

His relief was just beginning to give him strength and courage to test her further, when, fortunately, at that moment, came the unmistakable sound of Esther or the cook drowsily fitting a key into the outer lock. So Peter Somers, with his wife in his arms, made hastily for their chamber, shutting the door behind them by backing his strong body against it, and laid her tenderly on the bed. . . .

"I'll go now and tell Esther we want breakfast in here by the fire?" he said, interrogatively, putting his feet into slippers and slipping on his dressing-gown.

"No, no. Tuck me in, Pete."

"But you don't want to sleep right away? . . . Don't even want a little coffee?"

He folded the covers over her.

Later, when he emerged from his bath and while he was dressing, she opened an eye now and then to be sure he was still there, but by the time he was ready to go she was sleeping blissfully. So he tiptoed out very proudly, and shut the door surreptitiously after him.

He drew his chair up to the breakfast-table, sitting particularly erect in it, and unfolded his napkin with unction. The morning paper soon absorbed him. The walk to the Subway would be a bracer on a beautiful morning like this. There was a man coming to see him at ten. He mustn't dally. He did hope, in the midst of his preoccupations, that Molly would get some rest. But that was the sum-total of the after-effects. He never felt better in his life.

"Mrs. Somers doesn't wish you to wake her, Esther." He registered a thrill as he said it.

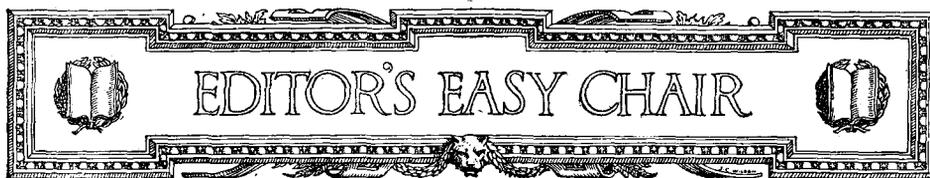
## The Bird-Call

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

WITHIN the sunny, naked copse  
 Some bird begins to sing:  
 A blackbird whistles thrice, but stops  
 And takes to sudden wing,  
 Ere startles he again the hush with  
 Welcome to the spring.

Once in this wood there walked a boy  
 Who in the early year  
 Loved most to roam and feel the joy  
 Yet hidden but astir  
 And with a penny call to mock the  
 Springtide's harbinger.

But now the blackbird sings alone,  
 Since hard by Vlaminghem  
 The caller lies beneath a stone,  
 And though leaf burst from stem,  
 Though all spring birds sing all day long  
 He will not answer them.



## EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

“IT takes all kinds to make a world” is a saying which perhaps does not stir the imagination so much as it once did. Yet there is still something of appeal in it, and the fact that each of the kinds requisite to make a world is different from all the other kinds is suggestive if not very stimulating. It is interesting also to reflect that all the worlds have their habitat in the same planet, not consecutively but simultaneously, without incommoding one another, and the observer may study each of them with pleasure and profit, and perhaps with some surprise. The surprise will come to him on second thought rather than at first glance. In fact the first glance will not include them all, or even the most different of any, and the observer may have to hold them in momentary arrest before perfectly realizing their difference.

The world studied, for instance, in *The Education of Henry Adams* is contemporaneous with the world portrayed by W. H. Hudson in *Far Away and Long Ago*; both are human and terrestrial worlds, but they have so little else in common that one might well doubt if they held the same place in the sun. The range of the *Education of Henry Adams* is from civilization to civilization, from that of Boston to that of London, and from that of London back to that of Boston and then to that of Washington. The record at no moment transcends civilization, the social or political civilization where we are naturally or socially supposed to have our being; and Henry Adams, whatever his place or employ, is always pre-eminently civilized. He is so, however, in no personally restrictive sense. If he does not think anything human alien to him it is because he is a man, and is of the narrowing experience of a man born and bred to worldly good fortune. In fact,

he is always seeking to find his education beyond this, or apart from it; and, though he shall seem oftenest to be doubting the kindness of his fate, he does not always infect the reader with his doubt. The reader says to himself, “It is surely no drawback to be of a family so distinguished as the Adamses of Boston and of such yet unrivaled Presidential lineage as theirs; and what education could he ask of a world so often apparently grudging? Come,” says the reader, “why all this talk about education, and the author’s sense of failure in the endeavor for it?”

The present writer may answer, “It is largely the pose of the fourth generation of Adamses who have none of them failed to prove themselves worthy of the first, second, and third, but have not willingly admitted it, and have denied it in their several sorts.” One of them left us a few years ago an autobiography which accused his fortune of unfriendliness because it denied him the chance of making, with timely help, much more of himself than he had actually done, and now another, in the unique autobiography which he calls his *Education*, remains throughout an interesting inquirer of his experiences whether they were or were not distinctly moments of his development. They are seldom moments which fail to interest the reader if not of the author, and after the first moments of Quincy, of Boston and then of Cambridge at Harvard, they are of intensive instruction to the reader; for Henry Adams then goes to England as his father’s private secretary when his father goes to represent our country as minister at the court of St. James.

During his English sojourn Henry Adams was always in the question which seems to have been that of most Englishmen, whether he was in London society or not. He had no great desire or