

Browsing at Leisure in the Pleasant Realms of Literature, Music, Art and Drama

Bits of the Old World in the Middle West

Sketches in Kansas City by L. D. McMorris

-From The Kansas City Star



MODERN SPAIN  
RESIDENCE OF J. G. STREAM  
43rd AND WARWICK



IN THE REALM OF THE TUDORS  
RESIDENCE OF EDWIN W. SHIELDS  
31st AND OAK STS.



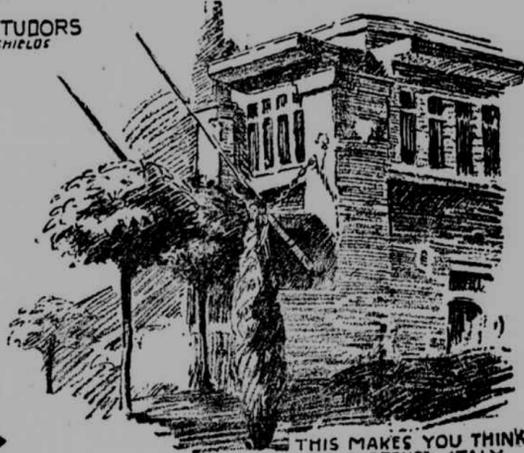
A BIT OF PORTUGAL  
SACRED HEART CATHOLIC CHURCH  
40th AND MADISON



ANCIENT SCOTLAND  
CASTLES AT 1st AND GARFIELD



A GLIMPSE OF FRANCE  
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH  
ADMIRAL BLVD AND HIGHLAND



THIS MAKES YOU THINK  
OF FLORENCE, ITALY  
RESIDENCE AT MANHEIM ROAD 639th



A MOSQUE  
ELEVENTH AND OAK STS.



LITTLE ENGLISH SHOPS  
31st AND MAIN



A CATHEDRAL DOORWAY  
INDEP AVE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
INDEPENDENCE AVE AND OLIVE

-Drawings by L. D. McMorris

"Cinderella" as Henry James Might Have Told It

HENRY JAMES has many followers. This applies not alone to the reading public, but to writers as well. There has grown up what might be called the James school of novel writing. Its devotees have been somewhere referred to as "the lesser Jameses." And this is natural, not only because Henry James, whatever the critics may say, has succeeded in establishing himself as a conspicuous literary figure, but also because his style is to a certain extent easy to copy. What follows, however, is not the work of a James disciple, but what would seem to be a peculiarly successful piece of satire on the great novelist. In writing "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper," which appears in the June issue of "The Touchstone," Winifred Ward has evolved a fabric which one instantly feels to have the authentic flavor. "As Henry James Might Have Written It," is the line which immediately follows the title. And readers of the Review are hereby invited to judge how nearly with the pen of the novelist Miss Ward has told an ancient tale:

"Cinderella"

IT WAS clearly for Cinderella a dilemma not the less inimical for being, as she would have said, "part of the game," that she should find herself upon the third and last evening of her so wonderful adventure deprived of her customary seat among the for her so friendly ashes, by the lingering though as yet not sedentary bulk of an obviously perturbed stepmother. "It's not, you know," the poor lady brought out, "that I'm not sleepy; it's that if they shouldn't, between them, have 'caught' him!"

Cinderella quite handsomely grasped it, "feel it safe to be yourself 'caught' napping!"

It held her—the possibility thus unfolding itself as for a more prolonged scrutiny, of the "nap" occurring lapdog-wise upon the inviting hearth, to the ultimate frustration, she could not but lucidly surmise, of her so cherished plans for the evening. She found herself facing as often before the consciousness of the complication being due not so much to the wavering proximity of the good lady herself as to the surer, not to say more utterly, uneducable stability of that amply cushioned chair the drawing forward of which into the frugal freight it was now simply her difficult intention definitely to prevent.

"You can't, you know," it came to her presently to say, "do anything to help them, poor dears, since they're so obviously gone to the hall to help themselves." The poor lady took it as with overflowing comprehension. "Their not helping themselves, or put it rather Ganda's sister not helping Ganda to help herself, being just what I'm not sure I oughtn't to sit up in horrible anticipation of."

"But isn't it, dear," Cinderella quite beautifully leaped at it, "just that I'm so entirely here to do for you? And isn't it just her not finding you up will best soothe Ganda's pride in the horrid event of her not coming off, you know, with the prince—well"—she had a pause for it—"under her arm?" She made her point as with a fine show of gaiety.

"You of course mean on the prince's arm"—well, clearly the old lady might put it as she liked, since she moved now out of range of the all-too-ready rocker. The door held her.

"It's not, you know," she bridled, "as if she hadn't a chance, should it come, as it so well may, to a test."

"The test, you mean, of his having actually to decide?" The fruits of solitude were not, it would seem, yet to be definitely tested.

"Well," she weighed it, "put it rather of his wanting to decide on the wife he so needs."

"And this last ball so beautifully of-

fers him the opportunity for selecting." It went on between them. "Or would offer," the good lady rose for it swimmingly, "if it weren't for this mysterious upstart Ganda describes as so 'drenching the Prince's attention with her spray of talk.'"

II

HE HELD Cinderella—the vision of her previous night's daring peregrination across the ballroom floor to introduce to her sisters that consummate Prince whose acceptance of any acquaintance her whim might momentarily make him victim to did not, she knew, extend beyond such swift, neat sweep of the conversational broom as should not only clear the floor for departure but dissolve into a harmless cloud that thick flurry of "talk" the sisters were, as he afterward was to remark, so obviously holding in readiness for him.

"Why not, dear stepmother," Cinderella now brought out for her further

disturbance, "go yourself to the ball? Wouldn't it be just where you could most sweetly and comfortably yourself engage the attention of our upstart of the glass slipper, to the extent of giving Ganda that half hour she seems so in need of with the Prince?"

The kitchen clock, chiming just now its assurance of three more hours to midnight, was not, perhaps, she was afterward to think, the least determining factor in the readiness with which the poor dear lady now effected her departure from a hearth so laden with disquieting suggestions.

"What I don't and shan't make out dear godmother," Cinderella found herself presently saying to the richly grim old person whose advent through the panels of a locked and bolted-for-the-night shed door was no longer in the nature of a miracle—"what I don't and shan't ever make out is what you've been doing it for." Her godmother had a sniff for it.

"Which, my dear, considering how

you're deplorably bungling your so perfect opportunities, is what, presently, I shall have to ask of myself."

She turned it over in her young perception. "He can't, you see, be expected to know that he's to run off with me."

"But it's just that," the old lady quite terribly smiled, "that I've expected all along you'd show him. It's for just that that I'm giving you tonight your one more so prized chance."

The chance, becoming now tangible upon the threshold in form of a footman, whipped and buttoned and emblematic of coach-and-four, held for Cinderella a new significance upon which she wavered, looking back now almost reluctantly upon a godmother poised, cap and cane, for flight.

"If, failing of my capture, I should this time linger beyond the magic hour?" The prospect held her—imagination gaped.

The question got itself treated but dryly.

"The game, if you will forgive an Americanism, would then be up."

"But wouldn't then"—Cinderella plunged for it—"the upness of the game be just the thing best calculated to suit our ends?"

"Our ends?" The old lady had for further correction a shade of detachment.

Cinderella beautifully showed that she beautifully saw: "Your ends, then, which only end, it comes to me to think, by your revealing my identity to Ganda, and how so effectually as by your presenting me, folded and boxed, to be exhibited by the Prince as his booty."

She was to remember the old lady's so enigmatical smile she now reluctantly for the last time let the footman close the door upon.

III

HE WAS remembering it with a not altogether definable sense of need-

ing-to-night all her trust in the rightness of that grim humor she was letting herself serve as the tool of as she made her smooth way up the spacious palace stair tapestried for her delectation with attentive faces, topped fittingly by a Prince with arm crooked for acceptance.

"You'll not, then, have an ice?" she found him presently saying, with the sweet high chivalry of one so able, she felt, to waive the possibility of there not being, at that so late hour, any ice.

"Fortune favors me," she dimpled to his response.

Favors me, rather, for favoring you. In here, Pudgetts"—this last to that spruced offigy, duly countenanced for service, who now accomplished his exit from the dim upholstery recess which framed for them the mazes of the dance; framed, also, at this moment of their sitting themselves the figures of her sisters—Ganda hovering, huge and beaked, in the lead of the younger, whose round resemblance to her mother the Prince had now occasion to remark upon as needing for completeness of suggestion birdseed and a swinging perch.

"They're not, you know, either of them, the least idea who you may be." He planted it firmly before them—her lucignito.

She faced it, tentatively calm.

"They've had, nevertheless, rare opportunities for finding out."

He liked the manner of it. "You're not, then, after all, so inaccessible?"

"But isn't it just," she quite panted, "to tell you that I am—that I'm here like this, for the last time?"

"And if, this last time, I shouldn't let you run off as you have at the stroke of twelve?"

She paused for the full joyous flavor of possibility that she might add, "Keeping me what you can't and won't think of."

"No," he conceded it sadly.

"It's for that I have to thank you." She richly weighed her gratitude in the scale of his silence.

"For what?" he wavered, all readiness to assent.

She had a pause. "For what else

but just that generous letting me out of the need for explanation."

"Oh!" he had his gesture for it "after all, you know, one has one's decencies!"

These decencies seeming for the moment of a vastness to quite depress our so desperate young lady.

"But if"—she rose for it—"upon the stroke of twelve, say, you should find me, as though by enchantment, somehow altered?"

It was for the Prince not the least unfortunate of occurrences that reply should have been at this moment crushed upon his otherwise ready tongue by the sonorous clang of a clock designed, it would seem, to awaken all sound sleepers as well as the revellers themselves to consciousness that midnight was, or would presently be, upon them.

"It's not," he then took it up handsomely, "that I mind the rags"—

She took it up with overflowing comprehension. "It's that my having stayed isn't, in the light of the appearance I now so unexpectedly present, what you would have expected of me?"

She rose, poised for flight. He weighed it, turning it over and laying it down between them, handsomely, as though to give her whatever time she might now need for what he was, out of the lightning obscurity of his recessed mind, about to bring forth.

"It's not"—he plunged for it—"that I wouldn't, in the event of your having gone, have seen it through, glass slipper and all"—He had his pause for it.

"It's that you'd find it simpler," she beautifully leaped to it, "to waive, as it were, all possibility of there being within the precincts of the town a foot more suited than mine to the wearing of a slipper which might, you know, after all, turn out to have another mate on some one's mantelpiece?"

"But isn't it," he joyously ventured, "just the cutting out of the so well known sequel that will, with the least effort on our part, most endear us to the public mind?"

She wavered luminously in his grace.

The Path to Stevenson's Grave

A correspondent of "The San Francisco Chronicle," who has lived in Samoa many years, writes the following letter concerning the controversy over the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson's grave and the path by which it is reached on Mount Vaea:

height of 1,200 feet above the sea. The land never has been the property of a German subject, but was at the time of burial owned by Thomas Trood, a British subject, and later, I believe, he gave the Stevensons title to the land.

The footpath up the hillsides has never been more than six feet wide and is very steep. During the time the Stevenson family owned Vaillima, after the death of the author, no one prevented visitors reaching the path by a short cut across the grounds and through the front garden. But the ascent was frequently almost obliterated by vines, vegetation, and often the tropical rains made the climb arduous, and unless that path was cleared every month or six weeks, the difficulties were hard to overcome.

From the very beginning of those twenty-five years, that path was most of the time vine-covered and hardly traceable. The property was sold to Kunst, a German.

During the fifteen years he held the property no one was ever prevented from passing over the grounds to visit Stevenson's grave. But the caretaker (for Kunst was seldom in Apia) had to stop sightseers entering the house, which they did unless refused admission. They seemed to think they had a perfect right not only to cross the front garden to the path to the grave, but to enter Kunst's home.

During these times the path to the grave was often almost impassable. Sometimes the old municipal council ordered it looked after,

and sometimes the caretaker of the Kunst property did so; but mostly it was in bad shape.

The Kunst estate sold the Vaillima property to the Samoan government about 1907, and later it was used as the Governor's residence; and for a long time no one was prevented from entering the front gate, crossing the lawn and picking up the path further on and ascending to the grave.

The New Zealand forces have been in Samoa now nearly five years, and it is doubtful if the road to the grave has been in better order under their rule.

It would be a good thing if a path to Stevenson's grave were laid out, and graded and cemented to resist the rank island growth. About \$4,000 would do it in good shape.

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