

rear, to occupy them with fresh troops who have not been under the influence of the defeat, well supplied with guns and ammunition and having at their head an energetic leader. During this time the retreating armies will have to fight in order to gain time and to allow the concentration and the organization of these new forces. The rôle of the pursuer will be to crush down rapidly every resistance, keeping at the heels of the enemy's main forces, so that they can make no stop at the lines which they intend to defend. On great areas of country open warfare will be resumed, and a big battle must be

fought if the pursuer is to be stopped. During this pursuit the air service will not be inactive. Squadrons will fly over the retreating columns in order to locate them and also for the purpose of attacking them, obliging them to scatter themselves or to take cover and delaying them in their retreat. They will be able to give the proper range to the pursuing artillery, and the object of the beaten enemy will be to gain time at any cost. The pursuer will have but one idea, one sole aim—to crush every resistance, to get at the main force and give the enemy no time to rest or to recover.

"TO THE BEGINNING OF THIS DAY"

By Meredith Harding

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. SCHMIDT



THE Rhode Island shore is rather lacking in mileage. But having said that, one can say nothing more of a derogatory nature. It has at times and in spots the characteristics of a Land of Heart's Desire. There is a strip of shore two miles or more in length, curving in a great smooth crescent from the life-saving station on a rocky point to a summer hotel far enough down the coast for its true and homely nature to be disguised, as one sees it castle-wise against a glowing western sky. This crescent of beach shelves off suddenly, and the surf thunders in clean, and clear green. Not a summer cottage mars the soft brown curves of the sand-dunes. Back of them the water that pours in through the breach above the life-saving station is held as a little lake—"pond" the maps have it—two or three miles long and a mile across to where the few summer places are hidden by cedar-trees or the woods come down to the water. A fortunate place, joining the glory and thunder of the sea to the little quiet pleasures of a lake, and not yet fallen among real-estate men.

One of the first trains bringing the

work-worn or luxury-bored summer crowd out of the city left two passengers, each unconscious of the other, on the station platform of the town ten miles inland; one was a tall, fair girl so exquisitely clad she was quite the only person in keeping with the shining limousine that quickly carried her away southward; the other was a young clergyman, whose black cloth and dark hair framed a white, tired face with eyes that looked patiently about for some release from this hurrying crowd with the city air still about them. He made his escape in a motor-car that stood near by for hire, and disappeared up over the rise in the road to the north.

The curate of St. Paul's, leaning back in the car, took off his hat, glanced at a road map, and drew that first long vacation breath which starts the summer's processes of repair in our weary souls. The winter had been busy, his work discouraging at times, and spring had been a long, difficult round of duties, lasting over into the first trying heat of June. He was, in many respects, a fortunate young curate, dearly beloved by his rector, his Sunday-evening congregation, his boys' club, his tenement-house families, whom he visited and cheered or advised

or berated as the case demanded. He had, with much adroitness, contrived to avoid intercourse with the aristocracy of St. Paul's congregation. He held them frivolous and fashionable, and would have the rector deal with them; more especially the languid society maidens with drooping eyes who conspired to exhibit him at teas—occasions he loathed. Through persistent refusals and escapings he believed he had rendered his life quite satisfactorily girl-proof.

But this June afternoon, as the car rounded the curves of the gray road, and the trees reached down to him from the roadside, he wanted to be quit of everybody—friends, helpers, relatives, pupils—only to be alone, to woo—he wouldn't call it wooing—the "bliss of solitude," most elusive of all dreams that come to haunt and plague us in the town.

(Southward the limousine sped along till it turned in at the gates of a fine old shore place with high gardens overlooking the sea. The beautiful girl sprang out and greeted with a bear's hug the elderly gentleman who came down the steps to meet her.

"Dear Dad—dear place—not a soul, not a caller, not a tea, not a sound but the surf—and just us all summer long. It's much too good to be true!")

The curate leaned forward as the woods suddenly ended, and off over the fields he saw the dark-blue sheet of sea. The car left the post-road and bumped protestingly over a less-worn track that ran down through peaceful fields covered with glossy green bayberry and



One of the first trains . . . left two passengers . . . on the station platform.—Page 704.

huge gray boulders, to the side of the lake and a small bungalow, "a shack," the vestryman had said who had loaned it to him, "a sort of sleeping-porch built around a fireplace and bookcase." The curate got out and stood waiting while the car, with a sophisticated parting growl, swung round and puffed back out of sight up the hill. The sound of it grew fainter, vanished, but no other sounds rushed in to take its place. Only from across the lake came the low boom of surf hidden by the yellow dunes, the sun slanted golden through the trees, the lake lay motionless as though to match the silence.

Next morning at seven the curate opened his eyes to receive a supply of butter and eggs and cream brought by a small farm person, who desired to stay and pick blackberries for him, and informed him the fishman would call from across the lake next day. All of which sounded so entirely satisfactory the curate turned over and slept soundly till noon, when he rose, dressed in a rough linen camp suit, and explored his domain. The next day he rose without great effort at ten, the next day at eight, and the fourth morning he did what on those hot, strident days in town he had imagined doing—pushed a canoe out onto the silent water when the dawn had scarcely turned the darkness to gray light. The surf sounded miles away, and its far-off rumble made the surrounding quiet more intense. He paddled alongshore, watching the little stirrings in the tree-tops, and then slowly out on the lake, where he waited for the sun to rise.

So far the man. Where does the other half of the story come in? She came in suddenly and most unexpectedly. The curate, lost in looking at the sky, was holding his canoe end on to the light breeze, facing down the lake. He felt a sudden jolt, heard a soft surprised "Oh!" and turned to find that another canoe, drifting sideways, aided by a white parasol sail, had collided squarely with the end of his, its occupant having kept no lookout from behind the sail, and having been deep in the reading of a book, which fell to the floor of the canoe as he turned. All this he realized later. As he turned he became aware only of a slim person in a boy's gray bathing-suit—a boy—no—a

head of shining, flying, golden hair—a girl—strong brown arms skilfully twisting the paddle—bare brown ankles—a boy—laughing eyes of the darkest blue, with shadowy lashes—"fringed gentians," thought the curate, then "girl, surely." The alternate impressions came all at once and most perplexingly.

"And the Emperor said, Good morning!" quoted the girl.

But the curate's Hans Andersen was dustier than it should have been, and he only returned a somewhat breathless "Good morning." The radiant golden hair and the dark eyes spoke complacently:

"I didn't know any one else was ever on the lake at this hour. I don't usually come below that curve in the shore."

"I didn't suppose any one else came out so early, and I haven't been above the rocky point before," was the curate's brilliant rejoinder.

"You're not one of the summer visitors, then. I was sure they were never discerning enough to discover the sunrise."

"No, I may not be discerning, but I'm not a summer visitor. I came for a rest. You are evidently not one yourself?"

"No—I—I'm connected with the moving-picture camp at the south end of the lake— Oh, do see that cloud!"

And the curate welcomed the chance to disguise his sudden disappointment. Not that he wanted to see a girl anyway, and of course one couldn't be as glorious as she looked, but still she needn't have been a movie actress. He wasn't snobbish, preferring any worker to any idle rich, but the idea jarred so. He dreaded looking at her again for fear he'd find she was, well, flirting with him. But he did look again, and found her absorbed in the sky, hands clasped around knees, eyes wide, the breeze touching that remarkable hair, that seemed suddenly to glow as the first sunlight struck it.

When the sky was too bright to watch longer she reached for the book that had dropped, and the man inwardly gasped once more to see it was the Book of Common Prayer.

"Yes," said the girl, "I bring this and read Morning Prayer to every sunrise. It's the only thing that can express the



A small farm person, who . . . informed him the fishman would call from across the lake next day.—Page 706.

way all this sea and sky and dawn makes you feel. Even poetry sounds rather hollow. Are you at all familiar with the service?"

"Yes," said the curate, "I am."

"You must not laugh at the idea of

my reading it. Of course I know it's awfully incomplete that way. It needs a man's voice——"

"Would you let me read it?" asked the curate, on a sudden impulse, and the girl handed him the book.

He opened it, feeling ill at ease for a moment, then the tremendous meaning of the words broke in upon him:

"The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him."
"Oh worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, let the whole earth stand in awe of Him."

The earth kept silence, and the curate felt the presence of a boundless adoration in the beautiful, silent girl. There came between them a deep understanding as they each felt the nearness of that Holiest Temple, and each knew the other felt it too. The vibrant, flexible voice that had first won his rector's heart went on with the immortal words: "—Who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day—" and on to "—the peace of God."

When he had finished they sat quite still for a moment, then he handed the book back to her, and she reached for her paddle.

"Now I'm hungry," she said. "It's a feeling that always shocks my soul when it comes, but it always comes. There are moments when one wants nothing so much as—scrambled eggs."

The curate dipped his paddle. "Good hunting!" he nodded.

"Good hunting!" she laughed. "I swim home from the curve. Don't be scared and think it's suicide when I jump in." And the canoe sped away. As it neared the curve of shore the shining golden hair disappeared under a red cap, and a long gray form dived headlong. Then an arm, white against the water, rose as though to grasp Excalibur, pushed the canoe ahead, and the red cap went bobbing after, out of sight.

The curate brought his eyes back, took up his paddle, and paddled slowly home, trying rather vainly to realize that he at dawn, in a canoe in the middle of a lake, had read Morning Prayer to a moving-picture actress—Morning Prayer, the old monastic service of gray-walled seclusion—here under a sky of rose and blue, the smooth lake just feathered by the freshening breeze. Golden hair—brown ankles—gentian eyes—scrambled eggs—tomorrow?—the curate shook himself with monstrous disapproval and hurried in to change his clothes for a sensible swim, to

be followed by even more sensible coffee and as sensible a book as his shelves yielded. Noon found him idly watching the far blue sea-line.

The girl, whose connection with the moving-picture company lay solely in the fact that her father owned most of the stock in one of those flourishing organizations, and had loaned a few wild acres of his shore place to a director who needed that sort of scenery for a summer's work—the girl, in a ruffled flowered muslin, danced out to the breakfast-table on the broad porch overlooking the sea, and hailed with equal fervor her father and a pile of buttered toast. Then:

"Dad, dear, I've lost my heart."

"So you said last week."

"But that was a dog, Dad. This is a man."

"So you said, my love, last month."

"But that was a college child. This is a grown-up man. He—he's gorgeous, Dad. He has eyes like thunder-clouds when the lightning flashes, and tall—he must be 'taller than the smoke of three volcanoes.'"

"Must be?"

"I only saw him sitting down."

"Charming creature. Product of your dreams, I gather, as I've seen no one about these parts, and you've scarcely had time to meet the stars of Morton's troupe."

"Dad, he's no movie actor, and no dream."

"Then he'll be calling this afternoon. I shall see for myself."

"No, he's not calling. He doesn't even wish to call. He came for a rest, and he thinks I'm an actress. My canoe ran into his, and we watched the sunrise—he kept quiet beautifully—and then he read Morning Prayer to me. Such a voice, Dad—"

"Thunder, with volcanic mutterings—very effective."

The next gray morning twilight found the curate kneeling in the canoe, paddle ready, looking up the lake (with what he considered absurd eagerness) for a possible sign that he would not be unwelcome at the new sunrise. The sign came quite unmistakably as the other canoe shot into the centre of the lake, and an

arm was flung up in greeting, then waved as a signal to advance. When the canoes met there were even fewer words than on the morning before. He smiled at the name of her canoe, *The Crescent Moon*.

"There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon?"

he questioned, and she nodded and went on:

"But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little boat
Shaped like the crescent moon.

And now I *have* a little boat,
Shaped like the crescent moon."

Quite as a matter of course she handed the book to him, and he began to read, while the still hidden sun sent a thrill around the horizon, and the lake hurriedly



"The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him."—Page 708.

smoothed out the ripples from the canoes that its unruffled surface might better reflect the coming splendor.

The first morning had been an accident, the second an adventure, the third an established occurrence, and by the end of the week the days would have been incomplete had they begun otherwise. Not a word was said of any other meeting. The curate had a disturbing vision he tried to ignore, of rouge and costumes and melodrama, and he wondered more and more how there could be between them the perfect understanding he was conscious of while he read. She was as spiritual as a choir-boy looks. And she felt, as he had never known any one to feel, the spell and power of the splendid service.

The great phrases of the Creed—they always used the longer one, the "pretty one" she called it—seemed to go out from them and grow till sea and sky were full of their meaning. "Light of Light—the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life—" The benedictions hung above them and filled them with peace as the sunlight filled the sky.

For eight weeks they never missed a day. Three or four times the white fog lay so thick on the water that they did much hallooing before they found each other, and on those mornings the whole universe was just a whiteness and a voice. Three or four mornings the sun failed them, and sky and water were all a soft gray; the canoes drifted to the shelter of gray rocks; gray clouds hung low above them, shutting them in; a fine mist fell, and the white parasol served to shelter, not her, but the book. Mornings of glory, mornings of mystery, mornings of intimacy, and not a word about each other.

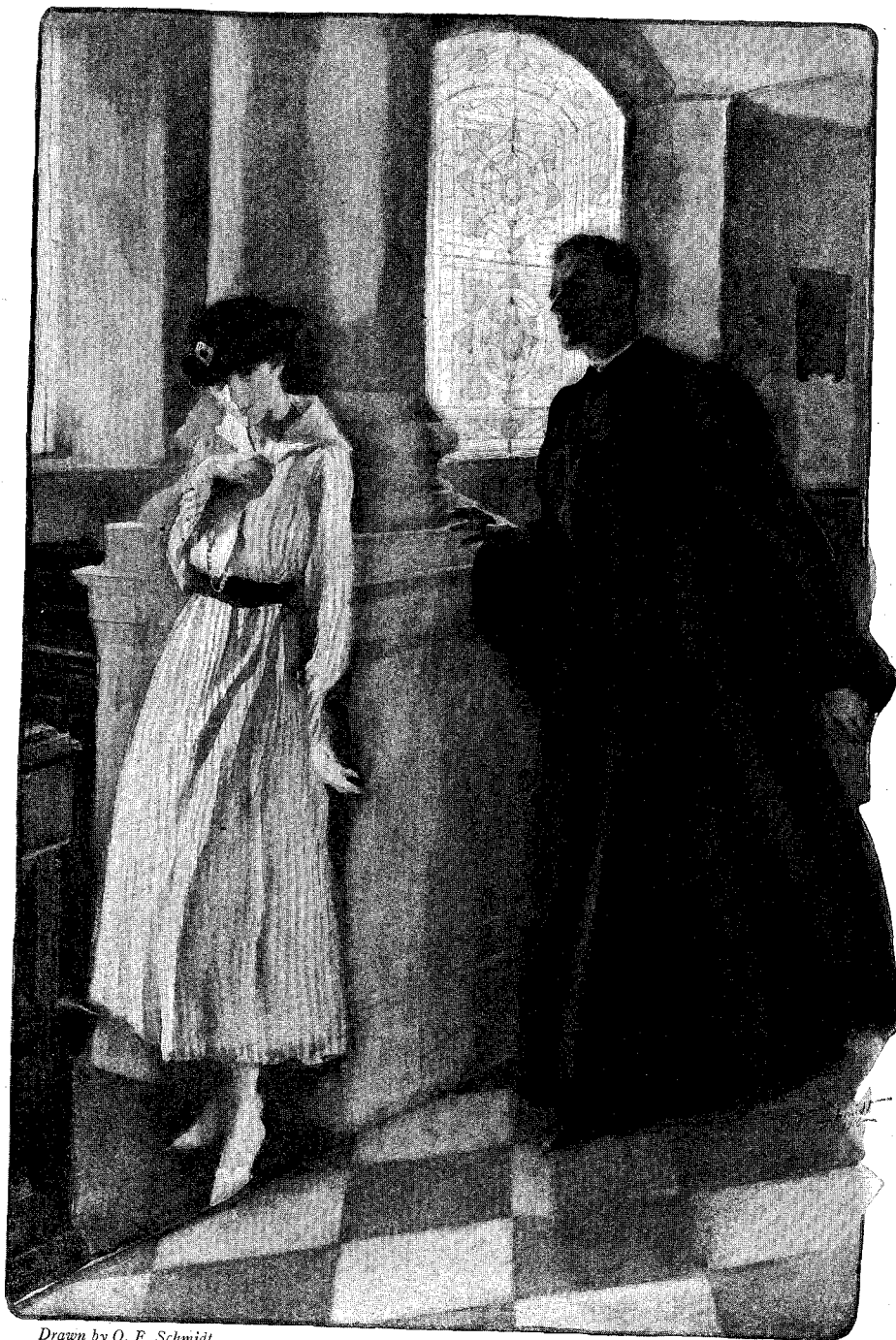
On one morning of low clouds and threatening rain, in the ninth week, when the end of the curate's vacation was near, he came in from the lake, threw much wood on the fire, and sat down before it to consider. The meetings at dawn had grown to be the central thing of each day. He knew that. And now they were over, unless—unless it was possible that the spell would hold if he saw her in commonplace, every-day life. But, after all, it couldn't. What they had between them was a matter of dawn and summer and

the sea. A moving-picture actress and a priest—that was what he had avoided thinking, had tried to ignore. He had never mentioned his own profession, feeling it could only emphasize those fearful chasms he thought must yawn between them.

But he wanted something, and wanted it badly. He wanted the heart that looked from those dark blue eyes, he wanted the gay, free spirit that glanced and shone like the gold of her hair. He would have to see her in town, if she would let him, and then, either the charm would be broken, the sweet, high glamour of these mornings vanished, or else—and the rest of the day he considered the alternative.

Three days later the crowded station platform held them both again, unconscious of each other, and the same train carried them back to town. The curate found it hard to fix his mind on his work that was drawing near. All his thoughts centred around the coming Sunday, when she had promised to see him again. She had suggested meeting him after the morning service at St. Paul's, as a place they would both care for, "if he would find it convenient to be there?" And he had gravely assured her it would be entirely to his liking. Then would he know that what their hearts had felt together, before the sunrise, was real and high and holy, or would the mystery vanish before commonplace business and conventions?

If the man's thoughts were touched with gloom, the girl's were stormy. Had that man no heart at all? Had all these wonderful mornings meant nothing to him, when she had thought he was feeling them as she did? Never had all the world of the Unreal where she loved and lived seemed so tangible as under the spell of his voice and in the presence of what she had been sure was his own knowledge of that world. Was she never to have that guidance again? Must she always worship alone, now? She could understand his holding aloof all summer. That had been mutual. But at the last, had he been quite ready to give it all up, had he no wish even to acknowledge a friendship? Only that almost perfunctory request to see her in the city—"Not even knowing who I am!"—apparently



Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

The girl faltered, for he was coming quickly toward her.—Page 712.

to be contented with a chat at the end of the church service. What was he, a teacher of English, an actor, some critic gone mad over the Literary Appreciation of the Bible, that he could invoke such splendor, morning after morning, and now let it come to an end as lightly as though there were no truth in it? But the power, the truth, was real in him, she was sure of that. It was no trick; it was the sort of man he was. Then what must his work be! He would be doing something so high and fine there could be no place for her. At least she would be able to recall the peace and the strength that came of his reading at sunrise, and at least she would see him again, on Sunday.

After an interminable week the curate at last found himself at the beginning of the morning service. When he could he looked searchingly about the back of the church, and down the side aisles for her, while he wondered, disturbingly, if work, rehearsals, new engagements, managers, had made her too tired to come before the end of the service. The time came for the Lessons, and he stepped forward to read, with a thrill to think his voice might be finding her when his eyes could not. Would she love the sound of it as she had on the lake? The memory, or perhaps something nearer, made him feel the same presence of her understanding. "Here endeth the First Lesson," said the curate, and looked over the edge of the book straight down into wide blue eyes—he knew they were blue—looking up at him from the front of the church. A white-gloved hand rested on the arm of the old gentleman beside her. That was old Norden—his eyes were like hers—her father! She was Barbara Norden! The girl who left the most beautiful of homes, and a host of friends, two years

ago, and went to work in a Labrador mission, till her inconsolable father had gone north last spring and brought her back by main force. She hadn't known before who he was; there was no mistaking the astonishment in those wide eyes. And now that she knew, what would she think of him? Could she see his need of her, could she see the romance and adventure in his work, would she join him? Oh, she must be tremendously rich! He hated the word for a moment, but remembered his boys' club and a forlorn day nursery. Anyway, it didn't matter. Nothing mattered except that he must get to her, must explain so much, and ask her and tell her so much. He brought his thoughts back to the service and held them there, and the feeling of understanding with her and of living the words with her came back stronger than it had ever been on the lake, for now he knew it was true.

Friends must needs greet friends on all sides when the service was over; every one must ask about every one's summer. Barbara Norden must be welcomed back and introduced here and here and there. Would people never go? Inch by inch, she thought, the aisles were emptied. At last there were only a few people in the vestibule. She left her father deep in converse with the rector, and turned back, crossing to the side aisle just as the curate came out of the door at the other end. From the ends of the long aisle their eyes met, and the girl faltered, for he was coming quickly toward her, his arms outstretched. She touched the great pillar that hid them, to steady herself, and then walked straight into his arms, heard a heart beating madly under the black cloth, raised her eyes—and suddenly there was no need at all of any words between them.



COONSKIN CAPS

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY TOWNSEND



WHEN a weary magistrate in a dingy court sentenced Monty Culver to the Louisville jail he knew that he had done his duty to the State of Kentucky; for the

boy, in spite of his youth, had a record scrawled looming across police blotters. He had run away from home when he was ten years old and from reform-school when he was fourteen. He had killed Ben Kaley—although a jury had called the act self-defense—when he was twenty. Now, arrested on a charge of resisting an officer in the performance of his duty of cross-questioning, he faced fate and the court with the sullen silence of experience; and fate and the court took him at his lack of word and sent him to prisoning-walls and Billy Langdon.

Prisoning-walls are much alike the world over, but Billy Langdon chanced to differ from the run of the world's jailers. Big of bulk and heart and mind, and soul, he had been looking on life so long from a newspaper man's point of view, seeing that men and women were human beings rather than numbers, or cases, or specimens in penology, that he wasn't able to change his visioning when he was elected to the care of some of the worst of humankind. In the port he harbor-mastered he had started a school for his wards; and, since school was part of the jail routine, he added to the magistrate's sentence and put Monty Culver within it.

The boy came into the schoolroom on the first day of his imprisonment with the surly hesitancy of the trapped. His furtive eyes glistened from gloom to hostility as he found his way to a desk. His mouth, queerly satiric for his boyish face, twisted scornfully as he surveyed the backs of his fellow prisoners bent over their tasks. With the hard amusement of a keener intelligence he listened to the stumbling answers that men twice his age were giving the patient pedagogue.

When his turn came he flung out a casual "Don't know," whose mocking defiance caught Billy Langdon's ear as the jailer passed the schoolroom door and halted him for inspection of the new student.

For an instant their wills sped out to face each other like visible combatants. Then, before some power that he could not understand, Monty's defiance went down, leaving in its stead a rage that shook the boy with impotent fury. But in that halting of time Billy Langdon had sighted the gnawing cancer of the boy's soul and knew, as no other man had come to know, that Monty Culver was afraid.

That afternoon he sent for him. In the massive office overlooking the wide square that had seen so much of the making of Kentucky's history, with the gray façade of the Jefferson County Court-House threateningly dark in the oncoming twilight, Monty faced Langdon with a bravado that failed to hide from the jailer the twitching at the corner of his mouth. "Well," Langdon asked him, with the burr of a drawl softening his voice and covering steel with velvet, "why are you afraid of school?"

"I'm not." The boy grew taut. "But I don't need to go."

"Know everything?"

"All I need to know."

"Not enough to keep out of trouble, though."

"I will the next time."

Billy Langdon looked at him intently, seeing how pitifully young and lonely he was beneath his veneer of lawlessness, and seeing too the shadowing dread that lay deep in the boy's eyes. Out of a boyhood that had not been a bed of roses the big jailer had brought an almost wistful sympathy for unguided boys who fought blindly toward unknown goals. "Sit down," he bade Monty. As the boy obeyed reluctantly he leaned toward him over the edge of his desk. "I'm going to talk turkey to you, Monty," he said.