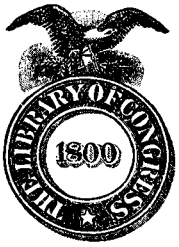
The MYRTLE REED YEAR BOOK



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BY MYRTLE REED

LOVE LETTERS OF A MUSICIAN
LATER LOVE LETTERS OF A MUSICIAN
THE SPINSTER BOOK
LAVENDER AND OLD LACE
PICKABACK SONGS
THE SHADOW OF VICTORY
THE MASTER'S VIOLIN
THE BOOK OF CLEVER BEASTS
AT THE SIGN OF THE JACK-O'-LANTERN
A SPINNER IN THE SUN
LOVE AFFAIRS OF LITERARY MEN
FLOWER OF THE DUSK
OLD ROSE AND SILVER
SONNETS TO A LOVER
MASTER OF THE VINEYARD
A WEAVER OF DREAMS

Sincerely Yours
Myrtle Reed.

Reed
Book

Myrtle Reed

From a pencil drawing by F. Soulé Campbell

Myrtle Reed

From a pencil drawing by F. Soule Campbell

The Myrtle Reed Year Book

Epigrams and Opinions from the Writings and Savings of Myrtle Reed

With a Foreword by

Jeannette L. Gilder

and

A Biographical Sketch and a Critical Appreciation of the Writings of Myrtle Reed by

Mary B. Powell

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
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FOREWORD

TO present certain thoughts of Myrtle Reed, her views of Life and Love, between the covers of a single book has been the aim of the compiler of this volume. Even her most ardent admirers might not know just where to lay their hands upon some favourite thought or expression, and yet they would like to re-read some passage that had impressed them, or quote it to a friend. Few writers of to-day are more quoted in letters between friends than Myrtle Reed, and to those who find sympathetic lines in her pages this little book will indeed be a boon.

The enormous popularity of Myrtle Reed has been explained by one admirer as arising from her "beautiful and helpful philosophy." Another believes that the popularity of her stories is due to their "sweetness and light," their wholesomeness of purpose, their gentle humour, and the genuinely human touch that is their dominant note.

Not all of us can possess as our own the dozen volumes that

Myrtle Reed has given to the world. To those who cannot, this book will indeed be a treasure-trove. And even those who may have all of her books upon their shelves will be glad to have this volume of her best thoughts on the little table by their bedside, or in the work-basket, where it can be taken up at odd moments to amuse by its flashes of wit or cheer by its homely philosophy.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK,
June 1, 1911.

Myrtle Reed McCullough

September 27, 1874—August 17, 1911

Measured by the years of Myrtle Reed, how short her span of life; by deeds, how countless her years! But thirty-seven all told, intense, purposeful years, with ideals and aspiration nobly achieved by the time most of us are about ready to begin to live.

Truly they were busy years, each one busier than its predecessor, until the weight of the last year became too heavy—and thousands are now mourning her untimely end.

But she has not left us quite desolate, for we are companioned by the lovable, cheery children of her brain, and in our hearts are the songs she made. "They said, 'he feeds on visions,' and I denied it not; for visions are the creators and feeders of mankind." So, in imperishable form we have Myrtle Reed's visions to "lift our better up to best," and we walk hand in hand with the noble characters she created—Miss Ainslee, with her lavender and old laces; lovable Aunt Peace, who, with all her warmth of heart and democracy, still had a smouldering spark of regard for "social position"; Col. Kent and Aunt Francisca, the kindly neighbours of a lifetime and gentle folk of the "old school"; Dr. Brinkerhoff, the true, and Herr

Kaufman, the lovable old violin master, and many others, join us at different stages, while we are not forgetful of those dear *uncultured* ones whose unconscious wit or homely philosophy gives us a merry heart for our day's march—Miss Mehitable, who helped the wandering Piper chase the cobwebs from the brain of the poor woman who became a Spinner in the Sun; "Miss" Mattie (though a widow), poor little Araminta, and the irresistible Crosby Twins—all living and insistent characters as any created by any novelist of the century.

"But what of the author herself?" you ask. To attempt to convey by a pen picture Myrtle Reed's complex, contradictory, many-faceted, lovable nature, is a difficult task, for she was a composite of all the characters she created. It has been said that three forces go to make up a man's personality,—heredity, training, and individuality. In the case of Myrtle Reed, all three are very marked and must be reckoned with in trying to estimate her character.

By heredity, she combined the sturdy traits of the English-Irish (her mother was an Armstrong) and the well-known characteristics of her father's New England ancestry. By heredity, also, she was doubly endowed mentally, both parents being scholars and writers; the mother, Elizabeth A. Reed, has the honour of being the first American woman made a member of the Royal Asiatic Society. Mrs. Reed is the author of several books on Oriental literature, which are recognised as authorities. She is also a member of the Victoria Institute, and has been connected editorially with publications issued by the University Association.

It would seem from her inheritance that Myrtle Reed could

hardly escape becoming a writer, and yet there have been those as well endowed who have not developed into authors.

The training or environment must in this case have had its influence. When the little black-eyed, gypsy-faced girl made her advent into this world, there were already two children ahead of her in the family, brothers about eight and ten years older, whose idol she soon became. These brothers are both scholarly men, one of them being a practising physician and an author, the other a prosperous business man whose "margin" of life is devoted to art. He is a water-colourist of merit and an etcher and photographer of note, being president of the Chicago Society of Etchers. These two brothers were as proud of the budding genius of their sister as were the parents (for Myrtle was only eight or ten when her first literary effort was published), and they united with the parents in encouraging the talent of the little sister whose capacities they recognised as being above the ordinary.

Myrtle often facetiously attributed her literary bent to a brief sojourn in Indiana "where," she said, "she had been vaccinated with literature and it took." She was born in a suburb of Chicago, Norwood Park, and all her life was spent in that city, excepting the three years in Indiana *before she was six*, and about the same length of time in New York during her early womanhood. But back of the Indiana sojourn, according to her own words, "predestination had a little something to do with it, for father said, first time he saw me, 'Of course she will become an author, and I 'm going to help matters along by giving her a name that will look well in print'"—and Myrtle she was accordingly christened.

She was about ten when her first story was printed in a juvenile periodical then published in Chicago—*The Acorn*. The title was "James Cæsar Evergreen"—a chronicle of the daily experiences of a little coloured boy. The story was similar to many juvenile efforts, but it so clearly showed her nascent power of characterisation and fund of humour that it marks an epoch in her career, and it is fondly cherished by her parents.

Myrtle's education was secured entirely in the public schools of Chicago—supplemented, of course, by the training of parents and brothers. She was graduated from the West Division High School, where her course was marked by high scholarship and "innumerable relieving pranks." Here again was "the child the father of the man"; all through her career as an author, "between books" she relieved the tension by the merriest intercourse with her friends that a fertile brain could devise. All sorts of amusing entertainments and surprises were originated by her in her home, whose toast was, "May our house always be too small to hold all our friends!" This was usually drunk from a silver loving cup presented to Mrs. McCullough by her publishers as a wedding gift. And "friends" she had in numbers—many from the circle of the school-girls who had shared her early ambitions and had followed with pride her widening fame and influence; and others, appreciative newspaper men and women, who are so quick to discern, and "lend a hand" to, unknown geniuses—(and whom the prosperous author never forgot); to the artist, the musician, the actor, and the author of note, who marked it a red-letter day in his calendar whenever he lifted the

knocker "At the Sign of the Crossed Flags," as the happy married home of the author was designated.

Immediately after graduating, Myrtle Reed began contributing to newspapers and magazines, but under an assumed name. These contributions were largely "pot-boilers," and, as the young author had set a very high standard for herself, she would not allow her name to appear over papers with which she did not wish to be identified. Here was shown the good judgment and practical business sense that marked her whole career.

Owing to a nervous breakdown due to overwork at school, Myrtle was obliged to relinquish the college course that would have been hers. She was able, however, while pursuing her chosen work, to continue her studies in her own time and fashion. She began to contribute dainty verses to the *Bookman*, the *National*, *Munsey's*, and other eastern and western magazines; these were printed over her own name, and made the beginnings of her literary reputation. At the same time, she was publishing short stories and sketches in these periodicals and others under an assumed name, or to be strictly accurate, under several noms de plume. Through these years she was working and studying to make herself what she had determined to become, an author of whom her family would be proud, and on whom her parents might, if need be, depend in their declining years.

And this brings us to the third step in our estimate of her unique personality, her individuality. She was, I think, the most completely dual-natured of any one I ever knew. On the one side music, art, poetry, and philosophy, and on the other a rollicking, daring, slang-loving, and slang-creating humourist and

satirist. It is well she was endowed with this lighter side of her nature, as without it the high pressure under which her books were all written would have ended her career long before it did.

Possessing as she did so many attributes, any one of which might have given her a measure of fame and fortune, it would have been so easy for her to have succumbed to a fatal facility of expression in one or more lines. Her deep musical feeling and sense of rhythm might have made her a good musician; her intense love of beauty and colour might have produced a painter of no mean renown; but she wisely chose as her broadest channel of expression the immortality of the printed word, master of which she determined to become. She had therefore a purpose in life, than which I know no greater impulse to high living, nor surer key to success.

She early formed an ideal of true womanhood, and determined that so far as she was permitted to send her message, she would uphold the beauty of the gentle, home-loving, and home-making woman, and the beauty of the true home, with all that that word implies.

With this purpose in her heart, and ideally wrought out in her first novel, *Lavender and Old Lace* (1902), is it any wonder that that book has long since passed its fortieth edition? In all of her novels the same chord was played, but in different keys.

Besides this loyalty to her sex, the other most marked characteristics of her complex individuality were her love of, and capacity for, hard work, her phenomenal powers of concentration, her perennial, effervescent humour, and her boundless generosity.

She never knew an idle minute. While voluntarily doing the home work for the apartment occupied by her parents and herself for several years before her marriage (which she characteristically named "Quality Coop") as a necessary part of every woman's education, as well as a relief from her literary labours, she read voluminously; wrote poems and short stories; conducted in a monthly magazine, under the pseudonym of Katherine La Farge Norton, a department on household matters; ran in another, under the name of Olive Green, a cooking serial; attended lectures and concerts; gave one, and sometimes two books a year to the waiting public; and in between times hemmed table linen, and found relief in, and gave infinite joy to her friends by dashing off letters that would have provoked a smile from the sphinx. In a letter to the writer about this time she spoke of the various activities of "Katherine La Farge Norton," "Olive Green," and Myrtle Reed, as above narrated, and said, "Between the three of us I guess we can keep the wolf from Quality Coop."

Her copious reading included many subjects: fiction, humour, poetry, art, science, and philosophy. She had no small knowledge of medicine, was well-versed in occult matters, and was, theoretically, a fine musician, though the only instrument she could play upon, according to her own statement, was the kitchen range. On that she was an expert, although after her marriage she devoted her time to her literary matters and let her competent and faithful maid attend to the culinary end, "neither interfering in the least with the other's department."

In her stories we discover, to a certain degree, her knowledge of, or rather interest in, some of these sciences, and she pays

high tribute to the medical fraternity in the noble characters she portrays of the old-time "family Doctor"—with the exception of one, who practised vivisection. The wrath of the author was on his head—Dr. Dexter (the elder) in *A Spinner in the Sun.* In this same book, she touches upon the therapeutic value of music, and indicates the power of suggestion in healing. In this story also she portrays the beauty of service and brotherhood, while the chapter, "Loved by a Dog," will surely become a classic.[1]

For one whose days were so full, she accomplished more reading than any one else known to the writer, and absorbed *all* that she read. She would read in a few hours a book that would have taken the average "fast" reader a day at least, and she could give you the gist of the entire book, whether it was scientific, philosophical, or historical.

She possessed rare intuitive powers and a keenly analytical mind. She had strong convictions and her own philosophy concerning the deep things of life; but the merry chatter and scintillating wit so obscured her deeper side that but few of her acquaintances suspected its existence, nor the well of poetic and artistic feeling in her nature. Hence her first book, *Love Letters of a Musician,* published in 1898, soon after she left school, was a complete surprise to the majority of her acquaintances. It was probably the most spontaneous of all her books, though none was lacking in that quality. At one time, the author

[1] It may be of interest to playgoers to know that the play given by Chauncey Olcott last season, "Barry of Ballymore," was a dramatisation of this story and Mr. Olcott portrayed the character of Piper Tom.

forbade the writer's telling just the exact number of days in which it was written, saying "she was positively ashamed that it was accomplished in but five days." But at this perspective the writer feels justified in giving the history of this piece of inspiration just as the author related it many years ago: "I was in the street car coming home from the finishing touches I had put in on a work of collaboration, tired, and thankful that the task was finished. I was listlessly leaning back in my seat trying not to think of anything, when, like a picture on a screen, the title of my *Letters* appeared to me. I tried to shake off the suggestion—the feeling that I *must* go to work again on another story—but I could not.

"As soon as I reached home, I flew up to my room and to my typewriter—and before I could stop writing I had written five of those letters, beginning with 'April's Lady.' The next day two more, then one, then five again, and so on till at the end of the feverish five days the thing was finished. It stopped as suddenly as it began. I had no volition concerning it—it seemed as though I had to write it, whether I wanted to or not."

At this same period she was contributing to *Judge* (anonymously) some very pungent paragraphs under the caption "Reflections of a Spinster" (aged about twenty-four), which later grew into a volume published in 1901, *The Spinster Book*.

It was just as hard for her friends to reconcile these witty, philosophical, satirical, yet often painfully true reflections,—true yet stingless,—with the youthful, inexperienced writer, as the former *Letters*, so full of poetical feeling and exquisite imagery, with the fun-loving, sparkling, and apparently heart-whole

maiden. No more exquisite prose-poems were ever written than these *Letters,* and the *Later Love Letters of a Musician,* and they form, with her *Sonnets to a Lover,* a permanent contribution to the lovers' literature of the world.

She had, as some one said, "an unerring instinct for the exquisite phrase, and a delicate touch for an allegory," which, with her art of using words somewhat after the fashion of notes of music, she wove together into a melody in these two volumes of Love Letters, which, if she had written nothing else, would have made her famous.

It may be interesting to know of the early struggle for existence which befel this first book. The manuscript was first submitted to a local firm of publishers who rejected it, in most discouraging terms. It was then sent to several Eastern publishers in turn, as it was in turn rejected. The embryo author then became utterly discouraged, and sent it to Canada to the young man who afterward became her husband, telling him of her hopelessness concerning it, and bidding him "read it, then tear it up, and throw it into your waste basket." He was struck by its beauty, told her "it was one of the most beautiful things he had ever read and that she *must* find a publisher for it," and immediately returned it to her.

So successful was *The Love Letters of a Musician* that the publishers who had first rejected it, afterward offered to become the publishers of her future works. This offer she "declined with thanks"—a phrase with which she often made merry in her days of prosperity which soon came to her. She became very brave about her short-story manuscripts, sending them from one periodical to another as fast as they were returned to her. These

were under an assumed name, and in due time she had acquired a large number of rejection slips of various sizes and colours, which she utilised as wall covering for two large spaces of her "den," "by way of acquiring humility," she said. The phrase "returned with thanks," etc., irritated her, and she wrote a very humorous poem, each stanza of which ended with "I wish they would n't thank me when they send my stories back." This was widely copied, but I doubt if many know the author's name.

After she became famous, and was importuned by publishers for short stories, she had no small enjoyment over selling many of these rejected stories to the very editors who had once refused them.

As this piquant *Spinster Book* (above referred to) expressed the opposite side of her unique mentality from that of the *Love Letters*, so also did *The Book of Clever Beasts* and *At the Sign of the Jack-O'-Lantern*, which followed in 1904 and 1905 respectively. Her *Book of Clever Beasts*—"Studies in Unnatural History"—is a clever satire on some of the nature stories which were at that time interesting the public, and won for its author a warmly appreciative letter from Theodore Roosevelt, then President.

But, either these three books were not in her true vein, or the great world at large still loves romance, for the public does not clamour for these bubbling, irrepressibly humorous books as it does for those of "heart-interest." No other woman writer has had so sure and steady an advance sale record as this "weaver of dreams," who was always a lover. Since *At the Sign of the Jack-O'-Lantern* she has published under her own name

no more humorous writings, though, as she merrily said, she "supported half a dozen pen names," and many a funny story and laughable sketch or skit was turned out in this way.

A bit of her philosophy from *The Spinster Book* may not come amiss at this juncture: "If realism were actually real, we should have no time for books and pictures." . . . "Next to burglars, mice, and green worms, every normal girl fears a widow. Courtships have been upset and expected proposals have vanished into thin air, simply because a widow has come into the game."

Almost simultaneously with the publication of her first literary success, her own first real love affair was also "published," a clever young Irish-Canadian, Mr. James Sidney McCullough, the hero, being the gentleman before referred to in connection with the Letters.

The two made acquaintance through correspondence in their school days. Miss Reed was editor of the West Division High School paper, while Mr. McCullough was performing similar duties for a Toronto school journal. He wrote—to ask questions in regard to the management of the financial part of the enterprise, and he kept on writing. A romantic courtship followed, and, after six years, the two met for two brief hours. This time was long enough, however, for Mr. McCullough to secure a definite promise. Mr. McCullough gave up his interests in Toronto, came to Chicago, and began business anew. Their marriage took place October 22, 1906.

About this time, there sprang into being the series of original and unusual cooking articles before referred to, which later flowered into the set of ten charming and helpful cook-books, the *Homemaker*

Series, bound in blue and white gingham and modestly signed *Olive Green.* Any one who knew Myrtle Reed intimately could not long be deceived as to the authorship of these striking cook-books, for she could no more avoid sandwiching her recipes with her inimitable humour than the reader could avoid eating any dish prepared from the recipes contained therein. And each prefatory chapter bore the unmistakable earmarks of the author's ebullient humour—for instance, in the first one of the series, *What to Have for Breakfast,* this paragraph from the Preface to the chapter on Eggs: "Strictly fresh eggs come from the country sometimes with the date of their appearance stamped indelibly in purple on the eggs. This is done by giving the hens chopped calendars with their meals. Care should be taken, however, to furnish this year's calendar. Nobody wants an egg with a last year's date on it, and the error is likely to disarrange the digestion of the hen. Eggs flavoured with onions or tomatoes are secured by turning the hens into a neighbour's vegetable garden."

One of the prefaces to this joyous and altogether new thing in the way of cook-books, is a poem—"The Kitchen Rubaiyat," wherein are twenty stanzas of the cleverest parody on the much-parodied Rubaiyat of Omar, of which the first stanza is here given:

> Wake, for the Alarm Clock scatters into Flight
> The variegated Nightmares of the Night;
> Allures the Gas into the Kitchen Range
> And pleads for Rolls and Muffins that are Light.

From the chapter "Fruits in Season," our eye falls on this:

"Huckleberries"

"Look the fruit over carefully. Nothing pleases a fly so

much as to die and be mistaken for a huckleberry. Serve with cracked ice, with sugar or cream, or both."

Would n't this book be a joy to a housekeeper who had kept house for, say twenty years, and who in all that time had enjoyed no vacation? There are such.

An "Explanation" on the the last fly-leaf says: "The only excuse the author and publishers have to offer for the appearance of this book is that, so far as they know, there is no other like it." Verily, there is not.

Two other books, also outside her "heart-interest" series, as her novels have been classified, are *Pick-a-back Songs*, a charming book for the nursery, of which she wrote the verses for music by Mrs. Eva Cruzen Hart (1902); and an historical novel, *The Shadow of Victory*. The scene of this story is placed in the times of the little trading post and of old Fort Dearborn, which developed into the City of Chicago. I have excluded it from the "heart-interest" series, not because it lacked heart-interest, but because the public itself has unconsciously excluded one of the most *compellingly* interesting stories of all the compelling ones this gifted woman wrote. *The Shadow of Victory* begins with the early winter prior to the massacre at Fort Dearborn, and the story opens in the house of John Mackenzie, government Indian Agent, moves briskly through the spring, ending with the awful massacre on the hot summer's day. The romance is told in a dashing, fascinating manner, and is strictly accurate historically, while the life of the pioneer frontier post is reproduced "with the fidelity of an old diary." All the wonderful skill the author possessed in the description of nature (and her skill in that direction was unsurpassed) and her great power in characterisa-

tion, she put into this book, with excellent results. This book contains many epigrams like those which made *The Spinster Book* famous, and the terrible ending in the massacre does not in the least colour the book with sadness. In fact, in none of Myrtle Reed's books is death a terrible thing, nor does it envelop us with gloom; sadness, possibly, for only a season, then again the duty and joy of daily work is her lesson.

Another book out of her regular vein, is *Love Affairs of Literary Men.* While these life stories are old material, they are told in Myrtle Reed's own sprightly, original style, and the weight of the years has rolled from them, making a dainty book of crisp, short biographical essays that carry a strong appeal to those who are interested in the personality of literary men, and are delightful reading.

Besides these books, so briefly mentioned, are her nine novels, so well known and loved, which have been designated as those of "heart-interest," whose titles at once breathe the dainty beauty and fragrance of the volumes. These are (in the order of their publication): *Love Letters of a Musician* and *Later Love Letters of a Musician; Lavender and Old Lace, The Master's Violin, A Spinner in the Sun, Flower of the Dusk, Old Rose and Silver, Master of the Vineyard, Sonnets to a Lover*—her one volume of poems (though not all that she wrote by any means), and *A Weaver of Dreams,* which, sadly enough, came from the press after the author's death. The *Sonnets* were published in 1910 and dedicated to her husband.

Thus, we see that in thirteen years, beginning with the publication of *Love Letters of a Musician,* she produced, all told, twenty-seven books (including the present volume), besides the

innumerable short stories and verses. Each novel was written under the same stress of creation, almost, as attended the production of the first, and after the last she suffered a nervous collapse. Is it any wonder that nature rebelled?

When not in the throes of the completion of a book, she worked systematically at her desk all day until six o'clock, when her desk and typewriter were closed that her evenings might be devoted to her husband and their friends. But when the "glimmerings" of a book took possession of her, then she had no respite until the thing had written itself out. Usually the title of the book was the first thing that took shape; then the last chapter with all the characters and situations would throw itself, as it were, upon her mental screen and for a time she had to construct her story backwards. Gradually the story shaped itself, and then work began at fever heat.

While writing her romances, she withdrew from her usual haunts, occasionally going to another city, when she would notify her friends in her own characteristic fashion that she was "going into her shell," by issuing postals depicting the author's shell in the act of closing. A line at the bottom announced the date of her probable emergence, which event was always celebrated by summoning her friends to "Paradise Flat," the home built by Mrs. McCullough before her marriage. The keynote of the home was hospitality, and all their friends joyed in their joys until the last tragic year, when discerning friends saw the result of Mrs. McCullough's over-work and were apprehensive. The high-strung, hypersensitive mechanism of her brain became unbalanced. Melancholia took possession of her with increasing frequency, until during an absence of her husband on a business

trip, suddenly life seemed unbearable—and instead of waiting for the grey angel with the blossoms of sleep in hand to gently touch her, she fearlessly went out into the obscure light to meet him.

Since "'T is not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do!" so is one's attempted work of more importance than his personality, interesting though that may be.

Myrtle Reed the generous, helpful friend, the loyal daughter and wife, has passed from our sight down the unknown path, but her work remains and its lessons are manifold.

In her earlier books, we see only the joy of living and the passion for, and the love of, Life—for the sake of Life and Love. Next, we feel the influence of Carlyle and Emerson—the blessedness of work, and the duty of making Life and Music out of that same work! Not *seeking* happiness, but letting happiness overtake us while we are doing "the duty next at hand"; while in her last books are the lessons of Life for Love and Service, of Renunciation, and of Aspiration.

One day, we were discussing a criticism of one of her books in which it was charged that her men characters were not at all natural; that such men never did, nor never could exist, only as they existed in novels written by women. "But even if it were so," she said, "am I not justified in creating such characters? I am not demanding any more of my men characters than real men demand of real women; and if by creating through my *ideal* characters a standard that is above the real which *may* help in ever so small a degree to elevate the moral standard for both men and women, have I not in so far benefited my generation?"

"Then you hold with the poet that 'the reach ever should exceed the grasp' of your men characters?"

"Surely, and of my women as well, else, as in real life, moral deterioration would set in, gangrene-like."

Then we passed to another topic, one of Browning's plays, and Myrtle's characteristic comment was:

"Robert was certainly a great teacher, even if you do have to stay after school *nearly* every night to learn your lesson; but he wrote one piece that I have no use for whatever, for he made such a ninny out of Mildred [*Blot on the 'Scutcheon*]. It makes me tired to see a woman sniffling over Mildred 'as the most pathetic character in all literature'; she was the biggest *fool I* know in all literature, and I have not a particle of sympathy for her."

While digressing, as it is so easy to do in talking of this interesting character, I cannot refrain from illustrating another attribute of her manifold nature—her loyalty. Loyalty to parents, to friends, to husband, and to her publishers. After her first novel, she was importuned, with most flattering offers, by nearly all the publishers who had rejected *Love Letters of a Musician*, to allow them to have her next production; but "the gods on Twenty-third Street," as she most often designated her publishers, "have been good to me, and I know of no reason why I should accept offers from publishers who did n't know enough to know a good thing when they saw it," was her comment to her friends, as she wrote some "returned with thanks" letters.

For her friends, it seemed that she used to study how she might serve them—generous with her money when needed, of her largess to those she loved and trusted, and of her time when

it was possible. She was frequently consulted, by letter as well as in person, by young authors, or would-be authors, as to how she gained success, and for any suggestions, etc., and very seldom was the letter unanswered; often with considerable pains would she endeavour to say the encouraging word. This reply, in answer to a friend who had written her requesting for use in a symposium for a city Sunday paper a Message to Young Women, cannot be omitted:

"To the young woman who wishes to write, I would say this: 'Keep at it.' If the desire to succeed is strong enough, there will be no failure, though ambition is of no avail without a great deal of hard work. The technique comes slowly and by taking infinite pains, but no workman can hope to succeed unless he is thoroughly in command of his tools. There is much truth, too, in what Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler says: 'Writing is like flirting: if you can't do it, no one can teach you how, and if you can do it, no one can keep you from it.'"

I have called Myrtle Reed a Maker of Songs, for each one of her romances was a song, not only an intense love-song, but a song of joy, or a psalm, as her different characters' experiences worked into their lives. *Flower of the Dusk* is a psalm of pain, of despair, and praise; *Master of the Vineyard*, that book which might under less chaste and delicate handling, have been an objectionable sex-problem novel is a martial hymn of praise and of victory—of praise of honest, faithful, though irksome, duties well done, and of victory over our lower natures; while *The Master's Violin* is a whole group of songs, ending in an oratorio.

As I have read and re-read these fragrant, stingless stories, this

bit of conversation between Carlyle and Browning has recurred to me: "When I last saw him a fortnight ago," said Browning, "he turned from I don't know what other talk quite abruptly on me with, 'Did you ever try to write a song? Of all things in the world *that* I should be the proudest of to do.'"

Myrtle Reed McCullough had a right to be proud, and her friends were proud for her. With one of her "songs," given to the writer many years ago, and forming now one of her *Sonnets to a Lover*, we will say "Sweet Singer, Auf Wiedersehen."

LOVE'S AFTERNOON

"The sunset radiance on far heights has lain,
And in hushed murmur flows the singing stream;
Amid the maples autumn splendours gleam
And shadows slowly creep upon the plain.
Soft purple dusk lies on the fields of grain,
And whispered notes of drowsy robins seem
Like distant echoes from the hills of dream,
Or like the cadence of an April rain.

If Love, like dawn and morning, fades away,
If only once there comes this thing sublime,
If Love's sweet year holds but a single June,
I will not ask from God another day,
Nor plead for spring again at harvest time,
But walk toward night with thee, through afternoon."

MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

CHICAGO,
Oct. 1, 1911.

January

WINTER

Upon my casement wintry winds may blow
From barren wastes and uplands bleak and chill,
While cold and bare, above the distant hill,
The last light lies upon a crown of snow;
Athwart the shivering pines the sleet may go
The Storm King's dreaded vengeance to fulfil,
Where icy streams are waiting, deathly still,
Their gentle music hushed in fear and woe.

And yet I have no Winter, since thy hand
Has led me where eternal beauty lies—
I have no night save lingering afternoon;
We walk together in the summer land,
For earth has someway changed to Paradise;
Ah, Heart of Mine, with thee 't is always June!

Sonnets to a Lover

January

The heart's seasons seldom coincide with the calendar. Who among us has not been made desolate yond all words upon some golden day, when the le creatures of the air and meadow were life inrnate, from sheer joy of living? Who among us has t come home, singing, when the streets were almost passable with snow, or met a friend, with a happy, iling face, in the midst of a pouring rain?

Old Rose and Silver

Second Day

January

"There are countless joys in the world, but
griefs are few and old. The humblest of us can
new happiness, but there has been no increase of
row since the world was made. There is a fixed
unvariable quantity of it and we take turns bearing
that's all. Nothing comes to any of us that some
before us has not met like a soldier, bravely and we

The Shadow of Victory

Third Day

January

"We don't forgive enough, we don't love enough, we're not kind enough, and that's all that's wrong with the world. There is n't time enough for bitterness—the end comes too soon."

Flower of the Dusk

Fourth Day

"One uncongenial guest can ruin a dinner more easily than a poor salad, and that is saying a great deal."

Old Rose and Silver

Men make better cooks than women because they put so much more feeling into it.

The Spinster Book

Fifth Day

January

The shallows touch the pebbles, and, behold, there is a little song. The deeps are stirred to their foundations, and, long afterward, there is a single vast strophe, majestic and immortal, which takes its place by right in the symphony of pain.

The Master's Violin

Sixth Day

"If we could only use other folks' experience, this here world would be heaven in about three generations, but we 're so constructed that we never believe fire 'll burn till we poke our own fingers into it to see. Other folks' scars don't go no ways at all toward convincin' us."

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

January

LOVE'S DAY IS DEAD

Love's day is dead. Across dim years I look
To see my heart's full sunset robed in gold;
Your hand slips into mine, as if to hold
My faltering faith with that dear bliss of old;
Love's day is dead.

Love's day is dead, but Memory lives on
As in those far-off skies the afterglow
Gives hint of day and dawn. Full well I know
That Lethe's cup brims not for me, although
Love's day is dead.

Eighth Day

January

There is a fine spiritual essence which exhales from the covers of a book. Shall one touch a copy of Shakespeare with other than reverent hands, or take up his Boswell without a smile? Through the worn covers and broken binding the master-spirit still speaks, no less than through the centuries which lie between. The man who had the wishing-carpet, upon which he sat and wished, and was thence immediately transported to the ends of the earth, was not possessed of a finer magic than one who takes his Boswell in his hands, and then, for a golden quarter of an hour, lives in a bygone London with Doctor Johnson.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

January

Friendship, like love, is often a matter of chemical affinity, wherein opposites rush together in obedience to a hidden law.

A Spinner in the Sun

It seems to be a settled thing that men shall do the courting before marriage and women afterward. Nobody writes articles on "How to Make a Wife Happy," and the innumerable cook-books, like an army of grasshoppers, consume and devastate the land.

The Spinster Book

Tenth Day

January

We know so much about other people that we often have not time to give due attention to ourselves. We neglect our own affairs that we may unselfishly direct others, and sometimes suffer in consequence, for nobody but a lawyer makes a good living by attending to other people's business.

The Spinster Book

Eleventh Day

"Margaret," asked Miss Field, suddenly, "what are you going to make of that boy?"

"A good man first," she answered. "After that, what God pleases."

The Master's Violin

January

Marriage is the cold potato of love.

The Spinster Book

To those we love most, we are invariably most cruel.

A Spinner in the Sun

Love and hate always remember; it is only indifference that forgets.

Thirteenth Day

January

"Two wrongs never make one perfect right. If you do your part, things will be only half wrong instead of entirely so."

Master of the Vineyard

Fourteenth Day

He told her of a love so vast and deep that it could not be measured by finite standards; of infinite pity and infinite pardon. This love was everywhere; it was impossible to conceive of a place where it was not—it enveloped not only the whole world but all the shining worlds beyond. And this love, in itself and of itself, was God.

A Spinner in the Sun

Fifteenth Day

January

The mother-in-law is the poster attached to the matrimonial magazine, which inspires would-be purchasers with awe.

The Spinster Book

Sixteenth Day

"It never does any good to run away from things that must be faced sooner or later. We women have our battles to fight as well as the men who go to war, and the same truth applies to both—that only a coward will retreat under fire."

Old Rose and Silver

Seventeenth Day

January

The gentle art of cooking, after all, is closely allied to the other one—of making enemies.

Lavender and Old Lace

There are fifty-seven varieties of love, any one of which is guaranteed to get you into a pickle

January

"TO RENT"

When at last my lease expires
  Of your tender heart,
And in the weary way of life
  You and I must part—
When the love that once enchained you
  Swiftly sets you free,
Dearest, will you always keep
  A little place for me?

Tenantless, perhaps, but still
  Only for a day—
Then laughter, song, and dancing feet;
  'T is the world-old way!
But if the music wearies you,
  Come softly to this shrine,
Let Memory light a woman's face
  With love that once was mine.

Nine-
teenth
Day

January

"When we oppose our personal opinion to the thing as it is, and have our minds set upon what should be, according to our ideas, it makes an edge. I think it is the finest art of living to see things as they are and make the best of them. There is so little that we can change! If the colours break over us, it is the fault of our sharp edges and not of the light."

The Master's Violin

January

Ugliness may be changed to beauty by anyone who knows how and is willing to work for it.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

"When we get civilised, I believe children will go by number until they get old enough to choose their own names."

Old Rose and Silver

Twenty-first Day

January

She is wise who fully understands her weapon of coquetry. She will send her lover from her at the moment his love is strongest and he will often seek her in vain. She will be parsimonious with her letters and caresses and thus keep her attraction at its height. If he is forever unsatisfied, he will always be her lover, for satiety must precede repulsion.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-second Day

The appointed thing comes at the appointed time in the appointed way. There is no terror save my own fear.

Master of the Vineyard

Twenty-third Day

"The only way to win happiness is to give it. The more we give, the more we have."

Old Rose and Silver

To one distinct class of women, men tell their troubles; the other class sees that they have plenty to tell. It is better to be in the second category than in the first.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-fourth Day

Life will give us back whatever we put into it. In a way, it's just like a bank. Put joy into the world and it will come back to you with compound interest, but you can't check out either money or happiness when you have made no deposits.

Flower of the Dusk

Twenty-fifth Day

"A letter has distinct advantages. You can say all you want to say before the other person has a chance to put in a word."

Master of the Vineyard

Twenty-sixth Day

January

The mother of Sparta bade her son return with his shield or on it, and the thought has potential might to-day. If a man honestly loves a woman, she need have no fear of the thousand foes that wait to take him from her. If he does not, the sooner she understands the truth, the better it is for both. There are many people who consider love a dream, but they usually grow to think of marriage as the cold breakfast.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-seventh Day

January

A SONG OF BOHEMIA

The fire burns low where the shadow lies
As though a topaz in dark should shine,
For the light that dwells in her starry eyes
Is caught in the amber dusk of wine.
What care we for the days hereafter
When firelight gleams on the oaken rafter?
For life is love and love is laughter
When her brimming glass meets mine.

Dreams of the harvest—the full moon creeping
Up to the dim hills sweet with pine;
The sound of the reaping—the melody sweeping
Down to the vineyard and through the vine
Made royal purple with clustered treasure,
Fragrant with nectar in generous measure;
Ah, life is love and love is pleasure
When her brimming glass meets mine.

"Here's to Love!" And the world-old story
Takes on a tenderness half-divine,
For the glowing crystal and amber glory
Gleam with a sparkle not wholly wine.
"Here's to Love!" Can the tie be slender?
Her dark eyes shine with a dusky splendour—
Ah, Sweetheart! See, her face grows tender
When her brimming glass meets mine!

Twenty-eighth Day

January

There is a great deal of trouble in this world which is not caused by people keeping their mouths shut.

The Book of Clever Beasts

Twenty-ninth Day

Love is the divine reagent of all Life's complicated chemistry; the swift turning of the prism, with ragged edges breaking the light into the colours of the spectrum to a point where refraction is impossible.

Master of the Vineyard

Thirtieth Day

January

"I may be wrong, but I've always believed that nothing is so bad it can't be made better."

A Spinner in the Sun

Thirty-first Day

No mountains divide us, no seas set apart; there is no barrier in all nature except the lines weak human hands have drawn. We are helpless without each other—we cannot suffer or enjoy alone.

Later Love Letters of a Musician

February

THE LITTLE THINGS

My dear, the little things I did for you
To-day have brought me comfort, one by one,
As through the purple dark a shaft of sun
Strikes far at dawn and changes dusk to blue.
The little things it cost me naught to do,
Remembering how slow life's sands may run,
To-day a web of purest gold have spun
Across the gulf that lies between us two.

Oh, dead and dear, the many little things!
The loving words I did not fail to say,
The kiss at parting, the caressing touch—
What shriven peace to me the memory brings!
And, weeping at your open grave to-day,
No single pang because I did too much!

First Day

February

"Truth is one clear white light and we are sunglasses with many corners. Prisms, I think you say. If the light strikes a sharp edge, it breaks into many colours. To one of us, everything will be purple, to another red, and to yet one more it will be all blue. If we have many edges, we see many colours. It is only the person who is in tune, who lets the light pass without interruption, who sees all things in one harmony, and Truth as it is."

The Master's Violin

Second Day

February

"There ain't never no use in borrering trouble and givin' up your peace of mind as security, cause you don't never get the security back. I've been married enough to know that there's plenty of trouble in life besides what's looked for, and it'll get in, without your holdin' open the door and spreadin' a mat out with 'Welcome' on it."

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Third Day

If a wireless telegraph instrument, sending its call into space, may be answered with lightning-like swiftness by another a thousand miles away, why should not a thought, without the clumsy medium of speech, instantly respond to another thought from a mind in harmony with it?

Master of the Vineyard

Fourth Day

February

There is a charm about other people's affairs which would render life beautiful indeed if it could be added to one's own.

The Spinster Book

Fifth Day

"It saves trouble to be conventional, for you're not always explaining things. Most of the startling items we read in the newspapers are serious lapses from conventionality and good manners."

Old Rose and Silver

Sixth Day

February

"All the life is made from death and all the death has only gone on to life again. You cannot have one without the other, any more than you can have a light without a shadow somewhere, nor a shadow without knowing that somewhere there must be light."

Master of the Vineyard

Seventh Day

The most precious things in the world are those which cannot be bought—the tender touch of a little child's fingers, the light in a woman's eyes, and the love in a woman's heart.

Later Love Letters of a Musician

Eighth Day

February

Cooking and love may seem at first glance to be widely separated, but no woman can have one without the other.

The Spinster Book

"I hope that sometime our civilisation may reach such a point of advancement that every woman will wear the clothes and jewels that suit her personality and make her home a proper setting for herself."

Old Rose and Silver

Ninth Day

February

"Lots of people think they 're charitable if they give away their old clothes and things they don't want. It is n't charity to give away things you want to get rid of, and it is n't a sacrifice to do things you don't mind doing."

Old Rose and Silver

Tenth Day

Woman has three weapons: flattery, food, and flirtation, and only the last of these is ever denied her by Time. With the first she appeals to man's conceit, with the second to his heart, which is suspected to lie at the end of the œsophagus rather than over among lungs and ribs, and with the third to his natural rivalry of his fellows.

The Spinster Book

Eleventh Day

February

The moral support afforded by a well-fitting corset is inconceivable to the mind of a mere man. A corset is to a woman what a hat is to a man—it prepares for any emergency, enables one to meet life on equal terms, and even to face a rebellious cook or janitor with "that repose which marks the caste of Vere de Vere."

Old Rose and Silver

Twelfth Day

"I wonder why people always cry at weddings and engagements and such things? A husband or wife is the only relative we are permitted to choose—we even have very little to say when it comes to a mother-in-law. With parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins all provided by a generous but sometimes undiscriminating Fate, it seems hard that one's only choice should be made unpleasant by salt water."

Master of the Vineyard

Thirteenth Day

February

TO HER

The dainty bits of silk and lace
For Fortune's favoured few,
Are not for me, with careless grace,
To buy and send to you;
Into my empty purse I peer,
Where silver does not shine,
Yet in my dreams I send you, Dear,
A tender Valentine.

I have no roses. They are meet
To seek you out and say:
"With all my soul I love you, Sweet,
For ever and a day";
I have no diamond star impearled,
No sapphire glinting blue,
Yet there is naught in all the world
I would not give to you.

And still there is a tender thing
Which has no subtle art;
I have no poet's song to sing,
But only this—a heart.
With all its love I send you this,
Straight from my breast to thine,
And, Dearest, see! A little kiss
To be your Valentine!

February

A VALENTINE

The world waxeth old and colder and we hide our hearts within us lest their precious essence fade away. And, though we love each other, we show it not, save in dreams, and in the darkness which clingeth round us we grope blindly and alone.

Sometimes we see the glimmer of a far-off star, and, reaching it, we find but a will-o'-the-wisp which leadeth us into many and strange places. But, after much deceit and stumbling, we come at last to the true radiance, which shineth steady and clear and filleth our souls with joy. . . .

And so to thee, Beloved, because thou hast ever led me toward the heights, and because through sun and storm thou hast ever loved me, seeing not the earthly being that I am but the angel that I long to be, I send this Valentine, and its message of my love for thee.

Later Love Letters of a Musician

Fifteenth Day

February

A woman may be a mystery to a man and to herself, but never to another woman. There is no concealment which is effectual when the eyes of another woman are fixed upon one's small and harmless schemes.

The Spinster Book

Sixteenth Day

Love—neither hunger nor thirst nor passion nor the need of sleep, neither a perception of the senses nor a physical demand, yet streaming divinely through any or all of these as only light may stream,—the heavenly signal of a star to earth through infinite darkness, illimitable space.

Master of the Vineyard

February

Seventeenth Day

Who shall say that inanimate things do not answer to our love of them, and diffuse between our four walls a certain gracious spirit of kindliness and welcome?

Flower of the Dusk

Eighteenth Day

No one can make a home alone. It needs a man's strong hands, a woman's tender hands, and two true hearts.

The Spinster Book

"They say a fireplace is the heart of a house, but I think a woman is the soul of it."

Old Rose and Silver

Nine-
teenth
Day

February

When Life lies fair in the distance, with the rosy hues of anticipation transfiguring its rugged steeps and yawning chasms, we are young, though our years may number threescore and ten. On that first day when we look back, either happily or with remorse, to the stony ways over which we have travelled, losing concern for that part of the journey which is yet to come, we have grown old.

The Master's Violin

February

AFTERGLOW

If only at the last your tears may fall
  Upon my upturned face of helpless clay,
  Unfearing I shall tread the hidden way
And follow where the mystic voices call.
  If only at the last you deem me fair
    And whisper tender words—ah, I shall know;
  Beyond the wintry branches, leafless, bare,
    My longing sight awaits the afterglow.

If only at the last a little while
  You kneel beside me in the darkened room,
  Amid the drifted white of springtime bloom,
It seems as if my silent lips must smile.
  If you should lay rosemary 'midst my rue,
    And kiss my empty hands, and softly hold
  My fingers in your own, I'd dream of you,
    And all my saddened skies would turn to gold.

. . . . . .

If only at the last a little love
  May follow me beneath the shielding sod,
  And that be yours, I shall not ask of God
A truer way His saving grace to prove;
  A-dreaming where the wind-swept grasses grow
    That last "good-night" I shall forever hear,
  And my face wear the light of afterglow
    If only at the last you love me, Dear!

Twenty-first Day

February

He who would win a woman must challenge her admiration, prove himself worthy of her regard, appeal to her sympathy—and then wound her. She is never wholly his until she realises that he has the power to make her miserable as well as to make her happy, and that love is an infinite capacity for suffering.

The Spinster Book

February

"It's better to be unhappy than never to take any risks. It all lies in yourself at last. If you're a true, loving woman, and never let yourself be afraid, nothing very bad can ever happen to you. You have the right to love and learn and suffer, to make great sacrifices, see great sacrifices made for you; to believe, to trust, even to be betrayed."

A Spinner in the Sun

Twenty-third Day

February

"I fought something out myself, once, and I won. It was hard, but I did it, and I'd do it again—I would n't be coward enough to run away. When things hurt you, you don't have to let anybody know. You can shut your lips tight, and if you bite your tongue hard enough, it keeps back the tears. I always pretend I'm a rock, with the waves beating against me. Let it hurt inside, if it wants to—you don't have to let anybody see."

The Shadow of Victory

February

The most pathetic thing in matrimony is the regularity with which husbands relate the irregularities of their friends.

The Spinster Book

"An old maid is a woman who never could have married and a spinster is merely one who has n't."

Master of the Vineyard

Twenty-fifth Day

February

She had thought of marriage as a sort of miraculous welding of two individualities into one, and was perceiving that it changed nothing very much—that souls went on their way unaltered. She saw, too, that there was no one in the wide world who could share her every mood and tense, that ultimately each one of us lives and dies alone, within the sanctuary of his own inner self, cheered only by some passing mood of friend or stranger which chances to chime with his.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Twenty-sixth Day

February

Woman's tears mean no more than the sparks from an overcharged dynamo—they are simply emotional relief.

The Spinster Book

Life had taught her one great lesson, and when one door of her heart was closed, she opened another, as quickly as possible.

Old Rose and Silver

Twenty-seventh Day

February

Talk, after all, is pathetically cheap. Where one cannot understand without words, no amount of explanation will make things clear. Across impassable deeps, like lofty peaks of widely parted ranges, soul greets soul. Separated forever by the limitations of our clay, we live and die absolutely alone. Even Love, the magician, who for dazzling moments gives new sight and boundless revelation, cannot always work his charm. A third of our lives is spent in sleep, and who shall say what proportion of the rest is endured in planetary isolation?

The Master's Violin

Twenty-eighth Day

February

"We can get out of anything, if we try. I'm not meaning by escape, but by growth. You put an acorn into a crevice in a rock. It has no wings, it cannot fly out, nobody will lift it out. But it grows, and the oak splits the rock; even takes from the rock nourishment for its root."

A Spinner in the Sun

Twenty-ninth Day

We can get used to almost anything, if we have to.

The Book of Clever Beasts

March

A VIOLIN

Dark night and storm, and passioned breaker's din,
The sea-bird's note, the vastness of the tide,
And softest winds that through the forest sighed
Are with this fibre strangely woven in.
The organ-tones of surge and sea begin
Within this mystic temple, sanctified
By all the vanished years, that, ere they died,
Had hid their sweetness in a violin.

Some day the buried music shall be found
When master-hands awake the sleeping voice
To some great song that in crescendo rings;
And thus, as silence changed to rapturous sound,
My wakened heart must evermore rejoice
Because thy fingers touched the hidden strings.

Sonnets to a Lover

First Day

March

Once in a man's life, perhaps, he sees himself as he is.

A Spinner in the Sun

The combination of native meanness with large opportunity is rare, but not too rare.

"Sometimes I think there is no sin but shirking. I can excuse a liar, I can pardon a thief, I can pity a murderer, but a shirk—no!"

A Spinner in the Sun

Second Day

Those who do not believe in personal influence should remain alone for a time in a place which an uninvited relative has regretfully left.

The Book of Clever Beasts

Third Day

March

THE SHIP OF MY HEART

I sent the ship of my heart away
At the dawn of a summer day,
Out where laughing mermaids play
'Mid tossing surge of sea;
"Oh ship," I whispered low,
"Where the night winds moan and blow,
Seek out my love in the night's dull grey
And bring him back to me!"

I sent the ship of my heart to sea;
Oh Captain, hear my plea!
Seek out my one true love for me
In yonder blinding spray;
Where the breakers meet and flow,
Set the harbour lights aglow,
And out of the East's dim mystery
Bring back my love to-day!

March

The divinest gift of marriage is this—the daily, unconscious growing of two souls into one. Aspirations and ambitions merge, each with the other, and love grows fast to love. Unselfishness answers to unselfishness, tenderness responds to tenderness, and the highest joy of each is the well-being of the other. The words of Church and State are only the seal of a predestined compact. Day by day and year by year the bond becomes closer and dearer, until at last the two are one, and even death is no division.

Flower of the Dusk

Fifth Day

March

"When you can't see straight ahead, it's becaus you're about to turn a corner."

Old Rose and Silver

"I don't know what's going to happen to me i the next world, nor even if there is any next worl but I'll march to the end of my enlistment with m soldier's honour still unstained."

The Shadow of Victory

Sixth Day

March

It would be a beautiful world, indeed, if we were not at such pains to hide our real selves—if all our kindly thoughts were spoken and all our generous deeds were done. No one of us would think of Death as our best friend if we were not all so bitterly unkind. Yet we put into still, white fingers the roses for which the living might have pleaded in vain, and too often, with streaming eyes, we ask pardon of the dead.

The Spinster Book

Seventh Day

March

Just why women should be concerned in regard to old loves has never been wholly clear. One might as well fancy a clean slate, freshly and elaborately dedicated to noble composition, being bothered by the addition and subtraction which was once done upon its surface.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Eighth Day

The heart of a man is divided into many compartments, mostly isolated. Sometimes there is a door between two of them, or even three may be joined, but usually each one is complete in itself. Within the different chambers his soul sojourns as it will, since, immeasurably beyond woman, he possesses the power of detachment, of intermittence.

Old Rose and Silver

March

LONELINESS

Night, and the empty room! The day's work done
Ends for me in loneliness till morning's sun;
Then toil, till the night lamps blaze, and, through the gloom,
Bring back to me the loneliness—the empty room.

Outside, the bells and endless roar of city's din,
Yet here no foot may ever pause or turn within;
Safe and sheltered although I am, the long night through,
I wake in darkness and strangely crave the touch of you.

Your warm words start from out the page, so mute and white;
I hold them close, for this is all I have to-night;
Not for me your tender arms nor kiss to know—
The whole world lies between, and yet I want you so!

If, for a moment, your hand might lie upon my face,
For a blinding instant I felt your love, my saving grace,
My courage, I know, would surely rise, as with the dawn,
Work one day more with joy, and then—forever on!

Tenth Day

March

No house is more than a roof and four walls, without the spirit that makes it home.

Flower of the Dusk

A woman, a fire, and a singing kettle are the dear, familiar spirits of the house.

Old Rose and Silver

THE PARADISE FLAT TOAST:

May our house always be too small to hold all our friends.

Eleventh Day

March

"'T is not for us to be happy without trying, any more than it is for a tree to bear fruit without effort. All the beauty and joy in the world are the result of work—work for each other and in ourselves."

A Spinner in the Sun

Twelfth Day

After the door of a woman's heart has once swung on its silent hinges, a man thinks he can prop it open with a brick and go away and leave it. A storm is apt to displace the brick, however, and there is a heavy spring upon the door. Woe to the masculine finger that is in the way!

The Spinster Book

March

Thirteenth Day

"I 've begun to see that it is n't so much our business to be happy as it is to do the things we are meant to do. And I think, too, that happiness comes most surely to those who do not go out in search of it, but do their work patiently and wait for it to come."

Master of the Vineyard

Fourteenth Day

In the rainbow brilliantly spanning the two mysterious silences, what is there for any of us, worth the having, more than work and friends and love?

Love Affairs of Literary Men

Fifteen Day

"When the right man comes, and you know absolutely in your own heart that he is the right man, go with him whether he be prince or beggar. . . . If you love him and he loves you, there are no barriers between you—they are nothing but cobwebs. Sweep them aside with a single stroke of magnificent daring, and go."

The Master's Violin

March

"It's the eternal woman-hunger for love that makes us what we are, compels us to endure what we do, and keeps us all door-mats with 'Welcome' printed on us in red letters. Eagerly trustful, we keep on buying tickets to the circus, and never discover, until we are old and grey, that it's always exactly the same entertainment and we're admitted to it, each time, by a different door."

Master of the Vineyard

Seventeenth Day

March

"There are always two sides to everything, and when we get so civilised that all women may be self-supporting if they choose, we may see a little advice to husbands on the way of keeping a wife's love, instead of the flood of nonsense that disfigures the periodicals now."

Old Rose and Silver

Eighteenth Day

"It all depends on the way you look at it. The point of view is everything in this world."

Lavender and Old Lace

March

Far up in the mountains, amid snow-clad steeps and rock-bound fastnesses, one finds, perchance, a shell. It is so small a thing that it can be held in the hollow of the hand; so frail that a slight pressure of the finger will crush it to atoms, yet, held to the ear, it brings the surge and sweep of that vast primeval ocean which, in the inconceivably remote past, covered the peak. And so, to the eye of the mind, the small brown book, with its hundred printed pages, brings back the whole story of the world.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Twentieth Day

March

When a woman once tells a man that she loves him, he regards it as some chemical process which has taken place in her heart, and he never considers the possibility of change. He is little concerned as to its expression, for he knows it is there. On the contrary, it is only by expression that a woman ever feels certain of a man's love.

The Spinster Book

March

IT WAS WINTER

It was winter, and the wood was bleak and grey;
There was portent in the vastness of the night;
But on the waiting earth enchantment lay
That set the trembling East aglow with light.
A violet unclosed, a maple stirred,
A dreaming river woke a drowsy bird,
At dawn a robin soared aloft to sing—
Lo, it was Spring!

It was winter in my heart ere you were there,
It was night upon my thorny, upward way;
I stretched my hands out through the dark in prayer
And dreamed the faltering dawn had hinted day.
Then blind tears veiled mine unbelieving sight,
God set thy love like stars within my night,
And at thy touch, my soul awoke to sing—
Lo, it is Spring!

Twenty-second Day

March

"The finest gift in the world is pleasure. Sometimes I think it's better to feed the soul and let the body fast."

Old Rose and Silver

"So far, we have one life and one death. At the end of one, we meet the other, so how does it matter —when, or in what way?"

The Shadow of Victory

Twenty-third Day

"When I see the pitiful specimens of manhood that women love, the things they give, the sacrifices they make, the neglect and desertions they suffer from, the countless humiliations they strive to bear proudly, I wonder that any one of us dares to look in the mirror."

Master of the Vineyard

March

There are three problems man is destined never to solve—perpetual motion, the square of the circle, and the heart of a woman.

The Spinster Book

"The seventh son of a seventh son, born with a caul and having three trances regularly every day after meals, never could hope to understand a woman unless she was willing to help him out a little occasionally."

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Twenty-fifth Day

March

One works steadily, even for years, bending all his energies toward one single point, and what is the result? Nothing! Another turns the knob of a door, walks into a strange room, or, perhaps, writes a letter, and from that moment his whole life is changed, for destiny lurks in hinges and abides upon the written page.

Master of the Vineyard

March

Life, after all, is a masquerade. We fear to show our tenderness and our love. We habitually hide our best feelings, lest we be judged weak and emotional and unfit for the age in which it is our privilege to move. Sometimes it needs Death to show us ourselves and to teach our friends our deep and unsuspected kindness.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-seventh Day

March

"All we can do in this world is the thing that seems to us the best. We have no concern with the results, except as a guide for the future, and sometimes, years afterward, we see that what seemed like a bitter loss was, in reality, gain."

The Shadow of Victory

March

"I have deliberately forgotten all the unpleasant things and remembered the others. When a little pleasure has flashed for a moment against the dark, I have made that jewel mine. . . . I call it my Necklace of Perfect Joy. When the world goes wrong, I have only to close my eyes and remember the links in my chain, set with gems, some large and some small, but beautiful with the beauty which never fades. It is all I can take with me when I go. My material possessions must stay behind, but my Necklace of Perfect Joy will bring me happiness to the end, when I put it on, to be nevermore unclasped."

The Master's Violin

Twenty-ninth Day

March

Civilisation must have begun not earlier than nine in the morning, nor later than noon.

Old Rose and Silver

It is difficult to conjecture what the state of civilisation might be if it were common for people to marry their first loves, regardless of "age, colour, or previous condition of servitude."

The Spinster Book

Thirtieth Day

March

It is only through our own sorrow that we come to understand the sorrow of others; only through our own weaknesses that we learn to pity the weakness of others, and only through our own love and forgiveness that we can ever comprehend the infinite love and forgiveness of God.

A Spinner in the Sun

Thirty-first Day

Fresh courage must ever dawn in a man's soul when a woman's faith keeps the lovelight burning upon the altar of his home.

Later Love Letters of a Musician

April

OUTWARD BOUND

When on the unknown deep there comes a sail,
Outlined in shadow on the darkened sea,
When far beyond, the Captain calls to me
And I alone can hear his searching hail,
Why should I fear to pass beyond the pale
And say a long farewell to love and thee,
When, set on whitening lips so tenderly,
Thy lover's kiss no longer may avail?

When all is done, I have no fear nor dread,
So when the Captain calls me, speak me fair
And hold my hand a moment in thine own;
For I should love thee still though I were dead
And past the waste of waters find thee there—
Sweetheart! I know I cannot die alone!

Sonnets to a Lover

April

A book, unlike any other friend, will wait, not only upon the hour but upon the mood. It asks nothing and gives much, when one comes in the right way. The volumes stand in serried ranks at attention, listening eagerly, one may fancy, for the command.

Is your world a small one, made unendurable by a thousand petty cares? Are the heart and soul of you cast down by bitter disappointment? Would you leave it all, if only for an hour, and come back with a new point of view? Then open the covers of a book. . . .

Would you have for your friends a great company of noble men and women who have wrought and suffered and triumphed in the end? Would you find new courage, stronger faith, and serene hope? Then open the covers of a book, and presto—change!

The Master's Violin

Second Day

April

There is no virtue in women which men cultivate so assiduously as forgiveness. They make one think that it is very pretty and charming to forgive. It is not hygienic, however, for the woman who forgives easily has a great deal of it to do.

The Spinster Book

Third Day

"I had thought, in my blindness, that the great things were the easiest to do, but now I see that drudgery is an inseparable part of everything worth while, and the more worth while it is, the more drudgery is involved."

Master of the Vineyard

April

Spring was stirring at the heart of the world, sending new currents of sap into the veins of the trees, new aspirations into dead roots and fibres, fresh hopes of bloom into every sleeping rose. Life incarnate knocked at the wintry tomb; eager, unseen hands were rolling away the stone. The tide of the year was rising, soon to break into the wonder of green boughs and violets, shimmering wings and singing winds.

A Spinner in the Sun

Fifth Day

April

Less materialistic and more finely-grained than Man, Woman aspires toward things that are often out of his reach. Failing in her aspiration, confused by the effort to distinguish the false from the true, she blindly clutches at the counterfeit and so loses the genuine forever.

Master of the Vineyard

Sixth Day

This is the eternal law: For every hour of suffering, we are paid with abundant joy; for every surge of our helpless, finite passion, there is a returning flow. For every swelling of the heart comes a moment of rest; for every hour of the night there is one of sun.

Later Love Letters of a Musician

April

BENEATH THE GRASS

To-day my heart keeps tryst with you,
  Remembering all you gave,
Though gold of April sun sifts through
  Like star-dust on your grave.

Where leaves sing on the drooping bough
  And whispering waters pass,
Do you reach up to clasp me now,
  Oh, hands beneath the grass?

Eighth Day

April

To those to whom love has come, beauty has come also, but merely as the reflection in the mirror, since only love may see and understand the thing itself. Purifying, uplifting, and exalting, making sense the humble servant and not the tyrannical master, renewing itself forever at divine fountains that do not fail; inspiring to fresh sacrifice, urging onward to new courage, redeeming all mistakes with its infinite pardon, this, indeed, is love, which neither dies nor grows old. And, since God himself is Love, what further assurance do we require of immortality?

Master of the Vineyard

April

"What must this man be, to whom I would surrender the keeping of my heart? . . . Someone whose beauty only my eyes should perceive, whose valour only I should guess before there was need to test it. Someone great of heart and clean of mind, in whose eyes there should never be that which makes a woman ashamed. Someone fine-fibred and strong-souled, not above tenderness when a maid was tired. One who should make a shield of his love, to keep her not only from the great hurts but from the little ones as well, and yet with whom she might fare onward, shoulder to shoulder, as God meant mates should fare."

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Tenth Day

April

Chivalry is not dead—nor dying. A woman may make a knight of the man who loves her, if she only will.

Later Love Letters of a Musician

There is only one path which leads to the house of forgiveness—that of understanding.

The Spinster Book

"Love in itself is not joy. It is always service and it may be sacrifice. It means giving, not receiving; asking, not answer."

Master of the Vineyard

April

The arbitrary social distinctions, made regardless of personality, are often cruelly ironical. Many a man, incapable by nature of lifelong devotion to one woman, becomes a husband in half an hour, duly sanctioned by Church and State. A woman who remains unmarried, because, with fine courage, she will have her true mate or none, is called "an old maid." She may have the heart of a wife and the soul of a mother, but she cannot escape her sinister label. The real "old maids" are of both sexes and many are married, but seldom to each other.

Flower of the Dusk

Twelfth Day

April

MY DREAM IS AT YOUR DOOR

At night, when all the world is still
And the crescent moon swings low,
With drowsy feet on the poppy hill
A little dream shall go;
Then out beyond the silvery waves
That kiss the slumber shore
And in your sleep you 'll smile because
My dream is at your door.

Outside your portal Love shall wait,
His deep eyes wet with dew,
For through all stress of Time or Fate
My life belongs to you;
So lift your tender face to mine,
Give me your lips once more,
Oh, Sweetheart, say you love me when
My dream is at your door!

April

Tears are more powerful with a lover than a club can ever hope to be with a husband.

In the matrimonial deck, the queen is more often paired with the knave than with the king.

Four-
teenth
Day

April

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

(To M. E. M. Davis)

If you, who long have breasted stormy seas,
Have heard the "one clear call" across the bar,
And dipped your colours from the steadfast spar
That held them, ever gallant, to the breeze,
I think the harbour lights and memories
Must keep us with you, though you wander far
On peaceful waters, where a friendly star
Still beckons you to higher destinies.

Brave heart, true heart, we will not say good-bye,
God speed you, with "no sadness of farewell,"
To that fair land which knows not grief nor pain;
God give us grace like yours, when soon we lie
Triumphant, free, beside an outgrown shell,
To wait His further use—"auf wiedersehen!"

April

"Marriage means that a man and a woman whom God meant to be mated have found each other at last. It means that there is nothing in the world that you have to face alone, that all your joys are doubled and all your sorrows shared. It means that there is no depth into which you can go alone; that one other hand is always in yours, trusting, clinging, tender, to help you bear whatever comes.

"It means that the infinite love has been given, in part, to you, for daily strength and comfort. It is a balm for every wound, a spur for every lagging, a sure dependence in every weakness, a belief in every doubt. The perfect being is neither man nor woman, but a merging of dual natures into a united whole. To be married gives a man a woman's tenderness; a woman, a man's courage. The long years stretch before them, and what lies beyond, no one can say, but they face it, smiling and serene, because they are together."

A Spinner in the Sun

Sixteenth Day

April

We cannot have more joy than we give—nor more pain. The eternal balance swings true. The capacity for enjoyment and the capacity for suffering are one and the same. He who lives out of the reach of sorrow has sacrificed his possible ecstasy.

The Spinster Book

Seventeenth Day

The soul has its own hours of Winter and Spring. Gethsemane and Calvary may come to us in the time of roses, and Easter rise upon us in a December night. How shall we know, in our own agony, of another's gladness, or, on that blessed to-morrow when the struggle is over, help someone else to bear our own forgotten pain?

Old Rose and Silver

April

"When you find your mate, you have to go. The call is insistent; there is no other way. It means child-bearing and child-loss, it means a thousand kinds of pain that you never knew before: loneliness, doubt, sacrifice, misunderstanding, and, always, the fear of change. Before, you think of it as a permanent bond of happiness; later, you see that it is a yoke, borne unequally. You marry to keep love, but sometimes that is the surest way to lose it."

The Shadow of Victory

Nine-
teenth
Day

April

Philosophers laugh at woman's fickleness, but her constancy, when once awakened, endures beyond life and death and even beyond betrayal.

The Spinster Book

"When a door in your heart is closed, turn the key and go away. Opening it only brings pain."

Old Rose and Silver

"In every life there is a perfect moment, like a flash of sun. We can shape our days by that, if we will—before, by faith; and afterward, by memory."

Lavender and Old Lace

April

"Whenever you see a man in a cemetery, my dear, you can take it for granted that he's a new-made widower. After the first week or two, he ain't got no time to go to no grave, he's so busy lookin' out for the next one."

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

I have often known the unexpected sight of a relative to produce cold perspiration on the skin of a sensitive, emotional person.

The Book of Clever Beasts

Twenty-first Day

April

It is only the surface emotion which is relieved by tears. Within the prison-house of the soul, when Grief, clad in grey garments, enters silently and prepares to remain, there is no weeping. One hides it, as the Spartan covered the bleeding wound in his breast.

The Master's Violin

Twenty-second Day

"I've never been the unhappy sort of woman who desires to keep the year forever at the Spring. Each season has its own beauty—its own charm. We would tire of violets and apple-blossoms if they lasted always. Impermanence is the very essence of joy—the drop of bitterness that enables one to perceive the sweet."

Master of the Vineyard

April

Twenty-third Day

The woman who longs for the right to propose is evidently not bright enough to bring a man to the point.

The Spinster Book

Matrimony is the one thing in the world that concerns nobody but the two who enter into it, and it's the thing that everybody has the most to say about.

Flower of the Dusk

Twenty-fourth Day

God suits the burden to the bearer. If you have much to bear, it is because you are strong enough to do it nobly and well. Only the weak are allowed to shirk and shift their load to the shoulders of the strong.

Flower of the Dusk

Twenty-fifth Day

April

"Life is like one of those queer puzzles that come in a box. It is full of small pieces which seemingly bear no relation to one another, and yet there is a way of putting it together into a perfect whole. Sometimes we make a mistake at the beginning and discard pieces for which we think there is no possible use. It is only at the end that we see we have made a mistake and put aside something of much importance, but it is always too late to go back—the pieces are gone."

The Master's Violin

April

"Nobody is so much related as twins are. Husband and wife are only relatives by marriage."

Old Rose and Silver

"Why do we always do for strangers what we do not willingly do for our own flesh and blood?"

Master of the Vineyard

There are a great many men who love their wives simply because they know they would be scalped if they did n't.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-seventh Day

April

Sometimes, into two hearts great enough to hold it, and into two souls where it may forever abide, there comes the Everlasting Love. It is elemental, like fire and the sea, with the depth and splendour of the surge and the glory of the flame. It makes the world a vast cathedral, in which they two may worship, and where, even in the darkness, there is the peace which passeth all understanding, because it is of God.

When the time of parting comes, for there is always that turning in the road, the sadness is not so great because one must go on alone. Life grows beautiful after a time and even wholly sweet, when a man and a woman have so lived and loved and worked together that death is not "good-bye," but rather "auf wiedersehen."

The Spinster Book

April

THE CLOSED WAY

Dear, I have dreamed—but the night is done,
  Look where the shadows flee;
A gleaming fabric the dawn has spun—
  Open thy heart for me!
The lovelight shines in thy glorious eyes
  As if they knew my plea;
Ah, Love, let me enter that Paradise—
  Open thy heart for me!

Dear, it is Spring, and love is all.
  Behold, on bended knee
I pray, as the mating robins call,
  Open thy soul for me!
Let my pleading go not astray,
  Through life I will follow thee;
Yea, and more—ah, Love, it is May—
  Open thy soul for me!

. . . . . .

Dear, it is night, and, grieving, I wait
  For you, wherever you be;
Love is not all—its master is Fate—
  Open your grave for me!
The lovelight shines in your eyes no more
  Down under the cypress tree;
I will wait—oh, Love, but my heart is sore—
  Open your grave for me!

Twenty-ninth Day

April

Emerson says: "The things which are really for thee gravitate to thee." One is tempted to add the World's Congress Motto: "Not things, but men."

The Spinster Book

Thirtieth Day

Were it not for this divine forgetting, few of us could bear life. One can recall only the fact of suffering, never the suffering itself. When a sorrow is once healed, it leaves only a tender memory, to come back, perhaps, in many a twilight hour, with tears from which the bitterness has been distilled.

Old Rose and Silver

May

CHOICE

The eyes of one shall open on the morn
  Where sunrise fires stain white peaks afar;
  Another in the valley, where no star
Breaks on the gloom, of sea and midnight born.
And where the poppies riot through the corn
  The one, unshod, may pass with wound nor scar—
  The other's struggling hands no gates unbar;
Thus one shall have the rose and one the thorn.

If I could choose, and could not be denied,
  Thy way would lie in many a sunny field
    While through the night my thorny path would be;
Forever in the dark would I abide
  And I would be thy solace and thy shield,
    If I could choose—if I could choose for thee!

Sonnets to a Lover

First Day

May

"When you 've learned to enjoy seein' your husband make a fool of himself, and have got enough self-control not to tell him he 's doin' it nor to let him see where your pleasure lies, you 've got marryin' down to a fine point."

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Second Day

Gossip is the social mosquito.

The gossips and busy-bodies would die of malnutrition were it not for marriage and its complications.

"Silence and reserve will give anyone a reputation for wisdom."

Old Rose and Silver

Third Day

May

"Gettin' an idea into a man's head is like furnishin' a room. If you can once get a piece of furniture where you want it, it can stay there until it 's worn out or busted, except for occasional dustin' and repairin'. You can add to it from time to time as you have to, but if you attempt to refurnish a room that 's all furnished, and do it all at once, you 're bound to make more disturbance than housecleanin'.

"It has to be done slow and careful, unless you have a likin' for rows, and if you 're one of those kind of women that 's forever changin' their minds about furniture and their husband's ideas, you 're bound to have a terrible restless marriage."

Flower of the Dusk

May

THE LORELEI

When dawn lies dim on thy horizon
Brave colours from the mast unfurl,
And sail toward some fair lost island
Where sapphire surges break in pearl,
Till noon comes white upon the water
Reflecting turquoise from the sky—
How silent is the deep sea's daughter
They call the Lorelei!

Long shafts of sunlight touch the breakers,
A thousand gems the bright waves hold;
Look, thy pathway is enchanted
For all the sea has turned to gold!
Yet from the East's dim, distant chamber
Where circling sea-gulls slowly fly,
The twilight comes and then the darkness
When sings the Lorelei.

A shadow falls upon the water,
The splendour of the day is past,
And 'mid the lightning and the thunder
The fearful midnight cometh fast;
Lured on by strains so strangely tender,
On hidden reefs the Captains die
And passing souls their tribute render
To thee, oh Lorelei!

Fifth Day

May

Courtship is a game that a girl has to play without knowing the trump. The only way she ever succeeds at it is by playing to an imaginary trump of her own, which may be either open, disarming friendliness, or simple indifference.

The Spinster Book

Sixth Day

"A gentlewoman will always be independent of her servants, and there are certain things no gentlewoman will trust her servants to do."

The Master's Violin

May

A church fair is a place where people spend more than they can afford for things they do not want, in order to please people whom they do not like and to help heathen who are happier than they are.

Flower of the Dusk

Matches are not all made in heaven. Even the parlour variety sometimes smells of brimstone, and Cupid is blamed for many which are made by cupidity.

The Spinster Book

Eighth Day

May

"Have n't you learned that sometimes we have to wait; that we can't always be going on? Just moor your soul at the landing-place and when the hour comes, you 'll swing out into the current again. Much of the driftwood is only craft that broke away from the landing."

Old Rose and Silver

Ninth Day

"I have come to see that joy comes through what we give, not through what we take, happiness through service, not through being served, and peace through labour, not rest."

Master of the Vineyard

Tenth Day

May

He had come to see that the world is full of kindness, that through the countless masks of varying personalities all hearts beat in perfect unison, and that joy, in reality, is immortal, while pain dies in a day.

Old Rose and Silver

Eleventh Day

Death is the advertisement, at the end of an autobiography, wherein people discover its virtues.

The Spinster Book

"After you once get it into your head that God is everywhere, you can't be afraid because there 's nothing to be afraid of."

Old Rose and Silver

Twelfth Day

May

IN JAPAN

Take me where the fragrant tea-fields lie along the sea
In Japan, old Japan;
Since there 's hunger clutching at the inmost heart of me
For Japan, old Japan.
From the dusky sweetness I have been so long away,
Fain I would be back again where rippling waters play;
Take me back to dear Japan, oh, take me back I pray
To Japan—old Japan!

When I sip this shining amber then it is I dream
In Japan, old Japan;
Caught in gleaming crystal all my wandering fancies seem
Of Japan, old Japan;
Dainty geishas patter by in softest sandals shod,
Drifted cherry-blossoms lie asleep upon the velvet sod,
To the rice-field's whispered music drowsy poppies nod
In Japan, old Japan.

Thirteenth Day

May

It is a way of life and one of its inmost compensations—this finding of a reality so much easier than our fears.

A Spinner in the Sun

Fourteenth Day

The world makes as many saints as sinners and the man who needs to be kept away from any sort of temptation is weak indeed. There are many of his kind, but he is the better man in the end who meets it face to face, fights with it like a soldier, and wins like a king.

The Spinster Book

Fifteenth Day

May

"I'm thinking that the life we live is not unlike the players. We have each our own instrument, but we are not content to follow as the Master leads. We do not like the low, long notes that mean sadness; we will not take what is meant for us, but insist on the dancing tunes and the light music of pleasure. It is this that makes the discord and all the confusion. The Master knows his meaning, and could we each play our part well, at the right time, there would be nothing wrong in all the world."

A Spinner in the Sun

Sixteenth Day

If you only wait and do the best you can, things all work out straight again.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Seventeenth Day

Too often the hungry soul mistakes the little love for the great and repines when it is taken away, not seeing that the imperious guest demands all that is true and in return gives nothing that is not.

Later Love Letters of a Musician

Eighteenth Day

May

It is unyielding Honour at the core of things that keeps them sound and sweet.

The Spinster Book

Nineteenth Day

God has made it so that love given must unfailingly come back an hundred-fold; the more we give, the richer we are. And Heaven is only a place where the things that have gone wrong here will at last come right.

Flower of the Dusk

May

YOU WILL FORGET

You will forget. The flowering tide of Spring
Stands still at flood; the blossoms overflow
For gladness, and beside that tender glow
Of life, you kiss me, yet I dumbly know
You will forget.

The Summer comes. Ah, Sweetheart, love is sweet;
The very breath of God lies on the land;
You draw me close to you, but though my hand
In faith seeks yours, I dimly understand
You will forget.

The earth grows chill. The banner of the frost
Flames gold and crimson in the wood. We start
As from a dream, and, wondering, stand apart.
Ah, what is this? Hush, hush, my beating heart—
You will forget.

Can I forget? The harvest of my soul
Lies winnowed at your door. The meadow-rue
Which binds it as of old is not more true
Than I, and yet I walk alone, while you—
You will forget.

Twenty-first Day

May

Of the things that make for happiness, the love of books comes first. No matter how the world may have used us, sure solace lies there. The weary, toilsome day drags to its disheartening close, and both love and friendship have proved powerless to understand, but, in the quiet corner, consolation can always be found. A single shelf, perhaps, suffices for one's few treasures, but who shall say it is not enough?

The Master's Violin

Twenty-second Day

May

"Many a woman mistakes the flaws in a man's character for the ravages of the tender passion—before marriage."

The Shadow of Victory

Twenty-third Day

Revolution is obstructed evolution.

If possession be nine points of the law, hanging to those nine like grim death is the other one.

Twenty-fourth Day

May

"Before marriage, a woman spends all her life waiting for her husband. After marriage, she spends three-quarters of it in the same way."

The Book of Clever Beasts

Nothing strengthens a woman's self-confidence like a proposal. One is a wonder, two a superfluity, and three an epidemic. Four are proof of unusual charm, five go to the head, and it is a rare girl whom six or seven will not permanently spoil.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-fifth Day

May

"We are never young but once and Youth asks no greater privilege than to fight its own battles. It is mistaken kindness to shield—it weakens one in the years to come."

The Master's Violin

Twenty-sixth Day

No matter how one's heart aches, one can do the necessary things and do them well.

Master of the Vineyard

Twenty-seventh Day

May

"It is bad manners to contradict a guest. You must never insult people in your own house—always go to theirs."

The Book of Clever Beasts

Twenty-eighth Day

While muscles develop and strengthen with use, the slender fibres of sentiment do not. The violence of an affection ultimately impairs it.

Love Affairs of Literary Men

It is possible for a spinster to be disappointed in lovers, but only the married are ever disappointed in love.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-ninth Day

May

Love, like a child, is man's to give and woman's to keep, to guard, to nourish, to suffer for, and, perhaps, last of all, to lose.

Master of the Vineyard

Thirtieth Day

True lovers are as certain to return as Bo-Peep's flock or a systematically deported cat. Shamefaced, but surely, the man comes back.

The Spinster Book

Thirty-first Day

May

Longing, from the day of her birth, for love, she spends herself prodigally in the effort to find it, little guessing, sometimes, that it is not the most obvious thing Man has to offer. With colour and scent and silken sheen, she makes a lure of her body; she makes temptation of her hands and face and weaves it with her hair. She flatters, pleads, cajoles, denies only that she may yield, sets free in order to summon back, and calls, so that when he has answered she may preserve a mystifying silence. She affects a thousand arts that in her heart she despises, pretends to housewifery that she hates, forces herself to play tunes when she has no gift for music, and chatters glibly of independence when she has none at all.

Master of the Vineyard

June

WAITING

Sometimes, when sunset skies are overcast,
And I have lived my day as best I know,
I fall to dreaming, and remember so
The golden hours that shimmered as they passed.
Sometimes, when tired eyes are filling fast,
I hear thy footfalls near me, hushed and slow;
I feel thy kiss upon my hand and grow
Toward the calm of perfect peace at last.

Sometimes my lonely soul cries out for thee,
My hungry heart pleads for thee, deep within,
Then once again I hear thy dear voice call.
Ah, Sweetheart! Say that in Eternity
God gives us back these long-lost years and in
A blinding instant we shall find them all!

Sonnets to a Lover

First Day

June

Art thou in doubt? Then let thy straining eyes look up to the Star of Faith. Art thou disheartened? The light of new courage shall shine upon thee there. Art thou sorrowful? Put by thy rue and gather the Life Everlasting.

Later Love Letters of a Musician

Second Day

Sociability is a fruitful cause of disagreement—people who are not upon speaking terms do not quarrel.

Third Day

June

She was closely housed and constantly at work, but her mind soared free. When the poverty and ugliness of her surroundings oppressed her beauty-loving soul; when her fingers ached and the stitches blurred into mist before her eyes, some little brown book, much worn, had often given her the key to the House of Content.

Flower of the Dusk

Fourth Day

"Matrimonial traits are the result of pre-nuptial tendencies. If you look carefully into the subject before you 're married, you can see about what you 're coming to."

The Shadow of Victory

Fifth Day

June

Happy are they who can drown all pain, sorrow, and disappointment in a copious flood of tears.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Men are as impervious to tears and pleadings as a good mackintosh to mist, but at the touch of indifference they melt like wax.

The Spinster Book

Sixth Day

When the last word is said, content is a matter of temperament rather than circumstance, and, for each earthly blessing, the price must inevitably be paid.

Love Affairs of Literary Men

Seventh Day

June

"Whatever is past is over and I 'm thinking you have no more to do with it than a butterfly has with the empty chrysalis from which he came. The law of life is growth, and we cannot linger—we must always be going on."

A Spinner in the Sun

Eighth Day

"Some people are happier when they 're miserable. I don't mean, dearie, that it 's easy for any of us, and it 's harder for some than for others, all because we never grow up. We 're always children—our playthings are a little different—that 's all."

Lavender and Old Lace

June

A GYPSY SONG

Over the hill and through the plain
The road, like a ribbon of dusty grey,
Winds past fields of budding grain
And meadows sweet with unmown hay;
Like children singing at their play
To the lilt and laugh of a vagrant rune,
There bands of roving gypsies stray—
Ho for the road and the days of June!

The meadow-lark, with soft refrain,
Sings in the clover the livelong day,
And the robin-lover chants again
His unforgotten hymn of May;
Against the turquoise sky a spray
Of apple-blossoms shines at noon,
Breathing scent too sweet to stay—
Ho for the road and the days of June!

The rover builds his castles in Spain
For none may tell the dreamer nay,
Through shadow, sun, or summer rain
His heart still beats to the gypsy lay;
Oh, Prince of Poverty, show us the way
To find and follow the magic tune;
Give us the charm, and teach us to say
Ho for the road and the days of June!

Twelfth Day

June

A man whom a dog will trust is never wholly bad.

A man may mean what he says—at the time he says it—but men and seasons change.

The Spinster Book

Thirteenth Day

Men have led and women followed since, back in Paradise, the First Woman gave her hand to the First Man that he might lead her wherever he would.

Master of the Vineyard

June

"'T is a hard world for women, Laddie. I 'm thinking 't is no wonder they grow suspicious at times."

A Spinner in the Sun

"If I loved a woman, I would protect her at the risk of my own life, my own happiness, my own soul. If I loved a woman, she should think of me in just one way—as her shield."

The Shadow of Victory

Fifteenth Day

June

So far as man is of the earth, earthy, by the earth and its fruits may he be healed, but the heavenly part of him may be ministered unto only by the angels of God.

Old Rose and Silver

Sixteenth Day

The soul capable of ecstasy and transport must pay its price in suffering; he who walks upon the heights must sometimes grovel in the dust.

Love Affairs of Literary Men

"No one sees another in the House of the Broken Heart. Each one is absorbed in his own grief to the exclusion of all else."

Master of the Vineyard

June

There is a secret compensation which clings to the commonest affairs of life. One sees before him a mountain of toil, an apparently endless drudgery from which there is no escape. Having once begun it, an interest appears unexpectedly; new forces ally themselves with the fumbling hands. Misfortunes come, "not singly, but in battalions." After the first shock of realisation, one perceives through the darkness that the strength to bear them has come also, like some good angel.

A Spinner in the Sun

Eighteenth Day

June

THE CITY OF DREAMS

There 's a river that flows to a lullaby song
Where the blue water twinkles and gleams,
For the surge of it sings as it ripples along
To the beautiful City of Dreams.
No hearts ever ache on that lily-lined shore
When the wind down the river is fair,
For the wandering feet on that far-away street
Have forgotten their toil and their care.

The cloud-capped towers are silvery white
And wonderful stories are told,
For to the Dream City comes never a night
Save sunset of crimson and gold;
The jangle and jar and fret of the day
Are lost in a Summer-sweet strain,
And when the bees hum, hushed melodies come
Like the murmur of wind through the grain.

The lotus blooms sweet on the river to-day
And the South wind blows cool from the sea;
Afar in the harbour the stately ships sway
And there 's one 'mid the lilies for me;
The poppies run wild through the wheat on the shore
And the gates of the City unbar
When there shines on the crest of a cloud in the West
The dusk-shaded lamp of a star.

Nineteenth Day

For days, for months, even, no single action may be significant, and again, upon another day, a thoughtless word, or even a look, may be as a pebble cast into deep waters, to reach by means of ever-widening circles some distant, unseen shore.

Master of the Vineyard

Twentieth Day

Married and unmarried women waste a great deal of time in feeling sorry for each other.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-first Day

June

When the book-lover enters his library, no matter what storm and tumult may be in his heart, he has come to the inmost chamber of Peace. The indescribable musty odour which breathes from the printed page is fragrant incense to him who loves his books. In unseemly caskets his treasures may be hidden, yet, when the cover is reverently lifted, the jewels shine with no fading light. The old, immortal beauty is still there, for anyone who seeks it in the right way.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

June

Making an issue of a little thing is one of the surest ways to spoil happiness. One's personal pride is felt to be vitally injured by surrender, but there is no quality of human nature so nearly royal as the ability to yield gracefully. It shows small confidence in one's own nature to fear that compromise lessens self-control. To consider constantly the comfort and happiness of another is not a sign of weakness, but a sign of strength.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-third Day

June

In making herself "all things to all men," Woman loses her own individuality and becomes no more than a harp which any passing hand may strike to quick response. To one man she is a sage, to another an incarnate temptation, to another a sensible business-like person, to another a frothy bit of frivolity. To one man she is the guardian of his ideals, as Elaine in her high tower kept Launcelot's shield bright for him; to another she is what he very vaguely terms "a good fellow," with a discriminating taste in cigarettes and champagne.

Master of the Vineyard

June

Twenty-fourth Day

It was a wise hostess who discovered the fact that changing rooms may change moods; that many a successful dinner has an aftermath as cold and dismal as a party call. The hour after dinner is often the stick of a sky-rocket, which never fails to return and bring disillusion with it.

Old Rose and Silver

Twenty-fifth Day

We are wont to speak of woman's tenderness, but there is no tenderness like that of a man for the woman he loves when she is tired or troubled, and the man who has learned simply to love a woman at crucial moments, and to postpone the inevitable idiotic questioning till a more auspicious time, has in his hands the talisman of domestic felicity.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-sixth Day

June

THE EMPTY ROOM

Some day your open heart will close to me
So gently that at first I shall not know
My place is mine no longer—that I go
Tear-blinded then on paths I may not see.
This little room, to which I hold the key,
Warms all your life, as from a crimson glow
That flames afar upon a world of snow,
And yet the closing door shall make you free.

Dear, when the roses have gone back to dust,
When every kiss has died and touch that thrilled,
When broken, scattered crystal holds no wine;
Will you remember once our love and trust,
And let this little empty room be filled
With never-dying fragrance that was mine?

Twenty-seventh Day

One of love's divinest gifts is the power to bestow beauty wherever it goes. . . . For the beauty of the spirit may transfigure its earth-bound temple, as some vast and grey cathedral, with light streaming from its stained-glass windows and eloquent with chimes and singing, may breathe incense and benediction upon every passer-by.

Master of the Vineyard

Twenty-eighth Day

"I 'll tell you right now, my dear, that if there was more honeymoons took beforehand to each other's folks, there 'd be less marryin' done than what there is."

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Twenty-ninth Day

June

Woman's chains are of her own forging and anchor her to the eternal verities of earth and heaven.

Old Rose and Silver

If all men were lovers, there would be no "new woman" movement, no sociological studies of "Woman in Business," no ponderous analyses of "The Industrial Condition of Woman" in weighty journals.

The Spinster Book

June

"After you once get an idea into a man's head, it stays put. You can't never get it out again. And ideas that other people puts in is just the same."

Flower of the Dusk

The complexities in man's personal equation are caused by variants of three emotions: a mutable fondness for women, according to temperament and opportunity, a more uniform feeling toward money, and the universal, devastating desire—the old, old passion for food.

The Spinster Book

Twe
nini
Da

July

THE LAST TIME

Some day the slanting sunbeams on the floor
To one of us will give no kindly light,
For all the world will change to darkest night
The hour the Reaper pauses at our door;
Some day a heart that hungers, stabbed and sore,
Will strive to bear its bitter cross aright;
With hands that falter, and with dimming sight
The one will seek the other evermore.

So let each word be tender, and the touch,
So gentle, grow each day more gentle still,
For Love's dear day will vanish all too fast;
And, at the end, since we have loved so much,
A lingering peace the sore heart may distil—
Remembering the kiss that was the last.

Sonnets to a Lover

July

Pedestals are always lonely.

"Freedom is the great gift—and the great loneliness."

Master of the Vineyard

People who are wedded to their art sometimes get a divorce without asking for it.

Better a thousand times that marriage should spoil a career than for the career to spoil marriage.

Fame is a laurel wreath laid upon a tomb.

Second Day

July

"Since Adam and Eve were placed in the Garden of Eden, women have been home-makers, and men have been home-builders. All the work in the world is directly and immediately undertaken for the maintenance and betterment of the home. A woman who has no love for it is unsexed. God probably knew how He wanted it—at least we may pardoned for supposing that He did."

The Master's Violin

Third Day

July

There is nothing so dead as a woman's dead love. When the fire goes out and no single ember is left, the ashes are past the power of flame to rekindle.

Old Rose and Silver

Fourth Day

Fortunately, age does not affect literature. Even after a man is dead, he may continue in the business and often rank higher than his living competitors.

The Book of Clever Beasts

July

ATTAR OF ROSES

Within the garden roses bloom,
Their petals pearled with dew,
And there amid the twilight gloom
I go to dream of you;
Upon my weary wayworn path
So like a rose you lay
I caught you to my hungry heart
Nor guessed you could not stay.

. . . . . .

Within a chalice, crystal clear,
The souls of roses hide;
In some far Persian garden, dear,
These fragrant flowers died—
And when the chalice breaks, the scent
Is scattered on the air,
So from my broken heart there breathes
This rose I could not wear.

Sixth Day

July

When a man seeks a woman's society, it is because he has need of her—not because he thinks she has need of him.

The Spinster Book

Seventh Day

Absence may make a woman's heart grow fonder, but it is presence that plays the mischief with a man. No wise girl would accept a man who proposed by moonlight or just after dinner. The dear things are n't themselves then.

The Spinster Book

Eighth Day

July

Anger is a better weapon than tears; a burr commands more respect than a sensitive plant.

There is always one way to make anybody do anything—the trouble is to find it.

Ninth Day

"I think that the Ideal consists in minding your own business and gently but firmly assisting others to mind theirs."

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Tenth Day

July

"The more love you give, the more you have. It is, in a way, like the old legend of the man who found he could take to heaven with him only those things which he had given away."

Master of the Vineyard

Eleventh Day

Next to burglars, mice, and green worms, every normal girl fears a widow. Courtships have been upset and expected proposals have vanished into thin air, simply because a widow has come into the game. There is only one thing to do in such a case: retreat gracefully, and leave the field to her.

The Spinster Book

Twelfth Day

July

"You may think men folks is all different, but there 's a dretful sameness to 'em after they 've been through a marriage ceremony. Marriage is just like findin' a new penny on the walk. When you first see it, it 's all shiny and a'most like gold, an' it tickles you most to pieces to think you 're gettin' it, but after you 've picked it up, you see that what you 've got is half wild Indian, or mebbe more—I ain't never been in no mint. You may depend upon it, my dear, there 's two sides to all of us, and before marriage you see the wreath—afterwards a savage."

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

July

All of time and eternity may be imprisoned in a single heart—the Infinite is love and a grave.

Love Affairs of Literary Men

"Poets may find new words for it, but there is nothing else for a man to say. Just those three words, 'I love you,' to hold the universe and to measure it, for there is nothing else worth keeping in all the world."

The Shadow of Victory

Fourteenth Day

July

"We may be happy or not, just as we choose. Happiness is not a circumstance, nor a set of circumstances; it 's only a light and we may keep it burning if we will. So many of us are like children, crying for the moon, instead of playing contentedly with the few toys we have. We 're always hoping for something, and when it does n't come we fret and worry. When it does, why, there 's always something else we 'd rather have. We deliberately make nearly all of our unhappiness, with our own unreasonable discontent, but nothing will ever make us happy, dearie, except the spirit within."

Lavender and Old Lace

Fifteenth Day

July

A woman is never old until the little finger of her glove is allowed to project beyond the finger itself, and she orders her new photographs from an old plate in preference to sitting again.

The Spinster Book

Sixteenth Day

From the crucible of Eternity, Time, the magician, draws the days. Some are wholly made of beauty; of wide sunlit reaches and cool silences. Some of dreams and twilight, with roses breathing fragrance through the dusk. Some of darkness, wild and terrible, lighted only by a single star. Others still of riving lightnings and vast, reverberating thunders, while the heart, swelled to bursting, breaks on the the reef of Pain.

The Master's Vio in

Seventeenth Day

July

A man's affection is regulated by his digestion.

Serious indeed is a passion which obscures a man's regard for his dinner!

Love Affairs of Literary Men

It is a simple thing to acquire a lover, but it is a fine art to keep him.

The Spinster Book

It is as important to clothe the lay-figure as it is to feed the brute.

July

REINCARNATION

We must have loved each other long ago
  In some far time when this old world was young;
  Perchance we spoke in some forgotten tongue
In lost lands under seas that ebb and flow.
And some day, too, your dust and mine will blow
  On winds of Fate where once we kissed and clung,
  Yet this immortal rapture must have sprung
From hidden fountains only gods may know.

Dust unto dust, in all the ways of earth—
  You hold me in your arms but for a day
    Then, like a sundering sword, night bids us part;
And yet we smile, for in another birth
  We two shall love in just this same dear way—
    Your lips on mine, my heart against your heart.

Nine-
teenth
Day

July

"I often think that in Heaven we may have a chance to pay our debt to woman. Through woman's agony we come into the world, by woman's care we are nourished, by woman's wisdom we are taught, by woman's love we are sheltered, and, at the last, it is a woman who closes our eyes. At every crisis of a man's life, a woman is always waiting, to help him if she may, and I have seen that at any crisis in a woman's life we are apt to draw back and shirk. She helps us bear our difficulties; she faces hers alone."

A Spinner in the Sun

July

"When we come to the sundown road, we need all the love we have managed to take with us from the summit of the hill."

Old Rose and Silver

As truly as she needs her bread and meat, woman needs love, and, did he but know it, man needs it, too, though in lesser degree.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-first Day

July

"Take it with your head up, your teeth shut, and your heart always believing. Fear nothing, and much will be given back to you—is it not so? Let life do all it can—you will never be crushed unless you are willing that it should be so. Defeat comes only to those who invite it."

The Master's Violin

July

22

"It seems as if God made us for each other in the beginning but kept us apart, and, even after we met, it was n't much better until all at once there was a light and then we knew. It seems as if I never could be miserable or out of sorts again; as if everything was right and always would be, that whatever came to me, you 'd help me bear it, and always you 'd be my shield."

The Shadow of Victory

Twenty-third Day

July

It is passion that cries out for continual assurance, for fresh sacrifices, for new proof. Love needs nothing but itself; it asks for nothing but to give itself; it denies nothing, neither barriers nor the grave. Love can wait until life comes to its end and trust to eternity, because it is of God.

Flower of the Dusk

July

Twenty-fourth Day

She frequently said she had everything a husband could have given her except a lot of trouble.

A Spinner in the Sun

Twenty-fifth Day

A widow's degree of blandishment is conservatively estimated at twenty-five spinster power.

The Spinster Book

"No one can solve a problem for another, but I think, when it 's time to act, one knows what to do and the way is clearly opened for one to do it."

Master of the Vineyard

Twenty-sixth Day

July

ROSES AND RUE

I sit in the shadow alone, sweetheart;
Your roses are scenting the air,
And I dream of the time when you promised me,
Down in the garden there.
Marigolds, hollyhocks, prince's feather,
Bent their heads in the dim, sweet light,
As under the willow-tree—don't you remember?
I kissed you and said good-night.

Ah, sweetheart mine, with half-sad eyes,
We have had our measure of rue;
The skies were dark and the skies were fair,
But I knew you forever were true;
And now, as I sit in the dark alone,
I would give the world to know
The way through the wood to the far-off field
Where the simples for heartache grow.

Love fades, they say, when the pulse is old,
And I am three-score and ten,
But to-night, with its bitter surge of loss,
Lies far beyond their ken;
For to-morrow they hide you away, sweetheart,
In the garden, out of my sight,
So I lift up the roses—God's roses—around you;
And kiss you, and say good-night!

Twenty-seventh Day

July

"That is the great tragedy of life, things can never be as they were before. Sometimes they 're worse, sometimes better, but the world is never the same."

Old Rose and Silver

Twenty-eighth Day

Let man ask what he will and woman will give it, praying only that somewhere she may come upon love. She adapts herself to him as water adapts itself to the shape of the vessel in which it is placed. She dare not assert herself, or be herself, lest, in some way, she should lose her grasp upon the counterfeit which largely takes the place of love.

Master of the Vineyard

Twenty-ninth Day

July

"Have you not seen that you can never have sorrow until you have first had joy? Happiness is the light and sadness the shade."

A Spinner in the Sun

Thirtieth Day

Love is the root of everything good in all the world, and where things are wrong, it is only because sometime, somewhere, there has not been enough love. The balance has been uneven and some have had too much while others were starving for it. As the lack of food stunts the body, so the denial of love warps the soul.

Flower of the Dusk

Thirty-first Day

"When an insurmountable obstacle presents itself, sometimes there is an easy way around it."

Master of the Vineyard

August

LOVE'S AFTERNOON

The sunset radiance on far heights has lain,
And in hushed murmur flows the singing stream;
Amid the maples Autumn splendours gleam,
And shadows slowly creep upon the plain,
Soft purple dusk lies on the fields of grain,
And whispered notes from drowsy robins seem
Like distant echoes from the hills of dream,
Or like the cadence of an April rain.

If Love like dawn and morning fades away,
If only once there comes this thing sublime,
If Love's sweet year holds but a single June—
I will not ask from God another day
Nor plead for Spring again at harvest-time,
But walk toward night with thee, through afternoon.

Sonnets to a Lover

August

Someone who is dear to thee hath entered upon the long sleep, but art thou alone in this? A day like thine must come to all. Someone upon whom thy soul leaned is lost, but art thou alone? The shimmering veil of estrangement hangs ever between human hearts.

Thou hast only to wait and that which is truly thine own shall come back to thee unchanged and sweeter for the long absence. And in the grave hast thou placed thine all? Hath not Mnemosyne left thee sweet days and tender thoughts? Unless thou hast this consolation, thou hast suffered no loss.

Later Love Letters of a Musician

Second Day

August

A man capable of leading a regiment in a gallant charge will not infrequently be like wax in the hands of the woman he loves.

Love Affairs of Literary Men

Before marriage, man is a low and useless trump, but afterward he is ace high in the game.

The Spinster Book

Third Day

True sympathy is possible only when the season of one soul accords with that of another, or else when memory, divinely tender, brings back a vivid, scarlet hour out of grey, forgotten days, to enable us to share, with another, our own full measure of sorrow or of joy.

Old Rose and Silver

Fourth Day

August

"One step forward wherever there is a foothold, and trust to God for the next."

Master of the Vineyard

Fifth Day

"There is nothing in all the world that means so much as that one word 'together,' and when you add 'love' to it, you have heaven, for God Himself can give no more joy than to bring together two who love, never to part again."

Flower of the Dusk

Sixth Day

August

"It is not for you to say whether or not anything is worthy when it has once been given you to do. You have only to do it and make it worthy by the doing. When you have proved yourself capable, another task will be given you, but not before."

Master of the Vineyard

Seventh Day

Doing the things which ought not to be done never loses fascination and charm. The rare pleasure thus obtained far exceeds the enjoyment of leaving undone things which ought not to be done. Sins of commission are far more productive of happiness than the sins of omission.

The Spinster Book

August

A SUMMER SPELL

A load of hay in the street to-day—
I close my eyes, and the old dreams throng
Back to the time when the world was May
And I hear the rush of the robin's song;
My drifted years of grief and wrong,
And my heart, with its rue and asphodel,
Grow mute with love, in the old sweet way,
At the mystic touch of the Summer spell.

A load of hay in the street to-day—
A hint of rain in the sun-sweet air,
A clover-scent in the flash of spray,
And the face of her who waited there
With the clover bound in her sunny hair,
And the winnowed fields that the Autumn brings—
Oh, Life and Love! How far away
From the soul that longs for thy whisperings!

A load of hay in the street to-day—
And the tears fall fast in the dark to-night,
For the Summer spell has gone astray,
Making sorrow and breathing blight;
Bringing Winter instead of the might
Of blossoming May and the violet sod,
For I sit alone, in the shadows grey,
And dream of her—in the fields of God.

Ninth Day

August

It is Nature's unfailing charm that she responds readily to every mood and ultimately brings extremes to a common level of quiet cheerfulness.

The Master's Violin

Tenth Day

Life, that mystery of mysteries! The silence at the end and the beginning is easier far to understand than the rainbow that arches between. Man, the epitome of his forbears—more than that, the epitome of creation, —stands by himself, the riddle of the universe.

The Master's Violin

August

If man and woman must go through the world together, shoulder to shoulder, meeting the same troubles, the same difficulties and dangers, why, oh, why did n't God make us of the same clay! We are different in a thousand ways; we act in opposite directions from differing and incomprehensible motives—our point of view is instinctively different, and yet we are chained. Sex against sex it has been since the world began—sex against sex it shall be to the bitter end!

The Shadow of Victory

Twelfth Day

August

Whatever is may not be right, but it is the outcome of deep and far-reaching forces with which our finite hands may not meddle. The problem has but one solution—adjustment. Hedged in by the iron bars of circumstance as surely as a bird within his cage, it remains for the individual to choose whether he will beat his wings against the bars until he dies, or take his place serenely upon the perch ordained for him—and sing.

A Spinner in the Sun

August

Thirteenth Day

"You have only one day at a time to live. Get all the content you can out of it, and let the rest wait, like a bud, till the sun of to-morrow shows you the rose."

The Master's Violin

Fourteenth Day

"The conventions of society are all in the interests of morality. If you're conventional, you'll be good, in a negative sense, of course."

Old Rose and Silver

Fifteenth Day

August

Love is a lottery in which a lover is a capital prize and a husband is a blank.

Marriage is a game of euchre in which either hearts or diamonds are trumps, and in which one player always fails to score.

Married women will sob out their unhappiness on a girl's shoulder, and the next week ask her why she does n't get married.

August

MY PRINCE

I have dreamed of him for many a day
Who should come with a stately train,
Banners and jewels and flashing steel
And silks that in roses have lain;
I have heard the tread of the marshalled feet
And the trumpets of triumph that sing
Of a thousand thrones, a thousand crowns
Won by my prince—my king.

I have seen the battle-stained flag unfurled—
Ah, me! How I dreamed of the day
When my prince should leave the flaming field
To carry my heart away;
I have listened with joy to his tender speech
And forgotten his kingly grace,
When the lovelight shone in my lover's eyes
And transfigured his gracious face.

He came, but the trumpets sounded not
Of conquered crown or throne;
With never a gleam of jewel or sword
He claimed my life for his own.
No stately train wound the pathways through
Its majesty to lend—
Ah, Prince of my Heart! I found you at last
Where I never dreamed—in a friend.

Seventeenth Day

August

It may be pleasant to be a man's first love, but a wise woman will prefer to be his last.

There is no more delicate compliment to a first marriage than a second alliance.

The great charm of marriage, as of life itself, is its unexpectedness. The only way to test a man is to marry him. If you live, it 's a mushroom, and if you die, it 's a toadstool.

Eighteenth Day

The way upon which we are meant to go is always clear, or at least indicated, at the time we are meant to take it, and guidance is definitely felt through the soul's own overpowering conviction.

Master of the Vineyard

Nineteenth Day

"Having seen all the trouble men make in the world, I should think women would know enough to keep away from 'em, but they don't—that is, some women don't."

A Spinner in the Sun

Twentieth Day

August

Outside herself was a mass of circumstance beyond her control, but within herself was the power of adjustment, as when two dominant notes are given, the choice of the third makes either dissonance or harmony.

Master of the Vineyard

Twenty-first Day

Fate may deny me love, but not loving.

Love Letters of a Musician

Loving is the highest form of praise; envy, the lowest.

Love means not only infinite giving, but infinite forgiving.

Twenty-second Day

August

The daughter of to-day endeavours to be worthy of the knightly worship, to be royal in her heart and queenly in her giving, to be the exquisitely womanly woman he sees behind her faulty clay, so that if the veil of illusion he has woven around her should ever fall away, the reality might be even fairer than his dream.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-third Day

No woman need fear the effect of absence upon the man who honestly loves her. The needle of the compass, regardless of intervening seas, points forever toward the north. Pitiful indeed is she who fails to be a magnet and blindly becomes a chain.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-fourth Day

August

The doubting in her heart was forever stilled and in its place was a great peace. There was an unspeakable tenderness and a measureless compassion, so wide and so deep that it sheltered all the world, for, strangely enough, the love of the many comes first with the love of the one.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

Twenty-fifth Day

There is nothing in all the world as harmless and as utterly joyous as man's conceit. The woman who will not pander to it is ungracious indeed.

The Spinster Book

August

THE PATH

We know not where our hidden way may lie,
  What stress and storm the coming years may hold;
  The midday heats and midnights drear and cold
May meet us on our journey far or nigh—
Yet step by step we go, till bye and bye
  The mystic tapestries of Fate unfold;
  When weary past believing, grey and old,
We reach the end together—thou and I.

On eyes grown dim the mists of blindness creep,
  The pulse moves slower still, and sorrows fade,
    But even then we may not understand;
Yet God still giveth His belovèd sleep—
  Oh, Heart of Mine, why should we be afraid
    If only night may find us hand in hand!

Sonnets to a Lover

Twenty-seventh Day

August

Only wait a little time and what was disappointment shall be seen as blessing. By Some Day's magic touch, loss shall become gain.

Later Love Letters of a Musician

There is only one relation in life which may not be formed again—that between a mother and her child.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-eighth Day

August

"Perhaps if we lived rightly, if our faith were stronger, death would not rend our hearts as it does. It is the common lot, the universal leveller, and soon or late it comes to us all. It remains to make our spiritual adjustment accord with the inevitable fact. There is so little that we can change that it behooves us to confine our efforts to ourselves."

The Master's Violin

Twenty-ninth Day

The spirit in which one earns his daily bread means as much to his soul as the bread itself may mean to his body.

Master of the Vineyard

Thirtieth Day

August

The woman's part is always to wait while men achieve, and she who has learned to wait patiently and be happy meanwhile, has learned the finest art of all—the art of life.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

A woman wants a man to love her in the way she loves him; a man wants a woman to love him in the way he loves her, and because the thing is impossible, neither is satisfied.

The Spinster Book

August

No man ever reached the heights unless he felt the touch of some good woman's fingers, and no man's life has been strong unless he knew of that sweet sculpturing.

From the day of his birth to the gate of his grave, that hand is his ministering angel. It soothes his childish fretting and closes his eyes in his last slumber. When he is in despair, it bids him take heart again, and when his body is racked with pain, it lies with soft coolness on his fevered face and charms the pain away.

It unlocks the door of glory and bids him win those honours of which Fame keeps the key. It reaches out across the dark to touch him with gentle consolation, and it always thrills him with its sweet tenderness. Holding fast to that offered hand, man has climbed from the depths step by step, blessing the gracious womanliness that offered it.

Love Letters of a Musician

September

THE HOUSE OF PAIN

Pain rears her castles where the mighty dwell,
And side by side with them the humblest kneel;
The trembling hands that grope in darkness feel
Unyielding walls around their prison cell.
She sits amid her rue and asphodel
With sorrow on her distaff and her reel;
Forever toiling at her loom and wheel
With warp and woof she weaves her grievous spell.

And yet a captive in torn garments clad,
Who with uplifted face goes singing by
Has sometimes changed a bitter loss to gain;
For God so strangely mingles sweet with sad
That in the thorns a hidden rose may lie,
And love lives ever in the House of Pain.

Sonnets to a Lover

First Day

September

Love is the heart in blossom.

Love has nothing to do with sense, being wholly of the soul.

Master of the Vineyard

To those who love, there is no such thing as death.

A Spinner in the Sun

Death changes nothing—it is only life that separates utterly.

The Spinster Book

Second Day

September

We are as ships that go down to the sea. Some are destined for calm waters and smooth sailing, others for rocks and the storm. Some, who are pitifully weak, are mercifully spared the trial; to others, strong enough to face the breakers, the joy of the struggle is denied. There are some who meet the rush of waters without fear and find triumph doubly sweet in the end.

Love Affairs of Literary Men

Third Day

September

"Before you have finished, the world will do to you one of three things: It will make your heart very soft, very hard, or else break it. No one escapes."

The Master's Violin

Fourth Day

"Sometimes I am conscious of two selves. One of me is a nice polite person that I 'm really fond of, and the other is so contrary and so mulish that I 'm actually afraid of her."

Lavender and Old Lace

Fifth Day

September

"When every man's face was set against you, did you never have a dog to trust you? When there was never a man nor a woman you could call your friend, did a dog never come to you and lick your hand? When you 've been bent with grief you could n't stand up under, did a dog never come to you and put his cold nose on your face? Did a dog never reach out a friendly paw to tell you that you were not alone—that it was you two together? . . . Man, man, the world has fair been cruel if you 've never known the love of a dog!"

A Spinner in the Sun

Sixth Day

September

It is difficult for two people to be happy in a large house; they need the cosiness established by walls not too far apart, ceilings not too high, and the necessary furniture not too widely separated. A single row of books, within easy reach, may hint of companionship not possible to the great bookcase across the room.

Old Rose and Silver

Seventh Day

There comes a time to most of us when the single prop gives way, and, absolutely alone, we either stand or fall. Thus, in the hard school of life, sooner or later, one learns self-reliance. She began to perceive that, in the end, she could depend upon no one but herself.

The Master's Violin

Eighth Day

September

BLUE EYES AND BROWN

Over the wheat the south wind swept,
  Far off from the dusty town,
Where one maid looked into eyes of blue,
  The other in eyes of brown.

Over the wheat, like a flash of sun,
  A yellow oriole flew;
Where one maid looked into eyes of brown,
  The other in eyes of blue.

The brown eyes shone 'neath a poppy wreath,
  The blue were shaded with wheat;
And the wind and the oriole heard the words:
  "I love you! Sweet, sweet, sweet!"

But neither the wind nor the oriole told,
  For the maidens' years were few;
'T was the little dog's eyes that were brown, you know,
  And the kitten's eyes were blue!

Ninth Day

September

"There are different kinds of strength, and of these the one most prized is what we call endurance, for lack of a better word. One can always bear a little more, for we live only one day at a time, and to-morrow may bring us new gifts of which we do not dream."

The Shadow of Victory

Tenth Day

Womankind suffers from three delusions: marriage will reform a man, a rejected lover is heart-broken for life, and if the other woman were only out of the way, he would come back.

Eleventh Day

September

"I know what it is to be married. . . . It's to be always with the one you love and never to mind what anybody else says or does. It's to help each other bear everything and be twice as happy because you're together. It means that somebody will always help you when things go wrong, and there'll always be something you can lean upon. You'll never be afraid of anything, because you're together."

A Spinner in the Sun

September

"Our minister used to say that there was no discipline for the soul like livin' with folks, year in and year out, hand-runnin'."

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

A woman marries in the hope of having a lifelong lover, and discovers, too late, that she merely has a boarder who is most difficult to please.

The Spinster Book

Thirteenth Day

September

When God made the world, He put love in, and none of it has ever been lost. It is simply transferred from one person to another. Sometimes it takes a different form and becomes a deed which, at first, may not look as if it were made of love, but, in reality, is.

Flower of the Dusk

Fourteenth Day

"Some women are born to be married, some achieve marriage, and others have marriage thrust upon them."

Master of the Vineyard

September

She did not need to ask whether he loved her, for, unerringly, she knew. Mated past all power of change, they two were one henceforward, though seas should roll between. Mated through suffering as well, for in this new bond, as she dimly perceived, there was great possibility of hurt. Yet there was no end or no beginning; it simply was, and at last she knew.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern.

Sixteenth Day

September

FLOWER O' THE CORN

Autumn lay upon the land, her purple splendours weaving,
Where goldenrod and asters had set the hills aflame,
And through the rustling cornfield, in beauty past believing,
Where scarlet poppies drifted, you came, Sweetheart, you came!
Then all my world was music and my joyous heart was singing
A strain as sweet as fairies drew from elfland's silver horn;
But sobbing minors changed the song while triumph still was ringing,
For lo, thy path lies not with mine, my flower o' the corn.

Flower o' the corn, with petals crushed and bleeding,
Give rest at last for me and mine beyond this vale of tears;
Behold, our hearts are broken and our eyes are blind with pleading,
See how our feet grow slow upon the thorny path of years!
Flower o' the corn, I pray, of sore remembrance shrive me,
I would forget the stone and snare upon the way I trod;
Flower o' the corn, I pray, from thy bruised chalice give me
That peace we may not understand because it is of God.

September

There is no woman who does not hold within her little hands some man's achievement, some man's future, and his belief in woman and God.

She may fire him with high ambition, exalt him with noble striving, or make him a coward and a thief. She may show him the way to the gold of the world, or blind him with tinsel which he may not keep. It is she who leads him to the door of glory and so thrills him with majestic purpose that nothing this side of Heaven seems beyond his eager reach.

Upon his heart she may write ecstasy or black despair. Through the long night she may ever beckon, whispering courage, and by her magic making victory of defeat. It is for her to say whether his face shall be world-scarred and weary, hiding tragedy behind its piteous lines; whether there shall be light or darkness in his soul. He cannot escape those soft, compelling fingers, she is the arbiter of his destiny, for, like clay in the potter's hands, she moulds him as she will.

The Spinster Book

Eighteenth Day

September

"No man fails except by his own choice."

"Nothing worth while is ever done without work."

Old Rose and Silver

"Wherever one may be, that is the best place. The dear God knows."

The Master's Violin

September

DREAM-FIELDS

Over the day and past the night,
Half in shadow and half in light,
So cool and green to our tired sight,
  The dream-fields bud and blow,
Sweet with the breath of a thousand Springs,
Swept by a thousand shadowy wings,
Aflame with a thousand beautiful things
  That only dreamers know.

The violets of that lost year
Are just as blue and sweet and near
As on that day you kissed them, Dear,
  And then these lips of mine;
I watch the lovelight in your eyes
And so forget, in Paradise,
The gulf of years to-day that lies
  Between your heart and mine.

Ah, dear lost Love! The dream-fields glow
With Spring, and I—I love you so!
While you go on and never know;
  Yet I may dream, and then—
My hungry lips will speak and say
"Forgive me!" but I weep to-day
And only wait, and dumbly pray
  That I may dream again!

Twentieth Day

September

"We have all the time there is."

Old Rose and Silver

"It's a great mistake to try to live to-morrow, or even yesterday, to-day."

Flower of the Dusk

"When one has learned to wait patiently, one has learned to live."

The Master's Violin

September

Having the gift of detachment immeasurably beyond woman, man may separate himself from his grief, contemplate it calmly in its various phases, and, with a mighty effort, throw it aside. Woman, on the contrary, hugs hers close to her aching breast and remorselessly turns the knife in the wound. It is she who keeps anniversaries, walks in cemeteries, wears mourning, and preserves trifles that sorrowfully have outlasted the love that gave them.

Master of the Vineyard

Twenty-second Day

September

As you can take your heart in the hollow of your hand and hold it, it is so small a thing, so the one word "love" holds everything that can be said or given or hungered for, or prayed for and denied.

Flower of the Dusk

Man wins love by pleading for it, and there is no way by which a woman may more surely lose it, for while woman's pity is closely akin to love, man's pity is a poor relation who wears Love's cast-off clothes.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-third Day

September

Attempting to bind the Everlasting with her own limitations, her own desires, she had failed to see that at least half of a rightful prayer must deal with herself.

Master of the Vineyard

Twenty-fourth Day

"Nothing in this whole world is free but the sun and the fresh air and the water to drink. We must pay the fair price for all else."

The Master's Violin

Twenty-fifth Day

September

A sense of humour is a saving grace for anybody. Next to love, it 's the finest gift of the gods.

A Spinner in the Sun

Twenty-sixth Day

Nothing so pleases a woman safely inside the bonds of holy matrimony as to confide her sorrows, her regrets, and her broken ideals to her unattached friends. Many a woman thinks her ideal is broken when it is only sprained, but the effect is the same.

The Spinster Book

The body grows slowly, but the soul progresses by leaps and bounds. Through a single hurt or a single joy, the soul of a child may reach man's estate, never to go backward, but always on.

Master of the Vineyard

September

THE BURDEN-BEARER

The way winds steep, where white heats burn and glare;
No cooling stream winds 'neath a drooping tree,
Nor any bird breathes forth faint melody
Where jagged rocks and tortuous cliffs lie bare;
And yet these paths my faltering feet must dare,
Alone forever, so, on bended knee,
I take my load, and, with a dumb despair,
Accept the burdens others shift to me.

Mine, since I bear them—mine, because I must
Unto this last be faithful, though alone,
Nor seek for recompense of joy from woe;
Lord, fill my darkened, doubting soul with trust,
Give me the strength for burdens not my own,
A valiant heart—and light by which to go!

Twenty-eighth Day

September

"When a woman closes a man's heart against those of his own blood, the one door she has left open will some day be slammed in her own face. Then the other doors will swing ajar, turning slowly on rusty hinges, but the women for whom they are opened will never cross the threshold again."

Old Rose and Silver

Twenty-ninth Day

When a girl systematically and effectively feeds a man, she is leading trumps. . . . If the wise one is an expert with the chafing-dish, she may frequently bag desirable game, while the foolish virgins who have no alcohol in their lamps are hunting eagerly for the trail.

The Spinster Book

September

Have not our houses, mute as they are, their own way of conveying an impression? One may go into a house which has been empty for a long time and yet feel, instinctively, what sort of people were last sheltered there. The silent walls breathe a message to each visitor, and as the footfalls echo in the bare, cheerless rooms, one discovers where Sorrow and Trouble had their abode, and where the light, careless laughter of gay Bohemia lingered until dawn. At night, who has not heard ghostly steps upon the stairs, the soft closing of unseen doors, the tapping on a window, and, perchance, a sigh or the sound of tears? Timid souls may shudder and be afraid, but wiser folk smile, with reminiscent tenderness, when the old house dreams.

Lavender and Old Lace

October

WEAVING

A sombre web is laid upon my loom
  Where for a little space my hands must weave
  Whatever pattern passing Fate may leave
Upon the threshold of my darkened room.
No roses 'neath my trembling fingers bloom,
  Loose threads and errors I cannot retrieve,
  And ever with a sore despair I grieve,
For stars have never broken on my gloom.

When at the last my tears have ceased to flow,
  When life-tides wait forever at the ebb
    And Master hands my tapestries unroll,
From pleading lips the cry will come, I know:
  "Dear God, forgive! In that uneven web
    There lies enmeshed a loving woman's soul!"

Sonnets to a Lover

October

Jealousy is the mother-in-law of selfishness.

The Spinster Book

Nagging is allopathic scolding in homœopathic doses.

Marriage itself guarantees nothing in the way of love.

Master of the Vineyard

A truth, posing "in the altogether," is sometimes mistaken for an epigram.

Second Day

October

"Somewhere on the great world the sun is always shining, and just so sure as you live, it will sometime shine on you. The dear God has made it so. There is so much sun and so much storm and we must have our share of both."

The Master's Violin

Third Day

"When a man's mother casts him off, when his wife forsakes him, when his love betrays him, his dog stays true. When he's poor and his friends pass him by on the other side of the street, looking the other way, his dog fares with him, ready to starve for very love of him. 'T is a man and his dog, I'm thinking, against the whole world."

A Spinner in the Sun

Fourth Day

October

"A doctor that 'll admit he don't know, when he don't, instead of leavin' you to find out by painful experience, is not only scarce, but he 's to be trusted when you come across him."

Master of the Vineyard

Fifth Day

"It seems to take a lifetime for us to learn that wisdom consists largely in a graceful acceptance of things that do not immediately concern us."

Old Rose and Silver

Sixth Day

October

When a man finds the way to a girl's heart a boulevard, he has taken the wrong road. When his path is easy and his burden light, it is time for him to doubt. When his progress seems like making a new way to the Klondike, he needs only to keep his courage and go on.

The Spinster Book

Seventh Day

Love comes not to a man as to a woman, but rather with the sound of trumpets and the glare of white light. The cloistered peace that fills her soul rests seldom upon him, and, instead, he is stirred with high ambition and spurred on to glorious achievement. For, to her, love is the end of life; to him, it is the means.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

October

AN HOUR

One little hour, caught from a day of gold,
  While fallen crimson leaves were drifting deep—
  A priceless jewel, given us to keep,
Remembrance for a hungry heart to hold;
Some day, when all my world is drear and cold
  And I toil upward on a rocky steep,
  That hour, stirring from its age-long sleep,
Shall thrill my soul to answer as of old.

But oh, your hands to lie upon my hair,
  Your heart to beat with mine, your lips to touch,
    As in the hour God gave to you and me
To ease the silent years we both must bear;
  One little hour, since we have loved so much—
    A blinding instant, for Eternity!

Ninth Day

October

Other things being equal, a married woman may be a dangerous rival, having the unholy charm of the unattainable and the sanction of another man's choice.

Master of the Vineyard

Tenth Day

"A woman has crossed the line between youth and maturity when she begins to put away, in the lavender of memory, the lovely things she has had—and is never to have again. The after years are made up, so many times, of things one has had—rounded off and put away forever."

Old Rose and Silver

October

Love is an orchid which thrives principally upon hot air.

"Marriage is a great strain upon love."

Master of the Vineyard

Politics and poker make more widows than war.

The Spinster Book

Three things are none of a woman's business—politics, poker, and other women's husbands.

Twelfth Day

October

"You have come to buy wealth?" he asked. "We have it for sale, but the price of it is your peace of mind. For knowledge, we ask human sympathy; if you take much of it, you lose the capacity to feel with your fellow-men. If you take beauty, you must give up your right to love, and take the risk of an ignoble passion in its place. If you want fame, you must pay the price of eternal loneliness. For love, you must give self-surrender and take the hurts of it without complaining. For health, you pay in self-denial and right living. You may take what you like and the bill will be collected later, but there is no exchange, and you must buy something. Take as long as you wish to choose, but you must buy and you must pay."

The Master's Violin

October

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS

Once, when the first faint shadows came to lie
  Upon the grass to rest ere night should fall,
  While on the hills the purple pines loomed tall
Against the glory of the sunset sky;
When in the afterglow the moon swung high
  And roses dreamed along the garden wall,
  An hour was yours and mine, and at your call
My heart beat hard with sudden ecstasy.

Dear, unforgotten hour between the lights,
  Where have you gone along Time's shimmering way?
    In vain I search the desert and the sea;
Come back once more, to lead me to the heights,
  To give me joy for just another day—
    Oh, little golden hour, come back to me!

Four-teenth Day

October

"Do not question Life too much. Accept it."

Master of the Vineyard

"How the years separate and destroy and blot out the things that count for the most!"

Old Rose and Silver

"We need sorrow as the world needs night—we cannot always live in the sun."

The Master's Violin

Fifteenth Day

October

No woman need envy the Sphinx her wisdom if she has learned the uses of silence and never asks a favour of a hungry man.

The Spinster Book

Sixteenth Day

To suit himself to his environment when that environment was out of his power to change, to seek for the good in everything and resolutely refuse to be affected by the bad, to believe steadfastly in the law of compensation—this was his creed.

The Master's Violin

Seventeenth Day

When a girl gives a man furniture, she usually intends to marry him, but often merely succeeds in making things interesting for the girl who does it in spite of her. The newly-married woman attends to the personal belongings of her happy possessor with the celerity which is taught in classes for "First Aid to the Injured."

The Spinster Book

Eighteenth Day

Not infrequently, when a man asks a woman to marry him, he means that he wants her to help him love himself, and if, blinded by her own feeling, she takes him for her captain, her pleasure craft becomes a pirate ship, the colours change to a black flag with a sinister sign, and her inevitable destiny is the coral reef.

The Spinster Book

October

A Bohemian is a person to whom the luxuries of life are necessities, and the necessities luxuries.

"What 's the use of being alive unless you can live?"

Master of the Vineyard

If it be a fine art to wear your best clothes unconsciously, it is a still finer art to wear your old clothes as though they were your best ones.

The most needless worry in which we indulge is regarding our funeral expenses. If our friends don't bury us, the health department will.

Twentieth Day

October

"I do not believe that a being divine enough to be a God could be human enough to cherish so fiendish a passion as revenge."

A Spinner in the Sun

Twenty-first Day

"Forgive me," from a man's lips, indicates the uttermost depths of abasement and devotion.

Old Rose and Silver

October

CROWNED

I hear no coronation hymns ascend
Where loyal peoples marble arches raise;
Within no palace halls I pass my days,
Before my throne no lords and ladies bend.
No trumpet-tongued salutes my paths attend,
Nor cries of silver bugles sound my praise;
For me no fires of splendid triumph blaze,
I have no mighty kingdom to defend.

Yet I am royal, for thy lips have said:
"My queen, I love thee even more than life,
And my believing heart to thee I bring."
So hast thou placed a crown upon my head
And brought me purple with the name of wife,
Because thou art my lover and my king.

Sonnets to a Lover

Twenty-third Day

October

"Did you ever stop to think that the millennium could be brought about in less than one hour, if each did his own work well and in a spirit of love?"

Master of the Vineyard

Twenty-fourth Day

"A woman with much marryin' experience soon learns not to rile a husband when 't ain't necessary. Sometimes I think the poor creeters has enough to contend with outside without bein' obliged to fight at home."

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

October

"If women could n't cry, they 'd explode."

Lavender and Old Lace

A woman will forgive a man anything except disloyalty to herself.

The Spinster Book

A man's greatest punishment is to be a fool and know it; a woman's, to have her charm fail.

Twenty-sixth Day

October

"We all have trouble, dearie—it 's part of life, but I believe that we all share equally in the joy of the world. Allowing for temperament, I mean. Sorrows that would crush some are lightly borne by others, and some have the gift of finding new happiness in little things.

"Then, too, we never have any more than we can bear—nothing that has not been borne before and bravely at that. There is n't a new sorrow in the world—they 're all old ones—but we can all find new happiness if we look for it in the right way."

Lavender and Old Lace

October

JUST FOR TO-DAY

Down where the ripened grain waits for the reaping,
And the slanting gold sunbeams in tracery shine,
Through the aisles where the wheat-shaded poppies are sleeping,
Lead me once more with my hand close in thine.
Let us forget we have walked in the shadow,
Say the dear words on the goldenrod way,
Fare we together afar through the meadow—
Lean on my heart again, just for to-day!

Down where the harvest fields, shorn of their treasure,
Wear a new grace in the afternoon sun,
And wine-cups, purpling, in generous measure,
Shine with the lace tiny weavers have spun,
Lead me, enchanted, my wounded heart singing,
Back through October to love-laden May,
When passionate, tender, thy dear arms were clinging—
Ah! let me dream again, just for to-day!

Down where the fallow field, garnered, forsaken,
Grieves for its harvest-child, dying apart,
Let the old faith, unfaltering, awaken
Just for a moment, deep in my heart;
The wasted years crush out the dark wine of sorrow,
Afar in the brambles my weary feet stray;
Dear God! I shall journey with new strength to-morrow—
Let me believe again, just for to-day!

Twenty-eighth Day

October

"Walls have not only ears, but telephones."

Old Rose and Silver

When Gossip takes snuff, Friendship sneezes.

A good forgettery is a happier possession than a good memory.

The balance between foresight and retrospection has seldom been exact.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern.

Twenty-ninth Day

October

Adversity has no terrors for a woman; she will gladly share misfortune with the man she loves, but simple selfishness is a very different proposition.

The Spinster Book

Thirtieth Day

He understood—he always did. He was one of the few men who are not dense in their comprehension of womankind.

The Shadow of Victory

Thirty-first Day

October

She had learned the bitterness of the woman's part —to stand by, utterly lonely, and dream, and wait, while men achieve.

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

A man will make a comrade of the woman who stimulates him to higher achievement, but he will love the one who makes herself a mirror for his conceit.

The Spinster Book

November

INDIAN SUMMER

A purple haze lies on the distant hill
And fallow fields an alien beauty wear;
There seems mysterious promise in the air
Which passing Summer lingers to fulfil.
The silvery music of the tinkling rill
Has died away as if in silent prayer;
The winds have left the murmuring maples bare
And all the woodland ways are strangely still.

December waits, with winding sheets of snow,
And that fair field, athrill to Autumn's kiss,
A sleeper in an unmarked grave shall be;
They say love has its seasons; even so
The Winter in my heart must be like this,
Because through Summer I have walked with thee.

Sonnets to a Lover

November

"It is only little loves and friendships that forget. One does not need those ties which can be broken."

The Master's Violin

There is a common feminine delusion to the effect that men need "encouragement," and there is no term which is more misused. A fool may need "encouragement," but the man who wants a girl will go after her, regardless of obstacles.

The Spinster Book

Second Day

November

"Sincerity always has a charm of its own. Even when two men are fighting, you are compelled to admire their earnestness and singleness of purpose."

Master of the Vineyard

Third Day

It is personal vanity of the most flagrant type which intrudes itself, unasked, into other people's affairs. There are few of us who do not feel capable of ordering the daily lives of others, down to the most minute detail.

The Spinster Book

Fourth Day

November

"Life is the pitch of the orchestra and we are the instruments. . . . The discord and the broken string of the individual instrument do not affect the whole, except as false notes, but I think that God, knowing all things, must discern the symphony, glorious with meaning, through the discordant fragments that we play."

The Master's Violin

Fifth Day

Opportunity is but another name for health, obstacles make firm stepping-stones, and that which is dearly bought is by far the sweetest in the end.

The Spinster Book

Sixth Day

November

THE LOOM OF LIFE

Beside the loom of Life I sit, at dawn of day,
To weave my bright-hued hopes within a web of grey;
Nor shade nor shadow clouds the light
Beside my loom—
The day climbs high, but I heed not—a-dreaming yet
Of royal fabrics I shall own ere sun be set,
I straighten oft the tangled skein
Within my loom.

'T is noon! With terror I perceive that my design
Is following, with steady Fate, no wish of mine;
I cry aloud, but no one hears,
Beyond my loom.
Half-fainting, yet I still work on because I must,
With threads of tarnished gold I mark a buried trust;
Oh, Hand of Doubt, why weavest thou
Within my loom?

The shadows fall. With knotted thread my woof is made,
No skill of mine can ever change its sombre shade,
But yet I pray, with trembling lips,
Beside my loom;
Then night, and with a sudden snap the last threads part;
But in that broken tissue lies a woman's heart—
Fit tapestry to offer Him
Who made the loom.

Seventh Day

November

Some people, who are unhappy themselves, are so constituted that they can't bear to see anybody else happy.

A Spinner in the Sun

Eighth Day

Forgetting is the finest art of life and is to be desired more than memory, even though Mnemosyne stands close by Lethe and with her dewy finger-tips soothes away all pain. The lowest life remembers—to the highest only is it given to forget.

The Spinster Book

Ninth Day

November

A woman is said to be weak when she is not strong enough to resist temptation for two.

Orthodoxy is the perfectly just judgment condemning a woman to everlasting punishment for the sin which, in the case of a man, is entered on the recording angel's books as "Wild oats; nolle prosse."

"Passion is n't love, any more than hunger is, but an earthbound world seldom sees above the fog of sense."

Master of the Vineyard

Tenth Day

November

At night, the soul claims its own—its right to suffer for its secret sins, its shirking, its betrayals.

A Spinner in the Sun

Eleventh Day

A widow has all the freedom of a girl combined with the liberty of a married woman. She has the secure social position of a matron without the drawback of a husband. She is nearer absolute independence than other women are ever known to be.

The Spinster Book

Twelfth Day

November

Love is first a shield and then an uplifting.

Love Letters of a Musician

A man likes to feel that he is loved—a woman likes to be told.

The Spinster Book

"A woman can see more in one minute than a man can see in sixty."

The Shadow of Victory

November

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

Full-flowered Summer lay upon the land
That day I stood upon the shore with you,
Beside a waving plain of meadow-rue—
A bit of crushed rosemary in my hand.
"See, sweetheart, for remembrance!" Ah, the days
When Life's young music answered fingers such
As Love put on the keys! And who could dream
Rosemary and remembrance meant so much!

Across the time of stress that lies between,
That single day seems fraught with portent now;
The river's voice was sad, and, knowing how
The meadow-rue was blossoming unseen,
I cannot wonder that I stand alone
Where sea and river meet. The sky is grey,
And with majestic might of endless years
The surf beats cold upon my heart to-day.

But still within my saddened soul there lies
A voiceless chamber, sweet with precious things—
Rosemary, spikenard, and rue that brings
The tender tears unbidden to my eyes.
I stand outside and only look, because
My treasures are too frail for hands to touch,
For Love is brief, but Life—ah, Life is long!
Rosemary and remembrance mean so much!

Fourteenth Day

November

A man is more apt to die of broken vanity than of a broken heart.

The man in love with himself need fear no woman as a rival.

At twenty, men love woman; at thirty, a woman; and at forty, women.

The Spinster Book

Fifteenth Day

November

"A man who has failed to do the work that lies nearest his hand is not likely to succeed at anything else."

Master of the Vineyard

Sixteenth Day

We grow through the world with all its darkness, borne upward by unfailing aspiration, until we reach the end, which we have been taught to call Heaven, but which is only blossoming in the light.

The Master's Violin

Seventeenth Day

November

UNSATISFIED

My thoughts to yours, across the miles between,
Divided though we are by more than space;
Remembrance, most divine, brings back your face
And blots out all the days that intervene.
My dreams to yours, when, silent and serene,
The midnight stars sweep toward their destined place
And, at the fiery dawning, leave no trace
Of heavenly trysts unbroken—and unseen.

My soul to yours, in answer to your call,
Through night and space and time forevermore
Since even unto death true love endures;
Yet still I ache with longing, and for all
The tender sweetness of the day before—
Your lips to mine, and oh, my heart to yours!

November

The man who hesitates may be lost, but the woman who hesitates is surely won.

The Spinster Book

The average woman prefers being idealised to being understood.

The wounds of Love are quickest healed by another dart from his arrow.

Nine-
teenth
Day

November

"Actions, to my mind, are a good deal more important than beliefs."

The Shadow of Victory

Religion is like medicine—it is the overdose that neutralises.

People say that they "know the world" when their acquaintance is limited to the flesh and the devil.

Twentieth Day

November

A man's heart is an office desk wherein tender episodes are pigeon-holed for future reference. If he is too busy to look them over, they are carried off later in Father Time's junk-waggon like other and more profane history.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-first Day

It is woman's tendency to make the best of what she has, and man's to reach out for what he has not. Man spends his life in the effort to realise the ideals which, like will-o'-the-wisps, hover just beyond him. Woman, on the contrary, brings into her life what grace she may, by idealising her reals.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-second Day

November

An insufficient excuse is the crutch of a crippled love.

Marriage is the process by which a woman deprives herself of an escort.

A man who expects to do all of his wife's thinking might as well marry a fool.

The divorce court is the matrimonial waste-basket.

Twenty-third Day

"Greatness comes slowly and by difficult steps—not by leaps and bounds. You must learn the multiplication table before you can be an astronomer."

Master of the Vineyard

Twenty-fourth Day

Love which needs to be put behind prison bars that it may not escape is not love, but attraction, fascination, or whatever the psychologists may please. A man chooses his wife, not because there are no other women, but in spite of them. It is a pathetic acknowledgment of his poor judgment if he lets the world suspect that his choice was wrong.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-fifth Day

November

"If you ever love a man, never let him doubt you—always let him be sure. There is so much in a man's world that a woman knows nothing of. When he comes home at night, tired beyond words, and sick to death of the world and its ways, make him sure. When he thinks himself defeated, make him sure. When you see him tempted to swerve even the least from the straight path, make him sure. When the last parting comes, if he is leaving you, give him the certainty to take with him into his narrow house and make his last sleep sweet. And if you are the one to go first and leave him old and desolate and stricken, make him sure then, oh, make him very sure!"

Flower of the Dusk

November

"Advice is as free as salvation is said to be."

Master of the Vineyard

A large part of the beauty of giving is in the wrench it costs us to let go of the gift.

According to the quality of the waters upon which we cast our bread, it returns water-logged and uneatable, or spread with butter and jam.

Twenty-seventh Day

November

Money may not buy happiness, but it will secure an imitation pleasing to most people.

"When people are in trouble, they usually want either money or sympathy, or both."

Master of the Vineyard

If only the finer things of the spirit could be bequeathed, like material possessions!

Flower of the Dusk

November

Death himself is powerless against love, when a heart is deep enough to hold a grave.

A Spinner in the Sun

"Don't be afraid of anything—poverty, sickness, or death, or any suffering God will let you bear together. That is n't love—to be afraid."

Lavender and Old Lace

Twenty-ninth Day

November

"Why, you could take your heart in the hollow of your hand, it is so little a thing, and yet all the trouble in the world arises from it. There is room enough for all our joy, but it is neither wide enough nor deep enough to hold our pain."

Love Letters of a Musician

Thirtieth Day

We should not fear that someone might take our place in the heart that loves us best—if we were only loved enough. The same love is never given twice; it differs in quality if not in degree, and when once made one's own, is never to be lost.

The Spinster Book

December

AFTERWARD

When Death's white poppies rest upon my eyes,
As if my last rebellion He forgave;
When through the transept and the vaulted nave
The solemn measures of my requiem rise,
Think not that in the dust before thee lies
Thy heart of hearts, beyond thy strength to save
From secret hiding in a distant grave,
For thou hast still the love that never dies.

So kneel beside me, Dearest, with thy palm
Laid on my face in that old tenderness
Too great for words, since there is no regret
'Twixt thee and me; and when the chanted psalm
Has softly changed to prayer and holiness,
Think not, oh soul of mine, that I forget!

Sonnets to a Lover

First Day

December

The stern law of compensation, which is not to be defied, seems to be constantly working against a monopoly of happiness. When rearing Spanish castles upon the frail foundation of day-dreams, we are wont to wish for various things—for wealth, beauty, love, and fame—forgetting that these things are not in themselves happiness and are not always a means to that desirable end.

Love Affairs of Literary Men

Second Day

December

Conventionality is the sop which individuality throws to society.

The conventionalities are woman's friends—and man's enemies.

When we speak of "a delicate situation," we usually mean indelicate.

His sympathy is the most dangerous gift a man can offer a woman.

December

He had never given up anything simply because it was difficult.

A Spinner in the Sun

"If it 's your work, why not do it better than anybody else does it?"

Master of the Vineyard

"People usually get things if they want them badly enough."

Old Rose and Silver

Fourth Day

December

A HOUSE BLESSING

Now blessings be upon your house,
  Your roof and hearth and walls;
May there be lights to welcome you
  When evening's shadow falls;
The love that, like a guiding star,
  Still signals while you roam—
A book, a friend—these be the things
  That make a house a home.

Fifth Day

December

Young men believe platonic friendship possible—old men know better—but when one man learns to profit by the experience of another, we may look for mosquitoes at Christmas and holly in June.

The Spinster Book

Sixth Day

Flirtation is the only game in which it is advisable and popular to trump one's partner's ace.

The Spinster Book

Seventh Day

December

There is a reaction after every pain—a sort of blessed calm that is almost Paradise.

Love Letters of a Musician

Sometimes, out of bitterness, the years distil forgiveness.

Lavender and Old Lace

The ways of the Everlasting are not our ways, and life is made up of waiting.

Flower of the Dusk

Eighth Day

December

Self-pity is the first step toward relief from overpowering sorrow. When detachment is possible, the long, slow healing has faintly but surely begun.

A Spinner in the Sun

Ninth Day

Marriage appears to be somewhat like a grape. People swallow a great deal of indifferent good for the sake of the lurking bit of sweetness, and never know until it is too late whether the venture was wise.

The Spinster Book

Tenth Day

December

MY LADY'S GOWN

My lady's gown is grey and soft,
So like her eyes
That from its silken folds there comes
A hint of Paradise.
I hold it close against my heart—
My lady's gown!

The while she hummed a little song
I saw her lay
This bit of lace around her throat;
Dear eyes of grey!
So serious in fashioning
My lady's gown!

My lady's gown is folded now;
The knot of blue
Upon her breast is passing sweet
With lavender and rue;
It brings me dreams of bygone days—
My lady's gown!

. . . . . .

To-day I see the little gown
With brimming eyes,
For out upon the grass-grown hill
My lady lies,
And with despairing sobs I kiss
My lady's gown!

December

Resignation is an angel with clipped wings.

The happiness of duty is in every creed, but the duty of happiness is seldom taught.

"Nothing in the world was ever built without a dream at the beginning."

The Shadow of Victory

Twelfth Day

December

"When needles fly, women's tongues fly faster; while women sew, they rip their husbands to pieces."

The Shadow of Victory

"There was a great deal of excitement at first, but it dies down. Most things die down, my dear, if we give them time."

The Master's Violin

It is n't what he does n't know that troubles a man, but what he knows he does n't know.

The Spinster Book

Thirteenth Day

December

"Whatever a Day may bring you, whatever terrible gifts of woe, if you search her closely, you will always find the strength to meet her face to face."

A Spinner in the Sun

Fourteenth Day

"The milk of human kindness" seldom produces cream, but there is only one way by which love may be won or kept. Perfection means a continual shifting of standards and must ever be unattainable, but the man or woman who is simply lovable will be wholly taken into other hearts, faults and all.

The Spinster Book

Fifteenth Day

December

"Life has many meanings, but it is what we make it, after all. The pendulum swings from daylight to darkness, from sun to storm, but the balance is always true."

The Master's Violin

Sixteenth Day

All the wars have been caused by one set of people trying to force their opinions upon another set, who did not desire to have their minds changed.

Flower of the Dusk

December

"Pleasure is the unsought joy. If you go out to hunt for it, you don't often get it. When you do, you 've earned it, and are entitled to it. True pleasure is a free gift of the gods, like a sense of humour."

Old Rose and Silver

In order to be happy, a woman needs only a good digestion, a satisfactory complexion, and a lover. The first requirement being met, the second is not difficult to obtain, and the third follows as a matter of course.

The Spinster Book

Eighteenth Day

December

A DEATH-SONG

Cool ground, cool ground, tell me where your stairway is;
Through what passage does it lead, death-damp with dew?
Wind-voice in the hollow, calling me to follow—
Love, let me dream to-night, in the earth with you!

Blind rain, blind rain, beat not coldly on her—
Still face whitely turned to the grey grass growing;
Cold hands with violets, do you think that she forgets?
Hark, how the wind-voice calls me with its blowing!

North Wind, North Wind, disturb not her hair to-night,
Long, soft threads of brown I sigh for in vain;
Sweet lips are dead now and under the willow-bough
My kiss avails not nor my arms again.

Green leaves, green leaves, hush your gentle murmuring,
Lest your sound awaken her whose dear heart I keep;
Closed by thy brown eyes, my lost Paradise,
Lost Love, dead Love, peaceful be thy sleep!

. . . . . .

Cool ground, cool ground, tell me where your stairway is;
Through what passage does it lead, death-damp with dew?
Wind-voice in the hollow, calling me to follow—
Love, let me dream to-night, in the earth with you!

December

Temperament is the angle of vision.

Inspiration is a flash-light; an idea, a time-exposure.

If genius could write legibly, it would not always be misunderstood.

Books and letters are the things that endure, in a world of transition and decay.

Flower of the Dusk

Twentieth Day

December

"Is it more than a year from bud to bud, from flower to flower, from fruit to fruit? 'T is God's way of showing that a year of darkness is enough—at a time."

A Spinner in the Sun

December

Adversity is commonly accepted as the test of friendship, but there is another more certain still—success. Any one may bestow pity. It is fatally easy to offer to those less fortunate than ourselves; whose capabilities have not proved adequate, as ours have, but it requires fine gifts of generous feeling to be genuinely glad at another's good fortune, in which we cannot by any possibility hope to share.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-second Day

December

Activity is a sovereign remedy for the blues.

Master of the Vineyard

In contemplating what we do for others, we frequently lose sight of what others do for us.

The mere accident of relationship does not give one the right to be insulting.

December

That life alone is worth the living which sets itself upon the upland ways. To steel one's self against joy to be spared the inevitable hurt, is not life. We are afraid of love, because the might and terror of it has sometimes brought despair. We are afraid of belief, because our trust has been betrayed. We are afraid of death, because we have seen forgetfulness.

The Spinster Book

Twenty-fourth Day

December

"There 's never no use in argyin' with a husband and never no need to, 'cause if you 're set on it, there 's all the rest of the world to choose from."

At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern

There are two ways in which a woman loses her lover. One is by marrying him, and the other by retaining him as her friend.

The Spinster Book

December

Twenty-fifth Day

See how the Knight of Castle Christmas awakes the world! Hatred dies, malice is forgotten, and distrust is dead. The discords of life are resolved into harmony, and the spirit of giving sets the soul alight with generous fire.

Later Love Letters of a Musician

Twenty-sixth Day

"There is always joy, though sometimes it is sadly covered up with other things. We must find it and divide it, for only in that way it grows."

Flower of the Dusk

Twenty-seventh Day

December

Nothing sickens a man of his pet theory like seeing it in operation.

The Spinster Book

" Inconsistency goes as far toward making life attractive as its pleasures do toward spoiling it."

Old Rose and Silver

A great many men are so broad-minded that it makes their heads flat.

The Spinster Book

December

THE BLIND WEAVER

The great wheel turns, and through my hands
I feel the swift threads run;
My sightless eyes can never see
In warp and woof of tapestry
The tissue Fate has spun;
I know not what I blindly weave,
And yet I dumbly pray
That when the shadows closer creep
Some bit of beauty I may keep
For all the toiling day.

Sometimes the thread is silken soft
As thistle-down afield;
I tremble—is it Love at last?
A light for vision overcast—
And has my heart a shield?
The wheel waits not, and I toil on
Along the vast design;
From coarse to fine the woof-threads range—
Ah, foolish one, they shall not change
For wish nor prayer of thine!

The night draws near. My tired soul
Is rent with sudden fears;
The wheel is still—the broken thread
That through my weary fingers sped
Is rough and stained with tears.
My bleeding hands, I know, have grasped
A web of sombre hue—
Pass not the sightless weaver by!
Oh, Master, chide me not, for I
Have done as best I knew!

Twenty-ninth Day

December

A minister is a moral policeman.

"Nothing is bad which does not harm either you or someone else."

A Spinner in the Sun

"How strange it is that life must be nearly over, before one fully learns to live!"

Old Rose and Silver

December

Men, like cats, need only to be stroked in the right direction.

The Spinster Book

"Men keep best in a cool, dry atmosphere."

Old Rose and Silver

Men follow each other like sheep in matters of the heart.

The Spinster Book

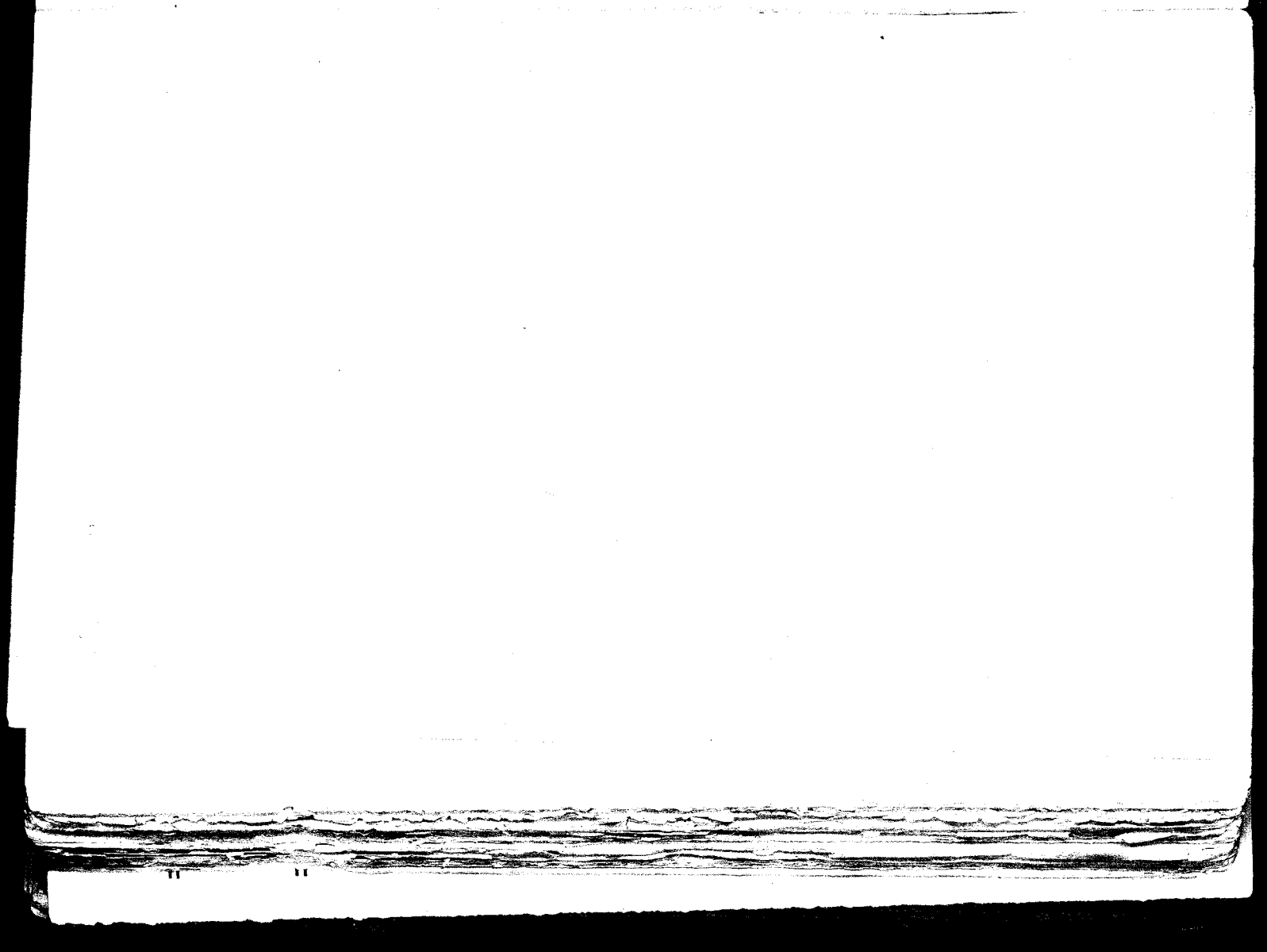
Thirty-first Day

December

There is a little phrase which seems to me to hold all the sweetness of the lilac, and its inmost meaning is beyond translation. Sometimes it brings a vision of the early Summer, before the freshness of Spring is quite gone—some parting which is not farewell. It is only to be used by those who love.

And so, "auf wiedersehen."

Later Love Letters of a Musician



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