

HIS NEED OF MIS' SIMONS

BY

LUCY PRATT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

JES look, Miss No'th! Looker w'at's comin' down de road!"

Miss North turned her head inquiringly, and Ezekiel continued to comment enthusiastically.

"It's ole Arch'bal' Smiff," he declared, with lively appreciation, though in the near distance Archibald failed to look as aged as Ezekiel might have led one to expect. "Yas'm, 'tis; dat's ole Arch'bal' Smiff. Now, w'at dey-all doin' 'im dat-a-way fer? Look, Miss No'th! Dey's jes a-chasin' 'im down de road!"

Miss North stopped a moment and glanced back at the rapidly approaching Archibald.

"They are probably just chasing him for fun, aren't they?" she began reassuringly.

"'Tain' no fun ter git w'ite men chasin' after yer dat-a-way," objected Ezekiel.

There were excited shouts from the passing, jostling runners, and Archibald turned and cast a momentary exalted, half-dramatic smile on Miss North.

"They are just in fun, you see. Come, Ezekiel, I want you to go on with me, and bring back some books that I order; will you?"

"Yas'm — yas'm, I'll go on wid yer, Miss No'th; but look like ole w'ite men's gwine ketch 'im, too, doan't it?"

"Catch him? No. Why should they want to catch him?"

"Cert'nly make me think 'bout de time dey-all come a-chasin' af' Jonah w'en I'se ter Mis' Simons'. An' I reckon, ef 'tain' been fer Mis' Simons, dey'd 'a' ketch 'im, too. But Mis' Simons she jes 'ntirely dis'range dey plans."

"How did she do that?" questioned Miss North, suddenly interested.

"W'y, she jes *done* it," explained Ezekiel, explicitly.

"I see; but — how? Did Jonah get into some — some trouble?"

"Ya'as, ma'am! An' he jes did!" assured Ezekiel dramatically; "but Mis' Simons she jes completely dis'range de whul plan. W'y, yer see, it wuz dat ve'y day de Cap'n went off ter de ho'se fair, an' lef' 'er all 'lone wid jes me an' Sarah an' Marg'ret an' — an' — well, he *would* 'a' lef' 'er wid Jonah, too, but, yer see, Mis' Simons she foun' she's 'blige sen' Jonah on a r'al 'mportant erran'. 'Twuz 'long 'bout free o'clock in

de evenin', an' I wuz in de gyarden a-waterin' de yaller lily-baid, an' Jonah he wuz a-hoein' on de li'l paff where cut 'roun' siden de baid, w'en Mis' Simons step up an' say, 'Jonah,' she say, 'I want yer ter stop a-hoein' an' do a erran' fer me,' she say.

"'Yas'm,' Jonah answer 'er. Yer see, Jonah think a awful heap o' Mis' Simons, an' allays seem ter wanter do jes like she ax 'im ter. Co'se, ef he ain't wanter, w'y, I s'pose he'd 'a' did it jes same anyway, but he jes natchelly is wanter. So, 'Yas'm,' he say, an' Mis' Simons 'mence tellin' 'im all 'bout it. She look up in de sky ez she's talkin', too, at de sun, where's shinin' righ' down stret inter de yaller lilies, an' she say: 'Co'se yer'll be back 'fo' dark, Jonah; doan' be no longer'n yer's 'blige ter, 'cuz we *wants* yer back 'fo' dark.'

"An' Jonah smile at 'er an' say he'll go 'long righ' smart, an' Mis' Simons smile back at 'im an' say, well, not ter kill 'isself 'bout it; an' den Jonah he lef' us dere siden de lily-baid, an' de sun a-shinin' down jes same.

"'Zekiel,' Mis' Simons 'mence after w'ile, an' 'er voice soun' kine o' slow an' dreamin' like, 'Zekiel, does yer s'pose yer'll ever git ter be 's good a man 's Jonah?'

"'Wha'm?' I say, kine o' s'prise w'en she ax me righ' out ez plain's dat. 'Yas'm, I s'pose I is, Mis' Simons,' I say.

"She look at me r'al quick an' laf, same way I seen 'er do ser many times befo'.

"'I doubt it,' she say, still a-smilin'; 'I doubt it, 'Zekiel.'

"Well, co'se I ain' know jes 'zackly w'at she mean talkin' dat-a-way, but look 'mos' like she think I *ain't* ser good's Jonah is, an', anyway, I ain't r'ally like way she spoke, so, 'Yas'm,' I

say, 'I reckon I *kin* be jes ez good's Jonah!' I say, an' — an' I didn' 'mence ter cry, nudder, but — but I 'mence hoein' on de li'l paff, an' waterin' de yaller lilies, twell Mis' Simons pat me light 'n' sof' on de haid — kine o' laffin', too.

"'W'y, yes, co'se, 'Zekiel,' she say, 'co'se yer's gwine be ez good's Jonah! An' I jes reckon yer'll be 'blige tek 'is place now twell he gits back, too! W'y — w'y, I couldn' git 'long 'thout yer noways, could I, 'Zekiel?' She ben' down while she's talkin' an' pick a yaller lily f'um de baid. 'Jes see it ketch de sun!' she say. 'Doan't it look like gole a-shinin'! Doan't yer reckon I better tek a whul bunch ter Mis' Myers, 'Zekiel?' she say. 'She's sick, yer know — po' Mis' Myers!'

"'Yas'm,' I answer 'er, an' 'mence pickin' de bunch fer 'er.

"'An' you'll tek cyare o' de place w'ile I'se gone, won't yer, 'Zekiel? I kin trus' yer jes



"'I COULDN' GIT 'LONG 'THOUT YER NOWAYS, COULD I?' SHE SAY"

same's I kin Jonah, cyan't I? Ya'as, co'se. I ain' gwine be gone ve'y long, nudder,' she say; 'jes long 'nough ter give Mis' Myers de flowers, an' talk a li'l', or p'r'aps read a li'l'— an' same time she's tellin' me 'bout it she 'mence walkin' off down de paff.

"Praesen'ly she turn 'roun' ag'in, an' I kin see 'er tekkin' one o' de lilies f'um de bunch an' puttin' it in 'er dress. Den she put 'er hand up to 'er haid quick, like she's thought o' sump'n' she oughter 'membered 'fo'.

"'Zekiel!' she say. An' I run up to 'er fas' 's I could.

"'Zekiel, tell Jonah I — I forgot!' she whisper to me, an' she look r'al wite an' strange. 'Tell 'im — no — an' she seem ter change 'er mine, 'no, I ain' gwine, after all. I'll wait yere twell he comes.'

"Co'se I ain' know w'at 'tis Mis' Simons 'membered 'bout ser quick, an' I ain't r'ally want'er ax 'er, nudder; so I jes stood dere a-lookin' after 'er w'ile she walk off ter de li'l' arbor in de gyarden an' se' down on de seat. She look kine o' lonesome, too, a-settin' dere all 'lone, an' I start gwine after 'er ter ax 'er w'at's de matter. But time I gotten dere I didn' r'ally like ter trouble 'er, so I jes stood dere quiet by de do', a-lookin' in.

"'Well, 'Zekiel,' she 'mence praesen'ly, 'did yer want sump'n'?'"

"'No'm,' I say, kine o' wishin' I ain't come, 'no'm, but I'se studyin' a li'l' 'bout yer, Mis' Simons — an' wonderin' did sump'n' — frighten yer?'

"'She smile den, an' hel' out 'er han'.

"'No, no, my chile,' she say, lookin' mo' like she useter 'gin, 'tain' nuthin' frighten me; I'se jes thinkin' 'bout sump'n' — I oughter 'membered 'fo'. 'Twuz ve'y thoughtless o' me — ter fergit!' she say low like to 'erself. Den, 'Zekiel,' she 'mence ag'in, 'ow long does yer reckon it's gwine tek Jonah ter git back?'

"'I dunno'm, Mis' Simons,' I say, 'but I reckon he'll be back right soon now, too.'

"'Couldn' tek 'im mo'n a hour, could it?' she ask, jes ez ef I knowed all 'bout it.

"'No'm,' I say, 'couldn' tek 'im mo'n a hour.'



"'SHE KEEP ON A-READIN', AN' I KEEP ON A-WUKKIN' ON DE PAFF'"

"'She look up r'al bright at me den, an' praesen'ly look down at de flowers in 'er han'.

"'I reckon you'll be 'blige tek 'em ter Mis' Myers, won't yer, 'Zekiel?' she 'mence. But she stop quick 'gin, lookin' same way she did 'fo', w'en she put 'er han' up to 'er haid.

"'No!' she say, 'doan't yer go outen de yard ter-day, 'Zekiel! Yer won't go 'way ter-day, will yer, 'Zekiel?'

"'W'y, no'm,' I say, wonderin' w'at she mean; 'no'm, I ain' gwine 'way 'n' leave yer, Mis' Simons.'

She smile ag'in, an' lay down de flowers, an' den she tuk up a book where's layin' on de seat.

"'Dat's a good li'l' boy,' she say; 'now go 'n' hoe de weeds outen de gyarden paff, same way Jonah's doin' 'fo' he went.'

"'So I went back ter de paff by de lilies, an' start in ter wuk right smart. But, co'se, eve'y li'l' w'ile I 'range ter git jes enough time ter look at Mis' Simons, too, a-settin' in de arbor wid 'er book; an' praesen'ly 'mence ter look like she's 'mos' forgotten where she's at, she's a-readin' ser hard. Mus' 'a' been mo'n a hour sence Jonah went 'way, too, but she keep on a-readin', an' I keep on a-wukkin' on de paff, jes

wukkin' 'long same's befo', twell bime-by I'se jes 'blige se' down an' res' a li'l myself. But Mis' Simons she ain't look up 'tall. An' after I mence ter feel kine o' rested an' mo' like wuk, w'y, co'se I got up an' start in hoein' ag'in, an' dere's Mis' Simons still a-settin' dere readin' jes same's befo'! De sun's gittin' kine o' low, too, an' look like she gwine git cotch in de dark ef she ain' cyarful, so I drap my hoe in de grass an' step 'long up ter de li'l arbor an' se' down on de step. Mis' Simons kine o' start-like w'en she seen me, an' put down 'er book an' raise 'er han's up slow 'n' sleepy-like to 'er eyes.

"W'at time is it, 'Zekiel?' she say.

"De clocck wuz strikin' six, time I drap my hoe down in de grass, so I tole 'er 'bout it.

"Six!' she say, a-jumpin' off 'er seat. 'Six er-clocck! An' ain' Jonah come? Ain't he come *yit*, 'Zekiel?'

"No'm, he ain't, I say, 'cuz he *ain't*, so w'at else *is* it I kin say? 'No'm, he *ain't*, I say.

"An' he's been gone long 'nough to've gone free times at leas'!' she whisper un'er 'er bref. 'Oh, w'at is I done! Jonah, *Jonah*, w'y *doan't* yer come back!'

"I reckon he'll be back right soon now,' I say, 'cuz cert'nly make me feel bad ter see Mis' Simons look dat-a-way. 'Doan't yer reckon he will?' I say.

"But she jes shuk 'er haid awful sad 'n' slow-like.

"I'se 'fraid — I'se 'fraid sump'n's 'appen to 'im, 'Zekiel,' she answer. 'I — I sent 'im de ve'y place — where it's awful trouble — gwine on ter-day! I sent 'im, 'Zekiel, 'thout — 'thout 'memberin' w'at I knowed!'

"Well, I ain't r'ally know 'ow ter answer 'er dat time, so I jes didn' make no 'sponse 'tall.

"Come,' she say, 'we mus' go in de house, 'Zekiel; it's gittin' dark.'

"It seem awful long after we's in de house, an' praesen'ly, it's sech a warm evenin', Mis' Simons went out on de po'ch. But she mus' 'a' feel kine o' strange 'n' lonesome, too, 'cuz praesen'ly she ax Sarah 'n' Marg'ret won't dey come out 'n' set dere fer a li'l' w'ile.

"It's time fer you ter go ter baid, ain't it, 'Zekiel?' she say; an' I jes start ter tell 'er, 'No'm, I doan' reckon 'tis,' w'en it come de stranges' noise out dere in de yard. Look like somebody's runnin' ser fas' he cyan't sca'cely breve, an' all time comin' right 'long fru de grass todes de steps.

"Mis' Simons, Mis' Simons!' somebody whisper, awful hoarse an' strange-like. An' w'at yer s'pose? W'y, it's jes *Jo-nah*, a-tearin' right 'long up de steps!

"Lemme go in, Mis' Simons! Please lemme go in!' he keep on whisperin', like he cyan't sca'cely breve. 'Dey's after me, Mis' Simons! Dey's gwine git me! An' yer knows I ain't done a *thing to 'em*, Mis' Simons! Oh, w'at's dey a-chasin' me fer? I — I ain' *done a thing!*'

"Yas'm, dat's jes de way he talk, an' 'mos' look like he's gwine fall right down, too, twell Mis' Simons tuk hole uv 'is arm, kine o' shekkin' 'im, like, an' turn 'roun' ter de do'.

"Go in, Jonah! Quick!' she say. 'Cuz dey's voices an' folks a-runnin' an' holl'in' right dere in de yard. She seem ter jes push 'im in an' shet de do'; an' den she stan' up, lookin' ser stret 'n' w'ite-like, didn' look r'ally *like* Mis' Simons.

"Tain' gwine nobody else git — fru — dat — do'; she say, ser low couldn' nobody sca'cely hyeah it; an' den, oh, 'twuz jes awful! Dey all come a-knockin' up 'ginst de steps, an' a-holl'in' an' a-pushin', an' some uv 'em laffin' an' some uv 'em cursin', an' all uv 'em holl'in' 'bout de nigger, an' tellin' Mis' Simons ter bring out de nigger!

"An' w'at yer s'pose? Mis' Simons she jes stan' dere same's ever, a-lookin' down on 'em wid 'er back ter de do'.



"IT'S TIME FER YOU TER GO TO BAID, AIN'T IT, 'ZEKIEL?' SHE SAY!"

"Bring 'im out!" dey keep on a-holl'in'.
"Bring 'im out!"

"An' 'er face look all w'ite an' dazzlin' in de light, an' 'er voice come low an' kine o' shekkin' like. 'No,' she say, 'I cert'nly is not gwine—bring 'im out,' she say. Yas'm, dat's jes de 'sponse she make. An' den dey all 'mence holl'in' ag'in 'bout crim'nal 'n'—'n' murd'rer, an' sayin' does she want 'em ter go in af-ter 'im, an' buntin' up 'ginst de steps ag'in, an' jostlin' an' pushin', twell Mis' Simons kine o' step forrad a li'l, still a-lookin' down at 'em.

"Ain't yer 'shame!' she say. 'Oh—ain't—yer—'shame!' An' I 'clare, ez she stood dere, seem like I ain' nuver seed 'er eyes look ser clare 'n' burnin'-like, ner 'er face ser dazzlin' w'ite.

"He's jes ez innercent uv any crime—ez I is,' she say. 'I knows it, 'cuz I knows 'im,' she say; 'an'—you knows it! Ef yer doan't— it's 'cuz yer doan't cyare 'nough 'bout it—ter—fine—out.'

"It's one r'al big man where seem ter be kine o' mekkin' all de res' uv 'em do jes like he done, an' fum de ve'y time Mis' Simons 'mence ter speak he jes stood dere a-lookin' at 'er like he cyan't move ner holler.

"Yer—doan't cyare 'nough 'bout it—ter—fine out!' she say; 'an' den dis yere's de kine o' thing yer do! Oh, it's de kine o' thing we's 'blige answer fer—eve'y day!' An' she stop, kine o' gaspin' like, ter ketch 'er bref.

"Well, de ve'y same time she stop, de big man turn 'roun' awful quick 'n' look off r'al sudden at de road an' den he look at de res' where's cursin' 'n' laffin'——"

"Ezekiel!" interrupted Miss North in a sharp whisper, catching at his arm. Then her hand dropped, and she looked around her.

"Don't you see, Ezekiel?" she went on naturally. "We are almost there. And—wait, Ezekiel; stay right here; don't hurry so. Wait, stay close to me! There seems to be—some trouble."

"It's Arch'bal', Miss No'th!" he began, his voice rising excitedly. "Dey's cotch 'im! I

tole yer dey's gwine cotch 'im, Miss No'th! Look, Miss No'th!"

Just then a big negro broke in on the scene, and suddenly Archibald was at large again, dashing through the noisy crowd in one direction, while the big negro ran in another. In the confusion that followed, Miss North put her hand out for Ezekiel, to find that he was not there, while Ezekiel, looking distractedly for Miss North, found himself pushed on in the crowd of jostling, swearing men.

"Oh, look out!" he gasped; "yer's pushin' me! Yer—yer's steppin' on me! Oh, turn me loose!"

"Get out o' yere!" a coarse voice called in his ear. "You'll get killed, an' good riddance if you do!"

He felt them closing in over him, while he slipped to the ground—tramping on over him, pushing, tramping on, while, a limp, wounded little heap, he tried to raise his head, and felt it knock back again in the dust.

"Mis'—Mis' Simons—wouldn' nuver 'a' let yer—done me—dat-a-way!" he whispered vaguely. He raised his head again, feeling confusedly for it as he sat up, gazing stupidly around. Then he pulled himself to his feet and limped aimlessly around in a circle.

"Where's I gwine?" he mumbled. "Mis' Simons! . . . Mis' Simons—wouldn' nuver 'a' let yer—done me—dat-a-way!" He stumbled off across the sidewalk into the grass, unheeded by a still confused, noisy

crowd. In the grass he still stumbled on.

"Mis' Simons—wouldn' nuver 'a' let yer—'a' let yer—done me——" As he slipped down again into the grass, his eyes closed.

A crowd of angry, excited men seemed to be still before him—but Mrs. Simons stood with her back to the door, looking down at them with a white face. From a step beside her he seemed to be still looking up at her, while her low, vibrating voice seemed to be still echoing—echoing:

"Oh, aren't you ashamed of yourselves! Aren't—you—ashamed!"

With their reckless, brutish faces flickering



"'TAIN' GWINE NOBODY ELSE GIT—
FRU—DAT—DO', SHE SAY"

before him again, he thought he was watching only her—watching—while her low voice went vibrating on—till they turned from her, swearing and laughing! And then she was stretching out her white hand, catching at one of the pillars, while she slipped down—down beside him on the step—and her arms fell around him helplessly.

"You'll—take—care of me!" she cried faintly, "won't you—Ezekiel!"

"Yas'm," came a broken whisper from the grass, "I'll tek cyare o' yer, Mis' Simons!"

But there was another low voice which he did not understand, and his eyes opened wide, looking up vacantly at Miss North.

"Ezekiel! Have you—have you—been hurt? Oh, Ezekiel——"

"Yas'm, I reckon I is, Mis' Simons, jes a li'l," he mumbled, struggling painfully to his feet; "but I'll—tek cyare o' yer—I'll tek cyare o' yer, Mis' Simons!"

The next morning he sat in his seat at school, watching Miss North with large, absent eyes.

"You ought not to have come this morning, Ezekiel," she began gently, as her eyes rested on his thin, wistful little face; "I don't think you ought to stay."

"Yas'm, I oughter stay, Miss No'th," he assured her, with a faint smile. His eyes wandered to the window.

"Did dey ketch 'im?" he questioned suddenly. "Did dey ketch Arch'bal', Miss No'th?"

"No," she answered, a sudden hot color rising up in her cheeks. "Archibald's gone away;

they can't find him. But he—he needn't have. They found out it was a mistake; he wasn't the one they wanted."

"Mis' Simons oughter 'a' been yere—ain't she?" he went on dreamily. "She wouldn't niver 'a' let 'em—done 'im—dat-a-way! Would she, Miss No'th?"

"No!" she answered, her voice startling him out of his dream, while the color deepened painfully in her cheeks. "Remember always, Ezekiel, she *wouldn't* have let them! And remember"—her voice softened—"she's your friend, because—she's of the best! Miss North's eyes wandered dreamily now, and she seemed to have forgotten her audience. "Remember, there are always the others, too—the coarse and the brutal, who are only *glad of an excuse*—and they can stamp their whole people—very coarsely. But remember, Ezekiel," her eyes gazed fixedly ahead, "it isn't the fault of the best ones; it's the fault of the worst—who always snatch at an excuse—and who will—just as long as they're allowed."

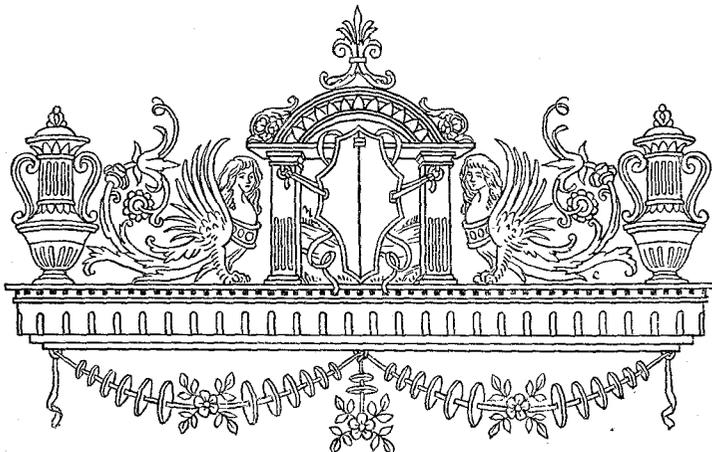
Her eyes fell on Ezekiel again, who was looking at her in wide perplexity.

"What is it, Ezekiel?" she smiled. "Oh, yes, I was just saying—about Mrs. Simons—she was always *very* good to you, wasn't she, Ezekiel?"

"Yas'm, Mis' Simons cert'nly wuz good ter me." Again it was Ezekiel's eyes that dreamed with languid, velvety moistness.

"Remember—that she's—one of the best, Ezekiel!"

"Yas'm," came the gentle response; "couldn't be nobuddy no better'n—Mis' Simons!"



PROHIBITION AND SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY

BY

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

IF a German stands up to talk about prohibition, he might just as well sit down at once, for every one in America, of course, knows beforehand what he is going to say. Worse, every one knows also exactly why he is so anxious to say it: how can he help being on the wrong side of this question? And especially if he has been a student in Germany, he will have brought the drinking habit along with him from the Fatherland, together with his cigar smoking and card playing and duelling. If a poor man relies on his five quarts of heavy Munich beer a day, how can he ever feel happy if he is threatened with no license in his town and with no beer in his stein? Yet my case seems slightly different. I never in my life played cards, I never fought a duel, and when the other day in a large women's college, after an address and a reception, the lady president wanted to comfort me and suggested that I go into the next room and smoke a cigar, I told her frankly that I could do it if it were the rule in her college, but that it would be my first cigar. With beer it is different: Last winter in traveling I was for some days the guest of an Episcopal clergyman, who, anticipating the visit of a German, had set up a bottle of excellent beer as a welcome, and we drank together the larger part of the bottle — but I think that is my only case in late years. When I had to attend a Students' "Commers," I was always protected by the thick mug through which no one could discover that the contents never became less during the evening. I live most comfortably in a pleasant temperance town which will, I hope, vote no-license year by year as long as freshmen stroll over the old Harvard Yard. And although I have become pretty much Americanized, I have never drunk a cocktail.

The problem of prohibition, thus, does not affect my thirst, but it greatly interests my scientific conscience; not as a German, but as a psychologist I feel impelled to add a word to the discussion which is suddenly reverberating

over the whole country. But is it really a discussion which we hear? Is it not rather a one-sided denunciation of alcohol, repeated a million times with louder and louder voice, an outcry ever swelling in its vehemence? On the other side there may be the protests of the distillers and brewers and wine-growers and bottlemakers and saloon-keepers, and perhaps some timid declarations of thirsty societies — but such protests do not count, since they have all the earmarks of selfishness; they are ruled out, and no one listens, just as no one would consult the thieves if a new statute against pickpockets were planned. So far as the really disinterested public is concerned, the discussion is essentially one-sided. If serious men like Cardinal Gibbons raise their voices in a warning against prohibition, they are denounced and overborne, and no one cares to imitate them.

The Fundamental Evil of American Public Opinion

It has been seldom indeed that the fundamental evil of American public opinion has come out so clearly; namely, that no one dares to be on the unpopular side; just as in fashion and social life, every one wants to be "in it." No problem has in America a fair hearing as soon as one side has become the fashion of mind. Only the cranks come out with an unbalanced, exaggerated opposition and thus really help the cause they want to fight against. The well-balanced thinkers keep quiet and simply look on while the movement rushes forward, waiting quietly for the reaction which sets in from the inner absurdity of every social extreme. The result is too often a hysterical zig-zag movement, where fearlessness might have found a middle way of steady progress. There must be indeed a possible middle way between the evil of the present saloon and the not lesser evil of a future national prohibition; yet if this one-sidedness of discussion goes on, it is not difficult to foresee, after the legislative experiences of the last year,