Mr. Dooley's Discourses

THE THEATRE

BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE

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"It seems to me," said Mr. Dooley, "it's time these here attacks on Art shud be stopped."

"What's the matther?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "a lot iv narrow-minded people, who have no idee iv Art at all, are makin' an attack on th' modhern stage. They say it is immoral, an' has a bad effect on th' youth iv th' land an' ought to be reformed. An' why, I ask ye? Simply because iv th' inthrest in Art an' f'r no other reason, th' theatrical managers iv th' country are eliminating clothing as inartistic an' are attimpting to reproduce life as it exists in parts iv th' wurruld well known to th' polis f'r th' pinilt iv humanity.

"It's a disgrace to our civilization to have what a leading Mind in th' theatrical syndicate has called bonehead'd purists interferin' with th' progress iv Culture. I don't know how it all started. But faith, I don't know how anything started in this gloryous country iv ours. As Hogan says, ye dislodge a pebble, an' it rolls down hill and becomes a hurrikane at th' bottom. An' so it is with a moral wave. Somewan goes to th' theaytre an' sees an actor lady on th' stage dhressed f'r sleep if she thadn't f'rgotten something an' th' first thing ye know th' second lady f'r'm th' left end iv th' first row iv th' chorus is arrested f'r not wearin' enough roocheing around her neck. Sthrange to say, both sides admit that th theaytre is an idjacational institution. I niver thought iv it that way. I always supposed that people went to th' theaytre because they had no comfortable homes to go to or to f'rget that th' dishes weren't washed or to laugh or cry or have a good spell iv coughing where it wud attract attintion. But it seems I was wrong. 'Th theaytre is intinded to be more like a night school thin a circus. It's a good thing f'r th' theaytres that th' people that go to thim don't know this. If they felt they were bein' idjacated whin they thought they were neglectin' their minds they'd mob th' box office to get their money back. Anny recollection they have iv idjacation is clouded with sorrow.

"But there it is an' me frind, Mose Einstein, th' well-known manager iv th' Forty Sapphos Extravaganza Company, is ready to admit that he occypies th' same position in the wurruld iv Culture as Dock Eliot in Harvard. I see him th' other day in Halsted sthreet discussin' Iboen with his fi-nancial backer, a gintleman that Hogan calls th' Mecenas iv th' dhrama, but his right name is Schwartz an' he runs a hand book in th' summer time. Mr. Einstein readily consented to talk f'r publication provided th' name iv th' attraction and th' [illegible] iv th' house was not mentioned too prominently. 'I undherstand,' he says, 'that a Baptist clergyman up town has called on th' polis to close this Temple iv Thespis,' says he. 'At laste I have so advertised to th' enlightened press. Do people gin'rally realize what this means? Do they undherstand that thinly-veiled undher a pretinse iv morality this is nawthin' but an attack on Art? Ivrything I have done in th' production iv this show has been in the inthrests iv Art. I have even gone so far as to give th' dhressmaker a vacation. An' I'm glad to say that in spite iv th' narrow-minded bigots who would've hanged th' sculptor in th' Venus de Milo (if I have th' name right) in consequince, I might almost say iv their attacks—th' public has appreciated our efforts. Thousds come ivry night to see th' wonderful classical scene in th' Turkish bath where th' heeroyine kills th' villain with a champagne bottle an' then dances on his chest. Th' American public will niver see Art sacrificed to Hypocrisy. Why, let me tell ye afther this here dhrama f'r th' young was suppressed be th' chief iv polis in Pikestown on account iv his insane hathred iv our press an' wh' is his on'y son, an' we come here to th' methropolis ye cuddn't get within a block iv th' theaytre th' house was so crowded with people that all to show their appreciation iv our struggle f'r American Art. I tried to suppress th' facts but th' live, enterprising press was too alert f'r me an' it got somehow or another crept into th' advertisements.'

"An' there ye are. It's a disgrace to our civilization that onesthin' men like this shud be persecuted to such an extint that they have to put in extra seats while there is plenty iv room in th' theaytres that don't realize their mission as art schools. It's a blot on us. It makes us th' laughin' stock iv th' wurruld. Why, they're even talkin' iv suppressin' Dalgoty. Ye never heerd iv 'Salomy.' Well, 'tis a quaint little thing—hardly up to the robust intilligence iv a grown man, more suited to childher an' modhern novelists. Hogan wint to see it th' other night. 'What was it like,' says I. 'It was a very artistic performance,' says he. 'Ye don't say,' says I. 'Was it really that bad?' Wan a minut till I lower th' dure an' pull down th' shades. Now tell me all about it.' Well,' says Hogan, 'th' play was wrote be a man, that I won't mintion th' name iv or ye'd throw me out. Twas set to music be a German musikeen by th' name iv Sthrauss. I never heard more thrillin' music. All th' time I felt as though I was in a dentist's chair havin' me tooth filled be a number 1 helper. This grand composer is th' first man to inthrojuce a scissors grinder, a man ridin' a saw an' a lawn mower into an orchesthra. It isn't th' kind iv music ye wud like. An' ye cudn't whistle anything in it. Ye might cough it or ye might repeat it be shakin' th' dove an' stepping on th' dog's tail at th' same time but ye cudden't whistle it. It's what ye might call a quarrelsome kind iv music with all th' instruments hurlin' insults at each other. But 'tis well suited to th' play. Th' play was taken f'r'm th' Bible, but I doubt if it wud fit into th' place if they tried to put it back. Th' author done it over in a way that gives ye a delightful sensation iv wondhrin' what name ye will invint 'at th' station whin th' place is pulled be th' polis.

"'I niver was so horrified an' shocked in me life. It was worth twinty times th' price iv admission. An' thin th' dancing! My, but it was fine. Ye see th' lady in this Biblical dhrama has a saint's head cut off because she is in love with him an' thin does a dance in front iv th' head. I will say nawthin' about what she wore an' I have now described her costume. But I didn't think iv that—it was all so graceful, so artistic, th' poethry iv motion. I'm sorry I forgot me opry glasses. Th' next time I go I'll get a front set an' take along a tillyscope. Ye bet I will. But there was nawthin' vulgar about it. Not a thing. Whin th' great artist come out an' began to hop the man settin' next to me, a man not aisily moved be th' higher things iv life, give me a dig in th' ribs with his elbo' an' whispered: 'I'll risk wan eye on it annyhow.' But it's no use thryin' to describe it to ye'er vulgar mind, Martin. Ye don't undherstand Art,' says he. 'I undherstand Hogan,' says I.

"Well, annyhow, Hennissy, Morality an' Art are clinched an' 'tis always ammusin' to me to see thim two great champeens fly at each other. I will say wan thing about Art. It's a great match-maker. Ye won't get Art to go on until he's counted up th' house. He is no bush-fighter. Th' threasurer calls out f'r'm th' box-office window: 'There's a kick against this show f'r'm Morality. Come out an' stand up f'r it.' 'Oh, ye want me now, do ye?' says Art. 'It's th' first time I've been cast this year. How much money is there in th' house? Two thousand dollars? Let me at him.' An' in th' middle iv th' argymint Art looks over his shoulder an' obsarves that a line is formin' f'r th' advance sale. Dye know I have me suspicions whin I see thim two fellows hooked up that they're both engaged be th' press agent. I'll bet ye ye cud get people to go an' see Shakespeare acted if ye cud injooce th' clergy to denounce him as immoral. Poor old Will! He done well onntil th' church become his frind. Now, as he wud say himself, there's none so poor as wud take a free pass to see him acted.

"Well, annyhow, it don't make much diffrence to me. I am willin' to have th' stage made daicint or I'm willing to have it go on as it is in th' sarvice iv Art, because I niver go to th' theaytre if I can help it. I only go whin Hogan takes me an' thin 'tis very pleasant. Nawthin' cud be more agreeable thin to be dhragged away f'r'm th' middle iv ye'er supper an' out into th' bracing weather iv our exhilaratin' winter an' hang to th' sthrap iv a sthreet car laden with pleasure lovers like ye'erself. 'We're goin' to th' most modhern playhouse in existence,' says Hogan. 'Ye'll be surprised at th' sumchuseness iv it,' says he. In time we arrive at th' temple an' afther bein' scrootinized be th' man at th' dure to make sure we got our tickets f'r'm th' spiculator, we are conducted down a runway be a young man who pushes a programme into me stomach an' plints to two seats that seem to be as far away as San Francisco with a large part iv th' popylation iv America between. These here devotees iv th' dhrama are settin' with their coats on their laps an' their shoes closely pressed again th' seats iv th' row in front. They greet me with an expression iv great agony. 'How am I goin' to get in?' says I. 'In me youth I cud hurdle thim but if I thried it now I'd on'y land in th' lap iv that stout lady whose vilet eyes at this minyit denounce me as a murdhrer,' says I. 'Go on in,' says Hogan. 'I feel th' hot flush iv shame mantling me brow but I take th' plunge.' A groan iv misery goes up f'r'm th' row as th' ladies collect their hats, coats, fans, handkerchiefs, programmes an' bottles iv smellin' salts in a large bundle an' slowly rise an' stand in a furvous row. Th' gintlemen back up against their new silk hats in th' commodious racks provided be a liberal management undher th' chairs. Th' space thus left between thim an' th' backs iv th' people in front is meant f'r me, th' triumphal enthry.

"How I got through I'll niver tell ye. Me figure is suitable to a man iv dignified years an' pursoots. I have a recollection iv shrieks iv pain, mutthered oaths, th' tearin' an' rendin' iv garments. Th' back buttons iv me coat become locked in a buckle belt. I tore mesiff loose with a superhuman effort, stepped on a hat an' found mesiff at me seat, with a feather boa around me legs an' me watch an' chain hangin' on th' ear iv a man in front iv me. At last I was safe but I dared not look behind at th' desolation an' ruin I had wrought. I soon recovered mesiff. I placed me overcoat on th' flure an' tucked me new hat into th' rack undher th' seat. Unfortunitely I f'rgot to lower th' seat before attempting to set on it. This in shoo seemed very pleasin' to th' audience an' made me avoyin' more noticeable than it might ye been otherwise.

"Nawthing is more comfortable thin a modhern playhouse, except, praps, th' upper berth in a sleepin' car. They are too luxurious. Th' people this generation are pampered. Why, sayd th' managers iv th' theaytres he, 'I will go to place th' rows iv seats so near together that even a small man can rest his knees on th' back iv a fiend in front iv him.' Why shud they to see unyoursely arranged that all ye have to do is to leave yeer seat to start a speakin acquaintance with ivrybody in th' same row. I hadn't been in the house two minuits before there wasn't wan iv me neighbors who hadn't spoken to me if it was no more than to say, 'Get off me foot.' But I'm what Hogan calls a sybarite. I guess, an' I revelled in th' luxury. I cud hardly believe it was thrue, me settin' there in a graceful attitude like a jack-knife, an' dhrinkin' in th' air that two thousand other people had paid. Countin' th' number iv pleasure lovers that had a cold in their head, watchin' th' gloomy Dutchmen in th' loud comin' out iv th' hole undher th' stage wondhrin' how th' leadin' lady cud see herself in a lookin' glass made iv tin in how pieces iv pa-aper cud make th' orphan shiver, an' why she had to warrum her hands on a roarin' fire iv red cellothic globes in th' fireplace. I did see where th' lawn in front iv th' duke's palace was sewed up with white thread an' I wondhered why they hadn't hung th' storm at sea on a clothes line an' 'ave th' dust out iv it before they put it on. Thin I read th' programme an' found out that a green Prince Albert coat with yellow facin an' pants iv blue crepe du chayne is tasty wear f'r th' althry smart this winter. I didn't dare to go out between th' acts, an' pass through th' afflicted district but th' monotony was broke be sivral survivors makin' me feet a part iv th' downward path to Rum. Th' play? I didn't pay much attinion to that. I got th' plot f'r'm what th' servant girl said while dustin' off th' furniture in th' first act an' knew how it wud come out. Hogan was in mortal terror that th' villain wud marry th' heeroyine, but me an' th' hired girl knew he was married already. 'It's a great play,' said Hogan whin we come out. 'It is,' says I. 'I didn't see ye laugh at the jokes,' says he. 'I cannot,' says I, 'be hilaryous in th' presence iv sufferin',' says I. 'What d'ye mean?' says he. 'I was lookin' at th' mimbers iv th' orchesthry,' says I.

"'Are ye in favor iv reformin' th' Morality iv th' stage?' asked Mr. Hennessy.

"'D'ye take me f'r a billboard?' said Mr. Dooley. 'Besides, Hennissy, 'tis a misdemeanor in this State to interfer with th' polis in th' pursoot iv their jootly."

CALLED LEE A TRAITOR.

And Won a Prize—The Award of Drs. Aldermen and Smith to the Minnesota Lady.

The following is published by The Observer by request:

To the Editor of The Statesville Landmark:

Dr. E. A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, and Dr. Alphonso C. Smith, of the University of North Carolina, have attempted to explain their action in awarding the $100 offered by the Daughters of the Confederacy for the best essay on Lee. The prize was given to a young lady of Minnesota, who spoke of Lee as a traitor, and the Richmond, Va., chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and some chapters of Louisiana, have condemned the action of Messrs. Aldermen and Smith.

It is surprising to me that no newspaper in North Carolina has had a word of rebuke for these gentlemen. Dr. Smith's explanation, which doesn't explain, is befogged with a lot of high-sounding phrases, finely spun theories, as to the meaning of traitor and a touch of patriotic self-laudation. He insists that an injustice has been done him by his critics in that they left out the last half of the following sentence: "Lee was a traitor in that he sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country, but so were George Washington, John Hampden and William of Orange."

It strikes me that it requires a remarkably discriminating vision to extract any comfort out of the last clause above quoted. It is stated in cold, bold type that "Lee is a traitor," and it is no palliation to say, so also were Washington and others. We are in nowise concerned with what the writer thought or said of Washington or Hampden or William of Orange, but we do know that she called Lee a traitor.

Dr. Aldermen says that he "was ill at the time the papers were given him to examine, but that he gave them as careful attention as he had strength to give." I was pained to hear of the illness of the distinguished president of the University of Virginia. There is a comfort, however, in the thought that at the time his mental attitude was not such as to render him a competent judge. I certainly have no inclination to be unkind or unjust to these gentlemen. They are recognized, the country over, as men of the broadest culture, lofty ideals, splendid manhood and heroic achievement. We all know that what is best and most beautiful in their heart and brain has flowered in the moral and educational uplife of the State, and yet, I honestly believe that if the Daughters of the Confederacy approve this award, they had as well disband. It was a blunder for which there can be no valid reason.

The next thing we know our school histories will state that "Lee was a traitor," and when the people condemn the histories they will be told that Dr. Alderman and Dr. Smith approved the statement.

It is simply trifling with language to suggest that immature, uncultivated minds will grasp the qualifying clause on which Dr. Smith largely rests his so-called defense. The press may shield these gentlemen because of their prominence in educational circles, but the people will hear of the matter an dexpress themselves as they should. Powerful as is The Charlotte Observer, it cannot wave aside this affair with the spectacular headline, "A Tempest in a Teapot." The Raleigh Evening Times rises up to remark, in substance, that the critics worked themselves into a frenzy before they know what they were talking about." They knew what they were talking about quite as well as the editor of The Times and are possibly as competent to judge of "structural and literary excellence." I have just received a letter from a prominent and distinguished lady of Richmond, Va., who writes: "The statement that Lee was a traitor carries its own condemnation, but what we most object to was the statement concerning his generals, his soldiers, his Southland, and holding up Lee as ridiculous."

Dr. Alderman further says: "Sincere study of the South's part in the war between the States by fair-minded human beings could only result in ridding them of prejudices and misconceptions, no matter what had been their enlightenment or upbringing." There you have it. The doctor would have us say a long farewell to the history and traditions of the Old South, and join in with the new awakening, whose god is a god of grab. The moral, social and business standards of the Old South were far above those now proffered us. The men who professed and practiced them were of larger mould and loftier stature than can be bred by prostration before the altars of mammon. They gave qualit yand tone, dignity and character to our civilization. They planted the banner of truth on sunlit hills, where those still in darkness could see its folds and struggle toward it. They kept watch over free government and saw to it that intelligence and honor were not displaced by craft and cunning. The spirit of patriotism enriched and illumined their altars. They never bent the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning."

"The New South, repudiating the glory of her war-time heroes, fashioned after the models of this era of graft, greed and subserviency, might in time produce a figure worthy to be canonized with such educational saints as Robert C. Ogden and Oswald Garrison Villard; such financial saints as Rockefeller and Harriman; but it would never produce another Lee. Let us the rather boast, that

"We are a people who are loyal to our past,
Who are held by heart-traditions and will hold them to the last,
Who would not sell in shame,
The glory of our name,
Though a world were in the balance
And a sword thereon were cast."

Respectfully, C. F. M.

Morganton, Feb. 10th, 1909.

The Last Straw.

Atchison Globe.

An Atchison man has been married five years, and three times a day for five years, or, to be exact, 5,175 times, he has stepped to the dresser to brush his hair and has had to tip the mirror back to get a look in. While dressing for an evening out, his wife would keep the mirror see-sawing back and forth, she pulling it out to see how her clothes hung in the back and the man pushing it back to adjust his tie and comb his hair, etc. Finally, in desperation, he bought a chiffonier for his own use, but one evening he went home grouchy and found his chiffonier turned around and the mirror tipped forward; his wife was using them both. This was too much, and grabbing his heavily mounted military brushes, he slammed one at each mirror, uttered a scream and disappeared.

If you suffer from constipation and liver trouble Foley's Orino Laxative will cure you permanently by stimulating the digestive organs so they will act naturally. Foley's Orino Laxative does not gripe, is pleasant to take and you do not have to take laxatives continually after taking Orino. Foley's Orino Laxative cures constipation without irritating the stomach or bowels like ordinary purgatives. R. H. Jordan & Co. and Greene's Pharmacy.

AS IT SEEMS TO ME

BY A PRISONER OF HOPE

He was a man who had failed. Somehow he had missed his chance, every time. It was in all the papers. It was being talked about everywhere. He was not the sort of man to whom failure comes as a matter of course. But it had come, accompanied by its companion, dishonor.

Yet the face of the man would have passed examination by the shrewdest phy lognomist. Nature had not intended the man for a weakling.

The laws of heredity failed also. There was no transmitted tendency to crime sufficiently marked to be traceable in a long line of honest ancestry.

The man had been bright, frank, ambitious, ingenuous. The sort of young fellow that successful men take into training. A clean young man ready for his share of the world's work. And yet he had failed. He was no longer to be free among other men. He sat in a place where the sunshine fell between bars and the shadow of a cross sprawled blackly at his feet.

It was all over. There was never going to be another chance. Something within him had died and neither he nor the world believed in its possible resurrection. It was all over.

The pain of it was not so keen now that the something within was really quite dead. The man was dulled by his own disgrace, half asleep under the spell of complete failure.

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But his wife. He wondered vaguely why he could not think of her as a stricken woman lying crushed and broken in the shadow of his sin. But when he feebly asserted his weakened will and called this picture up, it came, dim and uncertainly defined, and melted like a cloud wreath to make place for the picture that was more real than the bars.

The real picture was the girl who had come into his life a quarter of a century ago. A smiling, rosy, bright-eyed girl from a quiet country home. He had felt the fascination of women before, but his ideal had always been the sweet unspoiled country girl. There was in him the love of home.

How could he know that worldly ambition and morbid discontent reach as far out as the green fields and simple farm houses to the spoiling of such little girls as this one who had come into his life?

To be sure the discontent seemed a small matter then. The worldly ambition almost praiseworthy. So the young man dreamed his happily dreams and saw his beautiful visions, and the girl realized that the way of escape from drudgery and monotony and loneliness was opening for her.

The girl was not conscious of selfishness or duplicity or deception. The man behind the bars saw this clearly enough. The germ of discontent, the microbe of ambition were too small, too insignificant to be easily recognized. Their effect upon the nature of the girl was too slight to be taken seriously.

Even when he knew that she was not quite simple and direct, he was not afraid. When her choice of friends indicated unusual tact and discrimination he was not surprised, and when she became the centre of her chosen social circle he was not dismayed.

He remembered now just when she left off being simply pretty and became beautiful, how quickly she developed from an unsophisticated little country girl into a social favorite.

But he had gone on with the dreams and visions, for he had given himself up to the fascination of the girl's charm.

He saw now how coolly she had gone about it all. Of course she had loved him, but only as a means to an end. He felt, even now, that she had never been able to make this distinction.

He remembered how deliberately she had made her choice. But then had he not been quite as cautious, waiting for the coming of his ideal? And so he had never thought of blaming her.

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He was glad now that he had held out stoutly against the disillusioning that came all too soon. He had heard somewhere of a "period of adjustment." This could be nothing but that unavoidable period. It would pass.

He got used to it after awhile because he was too busy to give it attention.

With a wave of her little white hand she dispelled his vision of a modest home, a cosy place for which he could pay. She was far too ambitious and progressive for any such nonsense as that.

She had no idea of settling down to common domestic duties as her mother had done. She hated cooking and dishwashing and housekeeping and nothing of the sort had been taken into her reckoning.

This sort of thing might do very well for people who liked it, but she believed in a higher life. She must have a home that she would not be ashamed to open to her friends, and leisure and freedom from care that she might entertain them.

And there were many of the worldly wise who congratulated the young husband upon his good fortune. A wife who is a social success is an admirable helpmeet, these said. It is the successful who succeed. There is nothing like taking hold with a firm hand that reaches up and up, higher and higher.

He caught the infection. It had never worked briskly in his blood as it worked in hers, for he was naturally a simple, home-loving man. But he was weaker than his wife. His lofe for her was the strongest force in his nature.

When her ambition outgrew the first home he found another in a more fashionable neighborhood. This meant more servants, larger expenditures. But his wife was in the very front rank. Her invitations were eagerly sought for.

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He realized now that no one had ever had the courage to disappoint the woman who was his wife. He thought of the farm house that had been her home, of the plain working people who were her parents.

He had always loved to go to the old place. His wife was rarely ever able to accompany him. It seemed to him now that there had been a sort of tender pity in the old people's consideration for him. He had never known his own mother, nor a real home life. It is usually the orphan, the homeless who sing the sweetest songs of home.

He wondered how the spirit of unrest had come to possess the girl. There was no open way back to the answer. Besides, why need he know now when it was all over?

"The lass is a reckless driver, lad," the old man had said when he found them in the bigger house. "Better go your own gait. It's like to be safer."

He remembered it now, but then he had been half drunken with the success of a risky speculation. For it had come to that. He had been in danger, and he was not used to it then, nor had he learned about the blissful rest that can be folded in a strip of white paper, or shut in a tiny box.

All this came later. He remembered the beginning. The little babies had died, before. He had not realized how much he had cared till one lived. After all, the house was going to be a home.

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It was always easy enough for him to spend his evenings with the child. The nurse was glad of an hour or two outside, and his wife was never at home to her family in the evenings.

He was glad now that the little boy had lived only a little longer than the others. But it was then that he had found the rest in the dangerous drug—the sleep that comes from the siren touch of the goddess of destruction.

There were other children, but he had somehow not cared. He was sorry now that it was too late, now that the ruins of his disgrace had fallen about them.

He was not saying to his Accusing Angel, "The woman tempted me." He was only looking dumbly at the panorama of his life as the scenes rolled slowly out, across, away. He was making no effort. It came like a slow, awful dream. There was no escape. Beside the agony through which he had passed had used up all his strength. He was not even suffering now. He was not making any conscious effort to think or to recollect.

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He had not seen the newspapers, but he knew all that they were saying. Long columns that he had not expected to find in his memory appeared in cruel clearness before him. He had only to substitute his own name for the name of the other fellow who had failed. It was quite distinct.

He had known the other man. He had talked over the shocking details with the men who were now discussing his own fall. His name looked queer there where the other man's used to be. It had been such a clean old name. He stretched out his hand as if he would snatch it back and save it. Then he laughed.

Once in a while he felt the grasp of a hand. He had been a little boy once, and in danger of drowning. It was a hand clasp that had saved him. Would any of these—but no. He had failed. He was not a man, now. He was—. It was queer that he could not learn to speak the new word.

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His wife was ill. Utterly crushed and broken by his crime. She could not come. But the old people toiled up to where he was, every day. He hadn't heard them say anything, but they came. They were very old now, these two. Somehow they seemed to be sharing his burden of guilt. It was strange. This honest old man, this saintly old woman! Well, he was not reasoning things out now. He had got down to primitive instinct.

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He was trying dully to trace out the first false step as the beginning came round again in the ceaseless panorama.

He wondered if his wife was going over it all with him. He hoped not. He could see the truth now, as a man in the bottom of some deep place may look up and see, even at midday, the shining stars. He knew.

But he had been weak. He was guilty. It is given to a man to be strong. But alas, he had loved her.

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This is no romance, no bit of overdone sentiment, no scrap of fiction. It is true, not of one man only, but of many.

From Paradise went there two by different ways, and for them the earth must bring forth thorns to the end.

It seems to me that the false step is not far from the very beginning. Perhaps it is traceable to the quiet farm house.

Light and shade fall upon the cradle. A child may "catch the trick of grief and sighs amid his playthings." Was the little girl started wrong, I wonder?

She had been a pretty, dainty little thing, an exquisite flower abloom in a vegtable garden. Had the home accommodated itself to her seeming superiority? Had they—spoiled her?

It seems to me that such a thing might easily happen and the spoilers hardly know. She was too pretty for common tasks. Why her hands were like lilies for delicate whiteness. Surely she had been moulded for better things!

Perhaps no one said this. Plain people do not put their convictions into words. But thought is a mighty power of itself. Perhaps it created an atmosphere that was full of harm to the girl. Who can tell?

To a little ambitious country girl who is beautiful there is one door that opens out into the world. It is marriage. Perhaps the girl of whom we are thinking knew this. Maybe she learned all about it in some foolish story. For, of course, she must read what pleased her.

The visit to town was an opportunity not to be neglected. It was not with malice aforethought that she cultivated the promising young man's acquaintance. But, without condescending to actual design, she evidently had her wits about her.

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It is not at all probable that her social career was all plain sailing. The exercise of her powers strengthened them. A taste of success increased her ambition.

She was getting away from the discontent and unrest that she imagined belonged to the state into which she had been born. But these demons pursued her. It was not so much what she was getting to, as what she was getting away from, that mattered. Only there was no getting away.

She alone knows the struggle that carried her forward to her envied place. For it was not the easy victory that her husband imagined.

Inviting a man and his wife, of whose antecedents one knows nothing, to the social functions of an aristocratic old city, is very different from extending the same courtesy to a promising and attractive young man who already has formed friendships with "the boys."

This is not what the woman who has social aspirations bargains for, and she finds ways of her own out of the embarrassing dilemma. She richly deserves every inch she gains, but alas, and alas, the price she pays!

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Why could no one help these two? If only she could have been less selfish and more genuine. If he could have been stronger and braver.

It seems to me such a very pitiful thing that a story like this can be true. That men and women can be acting the scenes of it every day. And the great world-audience watches and listens, and is ready for the final crash, the sensational denouement, the inevitable climax.

Even if the play does not rank as high as tragedy, if it gets down to the level of the unspeakable farce, as it does, now and then, even yet is it pitiful. Climbing, fighting, sinning for—place!

* * * * * * * * *

Not always do the sunbeams fall between the bars upon the guilty man. Not always does the lethargy of absolute despair quiet the fierce tearing of his anguish.

Not always is the woman who belongs to him blameworthy—not quite always. But there is many a man to-day facing a blackness beside which any pictured Inferno is like a drift of moonlight, and somebody is to blame.

It doesn't look dangerous, this little pushing, pushing of white, clinging hands! Not very. Not even the owner of the little white hands has any idea of the strength of their pushing. And the man who loves them—

A woman, when she is young, has no idea of the limit of a man's strength. Have you seen one of the dear little things drive a horse half to death in an afternoon without knowing the least thing about it?

They simply don't know. And the man and the horse go at the dangerous pace because they are in—harness.

If it is not true, I shall not mind taking it back. There are men who have been made nobly successful by their wives. The influence of a woman who is not a mere stick or string, always tells in the life and character of her husband. He is better because of her, or else he is worse.

It seems to me that we are seeing in these days a good deal of the recklessly dangerous driving. Elegant homes, extravangant dress, social aspirations—where do we look for these? The boy and girl who are beginning without a penny indulge in them all.

* * * * * * * * *

Social prestige counts in even the business world, they say. It is a valuable asset that a young man may not overlook. Well, yes, if it is the real thing, but suppose it is only a shoddy counterfeit, and society catches up with him? Doesn't that bring us right back to the man behind the bars?

Better forge along without the social prestige, better forfeit the privilege of sitting unsteadily in a dazzlingly high place, and be simple and plain and honest.

To be sure you care for all the lovely things that hang just—too high. Art, music, travel, genuine social intercourse. But if they may not be yours by right of honest possession, is it better to leave them to others?

These are good, but there is much that is of far more value.

The safety and the happiness of your own little home, the honor of the man who helps in its making, the peace that passeth understanding.

Unless these go every inch of the way, the road is dangerous.

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On list named below we make good losses and breakage.

(ALL FULL QUARTS)

		4 qts.	8 qts.	12 qts.
On prepaid bottle list a mixed orders shipped at prices quoted.	Westover (best world over) (Souvenir flask of fine goods with every order of Westover)	$3.10	$5.95	$ 9.00
	El Maise (old corn whiskey)	2.60	4.95	7.50
	Donald Kenny Malt Whiskey (medicinal)	3.25	6.25	9.00
	Va. Queen, extra fine old corn, over 100 proof	3.40	6.55	9.75
	Huron River Rye, extra fine (bottled in bond)	3.95	7.65	11.50
	Dr. LeBarras's Buchu Gin (medicinal)	3.40	6.55	10.00
	Kelly's Royal Corn (the finest)	3.85	7.45	11.25
	Kelly's Copper Distilled (bottled in bond)	3.20	6.30	9.40
	Kelly's Medicinal Malt (bottled in bond)	3.65	7.25	10.35
	Miss Tempting (finest Maryland rye)	4.50	8.50	12.50

Put up in stone jugs, safely packed in plain cases, all charges prepaid.	2 gallon 5-year-old Kentucky Rye 1 gallon 5-year-old North Carolina Corn 1 gallon Holland Gin 2 gallon Extra Fine Sherry 1 gallon Porto Rico Rum 2 gallon Extra Good Port Wine	ALL CHARGES $2.50 PREPAID
	1 gallon 4-year-old Maryland Peach Brandy	$2.85
	1 gallon 4-year-old Virginia Apple Brandy	2.85
	SPECIAL OFFER 3 gallons Old North Carolina Corn $6.00 3 gallons Old Kentucky Rye 6.00 3 gallons Fine Gin 6.00 3 gallons Apple or Peach Brandy 6.00 4 7-8 gallons of either above 9.50	Shipped in plain kegs without casing.

If goods named in Special Offer are desired in plain cases, add 60c. on 3 and 85c. on 4 7-8 gallon package.

On orders west of the Mississippi, add 30c. additional for each 4 quarts, except Kelly's Copper Distilled (bottled in bond) on which for orders outside of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Maryland and District of Columbia, add 40c. for 4 quarts, 75c. for 8 quarts, and $1.00 for 12 quarts.

Goods Named Below Shipped by Freight or Express, Charges "COLLECT." Safely Packed in Neat, Plain Cases. No Marks to Indicate Contents.

Wholesale Prices Quoted on Case Goods below are Flat, and Do not Cover Express Charges.

Osceola Rye Fine, Old and Mellow	1 Case 16 Half Pints and 8 Pints	$4.05
	1 Case 16 Half Pints and 16 Pints	6.05
	1 Case 32 Half Pints and 24 Pints	11.25
Diamond K Extra Good Rye	1 Case 16 Half Pints and 8 Pints	4.55
	1 Case 16 Half Pints and 16 Pints	6.47
	1 Case 32 Half Pints and 24 Pints	10.45
Major Comfort Best for the Price	1 Case 16 Half Pints and 8 Pints	3.95
	1 Case 16 Half Pints and 16 Pints	5.85
	1 Case 32 Half Pints and 24 Pints	9.45
North State Corn Old and Mellow	1 Case 16 Half Pints and 8 Pints	3.95
	1 Case 16 Half Pints and 16 Pints	5.85
	1 Case 32 Half Pints and 24 Pints	9.45
Old Valley Corn Fine Quality	1 Case 16 Half Pints and 8 Pints	3.60
	1 Case 16 Half Pints and 16 Pints	5.45
	1 Case 32 Half Pints and 24 Pints	8.35
EXTRA SPECIAL	1 gallon ... / 2 gallons .. / 3 gallons .. / 4½ gallons. — Extra Fine Old, over 100 Proof STRAIGHT North Carolina Corn	$ 2.00 / 3.50 / 5.10 / 12.00 — All Charges PREPAID to your point.

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