Fernhurst, Q.E.D., and Other Early Writings

GERTRUDE STEIN

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A NOTE ON THE TEXTS

Fernhurst (1904-1905?): The manuscript is written in ink on both sides of eighty-five leaves of a French school notebook (measuring 8-5/8 by 6-3/4 inches), with blank pages (in one case a leaf) before each new section of the work. The original title seems to have been "Fernhurst," then "The History of Philip Redfern, a Student of the Nature of Woman," and finally the present arrangement of title and subtitle. Some revision in ink and in pencil appears to have been made soon after the story was written, with extensive revision in pencil (in 1909?) when the story was incorporated, as the twenty-sixth of ninety-five notebooks, into the first full-length draft of *The Making of Americans.* At that time, six and one-half pages at the beginning of the manuscript, the greater part of twelve pages at the end, and some other shorter passages were omitted, and names and tenses changed throughout. Thirty leaves (which may well have been blank) were excised from the end of the notebook. Notes concerning the use of the old story in the new work appear here and there in the text and on the verso of the free front and the recto of the free back endpaper. For this present edition the original version has been reconstructed by ignoring all the obviously late changes. (For the revised text see pages 429–440 and 445 of *The Making of Americans* as published by Contact Editions in Paris in 1925 and reprinted by offset by the Something Else Press in New York in 1965).

Q.E.D. (1903): The manuscript, bearing the title "Quod Erat Demonstrandum," is written in ink on the rectos of the leaves (with the exceptional use of a few versos) in two French school notebooks (measuring 8-3/4 by 7 inches), with some later, slight revision in pencil. For an account of the circumstances under which Gertrude Stein came across this manuscript in the spring of 1932, see page 104 of her *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* as published in New York by Harcourt, Brace and Company in 1933. The notebooks were sent by Alice B. Toklas to Carl Van Vechten, Miss Stein's literary executor, in 1947, and Mr. Van Vechten presented them to the Yale Library on behalf of Miss Toklas in 1950. The manuscript, with some changes of names and phrases, was printed in a limited edition (516 copies) in 1950 by the Banyan Press, Pawlet, Vermont, with the title *Things As They Are.* In the present version, Miss Stein's original text has been restored.

The Making of Americans (1903): The manuscript is written in ink on both sides of thirty-six leaves of a legal-size English notebook (measuring 12-1/2 by 8-1/4 inches), as described by Leon Katz in his introduction. Three leaves excised between the title leaf and what is now the beginning of the text indicate that some other introductory material

may have been deleted. There is some, mostly minor, revision both in ink and in pencil. About thirty-nine leaves have been excised from the end. The notebook was included by Miss Stein with the manuscripts deposited through Thornton Wilder in the Yale Library in 1937, and was given to the Library with the rest of the deposited material in 1945.

Editorial method: In the transcription of all three texts, spelling errors ("akward," "dissaproved," "fullfill," etc.) and obvious slips of the pen have been silently corrected except that the characteristic Stein spelling "alright" for "all right" has been retained. Missing question marks throughout *Q.E.D.* and a few other punctuation marks that seemed necessary for ease of reading have been supplied; otherwise the punctuation is Miss Stein's.

DONALD GALLUP

Introduction

THE THREE WRITINGS issued in this volume—two for the first time and the longer *Q.E.D.* in a corrected edition—represent the first steps of Gertrude Stein's literary progress. In them lie the beginnings of her gradually articulated attack on the single problem at which she labored—with passion, with dedication, with monotonous persistence—until 1911, when she finished her mammoth family novel, *The Making of Americans:* the problem of describing the "last touch" of human being, or to put it another way, of passing beyond the practical acquaintance with human being which anyone can have to a total description of human being such as no one before her had dreamed of formulating. Her focus on this intention gained momentum and assurance through the first years of her writing life—from 1903 when she set down the first chapters of what was intended to be the conventional story of an American family's progress and decay to 1908 when, totally committed to her extraordinarily intense

whose main business is to write, that is, to convey—to be in *her* novel imaginative situation makes it inevitable that the buttresses and structures through which one normally reaches knowledge and through which one normally conveys it, will also fall away. The landscape of the intellect, the figurations of knowledge and the communication of it, flatten; their need, in their familiar forms, disintegrates.

When it is understood that this was Stein's imaginative condition, not her irresponsible invention; when the extraordinary point of vantage from which her insights, her concerns, her methods, her shifting styles emanated, is shared, it becomes plain that she was doing what every writer does: telling what she knew. She repeated this to the point of monotony: "I write what I know." She repeated it not because she was compulsive about repeating, but because nobody would believe that she meant it that simply, or in so usual a sense.

The writing of *The Making of Americans* then, and the fictions herein included and the notebooks which attended its writing, record Stein's struggle toward maturity and integrity of conviction as a person, as an observer, and as an artist. Germinating out of nine years of labor on fictional narratives which passed beyond the scope and limits of fictional form, from the settled center of her matured vision, out of the "flattening" of the hierarchies of thought and feeling which her intensity of vision finally achieved, her unique art subsequently emerged as an endlessly full hymn of pleasure in the actual, a nonselective tribute to the uniform splendors of existence.

LEON KATZ

FERNHURST

The History of Philip Redfern
A Student of the Nature of Woman

A GUEST OF HONOR so custom demands begins an address with praise and humor and speaking to the ideals of the audience clothes the laudations in the technical language of the hearers' profession. It is known that post prandial attention must be fished with this bait and only slowly rises to interest and labor. So the selected bandar-log begins his imitating chatter with the praise of repetition and a learned lady delights her audience with a phrase and bids them rejoice in their imperfections. "We college women we are always college girls" she said and a few standing by reading a condemnation in these words of praise mocked in undertones at their deluded fellows.

The young woman of to-day up to the age of twenty one leads the same life as does her brother. She has a free athletic childhood and later goes to college and learns latin science and the higher mathematics. She in these days busies herself with sport and becomes famous on the ball-fields and in

rowing and cricket, conducting herself in all things as if there were no sex and mankind made all alike and traditional differences mere variations of dress and contour.

I have seen college women years after graduation still embodying the type and accepting the standard of college girls—who were protected all their days from the struggles of the larger world and lived and died with the intellectual furniture obtained at their college—persisting to the end in their belief that their power was as a man's—and divested of superficial latin and cricket what was their standard but that of an ancient finishing school with courses in classics and liberty replacing the accomplishments of a lady. Much the same as a man's work if you like before he becomes a man but how much different from a man's work when manhood has once been attained.

I wonder will the new woman ever relearn the fundamental facts of sex. Will she not see that college standards are of little worth in actual labor.

I saw the other day a college woman resent being jostled by her male competitors in a rush for position—in spite of all training she was an American woman still, entitled to right and privileges and no more willing to adopt male standards in a struggle than her grandmother. She was neither less a woman or more dogged in battle though she had read latin and kicked a foot-ball.

Will different things never be recognised as different. I am for having women learn what they can but not to mistake learning for action nor to believe that a man's work is suited to them because they have mastered a boy's education. In short I would have the few women who must do a piece of the man's work but think that the great mass of the world's

women should content themselves with attaining to womanhood.

There is a dean presiding over the college of Fernhurst in the state of New Jersey who in common with most of her generation believes wholly in this essential sameness of sex and who has devoted her life to the development of this doctrine in numerous pamphlets of her composition and in the implanting of this doctrine in the many students who attend her college. I have heard many graduates of this institution proclaim this doctrine of equality, with a mental reservation in favor of female superiority, mistaking quick intelligence and acquired knowledge for practical efficiency and a cultured appreciation for vital capacity and who valued more highly the talent of knowing about culture than the power of creating the prosperity of a nation.

This Dean of Fernhurst has had great influence in the lives of many women. She is possessed of a strong purpose and vast energy. She has an extraordinary instinct for the qualities of men and rarely fails to choose the best of the young teachers as they come from the universities. She rarely keeps them many years for either they attain such distinction that the great universities claim them or they are dismissed as not being able enough to be called away. The Dean of Fernhurst is hard headed, practical, unmoral in the sense that all values give place to expediency and she has a pure enthusiasm for the emancipation of women and a sensitive and mystic feeling for beauty and letters.

In accordance with the male ideal the college is governed by the students themselves in all matters relating to conduct but this government though in the hands of the students themselves is in truth wholly centred in the dean who domi-

nated by a passion for absolute power administers an admirable system of espionage and influence which she interrupts with occasional bald exercise of authority and not infrequent ignominious retreats. This resolute and powerful personality gives the tone to the college and deeply influences all the students who attend it. Honorable and manly as are the ostensible ideals that govern the place the unmoral methods of the dean the doctrine of the superiority of woman and a sensitive and mystic appreciation of the more decadent forms of art are the more vital influences and many a graduate spends sorrowful years in learning in after-life that her quality is not more fine nor her power greater than that of many of her more simple fellows and that established virtues and methods are at once more honorable and more efficient.

What sentiment more admirable than devotion to one's alma mater. What influence in youth more delightful than that of college fellows. Such fond regard is felt by all sons of universities. But even in such simple devotion may lurk a danger and in different lives carry different meanings and women in a college of the same age in years as men are many years their elders in emotion, and treating as a life business this college experience receive an enduring stamp of their special college—then too their life does not immediately enlarge with the affairs of the big world and so put them out of conceit with their accepted standard. The colleges are various in their effect one college trains them to be cultured sophisticated perhaps decadent, another makes them aggressively healthy and crudely virgin, another increases their learning power at the expense of their health and appreciations and it has always seemed to me a dreadful task to decide for any young woman, what college shall make for her a character.

Toward Helen Thornton the Dean of Fernhurst, her youth spent in a struggle to make women better—constant of purpose—noble in aim ambitious for the welfare of her race we the generation of women who have rights to refuse should I suppose be silent and not bring the world to observe the contradiction in her doctrine and the danger of her method. What! does a reform start hopeful and glorious with a people to remake and all sex to destroy only to end in the same old homes with the same men and women in their very same place. Doctrines that have noble meanings often prove in action futile. It is not without a kind of awe and reverence that an observer should speculate on such doctrines as he traces the course of them. I have seen too much of successful reform to take off my hat and huzzah as it appears triumphant in eulogy and would do my little best with my complimenting neighbors that they should not applaud too loudly or fill their souls with too much hope. Is it the Manchester school leading England to free-trade philanthropy and prosperity or Joseph Chamberlain leading them farther to protection selfishness and a great future. Is it Susan B. Anthony clamoring for the increase of the suffrage or John Marshall pleading for its restriction, I gaze at them and realise that the Manchester people and Chamberlain are alike desirous of England's glory and that Miss Anthony and James Marshall are both eager that the truest justice should be granted to all.

Had I been bred in the last generation full of hope and unattainable desires I too would have declared that men and women are born equal but being of this generation with the

college and professions open to me and able to learn that the other man is really stronger I say I will have none of it. And you shall have none of it says my reader tired of this posing, I don't say no I can only hope that I am one of those rare women that should since I find in my heart that I needs must.

WHEN PHILIP REDFERN had taken his doctor's degree in philosophy and presently after came to hold the chair of philosophy at Fernhurst college in the state of New Jersey the two very interesting personalities in the place were the dean Miss Thornton with her friend Miss Bruce the head of the department of English literature.

Redfern had previously had no experience of women's colleges but being a man deeply interested in the life of his time was not without theories and convictions concerning the values of this mode of existence and was prepared to make and find an experience with 500 intelligent women interesting and instructive. He knew something of the character of the dean of the place but had heard nothing of any other member of the institution and went to make his bow to his fellow instructors in some wonder of anticipation and excitement of mind.

The new professor of philosophy was invited by the Dean

to meet the assembled faculty at a tea at her house two days after his arrival in the place.

He entered alone and was met by the Dean, a dignified figure with a noble head and a preoccupied abrupt manner. She was somewhat lame and walked about leaning on a tortoise-shell stick the imperative movement of which made a way through all obstacles. "You must meet Miss Bruce" she said breaking rather rudely through the courtly politeness of the new instructor who was a Southerner and trained in elaborate chivalry, "She is our only other philosopher" and moving rapidly through the crowd she presented him to Miss Bruce.

Redfern looked with interest at this individual with whom he was to share the philosophic world and who appeared to him the most complete presentment of gentleness and intelligence that he had ever looked on. Her figure was tall thin and reserved, her face gentle and intelligent, her eyes shy and her fine waving hair tinged with grey, the whole embodying his mature ideal in a way that made his heart beat with surprise.

She greeted him with awkward shyness and after a few moments of stumbling effort to keep to formal talk she said abruptly "What is it that you really mean by naive realism" referring to a doctrine that he had voiced in a recent article. Redfern was surprised and amused and plunged gayly into abstruse metaphysics watching her the while with growing admiration.

Her talk was serious eager and intense, her point of view clear, her arguments just and her opinions sensitive. Her self consciousness disappeared during this eager discussion but her manner did not lose its awkward restraint, her voice

its gentleness or her eyes their shyness. Redfern who had never before seen such fine intelligence combined with perfect gentleness felt that he was in the presence of that ideal that he had dreamed of but had not hoped to meet in this two sexed world and he listened to her with charmed attention bending toward her his tall clean built American body with its intelligent head, with its smooth shaven face, worn complexion and observant eyes.

To the last hour of Redfern's life he remembered her as she then looked and spoke, the long delicate fluttering fingers, the awkward reserved body, the gentle worn face and shy eyes.

While the pair were still in the height of discussion there came up to them a blonde eager good-looking young woman whom Redfern observing greeted with scrupulous courtesy and presented as his wife to his new acquaintance. Miss Bruce checked in her talk was thrown back into even more than her original shy awkwardness and looking with distress at this new arrival after several efforts to bring her mind to understand stammered out, "Mrs. Redfern yes yes of course your wife I had forgotten." She made another attempt to begin to speak and then suddenly giving it up gazed at them quite helpless.

"You were discussing naive realism" said Mrs. Redfern nervously, "pray go on I am very anxious to hear what you think of it," and Redfern bowing to his wife with his scrupulous courtesy turned again to Miss Bruce and went on with his talk and soon Miss Bruce was again lost in the full tide of metaphysics and oblivious of all small human perplexities.

An observer would have found it difficult to tell from the

mere appearance of this trio what their relation toward each other was. Miss Bruce was absorbed in her talk and thought and oblivious of everything except discussion, her shy eyes fixed on Redfern's face and her tall constrained body filled with eagerness, Redfern was listening and answering with alternating argument and epigram, showing the same degree of courteous deference to both his companions, his intelligent face with its square forehead, long vigorous chin, worn complexion, firm mouth and observant eyes turned first toward one and then toward the other with impartial attention and Mrs. Redfern nervous and uneasy, her blonde good-looking face filled with eager anxiety to understand listened to one and then the other with the same anxious care. It was a group that would have puzzled the most practiced of interpreters.

Finally the friend with whom Mrs. Redfern had entered the room made her way up to them and others joining naive realism was dropped and the talk became general. The group shortly broke up and they moved about drinking tea, making epigrams, talking of college matters, and analysing Swinburne, Oscar Wilde and Henry James, each one anxious to meet the new instructor whom you may be sure they were all observing, praising and condemning and who moved about among them brilliant in talk gay and friendly in manner with his exact Southern courtesy, keen intelligent face and observant eyes.

At last sufficient tea had been drunk every one had been met and an amazing number of epigrams had been made and Redfern wandered up to a window where the Dean Miss Bruce and Mrs. Redfern were standing looking out at a fine prospect of sunset and a long line of elms defining a

road that led back through the village of Fernhurst through the wooded hills behind, purple in the sunset and beautiful to look at. Redfern stood with them looking out at the scene.

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said Miss Bruce quoting the lines from the *Iliad.* Mrs. Redfern listened intently, "Ah of course you know Greek" she said with eager admiration. Miss Bruce made no reply and the Dean began to describe to the new comers what lay before them and what she always loved to dwell on namely the history of the place. How twenty years ago she was at a friend's house at Richmond and how there one day she described the struggles of a young woman who was trying to educate herself in the higher mathematics and how a wealthy Richmond woman who was present became interested in the matter and gradually became convinced that there should be the same work for men and women and how this college with Miss Thornton as Dean had been founded fifteen years ago as the result of this chance meeting. "And now" concluded Miss Thornton "it is no longer an experiment, the equal capacity of women and men has been perfectly shown." Redfern to whom this last remark was addressed bowed and assented, keeping whatever doubts might still remain in his mind discreetly to himself and perhaps dissipating them entirely by a glance at Miss Bruce who was still standing at the window looking out at the prospect.

How these trivial incidents and words, the elm trees and

* Miss Stein never filled in the lines from the *Iliad* in the manuscript of *Fernhurst*. In her later revision of the passage for *The Making of Americans* she deleted the rest of the line so the exact words she intended cannot be known.

the purple hills beyond and the group of people quietly talking remain fixed in the memory. There is a solemnity about a first meeting with those whose lives deeply affect our own that gives a sacredness to the most trivial phrase.

Shortly after this talk the new professor and his wife took their leave. The Dean and Miss Bruce being left together, Miss Thornton began to talk of Redfern but Miss Bruce gave little attention and for the rest of the evening remained lost in a fog of naive realism.

As for Redfern as he walked home it was with a mind filled with delight and interest in the new acquaintance that this afternoon had brought him. He spent much time in feeling and analysing her quality only hoping that she would prove as wonderful as she seemed and desirous to know all that could be known about her, and this little history which he soon learned from college gossip we will now give briefly.

IT HAS BEEN said that the college of Fernhurst in the state of New Jersey was founded by Miss Wyckoff a rich spinster of Virginia under the influence of Miss Thornton the present Dean. Helen Thornton was a member of a family of prominent Quakers in the town of Princeton Pennsylvania, a family which was proud of having bred in three successive generations three remarkable women.

The first of these three was not known beyond her own community of Quakers among whom she had great influence by reason of her strength of will, her powerful intellect, her strong common sense and her deep religious feeling. She kept strictly within the then womanly bounds and carried to its utmost the then practical woman's life with its keen wordly sense, its fervor of emotion and prayer and its devout practical morality.

The daughter of this vigorous woman was known to a wider circle for she went outside of Quaker bounds and

sought for truth in all varieties of ecstatic experience. She inherited the quaker temper and mingled with her genuine mystic exaltation a hard common sense and though spending the greater part of her life in examining and actively taking part in all the exaggerated religious enthusiasms of her time she never lost her sense of criticism and judgment and though convinced again and again of the folly and hypocrisy of successive saints never doubted the validity of mystic religious experience.

In the third generation this woman found expression in still wider expreience. Helen Thornton the niece of the famous Quaker mystic abandoned the Quaker doctrines, ceased to expect regeneration from religious experience, found her exaltation in Swinburne and Walter Pater and with pamphlets and a college worked for the rights of women. Miss Thornton was bred in the household of her aunt the Quaker mystic where even before the day of the public preaching of equality for women with men, the doctrine of the superiority of women had been highly developed for in this household a little grand-nephew twelve years of age found it necessary to stand firmly for his rights, "they think so little of men here" he explained.

Bred in this household the conviction in Helen Thornton of the value to the world of women's labor in all fields of work was early acquired and the time being ripe and the ranks of women prepared for battle Miss Thornton became a leader in the movement and did good service for the cause. She learned, preached and struggled for many years, colleges were arising in the land and the time came when she saw that the work so far as it lay with her generation was

complete and that the future of the race was in the hands of those who trained the generation that followed after.

For some years she looked in vain for a place to do this work but the chance came at last. Miss Wyckoff was rich elderly and impressed and so now the future of the race to the extent of five hundred young women every four years was in Helen Thornton's hands.

It is hard to desire absolute power, to cherish the ideals of liberty and honor for one's fellows and to be in a position of authority. It was in this situation that the Dean of Fernhurst found herself after her dream of establishing a college for women was realised. It was impossible for her to be in relation with anything or anyone without controlling to the minutest detail and yet this college was to be as a man's, perfect liberty within broad limits, integrity and honor were to prevail.

A system of self government as it was called was inaugurated, the young women themselves were to be the judges of all matters relating to conduct—an admirable plan surely to develop independence and the habit of responsible power but a plan equally adapted to become an effective instrument in the hands of a vigorous, insistent and unmoral nature.

It may seem strange to call unmoral a woman in whom we recognise a pure enthusiasm and a noble devotion for the betterment of her kind, but the Quaker spirit that in one generation could combine shrewd worldly interest with devout devotion and in the next could preserve a hard headed criticism in the midst of a mystic's ecstasy in this last descendant combined a genuine belief in liberty and honor and a disinterested devotion for the uplifting of the

race with an instinct for domination and a persistent indifference to any consideration but expediency in the actual task of working out her ideal. Few natures were more capable of generous devotion to a whole cause and indeed had she understood the meaning of her government few natures would have been more capable of the supreme sacrifice of renouncing power, but the realisation of such meaning could never come to her—the methods and details of dominant superintendence in all its unmoral conditions flowed so naturally from her position and her instant realisation of the means adapted to a specific end that the quality of her conduct as an influence could never come to her.

She took only a small share in the actual instruction of the students for she was no scholar and though a woman of vigorous mind was not possessed of genuine intellectual quality. The mystic side of her nature expressed itself in her delight in Swinburne and Walter Pater and her students often said that her readings from these men were a rare and wonderful thing to experience. All the inherited ecstasy was then expressed and it was in these occasional readings that she strengthened her influence over her impressionable young hearers.

Through her influence with Miss Wyckoff she was enabled to keep the college in a flourishing state and to keep the control of all things from the appointment of instructors to the furnishing of the dormitory kitchens entirely in her own hands but she was anxious that in the teaching staff there should be some one who would be permanent—who would have great parts and a scholarly mind and would have no influence to trouble hers and before many years she found Miss Bruce who ideally fulfilled these demands.

Miss Bruce was a graduate of a Western college and had made some reputation by an article on the philosophy of English poetry. She was appointed by Miss Thornton as assistant in the English department and in a short time had become its head. She was utterly unattached, being an only child whose parents died just before she entered college and was equally detached by her nature from all affairs of the world and was always quite content to remain where she was so long as some [one] took from her all management of practical affairs and left her in peace with her work and her dreams. She was possessed of a sort of transfigured innocence which made a deep impression on the vigorous practical mind of Miss Thornton who while keeping her completely under her control where indeed she liked to keep most people and things that came near her was nevertheless in awe of her blindness to worldly things and of the intellectual power of her clear sensitive mind.

Though Miss Bruce was detached by the quality of her nature from worldly affairs it was not because she loved best dreams and abstract thought, for her deepest interest was in the varieties of human experience and her constant desire was to partake of all human relations but by some quality of her nature she never succeeded in really touching any human creature she knew. Her transfigured innocence too was not an ignorance of the facts of life nor a puritan's instinct indeed her desire was to experience the extreme forms of sensuous life and to make even immoral experience her own. Her detachment was due to an abstracted spirit that could not do what it would and which was evident in her reserved body her shy eyes and gentle face. A passionate desire for worldly experience filled her entirely and she was still wait-

ing for the hand that could tear down the walls that enclosed her and let her escape into a world of humans.

She had been an intelligent comrade to the succession of brilliant young fellows who had one after another filled the philosophical chair at Fernhurst but her interest had remained entirely outside of herself, but in Redfern she felt a new influence. It was more than naive realism that she had caught [a] glimpse of in their first meeting.

In a sense Miss Bruce was quite as unmoral as the Dean herself. Miss Bruce's unmoral quality consisted in her lack of recognition of expediency, her utter indifference to worldly matters. She could lose herself in a relation without any consciousness that other lives and natures were at work and a recognition of such responsibility would come to her no more than to Miss Thornton. It was interesting to observe these women of such different natures ending in the same unmoral temper. The one practical worldly with noble aspirations, a mystic's ecstasy and the power of always adapting the means to a specific end and the other with a mind of a philosopher, a spirit exquisitely sensitive to beauty and a dreamy detached nature with an aspiration for the common lot and a strange incapacity to touch the lives of others.

PHILIP REDFERN WHO was now come to trouble the peace of Fernhurst College was born in a small city in the South western part of the United States. He was the son of a curiously ill assorted pair of parents and his earliest intellectual concept was the realisation of the quality of these two decisive and unharmonised elements in his child life. He remembered too very well his first definite realisation of the quality of women when the inherent contradictions in the claims made by that sex awoke in him much confused thought. He puzzled over the fact that he must give up his chair to and be careful of little girls while at the same time he was taught that the little girl was quite as strong as he and quite as able to use liberty and to perfect action.

His mother was his dear dear friend and from her he received all his definite thoughts and convictions. She was an eager impetuous sensitive creature full of ideal enthusiasms, with moments of clear purpose and vigorous thought but for

the most part was prejudiced and inconsequential and apt to accept sensations and impressions as carefully as thought out theories and principles. Her constant rebellion against the pressure of her husband's steady domination found effective expression in the training of her son to be the champion of the rights of women. It would be a sublime proof of poetic justice so she thought for the son of James Redfern to devote his life to the winning of liberty, equality and opportunity for all women.

James Redfern was a man determined always to be master in his own house. He was exaggerated in his courtesy and deference toward all women and never came into personal relations with any human being. He owed his power to his cold reserve his strong will and the perfect rectitude of his conduct. He did not suspect his wife of any set purpose in regard to her son and was too certain of the dominance of his own will to pay much regard to the emotional influences that Mrs. Redfern brought to bear on young Philip. It could never seem possible to him that a man child born in his house could in the end be anything but a rational creature—and fantastic ideals therefore were not to be dreaded and could only exist as the occupation of emotional women and romantic children. He contented himself with demanding from his son obedience and in his presence self-restraint and for the rest relied on Philip's manhood and inherited quality to make him the man he would have him.

This mixture of influences in young Redfern's life resulted in a strange and incalculable nature. The strong emotional flavor of his mother's nature easily awoke in him an exaggerated interest and value for the purely emotional life. The instinct for knowledge and domination were in him

equally strong and from the beginning he devoted himself to meditation and analysis of the emotions. The constant spectacle of an armed neutrality between his parents filled him with an interest in the nature of marriage and the meaning of women.

Like most youngsters bred up in the society of their elders and those elders of decided quality he had a knowledge of life quite out of relation to the reality of its experience and while knowing and accepting many facts that his elders would have listened to in shocked horror he was really ignorant of the meaning of the simplest forms of human relations living as he did in a world all his own where there was much knowledge, wonderful dreams, keen analysis and little experience.

From his father he learned scrupulous courtesy and power of reserve without the fixed standards that governed the elder Redfern. Philip learned his principles from his mother and these were of the nature of longings and aspirations rather than of settled purpose.

When Philip was 21 years old he went to college. He had never been to a school, his learning had been gathered largely by himself. Now for the first time he with his brilliant personality, keen intellect, ardent desires, moral aspirations and uncertain principles was to be thrown into familiar relations with men and women of his own age.

The college of which Redfern became a member was the typical co-educational college of the Middle West, a completely democratic institution where no one was conscious of a grandfather and not held responsible for a father, where inheritance was disregarded and the son of a day laborer if he was an able fellow had quite as good a chance of leading

his class as the representative of a first family of Virginia or the descendant of a Boston Cabot. This Democracy was too simple and genuine to be discussed and no one was interested whether a man came by his money through generations of gentlemen or whether he earned it in the summer by working on a farm or in the intervals of his college work by acting as janitor to a school building. This Democracy was complete and included simple comradeship between the sexes. The men were simple, direct and earnest in their relations with the girls in the school, treating them with the generosity and kindliness characteristic of the Western man but never doubting for a moment their right to any learning or occupation they were able to acquire.

It was a simple world, uncultured but not crude. The students were earnest experienced men and women who had already struggled solidly with poverty and education. The trend of their minds was toward the natural sciences but in this vigorous open air community there was a true feeling for beauty which showed itself in much out of door wandering for the pure delight in beauty and was beginning to realise itself here and there in healthy sober-minded pictures and sculpture.

It was of this sober-minded earnest moral democratic community that the sophisticated and inexperienced Southerner was now become a part. His moral aspirations found full satisfaction in the serious life of the place and his emotional interest found a new and delightful exercise in the problem of woman that presented itself so strangely here. At his age the return to nature was complete delight for elaboration was not so necessary but that vigor and force made him forgetful of subtlety and refinement. The free,

simple comradeship of the men and women at first filled him with astonishment and then with delight. He could not feel himself a part of it, he could not lose the sense of danger in the presence and companionship of women, his instincts bade him be on guard but his ideal he felt to be here realised.

Among the many vigorous young women in the place one Nancy Talbot was conspicuous. She was a blonde good-looking young woman full of moral purpose and educational desires. She had an eager earnest intelligence, fixed principles and restless energy. She was the ablest woman student of her class and she and Redfern soon singled themselves out from the crowd and in the Western manner had many long talks in the alcoves of the library and soon developed the custom of long country walks together.

It was all new, strange and dangerous for the Southern man and all perfectly simple and matter of course for the Western girl. They had long talks on the meanings of things, he discoursing of his life and aims she listening morally, intensely—understanding sympathising and throwing the protection of her crude new world innocence about his elaborate old-world meanings.

Their intercourse steadily grew more constant and familiar. Redfern's instincts were dangerous and decadent, his ideals simple and pure, slowly he realised in this constant companion the existence of instincts as simple and pure as his ideals—recognized and did not seek beyond—never asking if the nature was as simple as the feeling or the vision exalted enough to transcend and so enforce the instinct.

They were tramping through the country one winter's day plunging vigorously through the snow intoxicated with

cold air and rapid movement and filled with delight in their youth and freedom.

"You are a comrade and a woman" he cried out in his joy. "It is the new world." "Surely" she answered "there is no difference our being together only it is pleasanter and we go faster." "I know it" said Redfern "it is the new world."

This comradeship continued through the year. They spent much time in explaining to each other what neither ever quite understood. He never quite felt the reality of the simple and moral instincts, she never quite realised what it was he did not understand.

One spring day a young boy friend came to see her and all three went out into the country. It was a soft warm day the ground was warm with young life and wet with spring rains. They found a dry hill side and sat down too indolent to wander further. The young friend a boy of seventeen threw himself on the ground with careless freedom and rested his head on Miss Talbot's lap. Redfern could not conceal a start of surprise Miss Talbot smiled and laid her hand caressingly on the boy's head.

The next day Redfern frankly came to her with his perplexity. "I don't understand" he said "was it alright for Johnson to do so yesterday. I almost believed it was my duty to knock him off." "Yes I saw you were surprised" she said and she flushed and looked uneasy. Then resolutely taking her courage in her hands she tried to make him see. "Do you know that to me a Western woman it seems very strange that any one should see any wrong in his action. I have known Johnson all my life and trust his purity as I would my own." Her courage rose with her theme. "Yes I will say it. I have never understood before why you always

seemed on guard. Don't you know that so much care on your part is really an insult to a woman's honor. I am a Western woman and believe in men's honesty and in my own, while you—you seem always to doubt both."

She ended steadily, he flushed and looked uneasy. It was a palpable hit, he was pierced in a vital part. He looked at her earnestly, whatever crudity was there, certainly he could not doubt her honesty. It was not a trap, it could not be a new form of deliberate enticement, even though it made a new danger. They walked on, his ideals conquered his instincts, and his devotion was complete. "You wonderful Western woman" he cried out, "Surely you have made a new world."

After two years of marriage Redfern's disillusionment was complete. Miss Talbot was all that she had promised all that he had thought her but that all proved sufficiently inadequate to his needs. She was moral strenuous and pure and sought earnestly after higher things in life and art but her mind was narrow and insistent, her intelligence quick but without grace and harsh and Redfern loved a gentle intelligence. Redfern at best was a hard man to hold, he had no tender fibre to make him gentle to discordant suffering, and when once he was certain that the woman had no message for him there was no appeal. Her narrow eager mind was helpless under the power of his unfailing scrupulous courtesy. He did not use it as a weapon, it was part of him this elaborate chivalry and she though harsh and crude should never cease to receive from him this respect. He knew she must suffer but what could he do. They were man and wife, their minds and natures were separated by great gulfs, it must be again an armed neutrality but this time it was not

as with his parents an armed neutrality between equals but with an inferior who could not learn the rules of the game. It was just so much the more unhappy.

Mrs. Redfern never understood what had happened to her. In a dazed blind way she tried all ways of breaking through the walls that confined her. She threw herself against them with impatient energy and again she tried to destroy them piece by piece. She was always thrown back bruised and dazed never quite certain whence came the blow, how it was dealt or why. It was a long agony, she never became wiser or more indifferent, she struggled on always in the same dazed eager way.

Such was the relation between this man and wife when Redfern now twenty nine years of age and having made for himself some reputation in philosophy was called to Fernhurst College to fill the chair of Philosophy there.

IT HAPPENS OFTEN in the twenty-ninth year of a life that all the forces that have been engaged through the years of childhood, adolescence and youth in confused and ferocious combat range themselves in ordered ranks—one is uncertain of one's aims, meaning and power during these years of tumultuous growth when aspiration has no relation to fulfillment and one plunges here and there with energy and misdirection during the storm and stress of the making of a personality until at last we reach the twenty-ninth year the straight and narrow gate-way of maturity and life which was all uproar and confusion narrows down to form and purpose and we exchange a great dim possibility for a small hard reality.

Also in our American life where there is no coercion in custom and it is our right to change our vocation so often as we have desire and opportunity, it is a common experience that our youth extends through the whole first twenty-nine

years of our life and it is not till we reach thirty that we find at last that vocation for which we feel ourselves fit and to which we willingly devote continued labor. One smiles as one thinks back over one's varied career—first it was scholarship, then law, then medicine then business then an attempt at art or literature, all begun with enthusiasm pursued a little while with industry, found wanting in meaning and value, abandoned with joy and the next profession ardently adopted and pursued only to be dropped in its turn when found unsuited to the vital need of one's true self. And it must be owned that while much labor is lost to the world in these efforts to secure one's true vocation, nevertheless it makes more completeness in individual life and perhaps in the end will prove as useful to the world—and if we believe that there is more meaning in the choice of love than plain propinquity so we may well believe that there is more meaning in vocations than that it is the thing we first can learn about and win an income with.

Redfern had now come to this fateful twenty-ninth year. He had been a public preacher for women's rights he had been a mathematician, a psychologist and a philosopher, he had married and earned a living and yet the world was to him without worth or meaning and he longed for a more vital human life than to be an instructor of youth—his theme was humanity, his desire was to be in the great world and of it, he wished for active life among his equals not to pass his days as a guide to the immature and he preferred the criticism of life in fiction to the analysis of the mind in philosophy—and now the time was come in this his twenty-ninth year for the decisive influence in his career.

The instinct which led Philip Redfern to realise the

wondrous quality of gentleness and intelligence in the character of Janet Bruce became soon a deep reverence and complete devotion which entirely filled his heart and mind which had before sought in vain for the realisation in this world of his cherished ideal. Gentleness and intelligence it was to him the whole expression of the best that life could give. There seemed so Redfern thought in every look and gesture of this shy creature, a gentle intelligence and noble understanding—in motion and repose she seemed wondrous alike—the tone of her voice were her words ever so awkward or trivial seemed always to him filled with the same fine meaning. It was not love that Redfern felt for this shy reserved woman, it was admiration and wonder at the form in which he had found his ideal. To study her, to understand her, to analyse her quality and awaken in her a realisation of her own fine meaning became the business of his life. Meanwhile as often happens she was unconscious of his interpretations and was only concerned with questions of philosophy and the light that Redfern in his keen way threw on abstruse problems.

Janet Bruce had on her side too her ideals which in this world she had not found complete. She too longed for the real world while wrapped away from it by the perverse reserve of her mind and the awkward shyness of her body. Such friendship as she had yet realised she felt for the Dean Miss Thornton but it was not a nearness of affection, it was a recognition of the power of doing and working, and a deference to the representative of effective action and the habitual dependence of years of protection. Whatever Miss Thornton advised or undertook seemed always to Miss Bruce the best that could be done or effected. She sustained

her end of the relation in being a learned mind, a brilliant teacher and a docile subject. She pursued her way expounding philosophy, imbibing beauty desiring life, never questioning the thing nearest her the dean's methods and morals and her own, interested only in abstract ideas and concrete desire. Her interest in her students was not personal, they were for her mere hearers who were there when she spoke. Shy and awkward as she was, the fact of an audience when her mind was engaged in thought never abashed her, they had no real connection with her world, it was only when forced to regard people as near her and demanding attention that her shyness showed itself in embarrassment. All her life was arranged to leave her untouched and unattached. She liked a social mingling where she took no active part and this in the household of the Dean she had easily. Not regarding worldly things she left all matters that concerned her in the Dean's hands and in active life did always as she was told.

The Dean never suspected in this shy, abstracted, learned creature a desire for sordid life and the common lot. It was not that she did not see the passionate life in this reserved nature but she who knew in herself how abstracted ecstasy could be never once thought that this passionate life could desire a concrete form. She watched her and delighted in her—appreciating her quality as an object and satisfied with her usefulness as a subject. No one could be more wonderful, more useful and more harmless than Janet Bruce.

It was interesting to see what every one but the Dean did see the slow growth of interest to admiration and to love in this awkward reserved woman, unconscious of her meanings and oblivious of the world's eyes, and who made no

attempt to disguise or conceal the strength of her feeling. Many students long remembered her as she then appeared slowly sinking from the clouds to the earth under the influence of the brilliant Redfern, her eyes following him first with interest, then admiration, then love, her body slowly filling with yearning and desire, her shy awkward manner making apparent to all what she never thought to conceal.

What Redfern's feeling was these young observers could not see. His feeling was not so simple nor his display of it so open. It was not love that he felt for this shy creature nor had he any illusion about comradeship and platonic affection. His life experience had been to learn that where there was woman there was danger not only through his own affections but by the demand that this sex made upon him. By his extreme chivalry he was always bound to more than fulfill the expectations he gave rise to in the mind of his companions. All this experience had not taught him to keep away from danger, this burned child only learned to dread the fire he could not learn to keep his fingers from it. Indeed this man loved the problem of woman so much that he willingly endured all pain to seek and find the ideal that filled him with such deep unrest and he never tired of meeting and knowing and devoting himself to any woman who promised to fulfill for him his desire and here in Janet Bruce he had found a spirit so delicate so free so gentle and intelligent that no severity of suffering could deter him from seeking the exquisite knowledge that this companionship could give him. He knew that there was danger to her too but felt and not unjustly that she too would willingly pay high for the fresh vision that he brought her. This common danger and common daring to endure it for the hope of

deeper knowledge bound these two creatures not tenderly together. The happiest period of all their life was this. This worn ardent man and this worn ardent woman talked, thought, felt and deepened together. They never looked forward content with the deepening knowledge of life and love and sex that each day brought them and Redfern felt in his chivalrous way that all desire that he roused in her mind it was his duty to fulfill and that no price could be too great to pay for the knowledge of her wondrous nature that she so freely gave him and to the last hour of his life he paid this debt for though in after years he yielded many times with many women to his desire to seek and know he never forgot her rights and was ready always at any cost to give her all she wished. Such a gradual growth of feeling is so gentle that many months may be chronicled in a few words but no one's secret life concerns himself alone and this quiet progress was soon to be disturbed.

It was impossible for Redfern to be as unconscious as Miss Bruce of the danger of observation and criticism by the many people by whom they were surrounded. It was true that like many keen observers he was apt to credit others with more blindness than they possessed and to believe that what he saw must by virtue of his greater power of sight be hidden from lesser eyes and minds but even with this strong delusion he could not be entirely blind to the significant smiles and glances that were cast upon them by the young women their obedient students. Before the fact of other's understanding becomes completely felt there are always unconscious pricks and blows that prepare the skin for extra sensitiveness when the burning glass is at length applied. While no one yet has said they see we are dimly aware of uneasiness

and fear. Before this relation had reached its height one of that ardent pair was conscious that an end must come and was uneasy and on the look-out for the seeing eye that was to read the story that they lived.

It was easy for the crowd of young women to see what was hidden from the experienced worldly eyes of the dean, who was too blinded by her strength and preconceptions to notice the variation in the manner of this pair who were continually with her. It is not in the old and experienced that danger to secret and subtle relations lies, it is always harsh and crude young things who tear down the sacred veil and with bold eyes pry into the delicate souls and subtle meanings of their elders and translating them into their bald straight words laugh and dissect the things their elders dare not see. While this pair filled with desire and love of life were teaching each other new meanings day by day and the dean always with them her mind engaged with her many duties saw nothing of all this ardent life the whole story had become the gossip of the college. As more violence is always to be dreaded by a crowd of young loafers idle and reckless urging each other on than from a band of hard criminal men so a harsher more relentless interpretation is to be found in the minds of young college women than from most heartless society scandal mongers who in their life have feared and struggled and have the fear of their own condemnation always before their eyes. Then too youth has so little of importance to absorb it and the spectacle of suffering and complexity is still a stimulant and a joy and so this crowd of young women were ready to go farther in meaning to speak straighter in words and to see more clearly the intention than their unscrupulous worldly dean and from them came

the words that brought this quiet relation to a disturbed end.

Very likely it would not have been long before Miss Thornton would of herself have noted the disturbed mind and roused feeling of her housemate and constant companion for it must be confessed never did human being make less effort to disguise her feelings and conceal her desires than this shy creature Janet Bruce. She was living in a world of realised dreams and was as little conscious as before of any other life and judgment and thought only of their own two selves and the message they each day brought each other and it required no new effort of attention on Miss Thornton's part when once the suggestion was made to her to realise the whole story as it went and to know the rise and progress of this feeling in her friend whose heart had always lain so open that every one might read it as they passed.

It was in the early fall a year after Redfern's entrance into Fernhurst that Miss Thornton's eyes were opened. It happened in this way one late afternoon she was standing by an open window her eyes fixed on those same distant hills purple in the sunset that the group had watched the day when Redfern first met Janet Bruce. Two students stopped under the window talking and laughing. "Look at Miss Bruce, Helen" one of them cried out "there don't you see her walking into that lilac bush which of course she did not see. Poor thing, she grows more absent-minded every day." "Absent-minded yes her mind is absent enough but her heart is most improperly present, there look at her now, could you possibly guess who it is she sees coming." "I wonder could it be Redfern?" "The girl guessed right the very first time the very first time, the very first time," sang

Helen gayly clapping her friend on the shoulder, "there isn't it a pretty story, look at her and at him." They passed on laughing loudly. Miss Thornton waited until they were out of sight and then stepped into the garden to look too at her and at him. The pair were talking earnestly he as always courteous, inscrutable, suggestive she her whole ardent soul in her eyes her body strained with new desire, her gentle face filled with delight. Miss Thornton gave a long look and then withdrew into the house to think it out alone.

IT IS THE FRENCH habit to consider that in the usual grouping of two and an extra which humanity so constantly supplies it is the two that get something from it all who are of importance and whose claim should be considered—the American mind accustomed to waste happiness and be reckless of joy finds morality more important than ecstasy and the lonely extra of more value than the happy two. To our new world feeling the sadness of pain has more dignity than the beauty of joy. It takes time to learn the value of happiness, and in our hasty sandwich variety of intercourse that knowledge is never acquired. Truly a single moment snatched out of a distracted existence is hardly worth the trouble it is to seize it and to obtain such it is wasteful to inflict pain—it is only the cultivators of an infinite leisure who have time to feel the gentle approach, the slow rise, the deep ecstasy and the full flow of joy and for these pain is of little value, a thing

not to be remembered, and it is only the loss of joy that counts.

Poor Nancy Redfern eager, anxious and moral had little understanding of the sanctity of joy and a very keen realisation of the misery of pain. She understood as little now as before what all this was that had come upon her and she still tried to arrange and explain it by her straight Western morality and her narrow new world humanity. She could not escape the knowledge that something stronger than community of interest bound her husband and Miss Bruce together. She tried resolutely to interpret it all in Western terms of comradeship and greater intellectual equality never admitting for a moment the conception of a possible marital disloyalty a conception so foreign to the moral American mind. It was as easy for her to think a man of her people a thief or a prisoner as to conceive him false to his plain duty—these were things that were simply not done in coeducational middle western America. But in spite of these standards and convictions she was filled with a vague uneasiness that had a different meaning than the habitual struggle against the hard wall of chivalrous courtesy that Redfern had erected before her.

This struggle in her mind showed itself clearly when she was in the company of her husband and Miss Bruce and many students noticed and remembered for years the painful picture that she made in those afternoons when the faculty, the wives and a group of students met together for the social life of the college. She would sit conscientiously bending her mind to the self-imposed task of understanding and development—when in the immediate circle of talkers that

included her husband and Miss Bruce she gave anxious and impartial attention to the words of one and the other occasionally joining in the talk by an anxious inquiry and receiving always from Redfern the courteous deference that he extended to all women. She resolutely repressed any movement of suspicion or irritation and listened with admiring attention particularly to Miss Bruce who genuinely unconscious of all this stifled misery paid her in return scant attention. When she was not in the immediate group of talkers with these two, with the same moral zeal she kept her attention on the person with whom she was talking and succeeded to a marvel in controlling the instinct for furtive glances in their direction and showed the burden of her feeling only in the anxious care with which she listened and talked, the restless under-current in her blonde good-looking face and the straining clasp of her two hands as they lay in her lap.

She was not to be left much longer to work out her own conclusions. One afternoon in the late fall in the second year of their life at Fernhurst, Mrs. Redfern had good reason to remember it, the dean Miss Thornton came to the room where she was sitting alone studying a Greek grammar and putting aside all barriers of courtesy and gentleness the dean in her abrupt way spoke directly of the object of her visit. "Mrs. Redfern", she began "you probably know something of the gossip that is at present going on among the students. I want you to keep Mr. Redfern in order, I cannot allow him to make Miss Bruce the subject of scandalous talk. The instructors in a woman's college cannot be too careful of their actions." She stopped and looked steadily at the anxious uneasy woman who was dazed by this sudden statement of her own suspicion. "I, I don't understand," she stammered. "I think you understand quite well, if not any student in the place can enlighten you. I say nothing against Mr. Redfern, I say only that you must keep him in order or he must leave the college. I depend upon you to speak to him about it" and with this she departed.

This action on Miss Thornton's part showed deep wisdom. She knew very well the small influence that Mrs. Redfern had over her husband and she took this method of attack only because it was the only one open to her. Her instinct for human quality told her that even she could not get through Redfern's polished guard. Janet Bruce she knew would turn toward her an abstracted mind, an unseeing eye and unhearing ear. Mrs. Redfern too could accomplish nothing by direct action but she was a woman and jealous and there was little doubt, so the dean thought, that before long she would effect some change. The Dean could not cause Redfern to leave in the midst of a term without danger of involving Miss Bruce in a serious scandal. It was a difficult point to settle and Miss Thornton with her instinct for the straight act to a desired end chose this of putting Redfern's wife on guard. Her suspicion might force Redfern to circumspection and if the dean could save Miss Bruce from the odium of open scandal all might yet be well and Fernhurst when this restless man would leave it as leave he must at the end of the year, would settle down to peace again. Even if Miss Bruce's desires should continue, the scandal would keep itself outside of college grounds and the Dean with her firm hand would keep Miss Bruce from public blame. Miss Thornton had thought it out very well alone.

Nancy Redfern's mind was now a confusion worse confounded. Miss Thornton had added nothing to her facts nor had she accused Redfern of anything but indiscretion but nevertheless her statement had made a certainty of what Mrs. Redfern had regarded as an impossibility. She had no new evidence of Redfern's marital disloyalty but there was now no corner of her mind that was not convinced of his iniquity. She sat there long and long thinking over again and again the same weary round of thoughts and terrors. She knew she was powerless to change him, she could only try to get the evidence to condemn him. Did she want it, if she had it she must act on it, she dreaded to obtain it and could no longer exist without it. She knew she was powerless to get within Redfern's polished guard. She must watch him and find it all out without questioning, must learn it by seeing and hearing and she felt dimly a terror of the things she might be caught doing to obtain it—she dreaded the condemnation of Redfern's chivalrous honor. She did not doubt his disloyalty she was convinced of that in her inmost soul and she still feared to lose his respect for her sense of honor. "He is dishonorable, all his action is deceit," she said to herself again and again but she found no comfort in this thought, she knew there was a difference and she respected his standard more than her own justification.

In the long weary days that followed she was torn by these desires, she must watch him always and secretly, she must gain the knowledge she dreaded to possess, and she must be deeply ashamed of the means she must pursue. Mrs. Redfern's manner of which you may be sure the student crowd were intensely observant became in these days much

changed. She was no longer able to listen to others when her husband and Miss Bruce were in her presence, she dared not keep an open watch but her observation was unceasing and did not escape the keen observers who with eager interest were watching this drama work itself out in their midst.

Redfern was not wholly unconscious of this change in his wife's manner perhaps more in the relief that she ceased her eager efforts to please him than in the annoyance of her suspicious watching. Redfern was a man too much on guard to fear surprise and with all his experience too ignorant of women's ways to see danger where danger really lay. Eagerly did the student crowd watch and discuss the varying changes in the manners of this interesting quartet so constantly before them. The difficulty of private time for Redfern and Miss Bruce steadily increased, the students watched openly, joyously, tauntingly, Mrs. Redfern watched secretly, furtively, incessantly, the dean watched abruptly, annoyingly, intermittently, there was no moment when they were without an audience and that audience keen in observation and ready from one motive or another to interpret largely slight variations in tone and manner.

Redfern moved in the midst of this maze of watching womanhood half conscious, half unconscious. He was aware how much they were observed, but he thought slightly of the quality of that observing. The danger and the mystery—the beauty of the movement of Janet Bruce, self-absorbed, intense, free, with her tall reserved body gentle face and shy eyes through this mass of staring creatures, so he called them in his mind, stirred his blood with keen delight. He had no fear, there would be no open war, he knew all must

be shrouded in convention and decent conduct and he knew himself strong to thread such subtle mazes.

Private intercourse was now become impossible within college bounds and public intercourse uncomfortable. These two ardent, difficult creatures had been separated and there had been no open scandal. The dean had managed very well a very difficult matter but the end was not yet. Strange stories began to be told among the students. One lucky creature recited with glee the history of an ecstatic meeting and a tragic parting that she had witnessed in the center of Camden the chief railway station of the neighboring town of Trenton. "Naive realism is most absorbing, they never saw me though I almost fell into them—oh to see her look at him and him at her" she ended joyously and her audience filled with the delight of this picture separated with a burst of noisy laughter.

Another student watched the pair joined in rapt ecstasy in the center of a crowded street-car. She rehearsed the dialogue as she had interpreted it from a distance and became famous for the part throughout the college. "Give us Redfern and the Bruce in the street-car doing naive realism!" became the cry at all the gatherings of students where the hostess had been fortunate in securing the attendance of this lucky clever one.

These histories were all true—these two ardent creatures seized their ecstasy where they could, this shy reserved abstracted woman for whom there was no outer world filled with mockery, and this chivalrous, devoted, deeply attentive man who knew the outside world to disregard it, but the end was not yet though Redfern's college days were numbered. No the end was not yet for Nancy Redfern had not

gained the evidence that she so dreaded and was so steadily moved to obtain.

It was the end of May and one late afternoon Mrs. Redfern filled with her sad past and sadder future, sat in her room drearily watching the young leaves shining brilliantly green in the warm sunshine of the long row of elms that stretched away through the village toward the green hills that rose so beautifully beyond. Mrs. Redfern knew very well the feel of that earth warm with young life and wet with spring rains, knew it as part of her dreary life that seemed to have lasted always. As she sat there in sadness, for one little while that unquiet creature was still, the restless eagerness in her blonde good-looking face was gone and her hands lay clasped quietly without straining—she had yielded her spirit to the languor of that mournful springtime and sadness had become stronger in her than desire. She sat there in quiet sadness for some minutes and then the old eager anxiety sprang into full life, her hands strained in their clasp the anxious unrest filled her blonde face and troubled her weary eyes and she attempted to fix an earnest attention on the book on the reading desk at her side. Redfern came into the house and passed into his own study. He remained there a short while and then was called away by a message from the Dean. As soon as he was out of sight Mrs. Redfern arose and went into his room. She walked up to his desk and opening his portfolio saw a letter in his writing. She scarcely hesitated so eager was she to read it. She read it to the end—she had her evidence. She turned with the letter still in her hand and faced Redfern who had come back. Their eyes met, Redfern was sinful, she was dishonorable, her eyes fell and she was ashamed. "I found it by accident"

she stammered in confusion, "I did not know it was private." Redfern received the paper in silence and she hurried from the room. "That was a brutally discourteous act" Redfern said to himself some hours later, "I should have accepted her apology, of course she lied but I ought not to have shown that I thought so. . . "

THIS WAS THE END of Redfern's teaching experience—for the rest of his days he lived the difficult life of a man of letters who aspires to be an effective agent in the actual working of a boisterous world. Such lives are hard in the living and for the most part poor in result. He plunged deeply into the political life of his time and failed everywhere. In this life as in all his human relations his instincts gave the lie to his ideals and his ideals to his instincts. In one of his rare moments of honest self-estimate he admitted this. "Lathrop tells a lie as if it were the truth" he said speaking of another man of letters "and I tell the truth as if it were a lie." It was painful to witness the life of this man, to see him go up again and again against the evil spirit in him, go up with unwearied courage only to meet with certain defeat. He was himself the only one of all the lookers on who dreamed of victory. The others whether watching with

indifference, with deep sympathy or stern condemnation with malicious or righteous triumph knew that he would fail, but he always struggled on filled to the very end with hope and courage, always defeated and always ready to make the fresh assault.

"A sad example of a literary man without character" said one of his old colleagues but that was not the whole truth, he had character, yes and high ideals and courage, too, for the fight but his instincts always thrust him into danger and his chivalry bound him to a losing fight. He did not know how to win, how to avoid battle or how to yield—he only learned to dread the fire, he never learned to keep his fingers from it—the elements were so mixed in him that his best was no help against his worst and his worst never won the victory over his best—he remained always a hopeless inextricable mess.

"A wonderful man! to produce in two years' time an admirable piece of metaphysical writing, a clever novel and a political biography—what a brilliant mind it is, and with it all he cannot earn a living or a decent recognition from his fellows" said of him an old professor who had been a sympathetic witness of his disturbed career. "What is the use of his cleverness when he treated Nancy Redfern so badly" said the professor's wife indignantly "of course he wouldn't succeed, the hypocrite, and there is the poor creature living alone in Germany, studying Greek so that she may become worthy of his companionship! I have no patience with him." "But his work is so good, so brilliant" said the professor. "Well it ought not to be and you haven't any business to say it is, poor Nancy Redfern" answered his wife. No the elements were so mixed in him that his best was no better

than his worst—he never ceased to struggle and he never ceased to fail.

To the last hour of his life he was true to his ideal of gentleness and intelligence that he had found so wondrously expressed in Janet Bruce. She never compromised herself further in the eyes of the world but strange stories still floated about Fernhurst college. Redfern and Miss Bruce had been seen so it was said coming out of a hotel each with their own dress-suit case—other strange rumors about them were current but the energy and discretion of Miss Thornton kept them from ever becoming more than rumor and gradually they died away. Patiently and quietly the dean worked it out and before many years she had regained all property rights in this shy learned creature. It was sometimes disconcerting when Miss Bruce was moved abruptly to inquire concerning Redfern from people who had known him but this too gradually faded away and Fernhurst was itself again and the two very interesting personalities in the place were the dean Miss Thornton with her friend Miss Bruce in their very same place.