

It is a continual cause of surprise among those who do not know the South intimately that Southerners should be so fond of the old negroes and yet should be so intolerant of things which Northerners would regard with indifference. It is a matter which can hardly be explained, but if anyone goes and lives at the South, he will quickly find himself falling into Southern ways. Let one go on the plantations where the politician is absent and the "bloody-shirt" newspaper is unknown, and he will find something of the old relation still existing.

I have seen a young man (who happened to be a lieutenant in a volunteer company) kiss his old mammy on the parade ground in sight of the whole regiment.

Some years ago, while General Fitzhugh Lee was Governor of Virginia, a wedding took place in the executive mansion at Richmond. At the last moment, when the company were assembled and all had taken their places, waiting for the bride to appear, it was discovered that mammy Celia, the bride's mammy, had not come in, and no less a person than General Lee, the

Governor of Virginia, went and fetched her in on his arm to take her place beside the mother of the bride.

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UNHAPPILY, whatever the future may produce, the teachings of doctrinaires and injudicious friends have lost the negroes of the present generation their manners and cost them much of the friendship of the whites.

None of us knows what relation the future may produce between the two races in the South, but possibly when the self-righteous shall be fewer than they are now and the teachings which have estranged the races shall become more sane the great Anglo-Saxon race, which is dominant, and the negro race, which is amiable, if not subservient, will adjust their differences more in accordance with the laws which must eventually prevail, and the old feeling of kindness, which seems, under the stress of antagonism, to be dying away, will once more reassert itself.

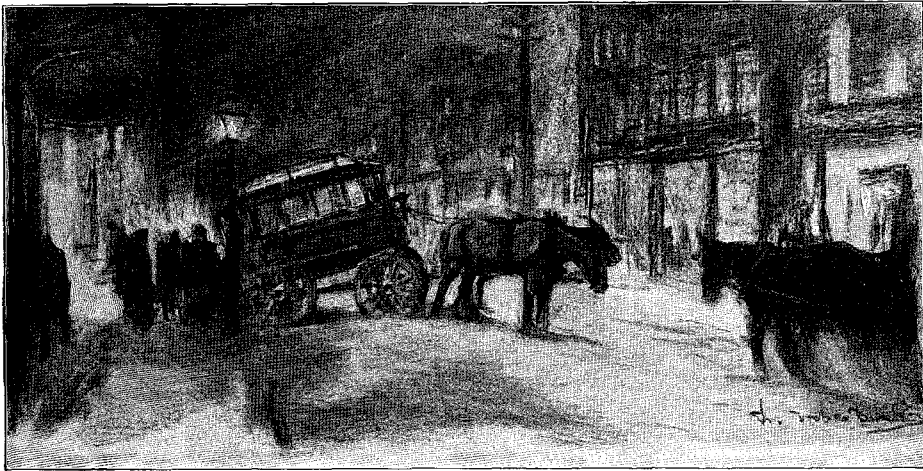
SAINT ROSE

By Frank Dempster Sherman

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

DEAR Rose, what volumes it would need to hold
 The songs that poets have been fain to sing
 In praise of you,—the ruby in June's ring,—
 Jewel of fragrance set in summer's gold!
 What tender words of worship, since of old
 In Eden Love first found you blossoming,
 Have blest your beauty, hoping so to bring
 A touch of warmth unto a bosom cold!

Poets and Lovers there shall ever be
 So long as there are gardens where the vine
 Builds a green temple of felicity
 Within whose leaves is found your fragrant shrine.
 O sweet Saint Rose! Dear flower of melody,—
 A lover's token,—take this song of mine!



AN EXTRA BLANKET

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLOTTE WEBER-DITZLER

SAM was mad. You could see that from the way he strode up and down the platform of the covered railroad station, talking to himself in staccato explosives, like an automobile getting under way. He had lost his trunk, and a drummer without his trunk is as helpless—well, as an elephant in a similar scrape.

Outside a snowstorm was working itself up into a blizzard; cuts level with the fences, short curves choked with drifts, flat stretches bare of a flake. Inside a panting locomotive crawled ahead of two Pullmans and a baggage—a special from Detroit to Kalamazoo, six hours late, loaded with comic-opera people, their baggage, properties—and Sam's lost trunk.

When the train pulled up opposite to where Sam stood, the engine looked as if it had struck an avalanche on the way up and had brought most of it along.

Sam moved down to the step of the first Pullman, his absorbing eye taking in the train, the fragments of the glaciers, and the noses of the chorus girls pressed flat against

the frosted panes. The conductor was now on the platform, crunching a tissue telegram which the station-master had just handed him. He had stopped for orders and for a wider breathing space, where he could get out into the open and stretch his arms, and become personal and perhaps profane without wounding the feelings of his passengers.

Sam stepped up beside him and showed him an open telegram.

"Yes, it's aboard all right," replied the conductor, "but I couldn't find it in a week. A lot of scenery and ladders and trunks all piled in. I am sorry, but I wouldn't——"

"What you 'wouldn't,' my sweet Aleck, don't interest me," exploded Sam. "You get a couple of porters and go through that stuff, or I'll wire the main office that——"

"See here, young feller. Don't get gay. Hit that gourd of yours another crack and maybe you'll knock some sense into it. We're six hours late, ain't we? We got three hours to make Kalamazoo in, ain't we? This show's got to get there on time,