

“QUICK AS GOD WILL LET YOU!”

BY KATHERINE MAYO

OF all the counties of Pennsylvania none is more beautiful than Wyoming. But the aspects of that radiant State are manifold in loveliness. While Lancaster spreads broad, teeming fields wide-breasted to the sun, while Butler's staccato ridges crowd like storm-waves on the sky, Wyoming rolls slowly on in great, grave, sombre valleys—valleys bulwarked by titantic shoulders, stooped and heavy, infinitely lonely, infinitely solemn, against an unknown world.

For Wyoming is sparsely tenanted as to human kind. Wyoming is “poor.” Its towns are few and very small. Uncultivated brush covers its greater part. Yet, here and there again, at remote intervals, brush gives place to island-like old farms. And among the farmer people persists certain old foundation stock, firm and right and wholesome, despite its separation from mankind.

The story now to follow is absolutely true. But the names of the family concerned, like that of their actual abode, are changed, because of young lives coming up, across whose path should lie no cloud.

The village, then, shall be called Surrey—although only as a manner of speaking can it be called “village” at all. For it consists of four buildings—a little white General Store, its dependent feed-room, the blacksmith's house, and the smithy. These four stand at the corners of a rough cross-road, whose vistas close in woods.

Down below, on the slope of the valley, half hidden by a few ancient appletrees, clings one little old farmhouse, sound and weathertight still, yet nevertheless in some mysterious way breathing out the fact that it has sunken upon grey days. A cluster of slant and mossy gravestones flanks it upon one side. For the rest, its sole companions are the everlasting hills, sweep-

ing up and up, bare, solemn, even, bastion-like, to meet the solemn sky.

In this lonely house lived, twelve years ago, a family here called Burnham—the father, the mother, and their only daughter, June. Solid farmer kind, they hugged, contented, the acres from which generations of their forebears had drawn a decent livelihood. And the land and their labor gave them, still, enough for all their needs. Simple, honorable, self-respecting, rugged, hard-working, independent, kindly, Burnham and his wife asked of the world nothing more than it gave them. And the joy and pride of their lives, the core of their hearts, was June—then a fine, comely, pleasant girl in the early twenties.

June, beaming with sturdy health and cheeriness, pink-cheeked, broad-shouldered, bright-eyed, yellow-haired, good all through, had a suitor or two or three, drawn like bees by hidden sweetness. Of these, the one who pleased her best was Joe Lasalle. Now, Joe Lasalle, a tall, keen-faced, darkly handsome type, had no roots in the ken of Wyoming—no roots anywhere that anyone knew, but had recently dropped out of space when his mother, a stranger also, came to occupy a farmhouse high in the hills.

That farmhouse, as the crow flies three miles or so from Surrey, abides in a loneliness like the loneliness of the sea. And the woman who sought it was said by the few who saw her to wear a harsh, fierce, forbidding face that killed any word of friendship.

Yet Joe, when he appeared, had a way with him. And he took that way down into the valley. And it led straight into June Burnham's big, brave, honest heart.

But Burnham and his wife, simple, unworldly folk, could not warm to Joe Lasalle—and the sight of his progress with June filled them with dread.

He was the son of an outlandish woman—strayed, it was said, from some distant lumber-camp,—obviously not of their blood and tradition—a woman of a past unknown, yet whose history, seemingly, stood written on her face in a language as ugly as it was strange. Who and what was his father? As for himself, they did not, could not like him. Something alien, something disquieting, nameless, blocked the way. They spoke to each other of it, yet rarely, with restraint, because each of them loved their

daughter more than life itself. And if she should fix her heart, then they would hold with her, in all the wisdom that they could achieve.

So June Burnham married Joe Lasalle. And the pair went to live as lessees on a farm some miles apart—Joe to work the land. What else should he do?

But Joe developed no fancy for farming. And any fox has a keener sense of marital duty. So that before their first child was a year old, Burnham saw that June and her baby would be hungry and cold if he did not take them home.

“Mother,” he said, on the night when the thing became clear to him, “I am going to ask June and Joe to come back.”

“George Burnham, are you crazy?” cried the mother. “You know how I want our girl and her baby back—back where we can do for her. But Joe Lasalle—why should *he* darken this house?”

“Is it for us, or for June, that we’d be doing it?” asked the old man. “Is it good for a wife to leave her husband, or for children to be strangers to their father? Our people have never done such things—neither yours nor mine. Perhaps Joe will improve. Anyway, it is June and the baby we must think of. Yes, yes, mother—there—there! Never mind, never mind, I knew you would come around.”

So June returned. And Burnham cared for her needs, and for those of her children as they came. But Joe, while he hung about the old place off and on, living there in the main, making use of it as suited his convenience, gave little help in the work of the farm and contributed nothing to his growing family’s maintenance.

Meantime, the whole thing increasingly bored him. So that when someone, strangely inspired, offered him a job with a telephone line, carrying pay of one hundred dollars a month with expenses, and involving fairly constant travel about the State, he jumped for the widened horizon; and, so jumping, finally ditched all domesticity.

After that came our entrance into the World War—came the draft. And Joe Lasalle, drafted, stood up in his six feet of young good looks and claimed exemption from his country’s service. Grounds: Family duties, and the “fifty dollars a month it costs him to keep the children.” Exemption granted.

Later, old Burnham died. Then it became definitely necessary for June to take the step she hated—to ask the Court to compel her husband to help her buy the children's food.

Fifty dollars a month, the Court awarded, fixing the figure by the record of the exemption plea.

In the interval Joe had discovered, at a barn dance adorning his path, a very handsome young girl—call her Nora. From that time he cut off all communication with his wife. And Nora became the companion of his travels. Nora wore pretty clothes, which he bought for her. Nora and he disported together gaily and comfortably, under the “and expenses” clause—gaily, and comfortably,—until at last the Telephone Company woke up. Which let Joe drop, with a thud, to a poor little twenty-five dollars a week job in a Wilkes-Barre garage—twenty-five a week and no extras. Now, twenty-five dollars a week and no extras will scarcely stretch to a man's own keep and comfort, a Nora, *and* fifty dollars a month for anybody. Of these three ideas, therefore, one, clearly, must go. In the choice, no Joe could hesitate.

So came October, 1919; June Lasalle and her old widowed mother alone in the lonely hills; the four children, of whom the youngest was then nine months old, their common care; the Court's award of fifty dollars a month, haltingly paid though it was, a desperately important item in the household. On the other hand, Joe Lasalle, down below in Wilkes-Barre, weak, vain, wild, undisciplined, chafing himself mad in the break between desire and means, rapidly developing an obsession of hatred against the woman who seemed to stand in his road to happiness.

Not since finding Nora had Joe visited his wife. Yet, from time to time, a curious gnawing compulsion had driven him to seek her out—just to see—just to see how she moved from hour to hour, to see who came about the place—to see if her habits had changed in any way—to see what *could* be safely done—if a man—made up—his mind—*if*—

Sometimes the two women heard him, felt him, without knowing what they heard or felt. Some sound of moving, by night—some sort of thickening of the darkness at the door. Once he crept into the cellar to listen, and the grit of his foot as it slipped

upon the stair, and the hiss of the one heavy breath that he drew almost betrayed him.

“Mother!” he heard a whisper—“Someone is in the cellar—right there!”

“I heard it. I’m going down to look”—the pushing back of a chair—a step.

“Mother, *Mother!*” This time aloud. “Not for a thousand dollars! You *shan’t* go!” And he knew as he stole away that June had flung herself upon the older woman and was holding her fast.

Again and again shapeless alarms—blind awarenesses of evil at hand—sped from his obsessing thought—from his lurking, unseen presence, into the two women’s minds.

Rarely did so much as the creak of a board or the snap of a twig underfoot follow his tread, for Joe, hunter by instinct and practice, a crack shot and trailer of game, could move like a snake in silence.

Yet again and again did Jack, the old Newfoundland dog who had loved June singly since she was a little maiden and he a ball of fluff—again and again did old Jack rise uneasily, with a growl in his throat. And again and again did June, in an access half terror, half desperate revolt, fling open the door, expecting to see upon the threshold she scarcely knew what shape of menace. But only the night—the huge, blank, empty night—would meet her staring eyes.

Then came a midnight when, lying with her baby in her arm, she awakened as at a clutch upon her heart, and, in the tense still instant that followed, knew with a knowledge apart from conscious sense that an enemy stood close at hand.

Who? What did he want? *What?*

The dog came and nudged her with his cold nose—laid a heavy paw upon her,—whining.

Drawing her arm from under the sleeping child, she crept out to the kitchen and took Joe’s old shotgun from its place in the corner. Loaded it. Sat, facing the door, with the gun across her knees, waiting, until dawn—until broad light.

After that Mrs. Burnham fell sick with a heavy cold—a sort of gripe—that tied her for days to her bed. And it was while she

lay yet ill that a little stir arose, one night, among the cattle in the barn. Both women heard it,—listened with trained, appraising ears. Then, without a word, June arose, took her lantern and went out, followed close by Jack, hackles up, teeth gleaming.

The sick woman caught her own black fear in her two hands and throttled it till the other's increasing foot-fall and the reclosing of the kitchen door announced her safe return.

June came and stood by her mother's bed. "I thought it might be that the calf had got loose. But it wasn't—Mother, are you afraid to stay alone while I take my baby and go over after Arthur?"

Now Arthur Burnham, June's elder brother, not to protect the women but in pursuit of his own affairs, had come to live in a cottage five minutes distant by a short-cut through field and woods.

"You are a crazy girl," answered the old woman from her pillow. "But go if you must. It's as bad to stay as to go, or to go as to stay."

Arthur returned with his sister, to spend an hour laughing at their fears.

"Mother, you're nervous," he argued. "Who'd want to bother you poor harmless folks, now, say!"

"Arthur Burnham,"—and the firm, fine old face on the pillow gave double force to the spoken word—"Arthur Burnham, your mother is no coward and no fool. I tell you again as I've told you before: Evil hangs over this place and your sister and her children and me. And it comes nearer—*nearer*. Now I ask you, as I've asked you before: Will you speak to the State Police? What are they for, if not to protect lonely women and children? I've heard it's what they never refuse to do. But how can they know we need them if they are not told?"

But Arthur laughed again, indulgently. "You and June have got yourself all fussed up. There ain't nobody wants to bother you. I'll come over some night and sleep here myself just to show you it's only your nerves."

He knew that a barracks of State Police lay over the hill somewhere—not very far away. But he knew that fact as most of us

know those things that lie outside our daily round—vaguely and without application to our own concerns.

So he laughed. And the cloud swung low.

One afternoon June sat by her mother's bed, her big work-basket on her knees, patching the children's clothes. George, the eldest, an eager, active, handsome boy, and little June and Jenny, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, happy reproductions of their mother, went through garments like mice through standing grass. Even baby Edith, fourth wearer of the things that covered her, managed only too often to kick a hole in a skirt or to put her chubby elbow through a sleeve. And June took great pride and infinite pains in the neatness of her children.

For some time she had worked in silence, while the invalid silently watched her, dull of heart. Then she spoke—words, simply uttered without particularity or shaken calm:

“Mother,” she said, “something tells me that I ought to go up to the hill cemetery and buy me a lot.”

“What?” gasped the mother, stricken cold. “What do you want of that, girl? Haven't we got our lot, right here?”

“I have a feeling—I want to be up out of this—when the time comes—up high in the sun—and to bury my children beside me. Something tells me to go get the place now.”

Nothing of wailing, nothing of terror in the speech. Only level, established thought.

The old woman snatched the sheet across her mouth. Not a sign of panic had she given yet. Not the tribute of one quivering muscle would she render, to man or ghost. June came of staunch stock. Never in her mother soul should she find a weight to carry—a fanner of fear.

Next evening—that was Tuesday, October 7th—the old dog Jack refused his supper. On the following morning, as they opened the house door, he slunk away into the brush. Toward night Arthur appeared.

“I have bad news for you, June,” he said. “Old Jack's dead. I found him over in the North woods.”

June, white to her white lips, threw back her bonny head and looked him straight between the eyes. After a long moment she spoke, slowly, stilly:

"He can kill me, maybe. But he can't scare me. Some day tell him that."

"Good Lord, sis, what are you thinking of! Who? What?"

"I think," the mother answered, "what I've said before—that you ought to speak to the State Police—to ask them to come. O, Arthur, you *should*. You should do it *now*."

But Arthur laughed again: "A pretty story I'd have to tell them! One old dog dead, and two women seein' things that ain't there to see. Do you want me to look like a fool, mother? You'd ought to have more sense."

Next day, toward noon, the mother made strength to get up. She was seventy-three years old, and the grippe had dealt her no light blow. But in the back of her soul loomed that which drove her, as the launching of the final attack drives broken men to the guns.

"Who poisoned our Jack?" she kept asking herself,—“Whose way was our Jack in—and why?”

But never a word of it passed her lips, and the trembling of her knees came from physical weakness, rather than from panic within.

A heavy rain had set in the night before. All day it poured down. June, going to and from house to barn, caring for the cattle, doing chores in doors and out, passed before her mother's eyes a rain-drenched, mud-clogged figure of honesty and brave love. Everything about the house—the kitchen floor scrubbed spotless silver-white, the shining pans, the clean, bright stoves, the invisible window-panes, the decent furniture, carefully kept—showed self-respecting industry. The elder children, well-mannered, obedient, affectionate, happy, did faithfully their little usual parts in the day's round. All this the old woman seemed to be seeing with a curious, sudden clearness as if for a permanent end. After supper, weariness overcame her. She crept back to her room, lay down upon her bed and fell asleep.

It was ten o'clock when she wakened—wakened with a horrible lurch. A clutch at her shoulder. June knelt beside her.

"Mother!" she breathed. "Oh! Mother—don't you hear? There's a man outside—a man stealing around the house—*Mother!*"

The wail in that last word will ring in the mother's ears as long as she walks this earth. Nothing new lay in the alarm itself. Not once but many a time, in the last month, had each of them known in her inner mind that some human presence lurked about, unseen. But never before had June permitted one tremor to echo the fact. Now her voice choked and her hand struck icy cold. She, so strong, so undaunted, seemed suddenly like a frightened child—clung, like a little frightened child, to her mother's knees and shook with fear.

“Mama's coming, my pretty—Mama's coming, my own, my chick,” the old woman whispered—words scarcely used since she herself was young and June a baby in her arms.

And it was she that led the way back into the kitchen—she, for the moment that walked the steadier of the two—all her love and instinct of protection transfused into strength.

They went and sat by the table, according to their wont, the mother in her low chair, June facing her, the evening lamp between. Still, hardly breathing, they listened up and down the planes of sound. But nothing did they hear, save the occasional stir of a coal in the stove, and the heavy rush of the rain. Presently June rose.

“I'm going to get my baby,” she said, “somehow I seem to want her near.”

So she brought the little, velvety, sleeping thing, laid it in its carriage and drew it close by her side. As she moved back into her seat, she had glanced at the window behind her, glanced—again.

“I wish we could put shutters there. Let's do it just as soon as we can get a man.”

“Shutters on the windows of this room? All right, daughter.”

“This room?—All the windows?—No, I don't know. But—I can't tell why—I do want shutters to *that* window *there*—I wish they were on tonight.”

Then the other began hurriedly to talk—gentle, broken, rambling talk of June's own childhood, of her dead father's joy in her, his pride in his bonny, hardy, laughing little playmate. Of his terror, big, solid man though he was, once when she had the croup—once again when she strayed into the woods and for an hour or two was lost. Beginning with an effort, forcing the

words, the speaker finally drifted with the current of her own spell—almost slipped away into the sunlit past.

June listened—or seemed to listen—silently, while the kind old voice trailed on, borne on the hum of the rain.

Motionless she sat, one elbow on the table, her chin on her hand, staring down upon her baby's face. "Dear Dad!" she whispered once or twice, and once or twice a tear stood on her cheek.

It grew late, for farmer folk—beyond reason late.

Unheeded, the clock on the mantel touched eleven.

And with that, It came.

Two minutes after, perhaps, little George stood in the stairway, saucer-eyed.

"What's happened?—Mother!—What was it?" he cried. "Did the house explode?"

But it was the grandmother's voice that answered, from somewhere across the room, out of his sight.

"Go back and put your pants on. Get sister June and run over to Uncle Arthur's. Tell him I want him here."

For once, the boy stopped to ask no questions but flew to obey, stumbling and scrambling on the stairs. And when the two children, hand in hand, came piping in the darkness under their uncle's window, they could tell him nothing except that an awful noise had scared them and that granny wanted him at home.

Nevertheless, and for all his old, easy skepticism, Arthur walked fast—ran—between the stubble corn-rows—through the woods.

"Where are you? What is it?" he panted as he flung open the door into the lighted room.

Then he looked straight into his mother's steady eyes.

She was on the floor, over by the table, kneeling. In her arms lay June, her head cradled in the nook of her mother's neck. On the fair planks, blood. Blood on the mother's hands, and on her thin white hair.

"What is it!" he cried again, babbling.

“Arthur Burnham, never you mind what it is. *As quick as God will let you, you call the State Police!*”

On the tenth day of October, 1919, Captain Wilson Price got his transfer from the command of “A” Troop, in the southwestern end of the State, to the command of “B” Troop, in the far north-east, at Wyoming, out of Wilkes-Barre. Reaching barracks late that evening, after a tough day’s work and travel, he had just turned in and fallen asleep when Corporal Ammon shot up the stairs, three steps at a jump.

“A murder, Sir, at Surrey.”

Now there are certain things that no Pennsylvania State Police Captain, breath remaining in his body, leaves to any subordinate. While the Corporal’s voice yet echoed in the hall, the Captain’s springy toes kicked back the bottom stair, and the Captain’s hand grasped the telephone. It was then exactly 11.45 o’clock.

“Who’s calling?” asked Price.

“Arthur Burnham. My sister’s been shot. Over by Surrey.”

“Who did it?”

“I don’t know.”

“Whom do you suspect?”

“I don’t suspect anybody.—Well—her husband hasn’t been too good to her, maybe. But he ain’t around here any more. He . . . ”

Already the Captain had called for a road map—for a trooper who knew the roads—for time tables. Even as he questioned and listened, he was tracing routes—all routes, out from Surrey.

A fugitive, he decided at a glance, would probably make for Wilkes-Barre or for some station on one of the railroads. The first train at any available point would be due, he saw, at three o’clock in the morning—three hours and a quarter off. His first cars he therefore sped to cover every exit on those lines, with orders to drop one man at each intersection of road or by-way, to stop every automobile, tram-car or vehicle of any kind that might pass, and to search for any suspicious person, for any person answering to the description of Joe Lasalle or for any person bearing fire-arms.

The cars flew as he spoke, while the Captain, still at the telephone, called his substations, ordering action; called up the police of surrounding towns, requesting coöperation. Then, accompanied by Corporal Ammon with Private Hintze and Dorn, he started, himself, for Surrey.

That little old car had already seen much wild service. Its joints had been racked and its sinews strained in many a chase where life and death hung in the balance. But never in its prime had it done better work than it was to do that night.

Something over eleven miles, it is, from "B" Troop barracks to the old farmhouse at Surrey. Just over eleven miles. And in exactly thirty minutes, as was later proved on the witness stand,—in exactly thirty minutes from that tick of the clock at which Arthur Burnham got "B" Troop on the telephone, the Captain of "B" Troop stood in the farm-house door.

They had lifted June, by then, and laid her on her bed. Price and his troopers found her there, lying straight and still, her work-worn hands on her breast. They noticed—noticing everything—the neatness and cleanness of the room, of her dress, the tidiness of her hair, the honor in her face, the white, smooth goodliness of the bed—her beautiful dignity in death.

In the kitchen the mother sat—a certain magnificence about her—a certain classic grandeur—like an old tribal queen in defeat. She had done absolutely everything that she should have done. Her mind, all untaught in such particulars, had risen triumphant and made clear the way. She had disturbed nothing. The chair on which June had sat, the curtain at the window, the lamp, the position of the doors, even the black pool on the floor, she had been scrupulous to guard untouched. She had gone to the desk and hunted out a picture of Joe Lasalle. Now she sat waiting, with June's baby on her breast, June's children at her knees, hushing their frightened sobbing, her own head up, her own eyes dry and challenging, her mouth firm. Price, looking at her there, felt sheer respect.

As to the deed, in five minutes he knew all that he needed to know, as far as that scene could tell it!—June's wound was three inches behind and a little below the left ear. It was two inches in diameter and three to four inches deep. She had received a

full charge of number-six shot from a shotgun. The shoulder of her dress was smirched with powder, and riddled with holes. Pellets of shot showed in the panels of a door across the room. The globe of the lamp was smashed. One pane of the window before which she had sat was shattered, and a hole blown through the Holland shade. Under that window, outside, lay a horizontal cellar door. On one batten of the door stuck a bit of fresh mud.

Price, standing on the cellar door, found that, peering close through the cracks in the worn Holland shade, he could distinguish objects in the room. He ordered one of his men to sit in June's chair as June had sat, elbow on table, chin in left hand. Then, with his own foot close by the mud-spot, he sighted a broomstick through the hole in the pane at his trooper's head. The sight-line struck the opposite door above the shot-marks there.

Price is a small man—a small package of high potency. He gave the stick into the second trooper's hand. Sighted, the line struck the pellets in the door fairly. That trooper was five feet eleven inches tall. So, it happened, was Joe Lasalle.

Satisfied with his investigation of the premises, leaving Private Hintze to comfort the little household, but taking Ammon and Dorn with him, the Captain now sped off, as he had come, to snap the next link to the chain, as he guessed it. Three miles or so away, up and up, high, and higher in the hills, he lighted at last upon a tiny farmhouse abiding in loneliness like the loneliness of the sea—the house of Joe Lasalle's mother.

In a moment the three men had control of the place—of all its egresses. And while Price pursued that shrewd interrogation of the inmates that was later to clinch the case, it was Private Dorn who made the first material discovery,—a twelve-gauge shotgun, freshly cleaned, hidden in a cupboard; and beside it the oily rag that had cleaned it.

“Captain . . . ” Dorn called—and at that the telephone rang.

“Answer that telephone,” Price commanded the man of the household, “and be careful what you say.”

“Hello”—he obeyed.

On the word, Price pushed him aside, taking the instrument from his hand.

“Is Captain Price there?” came a voice that he recognized. “Private Brennan speaking. From the Dallas-Luzerne road at Shaverton. *I have Joe Lasalle.*”

This was twenty minutes after one.

By the first light of dawn they reconstructed his trail. Independent of his statements as of his denial, they followed his hesitating movements about the house, from the time when his baleful, unseen presence had driven the wife in terror to her sick mother’s bed, to the moment when, braced on the cellar door, he had fired his one shot, and then, suddenly afraid, without a glance to make sure of the deed, had turned and run. They found the rail on the old fence, opposite, under the appletree, where he had splintered a rotten board, hastily climbing to reach the short cut through the swamp, to his mother’s house. On the swamp’s farther edge, they found the rock that his fleeing foot had scraped—the little white chalky line and the tear in the moss. From the inmates of his mother’s home, from what they had said or left unsaid—from their explanations or failure to explain, they reconstructed what had passed in that place in Joe Lasalle’s brief tarrying both before and after the crime. And so they traced him till he had landed, shuddering lies in useless showers, into the arms of Privates Brennan and Gingrich, waiting at Shaverton on the Dallas-Luzerne road.

Meantime, they had found the girl, Nora, whose image had buzzed in Joe’s handsome, empty head until the getting rid of his wife became a sort of obsession to him. They had found her quickly, before any alarm could reach her, had brought her in all unprepared, and, in spite of her jaunty, foolish defiance, had got from her all that she knew.

And so on, through each grim, sordid, consequent detail, with speed and with scientific precision, until the case of the State, complete and invulnerable, clicked shut.

That case, of course, was challenged in the Court. The strange woman sold her home and all that she had, to hire lawyers for her son’s defense. And these, again, brought every sort of wild, useless counter-accusation against the State Police. With the sole result that they, the lawyers themselves, having gone beyond

bounds, were disciplined by the Court, while their client paid for his crime the extreme penalty.

Now the thing to observe is this: Joe Lasalle, from the moment in which he fired his shot, was a doomed man. He had not the shadow of a chance to make a get-away.

Brennan and Gingrich, it happened, nipped him at Shaverton on the Dallas-Luzerne road. But if he had chosen any other road or by-path, or if he had cut across to any trolley or train, or if he had hidden, biding his time, nevertheless and with exactly the same certainty would he have fallen into the grip of the officers of the State Police. Within one hour from the moment when he fired his shot, the iron ring encompassed him without one break.

Had the crime been reported less promptly the arrest might have been proportionately delayed. But the web of the Force covers every inch of the State, and its arm reaches over the Nation.

Again, brought to trial, he had not the shadow of a chance. For Price and his men, trained in every turn and trick of the laws of evidence, had missed not one nicety in foreseeing and preparing the case of the State. No choice of verdict was possible.

To-day, in the lonely farmhouse in the hills, the only home she has ever known since she came to it a bride, a wonderful woman faces the future alone. She is seventy-four years old. Grief and horror have used her hard. Her strength of body ebbs daily, and as it slips and slips fast and faster through her desperate clutch, grows an icy fear of that nearing dawn when she can work no more—when by no human effort can she force herself up—drag herself from her bed. *Then* who will mother June's babies?

“They would not listen when I told them. If they had listened—if they had called the State Police, *my June would have been alive tonight—alive and here—with her babies.*”

KATHERINE MAYO.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

GEORGE MOORE

I

I WAS in Dublin on the day when the news of the Battle of Jutland was announced in such abrupt terms that most people imagined the British Fleet had been irretrievably defeated. The affairs of the Abbey Theatre, of which I was then in control, had been brought to a pause because of the military regulations imposed upon the city after the Easter Rising, and Mr. Moore, new from London, asked me to employ some of my leisure in making a reconciliation between Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats on the one hand and himself on the other. I foolishly consented to see what could be done, chiefly because of the innocent wonder which I detected in Mr. Moore at the fact that anyone could possibly take offense at anything he might say, however revelatory of private affairs it might be; and I spent some time in the pursuit of peace. Lady Gregory declared that she had no feeling against Mr. Moore because of what he had said about her in his trilogy, *Hail and Farewell*, but that she could never forgive the insults it contained to Mr. Yeats. Mr. Yeats, endeavoring to think deeply about the Rising, declared that he had forgotten, if indeed he had ever remembered, the insults to himself in the trilogy, but that he could not pardon those offered to Lady Gregory. Moore had broken bread in her house, and then had gone away and made fun of her! Worse than that, he had belittled her work. He had said that her plays were not great plays and that her "Kiltartan" dialect was not the dialect of the people of Ireland, but a tortured, unrhythmic invention of her own! . . . I proposed to them that they should pool their pardons and receive him into the fold again, but my proposal