

have been marred with blots and defaced with unworthy pictures.

Perchance the easily molded clay would have come from under our hands with eyes awry and feet that longed for the rank growth and mud of swamps, instead of the flower-scented meadow paths. God, the all-seeing searcher of self-indulgent, neglectful, unappreciative fathers and mothers and guardians, only knows. Our lonely lives must make atonement through His mercy for all defects and frailties, and give of the smaller supply given us to the waifs and strays who chance

to cross our path. But the woman who still wears her crown of motherhood should set that life-work before all other. First, always first in every detail, by day and by night, we must remember that it is our children who "will inherit the earth."

God says to every father and mother, "Through you, by your children, I send my message of higher civilization and higher Christianity to all the unborn ages; and at the last great day 'The Book of Life shall be opened,' and 'as it is written' so shalt thou be judged."

The Folly of Father

By Virginia Y. Remnitz

THE disappearance of "father" created, at first, but small anxiety in the Dickerson household. His daughter-in-law declared, while eating breakfast, that it was a nuisance keeping folks' meals for them. Her husband laughed good-naturedly, and "guessed father was off somewheres with the birds, and would come home when his stomach warned him." Arabella, and Arabella only, kept silence. When questioned concerning her grandfather, her fair skin reddened slightly and her blue eyes drooped. But she had no information to give. Arabella was a painfully conscientious child, with a high forehead and a small, sensitive face. Her little mind had a matter of its own to adjust, and needed the seclusion found only out-of-doors. So, as soon as might be, she left her questioners and went to the daisy-field across the road. There she and her grandfather were wont to "play at farm" together.

It was early June, and the great field, with its flowers and its sweet scents, its cool lengths of shadow and its warm breadths of sun, was a place at once of riot and of rest. For the child the riot, and for the old man the rest. He would sit quietly under the great oak-tree, thinking of many things, while she chased imaginary cows out of imaginary corn, and hunted hens' eggs amid daisy-stems and grasses. For the child had visited at the farm every summer she could remember until this one, and she sadly missed the treat which had always turned the rest of the year, for her, into eleven months of waiting. When her grandmother died, early in the winter, it had even been suggested that they all move

out to the old homestead; but Arabella, who listened with leaping heart and bated breath to the discussion, soon heard her mother's conclusion of the whole matter, "Farm life, indeed! It's just drudgery, fit for those who like it, and don't care for society and cultivating their minds." So lonely old Father Dickerson had left the farm he loved and come to live in town with his son Jim.

Arabella, alone in the daisy-field, sat down under the great oak-tree where her grandfather had rested the morning before, and weighed her evidence. "I don't *know* where grandpa is, and I haven't seen him this morning; only, he said he was going some day—and I *guess he's gone!*" She looked solemnly at the daisy-heads nodding toward her under the passing breeze. Suddenly her expression changed, and the blue eyes looked out defiantly through rising tears. "Oh, he *might* have taken me with him. It is mean! It is mean!" And it was only yesterday they had such a good time together; until her mother called them in from the field. Then came the rough banter with which her father had greeted their tardy appearance at the table. "Been farming out in the daisy-fields, have you? Well, how's crops getting along?"

Why had her grandfather flushed red all under his white, wrinkled skin? He had not answered her father's kindly query, "Kind o' miss the old place, don't you?" but her mother had promptly spoken for him. "What! miss slavin' when he's a feeble old man? I guess not. Now Mother Dickerson's gone, he couldn't any more run that farm than—than Arabella could. And here he's not got a thing to do from morning till night!"

Arabella sighed unconsciously as she recalled the tone of her grandfather's voice when he answered: "That's so, Milly. Not a thing to do from morning till night."

A bird flashed over the field, and as Arabella followed its flight her thoughts drifted to the bobolink meadow at the farm. It was really the great clover piece, but the child had named it after the merry little songsters who seemed to love the place.

"I wish I was there," she said, aloud.

"Arabella! Arabella!" The sharp voice shook the brooding summer air into confusion, and the little girl sprang quickly to her feet. "I guess he's there by now," she thought, as she ran. "Oh, if he'd only taken me with him!"

But ten miles, on a hot morning, is a long walk for an old man. Moreover, June is the season of nesting birds and wild strawberries. When the frightened little mothers dart out of their hiding-places, who can resist the temptation to pause and pry? And who, hungry and weary, could refuse an invitation to breakfast under shady trees, where covers are laid for whoever chances that way? No wonder it was nearly noon when old Mr. Dickerson paused beside a roadside fence, and, drawing a deep breath of sweet air from the bobolink meadow, leaned his arms on the upper rail.

"And they're a-mending it, just as we was planning to," he murmured, noting some tools which lay not far from where he stood, and also the freshly inserted rails, showing out incongruously amid their weatherbeaten surroundings. "I'm real glad they are keepin' things up." He looked around for the owner of the tools, but failed to see the young man who, lying in the shade of a tree near by, raised his head at the sound of a voice and watched the speaker curiously.

Father Dickerson had never seen the owners of the place, having left to his son all the business connected with selling. When told that the purchasers were young and inexperienced, he had felt sad misgivings for the homestead. Yet in the first pleasure of revisiting this spot he failed to look about with a farmer's eye, and not until the mended fence gave his thoughts a practical turn did he glance critically over the meadow stretching before him. Then the light died out of the old man's face, and he shook his head dolefully. "Running wild!" he muttered. "The great clover piece running wild!" He clambered slowly over into the meadow, and

sank knee-deep in the clover and daisies and meadow-grass. A bobolink sprang up from before him, and the long, sweet whistle of a meadow-lark came from over the stream. And the man who had been lying under the tree crawled noiselessly up to the fence and peered in on the scene in the meadow.

The shadow had lifted from Father Dickerson's thoughts, and he was rubbing his hands together gleefully. "If them bobolinks ain't as saucy as ever!" he cried aloud. His uplifted face shone with delight and his mild blue eyes beamed as they followed the flight of the bird which had called forth his exclamation. This winged incarnation of gladness bubbled over as he flew into a rollicking laugh of a song. Another step forward and the quietly clad little mate rose up, lighting on a tuft of grass not far off. The old man dropped on his knees with a boyish laugh, and began to hunt about in the grass. In a few moments he rose, shaking his finger at the anxious little housekeeper who watched him. "You rogue, you! It takes brighter eyes 'n my old ones to find a bobolink's nest, and you know it. You can come back home now. I ain't going to step on the eggs, either."

The young man looking anxiously through the fence could not hear the words, but he saw the motions. "Plum crazy, poor old chap!" he murmured.

Father Dickerson made a careful circuit of the place from which the bird had risen, and waded on through the wind-blown billows of meadow growth, watching the antics of the bobolinks as they tilted daintily on the long, stiff blades of grass, played tag in the air, or, fluttering ecstatically over his head, broke into their musical, irrepressible merriment. They seemed scarcely to regard as an intruder the old man who passed along by the edge of the stream, nodding and smiling at each little wild creature he started out of its covert. Suddenly the young man who was watching rose to his feet and began collecting his tools. He meant to get home before that crazy old chap, or Nellie'd be scared to death. So he swung around by the road at a good pace, while Father Dickerson pursued his leisurely, happy way through the meadow and on to the hillside orchard which led to the house.

The trees in the orchard were full of promise in the shape of countless little green apples, and the fields which lay about the farm-house were orderly review-grounds for

long, straight lines of corn and barley and oats, all bowing to the old master as he appeared at the top of the hill, his hat off as though in acknowledgment of this salute.

He was at the back of the house, and the great kitchen-garden lying to his left looked just as it did when 'Liza tended the flower borders, and walked amid the green peas, her basket on her arm. And there, scattered over the field across the road, were the cows!

He was nearing the front of the house now, his head bowed, and no smile on his lips—an exile come back to the spot which held the memories of forty happy years.

He did not know he was watched as he stood there in pathetic silence looking about him. But when he glanced toward the porch he saw, sitting in 'Liza's arm-chair, a slender, girlish figure; and beside her, on his own corner bench, was a young man. As Father Dickerson came forward to the foot of the steps they both rose, the young woman saying gently, "How do you do, sir?" But he who had been master here for so long now stood irresolute, finding nothing to answer at first, and fumbling with his cane in silence. At last he said, "I just came back to have a look at the old place."

The young woman turned a puzzled face toward her husband, and then looked back at the strange visitor. He answered her unspoken question with quiet dignity.

"I am old Mr. Dickerson," he said.

The dark eyes bent upon him widened and then filled with sudden tears. In another moment the new mistress of the farm was leading her guest up the steps and toward the bench in the corner, her voice, with its tender vibrations, making him welcome every step of the way.

"And you are Mr. Dickerson! We have spoken of you so often. This is my husband, Mr. Haines. How tired you must be! Sit down here, and I will bring you some cold water; then you must come in and rest yourself before dinner." The young woman's eyes, moist yet from that sudden uprising of tears, looked into the wrinkled old face as though it were the face of a father. She released the hand she held only when her guest sank down on the bench. Then, leaving him with her husband, she went into the house, soon reappearing with the water. She filled the glass and handed it to him, saying, "We think it the best in the world."

"'Liza and I always said so," he answered, draining the glass.

"And now would you not like to come up stairs?" As Mrs. Haines made the suggestion there was a gentle hesitancy in her voice. She was asking herself the question which all impulsive, generous natures must needs ask so often, "Was it best, after all?"

Father Dickerson rose and followed her until he stood at the door of his own room. This Mrs. Haines opened for him and then fell back, busying her eyes with the pattern of the old carpet strip which ran through the hall. But the silence led her to look up soon. The old man had taken but one step forward, and then stood quite still, looking about him. The room was just as he had left it!

When his young hostess glanced up, Father Dickerson turned toward her and laid a trembling hand on her arm. "You're a good child," he said, and his voice quavered pitifully. "I reckon you've got an old father yourself, somewheres."

"He died last year," she answered, softly. "I thought you might come back some day."

Father Dickerson, left alone in his old room, went slowly from one familiar object to another. The stuffed owl still kept guard over the great chest of drawers opposite the door, and he smoothed its plumage gently. Resting on the chest and the mantle-shelf, stuck into every available corner, and even nailed to the walls here and there, were the branches and twigs he had cut when the nests they bore were deserted. Not one cunning little home was missing from its place. And the curious fossils, the Indian arrow-heads and tomahawks, the minerals and stones—the result of forty years' collecting—were all in place on their shelves, while each corner still boasted its stack of cat-tails. His daughter-in-law had said she couldn't have her house cluttered up with such things, and Father Dickerson had not realized at the time what all these treasured possessions meant to him. Now he knew, and suddenly there was revealed to him the emptiness of his life since he left the old home—worse than this, the emptiness that awaited him! He sat down on the bed and bowed his gray head over its worn footboard. He thought of an old tree he had once tried to transplant. It had failed to take root in the new soil, withering and drooping until it died.

When Father Dickerson came down stairs

again, he followed the sound of voices and found himself in the dining-room. Mrs. Haines was leaning over her husband's chair, one hand resting on his shoulder. Her face was full of tender yet cheery solicitude.

"But you have been working too hard, dear. Two whole hours out in the hot sun without resting!" She shook her head at him, smiling, and ran her fingers through his fair hair. Then she glanced up and saw the venerable figure standing in the doorway. The sudden color swept over her face, but her manner did not lose its winning cordiality, nor her smile its warmth. "I was just lecturing my husband. He has been very bad."

"I'm afraid Mr. Dickerson will think we are queer farmers if he heard you taking me to task for working two hours in the sun," Mr. Haines answered, laughing; but he looked very wan, despite his coat of tan, and coughed restlessly. The old man looked at the two thoughtfully before answering. He could not deny that they were queer-looking farmers. The husband, pale and weary after two hours' work; the wife, in her trim shirt-waist and high linen collar, with her small hands and delicately banded hair, looking more like a summer boarder at the farm than its mistress. There was something about them both—an effect made up of many small details—which stamped them as city-bred. But the visitor did not feel in a critical mood toward these two. The man tried not to show his weariness, and the look in the wife's eyes was the same look which had comforted Father Dickerson and made him feel at home in the old place. So he answered very gently, "You don't seem just like farmer folk, bred and born. I guess you come from the city?"

Mrs. Haines glanced at her husband roguishly. "We can't hide it, Steve; there's no use trying." They both laughed, and the wife, with that deep vibration in her voice which would betray her emotion, continued: "You see, Mr. Dickerson, my husband needs out-of-door life. The doctor said he ought not to sit over a desk all day, so he gave up his work in town, and we decided to turn farmers. And we like it very much, but we are *so* ignorant! Why, we have to read up everything in books!" They all laughed together at this.

"Luckily, we have a pretty good man to help us," young Haines said, cheerfully. "Still, I think we should often differ from him if we knew enough to dare!"

"One of my college friends came out to visit us," Mrs. Haines continued, "and she did nothing but poke fun at me. But I can make good butter now, and I am really proud of my dairy. You shall see it after dinner."

"Everything seems to be doing real well, fur's I can see," Mr. Dickerson remarked, benevolently.

"But we've only undertaken a part of the farm this year," Mr. Haines explained; "the part nearest us. I'm afraid you'd be shocked to know how much we just had to leave alone."

Father Dickerson's mind was on the great clover piece, and he nodded appreciatively. "You don't want to work too hard," was what he said, however.

"Oh, I'll be equal to it all next year," the young man declared, eagerly. "When we've finished dinner you must go all over the place with me. I've got a hundred things to ask your advice about, and I must learn all I can while we have you here. We often wonder how you used to do things, and have quite lively disputes on the subject."

The old man's heart was in a glow. He could really be of use to these young people then. He felt more vigorous than he had for months—less like an old, worn-out tool, laid aside to rust. He was eager to start out on his tour of inspection, but it did not seem to occur to the young man to go until his wife could join them.

It was a golden afternoon for the old master of the farm, and he felt like an exile welcomed home again. From all the happy memories which thronged the place the sting of change was taken away by the unaffected pleasure of the young people in his company. But best of all was the eager way in which they asked his advice upon each point of management, the delight they took in his approbation, and the regret they expressed over every neglected bit of farm land.

"If we could only have you here with us, we should get along famously," young Haines said, with a little sigh, as they sat down on the porch again; and his wife assented eagerly, with that same daughterly light in her eyes which had warmed the old man's heart from the first. The look on his face grew brighter. He wasn't such an old fellow, after all—not he!

There was a rumble of wheels on the road, and a light wagon came in sight. On the front seat sat a man, and behind him were a woman and a little girl. The horse turned in

at the gate, and the three on the piazza all leaned forward to look. Suddenly the face of Father Dickerson grew withered and old, like a brown autumn leaf from which the glowing sunshine passes suddenly.

"They've come to take me back!" he cried, and the sound of his voice was like a wail. His entertainers looked at him anxiously.

"I can't go back there," he went on, with sudden tense energy. "Let me be your hired man. I'll work hard. You won't be sorry you kep' me—" The horse drew up at the door, and the woman, looking toward the porch, called out sharply, "Well, I declare!" while the man, in a voice expressive of great relief, exclaimed, "So there you be, father! Well, well!"

Mr. Haines came to the side of the wagon and offered his hand to the woman, who had risen from her seat. Then he lifted Arabella out, and she ran straight to her grandfather, hiding her face against his shoulder. She had divined his distress, and her guilt was greater than she could bear. For she had told them where he was. She had held out as long as she could, but when her mother asked, "Didn't your grandpa say a word about going away anywhere?" she had answered, white with distress, "He said he was going to the farm some day." Oh, that old sad choice between loyalty and truth!

The old man put his arm about the child and stood up, looking pitifully from his daughter-in-law to the young mistress of the farm.

"You put us in a terrible way, father, going off so without a word. If it hadn't been for Arabella I don't know as we should have thought of coming here, either." And the little girl shrank within her grandpa's encircling arm, her cheeks burning. Would he ever forgive her?

The eyes of the old man dropped before his daughter-in-law's accusing look. "It warn't right," he murmured. "I didn't look to put you to any trouble. It just came over me to have a look at the old place, and I couldn't help coming. And I wasn't aware of how the time was a-passing."

The son, having tied the horse, now joined the group on the porch. Laughing heartily, he grasped his father's hand in his own. "It's all right, father, so long as we've found you safe and sound! He'd got on a hankering for the old place, I guess," he went on, addressing Mrs. Haines, with a confidential look

and nod. "But Arabella, here, knew a thing or two about her old grandad, didn't you—eh?" He pulled the little girl's face around, and saw that it was tear-stained. "Well, well, it's all right! And we're much obliged to these good folks for giving you a pleasant visit at the old place. Just let us know when you're coming again, that's all. And now we must all get home. Come, father, say good-by, and let's be off."

The old man's appealing eyes were on Mrs. Haines's face. His lips trembled as though he would speak, but no sound came.

"Yes, come along, father," urged the daughter-in-law, nervously.

A little silence fell, and it was broken by the low, clear voice of Mrs. Haines. "Mr. Dickerson has been very kind," she said, and her direct glance rested first on the son and then on his wife. "He sees that we are quite inexperienced and need his help. If you can spare him, he has promised to stay with us."

And Jim's wife exclaimed, "Well, I declare! Who ever heard of such foolishness!" But Arabella, lifting her head gladly, wondered as she looked at her grandfather. The withered, drawn face was aglow, like an autumn leaf upon which the sun shines out again.

When it was time for the fall plowing, the bobolink meadow had changed its June glory of daisies and clover for a brilliant mantle of goldenrod and purple aster. And the bobolinks had put aside their plumage of cream and black for somber suits of brownish buff, which changed them strangely.

The plow which was startling these birds in their quiet haunts, and slowly converting the glory of purple and gold into long brown furrows of earth, was driven by an old man who found it hard to keep straight lines and answer, at the same time, all the questions propounded by the little girl at his side.

"Where are the bobolinks gone, grandpa?"

"Flyin' all around us, Arabella. Can't you see 'em?" He chuckled appreciatively.

"Oh, those aren't bobolinks!"

"That's just like a gal; judgin' folks by their clothes."

But when the child understood, she declared she would come to the farm hereafter in June. For bobolinks, unlike men, look best in their Sunday black and white, and beneath the scented clover-heads are hidden the cunning homes which are but empty ruins in the time of the goldenrod and aster.

Books and Authors

A Portrait Gallery¹

Though Shakespeare affirmed that

There's no art,

To find the mind's construction in the face,

yet do we all take keen pleasure in tracing character, tendency, and bent of genius in the faces of the famous. In this "Gallery" we have a wide range of men and women of great achievement in many different worlds—those of war, politics, government, discovery, literature, painting, the drama, music, journalism, philanthropy, and science. A selection broad enough to include Madame Pompadour and Paderewski, Carlyle and Grover Cleveland, Andrew Lang and Leo XIII., Savonarola and Frank Stockton, is certainly comprehensive in its plan. Most readers know that for many years the "Century Magazine" has given special attention to the reproduction of fine portraits; the hundred here collected are largely from paintings by famous artists, or from drawings, etchings, and crayon pictures. They have been engraved by the best American wood-engravers (and this means the best in the world)—Thomas Cole, T. Johnson, Muller, Closson, and others. They are printed with the greatest care on heavy paper with ample margins, and are gathered into a tastefully designed portfolio. In short, the collection has been made on art principles, and all the details have been carried out artistically.

In looking over these portraits one is struck by the fact that, while of course many of the subjects in themselves are as familiar as possible, the particular portraits here given are not; most of them have something striking in the circumstances under which they were made, a novelty of treatment, the bringing to light of a little-known original, a specially artistic pose, or some other distinctive and individual quality. Among others we may particularly note Mr. Cole's rendering of Wyatt Eaton's drawings of Holmes and Bryant, and of the portraits of Henry James and Emerson; Mr. Johnson's of daguerreotypes of Daniel Webster and Washington Irving; Kenyon Cox's drawing of Augustus St. Gaudens; Mr. Closson's of Jenny Lind; and the reproduction of the photographs of Burroughs, Daudet, Her-

¹ *The Century Gallery of One Hundred Portraits.* The Century Company, New York.

schel, Julia Ward Howe, Florence Nightingale, Eleanor Duse, and Peter Cooper. The great variety of pose and artistic treatment imparts a singular and growing fascination as one turns these portraits over one by one. In the aggregate they form a worthy memorial of the men and women, living and dead, whom they bring to mind.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending October 15. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

It is not often that we have a writer's own criticism of his work. In the "Vailima Letters" the late Robert Louis Stevenson spoke so freely and sincerely of the romance upon which he was last at work, *St. Ives*, that his own words form its best review—allowing, however, for a little whimsical self-depreciation, and for the wearied state of mind and body of the author. Mr. Stevenson wrote: "It is merely a story of adventure, rambling along; but that is, perhaps, 'the guard that sets my genius best,' as Alan might have said." And again: "It is a mere tissue of adventures: the central figure not very well or very sharply drawn; no philosophy, no destiny, to it; some of the happenings very good in themselves, I believe, but none of them *bildende*, none of them constructive, except in so far perhaps as they make up a kind of sham picture of the time, all in italics, and all out of drawing. Here and there, I think, it is well written; and here and there it's not. Some of the episodic characters are amusing, I do believe; others not, I suppose. However, they are the best of the thing such as it is. If it has a merit to it, I should say it was a sort of deliberation and swing to the style, which seems to me to suit the mail-coaches and post-chaises with which it sounds all through." Once more, he says: "'St. Ives' will (to my mind) not be wholly bad. It is written in rather a funny style; a little stilted and left-handed; the style of 'St. Ives,' also, to some extent, the style of R. L. S. dictating. 'St. Ives' is unintellectual, and, except as an adventure novel, dull. But the adventures seem to me sound and pretty