

# Hearst's

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## WHY HEARST'S IS THE BEST

David Graham Phillips, Charles Dana Gibson  
Rex Beach, Winston Churchill, A. Brisbane  
Howard Chandler Christy, Robert W. Chambers,  
Arthur Stringer, Bruno Lessing, Margaret Anglin,  
David Belasco, F.P. Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"), and Rupert Hughes  
ALL IN THIS NUMBER



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# Dr. Parkhurst Calls "The Story of Susan Lenox" A Masterly Novel With a Sterling Lesson

by Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst

IT is three years since I read in its manuscript form the romance by the late David Graham Phillips entitled "The Story of Susan Lenox—Her Fall and Rise," which is appearing serially in the pages of HEARST'S MAGAZINE. In that length of time many and even most of the details of the story have passed from my memory, but not so its spirit and purpose. The impression made upon me by its careful perusal was too deep for that.

The heroine is depicted as an illegitimate child, and the purpose of the fiction is to show the blight that attaches to innocent illegitimacy. Illegitimacy, so far as relates to the child, is always innocent, and the writer deals with the matter in a way to press home to the regards of the reader the injustice of making a blameless child a sharer in the guilt of the offending mother.

The girl was early cast out of the home into which she had in so unfortunate a way been introduced; and upon suspicion, unwarranted suspicion, that she was following in her mother's ways, was vindictively compelled to marry a coarse and shallow-witted rustic from whom she escaped after a few hours of sojourn with him.

Then there follows, chapter after chapter, a varied succession of scenes into the midst of which she was thrown in her endeavor—always unsuccessful endeavor—to achieve for herself the success which her own character and ability appeared to warrant, but from which she was held back by the restraints imposed upon her by her abnormal condition. Each new relation into which her tumultuous life threw her brought out some new aspect of her character and left always upon the reader the impression of what she might have been and might have done but for the handicap of her illegitimacy, a handicap, moreover, which had its grounds, not in any principles of justice, but in the conventional notion that a child born out of wedlock is a constitutional reprobate.

It is not the purpose of the narrative to lighten the responsibility of the mother, nor to smooth over her crime by phrases of sentimental apology. The mother exists in the story only for the purpose of giving birth to her ill-fated offspring. The story centers in the girl, with only such other matter thrown in as will serve to exhibit her as she is, and to exhibit her career as it was made to develop under the pressure of a condition for which she was not morally responsible, but which hypocritical society took pleasure in charging up to her account.

The treatment accorded her by her kindred, who by ordination of nature ought to have protected and cherished her, illustrated in a graphic way the vicious tendency immanent in human nature to think the worst of people rather than the best, and to revel in, and to give publicity to, whatever we can

discover in others that is open to criticism, or that we can bring ourselves to imagine is open to criticism. We are prone to say complimentary things about human nature, but nevertheless

our inward grounds are sown thick with malicious impulses.

The girl in our story was a beautiful character. The relations into which she was charged with having entered, before being flung out of the home, were relations she was charged with because her uncle was prepared and glad to charge her with them. He was not a bad man, but his goodness was of that self-conscious kind that is always the breeder of intolerance. It was a goodness that had solidified to the point of excluding all elements of pliancy and of being insensible to considerations of clemency.

His moral respectability was the substance of his religion; it was the altar at which he offered sacrifice; the God that he worshiped, and he threw her out as so much offal at the feet of a dirty, low-lived grubber of the soil. It was his unappreciative integrity that came near driving the girl to the devil. It will be to misread this masterly story not to derive from it the impression that I myself experienced, and that I have tried to set forth. It is one of those fictions that has a meaning, the only kind of fiction that moral and intelligent people have any right to spend their time over or give their thought to.

That one should retain from the narrative as long as I have (three years) so definite an imprint as to inner content and animating purpose is proof presumptive of the genius of the author.

And if the book is read, not simply as a story, but appreciated as a sterling lesson, it will have the effect to secure to the reader an unconventional point of view from which to regard the entire class of illegitimate children.

In a Christian community there ought to be no outcasts. Even the adulterous woman Christ did not resent, but took her into his confidence in disclosing to her with unsurpassed intimacy the secrets of the heavenly kingdom. And if the Lord of all uprightness and purity could carry himself in that way to a woman that was a sinner, what shall we think of ourselves, with all the imperfection and impurity of our character, if we fling out into the cold, hard world a little child, or a young girl, whose heart at birth is as pure as the purest and whose only sin is her misfortune?

Away with all such phariseism! As far back as the times of the old covenant it was the word of the prophet that "the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father," and any man or woman, though standing professedly upon Christian ground, is twenty-five hundred years behind the times who damns an innocent child because she is the offspring of iniquitous parentage.



# The Story of Susan Lenox

*"And Jesus said  
I condemn thee;  
Illustrated by*

**SYNOPSIS:** This story began last month—first—with the birth of Susan—at the cost of the life of her mother who would not tell her lover's name;—second—with Susan's first love-affair, seventeen years later, when she innocently steals Sam Wright, a wealthy college boy, away from her cousin, Ruth Warham. She has been brought up by Ruth's father and mother in the Indiana village of Sutherland—ignorant of her "shameful" origin. One late night after a party, which disappointed Ruth because Sam has called on Susan and neglected her, Ruth flares out angrily with: Sam would not think of marrying a girl like Susan, because—see the story below.

**W**HEN Fanny Warham was young, her mother—compelled by her father—roused—"routed out"—the children at half-past six on week days and at seven on Sundays for prayers and breakfast, no matter what time they had gone to bed the night before. The horror of this made such an impression upon her that she never permitted Ruth and Susan to be awakened; always they slept until they had "had their sleep out." Until the last year Mrs. Warham had made her two girls live a life of the strictest simplicity and regularity, with the result that they were the most amazingly soundly healthy girls in Sutherland. And the regimen still

held, except when they had company in the evening or went out—and Mrs. Warham saw to it that there was not too much of that sort of thing. In all her life thus far Susan had never slept less than ten hours, rarely less than twelve.

It lacked less than a minute of ten o'clock the morning after Sam's call when Susan's eyes opened upon her simple, pale-gray bedroom, neat and fresh. She looked sleepily at the little clock on the night stand.

"Mercy me!" she cried. And her bare feet were on the floor and she was stretching her lithe young body, weak from the relaxation of her profound sleep.

She heard someone stirring in Ruth's room; instantly Ruth's remark—"He'd never think for a minute of marrying you"—popped into her head. It still meant nothing to her. She could not have explained why it came back or why she felt so puzzling over it as if it held some mysterious meaning. Perhaps the reason was that from early childhood there had been accumulating in some dusky chamber of her mind stray happenings and remarks, all bearing upon the unsuspected secret of her birth and the unsuspected strangeness of her position in the world



Now that Sam was no longer with her, Susan could breathe freely and could dream—dream—dream. She made blunder after blunder in working over her uncle's simple accounts down at his store.

where everyone else was definitely placed and ticketed. She was wondering about Ruth's queer hysterical outburst—evidently the result of a quarrel with Arthur Sinclair. "I guess Ruth cares more for him than she lets on," thought she. This love that had come to her so suddenly and miraculously made her alert for signs of love elsewhere.

She went to the bolted connecting door; she could not remember when it had even been bolted before, and she felt forlorn and shut out. "Ruth!" she called. "Is that you?"

A brief silence, then a faint "Yes."

"May I come in?"

"You'd better take your bath and get downstairs."

This reminded her that she was hungry. She gathered her underclothes together, and with the bundle in her arms, darted across the hall into the bathroom. The cold water acted as champagne promises to act but doesn't. She felt

giddy with health and happiness. And the bright sun was flooding the bathroom, and the odors from the big bed of hyacinths in the side lawn scented the warm breeze from the open window. When she dashed back to her room, she was singing—and her singing voice was as charming as her speaking voice promised. A few minutes, and her hair had gone up in careless grace, and she was clad in a fresh dress of tan linen, full in the blouse. This, with her tan stockings and tan slippers and the radiant youth of her face, gave her a look of utter cleanness and freshness that was exceedingly good to see.

"I'm ready," she called.

There was no answer; doubtless Ruth had already descended. She rushed downstairs and into the dining-room. No one was at the little table set in one of the windows in readiness for the late breakfasts. Molly came, bringing cocoa, a cereal, hot biscuit, and crab-apple preserves, all attractively arranged on a large tray.

"I didn't bring much, Miss Susie," she apologized. "It's so late, and I don't want you to spoil your dinner. We're going to have the grandest chicken that ever came out of an egg."

Susan surveyed the tray with delighted eyes. "That's plenty," she said, "if you don't talk too much about the chicken. Where's Ruth?"

"She ain't coming down. She's got a headache. It was that salad for supper over to Sinclair's last night. Salad ain't fit for a dog to eat, nohow—that's my opinion. And at night—it's sure to bust your face out or give you the headache or both."

Susan ate with her usual enthusiasm, thinking the while of Sam and wondering how she could contrive to see him. She remembered her promise to her uncle. She had not eaten nearly so much as she wanted. But up she sprang and in fifteen minutes was on her way to the store. She had seen neither Ruth nor her aunt. "He'll be waiting for me to pass," she thought. And she was not disappointed. There he stood, at the footpath gate into his father's place. He had arrayed himself in a blue and white flannel suit, white hat and shoes; a big expensive-looking cigaret adorned his lips. The Martins, the Delevans, the Castles, and the Bowens, neighbors across the way, were watching him admiringly through the meshes of lace window-curtains. She expected that he would come forward eagerly. Instead, he continued to lean indolently on the gate, as if unaware of her approach. And when she was close at hand, his bow and smile were, so it seemed to her, almost coldly polite. Into her eyes came a confused, hurt expression.



# Her Fall and Rise by David Graham Phillips

unto her. Neither do go, and sin no more.

Howard Chandler Christy

"Susie—sweetheart," he said, the voice in as astonishing contrast as the words to his air of friendly indifference. "They're watching us from the windows all around here."

"Oh—yes," assented she, as if she understood. But she didn't. In Sutherland the young people were not so mindful of gossip, which it was impossible to escape, anyhow. Still—off there in the East, no doubt they had more refined ways; no doubt, whatever Sam did was the correct thing.

"Do you still care—as you did last night?" he asked. The effect of his words upon her was so obvious that he glanced nervously round. It was delightful to be able to evoke a love like this; but he did wish others weren't looking.

"I'm going to uncle's store," she said. "I'm late."

"I'll walk part of the way with you," he volunteered, and they started on. "That—that kiss," he stammered. "I can feel it yet."

She blushed deeply, happily. Her beauty made him tingle. "So can I," she said.

They walked in silence several squares. "When will I see you again?" he asked.

"To-night?"

"Yes—do come down. But Ruth'll be there. I believe Artie Sinclair's coming."

"Oh, that counter-jumper?"

She looked at him in surprise. "He's an awful nice fellow," said she. "About the nicest in town."

"Of course," replied Sam, elaborately. "I beg your pardon. They think differently about those things in the East."

"What things?"

"No matter."

Sam, whose secret dream was to marry some fashionable Eastern woman and cut a dash in Fifth Avenue life, had no intention of explaining what was what to one who would not understand, would not approve, and would be made suspicious of him. "I suppose Ruth and Sinclair'll pair off and give us a chance."

"You'll come?"

"Right after din—supper, I mean. In the East we have dinner in the evening."

"Isn't that queer!" exclaimed Susan. But she was thinking of the joys in store for her at the close of the day.

"I must go back now," said Sam. Far up the street he saw his sister's pony cart coming.

"You might as well walk to the store." It

seemed to her that they both had ever so much to say to each other, and had said nothing.

"No. I can't go any farther. Good-by—that is, till to-night."

He was red and stammering. As they shook hands, emotion made them speechless. He stumbled awkwardly as he turned to leave, became still more hotly self-conscious when he saw the grin on the faces of the group of loungers at a packing-case near the curb. Susan did not see the loafers, did not see anything distinctly. Her feet sought the uneven brick sidewalk uncertainly, and the blood was pouring into her cheeks, was steaming in her brain, making a red mist before her eyes. She was glad he had left her. The joy of being with him was so keen that it was pain. Now she could breathe freely and could dream—dream—dream. She made blunder after blunder in working over the accounts with her uncle, and he began to tease her.

"You sure are in love, Brownie," declared he.

Her painful but happy blush delighted him.

"Tell me all about it?"

She shook her head, bending it low to hide her color.

"No? . . . Some time?"

She nodded. She was glancing shyly and merrily at him now.

"Well, some hold that first love's best. Maybe so. But it seems to me any time's good enough. Still—the first time's mighty fine—ch?" He



"A little kissing often leads a man to propose," said Ruth. Susan, sitting on the edge of the bed, reflected before she replied: "It sounds low and sneaking to me. I don't want to have anything to do with it. I'm glad I haven't got any father, if fathers have to be made to promise before everybody, or else they'll not keep their word."





Susan could hear the two of them below: first it was Ruth singing one of her pretty love songs, in that clear small voice of hers. Then Sam sang—how his voice thrilled her and filled her with jealous despair.

sighed. "My, but it's good to be young." And he patted her thick wavy hair.

It did not leak out until supper that Sam was coming. Warham said to Susan, "While Ruth's looking out for Artie, you and I'll have a game or so of chess, Brownie." Susan colored violently. "What?" laughed Warham. "Are you going to have a beau too?"

Susan felt two pairs of feminine eyes pounce—hostile eyes, savagely curious. She paled with fright as queer, as unprecedented as those hostile glances. It seemed to her that she had done or was about to do something criminal. She could not speak.

An awful silence, then her aunt—she no longer seemed her loving aunt—asked in an ominous voice, "Is someone coming to see you, Susan?"

"Sam Wright"—stammered Susan—"I saw him this morning—

"He was at their gate—

"And he said—

"I think he's coming."

A dead silence—Warham silent because he was eating, but not the two others for that reason.

Susan felt horribly guilty, and for no reason. "I'd have spoken of it before," she said, "but there didn't seem to be any chance." She had the instinct of a fine shy nature to veil the soul; she found it hard to speak of anything so sacred as this love of hers and whatever related to it.

"I can't allow this, Susie," said her aunt, with lips tightly drawn against the teeth. "You are too young."

"Oh, come now, mother," cried Warham, good humoredly. "That's foolishness. Let the young folks have a good time. You didn't think you were too young, at Susie's age."

"You don't understand, George," said Fanny after she had given him a private frown—Susie's gaze was on the table-cloth. "I can't permit Sam to come here to see Susie."

Ruth's eyes were down also. About her lips was a twitching that meant a struggle to hide a pleased smile.

"I've no objection to Susie's having boys of her own age come to see her," continued Mrs. Warham in the same precise, restrained manner. "But Sam is too old."

"Now, mother—"

Mrs. Warham met his eyes steadily. "I must protect my sister's child, George," she said. At last, she had found what she felt a just reason for keeping Sam away from Susan; so, her tone was honest and strong.

Warham lowered his gaze. He understood. "Oh—as you think best, Fan; I didn't mean to interfere," said he awkwardly. He turned on Susan with his affection in his eyes. "Well, Brownie, it looks like chess with your old uncle, doesn't it?"

Susan's bosom was swelling, her lip trembling. "I—I" she began. She choked back the sobs, faltered out: "I don't think I could, uncle," and rushed from the room.

There was an uncomfortable pause. Then Warham said, "I must say, Fan, I think—if you had to do it—you might have spared the girl's feelings."

Mrs. Warham felt miserable about it, also. "Susie took me by surprise," she apologized. Then, defiantly, "And what else can I do? You know he doesn't come for any good."

Warham stared in amazement. "Now, what does *that* mean?" he demanded.

"You know very well what it means," retorted his wife.

Her tone made him understand. He reddened, and with too blustering anger brought his fist down on the table. "Susan's our daughter. She's Ruth's sister."

Ruth pushed back her chair and stood up. Her expression made her look much older than she was. "I wish you could induce the rest of the town to think that, papa," said she. "It'd make my position less painful." And she too left the room.

"What's she talking about?" asked Warham.

"It's true, George," replied Fanny with trembling lip. "It's all my fault—insisting on keeping her. I might have known!"

"I think you and Ruth must be crazy. I've seen no sign."

"Have you seen any of the boys calling on Susan since she shot up from a child to a girl? Haven't you noticed she isn't invited any more—except when it can't be avoided?"

Warham's face was fiery with rage. He looked helplessly, furiously about. But he said nothing. To fight public sentiment would be like trying to thrust

back with one's fists an oncreeping fog. Finally he cried, "It's too outrageous to talk about."

"If I only knew what to do!" moaned Fanny. A long silence, while Warham was grasping the fullness of the meaning, the frightful meaning in these revelations so astounding to him. At last he said:

"Does *she* realize?"

"I guess so . . . I don't know . . . I don't believe she does. She's the most innocent child that ever grew up."

"If I had a chance, I'd sell out and move away."

"Where?" said his wife. "Where would people accept—her?"

Warham became suddenly angry again. "I don't believe it!" he cried, his look and tone contradicting his words. "You've been making a mountain out of a molehill."

And he strode from the room, flung on his hat and went for a walk. As Mrs. Warham came from the dining-room a few minutes later, Ruth



appeared in the side-veranda doorway. "I think I'll telephone Arthur to come to-morrow evening instead," said she. "He'd not like it, with Sam here too."

"That would be better," assented her mother. "Yes, I'd telephone him if I were you."

Thus it came about that Susan, descending the stairs to the library to get a book, heard Ruth say into the telephone in her sweetest voice, "Yes—to-morrow evening, Arthur. Some others are coming—the Wrights. You'd have to talk to Lottie. . . . I don't blame you. . . . To-morrow evening, then. So sorry. Good-by."

The girl on the stairway stopped short, shrank against the wall. A moment, and she hastily re-ascended, entered her room, closed the door. Love had awakened the woman; and the woman was not so unsuspecting, so easily deceived as the child had been. She understood what her cousin and her aunt were about; they were trying to take

lusion, a misery the more cruel because never before had either cousin or aunt said or done anything to cause her real pain. The sound of voices coming through the open window from below made her start up and go out on the balcony. She leaned over the rail. She could not see the veranda for the masses of creeper, but the voices were now quite plain in the stillness. Ruth's voice—gay and incessant. Presently a man's voice—*his*—and laughing! Then his voice speaking—then the two voices mingled—both talking at once, so eager were they! Her lover!—and Ruth was stealing him from her. Oh, the baseness, the treachery! And her aunt was helping— . . . Sore of heart, utterly forlorn, she sat in the balcony hammock, aching with love and jealousy.

Every now and then she ran in and looked at the clock. He was staying on and on, though he must have learned she was not coming down. She heard her uncle and aunt come up to bed. Now, the piano in the parlor was going. First it was Ruth singing one of her pretty love songs, in that clear small voice of hers. Then Sam played and sang—how his voice thrilled her! Again it was Ruthie singing—*Sweet Dream Faces*—Susan began to sob afresh. She could see Ruth at the piano, how beautiful she looked—and that song—it would be impossible for him not to be impressed. She felt the jealousy of despair. . . . Ten o'clock—half past—eleven o'clock! She heard them at the edge of the veranda—so, at last he was going. She was able to hear their words now:

"You'll be up for the tennis in the morning?" he was saying.

"At ten," replied Ruth.

"Of course, Susie's asked, too," he said—

and his voice sounded careless, not at all earnest.

"Certainly," was her cousin's reply. "But I'm not sure she can come."

It was all the girl at the balcony rail could do to refrain from crying out a protest. But Sam was saying to Ruth: "Well—good-night. Haven't had so much fun in a long time. May I come again?"

"If you don't, I'll think you were bored."

"Bored!" He laughed. "That's too ridiculous. See you in the morning. Good-night. . . . Give my love to Susie, and tell her I was sorry not to see her."

Susan was all in a glow, as her cousin answered, "I'll tell her." Doubtless Sam didn't note it, but Susan heard the constraint, the hypocrisy in Ruth's voice.

She watched him stroll down to the gate under the arch of boughs dimly lit by the moon. She stretched her arms passionately toward him. Then she went in, to go to bed. But, at the sound of Ruth, humming gaily in the next room, she realized that she could not sleep with her heart full of evil thoughts. She must have it out with her cousin. She knocked on the still bolted door.

"What is it?" asked Ruth, coldly.

"Let me in," answered Susan. "I've got to see you."

"Go to bed, Susie. It's late."

"You must let me in."

The bolt shot back. "All right. And please unhook my dress—there's a dear."

Susan opened the door, stood on the threshold, all her dark passion in her face. "Ruth!" she cried.

Ruth had turned her back, in readiness for the service the need of which had alone caused her to unbolt the door. At that swift, fierce ejaculation, she, startled, wheeled round. At sight of that wild anger she paled. "Why, Susie!" she gasped.

"I've found you out!" raged Susan. "You're trying to steal him from me—you and Aunt Fanny. It isn't fair! I'll not stand it!"

"What are you talking about?" cried Ruth. "You must have lost your senses."

"I'll not stand it," Susan repeated, advancing threateningly. "He loves me, and I love him."

Ruth laughed. "You foolish girl. Why, he cares nothing about you. The idea of your having your head turned by a little politeness."

"He loves me—he told me so. And I love him. I told him so. He's mine! You shan't take him from me!"

"He told you he loved you?"

Ruth's eyes were gleaming, and her voice was shrill with hate. "He told you *that*?"

"Yes—he did!"

"I don't believe you."

"We love each other," cried the dark

girl. He came to see me.

You've got Arthur Sinclair.

You shan't take him away!"

The two girls, shaking with fury, were facing each other, were looking into each other's eyes. "If Sam Wright told you he loved you," said Ruth, with the icy deliberateness, of a cold-hearted anger, "he was trying to—to make a fool of you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. We're trying to save you."

"He and I are engaged!" declared Susan. "You shan't take him—and you can't! He loves me!"

"Engaged!" jeered Ruth. "Engaged!" She laughed, pretending not to believe, yet believing.

She was beside herself with

Susan understood what her cousin and her aunt were about; they were trying to take her lover away from her! She sat down upon the floor, and cried with a breaking heart. The injustice of it! She could hear the sound of voices—Sam's and Ruthie's—coming through the open window below.

her lover from her! She understood her aunt's looks and tones, her cousin's temper and hysteria. She sat down upon the floor, and cried with a breaking heart. The injustice of it! The meanness of it! The wickedness of a world where even her sweet cousin, even her loving aunt were wicked! She sat there on the floor a long time, abandoned to the misery of a first shattered il-



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jealous anger. "Yes—we'll save you from yourself. You're like your mother. You'd disgrace us—as she did."

"Don't you dare talk that way, Ruth Warham. It's false—false! My mother is dead—and you're a wicked girl."

"It's time you knew the truth," said Ruth softly. Her eyes were half shut now and sparkling devilishly. "You haven't got any name. You haven't got any father. And no man of any position would marry you. As for Sam—"

She laughed contemptuously—"Do you suppose Sam Wright would marry a girl without a name?"

Susan had shrunk against the door jamb. She understood only dimly, but things understood dimly are worse than things that are clear. "Me?" she muttered. "Me? Oh, Ruth, you don't mean that."

"It's true," said Ruth, calmly. "And the sooner you realize it, the less likely you are to go the way your mother did."

Susan stood as if petrified.

"If Sam Wright comes hanging round you any more, you'll know how to treat him," Ruth went on. "You'll appreciate that he hasn't any respect for you—that he thinks you're someone to be trifled with. And if he talked engagement, it was only a pretense. Do you understand?"

The girl leaning in the doorway gazed into vacancy. After a while she answered dully, "I guess so."

Ruth began to fuss with the things on her bureau. Susan went into her room, sat on the edge of the bed. A few minutes, and Ruth, somewhat cooled down and not a little frightened, entered. She looked uneasily at the motionless figure. Finally she said: "Susie!"

No answer.

More sharply, "Susie!"

"Yes," said Susan, without moving.

"You understand that I told you for your own good? And you'll not say anything to mother or father? They feel terrible about it, and don't want it ever mentioned. You won't let on that you know?"

"I'll not tell," said Susan.

"You know we're fond of you—and want to do everything for you?"

No answer.

"It wasn't true—what you said about Sam's making love to you?"

"That's all over. I don't want to talk about it."

"You're not angry with me, Susie? I admit I was angry, but it was best for you to know—wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Susan.

"You're not angry with me?"

"No."

Ruth, still more uneasy, turned back into her own room because there was nothing else to do. She did not shut the door between. When she was in her nightgown, she glanced in at her cousin. The girl was sitting on the edge of the bed in the same position. "It's after midnight," said Ruth. "You'd better get undressed."

Susan moved a little. "I will," she said.

Ruth went to bed and soon fell asleep. After an hour or so she awakened. Light was streaming through the open, connecting door. She ran to it, looked in. Susan's clothes were in a heap beside the bed. Susan herself, with the pillows propping her, was staring wide-eyed at the ceiling. It was impossible for Ruth to realize any part of the effect upon her cousin of a thing she herself had known for years, and had taken al-

ways as a matter of course; she simply felt mildly sorry for unfortunate Susan.

"Susie, dear," she said gently, "do you want me to turn out the light?"



The clerk stood in the doorway of Susan's cabin. "Good night," said she. "You ain't a bit friendly," wheedled the clerk.

"Yes," said Susan.

Ruth switched off the light and went back to bed, better content. She felt that now Susan would stop her staring and would go to sleep. Sam's call had been very satisfactory. Ruth felt she had shown off to the best advantage, felt that he admired her, would come to see her next time. And now that she had so arranged it that Susan would avoid him, everything would turn out as she wished. "I'll use Arthur to make him jealous after a while—and then—I'll have things my own way." As she fell asleep, she was selecting the rooms Sam and she would occupy in the big Wright mansion—"when we're not in the East or in Europe."

RUTH had forgotten to close her shutters; so, toward seven o'clock, the light which had been beating against her eyelids for three hours succeeded in lifting them. She stretched herself and yawned noisily. Susan appeared in the connecting doorway.

"Are you awake?" she said softly.

"What time is it?" asked Ruth, too lazy to turn over and look at her clock.

"Ten to seven."

"Do close my shutters for me. I'll sleep an hour or two." She hazily made out the figure in the doorway. "You're dressed, aren't you?" she inquired.

"Yes," replied Susan. "I've been waiting for you to wake."

Something in the tone made Ruth forget about sleep and rub her fingers over her eyes to clear them for a view of her cousin. Susan seemed about as usual—perhaps a little serious, but then she had the habit of strange moods of seriousness "What did you want?" said Ruth.

Susan came into the room, sat at the foot of the bed—there was room, as the bed was long and Ruth short. "I want you to tell me what my mother did."

"Did?" echoed Ruth feebly.

"Did, to disgrace you and—me."

"Oh, I couldn't explain—not in a few words. I'm so sleepy. Don't bother about it, Susan." And she thrust her head deeper into the pillow. "Close the shutters."

"Then I'll have to ask Aunt Fanny—or Uncle George—or everybody—till I find out."

"But you mustn't do that," protested Ruth, flinging herself from left to right impatiently. "What is it you want to know?"

"About my mother—and what she did. And why I have no father—why I'm not like you—and the other girls."

"Oh—it's nothing. I can't explain. Don't bother about it. It's no use. It can't be helped. And it doesn't really matter."

"I've been thinking," said Susan. "I understand a great many things I didn't know I'd noticed—ever since I was a baby. But what I don't understand—"

She drew a long breath, a cautious breath, as if there were danger of awakening a pain—"What I don't understand is—why. And—you must tell me all about it. . . . Was my mother bad?"

"Not exactly bad," Ruth answered, uncertainly. "But she did one thing that was wicked—at least that a woman never can be forgiven for, if it's found out."

"Did she— . . . Did she take something that didn't belong to her?"

"No—nothing like that. No, she was, they say, as nice and sweet as she could be—except—She wasn't married to your father."

Susan sat in a brown study. "I can't understand," she said at last. "Why—she *must* have been married, or—or—there wouldn't have been me."

Ruth smiled uneasily. "Not at all. Don't you really understand?"

Susan shook her head.

"He—he betrayed her—and left her—and then everybody knew because you came."

Susan's violet gray eyes rested a grave, inquiring glance upon her cousin's face. "But if he betrayed her— What does betray mean? Doesn't it mean he promised to marry her and didn't?"

"Something like that," said Ruth. "Yes—something like that."

"Then *he* was the disgrace," said the dark cousin, after reflecting. "No—you're not telling me, Ruth. *What* did my mother do?"

"She had you without being married."

Again Susan sat in silence, trying to puzzle it out. Ruth lifted herself, put the pillows behind her back. "You don't understand—anything—do you? Well, I'll try to explain—though I don't know much about it."

And, hesitatingly, choosing words she thought fitted to those innocent ears, hunting about for expressions she thought comprehensible to that innocent mind, Ruth explained the relations of the sexes—an inaccurate, often absurd explanation, for she herself knew only what she had picked up from other girls—the fantastic

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suffered from them. My plan is that we try to educate ourselves together, take advantage of the accruing knowledge which is helping men and women to cope with the problems, to think straight. We can then teach our children to think straight, to avoid the pitfalls into which we have fallen."

I paused. Maude did not reply. Her face was turned away from me, towards the red glow of the setting sun above the hills.

"You have been doing this all along, you

have had the vision, the true vision, while I lacked it, Maude. I offer to help you. But if you think it is impossible for us to live together, believe my feeling towards you is not enough, if you don't think I can do it, or if you have ceased to care for me—"

She turned to me with a swift movement, her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Hugh, don't say any more. I can't stand it. How little you know, for all your thinking. I love you, I always have loved

you. I grew to be ashamed of it—but I'm not any longer. I haven't any pride any more, and I never want to have it again."

"You're willing to take me as I am—to try?" I said.

"Yes," she answered, "I'm willing to try." She smiled at me. "And I have more faith than you, Hugh. I think we'll succeed..."

At nine o'clock that night, when we came

out through the gates of the big, noisy station, the children were awaiting us. They had changed, they had grown. Biddy kissed me shyly, and stood staring up at me.

"We'll take you out tomorrow and show you how we can ride," said Moreton.

Matthew smiled. He stood very close to me, with his hand through my arm. "You're going to stay, father?" he asked.

"I'm going to stay, Matthew," I answered, "until we all go back to America."

The End.

## The Story of Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise

(Continued from page 10)

hodge-podge of pruriency, physiology, and sheer nonsense which, under our system of education, distorts and either alarms or inflames the imaginations of girls and boys where the clean simple truth would at least enlighten them. Susan listened with increasing amazement.

"Well, do you understand?" Ruth ended. "How we come into the world—and what marriage means?"

"I don't believe it," declared Susan. "It's awful!" And she shivered with disgust.

"I tell you it's true," insisted Ruth. "But if it's so, then my mother did marry my father," said Susan.

"No. She let him betray her. And when a woman lets a man betray her, why, she's ruined forever."

Susan reflected, nodded slowly. "I guess I understand. But don't you see it was my father who was the disgrace? He was the one that promised to marry and didn't."

"How foolish you are," cried Ruth. "I never knew you to be stupid."

"But isn't it so?" persisted Susan.

"Yes—in a way," her cousin admitted. "Only—the woman must protect herself until the ceremony has been performed."

"But if he said so to her, wasn't that saying so to God just as much as if the preacher had been there?"

"No, it wasn't," said Ruth with irritation. "And it's wicked to think such things. All I know is, God says a woman must be married before she—before she has any children. And your mother wasn't."

Susan shook her head. "I guess you don't understand any better than I do—really."

"No, I don't," confessed Ruth. "But I'd like to see any man more than kiss me or put his arm round me without our having been married."

"But," urged Susan, "if he kissed you, wouldn't that be—like marriage?"

"Some say so," admitted Ruth. "But I'm not so strict. A little kissing often leads a man to propose."

Susan reflected again. "It all sounds low and sneaking to me," was her final verdict. "I don't want to have anything to do with it. But I'm sure my mother was a good woman. It wasn't her fault if she was lied to, when she loved and believed. And anybody who blames her is low and bad. I'm glad I haven't got any father, if fathers have to be made to promise before everybody or else they'll not keep their word."

"Well, I'll not argue about it," said Ruth. "I'm telling you the way things are. The woman has to take all the blame."

Susan lifted her head haughtily. "I'd be glad to be blamed by anybody who was wicked enough to be that unjust. I'd not have anything to do with such people."

"Then you'd live alone."

"No, I shouldn't. There are lots of people who are good and—"

"That's wicked, Susan," interrupted Ruth. "All good people think as I tell you they do."

"Do Aunt Fanny and Uncle George blame my mother?"

"Of course. How could they help it, when she—"

Ruth was checked by the gathering lightnings in those violet-gray eyes.

"But," pursued Susan, after a pause, "even if they were wicked enough to blame my mother, they couldn't blame me."

"Of course not," declared Ruth, warmly. "Hasn't everybody always been sweet and kind to you?"

"But last night you said—"

Ruth hid her face. "I'm ashamed of what I said last night," she murmured.

"I've got, oh, such a nasty disposition, Susie."

"But what you said—wasn't it so?"

Ruth turned away her head.

Susan drew a long sigh, so quietly that Ruth could not have heard.

"You understand," Ruth said gently, "everybody feels sorry for you and—"

Susan frowned stormily. "They'd better feel sorry for themselves."

"Oh, Susie, dear," cried Ruth, impulsively catching her hand, "we all love you, and mother and father and I—we'll stand up for you through everything—"

"Don't you dare feel sorry for me!" Susan cried, wrenching her hand away.

Ruth's eyes filled with tears. "You can't blame us because everybody— You know, God says, 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children—'"

"I'm done with everybody," cried Susan, rising and lifting her proud head, "I'm done with God."

Ruth gave a low scream and shuddered. Susan looked round defiantly, as if she expected a bolt from the blue to come hurtling through the open window. But the sky remained serene, and the quiet, scented breeze continued to play with the lace curtains, and the birds on the balcony did not suspend their chattering courtship. This lack of immediate effect from her declaration of war upon man and God was encouraging. The last of the crushed, cowed feeling Ruth had inspired the night before disappeared. With a soul haughtily plumed, and looking defiance from the violet-gray eyes, Susan left her cousin and betook herself down to breakfast.

In common with most children, she had always dreamed of a mysterious fate for herself, different from the commonplace routine around her. Ruth's revelations, far from daunting her, far from making her feel like cringing before the world in gratitude for its tolerance of her bar sinister, seemed a fascinatingly tragic confirmation of her romantic longings and beliefs. No doubt it was the difference from the common lot that had attracted Sam to her; and this difference would make their love wholly unlike the commonplace Sutherland wooing and wedding. Yes, hers had been a mysterious fate, and would continue to be. Nora, an old woman now, had often related in her presence how Doctor Stevens had brought her to life when she lay apparently, indeed really, dead upon the up-stairs sitting-room table—Doctor Stevens and Nora's own prayers. An extraordinary birth, in defiance of the laws of God and man; an extraordinary resurrection, in defiance of the laws of nature—yes, hers would be a life superbly different from the common. And when she and Sam married, how gracious and forgiving she would be to all those bad-hearted people; how she would shame them for their evil thoughts against her mother and herself!

The Susan Lenox who sat alone at the little table in the dining-room window, eating bread and butter and honey in the comb, was apparently the same Susan Lenox who had taken three meals a day in that room all those years—was, indeed, actually the same, for character is not an overnight creation. Yet, it was an amazingly different Susan Lenox, too. The first crisis had come, she had been put to the test; and she had not collapsed in weakness, but had stood erect in strength.

After breakfast she went down Main Street, and at Crooked Creek Avenue took the turning for the cemetery. She sought the Warham plot, on the western slope near the quiet brook. There was a clump of cedars at each corner of the plot; near the largest of them were three little graves—the three dead children of George and Fanny. In the shadow of the clump and nearest the brook was a fourth grave—apart, and, to the girl now, thrillingly mysterious:

Lorella Lenox.

Born May 9, 1866; died July 17, 1886.

Twenty years old! Susan's tears scalded her eyes. Only a little older than her cousin Ruth was now—Ruth who often seemed to her, and to everybody, younger than herself. "And she was good—I know she was good!" thought Susan. "He was bad, and the people who took his part against her were bad. But she was good!"

She startled as Sam's voice, gay and light, sounded directly behind her. "What are you doing in a graveyard?" cried he.

"How did you find me?" she asked, paling and flushing, and paling again.

"I've been following you ever since you left home."

He might have added that he did not try to overtake her until they were where people would be least likely to see.

"Whose graves are those?" he went on, cutting across a plot and stepping on several graves to join her.

She was gazing at her mother's simple headstone. His glance followed hers, he read.

"Oh—beg pardon," he said confusedly. "I didn't see."

She turned her serious gaze from the headstone to his face, which her young imagination transfigured. "You know—about her?" she asked.

"I—I—I've heard," he confessed. "But—Susie, it doesn't amount to anything. It happened a long time ago—and everybody's forgotten—and—" His stammering falsehoods died away before her steady look.

"How did you find out?"

"Someone just told me," replied she. "And they said you'd never respect or marry a girl who had no father. No—don't deny—please! I didn't believe it—not after what we had said to each other."

Sam, red and shifting uneasily, could not even keep his downcast eyes upon the same spot of ground.

"You see," she went on, sweet and grave, "they don't understand what love means—do they?"

"I guess not," muttered he, completely unnerved.

Why, how seriously the girl had taken him and his words!—such a few words and not at all definite. No, he decided, it was the kiss. He had heard of girls so innocent they they thought a kiss meant the same as being married. He got himself together as well as he could and looked at her.

"But, Susie," he said, "you're too young for anything definite—and I'm not half way through college."

"I understand," said she. "But you need not be afraid I'll change."

She was so sweet, so magnetic, so compelling that in spite of the frowns of prudence he seized her hand: At her touch he flung prudence to the winds. "I love you," he cried; and putting his arm around her, he tried to kiss her. She gently but strongly repulsed him. "Why not, dear?" he pleaded. "You love me—don't you?"

"Yes," she replied, her honest eyes shining upon his. "But we must wait until we're married. I don't care so much for the others, but I'd not want Uncle George to feel I had disgraced him."

"Why, there's no harm in a kiss," pleaded he.

"Kissing you is—different," she replied. "It's—it's—marriage."

He understood her innocence that frankly assumed marriage where a sophisticated girl would, in the guilt of designing thoughts, have shrunk in shame from, however vaguely, suggesting such a thing. He realized to the full his peril. "I'm a fool," he said to himself, "to hang about her. But

somehow I can't help it—I can't!" And the truth was, he loved her as much as a boy of his age is capable of loving, and he would have gone on to marry her but for the snobishness smeared on him by the provincialism of the small town and burned in by the toadyism of his fashionable college set. As he looked at her, he saw beauty beyond any he had ever seen elsewhere and a sweetness and honesty that made him ashamed before her. "No, I couldn't harm her," he told himself. "I'm not such a dog as that. But there's no harm in loving her and kissing her and making her as happy as it's right to be."

"Don't be mean, Susan," he begged, tears in his eyes. "If you love me, you'll let me kiss you?"

And she yielded, and the shock of the kiss set both to trembling. It appealed to his vanity, it heightened his own agitations to see how pale she had grown and how her rounded bosom rose and fell in the wild tumult of her emotions. "Oh, I can't do without seeing you," she cried. "And Aunt Fanny has forbidden me."

"I thought so!" exclaimed he. "I did what I could last night to throw them off the track. If Ruth had only known what I was thinking about all the time. Where were you?"

"Up-stairs—on the balcony."

"I felt it," he declared. "And when she sang love songs I could hardly keep from rushing up to you. Susie, we must see each other."

"I can come here, almost any day."

"But people'd soon find out—and they'd say all sorts of things. And your uncle and aunt would hear."

There was no disputing anything so obvious.

"Couldn't you come down to-night, after the others are in bed and the house is quiet?" he suggested.

She hesitated before the deception, though she felt that her family had forfeited the right to control her. But love, being the supreme necessity, conquered. "For a few minutes," she conceded.

She had been absorbed; but his eyes, kept alert by his conventional soul, had seen several people at a distance observing without seeming to do so. "We must separate," he now said. "You see, Susie, we mustn't be gossiped about. You know how determined they are to keep us apart."

"Yes—yes," she eagerly agreed. "Will you go first, or shall I?"

"You go—the way you came. I'll jump the brook down where it's narrow and cut across and into our place by the back way. What time to-night?"

"Arthur's coming," reflected Susie aloud. "Ruth'll not let him stay late. She'll be sleepy and will go straight to bed. About half past ten. If I'm not on the front veranda—no, the side veranda—by eleven, you'll know something has prevented."

"But you'll surely come?"

"I'll come." And it both thrilled and alarmed him to see how in earnest she was. But he looked love into her loving eyes and went away, too intoxicated to care whether this adventure was leading him.

At dinner she felt she was no longer a part of this family. Were they not all pitying and looking down on her in their hearts? She was like a deformed person who has always imagined the consideration he has had was natural and equal, and suddenly discovers that it is pity for his deformity. She now acutely felt her aunt's, her cousin's dislike; and her uncle's gentleness was not less galling. In her softly rounded, youthful face there was revealed, definitely for the first time, an underlying expression of strength, of what is often confused with its



feeble counterfeit, obstinacy—that power to resist circumstances which makes the unusual and the firm character. The young mobility of her features suggested the easy swaying of the baby sapling in the gentle breeze. Singularly at variance with it was this expression of tenacity. Such an expression in the face of the young infallibly forecasts an agitated, and agitating life. It seemed amazingly out of place in Susan, because theretofore she had never been put to the test in any but unnoted trifles and, so, had given the impression that she was as docile as she was fearful of giving annoyance or pain and indifferent to having her own way. Those who have this temperament of strength encased in gentleness are invariably misunderstood. When they assert themselves, though they be in the particular instance wholly right, they are regarded as wholly and outrageously wrong. Life deals hardly with them, punishes them for the mistaken notion of themselves they have through forbearance and gentleness of heart permitted an unobservant world to form.

Susan spent the afternoon on the balcony before her window, reading and sewing—or, rather, dreaming over first a book, then a dress. When she entered the dining-room at supper time the others were already seated. She saw instantly that something had occurred—something ominous for her. Mrs. Warham gave her a penetrating, severe look and lowered her eyes; Ruth was gazing sullenly at her plate. Warham's glance was stern and reproachful. She took her place opposite Ruth, and the meal was eaten in silence. Ruth left the table first. Next, Mrs. Warham rose and saying, "Susan, when you've finished, I wish to see you in the sitting-room up-stairs," swept in solemn dignity from the room. Susan rose at once to follow. As she was passing her uncle he put out his hand and detained her.

"I hope it was only a foolish girl's piece of nonsense," said he with an attempt at his wonted kindness. "And I know it won't occur again. But when your aunt says things you won't like to hear, remember that you brought this on yourself and that she loves you, as we all do, and is thinking only of your good."

"What is it, Uncle George?" cried Susan amazed. "What have I done?"

Warham looked sternly grieved. "Brownie," he reproached, "you mustn't deceive. Go to your aunt."

She found her aunt seated stiffly in the living-room, her hands folded upon her stomach. "What is it, aunt?" she said, feeling as if she were before a stranger and an enemy.

"The whole town is talking about your disgraceful doings this morning," Ruth's mother replied in a hard voice.

The color leaped in Susan's cheeks.

"Yesterday I forbade you to see Sam Wright again. And already you disobey."

"I did not say I would not see him again," replied Susan.

"I thought you were an honest, obedient girl," cried Fanny, the high, shrill notes in her voice rasping upon the sensitive, the now morbidly sensitive Susan. "Instead—you slip away from the house and meet a young man—and permit him to take liberties with you."

Susan braced herself. "I did not go to the cemetery to meet him," she replied; and that new, or, rather, newly revived, tenacity was strong in her eyes, in the set of her sweet mouth. "He saw me on the way and followed. I did let him kiss me—once. But I had the right to."

"You have disgraced yourself—and us all."

"We are going to be married!"

"I don't want to hear such fool talk!" cried Mrs. Warham violently. "If you had any sense, you'd know better."

"He and I do not feel as you do about my mother," said the girl with quiet dignity.

Mrs. Warham shivered before this fling. "Who told you?" she demanded.

"It doesn't matter, I know."

"Well, miss, since you know, then I can tell you that your uncle and I realize you're going the way your mother went. And the whole town thinks you've gone already. They're all saying, 'I told you so! I told you so! Like her mother!'" Mrs. Warham was weeping hysterical tears of fury. "The whole town! And it'll reflect on my Ruth. Oh, you miserable girl! Whatever possessed me to take pity on you?"

Susan's hands clutched until the nails sunk into the palms. She shut her teeth together, turned to fly.

"Wait!" commanded Mrs. Warham. "Wait, I tell you!"

Susan halted in the doorway, but did not turn.

"Your uncle and I have talked it over."

"Oh!" cried Susan.

Mrs. Warham's eyes glistened. "Yes, he has wakened up at last. There's one thing he isn't soft about—"

"You've turned him against me!" cried the girl despairingly.

"You mean *you* have turned him against you," retorted her aunt. "Anyhow, you can't wheedle him this time. He's as bent as I am. And you must promise us that you won't see Sam again."

A pause. Then Susan said, "I can't."

"Then we'll send you away to your Uncle Zeke's. It's quiet out there, and you'll have a chance to think things over. And I reckon he'll watch you. He's never forgiven your mother. Now, will you promise?"

"No," said Susan calmly. "You have wicked thoughts about my mother, and you are being wicked to me—you and Ruth. Oh, I understand!"

"Don't you dare stand there and lie that way!" raved Mrs. Warham. "I'll give you tonight to think about it. If you don't promise, you leave this house. Your uncle has been weak where you were concerned, but this caper of yours has brought him to his senses. We'll not have you a loose character—and your cousin's life spoiled by it. First thing we know, no respectable man'll marry her, either."

From between the girl's shut teeth issued a cry. She darted across the hall, locked herself in her room.

SAM did not wait until Arthur Sinclair left but, all ardor and impatience, stole in at the Warham's front gate at ten o'clock. He dropped to the grass behind a clump of lilacs, and to calm his nerves and to make the time pass more quickly smoked a cigaret, keeping its lighted end carefully hid in the hollow of his hand. He was not twenty feet away, was seeing and hearing, when Arthur kissed Ruth good night. He laughed to himself. "How disappointed she looked last night when she saw I wasn't going to do that. What a charmer Susie must be, when the thought of her made the idea of kissing as pretty a girl as Ruth uninteresting, almost distasteful!"

Sinclair departed; the lights in parlor and hall went out; presently light appeared through the chinks in some of the second-story shutters. Then followed three-quarters of an hour of increasing tension. The tension would have been even greater had he seen the young lady going leisurely about her preparations for bed. For Ruth was of the orderly, precise women who are created to foster the virtue of patience in those about them. It took her nearly as long to dress for bed as for a party. She did her hair up in curl papers with the utmost care; she washed and rinsed and greased her face and neck and gave them a thorough massage. She shook out and carefully hung or folded or put to air each separate garment. She examined her silk stockings for holes, found one, darned it with a neatness rivaling that of a *stoppeur*. She removed from her dressing-table and put away in drawers everything that was out of place. She closed each drawer tightly, closed and locked the closets, looked under the bed, turned off the lights over the dressing-table. She completed her toilet with a slow washing of her teeth, a long spraying of her throat and a deliberate, thoroughgoing dripping of boracic acid into each eye to keep and improve clearness and brilliancy. She sat on the bed, reflected on what she had done, to assure herself that nothing had been omitted. After a slow look around she drew off her bedroom slippers, set them carefully side by side near the head of the bed. She folded her nightgown neatly about her legs, thrust them down into the bed. Again she looked slowly, searchingly about the room to make absolutely sure she had forgotten nothing, had put everything in perfect order. For, once in bed she hated to get out; yet, if she should recall any omission, however slight, she would be unable to sleep until she had corrected it. Finally, sure as fallible humanity can be, she turned out the last light, lay down—went instantly to sleep.

It was hardly a quarter of an hour after the vanishing of that last ray when Sam, standing now with heart beating fast and a lump of expectancy, perhaps of trepidation too, in his throat, saw a figure issue from the front door and move round to the side veranda. He made a detour on the lawn, so as to keep out of view both from house and street, came up to the veranda, called to her softly.

"Can you get over the rail?" asked she in the same low tone.



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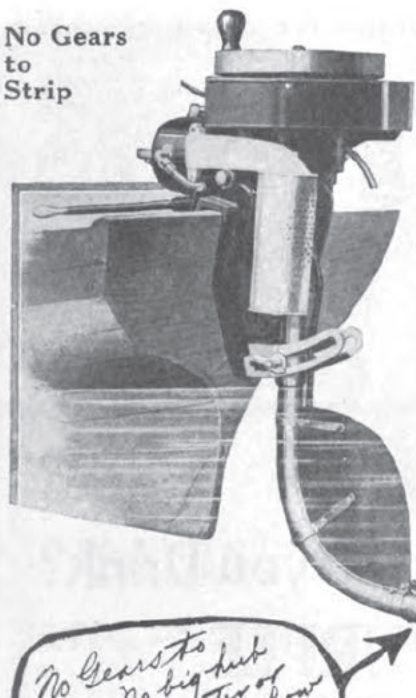
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"Let's go back to the summer-house," urged he.

"No. Come up here," she insisted. "Be careful. The windows above are open."

He climbed the rail noiselessly and made an impetuous move for her hand. She drew back. "No, Sam dear," she said. "I know it's foolish. But I've an instinct against it—and we mustn't."

She spoke so gently that he persisted and pleaded. It was some time before he realized how much firmness there was under her gentleness. She was so afraid of making him cross; yet he also saw that she would withstand at any cost. He placed himself beside her on the wicker lounge, sitting close, his cheek almost against hers, that they might hear each other without speaking above a whisper. After one of those silences which are the peculiar delight of lovers, she drew a long breath and said, "I've got to go away, Sam. I sha'n't see you again for a long time."

"They heard about this morning! They're sending you away!"

"No—I'm going. They feel that I'm a disgrace and a drag. So, I can't stay."

"But—you've got to stay!" protested Sam. In wild alarm, he suspected she was preparing to make him elope with her—and he did not know to what length of folly his infatuation might whirl him. "You've no place to go," he urged.

"I'll find a place," said she.

"You mustn't—you mustn't, Susie! Why, you're only seventeen—and have no experience."

"I'll get experience," said she. "Nothing could be so bad as staying here. Can't you see that?"

He could not. Like so many of the children of the rich he had no trace of overnice sense of self-respect, having been lying and toadying all his life to a father who used the power of his wealth at home, no less, rather more, than abroad. But he vaguely realized what delicacy of feeling lay behind her statement of her position; and he did not dare express his real opinion. He returned to the main point. "You've simply got to put up with it, for the present, Susie," he insisted. "But, then, of course, you're not serious."

"Yes. I am going."  
"You'll think it over, and see I'm right, dear."

"I'm going to-night."  
"To-night!" he cried.  
"Sh-h!"

Sam looked apprehensively around. Both breathed softly and listened with straining ears. His exclamation had not been loud, but the silence was profound. "I guess nobody heard," he finally whispered. "You mustn't go, Susie." He caught her hand and held it. "I love you, and I forbid it."

"I must go, dear," answered she. "I've decided to take the midnight boat for Cincinnati."

In the half darkness he gazed in stupefaction at her—this girl of only seventeen, calmly resolving upon and planning an adventure so daring, so impossible. As he was born and bred in that western country, where the very children have more independence than the carefully tamed grown people of the East, he ought to have been prepared for almost anything. But his father had undermined his courage and independence; also his year in the East had given him somewhat different ideas of women. Susan's announcement seemed incredible. He was gathering himself for pouring out a fresh protest when it flashed through his mind—Why not?—She would go to Cincinnati. He could follow in a few days or a week—and then—

Well, at least they would be free and could have many happy days together.

"Why, how could you get to Cincinnati?" he said. "You haven't any money."

"I've a twenty-dollar goldpiece uncle gave me as a keepsake. And I've got seventeen dollars in other money, and several dollars in change," explained she. "I've got two hundred and forty-three dollars and fifty cents in the bank, but I can't get that—not now. They'll send it to me when I find a place and am settled and let them know."

"You can't do it, Susie! You can't and you mustn't."

"If you knew what they said to me! Oh I couldn't stay, Sam. I've got some of my clothes—a little bundle—behind the front door. As soon as I'm settled, I'll let you know."

A silence, then, he hesitatingly, "Don't you—do you—hadn't I better go with you?" She thrilled at this generosity, this new proof of love. But she said: "No, I wouldn't let you do that. They'd blame you. And I want them to know it's all my own doing."

"You're right, Susie," said the young

man, relieved and emphatic. "If I went with you, it'd only get both of us into deeper trouble." Again silence, with Sam feeling a kind of awe as he studied the resolute mysterious profile of the girl which he could now see clearly. At last he said,—"And after you get there, Susie—what will you do?"

"Find a boarding-house, and then look for a place."

"What kind of a place?"

"In a store—or making dresses—or any kind of sewing. Or I could do housework."

Youth is prolific of generous impulses. He, sitting so close to her and breathing in through his skin the emanations of her young magnetism, was moved to the depths by the picture her words conjured. This beautiful girl, a mere child, born and bred in the class lady, wandering away penniless and alone, to be a prey to the world's buffetings which, severe enough in reality, seem savage beyond endurance to the children of wealth.

As he pictured it, his heart impulsively expanded. It was at his lips to offer to marry her. But his real self—and one's real self is vastly different from one's impulses—his real self forbade the words passage. He was young; so, while he did not speak, he felt ashamed of himself for not speaking. He felt that she must be expecting him to speak, that she had the right to expect it. He drew a little away from her, and kept silent.

"The time will soon pass," said she, absently.

"The time? Then you intend to come back?"

"I mean the time until you're through college and we can be together."

She spoke as one speaks of a dream as to which one has never a doubt but that it will come true. It was so preposterous, this idea that he would marry her, especially after she had been "a servant or God knows what" for several years—it was so absurd that he burst into a sweat of nervous terror. And he hastily drew farther away.

She felt the change, for she was of those who are born sensitive. But she was far too young and inexperienced to have learned to interpret aright the subtle warnings of the nerves. "You are displeased with me?" she asked timidly.

"No—oh, no, Susie," he stammered. "I—I was thinking. Do put off going for a day or two. There's no need of hurrying."

But she felt that by disobeying her aunt and coming down to see him she had forfeited the right to shelter under that roof. "I can't go back," said she. "There's a reason." She would not tell him the reason; it would make him feel as if he were to blame. "When I get a place in Cincinnati," she went on, "I'll write to you."

"Not here," he objected. "That wouldn't do at all. No, send me a line to the Gibson House in Cincinnati, giving me your address."

"The Gibson House," she repeated. "I'll not forget that name. Gibson House."

"Send it as soon as you get a place. I may be in Cincinnati soon. But this is all nonsense. You're not going. You'd be afraid."

She laughed softly. "You don't know me. Now that I've got to go, I'm glad."

And he realized that she was not talking to give herself courage, that her words were literally true. This made him admire her, and fear her, too. There must be something wild and unwomanly in her nature. "I guess she inherits it from her mother—and perhaps her father, whoever he was." Probably she was simply doing a little early what she'd have been sure to do sooner or later, no matter what had happened. On the whole, it was just as well that she was going. "I can take her on East in the Fall. As soon as she has a little knowledge of the world, she'll not expect me to marry her: She can get something to do. I'll help her." And now he felt in conceit with himself again—felt that he was going to be a good, generous friend to her.

"Perhaps you'll be better off—once you get started," said he.

"I don't see how I could be worse off. What is there here for me?"

He wondered at the good sense of this from a mere child. It was most unlikely that any man of the class she had been brought up in would marry her; and how could she endure marriage with a man of the class in which she might possibly find a husband? As for reputation—

She, an illegitimate child, never could have a reputation, at least not so long as she had her looks. After supper, to kill time, he had dropped in at Willett's drug store where the young fellows loafed and gossiped

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in the evenings; all the time he was there the conversation had been made up of sly digs and hints about graveyard trysts. Yes, she was right. There could be "nothing in it" for her in Sutherland. He was filled with pity for her. "Poor child! What a shame!" There must be something wrong with a world that permitted such iniquities.

The clock struck twelve. "You must go," she said. "Sometimes the boat comes as early as half past." And she stood up.

As he faced her, the generous impulse surged again. He caught her in his arms, she not resisting. He kissed her again and again, murmuring disconnected words of endearment and fighting back the offer to marry her. "I mustn't! I mustn't!" he said to himself. "What'd become of us?" If his passions had been as virgin, as inexperienced as hers, no power could have held him from going with her and marrying her. But experience had taught him the abysmal difference between before and after; and he found strength to be sensible, even in the height of his passionate longing for her.

She clasped her arms about his neck. "Oh, my dear love!" she murmured. "I'd do anything for you. I feel that you love me as I love you."

"Yes—yes." And he pressed his lips to hers. An instant and she drew away, shaking and panting. He tried to clasp her again, but she would not have it. "I can't stand it!" he murmured. "I must go with you—I must!"

"No!" she replied. "It wouldn't do unless we were really married." Wistfully, "And we can't be that yet—can we? There isn't any way?"

His passion cooled instantly. "There isn't any way," he said regretfully. "I'd not dare tell my father."

"Yes, we must wait till you're of age, and have your education, and are free. Then—" She drew a long breath, looked at him with a brave smile. The large moon was shining upon them. "We'll think of that, and not let ourselves be unhappy—won't we?"

"Yes," he said. "But I must go."

"I forgot for the minute. Good-by, dear-est." She put up her lips. He kissed her, but without passion now.

"You might go with me as far as the wharf," she suggested.

"No—some one might see—and that would ruin everything. I'd like to—I'd—" "It wouldn't do," she interrupted. "I wouldn't let you come."

With sudden agitation she kissed him—he felt that her lips were cold. He pressed her hands—they too were cold. "Good-by, my darling," he murmured, vaulted lightly over the rail and disappeared in the deep shadows of the shrubbery. When he was clear of the grounds, he paused to light a cigaret. His hand was shaking so that the match almost dropped from his fingers. "I've been making a double fool of myself," he said half aloud. "A double fool! I've got to stop that talk about marrying, somehow—or keep away from her. But I can't keep away. I must have her! Why in the devil can't she realize that a man in my position couldn't marry her? If it wasn't for this marrying talk, I'd make her happy. I've simply got to stop this marrying talk. It gets worse and worse."

Her calmness deceived her into thinking herself perfectly sane and sober, perfectly aware of what she was about. She had left her hat and her bundle behind the door. She put on the hat in the darkness of the hall with steady fingers, took up the well filled shawl strap and went forth, closing the door behind her. In the morning they would find the door unlocked; but that would not cause much talk, as Sutherland people were all rather careless about locking up. They would not knock at the door of her room until noon, perhaps. Then they would find on the pincushion the letter she had written to her uncle, saying good-by and explaining that she had decided to remove forever the taint of her mother and herself from their house and their lives—a somewhat theatrical letter, modeled upon Ouida, whom she thought the greatest writer that ever lived, Victor Hugo and two or three poets perhaps excepted.

Her bundle was not light, but she hardly felt it as she moved swiftly through the deserted, moonlit streets toward the river. The wharf boat for the Cincinnati and Louisville mail steamers was anchored at the foot of Pine Street. On the levee before it were piled the boxes, bags, cases, crates, barrels to be loaded upon the "up-boat." She was descending the gentle slope toward this mass of freight when her blood tingled

at a deep, hoarse, mournful whistle from far away; she knew it was the up-boat, rounding the bend and sighting the town. The sound echoed musically back and forth between the Kentucky and the Indiana bluffs, died lingeringly away. Again the whistle boomed, again the dark forest-clad steeps sent the echoes to and fro across the broad silver river. And now she could see the steamer, at the bend—a dark mass picked out with brilliant dots of light; the big funnels, the two thick pennants of black smoke. And she could hear the faint, pleasant stroke of the paddles of the big side wheels upon the water.

At the wharf boat there had not been a sign of life. But with the dying away of the second whistle, lights—the lights of lanterns—appeared on the levee close to the water's edge and on the wharf boat itself. And behind her, the doors of the Sutherland Hotel opened and its office lit up, in preparation for any chance arrivals. She turned abruptly out of the beaten path down the gravel levee, made for the lower and darker end of the wharf boat. There would be Sutherland people going up the river. But they would be more than prompt; every one came early to boats and trains, to begin the sweet draught of the excitement of journeying. So she would wait in the darkness and go aboard when the steamer was about to draw in its planks. At the upper end of the wharf boat there was the broad gangway to the levee for passengers and freight; at the lower and dark and deserted end, a narrow beam extended from boat to shore, to hold the boat steady. Susan, balancing herself with her bundle, went up to the beam, sat down upon a low stanchion in the darkness where she could see the river.

Louder and louder grew the regular musical beat of engine and paddle. The searchlight on the forward deck of the *General Lytle*, after peering uncertainly, suspiciously, at the entire levee and at the river and at the Kentucky shore, abruptly focused upon the wharf boat. The *Lytle* now seemed a blaze of lights—from lower deck, from saloon-deck, from pilot-house deck, and forward and astern. A hundred interesting sounds came from her—tinkling of bells, calls from deck to deck, whistlings, creaking of pulleys, lowing of cattle, grunting of swine, plaint of agitated sheep, the resigned cluckings of many chickens. Along the rail of the middle or saloon-deck were seated a few passengers who had not yet gone to bed. On the lower deck was a swarm of black roustabouts, their sooty animal faces, their uncannily contrasting white teeth and eye-balls, their strange and varied rags lit up by the torches blazing where a gang plank lay ready for running out. And high and clear, in the lovely June night sailed the moon, spreading a faint benign light upon hills and shores and glistening river, upon the graceful, stately mail steamer, now advancing majestically upon the wharf boat. Susan watched all, saw all, with quick beating heart and quivering interest. It was the first time that her life had been visited by the fascinating sense of event, real event. The tall, proud, impetuous child-woman, standing in the semi-darkness beside her bundle, was about to cast her stake upon the table in a bold game with destiny. Her eyes shone with the wonderful expression that is seen only when courage gazes into the bright face of danger.

The steamer touched the edge of the wharf boat with gentle care; the wharf boat swayed and groaned. Even as the gang planks were pushing out, the ragged, fantastic roustabouts, with wild, savage, hilarious cries, ran and jumped and scrambled to the wharf boat like a band of escaping lunatics and darted down its shore planks to pounce upon the piles of freight. The mate, at the steamer edge to superintend the loading, and the wharfmaster on the levee beside the freight released each a hoarse torrent of profanity, to spur on the yelling, laughing, roustabouts, more brute than man. Torches flared; cow and sheep, pig and chicken, uttered each kind its own cry of dissatisfaction or dismay; the mate and wharfmaster cursed because it was the custom to curse; the roustabouts rushed ashore empty handed, came filing back, stooping under their burdens. It was a scene of animation, of excitement, savage, grotesque, fascinating.

Susan, trembling a little, so tense were her nerves, waited until the last straggling roustabouts were staggering on to the boat, until the deep whistle sounded warning of approaching departure. Then she took up her bundle and put herself in the line of roustabouts, between a half-naked negro, black as coal and bearing a small barrel of beer, and a half-naked mulatto bearing a bundle of



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loud smelling untanned skins. "Get out of the way of the lady!" yelled the mate, eagerly seizing upon a new text for his denunciations. "Get out of the way, you black hellions! Let the lady pass! Look out, lady!"

Susan fled across the deck and darted up the stairs to the saloon. The steamer was all white without except the black metal-work. Within—that is, in the long saloon out of which the cabins opened to right and left and in which the meals were served at extension tables—there was the palatial splendor of white and gilt. At the forward end near the main entrance, was the office. Susan, peering in from the darkness of the deck, saw that the way was clear. The Sutherland passengers had been accommodated. She entered, put her bundle down, faced the clerk behind the desk.

"Why, howdy, Miss Lenox," said he, genially, beginning to twist his narrow, carefully attended blond mustache. "Any of the folks with you?"

She remembered his face but not his name. She remembered him as one of the "river characters" regarded as outcast by the Christian respectability of Sutherland. But she who could not but be polite to everybody smiled pleasantly, though she did not like his expression as he looked at her. "No, I'm alone," said she.

"Oh—your friends are going to meet you at the wharf in the morning," said he, content with his own explanation. "Just sign here, please." And, as she wrote, he went on: "I've got one room left. Ain't that lucky? It's a nice one, too. You'll be very comfortable. Everybody at home well? I ain't been in Sutherland for nigh ten years. Every week or so I think I will, and then somehow I don't. Here's your key—number 34—right-hand side, well down toward the far end, yonder. Two dollars, please. Thank you—exactly right. Hope you sleep well."

"Thank you," said Susan. She turned away with the key which was thrust through one end of a stick about a foot long, to make it too bulky for absent-minded passengers to pocket. She took up her bundle, walked down the long saloon with its gilt decorations, its crystal chandeliers, its double array of small doors, each numbered. The clerk looked after her, admiration of the fine curve of her shoulders, back, and hips written plain upon his insignificant features. And it was a free admiration he would not have dared show, had she not been a daughter of illegitimacy—a girl whose mother's "looseness" raised pleasing if scandalous suggestions and even possibili-

ties in the mind of every man with a carnal eye.

Susan, all unconscious of that impudent gaze, was soon standing before the narrow door numbered 34, as she barely made out, for the lamps in the saloon chandeliers were turned low. She unlocked it, entered the small clean stateroom and deposited her bundle on the floor. With just a glance at her quarters she hurried to the opposite door—the one giving upon the promenade. She opened it, stepped out, crossed the deserted deck and stood at the rail. The *General Lytle* was drawing slowly away from the wharf boat. As that part of the promenade happened to be sheltered from the steamer's lights, she was seeing the panorama of Sutherland—its long stretch of shaded waterfront, its cupolas and steeples, the wide leafy streets leading straight from the river by a gentle slope to the base of the dark towering bluffs behind the town—all sleeping in peace and beauty in the soft light of the moon. That farthest cupola to the left—it was the Number Two engine-house, and the third place from it was her uncle's house. Slowly the steamer, now in mid-stream, drew away from the town. One by one the familiar landmarks—the packing-house, the soap factory, the brewery, the tall chimney of the pumping-station, the shorn top of reservoir hill—slipped ghostly away to the southwest. The sobs choked up into her throat and the tears rained from her eyes. They all pitted and looked down on her there; still, it had been home—the only home she ever had known or ever would know. And until these last few frightful days how happy she had been there! For the first time she felt desolate, weak, afraid. But not daunted. It is strange to see in strong human character the strength and the weakness, two flat contradictions, existing side by side and making weak what seems so strong and making strong what seems so weak. However, human character is a tangle of inconsistencies, as disorderly and inchoate as the tangible and visible parts of nature. Susan felt weak, but not the kind of weakness that skulks. And there lay the difference between courage and cowardice. Courage has full as much fear as cowardice, often more; but it has a something else that cowardice has not. It trembles and shivers but goes forward.

Wiping her eyes she went back to her own cabin. She had neglected closing its other door, the one from the saloon. The clerk was standing smirking in the doorway.

"You must be going away for quite some time," said he. And he fixed upon her as

(Mr. Phillips' powerful novel is continued in our August issue)

## My Life's Story

(Continued from page 23)

poor Berton's memory. The English artist-life is most delightful. For the first time I had a taste of it. It is not known in New York, or any American city. In London, Paris, Berlin, Petrograd, or any European capital, there is a zest and admiration for art and the artist. People of other countries are loyal to their singers, actors, and playwrights—the foreigner upholds his own; and while the outsider is always accorded a cordial welcome, it is not given at the expense of the established favorites. In America, the foreign artist is invariably praised above the native. Let us hope that in time to come, we may develop a spirit of loyalty to our own and give them a helping hand.

After our return to America, while Mrs. Carter was touring in "Zaza," I began to look for a new play. As I could find nothing, I decided to write it myself, and had almost made up my mind to do a version of the life of Queen Elizabeth, when Miss Elizabeth Marbury cabled to tell me she had a great idea for a part for Mrs. Carter. As she arranged the Berton-Simon affair for "C. F.," I had confidence in her judgment, and joined her in Paris. Miss Marbury and Miss De Wolf were living in Versailles, and there at their home, I learned that Monsieur Jean Richepin proposed to write a play founded on the life of "Du Barry." Miss Marbury outlined the plot as told to her by the dramatist, and, as she repeated it to me, the story seemed to possess great possibilities. I had produced Revolutionary plays with much success and the period was dramatic. The

"Pompadour" flourished in "Louis XI." and "Richelieu"; so why not "Du Barry"? No manager in search of a woman's play could have resisted the fascinating little milliner of history.

Not long after our first interview, I made arrangements with Monsieur Richepin. I smile at the recollection of my conversation with the French author! He spoke very little English and I no French at all; yet I seemed to know what he said, and he grew most enthusiastic over my pantomime. The contracts were arranged, the advance royalties paid, the costume plates begun, and before I left for London, the scene models were ordered from the scenic artists of the Comédie Française. Carried away by the enthusiasm of Monsieur Richepin, I bought yards and yards of old "Du Barry" velvets, antique silks, and furniture of the period. When I left for home, I had made all arrangements to produce a play, not a line of which was written. I returned to New York elated, feeling certain that in a few weeks Monsieur Richepin would have the piece ready for rehearsals. During the interval, I made plans for Miss Blanche Bates and David Warfield.

When the manuscript of "Du Barry" arrived, I could scarcely wait to open the package. Alas! I was doomed to disappointment. "Du Barry," in the literary flesh, was episodic. It was poetic and beautifully written, but deadly dull. It differed entirely from the story I had heard in Versailles. My company was practically engaged, my models done—and no play! I wrote to

greedy eyes as ever looked from a common face. It was his battle glance.

"It makes me a little homesick to see the old town disappear," hastily explained Susan, recovering herself. The instant any one was watching, her emotions always hid.

"Wouldn't you like to sit out on deck a while," pursued the clerk, bringing up a winning smile to reinforce the fetching stare.

The idea was attractive, for she did not feel like sleep. It would be fine to sit out in the open, watch the moon and the stars, the mysterious banks gliding swiftly by, and new vistas always widening out ahead. But not with this puny, sandy little "river character," not with anybody that night. "No," replied she. "I think I'll go to bed."

She had hesitated—and that was enough to give him encouragement. "Now, do come," he urged. "You don't know how nice it is. And they say I'm mighty good company."

"No, thanks," Susan nodded a pleasant dismissal.

The clerk lingered. "Can't I help you in some way? Wouldn't you like me to get you something?"

"No—nothing."

"Going to visit in Cincinnati? I know the town from A to Izard. It's a lot of fun over the Rhine. I've had mighty good times there—the kind a pretty, lively girl like you would take to."

"When do we get to Cincinnati?"

"About eight—maybe half past seven. Depends on the landings we have to make, and the freight."

"Then I'll not have much time for sleep," said Susan. "Good night." And no more realizing the coldness of her manner than the reason for his hanging about, she faced him, hand on the door to close it.

"You ain't a bit friendly," wheedled he. "I'm sorry you think so. Good night—and thank you." And he could not but withdraw his form from the door. She closed it and forgot him. She decided it would be unwise regularly to undress; the boat might catch fire or blow up or something. She took off skirt, hat and ties, loosened her waist, and lay upon the lower of the two plain, hard little berths. The throb of the engines, the beat of the huge paddles, made the whole boat tremble and shiver. Faintly up from below came the sound of quarrels over craps-shooting, of banjos and singing—from the roustabouts amusing themselves between landings. She thought she would not be able to sleep in these novel and exciting surroundings. She had hardly composed herself before she lost consciousness, to sleep on and on, dreamlessly, without motion.

on and on, dreamlessly, without motion.