



# THREE

BY BEULAH

will look at him, open your heart to him," said the nurse. "See, he has your husband's eyes."

"No, he took my husband's love from me; I cannot, will not love him."

"He will die," sobbed the nurse. "He is frail and delicate; you alone can nurse him into health and strength!"

But the woman turned her face to the wall, and presently she slept—and the child slept also; and the child's sleep was for eternity.

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"I DON'T want to see him," moaned the young wife, closing her dark eyes and resolutely turning away. "I don't love him—I never shall love him."

"But he is a beautiful baby," whispered the nurse. "He is your child, your own little child." She placed the fragile infant, a boy, beside the young woman on the bed. "See how tiny he is; if you don't mother him he will die. Won't you open your arms to this little soul who is calling for you, begging for your love?"

"No," the woman persisted. "He has taken months of my life away, made me deny myself countless pleasures, robbed me of my youth—my beauty. I never wanted him before birth; how can I love him now?"

"Oh, but you will love him, if only you

"AND this is the end?" said the girl, pale lips drawn in agony, dark eyes black with pain.

"Yes," said the doctor. "There will be no little one."

"No little one!" Her frail hands tore at the coverings, and she smiled a wan smile.

"You should be glad," said the doctor. "Your child would have had no name, would have been born of shame. It is better there was the accident."

"My child would have had a mother," answered the girl. "You've no right to think I am glad. I wanted it. I needed it. Always I've wanted my baby. If he had not been married, my baby would have had a name. My baby is not a child of shame, but a child of love!"



# SOULS

POYNTER

"Hush, you must not excite yourself," said the doctor. "You will bring on a fever."

"What have I to live for?" moaned the girl, and that night, even as the young wife's child slept, the girl slept also.

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THE way was dark, the road was stony; and it hurt his tender, bare feet. His little hands groped in the darkness, and struck against cold, bare walls. It was so black, so terrible—he was so tiny and afraid; and he cried aloud in anguish, but no one answered, no one came. Along down the stony chasm his little feet dragged, and he moaned all the way. His baby flesh was bruised and torn, and his baby heart was terrified.

Ahead, far, far ahead was a faint, glimmering light. If he could only reach that light before the nameless fear behind engulfed him! But the light was far away, and he was tired, bitterly tired. If only friendly arms would assist him, lift him up out of the darkness and set his in the light. But there were no friendly arms, nothing but bare, cold walls, and stony roads and darkness.

At last, after ages and ages, the light came closer; and as he struggled into it, a

soft hand caught at his, and a sweet voice murmured, "Baby, my baby!" and he cried aloud in ecstasy, "Mother!" Then the friendly arms he had longed for gathered him up; gathered him close to a soft, motherly bosom, and soft lips tenderly caressed his hair and eyes and rosy face. But wonderingly he cried: "You are not my mother!"

"No," said the soft voice. "No, I am not your mother, but you are the baby I should have had, and God has given me the right to carry you to Him."

And he sank back in her arms, was content; and together they entered the boat which was to carry them across the stormy sea into the bright, shining light ahead.

# Theodore Roosevelt as a Man of Letters

HISTORIAN, ESSAYIST, CRITIC, NATURALIST, AND JOURNALIST, HIS WRITINGS WERE  
THE EXPRESSION OF THE FULL LIFE AND MANY-SIDED PERSONALITY  
OF A GREAT AMERICAN

By Brander Matthews

THE more closely we scrutinize Theodore Roosevelt's life, and the more carefully we consider his many ventures in many totally different fields of human activity, the less likely we are to challenge the assertion that his was the most interesting career ever vouchsafed to any American—more interesting even than Benjamin Franklin's, fuller, richer, and more varied. Like Franklin, Roosevelt enjoyed life intensely. He was frank in declaring that he had been happy beyond the common lot of man; and we cannot doubt that Franklin had the same feeling.

The most obvious cause of the happiness and of the interest of these two famous men's careers is that each of them had an incessant and insatiable curiosity, which kept forcing them to push their inquiries into a heterogeneity of subjects wholly unrelated one to another. "The Many-Sided Franklin" was the title which Paul Leicester Ford gave to his biography of the great Philadelphian; and Roosevelt was even more polygonal.

Like Franklin, again, Roosevelt will hold a secure place among our statesmen, our men of science, and our men of letters, demanding due appraisal by experts in statecraft, in natural science, and in literature. But they differ in that Roosevelt was an author by profession, while Franklin was an author by accident. Roosevelt had looked forward to literature as a calling, whereas Franklin produced literature only as a by-product.

Franklin never composed anything in the hope or desire for fame or for money, or even in response to a need for self-expres-

sion; what he wrote was always put forth to further a cause that he had at heart. He never published a book; and if he could return to earth, he would indubitably be surprised to discover that he held a foremost place in the histories of American literature.

Roosevelt was as distinctly a man of letters as he was a man of action. He made himself known to the public, first of all, as the historian of the American navy in the war of 1812; he followed this up with the four strenuously documented volumes of his "Winning of the West"; and amid all the multiplied activities of his later years he made leisure for the written appreciation of one or another of the books he had found to his taste.

## ROOSEVELT'S JOURNALISTIC WORK

It must be admitted that in the decade which has elapsed since he left the White House his intense interest in public affairs led him to devote a large part of his energy to the consideration of the pressing problems of the hour, to topics of immediate importance, to themes of only ephemeral value, sufficient unto the day. In three or four different periodicals he served as "contributing editor"—in other words, he was a writer of signed editorials, in which he was always free to express his own views frankly and fully, without undue regard for that mysterious entity, the "policy of the paper."

These contemporary contributions to dailies and weeklies and monthlies are journalism rather than literature; and the more completely they fulfilled the purpose of the