

am his friend. Since he is not present to say our names, let us be silent—in loyalty to him. Is it not so?"

Bethune had acquiesced. Which one of the Chartres girls would have a fancy like that? And her hands—tiny, shapely, jeweled—she was like a princess! She talked charmingly about Doré—not, to be sure, so much about what he had written as about what perfect little dinners he gave, and how he had been decorated by the King of Portugal, and what his great bare atelier was like. Pierre Doré's friends were always helping him, she told Bethune, and Bethune was sure that she had given Louis d'or for the sake of art and that she even had met the King of Portugal.

Mademoiselle Artemesia, for her part, was enchanted. He was so melancholy, so gentle, so abstracted, and so—poor, thought Mademoiselle Artemesia. For, though he was well-dressed and a gentleman, he ordered almost nothing, and he ate up every crumb! Unconsciously the little Artemesia found herself playing the great lady and exerting a charming air of patronage. The poor young man with his melancholy eyes and his book of verse!

It was not astonishing that two hours wore away. It was not astonishing, considering the early influences of Houston-st. and the later influences of Paris, that a sparkle of daring came into Mademoiselle Artemesia's eyes as they rose at last.

"For the sake of Pierre Doré, monsieur," she said, "who so loves the spring—he always calls it *jeunil-time!*—shall we not spend an hour in the park, near the *jeunils?* I will tell my so dear friend when I return home. His eyes will fill with tears."

Where was the Chartres girl who would have the freedom from convention, the dignity, the poetry to suggest this? Young Bethune hugged his Pierre Doré and in a kind of happy trance waited for her to come down.

When she approached him she was in a glory of blue and white, with a hat that Doré might have written and a parasol that he might have dreamed. A smart motor was at the door, and away in the sweet spring weather rolled the great lady and the poor young man with the melancholy eyes. At the door Mademoiselle Artemesia had bought flowers:

"On account of the *paucres lile* who sell them," she explained tranquilly.

"Hers is a sad life," said Bethune.

"But so tragic, monsieur!" murmured mademoiselle, her face among her daffodils.

The talk went on famously. Had he been abroad? No, never, for Bethune, senior, said that a son of his should never spend a dollar outside his own country while he lived. Ah, then he should go to Paris! Pierre Doré was not the only wonderful person in Paris. But he must tell her about this country—what were its women like?

Bethune described them, thinking of the Chartres girls with pity and mademoiselle listened, remembering the tailor's wife with a smile.

And here were the *jeunils* that Pierre Doré loved—dear Pierre Doré—it was quite too wonderful to have found his book in America! And did he, Bethune, write verses? Sometimes, said Bethune, from whom wild horses could not have dragged this admission to a Char-

tres girl. Did she? Mademoiselle Artemesia consulted the tips of her little white boots. Only sometimes, she admitted with adorable shyness.

She turned to him impulsively. "Monsieur," she begged, "let me send something that you have written to Pierre Doré! He is always so interested in everyone who is young and struggling!"

In the end Bethune recited some of his verses to her, and though she said little she sat adorably silent and nodded with grave eyes. A Miss Chartres would certainly have put her head on one side and prattled. As for mademoiselle, she was alluringly patronizing and gracious. She might have been the Grand Duchess of Weimer extending a languid hand to a new literary courtier.

"May—may I bring you the verses to-morrow?" said Bethune humbly at the hotel door. He was a bit shamefaced at the sound of his own voice speaking the literary courtier's lines; but she was so perfectly the patroness.

"Ah, to-morrow, monsieur!" she cried—"for the sake of dear Pierre Doré."

Mademoiselle Artemesia swept up to her apartment, smiling. Flowers and notes awaited her, and the frock in which she was to dance that night was laid upon a divan. She turned from these things petulantly. To play the great lady, the patroness of arts, the friend of the French poet—that was far more to her liking. Ah, the melancholy youth who wrote verses and ordered so meager a luncheon and ate up every crumb!

When Bethune reached home he found an awning over the street door. Within his father was roaring at some workmen.

"What is it, father?" inquired Bethune absently.

"Forgot your old dad's birthday, have you?" inquired Bethune, senior, with playful ferocity—"forgot your poor old dad's birthday party? Well, he's fixed up a surprise on himself. You run along. But be on hand at nine to-night—sharp."

Because it was his father's birthday, and it may be because Bethune was a little ashamed of his morning superiority, he regarded his wishes. Chartres would be there, he supposed, and his father would wish him to be attentive to him. And Chartres was deaf, and he said everything three times as if his words were made of patty and must be patted into shape. Bethune entered the drawing-room wearily at half-after nine. At the room's far end a stage had been erected.

"The whole Goldenheimer Brothers' Show,"

contided Bethune, senior, hoarsely, slapping his son on the back as familiarly as if they had been brought up together. "What do you think of that, eh? My idea. Your old dad's idea!"

Bethune turned away, and perforce sought out Chartres, who was just telling, as having happened to himself, a story that had been in that morning's paper. Bethune listened, much as a literary courtier might attend to a conversation upon hydraulic elevators, and he thought about daffodils, and existed somehow until the curtain went up.

And there she stood—her laces clouding about her, jewels in her hair and daffodils on her breast—Mademoiselle Artemesia, great lady, friend of the French poet, patron of the arts and of Bethune, and *première danseuse*.

Bethune must have gasped, because Chartres noticed it.

"This is splendid!" said Chartres. "This is splendid! And it's wonderful too—yes, it is! A few years ago she was a flower girl. Yes, on my life!—flower girl. Tended flower stand at the Savoy."

"Savoy?" uttered Bethune.

Chartres nodded. "I sat by the door this morning," he said, screwing in his monocle, "when she came out. I sat behind the door this morning. I knew it was she. I remembered her—I knew at once."

At the close of the act Bethune, senior, came up, and his son had the grace to smile; for the boy was a good sort.

"Great show," said Bethune, senior. "Stavin' fine idea of your old dad's! Guess we must get a box there some night before long—eh, Gussie?"

His son was tearing to pieces one of the daffodils which Mademoiselle Artemesia had thrown to the audience.

"Let's invite Mr. Chartres and the girls" he said aside.

Just One Woman By Jeanette Robinson Murphy

WHEN the negroes in some sections of the South are in need of money they have an interesting way of raising it, by giving what they call "fairs."

A small cabin will hold about twenty sitting down and one hundred standing up. For days the mother of the family cooks a great abundance of good things to eat: chicken, pork, pies, cakes, salads, corn-bread and cow-peas or some seasonable vegetable. Then she invites her neighbors, and they come in great crowds and generously buy the viands from her at so much a plate. They sell the ice-cream at ten cents a plate and cake for fifteen cents and the fried chicken at five cents, and often clear above all expenses even as much as thirty dollars.

I asked a woman to describe how she got up the fair. She gave me a minute description, and ended with this bit of information when I asked her to tell me how she got the crowd to come in such large numbers every time she gave her fair:

"No'm, Ah don't send no invite to nobody. Ah just went to prayer-meetin', say Wednesday night last, and I let it git out!"

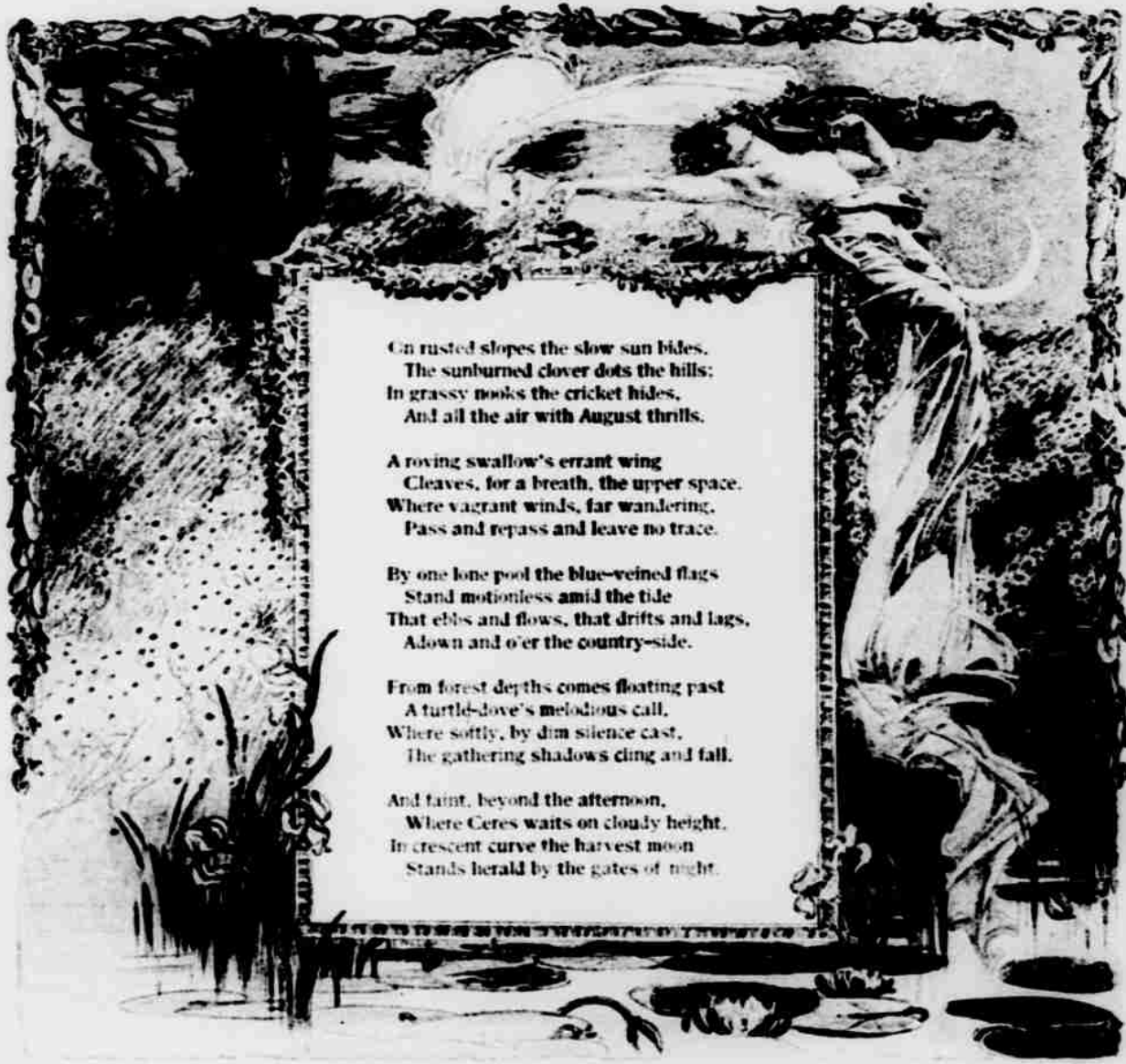
I said: "How did you let it get out? Didn't you send any invitations, Judy?"

"No'm, I jis' let it git out! I jis' tell one 'oman!"

"What woman?" I inquired. "You mean the mother of the church?"

"No'm, any 'oman 'll do; I jes' tells one 'oman—one 'oman's good as 'nother. Jis' so you tell any 'oman, she'll let it git out."

IN SUMMER FIELDS--By Ernest McGaffey



On rusted slopes the slow sun bides,
The sunburned clover dots the hills;
In grassy nooks the cricket hides,
And all the air with August thrills.

A roving swallow's errant wing
Cleaves, for a breath, the upper space,
Where vagrant winds, far wandering,
Pass and repass and leave no trace.

By one lone pool the blue-veined flags
Stand motionless amid the tide
That ebbs and flows, that drifts and lags,
Adown and o'er the country-side.

From forest depths comes floating past
A turtle-dove's melodious call,
Where softly, by dim silence cast,
The gathering shadows cling and fall.

And faint, beyond the afternoon,
Where Ceres waits on cloudy height,
In crescent curve the harvest moon
Stands herald by the gates of night.