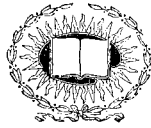


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The Brothers

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"A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle."

Prov. xviii, 19.

EBEN and Judson Harland were the sons of that Captain Harland who was shot, it is not forgotten, by a progressive Filipino gentleman of Manila in October, 1898. His widow did not hear of this disaster. She died before the War Department found time to inform her, and left the twins to the care of Edgar Harland. He had no experience in paternal duties even of a vicarious sort, but he shrugged his thin shoulders, administered his brother's estate, and put his charges in a highly recommended school for boys under fourteen near Philadelphia. The estate yielded exactly four thousand dollars a year, quite ample provision for the twins, and the school seemed to please them. Edgar testified to his relief by despatching a twelve-pound box of chocolates, and went abroad. He lived abroad as much as possible, collecting books and curious prints. In New York his friends were principally women. He did not care for men; they were apt to require response and a warmth he was not able to feign. Consistently, he rather disliked his

wards, who were egregiously male. However, he treated them with an impartial courtesy during their holidays, sent them to such matinées as seemed suitable, and hired, from their income, a healthy young tutor who looked after their summer diversions at Edgar's agreeable cottage close to Gloucester. Edgar was an excellent guardian to this extent.

As an observer of life, he noted the twins from time to time, in no inquisitive manner, but with calm amusement at the faithful repetition of the human comedy they were enacting. Eben, the one-hour precursor of Judson, was, he saw, the less variable of the two and a trifle the more perceptive. He made friends slowly, lost them slowly, clung to Judson with a methodical devotion in times of trouble, and possessed a vague talent for drawing, which Mr. Chase, the tutor, encouraged. His behavior was entirely normal save that he inclined toward silence.

Judson was talkative, mildly mischievous, easily fickle in social relations, and a wretched mathematician. He had a loudly expressed desire to be a soldier, and was full of interest in Captain Harland's honorable career. He had a few physical tricks which differentiated him from his twin brother, a certain grace

in motion, and an odd habit of smiling when he was most angry, with the perfect smile of pleased childhood. Also he had a small mole on his left shoulder, which identified him as the cadet.

For the boys were minutely similar in every other way. Seen in bed, no one could tell them apart; but as they were perpetually together, it did not afflict their acquaintance. They could be addressed collectively as "Twin" if one was not sure as to which was Ben or Jud. Their devotion entertained Edgar. They loved each other with what he regarded as a foolish fervor. He considered them drugged in mirrored self-admiration. Eben believed Judson the most charming society earth afforded, and Judson's Mosaic law was contained in the phrase "Ben says."

Given a wet summer day, they would isolate themselves in some corner and converse or drowse peaceably for the complete period between meal and meal. They never quarreled, they seldom argued, they defended each other against the world with savage simplicity. Edgar profited by this state; it got him a quiet house, a reputation for domestic mastery. Handsome ladies consulted him as to their offspring and the vagaries of infancy. He replied in scented English modeled upon that of Walter Pater, his particular idol, of whose works he possessed a complete first edition, bound in peacock leather by Rivière. It somewhat fretted his spirit that the twins admired his books. He would have preferred an entire barbarism.

Time passed. They agonized his ears one summer by a cacophony of changing throats. Young Chase called his attention to the fact of growth, and kissed them good-by in September with ludicrous, honest tears. He was going to Alaska.

"They're more to me than any one but my mother," he told Edgar. Edgar noted that the twins excited love. They emerged from Philadelphia at Christmas with pleasant barytone voices, and demanded long trousers. Next autumn he sent them to St. Paul's School. An old classmate, now an instructor in that place, wrote

Edgar a letter of fervid enthusiasm, and the twins' bedroom became decorated with photographs of athletic groups. They liked St. Paul's. Several ladies rather gushed to Edgar about his splendid nephews. He assumed that the juxtaposition of sea-gray eyes and curling bronze hair drew the female soul. Personally these embellishments did not retrieve, for him, jaws that were somewhat heavy and noses a trifle too short. The long, compact bodies he conceded, and the clear smooth skins were all he could ask. He was a very ugly man, but he did not envy these belongings, since they cloaked a spirit so obsolescent.

Time passed. He did not endeavor to deflect their purpose from Yale. He believed that the alleged crudities of that university would suit their lack of temperament. They played foot-ball, he understood, with some success and rowed in the Shattuck Club crews. Eben began to produce drawings that were not free of merit. Judson's deficiencies in mathematics were recorded in letters to Edgar, who wrote the lad, civilly advising application. He fancied that the failing would correct itself. They became seventeen in April.

In June the head-master of St. Paul's informed Edgar that since the school could not possibly recommend Judson for the Yale entrance examinations in second algebra or even plane geometry, the head-master feared that it would also be impossible to graduate him. Edgar went immediately abroad and returned in late August, to avoid possible unpleasantness. The twins, however, did not worry him with their patent tragedy. The head-master of St. Paul's declined to allow Eben an idle year with his brother. Eben had selected a substitute room-mate for him at Yale, Arthur Letellier of St. Louis. He told Edgar this in a subdued manner when Judson was elsewhere, and added miserably:

"Perhaps it's a little better this way. I can sort of help Jud along next year—advice and that sort of thing."

"Quite possibly," said Edgar, observing the droop of the too wide mouth.



"Judson, who lounged on the table, clad in a dry bath-suit"

But the boys' reticence angered the cold depth of his heart. He wanted a display of emotional stupidity and went hunting for it. Thin references got him nothing; he grew sarcastic.

"One might think," he remarked to Judson, "that Ben could be fearfully wroth with you, disgusted."

Judson glanced at Eben across the dinner-table and went on paring a late peach.

"He's got a right to be," he said curtly. "Just so. He could regard it as a species of disloyalty, what?"

Judson lifted his head and stared at Edgar out of eyes contracted to blackness. His big hands shook a little, and the blood receded from his lips. Presently he smiled, precisely as if he were closing an enjoyed book. The smile produced a faint sensation of needles in Edgar's stomach. After

this he said no more about the mathematical episode.

Summer drew to a close. The neighboring cottages shut one by one. The crescent beach emptied of brown-shouldered lads, and the day of Eben's going appeared on the calendar piteously near. The twins swam and played tennis stoically. Edgar watched their tall figures dwindle down the lane, arm in arm, after meals and heard their slow voices by night. He kept out of their path with delicate zeal. The smile remained in his thought. He had seen it before, but never turned on himself. Now that Judson stood sixty-nine inches barefoot, the oddity was not amusing. He did not pretend even to women that he was a brave man. The last night of the united existence Edgar went to his up-stairs library after dinner and read "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." He reveled in high emotions, printed.

Eben sat by the table of the white-and-yellow living-room, adorned with Gillray cartoons, doing a sketch of Judson, who lounged on the table, clad in a dry bath-suit. Under the clean candle-light he was very good to look at, and Eben ached as he sketched. They could find nothing to say except weary repetitions. The matches lit by Edgar above for his French cigarettes were quite audible, and the lunge of surf on the rocks.

"Will you start smokin' now?" Judson asked.

"Guess not. Not for a while, anyhow. Hold your head up a little, Brother."

"Does Arthur smoke?"

"Yes. His people let him. I'm nearly done. It's pretty rotten."

The old cook came in with a plate of hot and sugary doughnuts for excuse, really to see Eben's picture. She planted her burden at Judson's elbow and withdrew, after cackling. Judson ate a doughnut mournfully. He had always been fond of pastry.

"They say the grub at New Haven's awful," said Eben, finishing his work of art, which was extremely well done, and taking a doughnut in turn. He said this to cheer Judson.

"Better than havin' to eat with a bunch of left-overs and fifth-formers all winter," grunted Judson, selecting his second.

"Oh, shucks! Won't be so awful. There's Walter and Colin and Mark Dines, anyhow. They're all right. So's Hollister. Brace up, Jud. 'T won't be so long and—"

"Algebra, geom, algebra, geom. No; that 'll be slick!"

"All you've got to do is swallow the stuff and get it over with. You can as well as any one," Eben argued.

"Can't teach a cow the violin. I'm a dub at math, always was, always will be," wailed Judson through his third doughnut, his chin powdered with sugar.

"I know you are," said Eben, with all kindness, "but you *can* do it, as I did Greek. Oh, I've said all this before." He flung the half-circle of sweetness into the warm night. He was in dreadful pain. There seemed no excitement, less pleasure, in the new adventure without Jud to share it.

"Don't talk about it," muttered Judson, who was in pain quite as mordant, "or I'll cry or somethin'."

Eben sat up and watched Judson eat the fourth doughnut. He was aware that the sheen of the model's eyes was not natural. By and by Judson wiped his mouth and spat an appalling oath.

"When I think of hearin' Mutrie say: 'This is one of the simpler problems. Angle A is'—it makes me sick."

He clutched the fifth doughnut, the beautiful muscles of his arm contracting. And he smiled, tilting back his round head, staring at the sheer curtains of the hall, his body stiff with wrath. Then he chuckled drearily and began to eat.

"You'll make yourself sick if you go on eating those," said Eben, anxiously. They had excellent apparatus in their lean abdomens, but five large doughnuts seemed enough.

"Well, there's one left. Might as well finish the lot."

"I would n't, Brother."

"Watch me. Compliment to Maggie."

He engulfed the thing in the manner

of a young anaconda and slid off the table.

"It 's eleven, an' your train goes at nine. Let 's go to bed."

Eben flinched. They had slept in one room for seventeen years, for the first seven in one bed, and passing Edgar's cigarette-oozing door, it beat upon him that they had but one kinsman, no friend of theirs.

Night passed. A sea-gull yelled and woke Judson into a pitifully bright morning, cool and clear. He lay, getting his fogged brain to work, leaden between the sheets. The string of his pajama breeches hurt acutely, caught somehow, but he was too dull to loosen it. Sorrow smote him, half roused, and weighted his breathing as he scowled at the flowered ceiling. The gay tints darted at his hot eyes, and his head buzzed. His mouth was full of sourness that rose from his deeper being, and he felt decayed inside, unclean outside, a pariah, a martyr, an imbecile, and a butt of the coarse universe. He closed his eyelids to analyze these feelings and heard Eben getting up, the slump of falling night-gear, the pad of bare feet pausing beside him a second, the splutter of the shower-bath, the click of a tooth-brush on an enamel stand. He could see Eben going the round of the bath-room, alert and methodical, collecting his sponge, his tooth-paste, his nail-brush, an ancient friendly bottle. They would be gone when he went to bathe at night, and Eben also, leaving him, leaving him, leaving him! The continuing sea-gull made a refrain of this, and it seemed to echo back on the pit of Judson's stomach like the bump of a boxing-glove. He opened his eyes, but the flowers stabbed him, and he relapsed into red shadow, a great rage hardening his gorge. Desolations of chalky black-board, cons of lonely bedtime, snow-chilled morning, plangent hockey hours with no Eben, the naked shells in spring, and no brother to powder his sun-scarred back. Eben was leaving him, was dressing now in a duplicate blue serge that would cover him that night in the tumult of York Street, in a shirt that only fat, nonchalant

Arthur Letellier would see him strip. To new life, new friends, new tables. Leaving him! Going off, not glad perhaps, but thrilled, expectant, sure to succeed,—Eben must,—to come back in quiet triumph, to be a new Eben. The phantasm swelled and wavered, spurring his rage. He hated all men; he hated himself. He sat up and felt sicker still.

Eben, entirely clad, was selecting his ties from the cord stretched between their dressers. He had several on his wrist, and was looking at the plentiful fringe with fixed attention; so he did not hear Judson's movement, did not turn. Judson felt hurt. He wanted that consolatory morning grin. Then Eben put his hand on a green striped scarf and lifted it into the light, whistling gently the just-arrived "Merry Widow Waltz." It was ghastly that Eben should whistle looking at a tie, his tie.

"Here," said Judson, "that 's mine!"

Eben looked round with a frown. He had not heard Judson sit up. It bothered his misery that he should have neglected this. He wanted to be normal, casual, kinder than ever. But the tie was his.

"Why, no it is n't, Juddy."

"That? It certainly is." Judson got out of bed, his intestines like hot metal, dizzy, mad.

"This thing? Brace up! Here 's the tear from that rotten pin Mrs. Alin gave me," said Eben, lightly, patting the silk.

"Get out! I 've worn that three years. You 've got enough of your own; let alone mine," gasped Judson. "Brace up, yourself! You 've been telling me to brace up all summer!" The hypnotism of wrath was upon him; the room danced. "'Brace up! Be a good kid an' go back to school an' study algebra an' geom,' and you go off to college! You get the fun out of the thing. Damn you!"

Breath failed him. The blood called in his ears like high surf. He could not see Eben's horror, begotten of that smile. He could hear him say:

"Why, Juddy, you never spoke to me that way before!"

Judson's rage shriveled, the surf ceased.

He grew cold, then hot, in an effort to control his throat. Now he tried to smile a supplication.

"No," he gasped; "I—"

His throat shut. He tried to smile for a stay of rebuke. In a moment he would be able to explain.

"There 's the tie," said Eben, gently. He waited a moment, blinking at the rigid, familiar face, his heart full of agony; then dropped the scarf and went out. Jud would be himself in a moment; it was impossible that any of this could be real. He walked slowly down-stairs, glancing back, his eyes full of tears.

Judson heard the door close and writhed in dismay, his knees bending. He opened his eyes and saw, amid dancing arabesques of nausea, the green scarf, knelt and picked it up in fingers as large as gate-posts. It was not even his! Another thing to beg pardon for! Sweat ran down his face as he struggled up; but he was too ill to follow.

"Where 's Jud?" asked Edgar, watching Eben's hands flutter over his melon.

"Dressin'," said Eben, huskily.

"He 'd better hurry. It 's half-past eight."

"Plenty of time, sir."

"Ten minutes to the station. Does he know how late it is?" Edgar wanted to witness the entraining of Eben. Since Judson's silent smile he had grown to loathe him.

"Late, yes," said Eben, at a loss. He ate food automatically. Edgar must not see the state of things. Poor Jud was wild with grief; that was it. He would be down in a moment.

"Really," said Edgar, "he 's cutting it fine. It 's quarter of."

"I 'll go call him, sir," said the butler.

"Oh, he 'll be down," Eben protested. The poor kid might be crying. It would n't do for Simon to see that. He swallowed his coffee. Edgar lit a cigarette, staring at his wrist watch.

"Thirteen."

"I 'll go up," said Eben. He stopped in the hall to seize his hat and trampled up-stairs, then paused in the corridor.

Suppose Jud still stood there smiling, still mad? He did not want to see that.

"Jud!" he called. "Hi, Juddy!"

Edgar's voice cut into the silence, whip fashion.

"Come, Ben, you can't stop for that!"

"Jud!"

Then he turned and stumbled down-stairs so wretched that he did not care if Edgar saw it, the green lawn a sea of smiles.

A maid was clearing the used dishes when Judson, his bath-robe flapping, got to the dining-room. She stared politely.

"They—they have n't gone?"

"Why, it 's five of nine, sir. Master Ben's train was nine."

Quite gone, wordless, offended! Judson pressed his hands on his eyes.

"You must 'ave hoverslept, sir," said the maid, cheerfully.

"'Fraid so," said Judson. The scent of food was making him sick again. He left the dining-room, and threw himself on the living-room window-seat, cold and quivering, as the far train whistled. Then he wept simply as a child weeps for his great treachery and a sorrow that was plowed by shame.

In the afternoon he sat on the veranda and wrote his letter carefully. It would be in New Haven next day, and that must serve. He wrote:

It was not the tie. I was sicker than I ever want to be again. I suppose it was those rotten doughnuts. I woke up so sick I could not think straight and about crazy over your going away. I did think it was my tie, but the whole thing got mixed up in my head, and I went crazy. I have no idea what I said, but I did not mean any of it. I know I hurt you like the devil. I heard what you said, but I could not say anything then. This sounds footless, but it is perfectly true. I was sick, and angry at my luck, that was all, and until you write me it is all right I shall be crazy. Please forgive me. It was bad enough before. I shall be here until Tuesday.

He addressed this "Eben Harland, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.," and took it

to the little post-office. Then he waited, trying to remember what he had said to Ben, and magnifying every chance-brought word into foul insults.

THE letters of Yale are assorted in the special post-office under Fayerweather Hall. It is not too well lighted, and shadows from the passers-by make the clerks' task less easy than they wish. Mr. Eden Hursland, a member of the senior class, unlocked his mail-box next morning and found Judson's letter, glanced at the address, tore open the envelop, and was joined by a friend who had a story to tell. They walked across Elm Street to morning service, and Mr. Hursland, excited by the anecdote, crumpled the envelop in his hand and dropped it on the steps of Battell Chapel. In his seat he recalled the letter, and read it with amazement several times. Then he searched his pockets for the envelop. It does him credit to say that he missed a recitation hunting for the clue across Elm Street. He was a decent, well-meaning fellow, and here was an unsigned letter, rather pathetic in its brevity, that might mean a great deal to some one. At last he went back to the post-office.

"I've got a letter. It was addressed Hursland; at least it looked all right, but it's not to me. What other Hurslands are there?"

The clerk said there was none. He had no imagination and no list of the freshman class.

Mr. Hursland was equally destitute. He worried over the matter for a day or two, read the letter once or twice, and forgot it before Eben was done with the early bruises of freshman foot-ball practice.

EBEN waited for that letter in the midst of his new world. It might take Jud a day or two to get over his fit, to see that things could n't be helped. Then he began to worry. He reviewed the summer in gross and detail. Had he lorded it over Jud, criticized him unduly, swaggered? He fretted, rubbing his bruises, and slept ill, wasted a good deal of note-paper be-

ginning letters that he could not finish. He was in shadowy pain, novel and impossible to combat, untinctured by anger. This endured a week, while his foot-ball reputation grew and freshmen sought his acquaintance. At the week's end he was visiting the rooms of another St. Paul foot-ball-player and there met a tall, thin being, ex-Hotchkiss, who professed many odd beliefs in a slow, shrill exhalation permeated with cigarette smoke.

"There is n't any such thing as friendship," he said amiably. "You like a man? All right. Wait till you have a row with him. Does n't matter who's in the right. You're both wrong usually. Then it's a toss up if he does n't drop you. Unless—" he shrugged—"unless he can get something out of you by coming round. Whose deal?"

Several lads laughed, but a couple of eighteen-year-old cynics wagged their heads.

"Pretty near true," said one.

"One real row," said the other, "and the beans are spilled."

"Oh, bunk!" cried their host. "S'pose I have a row with my old man, huh? You mean we're never goin' to get together again? My foot!"

"What did I say?" yawned the exponent. "You've got something to get out of him, he out of you. Spades."

"Thank you," the host remarked, with a hot edge in his voice. The thin youth shifted the subject neatly. Eben swallowed hard, the pips of his cards melting into the image of that smile; and after a while he gave his place to some one else. That night he did not sleep well. Next day, coming back at noon from English, he caught up with Bradley, strolling around the corner of York Street. The elm-studded way was full of freshmen, swirled into groups based on school alliances, or solitary, self-conscious figures. Boys were yelling to one another from the lofty, hideous front of Pierson Hall and the expensive private dormitories. The October sun dripped upon youth its mild benediction.

"What were you saying about friends

last night?" he stammered, after common-places.

Bradley sent back his memory in some haste. He was the child of a suffragist by a clergyman, and his upbringing had taught him to talk for results. He recollected his remarks clearly enough and nodded.

"Yes, I 'm afraid I rather offended Martin."

"Well, but—how did you find that out? I mean, get the idea?"

"Oh," said Bradley, with grandeur, "I 've lived in a lot of places; been to three schools, you know."

"I see; but—"

Bradley studied the handsome big lad sidelong, and saw that he had done some damage here. His conscience wriggled, but he was making a reputation as a sage of sorts and wanted to progress.

"I would n't bother about it. 'T is n't worth bothering about," he said kindly. "The thing is, have a good time with a fellow as long as he lasts, then forget about him."

He wondered for some weeks as to just what Eben had thought, and then, like Mr. Hursland, forgot about it. During those weeks the victim squirmed on the stake with such gory results that he began to distrust his sanity, except when the turf tingled through his cleated soles and he could jar against fugitive flesh. Insidiously the thing worked. He grew somber rather than silent. It ceased to surprise him when no letter lay on his table. He said nothing.

EDGAR went to Paris in early November. There was a sale at Villequier's that he wished to attend. There was a lady who wished to see him. They started back from an inn near Suresne one wet night, in the lady's motor. She chose to drive. This resulted in a collision with a beer-van at the corner of the Rue Caulaincourt; Edgar took six days to die. He regulated all his affairs perfectly, left legacies to twenty women, and the residue of his estate to the twins, with directions that everything be sold and that he be

buried in Paris. His lawyer, Mr. Edwardson, happened to be in the supposedly gay city and attended to these details. He duly wrote the twins and invited them to spend Christmas with him. He was very fond of them. Both accepted. He found their letters on his arrival in New York toward mid-December, and looked forward to seeing them with great pleasure.

Meanwhile Eben had been mentioned by a self-designated arbiter of foot-ball as a rising star. The journals even showed a bad picture of him, taken during the Yale-Princeton freshman game. His class forgave him his quiet gloom, and admired his sketches loudly. "The Yale Record" published several of these, and the director of the Yale Art School, seeing one, invited him to dinner. A foot-ball-player who could draw interested him. He did not find Eben very entertaining, but supposed that the death of his uncle was afflicting the boy, who looked extremely well in black.

"What does Jud say about school?" asked Arthur Letellier.

"Nothing much," said Eben.

"Both of you come out to St. Louis for Christmas?"

"Thanks a lot. We 're going to our lawyer's."

"Think it over," Arthur begged. He would have rolled naked in hot coals for Eben. Judson he did not care for so greatly. He repeated his invitation several times, but Eben was submerged in a new wave of feeling.

The autumn was done. He had waited for Jud to write, even grown to believe that Judson did not trouble over their terrible scene. But the approach of reunion cured all this. At the worst, one touch, one grin, and the ugly edifice of grief would clatter down; they would laugh at it together. He avoided Bradley, and walked a good deal in the misty evenings alone, smiling happily at the stark trees. His heart swelled toward his brother; he became gay, and his classmates liked him much more than before. It came to the day of departure, and he made the afternoon journey to New York with Arthur

in a sort of royal state, wandering up the train to see if Judson was on it.

"I 'm going to be in town till noon tomorrow," said Arthur. "You see Jud and fix it up to come on out with me."

"Don't see how we could. It 's mighty good of you," Eben assured him, staring into the violet-lit suburbs of New York.

At the ramshackle, confused station of that year he lost Arthur by the baggage counter and found Bradley. They walked through the wooden passages chatting about nothing, and came to a chilly flight of six steps, where they slowed while a crowd melted up ahead of them under a frosty arc light. Near the foot of the steps one man remained, lagging to look at his watch, and the gold flash took Eben's eye as he approached. Then he saw that it was Judson.

His suitcase swung against a man and made him swerve. His breath stopped with sheer gladness. He halted. Judson put away his watch, and, somehow attracted, looked at Eben. His hands paused on the buttons of his overcoat. He turned the least bit white; then he tilted back his head and smiled. He smiled, and Eben's feet moved of themselves. He followed Bradley on, wondering if his heart would stop entirely.

"What were you sayin'?" he asked. "I did n't get it."

Jud hated him; he knew this surely now. For a miserable necktie and a word or two of advice Jud could turn on him that horrible childish smile. He left Bradley and walked, rain falling on him, to a hotel near the station, using only that part of his brain that told him small necessary things to ask for a room and bath and fee the page. Then he wrote a coherent letter to Mr. Edwardson explaining that he had accepted Arthur's invitation, forgotten it, and that the Letelliers were deeply offended. After this he lay on the ornate hotel bed and wished that he could cry himself to sleep.

Next morning he went to St. Louis with Arthur, saying nothing. The Letelliers had a spacious, comfortable house on Lindell Boulevard. They were in

half-mourning, which did not forbid them to give pleasant little dinners, and Eben, resolved to forget Judson forever, tried to be an obliging guest. He made sketches on bridge-scores and dinner-cards. He talked to strange girls about all things, and practised the new form of waltz with Marie Letellier. He managed to get out of the room when Arthur's small, lame brother came to be told good night. He developed a liking for claret, and wondered, being seventeen, if it was worth while to drink himself to death.

"You 're changing pretty rapidly," said Mr. Edwardson on an afternoon in May when he had come up to see him.

"Am I? Into—"

"A man, I suppose. You 're pretty old for a boy without a solitary whisker on his face. You the E. Harland who had a cartoon in 'Life' last week?"

"Yes. I sent it on a bet," said Eben, dryly, so that Mr. Edwardson did not continue the topic.

"Where are you going this summer?" he asked instead.

"England and France with some friends from the West."

"This is a funny dodge of Juddy's," said the trustee, "changing to Princeton. Can't you stop it?"

After Eben had controlled his muscles he shook his head.

"I 'm afraid not. When Jud wants to do anything he goes ahead and does it. We 'd better go get some dinner."

When he had seen Mr. Edwardson on the train he went back to his rooms and began a letter, but did not go very far. Pride made the pen heavy, and sorrow spoiled the sheet. Let Jud go his way, he said at last; if he wanted Princeton, utter separation, let him have it. Eben had been reading "Cyrano," and a phrase rang out of it—"Poor Lazarus at the feast of Love." He could not beg, as he might have done six months ago. He tore up the letter, and went to sing in the garden behind his lodgings.

In the autumn he played foot-ball up to the Princeton game and was used steadily on the university team. He was not a

brilliant player, but so reliable that coaches and trainers spoke of him as a possible future captain, and two fraternities waited on his choice with smiles more than inviting.

"What 's Jud's address at Princeton?" Arthur asked when the great gala was near. "I 'm going to have lunch here in these rooms the day of the game."

"Huh? Oh, just Princeton 'll get him."

"It might n't. I 've sent letters there before."

Eben took his eyes off the sketch he was filling in and looked at Arthur wearily.

"I might as well tell you the truth, Let. I don't know his address. We 've not spoken or met in over a year—a year and two months. He does n't care about me any more."

He glanced around their red burlap sitting-room and went on charcoaling the paper, shuddering before the advent of questions.

"I ought to have known," said Arthur. "All right, Ben; I won't say anything."

After this, and while Eben lay in the infirmary with the broken shoulder he got during the last second of play, Arthur gave him a new and far-seeing kindness that compensated a little for many things. The Letelliers had been driven to moving East. They now owned a house at Mamaroneck, and Eben spent Christmas there. He met a girl who had encountered Judson at Pasadena the previous summer as a friend of one Alan Kay. Eben resigned her to Arthur for the rest of his dance, and haunted Marie Letellier's wake for the remainder of the party. She was a gentle, timid girl a month younger than himself, and Eben grew very fond of her, to Arthur's delight.

He knew gradually that Mr. Edwardson realized a breach, and was sorry, silently. As time passed the St. Paul's coterie in his class forgot about Judson except when his name appeared on the list of the Princeton base-ball team the ensuing year, filling Eben with pride. His foot-ball career was done; the surgeons insisted on that. He took to spasmodic running and left-handed tennis. But all the

glory of open field, the thunder of crowds, he wanted for Judson. He never saw him play, avoided the games, quite certain that in some way he must come near his beloved and get that horrible smile to burn him again, to render nights odious. He was drawing with regularity for several magazines, and people spoke of his happy treatment of boys or young athletes. He got sizable checks before his graduation, and could give Marie a large cluster of diamonds as a wedding present. They were married three days after his commencement, and lived for eight months in Paris, while he studied under Roll.

Marie's uncle, a Mr. Rand, was attached to the American embassy, and had a house in the Avenue François Premier. He asked the couple to Christmas luncheon, and there, entering the drawing-room, Eben was hailed from the fireside as "Jud" in a broken young voice. This had overtaken him before, but never so poignantly. It was a thin fellow of twenty or so, with a lambent, doomed face, who hurried over, pausing only as Eben colored.

"I 'm not Jud. I 'm his brother," he said swiftly.

"Oh, yes, the other twin? I 'm so sorry. I 'm rather a friend of his—Alan Kay. Perhaps you 've heard him speak of me?" he said wistfully, coughing.

"You—you live in Pasadena?" Eben remembered.

The consumptive beamed.

"Yes. I—I 'm on my way to San Moritz. Had a little throat trouble. Jud saw me off."

"How awfully stupid of me!" said Mrs. Rand. "Here Alan 's been writing me ever since he was a freshman—"

"Before, Aunt Jess," coughed Alan. "Met him out home."

"—about his wonderful Jud Harland, and I never thought to ask. Sit down, Alan dear. This is your Jud's sister-in-law."

Marie murmured; Eben could see her olive face quiver, and wondered how much she felt while he grinned at Jud's poor friend. He sat down beside the boy and sought a bitter Christmas gift.

"How is Jud?" he asked deliberately.

Jud was wonderful, the whole orange-and-black world worshiped him. He was the abnet of the Princeton hierarchy, the Sangrael of Nassau. It was the uncontrived outpouring of frailty to kind strength. It lasted until lunch, and among the courses Eben heard Marie re-

grieved for some one who had given Jud a beautiful thing.

They rode to their apartment under the mauve night of Paris. Eben lounged in his corner, seeing Judson perched on a table of some Princeton club central to a group of dim faces, pitching for practice in some gray-flint quadrangle, charging up



"Then he saw that it was Judson"

galed by anecdotes of the brother-in-law she had never mentioned to her husband. He was bathed in the torturing flame for five hours; then Alan was ordered to bed.

"When you write Jud," he said at parting, "say I was n't looking so awfully bad. He was worried about me. And I am glad I met you."

"So am I," said Eben, for it was true. Alan coughed his loyal soul out in the Engadine express, and when Eben heard of it by the infernal French telephone he

the gracious steps of that old, new, noble tower after a triumphant raid.

"Ever been at Princeton, Ria?" he asked her, idly.

"Yes, dear. I went to a dance there, at Mrs. Tree's last winter."

"It's a corking place, Princeton." Then he felt her breathing fast, and was driven to question with all the throbs it might bring on him, "Did you meet Juddy?"

"Yes, dear," said Marie, weakly.

"Did he—"

"No, Ben."

She watched him undress in their staid bedroom later, and cringed from his white face. She had the tenderness which seeks an alleviation of any wound and at any risk.

"Ben dear," she whispered, "I don't know anything; but he sent me a pearl pendant, such a lovely one, when we were married. It must have been he. It came from Princeton. It's in that japanned box."

Eben bent over the toilet-table, and she saw the muscles of his chest slide and bulge as he stared. Then he gave a soft cry and flung himself down, shaking the little bed and their unborn child.

"He could have written, he could have come!" She heard so much, then she pulled his head to her breast, and hated Judson so that her teeth clenched from jealousy.

"Tell me," she said.

"I can't. I think of it every day; I'll die thinking of it."

So she knew why he had turned so fast from the altar and stared out over the perfumed church, and why his face at the wedding breakfast had frightened her. And she loved him, illogically, more than ever, racked for some hidden hour.

Their boy was born at Mamaroneck, and fat Arthur came out next day with an expensive coral teething-ring.

"Oh, gorgeous!" said Eben. "Jud'll be crazy over it. Take it up an' see if he yells."

Arthur shifted from foot to foot and twisted his mustache.

"I wrote Jud," he said.

Eben looked up from the ring and out past Arthur down the melting lawn to the roof of the church where the boy would be christened.

"Thank you. I'd—let's go up-stairs."

But Eben and his heir were the only Harlands at the christening. Marie put a jeweler's box and its cup away in her father's safe, saying nothing, and left it there when they moved to an apartment off Park Avenue.

Time passed. Men nodded to Eben in the streets and apologized, saying how much he looked like a young chap at their broker's down-town. He declined invitations to dinners at the Princeton Club. He avoided Wall Street, this easily enough. He had a sweetly painful morning when Marie bore him twin sons, and he was plagued by curly heads seen across theaters, wide shoulders that swung by in the twilight. He bought back Edgar's house near Gloucester, and wheeled little Jud along the crescent beach. His name went into "Who's Who" before Europe took to war, and he had bad nights remembering Jud's military passion. A great broker smirked to him at a dinner party over his brother.

"Travels for me. Customers think he's the best ever."

"He is," said Eben, proudly.

They had many friends, dull and interesting, and the babies had the proper diseases of babies, and Eben allowed a pastel of little Jud to appear in a Sunday edition, hoping that the smile for this would have no hate behind it. The daily pain gave birth to a deep ambition. Judson need not despise him. Art harpies shrugged and said he had no "temperament." His studio was as ascetic as a sick ward. Popular actors sent their valets to price portraits, ladies adjured him to give them some little thing for the Belgian relief.

"And I wish you'd be in the tableaux," said one, "in the Greek scene. Your brother is, and the pair of you—"

"I'm so sorry," Eben said.

He did not see the Greek scene. Marie did. He knew she would, and that night managed to look asleep when she came home. The photograph in the Sunday paper he laid carefully away in a desk of his studio. No dust gathered on it.

"A man would think you were twenty-six hundred 'stead of twenty-six," Arthur complained. "Why won't you go to the Marengo?"

"Such a jam," said Eben.

It would be hideous to meet Judson in a crowd. But he began to feel that he could endure this for the sake of knowing



“... and lived for eight months in Paris, while he studied under Roll”

that his brother's skin was still whitely smooth and his arms as full of grace. The spring sent his soul wandering, and he dreamed of his brother. They were no longer boys, and love had outlasted the old nearness; it might still leap a gate. In his dream he said to Judson: “You don't hate me. You can't.” And Judson changed the smile to a brother's grin.

“What makes you so restless?” asked Marie.

“Oh, I don't know. The rotten

weather, this Mexican row. Remember I was born in Texas.”

Marie wiped milk off young Arthur's chin.

“I've often thought what a fine soldier you'd make, dear. You're so self-controlled and you'd look so splendid. And your men would do anything for you.”

Eben blushed. He was perpetually surprised that she could love him at all, a man his own brother hated, a man who could lie in her breast and long for an

hour of mere talk with that brother. He kissed her humbly.

"If there is a row I sha'n't go," he said. "I'd worry about the kids an' you so I'd forget to shoot and get court-martialed."

"You never forget anything, Ben."

"No," Eben said; "I don't." Presently, because he would not dishonor her with a lie, he said:

"And it's worse than ever right now, my not forgetting. It's that that's making me so miserable. I can't help it, Ria."

"He's in this new thing," said Marie, "the armored motor battalion. Sid Waters told me."

How splendid he must look in khaki! Eben thought. Then all his imagination glittered to a scene of dusty cactus and the smile fixed on approaching death, the fair body.

"O Ben," cried his wife, "I should n't have told you!"

THAT night the newsboys had a fresh surprising bellow from the wire, and the next day a man in Washington called on the militia of the several States to protect the border.

"By gosh!" said Arthur, "do you see me sweating under a cactus-tree? Let's go to a revue to-night."

Eben assented. His girl model was sniffing for a brother in the Sixty-ninth, and Marie's eyes were gleaming at his face. He was in hell, sending out hourly for the extras that might tell him what regiments were under arms; and in the rainy glare of Broadway he saw Judson through their taxicab window, glorious in his khaki service cap on the guard of an open car splashed with uniforms. And he sat until dawn, his arms gripped under his knees, glaring at the dark.

"I can't work," he told Marie. "Have 'em tell the models to go to blazes."

The streets showed spurts of mustard cloth while he tramped, and he met men he knew, savagely irritated, uplifted, awkward in stiff belts. In his imagination he heard the trailed notes of the dead march; the volley of a burial squad came back from the shadow of Fort Leavenworth.

"Judson Harland, son of the late Captain Eben Harland, killed in action." It jerked before him on the rainfalls.

"He's nearly mad," said Marie to her brother later.

"So am I," Arthur said, his eyes scarred under with black. "If Jud goes and gets killed he'll never— You never saw them together. Don't say a word."

"Is he ordered?"

"Can't say. How can a man go on loving a fool that won't even come to his wedding? The—"

"He does. Let it go," said Marie, sternly.

THE next noon Eben woke with a lucid mind and a perfect resolve. He belonged to Marie, to his sons, not to Judson, who had cast him away for a word or so, for a dollar's worth of green striped silk. It seemed quite clear. He must go on loving Judson, bear unconquered to the verge of being that high and holy warmth, guard it, cherish it, and protect it. He bathed in icy water and sat down at his desk.

"Dear Jud," he wrote, "I am sending this to your office as I can't find you in the telephone-book. Since this order to the militia was published I have been in a horrible state of mind. Come and see me before you go if you can bring yourself to it. I have never stopped thinking of you as my best and dearest friend, and nothing has altered my feeling for you. If you hate me so much that you cannot do this, I—"

A cloud passed over his brain, the pen broke in his fingers.

"O Lord!" he said, "he might n't even read it." He wrote: "I will put up with it the best I can, but I think more of you than of any one else in the world. Ben."

He addressed the envelop carefully, and put a special-delivery stamp upon it. His brain had become confused once more, and in cure of this he walked into the nursery before luncheon. Young Juddy was playing with a large red elephant, the twins were engrossed in their noontime orange-juice, and the Yankee nurse told Eben she thought it was real dreadful about this

war. Her brother was in the Seventy-first.

"Oh," said Eben, "that 's just down here at Thirty-fourth Street, the armory."

She was going down to see her brother, it appeared. Eben gave her his letter to post, and carried Juddy, plus the elephant, into the dining-room. He would have taken the twins also had that been sensible. He wanted anything dear about him for chains to his feet.

Mr. Letellier was lunching with them, and he began at once upon the war.

"By Jove!" he said, "Wilson can't get out of it now! No. We're in for it, dirty, ugly business."

"What kind of cock-tail do you want, sir?" gasped Eben by the side-board.

"Martini. Gives an old man quite a thrill, the boys down by the armory; and, by Jove! I had a turn. Come here, Grandson."

"What sort of turn, Dad?" asked Marie.

"Saw a young chap going into a hotel near, artillery clothes, big, strapping fellow. I thought it was Ben for a minute; dead image of him. That was why I asked you if he was here when I came in."

"That must have been Judson," said Eben, spilling gin on the Portuguese embroidery.

"Oh, yes, your brother. Well, you must be pretty worried," said Mr. Letellier, heartily.

"My name 's Judson," said Judson, reverting to his father's knee. "Why 'm I named Judson?"

"For your uncle, of course," Mr. Le-

tellier stated, steering the red elephant among the table covers.

"Yes, but why?" Juddy persisted, without interest.

Eben bent his lips on the soft head.

"Because he 's the finest man alive," he said softly. "Will you excuse me, sir? I 'd forgotten to 'phone some one."

He descended into Park Avenue and turned down the wide, rain-pooled street. It was quite empty; only shuttered windows looked upon his going. The June sun had burned through the oily clouds of the morning and lit the drenched flag of the armory tower. Even so far off he could see a mustard uniform on the steps before the arched grill, and the wet granite beckoned him. People strolled or scurried from the pausing trolleys. No one passed Eben as he walked, cursing himself, down the pleasant, wealthy street, and he reasoned that New York, the world, would be like this vacancy with Jud gone from it, a stolid desolation, a sunny tomb.

He came to the last block of the east side,

which ends at the armory corner in a lawn, iron fenced, with almost rural shrubs and a faded Tudor house, inept residue of some less urban day. Eben kept his eyes on the armory tower, stupidly archaic, crushing the vista of further commerce, and brushed his hand on the pickets of the iron fence. A man in uniform cut obliquely from the subway stairs and came toward him. The color brought his gaze down, and he saw Judson, his artillery cap a little pushed from his brow, the trim coat lining his unchanged splendor,



"Judson raised his hand in a gesture"

the smile of contentment on his mouth, six feet away.

All Eben's love and desperation broke into a sound. He clutched the square bar of the fence until it seemed hot.

"Damn you! That's right, go on smiling! Go on hating me all you like, Juddy! But I'm coming, too."

The smile was gone before he said so much, and Judson raised his hand in a gesture as if he thrust something away. He stared at Eben with black eyes.

"Hated you, Ben? Hate? I don't know—what do you mean?" His cap slid off, and he stooped to pick it up; held it, shaking, in one hand, put it on again, still staring. "I don't understand. I wrote you, and you did n't answer me. I waited—I'd been waiting for you hours in the station that day, and you cut me. I don't know what you mean."

"You wrote me! No, Juddy, you did n't!"

"I did! I did!" cried Judson, beating his fist on the iron. "I did! That afternoon! I posted it myself. I can tell you what I wrote. And you never said you'd forgive me; that you saw how it was. And you cut me! Could n't you see? I was crazy that morning in Gloucester. You were going away, and I was sick, sick as a dog. It was those damned doughnuts."

Eben shook his head because seeing Jud's face tore him, and hearing Jud speak washed him of years.

"I never got any letter, Juddy. You've got to believe that. And seeing you smile that way in the station, I thought you were done with me. What did you say?"

Judson shut his eyes and bit his lip. Two tears had run down his cheeks, and the drying path of them gleamed.

"Just a sec. I can tell you exactly every word. Just a minute, Ben. It went—this way."

Eben listened as the voice dropped word after word, nodding to the throb of it.

"I never got it, Juddy. Why did you smile at me that day in the station? I'd been waiting all fall. I was going to try to—soften you down somehow and show you I was all right—get you back—"

"Get me back! I was going to get you back. You mean to say you were n't angry? I don't see how you were n't. How could I help smiling? I'd been waiting hours."

His eyes were gray now, and the smile came back, bringing no shudder with it.

"And I," Eben put in quickly, "was going down to enlist so I could be somewhere near you, see you maybe; not come back if you did n't. I wrote you just now, asking you to come to see me. It's gone to your office, Jud. You don't think I was ever angry! I was n't."

For a moment Judson was in heaven; then he groaned.

"You're not coming to Mexico? No! for God's sake—Ben, if you do still love me, stay home. It won't be long. Nothing'll happen to me. I'm as strong as a horse, and you've got your wife and kids and your shoulder. Yes, I know. I know all about you. I've kept people busy finding out about you. Ben, I phoned your place just now, and your wife told me you'd be back directly. I was just walking up; I swear I was."

He had surged in so close to Eben that their sleeves touched.

"You come along home with me, Juddy, and eat lunch. Ria's father's there. No, I won't go to Mexico. It may not be anything, anyhow. I've treated you like a dog. I won't hurt you again, ever. You have n't had lunch, have you?"

"I don't know. No, I have n't. I've got to be at the armory at ten."

"Well," said Eben, "it's not two yet. And—when do you go?"

"Search me. I fixed up my will in case—" He got into step with Eben, turning north. "Gave it to young Jud. He looks like us, does n't he? I saw a picture. But he won't get it for a long time. By George! it's raining again!"

They began to chatter, with proud side-wise glances to be sure of reality. But Eben, marching along, could not be quite sure. By and by his hand slipped into the crook of Judson's elbow and clung there as they walked up the quiet street.

France and America, Partners

By JULES BOIS

Author of "L'Eve nouvelle," "La Douleur d'aimer," etc.

THE great European War has already lasted long; it may still last long. Save for some unforeseen event, unhappily it can be brought to a close—and the fault is not ours—only through an increase of destruction.

But the world does not come to an end: it is simply transformed. Death is only one aspect of eternal life; destruction is only the troubled sleep of resurrections. Let us turn our eyes for a moment from this wild crisis. We know that it will end in the triumph of right. Let us try from now on not to picture in mind a theoretical renaissance of the dreams of visionaries, but to correct the balance-sheet of our deficits, to face our difficulties like men, and, recognizing our mistakes and meditating on our faults, strive to escape their recurrence. Let us seek the remedies that exist for all ills.

But how reconstruct? Reconstruct the body and the soul? It is not too early to consider all this, because it will demand much time and attention. We must deliberate, discuss, exercise our critical faculties, cultivate enthusiasm, coördinate our endeavors. During peace Germany had prepared for war; we must not await the end of war to prepare for peace.

WHEN the husbandman sees his fields laid waste by hail, storm, drought, or fire, if he is wise he does not wring his hands, curse the heavens, or collapse in fruitless despair; but he turns to his granaries, where in years of abundance he has put aside a reserve store of wheat and provender, and at once prepares for a new sowing and a new harvest. In just such a sense Europe has a granary—a granary that has made itself. America is that granary.

For several centuries certain men, fired

by the love of adventure or impatient at the restraint imposed on them by old laws or too constricted territory, have crossed the Atlantic to form themselves into a new nation, freer, more energetic, more idealistic, and at the same time more practical, settling there in an immense land the degenerate natives of which, in their ignorance of any way to turn it to the best account, had left barren of man's cultivation.

Sometimes these hardy pioneers had sought unknown regions under the spur of persecution; sometimes they had gone through a longing for adventure, drawn to the New World by the great expectations it held out. They were not exiled; they uprooted themselves from their country's soil, impelled by that migratory impulse that in the past as well as to-day has always been the point of departure of new civilizations.

Now, these men, after having won their independence through a foreign war, and cemented their different racial tendencies and aspirations by civil war, have enjoyed and continue to enjoy a security and prosperity that their native lands no longer know. But although they are Americans and only Americans, they cannot forget, and ought not forget, that their ancestors were Europeans. Most certainly they have worked out their own destiny in the New World: they have cleared the land and peopled the wilderness, with their own hands they have built opulent and flourishing cities that rival the most famous cities of ancient times; but this stupendous economical and moral development they have accomplished well through the European training and culture that they carried with them, and which have brought forth results wholly unexpected.