

## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

#### THE EXPOSITION.

Richard Wightman in *The American Magazine*.

She and I went to it, the Big Fair.  
We were the whole Attendance.  
It was all under one roof which was called The Sky.  
Every day this was rehued by invisible brushes, gloriously,  
And at night all lit by countless lights, star-shaped,  
And arranged curiously in the form of Dippers and things.

It must have cost a fortune in some kind of rare coin  
To do it that way.

By day the place was vast and very beautiful.  
The far edge of it, all around, was called the Horizon.  
Each morning, out of the East,

A huge golden disk came  
And swung itself slowly up along the arch of the sky-roof

And settled to the Westward, leaving numerous glories behind.

There was a water-place there, a Lake, with an Inlet and an Outlet.

It was not little and brown like those you see in Madison Square Garden,  
But big and blue and clean.

We splashed ourselves in it and laughed, like children.

The Lake had trout in it;  
I saw them leap when the water was still  
And the golden disk was falling.  
I looked around for a Don't sign  
But there was none,  
So I took a hook and caught some  
And She cooked them, for I had built a fire.  
(You see one could do almost anything there that one liked.

There were no Rules.)

And there was a Spring, which kept filling itself and filling itself from somewhere,

And spilling itself over its brim into the Lake,  
As if it were not a bit afraid there wouldn't be any more.

The Spring was clear and cold,  
And we knelt by it and saw ourselves in it,  
And sucked its water through our lips.  
There were also real trees, beeches and birches,  
And sometimes a real wind swayed them  
And their leaves made a sound  
Like the song of soft voices, blended.  
Pines there were, too, and balsams,  
But they were very still and dignified  
And never bent much even when the wind was in them.

(We rented our cot from the balsams—  
The one we slept on the nights we were there.  
And, oh, such sleep!)  
And hills! you should have seen them!  
Each was different from the others,  
An individual, but together they made a Range  
With a wavy top-line against the sky-roof.

And we climbed the hills and lost our breath,  
And on their crests stood long,  
And looked out over wooded valleys  
Threaded by satin streams.  
It was better for our eyes than an oculist's shop.  
Then, up there, we would sit down on the moss-cushions, She and I,  
And hum some old tunes, some very old tunes,  
And be quietly happy—  
A sort of happiness that didn't seem to need anything  
Outside of itself.  
We didn't see the Manager at all,  
But there must have been one around there somewhere  
To arrange all this and look after it.  
And we didn't pay anything to get in;  
Our hearts invited us.



#### THE DRAMA OF THE LITTORAL.

##### VI. The Diver's Joys.

This morning the waves are not too impetuous to forbid a dive among them from the cliff's lower shelf, though watchers on the brink above, who note the crashing attacks more than the ample intervals between, try to deter from the venture.

Climbing down over slanting slabs harsh with mussel-shells and barnacles, and clinging to the walls by their slippery, odorous tussocks of black-green weed, the diver waits, with compressed lips and brief tension at the breast, till a climax wave has foamed out its energy and left an inviting cradle of tilting calm, when a decisive plunge and a few broad strokes carry him into the safety of the apple-green swells, to hear with impunity the hoarse tumult of the next breaker behind him.

Landing on the ledge at the return requires more circumspection, for the swimmer must wait within striking-distance till a wave of lesser power approaches, then, as he hastens shoreward, time his arrival to its foaming ascent on which he depends to lift him bodily and set him on his feet on the granite platform.

Let him beware the embrace of the receding flood, for if it drag him down the rock again, it will not spare his flesh laceration of the knife-edge barnacles; but if he win safe footing, he will know exultation from the dandling power of the water that has conveyed him like a babe, and its mill-race retreat between his firmly-braced legs.

##### VII. The Wheels of Foam.

Out where the storm-rack drags loose tatters of its crape along the pale buff horizon sky, the sea in the sidelong light presents a sharply roughened surface of metallic black.

There can be no diving from the cliffs today, for below the turgid masses of cloud the breakers assault the jutting crags as if riding over them rough-shod with whirling white tires.

Before a comber reaches the ledges, with its whole might poised for the plunge, often a portion of its sharp crest will crisp over in a minor col-

lapse, with the sound of an intaken breath through shut teeth, leaving the reserve of sustained wrath in the rushing bulk beneath all the more vivid to the sense.

### VIII. The Tide-Line.

Ah, for skill to convey the significance of the tide-line along the rocks when the ebb has bared them!

It is a stupendous ruling along the shores of the continent by the apparently wayward yet steady-handed deep, as by some adept artist whose almost playful abandon of execution rests upon arduous patience and precision of technique.

It is the tan-mark of the coast's muscular shoulders from which the blue vesture of the sea has been for a few hours rolled back.

Here the granite slopes that lie below the line are crusted thick with buff barnacle shells like the hull of a ship exposed for cleaning in a drydock.

Here again they are heavily hung with weed, that fringes the line like a shaggy beard beneath lips compressed in indomitable resolve, and glistens with superb somber hues of bronze-green, madder and coffee-brown.

And at intervals a volatile swirl of foam from a heavier wave ascends across the mark, and cascades from the rock-face in sibilant siphon jets of liquid snow, startling the pale-breasted sandpipers from their dainty pecking among the exposed fucus and sending them flying oceanward again, shrilly protesting.

### IX. The Submarine Jungle.

No wanderer in African or Indian wilds could make a more startling discovery than this submarine wilderness of gorgon-lock seaweeds below the cliff's ledge at the seabrink, where I came only to watch the passing of the August afternoon on the swaying azure deep.

The low-slanting sunrays that illumine the tide-swept growths glimmer through their grim wild-wood and the sea they enclose, swart walnut-brown; I cannot express the shrinking amazement of gazing in!—It is an ocean jungle, a submerged tropic everglade of leaping, writhing straps and serpentine tentacles, lusting for the grasp of some living thing to ensnare and suffocate!

Lithe and swift as adders dart the glutinous thongs in the hollows of the waves as they curve to their breaking; and out beyond and beyond is ever the same gruesome life without life, sheltering the cold being of crustacea and fish, and seeming to beckon avidly to glowing flesh only to strangle and turn it livid and chill like all in its glooming lower world.

I feel as though I had been given a terrifying glimpse of Medusa's locks in the blue depths of Perseus' lustrous mirror.

### X. The Salt Meadows.

In brilliant sunshine after rain, the salt meadows below the electric railway trestle spread

to superb distances of almost metallic green, merging into a golden bloom of haze, with glittering-scaled, serpentine inlets from the sea penetrating deep into the emerald plain.

A heron leaps into flight at the car's passage, and the breeze is sumptuously laden with perfumes of all this primal vigor and saline nudity of the littoral kingdom.

### XI. The Gray Morning.

Lax, fish-cold fog adheres to the steely sea toward the horizon.

At the cliff's base the constant turmoil of broken waters has cast to the surface a brownish, clotted barm, that floats as a superposed layer on the white, horse-sweat froth.

And when a wave lifts this to the wind it is whipt away in chaffy flecks, vividly realizing the prophet's simile of the King of Samaria, "cut off like foam upon the water."

### XII. Homeric Hues of the Sea.

This is one of the "endless summer evenings on the lineless, level floors," that Kipling watched on the English Channel.

The sun has left the lower ledges of the shore now in shadow, where the swirling tide in the coves, too deep for foam, is of somber indigo dye.

But a hundred feet out, where a solitary, enormous head of rock protrudes, as of some saurian bearded to the eyes with fucus and harshly armored with mussel-shells, the late sun-shafts still linger on the waters that surge about the savage jaws. In this light itself abides an evanescent pink glow that paints the foam with delicate luster, while the body of the waves beneath reveals the true Greek wine-color of the deep,—a regal purple as from grapes rich in violet stain.

And this wine is all living and sparkling, and lifts from its profound heart what glory of mingled sapphire and ruby hues to answer the lingering brilliance of departing day!

But was ever such foam on mortal beverage as here mantles in dazzling purity of tinted snow, till it overflows the brims of the granite beakers and rushes lavishly to waste on the darkening tides beyond the sun's accolade?

And now toward the horizon the majestic arc of pale-blue, waveless sea is suffused with the rosy flush, where the sprinkled sails become lenses to focus its splendor, and the white pharos shaft on its sea-girt island far from shore glows ruddy as a monument for martyrs, across the placid azure leagues.

### XIII. Red Moonrise.

The first lift of the moon's rim above the sea's horizon might be the prow of some glowing scarlet warship, and when the full sphere is free of the water it casts a lurid trail down the waves as from wild fire.

About the base of the cliffs the breakers crash as in flight, with pallid cheeks and foam-lips

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