BEYOND THE CITY

A STORY OF LOVE, MONEY AND DIFFERING MEN AND WOMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Three large villas stand in a pleasant suburban district. With a view to sociability in his tenants the owner had not separated them with fences, and a fine tennis court occupied the entire space in their rear. The Misses Williams, two prim old maids, who had originally owned all the district, live opposite the villas. Admiral Hay Denver, his wife and son Harold occupy one villa, Dr. Balthazar Walker, an eminent physician, and his two daughters, sedate Clara and vivacious Ida, occupy another, and Mrs. Westmacott, an athlete and advocate of woman's rights, has just moved into the third with her nephew, Charles Westmacott. Mrs. Westmacott immediately starts to organize a Woman's Rights Guild. She at once makes an impression on Dr. Walker, who is a well-preserved old widower. Ida Walker fancies Harold Denver and Clara is taken into Charles Westmacott's confidence. Harold proposes to Clara and Charles to Ida. The girls are alarmed to find that their father is about to propose to Mrs. Westmacott. To prevent it they adopt Mrs. Westmacott's ways, hoping to disgust the doctor with strong-minded women.

CHAPTER VI.

From that day the doctor's peace was gone. Never was a quiet and orderly household transformed so suddenly into a bear garden or a happy man turned into such a completely miserable one.

"You don't look happy," Mrs. Westmacott had remarked to him one morning. "You are pale and a little off color. You should come with me for a ten-mile spin upon the tandem."

"I am troubled about my girls." They were walking up and down in the garden. From time to time there sounded from the house behind them the long, sad wail of a French horn.

"That is Ida," said he. "She has taken to practising on that dreadful instrument in the intervals of her chemistry. And Clara is quite as bad. I declare it is getting quite unendurable."

"Ah, doctor! doctor!" she cried, shaking her forefinger with a gleam of her white teeth. "You must live up to your principles—you must give your daughters the same liberty as you advocate for other women."

"I must beg to differ from you, madam."

"Still you are inconsistent."

"Excuse me, madam, I do not see the matter in the same light. And I should be obliged to you if you would use your influence with my daughter to dissuade her."

"You wish to make me inconsistent, too."

"Then you refuse?"

"I am afraid that I cannot interfere."

The doctor was very angry. "Very well, madam," said he. "In that case I can only say that I have the honor to wish you a very good morning." He raised his broad straw hat and strode away up the gravel path, while the widow looked after him with twinkling eyes. She was surprised herself to find that she liked the doctor better the more masculine and aggressive he became. It was unreasonable and against all principle, and yet so it was, and no argument could mend the matter.

Very hot and angry, the doctor retired into his room and sat down to read his paper. Ida had retired, and the distant wails of her bugle showed that she was upstairs in her boudoir. Clara sat opposite to him. The doctor glanced at her and his eyes remained fixed in astonishment upon the front of her skirt.

"My dear Clara," he cried, "you have torn your skirt!"

His daughter laughed and smoothed out her frock. To his horror he saw the red plush of the chair where the dress ought to be

"It is all torn," he cried. "What have you done?"

"My dear papa," said she, "what do you know about the mysteries of ladies' dress? This is a divided skirt."

Then he saw that it was indeed so arranged, and that his daughter was clad in a sort of loose, extremely long knickerbockers.

Her father shook his head sadly. "Your dear mother would not have liked it, Clara," said he.

For a moment the conspiracy was upon the point of collapsing. There was something in the gentleness of his rebuke and in his appeal to her mother which brought the tears to her eyes, and in another instant she would have been kneeling beside him with everything confessed, when the door flew open and her sister Ida came bounding into the room. She wore a short gray skirt, like that of Mrs. Westmacott, and she held it up in each hand and danced about among the furniture.

"I feel quite the Gaiety girl!" she cried. "How delicious it must be to be upon the stage! You can't think how nice this dress is, papa. One feels so free in it. And isn't Clara charming?

"Go to your room this instant and take it off!" thundered the doctor. "I call it highly improper, and no daughter of mine shall wear it."

"Papa! Improper! Why, it is the exact model of Mrs. Westmacott's."

"I say it is improper. And yours also, Clara! Your conduct is really outrageous. You drive me out of the house. I am going to my club in town. I have no comfort or peace of mind in my own house. I will stand it no longer. I may be late to-night. I shall go to the British medical meeting. But when I return I shall hope to find that you have reconsidered your conduct, and that you have shaken yourself clear of the pernicious influences which have recently made such an alteration in your conduct." He seized his hat, slammed the dining room door, and a few minutes later they heard the crash of the big front gate.

"Victory, Clara, Victory!" cried Ida, still pirouetting around the furniture. "Did you hear what he said? Pernicious influences! Don't you understand, Clara? Why do you sit there so pale and glum? Why don't you get up and dance?"

"Oh, I shall be so glad when it is over, Ida. I do hate to give him pain. Surely he has learned now that it is very unpleasant to spend one's life with reformers."

"He has almost learned it, Clara. Just one more little lesson. We must not risk all at this last moment."

"What would you do, Ida? Oh, don't do anything too dreadful. I feel that we have gone too far already."

"Oh, we can do it very nicely. You see we are both engaged and that makes it very easy. Harold will do what you ask him, especially as you have told him the reason why, and my Charles will do it without even wanting to know the reason. Now you know what Mrs. Westmacott thinks about the reserve of young ladies. Mere prudery, affectation and a relic of the dark ages of the Zenana. Those were her words, were they not?"

"What then?"

"Well, now we must put it in practice. We are reducing all her other vices to practice, and we must not shirk this one."

"But what would you do? Oh, don't look so wicked, Ida! You look like some evil, little fairy, with your golden hair and dancing mischievous eyes. I know that you are going to propose something dreadful!"

"We must give a little supper to-night." The two invitations were dispatched, received and accepted. Harold was already a confident, and he understood that this was some further development of the plot. As to Charles, he was so accustomed to feminine eccentricity, in the person of his aunt, that the only thing which could surprise him would be a rigid observance of etiquette. At 9 o'clock they entered the dining room of No. 2 to find the master of the house absent, a red-shaded lamp, a snowy cloth, a pleasant little feast, and the two whom they would have chosen, as their companions. A merrier party never met, and the house rang with their laughter and their chatter.

"It is three minutes to 10," cries Clara suddenly, glancing at the clock.

"Good gracious! So it is! Now for our little tableau!"

As the doctor entered the hall he heard the voice of Ida uplifted in a rollicking ditty, and a very strong smell of tobacco was borne to his nostrils. He threw open the dining room door, and stood aghast at the scene which met his eyes.

The room was full of blue wreaths of smoke, and the lamp light shone through the thin haze upon gold-topped bottles, plates, napkins and a litter of oyster shells and cigarettes. Ida, flushed and excited, was reclining upon the settee, a wine glass at her elbow and a cigarette between her fingers, while Charles Westmacott sat beside her, with his arms thrown over the head of the sofa, with the suggestion of a caress. On the other side of the room Clara was lounging in an arm-chair, with Harold beside her, both smoking, and both with wine glasses beside them. The doctor stood speechless in the doorway, staring at the Bacchanalian scene.

"Come in, papa! Do!" cried Ida. "Won't you have a glass of champagne?"

"Pray excuse me," said her father, coldly, "I feel that I am intruding. I did not know that you were entertaining. Perhaps you will kindly let me know when you have finished. You will find me in my study." He ignored the two young men completely, and closing the door, retired, deeply hurt and mortified, to his room. A quarter of an hour afterwards he heard the door slam, and his two daughters came to announce that the guests were gone.

"Dearest Papa," cried Clara, throwing her arms about him. "Do not be angry with us. If you understood all, you would see that there is no harm in it."

"No harm, Miss! Who is the best judge of that?"

"Mrs. Westmacott," suggested Ida, slily.

The doctor sprang from his chair. "Confound Mrs. Westmacott!" he cried, striking frenziedly into the air with his hands.

"My wish is, that you should forget these odious notions which you have imbibed, that you should dress and act as you used to do, before you ever saw this woman."

"We are to give up Mrs. Westmacott?"

"Or give up me."

"Oh, dear Dad, how can you say anything so cuel," cried Ida, burrowing her towsy, golden hair into her father's shirt front, while Clara pressed her cheek against his whisker. "Of course we shall give her up, if you prefer it."

"Of course we shall, papa."

The doctor patted the two caressing heads.

CHAPTER VII.

So by the cleverness of the two girls a dark cloud was thinned away and turned into sunshine. Over one of them, alas another cloud was gathering which could not be so easily dispersed. Of these three households which fate had thrown together, two had already been united by the ties of love. It was destined, however, that a bond of another sort should connect the Westmacotts with the Hay Denvers.

Between the Admiral and the widow a very cordial feeling had existed since the day when the old seaman had hauled down his flag and changed his opinions, granting to the yachtswoman all that he had refused to the Reformer.

"By the way, Admiral," said Mrs. Westmacott one morning, as they walked together down to the station. "I understand that this boy of yours in the intervals of paying his devotions to Miss Walker is doing something upon 'Change."

"Yes, ma'am, and there is no boy of his age who is doing so well. He's drawing ahead, I can tell you, ma'am. Some of those that started with him are hull down astern now. He touched his five hundred last year, and before he's thirty he'll be making the four figures."

"The reason I asked is that I have small investments to make myself from time to time, and my present broker is a rascal. I should be very glad to do it through your son."

"It is very kind of you, ma'am. His partner is away on a holiday, and Harold would like to push on a bit and show what he can do. Yes, my boy is the junior partner. Pearson is the senior. I was introduced to him years ago, and he offered Harold the opening. Of course we had a pretty stiff premium to pay."

Mrs. Westmacott had stopped, and was standing very stiffly with her face even grimmer than usual.

"Pearson," said she. "Jeremiah Pearson?"

"The same."

"Then it's all off," she cried. "You need not carry out that investment.

They walked on together side by side, she brooding over some thought of her own, and he a little aroused and disappointed at her caprice and the lost commission for Harold.

"I'll tell you what, Admiral," she exclaimed suddenly, "if I were you I would get your boy out of his partnership. No one in this world knows Jeremian Pearson as I know him, Admiral. I warn you, because I have a friendly feeling both for you and for your son, The man is a rogue and you had best avoid him."

"But these are only words, ma'am. Do you tell me that you know him better than the jobbers in the city?"

"Man," cried Mrs. Westmacott, "will you allow that I know him when I tell you that my maiden name was Ada Pearson, and that Jeremiah is my only brother?"

The Admiral whistled. "Whew!" cried he. "Now that I think of it there is a likeness."

As he trudged homewards, thoughtful and perplexed, he was surprised to hear a shout behind him, and to see Harold running down the road after him.

"Why, dad," he cried, "I have just come from town, and the first thing I saw was your back as you marched away. But you are such a quick walker that I had to run to catch you."

The Admiral's smile of pleasure had broken his stern face into a thousand wrinkles. "You are early to-day," he said.

"How much have we in our private account?"

"Pretty fair. Some eight hundred, I think."

"Oh, half that will be ample. It was rather thoughtless of Pearson. When he went away upon this little holiday to Havre he left me to pay accounts and so on. He told me that there was enough at the bank for all claims. I had occasion on Tuesday to pay away two cheques, one for £80 and the other for £120, and here they are, returned with a bank notice that we have already overdrawn to the extent of some hundreds."

The Admiral looked very grave. "What's the meaning of that then?" he asked.

"Oh, it can easily be set right. You see Pearson invests all the spare capital and keeps as small a margin as possible in the bank. Still it was too bad of him to allow me even to run a risk of having a check returned. I have written to him and demanded his authority to sell out some stock, and I have written an explanation to these people. In the meantime, however, I have had to issue several other checks, so I had better transfer part of our private account to meet them."

"Quite so, my boy. All that's mine is yours. But who do you think this Pearson is? He is Mrs. Westmacott's brother. She has been warning me against him—says he is the rankest pirate in London. I hope that it is all right, boy, and that we may not find ourselves in broken water."

Harold had turned a little pale as he heard Mrs. Westmacott's opinion of his senior partner. It gave shape and substance to certain vague fears and suspicions of his own which had been pushed back as often as they obtruded themselves, as being too monstrous and fantastic for belief.

"He is a well-known man in the city, Dad," said he.

"Of course he is—of course he is. That is what I told her. They would have found him out there if anything had been amiss with him. Bless you, there's nothing so bitter as a family quarrel. Still it is just as well that you have written about this affair, for we may as well have all fair and above board."

But Harold's letter to his partner was crossed by a letter from his parner to Harold. It lay awaiting him upon the breakfast table next morning, and it sent the heart into his mouth as he read it, and caused him to spring up from his chair with a white face and staring eyes.

"My boy! My boy!"

"I am ruined, mother—ruined!" He stood gaxing wildly in front of him, while the sheet of paper fluttered down on to the carpet. Then he dropped back into the chair, and sank his face in his hands. His mother had her arms round him in an instant, while the Admiral, with shaking fingers, picked up the letter from the floor and adjusted his glasses to read it.

"My dear Denver," it ran. "By the time that this reaches you I shall be out of the reach of yourself or of anyone else who may desire an interview. You need not search for me, for I assure you that this letter is posted by a friend, and that you will have your trouble in vain if you try to find me. I am sorry to leave you in such a tight place, but one or other of us must be squeezed, and on the whole I prefer that it should be you. You'll find nothing in the bank, and about $113,000 unaccounted for. I am not sure that the best thing that you can do is to realize what you can, and imitate your senior's example. If you act at once you may get clear away. If not, it's not only that you must put up your shutters but I am afraid that this missing money could hardly be included as an ordinary debt, and of course you are legally responsible for it just as much as I am. Take a friend's advice and get to America. A young man with brains can always do something out there, and you can live down this little mischance. It will be a cheap lesson if it teaches you to take nothing upon trust in business, and to insist upon knowing exactly what your partner is doing, however senior he may be to you."

"My God!" groaned the Admiral, "he has absconded."

"And left me both a bankrupt and a thief."

"No, no, Harold," sobbed his mother. "All will be right. What matter about money!"

"Money, mother! It is my honor!"

"The boy is right. It is his honor, and my honor, for his is mine. This is a sore trouble, mother, when we thought our life's troubles were all behind us, but we will bear it as we have borne others." He held out his stringy hand, and the two old folks sat with bowed gray heads, their fingers intertwined, strong in each other's love and sympathy.

"We were too happy," she sighed.

"But it is God's will, mother."

"Yes, John, it is God's will."

Harold had already called together his clear practical sense, which for an instant in the presence of this frightful blow had deserted him.

"It is bad enough, heaven knows," said he, "but we must not take too dark a view of it. After all, this insolent letter is in itself evidence that I had nothing to do with the schemes of the base villain who wrote it."

"They may think it prearranged."

"They could not. My whole life cries out against the thought. They could not look me in the face and entertain it. But we must waste no time. I must go to the city."

"What will you do?"

"What an honest man should do. I will write to all our clients and creditors, assemble them, lay the whole matter before them, read them the letter, and put myself absolutely in their hands."

He had caught sight through the long glass folding doors of the gleam of a white blouse and a straw hat in the tennis ground. Clara used often to meet him there of a morning to say a few words bebefore he hurried away into the city. He walked out now with the quick, firm step of a man who has taken a momentous resolution, but his face was haggard and his lips pale.

"Clara," said he, as she came toward him with words of greeting, "I am sorry to bring ill news to you, but things have gone wrong in the city, and—and I think that I ought to release you from your engagement. My partner has fled and left me responsible for heavy debts, and in such a position that I may be required by law to produce some at least of this missing money. It has been confided to him to invest, and he has embezzled it. I, as his partner, am liable for it. I have brought misery on all whom I love—my father, my mother. But you at least shall not be under the shadow. You are free, Clara. There is no tie between us."

"It takes two to make such a tie, Harold," said she smiling, and putting her hand inside his arm. "It takes two to make it, dear, and also two to break it. Is that the way they do business in the city, sir, that a man can always at his own sweet will tear up his engagement?"

"You hold me to it, Clara?"

"No editor so remorseless as I, Harold. Never, never, shall you get from that bond."

Harold tried to speak, but his heart was too full. He could only press the white hand which curled round his sleeve. She walked up and down by his side, and sending little gleams of cheeriness through the gloom which girt him in. To listen to her he might have thought that it was Ida and not her staid and demure sister, who was chatting to him.

"It will soon be cleared up," said she, "and then we shall feel quite dull. Of course, all business men have these little ups and downs. Why, I suppose of all the men you meet upon 'Change there is not one who has not some such story to tell. If everything was always smooth, you know, then of course every one would turn stockbroker, and you would have to hold your meetings in Hyde Park. How much is it that you need?"

"More than I can ever get. Not less than £13,000."

Clara's face fell as she heard the amount.

"What do you propose doing?"

"I shall go to the City now, and I shall ask all our creditors to meet me to-morrow. I shall read them Pearson's letter, and shall put myself into their hands."

"And they, what will they do?"

"What can they do? They will serve writs for their money, and the firm will be declared bankrupt. But I must go, Clara, I must not seem to shirk. My place now must be at my offices."

"Yes, dear, you are right. God bless you and guard you! I shall be here in 'The Wilderness,' but all day I shall be by your office table at Throgmorton street in spirit, and if ever you should be sad you will hear my little whisper in your ear, and know that there is one client whom you will never be able to get rid of—never as long as we both live, dear."

It was a singular sight which met Dr. Walker's eyes as he entered the sitting room of the Admiral a little later. A great sea chest stood open in the center, and all round upon the carpet were little piles of jerseys, oilskins, books, sextant boxes, instruments and sea boots. The old seaman sat gravely amidst this lumber, turning it over and examining it intently, while his wife, with the tears running silently down her ruddy cheeks, sat upon the sofa, her elbows upon her knees and her chin upon her hands, rocking herself slowly backwards and forwards.

"Hullo, doctor," said the Admiral, holding out his hand, "there's foul weather set in upon us."

"My dear friends, I came in to tell you how deeply we sympathize with you all. My girl has only just told me about it."

"It has come so suddenly upon us, doctor," sobbed Mrs Hay Denver. "I thought that I had John to myself for the rest of our lives—heaven knows that we have not seen very much of each other—but now he talks of going to sea again."

"Tut! tut! this will never do, this will never do, Admiral." The doctor sat down by Mrs. Hay Denver, and patted her hand in token of friendly sympathy. "We must wait until your son has had it out with all these people, and then we shall know what damage is done, and how best to set it right. It will be time enough then to begin to muster our resources to meet it."

"Our resources!" The Admiral laughed. "There's the pension. I'm afraid, Walker, that our resources won't need much mustering."

"Oh, come, there are some which you may not have thought of. For example, Admiral, I had always intended that my girl should have five thousand from me when she married. Of course your boy's trouble is her trouble, and the money cannot be spent better than in helping to set it right. She has a little of her own which she wished to contribute, but I thought it best to work it this way. Will you take the cheque, Mrs. Denver, and I think it would be best if you said nothing to Harold about it, and just used it as the occasion served?"

"God bless you, Walker, you are a true friend. I won't forget this, Walker." The Admiral sat down on his sea chest and mopped his brow with his red handkerchief.

"What is it to me whether you have it now or then? It may be more useful now. There's only one stipulation. If things should come to the worst, and if the business should prove so bad that nothing can set it right, then hold back this check, for there is no use in pouring water into a broken basin, and if the lad should fall, he will want something to pick him up again with."

"He shall not fall, Walker, and you shall not have occasion to be ashamed of the family into which your daughter is about to marry. I have my own plan. But we shall hold your money, my friend, and it will strengthen us to feel that it is there."

"Well, that is all right," said Doctor Walker, rising. "And if a little more should be needed, we must not let him go wrong for the want of a thousand or two. And now, Admiral, I'm off for my morning walk. Won't you come, too?

"No, I am going into town."

"Well, goodby. I hope to have better news, and that all will come right. Goodby, Mrs. Denver. I feel as if the boy were my own, and I shall not be easy until all is right with him."

THE ADMIRAL PICKED UP THE LETTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

In less than an hour the Admiral was whirled into Victoria station and found himself amid a dense, bustling throng, who jostled and pushed in the crowded terminus. He walked to the railway stall and bought a daily paper. This he turned and turned until a certain column met his eye, when he smoothed it out, and carrying it over to a seat, proceeded to read it at his leisure. And, indeed, as a man read that column it seemed strange to him that there should still remain anyone in this world of ours who should be in straits for want of money. Here were whole lines of gentlemen who were burdened with a surplus in their incomes and their hands. Here was the guileless person who was not a professional money lender, but who would be glad to correspond, etc. Here, too, was the accommodating individual who advanced sums from 10 to 10,000 pounds without expense, security or delay. He rose from the seat and found himself face to face with Charles Westmacott.

"Hullo, Admiral!"

"Hullo, Westmacott!" Charles had always been a favorite of the seaman's.

"Maybe you know Bread street?"

"It is out of Cheapside."

"Well, then, how do you steer for it from here? You make me out a course and I'll keep to it."

"Why, Admiral, I have nothing to do I'll take you there with pleasure."

"Will you, though? Well, I'd take it very kindly if you would. I have business there." On the way he told his companion his admission, and the causes which had led to it.

They at length found themselves in the office of a small, brown, dried-up little chip of a man. He was clean-shaven and blue-chinned, with bristling black hair and keen brown eyes, which shown out very brightly from between pouched underlids and drooping upper ones. He advanced, glanced keenly from one to the other of his visitors, and slowly rubbed together his thin blue-veined hands.

"I am Mr. Reuben Metaxa," said the money-lender. "Was it about an advance you wished to see me?"

"Yes."

"For you, I presume," turning to Charles Westmacott.

"No, for this gentleman."

The money-lender looked surprised. "How much did you desire?"

"I thought of £5,000," said the Admiral.

"And on what security?"

"I am a retired Admiral of the British navy. You will find my name in the navy list. There is my card. I have here my pension papers. I get £850 a year. I thought that perhaps if you were to hold these papers it would be security enough that I should pay you. You could draw my pension and repay yourself at the rate, say, of £300 a year, taking your 5 per cent interest as well."

"What interest?"

"Five per cent per annum."

Mr. Metaxa laughed. "Per annum!" he said. "Five per cent a month."

"A month! That would be 60 per cent a year."

"Precisely."

"But that is monstrous."

"I don't ask gentlemen to come to me. They come of their own free will. Those are my terms, and they can take it or leave it."

"Then I will leave it." The Admiral rose angrily from his chair.

"But one moment, sir. Just sit down and we will chat the matter over. Your is a rather unusual case, and we may find some other way of doing what you wish. Of course, the security which you offer is no security at all, and no sane man would advance 5,000 pennies on it."

"No security? Why not, sir?"

"You might die to-morrow. You are not a young man. What age are you?"

"Sixty-three."

Mr. Metaxa turned over a long column of figures. "Here is an actuary table," said he. "At your time of life the average expectancy of life is only a few years even in a well-preserved man."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am not a well-preserved man?"

"Well, Admiral, it is a trying life at sea. Sailors in their younger days are gay dogs, and take it out of themselves. Then when they grow older they are still hard at it, and have no chance of rest or peace. I do not think a sailor's life a good one."

"I'll tell you what, sir," said the Admiral hotly. "If you have two pairs of gloves I'll undertake to knock you out under three rounds. Or I'll race you from here to St. Paul's, and my friend here will see fair. I'll let you see whether I am an old man or not."

"This is beside the question," with a deprecatory shrug. "The point is that if you died to-morrow where would be the security then?"

"Then the matter it at an end."

"Well, we might even now do business. I will advance you £2,000, and you can make over to me your pension for your life. It is pure speculation on my part. If you die to-morrow I lose my money. If you live a little longer then I may see my money again. It is the very best I can do for you."

"And if I live for 20 years?"

"Oh, in that case, of course, my speculation would be more successful."

The Admiral sat in dire perplexity. He had come out to get money, and to go back without any, to be powerless to help when his boy needed every shilling to save him from disaster, that would be very bitter to him. On the other hand, it was so much that he surrendered, and so little that he received. Little, and yet something. Would it not be better than going back empty-handed? He saw the yellow-backed cheque book upon the table. The money lender opened it and dipped his pen into the ink.

"Shall I fill it up?" said he.

"I think, Admiral," remarked Westmacott, "that we had better have a little walk and some luncheon before we settle this matter."

"Oh, we may as well do it at once. It would be absurd to postpone it now," Metaxa spoke with some heat, and his eyes glinted angrily from between his narrow lids at the imperturbable Charles. The Admiral was simple in money matters, but he had seen much of men and had learned to read them. He saw that venomous glance, and saw, too, that intense eagerness was peeping out from beneath the careless air which the agent had assumed.

"You're quite right, Westmacott," said he. "We'll have a little walk before we settle it."

"I don't like it," said Charles, when they found themselves in the street once more.

"A shark and a pilot fish," said the Admiral.

"I'll tell you what I propose, sir. There's a lawyer named McAdam who does my aunt's business. He is a very honest fellow and lives at the other side of Poultry. We'll go over to him together and have his opinion about the whole matter."

"Well, we've tried the rogues, Westmacott! Let us see what we can do with your honest man."

[*To Be Concluded Next Sunday.*]

CAN TAKE A DRINK NOW.

But Just One Makes Him Feel as if He Had Been on a Spree.

Last August I entered the Keely Institute after a long career of drunkenness, says a well-known citizen of St. Louis in the *Globe-Democrat*. I remained there three weeks and came away cured, although the doctors said I ought to stay another week. While in San Francisco last month I was sandbagged and robbed. I was laid up in the hospital for several days, and while there the attending physician fed me on boiled milk with a little whisky in it. I did not know my old enemy was being smuggled into me until I finally detected the familiar odor of my breath, and then I was angry. But the doctors said I had to take it, and the result was the desire for whisky returned to some extent.

Up to my entering the hospital not a teaspoonful of intoxicating liquor had gone down my throat since I left Dwight. The odor even was so nauseating I could not enter a saloon. Now, I desire and can take a drink occasionally, but one drink is sufficient to bring back all the horrors of a prolonged "spree." I am going back to Dwight for supplementary treatment.

NEWS FROM THE COLLEGES.

THE new Leland Stanford Jr. University has 440 students, 90 of whom are women.

CORNELL and Harvard will probably be represented at the World's Fair in Chicago.

THE Universities of Michigan and Oxford, England, have 3,420 students each this year.

BROWN, Harvard, Yale and the University of Michigan all have flourishing political clubs.

JOHN WARD, of the New York nine, will train the Dartmouth baseball team during the winter months.

YALE'S new mechanical engineering buildings will cost $120,000, and those of the University of Pennsylvania $140,000.

PRINCETON has added 6 new professors to her faculty this year, the University of Pennsylvania 10, Yale 5 and Harvard 8.

AT the new Chicago University there will be four quarters, each consisting of two terms, six weeks in each term. A student will be allowed to choose any two terms in the year for his vacation.

IN the three most important college football games this year, viz., University of Pennsylvania versus Princeton, Yale versus Harvard, and Yale versus Princeton, only one man was injured, and that very slightly.

A CONGRESS will open this month at the University of Pennsylvania. Forty Juniors will form the House of Representatives, and 20 Seniors the Senate. Many public questions will be debated while they are being discussed at Washington.

REPRESENTATIVES of Yale and Harvard debating societies will meet in January to discuss the subject: "Resolved, That a young man casting his first vote in 1892 should vote the Republican ticket." Yale will have the negative and Harvard the affirmative.

A REED THAT CHARMS.

How the Modern Flute Was Evolved From the Old Instrument.

THEOBALD BOEHM'S PATIENT WORK.

Degree of Perfection That Can Be Attained on the German Tube.

WHAT CONSTITUTES GOOD PLAYING

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Paper No. 2.

Even Apollonius might command this flute—
The music winding through the stops, upsprings
To make the player very rich.

—*Casa Guidi Windows.*

From time to time various attempts had been made to improve the German flute in order to raise it from its ignominious position. In disregard of all natural and acoustic laws the tube had been fitted with keys until it became evident to makers that to improve it was impossible. Singularly, by the triumph of German genius and inventive skill, the instrument was produced to deal the death-blow to the German flute.

In the year 1838 there lived at Munich, in Bavaria, a musician, Theobald Boehm, first flute at the Boyal Theater and flutist to the King. As, in his youth, he had been taught the trade of silversmith and mechanical worker, he at an early age made attempts to solve the problem of improving the German flute. Having for some time employed other makers to develop his ideas in that direction, he at last determined to found a factory of his own. The result of a year's work was the production of an instrument which, for quality of tone and compactness, met with general favor. With a flute thus constructed on the conical bore he went to Paris, and later to London, on professional visits. At London he was impressed with the powerful tone of Charles Nicholson, at that time the most prominent flutist in England.

Picking Up Points From Others.

Subsequently, on being introduced, Boehm discovered that the secret of his heavy tone lay in the largeness of the holes of his flute. The faulty intonation and quality of tone were overcome by Nicholson's extraordinary talents and command of his embouchure. At the same time Boehm became acquainted with one Gordon, a Swiss by birth and a pensioned officer of the Royal Guard of Charles X. Gordon was a dilettante and had made several ineffectual attempts to improve upon the old flute. From diagrams in my possession his last attempt seems to have had some merit, but was altogether too complicated an affair to be of any practical utility.

After examining those flutes Boehm concluded that time spent trying to improve the old flute was wasted, and he resolved to construct one upon entirely new principles. With that object in view he returned to Munich and directly began the fulfillment of his plans. After examining different systems of fingering he decided that ring keys were superior to any. Success crowned his efforts and in a short while he had acquired facility in playing at concerts and performing his orchestral work.

Approved by the Academy.

In 1833 and 1836 he again played at London where the full tone and pure intonation of his instrument were perceived and appreciated. The year following his flute was exhibited with a short explanation of its system before the Academy of Sciences (Paris). Savart, the Professor of Acoustics, received Boehm rather coldly, for he declared that it was impossible to play the scale upon the flute and have it perfect. When he heard Boehm accomplish that fact he introduced him personally to the Academy. The report rendered by the Committee of Examination was so favorable that shortly after the instrument was adopted exclusively by the distinguished players of Europe.

In London Boehm met with as much success as in Paris; and Gordon, on renewing his acquaintance, was converted to his system. Shortly after Gordon went to Munich and induced Boehm to make a tube for him without holes, as he believed that the Boehm system could be so simplified as to require only eight keys. On Gordon rejecting his own system Boehm allowed him the freedom of his workshop, and placed two of his most skillful workmen at his disposal. Boehm had never patented his invention (until 1847), but left it open for outside improvement, if any could be found.

Striving After an Impossibility.

After a year's labor at Munich, Gordon produced an instrument, which he named "La flute diatonique." That was an error, as only the old flutes without keys are diatonic; all those with keys, chromatic. With that flute he visited Paris, but as far as I can learn it was never used by anyone, on account of its utter impracticability, for Boehm had warned him that to make an instrument with eight keys and 13 holes, and have it practical, was an impossibility.

With Gordon it had become a sort of monomania to which he adhered till the end of his life, a very sad end it seems, as it is reported that he threw his flute into the lake of Geneva, and died in a madhouse. The honor of inventing the Boehm flute has been erroneously attributed to Gordon by some English authorities, how falsely and ungenerously the most too partial will observe by reading Dr. Schafhantl's report to the London Industrial Exposition (1851) concerning the origin of the Boehm flute. At one period it had reached the nature of a heated controversy, which was finally settled by the publication of Boehm's letters in London. As Gordon was dead, he could not, as he undoubtedly would have done if living, give the honor of the invention to its rightful owner.

Making Keys and Making Notes.

Boehm's system of fingering was valuable. In his opinion so far as it improved the acoustical properties of the flute; that being the fine fundamental principle of all wind instruments, the mechanism of keys being of no importance. Boehm, himself stated that "to construct keys was an easy matter, but to make notes a difficult one." However, his system is so simple that it is in itself a great invention, as with it the fingers do not move out of their natural position, and there is no sliding from keys to fingering, as on the old flute. All that is obviated by a combination of keys working on steel shafts, and when in repose all the keys are open except D sharp. On the old flute the holes and keys are not where they theoretically should be, but are placed in positions to suit the fingers.

Boehm could never understand how it was that the flute was played at the large end, while with all other instruments it was just the opposite, and as a result of three years' study of acoustics under Dr. Schafhantl, he crowned his labors by substituting the cylindrical for the conical bore. The conical bore is largest at the head and tapers gradually to the foot, while the cylindrical, more in accordance with nature for the production of tone, is about equal. The cylindrical bore admits of a freer passage of a column of air through the instrument, and consequently with large holes a fuller development of the notes. When the holes are small and not in their correct places the notes sound with difficulty, and easily break into aliquot parts (harmonics).

The Result of Careful Study.

Boehm arrived at that conclusion after a careful study of acoustics and natural laws, and upon their practical application his fame rests to-day. On being exhibited at the Universal Exhibition (1851) his improved flute received the gold medal, and at the Paris Exposition (1855) it was awarded the grand prize (gold medal), with a flattering testimonial of its superiority over all others, old or new. He had revolutionized the world of flutes, and it is no exaggeration to say that his name is a household word with every flutist living. He lived to realize his hopes, and died in Munich (1881) at the patriarchal age of 86 years. Although the distance is great which sometimes separates the conception of happy ideas from their realization in a practical form, those who know will see proof of the value of Boehm's invention in the fact that it has lived down the prejudice against all novelties and established itself as the only queen of instruments, of which the violin is king.

Although nearly 40 years have passed since the greatest flutists of that time accepted the Boehm flute, there are, strange to say, here and elsewhere good musicians playing the antiquated German flute and rendy to take up the club in defense of that wheezy relic of barbarism. The antagonism to the Boehm flute has been more notable in Germany and among Germans everywhere.

The Old Style Flute in Pittsburg.

Who can dispute that Mozart, though he charmed his audience on a spinet, could have produced still greater effects with the best modern piano? And the same comparison is just regarding the two flutes, for Berlioz, who was one of the judges at London when Boehm's flute was awarded the gold medal, stated that "in comparison to Boehm's the old flute was only fit to be played at a country fair." Undoubtedly many artists have carried perfection to its last limits on the German flute, but there are difficulties in the construction of the instrument which it is impossible to overcome. I need not, however, go beyond our present day for an exceptional example of what may be accomplished with the old flute. Those who attend the Pittsburg concerts will, no doubt, agree with me that in point of tone and execution Mr. William Guenther charms us in spite of the possible defects (for I have not noticed them) of his flute. In this case I boldly state that the secret is in the player who wears his well-earned laurels with the modesty becoming a conscientious, talented artist.

With the Boehm flute no technical difficulties are known, but to produce a perfect tone requires the most careful practice and perseverance. If the player attempts to make a trumpet of his instrument its effect and beauty are lost, and any conductor would be justified in excluding him from the orchestra. The orchestral player's chief quality should be that he blend with the band, but if he forces the tone-seeking individual prominence, the effect is shrill and harsh.

An old Italian proverb says: "A good voice is 99 per cent," but without subscribing to that maxim I will remark that tone is the most essential part wherein lies the beauty of the instrument, and no player can attain distinction without it.

Some of the Best Players.

Tulou was one of the most sentimental players that ever lived, but his playing was ineffective, as he had no tone. Charles Wehner, of New York, sustains his great reputation on tone alone; while the quality of his tone is perfect it lacks in power and capacity that of his gifted pupil Otto Oesterle, first flute of the Thomas Orchestra. Many of my readers who have heard that body of musicians have been charmed by the superb tone and fine technique of that brilliant, talented, young artist.

The Boehm flute will depict joy, sadness and boldness, if the mind asserts its superiority, and one of the chief causes of the neglect of the old flute was from the senseless, tasteless character of most of the compositions. Execution has been all-prevailing, a fact which the majority of hearers deplore. Nevertheless composers have been encouraged into the debasement of one of the most beautiful of arts, by audiences applauding that which at most only excites some wonder, never affords real pleasure and is often the source of absolute disgust.

The Real Test of Skill.

Such pieces as Demersseman's "Carnival" and the "Austrian Hymn," by Heinemeyer, are no doubt very wonderful, but where is the music? For my part, as an amateur of 15 years' playing, a good andante sostenuto is a better criterion of a player's ability than the "Carnival," or any of those pyrotechnical displays. I know of some dextrous performers of such music who are incompetent to play Boehm's "Andante Pastorale," than which no finer composition exisis.

From its easy method of treatment the Boehm flute is fast becoming popular with women both in Europe and America. The keys are as easily manipulated as those of the pianoforte, and the position more graceful than that of the violin. What sight can be more impressive than to see a lovely woman playing a resplendent silver Boehm? The reason which provoked Minerva to throw aside her flute has fortunately inclined modern women to its use, for by performing upon it their natural charms, instead of being diminished, are but rendered still more irresistible.

All flutists owe to Boehm a debt of gratitude which they can never repay.

WILLIAM MAXWELL.

IMPERIAL ANECDOTES.

Exploits in Which Germany's Emperor Played a Chief Part.

[Vanity Fair.]

The German Emperor has a torpedo boat always ready at the so-called "Matrosen station," or Sailor's station, in which he is accustomed to make excursions to Spandau and other places from Potsdam. The other day he was returning from a dinner on the boat, when he heard his officers calling him by a nickname which he could not quite catch. Going up to them, he said: "What is the name you give me?" Everybody answered: "I assure your Majesty that you have no nickname." The Emperor was not satisfied; but, taking aside a young officer on board, he said: "I have asked in vain what the nickname is that you call me; I now order you to tell me!" "As your Majesty orders, I am compelled to say that it is—Gondel-Willi." The word means gondola, or boat-Willie; and, of course, it refers to the Emperor's numerous voyages by sea and river.

Another story which reaches me from Potsdam is of a less harmless character. The German Emperor appeared a few days ago before the barracks of the Guard Hussars. He dismounted and gave the Corporal of the Guard orders to march his men away silently into the officers' mess close by. Then he caused the alarm to be sounded by the Trumpeter of the Guard, whom he kept by his side. The Officer of the Guard, who had noticed nothing of the event, came rushing out; but the guard was gone. "Where is your guard, sir," said the Emperor; to which the unfortunate man could, of course, give no answer. His Majesty was mightily pleased at the result of this practical jo