

you, why of course my rescuing you is all out of the question."

"Nobody asked you to, sir," she said as she emptied a hod of coal on his upturned helmet.

The Dragon on the Doorstep

NOW, the effete Frenchman, the hungry Hungarian, the engaging Englishman, and the indolent Italian are, figuratively, the composite Dragon that sleeps on the doorstep of the American Girl—especially if she lives in a castle. If the Damsel prefers the Dragon as a pet, I, for one, cannot find it in my heart to object. But why should the Monster persist in misunderstanding the Maiden?

Where, for instance, do discreet and indiscreet foreigners get that idea that American girls are without chaperons? Do they get it from the logbook of Amerigo Vespucci, who first commented upon the habits and customs of Indian maidens? In what section of this great Republic do well bred maidens live in bathing suits and flirt with Frenchmen with only the summer sea as witness? I have heard of bathing suit flirtations at Ostend; but the ladies, I understand, were French and married, and their husbands, doubtless, were away in America making observations.

In what we call "careful society"—that is, the society where artificiality is necessary to "good form"—that estimable lady turnkey, the Chaperon, is quite as much in evidence as in the wildest conservatories of Europe. The Frenchman who imagines a chaperonless Chicago is dreaming idly. In most of our larger cities children are watched from dancing school to drawing room, with the result that many of the all-American marriages now being celebrated in our Inner or Smarty Set are quite as loveless and heartless as Paris could wish for.

It is since the foreign invasion of American society that the Chaperon has become a necessity—that we freely confess. It used to be imagined, even among us, that the American Girl could take care of herself; but recent events have proved her no match for the rudeness of foreigners unused to seeing girls going about without

a keeper. No, the Chaperon is not indigenous to our soil, nor to any soil where the male fist is a national weapon of defense. She is, essentially, a Latin institution, and is a logical compliment to the Latin attitude toward marriage. In a country where marriage is in the hands of brokers, parents, and politicians it is the scheme of society to keep the Young Persons, or contracting parties, from making a choice of their own, and thus running the danger of turning many a brilliant real estate deal into a mere matter of sentiment.

Two Classes of Foreigners

FOREIGNERS coming to America may be divided into two classes, those who wish to better their fortunes through talent and honest endeavor and those who wish to get rich quick through matrimony. The former class largely recruits its ranks from the immigrants at Ellis Island, who only vaguely dream of brilliant marriages on this side. Distinguished statesmen like Mr. Wu and Mr. Bryce also belong to the industrial or desirable class of foreigners. The matrimonial and undesirable class is largely made up of foreigners of high title and low morals. Princes of the Blood offer themselves as sons in law to Princes of the Boodle, gladly exchanging proud coats of arms for humble but negotiable pickle labels. Occasionally they wed our finer types of womanhood; but the woman is a slight consideration in such a trade. It is not choice that brings a Duke to Newport; it is usually dire financial want. It is the result of nights at the green cloth and days at the green turf, of fool investments in the Stock Exchange and bad bargains with pawnbrokers. There is a maxim among the pawnshop peerage of London, "Lord Algernon is in the hands of the bailiff—he must go either to Newgate or to Newport."

Titled marriages certainly disprove any fallacies we may have entertained about the strong mindedness of the American Girl. They are a tribute to her filial devotion, her pride of family, if you will; but to her hard headed commonsense—never! No thoughtful girl with her own selfish comfort in mind would deliberately

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thing Byzantine to use in one of his incongruous, half symbolic blends of a strange old life and a still stranger new one. I went out to the square.

There was a melodious quarreling of sparrow voices about the fountain, and the sun had reached that altitude when the fine spray is struck into tremulous rainbows. Light rains had fallen in the night, the sunshine poured and dripped over green ledges of foliage into still pools of gold on the lawns. The roar of the city was withdrawn to a low murmuring, as if the tide was yet far out, and the square had an air of morning freshness and quietude.

Few people were about, and I saw only one. She dawned upon me near the Washington monument. Her braided black hair was thrice wound about her head, her face had the simple, clear regularity of a classic type which Nature (I think) is forgetting how to reproduce, and her eyes had no determinate color, but depths of thought and melancholy and consciousness of the unseen. Even as she sat she gave the sense of a singular grace of body, half spiritual, half physical, in which the idea had fused and molded the material into a thing unique and fine. I am not depicting feminine beauty, I wish to indicate a thing having a certain intangible significance, as if Nature for one luminous moment had become the conscious artist.

Much of this I had seen before, but not in its present completeness. Margaret, my model, as she posed, had manifested a lurking gaiety and mischief of the wood nymph, faintly out of tone with the conception. But in the figure before me it was as if some dominant mood had eliminated all disturbing elements, and—there was my dream materialized.

I walked on a few paces, stopped, and turned. She had not moved. Should I speak to her? As I stood irresolute, withheld by the fear of being misunderstood, she rose and moved pensively away. The moment was gone! I was left with a sense of folly in hesitating to sacrifice all considerations to the one consideration of my art.

THE face haunted me. But I could make no progress with the statuette, and the time for delivery to its purchaser drew near. I was out of tune, irritated against the caprices of women. Yet I had to admit that up to now my model had been on the whole tractable and satisfactory, and if she had not sufficiently realized the folly of which a model is guilty in loving the man for whom she posed, I should be the last to blame her for that. There was, however, a rankling injustice in the present situation. Margaret should have known better; the note was a self evident absurdity; and the difficulty that grew out of her finding of it was a greater absurdity still. All I could do for that day was to drift between Cardinal's workshop and my own, insulting my friend for his artistic heresies and smoking innumerable cigarettes.

"No sign of peace from Margaret?" he said to me next morning.

"None."

"And the Psyche?"

"She refuses my blandishments, she wants Margaret."

"Break her up, the jade! She's no good, anyhow. But I'm going to interview Margaret this morning and see what I can do between you two."

The mail that morning brought explanations. The letter that had caused all the mischief came, it appeared, from a wealthy young woman who was one of my patrons. This second epistle was full of shamefaced apology for the error made in addressing two notes written concurrently. What she had intended for me was a request for an interview, to discuss a group she wished me to execute for the hall of her new house. The errand note had been indited to her fiancé.

As I passed down stairs, brimming over with vindication and self righteousness, my ears were filled with vigorous lamentations from the household baby. After speaking to the housemaid, I went out and made directly for that part of the garden where I had met the lady of the braided hair yesterday, and my heart beat more quickly as I saw her there again in almost the same spot. This time, however, she was in conversation with a man—and the man was Cardinal. As I approached he raised his hat and left her, walking in my direction.

"Go to her," he said to me in passing.

I DID so, with none of the hesitation of the previous morning. "Margaret, my dear wife," I said reproachfully, "I have just seen you speaking with another man."

She turned her fine, sensitive face and deep eyes upon me. The eyes were full of tears. "I'm so sorry, Wilfrid!" she said. "He has just been telling me that the horrid letter was intended for him."

"And you no longer find this silence amusing?"

"Forgive me!"

"I do forgive you," I responded generously. "The Psyche awaits you, and I have the honor to report that our baby is raising Cain and will not be pacified."

She ran toward the house, and I went after Cardinal.

"What's this stuff about the letter?" I asked. "Oh, my friend," he replied, "I am a beautiful liar, and would have made a great actor if I had not been a great painter. I know less about the letter or its writer than you do; but something had to be done to make sensible people out of you two sulky children."

A WASHINGTON SQUARE PSYCHE

By Thomas Chesworth

CARDINAL came into the studio as I stood disconsolately before my unfinished statuette of Psyche, and after looking around made an inquiry about my model.

"She is indisposed," I replied.

"And what's your trouble?"

"I cannot finish my Psyche without her."

"Is it serious?"

"Very serious indeed!" I handed to him a small pink envelop still exhaling a faint odor of lilac. "She found that in a pocket of my coat."

"Ah! She has the habit of going through your pockets?"

"No, no. She interests herself occasionally in my delinquent buttons, and I presume the note fell out."

"I know. There's some mysterious repulsion between woman and the contents of a man's pocket. As soon as she touches his clothes, things begin to fall out—invariably the wrong things." He read the note. It had no signature; but the writing was that of a woman, an educated woman. Superscribed "Dear Boy," it proposed a meeting at a fashionable restaurant, and referred playfully to other gay periods passed by the writer in his congenial company.

Cardinal regarded me critically, saying, "I'm surprised at you!"

"Do you really believe that note was intended for me?"

"Your name and address are on the envelop."

"But there has been some silly mixup. Some message was intended for me, evidently; but this thing is absolutely meaningless."

"Looks ugly," said he, fixing a wicked black eye upon me. "Do you know the handwriting?"

"That is the worst of it. I don't."

"Well, Psyche," said he, addressing the figure, "there is nobody but your creator to blame for your arrested growth. He persists in trying to combine art and love. It is not a novel experiment; but it always has the same result. Artist and model infatuated with each other—how does it appeal to your sense of humor, Psyche?" He turned to me. "You must get another model for your figure."

"Impossible!"

"I know an extremely pretty one," he urged.



"I don't want prettiness."

"Then I know another with a head like a prize fighter's. I used her in 'A Bowery Interior.'"

I walked away from him. It was a question of soul, and it seemed to me that there was only one face and figure that embodied my dream of Psyche.

OBVIOUSLY, there was no work for me that day. The morning was still young, and, leaving Cardinal to rummage among my costumes for some-