

tinged crimson from the distant flare, and the wreathing whirlpools of their collapse gleaming like turbulent wine-vats.

With the moon higher, and its hot rose cooled to silver, the waves that rear themselves in its flashing wake cast portentous shadows before them, while the cross-ridges, hurled back by the cliffs and sliding over the new lines of advance, might be the entangled lengths of hose in a city street at a midnight fire, or the heaped coils of giant pythons in combat.

In the swaying hollows scarfs of foam lie like drifts of freshly-fallen powder of snow across a burnished crust, and ever rises the odor of brine in heavy breath of dampness from the lustrous confusion.

#### XIV. The Moonlit Reef.

The full moon lays its magic silver brilliance far along the gentian-blue sea of twilight and on every shoreward swell that enters lagoons of the reef left bare by low tide.

Against the outer scarp of the rocky barrier the breakers shatter with low-voiced booming and fling snowy manes into the delicate moonshine.

The evening wind brings the thick smell of brine and weed from over the brown desert of exposed rubble, and faintly against the bass of the surf sounds the melancholy, clear cheeping of sand-pipers.

ELIOT WHITE.



### LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELERS.

#### No. 10. The Outcast Woman.

For The Public.

It was late Saturday night, and a young man but recently from a farm was walking along the streets of old-time San Francisco; the hour was well past midnight. He had the fortunate heritages of tremendous health, clean up-bringing, and plain, honorable ancestry on both sides; he was making friends and a place for himself in the great city. But on this night he was calmly studying "the seamy side of life."

He noticed a disturbance across the street. Several waiters were persuading a stylish, elderly and too-convivial man, with his young woman companion, to enter a carriage. Suddenly came a gentle touch upon his arm; a girl spoke: "Come home with me."

He looked at her in such an uncomprehending way that she flushed under powder and rouge. She pulled harder at his arm.

"You are the greenest man I ever met! Have a good time, and give me a dollar or two," she said. "You might treat me to some supper first. I am awfully hungry. There's my room rent besides, or maybe I wouldn't have spoken."

The youth noted her soiled and tawdry cloth-

ing, her thin, worn-out shoes, her hardened face, her hoarse and broken voice, her piteous and terrible eyes. He thought of his own sisters and girl friends in far-off city and country places, asleep in love, innocence and protection. Into the sorrow and horror of this sudden Vision of Death, his soul fell; he asked himself: "Why are such things as this permitted by the Creator?" What he said was: "If my mother were here, she would take you to supper, right across the street. So come along."

A couple of reporters whom he knew were having oysters and ale there; he thought it might be well to speak to them. So, after he had made the outcast woman comfortable, he left her. In fact, he wanted to get away, for it hurt him to see how wolfishly hungry she was.

They were reporters of a fine and indeed unusual type. One was that lovable Harry Bigelow, whose name still remains as a glorious tradition of inside newspaper circles. Both were good judges of men and of motives; both had guessed with more or less accuracy that the youth had something more on his mind than the mere giving of a meal to an outcast. They knew him well enough to do so; they went straight to the problem, as they saw it.

"What you are trying to do," said one, "is Quixotic."

"It's lunacy!" said the other. "You bring her in here; you hang up her cloak; you treat her in all respects like one of your uptown friends. At present you are welcome in the best private circles of San Francisco, but if this gets around—it won't from us—you will be cut dead. That girl is bright enough. She might have made an extra fine woman. But she is clear down and out; she's notorious. She once tried to kill the man who ruined her."

The youth colored, and looked toward the other reporter, who was especially dear to his soul.

"It's true," said Harry Bigelow. "Everybody knows about her; a country girl once. But you can't be seen publicly with her. Go over and say good night. Give her all the money you can spare. Take this, too!" He emptied his purse on the table; it was a way that reporter had.

All three looked across the room. The girl paid no attention; she was still devouring her meal.

The youth hesitated, crossed the Rubicon, became a serious-eyed man as at one stroke.

"I guess you must let me go my own foolish way, boys," he said. "That poor thing has come to grief. She's awfully battered up. Men did it,—men, and our social system. But she and I, and you, besides, are really raft-mates. We must not be cannibals."

"Good-by, Don Quixote!" they told him. "Hope you won't be sorry."

Then he went back to the problem before him, drank some coffee, talked to her about pleasant

country places until her face softened, put on her cloak, and started out with her.

The restaurant proprietor took his money and then called him a trifle aside. "Don't bring that woman here again."

"How about the drunken man and woman your waiters put in a carriage awhile ago?" said the wrathful young man. "Were they much better?"

"Clear out!" the irate proprietor shouted. "I haven't any finer customers than those two."

The girl caught on, of course; the iron mask again fell on her face; she dropped the young man's arm at the door.

"Thank you, sir! Good-by."

He stopped her with a compelling and protecting gesture. "Not at all! I shall see you home."

Without a further word they went together to a horrible lodging house on the Barbary Coast. It was 2 o'clock Sunday morning. A drunken woman was piloting a drunken sailor up the stairs. A tigerish creature opened a wicket above a railing. She demanded seven dollars from the outcast woman for a week's rental in advance. The youth paid it instantly, walked past to the outcast's door, gave her money for breakfast, told her to meet him in Portsmouth Square that afternoon.

He looked her in the eyes and held out his hand. He spoke in a cool, clear voice which might have fallen from a star where love and friendship rule, and passion has been forever brought under control. Tears were in his eyes; mingled sorrow, rage and bewilderment were in his heart.

"Good night, my poor sister. Now go to sleep!"

Slowly he walked towards Market Street, took a car, and went home, struggling with the age-old problem. Surely the Almighty had not created Sex for such ends as this! He could not rest; he read of Juliet and Imogene; again he read the immortal sonnet:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediment.

Slowly, climbing the road of Shakespeare, his soul came to the light from its Vision of Death. "The Sex law," he whispered to himself, "is unselfish Love, and holy Marriage, and the eternal communion of tw spirits."

"Poor, broken-hearted woman of the streets," he added, "she is some mother's daughter; she might have been some good man's dear wife."

That Sunday afternoon the young man and the outcast woman talked together in Portsmouth Square. She spoke with simple dignity and reticence. "The pressure," she said, "was too much for my ignorance of life; but I do want another chance."

He took the addresses of her relatives, gave her some hard-earned money—he was one of the toilers. "Eat and sleep," he said, "then try to get work. I'll find some woman to come and see you."

A certain rich man, prominent in social, literary

and religious organizations, went past, about this minute; saw the girl crying, saw the youth give her money, put the worst construction on the affair, told a dozen people before night, told his wife later: "A nice fellow to be a member of our Literary Club! Never saw anything so brazen, and in broad daylight, too!"

"Yes," said the youth to the outcast woman, as they parted, "I will get word to those aunts of yours."

The next evening he went to the most charming matron he knew, and told her the story. Would she take charge of this poor thing, call upon her, get her started in some self-supporting work, secure for her a woman-physician, communicate with her aunts?

The matron was frankly shocked. "Take her to the homes for such persons!" she said, breaking off the discussion.

The aunt in Colusa replied to the youth's letter:

"What you say about my wicked niece and her repentance sounds well enough. Her mother died of grief. Tell her so; it may help to make her behave better. Of course I have no means of knowing whether you are telling the truth about your relations. However, I know my duty. Send her up here, and I will remit the railroad fare."

The youth read this twice, and thrust it in the fire. Really, the problem was too much for him; he would go home before long; perhaps his mother would take hold of it.

The very next day one of his newspaper friends stepped into the office where the youth worked, to say that the Weekly Stiletto had picked up an item from the certain rich man; had invented a dramatic and very disreputable story, and was now trying to find the girl. "We'll move heaven and earth to keep it out of print," they said, "but you get that woman out of town, Don Quixote!"

The young man shivered. Social convention, which he had always laughed at, began to look like a yellow-toothed, gigantic ogress, who had corraled him in her cave.

But that evening came a small, ill-dressed, gray-haired woman, from the redwoods of Mendocino, to see the young man. "I am Eliza's aunt," she told him. "I am so glad she has been found."

"Take her right home," he said, after they had talked awhile. "Give her a place in your heart. And tell her good-by from me."

She took both his hands, this toil-worn elderly woman, thanked him with words he never forgot, and went back, with the girl, into the healing mountains.

As for the youth, he long carried with him this case of one poor maltreated traveler. For the first time in his life since he went to Sunday School he questioned the orthodox foundations of the Social Order; he asked: "Why should there be castes, ostracisms, human slavery under a thousand other names, control of common resources by the

Few? Why is so much of our Christian civilization un-Christian?"

He had always seen plainly that for men as for women there could be but one and the same law of sex-purity—his mother had taught him that. Now, he saw just as plainly that if society forgives the man-sinner, it must equally forgive the woman-sinner. Also, he saw that Woman in self-protection everywhere needs opportunity and education in public affairs; needs to declare open and inexorable war upon every form of prostitution, and on all which creates and sustains it.

As the years went, his thoughts widened. He began to recognize the ferocious arraignment which every outcast man as well as every outcast woman might justly fling at the blunders and crimes of our civilization. More and more he gave himself to the greater issues of human life. His friends said sometimes that all this came from his Mother's training and influence. But those Gods of the Morning who bring light out of darkness, knew that, while his earnest Mother had her share in the gift, it was chiefly the work of the Outcast Woman, whose nameless agonies were thus melted into the slow creation of higher human standards on a more loving earth.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### REFORMER AND PROPHET.

Henry Demarest Lloyd—1847-1903. A biography by Caro Lloyd, with an introduction by Charles Edward Russell. In two volumes, illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price, \$5.00.

"Now we know that war, slavery, tyranny, poverty, disease are doomed," said Henry D. Lloyd with faith in his vision of a time when the evils of our present politics will be superseded by an education that will fit all citizens for the service of the State and for all other social service. That this forecast sprang from the deepest desire of a pure, loyal, unselfish nature cannot be doubted when we look back over the career of the man himself. From his youth he seems to have been inspired with a burning purpose to aid in opening wider opportunities to those unequally placed in the arena of life. His best powers always were devoted to the work of arousing "the new conscience," which should make clear the way to the establishment of juster relations among men.

In these endeavors he was fortunate in having the sympathy and co-operation of the wife who shared his ideals and who stood ready with the support of loving thought and helping hand in all emergencies. As he once said to her:

Our love is not perfect for we are not perfect, but it is the best that is in us, the best that is for us—this sweet association of head and heart and life. Let us preserve its passion and its purity as we

would the beauty of the lily, and holding each other to this "best" let us look with calm minds on the carking cares of life.

There was need of this inner peace and harmony when later he called down upon himself the anathemas of the conservative public by his bold defense of the Chicago Anarchists and by his daring exposure of the facts that constituted the body of that famous pioneer work, "Wealth against Commonwealth." Yet the denunciations that fell on his devoted head after his startling disclosures of the crimes of wealth were finely balanced by the heart-warm congratulations that came to him from those who recognized the underlying motives and far-reaching results of an initial movement which, with tremendous impetus, is still going forward. The home of the Lloyds, always a refuge for the unfortunate, became also a rendezvous of reformers—men and women who were losing all thought of self-aggrandisement in the larger interests of society still in the agonized throes of evolution and redemption from the vampire stage that marks the progress of the race from the greed of the gormandizing beast to the graciousness and generosity of the man. The broad catholic spirit of Lloyd appears to have disposed him kindly towards reformers of all types. As he said in answer to one who asked him to define his position:

If we begin with definitions we are sure to end with schisms. Must we have an odium sociologicum pop that the odium theologicum is dying out? . . . I have never interested myself in any question of label or intricacies of creed. I no more believe it possible to cover the social situation by a name or a bunch of propositions than to cover the universe.

As the writer of the biography says: "Lloyd's life was a noble example of worship in the 'Church of the Deed.' That piety with which his race had for generations looked skyward, turned in him to a passionate devotion to the body of toiling, aspiring humanity. It exalted into importance the human needs of food and shelter, and lifted into universal brotherhood the lowliest creature. It made his city a part of heaven—every day an immortal moment, 'every building a temple, every man a redeemer.'"

In his work for the attainment of industrial brotherhood he came to a place where he felt it no longer a duty to expose evils, but to turn his thought and energies to that interior realm from whence all constructive ideas of good are derived. Out of the travail of his own experience sprang his belief that man is a creator with God in a world which is largely the man's own product, or, as Lloyd puts it—"We are every day creating and re-creating the world in which we live." In a manuscript unfinished and locked away in his Winnetka safe until his death, there is an outline of his theory of Love as a social force, and of the universal religion in which all men shall be the instruments of that divine power.

Among the notable things written during this