

THE ACCOLADE.

BY LOUISE HERRICK WALL.



DICK DANA, a strong, well-groomed young fellow, stood staring down at the coals in the grate, taking his punishment, if the truth be told, in rather sullen fashion.

"Of course," Rosalie Thornby was saying in her sweet high voice, letting her wide-apart eyes rest on

him calmly in the half-obscurity of the room, "of course, I don't pretend that there is anything exceptional in myself that justifies me in demanding a hero in the man I marry, but I think all women, now-a-days, ask too little—except fetching and carrying—of the men. There was a time when a man won his spurs before he expected to win a woman."

Dick shifted his weight.

"I know," she said, leaning forward and frowning into the fire, "you would like to remind me that you are lieutenant in the swellest company of the swellest regiment in New York. I have not forgotten that, nor the cotillions that you lead so delightfully."

"Now look here, Miss Rosalie," broke in the victim, "it's hardly fair to spring all these ideas on a fellow without giving him a chance. I never knew you expected so much more of a man than other girls; and now you put me through a civil service examination without a chance to cram. You seemed to like to dance and all the rest of it, and I've never noticed that you demanded knight-errantry and that mediæval business of the other men."

"You are quite right," she replied with spirit. "I do not demand things of men who demand nothing of me. You said you wanted to know my idea of a man, and I have told you. To be the captain of toy soldiers or even to lead a cotillion through two seasons does not, somehow, strike my imagination. Nothing could show better how far apart we are than that the expression of my ideals should remind you of a civil service examination. You men of the North are so desperately utilitarian."

The challenge dropped unanswered, and she went on more gently: "I have an old coat of my father's. He was what you would call a rebel, you know. It is the dirtiest, most faded old thing. There is a bullet-hole in the sleeve, and our Southern moths have tried to help the story by making a lot of other holes. It has seen real service, and somehow its dinginess takes the dazzle out of the gold lace you young fellows wear so jauntily."

Into the man's mind came the memory of a night spent in the Brooklyn streets: militiamen surrounded by a mob of strikers, an icy night sky from which the drizzle fell ceaselessly on a group of men squatting about a feeble bonfire; there were others, without blankets, who huddled in one of the deserted street cars, unable to sleep for the cold. Now and then came a quick closing in of the hooting mob, and a brick-bat or paving-stone crashed in a car-window or scattered the group about the fire. He remembered the rage of spirit under the cowardly attacks of the mob, the rasping inaction, the effort of holding men steady when their anger is your own. It came and went through the man's mind, and left a slight smile on his lip. The girl went on:

"I don't mean to be hard, Mr. Dana," she said, with a caressing accent that meant little from her, whose voice was full of pretty inflections, "but this is not a sudden caprice, as you seem to think. I was fourteen when my father died, and I will show you a silly thing I wrote then, and that I have scarcely looked at since."

As she moved across in the firelight to a clumsy old secretary and drew out the rods to support the leaf of the desk, Dana's gloomy eyes followed her instinctively.

"Shall I make a light?" he asked with constraint.

"No; I know how the paper feels."

She came back presently, and seating herself on the low corner seat, held a single limp sheet toward the fire. The light struck through the old-fashioned cross-barred French paper in a checker work of half-luminous lines, and on the girl's broad forehead and parted hair. The envelope lying

on her lap was labeled "May 4th, 1888." She glanced down the sheet. Then gravely handed it to Dana.

He found a number of short sentences, written with a fine-tipped pen in an unformed hand. Each clause was numbered, and the heading ran: "The Not Impossible."

1. He must not be less than twenty-six years old.
2. He must not wear jewelry.
3. He must not be facetious.
4. He must not *ever* blow.
5. He must not be a business man, if he can help it.
6. He must be sincere.
7. He must be brave.
8. He must have nice teeth.
9. He must not be fat or very handsome.
10. Above all he must be a man to be proud of.

The young man read through the child's list of requirements, twice over, and returned the paper stiffly.

"I feel honored to have been allowed to see the plans and specifications for your future husband, Miss Thornby. I hope he will come up to expectations, but I think you would have saved yourself trouble in drawing up that paper if the first clause had simply called for a gentleman."

Presently, standing very straight, with his toes turned out, Dana was bowing himself manfully from the field of defeat. And so the solemn young things parted, too concerned with the business of living to taste the humor of life.

A few months later, in the early summer, Dana's widowed sister and her little boy, Jamie Talcott, were staying, not entirely by chance, in the same house where Rosalie Thornby was spending the summer, down at South Hampton. The Talcotts had only been down a few days, and Dana was to spend the week's end with his sister. On a sunny, breezy morning, the two women stood together at the end of the long porch absorbed in earnest talk. From time to time they glanced below to where Jamie, in the shadow of the house, threw up long lines of earthworks. As they talked, the girl gradually moved nearer to the mother; then at some turn in the conversation impulsively clasped her hand over the older woman's, as it lay on the rail. The breeze playing upon them caught the folds of the girl's muslin dress, and for a moment wrapped the two figures together. Beyond the smooth dark head and the bright one lay the blue sea and the surf pounding in on the white sand. An arbor of leafy boughs, built for some festival, had turned brown and dry, making a rich

blot of color on the sand, and beneath it lay a yet darker pool of shadow.

"And so I have waited to have it done again until Dick comes down," the mother was saying quietly. "He gets hold of Jamie better than I can, and has helped me before. I think the child bears it well for such a little fellow, but he is not much more than a baby."

The boy, feeling their steady gaze upon him, looked up from the line of tin soldiers he was planting behind his redoubt, and scrambling to his feet, he called out:

"You better take care or you'll get your heads blown off."

He was still in petticoats, and it was not instantly that one realized that under the blue smock frock, fashioned like an artist's blouse, the boy's back was queer. He had a gallant little face, with steady, softly black eyes—like big black-heart cherries—and full bright lips.

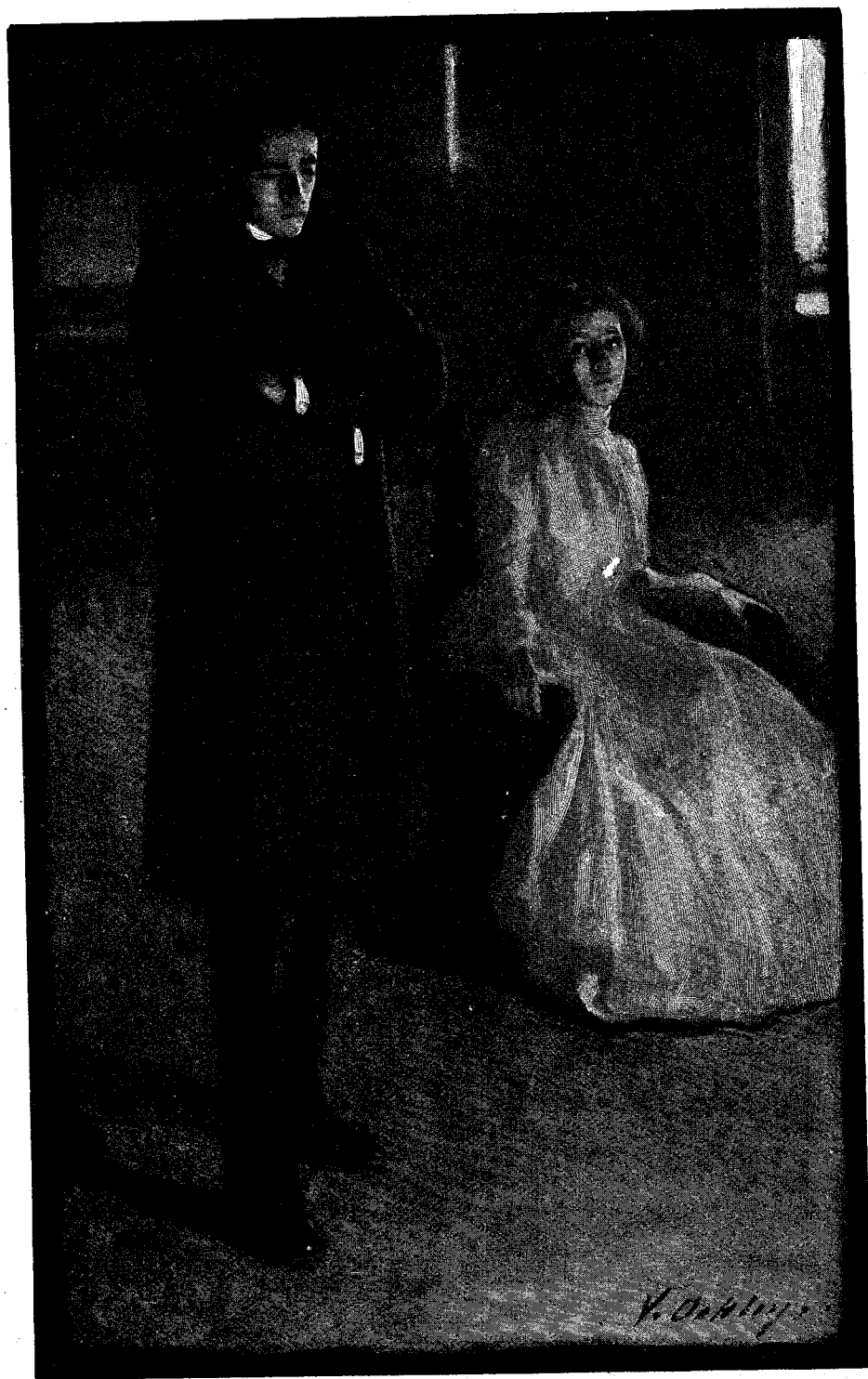
"When the doctor comes, couldn't you let me help. I should love to sing for him—or—or anything," the girl urged.

"You might stay in the next room, and if we needed anyone else, we could call upon you. He has to be undressed, and the standing seems very long to him. No one need know you are there unless you choose."

The door was partly open between two of the upper bedrooms when the doctor came. A table with a folded blanket and sheet stood near the center of the room. Jamie sat half on and half off his mother's lap, screwing about uncomfortably while she tried to feed him from a cup in which bread crumbs and red beef juice made an unpleasant-looking mess. The spoon moved more and more slowly as the boy reluctantly mouthed, and more reluctantly swallowed the food. The doctor was arranging a sort of hanging harness from the ceiling, and the boy's eyes followed his movements as he adjusted the pulley by which the harness was raised or lowered. Presently Jamie pushed the spoon aside petulantly.

"You must eat a big dinner this time, Jamie," Mrs. Talcott remonstrated. "Dr. Pangry is going to put a new jacket on you, and we want this one big enough to hold plenty of dinner."

The boy turned from these trivialities and said imperiously, "I want Uncle Dick." As he spoke came the sound of a brisk step and the clatter of a sword. Dana came in, in full-dress uniform, looking very slim and fit in the close gray, with white crossed shoulderbelts, epaulets, and white gloves.



. . . "TAKING HIS PUNISHMENT, IF THE TRUTH BE TOLD, IN RATHER SULLEN FASHION."

"Corporal," he said sharply to the child, "salute!"

The boy slid from his mother's lap, stepped out in his bare feet from the entanglement of the shawl that had covered them, and raising his hand, palm out, to the fur-like blackness of his soft straight hair, saluted his officer.

Motioning sternly to the half-empty cup, Dana said, "Corporal, rations!"

Jamie hesitated a second, then seizing the spoon, gulped hasty spoonfuls. When he had eaten all, he lifted his hand again, and said deferentially, "Were the sentries on duty at the door, sir, when you came in?"

Dana stepped back with measured tread, and opening the door, saw too tiny tin soldiers standing guard, one at each side of the entrance, while two others were lying covered over in a cigar-box half-filled with straw. He came back in a moment, saying:

"I have given them orders to let no one pass the lines without the countersign."

The doctor rolled the table under the suspended harness, examined the white rolled bandages on a small table at his right, felt the temperature of the water in the basin standing beside the bandages, glanced at his watch, and said cheerily:

"All ready, Mrs. Talcott!"

"Right about face!" was Dana's order. Then falling in line, fitting his stride to the boy's step, the leader of cotillions marched his man up to the table. A small housemaid's ladder stood there.

"Mount!" came the order.

The corporal scrambled up, steadied himself with an effort, and stepped out upon the table, his eyes wide and earnest. The blue smock was unfastened and stripped down, leaving the child naked but for the plaster jacket covering his body—a body strangely thick through for the slender brown legs to support. The doctor laid the boy on his back, and with a few quick slashes cut down the front of the plaster cast, and took the child out from the mold that had encased his body for three months, as one might take a little brown almond out of its shell. The mother laid the useless husk gently aside, took from the doctor the undervest he had drawn off over the boy's head, and rolling up the sleeve of her summer dress, plunged one of the rolled bandages into the basin, squeezing and working it to allow the water to penetrate the whole wad. A fresh seamless vest was passed over the boy's head, and drawn snugly down over the narrow hips.

"Attention!" called Dana. "Chest out!

Stomach in! Eyes striking the ground at fifteen paces!"

The boy stood erect.

The collar of the harness was next fitted about the child's neck, the leather straps drawn close under chin and nape, and buckled. Then the doctor, pulling on the hoisting tackle, drew the tiny figure up until it was stretched out full length and almost lifted from its feet. The boy's eyes widened as he felt himself lifted by the head; but he had been by this way before, and he only set his soft lips until the fullness was pressed away.

"Now, my man, put up your hands and hold on to the tackle," the doctor coaxed.

Jamie turned his eyes to Dana, who nodded sharply. So up went two small dark hands, deeply veined with blue, and the little figure—heavy at the chest and light at the loins—was lifted yet higher, so that the babyish feet barely rested on the table.

Folded strips of white gauze were padded about the bony prominences, and the crooked spine was filled out to offer an even surface, so that the child would not be chafed; then the doctor called for the first plaster bandage. Mrs. Talcott handed him the saturated roll of narrow white crinoline through which plaster of Paris had been sifted. The doctor laid an end upon the boy's side, well down over the abdomen, and gradually unrolling with one hand, modeled with the other the wet cloth about the upstretched figure.

Dana, meanwhile, walked slowly up and down before the table, keeping a keen eye on the boy's face squeezed into the leathern harness.

"Steady, corporal!" he called, when the boy sagged from weariness. But the room was for the most part very quiet except for the clatter of the sword, the even tread, or the sound of the doctor's hands on the wet bandages. Round and round the strips were wound in slow overlapping spirals, up to the hollow pits of the upraised arms, and down over the babyish paunch of the full stomach. The doctor seemed to be shaping the child like dough between his palms, as he wound the pliant swathes close about him. Then Dana cleared his throat, and talked about his regiment. It would take at least a quarter of an hour for the plaster to set, a bad quarter of an hour to hang by the neck with arms clasped over the head, feet touching the table, chest out, stomach in, and eyes striking the ground at fifteen paces.

"We go to the drill because we must," Dana was saying; "and the men wear uni-



forms the color of your smock, with white bands crossed over their backs, and they march all together. When they cross the armory—like this, but all in a row—their legs make X, and you can see the light between in a pattern. It is night-time when they drill, and over their heads is a big round roof like in the railway station, and from the roof electric lights—big shining white eggs like Sinbad the sailor saw—shine down and make it almost as light as day. When the command comes to ‘Order Arms!’ down go the rifles with a big, big bang, and the noise goes rolling in the roof. You’d think it was the big ball in the bowling alley up there over your head. Then the men march

by fours, shoulder to shoulder, so close that you cannot even see the white cross-bands on their breasts. So close, corporal, that the long narrow line looks like a long blue scarf that is being shaken up and down with two hundred heads bouncing on top. Then the music plays and the men step out—all straight and soldierly. That’s better, corporal! And when the captain tells us to kneel, we kneel, and when he tells us to fire, we fire. Every good soldier must do as he’s told, and that makes a man of him after a while.”

The little blue-veined hands took a fresh grip of the tackle overhead. “Sing about the ‘eathen!’” said the mouth that moved with effort in the leather harness.

Then Dick Dana sang, in a big, untrained voice, a tune of his own making, about:

The ‘eathen in ‘is blindness bows down
to wood an’ stone;
‘E don’t obey no orders unless they is
‘is own;
‘E keeps ‘is side-arms awful; ‘e leaves
‘em all about;
An’ then comes up the Regiment, an’
pokes the ‘eathen out.

The tune had a way of running out and leaving Dick Dana’s big voice just talking the words loud, clear, and sing-songy.

The doctor had done his work and was washing the plaster from his hands before

the raw recruit, disciplined by hard knocks into an honorable color-sergeant, led his men where

— the hugely bullets come peckin’ through the dust;
An’ no one wants to face ‘em, but every beggar must.

The doctor felt the cast, snapped at it with thumb and finger, and the plaster gave back a sound. “Another minute,” he commented.

And Dick Dana, with a fresh augmentation of sound and time, sang:

‘E’s just as sick as they are; ‘is ‘eart is like to split;
But ‘e works ‘em, works ‘em, works ‘em, till ‘e feels
‘em take the bit;
The rest is ‘oldin’ steady till the watchful bugles play,
An’ ‘e lifts ‘em, lifts ‘em, lifts ‘em through the charge
that wins the day!

The doctor unclasped the weary hands from the tackle, unclasped the collar buckle, and lifted the small rigid body in the cast across his two arms, and laid the boy on his side on the table.

"Let him rest here for a few minutes, then put him to bed. He will sleep from exhaustion."

The mother covered him lightly, slipped a tiny pillow under his head, and followed the doctor out.

When they were alone, the young militiaman knelt down beside the table and looked into the face on the pillow, damp with perspiration and discolored about cheeks and chin by the pressure of the straps. The eyes were closed heavily, and regular breathing lifted the little warrior's corselet. Dana took off his plumed cap, and laid his firm ruddy cheek against the small relaxed hand that lay, palm up, uncured languidly beside the sleeping boy.

He did not hear Rosalie cross the carpeted floor. She hesitated—then drawing his sword lightly from its scabbard, she touched his shoulder with the blade, saying:

"Arise, sir knight! Be faithful, brave, and fortunate as on this day!"

Dana started to his feet—but softly, with an instinct not to arouse the child—and turning, saw the girl balancing the sword between her hands with a movement of sudden fear and flight about her posture.

"What do you mean?" he whispered.

"Don't you know?" she smiled.

Then as his eyes kindled, she stepped aside, and leaning low over the child, kissed the red lips pressed out in happy sleep. Jamie stirred.

"Captain," he murmured, "has some one crossed our lines?" Then more drowsily, "Relieve the sentry at the door, Uncle Dick. My men are—very tired."

GENERAL WOOD AT SANTIAGO.

AMERICANIZING A CUBAN CITY.

BY HENRY HARRISON LEWIS.

WHEN Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, United States Volunteers, late Colonel of the Rough Riders, assumed charge of Santiago de Cuba, the domestic, sanitary, commercial, and political conditions of the city were about as bad as they could possibly be. They were not the result alone of the Cuban revolution, the succeeding war between Spain and the United States, and the besiegement of the city by the American army. In immediate hardship and suffering for the citizens of Santiago, the war had been tragically effective; but it would have been much less so had the people not been living, time out of mind, in utter contempt of the most rudimentary precautions adopted by civilized men for the preservation of health and comfort. For two centuries Santiago had borne the reputation of being one of the most unclean cities on earth. Of it an old merchant captain had said: "It could be smelled ten miles at sea." When General Wood assumed the government of it, on the twentieth day of last July, its streets and courts and houses had come to the last degree of filth and noisomeness, and of its forty odd thousand resi-

dents, great numbers were sick, no small number were starving, and all were miserable. Bodies of the dead lay in the streets, and as General Wood rode about the city, making his first inspection, vultures flew up before him from feasting on human carcasses. There was no food to speak of. The first meal eaten by General Wood himself in the Café Venus, on the Plaza de Armas, cost him fourteen dollars in gold, and the meat served was horse. Gaunt men and women stretched lean arms from the windows, and begged weakly for bread. Some died as they asked, and they remained where they fell. Little children, their distended abdomens speaking eloquently of famine, crawled about the legs of the horses and mutely appealed for crusts.

If ever in this world the extraordinary man, the man of *destiny*, the man of preëminent power and resource, was needed, it was in Santiago de Cuba during the latter part of July, 1898. The occasion demanded first a physician, to deal with the tremendous sanitary needs; then a soldier, to suppress turbulence and effect a quick restoration of law and order; and, finally, a statesman, to