

Shelton, now lies, and the old Indian fields and forts on the point between the two, where busy Birmingham long since established her reputation for industry, lift their voices in evidence. It is not possible to measure the distance between a cluster of wigwams on the quiet hill-side and the long lines of brick factories with their din and roar; but when the turning of the soil puts a stone pestle or arrow-head into the white hand of to-day, it feels the touch of the red brother's. "We measure time by heart-throbs, not by figures on the dial."

In many things the aim of the present is to reproduce the past. But the line and plummet of the most faithful of archi-

tects can no more make the new house like the old model than the theatrical make-up can transform the young man into an old one. The result may be admired as a work of art, but it is not nature. The touch of time gives a sag to the tent pole, a suggestion of waviness in outline, and a rounding of angles that the tool of man tries in vain to reproduce. And the old house has a human interest that cannot be obtained by opening a wide door and letting out a troop of children to play on the porch. It is like a man full of years and honors, whose mental vision sees the empty places filled with those "loved long since and lost awhile."

THE WORLD OF CHANCE.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XVII.

IN the front room the little assemblage had the effect of some small religious sect. The people were plainly dressed in a sort of keeping with their serious faces; there was one girl who had no sign of a ribbon or lace about her, and looked like a rather athletic boy in her short hair and black felt hat, and her jacket buttoned to her throat. She sat with her hands in the side pockets of her coat, and her feet pushed out beyond the hem of her skirt. There were several men of a foreign type, with beards pointed and parted; an American, who looked like a school-master, and whose mouth worked up into his cheek at one side with a sort of mechanical smile when he talked, sat near a man who was so bald as not to have even a spear of hair anywhere on his head. The rest were people who took a color of oddity from these types; a second glance showed them to be of the average humanity; and their dress and its fashion showed them to be of simple condition. They were attired with a Sunday consciousness and cleanliness, though one gentleman whose coat sleeves and seams were brilliant with long use looked as if he would be the better for a little benzining, where his mustache had dropped soup and coffee on his waistcoat; he had prominent eyes, with a straining, near-sighted look.

Kane sat among them with an air at once alert and aloof; his arms were folded, and he glanced around from one to

another with grave interest. They were all listening, when Ray came in, to a young man who was upholding the single-tax theory, with confidence and with eagerness, as something which in its operation would release the individual energies to free play and to real competition. Hughes broke in upon him.

"That is precisely what I object to in your theory. I don't *want* that devil released. Competition is the Afreet that the forces of civilization have bottled up after a desperate struggle, and he is always making fine promises of what he will do for you if you will let him out. The fact is he will do nothing but mischief, because that is his nature. He is Beelzebub, he is Satan; in the Miltonic fable he attempted to compete with the Almighty for the rule of heaven; and the fallen angels have been taking the consequence ever since. Monopoly is the only prosperity. Where competition is there can be finally nothing but disaster and defeat for one side or another. That is self-evident. Nothing succeeds till it begins to be a monopoly. This holds good from the lowest to the highest endeavor—from the commercial to the æsthetic, from the huckster to the artist. As long, for instance, as an author is young and poor"—Ray felt, looking down, that the speaker's eye turned on him—"he must compete, and his work must be deformed by the struggle; when it becomes known that he alone can do his kind of work, he

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monopolizes and prospers in the full measure of his powers; and he realizes his ideal unrestrictedly. Competition enslaves, monopoly liberates. We must, therefore, have the greatest possible monopoly, one that includes the whole people economically as they are now included politically. Try to think of competition in the political administration as we now have it in the industrial. It isn't thinkable! Or, yes! They do have it in those Eastern countries where the taxes are farmed to the highest bidder, and the tax-payer's life is ground out of him."

"I think," said the school-masterly-looking man, "we all feel this instinctively. The trusts and the syndicates are doing our work for us as rapidly as we could ask."

A voice, with a German heaviness of accent, came from one of the foreigners. "But they are not doing it for our sake, and they mean to stop distinctly short of the whole-people trust. As far back as Louis Napoleon's rise we were expecting the growth of the corporate industries to accomplish our purposes for us. But between the corporation and the collectivity there is a gulf, a chasm that has never yet been passed."

"We must bridge it!" cried Hughes.

A young man, with a clean-cut English intonation, asked, "Why not fill it up with capitalists?"

"No," said Hughes; "our cause should recognize no class as enemies."

"I don't think it matters much to them whether we recognize them or not, if we let them have their own way," said the young man, whose cockney origin betrayed itself in an occasional vowel and aspirate.

"We shall not let them have their own way unless it is the way of the majority too," Hughes returned. "From my point of view they are simply and purely a part of the movement, as entirely so as the proletariat."

"The difficulty will be to get them to take your point of view," the young man suggested.

"It isn't necessary they should," Hughes answered, "though some of them do already. Several of the best friends of our cause are capitalists; and there are large numbers of moneyed people who believe in the nationalization of the telegraphs, railroads, and expresses."

"Those are merely the first steps," urged the young man. "which may lead now're."

"They are the first steps," said Hughes, "and they are not to be taken over the bodies of men. We must advance together as brothers, marching abreast, to the music of our own heart-beats."

"Good!" said Kane. Ray did not know whether he said it ironically or not. It made the short-haired girl turn round and look at him where he sat behind her.

"We in Russia," said another of the foreign-looking people, "have seen the futility of violence. The only force that finally prevails is love; and we must employ it with those that can feel it best, with the little children. The adult world is hopeless; but with the next generation we may do something—everything. The highest office is the teacher's, but we must become as little children if we would teach them, who are of the kingdom of heaven. We must begin by learning of them."

"It appears rather complicated," said the young Englishman, gayly, and Ray heard Kane choke off a laugh into a kind of snort.

"Christ said He came to call sinners to repentance," said the man who would have been the better for benzining. "He evidently thought there was some hope of grown-up people if they would cease to do evil."

"And several of the disciples were elderly men," the short-haired girl put in.

"Our Russian friend's idea seems to be a version of our Indian policy," said Kane. "Good adults, dead adults."

"No, no. You don't understand, all of you—" the Russian began, but Hughes interrupted him.

"How would you deal with the children?"

"In communities, here, at the heart of the trouble, and also in the West, where they could be easily made self-supporting."

"I don't believe in communities," said Hughes. "If anything in the world has thoroughly failed it is communities. They have failed all the more lamentably when they have succeeded financially, because that sort of success comes from competition with the world outside. A community is an aggrandized individual; it is the extension of the egoistic motive to a large family, which looks out for its own good against other families, just as a small

family does. I have had enough of communities. The family we hope to found must include all men who are willing to work; it must recognize no aliens except the drones, and the drones must not be suffered to continue. They must either cease to exist by going to work, or by starving to death. But this great family—the real human family—must be no agglutinated structure, no mere federation of trades-unions; it must be a natural growth from indigenous stocks, which will gradually displace individual and corporate enterprises by pushing its roots and its branches out under and over them till they have no longer earth or air to live in. It will then slowly possess itself of the whole field of production and distribution.”

“*Very slowly*,” said the young Englishman; and he laughed.

The debate went on, and it seemed as if there were almost as many opinions as there were people present. At times it interested Ray; at times it bored him; but at all times he kept thinking that if he could get those queer zealots into a book they would be amusing material, though he shuddered to find himself personally among them. Hughes coughed painfully in the air thickened with many breaths, and the windows had to be opened for him; then the rush of the elevated trains filled the room, and the windows were shut again. After one of these interludes, Ray was aware of Hughes appealing to some one in the same tone in which he had asked him to go and send in his whiskey and milk; he looked up, and saw that Hughes was appealing to him.

“Young man, have you nothing to say on all these questions? Is it possible that you have not thought of them?”

Ray was so startled that for a moment he could not speak. Then he said, hardily, but in the frank spirit of the discussion, “No, I have never thought of them at all.”

“It is time you did,” said Hughes. “All other interests must yield to them. We can have no true art, no real literature, no science worthy the name, till the money stamp of egoism is effaced from success, and it is honored, not paid.”

The others turned and stared at Ray; old Kane arched his eyebrows at him, and made rings of white round his eyes; he pursed his mouth as if he would like

to laugh. Ray saw Mrs. Denton put her hand on her mouth; her husband glowered silently; her sister sat with down-cast eyes.

Hughes went on: “I find it easier to forgive enmity than indifference; he who is not for us is against us in the worst sense. Our cause has a sacred claim upon all generous and enlightened spirits; they are recreant if they neglect it. But we must be patient, even with indifference; it is hard to bear, but we cannot fight it, and we must bear it. Nothing has astonished me more, since my return to the world, than to find the great mass of men living on as when I left it, in besotted indifference to the vital interests of the hour. I find the politicians still talking of the tariff, just as they used to talk: low tariff and cheap clothes for the working-man; high tariff and large wages for the working-man. Whether we have high tariff or low, the working-man always wins. But he does not seem to prosper. He is poor; he is badly fed and housed; when he is out of work, he starves in his den till he is evicted with a ruthlessness unknown in the history of Irish oppression. Neither party means to do anything for the working-man, and he hasn't risen himself yet to the conception of anything more philosophical than more pay and fewer hours.”

A sad-faced man spoke from a corner of the room. “We must have time to think, and something to eat to-day. We can't wait till to-morrow.”

“That is true,” Hughes answered. “Many must perish by the way. But we must have patience.”

His son-in-law spoke up, and his gloomy face darkened. “I have no heart for patience. When I see people perishing by the way, I ask myself how they shall be saved, not some other time, but now. Some one is guilty of the wrong they suffer. How shall the sin be remitted?” His voice shook with fanatical passion.

“We must have patience,” Hughes repeated. “We are all guilty.”

“It would be a good thing,” said the man with the German accent, “if the low-tariff men would really cut off the duties. The high-tariff men don't put wages up because they have protection, but they would surely put them down if they didn't have it. Then you would see labor troubles everywhere.”

“Yes,” said Hughes; “but such hopes

as that would make me hate the cause, if anything could. Evil that good may come? Never! Always good, and good for evil, that the good may come more and more! We must have the true America in the true American way, by reasons, by votes, by laws, and not otherwise."

The spirit which he rebuked had unlocked the passions of those around him. Ray had a vision of them in the stormy dispute which followed, as waves beating and dashing upon the old man; the head of the perfectly bald man was like a buoy among the breakers, as it turned and bobbed about, in his eagerness to follow all that was said.

Suddenly the impulses spent themselves and a calm succeeded. One of the men looked at his watch; they all rose one after another to go.

Hughes held them a little longer. "I don't believe the good time is so far off as we are apt to think in our indignation at wrong. It is coming soon, and its mere approach will bring sensible relief. We must have courage and patience."

Ray and Kane went away together. Mrs. Denton looked at him with demure question in her eyes when they parted; Peace imparted no feeling in her still glance. Hughes took Ray's little hand in his large, loose grasp, and said.

"Come again, young man; come again!"

XVIII.

"If ever I come again," Ray vowed to himself, when he got into the street, "I think I shall know it!" He abhorred all sorts of social outlandishness; he had always wished to be conformed, without and within, to the great world of smooth respectabilities. If for the present he was willing to Bohemianize a little, it was in his quality of author, and as part of a world-old tradition. To have been mixed up with a lot of howling dervishes like those people was intolerable. He tingled with a sense of personal injury from Hughes's asking him to take part in their discussion; and he was all the angrier because he could not resent it, even to Kane, on account of that young girl, who could not let him see that it distressed her. too; he felt bound to her by the tie of favor done which he must not allow to become painful.

He knew, as they walked rapidly down the avenue, crazy with the trains hurtling

by over the jingling horse-cars and the clattering holiday crowds, that old Kane was seeking out his with eyes brimming with laughter, but he would not look at him, and he would not see any fun in the affair. He would not speak, and he held his tongue the more resolutely because he believed Kane meant to make him speak first.

He had his way; it was Kane who broke the silence, after they left the avenue, and struck into one of the cross-streets leading to the Park. Piles of lumber and barrels of cement blocked two-thirds of its space, in front of half-built houses, which yawned upon it from cavernous depths. Boys were playing over the boards and barrels, and on the rocky hill-side behind the houses, where a portable engine stood at Sunday rest, and tall derricks rose and stretched their idle arms abroad. At the top of the hill a row of brown-stone fronts looked serenely down upon the havoc of stone thrown up by the blasting, as if it were a quiet pleasance.

"Amiable prospect, isn't it?" said Kane. "It looks as if Hughes's Afreet has got out of his bottle, and had a good time here, holding on for a rise, and then building on spec. But perhaps we oughtn't to judge of it at this stage, when everything is in transition. Think how beautiful it will be when it is all solidly built up here as it is down-town!" He passed his hand through Ray's lax arm, and leaned affectionately toward him as they walked on, after a little pause he made for this remark on the scenery. "Well, my dear young friend, what do you think of my dear old friend?"

"Of Mr. Hughes?" Ray asked, and he restrained himself in a pretended question.

"Of Mr. Hughes, and of Mr. Hughes's friends."

Ray flashed out upon this. "I think his friends are a lot of cranks."

"Yes; very good; very excellent good! They *are* cranks. Are they the first you have met in New York?"

"No; the place seems to be full of them."

"Beginning with the elderly gentleman whom you met the first morning?"

"Beginning with the young man who met the elderly gentleman."

Kane smiled with appreciation. "Well, we won't be harsh on those two. We won't call *them* cranks. They are philosophical observers, or inspired dreamers, if you like. As I understand it we

are all dreamers. If we like a man's dream, we call him a prophet; if we don't like his dream, we call him a crank. Now, what is the matter with the dreams, severally and collectively, of my dear old friend and his friends? Can you deny that any one of their remedies, if taken faithfully according to the directions blown on the bottle, would cure the world of all its woes inside of six months?"

The question gave Ray a chance to vent his vexation impersonally. "What is the matter with the world?" he burst out. "I don't see that the world is so very sick. Why isn't it going on very well? I don't understand what this talk is all about. I don't see what those people have got to complain of. All any one can ask is a fair chance to show how much his work is worth, and let the best man win. What's the trouble? Where's the wrong?"

"Ah," said Kane, "what a pity you didn't set forth those ideas when Hughes called upon you!"

"And have all that crew jump on me? Thank you!" said Ray.

"You would call them a crew, then? Perhaps they were a crew," said Kane. "I don't know why a reformer should be so grotesque; but he is, and he is always the easy prey of caricature. I couldn't help feeling to-day how very like the burlesque reformers the real reformers are. And they are always the same, from generation to generation. For all outward difference, those men and brethren of both sexes at poor David's were very like a group of old-time abolitionists conscientiously qualifying themselves for tar and feathers. Perhaps you don't like being spoken to in meeting?"

"No, I don't," said Ray, bluntly.

"I fancied a certain reluctance in you at the time, but I don't think poor David meant any harm. He preaches patience, but I think he secretly feels that he's got to hurry, if he's going to have the kingdom of heaven on earth; and he wants every one to lend a hand."

For the reason, or from the instinct, that forbade Ray to let out his wrath directly against Hughes, he now concealed his pity. He asked stiffly: "Couldn't he be got into some better place? Where he wouldn't be stunned when he tried to keep from suffocating?"

"No, I don't know that he could," said Kane, with a pensive singleness rare in him. "Any help of that kind would

mean dependence, and David Hughes is proud."

They had passed through lofty ranks of flats, and they now came to the viaduct carrying the northern railways; one of its noble arches opened before them like a city gate, and the viaduct in its massy extent was like a wall that had stood a hundred sieges. Beyond they found open fields, with the old farm fences of stone still enclosing them, but with the cellars of city blocks dug out of the lots. In one place there was a spread of low sheds, neighbored by towering apartment-houses; some old cart-horses were cropping the belated grass; and comfortable companies of hens and groups of turkeys were picking about the stable-yard; a shambling cottage fronted on the avenue next the park, and drooped behind its dusty, leafless vines.

"He might be got into that," said Kane, whimsically, "at no increase of rent, and at much increase of comfort and quiet—at least till the Afreet began to get in his work."

"Wouldn't it be rather too much like that eremitism which he's so down on?" asked Ray, with a persistence in his effect of indifference.

"Perhaps it would, perhaps it would," Kane consented, as they struck across into the Park. The grass was still very green, though here and there a little sallow; the leaves, which had dropped from the trees in the October rains, had lost their fire, and lay dull and brown in the little hollows and at the edges of the paths and the bases of the rocks; the oaks kept theirs, but in death; on some of the ash-trees and lindens the leaves hung in a pale reminiscence of their summer green.

"I understood the son-in-law to want a hermitage somewhere—a co-operative hermitage, I suppose," Ray went on. He did not feel bound to spare the son-in-law, and he put contempt into his tone.

"Ah, yes," said Kane. "What did you make of the son-in-law?"

"I don't know. He's a gloomy sprite. What is he, anyway? His wife spoke of his work."

"Why, it's rather a romantic story, I believe," said Kane. "He was a young fellow who stopped at the community on his way to a place where he was going to find work; he's a wood-engraver. I believe he's always had the notion that the

world was out of kilter, and it seems that he wasn't very well himself when he looked in on the Family to see what they were doing to help it. He fell sick on their hands, and the Hugheses took care of him. Naturally he married one of them when he got well enough, and naturally he married the wrong one."

"Why the wrong one?" demanded Ray, with an obscure discomfort.

"Well, I don't know! But if it isn't evident to you that Mrs. Denton is hardly fitted to be the guide, philosopher, and friend of such a man—"

Ray would not pursue this branch of the inquiry. "*His* notion of what the world wanted was to have its cities eliminated. Then he thought it would be all serene."

"Ah, that wouldn't do," said Kane. "Cities are a vice, but they are essential to us now. We could not live without them; perhaps we are to be saved by them. But it is well to return to Nature from time to time."

"I thought I heard you saying some rather disparaging things of Nature a little while ago," said Ray, with a remaining grudge against Kane, and with a young man's willingness to convict his elder of any inconsistency, serious or unserious.

"Oh, primeval Nature, yes. But I have nothing but praise for this kind—the kind that man controls and guides. It is outlaw Nature that I object to, the savage survival from chaos, the mother of earthquakes and cyclones, blizzards and untimely frosts, inundations and indigestions. But ordered Nature—the Nature of the rolling year; night and day, and seed-time and harvest—"

"The seasons," Ray broke in, scornfully, from the resentment still souring in his soul, "turn themselves upside down and wrong end to, about as often as financial panics occur, and the farmer that has to rely on them is as apt to get left as the husbandman that sows and reaps in Wall Street."

"Ah!" sighed Kane. "That was well said. I wish I had thought of it for my second series of *Hard Sayings*."

"Oh, you're welcome to it!"

"Are you so rich in paradoxes? But I will contrive to credit it somehow to the gifted author of *A New Romeo*. Is that what you call it?"

Ray blushed and laughed, and Kane continued.

"It's a little beyond the fact, but it's on

the lines of truth. I don't justify Nature altogether. She is not free from certain little foibles, caprices; perhaps that's why we call her *she*. But I don't think that, with all her faults, she's quite so bad as Business. In that we seem to have gone to Nature for her defects. Why copy her weakness and bad faith? Why not study her steadfastness, her orderliness, her obedience in laying the bases of civilization? We don't go to her for the justification of murder, incest, robbery, gluttony, though you can find them all in her. We have our little prejudice against these things, and we seem to derive it from somewhere outside of what we call Nature. Why not go to that Somewhere for the law of economic life? But come," Kane broke off, gayly, "let us babble of green fields; as for God, God, I hope we have no need to think of such things yet. Please Heaven, our noses are not as sharp as pens, by a long way. I don't wonder you find it a beautiful and beneficent world, in spite of our friends yonder, who want to make it prettier and better, in their way." Kane put his arm across Ray's shoulder, and pulled him affectionately towards him. "Are you vexed with me for having introduced you to those people? I have been imagining something of the kind."

"Oh, no—" Ray began.

"I didn't really mean to stay for Hughes's conventicle," said Kane. "Chapley was wise, and went in time, before he could feel the wild charm of those visionaries; it was too much for me; when they began to come, I *couldn't* go. I forgot how repugnant the golden age has always been to the heart of youth, which likes the nineteenth century much better. The fact is, I forgot that I had brought you till it was too late to take you away."

He laughed, and Ray, more reluctantly, laughed with him.

"I have often wondered," he went on, "how it is we lose the youthful point of view. We have it some night, and the next morning we haven't it; and we can hardly remember what it was. I don't suppose you could tell me what the youthful point of view of the present day is, though I should recognize that of forty years ago. I—"

He broke off to look at a party of horsemen pelting by on the stretch of the smooth hard road, and dashing into a bridle-path beyond. They were heavy

young fellows, mounted on perfectly groomed trotters, whose round haunches trembled and dimpled with their hard pace.

"Perhaps *that* is the youthful point of view now: the healthy, the wealthy, the physically strong, the materially rich. Well, I think ours was better; pallid and poor in person and in purse as we imagined the condition of the ideal man to be. There is something," said Kane, "a little more expressive of the insolence of money in one of those brutes than in the most glittering carriage and pair. I think if I had in me the material for really hating a fellow-man, I should apply it to the detestation of the rider of one of those animals. But I haven't. I am not in prospective need even, and I am at the moment no hungrier than a gentleman ought to be who is going to lunch with a lady in the Mandan Flats. By-the-way! Why shouldn't you come with me? They would be delighted to see you. A brilliant young widow, with a pretty step-daughter, is not to be lunched with every day, and I can answer for your welcome."

Ray freed himself. "I'm sorry I can't go. But I can't. You must excuse me; I really couldn't; I am very much obliged to you. But—"

"You don't trust me!"

"Oh, yes, I do. But I don't feel quite up to meeting people just now. I'll push on down town. I'm rather tired. Good-by."

Kane held his hand between both his palms. "I wonder what the real reason is! Is it grudge, or pride, or youth?"

"Neither," said Ray. "It's—clothes. My boots are muddy, and I've got on my second-best trousers."

"Ah, now you are frank with me, and you give me a real reason. Perhaps you are right. I dare say I should have thought so once."

XIX.

Ray did not go to deliver any of his letters that afternoon; he decided now that it would be out of taste to do so on Sunday, as he had already doubted that it would be, in the morning. He passed the afternoon in his room, trying from time to time to reduce the turmoil of his reveries to intelligible terms in verse, and in poetic prose. He did nothing with them; in the end, though, he was aware of a new ideal, and he resolved that if he

could get his story back from Chapley & Co., he would rewrite the passages that characterized the heroine, and make it less like the every-day, simple prettiness of his first love. He had always known that this did not suit the character he had imagined; he now saw that it required a more complex and mystical charm. But he did not allow himself to formulate these volitions and perceptions, any more than his conviction that he had now a double reason for keeping away from Mr. Brandreth and from Miss Hughes. He spent the week in a sort of ecstasy of forbearance. On Saturday afternoon he feigned the necessity of going to ask Mr. Brandreth how he thought a novel in verse, treating a strictly American subject in a fantastic way, would succeed. He really wished to learn something without seeming to wish it about his manuscript, but he called so late in the afternoon that he found Mr. Brandreth putting his desk in order just before starting home. He professed a great pleasure at sight of Ray, and said he wished he would come part of the way home with him: he wanted to have a little talk.

As if the word home had roused the latent forces of hospitality in him, he added, "I want to have you up at my place, some day, as soon as we can get turned round. Mrs. Brandreth is doing first-rate, now; and that boy—well, sir, he's a perfect Titan. I wish you could see him undressed. He's just like the figure of the infant Hercules strangling the serpent when he grips the nurse's finger. I know it sounds ridiculous, but I believe that fellow recognizes me, and distinguishes between me and his mother. I suppose it's my hat—I come in with my hat on, you know, just to try him; and when he catches sight of that hat, you ought to see his arms go!"

The paternal rhapsodies continued a long time after they were in the street, and Ray got no chance to bring in either his real or pretended business. He listened with mechanical smiles and hollow laughter, alert at the same time for the slightest vantage which Mr. Brandreth should give him. But the publisher said of his own motion,

"Oh, by-the-way, you'll be interested to know that our readers' reports on your story are in."

"Are they?" Ray gasped. He could not get out any more.

Mr. Brandreth went on: "I didn't examine the reports very attentively myself, but I think they were favorable, on the whole. There were several changes suggested; I don't recall just what. But you can see them all on Monday. We let Miss Hughes go after lunch on Saturdays, and she generally takes some work home with her, and I gave them to her to put in shape for you. I thought it would be rather instructive for you to see the different opinions in the right form. I believe you can't have too much method in these things."

"Of course," said Ray, in an anguish of hope and fear. The street seemed to go round; he hardly knew where he was. He bungled on inarticulately before he could say: "I believe in method, too. But I'm sorry I couldn't have had the reports to-day, because I might have had Sunday to think the suggestions over, and see what I could do with them."

"Well, I'm sorry, too. She hadn't been gone half an hour when you came in. If I'd thought of your happening in! Well, it isn't very long till Monday! She'll have them ready by that time. I make it a rule myself to put all business out of my mind from 2 P.M. on Saturday till Monday 9 A.M., and I think you'll find it an advantage, too. I won't do business, and I won't talk business, and I won't think business after 2 o'clock on Saturday. I believe in making Sunday a day of rest and family enjoyment. We have an early dinner; and then I like to have my wife read or play to me, and now we have in the baby and that amuses us."

Ray forced himself to say that as a rule he did not believe in working on Sunday either; he usually wrote letters. He abruptly asked Mr. Brandreth how he thought it would do for him to go and ask Miss Hughes for a sight of the readers' reports in the rough.

Mr. Brandreth laughed. "You *are* anxious! Do you know where she lives?"

"Oh, yes; I stopped there last Sunday with Mr. Kane on our way to the Park. I saw Mr. Chapley there."

"Oh!" said Mr. Brandreth, with the effect of being arrested by the last fact in something he might otherwise have said. It seemed to make him rather unhappy. "Then you saw Miss Hughes's father?"

"Yes; and all his friends," Ray answered, in a way that evidently encouraged Mr. Brandreth to go on.

"Yes? What did you think of them?"

"I thought they were mostly harmless; but one or two of them ought to have been in the violent wards."

"Did Mr. Chapley meet them?"

"Oh, no; he went away before any of them came in. As Mr. Kane took me, I had to stay with him."

Mr. Brandreth got back a good deal of his smiling complacency, which had left him at Ray's mention of Mr. Chapley in connection with Hughes. "Mr. Chapley and Mr. Hughes are old friends."

"Yes; I understood something of that kind."

"They date back to the Brook Farm days together."

"Mr. Hughes is rather too much of the Hollingsworth type for my use," said Ray. He wished Mr. Brandreth to understand that he had no sympathy with Hughes's wild-cat philosophy, both because he had none, and because he believed it would be to his interest with Mr. Brandreth to have none.

"I've never seen him," said Mr. Brandreth. "I like Mr. Chapley's loyalty to his friends—it's one of his fine traits; but I don't see any necessity for my taking them up. He goes there every Sunday morning to see Mr. Hughes, and they talk—political economy together. You know Mr. Chapley has been a good deal interested in this altruistic agitation."

"No, I didn't," said Ray.

"Yes. You can't very well keep clear of it altogether. I was mixed up in it myself at one time: our summer place is on the outskirts of a manufacturing town in Massachusetts, and we had our *Romeo and Juliet* for the benefit of a social union for the work-people; we made over two hundred dollars for them. Mr. Chapley was a George man in '86. Not that he agreed with the George men exactly; but he thought there ought to be some expression against the way things are going. You know a good many of the nicest kind of people went the same way at that time. I don't object to that kind of thing as long as it isn't carried too far. Mr. Chapley used to see a good deal of an odd stick of a minister at our summer place that had got a good some of the new ideas in a pretty crooked kind of shape; and then he's read Tolstoi a good

deal, and he's been influenced by him. I think Hughes is a sort of safety-valve for Mr. Chapley, and that's what I tell the family. Mr. Chapley isn't a fool, and he's always had as good an eye for the main chance as anybody. That's all."

Ray divined that Mr. Brandreth would not have entered into this explanation of his senior partner and father-in-law, except to guard against the injurious inferences which he might draw from having met Mr. Chapley at Hughes's, but he did not let his guess appear in his words. "I don't wonder he likes Mr. Hughes," he said. "He's fine, and he seems a light of sanity and reason, among the jack-alanterns he gathers round him. He isn't at all Tolstoian."

"He's a gentleman, born and bred," said Mr. Brandreth, "and he was a rich man for the days before he began his communistic career. And Miss Hughes is a perfect lady. She's a cultivated girl too, and she reads a great deal. I'd rather have her opinion about a new book than half the critics' I know of, because I know I could get it honest, and I know it would be intelligent. Well, if you're going up there, you'll want to be getting across to the avenue, to take the elevated." He added, "I don't mean to give you the impression that we've made up our minds about your book, yet. We haven't. I've only glanced over the opinions of our readers, and I merely know that they're favorable to it in some respects from a literary point of view. But a book is a commercial venture as well as a literary venture, and we've got to have a powwow about that side of it before we come to any sort of conclusion. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand that," said Ray, "and I'll try not to be unreasonably hopeful," but at the same moment his heart leaped with hope.

"Well, that's right," said Mr. Brandreth, taking his hand for parting. He held it, and then he said, with a sort of desperate impulse, "By-the-way, why not come home with me, now, and take dinner with us?"

XX.

Ray's heart sank. He was so anxious to get at those opinions; and yet he did not like to refuse Mr. Brandreth; a little thing might prejudice the case; he ought to make all the favor at court that he could for his book. "I—I'm afraid it mightn't

be convenient—at such a time—for Mrs. Brandreth—"

"Oh, yes it would," said Mr. Brandreth in the same desperate note. "Come along. I don't know that Mrs. Brandreth will be able to see you, but I want you to see my boy; and we can have a bachelor bite together, anyway."

Ray yielded, and the stories of the baby began again when he moved on with Mr. Brandreth. It was agony for him to wrench his mind from his story, which he kept turning over and over in it, trying to imagine what the readers had differed about, and listen to Mr. Brandreth saying, "Yes, sir, I believe that child knows his grandmother and his nurse apart, as well as he knows his mother and me. He's got his likes and dislikes already: he cries whenever his grandmother takes him. By-the-way, you'll see Mrs. Chapley at dinner, I hope. She's spending the day with us."

"Oh, I'm very glad," said Ray, wondering if the readers objected to his introduction of hypnotism.

"She's a woman of the greatest character," said Mr. Brandreth, "but she has some old-fashioned notions about children. I want my boy to be trained as a boy from the very start. I think there's nothing like a manly man, unless it's a womanly woman. I hate anything masculine about a girl; a girl ought to be yielding and gentle; but I want my boy to be self-reliant from the word Go. I believe in a man's being master in his own house; his will ought to be law, and that's the way I shall bring up my boy. Mrs. Chapley thinks there ought always to be a light in the nurse's room, but I don't. I want my boy to get used to the dark, and not be afraid of it, and I shall begin just as soon as I can, without seeming arbitrary. Mrs. Chapley is the best soul in the world, and of course I don't like to differ with her."

"Of course," said Ray. The mention of relationship made him think of the cousin in his story; if he had not had the cousin killed, he thought it would have been better; there was too much bloodshed in the story.

They turned into a cross-street from Lexington Avenue, where they had been walking, and stopped at a pretty little apartment-house, which had its door painted black and a wide brass plate enclosing its key-hole, and wore that air of

standing aloof from its neighbors peculiar to private houses with black doors and brass plates.

Mr. Brandreth let himself in with a key. "There are only three families in our house, and it's like having a house of our own. It's so much easier living in a flat for your wife that I put my foot down, and wouldn't hear of a separate house."

They mounted the carpeted stairs through the twilight that prevails in such entries, and a sound of flying steps was heard within the door where Mr. Brandreth applied his latch-key again, and as he flung it open a long wail burst upon the ear.

"Hear that?" he asked, with a rapturous smile, as he turned to Ray for sympathy; and then he called gayly out in the direction that the wail came from: "Oh, hello, hello, hello! What's the matter, what's the matter? You sit down here," he said to Ray, leading the way forward into a pretty drawing-room. "Confound that nurse! She's always coming in here in spite of everything. I'll be with you in a moment. Heigh! What ails the little man?" he called out, and disappeared down the long narrow corridor, and he was gone a good while.

At moments Ray caught the sound of voices in hushed, but vehement dispute; a door slammed violently; there were murmurs of expostulation. At last Mr. Brandreth reappeared with his baby in his arms, and its nurse at his heels, twitching the infant's long robe into place.

"What do you think of that?" demanded the father, and Ray got to his feet and came near, so as to be able to see if he could think anything.

By an inspiration he was able to say, "Well, he *is* a great fellow!" and this apparently gave Mr. Brandreth perfect satisfaction. His son's downy little oblong skull wagged feebly on his weak neck; his arms waved vaguely before his face.

"Now give him your finger, and see if he won't do the infant Hercules act."

Ray promptly assumed the part of the serpent, but the infant Hercules would not open his tightly clinched, wandering fist.

"Try the other one," said his father; and Ray tried the other one with no more effect. "Well, he isn't in the humor; he'll do it for you some time. All right, little man!" He gave the baby, which had acquitted itself with so much distinc-

tion, back into the arms of its nurse, and it was taken away.

"Sit down, sit down!" he said, cheerily. "Mrs. Chapley will be in directly. It's astonishing," he said, with a twist of his head in the direction the baby had been taken, "but I believe those little things have their moods just like any of us. That fellow knows as well as you do, when he's wanted to show off, and if he isn't quite in the key for it, he won't do it. I wish I had tried him with my hat, and let you see how he notices."

Mr. Brandreth went on with anecdotes, theories, and moral reflections relating to the baby, and Ray answered with praise-ful murmurs and perfunctory cries of wonder. He was rescued from a situation which he found more and more difficult by the advent of Mrs. Chapley, and not of Mrs. Chapley alone, but of Mrs. Brandreth. She greeted Ray with a certain severity, which he instinctively divined was not so much for him as for her husband. A like quality imparted itself, but not so authoritatively, from her mother; if Mr. Brandreth was not master in his house, at least his mother-in-law was not. Mrs. Brandreth went about the room and made some housekeeperly rearrangements of its furniture, which had the result of reducing it, as it were, to discipline. Then she sat down, and Ray, whom she waited to have speak first, had a feeling that she was sitting in judgment on him, and the wish, if possible, to justify himself. He began to praise the baby, its beauty, and great size, and the likeness he professed to find in it to its father.

Mrs. Brandreth relented slightly. She said, with magnanimous impartiality, "It's a very *healthy* child."

Her mother made the reservation, "But even healthy children are a great care," and sighed.

The daughter must have found this intrusive. "Oh, I don't know that Percy is any great care as yet, mamma."

"He pays his way," Mr. Brandreth suggested, with a radiant smile. "At least," he corrected himself, "we shouldn't know what to do without him."

His wife said, dryly, as if the remark were in bad taste, "It's hardly a question of that, I think. Have you been long in New York, Mr. Ray?" she asked, with an abrupt turn to him.

"Only a few weeks," Ray answered, inwardly wondering how he could render

the fact propitiatory. "Everything is very curious and interesting to me as a country person," he added, deciding to make this sacrifice of himself.

It evidently availed somewhat. "But you don't mean that you are really from the country?" Mrs. Brandreth asked.

"I'm from Midland; and I suppose that's the country, compared with New York."

Mrs. Chapley asked him if he knew the Mayquays there. He tried to think of some people of that name; in the mean time she recollected that the Mayquays were from Gitchieegumee, Michigan. They talked some irrelevancies, and then she said, "Mr. Brandreth tells me you have *met* my husband," as if they had been talking of him.

"Yes; I had that pleasure even before I met Mr. Brandreth," said Ray.

"And you know Mr. Kane?"

"Oh, yes. He was the first acquaintance I made in New York."

"Mr. Brandreth told me." Mrs. Chapley made a show of laughing at the notion of Kane, as a harmless eccentric, and she had the effect of extending her kindly derision to Hughes in saying, "And you've been taken to sit at the feet of his prophet already, Mr. Brandreth tells me: that strange Mr. Hughes."

"I shouldn't have said he was Mr. Kane's prophet exactly," said Ray with a smile of sympathy. "Mr. Kane doesn't seem to need a prophet; but I've certainly seen Mr. Hughes. And heard him, for that matter." He smiled, recollecting his dismay when he heard Hughes calling upon him in meeting. He had a notion to describe his experience, and she gave him the chance.

"Yes?" she said, with veiled anxiety. "Do tell me about him!"

At the end of Ray's willing compliance, she drew a deep breath, and said, "Then he is *not* a follower of Tolstoï?"

"Quite the contrary, I should say."

Mrs. Chapley laughed more easily. "I didn't know but he made shoes that nobody could wear. I couldn't imagine what other attraction he could have for my husband. I believe he would really like to go into the country and work in the fields." Mrs. Chapley laughed away a latent anxiety, apparently, in making this joke about her husband, and seemed to feel much better acquainted with Ray. "How are they living over there? What sort of family has Mr. Hughes? I mean, besides the daughter we know of?"

Ray told, as well as he could, and he said they were living in an apartment.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Chapley, "I fancied a sort of tenement."

"By-the-way," said Mr. Brandreth, "wouldn't you like to see our apartment, Mr. Ray?"—his wife quelled him with a glance, and he added—"some time?"

Ray said he should, very much.

Mrs. Brandreth, like her mother, had been growing more and more clement, and now she said, "Won't you stay and take a family dinner with us, Mr. Ray?"

Ray looked at her husband, and saw that he had not told her of the invitation he had already given. He did not do so now, and Ray rose and seized his opportunity. He thanked Mrs. Brandreth very earnestly, and said he was so sorry he had an appointment to keep, and he got himself away at once.

Mrs. Chapley hospitably claimed him for her Thursdays, at parting; and Mrs. Brandreth said he must let Mr. Brandreth bring him some other day; they would always be glad to see him.

Mr. Brandreth went down to the outer door with him, to make sure that he found the way, and said, "Then you *will* come some time?" and gratefully wrung his hand. "I saw how anxious you were about those opinions!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW KENTUCKY BECAME A STATE.

BY GEORGE W. RANCK.

IT is not Kentucky's fault if the centennial of her admission into the Union comes in 1892, right alongside of the fourth centennial of the discovery of America. Congress is to blame for that. But, even a contrast with the tremendous achievement of the incomparable Colum-

bus cannot divest of its absorbing interest the romantic story of the founding of our first interior commonwealth.

Its very beginning was unique. The rise of a State and the establishment of the magnificent empire of the West were decreed when, on the 7th of June, 1769,