

On the porch of Buffalo Bill's home, his mother and father sat rocking and talking of immensely uninteresting things. They paid no heed to their son as, still breathing hard, he seated himself on the step and looked out across the mist-clothed lake. A bat flickered among the kindling stars. Far out, a fish jumped loudly.

"Elmer," his mother said at length, "did you hear that noise a little while ago?"

"What noise, mamma?" he queried.

His father scratched a match.

"I guess it was just coon-hunters hallooing up on the hill," he opined with a yawn. "Son, it's your bedtime."

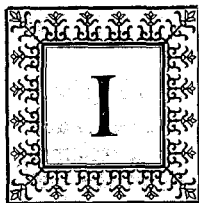
His offspring rose slowly and absent-mindedly.

"Yessir," he responded. "Papa, what was the name of a scout that was lots better, even, than Buffalo Bill?"

Shady

BY EVA MOORE ADAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD HOPPER



I was Shady's great day. And, as always when he labored under any sort of excitement, he sang in a tuneless undertone some scrap of half-remembered verse. Over and over

he sang it. All I could get was the word "baffled." I listened hoping to hear the rest of it. At length I patched it together.

"It is—but to dry one's eyes
And laugh at a fall
And baffled——"

He never went beyond that "baffled." For once he got on my nerves. It was not my great day. The girl whom Shady loved was coming at last. I—I happened to be only the girl who loved Shady. There's a difference.

"For the love of Mike, Shady," I snapped, "say the rest of it."

"The rest of what?" he inquired as he filled my favorite blue bowl with masses of yellow desert poppies.

We were making the ranch-house beautiful for the coming of the girl he loved.

"The rest of that thing you're mutilating. Baffled, baffled, I'm sick of the word. Say the rest. What comes after baffled?"

He looked at me in surprise, not being accustomed to have me snap at him like that.

"Why, I don't know what comes after it," he said; "I've even forgotten who wrote it."

"Then, please, shut up."

Shady regarded me with astonishment, then came over and took me firmly by the shoulders, laughing meanwhile.

"You old fraud. You're as excited as I am over Nona's coming."

"Possibly," I returned very crossly; "but at least I'm not running everybody else crazy with my excitement."

"But, my gracious, girl, don't you understand——"

"Yes, I understand perfectly."

Then because he looked so crestfallen and because he was making such an unholy mess of the poppies I grinned at him cheerfully and arranged the flowers to suit myself.

I did understand—too well. Three years before, I had gone to teach in a little town back in Mississippi. There I had met Shady, which is neither his name nor the color of his hair. He'd been nicknamed Shady because his hair partook not at all of that peaceful quality. Even then he was in love with Nona—had been for years. Nobody could blame him for that. She was specially cut out and designed for all men's worship. I'd have loved her myself if I'd been a man. As it was, I couldn't hate her, though I wanted to badly enough. She was a sort of Dresden

shepherdess affair with sweetness and charm and brains to match. I wonder whoever conceived the notion that pretty women haven't brains, anyway. I've seen so many of them clever to the point of shrewdness. So with Nona. To her uncommon beauty had been added that most excellent of all gifts—common sense.

I was everything which she was not. She was a slender racing-car where I was a truck. I could bear heavier burdens, perhaps, but if one has the wit to arrive swiftly while the other fellow drags the load, whose fault is it? I admired her tremendously in a wistful sort of way, looking at her, no doubt, through Shady's eyes.

Nona was at her best with men around her, while I was nervous and ill at ease. It wasn't just her beauty which attracted them, either. I give her credit for that.

"How do you do it, Nona?" I asked.

"What?"

"Make men like you."

"That's easy," she answered; "by liking them."

It may have been just that simple to her, but to me it presented a most vexatious problem. Not that I cared about the regard of men—as men. I wanted to like them as human beings and be liked by them as such.

"That's just the trouble," diagnosed Nona, the man-expert. "The moment a woman looks on a man simply as another human being she's lost so far as his feeling toward her is concerned."

"Well," I complained, "women like me. Why don't men for the same reasons?"

"They don't—that's all," returned Nona succinctly.

Yet that precisely was what Shady did. He treated me like—well like a person—or as he might have treated another man. He did not impose on me the obligation—as so many of those young fellows did—of remembering always that I was a woman.

He didn't think it remiss of me not to know how to use my lashes effectively nor did he expect me to glance at him sideways when I could more conveniently look him straight in the eye. And I, being impractical, as always, fell—no, walked straight in love with him despite the fact

that I knew, as did every one else, that Shady belonged heart and soul to Nona.

At that it wasn't so bad. I didn't go round cherishing a broken heart, understand, and no one ever suspected me of wasting affection on any man. The love I bore Shady, therefore, was strictly between me and myself.

Finally one day Shady told me with his face as radiant as his bright head that Nona had consented to marry him the following spring. Thanking the Lord then, for my hard face, which revealed nothing of the softness of my foolish heart, I told him how glad I was. And really I was. I wished happiness for Shady more fiercely than I wished Shady for myself. But by spring he had developed a cough which grew steadily worse. I met him one day on my way to Nona's. The look on his face upset me.

"What's the matter with Shady?" I asked Nona presently, in what I'm afraid was a very censorious tone.

Nona hesitated, then said: "Shady and I have just talked it over and we've decided to postpone our marriage."

"Till when?" I wasn't ordinarily so impertinent, but, as I said, his look had upset me.

"Indefinitely," she answered quietly with no such look on her own serene countenance.

"Why, Nona?" I persisted, trying to steady myself against the insane desire to shake her till her pretty teeth rattled, likewise her pretty serenity.

"Sit down here, Martha," Nona said, patting the place beside her on the couch.

"Martha," by the way, exactly suited me—that is, it suited the austere outside me.

I plumped down beside the other girl. I always found her irresistible when she gave me that blue look through unnecessarily thick lashes. Lucky I wasn't a man, for I'd have been crawling in her train, also.

"I'm afraid," she said, looking at me straightly now, "that Shady's cough is more than just a cough."

"Nona, you don't mean—?" I stopped because my voice was shrill with fear.

"Yes," she nodded gravely. "Tuberculosis."



From a drawing by Edward Hopper.

"I'm afraid," she said, looking at me straightly now, "that Shady's cough is more than just a cough."—Page 626.

And my exquisite little shepherdess sat there with the wise, kindly, but unperturbed manner of a physician breaking bad news.

I, who was built to withstand shocks, wrung my hands and cried:

"What will you do?"

"Do?" she answered calmly. "There's nothing to do but wait. Of course, I can't marry him under the circumstances. I have suggested," she said practically, "that he go somewhere and get well."

"But," I said, "how do you know he will get well? Oh, Nona," I begged, "marry him now and go with him and see to it that he does get well. Banishment from you would be the worst thing for him."

"Martha," she exclaimed impatiently, moving away to the dressing-table, where she busily polished her nails, "for a girl who ought to have a little sense, you have the least of any one that I know."

"And you," I stormed, giving way to the hot anger I felt against her, "have more sense than you have heart. Otherwise you'd marry him and take care of him."

Nona drew her dainty self up. I felt in my bones that she was going to squelch me, and she did.

"My dear girl," she said loftily, "you forget that there might be children."

True, I hadn't thought of such a thing. Taking advantage of my startled expression, she proceeded.

"Do you realize how wicked it would be to bring little children into the world under the circumstances?"

I felt and looked very cheap, indeed. Nona could make me appreciate my utter brainlessness more than any one I knew. She was right, as usual. She had common sense enough to consider the situation from every angle and from the view-point of the future, while I could think only of Shady and the present.

"There—there need not be any children," I stammered.

Nona gave me a scornful look.

By the end of the school term Shady had gone to Arizona. Nor did he go too soon. He had almost lost his voice and could walk only with the aid of a cane. I had realized, of course, the injustice of my attack on Nona. Even if she'd been willing to marry him, he was not the sort

of man to permit the sacrifice. Still, I thought resentfully, with all her cleverness, she might have found some way to help him.

The day he left, a few of us went up to see him. I shall never forget that afternoon, nor Shady's gallant attempt to keep any one from feeling sorry for him. He provoked us all to gay badinage and threw in, now and then, a word to keep things going. He steadily avoided Nona's sad blue look, and when seriousness threatened to fall on our little group he would mutely appeal to me to help him out.

Nona alone made little pretense of gayety. She was a lovely picture of sadness. Once, when the blue eyes filled, Shady shook his head at her and whispered: "Don't break my defenses down."

And because my heart ached so, I made a successful harlequin of myself to ease somewhat his pain and to keep his defenses intact.

He didn't mention where he was actually going or why. He blithely insisted that he was bound for the border to help lick the Mexicans. Nona openly wiped her eyes and I had the satisfaction, just at the time, of hating her. In the face of his plea she could indulge in tears while I—had to be very gay.

Some time thereafter I heard from him. He had written from the firing-line and said in part: "The doctor in New Orleans gave me two months. Three have passed, but my flag is still flying."

But between the lines, I read heart-sickness and extreme loneliness.

That letter determined me in a scheme which I'd long cherished. I wrote to the little town on the Gila River where Shady was sojourning and applied for a position in the school there. By some miracle, I got it after I had satisfied the school board by means of much correspondence and doctors' certificates that I was not tubercular.

Nona was delighted to have me go. She felt, as I did, that loneliness was bad for Shady. Of course, she didn't know that I had secured the position primarily to be near him.

And no one else did. Least of all would Shady himself ever suspect such a thing. She implored me to look out for him and see that he take good care of himself. I was the sort of woman, worse luck, to

whom any girl would be willing to intrust her lover. They felt instinctively that a man was absolutely safe with me. Which same confidence neither comforted nor flattered me.

The look of joy in Shady's eyes when I arrived brought tears to my own. Arizona is a great place to be in if you have a friend along, and you become fascinated by her in time, friend or no friend, but just at first she tries the stuff you're made of with a stark sort of loneliness. I obtained a room at a ranch-house on the edge of the village. Shady and another T. B., as they frankly call them there, had rooms at the same place.

Dozens of times in those first few months I came dangerously near to being a quitter. I was a stranger in a very strange land. It's no fun to be so far from home with only the companionship of a ghost of a man who didn't have even the ghost of a heart to give—that same heart being in the keeping of another girl some two thousand miles away.

Night after night I lay under the open sky choking back the tears and fighting the desire for flight. But Shady's racking cough from the screened porch on the other side of the house steadied my resolution to stay while the stars swung close above my cot and night itself was a velvet robe about me.

Slowly Shady began to improve. At least it was gratifying to hear the doctor say that he owed much of the improvement to me. I did bully him into drinking his milk and consuming numberless eggs, poor chap! And I talked with him and walked with him, through all of which Nona ran as a strong undercurrent. He was never so downcast but the sound of her name would brighten him. I sang her songs to him, I read the books she liked to him, I played cards (there's nothing I detest more) as she once had done with him. I became Nona to him—by proxy.

The sentimental Mexicans thought they scented a beautiful romance. Long since, they'd taken Shady to their hearts. Now, for his sake, they took me. They thought me *muy simpatica*, and told Shady in their soft, pretty language what a peach of a wife—or words to that effect—he'd be getting. And Shady thought it a great joke. He laughed and asked

me in Spanish if I loved him and I, trying to keep my lips from trembling, would reply in the only Spanish words I knew: "*Si, mucho.*"

But at night, I'd lie there with a heart at any rate, full of sacrifices with strife, and listen to the Manuels and Carmelitas down the street, singing "*La Golondrina*," to Shady coughing, coughing, and I railed at Nona, who was too far away, and at the stars, which were too near.

By the end of a year, Shady was like himself once more, the coughing had ceased, and the doctor said if he'd make up his mind to spend his life on the desert, he was as good as cured. This was great news, and I was distressed to find myself a bit unhappy over it. Shady, ill, needed me, had no one but me. Shady, well, wanted only Nona. It's not easy to be a composite mother and sister and sweetheart to a man for a year and a half, then realize you're nothing to him after all.

Anyway, I reflected peevishly I needn't take so much credit to myself. Nona had done it all, really. It had been the thought of her which had buoyed him up and encouraged him to fight for his strength and health.

Still, it was springtime on the desert—a difficult time to be fair to a girl who had intrusted her lover to some one else. A very fine friendship existed between Shady and me. And it's not always possible to tell where friendship breaks off and something deeper begins. Until the doctor became so positive about his recovery, I had been treasonable enough to Nona to hope that the "something deeper" might begin. Why not? Nona might have her choice of a dozen men or more. For me, there was only one man in the world—Shady. I didn't hope for any wild happiness. To people who have that, my ideal of marriage must have been pretty skimpy. Peace and contentment were all I asked; that and the need for each other. And if this sounds staid and middle-aged, I had the satisfaction of thinking that he and I could begin where too many married lovers leave off.

But the doctor's verdict brought me up short. I wrote to Nona (Shady had quixotically denied himself the pleasure of corresponding with her) and told her that he was well and, bearing in mind the fact that he must always live on the desert to

stay so, I raved on at some length about the glories of desert life and everything, not leaving out the stars or that old hit about the velvet quality of the nights. I carefully failed to mention the glare, the more than occasional temperatures, and the coyotes. Oh, yes, I left out the skunks, too. I wonder now that I didn't try to sell that description to the Southern Pacific Company or some real-estate man in Phoenix. I'm sure they'd have grabbed at it for tourist bait.

Two weeks later, I reflected grimly that my letter had been all too effective. A wire from Nona had arrived asking me to be at the station three days from that time. She cautioned me not to tell Shady.

"She wants to surprise him," I said to myself as I folded the yellow slip with fingers that trembled.

And just then a puff of wind took it out of my hands and blew it opened at the feet of Shady, who was just coming in at the gate. He picked it up, saw by accident Nona's name, then being, I suppose, very hungry for some word of her, deliberately read it all.

"Oh, Shady," I said in dismay, "she wanted to surprise you."

"It's just as well she didn't," he answered, his face a whole battle-field of emotions.

"You have the right to enjoy the anticipation, anyway," I excused him.

And so, Shady's great day had arrived and we were making the ranch-house into a bower suitable for his Dresden shepherdess. And I was very cross and wretched as I arranged the yellow poppies in my favorite blue bowl.

In the late afternoon, we drove Dave, the sad old horse, toward the station on one of the transcontinental lines five miles away. He asked me several times if I thought Nona would consider him "fit." He gleefully planned to confront her suddenly in all his glowing health. When the train pulled in, he stepped behind a loaded truck, and it was there presently that I greeted Nona, more beautiful than ever.

"Where is your luggage?" I demanded.

"Oh, it's on the train," she replied too casually, as she tried her old hypnotic trick of blue eyes through thick lashes.

"Well, let's have this porter take it off," I said, ignoring the trick. A snake-

charmer himself would have had no effect on me that afternoon.

"But I'm not stopping," she answered, widening the blue eyes as though she expected me to know. "I'm only passing through."

"Nona, what do you mean? You can't pass through. You've got to stop." I laid almost violent hands upon her.

"Don't be absurd, Martha. Didn't you get my letter of explanation?"

I shook my head in sudden terror over what I knew was coming—terror for the man in earshot of everything we were saying. I tried to steer her away, but she seemed rooted to the spot and determined to say the thing I dreaded.

"I have just been married. I am on my honeymoon now. I wrote you," she repeated, as though I were somehow at fault, "a letter of explanation. Will you make it all right with Shady?"

Beautiful, cruel Nona—a letter of explanation! She colored a little, under my look.

"I'm sorry for Shady—of course," she added.

The wave of anger which swept over me left me with a sense of shakiness and nausea. She pitying Shady! I wanted to fall upon her dainty self and tear her into very small bits, but, instead, I fell back consciously on my resources as a woman—for the first time. In other words, I became a cat.

I purred silkily with the guilty knowledge that Shady could hear.

"Oh, my dear! You've made things so much easier for Shady and me."

The shot went home. Nona was all attention, blue eyes fixed incredulously upon me.

"You see, we've been so sorry for you ever since we learned how much we loved each other. Now," I said, taking a long breath, "we shall have nothing in the way of our happiness."

"Martha," she began; then remembered just in time to fall back on her own unlimited feminine resources. "How wonderful!" she concluded. But her gasping utterance of my name had revealed her wound.

"Come," she cried, catching my hand. "We have a moment. I want you to meet my husband."

But as the train was getting under way, she paused a moment on the step.



"Oh, Shady," I said in dismay, "she wanted to surprise you."—Page 630.

"I wish you happiness," she said, "with your invalid. I always knew you'd make a good nurse."

Her eyes followed mine to Shady, walking slowly away toward Dave and the

buggy. Her face lit up with admiration but not recognition.

"Since you've made up your mind to marry, though, why didn't you pick that splendid-looking chap? He seems to be a

real man," she laughed, hoping to get back at me.

"I did and he is," I answered. "That's Shady."

And then the train moved slowly out. I smiled and waved good-by to Nona, whose wound by now, I hoped, was mortal.

But my pleasure was short-lived. I had to face Shady and for several reasons I didn't want to. Poor Shady between a faithless woman and a liar! Why had I told Nona that stuff about him and me?

I climbed into the buggy without looking at him. I couldn't bear it yet. For several miles we went in silence. All about us the desert blossomed. Walls of gray-green rocks were decked in gold and scarlet, the ocotillo in the immediate foreground made a slender flame against the blue of distant mountains. A meadow-lark trilled somewhere among the poppies.

Self-pity had succeeded anger. First one silly tear, then another, splashed on my blouse. I fumbled for a handkerchief. Shady gravely offered his. He put one hand over mine.

"That was very decent of you—to save me from Nona's pity."

"Well," I sniffed, desperate and not caring anyway what happened, "it is all true so far as I am concerned."

Shady drove over to one side of the

road, twisted the lines about the whip, then turned to me.

"Martha," he said in a very patient tone, "will you say that again?"

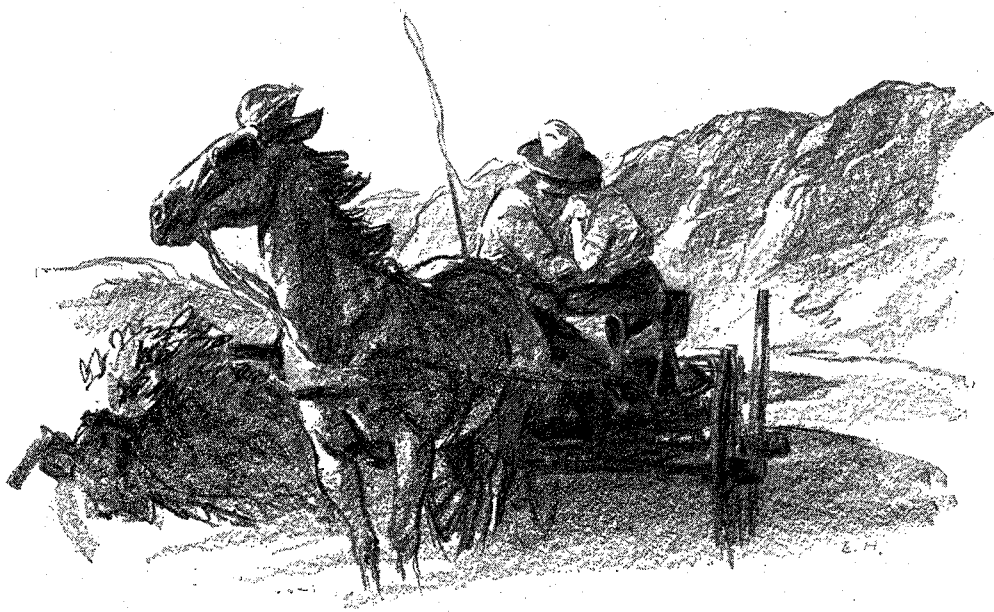
"It's all true so far as I am concerned," I repeated stubbornly; "and I don't see why you have to throw away your love on that hateful, selfish Nona."

Then I proceeded to shed all the tears I'd been holding back for a year and a half. It wasn't altogether unpleasant either with Shady's comforting arm tight about me.

When I had finished except for a few closing sniffs, Shady said, still very patiently: "Martha, you have the damndest way of expecting things of people. You've never let up on Nona. You never questioned my undying devotion to her when, as a matter of fact, I've known for a year that I loved you but I never dared to tell you—so set were you on my faithfulness to her. I didn't dream you cared that way. I was afraid I might lose you, altogether. And you were so dear, so dear."

Then quite irrelevantly he added: "Now I remember the rest of that verse which annoyed you this morning.

'It is—but to dry one's eyes
And laugh at a fall
And baffled—
Get up and begin again.'

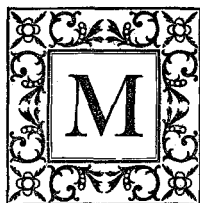


Then I proceeded to shed all the tears I'd been holding back for a year and a half.

Reflections of a Settlement Worker

BY GAYLORD S. WHITE

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MORE than twenty years ago I resigned from the pastorate of a city church to take a position as head resident in a social settlement. As I look back over these years, I am conscious of a shifting of my point of view with respect to certain matters. Life and work at the settlement have opened my eyes to a fresh range of social phenomena. I can say, as was said by a certain man of old: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." I may not be able to interpret the significance of all that I have seen; but I know that life presents a new face to me. Its whole aspect has been altered. That this is, in large part, the result of settlement experience I cannot doubt. When I came to the settlement, I had served for several years as a minister among working-class people. I thought I knew something about them. During my pastorate the work of the church had been reorganized along so-called "institutional" lines, and a new building erected admirably adapted to the needs of a social ministry. I mention this to show that I was already in sympathy with the growing social movement and committed to its ideals. I did not seem to myself, therefore, to be making what could be described as a radical change when I moved from my church to take up settlement duties.

At this point I ought to confess that I entertained certain notions about settlements and their work that might be more accurately described, as I look back upon them, as prejudices. For example, I shared the common impression that most settlements were "godless" institutions. I felt that the settlements that were not making it plain that they stood for the value of religion, if not giving it expression in organized form, were missing an

opportunity and failing at a vital point. I had a dread of being accused of "hiding my colors." I sometimes went out of my way to make clear just where I stood; as when I experienced a certain sense of satisfaction in appearing at the outdoor games of the settlement athletic club on a Sunday afternoon, while I was still very new to the work, in a clerical waistcoat. Back of all this there was a worthy motive, but as I see it now I see that I was carrying into my new work my professional attitude as a minister. This was an egregious mistake. It violated the very essence of the settlement idea. Gradually this dawned on me. I began to understand that the ideal of the settlement resident is simply the ideal of the Good Neighbor. I learned to think of the settlement as a home and the residents as members of a "family," resolved to do their part as good neighbors in promoting the welfare of the whole neighborhood. I saw that this did not involve professionalism; that there was nothing professional about it; that the settlement resident was just one neighbor among many; one who perhaps had had greater advantages than some of the others, but one who, if he had much to contribute, had also much to learn. I found that there was no cut-and-dried programme that each settlement must follow, but that the work of each must be governed by the local neighborhood needs.

I learned, furthermore, that I was not there to profess anything—any social or political or theological creed, but rather to do my part as a decent citizen in co-operation with others to raise the standard of the neighborhood life and help to realize a true democracy, that people might "have life and have it abundantly." It came to me with something of a shock when I discovered that I had been looking at life as a Protestant parson and not as a simple-hearted human being. And there is really a vast difference between these