

desired combination when we know what we want and can select freely, does it seem wise to gamble on such a forlorn hope for betterment of the human race? It does not. To speak frankly, the advocacy of racial hybridization is a delusion

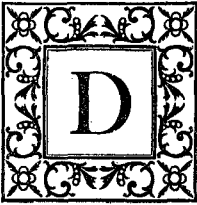
and a snare, or rather it is self-complacent stupidity, which is worse. There is no question of race prejudice here, no question of presumptuous superiority. Genetics has answered on quite another basis—Nature's laws.

Hardy, Hudson, Housman

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

Author of "William Wordsworth," etc.

"Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee."



ID Eliphaz the Temanite promise too much? Can love for man, can love for righteousness, can love for a supreme law or person ever light up

the face of this brute nature out of which we have sprung and from which we have never been detached? The force of gravitation has not, so far as we know, been relaxed to save the life of sage or saint. Fire scorches and water drowns the good and the great, the much beloved and the sorely needed. Is it other than flattery to say to any "awful Power": "Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong"? Is it other than self-deception for a sentient being to say to himself: "They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone"?

From the beginning of human time the heart of man has been educated by religion and poetry, equally and often indistinguishably. Twin mothers of "form and fear" are they; twin sisters of consolation, twin daughters of confidence, hope, and glory. A third figure now looms beside these two most ancient guardians of mankind, her feet heavily built, her hands sinewy, and her head indistinctly veiled. She is Science, who has grown with man and been the companion of his childhood; and at last she claims authority equal to

that of Poetry and Religion. "We are one indeed," she says.

When Religion had only Poetry as her colleague it was easy for them to agree upon the lessons: "We must teach the Child through his imagination, using him as the measure of all things; God, we must tell him, is a perfect man." It is not so simple now that Science has taken the third chair. Though her head is veiled and her body is rudely framed, she lifts a voice already magisterial, declaring that there are many things to be accounted for besides man and his projections of himself against the screen of his own ignorance.

What is meant by "supernaturalism" I do not know. Probably there are a number of meanings, some of them gross and some subtle, some of them merely anthropomorphic, merely projections of human ideals, others less naïve. All men, no doubt, wish to think and try to think that an Immanent Will throbs through space and time and life, leaving no cranny of the world of matter unbrightened by Its presence, no impulse of the world of energy uninformed with Its purpose,

"All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light."

But wishing is not knowledge; and though it may be that nothing can be understood except on the assumption of an Immanent Will, even this incapacity is a proof, not of the existence of such a power, but simply of our own weakness. And taking for granted the existence of an Immanent Will, three questions turn us pale: Is the Will supreme? Is it conscious? Is it

kind? Religion and Poetry eagerly answer Yes. Science, or knowledge based on physical observation and on experience that can be tested by repetition, keeps her head veiled, while her active fingers grope patiently among "demonstrable facts."

A most hopeful sign of the times, in this century, when reasonable hope is so rare and precious, is that Thomas Hardy, our great poet and greatest living novelist, the philosopher who has embodied his philosophy in art which in some respects equals real life as a means of demonstrating the validity of moral law, has throughout his work and increasingly in his more recent poems raised and faced these questions. They had been raised before: by the author of that supreme poem, the Book of Job, by the Greek tragic poets, by Lucretius, by Milton. The reply to Job is characteristically Semitic and accords with the teaching of Islam: "I will answer thee," said Elihu, "that God is greater than man." Milton, the most confident and therefore the happiest of all great poets, satisfies himself that the Will is conscious, but fails to show that it is really supreme or really kind. Shakespeare is forced to cry:

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport."

Hardy's "Dynasts" and the totality of his other poems have two aspects or fields of interest: they raise these religious questions, and they also, under the guiding hand of what we may call science, record the actual life of men and women in time and space, record them imaginatively, which is to say creatively. His novels also serve this double purpose. Many of the poems are condensed novels; the novels are expanded poems. Excepting "The Dynasts," but not excepting every part of it, Hardy's imagination, in all his works, acts upon material furnished by direct observation. It deals with matters known to him personally, contemporaneous, definitely localized. "The Dynasts," a huge epic-drama, unfolds, crisis by crisis, the delirium of the Napoleonic wars, from 1805 to Waterloo. The material was necessarily taken from books and oral tradition, though even here we find that the scrupulous author has visited and studied

many of the places in which his scenes are laid, and that he frequently brings his readers back from the Tuileries or the Kremlin to listen to the comments of Wessex folk known to him in his boyhood. Notwithstanding its enormous range and the magnitude and magnificence of its chief scenes, "The Dynasts" includes little things, and here indeed is the reason why it makes an impression of naturalness. The battles of Ulm and Leipzig, the burning of Moscow, the coronation at Milan, the sea fight off Trafalgar, can hardly be called natural events; they were indeed most unnatural; it was a game of kings, politicians, and one supremely reckless gambler; the dice were human bones. But, as in Vachel Lindsay's "Santa-Fé Trail," the hideous clangor of the brawling horns is broken by the bird singing of love and life, eternal youth, dew and glory, love and truth, so the sweet interludes in "The Dynasts" bring us to the coolness and health of reality. The greatness of this epic-drama is manifold; its scope is vast; its order and proportion are admirable; as an historical pageant it is no less accurate than splendid; in the rightness of its dealing with mean persons in their pride of place it satisfies the moral sense; in describing and transmuting minute details it combines science and imagination as only Dante and Wordsworth, of all Hardy's predecessors, combined them; and still there remain two elements of greatness yet unmentioned, one of them Dantesque, the other unique. The first of these is the power of hallucination, the power of seeing things with dreamlike vividness. An Austrian army creeping "dully along the mid-distance, in the form of detached masses and columns of a whitish cast," Hardy startlingly describes in one line:

"This movement as of molluscs on a leaf."

In a "stage direction" connected with the retreat from Russia, he writes: "What has floated down from the sky upon the army is a flake of snow. Then come another and another, till natural features, hitherto varied with the tints of autumn, are confounded, and all is phantasmal gray and white. The caterpillar shape still creeps laboriously nearer, but instead of increasing in size by the rules of perspective, it

gets more attenuated, and there are left upon the ground behind it minute parts of itself, which are speedily flaked over and remain as white pimples by the wayside." This vision of an army wasting away, and getting horribly *smaller as it comes nearer*, is like a nightmare, distinct, terrifying, unavoidable. Insight so natural-seeming and yet so unusual as to be akin to hallucination is shown in the following lines from a chorus before the "Waterloo" Act:

"The mole's tunnelled chambers are crushed by wheels,
The larks' eggs scattered, their owners fled;
And the hedgehog's household the sapper unseals."

The unique element in "The Dynasts" is its philosophy, which permeates all the incidents, yet without lessening their independent values and the sense of reality which they impart. It is Hardy's attempt not so much to solve as merely to state the problem which for shallower thinkers is no sooner stated than solved when they talk confidently about "the hand of God in history." There used to be, and perhaps there still are, university chairs for teaching the Philosophy of History. The world is full of confident interpreters of prophecy, who can tell the number of the beast; Gog and Magog they understand, and the thousand years, and the white horse; the date of Armageddon is not withheld from them, and the wheels of Ezekiel whirl beautifully in their heads. They, and all of us who will not see because we do not feel, have a ready and easy explanation for sin and misery, for poverty and injustice, for cruelty, for the mad folly of war, and the inexcusable baseness of cruelty. Man, we lightly assume, is being educated; life is a school; God is a well-intentioned headmaster. This explanation fails to account for the natural disappointment of the moles and larks and hedgehogs when their little homes are smashed. It leaves much else unaccounted for. Hardy *knows* too much to be satisfied with a slippery formula. The third instructress, who entered so humbly into the presence of Poetry and Religion, but has by this time become a very august personage indeed, though still concerned with little things as much as with great things, forbids him to forget

ruined hopes, wasted economies, "white pimples by the wayside." All explanations based on ignorance of the terrible facts of history being denied him, insensitiveness to the pain of man or beast being not one of his mental cushions, his natural and acquired habit being to reason from effect to cause rather than to assume a cause and then admit only such effects as please a comfort-loving soul, Hardy is in a desperate situation when he contemplates theologically the Napoleonic wars, or for that matter any other tragedy which afflicts a single creature. And it is a desperate situation for every pitiful and intelligent person. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when some of our strongest theological conceptions were formulated, sensitiveness to the pain of others was probably less widely diffused among educated people than it is now. Men and women of culture could sit for hours at an auto da fé, and sleep soundly while actually believing in eternal torments as part of God's plan of the universe. We may be more sensitive and may have more troubled slumbers; but the pain is here still, and we ask, Why? Hardy's philosophy is, on the one hand, a metaphysic of earnest wonder. His pity makes him bold. I have seen a timid woman face a big man who was abusing a horse and ask him Why with a courage born of love. With far greater bravery, though with profound reverence, because so much is hidden and the purpose of pain may be beneficent (and oh, how ardently this is to be hoped), Hardy asks for an explanation. He offers none himself with anything approaching assurance. Not for him is Tennyson's bland confidence in

"one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

At the most we have the hope expressed in the last choral song in "The Dynasts":

"But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from
the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing till It fashion
all things fair."

This is faith reduced to a minimum, but after all it is faith and of the very same

substance as all other faith, even the most audacious and inclusive. One might ask Mr. Hardy why, having got over the difficulty of having any faith at all, he could not go farther and be a joyful optimist. To put the matter thus is to throw light upon the nature of faith, to indicate that faith is not mere hope, is not blind belief, but the quintessential result of rational conviction, after all. If Mr. Hardy has even the faintest ray of *faith* in the supremacy, consciousness, and kindness of the Immanent Will, it must be because experience and observation (which we have been calling Science, the third instructress) have kindled that light in him; and if the ray is feeble, it is so because the logical balance between arguments for and against faith seems to him only slightly favorable. Even the hoped-for blessedness of distant future ages would be scanty compensation for the ages that have suffered and are still to suffer. If any one is displeased at Mr. Hardy's use of the neuter pronoun in the Chorus quoted above, let him reflect that to have used either the masculine or the feminine would have been begging the question, for the chief metaphysical inquiry in "The Dynasts" is whether the Immanent Will is conscious, or, to put it in more usual form, whether God is a person. In his Preface the author says what is no doubt true of himself, though it may not be as true of all "thinkers" as he supposes: "The abandonment of the masculine pronoun in allusions to the First or Fundamental Energy seemed a necessary and logical consequence of the long abandonment by thinkers of the anthropomorphic conception of the same."

Hardy's philosophy, I have ventured to say, is a metaphysic of earnest and, I may add, of distressed wonder. It is also an ethic of pity. The author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure" cannot justly be termed ignorant of human sorrow and its causes. Nor can it be that life's tragedies touch him lightly. His novels and his poems are alike in this, that they were born of the travail of his soul. In the Apology that introduced his volume of "Late Lyrics and Earlier," in 1922, he has with high self-respect proclaimed the ethical purpose of his writings: "Happily there are some who feel

. . . that comment on where the world stands is very much the reverse of needless in these disordered years of our prematurely afflicted century: that amendment and not madness lies that way. And looking down the future these few hold fast to the same: that whether the human and kindred animal races survive till the exhaustion or destruction of the globe, or whether these races perish and are succeeded by others before that conclusion comes, pain to all upon it, tongued or dumb, shall be kept down to a minimum by loving-kindness, operating through scientific knowledge." And he protests that what is alleged to be his "pessimism" is in truth only "the exploration of reality and the first step toward the soul's betterment and the body's too." He tells us also, in the same Apology, that he dreams of an alliance, by means of the interfusing effect of poetry, "between religion, which must be retained unless the world is to perish, and complete rationality, which must come, unless also the world is to perish."

All the foregoing remarks about Thomas Hardy have had a restricted scope and a particular purpose. I have tried to show that knowledge, coming through observation and experience, has in his case co-operated to an uncommon degree with poetry and religion as an inspirer of artistic creation; that his knowledge has determined the character of his metaphysical belief, making it small and weak, but highly respectable because thoroughly rational; and finally that in moral practice his strong desire has been to relieve suffering through an unflinching revelation of its causes. I have as yet said nothing about the very thing that makes him a great artist, his immense relish for life. It is a piece of pleasant irony that a man whose metaphysics are so extremely skeptical, and whose ethical impulses lead him to the contemplation of sin and pain, should nevertheless be a joyous lover of beauty. He is one of those fortunate lovers of beauty who are not dependent upon the gala days and splendid hours of their goddess, not likely to be starved by her petulant whims any more than pampered by her indulgence. They know her in her homeliest attire and are with her at all times. It is not the extraordinary

alone, either in nature or in humanity, that interests Hardy. He is Wordsworthian in the breadth of his interest in what his master so quaintly called "the goings-on of the universe." All his readers know, or if they do not know they feel, that his descriptions of places are accurate because he has observed in nature the details from which he composes his pictures. Fewer, probably, perceive that these details are nearly always in themselves beautiful and were chosen with affectionate care. This is true also of the traits which Hardy assembles in creating his characters. Even his dangerous, weak, and perverse people are made up of lovable features; and as for his great tragic figures, it is love, not hate, that is their undoing. In fact, the ever-recurring subject in Hardy's poems, even more than in his novels, is the pain that mortals bring upon themselves and one another in consequence of love, and upon this theme he plays in all its varieties, permutations, and degrees. Were he a less enthusiastic admirer of human nature, he would have given more blame to selfishness and less to the antics of mischance. Love, brief in its happiness, long in its disappointment, the loneliness of craving hearts, reverie and the glamour of what is gone, this tragic and yet glorious thing, and one other thing, the deathless beauty of the world, are, it seems to me, the elements of Hardy's art.

Another great writer, whose philosophy was like Hardy's and whose understanding of nature and love of nature were perhaps even deeper than Hardy's, has recently died, leaving a fame which had just begun to grow with leaps and bounds, although at the time he was in his eightieth year. I refer to W. H. Hudson, the author of many books of travel and scientific observation, and of "Far Away and Long Ago," the story of his own boyhood. This is one of those rare and precious pieces of literature upon which the world depends, more than upon any other kind of book, for knowledge of the human heart, a genuine autobiography. It is the record of a wholesome and singularly happy childhood, passed in unusually interesting circumstances, a natural life, untainted with morbidness, and afflicted only with

those sorrows that come sooner or later to all. Apart from the information provided in this book, very little is generally known about Hudson's life. But from his numerous other writings it is possible to gather enough supplementary impressions to form a picture of him. Some of the peculiarities which distinguish him from most men are the same as Hardy's. Spending the years of his boyhood on a lonely ranch in Argentina, with haphazard instruction from erratic tutors, he was thrown back upon nature for entertainment and early showed a passionate curiosity about wild life. Human visitors were so infrequent that they too made a deep impression upon him, as if they were rare specimens of natural history. In him were combined the direct and practical observation of an Indian with the scientific interest of a thoughtful, civilized young man; but the field-craft came first and formed the basis. He appears to have accumulated a vast store of information about birds and beasts and plants and weather before he began the systematic study of ornithology or zoology or botany or meteorology. It was an ideal education, with no short-cuts, no imposed theories. The best education is self-education, with just enough guidance to save the pupil from a wasteful groping in blind alleys; and such was Hudson's training. It kept his curiosity alive, kept his appreciation of knowledge fresh and keen, gave him at every point a conqueror's joy.

In a very remarkable chapter of "Far Away and Long Ago," entitled "A Boy's Animism," he tells of a deeper and more subtle experience, which few town-bred and school-educated children can have had. In his eighth or ninth year he began to be conscious of something more than a childish delight in nature, a spirit in nature more impressive, more awe-compelling than any of the manifestations of nature themselves. "This faculty or instinct of the dawning mind is or has always seemed to me," he says, "essentially religious in character; undoubtedly it is the root of all nature-worship, from fetishism to the highest pantheistic development. It was more to me in those early days than all the religious instruction I received from my mother." Similar experiences are recorded by several

poets, notably by Wordsworth. They have had a great share in some of the most valued peculiarities of modern poetry. The feeling described by Hudson is strong in Hardy. Egdon Heath, in "The Return of the Native," is endowed with a half-conscious life, not figuratively or symbolically, but in deep seriousness and subtle apprehension of a truth. There is nothing merely "literary" about this feeling, either in Hudson's case or in Hardy's. Their relation to nature is the fundamental fact for both of them, the ground of their interest in life, their happiness, their terrors, their sympathies, their knowledge of things and of men, and finally of their philosophy or religion. Emerson, with his Puritan antecedents and background, could distinguish between a "law for thing" and a "law for man." Not so these children of nature. By Hardy, I suppose, as Hudson avows was the case with himself, the doctrine of evolution was welcomed because it furnished a scientific explanation of his personal feeling that all forms of life were related to one another and that one vital force permeated matter throughout the entire scale, from rock and tree to beast and man. With this assurance might each have said to himself indeed: "Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee." In two of Hudson's books, particularly "A Traveller in Little Things" and "A Shepherd's Life," the barriers between the successive stages of consciousness from low to high forms of existence have been quietly disregarded.

As might have been expected, Hardy and Hudson, being so deeply interested in objects outside of themselves and so devoted to reality, resemble each other in manner of expression. Each writes clearly, simply, and in an original, individual style. Both are so interested in detail, so determined to set forth detail with absolute exactness, that the reader is scarcely aware of the deliberate skill with which every stroke is made to contribute to a general effect. They are alike also in having no easily discoverable political or social theories, no class prejudices, and yet withal having attained an individual philosophy, in which questions are more prominent than answers, a philosophy

broadly based upon observation of nature and man, but timid in its conclusions and modest in its claims. What they might have termed supernatural in their own view of the world would by most people be called mere naturalism. No doubt it has failed to supply them with the confident hope of a future personal and conscious existence; but it has given them joy in this life and the material for a sound morality. Surely such a religion is superior to one which saddens this life and perverts the morals of its followers, though giving them full assurance of unending consciousness after death. There are religions of this kind, fanatical forms of Christianity and of Mohammedanism. How remote from a selfish desire for immortality were the joy in nature, the human loving-kindness of Jesus, and his absorption in the common life of his fellow-men, is not enough appreciated, and how inconsistent with some of the theological statements made in his name, and some of the aberrations of conduct that have ensued.

Though Hudson is most conspicuously a student of natural history and Hardy a novelist, their works are in essence poetical. And they are both very voluminous writers. Mr. Alfred Edward Housman, a professor of Latin in Cambridge University, a severe classical scholar and critic, sixty-four years old, a genial companion with his intimate friends, a shy and reticent man in larger company, is the author of two little books of short lyrics, "A Shropshire Lad," published in 1896, and "Last Poems," published in 1922. The small number of these compositions, their brevity, the long interval of time between the two volumes, have been often remarked, and also the singularity of the fact that a refined and learned scholar should have written them at all, considering that for the most part they represent the musings of an unlettered country boy whose friends and comrades are careless farmhands, common soldiers, and men in jail waiting to be hanged. It would have been scarcely more surprising to discover in 1787 that the author of the poems published the year before at Kilmarnock was not an Ayrshire rustic after all, but a professor in Edinburgh. And we may say

with equal truth that no Shropshire Burns could have harmonized with the vigor and raciness of English song a calm and lucid strain of sadness that has floated down from ancient Greece. While English boys and girls make love and dream of everlasting bliss, a tenor voice from pagan choruses weaves high above their happy tones its pure, undeviating call:

"The living are the living
And dead the dead will stay."

Again and again in these two little volumes what seems at first to be a homely rustic lay is changed by a word or a cadence into a wistful echo of Sappho or Catullus. We think we see a village green beside a village church; when a breath of air fingers the leaves of the sturdy English elms, and lo! they now are "poplars pale" surrounding a broken altar to a forgotten god upon some distant isle in far-off seas. "Eternal beauty," whispers the wind; "eternal beauty—and death that naught can shun."

It is not my purpose to attempt to praise these poems, more than to express my conviction that for poetic beauty in the strictest sense of the term, beauty that in this case depends almost wholly on sound and on those suggestions, now vague and again vivid, which are produced by sound, we must go back to Keats to find an equal quantity of verse by any one poet which excels them. Even less would I venture to explain the grounds of this persuasion. The poems have entered my heart through the porches of my ears. Among this great artist's cunning devices we find unexpected and strangely suggestive checks in tunes that are flowing smoothly; deep words, brought from afar, and set like blazing planets in a Milky Way of simple English; hidden harmonies, through rhyme and alliteration and cadence, which please like the rippling of unnoticed rills. There is space to quote only one of the most effective examples of the con-

summate technic by which he suggests far more than he definitely expresses:

"And then the clock collected in the tower
Its strength, and struck."

Mr. F. L. Lucas, in a fine little essay on these poems, quotes very happily Meleager's tribute to the odes of Sappho, saying they are "few, but roses." But, I repeat, it is not my purpose to linger in these pleasant fields gathering flowers of beauty.

What suggested to me the writing of this paper was that I perceived, or thought I perceived, a deep relationship of spirit between Hardy, Hudson, and Housman. They are alike in their keen perceptions, their intense enjoyment of the natural world, and their heroic determination not to let the love of life persuade them that life is other than it is or that death is not its ending. They are not pessimists; their appreciation of good is one of their strongest traits, and gratitude is often on their lips. They are honest and brave. In relation to Mr. Housman even more than to Mr. Hardy, all the common irrelevancies about "pessimism" and "optimism" are more than usually inept. He has expressed, moreover, the very essence of Mr. Hardy's life-work, and of Hudson's too, I think, in the following rugged lines:

"Therefore, since the world has still
Much good, but much less good than ill,
And while the sun and moon endure
Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,
I'd face it as a wise man would,
And train for ill and not for good."

The reader will by this time, I suppose, be able to conjecture what Mr. Housman means when he sings:

"Her strong enchantments failing,
Her towers of fear in wreck,
Her limbecks dried of poisons
And the knife at her neck,

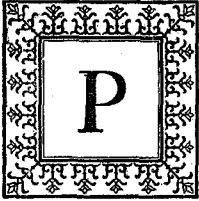
The Queen of air and darkness
Begins to shrill and cry,
'O young man, O my slayer,
To-morrow you shall die.'"

An Uncharted Course

BY HARRIET WELLES

Author of "Anchors Aweigh," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR., U. S. M. C.



PROBABLY because during the weeks after he received his orders from the Navy Department . . . "you will report for duty in connection with the fitting out of the *U. S. S. Vermont* . . . and in command of that vessel when commissioned . . ." Captain John Olney had more contact than is usual with the junior officers attached to his ship, he came to know them better than would otherwise have been possible.

The executive officer had not yet reported for duty; details which would have been handled by him came directly to "The Old Man," and it was through the incident of the engineer officer's request to speak on a personal matter with his commanding officer that Captain Olney became cognizant of the doings of a new generation with which, before, he had been entirely unfamiliar.

He liked his engineer officer on sight. Young Carson was a quiet, intelligent, straight-glancing boy with a dignified bearing and very blue eyes. His manner was equally direct: "I wanted to ask if I might have a few days' leave . . . sir? . . . No, sir; there's no time coming to me. I've had all that was due. I wouldn't ask if it wasn't absolutely necessary."

Captain Olney, martinet, frowned. "I'll have to know what you class as 'absolutely necessary,' Carson."

Lieutenant-Commander Carson found it difficult to commence; he fidgeted and cleared his throat. "You see, sir, my wife's at Reno, getting a divorce, and things aren't running smoothly for her. She's quarrelled with her landlady over the poor food and uncomfortable quarters, and she's telegraphed me five times

in two days to come and straighten matters out for her. I think it's my duty to go and calm her down."

Captain Olney stared at his engineer officer. "I don't believe that I heard you correctly!"

"Yes, sir, you did." Carson laughed nervously. "It *sounds* preposterous to any one who doesn't know Gwladys: she's very excitable and high-strung—goes completely to pieces over trifles. Just now she's terribly upset."

"What's that to you—if you've drifted apart enough for a divorce? She's getting it, I believe you said? . . . In my home State it's no honor to be the guilty one in divorce proceedings!" Hastily he amended: "I speak from hearsay, of course. I'm an inexperienced and thankful bachelor!"

"Reno divorces are different," Carson instructed him. "Neither Gwladys nor I have any criminal grounds—I only consented because she was so miserable with me. Gwladys is eleven years younger than I, and she thinks she's fallen in love with an ensign-aviator of her own age. At first I laughed at her, tried to reason with her and bring her to her senses; but it wasn't any use! After four months of tears at every meal and a persecuted attitude the rest of the time, I gave in. *I can't stand watching a woman cry!*"

"Humph!" growled the captain. "Gwladys has money of her own, I judge!"

"Not a cent! Her people are the kind that have lived always beyond their means, in an endless turmoil of financial bickerings and quarrelling. I first noticed Gwladys through being sorry for her—her mother is so cheap and silly. What is the matter with the mothers nowadays, sir? It seemed so unfair for Gwladys never to have a chance."

"Judging from results I'd say that *you*