'Common People Faithful to Christ'

Written for The Sunday Oregonian by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn

right, but, given time, the multitude is seldom ever wrong. Every generation has its hero, but the people who crowded about the carpenter's son knew with swift intuition that here was the leader for whom the people long had looked. And now that the centuries have come and gone all will confess that in this friend of publicans and sinners was held the tellectual life and the political libertles of the last two thousand years. Indeed, the history of social progress is the history of his spirit dwelling in institutions as man's soul dwells within his body. The secret of his influence over the multitude is this: He was born of the common people, he walked in the common pathway, he bore the common burdens, he learned from those common teacherswork, events, men, necessity-that is the sobers and chastens. Living the universal life, he came to think in the universal language and put the universal and eternal truths in terms of the time. The post, the philosopher, the teacher, who loves a class lives with that reigning class and with that class doth die. Horace was a typical old Roman gentleman, and said: 'I hate the vulgar crowd, and hold them at a distance." And even Thomas Carlyle was seduced away from his confidence in the people to a trust in the aristocratic class alone-seduced by dinner parties and drawing-rooms and friendships with men who dwelt in Kings' pai-

His Fidelity to His Own.

But Jesus never forgot his kind. Born in poverty, he remained poor. To the last he held his confidence in the people, wise and ignorant, in the people, rich and poor, in the good and bad; in the integrity dwelt in that clime named riches, but of their intellect and the soundness of rather have been reared in the unfriendly their heart, and the certainty of their sones where poverty rules Insure species to the divine overtures. The ascetic, the scholar, the leisure classes leave the dusty highway and build bowers of rest on either side of the througed path along which the multitudes do move; not so Jesus. If other teachers read books, he read the heart, with pages blotted with tears and blood. If others nurtured their religious life amidst cloistered retreats, he fed his soul in the market place, loved publicans and sinners and came cating and drinking. Once they understood him, the enthusiasm of the people for their hero was beyond all words. The carpenter was and is the most lovable and fascinating figure in all history. In his memoirs Lord Rosebery recalls Napoleon's Inst days. One morning, climbing the steeps of St. Heiens, the Emperor met a heavily laden porter at a point where the path wiss not wide enough for two. Hurrying forward, the side asked the laborer to give way for Napoleon. "Not 20," said the Emperor, "It is for us to step saide. Respect the burden." In that hour the roler remembered the poverty and foll of his childholm of the contact with him what the real satan and tone the section provide and fast and such like are had the discover our new real satan whom he likable man was rich like Simon, he wish, but because he was likable. He exist and carme cating and drinking. Once they understood him, the enthusiasm of all exterior considerations named the beggar's coarse cloak and the large provide and devels sometimes under reag and sometimes under fine likes, just as a part was an and such like are had over the world. Society has called in the ourse, because he was likable. He rich man's purplie and fur, and laid his linger upon the naked soul of manked the beggar's considerations named the beggar's cornectives and the there." In these striking words Christ we had sometimes under fine likes, just as a part was an and such like are had for the world. Society has called in the correct part of the world. Society has called in to correct the shell so of the part in the provider and the final response to the divine overtures

when he wrote these lines-he is

After making allowances for a differ-ence of incidental manner in their re-

spective periods, a comparison of Oliver

Goldsmith and Donald Grant Mitchell

(who is Ik Marvel) shows them to be kinwrites "Pendennis" in the New

Goldsmith was a plain man who made

oast eighty-three now.

York Times.

Copyrighted, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)
Text: "And the common people heard him giadly."

D URING his lifetime Christ's name common people heard him giadly, and the common people heard him giadly, and the common people heard him giadly, and the common people know their friends. The multitude is not always friends. The multitude is not always right, but, given time, the multitude is lously toward the lame, the bilind, the them. Men are oppressed, and you can publican, the sinner, the heartbroken. Indeed, its miracles are only the outer from the path, and you can lead them. They are benefactions, hints of this deep sympathy with individuals—love tokens, not miracles not signs, not wonders. For Jesus never forgot the depths of sorrow that he himself had sounded in the days and burdens, and in the sharing he will when he was despited and in poverty and contracts. that he himself had sounded in the days when he was despised and in poverty and loneliness. He loved the common people and gave himself in an abandon of affection to them; in return they gave themselves to him. And so, as he marches up the hills of time, the people throng and crowd after the Christ who has charmed the people as Apollo's lute could never charm them.

Christ and the Poor.

Confessedly, Christ was the greatest of social reformers. Plainly, also, the reason is that he has loved the poor and cast his lot in with them. Many reasons have been urged for this. It is said that the poor are in the majority, and that he allied himself with the multitude, 30 per cent of whom are in shops, mines, forests, fields. It is said that the poor are the fields. It is said that the poor are the needlest. Do the righ hunger for wisdom? They can buy books, teachers, travel-but not the poor. Do the rich hunger for the beautiful and the sublime, as seen in mountains, in foreign cities, in galleries and cathedrais? They can buy travel and leisure. Not the poor. Does the rich man toes upon his fewered couch? He can journey to some soft Southern climate or find his way to the seashore, but the poor must die in their garrets. It is said poor must die in their garrets. It is said that the poor furnish the leaders for the people. From the shepherd's cote comes David, the sweet singer. From the plow comes Burns, haptizing the field mouse and the daisy with the immortality of song. From the poor comes the father of control which Loved Men as God's Children.

and burdens, and in the sharing he will give you his joy and peace.

Enthusiasm for Early Church'

After Christ's death, the common pe ple transferred their enthusiasm to the early church and for sufficient reason. In a thousand ways the early Christian; made the people debtors. They became veritable angels of deliverance. They saved the lives of babes, exposed by reason of physical defects. They founded homes for orphans. They stood between the slave and his cruel master. They made impossible the gladiatorial games. They founded homes of mercy for the blind, the deaf, the disabled. They stood between the baron and his seris in later years. The church became a refuge for the weak, the ignorant and the oppressed. In an abandon of love the people brought their treasures as a thank offering. To the cathedral were assembled all To the cathedral were assembled all treasures named marbles, pictures, ivories, laces, tapestries, while the poor brought gifts of copper, silver and gold. For centuries the church or the cathedral was the very soul of each community, and there the poor found a refuse from all that struck and all that pursued and all that sought to do evil. Men flocked to the church for help, as doves seek out the eaves of the temple, and now once thore has come an epoch when the church is to serve, not a class, but all the people, and when the poor are with one accord to turn thereto. Other generations may have needed the church, but ours needs it by way of preand the dalay with the immortality of song. From the poor comes the father of poetry, hlind, aged and a beggar. The father of philosophy, Socrates, has but one garment, and that worn threadbare. Epictetus, the great moralist, is a slave. And what shall we more say of our indebtedness to the working classes, save that Martin Luther comes from the collery, and Newton from the bome of the seamstress, and James Watt from a bare kitchen, and the great President from rall.

Other generations may have needed the church, but ours needs it by way of presminence. In studying the problems of the laboring classes, Carlyle found his only hope in the church. "It is "he smid." the most beautiful and touching object one sees on earth. This speaking manwhom have we to compare with him!—of all public functionaries, boarded and lodged on the industry of modern youth, is there one worther of the board he has? "A man professing to save the soul of liery, and Newton from the home of the loaged on the seamstress, and James Watt from a bare kitchen, and the great President from rall-splitting; while the poets, the merchants, the stutesmen and the jurists have not dwelt in that clime named riches, but rather have been reared in the unfriendly nny. In a living shape, has a perennial place. Could be but discover almost in contact with him what the real satan and soul-devouring, world-devouring devil now

for them more truly.

IN THAT STATE

Fewer Murders Than Chicago-Prohibition of Playing of Domi-

W. B. Curtie, in Chicago Record-Herald. Texas has been quite-as marked as in other respects. Texas has always been looked upon as a community of desper-adoes in certain parts of the country. addes in certain parts of the country, and we are all familiar with the popular adage that such or such a thing is needed as much as a revolver interest. Whereas, there is a law interest prohibiting people from carrying revolvers, and it is enforced strictly in more than three-fourths of the counties of the state, according to the disposition of the police and the prosecuting officers. In most of the counties it will cost any man \$48 in fines. ties it will cost any man \$48 in fines and penalties to "tote a pistol," in others the fine is \$100, with 30 days imprisonment added for a second offense. Bowie knives, slung-shots, brass knuckies and all other similar weapons are also prohibited under eually severe penalties. You will remember reading about the Texas custom of having fevolvers checked at the theaters and how every man was compelled to leave his gun with the attendants before he was allowed to enter a bailroom. That custom still prevalls in certain places on the frontier. ties it will cost any man \$48 in fines

compensed to seave his gun with the attendants before he was allowed to enter a baliroom. That custom still prevails in certain places on the frontier, where people think it is necessary to carry arms for self-defense. At the same time, the law requires that they shall be discarded when the owner comes to town, and people who carry them are not arrested or fined provided they obey these regulations.

There is no more "shooting up the town" in Texas. Hold-ups are unknown. People do not carry money any more as they did formerly. There is a bank in every town, and checks are used instead of currency.

Cattle roping contests and other cruel sports are forbidden under heavy penalties. There are as many "blue haws" in Texas as in any other state in the Union, if not more.

There is a law prohibiting card playing, except in private houses, and even then it must not be habitual or for a stake. It is unlawful for any householder to have a room for that purpose. This law is strictly enforced in 30 per cent of the counties in Texas.

Not long ago an entire theatrical company was arested and the members fined \$25 each for playing cards in their private car on the railway tracks, which the court held to be a public place in the eyes of the law. In another train four of the wealthiest cattlemen in the state were arrested for violation of the anti-gambling law while playing eachs in a car on their way to a convention. The courts have held again and again that it is unlawful to play cards on a railway train.

It is forbidden to play dominoes or characteristics.

other lacy, a tical, older than the other two, a woman who clearly disapproved of this intrusion upon the serene system of that household.

But Olivia or Sophia, she of the simple calico gown and the gentle-manner, was to be relied upon, and she it was who brought him to us.

He came briskly; we could hear the across the wooden floor of the library, through the open window, on to the porch; a man of average height, a little stooping, a little gnaried with sge, wearing a brown velvet coat in cutaway style trimmed with broad black braid—a dandy's coat, a Byronic collar, brown linen trousers and walestcoat, his head thrown back inquiringly, a buoyant, cheerful smile on his fine, sensitive, wisely gentle face.

gentle face.

Elghty-three years old!

It was a handsome face, not in the dark, powerful, brooding strength of the Dante features, but in the gentler wisdom of a pleasant optimism, in the qualities that have endeared such men as James Russell Lowell to the world.

His daughter aboved him where to all.

His daughter showed him where to sit and stood near him, watching his face lovingly, with a smile of almost maternal care and affection; doubtless, she watched him as he had watched her in those years far back, when she was a child in the

"gooseberry lane."
"I should think you would be interested in the living authors, not in the dead ones," he said, cheerfully enough, with a glance at his daughter for support.
The camera, eager to seize its victim, glared at him within a short distance of his head.

his head.
"Goodness!" he said, rising with veritable fear, "you're not going to take me at such close range. If by chance a man finds that he must face a gun, he can at lenst keep his distance from it." And he-looked imploringly at the little group about him for protection.

His daughters led him to a seat in the

arbor, for his night is failing, and he leans

on them for support.

"He's had an unusually long drive, and
he is unusually tired," said an older
caughter, who had been with him on the

As I saw the interview recede, however, I was not sorry, for no one had even seen him for years, and no picture had been taken of him for publication for a very

taken of him for publication for a very long while.
"Perhaps the gentlemen would take something?" he asked, after the photographic ordeal was over, and he stood up, hat in hand, smiling, amiable, alert with instinctive grace of hospitality.

"And, now, you must let me have my rest," he said.

He paused a moment and swept the exquisite landscape view from the arbor, the view that had passed into literature in a thousand moods and forms, and moving his stick toward meadows and woodland, he said:

"The shadows are growing deeper now: the country is most beautiful then." And he turned quickly and went into the

It was this adapting of Nature's mo to philosophic revery, this sweet mixture of artist's eye with the poet's delicacy of expression, that has made ik Marvel one of the best loved of American authors. "The shadows are growing deeper now!"

And as they darken the day, and night speeds after them, nothing can efface the memory they have left behind—the glory that comes only with posterity.

"How shall we measure our indebtedness to such pleasant books that people been writing in prophecy of his own lit-erary labors he could not have prophesied

CHANGE IN MORAL CONDITIONS

noes for Stakes.

The change in moral conditions in

held again and again that it is unlawful to play cards on a railway train.

It is forbidden to play dominoes or shake dice for drinks or other articles of value. There is a heavy fine for playing pool or billiards to see who shall pay for the game. A man may invite a friend to play pool or billiards, but they must determine who shall pay in some other way than the usual way.

Under the local option law nearly three-fourths of the counties in the state have declared for prohibition. This includes nearly all of the rural districts. Most of the clitics have declared for high license, and charge from 1750 to 11200 for the privilege of selling spirits. One-half of the time of the courte is taken up in punishing violators of the linuor law. In the cities like Fort Worth and Dalias, it is

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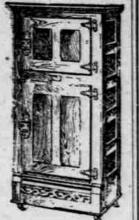
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mpossible to get a drink of liquor on Sunday. Gambling has been suppressed almost entirely throughout the state. aimost entirely throughout the state. There is, however, a large "Jug trade," as it is called, carried on between the license cities and the prohibition counties. The courts have decided that a man may buy all the liquer he likes at a piace where licenses are granted for consumption in places where prohibition is enforced. Several liquor houses in Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston and other cities do a "jug trade" aland other cities do a "jug trade" al-most exclusively, and have large num-

most exclusively, and have large numbers of clerks engaged in putting up flasks and bottles to ship by express to customers in the country towns. One dealer has 40 men who do nothing but up express packages of liquor, and with another physician, has prepared a you will look into the express car if you will look into the express car on any train you will see wagonloads of them. A great deal of money is brought into the cities in that way, and the country merchants are complaining about it, but everybody admits that, notwithetanding the "jug trade," the prohibition law is well enforced and is growing in favor. There is less crime than formerly; murders are rure nowadays; shooting has gone out of style. If a citizen of any town in Texas should be shot these days it would create more excitement than in most of the cities of the North; while a few years ago such affairs were commonplace. I heard it asserted

North; while a few years ago such affairs were commorplace. I heard it asserted recently that there were more murders in the City of Chicago last year than in the State of Texas.

These moral reforms are attributed chiefly to a religious revolution which has been going on here for the past five or six years. There have been revivals all over the state, particularly among the Methodists, Baptista and Campbellites, every Summer for five years. They have been conducted by professional evangelists; services have been held in tents, because the churches were not big enough cause the churches were not big enough to accommodate the audiences; the con-verts have been numbered by thousands, and a great moral upheaval has been the

HOW MORMONS DECEIVE

Salt Lake City Incident in Which Clergyman Figures.

Housekeeper.

Just how far some of the statements, made with all solemnity and apparent sincerity by the Mormon bureau of information, may be depended upon as true, may be flustrated by an incident enacted a few months ago. An Eastern elergyman, visiting in Utah, requested of a Gentile friend living in the city, to be shown the sights of the handsome square about the Temple. Together with his friend he registered at the information building, where they were met by a guide, as are all visitors. The guide was a fine-looking and extraordinary intelligent young woman of about B years of age, apparently, well dressed and of aristocratic carriage, who showed the visitors the assembly hall and the tabernacle, explaining readily and comprehendingly various principles of the Mormon faith. When asked of the relation of polygamy to the church, the young woman answered, without heattation, that the church regarded the principle as true, but had suspended the practice under the admonition of the manifesto.

The Eastern elergyman was much important to the control of the manifesto.

tice under the admonition of the manifesto.

The Eastern elergyman was much impressed with the manner of the girl, and her clear understanding of her religion, and asked that he might have her address, which ahe readily gave him, in order to send her some literature pertaining to his own religion, mention of which had been made during their conversation. On the way home the elergyman expressed great hopefulness in the outcome of the Utah situation. "Several more of pour trouble. He treat successfully every form of female compolant, agenerations like that," said he, "will right the problem. There's no use in worrying about the 'Mormon menace,' when the present generation has the modesty and culture and intelligence of that young woman, and you, yourself, say that ahe is in no way different from hundreds of other of the young women in Utah."

The two friends parted for a time, the clergyman to his spartments, the friend

Exchange.
At the recent session of the Paris Acad-

to a newspaper office, where he procured several newspapers which he gave to his friend later in the evening. The newspapers contained information of the marriage, which had taken place a short time previously, of the young woman who had been their guide in Temple block to a prominent member of the Mormon church who already had several wives.

Sea Water for Tuberculosis.

Exchange.

At the recent session of the Paris Acad-

Not only the name sounds, but many American phrases are quite common in Suffolk, England, among the farmers and the peasantry, and a stranger passing an afternoon in Woodbridge market might fancy himself in Maswachusetts.

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sentiment entirely awest and self-de-precisting, a reverie in which bachelorhood is a condition creeping inev-itably to its chivalric destiny, where she awaits him; she the enchantress of our lives luring us toward an agree-able obedience that no words definitely can tell of, that no man will ever cease desiring to obey. The "Reveries of a Bachelor" pre-ceded the author's marriage by scarce-

Technically it is written in prose, but actually it is true poetry, whisk-

ing us away from the ugliness of bombast and vanity usual in the reminiscences of unattached man; leading

us gently and surely into a reverie of

on his literary property.

It is all true; one can read it now and fall beneath the overwheiming philosophy of this delightful bachelor who consented to share with his fellows the intimate reveries of his sollidade, in a time when sweethearts were shy and weddings were sacred cereshy and we

How Donald G. Mitchell Is Spending the Eventide of His Life on His Farm. Is it lonely in my garden of a Summer's and chivalry; his most playful thought strange, when so many old gardens are evening? Have the little pattering feet is as stately as the minust when the blooming the many old gardens are svening? Have the little pattering feet gone their ways—to bed? Then I people the gooseberry alley with Dr. Primross and his daugnters. Sophia and Olivia; Squire Burchell comes and sits upon the bench with me under the arbor as I smoke my pipe. How shall we measure our indebtedness to such pleasant books that people our solitude so many years after they are written! Oliver Goldsmith, I thank you! Bob Crown, I thank you! Form at the Edgewood," by Ik. Marvel, published in years 1863. is as stately as the minuet, when the faintest touch of the tips of her fingers was satisfaction enough for the bushful adorer. Little wonder that the hachelor became a mark for the prettles, the most romantic, the most refined Young ladies of his bachelor days; the real wonder is, how he survived the publication of his reveries two years before he married.

"Ik Marvel," the Bachelor of "The Reveries"

Of course after his surrender he could not have any more reveries of a bacheior, but they had served so good a cause that

there was no need to repeat them, for they merged themselves into another im-pressionable mood, that made a book called "Dream-Life." Everything that found a voice in him came from poetic impulses; he is a dis-ciple of things in Nature as they are,

those same things the average man would utterly destroy if he but had the power. Oilver Goldsmith was a plain man, poor in pocket, rich in a genius for sympa-thetic vision. simplicity seem magnificent, and he had the saving grace of humor for use in Donald Grant Mitchell is a plain man, of

stress of weather. Mitchell is also a pian man, who has found magnificence in the simplest impressions that have stamped his soul—who, born a poet, has lived a poet's life, with his love of solitude and reverie and things without complexity.

He is passing quietly, tenderly, even cheerfully now, into the dream life that has been his atmosphere always, and for this reason one may venture to measure his distinction in American literature, as posterity will surely honor him without

Every one remembers the Reverles of a Bachelor," published in Like Goldsmith, Ik Marvel (whom some people confuse with Ik Walton, who was 1850, and selling as well today as it ever did, although the author profits little very different), makes us feel the peace of woodland reveries. The philosophy of from it now because of the "true" justice of the American copyright law that gives solltude, the charm that escapes us in an author no more than 42 years' lien

It is very quiet at Edgewood, where he has lived the greater part of his life—where most that he has written has been conceived and done. "Is it lonely in my garden of a Sum-mer's evening? Have the little pattering feet gone their way to bed?"

No, it is never lonely at Edgewood.
The "little patering feet." those children that left him alone with his beloved Goldsmith once in awhile, are always around him now; three practical, house-keeping, care-taking women, who watch his every movement lovingly as he once watched them in the "gooseberry alley" behind the house.

Every one in New Haven knows the house; the smallest boy that goes to school can point in the direction it is from him, no matter how busy his game may be at the moment.

points no other way for man but that which brings him to the parson and the ring. If so exquisite a document as the "Reveries of a Bachelor" falls in its avowed resistance, there can be none that avails.

It is a book that conjures, its tricks are the coquetry of man, not the evil in him, and they would not deceive the most determined widows.

It is all true; one can read it now and fall beneath the overwhelming philosophy of this delightful bachelor who consented to share with his fellows the intimate reveries of his fellows the intimate reverse of a Bachelor who consented to share with his fellows the intimate reverse of a Bachelor who consented to share with his fellows the intimate reverse of a Bachelor who consented to share with his fellows the intimate reverse of a Bachelor who consented to share with his fellows the intimate reverse of a Bachelor who consented to share with his fellows the intimate reverse of a Bachelor who consented to share with his fellows the intimate reverse of a Bachelor who described the moment.

"Tass, sir, up there on the hill, that's Edgewood."

"He is in the address the country, and he known that's be at the moment.

"Hall of his world is Edgewood in the address the country, and he known that's he address the country, and he known that's he address the country, and he known that's he addres

through so many old books we One reaches the door through an arbor

a door that is old-fashloned to the last degree, a door that opens wide or opens half wide, according to the welcome it dorses. It is really two doors-an upper It can be open and yet you cannot get into the house unless you vault the lower

It is a door made on the old-fashhalf. It is a door made on the old-fash-loned principle-compromise that conveyed outward courtesy but withheld inward

welcome.

The door compromised for us.

Its upper half opened, and a lass in a calco gown and a severe simplicity of manner that might have been as the manner of Sophia or Olivia herself, stood guard on the poet's threshold.

We had come from the big city by the sea, from the tallest building in a city of tall buildings, we were mildly self-important, as New Yorkers always are when disentangled from the crowded streets that crush their littleness.

She swung the lower half of the door open, smiled a frank yet reserved welome, and said with deprecating gesture, in a voice as quiet as the hushed murmur in the trees on the hill. I don't know how well he will feel when he returns from his drive. My father is always adverse to notoriety of any kind. He has always said, whenever he has seen other authors in interview form, "Well, thank goodness, I hope I can always dodge them."

them."
They say that Goldsmith was rather they say that Goldsmith was rather he too, would have vain, but doubtless he, too, would have shied the affliction of a literary inter-view. Still, ik Marvel in his prime had been, as he told me, "au courant" with the men who make newspapers and their

Ways.

We sat down on the shaded porch, so quiet, so sweet, in its stillness and its sky from, so pregnant with the atmosphere of reverie and dreams.

"Your father does not write now?" I asked. "No, he is resting. This hot weather we have to keep him as quiet and free from excitement as possible. He drives every morning, then he dines, and then he siespa; sometimes he never leaves the couch after dinner till sundown, when he comes out under the arbor, takes a last look at the country he loves, and goes to bed," she said.

"And he abhors strangers?" "He rarely sees anybody because it excites him; frequently he cannot see close