

## MOTHER EVE.

Our Mother—our first mother—I raise to her this song;  
The fairest one of all her sex and first to do a wrong,  
Fresh from the Perfect Master's hand—and perfect, too, was she;  
God fashioned her a pattern for the ages yet to be.  
Think how divine she must have seemed to Adam,  
There among  
The rich, sweet scents that on the air of Eden's garden hung.  
The sweetest flowers bloomed everywhere, and rising, dying there  
The nightingale breathed out his soul upon, the quivering air.  
The stars shone in their places, and the bright moon slowly rose;  
Each moment to their wond'ring eyes some marvel would disclose:  
Quick scenes thrilling at the touch and sight, and smile, and sound  
Of all the fair and fragrant things that lived on Eden's ground.

The wonder of the breaking dawn, the wonder of the sun,  
The wonder of the palling stars that vanished one by one,  
Of sunlight on the silver streams, of waving grass and trees,  
The wonder of the radiant Eve, whose beauty Adam sees.

No centuries of ancestors, with sins and waywardness  
Had marred her body's perfect grace, her face's loveliness,  
And naked, unshamed, she stood before the first-made man  
Last, loveliest, and best of all, in God's past-perfect plan.

We sigh for love and die for love in these degenerate days;  
We barter wealth and place—and souls—for her whom most we praise;  
Yet, where is found the perfect one—without a single flaw—  
Such as our splendid mother, Eve—the woman Adam saw?

—Phillip L. Barker.

## THE OTHER MAN.

Far back in the seventies, before they had built any public offices at Simla, and the broad road round Jakko lived in a pigeonhole in the P. W. D. hovels, her parents made Miss Gaurey marry Colonel Schreiderling. He could not have been much more than 35 years her senior, and as he lived on 200 rupees a month and had money of his own he was well off.

Understand, I do not blame Schreiderling. He was a good husband according to his lights, and his temper only failed him when he was being nursed, which was some 17 days in each month. He was almost generous to his wife about money matters, and that, for him, was a concession. Still Mrs. Schreiderling was not happy. They married her when she was this side of 20 and had given all her poor little heart to another man. I have forgotten his name, but we will call him the Other Man. He had no money and no prospects. He was not even good looking, and I think he was in the commissariat or transport. But in spite of all these things she loved him very badly, and there was some sort of an engagement between the two when Schreiderling appeared and told Mrs. Gaurey that he wished to marry her daughter. Then the other engagement was broken off—wasled away by Mrs. Gaurey's tears, for that lady governed her house by weeping over disobedience to her authority and the lack of reverence she received in her old age. The daughter did not take after her mother. She never cried—not even at the wedding.

The Other Man bore his loss quietly and was transferred to as bad a station as he could find. Perhaps the climate consoled him. He suffered from intermittent fever, and that may have distracted him from his other trouble. He was weak about the heart also—both ways. One of the valves was affected, and the fever made it worse. This showed itself later on.

Then many months passed, and Mrs. Schreiderling took to being ill. She did not pine away like people in story books, but she seemed to pick up every form of illness that went about a station, from simple fever upward. She was never more than ordinarily pretty at the best of times, and the illness made her ugly. Schreiderling said so. He prided himself on speaking his mind.

When she ceased being pretty, he left her to her own devices and went back to the lairs of his bachelorhood. She used to trot up and down Simla mall in a forlorn sort of way, with a gray Terai hat well on the back of her head, and a shocking bad saddle under her. Schreiderling's generosity stopped at the horse. He said that any saddle would do for a woman as nervous as Mrs. Schreiderling. She never was asked to dance, because she did not dance well, and she was so dull and uninteresting that her box very seldom had any cards in it. Schreiderling said that if he had known that she was going to be such a scarecrow after her marriage he would never have married her. He always prided himself on speaking his mind, did Schreiderling!

He left her at Simla one August and went down to his regiment. Then she revived a little, but she never recovered her looks. I found out at the club that the Other Man was coming up sick—very sick—on an off chance of recovery. The fever and the heart valves had nearly killed him. She knew that too, and she knew—what I had no interest in knowing—when he was coming up. I suppose he wrote to tell her. They had not seen each other since a month before the wedding. And here comes the unpleasant part of the story.

A late call kept me down at the Dovedell hotel till dusk one evening. Mrs. Schreiderling had been flitting up and down the mall all the afternoon in the rain. Coming up along the cart road a tonga passed me, and my pony, tired with standing so long, set off at a canter. Just by the road down to the tonga office Mrs. Schreiderling, dripping from head to foot, was waiting for the tonga. I turned up hill, as the tonga was no affair of mine, and just then she began to shriek.

went back at once and saw under the tonga office lamps Mrs. Schreiderling kneeling in the wet road by the back seat of the newly arrived tonga, screaming hideously. Then she fell face down in the dirt as I came up.

Sitting in the back seat, very square and firm, with one hand on the awning stanchion and the wet pouring off his hat and mustache, was the Other Man—dead! The 60 mile up hill jolt had been too much for his valve, I suppose. The tonga driver said: "This sahib died two stages out of Solon. Therefore I tied him with a rope, lest he should fall out by the way, and so came to Simla. Will the Sahib give me backsheesh? It"—pointing to the Other Man—"should have given a rupee."

The Other Man sat with a grin on his face as if he enjoyed the joke of his arrival, and Mrs. Schreiderling, in the mud, began to groan. There was no one except us four in the office, and it was raining heavily. The first thing was to take Mrs. Schreiderling home, and the second was to prevent her name from being mixed up with the affair. The tonga driver received 5 rupees to find a bazaar rickshaw for Mrs. Schreiderling. He was to tell the tonga babu afterward of the Other Man, and the babu was to make such arrangements as seemed best.

Mrs. Schreiderling was carried into the shed out of the rain, and for three quarters of an hour we two waited for the rickshaw. The Other Man was left exactly as he had arrived. Mrs. Schreiderling would do everything but cry, which might have helped her. She tried to scream as soon as her senses came back, and then she began praying for the Other Man's soul. Had she not been as honest as the day she would have prayed for her own soul too. I waited to hear her do this, but she did not. Then I tried to get some of the mud off her habit. Lastly, the rickshaw came, and I got her away, partly by force. It was a terrible business from beginning to end, but most of all when the rickshaw had to squeeze between the wall and the tonga, and she saw by the lamplight that thin, yellow hand grasping the awning hion.

She was taken home just as every one was going to a dance at Viceroy's lodge—"Peterhoff" it was then—and the doctor found out that she had fallen from her horse; that I had picked her up at the back of Jakko and really deserved great credit for the prompt manner in which I had secured medical aid. She did not die—men of Schreiderling's stamp marry women who don't die easily. They live and grow ugly.—Rudyard Kipling.

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## Private Life of Jules Simon.

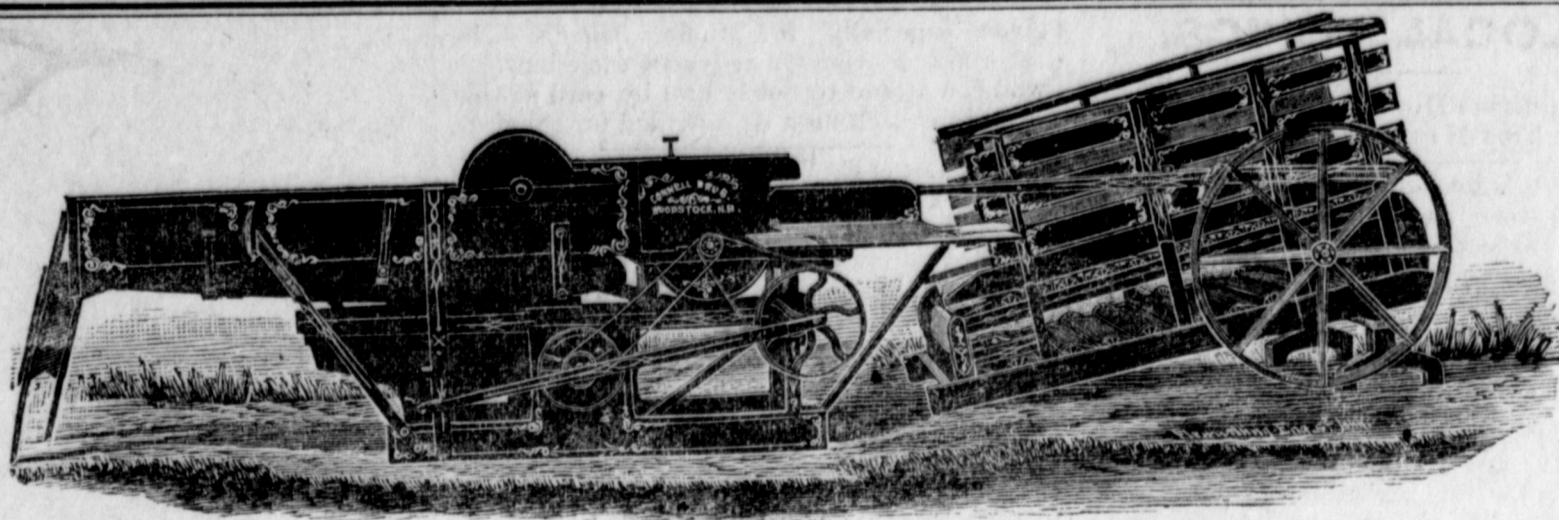
For more than 50 years Jules Simon lived in his apartment on the Place de la Madeleine, in Paris. The house, an old-style and unpretentious one, belongs to the Prince de Broglie. On the first floor were M. Meilhac's rooms and den. The witty writer and dramatist loves Paris so intensely that he is said to acknowledge frankly that when he goes out of its fences, it is only for a pleasure of coming in again. On the fourth floor there is a milliner. Jules Simon's apartment was on the fifth floor. The house has no elevator, and till the end he often climbed the long flights of stairs twice or three times a day. His studio was filled with books, medals, and portraits. In the middle was his desk, crowded with letters and manuscripts. He used to answer every letter immediately, and never dictated, except for a short time, toward the last, when his sight failed suddenly, and he had to undergo an operation. Thousands of people had learned their way to his house, the foremost men and the humblest, the richest and the poorest, and none is said to have ever been rebuked. He grumbled a little at first at being so often interrupted when writing an article or preparing some inaugural address or a senatorial speech. But almost immediately his kind and lovely smile would reappear on his lips and brighten his face; and he would listen with great care and attention to what the visitors have to say, especially if he were miserable and shy, and M. Simon felt he could be of help to him in any way. Thus giving away his time for the benefit of other people and the good of his country, he never thought of himself, and, like many of the leading republicans in France, he died poor. His beloved and devoted wife shared his noble life and made his home comfortable for him.

A priest of the Roman Catholic church stood by his death-bed and pronounced over him the supreme words of blessing. Although a free thinker in the purest sense of the word, he has strongly attached to the Christian faith. None of his colleagues will ever forget his vehement speech of March, 1882, in the French Senate. He was pleading for some sort of religious teaching to be given in the state schools against those who were in favor of godless education. His words have often been quoted since: "Our duty, as law-givers, is to inscribe the name of God in the law we make, just as it is our duty, as republicans, to silence the foes of the republic who dare to say that impiety and republic are synonymous. We are bound to do it also, because we have soldiers who are ready to die for their country, and when you send a man to death you must be able to tell him that God sees him."—From "Jules Simon," by the Baron de Coubertin, in October Review of Reviews.

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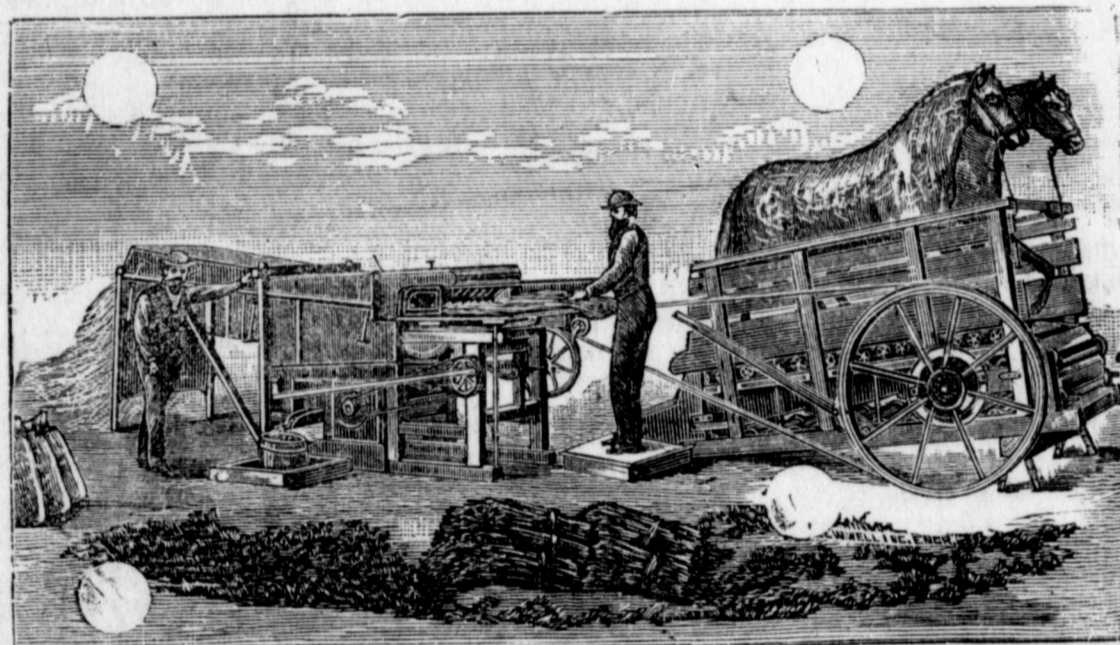
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## What the People Say.



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