

since herself—had several members going to No Man's Land to join the geographical expedition on board now, all that had been saved, at least." Barbara's heart stood still. All that had been saved, at least. Some were gone, then. He was gone. Weak as she already was, she turned with a deadly sickness, and the world and consciousness were just going out together when a strange music of voices seemed ringing in her ears; she felt as if a pair of strong arms had caught her up, and a long kiss upon her lips had brought her back to life. She rose upon her elbow, gazing eagerly over sand and sea, as if her glances were messengers sent abroad to gather word of the wreck; and presently she was on her feet, and running swiftly down the sands, her cloak streaming out behind her.

Young Wornum was beside her; and when she stopped for breath, he put the glass into her hand, just as the clouds stripped away and let the moon out, broad and full, over the black waters lashing themselves to foam, and for one moment she saw it—saw that arm wound in the ratlins, that white face looking out over the angry surges—and then the giant wave came roaring and rearing on, shaking its gray plumes above it in the moonlight. There was a crash of thunder. The wreck was gone; the place was bare and waste.

Barbara threw down the glass, and ran on. "Somebody must save him," she was crying. "He was alive a moment since. Somebody must swim out and help him in. He is strong, but he is not as strong as the sea."

But all the time that she was running and crying, the wind tearing the words from her lips, so that she seemed to make no sound, and was desperate at her impotence, the people on the beach and in the surf were working. And as she came on, breathless, some one rose from the little throng about him, staggered a moment, rallying the strength left from the wrestle with the waters, and moved toward her.

"Are you safe?" she cried, wildly. "Oh, are you alive? Have you come back to me?" And her arms were about him, and she had kissed him there before the people, innocent of a thought of them.

"I told you," he whispered—"I told you the time would come when you would proclaim it publicly. I have almost paid

for that kiss with my life, but, oh, my darling, I hold it cheap at any price."

And Penrose did not tell her for a year and a day that he had been a member of no geographical expedition at all, but of a conspiracy instead—that he had never escaped from the wreck, but had been one of those going out to its rescue, since he had been in hiding in Beachline all the time. Perhaps he never told his mother-in-law at all.

IN BEHALF OF CRIME.

THERE was a time when it was held that inasmuch as women are not men, and girls are not boys, the education of what used to be called the weaker sex should differ in many respects from that of the other sex. We have learned better of late years. Although as yet it has been found impossible to correct the mistake which nature made when she selected two different patterns on which to construct men and women, we have been taught that neither law nor custom should take cognizance of sex. Women should vote and hold office; they should pursue the same studies and follow the same professions as men. The sacraments should be administered by female priests, in spite of St. Paul's narrow-minded views; and obsolete theories as to the beauty of womanly modesty should not prevent the appearance and hearty recognition of the feminine political "boss." In the composite colleges of the West where boys and girls study ancient languages and modern flirtation together, and in the liberal medical schools where young men can practice dissection in the refining presence of young women, we have furnished to the once weaker sex many of the advantages which we formerly reserved for our boys; but there is still one just complaint which the friends of female equality can make. Boys are provided with a literature which is of inestimable value in moulding their youthful minds, while girls are still restricted to a weak and unsatisfactory mental diet, but little if any better than that which was provided for their mothers.

The old-fashioned stories which the unhappy boys of the last generation read have been succeeded by the manly and fascinating criminal novel. In the old story-books it was assumed that truthfulness, honesty, and obedience to parents

were virtues, and that the Christian religion was not wholly devoid of merit. If these views were not directly taught in the juvenile literature of our fathers, at all events they were never directly or indirectly attacked. Boys could learn nothing from their story-books except preposterous platitudes—nothing that was of any practical use, or that tended to develop in them manly and brilliant traits. No such complaint can be made of the dime and half-dime novels of the criminal school which are now read by all our boys, either openly or secretly. In these delightful stories new forms of profanity and slang are taught in the most effective way. The pleasures of burglary and highway robbery, the manliness of gambling and fighting, and the heroism of successful lying are set forth in what is regarded by youthful readers as glowing eloquence; while the great truths that all parents are tyrants, that all religious people are hypocrites, and that disobedience to fathers and teachers is obedience to the nobler instincts of juvenile nature, are sedulously taught. Such stories as these develop all that is manly and lawless in our boys, and teach them lessons that can not fail to be of immense service to them in whatever criminal career they may adopt.

There are a few old-fashioned people who denounce the new juvenile literature in unsparing terms; but that nearly all fathers approve of it is self-evident. They know that their boys are reading novels illustrative of the excellence of crime, but they make no effort to suppress that sort of literature, as they certainly would do did they disapprove of it. Nothing would be simpler than to drive those novels out of existence. All that it would be necessary to do would be to "Boycott" the news-dealers who keep them for sale. The truth evidently is that fathers either do not care what their boys read, or that they have no fault to find with *Jack Harkaway* and the *Boy Burglars*. It can not be that respectable gentlemen who dislike crime, profanity, and vulgarity willfully refuse to know what their boys are reading, or weakly hope that by some happy chance their reading will do them no harm.

It is obviously unfair that our boys should have literary and criminal advantages which our girls have not. There are no criminal story-books written exclusively for girls. There are, it is true,

many thoroughly silly and admirably vapid novels designed for young women, but there are no books expressly intended to instruct our little girls in crime and vulgarity. This should be remedied without delay. There should be an end of this unfair discrimination in favor of boys. We must have stories that will instruct girls in the art of picking pockets and the science of shop-lifting. Girls need to be taught bad language and vulgar slang quite as much as boys. The exploits of *Sallie, the Young Burglar Queen*, and of *The Girl Murderess of Twenty-seventh Street*, need to be celebrated with as much care as those of imaginary boy pirates and boy murderers. The clearest and most forcible lessons in practical vice and villainy could be taught by an able and conscientious writer who should eloquently picture the career of a finely depraved girl. He could describe the noble way in which the high-spirited Sallie refused to humiliate herself by obeying the commands of her parents or the wishes of her school-teachers. He could praise the fearlessness with which she amused herself at cheap theatres and jovial balls at late hours of the night, when her tyrannical parents would have heartlessly preferred to force her to submit to the degradation of bed. The fascinated young reader would follow the footsteps of Sallie as she stole money from her father and clothes from her brother, and began to lead a free and independent life in the disguise of a railway newsboy, and as, with the help of her lover, a bold brakeman, she bound and gagged the expressman and robbed the safe. How the youthful heart would beat in contemplating Sallie as the queen of a band of burglars, and in the very act of breaking into her depraved father's house, and upbraiding him for his cruelty in sending her to Sunday-school, the objectionable old gentleman being firmly held by an athletic robber, so that Sallie could upbraid him without interruption, while others of the robber band carried off the silver! The force of Sallie's picturesque oaths, the humor of her delicious slang, and the reckless daring with which she defied all laws, human and divine, could not fail to awaken the enthusiasm of any intelligent girl reader.

Equally useful would be the story of *The Girl Murderess of Twenty-seventh Street*. The rare beauty of the youthful

Arabella would contrast forcibly with the revolting countenance of her father—a habitual and open minister of the Gospel. Her brave determination to run away with a fascinating gambler whom her bigoted father disliked would awaken the girlish sympathies of the reader, and the latter would be thrilled by a description of the beautiful dresses which Arabella's successive lovers lavished upon her, and of the careless and happy life which she led in her elegant Twenty-seventh-street home. Into this abode of happiness and vice the demoniac father, bent upon dragging his daughter back to his virtuous and loathsome home, would some day intrude himself, and the outraged girl in a moment of frenzy would shoot the atrocious author of her existence. Delightful as this exciting chapter would be, the trial of the noble girl, and her enthusiastic acquittal by a humane jury, would be equally interesting, and the girl reader would close the book happy to find that Arabella had returned to her joyous mode of life, and filled with a determination to earn silk dresses and Champagne suppers by following the example of the beautiful girl murderess.

If we do not object to the books which teach our boys that murder and brigandage are praiseworthy, we can not object to stories designed to teach our girls that theft, and arson, and panel-robbery, and other branches of criminal industry, are the noblest exploits in which they can engage. In the absence of such stories our little girls of twelve or fourteen years of age are shamefully ignorant in comparison with boys of the same age. While the latter have become familiar with every variety of crime, there are many popular and profitable crimes of the very existence of which the former have never dreamed. At an age when boys carry pistols, and are ready to organize bands of juvenile robbers, girls are in many cases actually unable to swear the simplest oaths, or to tell the easiest falsehoods. Is it not our duty to give our girls the same educational advantages which their brothers possess, and to fit them to lead earnest and industrious criminal lives? The obvious way in which to accomplish this is to promote the publication and free sale of a series of cheap stories, entitled, let us say, "The Girl's Dime Library of Vice and Crime."

It must be confessed that were stories of this sort to be sold on the news stands,

there would be an indignation manifested by narrow-minded and bigoted parents that would be alarming to news-dealers of weak nerves. It would be said that there was a deliberate attempt to corrupt innocent young girls, and that it was an unspeakable outrage to instruct them in the elements of crime, and to foster in them an admiration for impurity and vice. But this would be merely a temporary expression of conventional prejudice. Men would see the inconsistency of claiming that girls should be kept ignorant of crime, while boys should be instructed in it. Fathers who find no fault with the news-dealers who sell criminal novels to boys could not consistently denounce news-dealers for selling criminal novels to girls. They would soon view the matter with the same lazy indifference that they now show when they buy their morning paper from a stand where their boys buy their novels. It is too much to expect that parents who care nothing for their boys' souls should long cling to the pretense that they care for the souls of their girls. The men who could banish criminal novels in a day by refusing to buy newspapers or magazines from any news stand where the business of poisoning their boys is carried on, but who refuse to take this simple and easy step, would have no serious fault to find were the work of soul-poisoning extended to their daughters.

THE SOLO.

I GAZE on the blazoned windows,
The columns ashy and cold,
The fretted groinings and arches,
The ceiling of azure and gold.
The organ shudders and mutters
Like a monster dying in pain;
The chorus has wailed its parting,
Lamenting, repenting in vain.
Then out of the sadness rises
An angel whose wings are furled:
You lift your voice in the solo,
And I fly from a stricken world.
I traverse the shining oceans
Where melody rims the skies,
And I pass the islands of glory,
And the headlands of Paradise.
You bear me, I care not whither,
So long as I hear you sing,
For toil and grief are forgotten,
And life is a heavenly thing.
The music ends, and I shiver,
For my soul has returned to earth,
And the silence falls like a sorrow
Which blanches the face of mirth.