

"Yeah, I reckon I'll always have it," he says. "I reckon I like it right smart, that little ranch. Course it ain't much, just fifteen hundred acres or so. I like to set by the steps when it gits cool in the evenin' and it's gittin' dark and stars come out and I hear the goats comin' in. I read some poetry about it onst and I wisht I could find some more poetry like that. Got an old flute and sometimes I blow that when I'm settin' there. Kind o' company. The goats all come round, think there's sompn to eat I guess. Some folks tries to git me to move in town, but I reckon I'll stay on the ranch."

What does his wife think of it? I venture to inquire; I should think she might be lonely out there.

"No," he says, "my wife she stays in town with my daughter. She's all right; she makes doll clothes; and my daughter makes her livin' bakin' fancy cakes for parties. So we git along all right I reckon."

Sure, I say warmly, sure you do!

I look at him as we sit there smoking. He has a sort of refinement, he is clean like a fine animal, fresh-hearted as a boy. His intelligence is active and simple and sharp. His passions are strong and genuine, and they are kept to an open and wholesome proportion and temperance by his relation to the world about him. His relation to men, the soil and the natural earth is evenly distributed on account of the way he lives.

"I've got a lot of little kids out there," he goes on, poking at the ground between his feet and not looking up. "Most of 'em are white but there's one little black one. He's the smartest in the lot."

Mr. Wallace rises and starts on his way. I say after him as he goes that I'd like to come and see him some day. How was the road? Could we come in a car?

He makes a wry face as he turns back a moment:

"I'd shore like to have you come. I hope you will. But I dunno about the car. They's a road all the way all right but it's so rough you couldn' git there in a airplane without a accident."

I look back now and then as I walk, and see Mr. Wallace swinging along beside his horses and growing fainter and fainter in the dusk; and I think of him. He is so one with the world around him, so much a part of nature here, that he has a sort of pathos, something shy and brave and simple, something pathetic and incommunicable, like an animal. And then I can see him no longer, and return to the moment. The moon has set. A few soft clouds have blown in, but the skies are gentle and clear. The train is crossing the long railroad bridge; and in the starlight I can see the river below with the willows clouding the banks, and in the west the dim hills lie in a long, sighing line.

STARK YOUNG.

The Lost Phrase

Treacherous sleep, which comes to give,
Comes soon again to take,
The lustered, unremembered words
Which whisper men awake.

Sleep showed my phrase, then slipped it back
Into the sunken hold
Where the words which none may take in his hands
Glimmer like soft, white gold.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL.

The Crow's Nest

THERE was a swing-door in my brother's house, from the dining-room into the kitchen. The two bulldogs often wanted to go into the kitchen at meal-time. But the swing-door was mean. When a dog pushed it, it swung back, and struck him, or pinched his hindlegs. And even when he hadn't touched it, sometimes, but was just walking up to it, some one was apt to come through from the other side suddenly. Then that door smote a dog on the nose and knocked him over, before he could jump.

When Binks wanted to go through this door, he always remembered those bumps. He became low in his mind. He went up to the door pessimistically and doubtfully; and stood a long while before it, with his ears and tail and head all hanging down, trying to get up his courage. Finally, he began pushing at it, very slowly, so as not to anger it or get it to swinging at him; and then little by little he managed to squeeze uncomfortably through, with the door pinching away at him at every step, and making him tremble with fear. These were his successes. But worse still, of course, were his failures. For when he stood there so long, asking himself whether the kitchen was worth it, some one nearly always came through and knocked him over again. That made him skurry away, yelping with grief and despair. Then he sat under a table and thought to himself, "What a world."

The Amazon was not that kind of dog. She knew it was dangerous to go into the kitchen, but she accepted the risk. She threw herself at the door, flung it wide open, and usually slipped through untouched.

Binks was an affectionate, demonstrative dog. He loved George and W., both, and he was happiest when they and he were all three together. But he was sentimental about it. If George was upstairs and W. down, Binks was unsettled. The Amazon, if she couldn't be with both of them, decided on the one she would stay with and at least got that much companionship; but Binks went unhappily up and down, joining first one, then the other. He became so confused by this trotting, and by his own indecision, that he usually ended by stopping to rest in the middle of a trip, half way up the cold stairs. It was a poor place to stop, but he lay down there a moment, feeling exhausted, and put his nose between his paws to keep it warm, and immediately went fast to sleep. Naturally the first person who passed up or down in the dark stepped right on him.

At first he regarded every new dog he saw as his friend. He went up to them all, happy and confident, to make the usual dog overtures. Being full of an unthinking kind of good-feeling himself, he didn't see why every other dog shouldn't be too. If a dog didn't respond, Binks was astonished. If it growled, he was alarmed. Any expression of enmity was so unexpected, he didn't know what to do about it. No matter how small the growler was, Binks hurried away, much upset.

One day, as he was going up to a small dog to make his acquaintance, George held him back, thinking that the small dog's owner might be afraid. Binks struggled to get at him. The owner quickly grabbed up her small dog, which was now shrinking with terror. Binks, being a creature of reflexes, at once became fierce. He had inspired fear! He liked the sensation. He desired to chew that small dog.

After that experience, this exponent of good feeling actually fought several dogs, including some big ones,

which he didn't know enough to avoid. He had no ballast, no sense about fighting: and of course no real courage. He went into battle wholly on the strength of his delusions of grandeur.

The Amazon never fought except when necessary; but when she did, it was serious. She was not only fearless, she had an iron will, and a white-hot attack.

"Want to go out walking, Binks?" George and W. sometimes would ask. Binks didn't know. Wasn't sure. Even when he did want to go, if a delay followed he would forget all about it. But when they asked the Amazon, she always knew at once what she wanted. Days that she wished to go, she hurled herself downstairs in delight, and slipped on the rug at the bottom, and banged into the door. Then she picked herself up and steadfastly waited there until that door was opened. W. might go off down into the kitchen to speak to the cook, then up again to get a hat, or to telephone. But the Amazon would wait on.

The Amazon was a year old when Binks was first brought to the house as a puppy; and she mothered him a little, or tolerated him. So Binks grew up piggy and selfish. He always shoved her out of the warm place by the fire, for instance. She stood for it—she got up and moved away when he was a nuisance. She could have crushed Binks if she'd cared to, but Binks never knew it. Before he came, when there were several dogs, and they all had their meals from one bowl, not one of them dared even to approach the bowl until she had finished. They waited in a ring, large and small, watching until she walked off, and then they ran up and ate what was left. She would stand no nonsense from any of them.

She didn't care for dogs anyhow. She treated them nearly all with contempt. There was a setter named Ranger, for instance, who used to come over, mornings. He leapt lightly and beautifully over the fence, and ran to my brother's back porch. Head up, tail straight and quivering. The Amazon was there, waiting at the door, gruff and slumpy, in her early morning mood. She paid no attention to him. He stepped nearer. She growled. Delighted at this sign that she at least admitted he was there, he stepped nearer still—but cautiously. She then let out a terrific growl, still with her back to him; and scratched impatiently at the door with her paw, until George let her in.

The dogs were strictly forbidden to lie on the sofa; but they sometimes jumped up for a nap on it when the family were out. When they heard a key in the front door, Binks scrambled off and lay down somewhere else. He looked so guilty, however, lying so unnaturally flat and close to the floor, that W. would suspect him. She'd feel the sofa, find a warm patch, and know what he'd done. Then Binks was in trouble again, with more sad reflections about how he had no luck. The Amazon, in similar circumstances, got off the sofa and lumbered away; and as she wasn't shrinking with guilt, she aroused no suspicion.

When the Amazon was punished she accepted it, shook herself, and walked off. Binks was entirely without such resolution. He squirmed and wriggled like everything, before, during, and after a whipping: he yelled, he was abject, unhappy. He always doubled his misery.

If you stepped on the Amazon, she didn't like it, but she was too loyal to snarl, or hit back. She simply took it as part of the bad of life. But if you stepped on Binks, he instinctively snapped at you. He was terribly ashamed of his intention the very next minute; but it was there, just the same; and with all his affection he used to come near biting his friends.

Binks loved to snuggle up to you, whenever he happened to think of it, and share any passing emotions he had; but he didn't note yours. The Amazon wanted communion. When she looked at those she loved, she seemed to listen to their thoughts and respond.

When she was ill and suffering, she silently rolled her eye at you: "What is to be done about this?" She trusted you; she let you do anything to her to help. Binks was frightened by pain, and at such moments didn't trust anyone.

When you sat alone at night with the Amazon, if you said, "Hist! what's that!" she sprang forward ready to meet anything on heaven or earth. She loved food and sunshine as much as anyone, she loved to rest with her friends, but she never hesitated a second to risk her life at the first call of danger. When you said "Hist!" to Binks, he barked loudly, then got thoughtful about it, and presently crawled under the chair, feeling shaky and worried. He knew that awful things—death and danger—were hunting round through the dark. He wanted to be protected from them somehow. He trusted to dodging them.

The Amazon didn't ask for safety. She trusted herself.

Binks had the infantile attitude. He never grew up. Yet he could have argued that he was more realistic than she. He, Binks, was the wise old materialist, trying to save his own skin; while the Amazon was so reckless she believed she could face the whole world.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

CORRESPONDENCE

All Kinds Make Up a Circulation

SIR: It takes all kinds to make up a circulation. There is your correspondent of the other week who shuddered and cursed at the mere prospect—apparently novel to him—of Negroes rooming in the same Harvard dormitory with white students. Then there is your present correspondent, who lived contentedly at Harvard in the same dormitory with two black students a college year without ever hearing the arrangement even questioned.

WALTER T. FISHER.

Chicago.

Training For Nurses

SIR: May I call attention to one misstatement in your excellent editorial of July 12th on *The Next Advance in Public Health*? Speaking of the eight months specialized training in Public Health Nursing recommended in Miss Goldmark's report, you say "This third grade of training is obviously on a much higher plane than any now existing."

You will be glad to know that sixteen such courses have already been well established, fifteen of them under college or university auspices. The first was developed in Teachers College, Columbia University, in 1910, and hundreds of public health nurses have graduated from this and other courses since then, many of the students attending from two to three years and receiving B. S. and A. M. degrees as well as their special diplomas in Public Health Nursing.

It may be of interest to your readers to know that there are several colleges and universities which give the fundamental nursing course as well, with its coordinated hospital training. Among these are the Universities of Minnesota, Indiana, Cincinnati, California, Michigan, Northwestern, Western Reserve, Columbia, and Simmons College.

The beginning has been made, but public interest and financial support are urgently needed to strengthen and extend it, and to put the whole training of the 50,000 student nurses in this country on a sounder educational and economic basis.

The Committee for the Study of Nursing Education has done a great public service in showing the relation of this educational problem to the whole program of public health and hospital work.

New York City.

MABEL M. STEWART.