

out the slightest interference with individual rights.

SIX KINDS OF CITY NOISES.

City noises may be classified under the six following heads:

1—Noises produced by wheeled vehicles of any kind, and by the animals—usually horses, or sometimes mules—drawing them.

2—Noises produced by street peddlers, hucksters, hawkers, musicians, and so forth.

3—Noises produced by bells, whistles, horns, clocks, etc.

4—Noises produced by animals, other than those drawing vehicles—as cats, dogs, or birds.

5—Explosives.

6—All noises which come from the inside of our houses, as persons learning to play musical instruments or training the voice, and the loud talking and screeching that one often hears at fashionable functions.

We will select a few examples of noise from each of the above classes, and, where possible, point out how they might be abolished or at least abated. When all the New York streets were paved with stone blocks, the passage of a carriage and horses was very disturbing, but asphalt pavements and rubber tires have done away with the noise, except the clatter of the horses' feet. Underground rapid transit ought sooner or later to reduce the number of clanging cable cars and roaring elevated trains.

Nearly all the street noises in group two are unnecessary. A city ordinance making it a misdemeanor for any person to shout his wares in the streets, and compelling the rag and bottle men and scissors grinders to ring the basement bell and inquire if their services are wanted would rid the streets in the residence quarters of intolerable nuisances. Such an ordinance would in no way injure the business of these people; it

would in some respects prove an advantage to them. The sale of newspapers by strong lunged men yelling "Extra!" in the streets is a direct infringement on the rights of the residents. I can produce cases where the lives of sick persons were shortened by the continual shouting of "Extra!" under their windows during the war with Spain.

One of the worst and seemingly most useless noise makers in our third group is the church bell. It is hard to see any practical reason for its existence. When congregations were scattered, and when watches were a rare luxury, bells were of service to notify the people of the hour of worship. Today they are useless disturbers of the Sunday morning quiet, which is so refreshing to many, tired out with the week's toil.

In the fourth class we find cats. I know of no reason why cats should be permitted to infest streets and back yards and destroy sleep by their nightly vocal exercises. Children are quite as likely to be bitten and scratched by them as by dogs, yet under existing regulations stray dogs are promptly taken to the pound and destroyed, while the cats are allowed to remain.

Explosives compose the fifth class. We should be thankful that this torture is mostly confined to one day in the year, the Fourth of July. An ordinance against the use of explosives in the city streets should be passed and enforced, and if young America must express his patriotism in barbarous noises, make him go into the country to do it.

Of the sixth group—noises from the inside of our houses—we have little to say. If people are so unthinking and ill bred as to have no consideration for their neighbors in the matter of noise in their own dwellings, nothing I can say will have any effect. Persistent disturbances of this sort may, of course, be suppressed by lodging a complaint with the municipal health board.

CHANCE.

A LEAFY lane, and at its foot a stile;
Beyond, a meadow where the fireflies dance;
A lad and lass, their loving lips asmile,
Together by the stile, and this is—*Chance!*

Clinton Scollard.

A Coastwise Idyl.

THE ROMANCE OF JOHN INVERLAY, MASTER OF THE BRIGANTINE HELENA GRAY.

BY C. M. WILLIAMS.

CAPTAIN JOHN INVERLAY was pacing the tiny quarter deck of his hundred ton brigantine, the *Helena Gray*, at anchor in Chebucto Harbor, but already cleared for Trinidad. Besides the captain, a solitary sailor paced the decks. The rest of the crew were below asleep, but Inverlay was in no mood for slumber.

John Inverlay was a unique product of the Nova Scotian school of seamen—the rough, bluff “sea dog” school of fifty years ago. He was the well educated son of a Scottish clergyman, destined also for the pulpit, but the glamour of the sea had drawn him away, and now, at six and twenty, he was in command of his own vessel.

As he paced up and down, ever and anon he glanced, with the sailor’s instinct, at the vessel’s shrouds, the sea, the dusky sky. The air was flush, keen, buoyant. The water made a stir along the ship’s sides. Northward a few lights gleamed on anchored vessels, and in the sky was the glow of the town lights.

Seaward, to the south, the revolving light on Chebucto Head flashed at intervals of time. But southward from the town there was an unbroken sweep of blackness for a mile or more, except for one tiny, twinkling light; and it was this light of all lights—either earth lights or the stars in the sky—that caught the young sailor’s attention.

“*Helena’s window!*” he murmured. “I wonder why she lights the lamp to-night!”

Inverlay’s one romance centered about that distant light. In days but shortly past, as he now recalled sadly, how many times had he eagerly watched for the appearance of that signal, and how many times had he joyously rowed across the water, in answer, to the lass who had lighted it, bearing gifts that came from over seas—gay corals, or a piece of shimmering silk, and once a

quaintly pictured box of odorous wood brought home from his longest voyage, that one to India.

And the very next day after the gift of the scented box had seen the end of the idyl, had brought the letter from *Helena’s* uncle, her guardian, which told Inverlay that she was to marry another, though *Helena* had not been able to bring herself to tell him.

The simple, fatalistic sailor—fatalistic from the teachings of the fate ruled sea—had taken the blow in silence, and had gone away to suffer by himself. But now, as he watched the light on shore, suddenly a desire to reply to the involuntary signal stirred in him.

With the assistance of the deck hand, he lowered a boat, and rowed away towards the shore. Spring surcharged the air with delicate freshness and heady, riotous sweetness. It was a night for youth and love to revel in. Even old ocean, that ancient of days, forgot its eternity in the renaissance of spring.

Inverlay landed, walked through a field, vaulted a low fence, and stood beneath the lighted window. The air of a song came to him; his lips puckered to whistle it—the signal that of old had called *Helena* to a tryst. But remembrance interfered, and his lips stayed mute.

The window was some five feet above the ground, and from its position, in a corner of the room, Inverlay could not see within; but he could see the large brass lamp that threw the light. It stood upon a table close to the window. It reminded him of a lighted shrine in a great foreign cathedral he had once visited at dusk. It was a strange thought to visit a simple sailor, but it seemed to Inverlay that he was worshiping for the last time at the altar of his love.

Suddenly there was a rustle of garments within the room; a girl appeared at the window, and raised the sash. In-