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## SONNIE-BOY'S PEOPLE

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

**T**HE man with the gold-headed cane had been headed for the cottage, but espying the boy he changed his course. He crept to within a few paces of the lad before he hailed: "Hello, little boy! I'll bet I know who your papa is."

The boy looked casually around. Seeing that it was a stranger, he faced about and stood respectfully erect.

"Mr. Welkie's little boy, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir. But I'm 'most five."

"Oh-h, I see—a big boy now. But what have you got there?"

The boy held it up.

"Oh-h, a steam-ship! What are you going to do with it?"

The boy looked sidewise out to where in the bay a fleet of battle-ships were lying to anchor.

"Load it with sugar and pineapples and ship 'em to the States, are you?"

"But it's a gun-ship. See—where the turrets 'n' the fighting-tops will be when papa makes them."

"Oh! and so you don't want to be a great merchant?"

"I want to be a fighter on a big gun-ship."

"Well, if ever you do, little man, I'll bet you'll be a game one, too. Is your papa home?"

"No, sir, but Aunt Marie is."

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much tender, atoning mention of Stanton himself. The little girls were forgotten—Hesperia would have done well enough for them! Both knew that bitter reactions would come; Glave braced himself, in the intervals, to the sub-editorship that his sensitive independence had long refused; Rhoda saw, in the silent instants, white hospital cots and the cheerful masks of nurses. . . . Both clung to the slight exaltation left them, made conscious afresh of the numbered years. At the end Rhoda drew near to her husband.

"I was glad, in a way, to have Geoffrey say it to me," she said. "I've so often felt it without daring to say it. Nature is a terrible futurist—and I'm not. Nothing is worth your chance to me. It seems like madness to give it up. My brain can't justify us. Once it seemed the most beautiful thing in the world for you to be repeated in human form. Now I

know you can't be. In a thousand years nothing will happen so good as you. We're not even gambling. But it's the way we chose. . . ."

"It's the way we chose," he repeated firmly.

"The world won't thank us," she went on. "What will, I wonder?" Not the deaf generations, she thought to herself, to which we all sacrifice.

"Not Geoffrey," she heard Glave saying. "He will never understand. But he will always love us just the same. He'll have to. We haven't answered him. Life has answered him. Call it God, if you must. . . . I'm awfully tired."

"Tired, my darling?" Her drooping head rose with the old quick gesture.

"Not really tired, my own. No, never *really* tired!"

They clasped each other, so utterly at one that even Hesperia seemed a mere trick of the sunlight upon the sea.

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## LOVE OF LIFE

By Tertius van Dyke

Love you not the tall trees spreading wide their branches,  
Cooling with their green shade the sunny days of June?  
Love you not the little bird lost among the leaflets,  
Dreamily repeating a quaint, brief tune?

Is there not a joy in the waste windy places;  
Is there not a song by the long dusty way?  
Is there not a glory in the sudden hour of struggle;  
Is there not a peace in the long quiet day?

Love you not the meadows with the deep lush grasses;  
Love you not the cloud-flocks noiseless in their flight?  
Love you not the cool wind that stirs to meet the sunrise;  
Love you not the stillness of the warm summer night?

Have you never wept with a grief that slowly passes,  
Have you never laughed when a joy goes running by?  
Know you not the peace of rest that follows labor?—  
You have not learnt to live, then; how can you dare to die!