



Phillippa Comes to My House

BY NORTON MINOR

IN spite of the fact that Jock had never cantered better in his life I was in a rather bad mood. To find Clare at the house, having tea with Rosalie, did not improve my temper, you may be sure. Clare has the gift of antagonizing me more than any one else I know. When she and Rosalie get together I feel like a rank outsider if I am there. If I'm not there, I know that Rosalie tells her all her woes, and all the trouble she has with me in particular, and that Clare eggs her on. I suppose that I should be thankful that Rosalie has some one to go around with, for Lonsdale Hills is a pretty lonesome place, and Rosalie has felt that she did not want to live in the city since that accident left her lovely face so scarred. Poor girl, she still is unbelievably beautiful, and people look at her for that reason, but she is so conscious of the jagged line along her jaw, and the puckering marks on her cheeks, that I don't blame her for not wanting to be seen. Living in the country is no hardship for me, as Red Oak Manor has been my home as long as I can remember, and I've always loved the old place. Rosalie was happy here, too, I think, until Clare came to Five Gables, the estate next to ours, and kept her reminded of all her troubles. That woman is a born mischief-maker, and although I never say a pleasant word to her, she has the irritating habit of fawning on me. As I came in in my riding-habit she greeted me with:

"We've been admiring your riding, Fenton." (Liar! I knew she hadn't seen

me!) I grunted a reply, and she shook her jade earrings at me.

"Clare has the most wonderful plan, my dear," said Rosalie, as she poured out some tea for me. "She wants me to go to Europe with her this summer. Wouldn't that be splendid?"

I blinked. Two years before I had wanted to go abroad, and Rosalie had flatly refused to go, on the ground that evening dress and hotel life made her too conspicuous, and that Caroline and Edith, our two daughters, would be a nuisance if they went, and could not be left at home. This year she knew that I could not possibly go, as the condition of the market made it imperative for me to be within a day's journey of New York if the fortune my grandfather left me were not to go completely to the four winds.

"What about the children?" I asked. But Rosalie, when she is determined on a thing, suffers no obstacle to block her way.

"The children will go to camp," she stated decisively. "They're almost old enough to take care of themselves anyway, Fenton. And you will be here most of the time, you know. I don't see why, just because I have children, I shouldn't be able to have any fun at all, when other women, who can't afford as competent governesses as I can, never spend any time with their children at all."

"Do you really want to go?" I asked her.

"Don't be silly! Of course I want to go. And there won't be any publicity

about it, Fenton, for Clare and I will travel simply, like two grammar-school teachers on a holiday. It won't be as though 'Mr. and Mrs. Fenton Phillips, well known, etcetera, travelling in Europe with their children,' were going to be in all the rotogravure sections. We'll take assumed names on the boat and travel very Cookily. Oh, it will be all right, Fenton, and Clare and I are going to town Saturday to make the arrangements."

"All right, my dear." There was no reason why she shouldn't go if she wanted to, I suppose, though, after the way she had tried to insist that morning that the new japonica ought to go right in one corner of the lawn where it spoiled the view of the sea, and incidentally interfered with my plan for a new jump, I was not inclined to be very agreeable about it. Then a thought occurred to me.

"But Saturday Pete is coming to see us with his girl——"

"Bother Pete and his girl! I'll be back for dinner, and they are not coming until afternoon. Besides, it's the only chance I'll have, and I can't see giving up a trip to Europe just because your brother is bringing his fiancée to see us." If we had been alone, I'm sure that she would have added, "Pete is nothing to me"; not that she really objects to my brother, but when Rosalie feels beligerent she goes considerably beyond literalness.

So Saturday I drove the roadster over to meet Pete myself. I wondered what his future would be, as I drove, and thought how strangely the dead can influence the living. For Pete's life and mine were laid down for us by the will of our grandfather, who was very wealthy. Brought up in the English school of thought, he had come to be-

lieve in the English tradition of the eldest son's getting all the gravy. My father was killed in a hunting accident when Pete was a baby, so grandfather left Red Oak Manor to me along with the major part of the Phillips fortune, and had left poor Pete a mere pittance, that he might have a "gentleman's education." Pete interpreted that as meaning college and law school, and was now in the last year of the latter. For myself, management of my money took too much of my time for me to hold any other position, and left me enough leisure to be lonely for masculine society other than that of the idlers who may be found drinking and playing bridge in any club.

I got to the station early, and walked up and down waiting for the train. I was awfully glad Pete was coming, for, although he is fifteen years my junior, we have always got along with each other very well. I wondered what his fiancée would be like. Her name was Phillippa Endicott, and she came of a good old Boston family. Pete had stated that she was not a flapper, thank goodness. She probably is plain but well bred, I thought to myself. And then the train pulled in and I saw them. Pete was as tall and quiet and good-looking as ever, with a happier look on his face than I had ever seen before. But, to tell the truth, I hardly looked at Pete after saying "Hello" to him. What there was about Phillippa that held my attention I can't say to this day. She was simply dressed, boyishly in fact, with a plain, small gray hat and a gray suit with a high collar. She wasn't pretty, or handsome, or beautiful. She had in a way the typical Boston face, with a short upper lip and a firm, strong chin. But something seemed to emanate from her gray eyes that was absolutely fas-

cinating to me. It may have been that she had long eyelashes, but they weren't as long as Rosalie's and didn't curl as much. Her hair was brown and fluffy, and was, I learned when she took her hat off later, cut short and close to her head like a man's in back. I'm quite sure it wasn't a physical attraction; I think I'm past that stage. In fact, it was most unphysical. I remember when I first saw Paris I was filled with the same sort of dazed and awed sense of home and sympathy. That was it—sympathy—not the black-crape “I-knew-him-when” kind indulged in by old ladies at funerals, but a fundamental sense of feeling with, which is what the French mean when they say *sympathique*. When I saw Phillippa, with her erect carriage and quaint, intelligent face, I felt as though she and I had always felt the same about things. In speaking of her to Rosalie afterward, I decided that it must be purely a personal feeling, for Rosalie's opinion of her seemed to be:

“A sweet girl, Fenton, but no style. She'll probably make Pete very comfortable, though. Those New England women are all good housekeepers,” and Rosalie ended the subject of Phillippa with a downward swoop of the brush on her glistening red hair. That's where women have the advantage of us. The least of them, I imagine, can use a brush with all the telling effect of a gavel, but who ever saw a man look anything but ridiculous with a pair of military brushes in his hands?

I seemed to see less than usual of Rosalie that spring, for she and Clare were busying themselves with proper travelling equipment. Pete came down once to see me about business. It was early in April, and the day was rather warm, so at twilight we wandered

down to the bay and watched the killics jump as we sat on the edge of the dock. If we had been women we should probably have been talkative and confidential, but we were both rather silent about the things that interested us most. Pete didn't ask me how I liked Phillippa, but about how much it would cost them to live, and whether I thought he could ever earn enough to make her comfortable. Although he only spoke around the subject, I knew that he loved Phillippa as very few people ever love, with all the quiet intensity and goodness of his character.

When Rosalie sailed at the end of May, Pete was deep in preparation for examinations and could not get down to see her off. I took Edith and Caroline with me, and they were so excited at being on an ocean liner that they almost forgot to be sorry that their mother was leaving them. I knew I should be lonely without her and hoped she would miss me. It was the first time in thirteen years we had been separated for any length of time, and, if Clare had not been there, we might both have broken down, for I believed then, as I know now, that Rosalie still does care for me somewhat. But Clare, although she was officiously arranging the flowers and fruit around the good-sized state-room (they were consistent enough to the original plan of quiet simplicity not to have reserved the bridal suite!), was present, and my intense dislike of her held my stronger feeling in check a bit. Rosalie promised to write and cable frequently, and to let me know if her letter of credit were not sufficient. It was a strangely empty sensation for me to watch the boat back out from the pier and then swing round in midstream, to sail down the river. I remember the little red tugboats, with their stems pad-

ded with rope until they looked like lions' manes, screaming and backing and pushing like mad, with soiled deck-hands in striped jerseys flinging ropes to the big liner, or letting them drop into the water with a swish. It was a scene familiar to any one who has ever travelled or been much in New York; I had seen the same thing times without number, yet never has the sooty smoke seemed so black as it bulged out of the smoke-stacks of the tugs, nor the tang of the salt air blowing up from the lower bay, and mingling with the dock smell of bilge and flotsam, been so keen. Edith began to cry, more from fright and a sense of fitness than from anything else, so I took her and Caroline to the Aquarium and to see the animals in Central Park before we drove home.

Pete brought Phillippa down to spend the next week-end, when her family had conceded that Mrs. Parker, our housekeeper, constituted a sufficient chaperon. We all rode together along the wooded back-country roads. That girl sat a horse as though she were born to it. I can see her now, holding Mike, the big brown hunter, to a canter, and laughing back at us as a branch swept her hat off as she passed. She wasn't a coquette, at any rate not an artificial one of the *débutante* variety. Everything she did was done frankly and naturally. After our ride she poured tea for us, sitting in my great-grandmother's Sheraton chair—the one Rosalie had wanted to discard before the rage for antiques came in. She was almost like a piece of Sheraton furniture herself, with her classical lack of gewgaws, either physical or mental. If we talked of fishing, she showed interest, instead of sitting back and looking bored, as most women would have done. It wasn't just tact on her part, either; she was genu-

inely interested, and now and then asked a question in her low-pitched, kindly voice. She smoked a cigarette as though she enjoyed it, and without the simpering devilishness of a hundred affected women I have seen.

That night I left Pete alone with her, and retired to my library on the pretext of writing letters. I had to do it, for they were engaged, and did not have much time alone together, but God knows I could not write, nor even read. Every word she had said, every gesture she had made, went through and through my brain. Good Lord! was I, at forty, idiot enough to fall in love with a girl of twenty-two, and my brother's fiancée to boot? On thinking it over carefully I decided that I was. I probably had been sitting with my mouth agape, proclaiming that fact to all the world. Luckily Rosalie wasn't there—what would she have thought? What did Pete and Phillippa think? Ah, well, they were in love, and probably would not have noticed if I had stood on my head. But I should have to be more careful, or the servants would notice my demeanor and start gossiping about what happens when the cat's away. Thank Heaven, that cat of a Clare was not there, or there would have been eyebrow raisings everywhere. I'd have to try being brusque to Phillippa; I trusted I could.

I wondered if perhaps I shouldn't ask them to come any more, but, as Red Oak Manor had been Pete's home always I did not see how I could do that. Besides, it wasn't as though she and I cherished a guilty passion for each other. She probably didn't give a hang about me, except as I was her brother-in-law to be, I decided. And my feeling for her was more adoration than passion; I ven-

erated her too much to think of wanting to touch her. I wondered if I were being faithless to Rosalie in deriving so much pleasure from the company of another woman, but I thought of her as admiringly as ever; in fact, the elation of the new emotion made me think perhaps even more affectionately of my wife than I had before. It was a curious sensation.

When the children went away to camp I felt decidedly lonely. Luckily I had to be in the city more than ever, as the usual July lull in the stock-market had not occurred, and my time was pretty well filled. Pete stayed on in Boston to be with Phillippa. When her family went away to the country he brought her down to stay at Red Oak Manor for a month. Wall Street quieted down, and we were all together through the hot, breezeless August days. In the daytime Pete and Phillippa played tennis together, or walked down to the edge of the water and found a shady place to read. We all swam together in the mornings or, if it chanced to be cool enough, rode over the dry, dusty roads. I tried to be brusque to Phillippa, as I had promised myself, and always rode some distance ahead of her and Pete, lest my presence be a strain on their pleasure. I tried to treat her in the rude manner I had always treated Clare, though it tore my heart to do it. I began to have a cowardly longing to tell her that I didn't mean the seemingly disdainful grunts and growls—not that she acted any differently to me on their account—in fact, sometimes she looked at me with such serene and understanding good humor in her face that I had the alarming feeling that she understood my motive and forgave me.

One day when we were going to ride

I came down-stairs and found her in my library. It always astonished me that she could dress faster than either Pete or I. Rosalie, in spite of her natural briskness and capability, generally takes at least twenty minutes more than I do. Of course Rosalie invariably looks as well groomed as a prize-winning filly in the horse show, whereas Phillippa, though neat and trim, has a more casual, less manufactured air. She was looking through a book when I came in the room.

"I hope you don't mind my purloining your 'Tom Jones' this way, Fenton," she greeted me. "It's such a beautiful edition I couldn't resist looking through it. It's one of my favorites, anyhow. . . ."

"Really?" I was surprised and forgot to growl at her. "It's one of mine, too, but I didn't think women ever liked it." I remembered Rosalie's ennui when I had tried to read it to her years ago.

"Where do you get such funny notions about women, Fenton?" asked Phillippa, with a fascinating little flickering smile. . . . "You must think we are of alien race, anomalies in a man-made world, or something. As a matter of fact, we're 'remarkable like you. . . .'"

"Do you mean to say that you don't like to be thought a 'plaster saint'?" I inquired, and then, to get on safer ground, added: "I've got quite a rare set of Sterne, too. I must show you the picture of Corporal Trim and the fortifications."

When I had taken the book from the shelves and opened it to the picture of my Uncle Toby's hobby-horse at full gallop, I was going to hand it to her, but she came and stood by my side and looked at it with me. It was the first

time we had ever been alone together in such a friendly fashion, and as I looked down at her—she didn't quite come to my shoulder—I had to keep repeating to myself: "She's Pete's, she's Pete's." Oh, but it was hard not to tell her then how much I cared for her. Luckily Pete came in soon and, with his presence as a spur, I was almost able to put on my old disagreeable manner. Poor Pete! he used to look at me sometimes almost imploringly, as if to say: "Why can't you be a little nicer to my girl?" Thank Heaven, he never mentioned the subject to me!

After that I stayed in my room until I was sure that Pete was down-stairs. It was two or three days later that something occurred that I can even now hardly believe was real. When we went down to get our mounts we found that Mike had lost a shoe that morning, so Phillippa was to ride a new horse that I had bought earlier in the summer—a powerful, lean gray with a shaggy mane and tail. He was inclined to be nervous, but Phillippa said that she thought she could manage him. And, knowing her ability, I did not doubt that she could.

I rode on ahead as usual, and led the way through the woods. Jock was inclined to take the hilly trail that day, and splashed through the rocky stream at the ford. Pete and Phillippa followed a little way behind. The gray had never forded the stream before, and slipped on one of the loose rocks, so suddenly that Phillippa lost her right stirrup. The horse, already frightened, at this lost his head and shot past me like the wind. Phillippa did not scream, but clung on as best she could. Jock started after almost before I gave him the word. That gray could certainly run! Phillippa was patting his neck, trying to calm him down, I could see, as I galloped af-

ter her, but neither that nor her steady attempt to rein him in had any effect. With his ears back, he ran, with a nasty kicking out of his heels, so that Jock would hardly have passed him if he could. Pete, whose horse was slower than Jock, had dropped so far behind that I could scarcely hear the thud of hoofs on the soft earth of the road. Over the hilltop sped the gray, with Phillippa clinging on manfully, and Jock keeping pace but not gaining on him, about twenty yards behind. Down the steep gully we raced like mad. Fortunately the road was dry, so that our horses did not slip. I would have been exhilarated by the speed of that pell-mell gallop if my fright for Phillippa had not made the glands in my neck tighten until they nearly choked me. At the bottom of the gully the gray stopped short with a side jerk that threw Phillippa out of the saddle and into the bushes beyond.

I had just presence of mind enough to pull Jock to a slower pace and to slip out of my saddle. I had a horrible feeling of nausea, and seemed to see things through a brownish light, and blurred. I reached Phillippa as she lay clumped in a heap on the ground, without remembering whether my feet had touched the earth. At sight of her my brain cleared, and things stood out vividly as they do just before a thunder-storm. Good God, was she dead? I kneeled down and grabbed her pulse to see. And then she opened her eyes, and with a half-smile on her face said:

"I'm all right, Fenton dearest, a b-bit shaken, I guess," and she started to sit up. Just then poor Pete came thundering down the hill, and at that Phillippa collapsed. "Those hoofs," she moaned hysterically, "they're going to go over me and over me!" and she buried her face in my arms and wept.

Pete came up then, his eyes almost bursting out of his tense face in his agony. I left them after a minute, and led Jock out of ear-shot to mount him and ride away in search of a car to take her home in. What she had said kept running through my brain, as I forced the already sweated Jock to a gallop. "Fenton dearest" singsonged through my head to the rhythm of his hoofs. Was it possible that she cared for me? I admonished myself for being such a fool as to put weight on the words of a person who had just missed being killed, for if Phillippa had not had her fall broken by a rhododendron bush, the impact with the rocky earth must certainly have proved fatal.

As it was there were not even any bones broken, the doctor found. Pete rejoiced outwardly, as I did inwardly. Phillippa would be even well enough for us to take tea in her room the next day, if Mrs. Parker would agree to be there too. I had seen to it that Phillippa had been given the guest-room with the old-fashioned maple furniture and the bright-flowered curtains, partly because it was one of the cheeriest rooms in the house and one of my favorites, and also because I couldn't imagine Phillippa in the pink-taffeta, Louis XVI type of room that Rosalie thought was the only type suitable for guests.

"You've all been so sweet to me that I've almost enjoyed having this accident," she greeted us, as we came in. "Tell me, has the horse come back yet? —I'd hate to think you had lost him through my carelessness."

Pete and I sat like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, or any other famous pair of nincompoops, embarrassed at being in her room and overjoyed at finding her so well. We assured her that the horse was safe in his stall.

"That's good! Funny, that was one of the first things I thought of when I landed. I think I must think better when I'm standing on my head, for there were lots of things that I seemed to be clear about for the first time. I must have spoken very clearly to you, didn't I, Fenton?"

I think I must have gasped, for from the tone of her voice I knew what she meant to say. Good Lord, she must really love me! I wanted to kneel down beside her bed and kiss her hands and her neck and stroke her hair. Fortunately I only grunted, and shortly after made an excuse to go. I was mad, crazy, miserable, happy, and furthermore I was disgusted with myself. Who was it that thought he was on a higher plane than most humans, and could love a woman without wanting to touch her? Who was it that was adoring his brother's fiancée in such a holy way that no one could call it guilty passion? Who was it thought she couldn't care for him?—but that was ecstasy, and I must flagellate myself rather than rejoice. I should have known, having lived in this all-too-human world for forty years, that rare indeed is the love between man and woman that does not either end or begin with desire. And yet, my early Puritan training not having been shaken permanently by the fiery and physical dreams of an adolescent, I still believe that it wasn't just sex that made me want to touch her. I didn't get tremendously excited, or at least not consciously so, at the thought that under the blue bath-robe, as she sat up in bed, there was probably Phillippa and not much else. Of course, the tradition of generations of self-restrained and non-analytical men and women who were my ancestors, and the fact that I had been brought up to believe that there

are some things which a man may not even think, may have had something to do with my attitude, but I insist that, although I wanted to kiss her, I wanted to do so reverently rather than passionately. Of course, for the benefit of those who think that impossible, I must say that I never had kissed her, and that passion is roused often only by actual contact.

Whatever my motives were, I knew I had no right to think of Phillippa as anything but a sister-in-law. Unless I were going to get a divorce from Rosalie and marry her. That thought was banished almost before it came. There had never been a divorce in our family, nor, I was sure, in Phillippa's, but that did not make the difference. I'm sure no one has any honest conviction against divorce when there is a just cause for it, but this would be most unjust. Rosalie and I had always quarrelled somewhat, but we had got along pretty well together even so. Surely neither of us had grounds for divorce. And if we had, what about the two children? What about Pete? Just because Phillippa and I had fallen in love with each other, should we sacrifice everything to that? Even if I were willing, I was sure that she would not be—that chin of hers was too firmly modelled on the lines of those to whom Duty means something. And yet, could she and I go on living as we were, seeing each other frequently and with all the intimacy of family life, and not break under the strain? We were both born honest; I doubted very much if we could help showing our feelings to those who knew us best. No, no, no! We'd reach the breaking-point some day—and then—No, I should go away, but where, but how? What about Rosalie—the children—the estate I was supposed to

keep intact for future generations? Oh, Lord!

After thinking on these lines incoherently all night, I told Pete that I had to go to the city for a few days, as a crisis had suddenly occurred (God knows it had!), and suggested that he ask the doctor and his wife to stay at Red Oak Manor in my place until Phillippa should leave. I did not trust myself to say good-by to her, but hurried away before she was visible that morning. I longed to take a sea trip, but the energy necessary to fulfilling this wish was lacking, so I sat in my hotel-room moodily thinking. Thank Heaven, Rosalie would be back fairly soon! For I felt that I had no right to decide on any course of action until she came home. How to explain the delicate situation to her without explaining too much of it, I did not know.

"Why, Fenton, what's happened?" was the first question when I met her at the gang-plank. "You look like a Giotto monk! All care-worn and emaciated, and sort of glorified! Did you miss me that much? You're the most flattering husband I've seen in a long while. Never mind, my dear, just wait till you see my new Paris gowns, and you'll revive a bit, won't he, Clare?"

The gowns were certainly beautiful, and when Rosalie appeared in one that evening, a tawny gold one that had a suggestion of green that flashed somewhere in the skirt, she looked so lovely that it almost took my breath away. After the children had kissed us good night we went into the living-room for our coffee, and Rosalie sat like a goddess in the chair in which Phillippa had sat, in riding-togs, that first time she poured tea for us. Oh, how beautiful my wife looked, as her creamy arms moved gracefully among the ancient

silver pieces of the coffee-service! And yet she wasn't Phillippa, and I was suddenly sorry for her that she wasn't. Sorry that I could not care for her in the way that I did for Phillippa, and that she could not care for me in the way that I believed Phillippa did. Compassion for her crowded out everything in my mind except the fundamental fact that I loved Phillippa.

"My dear," I said, when the butler had left us alone, and my voice was a little husky as I said it, "I think you are lovelier than ever." It was awkwardly done, I suppose, for I am not given to compliments, and lack the knowledge of a graceful way of saying them.

Rosalie dropped the sugar-tongs with a clatter, but said nothing for a minute or two. There were tears in her eyes when she finally spoke.

"I'm so happy, Fenton dearest." My God, why did she use that phrase? That was Phillippa's, Phillippa's, my Phillip—no, Pete's Phillippa's. I bowed my head as I realized this, and Rosalie went on: "I was afraid that since the accident you perhaps didn't think so—that perhaps you didn't lo——"

"Darling!" I cried, and meant it. I strode over to where she sat and took her in my arms. "Rosalie, I love you more than ever—" That was true, I did, but some little grinning imp of conscience kept yelling in my ear: "Traitor, hypocrite, liar!" Perhaps I was all of those things, but how could I tell Rosalie that the glamorous light in which I saw her then was to a great measure the reflection of the stronger fire of my devotion to Phillippa? I had decided on a course of action that seemed to me to be as nearly fair and honorable as anything could be in such a strange case, and was determined to carry it out.

"Of course that accident didn't make any difference, my dear," I continued; "I never think of it when I see you. I'm afraid I've often been brusque and cantankerous, Rosalie, but it hasn't been because I didn't love you. I'm afraid it's just my way."

Rosalie looked up then, with a smile. "It's a funny thing, Fenton, but that gruffness of yours seems to fascinate people, especially women. I always rather admired it, and do you know that Clare is madly in love with you?"

"What? Oh, no, you're joking!"

"Oh, well, it may be partly the fact that you're the well-known Fenton Phillips, but she is. I discovered it this summer, partly by chance. I think she used to urge me to quarrel with you, that she might get in her innings if we ever got to disagreeing enough so that we separated."

"But, my dear, I never said a pleasant word to her!"

"That's just the trouble, Fenton, she thought you were the ideal strong, silent man or something. I didn't know how much you really meant to me, Fenton, until I found out what that woman had been plotting. I don't blame you for never liking her. I can't bear the sight of her myself any more. And to have her the only person near us!"

Here was my opportunity for submitting my plan to Rosalie, and I took advantage of it. "Rosalie," I said, "why should you have to bear the sight of her? Why do we have to stay here and be so cramped that we almost forget we love each other? Why can't we go away and travel, and chuck the whole darned business? . . ."

"Oh, my dear, how I should love it! We always used to plan those trips to the South Sea Islands when we were en-

gaged, Fenton, do you remember? But you can't ever leave New York."

"Why can't I? Simply because I'm a slave to the money that my grandfather made. I'm sick of it, Rosalie, sick of it! Of course we wouldn't be as rich as we are, and we probably couldn't afford Paris gowns, but even if the girls couldn't go through all the fanciest flourishes in education and the social whirl, don't you think the South Sea Islands would be worth that both to them and to us?"

"Worth what, Fenton?" Rosalie looked bewildered, "I don't understand. What has our going to the South Sea Islands got to do with the girls' education? Are we broke? And what about the Phillips estate?"

"Damn the Phillips estate! If Pete had a son, it would go to him according to grandfather's will. 'The next male heir' or some such phrase, don't you remember? We've got enough out of what mother left me—I've never touched it, and it has more than doubled itself—for us to live on and travel on, too. Can't we turn the whole thing over to Pete now and be free to enjoy ourselves?" I felt more hypocritical than ever working up this fine frenzy when I thought what had given me the original motive, but I had begun to believe that it was the only way out so firmly that if any one had suggested that I was saddling my brother with something I didn't want, or had hinted that I wanted to give his wife a wedding-present that would keep her comfortable for the rest of her life, I shouldn't care, for I knew that, providing Rosalie was satisfied, it was the only thing I could do.

And Rosalie was satisfied. Her trip to Europe had increased her longing for travel and her affection for me. She was as excited as a schoolgirl as we

made our plans, and I'm sure the most sedate of our lawyers must have fallen in love with her as we made the arrangements for the transfer of our estate, she was so beautiful.

Pete and Phillippa were to be married in November, since now they did not have to wait until Pete could earn a living. I always wondered whether Rosalie understood my feeling for Phillippa, for one day she said teasingly, after telling me more about the preposterous Clare:

"I hope you were always very gentle with Pete's girl, Fenton. Your brother might well have been jealous if you tried any of your devastating grumpiness on her. . . ."

At this I must have turned white or red or done something unaccustomed, for Rosalie looked at me keenly for a moment and then let the subject drop, and never mentioned it again. But I don't think she could have guessed the whole truth . . . it was too big, too far beyond the powers of imagination.

The next time I saw Phillippa was at her wedding. I was Pete's best man, and it took all my resolution to keep from saying: "No! this can't go on!" But when I heard her clear musical voice giving the responses, I almost wondered if I hadn't imagined the two words that had changed so many things for me. After the ceremony Phillippa turned to her mother to be kissed and wished well, and Pete gave his hand to me. I was glad to see him happy, but that was not my only emotion. When I came to Phillippa I hardly dared look at her to see whether she was happy or not. All she said was, "Kiss the bride, Fenton," and, her voice breaking, added in a half-whisper—"once."



Young Goldsmith

BY PADRAIC COLUM

The years between 1749 and 1752 in the life of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," years fraught with uncertainty, years spent in gambling and singing and attempting to be a tutor.

THE portrait that a master painter has left of him gives him a dignity, a distinction, that he rarely attained to. But we can see in it what Goldsmith looked like twenty years before he sat to Sir Joshua.

In his face there is a flabbiness, a rusticity, that comes from the protruding long upper lip, the unclosed mouth, the chin which, though defined, falls away from the lower lip. The face is pock-marked. The top of the head is bare, the nose is broad, and the eyes well fixed and seeing. We know that he was short and shambling, and that he had such little dignity in his bearing that he could be mistaken for a journeyman tailor, and that he was spluttering and hesitating in his speech.

"At the New Room an Assembly will be held on Tuesday, the 11th day of December next, and so continue on the second Tuesday in each Month for the future,"—he might read this in a Dublin journal that has come into his hands—"and as it is to subsist under proper Regulations and a proper person appointed for each Night to put them into Execution, it is hoped that the Meeting will prove agreeable to those who think it proper to attend. To begin precisely at Six o'clock each Night."

He had gone to one such assembly and he had been left very much alone. The girls ignored him. No mamma, af-

ter having drawn him to her chair, had remarked: "Lydia looks well at the harpsichord, does she not, Mr. Goldsmith?" Not only was he plain in visage, but he was poor and without prospects. "An ugly and a poor man is a society to himself; and such a society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance." He was to write that sentence while he was still twenty-four; he was away from his own country and people when he wrote it, to be sure, but he had not been long away, and it is evident that by the time he had written it he had become reconciled to the usage of the world in regard to himself.

But as he was warm and friendly and with a tender heart, his isolation did not make him saturnine. He played on the flute. Isolation helped him to reflection, to ordered thought, even though it left him awkward, bashful, blundering. His escape from humiliation was, perhaps, in a turn he had for vagrancy. "I love a straggling life above all things in the world; sometimes good, sometimes bad; to be warm to-day and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and to drink when it stands before one." He is speaking through a character when he says it, but he had known vagrancy and its penalties by that time, and he does not make his character speak with any bitterness. Indeed, we can feel in the sentence the enthusiasm that must