

# THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK I—(Continued)

V



HE observance of Sunday at Bellomont was chiefly marked by the punctual appearance of the smart omnibus destined to convey the household to the little church at the gates. Whether any one got into the omnibus or not was a matter of secondary importance, since by standing there it not only bore witness to the orthodox intentions of the family, but made Mrs. Trenor feel, when she finally heard it drive away, that she had somehow vicariously gone to church in it.

It was Mrs. Trenor's theory that her daughters actually did go every Sunday; but their French governess's convictions calling her to the rival fane, and the fatigues of the week keeping their mother in her room till luncheon, there was seldom any one present to verify the fact. Now and then, in a spasmodic burst of virtue—when the house had been too uproarious over night—Gus Trenor forced his genial bulk into a tight frock-coat and routed his daughters from their slumbers; but habitually, as Lily explained to Mr. Gryce, this parental duty was forgotten till the church bells were ringing across the park, and the omnibus had driven away empty.

Lily had hinted to Mr. Gryce that this neglect of religious observances was repugnant to her early traditions, and that during her visits to Bellomont she regularly accompanied Muriel and Hilda to church. This tallied with the assurance, also confidentially imparted, that, never having played bridge before, she had been "dragged into it" on the night of her arrival, and had lost an appalling amount of money in consequence of her ignorance of the game and of the rules of betting. Mr. Gryce was undoubtedly enjoying Bellomont. He liked the ease and glitter of the life, and the lustre

conferred on him by being a member of this group of rich and conspicuous people. But he thought it a very materialistic society; there were times when he was frightened by the talk of the men and the looks of the ladies, and he was glad to find that Miss Bart, for all her ease and self-possession, was not at home in so ambiguous an atmosphere. For this reason he had been especially pleased to learn that she would, as usual, attend the young Trenors to church on Sunday morning; and as he paced the gravel sweep before the door, his light overcoat on his arm and his prayer-book in one carefully-gloved hand, he reflected agreeably on the strength of character which kept her true to her early training in surroundings so subversive to religious principles.

For a long time Mr. Gryce and the omnibus had the gravel sweep to themselves; but, far from regretting this deplorable indifference on the part of the other guests, he found himself nourishing the hope that Miss Bart might be unaccompanied. The precious minutes were flying, however; the big chestnuts pawed the ground and flecked their impatient sides with foam; the coachman seemed to be slowly petrifying on the box, and the groom on the doorstep; and still the lady did not come. Suddenly, however, there was a sound of voices and a rustle of skirts in the doorway, and Mr. Gryce, restoring his watch to his pocket, turned with a nervous start; but it was only to find himself handing Mrs. Wetherall into the carriage.

The Wetheralls always went to church. They belonged to the vast group of human automata who go through life without neglecting to perform a single one of the gestures executed by the surrounding puppets. It is true that the Bellomont puppets did not go to church; but others equally important did—and Mr. and Mrs. Wetherall's circle was so large that God was included in their visiting-list. They ap-



*Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.*

She turned on him a face softened but not disfigured by emotion.—Page 330.

peared, therefore, punctual and resigned, with the air of people bound for a dull "At Home," and after them Hilda and Muriel straggled, yawning and pinning each other's veils and ribbons as they came. They had promised Lily to go to church with her, they declared, and Lily was such a dear old duck that they didn't mind doing it to please her, though they couldn't fancy what had put the idea in her head, and though for their own part they would much rather have played lawn tennis with Jack and Gwen, if she hadn't told them she was coming. The Misses Trenor were followed by Lady Cressida Raith, a weather-beaten person in Liberty silk and ethnological trinkets, who, on seeing the omnibus, expressed her surprise that they were not to walk across the park; but at Mrs. Wetherall's horrified protest that the church was a mile away, her ladyship, after a glance at the height of the other's heels, acquiesced in the necessity of driving, and poor Mr. Gryce found himself rolling off between four ladies for whose spiritual welfare he felt not the least concern.

It might have afforded him some consolation could he have known that Miss Bart had really meant to go to church. She had even risen earlier than usual in the execution of her purpose. She had an idea that the sight of her in a grey gown of devotional cut, with her famous lashes drooped above a prayer-book, would put the finishing touch to Mr. Gryce's subjugation, and render inevitable a certain incident which she had resolved should form a part of the walk they were to take together after luncheon. Her intentions in short had never been more definite; but poor Lily, for all the hard glaze of her exterior, was inwardly as malleable as wax. Her faculty for adapting herself, for entering into other people's feelings, if it served her now and then in small contingencies, hampered her in the decisive moments of life. She was like a water-plant in the flux of the tides, and today the whole current of her mood was carrying her toward Lawrence Selden. Why had he come? Was it to see herself or Bertha Dorset? It was the last question which, at that moment, should have engaged her. She might better have contented herself with thinking that he had simply responded to the despairing summons of his hostess, anxious to interpose

him between herself and the baffled fancy of Mrs. Dorset. But Lily had not rested till she learned from Mrs. Trenor that Selden had come of his own accord.

"He didn't even wire me—he just happened to find the trap at the station. Perhaps it's not over with Bertha after all," Mrs. Trenor musingly concluded; and went away to arrange her dinner-cards accordingly.

Perhaps it was not, Lily reflected; but it should be soon, unless she had lost her cunning. If Selden had come at Mrs. Dorset's call, it was at her own that he would stay. So much the previous evening had told her. Mrs. Trenor, true to her simple principle of making her married friends happy, had placed Selden and Mrs. Dorset next to each other at dinner; but, in obedience to the time-honoured traditions of the match-maker, she had separated Lily and Mr. Gryce, sending in the former with George Dorset, while Mr. Gryce was coupled with Gwen Van Osburgh.

George Dorset's talk did not interfere with the range of his neighbour's thoughts. He was a mournful dyspeptic, intent on finding out the deleterious ingredients of every dish and diverted from this care only by the sound of his wife's voice. On this occasion, however, Mrs. Dorset took no part in the general conversation. She sat talking in low murmurs with Selden, and turning a contemptuous and denuded shoulder toward her host, who, far from resenting his exclusion, plunged into the excesses of the *menu* with the joyous irresponsibility of a free man. To Mr. Dorset, however, his wife's attitude was a subject of such evident concern that, when he was not scraping the sauce from his fish, or scooping the moist bread-crumbs from the interior of his roll, he sat straining his thin neck for a glimpse of her between the lights.

Mrs. Trenor, as it chanced, had placed the husband and wife on opposite sides of the table, and Lily was therefore able to observe Mrs. Dorset also, and by carrying her glance a few feet farther, to set up a rapid comparison between Lawrence Selden and Mr. Gryce. It was that comparison which was her undoing. Why else had she suddenly grown interested in Selden? She had known him for eight years or more: ever since her return to America he had formed a part of her background. She had

always been glad to sit next to him at dinner, had found him more agreeable than most men, and had vaguely wished that he possessed the other qualities needful to fix her attention; but till now she had been too busy with her own affairs to regard him as more than one of the pleasant accessories of life. Miss Bart was a keen reader of her own heart, and she saw that her sudden pre-occupation with Selden was due to the fact that his presence shed a new light on her surroundings. Not that he was notably brilliant or exceptional; in his own profession he was surpassed by scores of men who had bored Lily through many a weary dinner. It was rather that he had preserved a certain social detachment, a happy air of viewing the show objectively, of having points of contact outside the great gilt cage in which they were all huddled for the mob to gape at. How alluring the world outside the cage appeared to Lily, as she heard its door clang on her! In reality, as she knew, the door never clanged: it stood always open; but most of the captives were like flies in a bottle, and having once flown in, could never regain their freedom. It was Selden's distinction that he had never forgotten the way out.

That was the secret of his way of readjusting her vision. Lily, turning her eyes from him, found herself scanning her little world through his retina: it was as though the pink lamps had been shut off and the dusty daylight let in. She looked down the long table, studying its occupants one by one, from Gus Trenor, with his heavy carnivorous head sunk between his shoulders, as he preyed on a jellied plover, to his wife, at the opposite end of the long bank of orchids, suggestive, with her glaring goodlooks, of a jeweller's window lit by electricity. And between the two, what a long stretch of vacuity! How dreary and trivial these people were! Lily reviewed them with a scornful impatience: Carry Fisher, with her shoulders, her eyes, her divorces, her general air of embodying a "spicy paragraph"; young Silvertown, who had meant to live on proof-reading and write an epic, and who now lived on his friends and had become critical of truffles; Alice Wetherall, an animated visiting-list, whose most fervid convictions turned on the wording of invitations and the engraving of dinner-cards; Wetherall, with his perpetual nervous nod

of acquiescence, his air of agreeing with people before he knew what they were saying; Jack Stepney, with his confident smile and anxious eyes, half way between the sheriff and an heiress; Gwen Van Osburgh, with all the guileless confidence of a young girl who has always been told that there is no one richer than her father.

Lily smiled at her classification of her friends. How different they had seemed to her a few hours ago! Then they had symbolized what she was gaining, now they stood for what she was giving up. That very afternoon they had seemed full of brilliant qualities; now she saw that they were merely dull in a loud way. Under the glitter of their opportunities she saw the poverty of their achievement. It was not that she wanted them to be more disinterested; but she would have liked them to be more picturesque. And she had a shamed recollection of the way in which, a few hours since, she had felt the centripetal force of their standards. She closed her eyes an instant, and the vacuous routine of the life she had chosen stretched before her like a long white road without dip or turning: it was true she was to roll over it in a carriage instead of trudging it on foot, but sometimes the pedestrian enjoys the diversion of a short cut which is denied to those on wheels.

She was roused by a chuckle which Mr. Dorset seemed to eject from the depths of his lean throat.

"I say, do look at her," he exclaimed, turning to Miss Bart with lugubrious merriment—"I beg your pardon, but do just look at my wife making a fool of that poor devil over there! One would really suppose she was gone on him—and it's all the other way round, I assure you."

Thus adjured, Lily turned her eyes on the spectacle which was affording Mr. Dorset such legitimate mirth. It certainly appeared, as he said, that Mrs. Dorset was the more active participant in the scene: her neighbour seemed to receive her advances with a temperate zest which did not distract him from his dinner. The sight restored Lily's good humour, and knowing the peculiar disguise which Mr. Dorset's marital fears assumed, she asked gaily: "Aren't you horribly jealous of her?"

Dorset greeted the sally with delight. "Oh, abominably—you've just hit it—

keeps me awake at night. The doctors tell me that's what has knocked my digestion out—being so infernally jealous of her. I can't eat a mouthful of this stuff, you know," he added suddenly, pushing back his plate with a clouded countenance; and Lily, unfailingly adaptable, accorded her radiant attention to his prolonged denunciation of other people's cooks, with a supplementary tirade on the toxic qualities of melted butter.

It was not often that he found so ready an ear; and, being a man as well as a dyspeptic, it may be that as he poured his grievances into it he was not insensible to its rosy symmetry. At any rate he engaged Lily so long that the sweets were being handed when she caught a phrase on her other side, where Miss Corby, the comic woman of the company, was bantering Jack Stepney on his approaching engagement. Miss Corby's rôle was jocularity: she always entered the conversation with a handspring.

"And of course you'll have Sim Rosedale as best man!" Lily heard her fling out as the climax of her prognostications; and Stepney responded, as if struck: "Jove, that's an idea. What a thumping present I'd get out of him!"

*Sim Rosedale!* The name, made more odious by its diminutive, obtruded itself on Lily's thoughts like a leer. It stood for one of the many hated possibilities hovering on the edge of life. If she did not marry Percy Gryce, the day might come when she would have to be civil to such men as Rosedale. *If she did not marry him?* But she meant to marry him—she was sure of him and sure of herself. She drew back with a shiver from the pleasant paths in which her thoughts had been straying, and set her feet once more in the middle of the long white road. . . . When she went upstairs that night she found that the late post had brought her a fresh batch of bills. Mrs. Peniston, who was a conscientious woman, had forwarded them all to Bellomont.

Miss Bart, accordingly, rose the next morning with the most earnest conviction that it was her duty to go to church. She tore herself betimes from the lingering enjoyment of her breakfast-tray, rang to have her grey gown laid out, and despatched her maid to borrow a prayer-book from Mrs. Trenor.

But her course was too purely reasonable not to contain the germs of rebellion. No sooner were her preparations made than they roused a smothered sense of resistance. A small spark was enough to kindle Lily's imagination, and the sight of the grey dress and the borrowed prayer-book flashed a long light down the years. She would have to go to church with Percy Gryce every Sunday. They would have a front pew in the most expensive church in New York, and his name would figure handsomely in the list of parish charities. In a few years, when he grew stouter, he would be made a warden. Once in the winter the rector would come and dine, and her husband would beg her to go over the list and see that no *divorcées* were included, except those who had showed signs of penitence by being re-married to the very wealthy. There was nothing especially arduous in this round of religious obligations; but it stood for a fraction of that great bulk of boredom which loomed across her path. And who could consent to be bored on such a morning? Lily had slept well, and her bath had filled her with a pleasant glow, which was becomingly reflected in the clear curve of her cheek. No lines were visible this morning, or else the glass was at a happier angle.

And the day was the accomplice of her mood: it was a day for impulse and truancy. The light air seemed full of powdered gold; below the dewy bloom of the lawns the woodlands blushed and smouldered, and the hills across the river swam in molten blue. Every drop of blood in Lily's veins invited her to happiness.

The sound of wheels roused her from these musings, and leaning behind her shutters she saw the omnibus take up its freight. She was too late, then—but the fact did not alarm her. A glimpse of Mr. Gryce's crest-fallen face even suggested that she had done wisely in absenting herself, since the disappointment he so candidly betrayed would surely whet his appetite for the afternoon walk. That walk she did not mean to miss; one glance at the bills on her writing-table was enough to recall its necessity. But meanwhile she had the morning to herself, and could muse pleasantly on the disposal of its hours. She was familiar enough with the habits of Bellomont to know that she was likely to have a free field till luncheon.

She had seen the Wetheralls, the Trenor girls and Lady Cressida packed safely into the omnibus; Judy Trenor was sure to be having her hair shampooed; Carry Fisher had doubtless carried off her host for a drive, Ned Silvertown was probably smoking the cigarette of young despair in his bedroom; and Kate Corby was certain to be playing tennis with Jack Stepney and Miss Van Osburgh. Of the ladies, this left only Mrs. Dorset unaccounted for, and Mrs. Dorset never came down till luncheon: her doctors, she averred, had forbidden her to expose herself to the crude air of the morning.

To the remaining members of the party Lily gave no special thought; wherever they were, they were not likely to interfere with her plans. These, for the moment, took the shape of assuming a dress somewhat more rustic and summerlike in style than the garment she had first selected, and rustling downstairs, sunshade in hand, with the disengaged air of a lady in quest of exercise. The great hall was empty but for the knot of dogs by the fire, who, taking in at a glance the out-door aspect of Miss Bart, were upon her at once with lavish offers of companionship. She put aside the ramping paws by means of which these offers were conveyed, and assuring the joyous volunteers that she might presently have a use for their company, sauntered on through the empty drawing-room to the library at the end of the house. The library was almost the only surviving portion of the old manor-house of Bellomont: a long spacious room, revealing the traditions of the mother-country in its classically-cased doors, the Dutch tiles of the chimney, and the elaborate hob-grate with its shining brass urns. A few family portraits of lantern-jawed gentlemen in tie-wigs, and ladies with large head-dresses and small bodies, hung between the shelves lined with pleasantly-shabby books: books mostly contemporaneous with the ancestors in question, and to which the subsequent Trenors had made no perceptible additions. The library at Bellomont was in fact never used for reading, though it had a certain popularity as a smoking-room or a quiet retreat for flirtation. It had occurred to Lily, however, that it might on this occasion have been resorted to by the only member of the party in the least likely to put it to its original use.

She advanced noiselessly over the dense old rug scattered with easy chairs, and before she reached the middle of the room she saw that she had not been mistaken. Lawrence Selden was in fact seated at its farther end; but though a book lay on his knee, his attention was not engaged with it, but directed to a lady whose lace-clad figure, as she leaned back in an adjoining chair, detached itself with exaggerated slimness against the dusky leather of the upholstery.

Lily paused as she caught sight of the group; for a moment she seemed about to withdraw, but thinking better of this, she announced her approach by a slight shake of her skirts which made the couple raise their heads, Mrs. Dorset with a look of frank displeasure, and Selden with his usual quiet smile. The sight of his composure had a disturbing effect on Lily; but to be disturbed was in her case to make a more brilliant effort at self-possession.

"Dear me, am I late?" she asked, putting a hand in his as he advanced to greet her.

"Late for what?" enquired Mrs. Dorset tartly. "Not for luncheon, certainly—but perhaps you had an earlier engagement?"

"Yes, I had," said Lily confidently.

"Really? Perhaps I am in the way, then? But Mr. Selden is entirely at your disposal." Mrs. Dorset was pale with temper, and her antagonist felt a certain pleasure in prolonging her distress.

"Oh, dear no—do stay," she said good-humouredly. "I don't in the least want to drive you away."

"You're awfully good, dear, but I never interfere with Mr. Selden's engagements."

The remark was uttered with a little air of proprietorship not lost on its object, who concealed a faint blush of annoyance by stooping to pick up the book he had dropped at Lily's approach. The latter's eyes widened charmingly and she broke into a light laugh.

"But I have no engagement with Mr. Selden! My engagement was to go to church; and I'm afraid the omnibus has started without me. *Has it started, do you know?*"

She turned to Selden, who replied that he had heard it drive away some time since.

"Ah, then I shall have to walk; I promised Hilda and Muriel to go to church with them. It's too late to walk there, you say? Well, I shall have the credit of trying, at any rate—and the advantage of escaping

part of the service. I'm not so sorry for myself, after all!"

And with a bright nod to the couple on whom she had intruded, Miss Bart strolled through the glass doors and carried her rustling grace down the long perspective of the garden walk.

She was taking her way churchward, but at no very quick pace; a fact not lost on one of her observers, who stood in the doorway looking after her with an air of puzzled amusement. The truth is that she was conscious of a somewhat keen shock of disappointment. All her plans for the day had been built on the assumption that it was to see her that Selden had come to Bellomont. She had expected, when she came downstairs, to find him on the watch for her; and she had found him, instead, in a situation which might well denote that he had been on the watch for another lady. Was it possible, after all, that he had come for Bertha Dorset? The latter had acted on the assumption to the extent of appearing at an hour when she never showed herself to ordinary mortals, and Lily, for the moment, saw no way of putting her in the wrong. It did not occur to her that Selden might have been actuated merely by the desire to spend a Sunday out of town: women never learn to dispense with the sentimental motive in their judgments of men. But Lily was not easily disconcerted; competition put her on her mettle, and she reflected that Selden's coming, if it did not declare him to be still in Mrs. Dorset's toils, showed him to be so completely free from them that he was not afraid of her proximity.

These thoughts so engaged her that she fell into a gait hardly likely to carry her to church before the sermon, and at length, having passed from the gardens to the wood-path beyond, so far forgot her intention as to sink into a rustic seat at a bend of the walk. The spot was charming, and Lily was not insensible to the charm, or to the fact that her presence enhanced it; but she was not accustomed to taste the joys of solitude except in company, and the combination of a handsome girl and a romantic scene struck her as too good to be wasted. No one, however, appeared to profit by the opportunity; and after a half hour of fruitless waiting she rose and wandered on. She felt a stealing sense of fatigue as she walked; the sparkle had died out of her, and

the taste of life was stale on her lips. She hardly knew what she had been seeking, or why the failure to find it had so blotted the light from her sky: she was only aware of a vague sense of failure, of an inner isolation deeper than the loneliness about her.

Her footsteps flagged, and she stood gazing listlessly ahead, digging the ferny edge of the path with the tip of her sun-shade. As she did so a step sounded behind her, and she saw Selden at her side.

"How fast you walk!" he remarked. "I thought I should never catch up with you."

She answered gaily: "You must be quite breathless! I've been sitting under that tree for an hour."

"Waiting for me, I hope?" he rejoined; and she said with a vague laugh:

"Well—waiting to see if you would come."

"I seize the distinction, but I don't mind it, since doing the one involved doing the other. But weren't you sure that I should come?"

"If I waited long enough—but you see I had only a limited time to give to the experiment."

"Why limited? Limited by luncheon?"

"No; by my other engagement."

"Your engagement to go to church with Muriel and Hilda?"

"No; but to come home from church with another person."

"Ah, I see; I might have known you were fully provided with alternatives. And is the other person coming home this way?"

Lily laughed again. "That's just what I don't know; and to find out, it is my business to get to church before the service is over."

"Exactly; and it is my business to prevent your doing so; in which case the other person, piqued by your absence, will form the desperate resolve of driving back in the omnibus."

Lily received this with fresh appreciation; his nonsense was like the bubbling of her inner mood. "Is that what you would do in such an emergency?" she enquired.

Selden looked at her with solemnity. "I am here to prove to you," he cried, "what I am capable of doing in an emergency!"

"Walking a mile in an hour—you must own that the omnibus would be quicker!"

"Ah—but will he find you in the end? That's the only test of success."

They looked at each other with the same luxury of enjoyment that they had felt in exchanging absurdities over his tea-table; but suddenly Lily's face changed, and she said: "Well, if it is, he has succeeded."

Selden, following her glance, perceived a party of people advancing toward them from the farther bend of the path. Lady Cressida had evidently insisted on walking home, and the rest of the church-goers had thought it their duty to accompany her. Lily's companion looked rapidly from one to the other of the two men of the party; Wetherall walking respectfully at Lady Cressida's side with his little sidelong of nervous attention, and Percy Gryce bringing up the rear with Mrs. Wetherall and the Trenors.

"Ah—now I see why you were getting up your Americana!" Selden exclaimed with a note of the freest admiration; but the blush with which the sally was received checked whatever amplifications he had meant to give it.

That Lily Bart should object to being bantered about her suitors, or even about her means of attracting them, was so new to Selden that he had a momentary flash of surprise, which lit up a number of possibilities; but she rose gallantly to the defense of her confusion, by saying, as its object approached: "That was why I was waiting for you—to thank you for having given me so many points!"

"Ah, you can hardly do justice to the subject in such a short time," said Selden, as the Trenor girls caught sight of Miss Bart; and while she signalled a response to their boisterous greeting, he added quickly: "Won't you devote your afternoon to it? You know I must be off tomorrow morning. We'll take a walk, and you can thank me at your leisure."

## VI



THE afternoon was perfect. A deeper stillness possessed the air, and the glitter of the American autumn was tempered by a haze which diffused the brightness without dulling it.

In the woody hollows of the park there was already a faint chill; but as the ground rose the air grew lighter, and ascending the long slopes beyond the high-road, Lily and her companion reached a zone of linger-

ing summer. The path wound across a meadow with scattered trees; then it dipped into a lane plumed with asters and purpling sprays of bramble, whence, through the light quiver of ash-leaves, the country unrolled itself in pastoral distances.

Higher up, the lane showed thickening tufts of fern and of the creeping, glossy verdure of shaded slopes; trees began to overhang it, and the shade deepened to the checkered dusk of a beech-grove. The boles of the trees stood well apart, with only a light feathering of undergrowth; the path wound along the edge of the wood, now and then looking out on a sunlit pasture or on an orchard spangled with fruit.

Lily had no real intimacy with nature, but she had a passion for the appropriate and could be keenly sensitive to a scene which was the fitting background of her own sensations. The landscape outspread below her seemed an enlargement of her present mood, and she found something of herself in its calmness, its breadth, its long, free reaches. On the nearer slopes the sugar-maples wavered like pyres of light; lower down was a massing of grey orchards, and here and there the lingering green of an oak-grove. Two or three red farm-houses dozed under the apple-trees, and the white, wooden spire of a village church showed beyond the shoulder of the hill; while far below, in a haze of dust, the high-road ran between the fields.

"Let us sit here," Selden suggested, as they reached an open ledge of rock above which the beeches rose steeply between mossy boulders.

Lily dropped down on the rock, glowing with her long climb. She sat quiet, her lips parted by the stress of the ascent, her eyes wandering peacefully over the broken ranges of the landscape. Selden stretched himself on the grass at her feet, tilting his hat against the level sun-rays, and clasping his hands behind his head, which rested against the side of the rock. He had no wish to make her talk; her quick-breathing silence seemed a part of the general hush and harmony of things. In his own mind there was only a lazy sense of pleasure, veiling the sharp edges of sensation as the September haze veiled the scene at their feet. But Lily, though her attitude was as calm as his, was throbbing inwardly with a rush of thoughts. There were in her at the mo-

ment two beings, one drawing deep breaths of freedom and exhilaration, the other gasping for air in a little black prison-house of fears. But gradually the captive's gasps grew fainter, or the other paid less heed to them: the horizon expanded, the air grew stronger, and the free spirit quivered for flight.

She could not herself have explained the sense of buoyancy which seemed to lift and swing her above the sun-suffused world at her feet. Was it love, she wondered, or a mere fortuitous combination of happy thoughts and sensations? How much of it was owing to the spell of the perfect afternoon, the scent of the fading woods, the thought of the dullness she had fled from? Lily had no definite experience by which to test the quality of her feelings. She had several times been in love with fortunes or careers, but only once with a man. That was years ago, when she first came out, and had been smitten with a romantic passion for a young gentleman named Herbert Melson, who had blue eyes and a little wave in his hair. Mr. Melson, who was possessed of no other negotiable securities, had hastened to employ these in capturing the eldest Miss Van Osburgh: since then he had grown stout and wheezy, and was given to telling anecdotes about his children. If Lily recalled this early emotion it was not to compare it with that which now possessed her; the only point of comparison was the sense of lightness, of emancipation, which she remembered feeling, in the whirl of a waltz or the seclusion of a conservatory, during the brief course of her youthful romance. She had not known again till today that lightness, that glow of freedom; but now it was something more than a blind groping of the blood. The peculiar charm of her feeling for Selden was that she understood it; she could put her finger on every link of the chain that was drawing them together. Though his popularity was of the quiet kind, felt rather than actively expressed among his friends, she had never mistaken his inconspicuousness for obscurity. His reputed cultivation was generally regarded as a slight obstacle to easy intercourse, but Lily, who prided herself on her broad-minded recognition of literature, and always carried an Omar Khayam in her travelling-bag, was attracted by this attribute, which she felt would

have had its distinction in an older society. It was, moreover, one of his gifts to look his part; to have a height which lifted his head above the crowd, and the keenly-modelled dark features which, in a land of amorphous types, gave him the air of belonging to a more specialized race, of carrying the impress of a concentrated past. Expansive persons found him a little dry, and very young girls thought him sarcastic; but this air of friendly aloofness, as far removed as possible from any assertion of personal advantage, was the quality which piqued Lily's interest. Everything about him accorded with the fastidious element in her taste, even to the light irony with which he surveyed what seemed to her most sacred. She admired him most of all, perhaps, for being able to convey as distinct a sense of superiority as the richest man she had ever met.

It was the unconscious prolongation of this thought which led her to say presently, with a laugh: "I have broken two engagements for you to-day. How many have you broken for me?"

"None," said Selden calmly. "My only engagement at Bellomont was with you."

She glanced down at him, faintly smiling. "Did you really come to Bellomont to see me?"

"Of course I did."

Her look deepened meditatively. "Why?" she murmured, with an accent which took all tinge of coquetry from the question.

"Because you're such a wonderful spectacle: I always like to see what you are doing."

"How do you know what I should be doing if you were not here?"

Selden smiled. "I don't flatter myself that my coming has deflected your course of action by a hair's breadth."

"That's absurd—since, if you were not here, I could obviously not be taking a walk with you."

"No; but your taking a walk with me is only another way of making use of your material. You are an artist, and I happen to be the bit of colour you are using to-day. It's a part of your cleverness to be able to produce premeditated effects extemporaneously."

Lily smiled also: his words were too acute not to strike her sense of humour. It was true that she meant to use the accident

of his presence as part of a very definite effect; or that, at least, was the secret pretext she had found for breaking her promise to walk with Mr. Gryce. She had sometimes been accused of being too eager—even Judy Trenor had warned her to go slowly. Well, she would not be too eager in this case; she would give her suitor a longer taste of suspense. Where duty and inclination jumped together, it was not in Lily's nature to hold them asunder. She had excused herself from the walk on the plea of a headache: the horrid headache which, in the morning, had prevented her venturing to church. Her appearance at luncheon justified the excuse. She looked languid, full of a suffering sweetness; she carried a scent-bottle in her hand. Mr. Gryce was new to such manifestations; he wondered rather nervously if she were delicate, having far-reaching fears about the future of his progeny. But sympathy won the day, and he besought her not to expose herself: he always connected the outer air with ideas of exposure.

Lily had received his sympathy with languid gratitude, urging him, since she should be such poor company, to join the rest of the party who, after luncheon, were starting in automobiles on a visit to the Van Osburghs at Peekskill. Mr. Gryce was touched by her disinterestedness, and, to escape from the threatened vacuity of the afternoon, had taken her advice and departed mournfully, in a dust-hood and goggles: as the motor-car plunged down the avenue she smiled at his resemblance to a baffled beetle.

Selden had watched her manœuvres with lazy amusement. She had made no reply to his suggestion that they should spend the afternoon together, but as her plan unfolded itself he felt fairly confident of being included in it. The house was empty when at length he heard her step on the stair and strolled out of the billiard-room to join her. She had on a hat and walking-dress, and the dogs were bounding at her feet.

"I thought, after all, the air might do me good," she explained; and he agreed that so simple a remedy was worth trying.

The excursionists would be gone at least four hours; Lily and Selden had the whole afternoon before them, and the sense of leisure and safety gave the last touch of lightness to her spirit. With so much time

to talk, and no definite object to be led up to, she could taste the rare joys of mental vagrancy.

She felt so free from ulterior motives that she took up his charge with a touch of resentment.

"I don't know," she said, "why you are always accusing me of premeditation."

"I thought you confessed to it: you told me the other day that you had to follow a certain line—and if one does a thing at all it is a merit to do it thoroughly."

"If you mean that a girl who has no one to think for her is obliged to think for herself, I am quite willing to accept the imputation. But you must find me a dismal kind of person if you suppose that I never yield to an impulse."

"Ah, but I don't suppose that: haven't I told you that your genius lies in converting impulses into intentions?"

"My genius?" she echoed with a sudden note of weariness. "Is there any final test of genius but success? And I certainly haven't succeeded."

Selden pushed his hat back and took a side-glance at her. "Success—what is success? I shall be interested to have your definition."

"Success?" She hesitated. "Why, to get as much as one can out of life, I suppose. It's a relative quality, after all. Isn't that your idea of it?"

"My idea of it? God forbid!" He sat up with sudden energy, resting his elbows on his knees and staring out upon the mellow fields. "My idea of success," he said, "is personal freedom."

"Freedom? Freedom from worries?"

"From everything—from money, from poverty, from ease and anxiety, from all the material accidents. To keep a kind of republic of the spirit—that's what I call success."

She leaned forward with a responsive flash. "I know—I know—it's strange; but that's just what I've been feeling to-day."

He met her eyes with the latent sweetness of his. "My poor child, is the feeling so rare with you?"

She blushed a little under his gaze. "You think me horribly sordid, don't you? But perhaps it's rather that I never had any choice. There was no one, I mean, to tell me about the republic of the spirit."

"There never is—it's a country one has to find the way to one's self."

"But I should never have found my way there if you hadn't told me."

"Ah, there are sign-posts—but one has to know how to read them."

"Well, I have known, I have known!" she cried with a glow of eagerness. "Whenever I see you, I find myself spelling out a letter of the sign—and yesterday—last evening at dinner—I suddenly saw a little way into your republic."

Selden was still looking at her, but with a changed eye. Hitherto he had found, in her presence and her talk, the æsthetic amusement which a reflective man is apt to seek in desultory intercourse with pretty women. His attitude had been one of admiring spectatorship, and he would have been almost sorry to detect in her any emotional weakness which should interfere with the fulfilment of her aims. But now the hint of this weakness had become the most interesting thing about her. He had come on her that morning in a moment of disarray; her face had been pale and altered, and the diminution of her beauty had lent her a poignant charm. *That is how she looks when she is alone!* had been his first thought; and the second was to note in her the change which his coming produced. It was the danger-point of their intercourse that he could not doubt the spontaneity of her liking. From whatever angle he viewed their dawning intimacy, he could not see it as part of her scheme of life; and to be the unforeseen element in a career so accurately planned was stimulating even to a man who had renounced sentimental experiments.

"Well," he said, "did it make you want to see more? Are you going to become one of us?"

He had drawn out his cigarettes as he spoke, and she reached her hand toward the case.

"Oh, do give me one—I haven't smoked for days!"

"Why such unnatural abstinence? Everybody smokes at Bellomont."

"Yes—but it is not considered becoming in a *jeune fille à marier*; and at the present moment I am a *jeune fille à marier*."

"Ah, then I'm afraid we can't let you into the republic."

"Why not? Is it a celibate order?"

"Not in the least, though I'm bound to

say there are not many married people in it. But you will marry some one very rich, and it's as hard for rich people to get into as the kingdom of heaven."

"That's unjust, I think, because, as I understand it, one of the conditions of citizenship is not to think too much about money, and the only way not to think about money is to have a great deal of it."

"You might as well say that the only way not to think about air is to have enough to breathe. That is true enough in a sense; but your lungs are thinking about the air, if you are not. And so it is with your rich people—they may not be thinking of money, but they're breathing it all the while; take them into another element and see how they squirm and gasp!"

Lily sat gazing absently through the blue rings of her cigarette-smoke.

"It seems to me," she said at length, "that you spend a good deal of your time in the element you disapprove of."

Selden received this thrust without discomposure. "Yes; but I have tried to remain amphibious: it's all right as long as one's lungs can work in another air. The real alchemy consists in being able to turn gold back again into something else; and that's the secret that most of your friends have lost."

Lily mused. "Don't you think," she rejoined after a moment, "that the people who find fault with society are too apt to regard it as an end and not a means, just as the people who despise money speak as if its only use were to be kept in bags and gloated over? Isn't it fairer to look at them both as opportunities, which may be used either stupidly or intelligently, according to the capacity of the user?"

"That is certainly the sane view; but the queer thing about society is that the people who regard it as an end are those who are in it, and not the critics on the fence. It's just the other way with most shows—the audience may be under the illusion, but the actors know that real life is on the other side of the footlights. The people who take society as an escape from work are putting it to its proper use; but when it becomes the thing worked for it distorts all the relations of life." Selden raised himself on his elbow. "Good heavens!" he went on, "I don't underrate the decorative side of life. It seems to me the sense of

splendour has justified itself by what it has produced. The worst of it is that so much human nature is used up in the process. If we're all the raw stuff of the cosmic effects, one would rather be the fire that tempers a sword than the fish that dyes a purple cloak. And a society like ours wastes such good material in producing its little patch of purple! Look at a boy like Ned Silverton—he's really too good to be used to refurbish anybody's social shabbiness. There's a lad just setting out to discover the universe: isn't it a pity he should end by finding it in Mrs. Fisher's drawing-room?"

"Ned is a dear boy, and I hope he will keep his illusions long enough to write some nice poetry about them; but do you think it is only in society that he is likely to lose them?"

Selden answered her with a shrug. "Why do we call all our generous ideas illusions, and the mean ones truths? Isn't it a sufficient condemnation of society to find one's self accepting such phraseology? I very nearly acquired the jargon at Silverton's age, and I know how names can alter the colour of beliefs."

She had never heard him speak with such energy of affirmation. His habitual touch was that of the eclectic, who lightly turns over and compares; and she was moved by this sudden glimpse into the laboratory where his faiths were formed.

"Ah, you are as bad as the other sectarians," she exclaimed; "why do you call your republic a republic? It is a close corporation, and you create arbitrary objections in order to keep people out."

"It is not *my* republic; if it were, I should have a *coup d'état* and seat you on the throne."

"Whereas, in reality, you think I can never even get my foot across the threshold? Oh, I understand what you mean. You despise my ambitions—you think them unworthy of me!"

Selden smiled, but not ironically. "Well, isn't that a tribute? I think them quite worthy of most of the people who live by them."

She had turned to gaze on him gravely. "But isn't it possible that, if I had the opportunities of these people, I might make a better use of them? Money stands for all kinds of things—its purchasing quality isn't limited to diamonds and motor-cars."

"Not in the least: you might expiate your enjoyment of them by founding a hospital."

"But if you think they are what I should really enjoy, you must think my ambitions are good enough for me."

Selden met this appeal with a laugh. "Ah, my dear Miss Bart, I am not divine Providence, to guarantee your enjoying the things you are trying to get!"

"Then the best you can say for me is, that after struggling to get them I probably shan't like them?" She drew a deep breath. "What a miserable future you foresee for me!"

"Well—have you never foreseen it for yourself?"

The slow colour rose to her cheek, not a blush of excitement but drawn from the deep wells of feeling; it was as if the effort of her spirit had produced it.

"Often and often," she said. "But it looks so much darker when you show it to me!"

He made no answer to this exclamation, and for a while they sat silent, while something throbbed between them in the wide quiet of the air. But suddenly she turned on him with a kind of vehemence.

"Why do you do this to me?" she cried. "Why do you make the things I have chosen seem hateful to me, if you have nothing to give me instead?"

The words roused Selden from the musing fit into which he had fallen. He himself did not know why he had led their talk along such lines; it was the last use he would have imagined himself making of an afternoon's solitude with Miss Bart. But it was one of those moments when neither seemed to speak deliberately, when an indwelling voice in each called to the other across unsounded depths of feeling.

"No, I have nothing to give you instead," he said, sitting up and turning so that he faced her. "If I had, it should be yours, you know."

She received this abrupt declaration in a way even stranger than the manner of its making: she dropped her face on her hands and he saw that for a moment she wept.

It was for a moment only, however; for when he leaned nearer and drew down her hands with a gesture less passionate than grave, she turned on him a face softened but not disfigured by emotion, and he said

to himself, somewhat cruelly, that even her weeping was an art.

The reflection steadied his voice as he asked, between pity and irony: "Isn't it natural that I should try to belittle all the things I can't offer you?"

Her face brightened at this, but she drew her hand away, not with a gesture of coquetry, but as though renouncing something to which she had no claim.

"But you belittle *me*, don't you," she returned gently, "in being so sure they are the only things I care for?"

Selden felt an inner start; but it was only the last quiver of his egoism. Almost at once he answered quite simply: "But you do care for them, don't you? And no wishing of mine can alter that."

He had so completely ceased to consider how far this might carry him, that he had a distinct sense of disappointment when she turned on him a face sparkling with derision.

"Ah," she cried, "for all your fine phrases you're really as great a coward as I am, for you wouldn't have made one of them if you hadn't been so sure of my answer."

The shock of this retort had the effect of crystallizing Selden's wavering intentions.

"I am not so sure of your answer," he said quietly. "And I do you the justice to believe that you are not either."

It was her turn to look at him with surprise; and after a moment—"Do you want to marry me?" she asked.

He broke into a laugh. "No, I don't want to—but perhaps I should if you did!"

"That's what I told you—you're so sure of me that you can amuse yourself with experiments." She drew back the hand he had regained, and sat looking down on him sadly.

"I am not making experiments," he returned. "Or if I am, it is not on you but on myself. I don't know what effect they are going to have on me—but if marrying you is one of them, I will take the risk."

She smiled faintly. "It would be a great risk, certainly—I have never concealed from you how great."

"Ah, it's you who are the coward!" he exclaimed.

She had risen, and he stood facing her with his eyes on hers. The soft isolation of the falling day enveloped them: they

seemed lifted into a finer air. All the exquisite influences of the hour trembled in their veins, and drew them to each other as the loosened leaves were drawn to the earth.

"It's you who are the coward," he repeated, catching her hands in his.

She leaned on him for a moment, as if with a drop of tired wings: he felt as though her heart were beating rather with the stress of a long flight than the thrill of new distances. Then, drawing back with a little smile of warning—"I shall look hideous in dowdy clothes; but I can trim my own hats," she declared.

They stood silent for a while after this, smiling at each other like adventurous children who have climbed to a forbidden height from which they discover a new world. The actual world at their feet was veiling itself in dimness, and across the valley a clear moon rose in the denser blue.

Suddenly they heard a remote sound, like the hum of a giant insect, and following the high-road, which wound whiter through the surrounding twilight, a black object rushed across their vision.

Lily started from her attitude of absorption; her smile faded and she began to move toward the lane.

"I had no idea it was so late! We shall not be back till after dark," she said, almost impatiently.

Selden was looking at her with surprise: it took him a moment to regain his usual view of her; then he said, with an uncontrollable note of dryness: "That was not one of our party; the automobile was going the other way."

"I know—I know——" She paused, and he saw her redden through the twilight. "But I told them I was not well—that I should not go out. Let us go down!" she murmured.

Selden continued to look at her; then he drew his cigarette-case from his pocket and slowly lit a cigarette. It seemed to him necessary, at that moment, to proclaim, by some habitual gesture of this sort, his recovered hold on the actual: he had an almost puerile wish to let his companion see that, their flight over, he had landed on his feet.

She waited while the red spark flickered under his sheltering palm; then he held out the cigarettes to her.

She took one with an unsteady hand, and putting it to her lips, leaned forward to draw her light from his. In the indistinctness the little red gleam lit up the lower part of her face, and he saw her mouth tremble into a smile.

"Were you serious?" she asked, with an odd thrill of gaiety which she might have caught up, in haste, from a heap of stock inflections, without having time to select the just note.

Selden's voice was under better control. "Why not?" he returned. "You see I took no risks in being so." And as she continued to stand before him, a little pale under the retort, he added quickly: "Let us go down."

## VII



**I**T spoke much for the depth of Mrs. Trenor's friendship that her voice, in admonishing Miss Bart, took the same note of personal despair as if she had been lamenting the collapse of a house-party.

"All I can say is, Lily, that I can't make you out!" She leaned back, sighing, in the morning abandon of lace and muslin, turning an indifferent shoulder to the heaped-up importunities of her desk, while she considered, with the eye of a physician who has given up the case, the erect exterior of the patient confronting her.

"If you hadn't told me you were going in for him seriously—but I'm sure you made that plain enough from the beginning! Why else did you ask me to let you off bridge, and to keep away Carry and Kate Corby? I don't suppose you did it because he amused you; we could none of us imagine your putting up with him for a moment unless you meant to marry him. And I'm sure everybody played fair! They all wanted to help it along. Even Bertha kept her hands off—I will say that—till Lawrence came down and you dragged him away from her. After that she had a right to retaliate—why on earth did you interfere with her? You've known Lawrence Selden for years—why did you behave as if you had just discovered him? If you had a grudge against Bertha it was a stupid time to show it—you could have paid her back just as well after you were married! I told you Bertha was

dangerous. She was in an odious mood when she came here, but Lawrence's turning up put her in a good humour, and if you'd only let her think he came for *her* it would have never occurred to her to play you this trick. Oh, Lily, you'll never do anything if you're not serious!"

Miss Bart accepted this exhortation in a spirit of the purest impartiality. Why should she have been angry? It was the voice of her own conscience which spoke to her through Mrs. Trenor's reproachful accents. But even to her own conscience she must trump up a semblance of defence.

"I only took a day off—I thought he meant to stay on all this week, and I knew Mr. Selden was leaving this morning."

Mrs. Trenor brushed aside the plea with a gesture which laid bare its weakness. "He did mean to stay—that's the worst of it. It shows that he's run away from you; that Bertha's done her work and poisoned him thoroughly."

Lily gave a slight laugh. "Oh, if he's running I'll overtake him!"

Her friend threw out an arresting hand. "Whatever you do, Lily, do nothing!"

Miss Bart received the warning with a smile. "I don't mean, literally, to take the next train. There are ways——" But she did not go on to specify them.

Mrs. Trenor sharply corrected the tense. "There *were* ways—plenty of them! I didn't suppose you needed to have them pointed out. But don't deceive yourself—he's thoroughly frightened. He has run straight home to his mother, and she'll protect him!"

"Oh, to the death," Lily agreed, dimpling at the vision.

"How you can *laugh*——" her friend rebuked her; and she dropped back to a soberer perception of things with the question: "What was it Bertha really told him?"

"Don't ask me—horrors! She seemed to have raked up everything. Oh, you know what I mean—of course there isn't anything, *really*; but I suppose she brought in Prince Varigliano—and Lord Hubert—and there was some story of your having borrowed money of old Ned Van Alstyne: did you ever?"

"He is my father's cousin," Miss Bart interposed.

"Well, of course she left *that* out. It seems Ned told Carry Fisher; and she told

Bertha, naturally. They're all alike, you know: they hold their tongues for years, and you think you're safe, but when their opportunity comes they remember everything."

Lily had grown pale: her voice had a harsh note in it. "It was some money I lost at bridge at the Van Osburghs'. I repaid it, of course."

"Ah, well, they wouldn't remember that; besides, it was the idea of the gambling debt that frightened Percy. Oh, Bertha knew her man—she knew just what to tell him!"

In this strain Mrs. Trenor continued for nearly an hour to admonish her friend. Miss Bart listened with admirable equanimity. Her naturally good temper had been disciplined by years of enforced compliance, since she had almost always had to attain her ends by the circuitous path of other people's; and, being naturally inclined to face unpleasant facts as soon as they presented themselves, she was not sorry to hear an impartial statement of what her folly was likely to cost, the more so as her own thoughts were still insisting on the other side of the case. Presented in the light of Mrs. Trenor's vigorous comments, the reckoning was certainly a formidable one, and Lily, as she listened, found herself gradually reverting to her friend's view of the situation. Mrs. Trenor's words were moreover emphasized for her hearer by anxieties which she herself could scarcely guess. Affluence, unless stimulated by a keen imagination, forms but the vaguest notion of the practical strain of poverty. Judy knew it must be "horrid" for poor Lily to have to stop to consider whether she could afford real lace on her petticoats, and not to have a motor-car and a steam-yacht at her orders; but the daily friction of unpaid bills, the daily nibble of small temptations to expenditure, were trials as far out of her experience as the domestic problems of the char-woman. Mrs. Trenor's unconsciousness of the real stress of the situation had the effect of making it more galling to Lily. While her friend reproached her for missing the opportunity to eclipse her rivals, she was once more battling in imagination with the mounting tide of indebtedness from which she had so nearly escaped. What wind of folly had driven her out again on those dark seas?

If anything was needed to put the last touch to her self-abasement it was the sense of the way her old life was opening its ruts

again to receive her. Yesterday her fancy had fluttered free pinions above a choice of occupations; now she had to drop to the level of the familiar routine, in which moments of seeming brilliancy and freedom alternated with long hours of subjection.

She laid a deprecating hand on her friend's. "Dear Judy! I'm sorry to have been such a bore, and you are very good to me. But you must have some letters for me to answer—let me at least be useful."

She settled herself at the desk, and Mrs. Trenor accepted her resumption of the morning's task with a sigh which implied that, after all, she had proved herself unfit for higher uses.

The luncheon table showed a depleted circle. All the men but Jack Stepney and Dorset had returned to town (it seemed to Lily a last touch of irony that Selden and Percy Gryce should have gone in the same train), and Lady Cressida and the attendant Wetheralls had been despatched by motor to lunch at a distant country-house. At such moments of diminished interest it was usual for Mrs. Dorset to keep her room till the afternoon; but on this occasion she drifted in when luncheon was half over, hollowed-eyed and drooping, but with an edge of malice under her indifference.

She raised her eyebrows as she looked about the table. "How few of us are left! I do so enjoy the quiet—don't you, Lily? I wish the men would always stop away—it's really much nicer without them. Oh, you don't count, George: one doesn't have to talk to one's husband. But I thought Mr. Gryce was to stay for the rest of the week?" she added enquiringly. "Didn't he intend to, Judy? He's such a nice boy—I wonder what drove him away? He is rather shy, and I'm afraid we may have shocked him: he has been brought up in such an old-fashioned way. Do you know, Lily, he told me he had never seen a girl play cards for money till he saw you doing it the other night? And he lives on the interest of his income, and always has a lot left over to invest!"

Mrs. Fisher leaned forward eagerly. "I do believe it is some one's duty to educate that young man. It is shocking that he has never been made to realize his duties as a citizen. Every wealthy man should be compelled to study the laws of his country."

Mrs. Dorset glanced at her quietly. "I think he *has* studied the divorce laws. He told me he had promised the Bishop to sign some kind of a petition against divorce."

Mrs. Fisher reddened under her powder, and Stepney said with a laughing glance at Miss Bart: "I suppose he is thinking of marriage, and wants to tinker up the old ship before he goes aboard."

His betrothed looked shocked at the metaphor, and George Dorset exclaimed with a sardonic growl: "Poor devil! It isn't the ship that will do for him, it's the crew."

"Or the stowaways," said Miss Corby brightly. "If I contemplated a voyage with him I should try to start with a friend in the hold."

Miss Van Osburgh's vague feeling of pique was struggling for appropriate expression. "I'm sure I don't see why you laugh at him; I think he's very nice," she exclaimed; "and, at any rate, a girl who married him would always have enough to be comfortable."

She looked puzzled at the redoubled laughter which hailed her words, but it might have consoled her to know how deeply they had sunk into the breast of one of her hearers.

Comfortable! At that moment the word was more eloquent to Lily Bart than any other in the language. She could not even pause to smile over the heiress's view of a colossal fortune as a mere shelter against want: her mind was filled with the vision of what that shelter might have been to her. Mrs. Dorset's pin-pricks did not smart, for her own irony cut deeper: no one could hurt her as much as she was hurting herself, for no one else—not even Judy Trenor—knew the full magnitude of her folly.

She was roused from these unprofitable considerations by a whispered request from her hostess, who drew her apart as they left the luncheon-table.

"Lily, dear, if you've nothing special to do, may I tell Carry Fisher that you intend to drive to the station and fetch Gus? He will be back at four, and I know she has it in her mind to meet him. Of course I'm very glad to have him amused, but I happen to know that she has bled him rather severely since she's been here, and she is so keen about going to fetch him that I fancy she must have got a lot more bills this morning. It seems to me," Mrs. Trenor feelingly con-

cluded, "that most of her alimony is paid by other women's husbands!"

Miss Bart, on her way to the station, had leisure to muse over her friend's words, and their peculiar application to herself. Why should she have to suffer for having once, for a few hours, borrowed money of an elderly cousin, when a woman like Carry Fisher could make a living unrebuked from the good-nature of her men friends and the tolerance of their wives? It all turned on the tiresome distinction between what a married woman might, and a girl might not, do. Of course it was shocking for a married woman to borrow money—and Lily was expertly aware of the implication involved—but still, it was the mere *malum prohibitum* which the world decries but condones, and which, though it may be punished by private vengeance, does not provoke the collective disapprobation of society. To Miss Bart, in short, no such opportunities were possible. She could of course borrow from her women friends—a hundred here or there, at the utmost—but they were more ready to give a gown or a trinket, and looked a little askance when she hinted her preference for a cheque. Women are not generous lenders, and those among whom her lot was cast were either in the same case as herself, or else too far removed from it to understand its necessities. The result of her meditations was the decision to join her aunt at Richfield. She could not remain at Bellomont without playing bridge, and being involved in other expenses; and to continue her usual series of autumn visits would merely prolong the same difficulties. She had reached a point where abrupt retrenchment was necessary, and the only cheap life was a dull life. She would start the next morning for Richfield.

At the station she thought Gus Trenor seemed surprised, and not wholly unrelieved, to see her. She yielded up the reins of the light runabout in which she had driven over, and as he climbed heavily to her side, crushing her into a scant third of the seat, he said: "Halloo! It isn't often you honour me. You must have been uncommonly hard up for something to do."

The afternoon was warm, and propinquity made her more than usually conscious that he was red and massive, and that beads of moisture had caused the dust of the train to adhere unpleasantly to the broad expanse

of cheek and neck which he turned to her; but she was aware also, from the look in his small, dull eyes, that the contact with her freshness and slenderness was as agreeable to him as the sight of a cooling beverage.

The perception of this fact helped her to answer gaily: "It's not often I have the chance. There are too many ladies to dispute the privilege with me."

"The privilege of driving me home? Well, I'm glad you won the race, anyhow. But I know what really happened—my wife sent you. Now didn't she?"

He had the dull man's unexpected flashes of astuteness, and Lily could not help joining in the laugh with which he had pounced on the truth.

"You see, Judy thinks I'm the safest person for you to be with; and she's quite right," she rejoined.

"Oh, is she, though? If she is, it's because you wouldn't waste your time on an old hulk like me. We married men have to put up with what we can get: all the prizes are for the clever chaps who've kept a free foot. Let me light a cigar, will you? I've had a beastly day of it."

He drew up in the shade of the village street, and passed the reins to her while he held a match to his cigar. The little flame under his hand cast a deeper crimson on his puffing face, and Lily averted her eyes with a momentary feeling of repugnance. And yet some women thought him handsome!

As she handed back the reins, she said sympathetically: "Did you have such a lot of tiresome things to do?"

"I should say so—rather!" Trenor, who was seldom listened to, either by his wife or her friends, settled down into the rare enjoyment of a confidential talk. "You don't know how a fellow has to hustle to keep this kind of thing going." He waved his whip in the direction of the Bellomont acres, which lay outspread before them in opulent undulations. "Judy has no idea of what she spends—not that there isn't plenty to keep the thing going," he interrupted himself, "but a man has got to keep his eyes open and pick up all the tips he can. My father and mother used to live like fighting-cocks on their income, and put by a good bit of it too—luckily for me—but at the pace we go now, I don't know where I should be if it weren't for taking a flyer now

and then. The women all think—I mean Judy thinks—I've nothing to do but to go down town once a month and cut off coupons, but the truth is it takes a devilish lot of hard work to keep the machinery running. Not that I ought to complain to-day, though," he went on after a moment, "for I did a very neat stroke of business, thanks to Stepney's friend Rosedale: by the way, Miss Lily, I wish you'd try to persuade Judy to be decently civil to that chap. He's going to be rich enough to buy us all out one of these days, and if she'd only ask him to dine now and then I could get almost anything out of him. The man is mad to know the people who don't want to know him, and when a fellow's in that state there is nothing he won't do for the first woman who takes him up."

Lily hesitated a moment. The first part of her companion's discourse had started an interesting train of thought, which was rudely interrupted by the mention of Mr. Rosedale's name. She uttered a faint protest.

"But you know Jack did try to take him about, and he was impossible."

"Oh, hang it—because he's fat and shiny, and has a shabby manner! Well, all I can say is that the people who are clever enough to be civil to him now will make a mighty good thing of it. A few years from now he'll be in it whether we want him or not, and then he won't be giving away a half-a-million tip for a dinner."

Lily's mind had reverted from the intrusive personality of Mr. Rosedale to the train of thought set in motion by Trenor's first words. This vast mysterious Wall Street world of "tips" and "deals"—might she not find in it the means of escape from her dreary predicament? She had often heard of women making money in this way through their friends: she had no more notion than most of her sex of the exact nature of the transaction, and its vagueness seemed to diminish its indelicacy. She could not, indeed, imagine herself, in any extremity, stooping to extract a "tip" from Mr. Rosedale; but at her side was a man in possession of that precious commodity, and who, as the husband of her dearest friend, stood to her in a relation of almost fraternal intimacy.

In her inmost heart Lily knew it was not by appealing to the fraternal instinct that she was likely to move Gus Trenor; but

this way of explaining the situation helped to drape its crudity, and she was always scrupulous about keeping up appearances to herself. Her personal fastidiousness had a moral equivalent, and when she made a tour of inspection in her own mind there were certain closed doors she did not open.

As they reached the gates of Bellomont she turned to Trenor with a smile.

"The afternoon is so perfect—don't you want to drive me a little farther? I've been rather out of spirits all day, and it's so restful to be away from people, with some one who won't mind if I'm a little dull."

She looked so plaintively lovely as she proffered the request, so trustfully sure of his sympathy and understanding, that Trenor felt himself wishing that his wife could see how other women treated him—not battered wire-pullers like Mrs. Fisher, but a girl that most men would have given their boots to get such a look from.

"Out of spirits? Why on earth should you ever be out of spirits? Is your last box of Doucet dresses a failure, or did Judy rook you out of everything at bridge last night?"

Lily shook her head with a sigh. "I have had to give up bridge—I can't afford it. In fact I can't afford any of the things my friends do, and I am afraid Judy often thinks me a bore because I don't play cards any longer, and because I am not as smartly dressed as the other women. But you will think me a bore too if I talk to you about my worries, and I only mention them because I want you to do me a favour—the very greatest of favours."

Her eyes sought his once more, and she smiled inwardly at the tinge of apprehension that she read in them.

"Why, of course—if it's anything I can manage——" He broke off, and she guessed that his enjoyment was disturbed by the remembrance of Mrs. Fisher's methods.

"The greatest of favours," she rejoined, gently. "The fact is, Judy is angry with me, and I want you to make my peace."

"Angry with you? Oh, come, nonsense——" his relief broke through in a laugh. "Why, you know she's devoted to you."

"She is the best friend I have, and that is why I mind having to vex her. But I dare say you know what she has wanted me to do. She has set her heart—poor dear—on my marrying—marrying a great deal of money."

She paused with a slight falter of embarrassment, and Trenor, turning abruptly, fixed on her a look of growing intelligence.

"A great deal of money? Oh, by Jove—you don't mean Gryce? What—you do? Oh, no, of course I won't mention it—you can trust me to keep my mouth shut—but Gryce—good Lord, *Gryce!* Did Judy really think you could bring yourself to marry that portentous little ass? But you couldn't, eh? And so you gave him the sack, and that's the reason why he lit out by the first train this morning?" He leaned back, spreading himself farther across the seat, as if dilated by the joyful sense of his own discernment. "How on earth could Judy think you would do such a thing? I could have told her you'd never put up with such a little milksop!"

Lily sighed more deeply. "I sometimes think," she murmured, "that men understand a woman's motives better than other women do."

"Some men—I'm certain of it! I could have *told* Judy," he repeated, exulting in the implied advantage over his wife.

"I thought you would understand; that's why I wanted to speak to you," Miss Bart rejoined. "I *can't* make that kind of marriage; it's impossible. But neither can I go on living as all the women in my set do. I am almost entirely dependent on my aunt, and though she is very kind to me she makes me no regular allowance, and lately I've lost money at cards, and I don't dare tell her about it. I have paid my card debts; of course, but there is hardly anything left for my other expenses, and if I go on with my present life I shall be in horrible difficulties. I have a tiny income of my own, but I'm afraid it's badly invested, for it seems to bring in less every year, and I am so ignorant of money matters that I don't know if my aunt's agent, who looks after it, is a good adviser." She paused a moment, and added in a lighter tone: "I didn't mean to bore you with all this, but I want your help in making Judy understand that I can't, at present, go on living as one must live among you all. I am going away to-morrow to join my aunt at Richfield, and I shall stay there for the rest of the autumn, and dismiss my maid and learn how to mend my own clothes."

At this picture of loveliness in distress, the pathos of which was heightened by the light

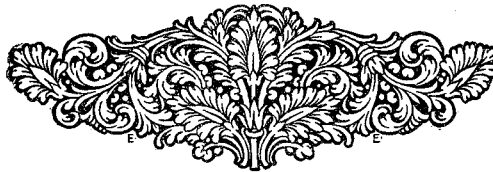
touch with which it was drawn, a murmur of indignant sympathy broke from Trenor. Twenty-four hours earlier, if his wife had consulted him on the subject of Miss Bart's future, he would have said that a girl with extravagant tastes and no money had better marry the first rich man she could get; but with the subject of discussion at his side, turning to him for sympathy, making him feel that he understood her better than her dearest friends, and confirming the assurance by the appeal of her exquisite nearness, he was ready to swear that such a marriage was a desecration, and that, as a man of honour, he was bound to do all he could to protect her from the results of her disinterestedness. This impulse was reinforced by the reflection that if she had married Gryce she would have been surrounded by flattery and approval, whereas, having refused to sacrifice herself to expediency, she was left to bear the whole cost of her resistance. Hang it, if he could find a way out of such difficulties for a professional sponge like Carry Fisher, who was simply a mental habit corresponding to the physical titillations of the cigarette or the cock-tail, he could surely do as much for a girl who appealed to his highest sympathies, and who brought her troubles to him with the trustfulness of a child.

Trenor and Miss Bart prolonged their drive till long after sunset; and before it was over he had tried, with some show of success, to prove to her that, if she would only trust him, he could make a handsome sum of money for her without endangering the small amount she possessed. She was too genuinely ignorant of the manipulations

of the stock-market to understand his technical explanations, or even perhaps to perceive that certain points in them were slurred; the haziness enveloping the transaction served as a veil for her embarrassment, and through the general blur her hopes dilated like lamps in a fog. She understood only that her modest investments were to be mysteriously multiplied without risk to herself; and the assurance that this miracle would take place within a short time, that there would be no tedious interval for suspense and reaction, lifted her high above her lingering scruples.

Again she felt the lightening of her load, and with it the release of repressed activities. Her immediate worries conjured, it was easy to resolve that she would never again find herself in such straits, and as the need of economy and self-denial receded from her foreground she felt herself ready to meet any other demand which life might make. Even the immediate one of letting Trenor, as they drove homeward, lean a little nearer and rest his hand reassuringly on hers, cost her only a momentary shiver of reluctance. It was part of the game to make him feel that her appeal had been an uncalculated impulse, provoked by the liking he inspired; and the renewed sense of power in handling men, while it consoled her wounded vanity, helped also to obscure the thought of the claim at which his manner hinted. He was a coarse, dull man who, under all his show of authority, was a mere supernumerary in the costly show for which his money paid: surely, to a clever girl, it would be easy to hold him by his underfed vanity, and so keep the obligation on his side.

(To be continued.)



# POLITICAL PROBLEMS OF EUROPE

AS THEY INTEREST AMERICANS

THIRD PAPER

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

## GOVERNMENT EDUCATION



**I**N determining the relative efficiency of nations competing in the commercial and industrial fields, there are several factors of prime importance. The nature of the Government, the character of the people, the natural resources of the country, each have distinct influence. All government grows better, so there is a tendency toward equalization of advantages in this respect. Cheapness of transportation tends to equalize the disadvantages of a lack of raw material. Hereditary, racial, and climatic influences are each important in determining the character of the people, and so far as character is influenced by these factors it changes slowly. The quickening influence that may bring rapid change in the national characteristics of a whole people, and that may become of immense importance to their industrial efficiency, is education.

In any study of the comparative industrial efficiency of nations some comprehension of the scope and tendency of their educational system is of the greatest importance. As industry becomes more and more highly organized and commerce more wide-spread and complex the influence of education is a factor of rapidly increasing importance.

The President of one of the great railway systems of the United States once expressed that fact to me in this way:

"As railway business in the United States is developing," he said, "and as the organization of the business of transportation becomes more complete, there is working a distinct change in the character of the men required for the successful operation of our properties. While the railroad business was in something of a pioneer stage, men were required who had native force, who would quickly and successfully meet every form of obstacle. In the West particularly, we de-

veloped a corps of railway employees who for resourcefulness, vigor, and strength were probably never equalled in any other sort of organization. The requisite then was to get the thing done, to get the train through, to repair the washout, to get the wrecked engine back on the track, to move the traffic. It did not matter so much how it was done. The point was to get it done, and methods were evolved which were never heard of in the most advanced schools of technology. For a good many years not much attention was paid to the refinements of traffic statistics. We were not interested in the particular fraction of a mill which it cost to move a ton of freight a mile. We were just interested in moving it, and the most resourceful men, the men who would best overcome unexpected difficulties, and do it quickly with the very limited resources which were at command, were the men who were most successful in the railway field.

"All that is changing, and in many sections of the country has already completely changed. In those days that are past a technical education counted for little. All the knowledge that a man ever got out of a technical school would not have helped him much in many of the emergencies which were the daily life of railroad managers. Resourcefulness, mother-wit, determination, and strength were what was wanted. But the men who possessed these characteristics, and who made the greatest success in railroad business under those pioneer conditions, began later to find that there were men growing up in the organization of the older roads who could design a locomotive that would pull a longer train than any they could move, and do it with less coal; men who could build stronger bridges for less money, because they could calculate to a mathematical nicety strain and strength of material; men who, though they might be lack-

ing in those forceful characteristics which had brought success on the new roads, were able, with their thorough technical knowledge, to reduce cost, to effect economies, to perfect systematic organization, and to contribute toward the creation of a railway system so smoothly running and so well organized that the very emergencies which the pioneer railroad men had made their reputations in meeting will never arise. We still want resourcefulness, vigor, and force, but those qualities must now be coupled with technical knowledge. Other things being equal, the railroad with the best educated staff will be the most successfully operated."

The view of this railroad president in his own field, I believe, illustrates what is much the same condition in almost every line of industry. American resourcefulness has been the wonder of the world, and has accomplished, surrounded as it has been with unparalleled richness of raw material, an unequalled industrial development. But we are reaching a point, and the older nations of the world have long before us reached that point, where it is of great importance that technical training and scientific education shall be brought to bear on every phase of industrial organization. I believe that the relative efficiency of nations was never before so largely influenced by the character of their educational facilities as is the case to-day. The tendency in our whole industrial and commercial life is rapidly giving added importance to education.

It is, I know, a somewhat common view that the great industrial organizations which are the order of the day tend to reduce the workers to little more than automatons. Some people believe that education is becoming of less importance, because they see that there is a tendency toward subdivision of labor in these great organizations, resulting, as it does, in so arranging the work that men do their appointed task with the smallest need for thinking, and with less requirement in the way of mental training than was the case before those industries were so highly specialized and the work so subdivided. That view is correct as applied to a great mass of workers. The automatic machine needs little more than an automatic mind to run it. Our great locomotive shops, for instance, have so subdivided the work, and have produced so many special and almost automatic machines for forming each part, that

they can take men off the streets with no knowledge of mechanics, and have them thoroughly trained in a fortnight to do some particular piece of work which would, under the old methods of shop practice, have required a highly skilled and experienced machinist to perform.

These industrial combinations and consolidations which may bring almost an entire industry under a single management, create a demand for educated labor, however, which is keener than ever could have been known under a system less highly specialized.

Take, for example, an industry in which there were, say, one hundred individual organizations, each one producing an average product costing \$100,000. An industrial chemist might, with his technical knowledge, we will say, effect a saving of one per cent. in the cost of this product. Suppose that were made clear to any individual employer. He would say that, although he might effect a saving of \$1,000 in the cost of his year's output, the salary of the chemist would be \$5,000. He could not afford the economy.

With these industries all combined the chemist's \$5,000 salary could be paid, and from the one per cent. saving in the cost of the total product a profit of \$95,000 left as a result of the economy effected.

As combinations are made in the industrial field, the possibility of employing highly trained technical experts rapidly increases, and in that possibility alone lies frequently one of the greatest incentives toward combinations. The margin of profits sometimes grows very narrow under the stress of international competition. Where there is sharp international competition the prosperity of a whole industry might easily depend on whether or not each one of its processes were conducted according to the very best practice the ablest technical experts can work out.

Technical training is therefore becoming of vastly more importance than ever before, and those nations which are offering the best technical training to their youths are making the most rapid industrial progress. A study of the international field brings that fact out with perfect clearness. Where education is lacking industry is lagging; where education is stereotyped industry is without initiative.

The necessity for thorough education and the best technical training has become al-

most as great in commercial affairs as it has in the industrial field. The methods of commerce to-day cannot be as easily compared with the methods of a generation ago as can the processes of industry now and at that time, but I believe that the changes in the methods of commerce have, in many cases, been as radical and the improvement as great as in the field of industry. Two generations ago the trained engineer was looked on with disfavor by the practical industrial manager. The man who grew up in the business was thought far superior to the man who got his knowledge from books. The necessity for a technical engineering training is now universally recognized, and no important industrial operation would be undertaken without the aid of technical experts. I believe the same change is coming in commercial life. The commercial high schools of Germany and the start in higher commercial education which we are making in this country are the forerunners of great technical schools of commerce. These schools will turn out men with as superior qualifications for commercial life as have the graduates of the great technical institutions in their special field. I believe the great masters of commerce will come to recognize the necessity for and the practical advantage of such commercial training, just as the captains of industry have long ago recognized the value of technical training for engineers.

The requirements for the successful administration of great commercial enterprises are greater than ever before. The scale upon which these enterprises are organized warrants the payment of high salaries to men with the best training, and I believe that those nations that are providing schools best adapted to the thorough training of recruits for the ranks of commerce will make the greatest progress in developing the commercial side of the national life.

Education in its relation to national development is viewed from two fundamentally different standpoints. In America, we have in large measure, regarded the universal education of citizens as necessary to the proper political development of the republic. The idea underlying our whole educational system has been that the sovereign citizen must be given such training as will enable him to form his political opinions with intelligence and to vote with understanding. The effect of education upon commerce and

industry has been quite a secondary consideration. In the main the work of the schools has been directed toward turning out intelligent citizens, and but comparatively little attention has been given to so shaping education that it will make of each student the most effective industrial unit that it is possible to produce.

In Europe education has been viewed from a different standpoint. The theory of education in Germany has been that it should be the work of the Government schools to turn out the most efficient economic units, while the tasks of the captains of industry were to organize these units into the most effective economic corps possible. The result has been the most thoroughly trained and organized system of industry in the world, with the possible exception of our own, and, in many respects the German system presents points of superiority even in comparison with our own industrial system.

The German Government years ago deliberately set to work to organize a system of education which should be a means of national development. The idea was not that education was needed to make intelligent citizens, but that it was needed to make effective industrial units. Intelligent citizenship has really had small place in the centralized personal government which the Kaiser has developed, but in no other nation has there been such intelligent administration of the system of education from the point of view of training men to work efficiently.

In France there has been quite another fundamental idea underlying the whole development of education, and impressing itself strongly on the national character. The school system of France seems to have been designed neither to make intelligent citizens nor to turn out effective economic units. It seems rather to have had for its object the preparation of persons to pass certain Government examinations. A double incentive has existed of sufficient potency to shape almost every mind of France in this hard and fast mould of stereotyped education. This twofold incentive has been on the one hand the securing of a reduction of the forced military service, and on the other the opening of the way to a civil-service appointment. The student who succeeds in passing the Government civil service examination may reduce his military service from three years



The mind of the peasant boy receives its first great awakening in the army life.

(A German squadron manœuvring.)

to one. There is absolute democracy in the French army, neither birth nor wealth offering any escape from the military service. The one way leading to a reduction in the length of that service is through a Government examination. It is easy to see, therefore, how universal must be, in every walk of life, the incentive to mould the minds of children along only these stereotyped lines which the Government examiner recognizes as an education.

It is through this same door that entry must be made to a civil service position, and there is nothing short of a mania in France for drawing a public salary. The result has been the most uniform and stereotyped system of training that youths were ever subjected to. There are nearly 400,000 paid officials under the French Government. For every voter one person holds some sort of a public office. The French characteristic of thrift has resulted in giving a vast number of people small incomes from their investments. Economy reaches little short of a national disease in France. This army of small investors has incomes insufficient to live in idleness, but large enough so that, with only a small addition in the way of a salary, the financial problem of life is solved.

VOL. XXXVII.—37

That is the reason why there is such a universal desire among the middle class for Government employment, and why the incentive to obtain an education enabling one to pass a Government examination is so overpowering.

There were recently vacancies for four clerks in the office of the prefect of the Seine. For these four positions there were registered 4,398 applicants. Washington at its worst surely has nothing comparable to that. Every one of these 4,000 applicants, however, could have passed an examination along certain stereotyped lines which would have delighted the hearts of our civil service reformers.

The result of the French system of education has been to produce an extraordinary uniformity of mental type and capacity, especially among the middle classes. The French system of education is intensely national. Its plan is exactly the opposite from our own school system. With us the local community controls primary schools. In France the local community has no voice in the matter. The French system is the most centralized, the most strictly regulated, the most autocratic, and the farthest removed from democratic ideas of any school system

341



German Colonial Agricultural School at Witzenhausen, Hessen.

in existence. The exact uniformity of the schools is almost unbelievable. The Minister of Instruction, sitting in his office in Paris, can tell at any moment just what fable of de la Fontaine each child of a certain age throughout the whole of France is reciting. Teachers are not allowed any latitude at all. The result is to leave both teachers and scholars almost completely lacking in mental originality.

The whole national life is being affected by this uniform system of education. The corps of teachers has all been made in the same mould. All have passed through an exactly similar training. All have passed successfully exactly the same Government examinations. The Government tries to break in on this deadly uniformity by making a point of sending teachers to other than their native districts. Northern teachers are sent to southern schools, and southern teachers to northern schools. By this plan the Government possibly does something to foster a spirit of unity throughout the nation, but the uniform mould into which every mind is forced remains the same.

There is no tendency in France toward making the educational system less uniform. The

gotten in the effort to coach children to pass certain fixed examination forms.

There has seemed to be no room in France for the growth of secondary schools or colleges—schools where it is a man's pride to be an alumnus, and where a fellowship develops that is an important influence all through life. There are no such schools in France as Rugby and Eton. It is never regarded of special importance where a man was educated, and college friendships play a smaller part in after-life than is the case with us or in England and Germany. The university life in France is gathered almost wholly in a single institution in Paris, instead of being scattered through all the provinces, as in



A botany class in Germany.

Germany. The so-called French colleges are not comparable in organization with the German gymnasiums of the various grades. The technical schools, on the other hand, have been much more differentiated in France than in Germany, and instead of gathering civil engineering, electrical engineering, and mining engineering into a single great technical school, these subjects are taught in separate schools. The trade schools are strong in the lines of artistic decoration. In some respects they are the

nation would have been proud of in any period, but they are the exceptions. Their minds have escaped the deadly process of stereotyped French education. The rule has been the making of a nation with minds all formed in one mould, a nation which is stationary in its commerce, its industry, and its business development, and which is pushing on to no new accomplishments.

The French have wonderful ability for certain skilful and artistic forms of work. Their industries are less open than those of



A summer open-air class—frequently seen in Germany.

best of the whole French educational system. They are in the main not a part of the national system, but are under the control of individuals.

The French school-boy is taught facts. Facts are ground into him with cruel diligence. The American boy would be staggered by the tasks that are set him. The hours that he spends in memorizing make the French school system resemble the Chinese. Few school-boys in other countries have so much work to do. None are so systematically and persistently crammed with knowledge. But the French school-boy is not taught to think. The result of such a system of education is revealed in the national life. France to-day of all great nations, is characteristically without initiative. She is not maintaining her place in the first rank of nations. So far as the great middle class is concerned, France is decadent. It is true that there are painters, poets, and authors who are geniuses that any

any other country to the competition of automatic machines or of work done *en masse*. No tariff walls are effective barriers against superior taste and art. That fact alone is what saves the industries of France. She has neither the commercial vigor and initiative nor the ability for commercial and industrial organization to enable her to compete with Germany or the United States in any of the great fields of international industrial competition. There is none of the modern spirit of industrialism which manifests itself in that superior organization and combination which are the key-notes of industrial life in Germany and the United States. There are lines of artistic accomplishment in which she stands unchallenged, but in industrial organization she has not taken the first steps. Perhaps all this may offer ground for congratulation rather than regret, but it is, at any rate, an obvious fact, and one that can in no small measure be traced to the French system of



German Colonial Agricultural School at Wittenhausen.

education and its effect in shaping the national character.

In England as well as in France the system of education has produced marked effect upon the national character. France has just been through a great national struggle to free herself from the clerical schools. Education in England is still in the hands of the clericals. It is not in the control of the teaching orders of the Catholic Church, it is true, but it is practically under a control exercised by the Church of England. It is possible that such a control of education is beneficial to the morals of the English youth. There can be nothing more certain, however, than that it has proved a stumbling block in the development of anything like a modern system of education. The Education Bill passed two years ago makes it obligatory that at least half of the teachers in the public schools must in the future be members of the Church of England. The result of the control which the Church has always exercised in greater or less degree has not been one which would lead educators to believe that a school system can develop along the best lines when under the control of any single religious organization. There is nothing in the development of the English school system up to the present that leads one to believe that the Church organization is well adapted to direct a modern system of primary education.

In America we find a school system designed to make intelligent citizens; in Germany, a system whose object is the production of the most efficient economic units possible; in France a system designed uniformly to mould all minds to pass through the door of a Government examination, the only door which opens to a reduction of

the forced military service, and to possible civil employment. In England none of these standards seem to have been set up. While the corner-stone on which the great German Empire has been built has been an educational system designed and recognized as a means of national development, the statesmen of Great Britain have never given thought to education from that point of view. No British statesman seems ever to have conceived that a perfect system of education would redound to national greatness. Colonial expansion, military efficiency, naval strength, and the power of accumulated wealth have each in their turn appealed to Englishmen as foundation stones upon which to build a greater Britain, but the thorough education of the people has not been recognized as one of the most substantial of foundation stones. The upbuilding of a general system of education as a means for national development has never received the serious study of a representative body of Englishmen.

The debates upon the Educational Bill two years ago, dragging through months of parliamentary consideration, never once rose to an intelligent and comprehensive discussion of Great Britain's needs in the way of a better school system. To my mind there is the most obvious evidence of that need. Parliament, however, spent its time debating over just what measure of control the Church of England should have, and what small voice the dissenters would be permitted to raise. There were days of discussion of these points without there once being recognition of how great is England's need for a thoroughly efficient modern school system.

There are a great many very excellent people in England who do not believe in

universal education. I have talked with university men who hold the carefully considered opinion that universal education, except of a most elementary sort, is not desirable for the nation. They believe that a serving class is necessary, and that education only tends to make such a class dissatisfied with its lot. Recognizing that there is a great amount of unskilled work to be done, they think that education does not help a man to do it, but may tend, rather, to make him dissatisfied to work on as his fathers have worked. Such an opinion, I believe, is pretty widely held in England, and any scheme looking toward carrying universal education beyond the most primary limits would be regarded by a large number of admirable people with disfavor.

The British Government has no disposition to load the national budget with any further increases on account of education. Since the South African War the Chancellor of the Exchequer has found many serious problems in the budget. It was found possible to raise a billion two hundred million dollars for the prosecution of the Boer war, but English statesmen do not feel that the Government can afford to recognize any new claims on the budget for the support of education.

That was well illustrated recently when the representatives of all the universities in England held a conference with the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. At this meeting it was sought to impress upon the Government the advisability of a more liberal attitude to the higher institutions of learning. The object of the meeting, as stated by Professor Pelham of Oxford, was "to impress upon the Government certain facts, long recognized abroad, and gradually forcing their way to recognition in England, the facts being that there was such a thing as knowledge, that it was as well worth having for nations as for individuals, and further that it could not be had without paying for it."

In stating the claims of the institutions of higher learning for some support, Mr. Chamberlain, speaking as chancellor of the University of Birmingham, said:

"In the competition we now have to endure with foreign countries, higher education is a matter of the first importance. Those who are to be leaders of industry, managers of our works, foremen in our shops, should have a much higher education than the mere 'rule of thumb' knowledge they have possessed up to the present. It is to provide these men, who will, by their work



A boys' military association parading through the streets of Berlin.

hereafter, I believe, return a splendid dividend on the money we spend, that we have promoted these local universities, and that we now come to the state and ask it to take our needs into consideration. Already the state pays something like £13,000,000 a year for primary education, but only a few thousand pounds are found for the higher education to

declared that the English institutions were handicapped by the lavish expenditures of Continental governments and the munificence of private liberality in the United States.

Mr. Mosely, who at the head of a commission had given the system of education in the United States most careful study, said that he was so impressed with the advances in this country that he had decided to send his two sons to college here.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to these representatives of higher education, declared that, in his opinion, it would be a great misfortune if it were once to be thought that it was the duty of the state to furnish the whole or the main portion of the cost of the higher education of the country, or even if the state were to come into such relations toward university



Agricultural training for French soldiers.

Teaching them the methods of sorting and packing hay.

which we have learned to attach so great a value."

Sir William White, President of the Society of Civil Engineers, told the Prime Minister that if the position of Great Britain was to be maintained, it was absolutely necessary that the system of educational instruction be placed on the best possible basis. While Great Britain still held a lead in ship-building, for example, both Germany and the United States were far ahead of Great Britain in the scientific instruction needful for ship-building, and unless the scanty provisions now existing in England for such instruction is placed more on an equality with the provisions in Germany and the United States, that lead may be difficult to maintain.

Other speakers recognized the need and deplored the deficiencies of scientific training and the work of research in England, and

education as it now occupies toward elementary education. The prospect for any considerable state aid to higher education in England, he said, is a long way off.

The need for that aid, and particularly the need for great improvement in the facilities for technical education, is immediate and obvious. In my opinion, no small part of England's loss of prestige in the world's commercial life—and that there has been a



The veterinary class.

A lesson in anatomy.

relative loss there can, of course, be no doubt—is due to the failure of the great body of representative and intelligent men who shape English public opinion to recognize the important influence of an adequate school system upon the national development. There has been no disposition in England to adopt the view which underlies the whole German educational system—that is, the deliberate creation by the state of a school system as a means for national development. English statesmen have not recognized that through developing by thorough education the effectiveness of each individual in the nation a great stride is taken in the development of the nation itself.

Trade education in Switzerland has been carried out as completely as in any other country in Europe. The larger towns in Switzerland are probably better provided with such schools than any towns of the same size in the world. Cities like Zurich, Basel, and Bern have important technical schools, but the system is carried out as well in the smaller towns. The Government has done a great deal in the way of encouraging exhibitions and sending out travelling sample collections throughout the country. It is the boast of Switzerland that none of her industries are without sufficient agencies for providing the requisite special study and training, and these agencies are generally situated near the local centre of each industry. There are preparatory schools for watch-making, for weaving, for wood-carving, stone-cutting, dress-making, pottery and toy-making, as well as many schools for women for domestic training. There are schools for many of the smaller house industries, which occupy a peculiar place in the commercial make-up of Switzerland.

There seems to me little room to question the general superiority of the German system of education. That it is on the whole superior to the systems in vogue in England

or the other countries in Europe is, I think, generally recognized. That in some of its particulars it is superior to our own system can, I believe, be readily established. These

points of superiority are giving the German Empire substantial vantage-ground in its commercial competition with the world. The plan underlying the whole educational system there, of developing each individual to a point of the highest industrial or commercial efficiency, gives a practical trend to education which, with us, is not paralleled.

From the point of view of increasing the industrial efficiency of a nation, Germany has, it seems to me, worked out some features of her educational system in a way distinctly superior to conditions in the United States or any other country. The Germans have reasoned that if education is to meet the needs of a wide diversity of calling, it must itself be adapted to the diversified needs of the men who are to be educated. It is not surprising to find in the larger German cities a fully established educational system, with all the ordinary facilities of university and technical schools, gymnasium, preparatory and day schools, all excellently conducted and thoroughly up to date in their methods. All that one would expect to find there. The point where there is distinct and novel superiority is in the completeness of the system of evening schools of the several classes and the provision for trade schools. No German youth need go without either a general or a technical

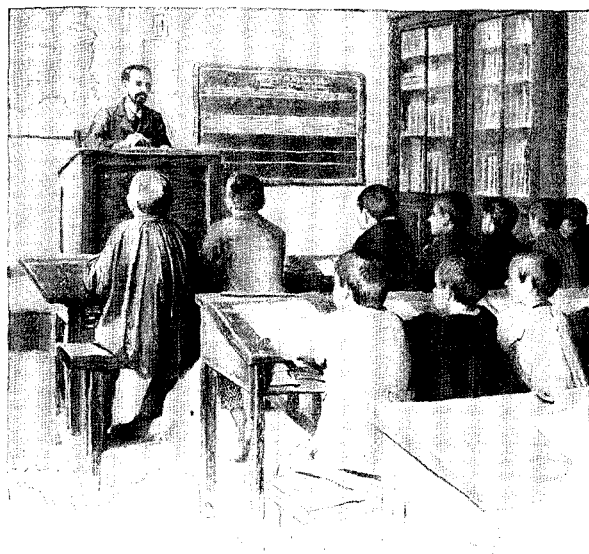


A French peasant.  
A recruit.



A finished soldier.  
A French cuirassier.

education, no matter what his circumstances. For those who leave school after the age of compulsory attendance is past, there are evening schools for general education and trade and technical schools of the widest diversity of scope. Whatever trade a German youth may pursue he will find open to him evening schools in which he may improve himself in his trade, may strengthen his technical knowledge so as to fit himself for a higher position, and at the same time



A French country school.

may have his "formative power," as the Germans call it, strengthened and diversified.

This is the underlying idea in the whole German educational system: first of all, a certain fundamental set of subjects well learned, such as elementary mathematics, the German language; and possibly some foreign language; after that the opportunity, whatever the man's circumstances, to improve himself in his trade and in his general education, either in a day-school or in a night-school. In other words, a series of schools so diversified as to serve the interests of every class in the national population. In Berlin and in most German cities these trade schools, such as those for shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, metal-workers, masons, etc., have been conducted with very friendly relations with the unions; and in many cases the boards of inspection have upon them members of the trades-unions.

The perfection of this plan in Germany comes from the fact that the direction of the state departments of education in the various German states, but particularly in Prussia, has been for many years in the hands of very able men; the development, for instance, of the Berlin system of evening schools, begun some twenty years ago, was carried out under the direction of the best men of the city.

So far as the highest institutions for technical learning are concerned, Germany prob-

ably has little, if any, advantage over us, although, in certain fields, and fields of great commercial importance, we are notably deficient. That is particularly true in the field of industrial chemistry. In the practical application of expert chemical knowledge Germany leads the world so far that other nations are quite outclassed, and the reason for that must be found in the superiority of her schools. Germany's prominence in that one field is an enormous aid to her in gaining and maintaining her industrial leadership.

Germany is a land of small salaries, and we are supposed to be ready to pay more than any country for the desirable services of any man. I was surprised, therefore, to learn that we could not attract some of the great professors of industrial chemistry to our own institutions, because we could not pay salaries that would approach the salaries which they received in Germany. In this field of industrial chemistry there has been developed close relations between the academic and the practical. A professor of industrial chemistry in one of the great technical schools will not only be regarded as a leader in scientific circles, but he will occupy an intimate and most remunerative relation toward industrial enterprises. I was told that the professor of industrial chemistry in the technical high school of Charlottenburg received a salary of \$25,000

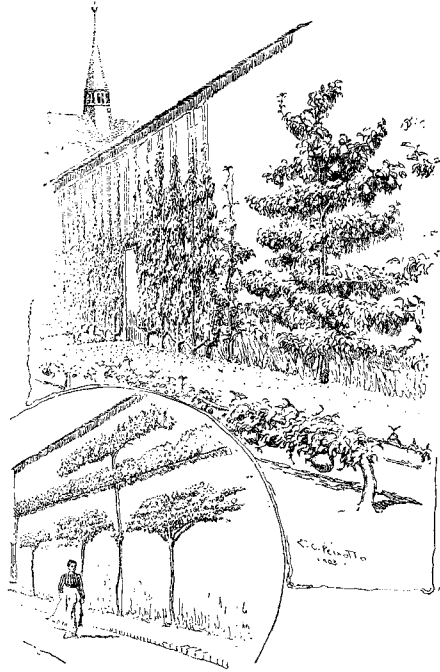
a year. When our own institutions have endeavored to secure men of this type from Germany they have invariably found it impossible because the remuneration there was more than our institutions could afford to pay. The higher remuneration in Germany is possible because of the intimate relation which has been built up between the schools and the great industries. The problems which came before the managers of these industries are laid before the technical schools, and the schools are well paid for solutions of those problems. Then, in turn, industry flourishes because of the superior methods which these technical experts invent.

It is not my purpose to attempt anything like a complete description of the German system of education. That has been done many times by observers much better qualified. It is only toward some phases of the situation that I would direct attention, and toward some of the features which, in a casual observation, have seemed to me specially interesting.

In primary education I am told that there are two principal tendencies characteristic of the development of the curriculum throughout Germany. One is toward the training of the mental perceptions, the power of original observation; the other is in the direction of the development of oral expression. This is exactly the opposite of the tendency in French education, where learning by rote, memorizing facts, and preparing to pass stereotyped written examinations are the order. The German point of view is that pedagogy is a scientific branch of knowledge based on definite laws of psychology, and that further discoveries are being made from time to time in this as well as other sciences. It is held, therefore, that any educational system which rests on the mechanical application of certain methods merely because those methods have long served a useful purpose is as foreordained to inefficiency and ultimate failure as would be the doctor or chemist who declines to avail himself of fresh discoveries of modern science. The whole system of education in Germany is a living thing, totally unlike the system either in France or in England.

The American boy who had to endure the *régime* of either the French or German schools, would, so far as downright hard work is concerned, look back upon his home

experience as being almost an idle holiday in comparison. In the elementary schools in Berlin and Charlottenburg, and I presume elsewhere in the empire, the schools meet at seven o'clock in the morning in summer and at eight o'clock in winter. The habits of the gymnasium are carried into the classroom, and great attention is paid to pose and movement. Any tendency toward slouch-



The work of French agricultural schools.  
Showing specially trained vines and trees.

ing is sharply checked, and smartness of bearing is carried almost to an extreme. The influence of the army is already felt the moment the boy enters his first class.

One feels in Germany that the whole nation is at school. All public institutions make special provisions for school-children as a class. Churches have reserved seats for them, theatres give special performances, and railways and steamships are required to give special rates to school-children accompanied by their teachers. There is compulsory education for children from six to thirteen years of age in the country, and from six to fourteen years in the city. Compulsory education is practically fully realized. The average daily attendance is about ninety per cent. of the total enrolment. The

habit of school attendance in Germany has become almost automatic. Parents are fined from one penny to a mark a day for every day a child is absent without a proper excuse, and are actually imprisoned if the fine is not immediately paid.

It is not in primary education, however, that the marked superiority of the German system, in its effect upon the industrial efficiency of the nation, offers such sharp comparison to the conditions in other countries. It is in the industrial education, which beyond question is one of the most powerful weapons of German industry. The industrial schools of Germany have been picturesquely described as the "ironclads" of commerce.

One feature of industrial education which has no parallel outside of Germany is the universal provision for trade schools. Not only are many of these founded and supported by the state, but there are also a great many maintained by local guilds and industrial associations. Our own labor organizations are antagonistic to apprentices, and look with no favor on trade schools. Labor unions are not strong in Germany, but even where they do exist their attitude toward education is not only friendly, but actively helpful to the extent of contributing toward the support of trade schools.

These trade schools offer the opportunity of acquiring a technical training in almost every trade. In the main the students are already active workers in the trade in which they seek a higher technical knowledge. In these trade schools is an exposition of the most modern methods of work, and there is shown there the latest development in machines and inventions. The teachers, as a rule, have a good preparatory training and come directly from the trade which they aim to teach. Frequently they work at the trade during the day and teach in the evening and on Sundays. They are, therefore, fresh and thoroughly up to date in their practice. A most important feature of these trade schools is that they do not stop at the purely technical side of the trade, but seek to insure wise business management by including studies which prepare the student for the practical conduct of the business. Side by side with the technical training are given the general facts of production and consumption, of cost prices and market values, in the particular trade in which the student is inter-

ested. He is taught bookkeeping in its most practical application to his especial business, and is made familiar with the legislation of importance to his particular industry.

These trade schools offer opportunity not only to those who can afford to substitute them for regular school work of a more academic character, but they are specially arranged to accommodate students who must work during the day. It strikes one rather oddly to find how generally Sunday is given over to this sort of instruction, and that thirty-five per cent. of the total hours of instruction in the industrial schools of Saxony, for instance, fall on Sunday. This general devotion of Sunday by thousands of German youths to the gaining of instruction in the scientific and technical sides of their chosen trades contrasts curiously with the tremendous pothole which is going on in England over what voice the Established Church will permit the non-conformists to have in the religious instruction which forms an important part of the curriculum of every school-day, for that practically is the paramount school question in England.

These German trade schools are undoubtedly having an enormous effect upon the industrial efficiency of the whole nation. They are designed to train the rank and file. It is in the great high schools that the officers of industry are trained.

The most interesting educational movement in Germany to me is the development of higher commercial education. We recognize that an engineer or a mechanic will profit by a technical education. There is no longer a doubt that a technical education will enable such a man to outstrip in the long run his fellows who have equal ability, but have learned only in the slower and less scientific school of experience. There are as good reasons, I am convinced, for giving the banker or the merchant a technical commercial education. The schools do not turn out a practical engineer, nor will they turn out a practical banker or merchant, but I believe that there is a great amount of information needed by a man in commercial life which is capable of scientific classification, and can be taught with much greater efficiency, and with much less loss of time, in a properly organized school than it can be gathered in the ordinary course of an apprenticeship in a business career.

The German *Handelshochschule*, or com-

mercial high school, is not a parallel to our high schools, but is of a university type. These *Handelshochschule* are designed for students who already have an education equivalent to that obtained in our high schools, or, perhaps, even in our colleges, and who have also two or three years of business practice. The scheme of these schools is to educate men for the high positions in commercial life. They are not for ordinary clerks, for whom an ordinary *Handelshochschule* offers satisfactory preparation.

In outlining the aim and work a professor in one of these schools said to me:

"We understand perfectly that business men must be trained by actual practice, but we do believe that a good theoretical training and the formation of proper habits of thought will prepare a man to learn quicker and more thoroughly all practical work. From the experience that I have had, I believe that such an education will make him at the age of twenty-five more advanced in his special line of business and better qualified to handle it than he otherwise would have been at the age of thirty. Our students get a good deal of knowledge regarding political economy, law, languages, etc., but it is our highest claim that we give to our men the independent, exact, inquiring, researching spirit of German scientific workers at a time when they are young enough to apply this spirit with enthusiasm to the business in which they are engaged. That is the first thing we set out to teach—a habit of thinking which will combine general principles with exact knowledge of details.

"There are two lines of instruction followed in the *Handelshochschule*, a general one of the old university fashion and a technical one of new organization. The general instruction is of the highest university standard, and is given by university men at Cologne, Frankfurt and Leipsic. Generally the students of the *Handelshochschule* are entitled to follow the same lectures as university students. The teachers of technical matters are new men in a new line, and are naturally not altogether satisfactory at the beginning. There is much difficulty in getting men with the proper training for the work which we want done, but I believe that we shall succeed in getting good faculties who can give thorough instruction in practical business methods.

"The technical lines of instruction in-

clude accounting, correspondence, calculations, and languages. I think American accounting methods are more advanced for the moment. We aim to teach thoroughly the mathematics involved in arbitrage and exchange operations, and in connection with business finance and insurance. Most of the instruction is by lectures. 'Learning by doing' seems rather inadequate for the age of our men.

"Lectures are being developed on the technology of our chief industries, now partly done at Leipsic; on the history of some of the leading industrial and financial institutions, now partly done at Cologne; and on the practical handling of duties and tariffs of the world. In economics we endeavor to have every year lectures on money, banking, foreign trade, and the history of commerce and banking. All of these lectures, of course, are in addition to the regular lectures on theoretical and practical economics, government finance, and statistics. You will find in these schools a tendency to be up to date in facts, and to care less for the details of historical development than most German economists do. But we have put it down as strict principle not to make any concessions in scientific methods and exact thought. We offer courses in commercial and corporation law and the laws relating to bills of exchange and bankruptcy. The courses in geography are particularly varied. They embrace not only cartographical facts, but also the chief products of different countries, the transportation systems, etc. We take the students on excursions to see interesting plants. At Cologne an arrangement has been made to have a series of short lectures by business men and secretaries of industrial corporations.

"The ordinary course which we favor extends over two years, and presupposes a sound preparatory education. A new habit of thinking and a fund of useful knowledge—that is what we aim to give with our teaching. The future of the nation depends on men. Men are the greatest economical force. The business life of to-day is too complicated to allow the old-fashioned apprenticeship, with its uncontrolled routine, to form the future leaders. The extension of business relations and the development of the great industrial organizations demand a new system of commercial education. We endeavor to teach what those young men

who expect to be commercial leaders will need, and we are fully convinced of the importance of this field of instruction."

The Emperor, whose clear vision perceives the beneficial influence of industrialism on the national strength, employing the increase in population at home, instead of forcing it to emigrate, and by so employing it adding enormously to the income of the nation, is sometimes obliged to make an almost furtive recognition of the new princes of the empire so that he may avoid offending prejudices of the old aristocracy. Thus an intimation was conveyed to the American ambassador in Berlin before the Emperor dined with him in February that his Majesty would like to have among the guests Herr Rathenau, of the Allgemeine Electricitäts Gesellschaft, the great electrical company of Germany; Herr Ballin, of the Hamburg-American Line; and Herr Wiegand, of the North German Lloyd. His Majesty desired to talk with them about their far-reaching enterprises, each employing an army corps in German industrial conquests overseas. The court circular issued to the press omitted mention of these gentlemen having been present. The annual emigration from Germany since the present Emperor began to reign has declined, roughly, from a quarter of a million yearly to one-tenth of that number. The population of Germany, increasing three quarters of a million a year, has so far been largely occupied at home, but a speculative problem long pressing on the attention of German statesmen is how shall the surplus population be disposed of so that it may be retained as part of the national strength and not lose its identity in the United States or other new non-German countries. That problem has so far found a satisfactory practical solution in the expansion of industry and the increased foreign trade. The pressure of population on the means of subsistence must increase, and will probably enable Germany to continue relatively a low-wage-paying country. The Government surely shows the highest wisdom in shaping the educational system so that every citizen is trained to the greatest industrial or commercial efficiency, and taught to make the most of the rather meagre natural advantages which the German Empire possesses.

The Emperor takes the greatest interest in the whole educational system, and particu-

larly in the technical schools. He attends lectures occasionally at Charlottenburg, sometimes going there several times during the season. His interest manifested in this way has a marked influence.

The educational system of Europe cannot be properly considered without taking into account the influence of the army. Practically, every able-bodied man on the Continent of Europe has been moulded by this influence. The effect of the army training, coming as it does at a most impressionable age, is enormous, and is on the whole, I believe, of great value. Much may be said about the great cost of the military establishments of Europe, but there is undoubtedly a large entry to be made on the other side of the ledger in the value of the army training to the young man. This is very generally recognized in Europe. Mothers part with their sons for the year or the two years of army experience with the very general belief that they will return benefitted by that experience. The mind of the peasant boy receives its first great awakening in the army life. He travels and gains knowledge in many ways. In Italy and France particularly, the army is used as a means of bringing people from various parts of the country into contact with each other. Men from the southern provinces are quartered in the north and the northern men are moved to the south, with the result that there is a far better national understanding on account of the years of army experience, and a distinct strengthening of national unity.

Observation of the nature and effect of the various systems of education in vogue in Europe cannot but lead an American to the conclusion that preëminence in industrial and commercial life is becoming more and more closely related to preëminence in educational facilities. Such observation would further convince one that more emphasis has been placed on trade and technical schools in Germany than is the case with us. We may have little to learn from the educational systems of other countries than Germany, but from the standpoint of an effective aid to industry and commerce the German system presents points of superiority. We need more trade schools, more technical schools, and far better equipped institutions for higher commercial education. We are turning out quite

enough men who attempt to make a living as lawyers and doctors. With great advantages we could shift some of that energy into other channels. If we build schools where every boy who is at work at a trade can learn under competent masters, the scientific and technical side of his work, we shall have done something of vast importance for the development of national greatness. If we organize a system of higher

commercial education which will give as superior equipment to our business men as our great institutions of technology now give to our engineers, we shall have done much to give permanence and world scope to our commerce. Until we have done all that we shall have shown ourselves less awake than is the German nation to the aid which education can give to industry and commerce.

## ALIENS

By Edith L. Lewis

STILL are the many houses,  
And still the long street lies;  
The moon above the house-tops  
Shines through cloud-travelled skies;  
From lands of spendthrift treasure  
It looks and lights the way  
Of those whose beggared footsteps  
Out-march the sleeping day;

Of those to whom the darkness  
Brought not their heart's desire,  
But filled their cup with longing,  
And fed their veins with fire;  
Who up and down the pavements  
From eve till morn must go,  
Pursuing dreams that lead them  
In ways I do not know.

Down there go lads that wander  
With pulses hot as mine;  
Slow are their feet to follow  
There where their thoughts incline;  
Far are the lips that cherished,  
The hearts they lay beside,  
And far to find by starlight  
The joys of morning-tide.

They walk all night for solace,  
And here alone sit I,  
And weigh the heavy footfall  
Of each who hurries by;  
Till one, beneath his trouble  
More wistful than the rest,  
Looks up, and knits my burden  
To that within his breast.