

THE DREAM.

An Echo from the Yesterday of a Novelist.

"Our Distinguished Alumnus," after being duly presented as such, had with vivacity delivered much the usual sort of Commencement address. Yet John Charteris was in reality a trifle fagged.

The afternoon train had been vexatiously late. The little novelist had found it tedious to interchange inanities with the committee awaiting him at the Pullman steps. Nor had it amused him to huddle into evening dress and hasten through a perfunctory supper, in order to reassure his audience at half-past eight precisely as to the unmitigated delight of which he was now conscious.

Nevertheless, he alluded with enthusiasm to the arena of life, to the dependence of America's destiny upon the younger generation, to the enviable part King's College had, without exception, played in history, and he depicted to Fairhaven the many glories of Fairhaven—past, present, and approaching—in superlatives that would hardly have seemed inadequate if applied to Paradise. His oration, in short, was of a piece with the amiable bombast that the college students and Fairhaven at large were accustomed to expect at every Finals—the sort of linguistic debauch that John Charteris himself remembered to have applauded as an undergraduate more years ago than he cared to enumerate.

Pauline Romeyne had sat beside him, then—yonder, upon the fourth bench from the front, where now another boy with painstakingly plastered hair was clapping hands. There was a girl on the right of this boy, too. There naturally would be. Mr. Charteris, as he sat down, was wondering if Pauline was within reach of his voice; and if she were, what was her surname nowadays?

Then, presently, the exercises were concluded, and the released auditors arose with an outwelling noise of multitudinous chatter, of shuffling feet, of rustling programmes. Many of Mr. Charteris's audience, though, were contending against the general human outflow, and pushing toward the platform, for Fairhaven was proud of John Charteris, now that his colorful tales had risen from the semi-oblivion of being cherished merely by people who cared seriously for beautiful things to the distinction of being purchasable in railway stations; so that, in consequence, Fairhaven wished both to congratulate him and to renew acquaintanceship.

He standing there, alert and quizzical, found it odd to note how unfamiliar beaming faces climbed out of the hurly-burly of retreating backs to say "Don't you remember me? I'm So-and-so." There were the people whom he had lived among once, and some of these had once been people whom he loved. Now, there was hardly any one whom at a glance he would have recognized.

Nobody guessed as much. He was adjudged to be delightful, cordial, "and not a bit stuck-up, not spoiled at all, you know." To appear thus was the talisman with which he banteringly encountered the universe.

But John Charteris, as has been said, was in reality a trifle fagged. When everybody had removed to the gymnasium, where the dancing was to be, and he had been delightful there, too, for a whole half-hour, he grasped with avidity at his first chance to slip away, and did so under cover of a riotous two-step.

He went out upon the campus.

He found this lawn untenanted, unless you chose to count the marble figure of Lord Penniston, made aerial and fantastic by the moonlight, standing as if it were on guard over the college. Mr. Charteris chose to count him. Whimsically Mr. Charteris reflected that this battered nobleman's profile was the one familiar face he had exhumed in all Fairhaven. And what a deal of mirth and folly, too, the old fellow must have witnessed during his two hundred and odd years of sentry duty—on warm, clear nights like this, in particular, when by ordinary there were many couples on the campus, each couple discreetly remote from any of the others. Then, Penniston would be aware of most portentous pauses (which a delectable and lazy conference of leaves made eloquent) because of many unfinished sentences. "Oh, you know what I mean, dear!" one would say as a last resort. And she—why, bless her heart! of course, she always did. . . . Heigho, youth's was a pleasant lunacy. . . .

Thus Charteris reflected, growing drowsy. She said: "You spoke very well to-night. Is it too late for congratulations?"

Turning, Mr. Charteris remarked: "As you are perfectly aware, all that I vented was just a deal of skimble-scamble stuff, a verbal syllabub of balderdash. No, upon reflection, I think I should rather describe it as a conglomeration of piffle, patriotism and pyrotechnics. Well, Madam Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, what would you have? You must give people what they want."

It was characteristic that he faced Pauline Romeyne—or was it still Romeyne? he wondered—precisely as if it had been fifteen minutes, rather than as many years, since they had last spoken together.

"Must one?" she asked. "Oh, yes, I know you have always thought that, but I do not quite see the necessity of it."

She sat upon the bench beside Lord Penniston's square marble pedestal. "And all the while you spoke I was thinking of those Saturday nights when your name was up for an oration or a debate before the

Eclectics, and you would stay away and pay the fine rather than brave an audience."

"The tooth of Time," he reminded her, "has since then written wrinkles on my azure brow. The years slip away fugacious, and Time that brings forth her children only to devour them grins most hellishly, for Time changes all things and cultivates, even in herself, an appreciation of irony—and, therefore, why shouldn't I have changed a trifle? You wouldn't have me put on exhibition as a *lusus naturæ*?"

"Oh, but I wish you had not altered so entirely!" Pauline sighed.

"At least, you haven't," he declared. "Of course, I would be compelled to say so, anyhow. But in this happy instance courtesy and veracity come skipping arm-in-arm from my elated lips." And, indeed, it seemed to him that Pauline was marvelously little altered. "I wonder now," he said, and cocked his head, "I wonder now whose wife I am talking to?"

"No, Jack, I never married," she said, quietly. "It is selfish of me," he said, in the same tone, "but I am glad of that."

And so they sat a while, each thinking. "I wonder," said Pauline, with that small, plaintive voice which Charteris so poignantly remembered, "whether it is always like this? Oh, do the Overlords of Life and Death *always* provide some obstacle to prevent what all of us have known in youth was possible from ever coming true?"

And again there was a pause which a delectable and lazy conference of leaves made eloquent.

"I suppose it is because they know that if it ever did come true we would be gods like them." The ordinary associates of John Charteris, most certainly, would not have suspected him to be the speaker. "So they contrive the obstacle, or else they send false dreams—out of the gates of horn—and make the path smooth, very smooth, so that two dreamers may not be hindered on their way to the divorce courts."

"Yes, they are jealous gods! oh, and ironical gods also! They grant the dream, and chuckle while they grant it, I think, because they know that later they will be bringing their playthings face to face—each married, fat, inclined to optimism, very careful of decorum, and perfectly indifferent to each other. And then they get their foreplanned mirth, these Overlords of Life and Death. 'We gave you,' they chuckle, 'the loveliest and greatest thing infinity contains. And you bartered it because of a clerkship or a lying maxim or perhaps a finger-ring.' I suppose that they must laugh a great deal."

"Eh, what? But then you never married?" For masculinity in argument starts with the word it has found distasteful.

"Why, no."

"Nor I." And his tone implied that the two facts conjoined proved much.

"Miss Willoughby?" he inquired.

Now how, in heaven's name, could a cloistered Fairhaven have surmised his intention of proposing on the first convenient opportunity to handsome well-to-do Anne Willoughby? He shrugged his wonder off. "Oh, people will talk, you know. Let any man once find a woman has a tongue in her head, and the stage director is always 'Enter Rumor, painted full of tongues.'"

Pauline did not appear to have remarked his protest. "Yes—in the end you will marry her. And her money will help, just as you have contrived to make everything else help, toward making John Charteris comfortable. She is not very clever, but she will always worship you, and so you two will not prove uncongenial. That is your real tragedy, if I could make you comprehend."

"So I am going to develop into a pig," he said, with relish—"a lovable, contented, unambitious porcine, who is alike indifferent to the tariff, the importance of equal suffrage and the market price of hams, for all that he really cares about is to have his say as comfortable as may be possible. That is exactly what I am going to develop into—now, isn't it?" And John Charteris, sitting, as was his habitual fashion, with one foot tucked under him, laughed cheerily. Oh, just to be alive (he thought) was ample cause for rejoicing; and how deliciously her eyes, alert with slumbering fires, were peering through the moon-made shadows of her brows!

"Well—something of the sort." Pauline was smiling, but restrainedly, and much as a woman does in condoning the naughtiness of her child. "And, oh, if only—"

"Why, precisely. 'If only,' quotha. Why, there you word the keynote, you touch the cornerstone, you ruthlessly illuminate the mainspring, of an intractable, unfeeling universe. For instance, if only

You were the Empress of Ayre and Skye,
And I were Ahkond of Kong,
We could dine every day on apple-pie,
And peddle potatoes, and sleep in a sty,
And people would say when we came to die,
"They never did anything wrong."

But as it is, our epitaphs will probably be nothing of the sort. So that there lurks, you see, much virtue in this 'if only.'"

Impervious to nonsense, she asked: "And have I not earned the right to lament that you are changed?"

"I haven't robbed more than six churches up to date," he grumbled. "What would you have?"

The answer came, downright, and, as he knew, entirely truthful: "I would have had you do all that you might have done."

But he must needs refine. "Why, no—you would

have made me do it, wrung out the last drop. You would have bullied me and shamed me into being all that I might have been. I see that now." He spoke as if in wonder, with a lift of speech. "Pauline, I haven't been entirely not worth while. Oh, yes, I know! I know I haven't written five-act tragedies which would be immortal, as you probably expected me to do. My books are not quite the books I was to write when you and I were young. But I have made at worst some neat, precise, and joyous little tales which prevaricate tenderly about the universe and veil the pettinesses of human nature with screens of verbal jewelwork. It is not the actual world they tell about, but a vastly superior place where the Dream is realized and everything which in youth we knew was possible comes true. It is a world we have all glimpsed, just once, and have not ever entered, and have not ever forgotten. So people like my little tales. . . . Do they induce delusions? Oh, well, you must give people what they want, and literature is a vast bazaar, where people come to purchase everything except mirrors."

She said, soberly: "You need not make a jest of it. It is not ridiculous that you write of beautiful and joyous things, because there was a time when living was really all one wonderful adventure, and you remember it."

"But, oh, my dear, my dear! such glum discussions are so sadly out of place on such a night as this," he lamented. "For it is a night of pearl-like radiances and velvet shadows, and delicate odors, and big, friendly stars that promise not to gossip whatever happens. It is a night that hungers, and all its undistinguishable little sounds are voicing the night's hunger for masks and mandolins, for rope-ladders and balconies and serenades. So let's pretend, Pauline, that we are not a bit more worldly-wise than those youngsters who are frisking yonder in the gymnasium—for, upon my word, I question if we have ever done anything to suggest that we are. Don't let's be cowed a moment longer by those bits of paper with figures on them which our too-credulous fellow-idiots consider to be the only almanacs. Let's have back yesterday, let's tweak the nose of Time intrepidly." Then Charteris carolled:

For yesterday! for yesterday!
I cry a reward for yesterday
Now lost or stolen or gone astray
With all the laughter of yesterday!

"And how slight a loss was laughter," she murmured, still with the vague and gentle eyes of a day-dreamer, "as set against all that we never earned in youth, and so will never earn."

He inadequately answered, "Bosh!" and later, "Do you remember?" he began.

Yes, she remembered, it developed. And, "do you remember?" she was asking still later. It was to seem to him in retrospect that neither for the next half-hour began a sentence without this formula. It was as if they sought to use it as a master-word wherewith to reanimate the happinesses and sorrows of their common past, and as if they found the charm was potent to awaken the thin powerless ghosts of emotions that were once despotic. For it was as if frail shadows and half-caught echoes were all they could evoke, it seemed to Charteris; and yet these shadows trooped with a wild grace, and the echoes thrilled him with the sweet and piercing surprise of a bird's call at midnight or of a bugle heard in prison.

Then twelve o'clock was heralded by the college bell, and Pauline arose as though this equable, deep-throated interruption of the music's levity had been a signal. John Charteris saw her clearly now; and she was beautiful.

"I must go. You will not ever quite forget me, Jack. Such is my sorry comfort." It seemed to Charteris that she smiled as in mockery, and yet it was a very tender sort of derision. "Yes, you have made your books. You have done what you most desired to do. You have got all from life that you have asked of life. Oh, yes, you have got much from life. One prize, though, Jack, you missed.

He, too, had risen, quiet and perfectly sure of himself. "I haven't missed it. For you love me."

This widened her eyes. "Did I not always love you, Jack? Yes, even when you went away forever, and there were no letters, and the days were long. Yes, even knowing you, I loved you, John Charteris."

"Oh, I was wrong, all wrong," he cried; "and yet there is something to be said upon the other side, as always. . . ." Now Charteris was still for a while. The little man's chin was uplifted so that it was toward the stars he looked rather than at Pauline Romeyne, and when he spoke he seemed to meditate aloud. "I was born, I think, with the desire to make beautiful books—brave books that would preserve the glories of the Dream untarnished, and would re-create them for battered people, and re-awaken joy and magnanimity." Here he laughed, a little ruefully. "No, I do not think I can explain this obsession to any one who has never suffered from it. But I have never in my life permitted anything to stand in the way of my fulfilling this desire to serve the Dream by re-creating it for others with picked words, and that has cost me something. Yes, the Dream is an exacting master. My books, such as they are, have been made what they are at the dear price of never permitting myself to care seriously for anything else. I might not dare to dissipate my energies by taking any part in the drama I was attempting to re-write, because I must so jealously conserve all the force that was in me for the perfection of my lovelier version. That may not be the best

way of making books, but it is the only one that was possible for me. I had so little natural talent, you see," said Charteris, wistfully, "and I was anxious to do so much with it. So I had always to be careful. It has been rather lonely, my dear. Now, looking back, it seems to me that the part I have played in all other people's lives has been the rôle of a tourist who enters a café-chantant, a fortress, or a cathedral with much the same forlorn sense of detachment, and observes what there is to see that may be worth remembering, and takes a note or two, perhaps, and then leaves the place forever. Yes, that is how I served the Dream, and that is how I got my books. They are very beautiful books, I think, but they cost me fifteen years of human living and human intimacy, and they are hardly worth so much."

He turned to her, and his voice changed. "Oh, I was wrong, all wrong, and chance is kindlier than I deserve. For I have wandered after unprofitable gods, like a man blundering through a day of mist and fog, and I win home now in its golden sunset. I have laughed very much, my dear, but I was never happy until tonight. The Dream, as I now know, is not best served by making parodies of it, and it does not greatly matter, after all, whether a book be an epic or a directory. What really matters is that there is so much faith and love and kindness which we can share with and provoke in others, and that by cleanly, simple, generous living we approach perfection in the highest and most lovely of all arts. . . . But you, I think, have always comprehended this. My dear, if I were worthy to kneel and kiss the dust you tread in I would do it. As it happens, I am not worthy. Pauline, there was a time when you and I were young together, when we aspired, when life passed as if it were to the measures of a noble music—a heart-wringing, an obdurate, an intolerable music, it might be, but always a lofty music. One strutted, no doubt—it was because one knew oneself to be indomitable. Eh, it is true I have won all I asked of life, very horribly true. All that I asked, poor fool! Oh, I am weary of loneliness, and I know now that all the phantoms I have raised are only colorless shadows which belie the Dream, and they are hateful to me. I want just to recapture that old time we know of, and we two alone. I want to know the Dream again, Pauline—the Dream which I had lost, had half forgotten, and have so pitifully parodied. I want to know the Dream again, Pauline, and you alone can help me."

"Oh, if I could! If even I could now, my dear!" Pauline Romeyne left him upon a sudden, crying this. And "So!" said Mr. Charteris.

He had been deeply shaken and very much in earnest; but he was never the man to give for any lengthy while too loose a rein to emotion; and so he now sat down upon the bench and lighted a cigarette and smiled. Yet he fully recognized himself to be the most enviable of men and an inhabitant of the most glorious world imaginable—a world wherein he very assuredly meant to marry Pauline Romeyne—say, in the ensuing September. Yes, that would fit in well enough, although, of course, he would have to cancel the engagement to lecture in Milwaukee. . . . How lucky, too, it was that he had never actually committed himself with Anne Willoughby, for while money was an excellent thing to have, how infinitely less desirable it was to live perked up in golden sorrow than to feed flocks upon the Grampian Hills, where Freedom from the mountain height cried: "I go on forever, a prince can make a belted knight, and let who will be clever—"

"—and besides, you'll catch your death of cold," lamented Mr. Warwick Risby, who was now shaking Mr. Charteris's shoulder.

"Eh, what? Oh, yes, I daresay I was napping," the other mumbled. He stood and stretched himself, luxuriously. "Well, anyhow, don't be such an unmitigated grandmother. You see, I have a bit of rather important business to attend to. Which way is Miss Romeyne?"

"Pauline Romeyne? Why? But she married old Colonel Hinton, you know. She was the very stout woman in purple who carried out the squalling baby when Taylor was introducing you, if you remember. She told me, while the colonel was getting the horses around, how sorry she was to miss your address, but they live three miles out, and Mrs. Hinton is simply a slave to the children. . . . Why, what in the world have you been dreaming about?"

"Eh, what? Oh, yes, I daresay I was only napping," Mr. Charteris observed. He was aware that within they were still playing a riotous two-step.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL.
SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1912.

Miss Anne George, translator of Dr. Montessori's "The Montessori Method" and teacher of the first Montessori school in America, in Tarrytown last winter, will be in charge this winter of a Montessori school at the home of Alexander Graham Bell in Washington. Miss George, who has just returned from a summer abroad, is the only American pupil whom Dr. Montessori has yet instructed.

Mrs. Edith Ogden Harrison, whose novel of Canadian life, "The Lady of the Snows," has just been published by A. C. McClurg & Co., is the wife of Mayor Harrison of Chicago. She has long been active in literary fields and has published a series of popular fairy tales and a novel of Oriental life.

THE SECLUDED AND NEGLECTED PEN.

Speed Habits, Engendered by Over-Much Prosperity, Have Crippled Its Best Uses.

"Where is the pen? She is on the desk, between the ink and the paper."

Not so, dear little yellow-covered book. She no longer lies on the desk; she is not now before the inkstand or beside it, for she has swallowed the ink, and she is in the man's vest-pocket with the pencil, and he—the pencil, not the man—probably resents her presence and envies her superiority. If it is the right kind of pen—and there is a right kind of fountain pen—the man finds much pleasure in the change. As this complaint is pitched in a dolorous key there is no intention of celebrating here the convenience, the joy, of possessing that one perfect pen, which does not smear the fingers nor sully the magnolia-blossom vest of the summer-time, yet never fails to bring its contents to the point when pressed.

With all the newly invented aids to writing—much more efficacious, by the way, than those pretending assistants to cosmopolitan speech, such as "Russian in Three Weeks," "Spanish While You Wait," "Esperanto at a Glance"—there are indications that its uses are being restricted rather than enlarged. The pen roses of yester-year are the cabbages of this. We no longer employ the pen except under stress and in the most utilitarian way; thousands take it in hand only to scrawl a signature at the bottom of a slip or a sheet. Even the bookkeeper—accountant or recorder—presses the lettered and figured buttons and the machine-carriage ambles away with his minutes. Few indeed write at all, except for a stipend.

In other words, letter-writing as a pleasure or as an obligation of friendship is not merely languishing, it is dead as the duel. Fifty years hence magazine editors and book publishers will search in vain for interest-stirring personal epistles of this age. As surely as we have no Byron and no Macaulay, we shall have no "life and letters" of twentieth-century poets, historians, and statesmen. The last of the classicists, like the first, were letter-writers, and they are as cold as the mossy marbles of Athens. It is but a little while since they left us. New letters of Dickens, Thackeray, and Du Maurier were published only a year or so ago. Intimate communications of Stevenson, Meredith, and Mark Twain are even now being lifted from the pages of periodicals for compact preservation at the hands of the binder. Civil War time notes of Charles Eliot Norton have just been laid before the readers of that monthly whose name is to American literature as salt to the sea. But these are of the generation that has passed. There would be inspiration in the belief that they will have immediate successors, but there is seemingly no foundation for such belief.

For a hundred examples of the art possessed by manuscript-makers of the last half of the nineteenth century see those volumes of the past year, delightful records and reminiscences of two great New York publishing houses—Harper's and Putnam's. The clear thought, the apt expression, the grace, the leisure, of the writers of that time make even their business letters fit for the treasure-houses of the press. The novelists, the playwrights, the journalists, of today do not give their time to such compositions. Time and leisure are the vanishing angels that bear away the golden accomplishment.

This is the day of hurry, of speed. Nobody writes a letter now of more than fifty words. And if the message is sent by daylight it is cut to ten, hyphenated figures counting as two. With the assistance of the universal code it may be reduced to one word of eleven letters. Thus the abracadabra of dispatch, curtness, and pen paralysis.

Not upon the typewriter but the automobile should the burden of blame be placed. Historians of the future will date the downfall of letters from the invention of pneumatic tires and the perfection of the gas engine. He who runs may write as well as read, but he who rides on air, propelled by two thousand explosions to the minute, will keep his gaze glued to the road before him, as his reeling machine swiftly unreels the miles. Read an index of the times in that newspaper story of the recent departure of a new writer from New York for the Old World. Six months ago he was an actor, his daily needs overtopping his weekly income. He wrote a successful play and in a few weeks his accumulated profits enabled him to start across the ocean for an automobile tour which should zigzag through seven countries. Next spring he will return and sum up his experiences with the remark that the best roads of Europe are to be found in Northern Africa—in Algiers, to be exact.

A writer should not be able to afford such world-flights away from leisure. The rewards of literature are grown too munificent. Our literary fellows are receiving too many shillings a word. In the time of Dumas and Grub Street they were paid by the line. The French artist caused the new scale to be brought in by filling his pages with lines of one word—"Bien!"—"Non!"—"Helas!" To checkmate such avaricious attacks the publishers abandoned the line for a measurement not so easily manipulated by greed or necessity. This should have operated against polysyllables, and may have done so, but that idea is a by-path for Baconians.

Incorrigible humanity no sooner receives a gift from nature than it strives to find bad uses for it. At the

moment the new smooth wall is dry and white comes the boy with a piece of charcoal. Divine music had hardly become understood when some imp invented the accordion. So, when high prices became the fashion in the literary world, accepting without argument the contention that it lagged unconscionably, the writers almost without exception turned it to vain and destructive uses.

Much greater loss than that of the truth that is beauty may be discovered in the competitive making of the best seller. There are other and more dangerous forces than that of the torrent in the flood of books and magazine stories that fills the old channels and every season breaks out new ones. Old landmarks will not be swept away, but the stuff of which the new ones might be made will be discolored and crumbled. We are not building temples or even wayside shrines now. Just an arrow on a pine board at the forks of the road seems sufficient, save where the selfish few who are forced to walk have put up petulant protests—"Slow down to 70 miles an hour."

Symbols are as caviare; better plain facts of record. Old letters that are read in the books we take up again and again were not the largesse of luxurious ease. They tell of effort, of injustice, of sorrow; they attack and they defend; they breathe the philosophy, the compassion and love that bud and bloom in solitude and meditation. They were penned with thoughtful care, if not in leisure in hours of well ordered and unhurried achievement. Not one of them speaks the mind or the word of him who has just been hurled in an open car through two hundred miles of scenery. How difficult to get away from metaphor! It is not meant to assert that all present-day authors with princely incomes spend their hours of sunshine in the padded embrace of an automobile seat. There are other rapid amusements. And the dulling of taste and ambition, the suffocation of the fancy, the atrophy of the imagination, result as well from sleek prosperity.

Fifteen years ago a story or sketch of five thousand words that brought its author fifty dollars was considered well sold. Few, even from writers of wide-established reputation, were accepted at a higher rate. Today many such, signed with names that are unfamiliar to the general reader, are paid for at the rate of fifty to sixty dollars a thousand words. Three hundred dollars for a short story, written in two evenings after the day's work was over, by a newspaper man whose regular salary is thirty-five dollars a week, is not a record-breaking price. It is not in human nature to withstand the temptations that grow out of such incidents—temptations to the unqualified as well as to the fit. The cause of literature is not aided by these developments of the advertising age.

Reports of a deficit in the postal service are beyond wonder. The postage paid on manuscripts, at letter rates, should meet all the expenses of the department if there is the smallest margin of profit in first-class mail rates. Readers in publishing offices work overtime steadily. Every periodical that buys fiction has abundance of offered material. Yet there are never good stories enough. High prices and eager demands do not create literary genius. Nor do they spur to extraordinary effort the fortunate ones who suit the market.

Among the volumes of the season is one written by a historian and philosopher of the old school. It is the story of a four months' journey by steamship and railway coach through regions often described though seldom well appraised. The book is more than a delight, for to a horizon-sweeping gaze, a trained habit of selection, and unusual powers of description, the author has added the reflections and analysis of a mind stored with the histories of individuals and of races, of schools of art and of political systems. In every paragraph of the work is the evidence of enthusiasm and sincerity. It could not have been written by one whose impulses were in any way affected by the prizes of the literary mart. Yet this book will be sought twenty-five, fifty, years from now, when not one in a thousand of others that came from the presses this year can be found, even in a catalogue. Of the few men in public life today who can and do write letters that will one day be printed, and read with abiding interest and pleasure, this scholar and statesman is a conspicuous example. His life has been a long, a busy, and a fruitful one, but the charm of thoughtful leisure illuminates all his work. One can readily picture him in his study, pen in hand.

And so let us come back again to the pen. She is still the best friend and the worst enemy of man. The typewriter is a valuable, an indispensable aid, and the stenographer—to one who has acquired the weird facility of thinking aloud, and in a straight course—is scarcely less important; but we should not quit the company of the pen. Tales of fancy and feeling come best by her light touch, drawn from the ink as silk is unwound from the spool. Poetry can not be dictated or clicked out on a typewriter. So two poets, at least, aver. And letters, real letters, the fairest, the sweetest-scented flowers of thought, come into being only by her ministrations. Above all, she is the one weapon potent against the greatest danger of the age, the hurry to be done and away that betrays and murders art.

G. L. S.

The author of "By-Paths in Collecting" is Virginia Robie, one of the editors of the *House Beautiful*, and an authority of wide experience on all matters relating to old mahogany and oak, seventeenth-century earthenware, eighteenth-century porcelain, samplers, etc.