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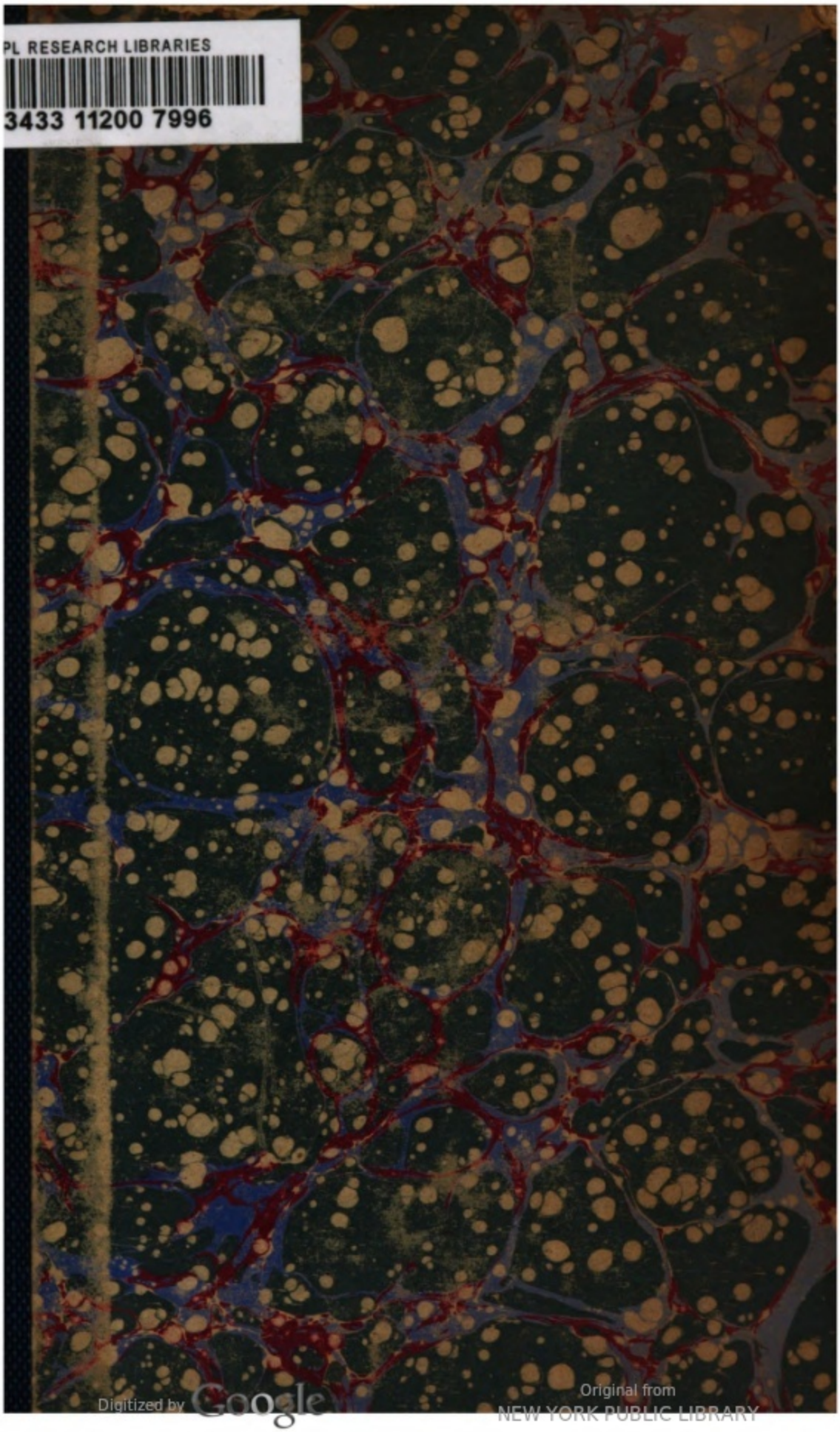

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BARBARA OF BALTIMORE

KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR

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"WHAT IS THE MATTER?" ASKED BARBARA.
I SUPPOSE I LOOKED FEARFULLY UPSET.

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BARBARA OF BALTIMORE

BY

KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR

AUTHOR OF "CECILIA OF THE PINK ROSES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCES ROGERS

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TO

JOYCE AND CONSTANCE

DEAR SISTERS

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BARBARA OF BALTIMORE

CHAPTER I

THE PINK AND GREY FROCKS

As told by the oldest daughter of the Crane house, Alix, age twenty-one.

THINGS all happen at once, exciting things, I mean, and I often wonder why this is so. I think it is rather disgusting that it has to be this way. Months go by sometimes with us, with nothing much happening, and then all the parties will happen in one week and the following week will seem frightfully flat and stale. But the most exciting month of my life has just passed. The excitement came because of our being so poor.

Daddy is a doctor and he has a practice which is largely a charity one. I, frankly, think that is a mistake, because the poor are so dirty and uninteresting; but Daddy does not think so and has often become really angry with me when I say so. Sometimes his and my temperaments clash. We are

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really not alike at all. I am not like any of the family, really, except possibly Aunt Louise Pembroke-Smith who lives just outside of Boston. I often *wish* she would ask me to visit her. I cannot help knowing that I would be a great satisfaction to her, for I am pretty—I might as well acknowledge it—and have a manner. However, I think she resents poor relations; for she never has asked any of us to visit her, although she sends us trunks and trunks of clothes, some of which are really beautiful.

On the afternoon of the day when things started, a trunk had just come from her, and as usual Barbara was saying, "I just *know* Alix will take everything good! She always does!"

"Isn't it suitable that I should?" I said. (I am out and Barbara is only seventeen and a half.)

"It may be," she answered, "but it's also piggish." Barbara has a very trying way of speaking, a blunt way which is far from polished!

Mother, who was sitting by the window in my room and darning stockings, sighed and said, "*Please,* dears——" and of course we stopped.

"Well, unstrap it," said Barbara, who was sitting on the bed and trimming a last year's hat which she had just shoe-blacked. "You seem to be the only lady of leisure present. I do hope she hasn't sent on any more green velvet things! The last one you sat down all shiny in the back and then I had to wear

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it a year, looking as if Josephus had licked me." Josephus is our cat. Her name is Josephus Daniels.

I simply raised my eyebrows (I find that raising eyebrows does lots, sometimes when speech would not) and proceeded to unstrap Auntie's trunk. It was quite a large one and had foreign labels all over it (she uses her old ones to send us things) and they do give a person thrills—Venice, Milan, Paris, besides hundreds of other places which are not at all usual to tourists. . . . I wouldn't care about going to those. I'd much rather go where I could wear good clothes and dress for dinner every night. . . . I've always thought Venice would be wonderfully romantic, combining, happily, the comfortable with the picturesque, and I have planned to go there on my honeymoon. Frankly, I am going to be able to; for, although I shall not marry primarily *for* money, I am *not* going to marry without it. I have seen too much scrimping and saving to want to do it always.

But to go back, I threw back the lid of the trunk, opened the tray and began to inspect. . . . On top was a print dress which wasn't especially good looking and I realised immediately that it would be suitable for Barbara. I can't think why Aunt bought it!

"That is exactly what you need!" I said, holding it up. "It is simple enough for your years, and——"

"All right, Mrs. Methuselah," said Barbara, I'll

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wear it. It certainly is a *mess*, isn't it? Is the next suitable for my years, or is it too pretty?"

As I said before, Barbara lacks polish and tact. I went on without noticing her. And Mother sighed again. She hates us to quarrel.

"What next, Alix?" asked Mother after a moment.

"There is a pink lawn," I answered, "with a large white collar."

"Oh——" breathed Barbara. She is especially fond of pink.

"It's just what I need," I said. "I haven't a *thing* to wear!"

"You don't have to divide them now," said Mother hurriedly, "go on and see what else there is."

"Some blouses," I said, "one with real Irish" (I haven't a decent waist!) "and a checked blue and white with blue lawn collar and cuffs, and——" I paused, because I really do adore clothes and this frock was a beauty—"a grey silk," I ended.

I held it up. I knew how I would look in it, but I had had the last silk frock and I was afraid Barbara would think this one hers by right. Then I went on, still thinking of the grey silk and the pink lawn, both of which I wanted fearfully. There were some underclothes, but nothing especially pretty; some silk stockings and a garden hat; two pairs of shoes (Barbara gets all those because she has the shortest feet in the house) and some gloves. Then

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there was some material for which I didn't especially care and some handkerchiefs with L marked on the corner which, of course, was aggravating.

"Lay them on the bed, dear," said Mother, and I did.

Barbara hardly looked at them, but sewed awfully hard on her hat. She was putting a wreath of faded daisies on it and covering their limpness with yellow chiffon, which I thought clever of her. It was really a pretty hat and I'd hardly thought it worth the rag bag when I gave it to her.

"Which do you want?" I asked.

"I don't think it makes much difference," she answered, so low that I could hardly hear her.

"But it does," I contradicted. "You know perfectly well that we must divide. We always do. Please say what you want and let's consider it. . . ."

"I don't care," she answered shortly, and sewed even faster than ever. Her hands shook too. She is very uncontrolled.

"Oh, well——" I said, "since you're going to act *that* way——" And then she got up and left the room, Mother looking after her.

"Go see what's wrong," Mother said, laying aside her mending. She looked worried as she always does when Barbara and I disagree. I'm ashamed to say we do often.

"Very well," I said with a last look toward the

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grey and pink wonders on the bed, "I will; but I don't think there's any occasion for this sort of thing——" And then I went down the hall toward Barbara's room.

Our house is huge, I may as well say here. It would be perfectly beautiful, if it weren't so run down. . . . As it is, one enters a perfectly wonderfully proportioned hall, looks up to see the loveliest sort of family portraits lining the walls, and down—to see that the floor is uneven, full of huge cracks and that the paint is peeling in every other spot. . . . From that you go to the yellow drawing room and again are confronted with the echo of money once spent and the lack of its spending to-day. . . . Barbara loves the house with a perfect passion, but to me it is only an aggravation. I hate shabbiness and lack of finish.

Well, as I said, I went down the long hall, down three steps, for the wings are on different levels from the main house, and paused at Barbara's door. I tapped.

"What do you want?" she said.

"I want to speak to you, dear," I answered.

"Don't 'dear' me!" she responded crossly. "You know it makes me sick. . . . Especially when you—you——" She floundered and I thought it was a good time to go in and start—before she did.

"Why didn't you say what you wanted?" I asked,

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sitting down on her dress box, which, as usual, was strewn all over with stockings, petticoats, chemises and even an odd shoe.

Barbara didn't answer immediately and I saw that she had one of her cross streaks. I waited and after a moment she laid aside her hat and began.

"It's this way, Alix," she said, trying awfully hard to be calm. "You know our disagreeing bothers Mother frightfully and I don't wonder. . . . It is hateful. And—and when I do state my wants we disagree. You always get the prettiest frocks and the nicest things from Aunty's trunks. I always fuss, and make a noise and come out behind—wearing something 'suitable for my years' and which makes me look odious! . . . Do you remember," she questioned, "the day we fought over Clarabelle" (Clarabelle was a doll) "and I held on and screamed with all my might and you held on, gritted your teeth and smiled—and GOT Clarabelle? Well, an old lady came along afterwards and said, 'Stop crying, you naughty little girl! Look at that *dear* little girl over there with the doll! She isn't crying! . . . I've always remembered it, because it has been—just so. And I'm through. You can have all those things, I don't want one, only *please* don't be hypocritical and come around asking me what I want, when you mean to smile and hold on!"

I said, "Why, Barbara!" I was surprised at her.

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Barbara only nodded.

"Some day," she said, after she'd threaded a needle, "you'll meet something you can't have—and it'll be the making of you! Until then——" and she finished her sentence with a wave of her new hat.

"I intend to have everything I want——" I said slowly.

Barbara only smiled.

"What shall I say to Mother?" I asked.

"Tell her I want the ones you don't—anything, nothing! I don't care. But—not the truth. She's too worried and she works too hard to be bothered. That really is the reason I'm giving up. I'm not a jelly fish. . . . You'll look very pretty in that grey, Alix, and the pink too, although it makes you a little sallow."

I thought that was spiteful.

"That hurt worse than any remark about your character, or lack of it—didn't it?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" I answered, "what you think doesn't trouble me. I hardly—heard you. Was that the telephone?"

Barbara didn't think it was and I went back to my room. Somehow I didn't feel very happy.

"Well, dear?" said Mother as I came in. She had put aside her work and was standing by the trunk, holding up the blue and white checked waist.

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"Barbara doesn't care," I said and, strange as it may seem, I felt as guilty as if it had been a lie, although Barbara really had said she didn't care.

"I thought she'd want the pink——" said Mother in a wondering way. "She looks very sweet in pink. . . . Unusual too, for a blonde. But—you'll look nice in it too, dear, that is if you decide to take it."

"I'd thought I would," I said carelessly.

"Slip it on," said Mother, and I did, and then she got a pin tray and began the work of fitting, her mouth full of pins and talking through them as she always does. I hate that. It makes me nervous and half the time I can't get what she says.

"Can you finish it by to-morrow afternoon?" I asked. I wanted it then terribly for I was going to a real tea.

"Oog twy——" she answered, which I took to mean, "I'll try."

"That makes me so nervous!" I complained, and she took the pins out, sighing a little after she did it. I dislike sighing so intensely. It's so depressing. There was a noise at the doorway and I looked away from the mirror to see Barbara. She looked on, smiling in the most trying way.

"It was dear of you to be so willing that Alix should have the pink and grey," said Mother.

Barbara looked down at her hands and then mut-

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tered something that sounded like, "Oh, that wasn't anything——"

"I'm sure you're a very dear little girl," said Mother. Then, when Mother was down on her knees, taking the length, Barbara looked at me. Her eyes were full of tears and she almost *never* cries. I considered it very selfish of her to do that, for it made me very unhappy.

"I'll hem that for you—Mother," said Barbara.

"I'd be so glad if you would," said Mother. "I have a good deal to do to it. The waist will have to come off the skirt. . . . Is that too short? Barbara, tilt the mirror, will you, dear? Thank you."

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CHAPTER II

THE PLAN

Written by Alix

AS I said, we are fearfully, miserably, inconveniently poor. Every time I need a new hat, or new shoes, or a corset, I find it out, and as for having summer furs or anything logical or necessary like that—why I simply have been denied those natural cravings all my life! I may say, with perfect truth, that my life has been full of sacrifice, not that I speak of it often, or at least *very* often; but it is true.

The day of the trunk-coming started our excitement. Daddy did it because of money. The most sensible move he ever made, I think. We have, in our family, a habit of calling discussions "clinics." And we all sit about ever so solemnly in the yellow drawing room, while Father, at the table, brings out the points of the case and asks our opinions, what treatment we would suggest and so on, quite as if we were consulting physicians, and as if the trouble

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were a patient. . . . It started way back when we were tiny, and bad, and when Daddy and Mother treated our faults as if they were the measles, mumps, or chicken-pox.

At supper that night Father said, "A clinic at eight, please," and we all wondered what we'd done, Billy, who is fifteen, especially. He is Barbara's especial pal and always doing something impossible. He is really worse than the smallest of us, Mary Elinor, who is twelve. . . . And that, by the way, is all of us.

Alix (myself), 21,
Barbara, 17½,
Billy, 15,
Mary Elinor, 12.

And of course Mother and Father, and there you are. . . . Well, as I said, Billy was nervous for I think he'd smoked a piedmont out back of the garage and knew Father would be fearfully annoyed if it were found out. He reached for the cottage cheese in his usual, unrestrained way and his cuff caught in the silver and a knife went clattering to the floor.

Aunt Eliza, who was coming in (she is our coloured cook, we've had her for years) said, "A gent'man done come. Sure sign a gent'man done come——" And Father looked at Mother and said, "Well, this time Eliza's sign isn't so far wrong,"

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and every one immediately connected it with the clinic and looked relieved.

"Has he whiskers?" asked Mary Elinor.

And Father said he didn't think so.

"Oh, dear!" she answered, "must I *die* without meeting a man with long, fuzzy whiskers!" Of course we all laughed. We do a good deal at Mary Elinor anyway. She is a cunning thing and ever so funny.

After dinner we fooled around the yard a little while, Barbara and Billy walking the back fence, which I consider dangerous as well as childish, and Mary Elinor up in the seat Billy built to study German in. . . . It is way up in a tree. He doesn't want to be caught studying German, for he thinks it unpatriotic; but Father made him keep it up because he's going to be a doctor and a good many scientific books are written in German.

At last it was eight and we all filed in to the yellow drawing room and found Father and Mother waiting for us. . . . Mother was working on my pink dress which I was glad to see as I really needed it.

However, Barbara said, "Oh, Mother! Can't you stop working!" which was quite like her.

"Be seated," said Father and we all settled. Mary Elinor at Mother's feet on a tiny stool, Billy on the

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sofa, Barbara by him and I in an early Italian chair which I feel fits my especial type.

"It's money," said Father, looking down at a little bust of Dante which he had picked up, "rather —the lack of it. I realise that you children are young to be bothered with this; but—your mother and I have always gone on the principle of talking things over with you—giving you a choice in the way of helping and a chance to help. We may be wrong, but that is our method——"

Barbara raised her hand.

"Oh, *no,* Daddy," she said, "you're *not* wrong!" Barbara speaks too intensely always. Her sentences sometimes sound like a song, they are so up and down.

Father smiled at her—she is his favourite, I know—and went on:

"And so—to-night we're going to tell you of a plan we have thought of to make things easier, and ask you to help. It may not be pleasant—personally I'm sorry to ask you to give up—and to help in just this way, but it seems the only one—it's this——" and then he told us. I'm not going to quote because it was drawn out unnecessarily.

They had decided, Mother and he, to turn our big house into a place where semi-sick people, nervous people, especially, could come to get well. It would mean our giving up the family life, that our

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meals would always be company affairs, and that we couldn't roller skate in the ball room any more.

When she heard that, Mary Elinor objected.

"Can't we keep pigs?" she said. "They're *so cute* and Alix could stay home and wash them instead of going to the Red Cross."

"Where would we keep them?" asked Father. He always treats all her suggestions as if they were entirely sensible.

"In the ball room," she said, "or the East wing. Little pigs are so *sweet* and dear, and we could name them for our friends——" And then she sat down.

"I'm afraid that *wouldn't* do——" he said. "Have you any other suggestions?"

"Chickens," she said, getting up again. "We could build a coop on the garage roof and use rope ladders to feed them with——"

"No chicken could digest a rope ladder," said Billy.

"You know what I mean!" she said, getting frightfully excited. "One could go up to feed them on the ladders—as you go up to study German, and the high air is better anyway. Don't consumptives always go to a high climate? Our chickens would probably become world-famous because of the altitude and their lungs and everything and——"

"I never met a rooster that hadn't good

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lungs," said Billy. "Come again, Mary E. Your suggestions are downed."

Mary Elinor looked at Father, who shook his head, and she settled again, crestfallen.

"Never mind, baby," said Mother, "some day we'll move to the country and keep chickens and pigs and everything in the world and keep them just where you want to!"

Mary Elinor moved nearer Mother, and laid her cheek against Mother's knee.

"Mothers always say things like that," she said. "I guess that's what they're for."

To be brief, Father told us that he had arranged to do this one thing—for it seemed the only thing *to* do, and—because he felt as if he could be a real help in doing it.

Barbara, of course objected even when she heard who was to be the first guest.

"Couldn't we turn this place into apartments?" she asked, her voice none too steady. "I want to help. I hope you and Mother know that I'd do *anything* for you; but—to have some one else here and never be just 'family'—it's—I'd rather raise money any other way!"

"The price of labour and materials prohibits that," said Father. "I'd thought of it, but—Barby, I thought you were the house-worshipper of the place?"

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"I am," she answered, twisting her handkerchief, "but the family comes first. You see, that's the picture, the other is the frame——"

"I see," said Father, smiling at her very tenderly —too tenderly; he spoils her frightfully.

"It's like that frame on 'Battersea Bridge,'" she said, "it suits the picture."

"Well, I can't see that," I said bluntly. "It's all frightfully run down! I'm positively *ashamed* to ask some of the girls I know to come here and——"

"Oh, *don't!*" said Barbara, and she got up, quite against the rules of the clinic, and laid her cheek against Father's shoulder. He put his arm about her, and held her closely, not speaking for several minutes, his cheek against her hair.

When he did speak, he said, "Little girl!" very gruffly, as he does when he cares a lot. I simply shrugged my shoulders. Frankly I didn't see the point.

"Is this bunny hugging to cease?" asked Billy. "I'm waiting for the plot."

"The plot," answered Daddy, "is Patrick Francis Goven Deems, direct heir to the Earl of Glenarm, who has been shell shocked—or something of that sort—and who has lost his grip on life and his love for living; and who, recommended by an old friend with whom I studied in Vienna, is coming here to

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try to get well. And I hope my family are going to help me make him so. Are they?"

I said, "Certainly, Father!" For I must say I took an interest immediately.

Barbara tried to look happy and failed. "I'll try," she said slowly.

"Is he whisker age?" asked Mary Elinor.

"Bet he'll be a sis!" said Billy.

And then we got up, there was a scraping of chairs and the clinic was disbanded. I was ever so glad I'd taken both frocks. It was really important that I had. It didn't matter *how* Barbara looked and it might matter a great deal—a very great deal—how I did. I went upstairs singing.

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CHAPTER III

SHOOTING, ANCIENT AND MODERN

Told by Barbara Heath Crane

I HATE a pig, and a liar. There are no polite words in my vocabulary for either. I think in those terms so I might as well write them. I think it's quite as bad to think things as to say them anyway. . . . So, after Alix had told Mother that I didn't want any of those beautiful duds, I went down to the shooting gallery and worked off my temper.

The shooting gallery is in the furnace cellar and Billy and I use light air rifles.

"Hello," said Billy, as I came down the stairs. "What's up? You look 'all het up.' Scrapped with Alix?"

"Don't want to talk about it," I answered shortly. "You have my gun. I don't like yours."

He handed it over and I took a pop at the bull's-eye, hit it and began to feel better.

"Got a trunk from Senora Got-Rocks, didn't you?" asked Billy. I'm ashamed to say it, but that's

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the way Billy alludes to our pompous and wealthy aunty of Boston town.

I said, "Yes."

"Um . . ." said Billy, and then, "I say, Barby, you're a dandy girl. Clothes don't make the man, you know. Buck up!"

I said I'd try to and then suddenly I sat down and did something of which I am, even yet, ashamed to think, for I don't very often weep. I plunked down, —"plunked" is the word—on a grape fruit crate and began to whimper. "All my life——" I sobbed, "I have wanted a pink lawn dress—a—a—thin one w-with a white collar!"

Billy put his arm around me, a thing he almost never does.

"She's a pig!" he said.

I squeezed his hand, tried to laugh, failed and wept again. "It's—it's Mother——" I said, "she gets so nervous when Alix and I scrap—and we do, unless I *don't*. . . . Some day she'll meet something she—she can't have and it'll do her—good."

"You *bet* it will," agreed Billy.

"Determination is good in reason," I said after a moment filled with my sniffs.

"Um——" said Billy. He and Daddy are a good deal alike that way. They "um—" a lot when they're thinking.

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"Don't tell any one I cried, will you, Billy?" I said.

"Did I ever?" he said shortly. And he never has, so I apologised. After that I got up and shot, and I guess I was excited, for something horrible happened. I am not, really and truly, a bad shot, but I was all blinky with tears and shaky from madness (I have a very bad temper) and the first thing I knew there was a funny little "ping," and then a stream of water and Billy shouting, "By golly, you've done it this time! You've shot the water pipe. *Where* do you turn it off!"

"Let me hold it!" I said, my teeth shut; but that is more easily said than done. It was a sixty pound pressure and it wouldn't be held. It simply went on. I never saw so much water all at once in captivity. You could have floated a canoe easily and we were wading in no time.

"Wilhelmina at the dyke!" shouted Billy from another cellar, but I couldn't see the joke. Then the water began to slow down and then it stopped and Billy came back, laughing terribly. I guess I did look funny, for I certainly was drenched.

And after that I went upstairs, confessed and begged Father not to tell Alix; for she thinks my shooting unladylike anyway. Daddy said he wouldn't, Billy went for a plumber, and I went to change my clothes. Of course I bumped into callers. I would. That's the sort of luck I have.

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I didn't even have presence of mind enough to explain. I simply held out a dripping hand, and then went sloshing up the stairs, my shoes making funny suction noises at each step. Upstairs I found Mary Elinor in the tub, all over soap and not rinsed. She was angry and said bathing was foolish and if Mother hadn't made her do it she wouldn't have been in that mess and that she'd had a bath only yesterday, anyway. She also said it weakened one and was a bother and a waste of time beside being hard on the pigment. Mary Elinor really has quite a medical turn. She hangs around Daddy's office, which is in the East Wing, quite a lot and is always telling Mother the meals are not well balanced.

But this isn't important to the story at all, and I must get on; I must explain my attitude about friendship, so that may explain *why* I helped Patrick Francis Goven Deems all through that awful time and why after it—but that is getting ahead of my story.

My great great Aunt was named Barbara Heath and she was an ardent friend of the girl whom Francis Scott Key married. Through her I became very much interested in him, and he has been, all my life, my ideal. And now—since every one in the world is learning to love our flag as they should—I love him more than ever for the song he wrote about it. Especially do I love him for the way he wrote that poem which has become so justly honoured and

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famous. . . . All my life I have dreamed, I suppose because I am shy, and this is the way I dreamed it.

You know in the War of 1812-1814 the British came over here and were determined to conquer the States, as they called them, and break our stiff wills. . . . And I think they especially hated Baltimore because of the sailing and trading the Baltimorians did—they called our city a "nest of Pirates." So after they burned Washington they came sailing up the Chesapeake, very confident, I'm sure, that they would easily conquer Baltimore. . . . I can hear them laugh loudly—big, heavy men of strength from their out-door, sailing life—and almost sneer over the way their guns would wipe out our tiny fort and leave us beaten. . . . Probably they drank a little too much too, just on the strength of the excitement, and swaggered about, talking of the plunder they would take, the loud-mouthed rebels they would string up and the trophies they would take back to their King.

Well, at this time a little skiff pulled up alongside the boat and from it two men crawled on the British ship.

"You have a friend of mine here as prisoner," said one, a handsome young man whose stock was beautifully laundered and whose clothes were well put on. . . . His brows were arching, dark and set

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above a dreamer's eyes, his nose was long and straight, his mouth was sympathetic, and enough full to show the ready lips of an orator, which he was, for he was Francis Scott Key, born in Frederick County, educated at Annapolis, and a lawyer of some renown.

"I have permission from Secretary of State Monroe," he went on, "permission to plead for the life of my friend, your prisoner, Doctor William Beanes."

"Hum!" said the Captain, a very red-faced man, and he scowled fearfully.

"Did you know that he threw three British refugees in jail, my man?" he asked after his scowl.

Francis Scott Key said he did know this, but that —and then he began to use his good voice, his lawyer's tricks and his romantic mind, and all for one purpose: and the purpose was made by friendship, straight friendship, the biggest and best thing in the world.

The Captain looked at another man who stood near and they considered. Mr. Key's arguments had been good, his pleadings well done, and they had made their mark.

"We can't let you go to-day," said the Captain, "nor your friend—you see," he waved his hand and Francis Scott Key did see, for the decks were being cleared for action and sailors, some of them wearing

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blazing red handkerchiefs about their heads, clustered around the guns. It was a picture, the Fort in the distance, the browned men with strained faces, the little country town on the shore, but it made no pleasant impress on Francis Scott Key. . . .

"Fort McHenry," he thought. "How can it stand against this?"

And the bombardment started—started September 13, 1814, and lasted all that day and almost all of the night. . . . To Key it seemed impossible that the Fort could hold and he walked the deck in an agony of doubt, wringing his hands, praying, perhaps—men do, you know—and thinking a lot, I suspect about certain people whom he loved in the besieged city. . . . Think of having your home town laid low by an enemy's guns! And think of having people whom you love in that city, being unable to help them and standing by—watching. That is the hardest part. Daddy says so, and he knows. He has a great deal of it in his business.

Doctor Beanes walked by Francis Scott Key, now and again saying something, but neither had any hope nor any real conviction that the right could be. But—they waited for the dawn, Key and Beanes, waited with what they supposed almost an absurd hope. . . . "If the flag still flies——" said Francis Scott Key. Doctor Beanes did not answer. He could only shake his head.

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And then the dawn came. A grey, misty dawn which was full of fog and through which no one could see. The men, bitterly disappointed, stared in the direction of the Fort, stared, straining their eyes and trying to pierce the dense fog for the sight of the dearest thing in any true American's life. . . . Suddenly there was a rift in the mist—just a little streak of clearing and through that they saw the "Star-Spangled Banner" blowing over the walls of the brave old Fort!

Francis Scott Key stood gazing at it, and because he was very much relieved, because his friend was doubly sure to be safe, because everything was as it should have been—and possibly because he had had no sleep, his eyes filled with tears.

"I say, Beanes," he said, "have you got a piece of paper?"

"'Fraid not," answered Doctor Beanes, fumbling about in his pockets, "no, I haven't. I imagine the Captain has those all in his safe. . . . Doesn't trust his guests, you know. Searches them."

"Well," said Francis Scott Key, and from his own pocket drew an envelope, shook out its contents, and scribbled on the back:

"Oh, say can you see,
By the dawn's early light——"

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now and then looking up at the flag as he did it. After he finished he passed it over to his friend.

"What do you think of it?" he asked in an embarrassed way.

Doctor Beanes read it carefully. "Why, Key, that's not bad!" he said; "you know, come down to it, it's good! Didn't know you wrote poetry."

"Some people think I can," said Francis Scott Key, while he studied his pencil point intently. Perhaps he was thinking of Chief Justice Taney's sister, (she became Mrs. Francis Scott Key) for perhaps she thought he could write poetry. Lots of women think their husbands can, you know, (before they marry them, and Mr. Key really could so perhaps she thought so even after) and some years after his death, a volume of his poems was printed.

But to go back, he polished that poem in the Baltimore hotel that night. It was struck off on handbills the next day, circulated through the city, and then it was set to music. And truth compels me to state that it was set to an old English drinking song which had been used before for a political song, entitled "Adams and Liberty." . . . After that it was sung in a theatre and became immediately very popular and, I suppose, a very best seller. But—I don't suppose that Francis Scott Key ever realised what he had really done, that there would be memorials to him in many, many places. From Golden Gate

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Park, a great statue in his memory looks out upon the Pacific; but I love our dear Baltimore monument of him best, that one that stands at Eutah Place and Lanvale Street. There are two men in a boat; Key standing and looking up at a woman who holds a flag . . . I love it. When I was tiny, Daddy put me in the boat one day, and even then I felt somewhat as I do now, and I kissed the hand of the man who stood looking up. . . . And now to think that each day when the flag is lowered—each sunset, rather—that that song is played on every American Battleship at each Fort and Garrison in our country—it seems wonderful. And it all came through friendship and loyalty, and a firm resolve to help one's friends, and do everything in the world one could for them.

And that, as I said before, is why I stuck to Patrick Francis Goven Deems and did all I could to help him. I had told him I would be his friend. And to me friendship means more than a grip of hands in pleasant weather; it means holding the other fellow, keeping him from slipping, when the going is bad.

Alix always said the reason I stuck to him when every one else didn't was because I was interested in him in a silly way—but it wasn't—then. And isn't now, for nothing that is true or real is ever silly.

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CHAPTER IV

THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW

As Related by Patrick Francis Goven Deems

I MUST acknowledge now that my ideas of the States were somewhat wild, you know. Not that I believed you met the red skins at Newport, but I didn't expect real civilisation in a country which, after all, but ranks with our colonies. I didn't even think of taking my evening clothes, but had Dodson put them away in a cedar box, all jolly tight to keep until my return. I was all for taking a folding bath too, but Uncle wouldn't permit it.

"Patrick," he rumbled, (Uncle rumbles, he is very much the man) "don't be a stuffy ass. Don't decide what your neighbours are before you meet them. Don't form preconceived opinions. Not good for a man to back down, you know."

"Very well, sir," I answered, and got up to help myself from the joint. I remember it all with keenness. It was breakfast time at Glenarm, one of those moist mornings which I think can't be dupli-

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