

landed aristocracy in the South, because he made possible the cultivation of extensive areas of land. But in the course of a few years he became a free citizen and owner of a small estate. Thus was developed a yeoman class, a much-needed democratic element in the Southern colonies, while at the same time settlers were secured for the back-lands, where they were needed to protect the frontier. Nevertheless, they did not form a distinct class after becoming freedmen. Some were doubtless the progenitors of the "poor white trash" of the South, but it is likely that environment rather than birth was the main factor in producing this class. While comparatively few rose to prominence, yet there are some notable examples to the contrary. Two signers of the Declaration of Independence, George Taylor and Mathew Thornton; Charles Thompson, the Secretary of the Continental Congress; and General Sullivan, of Revolutionary War fame, had all been white servants.

It is certain also that many became successful planters, and perhaps the majority respectable and desirable citizens.

On the whole, the effects of the institution were beneficial. Great Britain was relieved of her undesirable citizens; many German peasants were given the opportunity to better their condition; the colonies were supplied with laborers for the rougher work, and servant-artisans supplied wants impossible to meet in any other way. That the white servant was useful, even after the Revolution, is seen by the fact that large numbers continued to come to Pennsylvania, where the institution existed until 1831. By that time various causes were leading to its abolition. Opposition developed in Europe because of the drain of the labor supply to America. In the South the negro slave had tended to supplant the white servant, while in the North labor-saving machinery was doing so much of his work that he was no longer needed.

## By the Curb

BY JAMES STEPHENS

THERE was a sparrow in the street,  
 And he was not a bit afraid;  
 He flew between a horse's feet,  
 And ate his supper undismayed:  
 I think the horse knew very well  
 The bird came for the grains that fell.

For his eye was looking down,  
 And he danced the corn about  
 In his nose-bag, till the brown  
 Grains of corn were tumbled out;  
 And I fancy that he said,  
 "Eat it up, young Speckle-Head."

The driver soon came back again,  
 And he climbed into the dray;  
 Then he tightened up the rein,  
 And the sparrow hopped away;  
 But when the horse's ribs were hit,  
 The sparrow didn't care a bit.

# A Change of Masters

BY PEARCE BAILEY



R. MICHAELIS was being piloted down Fifth Avenue through the fog. His little limousine, swung by big springs on a long and heavy running-gear, moved forward gently with the south-bound line, which was checked at intervals as trucks and carriages crossed the Avenue or melted in the stream of traffic. He sat in a corner, relaxed and introspective, with one elbow half out of the open window, for although it was January, the afternoon was very warm. During a momentary gap in the compact procession a yellow taxicab, launched by an ambitious driver, shot in abreast of him, grazing his mud-guards and, squeaking, stopped short as the whole line halted obedient to the blue Colossus at Forty-second Street. It carried a woman with black eyes, who suggested youth freed from the trammels of its inexperience. She wore a fur-trimmed cloak, and black hat with white feather curling down one side, and this feather trembled when she saw Michaelis so close to her; but, pressing her lips together, she leaned across the short space which separated her from him, and touched his arm with a little air of ownership. It was the free act of a moment, quickly ended, and before he fully took her in she was drifting away from him; for a trilling whistle had pierced the mist, gears were clanking everywhere, and all cars but his and a huge limousine ahead of it, one of whose tires had exploded with a pistol-shot report, were moving south.

Leaning out of the window, he cried: "Sylvia! Sylvia!" but the yellow taxicab, like a log in the stream, drew relentlessly away, as she stood, dim in the growing darkness, turning and looking back, waving half reluctantly; he heard her call, "*Bon chien chasse de race*," and she was gone.

He motioned his driver excitedly,

but they were pocketed by the crippled car ahead, and the vehicles moving past were too jealously closed up to be broken into. After several minutes of restless, fuming delay, he was free and across Forty-second Street, but then the other cars had scattered. His machine, wakened from its lethargy, started in swift pursuit, dodged in and out, skidding at times for yards, overtook a dozen other cars, and just below Thirty-fourth Street missed a fat policeman by a hair. But the taxicab had been swallowed up by the great city, and at the Farragut monument he canceled a visit in Ninth Street from his day-book, turned, and went slowly uptown again, still searching from both windows.

Sylvia Dare! It was fifteen years ago that he saw her last, like a speck on the upper deck of the steamer, with her "swarthy man" towering over her. She must have a master, she always used to say, and had hit on this Rumanian prince just as Michaelis finished his year of being a needy student in Vienna. Her last fluttering good-by, as the great vessel warped from the pier, seemed to carry to him a reproach and a promise, but as they had both agreed that everything should stop then and there, he had not heard directly from her since, except perhaps once, five years ago, when a postal card from one of the cafés that brighten the river at Budapest came to him, bearing the single line, "*Bon chien chasse de race*." He had not been sure that it was in her handwriting. But now she was here in the same place with him; free, perhaps; anyway, plainly inviting as—it flashed over him—she must have been before.

After years of observation in stifling dispensaries, packed with those ill and those who fancied themselves so, of learning in laboratories what trace the microscope can show of the real reason why things go wrong, of analysis of