

Back at our inn Feudin returned my visit by coming for a few moments into my room. It was long past midnight. The room was thick with insects. They had clustered around the corner of the beams of the ceiling and buzzed out swarming by the thousands. Seizing a gipsy broom standing against the wall, I dipped into a corner made by two joints of beams to clean out a nest of wasps and spiders. Feudin grasped my arm.

"Don't!" he cried.

"Why?"

"The age-long dirt and dust laid in between these beams holds them together."

And catching himself as if he had

said more than he had intended to, Feudin added: "That you should understand the soul of the Arab better than you can speak his tongue and still understand so little!" And he left the room without wishing me good night.

From afar, the Muezzin was calling the faithful to prayer again. The tinkling of the camels' bells was awakening the early rising city to its labors. Damascus was awake again. Night had merged with day. A horse neighed. A moment later Feudin was galloping away to the echo of the clatter of his stallion's hoofs upon the pavement of the roofed street.

## OCTOBER

*In Grammercy Park*

EDNA YOST

The crescent of a late October moon  
Sheds frigid light where once the pregnant sun  
Warmed into birth the lavish gifts of June.  
But summer now is done.

The brittle night gives promise of the frost,  
The icy air is biting with its sting.  
No colder than the heart of mine that's lost  
The promise of the spring.

October now. Embers where once was fire.  
Cold and the moon where once was flaming sun.  
Darkness and night. Mute omen of things dire.  
And Death when Love is done.

# GROVER CLEVELAND

## *Intimate Unpublished Recollections*

WILLIAM GORHAM RICE

“WE’LL go down and measure the woodpile,” said the lately elected sheriff to a campaign supporter who had brought in a bill for twenty cords of wood. The pile was measured; it showed only eighteen cords, and the sheriff rejected the bill. “But I’m a member of the Democratic County Committee,” said the seller. “Nobody before ever questioned a bill of mine!” The sheriff’s reply was, “But eighteen isn’t twenty.” And eighteen cords was all the county paid for.

A contractor, prominent in party affairs, delivered half a dozen barrels of flour to the county-jail kitchen. The sheriff looked at the flour, saw it was not of the best grade, which was called for in the contract, said briefly, “Sweepings!” and declined to accept it. “It’s good enough for jailbirds,” retorted the contractor. “You agreed to supply ‘A 1’ and that’s what it’s got to be,” was the sheriff’s reply. And the jail inmates had bread made of “A 1” flour while that sheriff was in office.

The time was 1870; the scene, Buffalo; the sheriff, Grover Cleveland. And my notes show that these stories were told to me nine years ago; the first by Charley Miller, once the genial proprietor of nearly all the Buffalo city-hacks, and the second

by George Urban, Jr., a well-known western New York maltster.

How did it happen that Cleveland, a young lawyer esteemed for his excellent judgment and great industry, with apparently an assured future in his profession, should have cared to run for the office of Sheriff of Erie County, New York? Cleveland himself, in a letter sent before he had made up his mind that he would run, has answered the question. The letter was to his friend, William Dorsheimer, later lieutenant-governor, and in it he submitted his case in very human and understandable language. He wrote:

“I know that it is not usual for lawyers to be sheriffs, but I have been compelled to earn my living since I was seventeen. I have never had time for reading, nor for thorough professional study. The sheriff’s office would take me out of practice, but it would keep me about the courts, and in professional relations. It would give me considerable leisure, which I could devote to self-improvement. Besides, it would enable me to save and so give me thereafter a measure of pecuniary independence.”

Dorsheimer thought the reasons good and supported Cleveland’s candidacy for sheriff, the first office to