

# The Making of a Match

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MRS. HERRON sat at a small table in a hotel restaurant. Opposite her was Judge Finch, who had happened in.

"And Susan," the Judge was saying, "finds no one good enough for her?"

"Her cousin Matilda describes Susan's attitude as 'choosing.' Very 'choosing,' Susan is nowadays, Matilda says,—meaning apparently that she cannot seem to make a choice. We used to call it 'difficult.'"

"New girls, new language, but apparently the same situations."

"I don't know that Susan is a marrying girl. At any rate, she doesn't seem in the least uneasy in the single state."

"Oh, well, at twenty-four there's still hope. Susan must be about twenty-four now."

"Twenty-six her last birthday, and the spring and the summer have come and gone since then."

"Gracious! how years pile up! Twenty-six! and the spring has come and the summer is ended, and Susan is not yet saved from herself! Yet she must have opportunities!"

"Oh yes, opportunities a-plenty. Opportunities in town; opportunities in the country; steamer opportunities; opportunities abroad, and on the coast of Maine, and in Washington; late spring opportunities in Florida; private-car opportunities; opportunities in civil life, in business life; possible opportunities in the army and the navy, in the simple life and the life of leisure."

"Dear me! has the poor child been so pestered with followers? She must have formed the fatal habit of rejection."

"I don't mean that she has had such a myriad of offers. An opportunity does not necessarily imply an offer of marriage. Susan hates offers. She says they take away her appetite and make her head ache."

"She stands her possible suitors off betimes, then. I suppose that is possible."

"Usually it can be managed without much difficulty—at least it used to be so,—though sometimes it involves a change of base. There are mothers who have to pack their girls up and run away from detrimentals. I rather envy them. When I pack up and run it is because Susan demands a change of environment to save herself the trouble of discouraging some threatening aspirant, usually a fairly eligible one. I have stopped humoring her in that way. I tell her she must just make herself more disagreeable, for I am too old to go straggling about with a runaway daughter."

"Is she learning to put out her thorns?"

"I don't know. It seems to come hard for her to be unattractive. You see, the girl is clever and handsome and amiable, and these are not repellent attributes, however they are managed. I am just tired of her. I wish she would marry and done with it, and so does her father; though he dotes on her, and is less concerned about her offishness than I am, because he doesn't want to part with her. Neither do I, but she might better marry if she can suit herself, and for her own sake I wish she would."

"My heart bleeds for you in this trouble. If you think my Arthur might possibly suit her, it might be arranged. But would it suit you?"

"Why not? I'm reasonable enough. The trouble's with Susan. Arthur? What is the child like? Has he made you much trouble? How old is he?"

"He has made me trouble enough, but it has been chiefly the trouble of maintaining him and getting him taught his trade. He's twenty-eight: a suitable-enough age, and he's like— I don't know. He is a good, honest lad."

"Where has he kept himself? It seems a long time since I saw him last."

"He has been learning to be a doctor. He wound up at Vienna, where he stayed a year, and only got back and put his name out this summer."

"Poor you! How very long it takes now! Your back must ache with carrying him. I don't think Susan will ever marry a doctor. She will probably think that if she is going to have a man at all she must have a whole man to herself, and doctors never can call their souls, or their time, or anything, their own."

"I see; one trouble with Susan is that you have overindulged her. If you have brought her up to think she can have what she wants, no wonder you are in trouble. Do get over that idea. It's very generous in me to suggest Arthur at all. Of course it is no more than a suggestion. If you accepted, I could not contract to deliver the goods, any more than you could contract to receive them."

"I will be more humble. Will it be necessary to detach Arthur from any other object before we bring him in range of Susan, or does he happen to be fancy free?"

"I think he is already detached. So far as I know, all the girls for whom he had a special kindness have married stock-brokers or favored sons while he has been studying medicine. I am really a little uneasy about him. He seems to regard girls merely as possible subjects of profitable diseases, which is horrible."

"Has he always been so?"

"Dear no! He was almost dangerously susceptible in early life, but being a poor young man, he had to get over so many infatuations that I suppose it made him cautious. Perhaps he took something for it. Maybe the disease just ran its course and left him immune—apparently immune—for a time. But now that he is by way of beginning to make a living, a few fresh pangs might soften him up and do him good."

"You quite interest me in Arthur. Perhaps he would make us a week-end visit in the country next week. Does he ride?"

"Oh yes—when he gets a chance."

"Susan rides indefatigably at this time of year, and I dare say will show your young doctor the country. He will

get away from the town for forty-eight hours, anyway. I will write him a note, and trust to you to remind him that he once knew us."

With that Mrs. Herron put down her napkin, gathered up her belongings, and proceeded from the restaurant to do what was left of the errands that had brought her to town.

"I hope Arthur will come," she said, as she took her seat in a cab. "I shall want to see him, whether Susan does or not."

New York is at best only a second-rate place to be in in October. Not that it is so bad. It is no longer hot. It catches some brilliant days, when the air tastes fairly good in spite of all the dust and all the flavors of the city. But the better the day and the better the air, the more do rightly constituted persons regret that it should be wasted in town. For the autumn is a precious season. They call its days melancholy. Maybe they are, but they are delicious, and full of inspirations, not to be missed if one can help it. One does miss most of them in New York. Central Park in the spring is fairly responsive to the touch of nature. The grass grows, the leaves come out, there are lovely blossoms; the sights and smells of spring are strong enough to pervade the place in spite of its border of stone houses. And the little parks, too, with their formal flower-beds, have a real air of spring about them. But the charm of autumn is too subtle to be caught in parks. There are no flowers. The autumn smells are faint scents of dead leaves and of wet earth and of the pungent smoke from brush-heaps. There is smoke enough in town from the boiling asphalt and hoisting-engines and oil-refineries and the like, but it hasn't much autumnal quality. One wants leaves underfoot in October, and the color of the dying foliage. Central Park has little of either. The dying foliage there merely gets dirty and drops, and is carted off. The Park is better than the streets, but it is not good enough. The bigger and simpler parks in the Bronx are much more like the real country, but they are not in town.

Arthur Finch had spent most of the summer in town, where hospital duties,

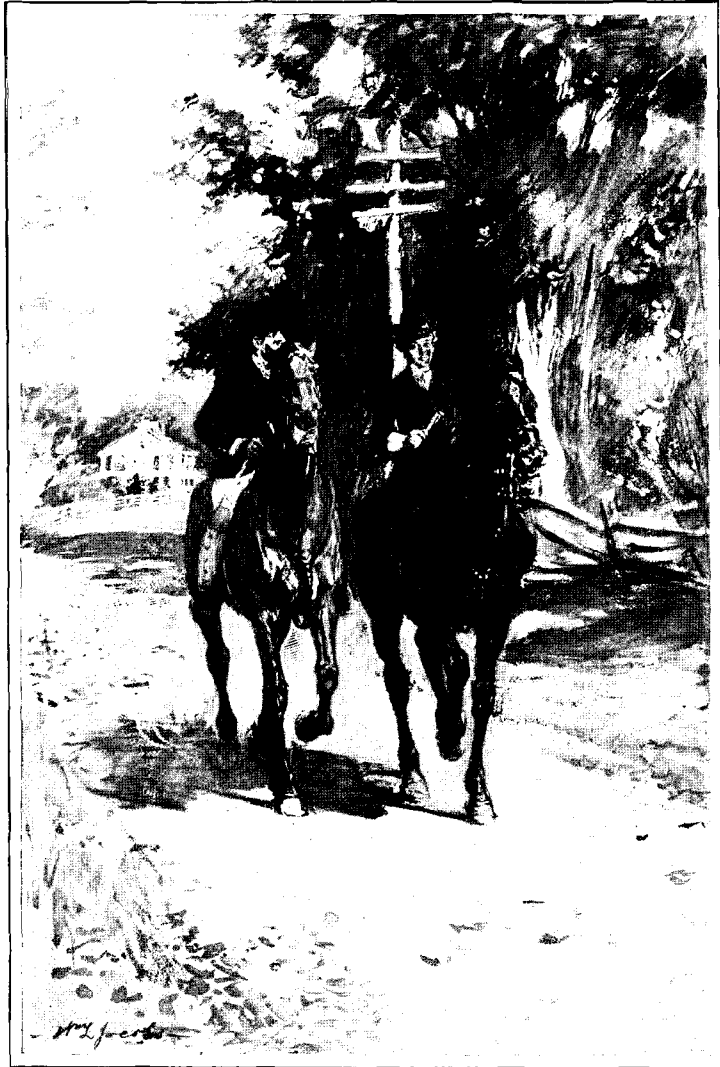
highly prized by beginning doctors, had kept him busy. He was freer now that his older brethren were getting back from their vacations, and it took no parental urging to bring from him a prompt "Yes, thank you!" in response to Mrs. Herron's note. He picked up Mr. Herron on the ferry-boat. They read the papers together on the train, and got out at Antwerp in time to have daylight for their drive from the station to the house. They had a cup of tea, with the pleasant desultory discourse that timely tea invites. They dressed; they dined; they played two or three rubbers of bridge. It was an easy, pleasant, well-ordered household, its members on good terms with one another, the cook, and the world. Arthur liked it, and his spirit, a little jaded by a good deal of anxious work, took kindly to repose. Mrs. Herron called him by his first name, and upbraided him when his makes were bad or his cards poor.

The next morning Susan took him to ride. "How much of a horseman are you, Dr. Finch?" she asked him.

"I try to continue with the horse

when he is going my way," he said. "I don't know that I can say much more than that."

"But I think you have been on a horse before."



THE NEXT MORNING SUSAN TOOK HIM TO RIDE

"Oh yes."

"If that horse you are on now wanted to jump a fence, would you let him?"

"I think so, if it was not too high, and he seemed bent on it, and you assured me that he could do it, and the other side of the fence looked hospitable."

"Oh, he can do it, and having an ardent nature, he will want to do anything he sees my mare do, and she is quite likely to jump a fence or two when the fields invite on a fine morning like this. But if you prefer to keep to the road, we will keep to the road."

"Not at all; I am of an aspiring nature myself, though timid; and though an ignorant horseman, I am not entirely unpractised. I like very well to go across country when the fences are not all wire. I suppose your mare doesn't jump wire fences, does she?"

"Not when I am on her. But are you really of an aspiring nature, and really timid? And isn't that rather a painful conflict of qualities?"

"Oh no; not to hurt. It only means a balance of faculties. Aspiration makes for energy, and timidity for prudence. Folks who are not afraid have to cultivate prudence as a mental accomplishment. Timid persons like me get it by instinct, and can put so much more of their minds on the cultivation of the aggressive qualities."

"But timid people are afraid. You can't make me believe that it's nice to be afraid."

"I sha'n't try. It isn't nice to be afraid, though a brisk, lively apprehension is often timely. There is an extreme of physical timidity which is a great misfortune. But the ordinary, governable timidity of an educated and disciplined person isn't so bad. It only means that he has to ride himself with spurs sometimes instead of a curb."

"Ride himself!"

"Yes; don't you think so?"

"I am not used to splitting myself in two like that."

"It's only a figure of speech. You compel yourself and control yourself, don't you?"

"When I want to do anything I do it, if I can; and when I don't want to do anything I don't do it, if I can help it."

"What a nice, simple, direct nature! What fun you must have living!"

"Don't you?"

"I have enough; most of it in small ways. Work is pretty interesting—at least mine is getting to be so. Success is pleasant even in small things."

"What do you mean by success?"

"Oh—doing things right, and getting good results."

"I think you must like doctoring."

"It isn't bad if you can learn how and don't blunder too much, and don't have to make too much money at it."

"What heresy! Don't you want to make money?"

"Oh, I don't mind, but I don't want to have to make very much very soon. That's slavery. But I sha'n't have to make very much for a long time to come, please Heaven."

"I think you are a very odd person. You have such queer views. When will you be fifty?"

"Along about 1925, if I am there. But why queer?"

"Don't you know that society is divided into people who have money enough and want more, and people who haven't enough and want as much as possible as soon as possible? Where do you come in?"

"I don't come in yet. I am a bachelor."

"And do you think that it is getting married that makes men so greedy?"

"They have to be greedy, poor things, if they are married, unless they have independent fortunes."

"I have heard of bachelors who seemed fairly greedy. I have even known of cases where it was thought that men got married because they were disinclined to provide themselves with an independent maintenance."

"I dare say that happens sometimes, though it never seemed to me an astute proceeding to marry money for the sake of money and give yourself in part payment."

"I hope you won't do that."

"A timid nature like mine naturally shrinks from such perils. I trust that you also will avoid them."

"I certainly shall try. Do you see that snake fence?"

"Isn't it pretty! And that panel yonder has a rotten top rail and good landing beyond, which appeals to my timidity."

"Come on, then! . . . Well, we got over. Did he take it kindly?"

"Like a bird. Bless the horse!"

"Let us keep to the fields awhile. We can bear over towards the left there and

through the woods, and strike the road again two or three miles back. Where the fences are too formidable there are always gates. I love the smell of the autumn woods when the leaves are falling. Don't you? And, oh, it's good to get off the beaten track and pick one's own way and overcome one's own obstacles. There's a bit too much of the beaten track in civilized life, don't you think? There is in a woman's life, anyway."

"There is in a man's life, too. That's one of the penalties of civilization. The compensation is that faster progress is possible along the beaten track than where you shape your own course and break your own road."

"Oh, progress! Yes, of a certain sort, no doubt. But I get tired of cut-and-dried progress. The women get all the cut-and-dried part, and if there is any progress, the men get it. What kind of progress is possible for a girl with indulgent parents who provide for all her needs?"

"Well, there is always the possibility of discovering more wants and trying to satisfy them. That seems to be the chief thing we human creatures are here for. It isn't what the catechism suggests as the chief end of man, but it is the most obvious process by which civilization advances. The whole business of civilization is a development of fresh needs and a scramble to supply them. Can't you think of any new wants?"

"What a wise young doctor! What about that fence ahead?"

"I see a gate."

"I don't need a gate yet. I have developed a want of excitement."

"Oh, well, there's a good place—the fourth panel from the gate. I'll give you a lead this time." . . .

"That was nice. This really does me good. That fence was pretty well up to four feet, but you cracked the top rail for me. Do you know, I don't think you are so timid as you make out."

"Oh yes, I am. You forget that this is your father's horse, and that your father's daughter was looking on. Put me off by myself, make me responsible for the legs of a borrowed horse, and take away the inspiration of being under your eye, and you would see all my natural timidity assert itself. It makes a

difference— Hello! What was that? It sounded like a horn. There again— *toot, toot, toot*— Have you got a hunt in this country?"

"Sometimes the Anniston hounds work down this way."

"That must be it. Let's have a look. Come; through yonder, where the fence is broken! There's the pack, sure enough, and feathering for all they are worth. Bless me, isn't that pretty! Do you see the huntsman? The field must be beyond the wood. Those hounds must think they've got something. Why, this is too good to believe. There they go; hear them! Why, they must be after a fox! *I see him! I see him!* Look yonder on the hillside. Come on. We need a little of this ourselves. Gracious! what luck!"

On they galloped, both horses eager over fence, field, ploughed land, and highway, crossing a railroad, guided through woods by the cry of the hounds, dodging down a ravine and up the other side, keeping the huntsman as well in sight as possible, and profiting as much as they might by his judgment. When he skirted a wire fence they followed him and got through where he got through. When he broke a rail or a board they steered for the gap. Having by luck the start of the field, they had clear going, and the few riders who came up by superior speed were some distance away and did not bother them. Five miles of it, with hardly a check, brought them up to a baffled pack clamoring for a fox that had gone to earth. The master of the hounds rode up to them.

"The Anniston Hounds are honored by Miss Herron's company," he said. "I am sorry I have no brush to offer her. How does it happen that I have never seen her out before?"

"My father hasn't encouraged me to hunt, Mr. Felton, but I was showing Dr. Finch the country—I beg to present Dr. Finch,—and we stumbled on the hounds by accident, and they ran away with him, and I had to follow or go home alone."

"Very glad it happened so. I will send you a list of the meets and it may happen so again. Very glad to meet Dr. Finch, too, and I hope to see him again."

"But I didn't know you hunted wild foxes hereabout," said Arthur.



"Ordinarily we don't, but a fox turns up now and then when we can get an early start," and the Master smiled.

"How far are we from Antwerp station, Mr. Felton?" Susan asked.

"Oh, ten or twelve miles; but don't go home."

"What does Dr. Finch say?"

"Dr. Finch surmises that a five-mile run is probably enough for horses that are hardly in hunting training."

"And twelve miles still to go. I dare say Dr. Finch is right. Thank you for so much good sport, Mr. Felton, and please start us in the right direction."

"Down that road a couple of miles. Take the first turn to the right, and keep on till you strike your own neighborhood. Good-by."

"Well," said Arthur, as they rode away, "we got in touch with the strenuous life for nearly an hour. It does one good when it comes his way, though I have never had much spunk about going out and looking for it. Wasn't it luck to have caught on to those hounds!"

"Wonderful!" But Susan's eyes twinkled as she said so. He looked back at her suspiciously.

"I shouldn't wonder if it was a put-up job. Please, did you know those hounds were coming down here to-day?"

"I thought they might. The meet was at Hebron, and last year when they met there they came down through those fields where we saw them first. I happened on them there last year, that's the truth, and I thought we might happen on them again."

"What a thoughtful, considerate lady! Did you get a run last year?"

"No! I had Alfred Dyckman with me, and I didn't dare take him. I knew he would fall off, and I was afraid he would break his neck and people would say I did it on purpose."

"You seemed to have no fears about me."

"Oh no; you ride better than he does; really, you ride pretty well. And besides, if you had broken your neck, it would have been just an accident."

"Whereas Mr. Dyckman—"

"Oh, if it had happened to him, mother would certainly have charged me with homicide."

"Why?"

"Well, he was so troublesome. He's rather troublesome, anyway, and he was particularly troublesome about that time. It is quite different with you."

"We're not alike, then?"

"Not a bit. He's more timid than you in some respects, and less so—possibly—in others. And he was more civilized than you, in that he had developed lots more wants. He was eager to make more money, and his mind ran on stocks, and—oh, well, he wanted the earth generally. Perhaps you know him!"

"I have met him, but hardly more than that. I don't know him well enough to have found out that he was troublesome. You see, I have been away from home a good deal until this last summer. If he is so troublesome, I don't want to know him."

"Oh, I dare say he'd never trouble you a mite. No doubt he has his uses, and I can even imagine a person finding a use for him. But not I. I was never able to develop a want—as you would say—that he could meet. But that's no particular discredit to him. It's the trouble with men generally: they seem so much more disposed, and so much better qualified, to develop wants than to supply them. Here's our road to the right. I've got some sandwiches in this saddle-box. Have one. I thought there was a chance of our being late in getting back."

"Thank you. You are a kind lady to me this day, but about men in general you seem less kind, and I dare say that by to-morrow you will have lumped me in with all the rest."

"I'm not sure. You see, you seem to me peculiar in some respects. Aren't you a little less greedy than the others? You said you didn't want to make money, and you intimated—I understood it so—that you were not bent on marrying any one, and—well, I got the impression that you were resigned to your lot in life, and I had begun to think that you might possibly be a useful subject for observation."

"Who can tell? The humblest of God's creatures in its humblest operations may yield lessons of supreme wisdom to the inquiring eye that has learned to see."

Late on Sunday afternoon, when Arthur Finch went back to town, Susan took him to the station in a light wagon.

"Thank you," he said, "for two happy days. Are you coming back to town soon?"

"As soon as the days grow so short that father can't read the newspapers on the train coming out, and the frost has killed the flowers in mother's garden, and the roads are too muddy for me to ride over."

"And that will be—?"

"Sometime between election day and Thanksgiving, according to the season. If the weather holds good and the town gets tiresome, come back to us. If mother doesn't invite you, telephone out and invite yourself. If you come early enough on Saturday, I'll take you to ride again, or you can golf with father."

When she got back to the house her mother stood waiting, with her hat on.

"Take me out for a little air, Susan." She got in. "My young man seemed to like his visit. I thank you for your polite toleration of him. I hope he didn't bore you?"

"No, mother. He wasn't very tiresome. I even asked him to come again. I think your taste in young men is improving."

"My luck may be improving; but I had not seen Arthur Finch for years, so it wasn't a case of better judgment. He played good bridge, I thought."

"Then you will let him come again if he asks. I told him he might ask. I thought he was a nice, safe man. He took his fences well yesterday."

"You ought not to have gone after these hounds. I wish you would not do such things; but if you must, it is a relief to have a doctor along. I am told that Arthur takes his work seriously and is thought to be promising."

"I wonder if he is really good at it. I think he picked up a patient yesterday. Coming home, we passed the Macks' cottage, and Annie Mack was walking about the barn-yard, her poor little legs jerking sixteen ways at once at every step. It just makes me cry to see that child. He got off his horse, found Mack in the barn, talked with him and asked him some questions, and then he caught Annie and took her in his lap and felt

all of her poor little bones. I told him that if he would straighten up Annie's legs I'd give him the best Boston-terrier puppy in our next litter."

"Susan!"

"He said Annie's legs seemed to have been struck by lightning, but that he had seen surgeons in Europe who could do remarkable things with them, and there were men in New York who could better them at least. He is going to find out about it, and possibly I am to borrow Annie and have her brought to town. It breaks my heart to think of that child struggling through life on those legs. They have haunted me ever since I first saw her."

"See, Susan! There's an automobile coming. Do be careful. I'd like to get out."

"Sit tight, mother! There's no ditch here. Steady there, Jonathan! There! He doesn't mind them any more; but really those automobile people have no manners. They ought not to be allowed to go out of sight of the police."

It was early in January that Mr. and Mrs. Herron dined at the Rakoffs', and Judge Finch took Mrs. Herron out to dinner.

"I had a glimpse of your promising young son at our house yesterday, Judge."

"Did you? No sickness in your family, I hope."

"Not yesterday; but he lanced a felon for my cook last week, and I am going to have him in to vaccinate a new maid as soon as I can remember it. He seems to be acquiring a practice."

"I hope so. And yesterday—?"

"Yesterday he was just taking a cup of tea."

"And exchanging conversation, no doubt, with your dangerous and difficult young daughter. And how is your dangerous young daughter, Mrs. Herron? Do you know, my wife is liable to question you at any time about her intentions. She begins to be uneasy. There! She is looking at us now— A glass of wine with you, Mrs. Finch! She says the Herrons see more of Arthur this winter than she does, and she has intimated to me—I beg your pardon—that Miss Susan Herron has rather an alarming reputation as a flirt."

"Poor Susan! The most kind-hearted girl in the world. I trust you told Mrs. Finch that the whole responsibility of Arthur's acquaintance with Susan rested on you."

"No, I didn't! My professional experience long ago broke me of the habit of making impulsive admissions. Confession may be good for the soul, but it deranges the orderly procedure of justice. People are so apt, in the enthusiasm of divulging news, to confess more than really happened."

"But, Judge, it *was* all your suggestion."

"Was it, really? I don't think I shall remember until I see how it's coming out. Meanwhile I trust my promising young son is not causing your daughter's parents any uneasiness, and that Susan has not yet asked to be taken abroad."

"Not yet, but the season is young still. Susan can't leave town yet, anyway. She has a patient in a hospital. Did Arthur tell you about little Annie Mack?"

"Little Annie Mack? Not that I remember."

"Annie lives out our way, and her means of locomotion are very much impaired, and Susan has had her brought in town to a hospital. and—"

"Oh, she must be the child with the fantastic legs that Arthur told us about. She has been his pet patient for a month past. He makes his mother buy dolls for her. Has he got Miss Susan interested in her, too?"

"I don't know whether it was he who got her interested, or she him, but Annie is certainly very much on Susan's mind."

"He didn't say he had an accomplice."

"A case of hereditary reticence, maybe."

"Possibly. After all, it's a good quality in a doctor. You don't think it is my duty to warn his mother, do you?"

"And risk impairing Susan's confidence in *her* mother's discretion? It is not for me to urge any man to keep anything from his wife, but are you sure it would be news to Mrs. Finch? I have known of cases where mothers knew more about their sons' doings than fathers did. My boy in college tells me everything."

"I dare say. I was once a boy in college, and I have since had a boy in college, and I know that college boys are remarkably communicative, and tell their mothers everything that they think their mothers' experience of life qualifies them to appreciate. I dare say it is so with young doctors, too, and that what, if anything, they see fit not to disclose is withheld out of filial regard for their mothers' peace of mind."

"Judge, you give yourself airs. That is not quite the sort of discourse which a mother finds reassuring."

"It need not worry you. I was only following up your suggestion that discretion ought to be used about forcing information upon mothers which their sons may not have seen fit to impart to them. The best that can be done for boys is to qualify them to take care of themselves, and we all know that taking good care of oneself involves, first or last, a fair capacity for keeping one's own counsel."

Late in March Arthur Finch came home and found his mother with a little dog asleep in her lap. "Why, mother," he exclaimed, "where did you get that dog? Who ever could have expected to see my careful mother develop a fancy for dogs?"

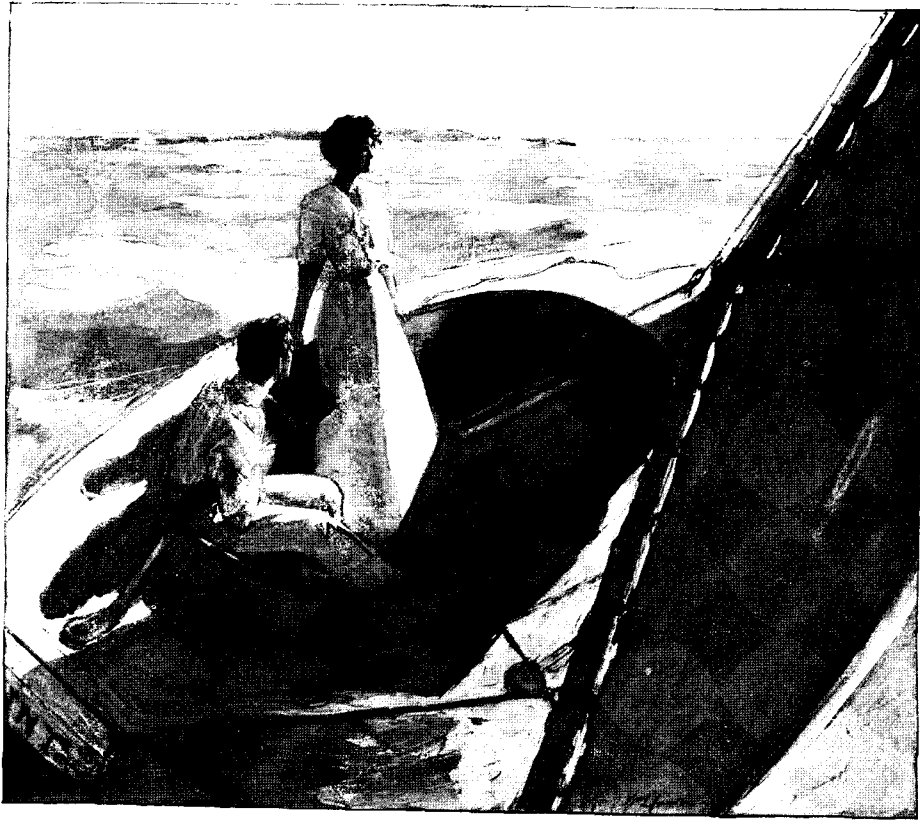
"She hasn't. This is not my dog. It is yours. A man brought it in this basket, and left this note addressed to you, which, being unsealed, I have read, and am not much the wiser."

"Let's see! 'For Dr. Finch; on account of a grateful patient.' I haven't any grateful patients."

"It only came half an hour ago. I had it put in the bath-room, and it cried, and because it was your dog I took it out of the basket. But I could not let it run around, and it went to sleep in my lap."

"What is it like? It's a Boston terrier. Very fashionable little dog, mother. Who ever sent me a Boston—Oh! That child with the twisted legs that I am looking after has a friend that raises Boston terriers. Annie's legs are none too good yet—a dachshund would have been more appropriate,—but I am glad of any sign that her friends like the way the job is going!"





"UNDER ORDERS OF MISS SUSAN HERRON, SKIPPER"

"Are you going to keep him?"  
 "You wouldn't part a doctor from his fee, would you?"

"I'm glad it isn't a Newfoundland. I had not thought of boarding a dog; but having a doctor in the house is a convenience, and we must put up with its incidents."

When the courts closed for the summer, Judge and Mrs. Finch went abroad. The Herron family spent the early summer at Antwerp, and when Antwerp grew too hot for entire comfort, Susan and her mother migrated to Pemaquid Bay in Maine.

"PEMAQUID BAY, MAINE, August 1, 19—.

"MY DEAR DR. FINCH,—Can you sail a boat? Our sailorman can, but I have pretty much used up his conversation. If you can sail a boat, there is a good opening here for a person of your quali-

fications; and if not, our sailorman and I could teach you, and it is a good place to learn. Father is here, and thinks pretty well of the golf-links. Mother would play bridge six hours a day instead of five, as at present, if she had your help. My brother William approves of our environment, and says there is 'a remarkably good line of girls hereabouts.' He is young still, as you know, and so are most of the girls; but in girls—as you know—youth is an excusable defect. The air here is salubrious, and is highly recommended by physicians to persons who have spent the month of July in town. Mother sends you her compliments, and directs me to offer you the simple hospitalities of her cottage, beginning when you arrive, and lasting during your honorable pleasure.

Yours sincerely.

SUSAN HERRON."

The issue of this letter was the appearance of Dr. Arthur Finch at Pemaquid Bay on August 8. Three weeks later he held the tiller of the sail-boat

I went back I would ask you to marry me, and that this was my last day!"

"Oh! Well, I—I'm glad you haven't. Father says he never sets himself any vacation tasks; it spoils his fun. I think that's a good rule. I was going to read a lot of Herbert Spencer — the jib isn't pulling a mite—while I was up here, and I brought the books along; but I haven't opened them. The next best thing to not intending to do anything in August is not to do what you intend."

"Of course that is a sound general sentiment, but with Herbert Wilson on the way up from Marblehead on a schooner-yacht, it doesn't seem to me as timely as it might."

"He's got the wind dead ahead, what there is of it."

"It won't stay so, and as I was saying—"

"Really, you must pay attention to sail-



JUDGE FINCH SOUGHT OUT MRS. HERRON

*Glint*, under orders of Miss Susan Heron, skipper.

"I was thinking that before I went back I would ask you to marry me, and this is my last day!"

"Keep her off a little; the jib's flapping. I beg your pardon. What were you saying?"

"Only that I was thinking that before

ing this boat, unless you mean to let her gybe with the sheet two-thirds out."

"You are absolutely discouraging."

"I don't mean to turn a man from the path of duty if his feet are obstinately set in it, but it is such a nice sailing-day!"

"Duty? Misery! Duty?"

"Why dissemble? What other motive

could excuse such a suggestion in a man of declared sentiments such as yours? An ordinary, troublesome man might have an ordinary motive, but not you! She's falling off again."

"Oh, let her drop! What have you laid up against me? What sentiments have I ever declared?"

"You shake my faith in mankind—you that were a bachelor and did not have to be greedy, and hoped not to be for years to come. And I have thought of you as a safe person, and confided in you with all the credulity of inexperience—"

"Inexperience! Oh dear!"

"—of inexperience, and played with you as confidently as—as—"

"I respect your hesitation. It becomes you."

"And I had thought you sincere, and you turn out to be merely plausible. There's a puff of wind coming. Do you see?"

"I didn't bind myself never to progress. That was almost a whole year ago. I had just begun to know you then. All my professions were suitable for a man who had met you only the day before, and had learned of you chiefly as a dangerous young woman. I told you that civilization was a process of developing wants. Am I to be shut off from the privileges of a civilized—"

"Excuse me! If you don't come about, we shall be on the rocks. If you will pull in the sheet, I will look after the jib. There! You were arguing—?"

"Arguing nothing; merely asserting my privilege as a civilized man to develop a want in the course of a year."

"In the course of a year! What deliberation!"

"You know better. A woman of your experience must have recognized that it was virtually at first sight."

"Only virtually? And you want to go and risk the last of your summer holidays on a mere virtuality!"

"Well, I will speak to your father as soon as we get ashore."

"You won't make the landing unless you keep her up better. What are you going to say to father?"

"I am going to ask his consent to my marrying you."

"You haven't got mine yet."

"Please come and take the tiller for a moment."

"No, I don't think I will. Our sailor-man is watching you from the wharf, and he expects you to do credit to his lessons."

"Then I may speak to him?"

"Not a word to the sailorman, nor even to father. Let my dear father have his holiday out. Neither he nor I can bear to be pestered with hard questions in August."

"But you are coming home in a fortnight."

"And meanwhile you will have a chance to remember how disadvantageous it is to a beginning doctor to have to concern himself about money-making."

"And you will have a chance to consider Herbert Wilson, whose money is all made."

"Herbert Wilson isn't going to be troublesome. Bring her up without bumping her, and you shall have a long mark!"

"That isn't just what I want at this moment. What shall I do for a whole fortnight, until you come home?"

"Have patience, and grope along, and, if necessary, write to me. What is a mere fortnight among two?"

"Among *two*! It is not much among two. All ready to come about! Mind the boom! Catch her, Johnson! Thank you! That was beautiful. Please, lady, give me my long mark!"

The wedding came after Easter. When the bride and groom had gone away, Judge Finch, with two glasses of champagne, sought out Mrs. Herron.

"I bring a cup of consolation to the mother of the bride."

"I think, Judge, that you must feel that you invented this wedding."

"Marriages are made in heaven. I trust that this one was. We have not hindered it, certainly, but here's hoping that it may turn out to be far better devised than either you or I could have planned."

They drank the wine. Mrs. Herron wiped her eyes; the Judge snuffled a little. They both smiled.

"Well, Judge, it was a sweet wedding, wasn't it?"

# The Tenement Book and Reader

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

SOME tenement books come from obscure little publishing-houses in the foreign quarters—serene, deliberate places where, in the gloom of the back room, slow journeymen set type, and an old man turns the crank of a creaking hand-press: a shop, it may be, in a swarming tenement street, elbowed by a butcher-stall and given an arm by a dusty dealer in old clothes; the grimy sign-board, in Hebrew or Arabic characters, is lost in a bewilderment of less modest signs, and fire-escapes, and airing garments. High-minded writers—pinched and long-haired for the most part, and abstracted to the last man—seek out these printing-shops with manuscript and subscription list in pocket; they hope no more for their message (God give them honor!) than that it may issue from the tenement press and touch some heart in the tenement throng: nor is it granted a larger fortune. But whether or not the books are tenement born—whether from the hand of the Ghetto poet who gives tongue to the sweat-shop sorrows or from the typewriter of the fallen Park Row hack by way of a down-town establishment—they are no more like the books upon which the light of your lamp falls in quiet hours than the Alley is like the Avenue. They may better be likened, it seems to me, to the people who drift past in mean streets—to the shabby, shuffling characters of the submerged, passed by, but remembered for an oddity of gait or feature: for a twinkle or a droop or an incongruous pomposity. Such folk, be as queer as they may, find congenial company and a welcome where they go; and so do the tenement books.

The *Langdon Book of Poetry* is paper-covered and pink. It has a black, disjointed ornamentation, in which the shamrock, the thistle, and the rose struggle desperately to cling together, as, according to Bowery sentiment, they should.

The Popular Poetical Orator of the Curio Halls—bald, blear-eyed, and quavering—speaks of it, with a little lifting of the eyebrows, as “Oh, a spasm I throwed in the off hours!” It is devoted altogether to the celebration of Freaks, with whom, in the daily round, the poet comes in contact.

Watch the living wonders.  
When through the halls you're steered;  
The Bearded Lady rises,  
You hear she's loudly cheered.  
Oh, what a charming woman,  
In love and friendship reared!  
She boasts such handsome whiskers.  
A full mustache and beard!

Thus the poet sings of the Bearded Lady—“a poetical effusion introduced in his series of popular descriptive lectures.” The cover-page calls the “Living Skeleton” an effusion too; but the Professor, in his hours of relaxation after midnight, confesses that it is “just another little fit.”

There was a boy, his mama's joy,  
His papa's pride and pet.  
He grew in strength and brain and length,  
But fat he could not get.  
Although he'd eat of bread and meat  
Enough to fill a boat,  
He grew the thinner for every dinner  
That he threw down his throat!

With wink and gesture and a low bow to the distinguished Monstrosity, the poet recites. Jimmie Dugan's “bundle o' ribbons” from Catharine Street whispers that she thinks it's lovely. When, at last, the Professor divulges the interesting fact that it is all contained in a little book which may be had for the small sum of twenty-five cents. Jimmie does his duty like a man. So the *Langdon Book of Poetry* finds its way to a box in Lizzie Cassidy's room on the fourth floor of a tenement near the Bridge, where it keeps company with the *Book of Etiquette and Policy Players' Guide* and the *Old Witch's Dream Book*. Pretty Lizzie may