controlled 45,000 businesses and had accumulated wealth of \$1,110,000,000. In 1867 four hundred negroes were engaged in forty lines of business; in 1917 negroes were engaged in 200 lines of business in which they had invested \$50,000,000. There are seventy banks managed by negroes. Between 1866 and 1916 the value of negro property devoted to higher education increased from \$60,000 to \$21,500,000 and the value of church property from \$1,500,000 to \$76,000,000. The negroes have 400 periodicals, twelve magazines and 300 weeklies. They have 1,563 rural women's clubs and 1,962 girls'

clubs with a total membership of 103,000. There are sixty-four towns and twenty-one settlements governed entirely by negroes with a high average of economy and efficiency.

Although the State grants for the education of 200,000 negro children are only one-fifth of the amount granted for the education of white children illiteracy among the coloured people has been reduced until it is now 25 per cent., and among those between the ages of ten and twenty only 15 per cent. It is stated that there is now less illiteracy among the negroes than there was among the white people of the United States at the time of the Civil War or among the whites of the South fifteen years ago. Towards 720 Rosenwald schools in Alabama which cost \$1,133,000 the coloured people contributed \$430,000. They have thousands of representatives in the professions of law, medicine and teaching, and thousands of graduates, both men and women, from the colleges and universities.

But in 1920 there were seventy-seven lynchings among negroes, and race riots in Illinois, Washington and Arkansas. In Georgia last year twenty-two negroes were lynched although only two were charged with attacks on white women. In that State no lyncher has ever been punished. For long the negroes have been docile and submissive but it is now admitted that "a condition of strain exists, full of peril". This, according to such a sober, responsible, and influential journal as *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, "springs from a sense of injustice and wrong of constant occurrence in relations, both small and great, humiliating at once and dangerous, as these arouse resentment in minds awakened to a new consciousness of their own power and their newly recognized rights". It adds, "Prudence, no less than patriotism, common humanity, no less than the religion of Jesus Christ, never challenged us more loudly."

At last the negro begins to demand a free and full American citizenship. This the whites of the South will yield with reluctance or probably will not yield at all without bloodshed. It may not be hard to understand the attitude of Southern whites, but once the negroes show capacity to organize and courage to resist, the position of "the superior race" will become perilous. "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave but his soul goes marching on." For half a century the march has been slow and difficult, halting and fugitive, but the pace becomes faster and the outlook ominous.

## VI

The street railways of the United States face a very serious situation. It is estimated that the total capitalization of the urban and interurban companies is \$5,000,000,000, which is one-fourth that of the steam railways, while their revenues are in excess of \$650,000,000 a year, or only \$175,000,000 below those of the steam roads. The cost of renewals and of operation has greatly increased and new construction is far more costly. In many of the larger cities fare increases have been granted but the revenues are still inadequate. The higher fares do not meet the higher wages of labour and the higher cost of commodities. The street railways are also affected by the competition of the automobile and the jitney. It is estimated that in Southern California the jitneys have reduced street railway earnings by \$500,000 a year, in Eastern Massachusetts by \$2,000,000, and in New Jersey alone by \$5,000,000. In 1917 when a street railway census was taken in the United States there were 79,914 street cars and 4,600,000 private passenger motors. Since then the num-

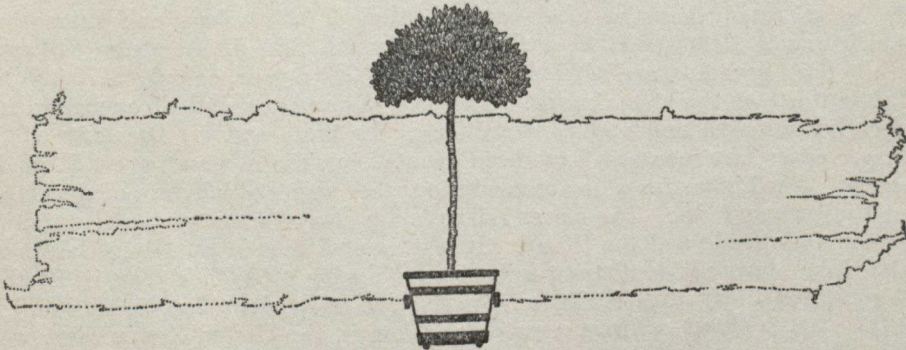


ber of private motors has vastly increased while the truck services have been greatly extended.

The street railway companies have a direct responsibility for the unfortunate situation which has developed. A writer in *The New York Times* says:

"The street railway properties were in most instances largely overcapitalized. Too often, as the result of mergers and re-organizations, they were also overburdened with fixed charges in the form of bonds and guaranteed rentals. As long as the nickel fare paid, these basic weaknesses were hidden, because the public accepted the nickel fare from habit. But when higher fares were forced from the public, then the financial foundations of the companies were examined more critically and the disclosures alienated public feeling. Not only had the street railway companies, generally speaking, watered their securities; they had neglected to correct the evil later on, during the early days of their prosperity. They had failed to amortize excess capitalization. They had failed to amortize accrued depreciation. They had fought every effort, through administrative commission or otherwise, to place a fair valuation upon their property devoted to the public use."

This writer who is not unfriendly to the street railway companies insists that they were not content with a fair return upon investments, were "disregardful of good public relations", took little pains to win public favour and support and "put the profits of management above service just as they had put the spoils of promotion above sound finance". He declares further that the bankers who were the fiscal agents of the street railway companies became too often the inner directorate and that the interest of the bankers was primarily in the flotation of securities and not in public service for the public benefit. There are facts in Canadian experience which illustrate the methods too commonly adopted in the United States but generally the banks of Canada have discouraged predatory finance and made the public interest the supreme concern. Moreover, many of the smaller communities of this country have been provided with transportation by local capitalists who have had little if any return upon their investments. It is declared that in order to restore the credit of American street railways from \$300,000,000 to \$400,000,000 a year of new capital will be required. The writer in *The New York Times* believes that to investors in street railways security is now the chief consideration and that with this assured the rate of return need not be high since the factor of risk would be eliminated. "The speculative enticement," he insists, "ought never to be permitted to revive." He adds that "public ownership will be accepted by the American people only if and when it becomes unmistakably plain that regulation has been honestly and exhaustively tried and found wanting".



# THE FAMILY NAME

BY THEODOCIA PEARCE

**I**T was middle October. The Heath family were congregated upon the side porch enjoying to the full the hazy and mild twilight.

There was Paw Heath—tipped back in the old arm chair, his feet upon the top verandah railing—a blackened clay pipe thrust between his lips; his countenance was that of the tired but contented.

And there was Maw Heath bending closely over a bit of mending in the dusk. Even in the grayness her features showed stern and colourless. One felt immediately her dominating nature though her eyes were upon her work and her lips—mute.

In the far corner within the deep shade of the grape vine, Skin sat idly whittling at a stick. He was the honoured member of the family—the boarder. Although Maw Heath pocketed his five dollars every Saturday night and did his washing Mondays into the bargain—to the rest of the family, Skin, the boarder, never existed, but Skin, the big brother, did. To the younger Heaths he was plain—Skin Heath—tall—thin—awkward. To the busy world whither he went every morning at six—he was James Summerville—tall—thin—awkward—just the same. A name made little difference to Skin himself.

From the rear came the noisy laughter of children at play.

On the steps sat Glad—one elbow propped on her knee—her chin cupped in the palm of her hand—her

eyes staring off through the misted space of dusk. Gray as the twilight were those great dreaming eyes of hers. From the shadow Skin watched her surreptitiously. She had changed so much in the last year, Glad had—changed so suddenly from the child to the girl. Skin wondered who had taught her to coil her mass of “red red” hair so beautifully. She bought her own clothes—he knew—and Glad’s clothes were not like the family clothes. And why? There was something about the girl that frightened him though he still teased her as of old—or chased her around the yard perhaps. She loved to run and to dance about everywhere. She was so mirthful—so full of life—so impulsive. He was afraid now of *the thing* she might do so thoughtlessly. Of late there was a brooding about Glad—a brooding alien to her nature. She worried him.

“Say, Glad,” he called buoyantly, “want a walk around the block? Get your coat now.”

But Glad heeded him not.

“Say, Glad,” he tried again, “want a movie to-night—my treat you know?”

But Glad heeded him not.

Maw Heath looked up from her stitching.

“Gladys,” she demanded sharply.

The girl stirred.

“Say Glad—want a movie?” It was Skin again.

The girl sat up impulsively—her arms stretched about her head—her face turned upward.

"Oh dear sky," she whispered, then with a little sigh she turned suddenly toward the vine shade—"What did you want Skin?"

Skin frowned in the dark and repeated his questionings.

"No—not to-night. Let's stay home."

"Ain't tired are you Glad?" he inquired.

"Tired—nothin'," Maw Heath answered tersely, looking sternly at the girl—"Tired—fiddlesticks. The land knows where she got all those new fool contraptions of hers lately. Moonin' on the porch one hour and then dancin' over the whole yard the next. You gotta keep mighty careful with yourself Miss Gladys Heath—I ain't blind an' I know a thing or two. If it's pride you're getting, cause of a purse your own and a decent bit of calico on your back—I'll soon hide it out of you." Her tone was threatening.

The girl leaned heavily against the post. Skin could not see her hands were clinched.

"Why don't you answer me," Maw Heath spoke icily—"Why won't you go with Skin when he wants you. Ain't he decent enough," she taunted.

"Please—please—leave me alone."

"Leave you alone—nothin'. If you can't go walkin' with Skin now—jest you hop around to the yard there, and take the children in to bed."

She went gladly, Skin thought—almost joyfully.

"You shouldn't of Maw," he admonished a few minutes later. "Perhaps Glad—"

"I've a perfect right," she interrupted, "to bring my own child up the way I've a mind to."

Paw Heath sat up lazily.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"Nothin'," Maw assured him, gathering up her work. "Nothin' but Glad's foolery. It's gettin' dark an' chilly. Comin' in Paw?"

"Why I guess so," he said nervously, "why I guess so."

Left alone, Skin settled down for one of his rare "thinks". Life to him was mostly a drifting along, but lately Glad had awakened a something within him.

Presently she came out—a blue sweater coat thrown about her shoulders. She sat down listlessly upon the steps. Skin smiled to himself at her distaste for chairs.

"Say Glad," he called softly.

"You there—Skin?"

He came and sat on the steps beside her.

"Ain't we friends any more Glad?"

"Why yes—Skin." She was surprised.

"Well—can't you tell me what's eatin' you?"

She turned to smile at him wistfully.

"Would you understand me — I wonder?"

"Well—I kin try."

She laid a hand upon his knee. "Thanks—Skin. I guess I'm discouraged—that's all."

"Well by stars Glad—what more do you want—a steady job — — —"

"A steady job—that's just it. Oh I hate a steady job. I want to get out and live with the days—go along with them—can't you see—*be* something in the world."

"Well ain't you goin' to *be* something to me some day Glad," he coaxed. "Ain't you goin' to marry me in another year or two when you're twenty an' I'm advanced some—ain't you Glad?"

"I don't think so—but—I don't know," the girl's voice seemed far away.

"But your Maw wants it so—Glad."

"Yes, Maw wants it so," the voice flared very near—"Maw always wants things so. I guess I've my own life to live same as she has. *And I'll live it.*"

There was no response. Instinctively she knew she had hurt him.

"I'm sorry Skin—I didn't mean it that way—I didn't mean *you.*" Her

hand sought his and gripped it. "Don't you believe me?"

"I guess so—Glad—but I don't just get you—kind of."

"Some day you will," she said tenderly — "Some day you will Skin. I'm going in. It seems cold here."

She patted his hands ere she left him.

"And don't you worry—*dear*. It will all work out somehow."

Skin thought much about her alone. Glad was so different from the rest—so apart from all of them—so apart from him. Perhaps if he had money—she would care. Perhaps—if he had position.

She was aloof—different. Wee Tom was the most like her, with his dear baby ways and his quaint prattle. The twins were like their mother. But Glad—

It was late in November when Glad startled the serenity of their everyday existence.

"I've got a new job," she announced at supper, her eyes a-sparkle with fun as of old. She laughed across at Skin. "Guess what."

"Promotion."

"No—I left Colborne's"

"What," Maw Heath gasped, "left the biggest and best store in the city?"

"Yes."

There was an awkward silence.

"I went to the Conservatory—everybody—got a job in the cloak room—watching the pupils' things."

"Well," Maw Heath gasped again—"What possessed you?"

Glad laughed again. The joy of her was not to be controlled.

"Why—I—don't know. It's a better place in every way. Easier work—and think of all the nice people I'll see. And maybe," she leaned nearer her mother, "maybe some great teacher will give me music—*free*—if I work well."

Maw Heath held her peace. Anything to be obtained *free* and honestly, was in her mind the thing.

During the weeks that followed Glad came and went—laughing—dancing—everywhere. She was the Glad of old—something of the child again. Her happiness was contagious. Even Maw Heath forgot to scold the twins, fret over wee Tom, and harp at Glad. What made the girl happy—as happy as she was—Skin could never ascertain or guess.

Sometimes she brought home cards from the Conservatory and they used them—"taking in a recital," as Maw so skilfully put it to neighbour Mrs. This or That. Maw seemed to enjoy those outings—the music and the lights and the people. It pleased her that many of the gay young girls about them spoke to Glad. Sometimes Glad stayed with some of them "to usher". It did not occur to her to question the friendship between those girls and her own.

That Glad herself enjoyed the new work and life of hers, was beyond doubt. As yet there was no mention of those free music lessons. If Maw Heath wondered why, she questioned not and held her peace. Glad told them vividly of her work—of the girls she met there, of the teachers and professors who passed her in the halls. Some she learned to know. But her chief delight was Ivan Kobeleff.

"Oh he's splendid—everybody," she lauded again and again. "He knows—*everything*. His big recital is in March—early March. It will be wonderful—wonderful. I'll get tickets for all of us."

Skin hated this unknown Ivan Kobeleff. He was afraid for Glad. But always she was so gay—so glad-some, he had not the heart to question her—to protest. Often her work took her back to the Conservatory at night. Skin always met her at ten and they walked home. Usually she was silent and, he thought, rather sorrowful.

"Poor kid—she's tired," he told himself again and again.

But one night he asked her for sure.

"No I'm not sad." And she laughed softly, "I'm tired a bit maybe, but happy Skin—all through me. I'm getting nearer to the *being something*, I believe. Just a little while longer and I'll know what it is—I really want."

March came—and Kobeleff's recital. In looking back Skin wished sometimes it had never come. Glad left them early that evening—he and Maw were to follow later and the three of them would come home together. This was the girl's plan—a plan never realized.

The hall was crowded when they arrived. Glad was nowhere in sight.

"Don't you worry about her," Maw Heath consoled. "She kin look after herself pretty spry."

The music began. The first number was a dance—the second a group of dancers—and the third. The fourth was Glad!

So Ivan Kobeleff was a dancing master. Skin sneered and sat forward to watch *her*.

Glad always had danced—and ran—and chased everywhere. But that she could do it so—up there on the platform — gliding — stooping — turning — lightly — buoyantly — happily. She was a spirit of youth—giving spontaneously the joy she felt. She wore a little short frock of green—pale green to match the delicate pink of her cheeks. Skin watched her spellbound. And when she had finished the applause deafened him. He dared not look at Maw Heath. She sat rigid beside him and he dared not look. The other numbers were phantoms of colour to him. Nothing was real but Glad and her gladness. To him it was a hurt he could not understand.

After Glad came to them he knew what that hurt was.

"Are you surprised?" she asked. Her face was radiant.

"Surprised—well I should say I am." Maw Heath's voice was frigid.

The tone startled Glad. She looked up at them with frightened eyes, her hands reached up almost impulsively.

"Why mother."

She turned to Skin.

"Aren't you glad either? Oh I have worked so hard to please you." Her voice broke.

A gentleman in a dress suit came up to them. His manner was at once agile and abrupt.

"Mrs. Heath I presume," he said, extending his hand which she failed to heed. "Are you not delighted?—surprised? A wonderful daughter you have—wonderful."

"Surprised—well I should say I am." Maw Heath spoke icily. "So it is you who taught my child all this foolery—put into that outrageous, shameful dress—and made her a public dancer to disgrace the family name."

"But madam—"

"I was never so taken back," Maw Heath interrupted, "I'm thankful her Paw and the rest aren't here to see. Either she quits all this tommy-rot"—Maw Heath was decisive—"Either she quits all this tommy-rot—takes off that shameful thing on her back, and promises me never to come back to this place—either she does that—or *I go home alone.*"

There was a moment of awkward silence. Glad turned to the little man beside her. The dismay marked upon his face kindled within her something greater than anger—something more glowing than fire. It was self realization.

"How can you," she cried, turning upon her mother. "How can you speak that way to Ivan Kobeleff. He has been so kind to me—so kind—" she paused—bit her lips—and continued, "He has made everything possible for me—everything. We worked so to surprise you—to make you glad. Why I have always wanted to dance—always. Didn't you know—couldn't you tell?"

"I couldn't think a child of mine would stoop so low—be so indecent."

"Indecent," Glad reiterated, a look of horror upon her face—"Indecent" Oh it isn't true—it isn't. It is right—because God makes me dance. O yes He does—it's the way my soul sings. I'll show you—I can be pure! I love all I did to-night and I'll keep it. I'll work somehow if it kills me—and *you can go home alone.*"

Maw Heath grasped. Had the evil one himself possessed her girl. She waited—Glad turned to Ivan Kobeleff.

"Madam," the dancing master strove mightily for control. "You are wrong. To dance well is high art. With your daughter it is great art. She has commenced a little late but the true art within her shall triumph. My wife and I shall protect her. Have no fear."

Maw Heath drew herself up, and turned away. Her dominant nature could not be crushed in a night—in a year—in a lifetime perhaps. Skin had stood by—dumb with despair. He turned to Glad—the new Glad he never knew had existed—with a mute appeal. At the sight of him the girl began to sob softly.

"No — no — I can't — Skin — I can't. Come here to see me soon—good-bye."

Three days in succession Skin went to the working-place of his Glad—for she was his. The hurt within him told him so. But each time she was not there.

The lad that he really was grew to a manhood those three waiting days. At home he dared not speak of her—at her work—he could not find her. Never had he felt so useless—so hopelessly alone.

The third day he sought Kobeleff to ascertain the truth. What they were doing to her—he must know.

Kobeleff told him Glad was not well—just tired and nervous. The strain had been too much. No—it was not serious and she had every

care. Skin forgot the indifference of the little dancing master when he knew she had aid and attention. He was not to blame for Maw Heath's action. He desired his Glad to have always what she wished. Someday he would tell this Ivan Kobeleff that.

Passing a florist's shop on his return home the deep crimson roses reminded him of the girl. He went in—asked for a directory—sought out Kobeleff's address and sent them to her. The buying gave him an unexpected pleasure. Christmas was the only gift-giving time to him; but even then he had never given—*flowers.* He could see Glad's eyes!

A week later he went to see her. Kobeleff 'phoned him at the shop to come.

Was his Glad—no better?

All the way there he dared not think. The cars were so slow—the minutes so long.

She was watching for him at the front windows and met him at the door.

"Oh dear Skin!"—never even in their fun at home had her voice sounded so joyous—"I am so glad you are here—I could scarcely wait."

She drew him in, through a darkened hall into a room of shaded lights, flower covered chairs, soft carpets, beautiful pictures and cushions—he had never thought any room grander than the Heath front parlour at home. The splendour of the surroundings smote him—the wonder of his Glad dazzled him.

She wore white—her face was pale, but her hair—it was more glorious than ever.

Skin ceased to exist. He was James Summerville of the world—tall—thin—awkward.

"Why don't you talk Skin"—she pleaded—"Sit back restful against that cushion there and tell me everything. How's Tom?"

He told her Tom was well.

"And the Twins—Skin. Are they good?"

He told her they were quite well.  
 "And Dad — and — and — mother.  
 How's mother, Skin?"

And he told her Maw Heath was fine.

She eyed him curiously.

"I know what's the matter with you," she said firmly, snuggling down on the Chesterfield beside him—"Its this house—it awes you. It did me too—at first. Why I was afraid if I moved I would break something. But they are so kind to me—Madam Kobeleff is too good. I forgot all about the house pretty soon, thinking of them—and my own. Just you look at me Skin and forget this room—won't you."

There was no answer.

"Now I'm mad," she teased. "If you won't look at me I'll run away."

He obeyed.

Oh the hurt of him, and the joy of her!

He rose abruptly.

"I guess—I gotta go—Glad."

She stood up beside him—puzzled.

"It isn't that you are—are—shamed too because I dance—is it?"

He looked at her dumbly and shook his head negatively.

"And you'll come again," she coaxed—all eagerness—"why I wanted you to stay such a long time now. And you can't. Is it the shop—Skin? Do they want you back?"

"Yes"—he lied—"I gotta get back."

He went many times to see her because he could not stay away. Glad was always joyous at his coming. The Kobeleffs were kind to him. Because of their goodness to his Glad—he worshipped them latently. Sometimes they walked in the little park so close to the Conservatory and the new home.

"I sometimes wonder," Glad said one day, when they walked out together, "I sometimes wonder why mother doesn't use the law to force me home. I'm not of age."

"She's not that kind, I guess. She don't expect you to hold away much

longer. She asks about you now—sometimes."

"Does she?"

"Yep—and say Glad—are you ever comin' back?"

She was silent and walked more slowly.

"I'd love to Skin," she cried softly, looking up at him earnestly—"Oh I'd love to—but I can't. I can't go back there—and to Colborne's. I love to dance so much—I mean to dance well. Maybe next year Kobeleff will send me away to study. I am to repay him some day. You don't think it's wrong?"

"No—I don't—Glad."

"I must be what I am you know," she continued—"I must live my own way. All of us must—I guess. We can't be directed by anyone but ourselves—and succeed. I wish so hard sometimes that Colborne's had contented me—had satisfied. I always wanted to live more—why—I don't know. And now I have such a chance—such a splendid chance—I can't help but believe God knows all about it. And mother is wrong, Skin. It isn't what you *do* always that counts—it's what you *are*."

It was May when Glad at length went home—one of those divine Spring days when youth and the hours go hand in hand. She was ready to run across the way to the Conservatory for her dancing lesson.

She was already in the hall fastening a long cape over her little short dancing frock—when Madam Kobeleff called her.

"Telephone did you say," she answered dubiously—"Why it must be Skin. No one else would call me surely. Ask him—no tell him in a minute—I'll be there."

And Skin's voice came to her over the wire.

"Would—would you come home—if—if we needed you—Glad?"

"Yes—yes," she interrupted —

"What is it?"

"It's wee Tom—he's burned."

"It's wee Tom—he's burned"—she reiterated, blindly turning from the telephone to Madam Kobeleff — "Please — please — can I get there quick?"

She found her mother in the dining-room at home—seeking for something on the sideboard. And Maw Heath saw her in the glass. Was it really Glad? She turned joyously—speechless.

They stood there a brief moment regarding each other, and in that moment, Glad knew her mother had suffered in that separation as much—nay, more than she had.

"He may not get better". It was Maw Heath who spoke first.

Glad went around the table to her mother's side.

"Tell me," she pleaded.

"It was the taffy boiling in the kitchen. He wanted to see—I was making it for him. He has not been well since—" she paused—then continued bravely—"He hasn't been happy like since you left, Glad. He wouldn't play. So to-day I made him taffy. It tipped—it scalded him—the left side—his ear—and neck—and shoulder—and his hands—oh Glad—his little hands—"

Glad's hand went swiftly to her mouth to check a scream. Her whole being trembled.

Wee Tom—burned!

"Where is he—now?"

"Upstairs—Dr. Carter's there—an' Skin. Please go up Glad—I can't." She turned to the kitchen.

Upstairs Glad found them—Dr. Carter, Skin and Wee Tom.

Dr. Carter met her at the threshold.

"If you can quiet him while I dress his wounds—something can be done."

Glad gave him one look of assurance and trust—then passed in.

The little fellow was screaming.

"Tom — Tom — darling —" she pleaded—"See who's here — its Glad — Glad come back to you."

The screams ceased.

"Don't you see—Tom—it is Glad—truly, truly Glad, and she will stay. Won't you be good—let Dr. Carter fix you—or Glad will cry too. You don't want Glad to cry too—do you Tom?" Then quickly to Dr. Carter—"Can't you give him an anaesthetic?"

Dr. Carter shook his head dubiously.

"I fear not—he's weak—very weak—mostly frightened. The burns are not really severe, his clothes were a protection—just his hands—"

Wee Tom heard and began to cry again.

"Oh don't—don't Tom," Glad implored—"I want to stay—don't make sister go. Let the doctor take you—it won't hurt darling—Glad won't let it hurt. See—I'll be a butterfly." Hastily her hands went to the fastenings of the cape—she yanked it off—threw it across to Skin—and there she stood forth in green shimmering fluffiness.

"See—I'm a butterfly Tom—there is a flower—I want to kiss it—and there is another—and another—"

She began to dance—all her soul bent upon her task.

The little lad watched her—his eyes following her every movement, his breathing spasmodic.

The doctor worked swiftly and deftly.

"See—there's a leaf—away up that tree there—I'm a butterfly—Tom—dearest—see I'll fly—fly—"

Skin stood in the doorway petrified. Was she real—his Glad—was she more than human—more divine? What a lightness and a liteness were hers. How she danced—here—there — everywhere — flirting her frilly skirts—lifting her arms up—flinging them wide—kicking her little slippered toes up—and up—for the lad's delight—till she seemed scarcely to touch the floor at all—and the while she talked to him—crooning—coaxing—singing.

"See—the butterfly — Tom — dear — see — see. Oh — there's — wee



birdie's nest," she swooped down gracefully near to him—"and eggs in it Tom—boy—three—four—like we saw that day last Summer. And a sunbeam away up there—a sunbeam—for the butterfly—" she sprang up—to whirl about again—her face a study of tenderness—of hope—of despair.

Skin did not know Maw Heath stood beside him in the doorway—watching that wonderful creature within—that butterfly—praying—praying for the girl—that was her own.

"Help her God—not to stop—not to stop."

How long she danced—they could not tell. It might have been minutes—hours—but all the longings of her own during those weeks and weeks came forth to lend her aid—in service.

The doctor finished. Wee Tom worn with the pain and excitement fell back unconscious.

Glad never could tell the rest—she was so tired. And she had cried. What was that thing that hurt her so—just to be in her own little room—upon her own little bed—hurt her and hurt her.

Some call it Joy.

It was dark when she stole downstairs after a look at Wee Tom. He was sleeping—unconscious of all the bandage and the pain.

Maw Heath was waiting her in the dining-room.

"Where's my cape, mother."

The woman rose wearily.

"You won't be goin' to-night Glad," she said.

"I'll come back—truly. I want to change this—she touched her dress lightly—"You won't let me stay here in this, will you?"

"Yes."

"Oh—mother, if you only knew," she muttered.

Glad began to cry softly.

"And the family name—mother."

"I guess you'll be the makin' of it Glad—sit down there—I saved your supper warmed. You're dead tired."

"And you aren't ashamed of me then?"

"No—if it's in you—it's gotta come out. I'm sorry I didn't know before."

Later Glad slipped the cape about her and went out to the porch to Skin.

"Aren't we friends any more?" she questioned in memory of the night that seemed so long ago.

There was no reply. She sat down on the steps beside him.

"Tell me—please—what's the matter?"

"Glad—" he spoke presently—"I'm goin' away."

"Why?"

"I don't know why—Glad girl—I'm goin'. Something is calling me to go out and be a man—to fight and win. I've learned to hate a steady job too—on account of you girl. I gotta *be* something, first—and mebbe—some day—"

"Mebbe—what Skin?"

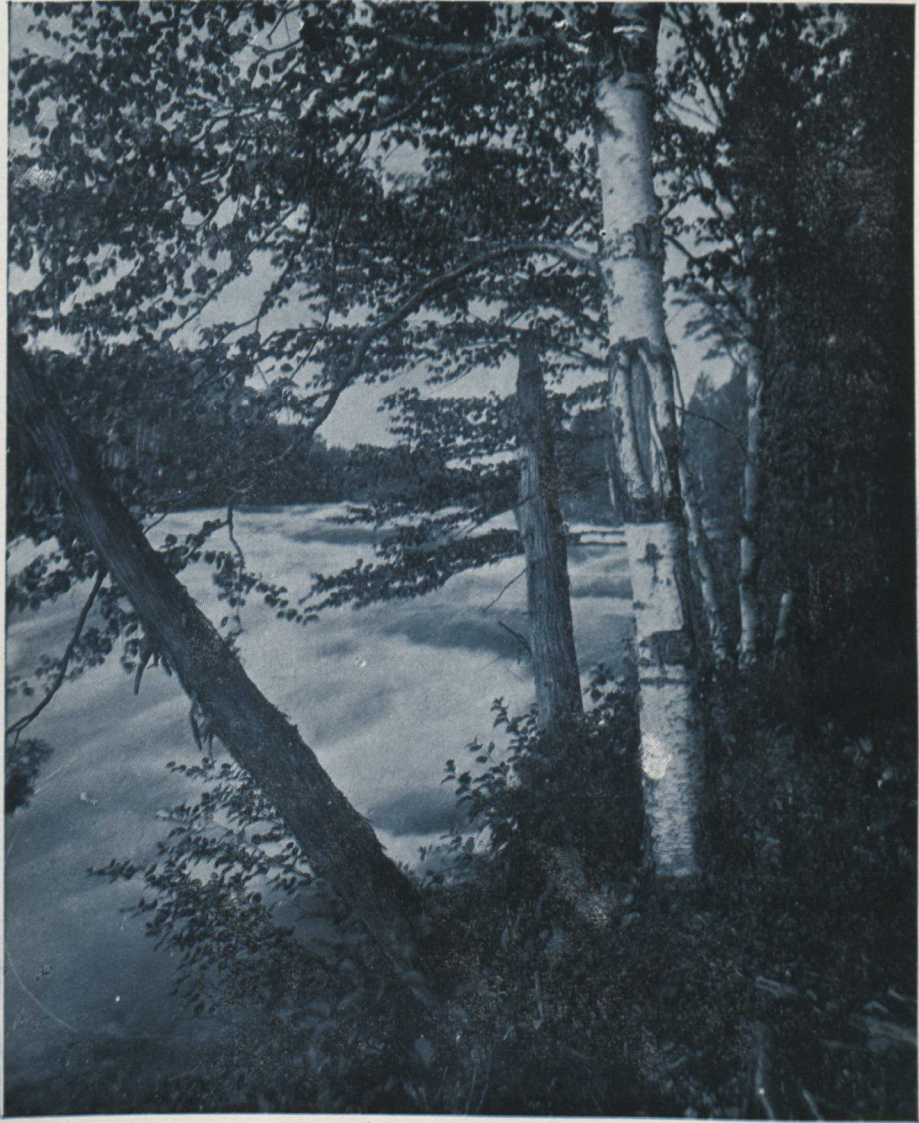
"Mebbe—someday I'll find the things I want to do—same as I found the man I want to be. You stay with Maw Heath now—won't you. Sure—she'll let you dance now—I *know*. And you'll win. I *know that too*. And some day when you're great and mighty I'll come back to see you. Mebbe then—"

"Mebbe—what Skin?"

"Mebbe then"—his voice broke—"mebbe then you'll still remember me."

"Mebbe then, Skin—" she spoke low—her lips close to his ear—"mebbe then I'll marry you."





ABOVE CAMERON FALLS, NIPIGON RIVER, ONTARIO



# CHARTRES

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON



ON the bank of a hill above Old Shoreham the great gray house of Chartres looks south to the Channel, and at its feet the meek river Adur comes, defeated, from the Sussex downs. Quiet vistas are all about it—mild shoulders of hill, tame patches of wood, and venerable farms, a countryside of patience, enduring and indomitable. Gray and patient, too, is Colonel Tilney Wesson—Uncle Tilly of the old days—who rules deftly at the great house as the deputy of its master, keeping the servants supple, the stable ordered, and the land well stewarded, till he shall have done with his affairs in Africa and return to his own place.

Uncle Tilly belongs to a dead age, to the end of that era when officers of the army wore their uniforms about the streets, and were proud of the figure they cut in their braid and frogs. No gentler old man walks the roads of Sussex. Shoreham touches its hat to him familiarly when he passes the ferry, head up and shoulders set back, the white moustache waxed as was the fashion in the regiment, for they know him as a "swell", a gentleman of correct taste and good name, who has for everybody the right and civil word. He wears, in the country, tweeds of a large check and a sportive cut, and somehow they do not at all detract from the Colonel's unconscious dignity, that sense of form and conduct which carried him through life with never a fall. Good humour, good grammar, and a

good tailor are his reserves; with these behind him, he waits very complacently for the master of Chartres to relieve him of his post.

It was a sour day when he was summoned to Chartres. Colonel Wesson was at his club, the soundest and dullest service club in London, waiting with others of his kind for the ampler evening papers. Already at noon, news of a sort had come in. These were the autumn days following the taking of Pretoria, when the army was bushwhacking in tiny brigades and lean columns all over the stubborn Transvaal. The early cables spoke of a fight to the north of the railway by Waterfall Onder, a sharp and desperate struggle in which the British force had suffered heavily. A gun had been lost, it was stated, but as yet there were no names. In the smoking-room of the club there were a dozen or so of old soldiers, whose sons or nephews were at work in that part of the world; one terribly old man had a grandson there.

"Wonder who's been chucking guns away this time," remarked this veteran, secure in the knowledge that the youth who bore his name was a Hussar.

There was a pause. "We're in the line, at any rate," replied a Crimean general with satisfaction. Others reported to the same effect. Old Colonel Wesson cleared his throat.

"My nephew's a gunner," he said.

"Ah!" The grandfather turned a cloudy eye on him. "Horse?" he asked.

"Field," said the Colonel gravely.

"H'm!" the veteran grunted suspiciously; several of them looked curiously at the Colonel, but he sat unmoved. He had to wait for news, of course, but he was not really anxious. His nephew was not the gun-losing kind.

The papers had not yet come when the page came into the smoking-room with a telegram on a salver. He brought it over to Colonel Wesson at once. The Colonel opened it, with a dozen eyes on him, read it, and rose to his feet.

"Got to go," he said. "Boy, call me a hansom."

The grandfather of the Hussar scowled at him.

"Hang it all, Wesson," he said, explosively, "this isn't a time for delicacy. Have you got any news there? If you have, read it and be done with it. We're all in this."

Colonel Wesson smiled and spread the telegram out again.

"It's not exactly news," he said. "But it suggests there may be news. It's from Jack Chartres—my brother-in-law, you know. The gunner chap's his son."

"Well?"

"Well, it says simply: 'Come down at once. Catch 4.50. Don't fail.' Looks as if he'd heard something, eh?"

"Hope it's all right, you know, an' all that," said the grandfather grudgingly. "Remember me to Jack."

"I will," said the Colonel, and went to his cab.

It took some time to drive to his rooms, secure a kit bag of necessaries, and go on to Victoria. As it was, he caught his train with no margin. It was on the point of moving as he scrambled into his carriage and thrust a coin to the porter. Farther down the platform a newsboy was calling his papers; Colonel Wesson leaned from the window as the train gathered way and shouted to him.

"Evening papers," he cried. "Any of 'em. Quick!" He brandished a half crown and the boy became energetic. It was a close thing, but they

managed it. The Colonel tossed the half crown into the basket; the boy, galloping alongside the train, bundled his papers together and took aim. They caught the Colonel full in the face; he sat down with a lapful of them.

He adjusted his monocle and unfolded the first of them. The headlines barked from the page: "British Disaster; Defeat at Swartdaal; List of Casualties." The Colonel's pulse quickened a little as he settled down to read the ten inches or so of bald prose that preceded the long list of killed and wounded. It told, very formally, for Our Special Correspondent had been beaten by the Agencies, of a surprise at dawn, a silent commando ringing an unsuspecting camp and overwhelming it at a chosen moment. A paragraph related tersely how the little force had stood under a devastating fire, how an artillery officer had drawn out a gun and opened fire at point-blank range on the ridge from which the Boers commanded the camp. And the gun had been taken. They had got away with it. And that was all.

The Colonel folded the sheet the more conveniently to read the lists that followed. Seven officers had been killed; some of them he knew; but the name for which he looked was not among them. Nor was it among the names of the wounded. But there was yet another heading. The print was blurred before his eyes as he read it. "Missing: Lieutenant John Chartres, R.F.A."

There were other names of the missing, an unwontedly long list. But the Colonel did not read them. Other men's nephews were no concern of his just then.

It was dark when he reached Chartres; the long front of the house was punctured here and there by lighted windows, and he was awaited in the hall. The grave butler received him deferentially.

"Sir John's gone to his room, sir. He desires to be excused till dinner," he said

He possessed himself of the Colonel's bag.

"The old room, sir," he said, and led the way up the wide staircase. He installed the guest of the house in the great low-ceilinged chamber that overlooked the trim lawns. At the door, when all was done, he paused.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said, "is there any news of Mr. John?"

"Very little," said the Colonel, "very little, indeed, Mallow. The evening papers report him missing, but, well—that may mean anything; has Sir John heard?"

"I believe so, sir," replied the man; all telegrams are wired on here. A few arrived to-day, sir. Thank you, sir."

The Colonel made his toilet pensively. It was the custom of his brother-in-law to send for him at all seasons of emergency, and generally he came. Sir John had been a widower for close on twenty years, and had never accustomed himself to be alone. The help he required of Colonel Wesson was commonly nothing to tax talents or energies; he merely wanted a familiar figure by him to assist in taking things easily and to set an example, as it were, of opposing a worldly front to worldly vicissitudes. When at length Colonel Wesson went down, Sir John met him in the garden room that gave immediately on the terrace.

"Ah, Tilney!" said Sir John. "Feeling fit, eh? Seen the news, I suppose?"

"Got a paper at Victoria," replied the Colonel easily. He always affected a jovial lightness of manner in the face of Sir John's troubles. The old baronet watched him with weak, appealing eyes.

"Yes," went on the Colonel, taking a chair with discrimination. "Yes, it seems to have been a brisk little business. Gad, Jack, what a thing it is to be young!"

"The telegrams say he's missing," said the baronet. He spoke as though he were laying a problem before the Colonel.

"Rotten way of putting it, isn't it?" said Colonel Wesson. "Means they grabbed him along with the gun, I suppose. Jack, that boy's got brains. He's learnt something."

"What d'you mean?" demanded Sir John. "Learnt how to lose guns, eh?"

Colonel Wesson smiled frankly. "That's it," he said, "that's pre-cisely it. Shoved it at 'em; kept it spouting till the others could stand to their horses; probably saved the lot at the cost of one gun. A devilish smart bit of work, I call it."

The old baronet stared at him with parted lips.

"Then," he said weakly, "then it isn't—er——"

"A regrettable incident?" suggested the Colonel. "Not a bit of it. As like as not he'll pick up a D.S.O. over it."

The baronet gulped and smoothed the back of his head with his hand. He was a little dazed for the while; he had never been flexible in mental processes.

"Well, well," he said, at length, very thoughtfully. "Let's hope they don't send him back without his breeches."

In this manner Colonel Wesson began his sojourn at Chartres which is not yet at an end. For as the days went by, the baronet's need of him became greater, like an appetite that grows with feeding, till he alone withheld the old man from utter despair. Ampler news of the fight duly arrived, the full story of the man in command and the warm tales of the war correspondents. It settled down into a finished episode, with its fit perspective; and as it took shape in the public mind the part taken in it by Lieutenant John Chartres of the Field Artillery was seen to be a worthy one. He had whooped his men up and hauled out the gun by hand, staying by it and firing to the very end. Not he alone, but all the gunners with him were missing. There was praise for all of them, but no word of the whereabouts of any of

them. They had vanished as completely as their gun.

"They—er—they wouldn't shoot 'em, I suppose?" demanded old Sir John from time to time. "Wouldn't do that, eh, Tilney?"

"Good Lord, no," the Colonel never failed to reply. "You've got the queerest ideas, Jack. These chaps aren't savages. Very decent fellows, by all accounts. Shoot 'em, indeed!"

But he was puzzled himself. All over South Africa the Boer commanders were releasing prisoners within a few hours of their capture. They had nowhere to keep them and no food to spare for them. There was no reason to think that the general who had captured the gun and its gunners was better off than any of the others in this respect. He was a brilliant leader, the most agile of guerrillas, but he had to keep moving. The War Office was stormed to request the Commander in Chief to cause inquiries to be made, but nothing new was elicited. Day by day the old baronet became more helpless and more dependent on the Colonel for his fund of optimism; and daily the Colonel put a heavier tax on his ingenuity to invent reasons for refusing to think that any harm had come to the youth.

In the warm days of the spring, six months after the day of the fight, now almost forgotten, the baronet delivered himself of a new requirement. They were sitting together on the terrace, the Colonel dapper in his tweeds and white hat, Sir John supine in a long chair and swaddled in rugs. He looked very frail as he watched the westering of the sun over the flats of the river, very forlorn and helpless. His gray shaven face with the afternoon light upon it was very like a child's.

"Tilney," he said suddenly. "That boy of mine—I hope I'll see him again."

"My dear Jack, of course you will," replied the Colonel placidly, but with a quick look round at the old man's face.

The baronet smiled slowly. "You don't know everything, you know," he said, after a pause.

The Colonel sighed. "That is so," he agreed.

There was silence again for a while.

"But I expect you know more than you'll tell," said Sir John at length. "You know that if he don't come soon I shan't see him. You know that, eh, Tilney?"

"Can't say I do," said the Colonel carefully. "You're getting mopish, Jack."

The old man smiled again, with his eyes on the radiant west, where the far waters of the Channel were afire with sunset.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I'm coming to my finish, Tilney—coming to the big jump. But that's nothing. I want you to do something."

"All right," said the Colonel. "You're talking bosh, of course. But go on."

"I suppose this war will finish some day," continued the baronet. He seemed not to have heard the interruption. "Can't go on forever, you know; it would simply ruin the Service. Well, when it does stop, that General Van Zyl will be available. I want you to go out and talk to him. He'll know what's become of Jack if anybody does."

"We might both go," said the Colonel thoughtfully. "Do you good, Jack."

The placid face on the cushions twisted almost to a sneer.

"I'm afraid I shall be otherwise engaged," said Sir John.

The year grew ripe; the downs and the fields returned to their green; but the distant war abated not at all. In that great house on the hill its echo was a monotone of failing hope and dwindling faith. Men wrought furiously on the parched veldt and died obscurely or splendidly and their tale was but a blurred note in the undertone of tragedy that persisted in the ears of the old baronet. Who shall do credit to the long patience of Colonel Wesson in those dreary months?

Sir John weakened before his eyes, but never once did his endurance fail. Dapper, accomplished in social arts, a companionable bachelor, worldly and jovial, not once did the mask slip from him, though the old man must be keyed up almost hourly to the pitch of faith in the life of his son, even while a surer knowledge lived in the serenity of his eyes and the last of his days went by under his hand. Life is the greatest of the arts and Colonel Wesson was a great artist. To be at close quarters with one's fellow man and never collide is an achievement in itself.

Then, when he had been at Chartres just a year, Sir John died. The old man flickered out quietly during the night. He had needed no help from anyone in his last and greatest undertaking. Colonel Wesson, appointed under the baronet's will to the care of everything, took charge of all arrangements. With due ceremonial they laid the baronet in the earth in the churchyard where eight generations of his ancestors awaited him. His going made so little difference that one might almost have thought the pompous funeral a device to advertise the fact that Sir John Chartres had been and now was not. Possibly that is the original purpose of funeral ceremonies. When it was over, Colonel Wesson drove back to the house and treated himself to a whiskey and soda.

"Poor Jack," he said, as he put the glass down. "Poor Jack! He had his innings, but he never scored."

There was before him the pledge he had given to the baronet, to go to South Africa at the end of the war and seek for the boy. Comfortably now, he put the estate in order for his departure, and awaited the day when General Van Zyl should be a fellow subject and accessible to a polite stranger. It was a long time coming; the Boers were tenacious. "Might almost be English," as the Colonel said. But at last it came, and the Colonel packed his bag and took ship.

It was a strange land he came to, a

country where all perspectives were awry, and the lawlessness of war had made its deepest marks on men's minds. There were tame wise men of the army, soft and careful of speech, in contrast with feverish and warlike civilians. There were silent, subtle Boers, testing the strength of their new chains and surprised to find them elastic. There were Kaffirs and worse than Kaffirs. Through them Colonel Wesson threaded his way, deft as ever, moving up-country to Bloemfontein to find General Van Zyl. On all sides there were men who knew him and willingly aided him, and he passed up-country unhampered by the regulations that held thousands of anxious refugees fuming at the base. Arrived at Bloemfontein, there was his own corps, his old regiment, in camp, commanded by the sprightly warrior who had been Colonel Wesson's senior subaltern. Hectic hospitalities ensued.

General Van Zyl was not hard to find. Twice the Colonel called at his hotel and he was out; the third time he was at luncheon in the dining-room.

"That little table in the corner, sir," directed the manager. "The stout gentleman."

The famous General looked up as Colonel Wesson approached him, detaching his attention from his food with a quite obvious reluctance. He was even portentously stout, with a big, massive head standing stiff on a short neck and a thick pointed beard finishing his chin.

"Yes. I am him," he said. "Sit down, Colonel. Sit down and have a drink."

He boomed when he spoke, so that people turned in their chairs to stare.

"Thank you," said the Colonel, "but I won't drink, if you don't mind. I have come from England to see you, sir, and to ask for your help."

"Yes," said the General, eating persistently.

"You remember, no doubt, your—your success at Zwartdaal?" asked the Colonel.



The General spluttered and clutched his napkin.

"Ach, yes; that was very funny," he agreed. "I sneaked a gun at Zwartdaal."

"Quite so," said the Colonel eagerly. "And the gunners as well. It was about that I wished to question you, if you will allow me. The officer in charge of the gun was Lieutenant John Chartres, my nephew. We have not heard of him since."

"Eh?" The General laid down his knife. "Let me now think."

He stared frowningly across the table at Colonel Wesson, summoning his memory with a visible effort. It was hard to reconcile this plump personality with his achievement, or to trace in his almost torpid ungracefulness the Murat of the campaign. He was the enterprising peasant to the blunt tips of his fingers; yet he had shown himself, for a long series of perilous months, to be a cavalry leader of brilliance and originality.

"Ach!" he grunted. "Yes, now I remember it. Yes!" He laughed again, briefly. "That, too, was very funny. But I let them go. I did not keep them. No!"

"You released them? You are sure?" asked the Colonel.

"Sure! Yes! Man, why would I keep them? *Allemachtig*, I was feeding myself on old mealies and trek oxen; I had bellies enough to feed without prisoners. I let them go next day. But at first they wouldn't go. It was very funny."

The General leaned back in his chair to laugh at the memory. The Colonel watched him gravely.

"I am very anxious to find that boy, sir," he said. "It means a great deal to me. It would be a kindness if you would tell the story to the end."

The General wiped his eyes with his napkin and composed himself.

"Ach, there," he said. "After a war, one laughs at everything. I was forgetting. Well, that young officer, he didn't want to go without his gun. I didn't want his gun. But to give it

back to the English, for them to shoot their lyddite at me—that was not war, eh? That was too much. I said to him he could go back. He said there was a time for everything and he would toss me with a sovereign for the gun. That was why I laughed just now. But I was moving east, and I could not trek the gun over those rocks. So one night I left it behind with a feldkornet from Ermelo and twenty burghers, and told them to go north and find a nice kloof to hide it in, and if I wanted it again I could fetch it. He didn't find out that it was gone till next day."

"You mean my nephew didn't?" put in the Colonel quickly.

"Yes," said the General. "The young officer. He come to me when we halted to make coffee at noon. 'I'm off,' he said. His men were standing behind him. 'Are you going after the gun?' I said. Then he laughed and all his men laughed. 'It would be rather a lark,' he said. 'Good-bye, General,' and then he went off with his men."

"We were camping by a piece of kloof," continued the General, and reached for the gear on the table. "Like this—between the dish and the bottle. And I was here by the salt. They went off by the kloof, and then I heard somebody howling, down here in the kloof. Then there was a shot and some of my burghers came running."

He laughed again. "They were very angry, my burghers," he explained, "and they told me with curses. The young man and his Tommy Atkins had walked through the camp, saying good-bye to the burghers and by and by them came out to where old Oom Coetzee, with his sons and his nephews, were boiling their kettle by the edge of a bit of bush. 'Now, men,' said your lieutenant, 'help yourselves,' and the Tommies fell on the rifles and bandoliers with a laugh, and ran into the bush. It was all done while a man could spit twice, and then they were lost in the thorn trees. It was Oom Coetzee that howled. They

jumped up to chase the soldiers, but at once there came a shot out of the bush and drilled a hole through the kettle. Then they ran to me."

This time Colonel Wesson answered his frank laughter with a smile. He was beginning to understand this General. A man who can laugh at himself, be he peasant or soldier, has no limits. He is a sportsman.

"And what did you do?" asked the Colonel.

"Ach, me!" The General shrugged his big shoulders. "I laughed. They were gone from sight through the bush and up into the rocks. They could sit on stones and shoot us one by one as we came. There was nothing to do, so I laughed."

"And you did not see him again?" the Colonel asked. "You did not hear of him again?"

"Never no more," replied the General. "Never of him, nor of the Tommies, nor the gun, nor my feldkornet, nor anything. That was all. But it was very funny!"

The Colonel produced from his breast pocket a folded map of the Transvaal.

"You've been most kind, General," he said, as he spread it out on the table and held a gold pencil hovering over it. "I'll go up to the place itself and see if I can find any traces. So if you'll help me to mark the places on the map, I shall be eternally obliged to you."

"Ach, that is easy. Give me the pencil."

And in a couple of minutes the thing was done.

The winds of dawn have a tooth of cold on the high lands of the north-eastern Transvaal, and men who camp in the open wake to a chill and cheerless hour. Colonel Tilney Wesson got into his clothes with haste, under the shelter of a boulder that poised on the hillside, and stepped forth clad among his shivering Kaffirs. The little breakfast fires flickered pale; the good smell of burning wood scented the air; and, cold as it was, Colonel Wes-

son thrust out his chest, breathed deeply, and felt that he was well. The camp was on a spur of hill jutting from the great bare range behind him, whose spires and pinnacles of naked rock stood swart against the morning sky. To the south, it looked forth over a world crumpled abruptly in little ranges, slit as with a sword by precipitous valleys, and tufted here and there with patches of wacht-een-beetje thorn. His route had lain across it, with the ultimate mountains, at whose feet he was now camped, ever before him.

He was traveling on the stale track of the gun. It was fully two years since he had sat at the table in Bloemfontein with General Van Zyl and heard his story, the story that made the General laugh. Since then he had never ceased from searching. He knew that young John Chartres and his men had gone in pursuit of the gun. Kaffirs, Boers, prospectors, and others had seen him—two years ago. Once he had even come up with it, and there had been a fight, but the Boers had stood him off and started north with the gun again. At more than one drift, where crackling shale ran down into the stream bed, the Colonel had seen the ruts of its wheels and in one place, to buoy him up and spur him on, he had found a cartridge case—a regulation fifteen-pounder case. He was in country now where no guide could serve him, the almost virgin wilderness of the north-east, and his path, pointed to him by a dozen indications, lay straight to the great rocky face of the range, up and over it. He had found no man to tell him what lay on the other side. But hope was strong in him, and the traveling afoot, the chances of the trek, and the air had restored to him some of his youth. He was well and strong and an optimist.

He broke camp as soon as breakfast was eaten, and led the way briskly for the ascent. Within half a mile it rose abruptly, and soon they were climbing on all fours over a face of sliding stones held here and there by

mean shrubs. It was very slow going; the bearers, roped to their packs, tailed off forthwith and made pauses to lament. Colonel Wesson was too easy a master to stimulate them in the accepted fashion of the country—with the butt of a gun; but he held on steadily and the dread of being left behind and lost kept the Kaffirs labouring after him. Often they had to make wide detours to pass a front of perpendicular rock; and meanwhile the steady sun traveled high into the heavens and the day grew into its full power of relentless heat. All were weary and caked with parching dust long before the noonday halt in a little dip, where a small pool invited them to rest; and still the hill towered over them and its final peaks stood remote as ever.

They were feeding dully about the pool when Colonel Wesson leaped to his feet with a hand uplifted.

"Hark!" he cried, and the startled Kaffirs listened.

Very far away, dim and attenuated, some sound traveled to them from the unknown land beyond the range. It was barely a murmur, but low-pitched, metallic, and echoing.

"Good God!" cried the Colonel; "the gun!"

There was no doubt of it; distant though it was, strewed over miles of air, the sound that jerked him to his feet was the voice of a cannon.

Late in the afternoon they found themselves in a belt of high grass—grass which stood seven feet or more, through which they had to push in single file. Each man could see just the back of the man before him; the Colonel at the head could see not even that. Their advance through the rustling, breaking stalks filled their ears, but of a sudden the bearer who walked behind the Colonel caught his coat.

"Baas!" he said, and made an ear trumpet of his hand.

The small procession stopped, and forthwith the Colonel heard, unmistakably, the noise of men advancing

in the grass at some little distance. The apathetic Kaffirs cocked their ears to listen, too; the Colonel motioned them to make no noise.

The others, whoever they might be, were close at hand. He could distinguish separate footfalls. And then suddenly some one spoke.

"Careful, men!" he said. "Look out for snakes."

The Colonel gasped and began to tremble. Parting the grass stems before him, he moved forward uncertainly and stood face to face with a tall man in rags and a beard. The stranger laughed pleasantly.

"Hullo, Uncle Tilly," he said; "who'd ha' thought o' meeting you?"

The Colonel clung to his arm and laughed—laughed helplessly and long, not daring to stop lest he should break into weeping.

It was not far into camp. A hollow by a spring gave shelter from the evening wind and thither the young man led the Colonel, his gaunt, tattered men following with the Kaffirs. They made a strange picture, when the fires were alight, in their rags of khaki with the belts still trim and bright. John Chartres himself was as ragged as any; his garments were tied to him with ends of string; but the Colonel did not fail to note that otherwise neither officer nor men had lost anything of discipline or bearing. Arrived in camp, the men, fourteen in number, duly fell in to be dismissed.

The Colonel and his nephew sat apart by their own fire when they had fed. John Chartres was enjoying an Egyptian cigarette as only a man can who has smoked uncurled leaf for two years. The news of the death of Sir John had already been communicated.

"Now, Jack, what have you got to tell me?" demanded the Colonel at last.

"I'm going to take the gun back with me," said young Chartres. "Old Piet Grobelaar's got it over there and I'm goin' to take it from him. He fires it now and again, just to remind me, confound him."

"Where does he get his ammunition?" queried the Colonel.

"He hasn't got any," was the reply. "He's got a little blasting powder, that's all. He loads her up with that and touches her off to annoy me. But I'll get her one of these days. We've both got a fair lot of rifle cartridges, you know. There was a cache of them down south, and Piet was helping himself when we came up and took about half of the lot. With luck they'll last another six months."

"And then?"

"Oh, then we'll fight with the butt, I suppose," said Chartres, and grinned pleasantly.

"There'll be a hell of a row in London about it," he said.

Chartres looked at him quickly. "Who cares?" he answered. "What's London, anyhow?"

"I seem," said the Colonel slowly, "to have been led into talking as though there were any sense in this fatuous project of yours. It was a mistake. The standards of unexplored Africa are insane standards. You owe it to yourself, to Chartres, and to *me*—to *me*, sir—to recover your senses and come back to the world. What the deuce! You've wasted two years of your life, thrown away your career in the army, grown a beard, and you ask me what's London, anyhow. I never heard such impudence in my life!"

"Go it, Uncle Tilly!" said Chartres composedly. "Work it up. Toss your tail and snarl. I don't mind."

The Colonel looked at him fixedly and sighed. "You be hanged," he said. "But, honestly, Jack——"

John Chartres interrupted: "Honestly, Uncle, I'm coming back when I've got that gun, not before. All you say is quite right; it's a crazy business, mad, absurd, maniacal, dement-

ed, rabid—anything you like. A man's always a fool to work hard. I'm a fool, if you please. So don't waste good talk. You go back and take charge of Chartres for me till I've come. Will you do that?"

"I'll stay and help you," suggested the Colonel, but John Chartres would have none of it.

"Don't spoil sport," he said. "Ride your own line, Uncle, and don't foul me. This is my picnic, if you please."

They talked far into the night, and in the end the magic prevailed. The grass lifted its raw scent to their nostrils; a jackal howled from a kloof, and even as they sat at their fire the night was rent with the high booming roar of a lion.

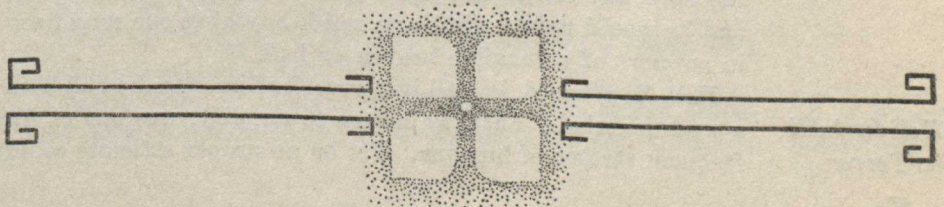
"I must get that chap," said Chartres. "He's always hanging around."

Colonel Wesson threw up his hand with the gesture of a defeated man.

"Oh, get the cursed gun," he said. "Get it and come home."

"That's a bargain," said young John cheerfully.

It is very peaceful at the great house of Chartres, sitting sturdily on its hillside, and the land about it has yet that note of unconquerable patience—the grim quietude of endurance that broke the Romans and conquered the Normans and made the English. Still patient, gray, and urbane is Colonel Tilney Wesson, waiting through the years for Sir John Chartres to recover his gun and come to his own between the downs and the sea. And he knows that one day he will come. He will haul the old gun at the tail of a team into Pretoria, redeemed and faithful again, and return through the laughter of a joke-loving nation to set Colonel Wesson free from his post.



# THROWN IN

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE AGNOSTIC

*Charlie was  
Incorrigible*

IN the natural course of events, Charlie, the incorrigible agnostic, heard of Robert G. Ingersoll, and it cheered him abundantly to think that he and the celebrated apostle of doubt thought alike on the eternal question of man's destiny and the enigma of a supreme being. Now and then, more by chance than discernment, he obtained scraps of Ingersoll's speeches, and from these he misquoted with admirable serenity statements that he believed would confound his critics and ultimately reach the ear of the minister. For while the minister regarded with sardonic contempt this flagrant agnosticism, Charlie had a secret hope that some day the minister would deign to attack him on the fundamentals, and in the extremity of his imagination he saw himself and the minister, over a drop of rye, chuckling to themselves and agreeing that theology and philosophy, terms that he used indiscriminately, were all bosh and nonsense. And nonsensical as it may seem, Charlie would repeat with every opportunity the common objections to the relations of Adam and Eve, Jonah and the whale, and Jesus and the five loaves and two small fishes, thinking in his delightful simplicity that all these objections originated in himself.

But, to increase the speculation, Charlie's own origin was obscure. He came from away back somewhere beyond the Boundary, and apparently was of that doubtful Scottish stock that should have come from anywhere but Scotland. Certainly he was not trained in religion, as most Scotsmen are, but nevertheless he had the Scotsman's natural fondness for the intricacies of theological controversy. He would discuss by the hour any conjecture one might make as to the hereafter, and he would refute with keen relish anything one might say in support of a tangible heaven or hell.

Hell, he affirmed, lost all its terror for him after he had been a week married. That, we hasten to amplify, was one of his frequent strokes of humour. Yet on no proper estimate could

*Hell Lost All  
its Terror*

he be classed as a humourist. Nevertheless he had queer, even quaint, little conceits, and took a kind of withered, yet withal cynical, interest in the foibles and fancies of the community. The prospect of the cow calving was of more importance to him, indeed a matter of more appropriate concern, than the Methodist tea-meeting or the lecture on reincarnation in the Anglican church.

*Charlie was  
not a  
Humourist*

The Anglican church, we must no longer refrain from observing, was a weakling in our midst. In body it was a diminutive structure of pine, painted white, and it stood somewhat sepulchral in appearance, on the opposite side of the road from Charlie's house and a little higher up the hill. In spirit it was, if anything, a little low. And the congregation, such as it was, could not count enough members or arouse enough enthusiasm to support an exclusive ministry. So that the clergyman, who usually appeared once every Sunday, morning or evening, in order not to clash with the Methodists, came from a distance, driving a big gray horse hitched to a dust-gray phaeton and wearing a loose gray duster. On the small seat against the dashboard lay a black bag containing proper habiliments. It is easy, therefore, to imagine the clergyman slipping out from the duster and into the surplice, in the little vestry directly under the belfry.

The belfry, it is worth noting, was among churches thereabouts the one mark of distinction. And, what was of more consequence, it had a bell. And the bell was rung for a minute or two a quarter of an hour before every service and again for a minute or two immediately before the stroke of the hour. It was not a highly sonorous bell and yet Charlie, sitting under the poplars, on the fence in front of his log house, across the way, could hear and feel every vibration, notwithstanding the fact that he held the custom in disdain and almost thanked the Lord for casting a blight upon his hearing.

Now it so happened that the clergyman, driving up the hill, as usual, during the first ringing of the bell, and seeing Charlie sitting on the fence, as he had seen him every Sunday, drew rein and shouted:

"My good man," he said, "do you not hear that holy bell calling you to the house of the Lord?"

"What's that ye say, meenister? I'm just a wee bit deaf."

"I say, do you not hear that holy bell calling you to the house of the Lord?"

"Ye'll hae to speak a bit louder, meenister: I canna hear you against yon dang bell."

Charlie had not thought of offending. He rather would have relished the challenge, for he possessed the argumentative

*"A bit louder,  
Meenister"*

*His Few  
Earthly  
Possessions*

disposition that counts more on repetition than reflection. But whenever he did take the trouble to reflect it was on what he read in the newspaper, which he borrowed from the doctor immediately on its arrival with the mail-carrier every Friday, on the price of wheat, even a kernel of which he did not possess, on the outlook for trapping and hunting, and on his few earthly possessions. These possessions were composed of a wife and six youngsters, a house with a butt and ben and two rooms upstairs, a cow and, in season, a calf, two pigs, some poultry, several mink traps, a bear trap, a muzzle-loading shotgun, and an inclination to move along the line of least resistance. This last possession, which I sometimes think was really an attribute, caused him to eschew manual labour, to receive with indifference the account of his indebtedness to the storekeeper, whom he described as a good writer but a hell of a "figrurer", and to sit for hours cooling himself in the shadow of the poplars. Once in a while a little boy would cross the road and sit there with him. Then it was that he would tell about the black bear he trapped back near the Boundary, a bear that snapped his axe handle in two as easily as he could snap a maple twig. He would tell how to skin a mink and how to skin a raccoon. A mink you would skin from tail to head, tubular form, and stretch the pelt on a shingle. A raccoon you would rip up the belly and nail the hide upon the kitchen door.

And then one soft warm day he remarked the bees flitting and humming amongst the hollyhocks. It was an occasion for a discourse on bees and their ways and an explanation of the expression "bee-line". But the explanation expanded within a day or two into a demonstration, and it is to the demonstration that we shall proceed.

You must imagine Charlie, the amiable agnostic, the genial skeptic, with his gun on one shoulder and an empty sardine can in a pocket of his smock, taking the little boy by the hand and starting off on a bee hunt. Although it might not seem so to us, to the little boy it proved to be an extraordinary adventure. For they went down by the beaver meadow, through the tamarac swamp and out again into a field against Christopher Drake's bush. In the field lay several heaps of stones gathered from the soil, and upon the first of these Charlie stamped with his foot and then knelt down to listen. Presently he motioned to the boy to do likewise; and as they listened they heard an angry buzzing down among the stones, for there was a nest of wild bees there, bees that greatly resented being disturbed. But Charlie was determined.

"We must get our decoy," he said, as he began to remove the stones.

Scarcely had he started before up from the stones appeared a plump yellow and black bumble-bee. It he flicked aside with the brim of his hat, and all the other bees, as they appeared, he treated summarily in the same manner, until soon there was not a bee left.

When they had dug down as far as the nest they found that it was composed of dry grass, and from the centre of it Charlie took out a small quantity of honey in the comb and a dark brown lump which he said was bees' bread.

Near the middle of the field stood a big black stump, and upon it Charlie put the sardine can and into the can he put the honey.

"This," he said, "is our decoy."

Then he sat down on a log near by and began to bite the soft ends of blades of grass, which he pulled with his hands, breaking them off deftly close to the roots.

It was one of those fair summer days when crows caw lazily and mowing machines send out from green meadows a rhythmic sound. All the sky was blue, pale blue, like flax flowering in a field, and there was not a cloud to fleck it. From beneath the log fat black crickets ventured forth, and bob-o-links who, the boy thought, would have liked to gulp them, warbled their dulcet notes, fluttering, like vibrating spots of melody, hung 'twixt earth and sky. On the woodside a squirrel chirped, and his brush, tawny beside the scarlet of the tanager, flicked and quivered from tree to rail and from rail to tree. And a weasel, sly, slim creature of the burrow, appeared for a moment and then slid from sight, a dark streak, like a shadow moving.

"If a bee don't come soon," said Charlie, "we'll be skunked."

And as he spoke they heard a long, droning whine, and presently a small brown object, a *tame* bee, settled upon the honey.

"As soon as he gets his fill," Charlie whispered, "he'll make a bee-line for the hive. Keep your eye peeled and see how far you can follow him."

And presently the bee rose from the honey and flew in a straight line, as far as eye could follow, towards the bush. Charlie picked up the honey and ran after it. The boy followed. They crossed the field and stood leaning on the fence at the edge of the bush. Charlie shaded his eyes with his hands and peered searchingly in through the beeches.

"If we didn't follow it straight," he remarked, "we're ditched."

*In the Wild  
Bees' Nest*

*Following  
the Bee-line*



*Go as  
straight as  
the Bee*

Then he broke a piece of bark off the top rail, making a place for the honey.

"Let man go as straight as the bee," he said, as if to himself, "and then prate about his God. We followed in our clumsy way, and unless we have luck, pure luck, we're betched."

He explained that the bee would tell about the honey and that soon other bees would come out to get more. If he had been lucky enough to keep to the line, they soon would find the honey and again would make the bee-line back to the hive.

"And they talk about releeegion," he chuckled. "How can a man settle on a belief and stick to formulas like musk to a trap when he can't even understand the devices of yon wee bit bee?"

And again, as he spoke, that long droning whine fell upon their ears, and immediately several small brown objects alighted on the honey.

"Wheesht!"

One by one they took their fill and flew into the bush, dark spots against the darker background during the moment in which they shrank in size and then receded beyond human sight. Charlie watched them through narrowing eyelids and with twitching lips.

"We're not skunked yet," he said, picking up the honey, mounting the fence with one leap, and plunging after them.

From no angle could Charlie present a noble figure. Seen from behind by the small boy who followed, he appeared to be mostly legs, long scrawny legs that were mostly boots. For he wore top boots turned over at heel, with one pant leg inside and the other outside, showing one broken lug and the other stretched into a loop. The trousers were of faded gray cottonade held up by a single suspender fastened by a nail, and they were assisted as a covering by a shirt of striped cotton. Above all there was a felt hat that had been black and that now had nothing to show of band or braid or former design.

Charlie, therefore, did not present a noble figure.

And yet to the boy he was more than merely picturesque, for he inspired a romantic interest in himself as well as in his adventure. This was especially the case as he sprang from log to log or crossed with one bound spots that looked like mire or fen. And after he had followed the line as best he could a distance into the bush, he stopped, looked carefully all round, and then once more deposited the honey on a stump. Satisfied as to the location, he found a seat on the end of a log near by, and the boy sat down beside him.

*Charlie and  
the Boy*

It was not long before they heard again that long, droning whine, and presently a bee, coming apparently by a direct route, settled down upon the edge of the tin and began to devour the honey.

*Another Bee  
in the Honey*

"Now, then," observed Charlie, "we're getting near the den, for they can't take a bee-line very far in the bush without running up against something. Any hollow tree or any tree with a hole in its trunk is a likely spot. Just keep your eye peeled. And in the meantime remember one of the wisest things written in the Bible is that God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

The observation led the boy to ask, perhaps a bit timorously, whether Charlie believed in God.

"Why do you ask?" Charlie countered.

The boy, feeling himself cornered, shuffled in his seat before answering. Then he spoke up.

"Because," he said, "they say you say there is no God."

"They're a lot o' blitherin' idiots," said Charlie. "I don't believe in *their* God. I believe in the god of the bee-line. We can see evidences of a god all round us out here, but they'll find pesky few in all their churches and chapels. I recognize a superior being, but I'm not above lifting a mink from a trap on the Sabbath."

"Or robbing a bees' nest on Monday?"

Although this question was in the boy's mind, he did not utter it, preferring to see man as here represented pursue his predatory instincts and await the result.

More bees had come, and by this time some of them were leaving. All went in the same direction. Charlie got up and followed them. Presently he stopped, and looking up toward the top of an old dead tree he pointed to a spot, a hole perhaps an inch in diameter, about which small dark objects moved ceaselessly and in apparent confusion.

"That's it," said Charlie, with a look of triumph; "we'll have honey for breakfast to-morrow."

"Won't we rob the nest to-day?" asked the boy, with a tone of disappointment.

"They'd eat us alive," said Charlie. "To-night we'll lift the honey. You see, at night a bee is as helpless as a baby."

The boy concluded that the delay was in reason, and he was on hand that night when the cross-cut saw swished into the decayed trunk of the tree, as Charlie and one of his sons, standing opposite each other, drew the glimmering sheet of steel back and forth between them.

*The  
Glimmering  
Sheet of  
Steel*

*Sweetest,  
Wildest  
Tame Honey*

There was just enough light to work by, and it was in all its aspects an uncanny performance. For an owl hooted in a nearby tree, and Mrs. Charlie stood hard by, with a tin boiler uncovered, ready to receive the honey. And after the tree had fallen with a crash that must have shaken the dust of all who lay yonder upon the hill, she received until the boiler was almost half full of what was to the taste as if it were the rarest, sweetest, wildest *tame* honey ever produced.

"No," said Charlie, as he took hold of one handle of the boiler and his wife the other, "they didn't skunk us."

Then they all trudged along for a while in silence, the son and small boy following with the saw, and the owl keeping close to them, flitting from tree to tree. They were to return by the old road, and in order to do so, it was necessary to cross the creek, stepping from log to log just as we used to do when on the way to the berry patch. Twice Charlie slipped into water that went over his boot-tops, but the good woman clung like a leech to the slippery logs.

Presently they came out into the open, where the boiler with its precious freight was set on the ground while its bearers rested.

And it was in truth a restful scene. The old road, all grown over with grass, curved between the two clumps of bush like a natural corridor, and across Wilson's field could be discerned the several lights of the neighbouring village. A buggy rattled on the new road, and they could hear the doctor hurrying to some sickbed, saying, "Come, come, now! Get along, get along!" A weird cloud of mist hung over Hammond's lime kiln, and Charlie, with his head bared, stood looking at it.

"So they say I say there's no God," he said.

The moonlight fell full upon his face, a benign, even if gnarled old face, as we stood looking silently at him regarding the mist.

"I know nothing," he said gravely, "and I own up to it, except that God, *my* God, moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

*Charlie's  
Philosophy*

