Ruth Cutler and family papers.

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Version 3
August 20, 2018

Ruth Cutler.

Diary and
Journal.

Miss Lonnie School.

RUTH CUTLER

PRIVATE.

Ruth Cutler

Private.

Miss Loomis School.
Xmas 18?—?

Xmas Eve Blast.

It was a stormy Xmas Eve. The village clock was just striking ten. A strong wind was blowing the snow against the window panes and out in the street sleigh bells were pealing forth joyful music. The trees were bare and the fleecy snow on their branches was occassionally blown off when a gust of wind proved too strong for those myriads of tiny particles.

Tapering icicles hung from the snow-clad roofs of the houses whose pathways were being blocked deeper and deeper by the fast falling flakes. The streets were deep in snow and it was all the bundled-up men or even horses could Φ to plough their way through the drifts to deliver packages to many a happy family.

The air was fresh and the wind driven slanting lines of snow fell so fast that it

was almost impossible to see across the street but once in a while the flicker of a candle could be seen in a lonely garret.

Indistinctly seen against the sky was the spire of the little village church which was covered with those shimmering star-like flakes and from the inside rang out the clear voices of the boy choir,-

"Peace on earth;good will to men."

Walnut
Hill.
October 10, 1906.

Did you ever go for a walk in the country on a wonderful spring day? Did you stroll thro' the woods trying to take in all nature? And did you watch the brook that wound among the trees, and listen to the birds tuning their voices for the approaching summer?

It was just such a spring day and I was in just such a wood, when I rested among a clump of trees. Here was an ideal place in the hollow of the clump in which I could sit concealed, for in front of me were bushes through which I could see without being seen. Only nature's sounds broke upon the stillness. I could faintly hear the brook every now and then when the larger birds stopped shrieking, but the hushed roar of the river at the falls many feet below, was easily heard at all times.

I had reserved this afternoon especially for my own enjoyment, so that with a clear conscience in my day book, recalling in everything around me, when the sharp crackling of twigs made me look about. I peered through the bushes, and what I saw was the cunningest cotton-tail rabbit. I was both surprised and delighted to see this fussy bunch with long ears, and watched it with great eagerness, but at the same time

with restraint, for I did not want the rabbit to hear me and so scamper off.

I kept very still, and he raced around among the weeds and under stones and dead wood, but his investigations alone time only last for a second or more, then he would sit upon his haunches and straighten up his ears, to discern, if possible, whether friend or enemy were near. Then keeping his hind feet firmly on the ground, and being careful not to take them off till his front ones were firmly planted, he covered about a foot of ground in this fledging manner between a hop and a jump. Sometimes it seemed as though he heard something, for he would lie very low and still, and after waiting until the danger had passed, would begin feeding again. For a short while he began nosing around the bushes near me, and soon came to the very one behind which I sat. On the instant he saw me he shook around like a flash. One quick as I could looked around in the direction which he had taken, but only just in time to see some ears, what looked like a bunch of cotton, and some legs bounding away among the trees.

Walnut
Hill.
October 17, 1906.

The only time I saw her, she stood near me in a street car. She was a tall, spare woman, with sharp, angular features. Her small head-like eyes contained, if one could judge from appearances, cold sarcasm and critical glances. Her mouth was pressed tightly together as though any secret she knew should not be noised abroad. In fact her carriage and general air indicated superiority to all mankind and most womankind, and the looks of contempt which she threw her fellow passengers would have forged them had they seen.

I could just imagine her standing before a roomful of people — consisting of females not unlike her in air and appearance — arguing upon the rights and privileges of women. I could nearly hear her now shrill, now deep, but always piercing voice discoursing on the reasons why women should be or should not be allowed to vote — with invariable emphasis on the former — and I could see her surveying the assembled faces before her with a look of "how-dare-you?" While she rapped for order.

I was recalled from my thoughts & realities by hearing this same woman haggling with the conductor over her change, and when the conductor gave her the money she demanded, her look of scorn for all men with which she favored the conductor, verified my guesses.

It was not many blocks more that she rode after this despute. Holding her bag in one hand and her skirts in the other, and with head erect, she about-faced and marched. That was the last I ever saw of her, but I have seen many like her, and do not doubt that others have.

Walnut
Hill.

October 24, 1906.

The train has just backed into the station, and now, the engine stands puffing and panting, as if impatient to be flying over the rattles and in and out among the woods, and, like a school boy when school is out, wildly shrieking to let everyone know that he is free — for the present at least.

The gates to the track are thrown open, and a serpentine line of people winds out through them toward the train. Porters laden with bag and baggage make their way toward the steps; and people, with looks of determination, grasp tightly their parcels, umbrellas or babies, and follow close on the porters' heels. Baggage clerks pushing their trucks clatter through the crowd, and newsboys, in piercing nasal tones, herald the scandal of the day. The whistles and bells of other engines, and the vibrating clang of their bells only add more din to this noisy and busy scene.

The conductor with a hasty "all 'board" signals to the engineer, and the train, though moving slowly, is soon lost to sight among other trains in the yard. And the people who have waved good bye, go with heavy hearts their different ways

Walnut Hill

December 12, 1906.

An Incident in my Life.

I shall never forget the day ~~when~~ I fell off the porch when I was only five years old. Two or three other youngsters, a little older than myself, and I were playing a game. The name, if it ever had one, is lost, but it was something as blood-curdling as "Geaut." One had a wooden dagger and came after the rest of us. I do remember though that I was pretty well frightened and crouched in the corner of the porch; for getting dragged to a dark cave with the prospect of being murdered seemed a real and imminent danger. That was all I knew for a long, long time. When I woke up — as it seemed to me — I was lying on Mother's bed, and a lot of people were standing around it. The porch, it seems, was about eight feet above a gravel drive, and the cross boards in the railing were few and far between — and the consequence was I fell through.

Helmet
Hill.

December 12, 1906. Before Christmas

The snow is dropping in large flakes and the brilliant lights in the stores and the merry sound of sleigh bells have the usual Christmassy suggestion. The snow has been falling long and steadily, and with a dreary persistence that makes the poor shoppers — laden down with packages of all shapes and sizes — disheartened. Not disheartened in the way, for the happiest season in all the year has come again, but disheartened because they have shopped since morning and they are tired and wet, and are longing to be back before their cozy fires. Still, they wear their Yule-tide smile and trudge on through the snow hoping soon in the next store the very thing they have been looking for. They stop and look into the windows as they walk along. On this side are dolls, sleds, trumpets, drums and Johnny bears huddled around a Christmas tree: — on that, a jewelry store with the cut glass and polished silver sparkling with light. Here is a dry goods — and there, a stationery store; but all with red and green bells or ribbons or holly and mistletoe, or at least

Some recognition of the season no matter how small. There are even Chanukas and Santas in the windows, with a glimpse, now and then, perhaps of a Dreidel and Blitzen. And look at the sleet. It is no morning mass of carriages and delivery wagons with all their bells a-jingle. Here are carriages stopping before the best stores, and now the footman descends to open the door. There are the delivery wagons with packages that are to make many a person happy — while you yourself, perhaps, are the belated last passenger hurrying homewards with your mysterious packages, and a "Peace on Earth" in your heart.

Holmes Hall.

December 19, 1906.

A brook in the woods has much of the wildness and freedom of a living creature. It picks its way among trees and around rocks. It winds hither and thither until perhaps it comes to a jumping off place. And now it splashes down — a joyous, careless stream, rejoicing while it is falling but ready to take up its work again when it reaches the bottom. So on and on it goes, playing and working, working and playing, and moving on and on until it shall join the great river and be carried onward forever.

Holmes
Hill

December 19, 1906.

The art of writing has much in common with the arts of painting and music. Take for example a poem about a brook. No doubt the writer described the woods through which it wound, and traced its course in words. But while you were reading you heard the unceasing murmurs of the brook besides seeing the picture. The poet wrote in such a metre that the rhythm was like that of the brook's; and so in a single bit of verse you have painting and music combined.

Walnut Hill

February 27, 1907. Spring.

"Wheet-tweet - twitter-twitter - wheet."

I sat up in bed and listened. The birds still continued to quarrel and chatter with each other. The sunlight was streaming in through the windows, and everything showed life. I couldn't stay in bed, for Spring had come again, and everything was alive once more. It was later than ever before. I was up and dressed and outdoors playing. Oh what a glorious world it was! Yesterday was dark and gloomy, but to-day it seemed as though the sun was trying to see how yellow it could shine, and fill up the world with cheer and happiness.

After breakfast I started out for school, and again I was glad Spring had come for I didn't have to bundle up in so many clothes. But perhaps the reason why I liked Spring the best of the seasons — and remember that the reason I like it to-day — is to free that in the afternoons. I would put on rubber boots, and get the shovel and hoe. Then I would make my way to a large drift that had formed against the

stone wall. I would make a runway, with the shovel, leading from the cleft to the steps which descended from the upper terrace down, by the stone wall, to the lower terraces. When that was done I would take the broom, and sweep the water, which had melted from the cleft, through the course I had made for it; and then watch it drop off the steps below. No occupation pleased me more than this, but when I had, after a while, swept away all the melted snow, I would try to see what amusement I could get out of the water.

If my shoes were slippery I would have some difficulty in gaining the middle of it, for, like the frog in the well, I could go back ward as well as forward; but after a long run, I could usually get up without slipping. Once there, I would stand in the middle, and make the water go up and down. Sometimes some of my sister's friends would "come out", and if I were, at that time, in favor with my sister I was allowed

to play with them; but if I had just spoken the first of her. I was told to go away and play by myself - (which, strange to say, I obediently did!) But when I was in favor I played with all my might, and oh. how I enjoyed it! "Grace," "Pom pom" and "Prisoners' base" were all equally delightful to me, and again I perceived that spring had come, for in no other season of the year did we play these fascinating games.

And now that the joy of playing in these ways is rarely mine, I must account for my still liking spring, for I surely do care for it more than for any other season.

It seems to me that when the sun streams in my window in the morning, waking me up and at the same time filling me with thrills of gladness for the fact that I am alive. Just to live in the sunlight is enough. It gives new life and the impetus to do. Some people think that spring is the longest of the seasons. But to me it is the morning of the year, and in the morning our best work is done, and our noblest thoughts conceived.

Holmes
Hill
April 17, 1907.

A certain person, when she walks, reminds me of a young colt whose legs are stiff and awkward, and at times rather in the way.

Have you watched ladies cross a muddy street? Do they not remind you of elastic, high-stepping horses who pause in placing their feet to make sure of their footing? It is the same jerky gait.

The lobby was crammed to its very utmost with an expectant and impatient throng. When the doors were at last thrown open the people rushed through there like a swarm of ants, which, after some obstacle had been removed from their path, hurried eagerly towards their prey.

The storm was coming on. It was as if you were in a room when the lamp begins to smoke: the more it smokes the darker the room grows, and the thicker and heavier the air becomes, ~~and~~ until at last you can see but dimly even the objects near you.

Holmwood
Hill

May 22, 1907.

Mr. Martin Reidy sent me a "fiver" that afternoon and I felt bound to return it to him in the evening. How I hated to leave my warm room to walk many blocks in the rain; but I put on my rain coat, and after taking up the first umbrella at hand, started out.

I reached my destination some fifteen minutes later, and after ringing first softly then heartedly, I heard someone approaching the door.

"Is Martin in?" I asked, when after some delay the door was finally opened by the impassive butler.

"I'm sure I don't know, sir" he replied, rather sarcastically. I had half a notion to retort in the same spirit, but better thoughts prevailed and I said merely "Will you please find out?"

He looked at me sharply and frowned.

"What business have you got with Mr. Martin?" he asked after a moment.

I was not prepared for that. At all events I should not tell him now. "None of yours" I remarked. "If Mr. Martin is not home you need not tell me so."

"I shall see" he finally condescended — but just as he was about to leave he soon me unconsciously pull my head out of my pocket — and my five dollar bill with it.

"Shall I take it sir?" he volunteered more pleasantly.

"no. I'll wait here until he comes. Thank you. I would like to speak with him myself."

"You would rather see him yourself, then?" he asked insinuatingly.

"Yes" I replied.

"Well you can't." he declared, as cool as brass. But my temperature was rising.

"Sir!" I managed to say at last "You —"

He smiled — as a blue ~~ball~~ monkey-wrench might have smiled.

"This is the wrong house he said quietly, and closed the door, leaving me, in the wet and dark, to my bewilderment.

Walnut Hill
May 8. 1907.

The Lake at Night.

There were the dark waters of the lake, surrounded by tall, dark and mysterious pines, among which, scattered at irregular intervals, lay little cottages — all dark as a pocket and sleeping peacefully. There were the row boats moored at the docks, and further out the sail boats, stripped of their sails, scarcely rocking, so calm it was. No noise of any kind was heard — no night birds hovered near, no frogs croaked, no Katydids scolded, no wind whistled through the trees. Everything slept.

Walmer
Hall

May 6. 1907. The Seaside on a Rainy Day.

The last grass on the way to the shore was soaking wet; little streams of water trickled down to the beach. The beach itself was spongy. The rain coming down in a steady pour fell upon the waters — calming the waves but roughening the surface. The bath houses even were drenched, and streams of water ran off from the seats hanging on the line. Everything was dark and dismal and dreary.

Valeur Hill
May 8. 1907.

The approach of fall in the Park.

The grass, a short while ago so green, was turning brown; the leaves were beginning to shrivel and fall; the birds had already begun to migrate Southward; and the dogs no longer lapped the cooling waters of the fountain - for they were shut off! The policeman still walked his beat and people still hurried through the park, each intent upon his business; but no children played about, left to their own sweet will while their governesses read novels beneath the trees. No nurses trundled baby carriages. No tired mothers with hungry children sought rest in the benches, and no old men put down their canes & take a snooze. Autumn was coming, and the weather was fast growing cold.

Walnut Hill
May 8, 1900. A fire at night.

The whole car barns were burning! A glorious sight. The engines had not arrived, and all the buildings seemed consumed in one huge flame, licking the heavens [illegible] night. It reddened the sky - it lit up the neighborhood around. From one position on the bluff we could see the people below hurrying from their homes, carrying what furniture they could lay their hands on. Every moment their house would go — aye, it had caught fire while they were still hastening from it. At last the engines came. Stream after stream spluttered against the blaze increasing from moment to moment in power. Firemen with axes scaled the ladders, and, silhouetted against the hellish light, could be seen chopping away the wood work. The shouts of the excitable crowd and the orders of the Chief could be heard with heartless distinctness. Apparently no headway was being made against it. Finally [illegible] was sent

back to bed. Alone in the dark the tongue of flame haunted me. Larger it grew, and nearer it came, till I pulled the bed clothes over my head to shut it out. It was useless. To me it was not only possible that the fire should spread from the flats to the bluff — but was actually doing so: and I waited breathless to be summoned out of bed. I must have fallen fast asleep; for in the morning, black, smouldering walls, with a heap of débris in the centre, were all that were left of the cottages.

Walnut Hill

Sept. 26. 1906.

A Winter Night.

The garden gates in the village are shut and the fields drearn to. flashes of light appear here and there, where occupants of the houses light their evening lamps, and long rays of light from the windows stretch over the snow crust.

First a few large, wet flakes of snow fall, then they come thicker and faster, and soon it comes as though a white veil - Through which you could catch glimpses of the spire of the little village church, and the lights in the cottages - was dropped before your eyes.

Anevery trouble of bells, and soon a cutter comes in sight, with the driver muffled up to his ears, and his cap and coat white with snow. Or sometimes the sound of a lotter falls on your ears, or a belated foot-traveller entering his garden gate, and in the stillness of the night, you can hear him unlock his door.

The passers by become fewer and fewer, and one by one the lights in the cottages are blown out.

Only the sound of a dog barking or a cat fighting, breaks the stillness, and late, very late in the night, when the dogs and cats have partly gone to sleep, you hear the church bell tolling out the old day.

Walnut Hill
February 4, 1908.

The Trials of a would-be Poet.

The wild desire to be a "Poet" and to write "poetry" no doubt came to many of us around the meature age of eight or ten. Can you yourself not recall those days when poetic genius tried to bud within you — and sometimes even ventured to blossom? Like many plants, this shoot took root early in the spring, and with great rapidity appeared above ground soon after, continuing to grow in luxurious abundance — as do weeds as well as garden flowers — so long as you watered it.

Yes, while you watered it, it grew, and its blossoms filled many scraps of paper, and many half-used note books; but let it not be supposed that all this came about without a struggle.

It was all very easy to lie sketched out on the "teeter" and look up at the blue sky overhead, and the floating clouds, and all that, and to be "inspired" by them into tuneful lovely verses, but the task came when the actual

writing down of your inspirations began. Think as hard as you could, you were unable to find a word to rhyme with "month", and so you were forced to change this word for another, which, though a little less desirable, had the advantage of rhyming with "spring". You were tempted only to use month as regularly plurals and to lisp "nce" even so slightly for the sake of rhyme. In all honesty, however, this exceeded even your idea of poetic license, and you abandoned the thought.

Unfortunately you had never heard of blank verse; and to tell the truth — about all you knew of poetry was that the last word of every other "line" of two consecutive "lines" should rhyme. Here, then, was another difficulty. After scouring around in your mind to a word to rhyme with "floating", it was altogether impossible to force "boating" to the end of either the next "line" or the one following.

When inspiration from your position in the "poetic" began to wane, you would thrust your stubby used to-chewed pencil, and your scrap of paper into your pocket — until such time as more ideas should come to you. At present your other [illegible] tastes and subjects were exhausted. "The Sky", "To the Birds", "Spring" and "Morning" were all despised [illegible] — and it was indeed difficult to write "poetry" without knowing what it was to be about!

But trials other and severer than these abounded too. Were not your brother and sisters always "happening" upon you either while you were laboriously composing, or else copying your efforts neatly into some old note book? And not only that, but they always looked at you in a pitying way, implying that it was silly to waste time in dreaming and writing verses when there were so many other more useful things to do. Had they forgotten their "poetic" stage — or had they passed around it instead of through it? Sometimes, though, they

even went so far as to try to get your precious scrap of paper — and after you had finally succeeded in regaining it, you would retreat to some safer and more secluded spot. Then to your nurse — or she who used to be your nurse when you were young, for you scorned her in that role now — would lean in upon your peace, and tell you it was almost time to get ready for supper: but after she had closed the door and you took out your pencil and paper from the hiding place behind the sofa pillow, you found that you could not remember what you were about to say.

These rhymes for versifying came spasmodically, and would last usually a month, or maybe a year, until finally you "outgrew" them altogether. Only upon very special occasions now do you take your pencil in hand resolved on being a "poet:" only when you mean to make a valentine for a friend, or a jingle for some gift or joke—

a "grind" as they say. But even after the years that have elapsed since your first efforts in this line, not even now have all the kinks disappeared. So he sure you are somewhat familiar with blank verse, and your knowledge of various metres is more flexible and varied than formerly, but you still have trouble finding just the right words and putting them together as you feel they should be put from inner promptings. It seems true that poets are born, while would-be poets are made with labor and toil. Besides this, though your brother and sisters no longer plague you, no does any "nurse" remind you of the passing time, still, there are other interruptions, which though apparently inevitable, are quite as annoying and from which retreat is impossible. It's enough to discourage any "would-be".

May 2. 1909.

I am tired of work. and Latin and all the rest. I want a good vacation where I can live out of doors and forget sine and cosine and tangent — where I can forget all Latin but amo, amas, amat.

Saturday. May 15th.

I have just come back from the dedication of Sanders's laboratory — the new chemistry building. My talk with K. Beaven about what courses to elect for next year, has gotten me in that bothering undecided way so that I don't know what I do want. I should now be at K. Bangle's tea, but I am a wretched quitter, and somehow being out here under the trees with my sketching block, is much more to my taste.

Sunday.

I have just gotten back from chapel where I heard a sermon I liked as well as any I have ever heard before. It was by Lyman Abbott, and his text was "If a man die, can he live again?" and the answer, he said was "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." He showed us how "death" and resurrection were the same thing. How when a man "died" he did not go to some far off land, but was near in spirit to those whom he loved and who loved him. How there was much within a man's heart that he could never express on account of his human limitations. How the body is but an instrument: - that the brain is not like a dynamo but like a wire - that when it is broken it can no longer transmit the power, but that the originator of the power is still there. He touched upon the mother with her children; the soul of a great organ; music; painting. He drew wonderful similes

yet his sermon was not flowery but true and earnest and real. It came from his heart straight to ours, and when it had ended, the hush lingered for a few minutes until it was broken by the organ pealing forth "Ten thousand times ten thousand, in sparkling raiments white."

know, because they might get it dirty."
Then with a clerk to his bones and
a genial nod to Paul, he was off and
on his way to hauling freight trees once
more.

Almost every Sunday evening there
has been music before chapel. I love you
ne to hear it. I love to listen to it - in
the winter time when the chapel is dark
and only the organ loft is lighted; in the
springtime when the rays of the sinking
sun are still more subdued after passing
through the great stained glass windows;
when, too, we can see in particular the
lovely window behind the organ — an
angel with veiled wings standing erect,

and her face full of beauty and "sehnsucht."

In the theme that follows I have tried to show or rather express just how certain pieces appeal to me. As I have said in the introduction to it, I care more for the low, sweet, melodious and dreamy pieces than for those flashing with sharps and brilliant playing. I can't seem to grapple with those pieces - there is nothing that I can catch to long enough to lose myself and become enwrapt in the theme. With the simple flute-like pieces, however, I become entirely carried out of myself into the world of the birds or the fairies.

(This theme, written for my English course, was suggested by the Sunday evening organ recitals.)

The Conjured Woodland.

The organ was now thundering forth its deep rumbling tones and now faintly trembling in its clear high notes. The many who listened sat in darkness, for the only light in the chapel was that at the organ, and this but faintly shone upon the arched rafters and lit the gilded angels' heads projecting out into space.

The music sent a thrill of delight, - of wonder through me. Wonder that the organist had the skill to bring forth such music: wonder that he had such technique. And then the music stopped. And the usual whispered comments and the contagious audience cough were energetically indulged in before the

beginning of the next number.

Again the organ began to play, and once again its voice was the only one to awake the echoes in the dusk. But it did not soar from low to high, nor skip and jump from flats to sharps, nor hurry in such wild excitement as before. It was a low, peaceful melody, filling the air with a sense of rest and quiet. Its sweet, flute-like tones soothed and lulled, and soon I was all-oblivious of my surrounding, oblivious of the organ & the angels' heads.

I was in the heart of a great, deep wood at sunset, and the golden light of the setting sun fell dimly between the trunks of the great trees all around me, and cast its magic light upon the scene. And I heard the splash and tinkle of a brook,

and when I searched for it in the woodland, I saw it, and beside it Pan was seated with his pipes at his lips.

Then, of a sudden he changed his theme, and played in a weird, wild strain, and I heard the faintest rustling undertone which gradually grew a little louder and louder. Pan was summoning the spirits of the wood, and under stick and over stone, tripped Pixy, Elf, Gnome, Fairy, Fay and Goblin, all running, tumbling, jostling in their eagerness to reach the spot to dance and revel. More and more and still they came, hopping and frisking hither and thither; scrambling for seats upon the nearest toadstools or in the flower cups, or making way for the fairy dancers.

The last ray of the setting sun had

vanished, but the moon, now unrivalled, spread its soft and fitful light upon the midnight revellers. The tireless Pan played on accompanied now by a fairy orchestra -, and to the music danced the sprightly fays, gliding in this direction, dipping in that, turning and twisting and hopping and nodding in the very ecstacy of their fun.

Then the fiddlers stopped, and Pan was once again playing a low, sweet melody. Quickly as they had come, did all the little fairies vanish, and the woodland was left silent except for the trickle of the brook, and the music of Pan's pipes. Then even these were silent, and for some time I watched Pan as he sat listlessly musing upon a stone.

A moment later, and under the torturing glare of the electric lights, Pan's dreamy face became a jelded angel's head. The spell was broken: the enchanted woodland vanished into air. Yet the scene was not entirely conjured from my imagination, others, too, saw its like, and besides, 't was in the music, for I heard it.

VC. 1909-1910.

The noon sun was beating fervently down upon the sandy barrenness of the point. Everything was still except for the lapping of the waters on the harbour shore, and the muffled thunder of the surf as it dashed upon the outer beach a mile away.

The only signs of life at all were two silent and slow moving men who sat propped up against a pile of lobster pots in the shelter of the shack. One was mending his net, while the other was whittling ~~the~~ pegs in an extremely leisurely fashion — as most old fishermen do — but both were, on the whole, so engaged in trying to puff back to life a spark of fire into their shabby clay pipes, that they momentarily forgot to gossip.

While they sat there the door of a shanty opened, and a tall, lanky youth came out and slowly shuffled down to the beach. He wore a misshapened and very dilapidated straw hat which shaded his dark tanned face, a brilliant red shirt with sleeves rolled up, and a pair of fishermen's long rubber boots. He waded out to an old sail boat moored in the shallows, and, reaching it as high as the tide permitted, commenced pounding upon it in a manner which challenged the gulls to an indignant and clamorous squawking.

"At it again, aint he?" Andrew, one of the old fishermen remarked between puffs.

"Yep," assented Jabe, "it do beat all how he hankers arter work. He's a-peerudin' all the time when he aint feelin' a scallopin' or tindin' those lobster pots of his'n. It gits me fetched how he do it, though — cut them boats in two, piece 'em out, an' nail 'em together agin' — good's new too, when they be done."

"That's right — nothin' he can't make with his old hands and a bit o' wood. They do say up here all the town folks is took with them fiddles of his'n, when they see 'em. Why 't was only last week some —"

"Hello! Guess she's makin' in — Yep, that's Benny all right with some more o' his city folks down for a picnic most like. 'Should think they'd be sick to death on 'em — Pretty neat Ben, you bring her 'round ship-shape — Why I remember when I shipped aboard —"

"Yes, so do I — you bet'n tol' me all about it right on an awful ridge o' mist a day ever since I knowed you. But there's Ben's dory! He never neglected to tow it after afore. Means a little job for me I reckon."

"Not this time — The young 'uns goin' out to fetch 'em in his new invented pen, so to speak. Well, you'd know they was hard hitters the way they try to help Ben feel that sail. Look at 'em sail yet!

all kneed to - eh?" and the old man indulged in a toothless chuckle at his remarkable wit.

Curiosity got the better of their lazyness. They slowly got up and ambled to the shore to meet the "party".

"Howdie Ben!" they called out in greeting - "Good sailin' breeze, eh?"

"Fair and dandy," Ben answered; and turning to Jake, inquired: "How's the' mus to-day, young-'un? Are ye buildin' a yacht for the President or are ye makin' a picnic?"

"I'm -" grunted Jake. He had heard this thrust before — in fact it was one of Ben's little jokes.

"Well, I dont suppose ye'd min', would ye, if we made ye a little visit? These folks here say they'd like to hev a dance t' fiddlin' Dick's music. They know what good dance music is, they do, and they've heard all 'bout ye Dad."

"Not t'day, — I guess" - Jake added by way of apology.

"Best why not?" demanded Ben with righteous surprise. "I've brought folks down here the Lord knows how many times, and fiddlin' Dick's played for us too."

Under the gaze of the strangers Jake looked helplessly down at the sand which he was digging up with the toe of

his boat, and answered reluctantly, "Won't play t'day."

But Andrew — not satisfied to let such a brief explanation pass — volunteered further information. "I reckon Feddlin' Dick won't play ter-day for no man. He went up there mornin' ter see us off when we started out for our catch, an' that's a sure sign he's got no 'fun' on his mind. No sir, yer can't make him play, I'll wager. But he'd be glad o' a visit, like enough, an' you could see the gurnay - uns's feddle. He don't play on 'em, but he can make 'em fer fair."

"Just the thing," agreed the man from the city. "It's rather early in the day anyway to dance — but we should like above all to see the fiddle. I'm rather interested in them myself — I play a little on them now and then."

Jake slinks on ahead — out of conversational range of the party — and Andrew and Jake nobly played the rôle of hosts. Indeed, so delighted were they to have fresh and sympathetic listeners, that in the short walk to Feddlin' Dick's shanty Andrew had partly relieved himself of the account of his prowess when aboard the "Queen of the Seas" — the tale while Jake had cut short

but a few minutes before — and Jake had related of the time when he was one of the crew which rescued passengers from the boat "Ora-Wanua."

Their semi-whispers were interrupted by their arrival at the shanty — a small, low, two roomed affair, — weather-worn and shaky-looking on the outside, with shingles nearly dropping off the roof. Through which a crooked black stove pipe pushed its way into the open. Inside, the larger room of the two was scarcely able to hold the eight, for there was the stove in the centre of it, and at one side was a packing box table. Across the ceiling dratched a fish net, and in its meshes star fish and shells of all sorts and kinds were hopelessly entangled.

Although it was Summer, a man was seated in a chair close by the stove as though, out of habit, trying to get as near as possible to warm himself. He was an old man with long grey hair and a face wrinkled and worn; and in his knotty hands he held his bow, while under his chair lay his precious fiddle over which he seemed to sit guard.

Fiddlin' Dick fairly outdid himself in his duties as host. He laughed and chuckled, and chuckled and talked—

and obligingly rehearsed his stock of anecdotes and yarns. In fact he would do anything but play — although they urged and intreated — but upon this point he stood firm. He was like a child who had gotten a stubborn, reasonless notion into his head, and persisted in it with obstinate pertinacity.

Seeing that intreaties were of no avail, the man from the city asked to see Jeff's fiddle. He tried to hide a smile when he first saw the crude, awkward-looking imitation of a violin which Jeff so proudly handed him. The whiteness and unfinish of the wood gave it an ungainly appearance — but he twanged a string, and was surprised at the tone. Then, using the violin as a guitar, he strummed out a simple tune. Fiddlin' Jeff silently handed him his bow, and the stranger, accepting the implied invitation to play, raised the fiddle to his shoulder. His smile had altered, and he sat playing, forgetful of the loneliness of the violin and of his surroundings. His friends had heard him play time and again — but never like this. The tone was richer and fuller than ever before — more musical — more expressive.

fiddlin' Dick sat spell bound. He had never in his life heard a fiddle played like that — and he asked for more. But finally it came time to the part to leave — and the man from the city hesitatingly asked if he could buy the violin.

Jake nodded his head and uttered a brief "Thanks" as he slipped some bills into his pocket.

"Ain't nothin' much to make," he added by by way of explanation - I kin make another any time."

"But what tools do you use?" the man asked.

"Hatchet an' jack knife - all I own — 'n' all I need, I reckon."

So it happened that when the party left, the man from the city carried under his arm the precious violin wrapped in his sweater, and on his face there was a thoughtful and wondering look.

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It was not until a year later that the party came to visit again, when, on a day much like that of his first visit, old Ben landed him and his companion on the shore near fiddlin' Dick's shanty.

Zeke was nailing up some lobster pots not far off, but stopped work when he recognized the stranger.

"Any more violins?" the man asked.

Zeke nodded.

"Well, my friend here Mr. Ditcomb, wants to buy some. They're for sale, aren't they?"

Again Zeke nodded.

"But I want more than that, Mr. Ditcomb added. "I want you to come up to the city with me and make violins for me in my shop. I need some skilled workers. And I'm ready to pay you a good price — a very good price."

Zeke looked at him with open-eyed astonishment.

"D' you really mean that?" he managed to ask. But suddenly the eager light died out of his eyes and he shook his head slowly. "I. I guess not. no — it's best not."

"Come now", Mr. Ditcomb urged, "Think it over — don't refuse right off like that. Why, man, it's an opportunity you're not apt to get twice. You can go to the city and see things — and get away from this God-forsaken place. You'll have tools that are worthy

of the name, and you won't need to dig away with an old, dull jack-knife. I think it over, and drop me a line before the end of the week — saying you'll come." And after giving him an addressed postal card, he and his friend left — for they could not spare the time to visit Fiddlin' Dick.

Zeke put down his hammers and sat thoughtfully watching the men as they rowed out to the sail boat — and watched them as they tacked out of the narrow channel into the broad waters of the Sound. Then he slowly got up and, with hands thrust deep into his pockets, walked past the shanties — on across the point to the outer beach. He lay down on the slope of a sand dune so that he could see the surf break in, and could look out over the ocean at the vessels dancing on the horizon, or watch the gulls as they circled high or dove for fish.

He loved the dark, restless ocean and the limitless expanse of blue sky, yet within him the voice of ambition was speaking to the first time; and he was fascinated by it — it was so strange and pleasant.

He thought of the wonders of the city which he had seen but once, and he saw for forgot his bashfulness that he was stirred by the thought of mingling with its crowds and of striving among its men. He looked ahead and pictured himself working not with crude implements, but with tools suited to his every need.

But he tried to silence the voice within him and to hide the delightful pictures he was conjuring, for in his innermost conscience he knew he could not leave the Point, for Aladdin Dick needed him to care for him in his old age. Yet he revelled in the moment in his fancies and imaginings, as one who was enjoying a pleasure to which he was not fully entitled.

He lay there until the sun was hidden by the dunes behind him, and then he rose and stretched himself. The voice within him was silent. He would go home and write to Mr. Delcomb saying that he could not accept his offer — but first, he lingered to watch the afterglow of the sun as it lit the dancing waters of the Sound, dotted with home-coming sails. Then as he turned to look again upon the darkening waters of the open ocean and to watch a lonely gull circling

after his dive, high into the air until he disappeared from sight, he realized that he could never live anywhere but near the great, restless, yet calming, ocean. He could never live in a city — for he would be stifled by its smoke, deafened by its noise, and crushed among its crowds. What did the offer of money amount to him? He used but little of it, and when needed, could he not carry his catch to the town ten miles off and sell it? More than that he and his father would not need — nor knew what to do with.

Later when he sat at an upturned box laboriously scrawling with a stubby pencil on the postal card, fiddlin' Dick Sutton, and stopped with a look of surprise — for it was only on rare occasions that Zeke put himself to writing. A queer look slowly came into his eyes as though the answer to his masked question was beginning, painfully, to dawn upon him.

"You - yer writin' a letter?" he asked, as though dreading to hear the answer.

Zeke nodded.

"You - yer not goin' to get married an' go away are yer? Ye- Yer not writin' to yer girl?" — it was

all feelin' Dick could do to say it.

Zeke smiled. "no. I haint got no girl — an' I'm not a-goin' away - Sy I was sayin' — " and his shifty pencil moved slowly again — " 'reely can't come - I can't leave this "God - forsaken" place after all, an' I reckon I'm kinder neat to my pack knife, an' I wouldn't no what to do with the money no how. Yours — Zeke" There!" ejaculated Zeke with satisfaction as he straightened himself from his writing posture. "That'll fix him."

The old man stood stupefied as to the meaning of it all. Still, he drew a breath of relief and lit his pipe with a trembling hand.

The Feel of a Soiled Gloved Handshake.

After the service in the little country church is over, you turn around to say "good-morning" to a friend behind you. She is the middle-aged school mistress who, for the last thirty years has sat at the same desk, in the same little school house, doling out her limited supply of knowledge to a succession of boys and girls.

This is Sunday morning, and with the same regularity with which she teaches school, she attends church — in her stiff, high bonnet and her black silk gloves. You greet her smilingly and shake hands. But the smile becomes a trifle set — the

glove feels so dry and rough and irritating to your gloveless hand. She does not grip your hand tightly, but in a loose apologetic fashion, which makes the silk rest slightly against your palm — just enough to tickle you and make you feel creepy, so that one shiver after another starts at your finger tips and chases the other through your whole body to your very toes. Your hand becomes stiff and rigid, and you dread to move it for fear the scratchy glove will irritate you again and make you cringe still more. How relieved you are when she at last releases your hand! You can then really feel kindly toward her as you did at first — before the glove so disagreeably freed itself upon your mind.

A Recollection.

Oh, that whiff of the sea! Its salt and fishy smell, its delicious, invigorating freshness bringing with it the remembrances of past joys of clamming and fishing, of swimming and of sailing, but in particular, the remembrance of a hot, sandy road over which an old four-horse coach is laboriously plowing its way. Everything is so strange and new, and as I sit huddled inside the coach, people around me whom I never saw before, talk to me in a friendly sort of way, and ask me all kinds of questions — and how I wish they would leave me alone! There is a great deal of noise from men on top of the coach, and the drivers, every now and then, shouting to the horses only increases the general strangeness of it all. Then there is a turn in the road, and for the first

time in my life I smell — as I afterwards found out — the Ocean. The people in the coach point to it and tell me to look at it, but I feel afraid and shrink from seeing it as I would from seeing a great unknown Creature in the dark. When finally the coach stops before the Inn, and I am lifted to the ground I put my hands over my eyes so as not to see it, and turn to watch the driver hand down the bags and bundles from the top of the coach. But it takes some time for him to get them all down, and in the meanwhile, the fascinating terror of the ocean gets the better of me, and I cautiously peek at it. The first glimpse of it is enough — I no longer fear it or shrink from it, but stand and watch the waves tumble over each other onto the beach, and watch the great white birds dive into the water — and the Ocean and I are friends, forever.

Footsteps.

A step decisive and quick, with the click of the heels on the bare boards rather noticeably loud, and between each click a slight scrape of the toe of the boot against the floor, as though the owner were in too much of a hurry to raise her foot at the end of each step. Listening carefully, you could hear that one footfall was slightly more accentuated than the other — as in marching the left foot is unconsciously put down with a little more emphasis than the right, to keep time to the music.

Evening on a Train.

I had almost dozed off to the monotonous clangity-clunk — clang, clangity-clunk of the wheels on the rails, and was only half conscious of the noise of the coal rattling against the ventilators overhead, and of the crunch of chains as the porter pulled down the upper berths in preparation for the night. These noises, the repeated ringing of the porter's bell which tinkled high and impatiently at the other end of the car, and the conversational undertone of neighbors across the way kept me from altogether falling asleep, and then perhaps — forgetting that the train was already five hours late — and also the first night out. The sleepy and outdoor air which pervaded the whole car and which only emphasized every noise, was broken when the conductor came through calling for tickets, and the next minute, while the trainman was calling "B'ff'lo - B'ff'lo" a

screeching, grating sound seemed to bring the train to a halt.

Then followed the usual bustle of people getting off and on, of oft-repeated "Hellos" and "good byes", of the increasing tramp, tramp of the people on the platform outside. The shout of hucksters, the call of cabbies and the shrill nasal cries of the newsboys mingled with the general confusion. Then the ding-dong of a bell on the engine across the way sounded and slowly the great wheels turned, and the train glided out of the station, increasing its speed with the quickening puff — puff, puff puff puff puff of its engine. The clang of bells of outgoing and incoming engines became nearly deafening, and after an interminably long wait, the conductor called out a shrilly ascending "Bo-o-o-ard", and we too were puffing out of the station into the darkness of the night.

A Voice.

a voice startlingly loud and deep – in fact it seemed as though the owner pitched it so low as to make an even flow of sound impossible, hence there resulted hitches and outbursts in such rapid succession as to produce a continued resonant sound of guttural gurgling far back in the throat.

Hieroglyphics.

Hers was a handwriting which scratched over the page much as muddy hen tracks might – and quite as illegibly.

A Treacherous Patch of Ice.

It must depend largely upon the keenness of one's sight whether or not one is willing to say believingly that Nature has not an atom of space without change of color. An artist, who, through practice, is skilled in seeing many colors which the ordinary observer would overlook, might unhesitatingly make this statement and be convinced of its truth; yet there are some of us who seem to see tones only, and when our attention is called and we stop to see whether we can distinguish changes of color in the tone, we can often persuade ourselves into seeing them - whether our visual perception is really keen, or whether our imagination is keener, is an unsettled point — at least in my own mind.

For instance, there is a small patch of ice just below my window. Its color is a light slate-grey, and, if I were painting it in a picture, I am confident I should color it so and consider my allegations to it at an end — provided I had its tonal relations to its setting correct. But when I stop to examine this patch

of ice, I can see many shades of gray – not only the light slate-gray, but darker grays and lighter grays all blending into each other. Then there are grains of fine dry snow sprinkled here and there on the surface, and black spots which look like little pieces of twigs. The more intently I look, the more the smooth surface of the ice appears rough and uneven like very coarse gray sandpaper – and each rough particle seems to have a different shade of gray. This much I believe I can actually see, but now begins what I think is delusion and imagination pure and simple. I think I see a pinkish tinge on the surface of the ice, and this seems to smooth off the sandpaper roughness in some strange, inexplicable way. Now the question is, did I really see so many grays as to make the surface of this translucent little patch of ice look rough, or did I imagine them all? Is the ice really pink – or am I "seeing things"?

I shall cling to my first resolve – when I paint that picture – of coloring the ice a light slate-gray. There may be other colors there, but I am not certain of them. Thus whereas I think I see changes of color in every atom of space in that patch of ice, I still do not feel safe in boldly asserting the fact when my sight and imagination play such tricks.

Noon.

The yellow sands of the barren point sparkled under the intense brilliancy of the midday sun, and clustered here and there, stiff green spears of sand grass projected rigidly against the pale but vivid blue of the sky. The sunlight glinted over the restless waters, changing their usual sombre grey into translucent greens and blues, flecking their surfaces with dazzling silver patches of light. Nearer shore, the waves broke upon the beach, and sent showers of rain-bow colored spray high in the air, which fell again and retreated in the surface of the yellowish green waves in a swirl of effervescent white foam.

Scalloping.

There is a fascination in scalloping - before the scallop season opens - which, I am inclined to think, is unique. For where else do you combine the joy of poling your flat-bottomed skiff through the clinging and resistant eel grasses, the anticipation in searching out your prey, the skilled maneuvering necessary to bring you in a right relation to it? Then, too, there is the cool and refreshing sensation of plunging your arm into the water, the allowing, yet uncertain, pleasure of penetrating through the meshes of the weed, until your hand gropes blindly along the oozy bottom, and suddenly, an impetus sent forth from the scallop himself, frees you to make a desperate grab in his direction. If you are successful, you triumphantly, but with a more or less writhing joy, lift out the slime-covered creature, which snaps open

and dust, indignant at being molested.

An undeniable exhilaration possesses you as you pole from place to place in search for better fishing grounds, or drift lazily with the tide, trusting that it will accidentally bring you upon a cluster of scallops. There is excitement in making a hurried dive for a scallop which is spattering along the surface of the restless but beneath that of the water, and there is a sense of eminent satisfaction when, after have leaned precariously over the stern of the boat for an hour or more, warmed by the hot afternoon sun, but with arms chilled by the icy water, you deeft homeward with two pails full of flopping, snapping scallopings, and the anticipation of supper — a scallop supper!

The Old Cart Driver

Old Joe sat upon the seat of his two-wheeled cart in a most abject fashion, with feet dangling, back hunched, and head dropped forward, so that his eyes brooded moodily upon the shaggy heels of his horse's hind feet. Both arms were limply bent, and in one hand, which rested heavily on his knee, he loosely held the reins, while in the other lay his pipe — still feebly smoking.

A Contrast in Minds.

I always see ——'s mind as a number of small pigeon-holes made of new pine wood, and arranged above and beside each other in immaculate neatness and order. They are all of the same dimensions, so that they will hold memoranda up to a certain size — best for documents and other large papers. They are utterly useless. However, what memoranda they are capable of holding, they keep orderly and in readiness for use at any time.

Another's mind seems to spread out before its possessor like a vast expanse of country — a country of snow capped mountains and of valleys, of trees and flowers, of rivers and streams, of towns and hamlets — where there is perfect harmony and natural order. And its possessor is like a bird, who, soaring high

into the air, poises there long enough to survey the land beneath him, before darting straight and swiftly down upon his prey.

Night.

I hear a murmuring like that of the muffled roar of a distant water fall. It is the wind stirring the boughs of the great pines which loom up in the still darkness of the night like silent sentinals keeping watch ver all who sleep. Far above their top most branches a few stars shine steadily down upon the world to light the way for nature's small wanderers, while through the net-work of boughs, another and yet another light is let — only to flicker feebly behind the swaying needles. Then the wind is quiet, and the great, silent world sleeps.

A Study in Charcoal.

It was the noon hour, and the resonant hack of the wood-cutter's blade had ceased. In the still silence of the midday forest column after column of tall stately trees rose towered the sky - all but hidden from sight by the lofty pine branches, so that only here and there slender beams of sunlight found their way through the dense net work to the floor of the clearing. Arnold wood-cutter sat propped against a fallen log - his legs stretched out in front of him, with one crossed over the other, and his head bent wearily over a thick slice of wheaten bread.

Faculty Sketches.

Miss Beckwith.

"Her voice sounds as though it were having its picture taken."

"She has lavender water in her veins instead of blood."

Miss Leach.

"She prays as though she were afraid the Lord was going to interrupt her."

Miss Palmer.

"Wish Miss P. would take her foot off her voice."

Seab.

Seab's official position was that of dealer in "Paints, Oils, Glass and Hardware; Fruit, Vegetables and Candy" – but for the matter of that he dealt in a little of everything from a pin to a pulpit. The store which boasted such an imposing sign was no more than a one-roomed shanty with a covered platform attached to it in front to serve as a porch, where barrels and freight boxes might repose, & where its owner, with the 'long-shore gossips of the village might sit and comment on the passers-by as they smoked their pipes.

It was no uncommon sight to see Seab's angular frame leaning against a post of the store porch. His battered grey fedora hat would be squeezed so tightly down over his forehead, that his chin, with a short pointed grey beard at its very end, must needs be thrust forward in order for him to see out beneath the brim. There he would stand,

with his hands in his pockets, while his small light eyes would look beyond the houses across the road and the fishing sheds on the beach, beyond the inlet and the sand bar — out over the indigo of the sea. In this attitude there was an air of what seemed reckless meditation about him, but the approach of a passer-by would instantly arouse him — not that he altered his position, for he was much too lazy to do that — but there came a twinkle into his eye, and a smile about his lips which betokened reserved alertness to all that was going on.

When accosted by a stranger he would scrutinize him serenely until the question had been two or three times repeated, and then he would leisurely answer in a peculiar low drawl which implied that he had heard the question from the first, but did not like to feel hurried about replying. His manner

if he had one — was, evidently, to say a little as possible to customers. For whether he was asked for box checks or cardiac bolsters, he would merely answer, "I 'gesso"; then, shuffling through the low door, he would step over bricks and barrels to a remote spot in the store from which he would soon emerge with the desired article. Intuition seemed to be the means of his finding anything and everything in that room — cluttered with bricks and packed with little Knick-Knacks of all sorts and kinds which he had either picked up at auctions in the village, or which were remnants of a box he had once ordered from the city many years ago when his trade was prosperous. Once his son — the pride of his life — had brought him a roll top desk from the city, and had tried to put in order the thousand

and one stringy in that disorderly room, but a month later Seth substitutes his old soap box for the roll top desk, and forever after, grumbled that he could find "nothin' in his store no more."

But Seth as a shopkeeper was not the Seth of the village gossips. The minute a fringe-bearded ex-sea captain bore in sight, a grin of kinship and of brotherhood came into his face. He would even take one hand out of his pocket to jerk it toward the lunch, then he would tip-toe nimbly into the store and reach for a bag of tobacco (3) behind his counter (2), returning with it in a most secret (1) and mysterious manner. One by one the other gossips of this informal caterer would "stop by" to share the tobacco and news of the village, but it was always Seth who

took the lead and controlled the meeting. Shy and retiring to strangers, he expanded in authority in this atmosphere of tobacco smoke and social pleasantry. But the instant an outsider entered the scene, he sank back into reserve, and took refuge more more in silence.

A Stormy Night.

It was dark when I got off the train and the rain was falling in such dismal unconcern that even the cheerful little station lamps only flickered blurredly inside. At the end of the platform I saw a square patch of darkness – darker even than the rest – which I knew was the bus. There were already two or three passengers inside when I reached it, and as they seemed loath to move up first, I clambered up the steps at the back and crawled myself and my dress right case in as best I could, and sat squeezed into the corner. Then old Mr. Linkham closed the door and buckled down the rain flaps, and soon we started.

It was pitch dark inside the bus, and the rain beat against the top and sides like the long continued roll of a drum. Occasionally someone spoke in a whisper, but most of the

time we sat silent. The bus rolled from side to side on the rough station road - then it turned, and the grating hum of the wheels on the macadam accompanied the noise of the rain. For a few brief minutes the horse trotted sleepily on, then finding the effort too much on such a night, relapsed again into his slow walk.

It seemed an hour before we finally stopped, and then everyone but myself got out. Mr. Linkham poked his head in under the flap and told me to "wait a bit" — so I waited. At last he returned, and after handing me some mail, once more buckled down the rain flaps.

Again we started on our way. Only now the inside of the bus seemed even darker than before, and the noise outside doubly loud. As we neared the bend in the road, the wind

whistled and howled, and blew so furiously against the sides of the bus that I feared it must tear open the flaps. Soon the macadam ended, and for the rest of the way we bounced over rocks and sank deep into the heavy sand, and, in fact, all but upset. After an interminably long time of this bouncing about I was sure Mr. Pinkham had driven past the house by mistake, but just then we nearly tipped over in turning a corner, and I knew that we had at last reached the roadway, and that soon I would be before the cheerful warmth of a blazing wood fire.

Noises of the Night.

The bed began it. The creaking and groaning in its distorted joints broke in upon the first stillness of the dark with a premonitory voice which boded ill for any individual who should venture to go to sleep — or even rest. Then the ringing taps on the pipe took up the refrain, as occupants of the rooms above signalled their customary good-night to each other. Some friend, on another floor still, was evidently bothered with the jangling too, and mercifully tattooed upon the pipe until the offenders beat a retreat.

But, although that noise was stopped,

there arose a low drone of voices from the region of the study. The drone was a soft, considerate one at first, which you persuaded yourself would not keep you awake, but little by little it grew until it became a continuous one-toned murmur. Its progress at this stage was suddenly arrested by a knock at the door, followed by what seemed like a sudden escape of steam, and instantly the murmur broke its monotonous rank and file and giggled confusedly. That, at least, was a relief, but the clatter and crash of the dishes that followed neither worried it, and as the windows next door were resistingly open, a door slammed to indignantly, and

then — the bed groaned again - this time very audibly.

And now for the first time the alarm clock entered into competition with the other noises of the night, and its methodical tick-tocking grew steadily louder, however seeming to run along at an impossible pace, and rose to plod provokingly, until at length it lost out entirely, and only the sleepy swish of the pine boughs broke upon the silence of the night.

When "One ---- two!" chimed out the clock in the study, and as though waiting for the hour to strike, the papers in the scrap basket rustled mysteriously. "Scratch scratch ---- flop" — then

silence. The bed squeaked timidly, and the next second a dull thud sounded from the scrap basket as a shoe hit the mark. But another missile yet was needed in order to persuade the intruder that he was not welcome, however accustomed he might have been to house in other people's scrap baskets.

Some time must have elapsed after this, as it was growing lighter out doors when the rattle and clang of the radiator commenced. And once commenced, it continued indefinitely, growing more infuriated each minute. The battle was at its height — iron clashing against iron — when suddenly a trumpet of peace sounded

from the basement in the form of an early morning song which ascended through the pipes, and resembled, for all the world, the noise of a grapheflone. It was no longer night, in point of time, but you felt as sleepy as though it were still one o'clock, yet the gurgling and sizzle of the steam as it leaked through the loose fat cork, persistently urged — and even compelled — you to keep half awake, and then the startling rattle of the alarm bell surprised the bed into a grunt — the alarm clock had won out at last!

Lamb: A Sketch from the "Essays of Elia".

Under the pseudonym of Elia, Charles Lamb gives us a portrait of himself, more intimate, perhaps, than we could otherwise have gotten, for never in an autobiography, nor even in "Confessions", could a writer so frank and so naïvely portray himself, his books, his manners and his little peculiarities — those same total make up his personality. In no better way could he so well depict his friends — not on canvas, but in happy sketches — and Lamb's attitude toward those about him is particularly significant.

The thread of self-portraiture which is ever present, is not, however, otherwise so. It is rather woven in and out, now prominent in such essays as "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple", "Christ's Hospital five and thirty years ago" and the like, and now more or less hidden according to the pattern which is being worked out: yet there is no denying that Lamb is egotistical, and that his real motive in writing is a desire for self-portraiture. From thought he covers his identity — and he doubtless hid it successfully for a certain time — he yet relies too much on it. Modesty of the sort which is self-slandering is not true modesty. Nevertheless, though Lamb is egotistical, we do not check it up against him as a glaring fault, but overlook it as a piece of genius.

Lamb, almost entirely, deals with common-level of occurrence things, but by analyzing them, and then reflecting them back to us in the light of his Imagination (his Esemplastic Power, as Coleridge would say), he transforms them for us, so that those

things which, through their familiarity, fail to claim our attention — but which, in reality, our imagination is not subtle nor keen enough to detect as having latent possibilities — appear to us very in a new light. Yet he does not seem to make a business of transforming the familiar into something not prosaic. It is more natural than that. He instinctively watches what goes on around him, and quite as instinctively — and informally — philosophizes about it.

So in his self-portraiture, though it may be his real motive in writing, he yet does it in a manner by the way, and not boldly. He figures through a series of pictures of every-day life of which he is a part — and a humble one. The Lamb which we see here is not totally different from Lamb as a child — although Elia would have us think so. He speaks of himself as he was at school as "honest, courageous, religious, imaginative and hopeful," yet what one of these qualities is lacking in the man? He denounces himself when he says "If there ought of myself, no one whose mind is introspective — and mine is painfully so — can have a less respect for his present identity than I have for the man Elia. I deem him to be light and vain and humorous ---- a stammering buffoon." As a child he was inquisitive about witches, and was lured by the fantastic, yet he had the accompanying fear of the night, of the dark, and of solitude. His dislike of solitude persists in later life, for, though he admits the beauty of the stillness of the desert, he nevertheless considers this imperfect in comparison to sympathetic Solitude. This is

the reason why he cared more

for the companionable woods and inland streams than for the ocean with its desolate sands, and why he loved most of all the City, with its street cries, its ballad singers, its displays and its passing faces.

Coupled with this is his love of the old and familiar. Not only was he "Naturally ---- shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years," but he loved the old for itself and for the associations and poetry in it. He regretted any changes in places or scenes which he used to know, and the memory of which he still sentimentally cherished. He and his sister seem to share this feeling. When, after Lamb had received his pension and was "well off", they missed the joy of scraping some hardly earned folio. So, too, at this time, Lamb could even look back on his clerkship with a feeling which he never entertained when he was actually at his desk, for there he experienced a "sense of incapacity for business."

He was certainly out of place in an office, yet a casual glance at him in company seems hardly more prepossessing. He describes himself as "petit and ordinaire in person and appearance;" a man who would sit silent in company, until, whether a propos or not, he would suddenly shatter out some "senseless pun." "The truth is," Ellia writes, "he gave himself too little concern what he uttered and in whose presence," and with his usual "informal habit of mind," he would interrupt most serious discussions with some untimely jest. Yet, though this was a failing in serious company, it proved a power in an emergency,

and the ability to give vent to nonsense, relieved some strained situations at times. This quality of his, which is evident in his writing, is after all not artificial and external as we might think, for he says himself "Better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him."

At times we feel that Lamb is an outsider, speculating upon things that are denied him, yet his kindly humour prevents him from being disagreeably sarcastic, and we enjoy such sarcasm as we find in "The Two Races of Men." In "Dream Children" and "A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People" we realise the undercurrent which is ever present throughout the greater part of his life, but which, in these essays, shows itself through his quiet acceptance of things as they are. So great a tragedy must necessarily have made his life a sad one, yet the constant need of caring for his sister, and the devotion with which he tended her kept him from brooding over his troubles. Thus his life could not be a brilliantly active one, but there was something in the quiet and kindly way in which he looked out upon the rest of the world, sympathising with, yet not wholly mingling with, which satisfied him in the end.

F.C. 1910-11. Arnold, the Social Teacher.

Arnold says "to us who believe in right reason, in the deity and possibility of extricating and elevating our best self in the progress of humanity toward perfection — for us the framework of society ---- is sacred; and whoever administers it, and however we may seek to remove them from their tenure of administration, yet, while they administer, we steadily and with undivided heart support them in suppressing anarchy and disorder, because without order there can be no society, and without society there can be no human perfection."

This order, of which Arnold speaks, is culture, which is opposed to anarchy. Culture is the disinterested seeing things as they really are: it is the ideal of perfection which leads us to conceive of true human perfection as harmonious — i.e. developing all sides of our humanity; and general — i.e. developing all parts of our society. It is a broad conception, for besides this it not only seeks for knowledge and more knowledge, but it seeks to make this prevail — it has then a moral and social passion for doing good as well as a scientific passion for learning truth. It does not seek to teach down to the level of inferior classes, but seeks to do away with classes. This is Arnold's social idea — equality.

In this broad conception, humanity, which is so complex, is not satisfied with the emphasis of one part to the exclusion of other parts. The moral or religious element is made supreme,

away more than can the intellectual. In perfection lies in the right combination of all. Thus though the religious side of man is worthy, it is not the whole of man; though wealth has its place, it must not be an end of life; and though bodily health and vigor are desirable, they are but a part of all that is desirable, and of all that which together constitutes perfection.

This harmonious and general culture can be brought about only through disinterestedness: also of aloss from practical prejudices. But Arnold points out that the whole scheme of government, being representative, every person could, instead of upholding a standard of right reason, accommodate himself to the people's taste for the "bathos." Arnold however, believes that every individual should perfect himself as far as possible, and in so doing create an atmosphere of perfection around him which would lead others to endeavor to perfect themselves. A time might come when the individual would be able to stand perfect on his own foundations and do without the state, but for a long time the action of the state would be necessary. He believed that great changes would have to come, yet he also recognized that these would have to come through order. Arnold also points out a ruling idea prevalent among Englishmen — of doing as they like, but he shows that people generally do as their nearness selves like, and that this is not sufficient. They must do as their best selves dictate if ever harmonious and general perfection is to prevail and the state discontinue.

In regard to freedom, Arnold says:

"We know that the only perfect freedom is, as our religion says, a service; not a service to any stock maxim, but an elevation of our best self, and a harmonizing in subordination to this, and to the idea of a perfected humanity, all the multitudinous, turbulent, and blind impulses of our ordinary selves."

The paragraph on pages 149 and 150 is a condensed summary of his whole point of view. In the outside world we see failings due to the absence of authority; in the inner world we see confusion due to unintelligent routine or one-sided growth, and what is needed — as he reiterates again and again — is "a fuller harmonious development of our humanity, a free play of thought upon our routine notions, spontaneity of consciousness, sweetness and light; and these are just what culture generates and fosters." Thus we can come as near as possible to the firm intelligent laws of things, and so get "a basis for a less confused action and a more complete perfection than we have at present."

The Keeper of the Light.

The sun was just setting as Captain Gilbrain snapped the prisms of the great Light into place and looked again for a brief moment into the intense brightness to make sure that all was right. He automatically replaced the watch box in its immaculate brass holder and adjusted the brass oil cans and fillers on the table, not because they needed adjusting, but because order had become habitual with him, and to-night especially his thoughts were elsewhere.

The sun had set as he glanced briefly out toward the golden west streaked with long thin clouds, which emphasized the horizontal flatness of the land, yet gave to it a picturesqueness which it lacked by day. Yet the gold in the

west had a weird bluish tinge. and the whole landscape seemed bathed in a golden-blue mist which only gradually faded away. It was but the effect of the intense brightness of the light, only it seemed to Captain Gilliam more pronounced and of longer duration this evening than usual. Still he stood looking out from the Light House tower, and his gaze wandered north, away across the harbor tinged with soft incandescent colors where a returning sail boat faintly rippled the quiet waters. Further still he looked, toward the wharf at which lay a three-master, now loaded with shells and waiting for the flood tide to carry it over the flats; and beyond this, over the crest of the hill, toward the Town — or all that was visible of it — the

three church spires. Then his eye travelled by land around the long stretch of harbor clear to the west, and back to the Light House across the two miles of sand dividing the harbor and the bay. Captain Gilbraith was thinking of the number of times he had walked that distance to town in the winter when the ice was thin and he had to circle the four miles of harbor to get provisions. The thought of the trips he had made when the ice was solid enough for him to cross in a direct line — but how cold it was with the East wind sweeping in from the ocean. Yes, each year the trip seemed longer and the wind colder, and winter was fast approaching. Perhaps — Captain Gilbraith roused himself and hobbled again

getting the better of him, he clambered down the ladder and clattered down the spiral stairs which resounded metallically to every tread within the bare white-washed walls of the tower.

It was suppertime and he must not be late for that. Sally would wonder what had become of him, and even now, as she stirred the potatoes, she kept glancing at the door as if expecting him to enter. She had grown accustomed to waiting patiently for him when, years before, he went on prolonged cruises as Captain of the "Golden Parrot", but now that they lived quietly and safely in the Light House, she would worry if he were a minute late at a meal. For he was growing old and he might trip on the stairs, or have

trouble with the Light — and that must be lit at sundown without fail. But presently Captain Gilhain came in and sat down at the table, and Sally, unusually relieved, gave the potatoes a last shower of salt before herself sitting down to supper. But were unusually silent. Captain Gilhain (so) because of the idea which had lately come to him and which he could not dismiss. And Sally was silent because she knew something was troubling him — just what it was he would tell her when he could no longer keep it to himself. But that something was troubling him she knew with certainty, for during all the years they had lived together she had come to all but read his thoughts, and even now she instinctively felt what the thing was. Perhaps that was

why each evening she waited more anxiously for him to come down from the tower, and worried if he were late.

But Captain Gilhaine said nothing. For the rest of the summer he landed the Light, went back and forth to town in his boat for provisions, and showed visitors over the Light House three times a week, just as he had done for the past twenty-one years. To those who came year by year to visit, he was the same genial Captain Gilhaine, always hearty in his welcome and kindly in his manner. And strangers delighted in his pride in the Light House, and the joy he took in showing it to them. In fact it had become rather a ceremony with him, though to the stranger it seemed as though the Captain were particularly entertaining and unusually

cordial. But to those who knew him it was not unusual, but invariable cordiality. He always led his guests around the neat board walk to the kitchen door, explaining as he did so that the front door had not been opened in twenty years, so would they mind coming in the kitchen way. It was not necessary to account in this peculiar fact for it was the singular but all-prevailing custom in the town — and hence its justification for him. If there were many visitors, Captain Gilbain would conduct them ceremoniously into the parlor where Mrs. Gilbain was waiting to "show them over the house." But first Captain Gilbain, having gained his audience's attention by two or three preliminary coughs, would stand with his cap held closely against the bright brass buttons of his coat, while with the

other hand he pointed out the treasures of the pack.

And what treasures they were! There was the large ship model, framed in glass, which the steward had whittled for the Captain on their last voyage together. All its sails were set, and not a bit of rigging was lacking. The large black hull rested insecurely upon vivid blue plastic waves, which also supported various smaller craft — so small in proportion to the "Jabber Parrot", in fact, that the latter looked above them like a veritable Leviathan. There were numberless pictures of yachts on the point of collision with each other, and of vessels floundering in awful and remarkable storms. Captain Gilbain, having delivered himself of all remarks of interest concerning these treasures, would then

display with genuine pride photographs of himself taken at various stages of his sea-faring career. These — he would invariably add with a twinkle in his eye — Mrs. Gilbaine considered the best pictures in the room, and Mrs. Gilbaine thus being alluded to would laugh in her soft, apologetic way, and immediately suggest that now they should go to see the Light. This, Captain Gilbaine was never weary of explaining in whole and in part — from the scientific principles upon which it was designed to the mechanism of its every detail. Never did he grow weary or impatient of answering question after question — and they were oftentimes simple enough — but when he was asked if such ruthless brightness was not hard on the eyes,

he would say yes, that it was out more right in time — and then for a brief second he remained quite silent, until, recalling himself, he would resume his role as guide.

Such was his life in the summer — and so it had been ever since he had given up the sea. Yet as a whole it was not unsatisfactory or without change. The very record of the seasons offered endless variety both in the surroundings and in the resultant activities. It was October and ever since daybreak of the first day dories of all sizes and colors had circled the harbor. Captain Gilkain, too, usually went out scalloping to supply his own table and also to make a little extra by selling the scallops, but this year he only got enough for Sally and himself. Mrs. Gilkain of course noticed this — how could

she help but noticing, she who was so observant of his every mood? But she said nothing, Running that he evidently wished to keep his secret all to himself. He tried never to let himself even think about it, but evenings when the Light was lit and he stood at the head of the tower stairs and watched the dories drift homewards, with their variegated lug-a-mutton sails set, the thing would flood upon him, at times almost overwhelmingly.

It was on one of these evenings that, after the supper was finished and the dishes put away, Captain Gilbain could no longer keep his secret to himself. Sally was busy crotcheting some patches to a bed-spread she was making, and was counting the stitches. Captain Gilbain had been for some time sitting quietly in his usual

arm chair — he had not even gotten a book out of the "Light House Circulating Library" which stood in the corner, and Sally, who suddenly realized this, looked up questioningly. And then he told her that this would be their last year at the Light House. For he had decided to send notice of his intention to resign, but as his resignation could not take place for six months, of course he must stay the winter through. It seemed as though he had made up his mind and that there was nothing for Mrs. Gilliam to do but acquiesce, but — to the Queer the Reason which he did not tell her — when she not only acquiesced, but heartily approved, and drew such delightful plans for their moving to her old home, he felt as though the weight had grown considerably lighter. And now this new home of theirs was the topic of

their evening conversations, and the centre of their thoughts and hopes. The days seemed to slip by faster, for there was now something ahead to work for and look forward to — something which appeared as a green spot after the bleak whiteness of a winter of comparative isolation.

It was not long before the end of December came, and the cold and wind had set in apace. Captain Gilbain and Sally were as usual seated around the lamp — Sally crotcheting and Captain Gilbain sporadically reading aloud — for every now and then he must interrupt himself to add some suggestion about their new home, which had by this time assumed reality in their imagination. But the wind was blowing more fiercely every moment, and the

drone of the waves on the beach soon grew into a ponderous booming. It was the "Christmas Gale" and woe to any who were upon the sea this night. It was no use trying to sew or read. Captain Gilhain went to the window. All out doors was dark blankness, and the wind whistled wailing through the window-cracks. What a night for the patrols and life-savers. It would be folly to even launch a life boat in this gale — nay, an impossibility. But the Great Light — that must burn steadily through the night, though even that might not help in such a storm as this. For if any vessel were out, it would be one chance in fifty that with this wind and sea it could steer clear of the shoals

which the light reached out, and if one in the shoals — Captain Gelhain shuddered.

At all events he must see that the light burns brightly, so he lit his lantern and went up into the tower. Everything was all right, and the light, as he glanced at it, barely flickered, when — whiff — it suddenly flared up and then went out. Captain Gelhain hastily struck a match, but he could not get a light. He struck another, and another. If he could but light the second lamp to replace the other one. He reached for his lantern to see what was the matter. That too had gone out. He called to Sally to bring him another, but his voice was drowned in the roar of wind and wave. Then he groped for match boxes in the cupboard. This time he scratched a match, heard it sputter and sizzle, but

it would not light. Then he hastily dropped the match. It had burnt his fingers. Captain Gelbaim stood as one stunned, and when Mrs. Gelbaim had finally come to the tower for him — worrying because he had not sooner returned — she found him gazing spell with the blaze of the Great Light. The Thing had come at last.

The Dream of the Useless Man.

Once upon a time there was a Blacksmith who had worked hard all his life, but had now grown too old to labor at his forge. "Besides," he said to himself, "what could be the use of my hammering here all day long? There are plenty of blacksmiths in town to shoe all the horses did they have eight hoofs instead of four. I'm not needed here, and it is idle for me to stay for I can be of service to no one, and am but a useless man. I will leave the town and go into the mountains and there I can rest and be alone."

So the next morning the useless man

tied up a few possessions in his smithy's apron and left his shop. It was still early, and the laborers who passed on their way to the fields wondered at seeing him on the road. But the Useless Man's thoughts were bent on the mountains and he only smiled a good morning to the laborers, as he saw not the question in their eyes. On he walked, past the quiet cottages and along the trodden highway until, at the end of the town, the Keeper of the gate bade him good morn, and asked were there horses in the wood which needed shoeing - for he saw the smithy's bundle and supposed it were his tools. But the Useless Man only smiled and shook his head, and then

passed on down the road which crept between the loose-piled stone walls, now bounding the rolling pasture lands and fields of waving grain, and now lost for the while in a thicket. As he walked, the fresh morning mist touched his face and filled him with almost wistful gladness.

But the joy of the Road grew strong upon him, and through the day wayed better he realized not how far he had gone until the road at last turned off down the valley. So he climbed over the bars of the pasture and made his way toward the brook at the foot of the mountain. Here he sat himself down beneath a tree to refresh himself before going farther.

"Ah" thought he, "this is life worth living. I haven't a care in the world nor a thought of anyone but myself, and as I can no longer be of use to anyone, I had just as well — and better — be here." So he sat and ate his lunch; and he was content. But he bethought him that if he would reach the summit before night he must start on again, so after stopping down for a last drink in the brook, he picked up his bundle and threaded his way in and out among the shrubs and undergrowth of the mountain. Every now and then he would stop a while to rest, for the mountain was steep and the climbing hard — now that he was growing old — and as he rested he would look

down at the country beneath his feet, and at the roofs of the town which he had just left, and he would say to himself how glad he was that he was rid of it all and they of him. But as he climbed, a mist began to settle over the valley, and it grew grayer and grayer as the sun set, so that soon the useless man could not distinguish the houses in the town at all, and all he could see were patches of grey, some deeper and larger than the rest. When night fell he was at the top of the mountain, and as he was tired he laid himself down among the leaves and mosses at the foot of the great trees whose trunks pierced the blackness beyond, and as he lay there he fell asleep

and dreamed - and this is what he dreamt.

He was sitting quietly in a deep wood and as he nursed he heard the sounds of snapping twigs and crackling leaves which seemed to come from somewhere near him. Soon a squirrel, his mouth bulging with nuts, hopped out from behind a tree and prissing alertly began to crack open his feed. In the midst of his feast he spied the useless man, but he probably took him for an ordinary wood-sprite as he merely blinked one of his bright little eyes at him and continued nibbling his meal. But the next nut which he fed upon was not to be opened so easily, and every moment he became more and more exasperated, and

louder and sharper did he scold and chatter.

"Here," said the useless man, seeing the squirrel's predicament, "let me crack that nut for you," and he picked up a stone and cracked the nut with a single blow. "Thanks," said the squirrel, and off he scampered, scrambling his way up a near by tree and seating himself way out on one of the branches to enjoy his feast. The useless man watched him until, having finished eating the nut, he skipped across to the bough of another tree and made off in search of a playmate whom he could chase in follow-the-leader-fashion.

The useless man got up hoping to get sight of the squirrel again, but he had not gone far before he came upon a little old

dwarf busily sawing away at a stick, and at the same time crooning to himself. It was hot work, and the dwarf laid down his saw to rest for a moment. The useless man smiled to himself. "Imagine anyone having to saw a stick in two," he thought, but to the dwarf he said "your saw must be dull, but were it sharp, there's a quicker way of making firewood," and with that he broke the sticks across his knee and made a pile of them large enough to keep a dwarf's fire going for many a day. The dwarf was much pleased and began dragging the sticks one by one to his home among one of the near-by stones. "Here," said the useless man, "I guess I can carry those sticks easier than you can." and he picked up the bundle of

sticks and put them down outside the dwarf's cave. Then the dwarf set merrily to work to cook his dinner, and the useless man strolled on.

He soon came to a little brook silently pecking its way in and out among the trees, and as he stood on its bank he looked down and there he saw a fish flopping and twisting and gasping for breath. The useless man stooped down and put the fish in the water. "Much longer and I should have died" gasped the fish. "That wretched Hobgoblin dragged me out from the cool waters of the stream and left me there on the hot bank to perish. You never know what pranks he'll play next," he added rather under his breath, "but I've much object to

you, indeed Dame," and he sailed away among the water cresses.

"Well," thought the useless man, "this is odd. I haven't been so busy in many a long year. But what's that? It sounds like singing." And sure enough, he could soon distinguish the words of a song droned in a plaintive minor key.

"Robin, Jackdaw, Lark and Jay!
Broken my pipes, I cannot play.
What oh what am I to do,
Alone I cannot make them new?
Robin, Jackdaw, Lark and —"

The singer suddenly stopped for he saw the useless man. "And who are you?" the former impertinently asked. "I'm not sure," answered the useless man, "but I was wondering the same about yourself."

"Ah ! I'm first myself. I pipe you know, for the wood-folk to dance, and I pipe the rest of the time first – first because" he added lamely. "But folks like it you know, only now" and again he became thoughtful and unhappy "my pipes are broken. You don't suppose you could help me mend them do you? Have you time to spare?" "All the time in the world," answered the useless man "but I don't know much about pipes." "Then I'll show you, for there isn't much to do, only I can't do it alone," and the spirit cut himself a reed and drew out the pith. Then he cut another reed of a different length, and after he had threaded them and ~~cut~~ notched them and blown on them until he was satisfied, the useless

Man helped him bind them with supple
twigs in place of the old cracked reeds.
"Now," sang the sprite "I can play again and
I'm so glad so glad, for the wood folk
like the music of the pipes and beside, there
is to be a dance to-night, and you must
have music for that you know. And they shall
have music now, oh joy oh joy." And he
played the happiest, lightest and most irresistable
of tunes on his pipes. The Useless Man had
just time to withdraw a few paces away,
before the clearing in the woods was filled
with fays and sprites dancing and frisking
about. He stretched himself on the ground
behind a great tree to watch the revellers,
and as he lay there the music lulled him

until it seemed to change into the twittering of birds — and he awoke from his dream.

How bright the sun was. He must have overslept. Yes it was long past dawn for the chimneys of the town were all smoking and the fields were spotted with people. The weary man slowly got up. He stood erect on the mountain height and gazed lovingly on the fields and the town below.

"Well, well," he thought, "perhaps there are pipes to be mended in the valley too," and he gaily picked up his bundle and descended the mountain.

V.C.
1911-1912.

The Ramesses of the Bees.

Not that he was christened Ramesses or was ever called that, but it was somehow the first name that came into your mind when you saw him — for he had a head and face for all the world like the cast of Ramesses II in those fathomless books on ancient history which you used to cherish in the days when you knew history mostly through the pictures. It was rather startling, though. The first time it occurred, to be brought face to face with the living image of this old-time acquaintance, but there he was seated in the extreme corner of his owner's bench, comfortably, and strange to say, quite naturally smoking his cat and at the same time enjoying the support of the canvas side of the bus.

He was waiting for the train from the city, as he had waited for it at least twice a day for some twenty years, and his attitude alone suggested that he had no anticipations beyond the indefinite continuance of this pursuit (if such it might be called). When the train, perhaps half an hour late, would at last whistle down the grade, Ramesses would slip his pipe in his pocket, slowly uncross his lanky legs and unwind himself down from the bus. He was tall and angular — even as the original Ramesses must have been — but haggard besides, and thin to the point of brittleness.

Poor Ramesses! How many times had he stowed away bags and boxes under his bench; how many times had he helped all sorts and conditions of people up the bus nickel steps at the

back to the dark and uncertain interior of the bus; how many times had he lifted trends onto the rack beside the steps and corded them in place before dealing himself among the bags and calling out "gid-ap, Poll!" no wonder the poor man was weary with all this, but even when started with the passengers ahead his duties were not over. He had to keep old Poll going — a matter which required persistent though more or less mechanical effort on his part, for she had a curious way of stopping aground in the middle of the road if left altogether to her own inclinations. She, too, had evidently had her hours of waiting and her rules of sandy going for goodness knows how many years, and she too was old and weary. Pameses' sympathy for her prevented him from flicking her with his whip very often (a process which was, by the way, quite useless even when employed), but he continually urged her on with such constant rasping noises from his throat strained with the effort, that you felt weary yourself just from watching him.

It was only when a "passenger" could get him to talk about himself that you realized that the half hours of waiting for late trains were, after all, the only time when he really loafed. His route extended five miles, and what with sandy roads and a horse almost too old to drag one foot after another (he alone the queer old bus), it meant rising almost in the middle of the night to call for a passenger "up the road"

and get him to the station in time for the "six o'clock taxi to the city." He was strenuous work in the summer with three, and sometimes four, trains a day to meet and as many to catch, but Ramsess preferred it to the winter season when, as he expressed it, "all the summer folks is gone, and there that's left lives in the kitchen, so it's pretty lonesome lookin'." You never would suspect Ramsess of caring if you had not known, for he seemed too indifferent to even notice such things. Such was the irreverent fearlessness of his life — such its dreariness, yet in spite of the monotony of watching old Bell exert herself day in and day out, he had really, after all, a good deal of time for uninterrupted reflection and observation, for his checking had become automatic, and Bell needed no guidance except at the cross roads and horse lanes, so that he was often more awake than you would imagine.

Ramsess, then, was by no means downcast — in fact he was optimistic in a certain way, for after all, his life was not absolutely void of at least the possibility of variation. He himself took life in a matter of fact sort of a way even though some of the "natives" regarded him as "simple" because he wore such a dictatorial look — which was not really to be wondered at. Perhaps this accounted for what appeared to his companions as his mere "simpleness." When, for example, one day after he had helped install two old ladies with

their various paraphernalia on board the train, and was about to go home to supper, he strolled back to the bus in his deliberate fashion, pulled his sketch out from under his bench and put it in. Then he climbed into his seat, flapped the reins on old Polly's indifferent back, and at last persuaded her into a canter. Just why he put on his sketch, you did not know until later, for although the day was not cloudless, it never occurred to you that it would, or could, rain. Ramesses was unchallenged on the main sheet, until in front of the telegraph office an acquaintance of his sang out "Rainin' up your way eg it?" "Hope," answered Ramesses, "but it's just eg well to be pre-pared. You never can tell what'll happen." So this — the prospect of the unexpected — was what he lived for from day to day; which goes to prove that Ramesses was an optimist — for even though it were rain which he looked forward to, he was optimistic in expecting a change of any sort.

V.C. 1911-12.

Bacon the Prophet.

Bacon was the true prophet of his age both as statesman and seer. He voiced the thoughts of Harvey and others who, in more limited fields of knowledge, were struggling to learn reason from the method of deduction to that of examining fact; only Bacon with the assurance and power of a man who claimed all knowledge for his province spoke with the comprehensive penetration which the other and lesser minds lacked. He stood, as it were, upon a mountain peak, from whence he could look not only North but South, naturally East, but West, and there calmly surveying all before him he could trace the course of the seas of knowledge, not to be seen to the sea, but still, further than others on the sides of the mountains were able to; and it was in this capacity as seer that Bacon surpassed all others in wisdom and far-sightedness of vision.

His predictions were the result of observation of the perverseness of knowledge and learning, and his recognition of the likelihood of such tendencies as he saw toward increasingly deductive methods to persist unless conscious effort were made to alter them. He criticized knowledge and learning as too dependent upon tradition and too divorced from nature. Divine and natural truths were become entangled with men's own ideas and inventions, because the habit was for men to reason from broad generalizations which they did not verify by the application of fact. And so men were but speculating on their own conceits and not increasing actual knowledge. But though others realized this in part, they, with the exception due to the idea that "Life is too short to improve Nature,"

were powerless to remedy things. Not so Bacon. Of from his mountain peak he saw the progress of the river checked because it spent itself in its tributaries — which were naught but mere brooks too feeble to turn water wheels — he saw the river, further on, once more a broad and powerful stream because directed by the work of man into its proper channel. He had, then, a great and unwavering faith in the possibility of a regeneration of learning and the extension of the Kingdom of man, which could be brought about were men actually to observe facts and learn from Nature. Then would progress advance, for the mind of the individual was, to him, neither fixed nor finite, but capable and perceptible of continued growth. Let men once rid their minds of all sham knowledge and they would grow, not from an added quantity of knowledge, but from the contemplation of God, which alone has power to expand the soul of man. "For the wit and mind of man, if it work upon matter, which is the contemplation of the Creation of God, worketh according to the stuff and is limited thereby; but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless, and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of the thread and work, but of no substance or profit."

With the extension of the individual mind, universal progress would immediately result, for the man who has developed a step further than others, can voice their unformulated truths, and when this new knowledge has become universally absorbed, then another man still must crystallize the

further thought development. Thus as years go on, truth will progress on the steps of the past. It will not rise new-born from the ashes of the past, but will gradually supplant the old little by little. It was here that Bacon, though of course not an evolutionist, nevertheless sees the slow and constant change of all life, and with the vision of progress and a strong yearning for the regeneration of knowledge, yet realizes that no sudden casting off of the old and putting on of the new is possible. "Antiquity deserveth that reverence, that men should make a stand thereupon and discover what is the best way, but when the discovery is well taken, then to make progress on."

But what is knowledge progressing toward? Unlike Aristotle, Bacon denies the end of knowledge as contemplative - it is rather for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. Knowledge, then, as it concerns man, is for his use and comfort, and in order for it to fulfil this end it must be founded upon fact. Distinctly opposed to inaccurate and generalized deductions from mere observation of nature through the senses - because recognizing individual sense-variations and their resultant errors — Bacon insists upon the need of accurate instruments of measurement to ascertain nature, not as it seems to man to be, but as it actually is. He insists, too, upon the necessity of careful experiment and verified inductions in order to discoveries to be made which shall not be the result of chance, but of certainty, and which shall therefore lead to inventions of use to man. He advocates the reading and keeping of records and statistics of all experiments and their results so that comparisons may be made, tendencies noted and progress advanced. Though the specified way described

by Bacon may be "the scaffold which his successors tore down," the basic principle was that which still persists in the scientific methods of to-day.

Though we most commonly think of Bacon's appreciation of knowledge as that to the practical uses of science by which man's material comfort may be bettered, he, nevertheless, does not confine it to this field. Though he highly values material invention and considers the invention of the ship, for example, as "noble", because it increased the means of transportation and communication between cities and empires, he still considers the invention of letters as even more "noble" for by means of them the "wisdom, illuminations and inventions" of all ages are communicated and united. Learning, then, is of universal application; it gives to the ruler a broad basis for judgment, and an impartial point of view; it gives to men of business a love of that activity for itself rather than for profit; it renders blind obedience no longer necessary nor endurable, and substitutes, for it the intelligent conception of duty; it gives new freedom and independence, and allows them to substitute their own judgments for those of their masters; it stimulates to ever fresh thirst for knowledge and more knowledge; and when used aright, humbles man by its infinite possibilities and power. "Let no man upon a weak conceit of sobriety or an ill applied moderation think or maintain that a man can search too far, or be too well studied in the book of God's word, or in the book of God's works, divinity or philosophy; but rather let man endeavor an endless progress and proficience in both; only let man beware that he apply both — to use and not to ostentation."

Bacon is but proclaiming again that "the Truth shall make ye free," and the truth, to him, must come through the impartial and persevering study of things and thoughts about them. In arriving at these conclusions and in expounding them, he anticipates the spirit of would-be accurate, broad and disinterested philosophical survey leading to the advancement of knowledge and learning.