

machine is not enough. It has created generations of prigs and potentates; it has given birth to dogmatists and theorists and Draconian logicians; it has made men intolerant and women unbearable. The bookworm is often only a worm that shelters itself in the well-manured soil. True culture, if it means anything at all, means the making of the mind and personality more adaptable, and therefore more useful. It means flexibility and tolerance and understanding. No knowledge is worth while which cannot be applied directly to life through the influence of acts impelled by character. The world has a great many cultured people from whom most of us pray to be preserved. They are the people who are book-ridden, author-ridden, theory-ridden; the slaves of the notes at the foot of the page; the victims of the appendix.

It is impossible for man, with his senses all alive—seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, tasting—to be wholly uninspired, to be dull, despairing or forlorn; to be lacking in humanity or uncultured. The real essence of culture, the beginning of culture, is the training of the senses. All thought has had its origin in feeling, from the first bleat of anthropological man to the last note of a symphony by Debussy. In these days the senses are too little trained. We are absorbed, swamped, by the thousand conveniences of life, the products of science, which take the place of the bright eye, the keen scent, the instinctive feeling of the nerves. With it has come greater

information, but less real knowledge, the monotony of acquirement, the lessening of personality.

A lady once said to me in a country-house when a great dry-as-dust historian was about to pay it a visit, "Whenever he comes I always carry my drops!" I am bound to say that I felt for her, and often feel *with* her when I have met some cultured soul who knows so much and exists so little; who knows so much of what somebody else has said and done, and lives so little the things that belong to himself—that separate individuality placed in a multifarious world to develop in its own way, breathing in the air that all breathe, but exhaling his own individual soul.

No man or woman who is really interested in people and things is ever quite dull or quite unhappy. We say of a man that he has a personality. That means that he is alive—seeing, feeling, sensitively observing things with his whole organism, and giving out all he feels. I have seen it and loved it in a hall porter, in a shoemaker, in a ranchman, breathing life as he lived it, from cabbage-tree Bill on the saltbush plains of Australia to my friend George, the broncho-buster, out in Arizona, who, notable in his silence, became fluent in his enthusiasms over the camp-fire, when he recited Kipling's "Ballad of East and West" and Adam Lindsay Gordon's "Sick Stockrider." George was cultured in his way, for what he had he used, he gave. That is the secret of education: to get, to give, to live.

THE GOOD RAIN

I CAN hear the feet of the rain,
As they surge across the plain;
And I know that mighty army
Will not march in vain.

They will vanquish Summer's drouth;
They will rescue the weary South,
They will come with shouts of healing
In their crystal mouth.

They will bless—that thrilling host,
When the sad earth needs them most;
They will cleanse the hills, and vanish,
Vanish like a ghost!

Charles Hanson Towne

THE END OF HIS SENTENCE

BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON



FOR two long years, on the whaling ship Narwhal, Frederick Allen, *alias* the Sonoma Kid, *alias* the Bull-Fighter, had dreamed of love and revenge, of smooth-faced, lazy-eyed Lizzie the Blonde, and of Gentleman Algie. Now as the launch surged up San Francisco Bay and the dark, somber fabric of the ship grew hazier in the blowy distance, while San Francisco's hills and towers grew clearer to the view, he stared at the bronzed and bearded companions of his enforced cruise as though they were strangers. The Bull-Fighter was coming home; he had served the sentence meted out to him by a puzzled criminal judge who asserted that California could better do without his presence than afford to keep him a year in Folsom Prison.

"Where you goin'?" demanded the big, lanky man who had shared his watch and mess. "It's me for East Street. I guess a little real livin' won't hurt after them twenty-six months on that packet."

Allen recalled his mind for the moment to the present. "Muh?" he answered dully. "Well, I got to meet some folks. One of 'em's lookin' for me and the other ain't."

When the launch chugged up into its slip a short, entirely capable mate of a deep-water vessel looked curiously at the men disembarking with their bags and chests. His eyes picked out the Bull-Fighter.

"Say you, there," the mate began, stepping in front of him. "Don't you want to sign on the Glendale for Antwerp? Good advance. Got a berth as bo's'n for the right man."

"Nothing doin'," Allen responded curtly.

"You're a good man," the mate insisted, glancing at the clear-skinned face, bright eyes, and trim figure. "I can make it worth your while. What do you want of

goin' to a boarding-house and blowing all your pay just to be handed another knock-down? Come and sign on with us. I'll see that you have plenty of shore leave."

"Say, mister," the Bull-Fighter returned scornfully, "d'ye suppose I ain't tired of lookin' at the moon nights? I want to see lights along a street and over doorways. Anyway, I'm no sailor."

"You ain't!" muttered the mate profanely, and stared after the departing man.

When the Bull-Fighter had finally been landed in court after a career of five years on the Barbary Coast he had had his hang-out at Reed's Hall on Pacific and Sansome Streets. It was in Reed's that he had first met Lizzie the Blonde. It was in Reed's that he had gathered and maintained the gang of which he was bully and leader. To Reed's he now directed his steps, refusing all invitations to a drink.

As he passed up East Street, by the Ferry Building and across Market, he was flushed with the sense of being once more on his own ground. He was no longer a slave of authority. He was no longer F. Allen, ordinary seaman, no longer F. Allen, prisoner in the dock, but once again the Bull-Fighter.

He hastened his steps, glancing now and again at the people who were thronging homeward after the day's work. Vaguely enough he realized that they looked strange: they were white-faced. They dodged here and there. They were a poor lot. After two years of seeing only his own sea-beaten, sun-scorched, ice-blistered companions these folk seemed a people apart.

Finally he emerged into Pacific Street and stood before the big yellow sign of Reed's Hall. The Coast was waking to its nightly day. The sandwich men were fixing up their stalls. Brassy orchestras were tuning up inside the swinging doors of the various resorts. The first tide of flashily dressed, pallid-faced habitués were