

THE SWALLOWS.

Another, will the swallows never come?
Feed my cheek, 'tis hot and burning.
And my heart is sick with yearning.

A DIFFERENCE IN CLAY.

You may not know, but Clement Scott was the young American sculptor who won such distinction abroad last fall.

It was the middle of spring when Clement Scott came to Hull. He had lived there during the summers previous to his going abroad.

That love was something which had never gone from his memory. In his studio in Paris he had often caught himself shaping in the soft clay the features of that one face.

It was very natural that Scott should feel as he did about the face he had loved in his boyhood. The circumstances were peculiar.

The injury was a severe one. It became necessary to amputate the child's arm close to the shoulder, and it was during this period of her confinement that Scott came to know Mildred Boday well.

At the close of his sixteenth year Scott went abroad and took up his sculpturing under an Italian master, first in Rome and then in Paris.

Then it was that the young sculptor, with all the glamor of a triumph abroad and in the midst of an ovation at home, left the prattles and insinuations of New York society for the quiet and for the girl in the little sea town of Hull.

Scott fixed up his old studio and the workshop where he had modeled his first

head. Mildred helped him to drape his walls and to place his belongings, and when they had finished it was a pretty study.

In a few weeks, however, the head of the Venus was freed from the stone, and to the wonderment of Mildred, the face that she had seen hewed bit by bit from the cold white marble seemed all at once to have life, to be real, and more, to be her own.

She laughed, and she cried. "I feel as if some one had shut me up in that stone, ages and ages ago," she said, "and that only now you had come to take me out."

"And what do you suppose you would have done had I never come?" Clement asked, chiseling away at the Cupid lips of his statue.

"Always been dead, I suppose," she said with a sigh, looking up at him with a roguish smile.

The look was too much for Clement. The marble lips could not hold him when the red ones were there, just waiting to be kissed; nor could he work more that day—he was too happy.

But for some unaccountable reason society had got it into its head that young Scott, "the distinguished American sculptor," as he was commonly called, had left society and gone into seclusion to work. Strange stories got about. He was finishing a statue he had been at work upon for years, it was said, and immediately artists began to interest themselves concerning his whereabouts.

That was the story that went abroad. Artists and newspaper men by the score came to Hull, all anxious to catch a first glimpse of the new work of art. Scott had finished little more than the head and bust of the statue of his Venus of Milo; one of the broken arms to be was still in the crude marble, and he absolutely refused to have his work viewed and criticized by this curious crowd—at least before he had finished.

It was perhaps a week after this sort of curiosity concerning Scott's new work had set in, that Mildred and he, in the studio together, were running through a batch of letters. They were, as usual, chiefly requests for interviews, or the like. Among them was a note from the president of the Society of American Sculptors.

Scott laughed. "What perfect nonsense!" he said, as he read the letter aloud. It was the same old flattery, and all caused, he thought, by his medal. He got up and walked across the studio to where his work stood, and pulling off the sheet that covered it called to Mildred in a dramatic voice:

"Look! the masterpiece of American sculpture!" and he pointed his finger at the half finished statue.

"I am glad you like it," he said. "I don't care what they think; and, besides, what do those cads, who haven't seen any of my work, know of my work? Their praises annoy me. I doubt if some of them could tell a plaster cast from a marble cutting. They are ignorammuses in regard to art—the most of them," and Scott threw the sheet back over the statue, disgusted.

"They can't tell sculpturing when they see it," he went on. "Why, if I were to fix you up as the statue I doubt even if they would discover the deception. And, by Jove, Mildred, I'll do it! I'll fix a box to look like marble, stand you in it, drape your shoulder and whiten your hair and face. With the use of some plaster of Paris we can make your breast seem to come directly out from the rough stone; and your arm—why, Mildred, we can take that off. You will be the real Venus of Milo, and I'll wager they won't see the deception. Are you willing, Mildred?" he asked, all excitement now.

"Do you think they would be deceived?" Mildred asked. "What a joke if they were," she went on, catching the spirit of his plans. "What a joke!"

And so it was decided. Scott sent the president of the Society of American Sculptors a favorable answer to his letter. He stated the day and named the hour he should be pleased to receive his artist friends, and though he assured them his statue was quite incomplete, still he said they should have a peep at it. Mildred and himself at once began preparations for the exhibit, and long before the appointed day came they were in high glee over the prospects, for their private rehearsals had proven more than successful.

citing than talk, but still he kept them in the studio.

Some one called to see Scott. He excused himself and was gone some minutes. When he came back he was profuse in his apologies for his long absence, but he made up for the absence by unlocking the door which, as he said, led into his work room.

"It was a large room, totally unfurnished, into which he led them. The sunlight streamed in through open windows and fell in streaks across the stained floor. Near the center of the room stood the half finished statue, upon which his work had really been done. There were tools and chips of marble lying about the stone as though work had just been suspended. Extending across the extreme end of the room hung a heavy, dark plush curtain.

"I suppose I should apologize, gentlemen," Clement began, "for bringing you here to see a work that is as yet so far from completion; still, since it is by your own request that you come, I hardly see what apology I can offer."

"There was a chorus of 'Pray, no apologies,'" and Scott went on, pointing to the statue in the center of the room. "This is the first study of the work you have come to see, gentlemen. Even it is quite incomplete; but still no apologies."

And so saying Scott went to the open windows, drew down the shades and shut out the sunlight. There was an uncertain glimmer in the room, which he soon steadied by lighting some reflector lamps. Then he stopped a moment before the plush curtain.

"I almost fear to show you this work, it is so imperfect," he said.

There was no reply. He waited a moment and it grew oppressively still. He stepped to the curtains, pushed them aside, looked at his work a moment, and then joined his guests. They stood in a group at the other end of the room.

There was not a sound, not an exclamation of surprise; hardly a breath.

There before them, from what appeared to be a solid block of white marble, rose the magnificent head and full shapely bust of a goddess. It was indeed the Venus of Milo. The stone was placed so as to give but a profile view of the face, but the profile was divine. The left arm of the figure was broken quite off, while on the right side the work had not progressed far enough to disclose the broken member.

So strong was the contrast between finished and unfinished stone; so perfect, so human the finished portion of the work seemed that it was almost painful to see the rough, uncut edges of the marble press into the smooth surface of the finished breast. There was an expression about the face which seemed to say to those lookers on, "When shall I ever be taken from this cold stone?" And because they could not answer that question they were silent.

The guests glanced from one to another, then hurriedly back again to the statue, lest it should have vanished before them.

Scott stood by the side of his stone study of the Venus and noted their astonishment. Still no one spoke.

He was growing fearful of what this silence might mean, and he ventured: "Well, is it good?" His voice sounded queerly.

There was an audible whisper. "Marvelous! Marvelous!" breathed the guests. They said no more.

It was enough. The silent spell had been broken. They had not detected the difference in clay.

And drawing the curtain before the image of his heart Clement Scott threw up the shades, letting a burst of blinding sunshine into the room.

That fall the most noticeable work of art at the exhibition of the Society of American Sculptors was a study in marble of the Venus of Milo.

It was by Clement Scott.

And society, when it learned that this same Scott, whom the winter before it had so petted, had gone to a little sea town to get him a wife, brought itself to be forgiven for once when it saw who that wife was, while the president of the sculptors said to Clement one day as he studied the face of Mildred Boday:

"Well, I see, my boy, there is a difference in clay."—Philadelphia Press.

The Way He Got Even.

I recently visited a certain part of this world where it seemed as though every other man and about half of the women whom I met were the authors of books, and not a few of them entertained the notion that I must have read or heard of their volumes of poetry or theology or romance or criticism or legistics or piety or science. I was often embarrassed by the question of new acquaintances. "Have you read my book?" and I always felt indisposed to give offense by repeating Carlyle's reply to the inquiry, "No; is it a big book?"

On one occasion, however, when a professor in the university asked me the familiar question, I bethought me of a way of relieving myself from embarrassment by abruptly, yet I hope courteously, asking, "Have you read my book?" The professor, who had not heard of my brochure, though it appeared in print ten years ago, was put in as bad a plight as he had previously put me in, and his mortification over his ignorance was even more grievous than mine. The quiddity served me ever afterward when I met an inquiring author.—John Swinton.

Civilities Exchanged.

A French gentleman who was staying at the Bellevue hotel stepped out of the hotel one morning and walked to the corner of Broad and Walnut streets to wait for a Chestnut street car. An organ grinder with a monkey started to play the "Marsellaise." The monkey tripped across to the French gentleman and held up his paw. The foreigner placed therein a coin, and the monkey took off his little red cap.

Without a thought the polite Frenchman immediately raised his own silk hat in return to the salute, and the monkey ran to his master chattering with delight, a broad grin spreading over his little brown face.—Philadelphia Press.

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