

her face uplifted, and knew that something had been born within her which nothing could conquer or kill.

Up went the voices as the hats had gone—"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" echoing down the city street, Ralph and Edith shouting with the rest. The song left them looking straight into each other's eyes.

A flippant voice jarred against their ears: "What a lot of fuss over an old rag!" It was foolish, girl bravado, but Edith wheeled upon the speaker like an insulted goddess of liberty.

"You don't deserve to have a country," she said, with blazing eyes. "That 'rag' is worth a million human beings; it's greater than any city, or all of them put together. It means the nation!" Then she turned to the man beside her. "Go and enlist, Ralph. I want you to be among the first," she said.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

PEMBERTON'S WIFE.

PEMBERTON was wandering through the South as a book agent when he met Nannie Richards. She was standing in a peach orchard. Perhaps it was the peach blossoms, perhaps it was the pretty face, or it may have been the dimity gown, which caused Pemberton to fall in love with the girl. He talked to her about the merits of his book. The girl had never seen any one so handsome before, and she had never listened to any one who discoursed in such mellifluous tones. Pemberton remained for a few days in the neighborhood and wrote a sonnet about peach blossoms and somebody in dimity who stood beneath them. The girl capitulated, and they were married.

Pemberton had no definite idea of what he intended to do in life. He thought that he would be willing to settle down in a clerkship. He found at the end of three years that the thirst for learning was strong within him. His head was full of unrealized ideals.

"I know how you feel," said Nannie one day. "You think that if you had not married me that you might have gone to college. Me and the baby drag you down. Now, there is no use in your saying no, Jim. I know I ain't worthy of you, but—"

"Am not," said Pemberton. "Don't say 'ain't.'"

The Pembertons had little money when they came to Horicon University. Pemberton tutored two or three youngsters in the preparatory department. He also wrote a sonnet which he sold to one of the magazines. Upon the strength of this he considered himself a literary genius.

"I am so proud of you," said Nannie when he showed the verses to her. "You will be a great poet some day, Jim. Then, when our ship comes in, I think we can afford to have a—an upright piano."

"Your biscuits were a little sad this morning," responded Pemberton.

The year went by and the summer vacation came. The Pembertons decided to remain in Horicon. Moving away would have been an expensive experiment. An ambitious young educator, with the assistance of several students, organized the Horicon University Summer School.

Then it was that Pemberton's wife, who for weeks had been evolving a plan of action, took a decisive step. She appeared, with books under her arm, as a student in the summer school. She knew no more than the veriest "Prep," yet such earnestness of purpose, and such determination to learn, the instructors at Horicon have never known.

For three weeks Nannie Pemberton walked every day to the institution on the hill. Then she was seen no more in the recitation rooms of the old college.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I find that the baby takes all my time."

The next day Pemberton appeared upon the scene. He attended the summer school for the rest of the term as a special student. It could not be expected that a genius should devote himself to the care of a baby, that his wife might get an education.

The new college year opened. A look of discontent seemed to have settled upon Pemberton's face. He grew daily more abstracted in his manner.

"Jim," said his wife one afternoon, as she came into his study with her little, parboiled hands behind her, "you don't seem to be happy. You've got your mind sot on something."

"Sit down," answered Pemberton, and there was such condescension in his tone that the woman blushed for joy. "The fact is, Anna, I feel that Horicon is too small a place for me. I am determined to bring before the world a new American School of Literature. I can do it best from the classic shades where Longfellow walked and the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' held gentle sway. I wish to go to Harvard."

"And you will, Jim," said his wife, as she went reverently away.

The poet nodded and did not even tell her that her grammar was faulty. That afternoon, as far as the baby and soapsuds would permit, Pemberton's wife spent in thought. The more she meditated, the more convinced was she that she had not done her full duty by her husband. She was sure

that she might easily work several more hours out of the twenty four than she had been doing. She blamed herself for not noticing before that Horicon was too small a place for his genius.

She went to a tailor shop that very afternoon and brought home a large, square looking package. All through the winter term Pemberton's wife toiled every night until after midnight sewing upon coats and trousers.

"Making clothes for Arthur," she always answered, when Pemberton took his mind off his new American School of Literature long enough to ask her what she was doing.

While Pemberton lived in cloudland, a bank account in his wife's name was steadily growing. The man did not notice, as others did, that the bloom had left his wife's cheeks and that her form was bent and shrunk. All the time he could take from his study and from his tutoring was given to perfecting his great poem.

"I am not so sure," he said, "that it will be recognized in my lifetime. It is, I fear, too far in advance of the time for that. But of one thing I am certain, and that is, it will bring me posthumous fame."

"I'll help you get it, Jim," said his wife.

A widow of one of the missionaries, who made Horicon her home and had nothing to do especially, buttonholed Pemberton one morning, and told him he was not doing his duty by his wife.

"You ought to get her out in society more," she said.

That is the reason that the little woman, much against her will, found herself at the next reception of Pemberton's class. She realized that her hands had become coarse and red, and that her dress did not fit. She was glad to shrink back into a corner. She was thinking of the time when Jim would have the kind of fame with the long adjective, and she should be so happy, when she heard some one mention her husband's name.

She was so far back in the corner that the two young women who were talking did not see her.

"When his turn came to give a quotation in the German class this morning," the girl with the spectacles was saying, "he proceeded to air his domestic affairs. He rolled up his eyes and quoted from Schiller's 'Song of the Bell':

"The passion is short and the regret is long."

"Being, as I take it," commented the girl with the yellow hair, "a public announcement of the fact that he is tired of his wife."

The widows of the missionaries and the relicts of the ministers, who dwell about that seat of Christian learning known as Horicon, heard a day or so later that Pemberton's child was ill from scarlet fever. The house was quarantined and Pemberton was penned up with his books and his epic poem. The little woman no longer bent over the washtub, and the packages ceased to go to and from the house to the tailor shop.

The carriage of a physician was seen before the door of the little cottage many times a day. The medical man had been sent by the missionary widows. The news spread through the college community that in spite of all that had been done, Pemberton's wife was "very low."

She had taken the disease from her boy. The forces of her life seemed spent.

"Her constitution has been undermined by overwork and lack of sleep," said the physician.

"She has a broken heart," he might have said, had he only known.

Even the great epic poem, which was the corner stone of the new American School of Literature, was deserted. Pemberton, face to face with the reality of life, knelt by his wife's bedside and between sobs, prayed that she might be spared to him.

There came a day when Pemberton's wife felt that the end of all had come.

"Jim," she said, "I hain't forgotten about Harvard and that fame with the long name that you wanted so bad. Unbeknownst to you, I've been saving money. There ought to be enough to get through a year at Harvard, allowing that it costs twice as much as it does here. Never mind about the baby. My folks has agreed to take care of him. Good by, Jim, and God bless you."

"Don't Nan!" moaned the man as he clutched his wife's thin white hand. "Can't you see that you are killing me? Come back! For God's sake, come back!"

* * * *

Pemberton was busy in his grocery store out in Iowa the other day, when he saw his own hand writing on a sheet of paper which he was wrapping about a box of axlegrease.

"Hello, Nan!" he said to a bright faced woman who had just come in. "Did you see that farmer who just went out? He's the custodian of the last remnant of the School of American Literature."

"You hadn't oughter give up your ideals, Jim, really you oughtn't," said Pemberton's wife, as she looked with tender reproach into her husband's eyes.

John Walker Harrington.

LITERARY CHAT

"MARCHING WITH GOMEZ."

Modesty is, perhaps, a characteristic of all war correspondents, at least of those who have actually been to the front in Cuba, instead of at Key West, for instance. Certainly it is one of the very evident qualities of Mr. Grover Flint. Possibly it was due to Mr. Flint's modesty, possibly to that hazy and unperceptive atmosphere which so often envelopes the occupant of an editorial chair—at any rate, whatever the cause may have been, this gentleman's reputation among his associates on the metropolitan daily with which he was for some time connected, was not that of a writer. A common remark among his fellow craftsmen at that time, when discussing the qualities of the lately returned war correspondent, was, "What a pity that Flint can't write!"

So much for the opinion of associate experts, for Mr. Flint's "Marching with Gomez" is one of the very best and most interesting of the recent contributions to literature about Cuba. The book—made up from field notes, taken during some four months of the spring and summer of 1896 as war correspondent with the insurgent forces—is very fascinating reading. Mr. Flint's style is so clear, so simple, and so picturesque, his appreciation of dramatic values so keen, and his artistic feeling so evident, that one follows the narrative of his experiences with unabated interest to the end. His felicity of expression is really admirable, and he gets "atmospheres," no matter whether it be of the interior of a mountain workshop, a desolated province, a guerrilla hanging, or a moving column of ragged soldiers, the infantry of "Free Cuba."

Banks of clouds obscured the moon, and cool showers blew in from the sea, as we zigzagged by *guarda rayas* (aisles for marking sections and carrying off cut cane) in the canefields, and through the tall moist grass of the pastures, up a hilly trail into the forest. Sometimes as we passed a clearing and the shadowy outline of a peasant's hut, dogs awoke and bayed until we were out of hearing. Once, as we splashed through a deep pool, a great white bird arose and floated, spirit-like, into the night ahead of us. We rode silently for perhaps an hour, slipping about in the mud on up grades, and trotting when our path offered a level, until a sharp challenge, "*Allo! Quien va?*" ("Halt! Who goes?") brought us to a stop. "Cuba," shouted the captain.

"*Avanza uno!*" ("Advance one!") came from the mysterious sentry in the bush. Then

our captain jogged forward a dozen paces with the password, and called for us to follow.

That is Mr. Flint's account of his introduction into a "permanent" Cuban camp, and is but a bit, taken at random, out of the many picturesque descriptions with which the volume abounds.

Mr. Flint did not find the insurgents doing very much of anything, except to harass the Spanish forces wherever found—a skirmish, with as much damage to the Spaniards as possible, and then a retreat with the least possible loss to the Cubans. The battle of Saratoga, which the author describes, was really more of a pitched retreat than a pitched battle—the Spaniards doing the retreating; and this is the only engagement in his experiences which the author dignifies by the name of battle. It is this lack of aggressive warfare on the part of the insurgents to which Mr. T. R. Dawley, another war correspondent, so strongly objected. Mr. Flint makes no comments, but his narrative seems to show that the harassing policy was carried on in a judicious style, and later events have seemed to prove its effectiveness.

One inference is evident from this war correspondent's personal observations of the Spaniards under engagement, and that is that our own troops would have little difficulty in "licking them out of sight." On the other hand, their behavior under fire is very probably due more to the inefficiency, and perhaps cowardice, of their commanders, than to any lack of fighting spirit in the Spanish soldier.

"Atrocities," says Mr. Flint, "committed by the Spanish guerrillas about Cienfuegos have been of such medieval ghastliness that no one ever believed them, and reports of them are handled gingerly by news editors." And he devotes a chapter to "Typical Atrocities," describing what he himself saw of the victims of the Olayita massacre, which took place at the plantation of M. Duarte, a French citizen. The *reconcentrado* feature of the Spanish policy is not touched upon in this book. It had not been adopted at the time of Mr. Flint's visit.

As to annexation, a question which may come up in Cuba's future history, Mr. Flint says:

Gomez, as a practical soldier, did not venture to speculate on Cuba's future in detail. It was looking forward enough for him to see Cuba