

"Make you understand, you spirit! Can't you see? I said the house belonged to Mrs. Drayton; and Mrs. Drayton is my wife, or will be if she doesn't escape me again. Sweetheart, I did design the house; I was an architect, before they left me more money than I knew what to do with. I built the house after plans I had had in my head always; plans nobody thought worth the paper they were drawn on, in the old days. I built it, and I furnished it as I had dreamed it should be furnished; but, after all, it was empty. I had but piled up lumber and stones. I had reared for myself a home, and the silent walls mocked me. When you came, with your wistful dream-eyes, your voice that made all the music in the world sound harsh, I understood what my home lacked. In

spite of everything, I have made your dreams come true. Lift that dear face and tell me what you said about the occupant of this room. Is she fat—is she fair—is she forty——?"

For one moment Myra struggled in his arms, hiding her face. Then timidly she lifted her eyes to his. His face was warm with joy and love. The wonder of the life opening before her made her faint.

"You have indeed made all my dreams come true," she said, with a little, tear-washed smile. "And you have put a man into them, after all—a man that I dare not turn out!"

And as his laugh rang through the silent house she slipped her arms up and pulled him down.

She had indeed drawn him into the circle of her dreams.



AN ANNIVERSARY

I WONDER if the dead forget,
Or if they count, by earthly years,
Those milestones of our sorrows, set
By days of grief and nights of tears.

I wonder if the dead forget—
Or if in heaven you stole aside
To whisper down, with fond eyes wet,
"Poor boy! this was the night I died!"

CHARLES BUXTON GOING.



AN UNUSUAL CASE

PRISONER—Yes, I'll admit I killed my mother-in-law—but I'm sorry I done it!

HIS LAWYER—You are? Then perhaps I can get you off on the grounds of insanity!

STUDIO SWEEPINGS

By James L. Ford

BOB himself says that the story is not worth the telling; and in one sense he is right, for I hold that it matters precious little to an artist of his distinction whether or no he be bidden to those august revels in which members of the aristocracy mingle with persons of mere literary, artistic or moral worth. Nor am I willing to admit that even the famous Every Other Saturday Club, in which, as all the world knows, such alien elements as fashion and genius meet on terms of absolute equality, can bestow any *cachet* worth striving after on the men and women who are summoned to its meetings.

But it has been charged that it is because of the wounding of his wife's social vanity on the night of their first and only visit to the club, many, many years ago, that Bob does not hold today the same position in the proudest society of his native New York that he does in those greater and wiser cities of the old world in which his genius found full recognition long ago, and particularly in London, where he now lives and where both he and Kate are valued at their true worth. Therefore, I shall tell the story, if only to show that his wife has never been anything to him but a true helpmeet from the moment of their very first meeting. And above all do I desire to show that, although Mrs. Bob may be said to have burned her fashionably artistic bridges behind her in the few words that she uttered as we all withdrew from that long-ago meeting of the E. O. S. Club, it was not because of a wounded social vanity that those words were spoken, but rather from a feeling of intense

mortification, blended with rude disenchantment—a feeling which we all three shared.

But if I am to tell the story I must begin at the beginning instead of the end, and I shall enjoy the telling all the more because it will take me back to those never-to-be-forgotten days when the spring foliage of Washington Square, far greener and fresher than now, found a harmonious background in the gray walls of the old University Building, beneath whose roof good men wrote and painted and prospered, while others, and better ones, perhaps, suffered and starved with their unsold manuscripts and paintings—those unprinted, unframed skeletons of dead hopes and ambitions—heaped about them. For there were some to whom this ancient gray stone pile proved a grave, albeit it still lives in many brave hearts a hallowed memory of golden years.

Those were rare days, and simpler ones as well. There were no professional bohemians then, no women of society who used celebrities, either newspaper-made or genuine, as bait to lure desirable guests to their dull dinner-parties. We were not "in society," we of whom I write, but we had our own "crowd," a score or more in number—young artists and writers for the most part—who dined together nightly in the little French restaurant in Bleecker street. And one of us was Bob, now of international renown, but at that time an illustrator, working on the top floor of the old gray building where the light was good, the rent low and hope strong within many a young breast.