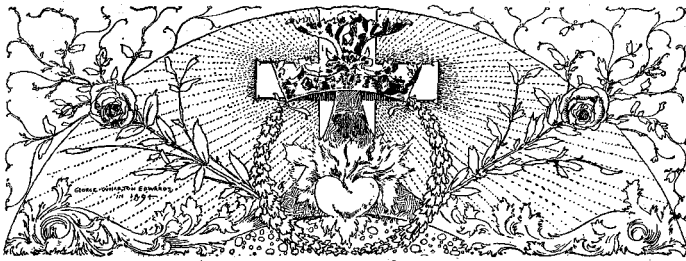


universal literature, a teaching of history that shall view all nations as one people, differing in speech and customs, but one in human aim and purpose; who cuts adrift when he finds the scholar's life too narrow and sheltered from the ways of men; this seer of visions who from the platform of the Cooper Union beholds "humanity's slow, patient march out of the dim, suffering, unjust past toward the growing light of a future of justice, unity, fraternity," in obedience to eternal laws—will he take it all with him into the land of dreams, or will it live? For one, I

think it will. Standing at a window of the club one clear winter day, I looked across Peter Stuyvesant's old garden to the great hospital built for the poor by a millionaire banker's benevolence, to the white tower in Twenty-fourth Street typifying commercial success, and to St. George's across the square, ideal of institutional churches; and it seemed to me as if here in this humble club of the toilers something was trying to break through that would by and by give it all its true meaning—as if democracy itself were coming to its own at last.



THE BLESSED ROAD

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THREE roads led out to Calvary.
The first was broad and straight,
That Pilate and great Caiaphas
Might ride thereon in state.

The second was the felons' road,
Cruel and hard to tread
For those who bore the cross's load,
For those whose footsteps bled.

The third road slunk through mean defiles,
Fearing the open sky;
And Judas crept the dreadful miles
To Calvary thereby.

The highroad up to Calvary
Was blotted from the land;
Where Judas hid, the jackal cries
By thorn-cursed drifts of sand.

But that poor road the felons went—
How fair it now appears,
Smoothed wide by myriads penitent
And flower-set by their tears!



THE MARTINS

BY EVELYN VAN BUREN

Author of "Cecelia's Corner"

WITH PICTURES BY ALEXANDER POPINI

MRS. MARTIN slowly climbed the seven flights of stone steps, unlocked the door of the little studio apartment, took up the milk-can, and went in.

In the kitchen she hung up her cape and hat, and began preparations for breakfast. She moved languidly. Her plump, placid face was dimpled with a smile of tranquil joy. Her manner, the little shakings of her head, the counting over and over of eight names upon her fat fingers, indicated mystery.

The coffee brewed, and with breakfast for two upon a tray, she moved on to the sitting-room.

"Mornin', Miss." Mrs. Martin placed the breakfast tray upon a table and drew up chairs.

"Good morning, Martin." A girl at the piano stopped trilling high notes and turned round.

"Ah, omelet," she said. "Good Marty!"

"Yes, Miss," assented Mrs. Martin.

She started away, but came back again.

"'Ave you everythink?" she asked.

The young lady had, but still Mrs. Martin remained. She turned the chairs about, and flicked at bits of dust with a corner of her apron. She moved on again, and paused at the door.

"I 'ave faith in number nine," she murmured, rubbing at the door-knob.

"Have you, Marty?" replied the young lady. "Why?"

"That 's what I can't seem to tell, Miss—why; but I 'ave. It came to me suddint: 'Ave faith in number nine; it 'll be a lucky 'un.' D' ye see, Miss?"

Mrs. Martin looked up from the door-

knob, shyly, her fat, pretty face softly flushed.

"O Marty," cried the girl at last, "I *do* see, and I *am* so glad you 've come to feel that way about it. You will want the little chap—" She paused interrogatively.

"That 's hit, Miss." Mrs. Martin was pleased. "That 's part of me faith: number nine 'll be a boy, an' 'is father won't tike 'is comin' so 'ard."

"Well," went on the girl, "you 'll want her—him to feel welcome, poor little tiny; and I may as well tell you now, Martin, I 've knit you two pairs of sweet booties, pink and blue, and Cousin Cecilia 's done a little coat and cap, and while you 're away your money goes on just the same. Does n't it, Ciss?"

The door had opened, and Cousin Cecilia entered.

"Yes," she said, "it does. Morning, Martin."

"Good morning, Miss." Mrs. Martin was beaming. "You *hare* kind to me."

She opened the door quickly and went out, then suddenly reopened it and came in again.

"I 'll nime 'im for our king, eh, Miss? Edward—an' 'Arry fer 'is daddy—Edward 'Arry Martin. 'Is dad *ort* to be pleased; my word, 'e ort."

And Mrs. Martin, shyly smiling, again retreated.

In a little back room on a top floor in Old Chelsea, Granny Martin sat at table with eight little Martins.

Eight little Martin girls there were, ranging in years from ten to two. They