PROCESO DIRECCIÓN DE FORMACIÓN PROFESIONAL

INTEGRAL FORMATO GUÍA DE APRENDIZAJE

IDENTIFICACIÓN DE LA GUÍA DE APRENDIZAJE

- **Denominación del Programa de Formación:** Tecnólogo en Gestión Empresarial.
- **Código del Programa de Formación: 621201 Ficha: 3233346**
- **Nombre del Proyecto:** formulación de ideas de negocio para emprender proyectos productivos de acuerdo a las tendencias y al comportamiento económico del departamento del cauca y Colombia
- **Fase del Proyecto:** Planeación.
- **Actividad de Proyecto:** Estructurar la idea de negocio bajo las condiciones de mercado y oportunidades, mediante la planeación estratégica y estudio mercadológico.
- **Competencia:**

COMPRENDER TEXTOS EN INGLÉS EN FORMA ESCRITA Y AUDITIVA

Resultados de Aprendizaje Alcanzar:

1. Realizar intercambios sociales y prácticos muy breves, con un vocabulario suficiente para hacer una exposición o mantener una conversación sencilla sobre temas técnicos.
2. Comunicarse en tareas sencillas y habituales que requieren un intercambio simple y directo de información cotidiana y técnica.
3. Encontrar información específica y predecible en escritos sencillos y cotidianos.
4. Comprender la idea principal en avisos y mensajes breves, claros y sencillos en inglés técnico.
5. Comprender frases y vocabulario habitual sobre temas de interés personal y temas técnicos.
6. Leer textos muy breves y sencillos en inglés general y técnico.
7. Encontrar vocabulario y expresiones de inglés técnico en anuncios, folletos, páginas web, etc.

Duración de la Guía: 126 horas

2 PRESENTACION

Estimado Aprendiz,

Esta guía le orientará en su proceso auto formativo sobre la importancia de fortalecer las habilidades de Hablar, leer y escribir en una segunda lengua. Este instrumento se constituye como el insumo principal de su formación, el cual le permitirá por medio de diferentes actividades de aprendizaje, cumplir con el desarrollo de la competencia: “Interactuar en lengua inglesa de forma oral y escrita dentro de contextos sociales y laborales según los criterios establecidos por el Marco Común Europeo de Referencia para las Lenguas.”. Al terminar el estudio de esta guía, con ayuda de su instructor y relacionando su aprendizaje previo, usted estará en la capacidad de hablar, leer y escribir de manera habitual sobre temas de interés personal y temas técnicos. Recuerde que el fin último del proceso enseñanza-aprendizaje es integrarlo significativamente con su programa de formación con el objetivo de cumplir sus metas y mejorar su nivel de inglés.

3. FORMULACION DE LAS ACTIVIDADES DE APRENDIZAJE

3.1 Actividad de aprendizaje

Construir oraciones utilizando los pronombres vistos en clase.

3.1.1 Momentos de Iniciación:

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.1.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Pronunciation laws.
- Subject pronouns
- Object pronouns
- Reflexive pronouns
- Sing a song.

3.1.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos:

- Computador
- Sonido
- Televisor
- Tablero

- Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Construir oraciones utilizando los pronombres vistos en clase y cantar una canción una canción en ingles identificando los pronombres.

3.2 Actividad de aprendizaje

- Deletrear palabras con el alfabeto ingles
- Conocer pronombres personales reflexivos y posesivos.
- Aprender los números en inglés.

3.2.1 Momentos de Iniciacion

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.2.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- The alphabet.
- Reflexive pronouns
- Adjective and possessive pronouns
- Numbers

3.2.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos:

Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcador

Descripción de la actividad: Construir oraciones utilizando los pronombres vistos en clase y Deletrear palabras haciendo uso del alfabeto inglés

3.3 Actividad de aprendizaje 3

- Aprender el manejo del verbo to be
- Escribir oraciones en presente simple.
- Utilizar correctamente los auxiliares DO y DOES.

3.3.1 Momentos de iniciación:

1. Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
2. Verificación de asistencia
3. Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
4. Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
5. Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.3.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- To BE verb. Simple
- present Demonstrative
- pronouns Auxiliaries DO
- and DOES

3.3.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Construir oraciones utilizando el verbo to be y formar oraciones negativas e interrogativas utilizando los auxiliares DO y DOES.

3.4 Actividad de aprendizaje 4

- Identificar el presente simple.
- Formular oraciones cortas en presente simple.
- Hacer uso de verbos para actividades diarias.

3.4.1 Momentos de iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.4.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Simple present
- verbs

3.4.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos:

Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcador

Descripción de la actividad: Construir oraciones en presente simple.

3.5 Actividad de aprendizaje 5

- Formular oraciones en pasado simple.
- Hacer uso de los adverbios de frecuencia.
- Escuchar una conversación y predecir las respuestas.

3.5.1 Momentos de iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.5.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Simple past
- Information questions
- Frequency adverbs

3.5.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televiso
Tablero

Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: El aprendiz debe realizar las actividades propuestas en la sesión de acuerdo a la explicación dada.

3.6 Actividad de aprendizaje 6

- Hacer preguntas correctamente con los WH Question Forms.
- Decir la hora correctamente.

3.6.1 Momentos de Iniciación:

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.6.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Say the time
- WH Question Forms
- Right and I know

1. Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
   Sonido
   Televisor
   Tablero
   Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: interactuar con sus compañeros jugando asesinos y policías utilizando los WH Questions.

3.7 Actividad de aprendizaje 7

- Escribir oraciones en presente continuo en forma afirmativa negativa e interrogativa.
- Aprender el vocabulario sobre los deportes y ejercicios.

- Utilizar expresiones de opinión.
- Hacer preguntas de seguimiento en una conversación.
- Escribir un artículo sobre emprendimiento.

3.7.1 Momentos de iniciacion

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.7.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Present and past continuous
- Talk about wheater and sports.
- Ask follow-up questions.
- Use expressions with that´s

3.7.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: el aprendiz debe escribir un artículo de negocios en pasado o en presente continuo

3.8 Actividad de aprendizaje 8

- Escribir oraciones en futuro en forma afirmativa negativa e interrogativa.
- Saber utilizar like to,want to, need to and have to.
- Emplear la forma how much.
- Identificar pronombres demostrativos
- Hablar sobre ropa, colores, compras y precios.
- Hacer uso de expresiones como Um and let´s see.

3.8.1 Momentos de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.8.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Future tense will and going to.
- Like to, need to, want to and have to.
- Talk about clothes, shopping, colors, and prices.
- Make questions with how much.
- Use expressions like um and let´s see.

3.8.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: representar una situación cotidiana con otro compañero expresando gustos y necesidades.

3.9 Actividad de aprendizaje 9

- Apropiarse del futuro con el going to.
- Hacer uso de expresiones como a kind of, kind of like y like.

3.9.1 Momentos de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.9.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Future with going to
- Use expressions like a kind of, kind of like y like

3.9.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcador

Descripción de la actividad: El aprendiz debe crear una situación de acuerdo con su función en una empresa.

3.10 Actividad de aprendizaje 10

- hablar haciendo preguntas de control
- construir oraciones en voz pasiva y en voz activa
- Hablar utilizando respuestas apropiadas
- Hacer uso de la expresión don´t forget

3.10.1 Momentos de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.10.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Tag questions
- Active voice and passive voice
- Write a personal journal.
- Use expressions like don´t forget.

3.10.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Escribir un artículo para un periódico haciendo uso de la voz activa y la voz pasiva.

3.11 Actividad de aprendizaje 11

- construir oraciones en voz pasiva y en voz activa en diferentes tiempos
- Establecer diferencias para utilizar go and get
- Hacer uso de anyway

3.11.1 M o m e n t o s de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.11.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Active voice and passive voice
- Go and get
- Use anyway

3.11.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televise
Tablero

Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: construir expresiones cotidianas haciendo uso del go and get.

3.12 Actividad de aprendizaje 12

- Hablar sobre hábitos terminos de negocios. Aprender
- vocabulario de Marketig y Ventas
- Construir oraciones utilizando some and any
- Hacer uso de la expresión or
- Hablar brevemente sobre cualquier tema

3.12.1 M o m e n t o s de Iniciación

Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase

Verificación de asistencia
Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.12.2 Momento de reunióny seguimiento

- Contenidos del aprendizaje:
- Sales process
- Business vocabulary
  - Some and any
  - Use expression or
  - Speaking shortly about a topic.

3.12.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Exponer brevemente un tema Empresarial

ENGLISH FOR BUSINESS

300 Basic Business Words

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ENGLISH FOR BUSINESS

A

account N cuenta

accountancy N contabilidad

accountant N contable

agreement N acuerdo

allowance N dinero para gastos

analyst N analista

applicant N solicitante

application form solicitud

apply for V solicitar

appoint V nombrar

appointment N cita; nombramiento

architect N arquitecto

area N área

ASAP ABREV DE *as soon as possible*: cuanto antes le sea posible

assembly N montaje; ensamblaje

assembly line línea de montaje

assets N activos

associate ADJ asociado

auditor N auditor

automate V automatizar

automation N automatización

average N media; promedio

B

background N antecedentes

bad debts deudas incobrables

balance N balance

balance sheet balance

bank N banco

bankrupt ADJ en quiebra

barrel N barril

bear V producir; devengar

benefit V beneficiar

bill N factura; cuenta

Board of Directors Consejo de Administración

book V reservar

boss N jefe

branch N sucursal; agencia

brand N marca

brochure N folleto

budget N presupuesto

build V construir

builder N constructor

building N edificio

Business Administration Administración de Empresas

businessman N hombre de negocios

businesswoman N mujer de negocios

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C

calculation N cálculo

campaign N campaña

candidate N candidato

carbon paper N papel carbón

cash V cobrar

cash N caja; efectivo

cash flow flujo de caja

cashier N cajero

catalogue N catálogo

cent N centavo

CEO ABREV DE *Chief Executive Officer*: Director Ejecutivo

change V cambiar

charge V cargar; cobrar

chart N gráfico; tabla

check V controlar

cheque N cheque

chequebook N libreta de cheques

chief N jefe

classify V clasificar

client N cliente

collateral ADJ colateral; adicional

company N compañía

competition N competencia

competitiveness N competitividad

competitor N competidor

component N componente

computer N ordenador

consultancy N consultoría

consumer N consumidor

consumer product producto de consumo

consumption N consumo

container N contenedor

contract V contratar

contract N contrato

control V controlar

control N control

convention N convención

copier N fotocopiadora

corp. ABREV DE *corporation*: corporación; sociedad

corporation N corporación; sociedad

cost N costo; coste

CPU ABREV DE *Central Processing Unit:* Unidad Central de Proceso

credit card tarjeta de crédito

credit officer oficial de crédito

credit N crédito

currency N divisa

current account cuenta corriente

curriculum vitae curriculum vitae

customer N cliente

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D

data N datos
debit N débito; cargo
debt N deuda
decision N decisión
decrease N decrecimiento
delivery date fecha de entrega
demand N demanda
department N departamento
design N diseño
desk N escritorio; mesa de trabajo
develop V desarrollar
development N desarrollo
director N director
dismiss V despedir
dismissal N despido
distribute V distribuir
dollar N dólar

E

economic ADJ económico
economics N economía
economist N economista
economy N economía
efficiency N eficiencia
efficient ADJ eficiente
electronic ADJ electrónico
employee N empleado
envelope N sobre
eraser N goma de borrar
estate agent agente de la propiedad inmobiliaria
estimate V estimar
estimate N estimación
exchange house casa de cambio
exchange rate tipo de cambio
executive N ejecutivo
executive ADJ ejecutivo
expand V expandir
export V exportar
export N exportación
exporter N exportador
extension N extensión

F

factory N fábrica
fair N feria
fax V enviar por fax
fax N fax; facsímil
fee N minuta; tarifa
field N campo
figure N cifra

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file N archivo
finance N finanzas; financiación
finance V financiar
financial ADJ financiero
firm N firma; empresa
foreign debt deuda externa
freight N flete; transporte
funds N fondos

G

gain N ganancia; beneficio
gain V ganar
gallon N galón
general ADJ general
general manager director general
glue N pegamento
go public V salir a bolsa
goal N meta
grant V otorgar; conceder
graph N gráfico
graphic ADJ gráfico

H

head-hunter N cazador de talentos
high-tech ADJ de alta tecnología

I

IMF ABREV DE *International Monetary Fund:* Fondo Monetario Internacional
import V importar
import N importación
importer N importador
improve V mejorar
improvement N mejora
inc. ABREV DE *incorporated:* incorporado
incorporated ADJ incorporado
increase V aumentar
industrial relations relaciones industriales
industrial ADJ industrial
inflation N inflación
instalment N cuota
institutional relations relaciones institucionales
interest rate tipo de interés
international ADJ internacional
International Monetary Fund Fondo Monetario Internacional
interview V entrevistar
interview N entrevista
interviewer N entrevistador
invest V invertir

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investment N inversión

invoice N factura

J

junior ADJ de menor rango o jerarquía

K

key N llave; clave

L

L/C ABREV DE *Letter of Credit*: Carta de Crédito

launch V lanzar

lawyer N abogado

lay off V despedir

layoff N despido

layout N distribución

lease V arrendamiento financiero

letter of credit carta de crédito

liabilities N pasivo

limited ADJ limitado

line N línea

link N conexión

loan N préstamo

logo N logotipo

ltd. ABREV DE *limited*: limitado

M

machine N máquina

manage V dirigir; administrar

manager N director; gerente

managerial ADJ directivo; administrativo

market share cuota de mercado

market N mercado

market V comercializar; vender

marketing N mercadotecnia

mass production producción en serie

media N medios

meeting N reunión; junta

memo ABREV DE memorándum

memorandum N memorándum

merge V fusionar

merger N fusión

model N modelo

money N dinero

mortgage N hipoteca

multinational ADJ multinacional

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N

net worth N patrimonio neto

network N red

O

offer N oferta

office N oficina

officer N oficial

official N oficial

operation N operación

order N orden

organisation chart organigrama

owe V deber

owner N dueño

P

paperclip N clip

patent N patente

pay V pagar

pay back V devolver

payment N pago

performance N rendimiento

personal assistant asistente personal

personnel N personal

photocopier N fotocopiadora

photocopy N fotocopia

pint N pinta

plan N plan

plant N planta

plus PREP más

port N puerto

portable computer ordenador portátil

postpone V posponer

pound N libra

premises N sede; local

presentation N presentación

president N presidente director general

press N prensa

price N precio

print V imprimir

product N producto

production N producción

productivity N productividad

profit V obtener beneficios

profit N beneficios; ganancia

profit-sharing participación en los beneficios

profitable ADJ beneficioso; que da ganancia

programmer N programador

project N proyecto

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promotion N promoción
public bidding licitación pública
public relations relaciones públicas

Q

quality N calidad
quality control control de calidad

R

R&D ABREV DE Research & Development: Investigación y Desarrollo
reception N recepción
receptionist N recepcionista
recession N recesión
refund V reembolsar
rent N alquiler
report N informe
reps ABREV DE *representatives*: representantes
research V investigar
research N investigación
reserve V reservar
reserve N reserva
résumé N curriculum vitae
risk V arriesgar
risk N riesgo
robot N robot
run V dirigir

S

sale N venta
sales manager director de ventas
salesman N vendedor
salesperson N vendedor; vendedora
savings account cuenta de ahorro
secretary N secretaria
sector N sector
security N seguridad
seminar N seminario
service N servicio
set N conjunto
share N acción
shipping document documento de embarque
shop N tienda; taller
sign V firmar
signature N firma

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skilled worker trabajador cualificado
social security seguridad social
speech N discurso
staff meeting reunión de personal
stake N participación
stationery N material de oficina
stock N acción; existencias
strike N huelga

T

team N equipo
transfer N transferencia
transfer V transferir
transport V transportar
transport N transporte
trial N prueba
type V mecanografiar

U

unemployed ADJ desempleado
unemployment N desempleo
unit N unidad
unskilled worker trabajador no cualificado

V

VAT ABREV DE *Value Added Tax*: impuesto al valor añadido
vice-president N director; vicepresidente
volume N volumen

W X Y Z

wage N salario
warehouse N almacén
word-processor N procesador de textos
work N trabajador
workstation N estación de trabajo
write off V dar de baja

If you have young children they might enjoy my bilingual *Spotty Stories*. Find out by downloading "Spotty at the Birthday Party" at www.barcelonaenglish.com/spotty.





Andrew D. Miles is the director of English for Business Barcelona, English for Business Madrid and English Phone

English for Business Barcelona teaches English lessons to companies in the Barcelona area.

English for Business Madrid teaches English lessons to companies in the Madrid area.

English Phone provides lessons by telephone to students who want to improve their oral communication skills

ENGLISH FOR BUSINESS

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4. ACTIVIDADES DE EVALUACIÓN

Evidencias de Aprendizaje	Criterios de Evaluación	Técnicas e Instrumentos de Evalua
Evidencias de Conocimiento:	Escuchar un audio transcribirlo y traerlo en una hoja.	Placement test Quiz Exam
Evidencias de Desempeño:	Evaluación oral sobre los pronombres vistos en clase. Hacer un video deletreando nombre y apellido. Hacer una exposición breve de una lectura usando el verbo to be y los auxiliares DO y DOES Evaluación escrita sobre los pronombres, verbo to be, auxiliar do, does y el vocabulario visto en clase. Evaluación a través dinámica de roles utilizando los WH Questions Escribir un artículo para el periódico. Exponer cualquier tema de forma breve.	Reading comprehension Worsheets Lista de chequeos Cuestionario

Evidencias de Producto:		Las evidencias de producto se evalúan dependiendo de cada producto que tenga el proyecto formativo de aprendizaje. Para conocer acerca de esta evidencia es necesario remitirnos a cada proyecto deformación específicamente en el número 2.5.4. Allí podemos encontrar toda la información.

5. GLOSARIO DE TÉRMINOS:

Competencia: Es la "capacidad para interactuar idóneamente consigo mismo, con los demás y con la naturaleza en los entornos productivo y social; es decir, en el Mundo de la vida". Se entiende por "capacidad" un conjunto sistémico y dinámico de aptitudes (conocimientos, habilidades, destrezas), y actitudes que le permiten al aprendiz interactuar. (Fuente: Modelo Pedagógico Institucional del SENA. 2012)

Marco Común Europeo: Es un marco de referencia de reconocimiento internacional para describir el dominio de un idioma, El MCER está ampliamente aceptado en toda Europa y cada vez es más común en el resto del mundo. (Fuente: www.efset.org/es/cerf/)

6. REFERENTES BIBLIOGRÁFICOS

https://www.careerpaths-esp.com/

7. CONTROL DEL DOCUMENTO

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha
Autor (es)	**FABIAN ALBERTO MNENESES**	**Instructor**	**CENTRO DE COMERCIO Y SERVICIOS**	24 **de octubre de 2025**

8. CONTROL DE CAMBIOS (diligenciar únicamente si realiza ajustes a la guía)

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha	Razón del Cambio
Autor (es)					

PROCESO DIRECCIÓN DE FORMACIÓN PROFESIONAL

INTEGRAL FORMATO GUÍA DE APRENDIZAJE

IDENTIFICACIÓN DE LA GUÍA DE APRENDIZAJE

- **Denominación del Programa de Formación:** Tecnólogo en Gestión Empresarial.
- **Código del Programa de Formación: 621201 Ficha: 3233397**
- **Nombre del Proyecto:** formulación de ideas de negocio para emprender proyectos productivos de acuerdo a las tendencias y al comportamiento económico del departamento del cauca y Colombia
- **Fase del Proyecto:** Planeación.
- **Actividad de Proyecto:** Estructurar la idea de negocio bajo las condiciones de mercado y oportunidades, mediante la planeación estratégica y estudio mercadológico.
- **Competencia:**

COMPRENDER TEXTOS EN INGLÉS EN FORMA ESCRITA Y AUDITIVA

Resultados de Aprendizaje Alcanzar:

1. Realizar intercambios sociales y prácticos muy breves, con un vocabulario suficiente para hacer una exposición o mantener una conversación sencilla sobre temas técnicos.
2. Comunicarse en tareas sencillas y habituales que requieren un intercambio simple y directo de información cotidiana y técnica.
3. Encontrar información específica y predecible en escritos sencillos y cotidianos.
4. Comprender la idea principal en avisos y mensajes breves, claros y sencillos en inglés técnico.
5. Comprender frases y vocabulario habitual sobre temas de interés personal y temas técnicos.
6. Leer textos muy breves y sencillos en inglés general y técnico.
7. Encontrar vocabulario y expresiones de inglés técnico en anuncios, folletos, páginas web, etc.

Duración de la Guía: 126 horas

2 PRESENTACION

Estimado Aprendiz,

Esta guía le orientará en su proceso auto formativo sobre la importancia de fortalecer las habilidades de Hablar, leer y escribir en una segunda lengua. Este instrumento se constituye como el insumo principal de su formación, el cual le permitirá por medio de diferentes actividades de aprendizaje, cumplir con el desarrollo de la competencia: “Interactuar en lengua inglesa de forma oral y escrita dentro de contextos sociales y laborales según los criterios establecidos por el Marco Común Europeo de Referencia para las Lenguas.”. Al terminar el estudio de esta guía, con ayuda de su instructor y relacionando su aprendizaje previo, usted estará en la capacidad de hablar, leer y escribir de manera habitual sobre temas de interés personal y temas técnicos. Recuerde que el fin último del proceso enseñanza-aprendizaje es integrarlo significativamente con su programa de formación con el objetivo de cumplir sus metas y mejorar su nivel de inglés.

3. FORMULACION DE LAS ACTIVIDADES DE APRENDIZAJE

3.1 Actividad de aprendizaje

Construir oraciones utilizando los pronombres vistos en clase.

3.1.1 Momentos de Iniciación:

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.1.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Pronunciation laws.
- Subject pronouns
- Object pronouns
- Reflexive pronouns
- Sing a song.

3.1.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos:

- Computador
- Sonido
- Televisor
- Tablero

- Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Construir oraciones utilizando los pronombres vistos en clase y cantar una canción una canción en ingles identificando los pronombres.

3.2 Actividad de aprendizaje

- Deletrear palabras con el alfabeto ingles
- Conocer pronombres personales reflexivos y posesivos.
- Aprender los números en inglés.

3.2.1 Momentos de Iniciacion

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.2.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- The alphabet.
- Reflexive pronouns
- Adjective and possessive pronouns
- Numbers

3.2.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos:

Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcador

Descripción de la actividad: Construir oraciones utilizando los pronombres vistos en clase y Deletrear palabras haciendo uso del alfabeto inglés

3.3 Actividad de aprendizaje 3

- Aprender el manejo del verbo to be
- Escribir oraciones en presente simple.
- Utilizar correctamente los auxiliares DO y DOES.

3.3.1 Momentos de iniciación:

1. Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
2. Verificación de asistencia
3. Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
4. Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
5. Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.3.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- To BE verb. Simple
- present Demonstrative
- pronouns Auxiliaries DO
- and DOES

3.3.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Construir oraciones utilizando el verbo to be y formar oraciones negativas e interrogativas utilizando los auxiliares DO y DOES.

3.4 Actividad de aprendizaje 4

- Identificar el presente simple.
- Formular oraciones cortas en presente simple.
- Hacer uso de verbos para actividades diarias.

3.4.1 Momentos de iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.4.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Simple present
- verbs

3.4.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos:

Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcador

Descripción de la actividad: Construir oraciones en presente simple.

3.5 Actividad de aprendizaje 5

- Formular oraciones en pasado simple.
- Hacer uso de los adverbios de frecuencia.
- Escuchar una conversación y predecir las respuestas.

3.5.1 Momentos de iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.5.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Simple past
- Information questions
- Frequency adverbs

3.5.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televiso
Tablero

Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: El aprendiz debe realizar las actividades propuestas en la sesión de acuerdo a la explicación dada.

3.6 Actividad de aprendizaje 6

- Hacer preguntas correctamente con los WH Question Forms.
- Decir la hora correctamente.

3.6.1 Momentos de Iniciación:

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.6.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Say the time
- WH Question Forms
- Right and I know

1. Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
   Sonido
   Televisor
   Tablero
   Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: interactuar con sus compañeros jugando asesinos y policías utilizando los WH Questions.

3.7 Actividad de aprendizaje 7

- Escribir oraciones en presente continuo en forma afirmativa negativa e interrogativa.
- Aprender el vocabulario sobre los deportes y ejercicios.

- Utilizar expresiones de opinión.
- Hacer preguntas de seguimiento en una conversación.
- Escribir un artículo sobre emprendimiento.

3.7.1 Momentos de iniciacion

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.7.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Present and past continuous
- Talk about wheater and sports.
- Ask follow-up questions.
- Use expressions with that´s

3.7.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: el aprendiz debe escribir un artículo de negocios en pasado o en presente continuo

3.8 Actividad de aprendizaje 8

- Escribir oraciones en futuro en forma afirmativa negativa e interrogativa.
- Saber utilizar like to,want to, need to and have to.
- Emplear la forma how much.
- Identificar pronombres demostrativos
- Hablar sobre ropa, colores, compras y precios.
- Hacer uso de expresiones como Um and let´s see.

3.8.1 Momentos de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.8.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Future tense will and going to.
- Like to, need to, want to and have to.
- Talk about clothes, shopping, colors, and prices.
- Make questions with how much.
- Use expressions like um and let´s see.

3.8.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: representar una situación cotidiana con otro compañero expresando gustos y necesidades.

3.9 Actividad de aprendizaje 9

- Apropiarse del futuro con el going to.
- Hacer uso de expresiones como a kind of, kind of like y like.

3.9.1 Momentos de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.9.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Future with going to
- Use expressions like a kind of, kind of like y like

3.9.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcador

Descripción de la actividad: El aprendiz debe crear una situación de acuerdo con su función en una empresa.

3.10 Actividad de aprendizaje 10

- hablar haciendo preguntas de control
- construir oraciones en voz pasiva y en voz activa
- Hablar utilizando respuestas apropiadas
- Hacer uso de la expresión don´t forget

3.10.1 Momentos de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.10.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Tag questions
- Active voice and passive voice
- Write a personal journal.
- Use expressions like don´t forget.

3.10.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Escribir un artículo para un periódico haciendo uso de la voz activa y la voz pasiva.

3.11 Actividad de aprendizaje 11

- construir oraciones en voz pasiva y en voz activa en diferentes tiempos
- Establecer diferencias para utilizar go and get
- Hacer uso de anyway

3.11.1 M o m e n t o s de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.11.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Active voice and passive voice
- Go and get
- Use anyway

3.11.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televise
Tablero

Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: construir expresiones cotidianas haciendo uso del go and get.

3.12 Actividad de aprendizaje 12

- Hablar sobre hábitos terminos de negocios. Aprender
- vocabulario de Marketig y Ventas
- Construir oraciones utilizando some and any
- Hacer uso de la expresión or
- Hablar brevemente sobre cualquier tema

3.12.1 M o m e n t o s de Iniciación

Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase

Verificación de asistencia
Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.12.2 Momento de reunióny seguimiento

- Contenidos del aprendizaje:
- Sales process
- Business vocabulary
  - Some and any
  - Use expression or
  - Speaking shortly about a topic.

3.12.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Exponer brevemente un tema Empresarial

4. ACTIVIDADES DE EVALUACIÓN

Evidencias de Aprendizaje	Criterios de Evaluación	Técnicas e Instrumentos de Evalua
Evidencias de Conocimiento:	Escuchar un audio transcribirlo y traerlo en una hoja.	Placement test Quiz Exam
Evidencias de Desempeño:	Evaluación oral sobre los pronombres vistos en clase. Hacer un video deletreando nombre y apellido. Hacer una exposición breve de una lectura usando el verbo to be y los auxiliares DO y DOES Evaluación escrita sobre los pronombres, verbo to be, auxiliar do, does y el vocabulario visto en clase. Evaluación a través dinámica de roles utilizando los WH Questions Escribir un artículo para el periódico. Exponer cualquier tema de forma breve.	Reading comprehension Worsheets Lista de chequeos Cuestionario

Evidencias de Producto:		Las evidencias de producto se evalúan dependiendo de cada producto que tenga el proyecto formativo de aprendizaje. Para conocer acerca de esta evidencia es necesario remitirnos a cada proyecto deformación específicamente en el número 2.5.4. Allí podemos encontrar toda la información.

5. GLOSARIO DE TÉRMINOS:

Competencia: Es la "capacidad para interactuar idóneamente consigo mismo, con los demás y con la naturaleza en los entornos productivo y social; es decir, en el Mundo de la vida". Se entiende por "capacidad" un conjunto sistémico y dinámico de aptitudes (conocimientos, habilidades, destrezas), y actitudes que le permiten al aprendiz interactuar. (Fuente: Modelo Pedagógico Institucional del SENA. 2012)

Marco Común Europeo: Es un marco de referencia de reconocimiento internacional para describir el dominio de un idioma, El MCER está ampliamente aceptado en toda Europa y cada vez es más común en el resto del mundo. (Fuente: www.efset.org/es/cerf/)

6. REFERENTES BIBLIOGRÁFICOS

https://www.careerpaths-esp.com/

7. CONTROL DEL DOCUMENTO

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha
Autor (es)	**FABIAN ALBERTO MNENESES**	**Instructor**	**CENTRO DE COMERCIO Y SERVICIOS**	10 **de diciembre de 2025**

8. CONTROL DE CAMBIOS (diligenciar únicamente si realiza ajustes a la guía)

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha	Razón del Cambio
Autor (es)					

PROCESO DE GESTIÓN DE FORMACIÓN PROFESIONAL INTEGRAL

FORMATO GUÍA DE APRENDIZAJE

1. IDENTIFICACIÓN DE LA GUIA DE APRENDIZAJE

- **Denominación del Programa de Formación:** GESTION CONTABLE Y DE INFORMACION FINANCIERA
- **Código del Programa de Formación:** 123102 **Ficha: 3172731**
- **Nombre del Proyecto**:
  IMPLEMENTACIÓN DE UN PLAN DE TRABAJO PARA EL MEJORAMIENTO DEL MANEJO CONTABLE DE UNA UNIDAD ECONÓMICA DEL DEPARTAMENTO DEL CAUCA.
- **Fase del Proyecto:**
  Ejecución.
- **Actividad de Proyecto:**
  4 - PREPARAR Y PRESENTAR INFORMES FINANCIEROS Y EMPRESARIALES DE ACUERDO A LAS NORMAS LEGALES VIGENTES
- **Competencia:**
  Comprender textos en inglés en forma escrita y auditiva

- **Resultados de Aprendizaje Alcanzar:**
  - ✓ Encontrar información específica y predecible en escritos sencillos y cotidianos
  - ✓ Encontrar vocabulario y expresiones de inglés técnico en anuncios, folletos, páginas web, etc.
- Duración de la Guía: 80 H

2. PRESENTACIÓN

Apreciado aprendiz, en esta guía de aprendizaje, tendrá la oportunidad de desarrollar y consolidar las habilidades lingüísticas adquiridas a lo largo de su experiencia educativa en una segunda lengua. Con ayuda de su instructor y el desarrollo de las actividades formuladas en este documento, usted tendrá la posibilidad de identificar y describir actividades específicas de uso frecuente tanto en contextos cotidianos como técnicos, lo que le permitirá tener un primer acercamiento con el uso del inglés en su programa formativo. Al final usted contara con herramientas que serán de gran ayuda para fortalecer las habilidades que se desarrollaran en las siguientes guías.

WARM UP Y EJECUCIÓN DE LAS ACTIVIDADES DE SESIÓN

En esta parte de la sesión se realiza un Warm up, que siempre será un juego, bien sea online o físico. En esta parte los aprendices proceden a realizar las actividades planteadas por el instructor y lo hace a su propio ritmo, haciéndolo en ocasiones de manera autónoma o con la guía de su instructor. Todas las actividades basadas en los siguientes ítems:

- Motivar hacia la actividad de aprendizaje en consideración a las fortalezas que aportará en el desarrollo de habilidades y destrezas
- Guiar y organizar el aprendizaje de manera que se oriente al desarrollo integral del aprendiz
- Motivar a la acción, al trabajo autónomo sistemático y organizado

- Mejorar el desempeño en las cuatro habilidades en lengua inglesa.
- Relacionar conocimientos previos con los nuevos para la construcción significativa de los mismos
- Promover el aprendizaje colaborativo y el crecimiento integral del grupo
- Fortalecer los conocimientos ya adquiridos y la adquisición de nuevos conceptos.
- Promover la importancia del aprendizaje del inglés como segunda lengua

3. FORMULACIÓN DE LAS ACTIVIDADES DE APRENDIZAJE

Describir actividades cotidianas y del área técnica de uso frecuente en el desempeño de sus actividades ocupacionales en su lugar de trabajo.

- **KNOWING MYSELF AND THE OTHERS 1H 45MIN**
  Por medio de esta actividad usted podrá recordar y fortalecer algunos conocimientos previos en inglés, a partir de diferentes actividades propuestas por el instructor, dichas actividades estarán encaminadas respecto a la información personal de cada aprendiz.

- **CLASSROOM COMMANDS (15 COMMANDS) 45 MIN**
  Por medio de esta actividad usted, adquirirá una serie de órdenes que serán herramientas fundamentales en su proceso de aprendizaje, dichas ordenes deben ser practicadas por cada uno de los aprendices, para mejorar su nivel de inglés.

- **PLACEMENT TEST (CHECKLIST) 1 H**
  A través de este tipo de ejercicios se busca poder medir el nivel de inglés de los aprendices y con este diagnóstico, poder establecer diferentes estrategias de aprendizaje para que el aprendiz tenga una mejor aprensión del conocimiento en una segunda lengua.

- **KNOWING MY PROGRAM (PROGRAM DEFINITION, PROGRAM DESCRIPTION, PROGRAM SKILLS, PROFILE) 1H 30MN**
  El instructor realizará diversas actividades en inglés con el fin de que los aprendices logren reconocer a cabalidad el programa.

- **MY PROGRAM TOOLS (Technical Vocabulary) 3 H**
  De acuerdo al programa en cual se está trabajando, los aprendices realizaran diferentes actividades lúdico-pedagógicas con el fin de que logren apropiar de una manera práctica el vocabulario técnico perteneciente a dicha ficha.

- **INTRODUCE MYSELF VIDEO 5H**
  Teniendo en cuenta esta actividad lograras tomar un poco más de confianza en el proceso de aprendizaje de una segunda lengua (Inglés)

- **MEETING NEW PEOPLE SCRIPT 5H**

El desarrollo de esta actividad te permitirá afianzar tus conocimientos de escritura en Inglés y de fortalecer tu imaginación.

- **MEETING NEW PEOPLE VIDEO 5H**

Por medio de esta actividad usted, logrará fortalecer sus habilidades linguisticas a través de la producción oral en inglés.

- **RECURSOS DIGITALES TERRITORIUM 5H**

El desarrollo de esta actividad permitirá que usted logré poner en práctica, cada una de las actividades propuestas y trabajadas a lo largo de esta guía.

- Ambiente Requerido: Ambiente de formación asignado.
- Materiales: Para el desarrollo de esta actividad es importante tener en cuenta; Computador, teléfono móvil, internet, diccionarios, flash cards, juegos en línea.

4. ACTIVIDADES DE EVALUACIÓN

Evidencias de Aprendizaje	Criterios de Evaluación	Técnicas e Instrumentos de Evaluación
Evidencias de Conocimiento:	Estructura adecuadamente una opinión sobre un tema conocido de su especialidad.	Exámen oral. Quizz Lista de vocabulario acerca de las fichas de aprendizaje sobre su formación.
Evidencias de Desempeño	• Interpreta un texto sencillo y puede construir un mapa conceptual basado en el mismo. • Pronuncia adecuadamente el vocabulario y modismos básicos del idioma • Sostiene conversaciones con vocabulario básico y técnico aprendido. • Estructura adecuadamente	Escuche, estudie y memorice el vocabulario propuesto en la plataforma Quizlet. En grupos busque vocabulario referente a la formación de acuerdo al tema indicado por la instructora (herramientas de trabajo, sustantivos, verbos, términos técnicos etc).

	una opinión sobre un tema conocido de su especialidad.	Realice un juego con las mismas para memorizar el vocabulario tanto de sus compañeros como el suyo.
Evidencias de Producto:	• Pronuncia adecuadamente el vocabulario y modismos básicos del idioma • Estructura adecuadamente una opinión sobre un tema conocido de su especialidad. • Elabora resúmenes cortos sobre textos sencillos, y con contenido técnico.	Envie una captura de pantalla al instructor con el puntaje obtenido en la plataforma Quizlet. Realice en cartulina 16 fichas de aprendizaje sobre su formación con su respectiva palabra y dibujo.

5. GLOSARIO DE TÉRMINOS

Main idea (Idea principal): estrategia de lectura que busca identificar la idea principal de un texto. A diferencia de "Topic", esta estrategia pretende ampliar la comprensión encontrando qué es lo que se dice del tema (Topic). Ejm.: "The robots can help in, medicine".

Números cardinales: son los números como los conocemos para contar (one, two, three, etc.).

Números ordinales: son los números que se usan para indicar un orden, ejem.: primero (first, second, third, etc.).

Preposiciones de lugar: palabras invariables (sin género ni número) que se usan para indicar o introducirel lugar de una acción o situación. Por ejemplo: "In the room", "next to the shop".

Preposiciones de tiempo: palabras invariables (sin género ni número) que se usan para indicar o introducir el momento de una acción. En inglés, por ejemplo, las más comunes son "in", "on" y "at".

Presente Continuo: tiempo verbal que se usa para indicar acciones momentáneas que suceden al momento de hablar. Su construcción requiere el uso de un verbo auxiliar "to be" y un segundo verbo (llamado verbo principal) con terminación en "-ing". Por ejemplo: I am working at SENA now.

Presente simple (Presente Simple): tiempo verbal que se usa para indicar acciones o

situaciones que suceden en el presente. Pueden ser estados permanentes o cambiantes, por ejemplo: I am Susana. I workas a doctor.

Pronombres personales: son las palabras que se usan para indicar la persona o ente que ejecuta una acción. Siempre los pronombres personales estarán seguidos de un verbo (la acción). En inglés son comunes las contracciones entre los pronombres y algunos verbos, así: “I’m” (contracción de I am), “She's”(contracción de she is), etc.

Role play: juego de roles es una actividad que simula una situación con dos o más personajes representados por los aprendices. Cada uno recibirá las indicaciones de lo que pasa y los aprendices deberán desarrollar la situación actuando.

Scanning: estrategia de lectura para encontrar información específica. Al igual que”Skimming” no es exhaustiva, sino que focaliza la información necesaria.

Semiótica: teoría general y ciencia que estudia los signos, sus relaciones y su significado.

Skimming: estrategia de lectura que consiste en hacer una lectura rápida para determinar el tipo de texto, su fuente y su tema. No implica una lectura exhaustiva ni detenida, y puede durar pocos segundos.

6. REFERENTES BIBLIOGRÁFICOS

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7. CONTROL DEL DOCUMENTO

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha
Autor (es)	**FABIAN ALBERTO 2025 MNENESES**	**Instructor**	**CENTRO DE COMERCIO Y SERVICIOS**	17 de julio de

8. CONTROL DE CAMBIOS (diligenciar únicamente si realiza ajustes a la guía)

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha	Razón del Cambio
Autor (es)					

PROCESO DIRECCIÓN DE FORMACIÓN PROFESIONAL

INTEGRAL FORMATO GUÍA DE APRENDIZAJE

IDENTIFICACIÓN DE LA GUÍA DE APRENDIZAJE

- **Denominación del Programa de Formación:** Tecnólogo en Gestión Empresarial.
- **Código del Programa de Formación: 621201 Ficha: 3172884**
- **Nombre del Proyecto:** formulación de ideas de negocio para emprender proyectos productivos de acuerdo a las tendencias y al comportamiento económico del departamento del cauca.
- **Fase del Proyecto:** Planeación.
- **Actividad de Proyecto:** Estructurar la idea de negocio bajo las condiciones de mercado y oportunidades, mediante la planeación estratégica y estudio mercadológico.
- **Competencia:**

COMPRENDER TEXTOS EN INGLÉS EN FORMA ESCRITA Y AUDITIVA

Resultados de Aprendizaje Alcanzar:

1. Realizar intercambios sociales y prácticos muy breves, con un vocabulario suficiente para hacer una exposición o mantener una conversación sencilla sobre temas técnicos.
2. Comunicarse en tareas sencillas y habituales que requieren un intercambio simple y directo de información cotidiana y técnica.
3. Encontrar información específica y predecible en escritos sencillos y cotidianos.
4. Comprender la idea principal en avisos y mensajes breves, claros y sencillos en inglés técnico.
5. Comprender frases y vocabulario habitual sobre temas de interés personal y temas técnicos.
6. Leer textos muy breves y sencillos en inglés general y técnico.
7. Encontrar vocabulario y expresiones de inglés técnico en anuncios, folletos, páginas web, etc.

Duración de la Guía: 126 horas

2 PRESENTACION

Estimado Aprendiz,

Esta guía le orientará en su proceso auto formativo sobre la importancia de fortalecer las habilidades de Hablar, leer y escribir en una segunda lengua. Este instrumento se constituye como el insumo principal de su formación, el cual le permitirá por medio de diferentes actividades de aprendizaje, cumplir con el desarrollo de la competencia: “Interactuar en lengua inglesa de forma oral y escrita dentro de contextos sociales y laborales según los criterios establecidos por el Marco Común Europeo de Referencia para las Lenguas.”. Al terminar el estudio de esta guía, con ayuda de su instructor y relacionando su aprendizaje previo, usted estará en la capacidad de hablar, leer y escribir de manera habitual sobre temas de interés personal y temas técnicos. Recuerde que el fin último del proceso enseñanza-aprendizaje es integrarlo significativamente con su programa de formación con el objetivo de cumplir sus metas y mejorar su nivel de inglés.

3. FORMULACION DE LAS ACTIVIDADES DE APRENDIZAJE

3.1 Actividad de aprendizaje

Construir oraciones utilizando los pronombres vistos en clase.

3.1.1 Momentos de Iniciación:

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.1.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Pronunciation laws.
- Subject pronouns
- Object pronouns
- Reflexive pronouns
- Sing a song.

3.1.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos:

- Computador
- Sonido
- Televisor
- Tablero

- Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Construir oraciones utilizando los pronombres vistos en clase y cantar una canción una canción en ingles identificando los pronombres.

3.2 Actividad de aprendizaje

- Deletrear palabras con el alfabeto ingles
- Conocer pronombres personales reflexivos y posesivos.
- Aprender los números en inglés.

3.2.1 Momentos de Iniciacion

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.2.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- The alphabet.
- Reflexive pronouns
- Adjective and possessive pronouns
- Numbers

3.2.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos:

Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcador

Descripción de la actividad: Construir oraciones utilizando los pronombres vistos en clase y Deletrear palabras haciendo uso del alfabeto inglés

3.3 Actividad de aprendizaje 3

- Aprender el manejo del verbo to be
- Escribir oraciones en presente simple.
- Utilizar correctamente los auxiliares DO y DOES.

3.3.1 Momentos de iniciación:

1. Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
2. Verificación de asistencia
3. Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
4. Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
5. Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.3.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- To BE verb. Simple
- present Demonstrative
- pronouns Auxiliaries DO
- and DOES

3.3.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Construir oraciones utilizando el verbo to be y formar oraciones negativas e interrogativas utilizando los auxiliares DO y DOES.

3.4 Actividad de aprendizaje 4

- Identificar el presente simple.
- Formular oraciones cortas en presente simple.
- Hacer uso de verbos para actividades diarias.

3.4.1 Momentos de iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.4.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Simple present
- verbs

3.4.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos:

Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcador

Descripción de la actividad: Construir oraciones en presente simple.

3.5 Actividad de aprendizaje 5

- Formular oraciones en pasado simple.
- Hacer uso de los adverbios de frecuencia.
- Escuchar una conversación y predecir las respuestas.

3.5.1 Momentos de iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.5.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Simple past
- Information questions
- Frequency adverbs

3.5.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televiso
Tablero

Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: El aprendiz debe realizar las actividades propuestas en la sesión de acuerdo a la explicación dada.

3.6 Actividad de aprendizaje 6

- Hacer preguntas correctamente con los WH Question Forms.
- Decir la hora correctamente.

3.6.1 Momentos de Iniciación:

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.6.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Say the time
- WH Question Forms
- Right and I know

1. Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
   Sonido
   Televisor
   Tablero
   Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: interactuar con sus compañeros jugando asesinos y policías utilizando los WH Questions.

3.7 Actividad de aprendizaje 7

- Escribir oraciones en presente continuo en forma afirmativa negativa e interrogativa.
- Aprender el vocabulario sobre los deportes y ejercicios.

- Utilizar expresiones de opinión.
- Hacer preguntas de seguimiento en una conversación.
- Escribir un artículo sobre emprendimiento.

3.7.1 Momentos de iniciacion

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.7.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Present and past continuous
- Talk about wheater and sports.
- Ask follow-up questions.
- Use expressions with that´s

3.7.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: el aprendiz debe escribir un artículo de negocios en pasado o en presente continuo

3.8 Actividad de aprendizaje 8

- Escribir oraciones en futuro en forma afirmativa negativa e interrogativa.
- Saber utilizar like to,want to, need to and have to.
- Emplear la forma how much.
- Identificar pronombres demostrativos
- Hablar sobre ropa, colores, compras y precios.
- Hacer uso de expresiones como Um and let´s see.

3.8.1 Momentos de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.8.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Future tense will and going to.
- Like to, need to, want to and have to.
- Talk about clothes, shopping, colors, and prices.
- Make questions with how much.
- Use expressions like um and let´s see.

3.8.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: representar una situación cotidiana con otro compañero expresando gustos y necesidades.

3.9 Actividad de aprendizaje 9

- Apropiarse del futuro con el going to.
- Hacer uso de expresiones como a kind of, kind of like y like.

3.9.1 Momentos de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.9.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Future with going to
- Use expressions like a kind of, kind of like y like

3.9.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcador

Descripción de la actividad: El aprendiz debe crear una situación de acuerdo con su función en una empresa.

3.10 Actividad de aprendizaje 10

- hablar haciendo preguntas de control
- construir oraciones en voz pasiva y en voz activa
- Hablar utilizando respuestas apropiadas
- Hacer uso de la expresión don´t forget

3.10.1 Momentos de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.10.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Tag questions
- Active voice and passive voice
- Write a personal journal.
- Use expressions like don´t forget.

3.10.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Escribir un artículo para un periódico haciendo uso de la voz activa y la voz pasiva.

3.11 Actividad de aprendizaje 11

- construir oraciones en voz pasiva y en voz activa en diferentes tiempos
- Establecer diferencias para utilizar go and get
- Hacer uso de anyway

3.11.1 M o m e n t o s de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.11.2 Contenidos del aprendizaje:

- Active voice and passive voice
- Go and get
- Use anyway

3.11.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televise
Tablero

Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: construir expresiones cotidianas haciendo uso del go and get.

3.12 Actividad de aprendizaje 12

- Hablar sobre hábitos terminos de negocios. Aprender
- vocabulario de Marketig y Ventas
- Construir oraciones utilizando some and any
- Hacer uso de la expresión or
- Hablar brevemente sobre cualquier tema

3.12.1 M o m e n t o s de Iniciación

Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase

Verificación de asistencia
Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.12.2 Momento de reunióny seguimiento

- Contenidos del aprendizaje:
- Sales process
- Business vocabulary
  - Some and any
  - Use expression or
  - Speaking shortly about a topic.

3.12.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Exponer brevemente un tema Empresarial

4. ACTIVIDADES DE EVALUACIÓN

Evidencias de Aprendizaje	Criterios de Evaluación	Técnicas e Instrumentos de Evalua
Evidencias de Conocimiento:	Escuchar un audio transcribirlo y traerlo en una hoja.	Placement test Quiz Exam
Evidencias de Desempeño:	Evaluación oral sobre los pronombres vistos en clase. Hacer un video deletreando nombre y apellido. Hacer una exposición breve de una lectura usando el verbo to be y los auxiliares DO y DOES Evaluación escrita sobre los pronombres, verbo to be, auxiliar do, does y el vocabulario visto en clase. Evaluación a través dinámica de roles utilizando los WH Questions Escribir un artículo para el periódico. Exponer cualquier tema de forma breve.	Reading comprehension Worsheets Lista de chequeos Cuestionario

Evidencias de Producto:		Las evidencias de producto se evalúan dependiendo de cada producto que tenga el proyecto formativo de aprendizaje. Para conocer acerca de esta evidencia es necesario remitirnos a cada proyecto deformación específicamente en el número 2.5.4. Allí podemos encontrar toda la información.

5. GLOSARIO DE TÉRMINOS:

Competencia: Es la "capacidad para interactuar idóneamente consigo mismo, con los demás y con la naturaleza en los entornos productivo y social; es decir, en el Mundo de la vida". Se entiende por "capacidad" un conjunto sistémico y dinámico de aptitudes (conocimientos, habilidades, destrezas), y actitudes que le permiten al aprendiz interactuar. (Fuente: Modelo Pedagógico Institucional del SENA. 2012)

Marco Común Europeo: Es un marco de referencia de reconocimiento internacional para describir el dominio de un idioma, El MCER está ampliamente aceptado en toda Europa y cada vez es más común en el resto del mundo. (Fuente: www.efset.org/es/cerf/)

6. REFERENTES BIBLIOGRÁFICOS

https://www.careerpaths-esp.com/

7. CONTROL DEL DOCUMENTO

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha
Autor (es)	**FABIAN ALBERTO MNENESES**	**Instructor**	**CENTRO DE COMERCIO Y SERVICIOS**	24 **de octubre de 2025**

8. CONTROL DE CAMBIOS (diligenciar únicamente si realiza ajustes a la guía)

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha	Razón del Cambio
Autor (es)					

Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: construir expresiones cotidianas haciendo uso del go and get.

3.12 Actividad de aprendizaje 12

- Hablar sobre actividades propias del enfermero.
- Aprender vocabulario de Enfermeria
- Construir oraciones utilizando some and any
- Hacer uso de la expresión or
- Hablar brevemente sobre cualquier tema

3.12.1 M o m e n t o s de Iniciación

- Saludos, organización de la sala y preparación actitudinal para iniciación de clase
- Verificación de asistencia
- Verificación de cumplimiento de presentación personal
- Exploración de conocimientos previos del aprendiz.
- Formulación de preguntas de conexión al tema programado

3.12.2 Momento de reunióny seguimiento

- Contenidos del aprendizaje:
- Medical Care situations
- Nursing vocabulary
- Some and any
- Use expression or
- Speaking shortly about a topic.

3.12.3 Elección y uso de recursos didácticos: Computador
Sonido
Televisor
Tablero
Marcadores

Descripción de la actividad: Exponer brevemente un tema de salud.

4. ACTIVIDADES DE EVALUACIÓN

Evidencias de Aprendizaje	Criterios de Evaluación	Técnicas e Instrumentos de Evalua
Evidencias de Conocimiento:	Escuchar un audio transcribirlo y traerlo en una hoja.	Placement test Quiz Exam
Evidencias de Desempeño:	Evaluación oral sobre los pronombres vistos en clase. Hacer un video deletreando nombre y apellido. Hacer una exposición breve de una lectura usando el verbo to be y los auxiliares DO y DOES Evaluación escrita sobre los pronombres, verbo to be, auxiliar do, does y el vocabulario visto en clase. Evaluación a través dinámica de roles utilizando los WH Questions Escribir un artículo para el periódico. Exponer cualquier tema de forma breve.	Reading comprehension Worsheets Lista de chequeos Cuestionario

Evidencias de Producto:		Las evidencias de producto se evalúan dependiendo de cada producto que tenga el proyecto formativo de aprendizaje. Para conocer acerca de esta evidencia es necesario remitirnos a cada proyecto deformación específicamente en el número 2.5.4. Allí podemos encontrar toda la información.

5. GLOSARIO DE TÉRMINOS:

Competencia: Es la "capacidad para interactuar idóneamente consigo mismo, con los demás y con la naturaleza en los entornos productivo y social; es decir, en el Mundo de la vida". Se entiende por "capacidad" un conjunto sistémico y dinámico de aptitudes (conocimientos, habilidades, destrezas), y actitudes que le permiten al aprendiz interactuar. (Fuente: Modelo Pedagógico Institucional del SENA. 2012)

Marco Común Europeo: Es un marco de referencia de reconocimiento internacional para describir el dominio de un idioma, El MCER está ampliamente aceptado en toda Europa y cada vez es más común en el resto del mundo. (Fuente: www.efset.org/es/cerf/)

6. REFERENTES BIBLIOGRÁFICOS

https://www.careerpaths-esp.com/

7. CONTROL DEL DOCUMENTO

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha
Autor (es)	**FABIAN ALBERTO MNENESES**	**Instructor**	**CENTRO DE COMERCIO Y SERVICIOS**	**29 de agosto de 2025**

8. CONTROL DE CAMBIOS (diligenciar únicamente si realiza ajustes a la guía)

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha	Razón del Cambio
Autor (es)					

POSDATA: los trabajos en Word o en papel deben llevar los siguientes datos en el encabezado, **nombre completo, nombre del programa, número de ficha, fecha del trabajo, número de guía y tema.**

Antes de cada mes y/o después de terminar las temáticas orientadas se debe evaluar cada uno de los temas vistos, y se revisa de igual manera las evidencias de cada tema desarrollados durante el mes. Para el mejor manejo de las temáticas se les solicitara dar razón de manera individual verbal sobre los temas vistos.

- Ambiente Requerido: centro de comercio y servicios - software 2
- Materiales: Guía de aprendizaje, computador conectado a la red, plataformas online, aplicaciones móviles, recursos multimedia, libreta de apuntes, marcadores, sillas etc.

Recursos complementarios:

NOTA: Los links de la mayoría de recursos tales como: lecturas, videos, páginas de consulta, tests, ejercicios de vocabulario y audios se compartirán por el grupo de whatsapp según el avance progresivo de las actividades. De igual manera se comparte el documento con los links de los contenidos y también reposan en la plataforma Zajuna a disposición de los aprendices.

4. ACTIVIDADES DE EVALUACIÓN

Evidencias de Aprendizaje	Criterios de Evaluación	Técnicas e Instrumentos de Evaluación
Evidencias de Conocimiento: (Saber conocer) • Saber identificar y reconocer los sonidos esenciales del léxico seleccionado. • Reconocer e identificar los auxiliares del presente simple. • Reconocer las formas gramaticales esenciales del inglés. **Evidencias de Desempeño: (Saber hacer)** • Saber usar el vocabulario esencial en sus presentaciones e interacciones. • Saber reconocer, el stress, y el linking entre frases y el rhythm en audios cortos. • Saber realizar en ingles una presentación o exposición de un tema de estudio usando vocabulario cotidiano y técnico. • Saber aplicar adecuadamente la estructura esencial "hacedor, auxiliar, verbo principal y complemento".	• Conoce y emplea adecuadamente estructuras esenciales para dar una opinión sobre un tema cotidiano o de su especialidad. • Interpreta un texto sencillo y puede construir un mapa de ideas basado en el tema de estudio. • Pronuncia adecuadamente el vocabulario común y técnico del tema en estudio. • Escucha, y asimila el vocabulario esencial seleccionado relacionado al programa. • Sostiene una conversación corta empleando el vocabulario corriente y técnico aprendido. • Estructura adecuadamente una opinión sobre un tema conocido o de su especialidad. • Reconoce vocabulario, frases, oraciones o textos cortos por su capacidad de escucha sobre temas cotidianos o técnicos del programa. • Emplea vocabulario y expresiones para compartir información personal en situaciones cotidianas. • Expresa ideas simples en frases cortas, de forma oral y escrita, de acuerdo con su contexto familiar, personal y laboral. • Describe personas, objetos y lugares de acuerdo con sus características físicas.	• Evaluación de vocabulario de cada tema. • (Test de progreso, escrito) • Test de progreso, verbal • Test de progreso, de escucha • **PRESENTACIONES, DEBATES, ENCUESTAS, ROLEPLAYS** En grupos organice el vocabulario básico o técnico más esencial del programa (sustantivos, verbos, adjetivos, expresiones, frases). Empleando herramientas digitales para clasificarlo, categorizarlo con el fin de facilitar la asimilación y uso en un contexto real determinado. Realice un juego o actividad dinámica con el mismo para facilitar la asimilación del vocabulario preseleccionado.

• Saber escribir, conocer el significado y diferenciar el sonido del vocabulario esencial del programa. • Saber pronunciar notablemente el vocabulario corriente o técnico del tema relacionado. **Evidencias de Producto: (conocer-saber)** Documento con la presentación de usted mismo, descripción de una persona o un lugar. • Pictionary PDF o fichero en papel incluyendo el vocabulario esencial o técnico. • Documento pdf de incluyendo las temáticas estudiadas.	• Participa en conversaciones simples sobre rutinas y hábitos, teniendo en cuenta las actividades que se generen en su cotidianidad personal y laboral. • Entiende interlocuciones y textos muy breves, en inglés, sobre información relacionada con actividades habituales basadas en el contexto personal, social, familiar y laboral; teniendo en cuenta funciones del lenguaje y vocabulario pertinente. • Describe acciones en progreso utilizando expresiones de tiempo, de acuerdo con la estructura del presente simple con diferentes formas y auxiliares. • Pregunta por artículos de su entorno laboral (precios, tallas, tamaños, colores, características de productos) expresando gustos y preferencias, y empleando funciones comunicativas dentro de un contexto de compras.	

5. GLOSARIO DE TÉRMINOS:

Competencia: Es la "capacidad para interactuar idóneamente consigo mismo, con los demás y con la naturaleza en los entornos productivo y social; es decir, en el Mundo de la vida". Se entiende por "capacidad" un conjunto sistémico y dinámico de aptitudes (conocimientos, habilidades, destrezas), y actitudes que le permiten al aprendiz interactuar. (Fuente: Modelo Pedagógico Institucional del SENA. 2012)

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6. REFERENTES BIBLIOGRÁFICOS

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7. CONTROL DEL DOCUMENTO

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha
Autor (es)	**Fabian Alberto Meneses**	**Instructor**	**CENTRO DE COMERCIO Y SERVICIOS**	**25 de marzo de 2025**

8. CONTROL DE CAMBIOS (diligenciar únicamente si realiza ajustes a la guía)

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha	Razón del Cambio
Autor (es)					

PROCESO DE GESTIÓN DE FORMACIÓN PROFESIONAL INTEGRAL

FORMATO GUÍA DE APRENDIZAJE

1. **IDENTIFICACIÓN DE LA GUIA DE APRENDIZAJE**

- **Denominación del Programa de Formación: Técnico en cocina**
- **Código del Programa de Formación: 635503 Ficha: 3066169**
- **Nombre del Proyecto: Aplicación de técnicas y procedimientos de cocina en establecimientos gastronómicos.**
- **Fase del Proyecto**: análisis y planeación.
- **Actividad de Proyecto**: Identificar las materias primas y los peligros de contaminación en la preparación de alimentos.
- **Competencia**: Interactuar en lengua inglesa de forma oral y escrita dentro de contextos sociales y laborales según los criterios establecidos por el marco común europeo de referencia para las lenguas.
- **Resultados de Aprendizaje Alcanzar**:
  1. Comprender información básica oral y escrita en inglés acerca de si mismo, de las personas y su contexto inmediato en realidades presentes e historias de vida.
  2. Describir a nivel básico de forma oral y escrita en inglés, personas, situaciones y lugares de acuerdo con sus costumbres y experiencias de vida.

  Duración de la guía: 44 H.

2. PRESENTACIÓN

Estimado aprendiz, esta guía le orientará en su proceso auto formativo sobre la importancia de fortalecer las habilidades de lectura y escritura en una segunda lengua. Este instrumento se constituye como el insumo principal de su formación, el cual le permitirá por medio de diferentes actividades de aprendizaje, cumplir con el desarrollo de la competencia: “Interactuar en lengua inglesa de forma oral y escrita dentro de contextos sociales y laborales según los criterios establecidos por el Marco Común Europeo de Referencia para las Lenguas.”. Al terminar el estudio de esta guía, con ayuda de su instructor y relacionando su aprendizaje previo, usted estará en la capacidad de comprender y leer información básica habitual sobre temas de interés personal y temas técnicos. Recuerde que el fin último del proceso enseñanza-aprendizaje es integrarlo significativamente con su programa de formación con el objetivo de cumplir sus metas y mejorar su nivel de inglés.
Todas las actividades basadas en los siguientes ítems:

- Motivar hacia la actividad de aprendizaje en consideración a las fortalezas que aportará en eldesarrollo de habilidades y destrezas
- Guiar y organizar el aprendizaje de manera que se oriente al desarrollo integral del aprendiz
- Motivar a la acción, al trabajo autónomo sistemático y organizado
- Mejorar el desempeño en las cuatro habilidades en lengua inglesa.
- Relacionar conocimientos previos con los nuevos para la construcción significativa de los mismos
- Promover el aprendizaje colaborativo y el crecimiento integral del grupo
- Fortalecer los conocimientos ya adquiridos y la adquisición de nuevos conceptos.
- Promover la importancia del aprendizaje del inglés como segunda lengua

3. FORMULACIÓN DE LAS ACTIVIDADES DE APRENDIZAJE

- Comunicar oralmente ideas y opiniones de carácter técnico y personal con fluidez en inglés, teniendo en cuenta el uso de vocabularios y gramáticas específica.
- Describir actividades cotidianas y del área técnica de uso frecuente en el desempeño de sus actividades ocupacionales en su lugar de trabajo.

3.1 Actividades de reflexión inicial:

4. Descripción de la actividad: Concientizar a los aprendices sobre la importancia y la necesidad que tiene en la actualidad el saber inglés, comprender tanto lo que se lee como lo que se escucha, es por eso que el vocabulario juega un papel muy importante.

5. Ambiente requerido: EL bordo -

6. Estrategias o técnicas didácticas activas:

Knowing myself and the others – Introducing yourself activities
Por medio de esta actividad usted podrá recordar y fortalecer algunos conocimientos previos en inglés, a partir de diferentes actividades propuestas por el instructor, dichas actividades estarán encaminadas respecto a la información personal de cada aprendiz.
Classroom commands (15 commands) – Basic expressions
Por medio de esta actividad usted, adquirirá una serie de órdenes que serán herramientas fundamentales en su proceso de aprendizaje, dichas ordenes deben ser practicadas por cada uno de los aprendices, para mejorar su nivel de inglés.

7. Materiales de formación: cuaderno, diccionario, lapicero, portátiles, celulares, acceso a internet.

8. Material de apoyo: guía de aprendizaje, videos, fotocopias, plataformas on line.

9. Duración de la actividad: 12 horas.

3.2 Actividades de contextualización e identificación de conocimientos necesarios para el aprendizaje:

Descripción de la actividad: la actividad propone situaciones en las que se debe comprender tanto en forma escrita como oral los mensajes teniendo en cuenta las ideas principales y los mensajes emitidos.

Ambiente requerido: El Bordo

Estrategias o técnicas didácticas activas:

Listening activities.

Por medio de esta actividad, el aprendiz escucha una conversación de dos personas en un restaurante y deberán entender y dar cuenta tanto en forma oral como escrita, de que se trata el tema o la conversación.

En otra actividad se pone un listening y el aprendiz responde las preguntas relacionadas con el listening.

Materiales de formación: cuaderno, lapiceros, diccionario

Material de apoyo: guía de aprendizaje, videos, fotocopias, plataformas on line

Duración de la actividad: 18 horas.

3.3 Actividades de apropiación:

Descripción de la actividad: el aprendiz comprende al leer y escuchar información con un lenguaje básico teniendo en cuenta las ideas principales y el contexto para el uso del vocabulario.

Ambiente requerido: El bordo

Estrategias o técnicas didácticas activas:

Write about something you like.

Para llevar a cabo esta actividad, debe escribir sobre algo de su interés poniendo atención a la escritura de Las palabras, las reglas gramaticales aprendidas durante el proceso y se hace retroalimentación al corregir Los errores de gramática.

Materiales de formación: cuaderno, diccionario, lapicero, celulares, acceso a internet.

Material de apoyo: guía de aprendizaje, videos, fotocopias, plataformas on line

Evidencias de aprendizaje: comprensión tanto oral como escrita de lo trabajado en la formación.

Instrumentos de evaluación: test, talleres, participación oral y escrita.

Duración de la actividad: 10 horas.

3.4 Actividades de Transferencia el Conocimiento:

Descripción de la actividad: tiene la capacidad de comprender lo que escucha y lee correctamente.

Ambiente requerido:

Estrategias o técnicas didácticas activas:

GUESS, WHO IS- WHAT IS

Este ejercicio se basa en adivinar quien o que es describiendo algún personaje un animal o una cosa, deben Describirla aplicando el vocabulario y la gramática.

Materiales de formación: cuaderno, diccionario, lapicero, portátiles, acceso a internet

Material de apoyo: guía de aprendizaje, videos, fotocopias, plataformas on line

Evidencias de aprendizaje: socialización de los remas aprendidos tanto en forma oral como escrita.

Instrumentos de evaluación: test, talleres, participación oral y escrita.

Duración de la actividad: 10 horas.

ACTIVIDADES DE EVALUACIÓN

Evidencias de Aprendizaje	Criterios de Evaluación	Técnicas e Instrumentos de Evaluación
Evidencias de Conocimiento: Preguntas sobre gramática básica e información personal en forma escrita y oral. Aplicación de conceptos y vocabulario. Desarrollo de actividades orales y escritas. **Evidencias de Desempeño** Resultado de la observación Directa **Evidencias de Producto:** presentación de evidencias fotográficas, en el cuaderno, drive y en la plataforma territorium	Sostiene una conversación con un vocabualrio básico y técnico. Estructura adecuadamente una opinión sobre un tema conocido de su especialidad. Elabora resúmenes cortos sobre textos sencillos y contenido técnico. Escribe o presenta descripciones se si mismo, su cotidianidad y entorno. Plantea y responde preguntas teniendo en cuenta el tiempo gramatical. Completa frases de acuerdo al contexto. Elabora résumenes cortos sobre textos sencillos.	Trabajos escritos, on line, salidas al tablero, actividades de listenig, reading, speaking y wirting. Comprensión de textos sencillos sobre cotidianidad y ambiente laboral. Respuestas completas a preguntas técnicas y de su entorno. Realización de talleres con vocabulario técnico

4. GLOSARIO DE TÉRMINOS:

Kitchen**, floor , refrigerator, bowl, sugar, salt, spoon, dishes, wash, food, junk food, meal, meet, retaurant, table, wáter, oil, fruits, oven, plate, dessert, knife, forks, dining room, chairs, bottles, pounds, drinks, milk, tea, coffee Bread, chocolate, scissors, cold, warm, stove, cut, peel, add, taste, buy, supermatket, a few, littres, sweet, salty.**

5. REFERENTES BILBIOGRÁFICOS

https://englishclassviaskype.com/blog/how-to-learn-english/english-vocabulary-for-human-resources/

6. CONTROL DEL DOCUMENTO

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha
Autor (es)	**Fabian Alberto Meneses Hernandez**	**Instructor**	**Centro de comercio y servicios**	**10 de febrero de 2025**

7. CONTROL DE CAMBIOS (diligenciar únicamente si realiza ajustes a la guía)

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha	Razón del Cambio
Autor (es)					

PROCESO DE GESTIÓN DE FORMACIÓN PROFESIONAL INTEGRAL

FORMATO GUÍA DE APRENDIZAJE

1. IDENTIFICACIÓN DE LA GUIA DE APRENDIZAJE

- **Denominación del Programa de Formación:** GESTION BANCARIA Y DE ENTIDADES FINANCIERAS
- **Código del Programa de Formación:** 123102 **Ficha: 3315185**
- **Nombre del Proyecto**:
  IMPLEMENTACIÓN DE UN PLAN DE TRABAJO PARA EL MEJORAMIENTO DEL MANEJO CONTABLE DE UNA UNIDAD ECONÓMICA DEL DEPARTAMENTO DEL CAUCA.
- **Fase del Proyecto:**
  Ejecución.
- **Actividad de Proyecto:**
  4 - PREPARAR Y PRESENTAR INFORMES FINANCIEROS Y EMPRESARIALES DE ACUERDO A LAS NORMAS LEGALES VIGENTES
- **Competencia:**
  Comprender textos en inglés en forma escrita y auditiva

- **Resultados de Aprendizaje Alcanzar:**
  - ✓ Encontrar información específica y predecible en escritos sencillos y cotidianos
  - ✓ Encontrar vocabulario y expresiones de inglés técnico en anuncios, folletos, páginas web, etc.
- Duración de la Guía: 80 H

2. PRESENTACIÓN

Apreciado aprendiz, en esta guía de aprendizaje, tendrá la oportunidad de desarrollar y consolidar las habilidades lingüísticas adquiridas a lo largo de su experiencia educativa en una segunda lengua. Con ayuda de su instructor y el desarrollo de las actividades formuladas en este documento, usted tendrá la posibilidad de identificar y describir actividades específicas de uso frecuente tanto en contextos cotidianos como técnicos, lo que le permitirá tener un primer acercamiento con el uso del inglés en su programa formativo. Al final usted contara con herramientas que serán de gran ayuda para fortalecer las habilidades que se desarrollaran en las siguientes guías.

WARM UP Y EJECUCIÓN DE LAS ACTIVIDADES DE SESIÓN

En esta parte de la sesión se realiza un Warm up, que siempre será un juego, bien sea online o físico. En esta parte los aprendices proceden a realizar las actividades planteadas por el instructor y lo hace a su propio ritmo, haciéndolo en ocasiones de manera autónoma o con la guía de su instructor. Todas las actividades basadas en los siguientes ítems:

- Motivar hacia la actividad de aprendizaje en consideración a las fortalezas que aportará en el desarrollo de habilidades y destrezas
- Guiar y organizar el aprendizaje de manera que se oriente al desarrollo integral del aprendiz
- Motivar a la acción, al trabajo autónomo sistemático y organizado

- Mejorar el desempeño en las cuatro habilidades en lengua inglesa.
- Relacionar conocimientos previos con los nuevos para la construcción significativa de los mismos
- Promover el aprendizaje colaborativo y el crecimiento integral del grupo
- Fortalecer los conocimientos ya adquiridos y la adquisición de nuevos conceptos.
- Promover la importancia del aprendizaje del inglés como segunda lengua

3. FORMULACIÓN DE LAS ACTIVIDADES DE APRENDIZAJE

Describir actividades cotidianas y del área técnica de uso frecuente en el desempeño de sus actividades ocupacionales en su lugar de trabajo.

- **KNOWING MYSELF AND THE OTHERS 1H 45MIN**
  Por medio de esta actividad usted podrá recordar y fortalecer algunos conocimientos previos en inglés, a partir de diferentes actividades propuestas por el instructor, dichas actividades estarán encaminadas respecto a la información personal de cada aprendiz.

- **CLASSROOM COMMANDS (15 COMMANDS) 45 MIN**
  Por medio de esta actividad usted, adquirirá una serie de órdenes que serán herramientas fundamentales en su proceso de aprendizaje, dichas ordenes deben ser practicadas por cada uno de los aprendices, para mejorar su nivel de inglés.

- **PLACEMENT TEST (CHECKLIST) 1 H**
  A través de este tipo de ejercicios se busca poder medir el nivel de inglés de los aprendices y con este diagnóstico, poder establecer diferentes estrategias de aprendizaje para que el aprendiz tenga una mejor aprensión del conocimiento en una segunda lengua.

- **KNOWING MY PROGRAM (PROGRAM DEFINITION, PROGRAM DESCRIPTION, PROGRAM SKILLS, PROFILE) 1H 30MN**
  El instructor realizará diversas actividades en inglés con el fin de que los aprendices logren reconocer a cabalidad el programa.

- **MY PROGRAM TOOLS (Technical Vocabulary) 3 H**
  De acuerdo al programa en cual se está trabajando, los aprendices realizaran diferentes actividades lúdico-pedagógicas con el fin de que logren apropiar de una manera práctica el vocabulario técnico perteneciente a dicha ficha.

- **INTRODUCE MYSELF VIDEO 5H**
  Teniendo en cuenta esta actividad lograras tomar un poco más de confianza en el proceso de aprendizaje de una segunda lengua (Inglés)

- **MEETING NEW PEOPLE SCRIPT 5H**

El desarrollo de esta actividad te permitirá afianzar tus conocimientos de escritura en Inglés y de fortalecer tu imaginación.

- **MEETING NEW PEOPLE VIDEO 5H**

Por medio de esta actividad usted, logrará fortalecer sus habilidades linguisticas a través de la producción oral en inglés.

- **RECURSOS DIGITALES TERRITORIUM 5H**

El desarrollo de esta actividad permitirá que usted logré poner en práctica, cada una de las actividades propuestas y trabajadas a lo largo de esta guía.

- Ambiente Requerido: Ambiente de formación asignado.
- Materiales: Para el desarrollo de esta actividad es importante tener en cuenta; Computador, teléfono móvil, internet, diccionarios, flash cards, juegos en línea.

4. ACTIVIDADES DE EVALUACIÓN

Evidencias de Aprendizaje	Criterios de Evaluación	Técnicas e Instrumentos de Evaluación
Evidencias de Conocimiento:	Estructura adecuadamente una opinión sobre un tema conocido de su especialidad.	Exámen oral. Quizz Lista de vocabulario acerca de las fichas de aprendizaje sobre su formación.
Evidencias de Desempeño	• Interpreta un texto sencillo y puede construir un mapa conceptual basado en el mismo. • Pronuncia adecuadamente el vocabulario y modismos básicos del idioma • Sostiene conversaciones con vocabulario básico y técnico aprendido. • Estructura adecuadamente	Escuche, estudie y memorice el vocabulario propuesto en la plataforma Quizlet. En grupos busque vocabulario referente a la formación de acuerdo al tema indicado por la instructora (herramientas de trabajo, sustantivos, verbos, términos técnicos etc).

	una opinión sobre un tema conocido de su especialidad.	Realice un juego con las mismas para memorizar el vocabulario tanto de sus compañeros como el suyo.
Evidencias de Producto:	• Pronuncia adecuadamente el vocabulario y modismos básicos del idioma • Estructura adecuadamente una opinión sobre un tema conocido de su especialidad. • Elabora resúmenes cortos sobre textos sencillos, y con contenido técnico.	Envie una captura de pantalla al instructor con el puntaje obtenido en la plataforma Quizlet. Realice en cartulina 16 fichas de aprendizaje sobre su formación con su respectiva palabra y dibujo.

5. GLOSARIO DE TÉRMINOS

Main idea (Idea principal): estrategia de lectura que busca identificar la idea principal de un texto. A diferencia de "Topic", esta estrategia pretende ampliar la comprensión encontrando qué es lo que se dice del tema (Topic). Ejm.: "The robots can help in, medicine".

Números cardinales: son los números como los conocemos para contar (one, two, three, etc.).

Números ordinales: son los números que se usan para indicar un orden, ejem.: primero (first, second, third, etc.).

Preposiciones de lugar: palabras invariables (sin género ni número) que se usan para indicar o introducirel lugar de una acción o situación. Por ejemplo: "In the room", "next to the shop".

Preposiciones de tiempo: palabras invariables (sin género ni número) que se usan para indicar o introducir el momento de una acción. En inglés, por ejemplo, las más comunes son "in", "on" y "at".

Presente Continuo: tiempo verbal que se usa para indicar acciones momentáneas que suceden al momento de hablar. Su construcción requiere el uso de un verbo auxiliar "to be" y un segundo verbo (llamado verbo principal) con terminación en "-ing". Por ejemplo: I am working at SENA now.

Presente simple (Presente Simple): tiempo verbal que se usa para indicar acciones o

situaciones que suceden en el presente. Pueden ser estados permanentes o cambiantes, por ejemplo: I am Susana. I workas a doctor.

Pronombres personales: son las palabras que se usan para indicar la persona o ente que ejecuta una acción. Siempre los pronombres personales estarán seguidos de un verbo (la acción). En inglés son comunes las contracciones entre los pronombres y algunos verbos, así: “I’m” (contracción de I am), “She's”(contracción de she is), etc.

Role play: juego de roles es una actividad que simula una situación con dos o más personajes representados por los aprendices. Cada uno recibirá las indicaciones de lo que pasa y los aprendices deberán desarrollar la situación actuando.

Scanning: estrategia de lectura para encontrar información específica. Al igual que”Skimming” no es exhaustiva, sino que focaliza la información necesaria.

Semiótica: teoría general y ciencia que estudia los signos, sus relaciones y su significado.

Skimming: estrategia de lectura que consiste en hacer una lectura rápida para determinar el tipo de texto, su fuente y su tema. No implica una lectura exhaustiva ni detenida, y puede durar pocos segundos.

6. REFERENTES BIBLIOGRÁFICOS

Figarola, I. (s.f.). *Cómo se pronuncia th en inglés*. Barcelona, España.https://www.abaenglish.com/es/fonetica-inglesa/th/

Moure, O. (1999). *El acento en las palabras de dos sílabas*. http://www.ompersonal.com.ar/ompronounce/unit11/page1.htm

Systems, V. (2013). *Inglés: grado superior.* McGraw-Hill España. https://login.bdigital.sena.edu.co/login?url=https://elibro.net/es/ereader/senavirtual/50221?page=1

7. CONTROL DEL DOCUMENTO

	Nombre	Cargo	Dependencia	Fecha
Autor (es)	**Equipo Red de Bilingüismo .**	**Instructor**	**CcyS**	**03/05/2025**

A través de una conversación con el *Product Owner*, los *Developers* seleccionan elementos del *Product Backlog* para incluirlos en el *Sprint* actual. El *Scrum Team* puede refinar estos elementos durante este proceso, lo que aumenta la comprensión y la confianza.

Seleccionar cuánto se puede completar dentro de un *Sprint* puede ser un desafío. Sin embargo, cuanto más sepan los *Developers* sobre su desempeño pasado, su capacidad actual y su Definición de Terminado, más confiados estarán en sus pronósticos para el *Sprint*.

Tema tres: ¿Cómo se realizará el trabajo elegido?

Para cada elemento del *Product Backlog* seleccionado, los *Developers* planifican el trabajo necesario para crear un *Increment* que cumpla con la Definición de Terminado. A menudo, esto se hace descomponiendo los elementos del *Product Backlog* en elementos de trabajo más pequeños de un día o menos. La forma de hacerlo queda a criterio exclusivo de los *Developers*. Nadie más les dice cómo convertir los elementos del *Product Backlog* en *Increments* de valor.

El Objetivo del *Sprint*, los elementos del *Product Backlog* seleccionados para el *Sprint*, más el plan para entregarlos se denominan juntos *Sprint Backlog*.

La *Sprint Planning* tiene un límite de tiempo de máximo ocho horas para un *Sprint* de un mes. Para *Sprints* más cortos, el evento suele ser de menor duración.

Daily Scrum

El propósito de la *Daily Scrum* es inspeccionar el progreso hacia el Objetivo del *Sprint* y adaptar el *Sprint Backlog* según sea necesario, ajustando el trabajo planificado entrante.

La *Daily Scrum* es un evento de 15 minutos para los *Developers* del *Scrum Team*. Para reducir la complejidad, se lleva a cabo a la misma hora y en el mismo lugar todos los días hábiles del *Sprint*. Si el *Product Owner* o *Scrum Master* están trabajando activamente en elementos del *Sprint Backlog*, participan como *Developers*.

Los *Developers* pueden seleccionar la estructura y las técnicas que deseen, siempre que su *Daily Scrum* se centre en el progreso hacia el Objetivo del *Sprint* y produzca un plan viable para el siguiente día de trabajo. Esto crea enfoque y mejora la autogestión.

Las *Daily Scrum*s mejoran la comunicación, identifican impedimentos, promueven la toma rápida de decisiones y, en consecuencia, eliminan la necesidad de otras reuniones.

La *Daily Scrum* no es el único momento en el que los *Developers* pueden ajustar su plan. A menudo se reúnen durante el día para discusiones más detalladas sobre cómo adaptar o volver a planificar el resto del trabajo del *Sprint*.

Sprint Review

El propósito de la *Sprint Review* es inspeccionar el resultado del *Sprint* y determinar futuras adaptaciones. El *Scrum Team* presenta los resultados de su trabajo a los interesados clave y se discute el progreso hacia el Objetivo del Producto.

Durante el evento, el *Scrum Team* y los interesados revisan lo que se logró en el *Sprint* y lo que ha cambiado en su entorno. Con base en esta información, los asistentes colaboran sobre qué hacer a continuación. El *Product Backlog* también se puede ajustar para satisfacer nuevas oportunidades. La *Sprint Review* es una sesión de trabajo y el *Scrum Team* debe evitar limitarla a una presentación.

La *Sprint Review* es el penúltimo evento del *Sprint* y tiene un límite de tiempo de máximo cuatro horas para un *Sprint* de un mes. Para *Sprints* más cortos, el evento suele ser de menor duración.

Sprint Retrospective

El propósito de la *Sprint Retrospective* es planificar formas de aumentar la calidad y la efectividad.

El *Scrum Team* inspecciona cómo fue el último *Sprint* con respecto a las personas, las interacciones, los procesos, las herramientas y su Definición de Terminado. Los elementos inspeccionados suelen variar según el ámbito del trabajo. Se identifican los supuestos que los llevaron por mal camino y se exploran sus orígenes. El *Scrum Team* analiza qué salió bien durante el *Sprint*, qué problemas encontró y cómo se resolvieron (o no) esos problemas.

El *Scrum Team* identifica los cambios más útiles para mejorar su efectividad. Las mejoras más impactantes se abordan lo antes posible. Incluso se pueden agregar al *Sprint Backlog* para el próximo *Sprint*.

La *Sprint Retrospective* concluye el *Sprint*. Tiene un tiempo limitado a máximo tres horas para un *Sprint* de un mes. Para *Sprints* más cortos, el evento suele ser de menor duración.

Artefactos de Scrum

Los artefactos de Scrum representan trabajo o valor. Están diseñados para maximizar la transparencia de la información clave. Por lo tanto, todas las personas que los inspeccionan tienen la misma base de adaptación.

Cada artefacto contiene un compromiso para garantizar que proporcione información que mejore la transparencia y el enfoque frente al cual se pueda medir el progreso:

- Para el *Product Backlog*, es el Objetivo del Producto.
- Para el *Sprint Backlog*, es el Objetivo del *Sprint*.

- Para el *Increment* es la Definición de Terminado.

Estos compromisos existen para reforzar el empirismo y los valores de Scrum para el *Scrum Team* y sus interesados.

Product Backlog

El *Product Backlog* es una lista emergente y ordenada de lo que se necesita para mejorar el producto. Es la única fuente del trabajo realizado por el *Scrum Team*.

Los elementos del *Product Backlog* que el *Scrum Team* puede dar por Terminados dentro de un *Sprint* se consideran preparados para ser seleccionados en un evento de *Sprint Planning*. Suelen adquirir este grado de transparencia tras las actividades de refinamiento. El refinamiento del *Product Backlog* es el acto de dividir y definir aún más los elementos del *Product Backlog* en elementos más pequeños y precisos. Esta es una actividad continua para agregar detalles, como una descripción, orden y tamaño. Los atributos suelen variar según el ámbito del trabajo.

Los *Developers* que realizarán el trabajo son responsables del dimensionamiento. El *Product Owner* puede influir en los *Developers* ayudándolos a entender y seleccionar sus mejores alternativas.

Compromiso: Objetivo del Producto

El Objetivo del Producto describe un estado futuro del producto que puede servir como un objetivo para que el *Scrum Team* planifique. El Objetivo del Producto está en el *Product Backlog*. El resto del *Product Backlog* emerge para definir "qué" cumplirá con el Objetivo del Producto.

> *Un producto es un vehículo para entregar valor. Tiene un límite claro, personas interesadas conocidas, usuarios o clientes bien definidos. Un producto puede ser un servicio, un producto físico o algo más abstracto.*

El Objetivo del Producto es el objetivo a largo plazo del *Scrum Team*. Ellos deben cumplir (o abandonar) un objetivo antes de asumir el siguiente.

Sprint Backlog

El *Sprint Backlog* se compone del Objetivo del *Sprint* (por qué), el conjunto de elementos del *Product Backlog* seleccionados para el *Sprint* (qué), así como un plan de acción para entregar el *Increment* (cómo).

El *Sprint Backlog* es un plan realizado por y para los *Developers*. Es una imagen muy visible y en tiempo real del trabajo que los *Developers* planean realizar durante el *Sprint* para lograr el Objetivo del *Sprint*. En consecuencia, el *Sprint Backlog* se actualiza a lo largo del *Sprint* a medida que se aprende más. Debe tener suficientes detalles para que puedan inspeccionar su progreso en la *Daily Scrum*.

Compromiso: Objetivo del *Sprint*

El Objetivo del *Sprint* es el único propósito del *Sprint*. Si bien el Objetivo del *Sprint* es un compromiso de los *Developers*, proporciona flexibilidad en términos del trabajo exacto necesario para lograrlo. El Objetivo del *Sprint* también crea coherencia y enfoque, lo que alienta al *Scrum Team* a trabajar en conjunto en lugar de en iniciativas separadas.

El Objetivo del *Sprint* se crea durante el evento *Sprint Planning* y se agrega al *Sprint Backlog*. Mientras los *Developers* trabajan durante el *Sprint*, tienen en mente el Objetivo del *Sprint*. Si el trabajo resulta ser diferente de lo que esperaban, colaboran con el *Product Owner* para negociar el alcance del *Sprint Backlog* dentro del *Sprint* sin afectar el Objetivo del *Sprint*.

Increment

Un *Increment* es un peldaño concreto hacia el Objetivo del Producto. Cada *Increment* se suma a todos los *Increments* anteriores y se verifica minuciosamente, lo que garantiza que todos los *Increments* funcionen juntos. Para proporcionar valor, el *Increment* debe ser utilizable.

Se pueden crear múltiples *Increments* dentro de un *Sprint*. La suma de los *Increments* se presenta en la *Sprint Review* apoyando así el empirismo. Sin embargo, se puede entregar un *Increment* a los interesados antes del final del *Sprint*. La *Sprint Review* nunca debe considerarse una puerta para liberar valor.

El trabajo no puede considerarse parte de un *Increment* a menos que cumpla con la Definición de Terminado.

Compromiso: Definición de Terminado

La Definición de Terminado es una descripción formal del estado del *Increment* cuando cumple con las medidas de calidad requeridas para el producto.

En el momento en que un elemento del *Product Backlog* cumple con la Definición de Terminado, nace un *Increment*.

La Definición de Terminado crea transparencia al brindar a todos un entendimiento compartido de qué trabajo se completó como parte del *Increment*. Si un elemento del *Product Backlog* no cumple con la Definición de Terminado, no se puede publicar ni presentar en la *Sprint Review*. En su lugar, vuelve al *Product Backlog* para su consideración futura.

Si la Definición de Terminado para un *Increment* es parte de los estándares de la organización, todos los *Scrum Team*s deben seguirla como mínimo. Si no es un estándar organizacional, el *Scrum Team* debe crear una Definición de Terminado apropiada para el producto.

Los *Developers* deben adherirse a la Definición de Terminado. Si hay varios *Scrum Team*s trabajando juntos en un producto, deben definir y cumplir mutuamente la misma Definición de Terminado.

Nota final

Scrum es gratuito y se ofrece en esta Guía. El marco de trabajo Scrum, como se describe aquí, es inmutable. Si bien es posible implementar solo partes de Scrum, el resultado no es Scrum. Scrum existe solo en su totalidad y funciona bien como un contenedor para otras técnicas, metodologías y prácticas.

Agradecimientos

Personas

De los miles de personas que han contribuido a Scrum, debemos destacar a las que fueron fundamentales al principio: Jeff Sutherland trabajó con Jeff McKenna y John Scumniotales, y Ken Schwaber trabajó con Mike Smith y Chris Martin, y todos ellos trabajaron juntos. Muchos otros contribuyeron en los años siguientes y sin su ayuda Scrum no estaría refinado como lo está hoy.

Historia de la Guía de Scrum

Ken Schwaber y Jeff Sutherland copresentaron Scrum por primera vez en la Conferencia OOPSLA en 1995. Básicamente, documentó el aprendizaje que Ken y Jeff adquirieron en los años anteriores y publicó la primera definición formal de Scrum.

La Guía de Scrum documenta Scrum como se ha desarrollado, evolucionado y sostenido durante más de 30 años por Jeff Sutherland y Ken Schwaber. Otras fuentes proporcionan patrones, procesos y enfoques que complementan el marco de trabajo Scrum. Estos pueden aumentar la productividad, el valor, la creatividad y la satisfacción con los resultados.

La historia completa de Scrum se describe en otros lugares. Para honrar los primeros sitios donde se probó y comprobó, reconocemos a Individual Inc., Newspage, Fidelity Investments e IDX (ahora GE Medical).

Traducción

Esta guía ha sido traducida de la versión original en inglés proporcionada por Ken Schwaber y Jeff Sutherland. Las personas que han contribuido en la traducción son: Marcelo López, Marcelo García, Jorge Abad, Fabian Schwartz y Lucho Salazar.
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Cambios de la Guía Scrum 2017 a la Guía Scrum 2020

Aún menos prescriptiva

A lo largo de los años, la Guía Scrum comenzó a ser un poco más prescriptiva. La versión 2020 tenía como objetivo que Scrum volviera a ser un marco de trabajo mínimamente suficiente al eliminar o suavizar el lenguaje prescriptivo. Por ejemplo, eliminó las preguntas de la *Daily Scrum*, suavizó el lenguaje sobre los atributos de los PBI, suavizó el lenguaje sobre los elementos retro en el *Sprint Backlog*, acortó la sección de cancelación de *Sprint* y más.

Un equipo, enfocado en un producto

El objetivo era eliminar el concepto de un equipo separado dentro de un equipo que ha llevado a un comportamiento de "proxy" o de "nosotros y ellos" entre el PO y el Equipo de Desarrollo. Ahora solo hay un *Scrum Team* enfocado en el mismo objetivo, con tres diferentes conjuntos de responsabilidades: PO, SM y *Developers*.

Introducción del Objetivo del Producto

La Guía Scrum 2020 introduce el concepto de Objetivo del Producto para proporcionar enfoque al *Scrum Team* hacia un objetivo valioso más grande. Cada *Sprint* debería acercar el producto al Objetivo del Producto general.

Un hogar para el Objetivo del *Sprint*, la Definición de Terminado y el Objetivo del Producto

Las Guías Scrum anteriores describían el Objetivo del *Sprint* y la Definición de Terminado sin realmente darles una identidad. No eran del todo artefactos, pero estaban algo unidos a los artefactos. Con la incorporación del Objetivo del Producto, la versión 2020 proporciona más claridad al respecto. Cada uno de los tres artefactos ahora contiene "compromisos" con ellos. Para el *Product Backlog* es el Objetivo del Producto, el *Sprint Backlog* tiene el Objetivo del *Sprint* y el *Increment* tiene la Definición de Terminado (ahora sin las comillas). Existen para aportar transparencia y enfocarse en el progreso de cada artefacto.

Autogestión sobre autoorganización

Las Guías Scrum anteriores se referían a los Equipos de Desarrollo como autoorganizados, eligiendo quién y cómo hacer el trabajo. Con un enfoque más en el *Scrum Team*, la versión 2020 enfatiza un *Scrum Team* autogestionado, eligiendo quién, cómo y en qué trabajar.

Tres temas de la *Sprint Planning*

Además de los temas de la *Sprint Planning* de "Qué" y "Cómo", la Guía de Scrum 2020 pone énfasis en un tercer tema, "Por qué", en referencia al Objetivo del *Sprint*.

Simplificación general del lenguaje para una audiencia más amplia

La Guía Scrum 2020 ha hecho hincapié en eliminar declaraciones redundantes y complejas, así como en eliminar cualquier inferencia restante al trabajo de TI (por ejemplo, pruebas, sistema, diseño, requisito, etc.). La Guía Scrum ahora tiene menos de 13 páginas.

LISTA DE VERBOS IRREGULARES

INFINITIVO	PASADO SIMPLE	PARTICIPIO PASADO	ESPAÑOL
Arise	Arose	Arisen	Surgir, Levantarse
Awake	Awoke	Awoken	Despertarse
Be/ am, are, is	Was / Were	Been	Ser / Estar
Bear	Bore	Borne / Born	Soportar, dar a luz
Beat	Beat	Beaten	Golpear
Become	Became	Become	Llegar a Ser
Begin	Began	Begun	Empezar
Bend	Bent	Bent	Doblar
Bet	Bet	Bet	Apostar
Bind	Bound	Bound	Atar, encuadernar
Bid	Bid	Bid	Pujar
Bite	Bit	Bitten	Morder
Bleed	Bled	Bled	Sangrar
Blow	Blew	Blown	Soplar
Break	Broke	Broken	Romper
Breed	Bred	Bred	Criar
Bring	Brought	Brought	Traer Llevar
Broadcast	Broadcast	Broadcast	Radiar
Build	Built	Built	Edificar
Burn	Burnt / Burned	Burnt / Burned	Quemar
Burst	Burst	Burst	Reventar
Buy	Bought	Bought	Comprar
Cast	Cast	Cast	Arrojar
Catch	Caught	Caught	Coger
Come	Came	Come	Venir
Cost	Cost	Cost	Costar
Cut	Cut	Cut	Cortar
Choose	Chose	Chosen	Elegir
Cling	Clung	Clung	Agarrarse
Creep	Crept	Crept	Arrastrarse
Deal	Dealt	Dealt	Tratar
Dig	Dug	Dug	Cavar
Do (Does)	Did	Done	Hacer
Draw	Drew	Drawn	Dibujar
Dream	Dreamt /Dreamed	Dreamt /Dreamed	Soñar
Drink	Drank	Drunk	Beber
Drive	Drove	Driven	Conducir
Eat	Ate	Eaten	Comer
Fall	Fell	Fallen	Caer
Feed	Fed	Fed	Alimentar
Feel	Felt	Felt	Sentir
Fight	Fought	Fought	Luchar
Find	Found	Found	Encontrar
Flee	Fled	Fled	Huir
Fly	Flew	Flown	Volar
Forbid	Forbade	Forbidden	Prohibir
Forget	Forgot	Forgotten	Olvidar
Forgive	Forgave	Forgiven	Perdonar
Freeze	Froze	Frozen	Helar

Get	Got	Got / Gotten	Obtener
Give	Gave	Given	Dar
Go (Goes)	Went	Gone	Ir
Grow	Grew	Grown	Crecer
Grind	Ground	Ground	Moler
Hang	Hung	Hung	Colgar
Have	Had	Had	Haber o Tener
Hear	Heard	Heard	Oir
Hide	Hid	Hidden	Ocultar
Hit	Hit	Hit	Golpear
Hold	Held	Held	Agarrar Celebrar
Hurt	Hurt	Hurt	Herir
Keep	Kept	Kept	Conservar
Know	Knew	Known	Saber Conocer
Kneel	Knelt	Knelt	Arrodillarse
Knit	Knit	Knit	Hacer punto
Lay	Laid	Laid	Poner
Lead	Led	Led	Conducir
Lean	Leant	Leant	Apoyarse
Leap	Leapt	Leapt	Brincar
Learn	Learnt / Learned	Learnt / Learned	Aprender
Leave	Left	Left	Dejar
Lend	Lent	Lent	Prestar
Let	Let	Let	Permitir
Lie	Lay	Lain	Echarse
Light	Lit	Lit	Encender
Lose	Lost	Lost	Perder
Make	Made	Made	Hacer
Mean	Meant	Meant	Significar
Meet	Met	Met	Encontrar
Mistake	Mistook	Mistaken	Equivocar
Overcome	Overcame	Overcome	Vencer
Pay	Paid	Paid	Pagar
Put	Put	Put	Poner
Read	Read	Read	Leer
Ride	Rode	Ridden	Montar
Ring	Rang	Rung	Llamar
Rise	Rose	Risen	Levantarse
Run	Ran	Run	Correr
Say	Said	Said	Decir
See	Saw	Seen	Ver
Seek	Sought	Sought	Buscar
Sell	Sold	Sold	Vender
Send	Sent	Sent	Enviar
Set	Set	Set	Poner(se)
Sew	Sewed	Sewed / Sewn	Coser
Shake	Shook	Shaken	Sacudir
Shear	Shore	Shorn	Esquilar
Shine	Shone	Shone	Brillar
Shoot	Shot	Shot	Disparar
Show	Showed	Shown	Mostrar
Shrink	Shrank	Shrunk	Encogerse
Shut	Shut	Shut	Cerrar

Sing	Sang	Sung	Cantar
Sink	Sank	Sunk	Hundir
Sit	Sat	Sat	Sentarse
Sleep	Slept	Slept	Dormir
Slide	Slid	Slid	Resbalar
Smell	Smelt	Smelt	Oler
Sow	Sowed	Sowed / Sown	Sembrar
Speak	Spoke	Spoken	Hablar
Speed	Sped	Sped	Acelerar
Spell	Spelt	Spelt	Deletrear
Spend	Spent	Spent	Gastar
Spill	Spilt / Spilled	Spilt / Spilled	Derramar
Spin	Spun	Spun	Hilar
Spit	Spat	Spat	Escupir
Split	Split	Split	Hender / partir / rajar
Spoil	Spoilt / Spoiled	Spoilt / Spoiled	Estropear
Spread	Spread	Spread	Extender
Spring	Sprang	Sprung	Saltar
Stand	Stood	Stood	Estar en pie
Steal	Stole	Stolen	Robar
Stick	Stuck	Stuck	Pegar Engomar
Sting	Stung	Stung	Picar
Stink	Stank/Stunk	Stunk	Apestar
Stride	Strode	Stridden	Dar zancadas
Strike	Struck	Struck	Golpear
Swear	Swore	Sworn	Jurar
Sweat	Sweat	Sweat	Sudar
Sweep	Swept	Swept	Barrer
Swell	Swelled	Swollen	Hinchar
Swim	Swam	Swum	Nadar
Swing	Swung	Swung	Columpiarse
Take	Took	Taken	Coger
Teach	Taught	Taught	Enseñar
Tear	Tore	Torn	Rasgar
Tell	Told	Told	Decir
Think	Thought	Thought	Pensar
Throw	Threw	Thrown	Arrojar Tirar
Thrust	Thrust	Thrust	Introducir
Tread	Trod	Trodden	Pisar, hollar
Understand	Understood	Understood	Entender
Undergo	Underwent	Undergone	Sufrir
Undertake	Undertook	Undertaken	Emprender
Wake	Woke	Woken	Despertarse
Wear	Wore	Worn	Llevar puesto
Weave	Wove	Woven	Tejer
Weep	Wept	Wept	Llorar
Wet	Wet	Wet	Mojar
Win	Won	Won	Ganar
Wind	Wound	Wound	Enrollar
Withdraw	Withdrew	Withdrawn	Retirarse
Wring	Wrung	Wrung	Torcer
Write	Wrote	Written	Escribir

REGULAR VERBS

BASE FORM	SIMPLE PAST	PAST PARTICIPLE	SPANISH
/id/ sound			
Accept	Accepted **/Id/**	Accepted **/Id/**	Aceptar
Count	Counted **/Id/**	Counted **/Id/**	Contar
Date	Dated **/Id/**	Dated **/Id/**	Citar
End	Ended **/Id/**	Ended **/Id/**	Terminar
Expect	Expected **/Id/**	Expected **/Id/**	Esperar
Intend	Intended **/Id/**	Intended **/Id/**	Intentar
Need	Needed **/Id/**	Needed **/Id/**	Necesitar
Plant	Planted **/Id/**	Planted **/Id/**	Plantar
Point	Pointed **/Id/**	Pointed **/Id/**	Señalar
Rent	Rented **/Id/**	Rented **/Id/**	Rentar
Repeat	Repeated **/Id/**	Repeated **/Id/**	Repetir
Resist	Resisted **/Id/**	Resisted **/Id/**	Resistir
Start	Started **/Id/**	Started **/Id/**	Empezar
Visit	Visited **/Id/**	Visited **/Id/**	Visitar
Wait	Waited **/Id/**	Waited **/Id/**	Esperar
Want	Wanted **/Id/**	Wanted **/Id/**	Querer
/t/ sound			
Ask	Asked **/t/**	Asked **/t/**	Preguntar
Cook	Cooked **/t/**	Cooked **/t/**	Cocinar
Dance	Danced **/t/**	Danced **/t/**	Bailar
Dress	Dressed **/t/**	Dressed **/t/**	Vestir
Erase	Erased **/t/**	Erased **/t/**	Borrar
Finish	Finished **/t/**	Finished **/t/**	Terminar
Help	Helped **/t/**	Helped **/t/**	Ayudar
Jump	Jumped **/t/**	Jumped **/t/**	Brincar / Saltar
Like	Liked **/t/**	Liked **/t/**	Gustar
Look	Looked **/t/**	Looked **/t/**	Mirar
Miss	Missed **/t/**	Missed **/t/**	Extrañar
Practice	Practiced **/t/**	Practiced **/t/**	Practicar
Push	Pushed **/t/**	Pushed **/t/**	Empujar
Shop	Shopped **/t/**	Shopped **/t/**	Comprar
Smoke	Smoked **/t/**	Smoked **/t/**	Fumar
Stop	Stopped **/t/**	Stopped **/t/**	Detener
Talk	Talked **/t/**	Talked **/t/**	Hablar
Use	Used **/t/**	Used **/t/**	Usar
Walk	Walked **/t/**	Walked **/t/**	Caminar
Wash	Washed **/t/**	Washed **/t/**	Lavar
Wish	Wished **/t/**	Wished **/t/**	Desear
Work	Worked **/t/**	Worked **/t/**	Trabajar

BASE FORM	SIMPLE PAST	PAST PARTICIPLE	SPANISH
/d/ sound			
Answer	Answered **/d/**	Answered **/d/**	Responder
Arrive	Arrived **/d/**	Arrived **/d/**	Llegar / Arribar
Belong	Belonged **/d/**	Belonged **/d/**	Pertenecer
Change	Changed **/d/**	Changed **/d/**	Cambiar
Clean	Cleaned **/d/**	Cleaned **/d/**	Limpiar
Climb	Climbed **/d/**	Climbed **/d/**	Escalar
Close	Closed **/d/**	Closed **/d/**	Cerrar
Consider	Considered **/d/**	Considered **/d/**	Considerar
Dare	Dared **/d/**	Dared **/d/**	Retar / Retar
Deliver	Delivered**/d/**	Delivered**/d/**	Entregar
Enjoy	Enjoyed **/d/**	Enjoyed **/d/**	Disfrutar
Fill	Filled **/d/**	Filled **/d/**	Llenar
Follow	Followed**/d/**	Followed**/d/**	Seguir
Hurry	Hurried **/d/**	Hurried **/d/**	Apurar / Darse prisa
Learn	Learned **/d/**	Learned **/d/**	Aprender
Listen	Listened **/d/**	Listened **/d/**	Escuchar
Live	Lived **/d/**	Lived **/d/**	Vivir
Love	Loved **/d/**	Loved **/d/**	Amar
Name	Named **/d/**	Named **/d/**	Nombrar
Open	Opened **/d/**	Opened **/d/**	Abrir
Order	Ordered **/d/**	Ordered **/d/**	Ordenar
Plan	Planed **/d/**	Planed **/d/**	Planear
Play	Played **/d/**	Played **/d/**	Jugar
Rain	Rained **/d/**	Rained **/d/**	Llover
Remember	Remembered **/d/**	Remembered **/d/**	Recordar
Show	Showed **/d/**	Showed **/d/**	Mostrar
Stay	Stayed **/d/**	Stayed **/d/**	Permanecer
Study	Studied **/d/**	Studied **/d/**	Estudiar
Travel	Traveled **/d/**	Traveled **/d/**	Viajar
Try	Tried **/d/**	Tried **/d/**	Intentar /Tratar
Turn	Turned **/d/**	Turned **/d/**	Voltear / Dar vuelta

PUSHSTART COURSEWORK

Systems & Process

Creating a #WinningSalesProcess

PushStart
by PushPress

As an owner, you know that sales are integral to sustainability and growth in your business. But selling memberships effectively goes beyond providing pricing and a simple tour. This guide will help you craft a rock-solid sales process to increase your close rate and grow your gym!

Step 1: Outline the Lead Journey.

Ask yourself, 'Every time a lead comes through my doors, what experience do I want them to have?'

Step 2: Get Specific.

Now, take it a step further and detail each step of the journey. For each component listed above, write a detailed description of what you want the experience to be for the lead.

For example:

- **Greeting**: Once a lead enters the gym, a staff member greets them with a smile and a firm handshake. After offering a bottle of water, the staff member asks a starting question such as, "Do you live locally?" or "Are you from the area?"
- **Gym Tour**: After the initial greeting, the staff member leads a tour of the facility. This starts with highlighting products and merchandise in the lobby. Next, the staff member shows the lead the personal training room and mentions the services that are available. This should be done in a quiet environment, away from group class settings

Step 3: Craft a Valuable Conversation.

The single-most important piece of your sales process is the connection you create with the lead through your conversation. This should not be a script. Your goal is to ask questions that help you understand their needs, challenges and goals.

Come up with a list of questions you want each lead to answer so that you can prescribe a recommendation.

Step 4:Define Your Prescription.

Make a comprehensive list of services, packages, and associated costs that you can prescribe based on leads' unique goals and needs.

Step 5: Curate Materials.

- Will you be taking notes as each lead answers your questions?
- Do you want to send the lead home with supplemental information or perhaps a welcome packet?
- Do you want to show branded handouts while you discuss pricing, classes, etc?

In this step, define the materials you'll need for your sales process.

Step 6: Consider Objections.

Objections are inevitable when it comes to selling. Rather than jumping in to counter, gather context about their hesitation. Then you can frame your solution accordingly.

Common objections include cost, busyness, lack of previous results and uncertainty about a new plan.

Consider the objections you might receive and craft a solution for each one, outlining how you'll help your lead overcome them.

Step 7: Ask for the Sale.

Think about ways you can transition away from conversing and into closing. Write those transitions below.

Step 8: Outline Next Steps.

When a lead signs up for membership, what steps should happen? What about those that don't sign up on the spot? Outline the follow-up process for both scenarios.

Step 9: Practice Makes Perfect.

The best salespeople are real and genuine. They're able to build relationships and rapport with leads, which doesn't come from reading a script. The best way to accomplish this is to practice conversations through role playing with your staff.

Step 10: Use Outcome-Based Decision Making.

Once you've had some time to implement your process, use data to measure whether it's on point or could use some more refining.

Looking for additional tips on how to become a better closer? **Check out this article** from the marketing pros at LASSO!

Get organized

Sales Process Worksheet

A sales process is a set of repeatable steps that your sales team follows to convert prospects into customers. Use this worksheet to define your sales efforts and build a roadmap for your success.

Nutshell

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Write down the key activities, milestones, and decisions that **need to take place** throughout the course of every sale.
2. Choose a series of **sales stages** to support that process—between 3–7, depending on the complexity of the relationship. Typical stage names include:
   - Prospect
   - Make Contact
   - Qualify
   - Research
   - Pitch
   - Propose
   - Get Signature
   - Close
   - Check-In
   - Upsell

   Note: Each stage should have a **goal** that reps must complete before the lead moves forward. What's the specific action or agreement that must be reached in each stage?
3. For each stage, **list the tasks** that your development team must complete to accomplish the stage goal. Some typical tasks include:
   - Call new lead
   - Prepare for meeting
   - Conduct web demo
   - Fill out proposal

Optional: Do you assign leads to your sales reps based on territory, product line, value, or other criteria? **Think about the rules** you currently use to distribute each new lead to the rep who's most likely to close it. (You can automate these rules in Nutshell.)

Pro *Indicates a feature only available in Nutshell Pro*

Your Customer's Buying Process

WHAT HAPPENS FIRST?	WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?	THEN WHAT?	AND THEN?	AND FINALLY?	LEAD WON

Your Sales Stages (aka Your Pipeline)

*To add pipeline stages, lead assignments, goals, tasks, and automated email sequences in Nutshell, go to your Sales Automation page

WHO DOES THIS?	WHO DOES THIS?	WHO DOES THIS?	WHO DOES THIS?	WHO DOES THIS?
STAGE GOAL Pro	STAGE GOAL Pro	STAGE GOAL Pro	STAGE GOAL Pro	STAGE GOAL Pro
TASKS Pro	TASKS Pro	TASKS Pro	TASKS Pro	TASKS Pro
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

Listening: B2

A business interview

Listen to the business interview to practise and improve your listening skills.

Before listening

Do the preparation task first. Then listen to the audio and do the exercises.

Preparation task

Match the definitions (a–f) with the vocabulary (1–6).

Vocabulary	Definition
1. ..... a remote area	a. someone who starts a business
2. ..... pre-approved	b. many
3. ..... the founder	c. already officially recognised and accepted
4. ..... a predicament	d. far away from towns or other populated places
5. ..... numerous	e. a difficult or challenging situation
6. ..... obvious	f. easy to understand or notice

Tasks

Task 1

Choose the correct answer.

1. Anna ...
    a. didn't start the company but manages it now.
    b. started the company and manages it now.
    c. started the company but doesn't manage it any more.

2. The app ...
    a. is for parents to learn from.
    b. is for students to learn from.
    c. is for students who want to find a tutor.

3. Many parents ...
    a. don't have the time or knowledge to help with their children's homework.
    b. think that schools should help with their children's homework.
    c. don't want to help with their children's homework.

© 2019 British Council

4. The app …
    a. has student exercises on it.
    b. is only for people in remote areas.
    c. offers live online support from tutors.

5. On the app, tutors who live in remote areas …
    a. often charge lower rates.
    b. often charge higher rates.
    c. don't like to work too much.

6. The app …
    a. is new and not many people know about it.
    b. is already popular.
    c. is not very successful.

Task 2

Match the verbs (1–6) and nouns (a–f) from the interview.

Verbs	Nouns
1. …… to solve	a. funding
2. …… to come up with	b. a need
3. …… to meet	c. a problem
4. …… to speak for	d. itself
5. …… to secure	e. the range of services
6. …… to expand	f. an idea

Discussion

What's your favourite app for learning and why?

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Transcript

Presenter: Welcome to today's show. We're very happy to have Anna Oliveira as our guest today. Anna is the creator and founder of HomeworX – spelled with an 'x' we should note – an app which helps teenagers with their homework. Thanks for coming in, Anna.

Anna: Thanks for having me.

Presenter: So, tell us about your app. How does it work?

Anna: Well, teenagers and their parents have numerous challenges when it comes to homework these days. In many families both parents work and don't have much available time to help their kids with their homework. And even if they do have time to help, they may not be able to offer support with the content. What I mean is, they may not know, or at least remember, enough in any given subject to support.

Presenter: You mean they might not be able to remember complex maths or might have never studied certain subjects, such as biology or economics, themselves?

Anna: Exactly. So they might want to support their children with their homework, but have neither the time nor the knowledge to do so.

Presenter: I see. So the app helps solve this problem?

Anna: Yes, and more. The next issue is that tutors can be expensive, and there may be long waiting lists for specialist tutors in the town or region you live in. Our HomeworX app brings students and tutors together online. Students can search a database of pre-approved tutors and sign up for live online support. They don't need to be in the same town or city.

Presenter: That sounds really great.

Anna: It is. And this approach also enables us to offer the tutoring services at lower prices because there's no travelling time involved for the tutor to get to the student's home. And tutors who live in remote areas are happy to get access to more students, and be able to work from home, even at lower rates.

Presenter: This all sounds great. So, how did you come up with the idea?

Anna: Well, as you might guess, I was one of those parents I described earlier. I really wanted to help my son with his homework, but I was either too busy with work or I didn't actually know anything about the subjects he was having difficulty with. Also, we live in an area where there aren't many tutors and the ones that are there are either very expensive or have long waiting lists.

Presenter: Yes. I can understand your predicament. Well, it sounds like a very useful app that is clearly meeting a need. And its popularity obviously speaks for itself.

Anna: Thank you.

Presenter: So, do you have plans for the future?

Anna: We've just secured some funding and hope to expand the range of services we offer using the app.

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Listening: B2

Getting advice

Listen to someone getting advice from a friend to practise and improve your listening skills.

Before listening

Do the preparation task first. Then listen to the audio and do the exercises.

Preparation task

Match the definitions (a–h) with the vocabulary (1–8).

Vocabulary	Definition
1. ..... anxiety	a. to fear something happening in the future
2. ..... to dread	b. a sudden feeling of intense fear which may include fast heart rate, sweating, shaking and being out of breath
3. ..... a symptom	c. confident and organised
4. ..... a panic attack	d. an uncomfortable feeling of nervousness or worry
5. ..... to hyperventilate	e. a sign you have an illness or health condition
6. ..... a distraction	f. to breathe too fast, causing too much oxygen to enter the blood
7. ..... to spin	g. to turn very fast
8. ..... together	h. something that stops you from focusing on what you're doing

Tasks

Task 1

Circle the best answer.

1. What has made Clara check on Ben?
    a. He missed their class that day.
    b. He's missed a few classes.
    c. He has a lot of essays to write.

2. What does Ben do at the beginning of the conversation?
    a. He makes the problem sound more than it is.
    b. He makes the problem sound less than it is.
    c. He is honest about the problem from the start.

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NAME: _____ DATE: _____

GRAMMAR WORKSHEET (page 1 of 2)

PRESENT SIMPLE



I	**work.**
You	**work.**
He	**works.**
She	**works.**
It	**works.**
We	**work.**
They	**work.**

YES/NO QUESTIONS

with short answers

Do	I	
Do	you	
Does	he	
Does	she	**work**?
Does	it	
Do	we	
Do	they	

Yes,		**No,**	
I	**do.**	I	**don't.**
you	**do.**	you	**don't.**
he	**does.**	he	**doesn't.**
she	**does.**	she	**doesn't.**
it	**does.**	it	**doesn't.**
we	**do.**	we	**don't.**
they	**do.**	they	**don't.**

don't = do not

doesn't = does not

- ***Fill in the blanks below to complete the sentences. Study the above boxes.***

1. Mr. Stevens works at a bank.

Question: Does Mr. Stevens work at a bank?

Answer: Yes, he does.

Answer: No, he doesn't.

2. Mary gets up at six o'clock.

Question: _____?

Answer: Yes, _____.

Answer: No, _____.

3. It rains a lot in that country.

Question: _____?

Answer: Yes, _____.

Answer: No, _____.

4. Sam and Kelly live in Australia.

Question: _____?

Answer: Yes, _____.

Answer: No, _____.

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GRAMMAR WORKSHEET (page 2 of 2)
PRESENT SIMPLE YES/NO QUESTIONS

5. The bus leaves in an hour.

Question: _____?

Answer: Yes, _____.
Answer: No, _____.

6. His brother likes to swim at the beach.

Question: _____?

Answer: Yes, _____.
Answer: No, _____.

7. It snows in the winter.

Question: _____?

Answer: Yes, _____.
Answer: No, _____.

8. We have to study for a history test.

Question: _____?

Answer: Yes, _____.
Answer: No, _____.

9. Michelle knows the answer.

Question: _____?

Answer: Yes, _____.
Answer: No, _____.

10. David drives very carefully.

Question: _____?

Answer: Yes, _____.
Answer: No, _____.

11. Our class starts at three o'clock.

Question: _____?

Answer: Yes, _____.
Answer: No, _____.

12. Birds eat insects.

Question: _____?

Answer: Yes, _____.
Answer: No, _____.

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Grammar Focus Present Simple (Yes/No Questions with short answers)
Level Lower Intermediate

ANSWER KEY

1. Does Mr. Stevens work at a bank? / Yes, he does. No, he doesn't.
2. Does Mary get up at six o'clock? / Yes, she does. No, she doesn't.
3. Does it rain a lot in that country? / Yes, it does. No, doesn't.
4. Do Sam and Kelly live in Australia? / Yes, they do. No, don't.
5. Does the bus leave in an hour? / Yes, it does. No, doesn't.
6. Does his brother like to swim at the beach? / Yes, he does. No, he doesn't.
7. Does it snow in the winter? / Yes, it does. No, it doesn't.
8. Do we have to study for a history test? / Yes, we do. No, we don't.
9. Does Michelle know the answer? / Yes, she does. No, she doesn't.
10. Does David drive very carefully? / Yes, he does. No, he doesn't.
11. Does our class start at three o'clock? / Yes, it does. No, it doesn't.
12. Do birds eat insects? / Yes, they do. No, they don't.

Grades as percentages

12 / 12 = 100%
11 / 12 = 92
10 / 12 = 83
9 / 12 = 75
8 / 12 = 67
7 / 12 = 58
6 / 12 = 50
5 / 12 = 42
4 / 12 = 33
3 / 12 = 25
2 / 12 = 17
1 / 12 = 8
0 / 12 = 0 %

My Notes



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Short stories from ***100 Selected Stories***, *by O Henry*

→ The Gift of the Magi
→ A Cosmopolite in a Café
→ Between Rounds
→ The Skylight Room
→ A Service of Love
→ The Coming-Out of Maggie
→ The Cop and the Anthem
→ Memoirs of a Ẏellow Dog
→ The Love-philtre of Ikey Shoenstein
→ The Furnished Room
→ The Last Leaf
→ The Poet and the Peasant
→ A Ramble in Aphasia
→ A Municipal Report
→ Proof of the Pudding

I

The Gift of the Magi

ONE DOLLAR AND EIGHTY-SEVEN CENTS. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheek burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing left to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the look-out for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name 'Mr. James Dillingham Young.'

The 'Dillingham' had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of 'Dillingham' looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called 'Jim' and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for

months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling – something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: 'Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds.' One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the 'Sofronie.'

'Will you buy my hair?' asked Della.

'I buy hair,' said Madame. 'Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it.'

Down rippled the brown cascade.

'Twenty dollars,' said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

'Give it to me quick,' said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation – as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value – the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends – a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

'If Jim doesn't kill me,' she said to herself, 'before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do – oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?'

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove, hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: 'Please God, make him think I am still pretty.'

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two – and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stepped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

'Jim, darling,' she cried, 'don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again – you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say "Merry Christmas!" Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice – what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you.'

'You've cut off your hair?' asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labour.

'Cut it off and sold it,' said Della. 'Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?'

Jim looked about the room curiously.

'You say your hair is gone?' he said with an air almost of idiocy.

'You needn't look for it,' said Della. 'It's sold, I tell you – sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered,' she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, 'but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?'

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year – what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

'Don't make any mistake, Dell,' he said, 'about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going awhile at first.'

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs – the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoiseshell, with jewelled rims – just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: 'My hair grows so fast, Jim!'

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, 'Oh, oh!'

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

'Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.'

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

'Dell,' said he, 'let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em awhile. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on.'

The magi, as you know, were wise men – wonderfully wise men – who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days, let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

II

A Cosmopolite in a Café

AT MIDNIGHT THE CAFÉ was crowded. By some chance the little table at which I sat had escaped the eye of incomers, and two vacant chairs at it extended their arms with venal hospitality to the influx of patrons.

And then a cosmopolite sat in one of them, and I was glad, for I held a theory that since Adam no true citizen of the world has existed. We hear of them, and we see foreign labels on much luggage, but we find travellers instead of cosmopolites.

I invoke your consideration of the scene – the marble-topped tables, the range of leather-upholstered wall seats, the gay company, the ladies dressed in demi-state toilets, speaking in an exquisite visible chorus of taste, economy, opulence or art, the sedulous and largess-loving *garçons*, the music wisely catering to all with its raids upon the composers; the *mélange* of talk and laughter – and, if you will, the Würzburger in the tall glass cones that bend to your lips as a ripe cherry sways on its branch to the beak of a robber jay. I was told by a sculptor from Mauch Chunk that the scene was truly Parisian.

My cosmopolite was named E. Rushmore Coglan, and he will be heard from next summer at Coney Island. He is to establish a new 'attraction' there, he informed me, offering kingly diversion. And then his conversation rang along parallels of latitude and longitude. He took the great, round world in his hand, so to speak, familiarly, contemptuously, and it seemed no larger than the seed of a Maraschino cherry in a table-d'hôte grape fruit. He spoke disrespectfully of the equator, he skipped from continent to continent, he derided the zones, he mopped up the high seas with his napkin. With a wave of his hand he would speak of a certain bazaar in Hyderabad. Whiff! He would have you on skis in Lapland. Zip! Now you rode the breakers with the Kanakas at Kealaikahiki. Presto! He dragged you through an Arkansas post-oak swamp, let you dry for a moment on the alkali plains of his Idaho ranch, then whirled you into the society of Viennese archdukes. Anon he would be telling you of a cold he acquired in a Chicago lake breeze and how old Escamila cured it in Buenos Ayres with a hot infusion of the *chuchula* weed. You would have

addressed the letter to 'E. Rushmore Coglan, Esq., the Earth, Solar System, the Universe,' and have mailed it, feeling confident that it would be delivered to him.

I was sure that I had at last found the one true cosmopolite since Adam, and I listened to his world-wide discourse fearful lest I should discover in it the local note of the mere globe-trotter. But his opinions never fluttered or drooped; he was as impartial to cities, countries and continents as the winds or gravitation.

And as E. Rushmore Coglan prattled of this little planet I thought with glee of a great almost-cosmopolite who wrote for the whole world and dedicated himself to Bombay. In a poem he has to say that there is pride and rivalry between the cities of the earth, and that 'the men that breed from them, they traffic up and down, but cling to their cities' hem as a child to the mother's gown.' And whenever they walk 'by roaring streets unknown' they remember their native city 'most faithful, foolish, fond; making her mere-breathed name their bond upon their bond.' And my glee was roused because I had caught Mr. Kipling napping. Here I had found a man not made from dust; one who had no narrow boasts of birthplace or country, one who, if he bragged at all, would brag of his whole round globe against the Martians and the inhabitants of the Moon.

Expression on these subjects was precipitated from E. Rushmore Coglan by the third corner to our table. While Coglan was describing to me the topography along the Siberian Railway the orchestra glided into a medley. The concluding air was 'Dixie,' and as the exhilarating notes tumbled forth they were almost overpowered by a great clapping of hands from almost every table.

It is worth a paragraph to say that this remarkable scene can be witnessed every evening in numerous cafés in the City of New York. Tons of brew have been consumed over theories to account for it. Some have conjectured hastily that all Southerners in town hie themselves to cafés at nightfall. This applause of the 'rebel' air in a Northern city does puzzle a little; but it is not insolvable. The war with Spain, many years' generous mint and water-melon crops, a few long-shot winners at the New Orleans race-track, and the brilliant banquets given by the Indiana and Kansas citizens who compose the North Carolina Society, have made the South rather a 'fad' in Manhattan. Your manicure will lisp softly that your left forefinger reminds her so much of a gentleman's in Richmond, Va. Oh, certainly; but many a lady has to work now – the war, you know.

When 'Dixie' was being played a dark-haired young man sprang up from somewhere with a Mosby guerrilla yell and waved frantically his soft-brimmed hat. Then he strayed through the smoke, dropped into the vacant chair at our table and pulled out cigarettes.

The evening was at the period when reserve is thawed. One of us mentioned three Würzburgers to the waiter; the dark-haired young man acknowledged his inclusion in the order by a smile and a nod. I hastened to ask him a question because I wanted to try out a theory I had.

'Would you mind telling me,' I began, 'whether you are from –'

The fist of E. Rushmore Coglan banged the table and I was jarred into silence.

'Excuse me,' said he, 'but that's a question I never like to hear asked. What does it matter where a man is from? Is it fair to judge a man by his post-office address? Why, I've seen Kentuckians who hated whisky, Virginians who weren't descended from Pocahontas, Indianians who hadn't written a novel, Mexicans who didn't wear velvet trousers with silver dollars sewed along the seams, funny Englishmen, spendthrift Yankees, cold-blooded Southerners, narrow-minded Westerners, and New Yorkers who were too busy to stop for an hour on the street to watch a one-armed grocer's clerk do up cranberries in paper bags. Let a man be a man and don't handicap him with the label of any section.'

'Pardon me,' I said, 'but my curiosity was not altogether an idle one. I know the South, and when the band plays "Dixie" I like to observe. I have formed the belief that the man who applauds that air with special violence and ostensible sectional loyalty is invariably a native of either Secaucus, N.J., or the district between Murray Hill Lyceum and the Harlem River, this city. I was about to put my opinion to the test by inquiring of this gentleman when you interrupted with your own – larger theory, I must confess.'

And now the dark-haired young man spoke to me, and it became evident that his mind also moved along its own set of grooves.

'I should like to be a periwinkle,' said he, mysteriously, 'on the top of a valley, and sing too-ralloo-ralloo.'

This was clearly too obscure, so I turned again to Coglan.

'I've been around the world twelve times,' said he. 'I know an Esquimau in Upernavik who sends to Cincinnati for his neckties, and I saw a goat-herder in Uruguay who won a prize in a Battle Creek breakfast-food puzzle competition. I pay rent on a room in

Cairo, Egypt, and another in Yokohama all the year round. I've got slippers waiting for me in a tea-house in Shanghai, and I don't have to tell 'em how to cook my eggs in Rio de Janeiro or Seattle. It's a mighty little old world. What's the use of bragging about being from the North, or the South, or the old manor-house in the dale, or Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, or Pike's Peak, or Fairfax County, Va., or Hooligan's Flats or any place? It'll be a better world when we quit being fools about some mildewed town or ten acres of swampland just because we happened to be born there.'

'You seem to be a genuine cosmopolite,' I said admiringly. 'But it also seems that you would decry patriotism.'

'A relic of the stone age,' declared Coglan warmly. 'We are all brothers – Chinamen, Englishmen, Zulus, Patagonians, and the people in the bend of the Kaw River. Some day all this petty pride in one's city or state or section or country will be wiped out, and we'll all be citizens of the world, as we ought to be.'

'But while you are wandering in foreign lands,' I persisted, 'do not your thoughts revert to some spot – some dear and –'

'Nary a spot,' interrupted E. R. Coglan flippantly. 'The terrestrial, globular, planetary hunk of matter, slightly flattened at the poles, and known as the Earth, is my abode. I've met a good many object-bound citizens of this country abroad. I've seen men from Chicago sit in a gondola in Venice on a moonlight night and brag about their drainage canal. I've seen a Southerner on being introduced to the King of England hand that monarch, without batting his eyes, the information that his grandaunt on his mother's side was related by marriage to the Perkinses, of Charleston. I knew a New Yorker who was kidnapped for ransom by some Afghanistan bandits. His people sent over the money and he came back to Kabul with the agent. "Afghanistan?" the natives said to him through an interpreter. "Well, not so slow, do you think?" "Oh, I don't know," says he, and he begins to tell them about a cab-driver at Sixth Avenue and Broadway. Those ideas don't suit me. I'm not tied down to anything that isn't 8,000 miles in diameter. Just put me down as E. Rushmore Coglan, citizen of the terrestrial sphere.'

My cosmopolite made a large adieu and left me, for he thought that he saw someone through the chatter and smoke whom he knew. So I was left with the would-be periwinkle, who was reduced to Würzburger without further ability to voice his aspirations to perch, melodious, upon the summit of a valley.

I sat reflecting upon my evident cosmopolite and wondering how the poet had managed to miss him. He was my discovery and

I believed in him. How was it? 'The men that breed from them they traffic up and down, but cling to their cities' hem as a child to the mother's gown.'

Not so E. Rushmore Coglan. With the whole world for his –

My meditations were interrupted by a tremendous noise and conflict in another part of the café. I saw above the heads of the seated patrons E. Rushmore Coglan and a stranger to me engaged in terrific battle. They fought between the tables like Titans, and glasses crashed, and men caught their hats up and were knocked down, and a brunette screamed, and a blonde began to sing 'Teasing.'

My cosmopolite was sustaining the pride and reputation of the Earth when the waiters closed in on both combatants with their famous flying wedge formation and bore them outside, still resisting.

I called McCarthy, one of the French *garçons*, and asked him the cause of the conflict.

'The man with the red tie' (that was my cosmopolite), said he, 'got hot on account of things said about the bum sidewalks and water supply of the place he come from by the other guy.'

'Why,' said I, bewildered, 'that man is a citizen of the world – a cosmopolite. He –'

'Originally from Mattawamkeag, Maine, he said,' continued McCarthy, 'and he wouldn't stand for no knockin' the place.'

III

Between Rounds

THE MAY MOON SHONE BRIGHT upon the private boarding-house of Mrs. Murphy. By reference to the almanac a large amount of territory will be discovered upon which its rays also fell. Spring was in its heyday, with hay fever soon to follow. The parks were green with new leaves and buyers for the Western and Southern trade. Flowers and summer-resort agents were blowing; the air and answers to Lawson were growing milder; hand-organs, fountains and pinochle were playing everywhere.

The windows of Mrs. Murphy's boarding-house were open. A group of boarders were seated on the high stoop upon round, flat mats like German pancakes.

In one of the second-floor front windows Mrs. McCaskey

awaited her husband. Supper was cooling on the table. Its heat went into Mrs. McCaskey.

At nine Mr. McCaskey came. He carried his coat on his arm and his pipe in his teeth; and he apologized for disturbing the boarders on the steps as he selected spots of stone between them on which to set his size 9, width Ds.

As he opened the door of his room he received a surprise. Instead of the usual stove-lid or potato-masher for him to dodge, came only words.

Mr. McCaskey reckoned that the benign May moon had softened the breast of his spouse.

'I heard ye,' came the oral substitutes for kitchenware. 'Ye can apollygize to riff-raff of the streets for settin' yer unhandy feet on the tails of their frocks, but ye'd walk on the neck of yer wife the length of a clothes-line without so much as a "Kiss me fut," and I'm sure it's that long from rubberin' out the windy for ye and the victuals cold such as there's money to buy after drinkin' up yer wages at Gallegher's every Saturday evenin', and the gas man here twice to-day for his.'

'Woman!' said Mr. McCaskey, dashing his coat and hat upon a chair, 'the noise of ye is an insult to me appetite. When ye run down politeness ye take the mortar from between the bricks of the foundations of society. 'Tis no more than exercisin' the acrimony of a gentleman when ye ask the dissent of ladies blockin' the way for steppin' between them. Will ye bring the pig's face of ye out of the windy and see to the food?'

Mrs. McCaskey arose heavily and went to the stove. There was something in her manner that warned Mr. McCaskey. When the corners of her mouth went down suddenly like a barometer it usually foretold a fall of crockery and tinware.

'Pig's face, is it?' said Mrs. McCaskey, and hurled a stewpan full of bacon and turnips at her lord.

Mr. McCaskey was no novice at repartee. He knew what should follow the entree. On the table was a roast sirloin of pork, garnished with shamrocks. He retorted with this, and drew the appropriate return of a bread pudding in an earthen dish. A hunk of Swiss cheese accurately thrown by her husband struck Mrs. McCaskey below one eye. When she replied with a well-aimed coffee-pot full of a hot, black, semi-fragrant liquid the battle, according to courses, should have ended.

But Mr. McCaskey was no 50 cent table d'hôter. Let cheap Bohemians consider coffee the end, if they would. Let them make

that *faux pas*. He was foxier still. Finger-bowls were not beyond the compass of his experience. They were not to be had in the Pension Murphy; but their equivalent was at hand. Triumphantly he sent the granite-ware wash-basin at the head of his matrimonial adversary. Mrs. McCaskey dodged in time. She reached for a flat-iron, with which, as a sort of cordial, she hoped to bring the gastronomical duel to a close. But a loud, wailing scream downstairs caused both her and Mr. McCaskey to pause in a sort of involuntary armistice.

On the sidewalk at the corner of the house Policeman Cleary was standing with one ear upturned, listening to the crash of household utensils.

' 'Tis Jawn McCaskey and his missus at it again,' meditated the policeman. 'I wonder shall I go up and stop the row. I will not. Married folks they are; and few pleasures they have. 'Twill not last long. Sure, they'll have to borrow more dishes to keep it up with.'

And just then came the loud scream below-stairs, betokening fear or dire extremity. ' 'Tis probably the cat,' said Policeman Cleary, and walked hastily in the other direction.

The boarders on the steps were fluttered. Mr. Toomey, an insurance solicitor by birth and an investigator by profession, went inside to analyse the scream. He returned with the news that Mrs. Murphy's little boy Mike was lost. Following the messenger, out bounced Mrs. Murphy – two hundred pounds in tears and hysterics, clutching the air and howling to the sky for the loss of thirty pounds of freckles and mischief. Bathos, truly; but Mr. Toomey sat down at the side of Miss Purdy, milliner, and their hands came together in sympathy. The two old maids, Misses Walsh, who complained every day about the noise in the halls, inquired immediately if anybody had looked behind the clock.

Major Grigg, who sat by his fat wife on the top step, arose and buttoned his coat. 'The little one lost?' he exclaimed. 'I will scour the city.' His wife never allowed him out after dark. But now she said: 'Go, Ludovic!' in a baritone voice. 'Whoever can look upon that mother's grief without springing to her relief has a heart of stone.' 'Give me some thirty or – sixty cents, my love,' said the Major. 'Lost children sometimes stray far. I may need car-fares.'

Old man Denny, hall-room, fourth floor back, who sat on the lowest step, trying to read a paper by the street lamp, turned over a page to follow up the article about the carpenters' strike. Mrs. Murphy shrieked to the moon: 'Oh, ar-r-Mike, f'r Gawd's sake, where is me little bit av a boy?'

'When'd ye see him last?' asked old man Denny, with one eye on the report of the Building Trades League.

'Oh,' wailed Mrs. Murphy, ' 'twas yisterday, or maybe four hours ago! I dunno. But it's lost he is, me little boy Mike. He was playin' on the sidewalk only this mornin' – or was it Wednesday? I'm that busy with work 'tis hard to keep up with dates. But I've looked the house over from top to cellar, and it's gone he is. Oh, for the love av Hiven –'

Silent, grim, colossal, the big city has ever stood against its revilers. They call it hard as iron; they say that no pulse of pity beats in its bosom; they compare its streets with lonely forests and deserts of lava. But beneath the hard crust of the lobster is found a delectable and luscious food. Perhaps a different simile would have been wiser. Still, nobody should take offence. We would call no one a lobster without good and sufficient claws.

No calamity so touches the common heart of humanity as does the straying of a little child. Their feet are so uncertain and feeble; the ways are so steep and strange.

Major Griggs hurried down to the corner, and up the avenue into Billy's place. 'Gimme a rye-high,' he said to the servitor. 'Haven't seen a bow-legged, dirty-faced little devil of a six-year-old lost kid around here anywhere, have you?'

Mr. Toomey retained Miss Purdy's hand on the steps. 'Think of that dear little babe,' said Miss Purdy, 'lost from his mother's side – perhaps already fallen beneath the iron hoofs of galloping steeds – oh, isn't it dreadful?'

'Ain't that right?' agreed Mr. Toomey, squeezing her hand. 'Say I start out and help look for um!'

'Perhaps,' said Miss Purdy, 'you should. But oh, Mr. Toomey, you are so dashing – so reckless – suppose in your enthusiasm some accident should befall you, then what –'

Old man Denny read on about the arbitration agreement, with one finger on the lines.

In the second floor front Mr. and Mrs. McCaskey came to the window to recover their second wind. Mr. McCaskey was scooping turnips out of his vest with a crooked forefinger, and his lady was wiping an eye that the salt of the roast pork had not benefited. They heard the outcry below, and thrust their heads out of the window.

' 'Tis little Mike is lost,' said Mrs. McCaskey in a hushed voice, 'the beautiful, little, trouble-making angel of a gossoon!'

'The bit of a boy mislaid?' said Mr. McCaskey leaning out of

the window. 'Why, now, that's bad enough, entirely. The childer, they be different. If 'twas a woman I'd be willin', for they leave peace behind 'em when they go.'

Disregarding the thrust, Mrs. McCaskey caught her husband's arm.

'Jawn,' she said sentimentally, 'Missis Murphy's little bye is lost. 'Tis a great city for losing little boys. Six years old he was. Jawn, 'tis the same age our little bye would have been if we had had one six years ago.'

'We never did,' said Mr. McCaskey, lingering with the fact.

'But if we had, Jawn, think what sorrow would be in our hearts this night, with our little Phelan run away and stolen in the city nowheres at all.'

'Ye talk foolishness,' said Mr. McCaskey. ' 'Tis Pat he would be named, after me old father in Cantrim.'

'Ye lie!' said Mrs. McCaskey, without anger. 'Me brother was worth tin dozen bog-trotting McCaskeys. After him would the bye be named.' She leaned over the window-sill and looked down at the hurrying and bustle below.

'Jawn,' said Mrs. McCaskey softly, 'I'm sorry I was hasty wid ye.'

' 'Twas hasty puddin', as ye say,' said her husband, 'and hurry-up turnips and get-a-move-on-ye coffee. 'Twas what ye could call a quick lunch, all right, and tell no lie.'

Mrs. McCaskey slipped her arm inside her husband's and took his rough hand in hers.

'Listen at the cryin' of poor Mrs. Murphy,' she said. ' 'Tis an awful thing for a bit of a bye to be lost in this great big city. If 'twas our little Phelan, Jawn, I'd be breakin' me heart.'

Awkwardly Mr. McCaskey withdrew his hand. But he laid it around the nearing shoulders of his wife.

' 'Tis foolishness, of course,' said he, roughly, 'but I'd be cut up some meself, if our little – Pat was kidnapped or anything. But there never was any childer for us. Sometimes I've been ugly and hard with ye, Judy. Forget it.'

They leaned together, and looked down at the heart-drama being acted below.

Long they sat thus. People surged along the sidewalk, crowding, questioning, filling the air with rumours and inconsequent surmises. Mrs. Murphy ploughed back and forth in their midst, like a soft mountain down which plunged an audible cataract of tears. Couriers came and went.

Loud voices and a renewed uproar were raised in front of the boarding-house.

'What's up now, Judy?' asked Mr. McCaskey.

' 'Tis Missis Murphy's voice,' said Mrs. McCaskey, harking. 'She says she's after finding little Mike asleep behind the roll of old linoleum under the bed in her room.'

Mr. McCaskey laughed loudly.

'That's yer Phelan,' he shouted sardonically 'Divil a bit would a Pat have done that trick if the bye we never had is strayed and stole, by the powers, call him Phelan, and see him hide out under the bed like a mangy pup.'

Mrs. McCaskey arose heavily, and went toward the dish closet, with the corners of her mouth drawn down.

Policeman Cleary came back around the corner as the crowd dispersed. Surprised, he upturned an ear toward the McCaskey apartment where the crash of irons and chinaware and the ring of hurled kitchen utensils seemed as loud as before. Policeman Cleary took out his timepiece.

'By the deported snakes!' he exclaimed, 'Jawn McCaskey and his lady have been fightin' for an hour and a quarter by the watch. The missis could give him forty pounds weight. Strength to his arm.'

Policeman Cleary strolled back around the corner.

Old man Denny folded his paper and hurried up the steps just as Mrs. Murphy was about to lock the door for the night.

IV

The Skylight Room

FIRST MRS. PARKER would show you the double parlours. You would not dare to interrupt her description of their advantages and of the merits of the gentleman who had occupied them for eight years. Then you would manage to stammer forth the confession that you were neither a doctor nor a dentist. Mrs. Parker's manner of receiving the admission was such that you could never afterward entertain the same feeling toward your parents, who had neglected to train you up in one of the professions that fitted Mrs. Parker's parlours.

Next you ascended one flight of stairs and looked at the second floor back at $8. Convinced by her second-floor manner that it

was worth the $12 that Mr. Toosenberry always paid for it until he left to take charge of his brother's orange plantation in Florida near Palm Beach, where Mrs. McIntyre always spent the winters that had the double front room with private bath, you managed to babble that you wanted something still cheaper.

If you survived Mrs. Parker's scorn, you were taken to look at Mr. Skidder's large hall-room on the third floor. Mr. Skidder's room was not vacant. He wrote plays and smoked cigarettes in it all day long. But every room-hunter was made to visit his room to admire the lambrequins. After each visit, Mr. Skidder, from the fright caused by possible eviction, would pay something on his rent.

Then – oh, then – if you still stood on one foot with your hot hand clutching the three moist dollars in your pocket, and hoarsely proclaimed your hideous and culpable poverty, nevermore would Mrs. Parker be cicerone of yours. She would honk loudly the word 'Clara,' she would show you her back, and march downstairs. Then Clara, the coloured maid, would escort you up the carpeted ladder that served for the fourth flight, and show you the Skylight Room. It occupied 7 by 8 feet of floorspace at the middle of the hall. On each side of it was a dark lumber closet or store-room.

In it was an iron cot, a washstand and a chair A shelf was the dresser. Its four bare walls seemed to close in upon you like the sides of a coin. Your hand crept to your throat, you gasped, you looked up as from a well – and breathed once more. Through the glass of the little skylight you saw a square of blue infinity.

'Two dollars, suh,' Clara would say in her half-contemptuous, half-Tuskegeenial tones.

One day Miss Leeson came hunting for a room. She carried a typewriter made to be lugged around by a much larger lady. She was a very little girl, with eyes and hair that kept on growing after she had stopped and that always looked as if they were saying: 'Goodness me. Why didn't you keep up with us?'

Mrs. Parker showed her the double parlours. 'In this closet,' she said, 'one could keep a skeleton or anæsthetic or coal –'

'But I am neither a doctor nor a dentist,' said Miss Leeson with a shiver.

Mrs. Parker gave her the incredulous, pitying, sneering, icy stare that she kept for those who failed to qualify as doctors or dentists, and led the way to the second floor back.

'Eight dollars?' said Miss Leeson. 'Dear me! I'm not Hetty if I

do look green. I'm just a poor little working girl. Show me something higher and lower.'

Mr. Skidder jumped and strewed the floor with cigarette stubs at the rap on his door.

'Excuse me, Mr. Skidder,' said Mrs. Parker, with her demon's smile at his pale looks. 'I didn't know you were in. I asked the lady to have a look at your lambrequins.'

'They're too lovely for anything,' said Miss Leeson, smiling in exactly the way the angels do.

After they had gone Mr. Skidder got very busy erasing the tall, black-haired heroine from his latest (unproduced) play and inserting a small, roguish one with heavy, bright hair and vivacious features.

'Anna Held'll jump at it,' said Mr. Skidder to himself, putting his feet up against the lambrequins and disappearing in a cloud of smoke like an aerial cuttlefish.

Presently the tocsin call of 'Clara!' sounded to the world the state of Miss Leeson's purse. A dark goblin seized her, mounted a Stygian stairway, thrust her into a vault with a glimmer of light in its top and muttered the menacing and cabalistic words 'Two dollars!'

'I'll take it!' sighed Miss Leeson, sinking down upon the squeaky iron bed.

Every day Miss Leeson went out to work. At night she brought home papers with handwriting on them and made copies with her typewriter. Sometimes she had no work at night, and then she would sit on the steps of the high stoop with the other roomers. Miss Leeson was not intended for a skylight room when the plans were drawn for her creation. She was gay-hearted and full of tender, whimsical fancies. Once she let Mr. Skidder read to her three acts of his great (unpublished) comedy, 'It's No Kid; or, The Heir of the Subway.'

There was rejoicing among the gentlemen roomers whenever Miss Leeson had time to sit on the steps for an hour or two. But Miss Longnecker, the tall blonde who taught in a public school and said 'Well, really!' to everything you said, sat on the top step and sniffed. And Miss Dorn, who shot at the moving ducks at Coney every Sunday and worked in a department store, sat on the bottom step and sniffed. Miss Leeson sat on the middle step, and the men would quickly group around her.

Especially Mr. Skidder, who had cast her in his mind for the star part in a private, romantic (unspoken) drama in real life. And

especially Mr. Hoover, who was forty-five, fat, flushed and foolish. And especially very young Mr. Evans, who set up a hollow cough to induce her to ask him to leave off cigarettes. The men voted her 'the funniest and jolliest ever,' but the sniffs on the top step and the lower step were implacable.

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I pray you let the drama halt while Chorus stalks to the footlights and drops an epicedian tear upon the fatness of Mr. Hoover. Tune the pipes to the tragedy of tallow, the bane of bulk, the calamity of corpulence. Tried out, Falstaff might have rendered more romance to the ton than would have Romeo's rickety ribs to the ounce. A lover may sigh, but he must not puff. To the train of Momus are the fat men remanded. In vain beats the faithfullest heart above a 52-inch belt. Avaunt, Hoover! Hoover, forty-five, flush and foolish, might carry off Helen herself; Hoover, forty-five, flush, foolish and fat, is meat for perdition. There was never a chance for you, Hoover.

As Mrs. Parker's roomers sat thus one summer's evening, Miss Leeson looked up into the firmament and cried with her little gay laugh:

'Why, there's Billy Jackson! I can see him from down here, too.'

All looked up – some at the windows of skyscrapers, some casting about for an airship, Jackson-guided.

'It's that star,' explained Miss Leeson, pointing with a tiny finger. 'Not the big one that twinkles – the steady blue one near it. I can see it every night through my skylight. I named it Billy Jackson.'

'Well, really!' said Miss Longnecker. 'I didn't know you were an astronomer, Miss Leeson.'

'Oh, yes,' said the small star-gazer, 'I know as much as any of them about the style of sleeves they're going to wear next fall in Mars.'

'Well, really!' said Miss Longnecker. 'The star you refer to is Gamma, of the constellation Cassiopeia. It is nearly of the second magnitude, and its meridian passage is –'

'Oh,' said the very young Mr. Evans, 'I think Billy Jackson is a much better name for it.

'Same here,' said Mr. Hoover, loudly breathing defiance to Miss Longnecker. 'I think Miss Leeson has just as much right to name stars as any of those old astrologers had.'

'Well, really!' said Miss Longnecker.

'I wonder whether it's a shooting star,' remarked Miss Dorn. 'I hit nine ducks and a rabbit out of ten in the gallery at Coney Sunday.'

'He doesn't show up very well from down here,' said Miss Leeson. 'You ought to see him from my room. You know you can see stars even in the daytime from the bottom of a well. At night my room is like the shaft of a coal-mine, and it makes Billy Jackson look like the big diamond pin that Night fastens her kimono with.'

There came a time after that when Miss Leeson brought no formidable papers home to copy. And when she went in the morning, instead of working, she went from office to office and let her heart melt away in the drip of cold refusals transmitted through insolent office boys. This went on.

There came an evening when she wearily climbed Mrs. Parker's stoop at the hour when she always returned from her dinner at the restaurant. But she had had no dinner.

As she stepped into the hall Mr. Hoover met her and seized his chance. He asked her to marry him, and his fatness hovered above her like an avalanche. She dodged, and caught the balustrade. He tried for her hand, and she raised it and smote him weakly in the face. Step by step she went up, dragging herself by the railing. She passed Mr. Skidder's door as he was red-inking a stage direction for Myrtle Delorme (Miss Leeson) in his (unaccepted) comedy, to 'pirouette across stage from L to the side of the Count.' Up the carpeted ladder she crawled at last and opened the door of the skylight room.

She was too weak to light the lamp or to undress. She fell upon the iron cot, her fragile body scarcely hollowing the worn springs. And in that Erebus of a room she slowly raised her heavy eyelids, and smiled.

For Billy Jackson was shining down on her, calm and bright and constant through the skylight. There was no world about her. She was sunk in a pit of blackness, with but that small square of pallid light framing the star that she had so whimsically, and oh, so ineffectually, named. Miss Longnecker must be right; it was Gamma, of the constellation Cassiopeia, and not Billy Jackson. And yet she could not let it be Gamma.

As she lay on her back she tried twice to raise her arm. The third time she got two thin fingers to her lips and blew a kiss out of the black pit to Billy Jackson. Her arm fell back limply.

'Good-bye, Billy,' she murmured faintly. 'You're millions of

miles away and you won't even twinkle once. But you kept where I could see you most of the time up there when there wasn't anything else but darkness to look at, didn't you? . . . Millions of miles. . . . Good-bye, Billy Jackson.'

Clara, the coloured maid, found the door locked at ten the next day, and they forced it open. Vinegar, and the slapping of wrists and even burnt feathers, proving of no avail, someone ran to 'phone for an ambulance.

In due time it backed up to the door with much gong-clanging, and the capable young medico, in his white linen coat, ready, active, confident, with his smooth face half debonair, half grim, danced up the steps.

'Ambulance call to 49,' he said briefly. 'What's the trouble?'

'Oh yes, doctor,' sniffed Mrs. Parker, as though her trouble that there should be trouble in the house was the greater. 'I can't think what can be the matter with her. Nothing we could do would bring her to. It's a young woman, a Miss Elsie – yes, a Miss Elsie Leeson. Never before in my house –'

'What room?' cried the doctor in a terrible voice, to which Mrs. Parker was a stranger.

'The skylight room. It –'

Evidently the ambulance doctor was familiar with the location of skylight rooms. He was gone up the stairs, four at a time. Mrs. Parker followed slowly, as her dignity demanded.

On the first landing she met him coming back bearing the astronomer in his arms. He stopped and let loose the practised scalpel of his tongue, not loudly. Gradually Mrs. Parker crumpled as a stiff garment that slips down from a nail. Ever afterwards there remained crumples in her mind and body. Sometimes her curious roomers would ask her what the doctor said to her.

'Let that be,' she would answer. 'If I can get forgiveness for having heard it I will be satisfied.'

The ambulance physician strode with his burden through the pack of hounds that follow the curiosity chase, and even they fell back along the sidewalk abashed, for his face was that of one who bears his own dead.

They noticed that he did not lay down upon the bed prepared for it in the ambulance the form that he carried, and all that he said was: 'Drive like h – l, Wilson,' to the driver.

That is all. Is it a story? In the next morning's paper I saw a little news item, and the last sentence of it may help you (as it helped me) to weld the incidents together.

It recounted the reception into Bellevue Hospital of a young woman who had been removed from No. 49 East – Street, suffering from debility induced by starvation. It concluded with these words:

'Dr. William Jackson, the ambulance physician who attended the case, says the patient will recover.'

V

A Service of Love

WHEN ONE LOVES ONES ART no service seems too hard.

That is our premise. This story shall draw a conclusion from it, and show at the same time that the premise is incorrect. That will be a new thing in logic, and a feat in story-telling somewhat older than the Great Wall of China.

Joe Larrabee came out of the post-oak flats of the Middle West pulsing with a genius for pictorial art. At six he drew a picture of the town pump with a prominent citizen passing it hastily. This effort was framed and hung in the drug store window by the side of the ear of corn with an uneven number of rows. At twenty he left for New York with a flowing necktie and a capital tied up somewhat closer.

Delia Caruthers did things in six octaves so promisingly in a pine-tree village in the South that her relatives chipped in enough in her chip hat for her to go 'North' and 'finish.' They could not see her f –, but that is our story

Joe and Delia met in an atelier where a number of art and music students had gathered to discuss chiaroscuro, Wagner, music, Rembrandt's works pictures, Waldteufel, wall-paper, Chopin, and Oolong.

Joe and Delia became enamoured one of the other or each of the other, as you please, and in a short time were married – for (see above), when one loves one's Art no service seem too hard.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began housekeeping in a flat. It was a lonesome flat – something like the A sharp way down at the left-hand end of the keyboard. And they were happy; for they had their Art and they had each other. And my advice to the rich young man would be – sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor – janitor for the privilege of living in a flat with your Art and your Delia.

Flat-dwellers shall endorse my dictum that theirs is the only

true happiness. If a home is happy it cannot fit too close – let the dresser collapse and become a billiard table; let the mantel turn to a rowing machine, the escritoire to a spare bedchamber, the washstand to an upright piano; let the four walls come together, if they will, so you and your Delia are between. But if home be the other kind, let it be wide and long – enter you at the Golden Gate, hang your hat on Hatteras, your cape on Cape Horn, and go out by Labrador.

Joe was painting in the class of the great Magister – you know his fame. His fees are high; his lessons are light – his high-lights have brought him renown. Delia was studying under Rosenstock – you know his repute as a disturber of the piano keys.

They were mighty happy as long as their money lasted. So is every – but I will not be cynical. Their aims were very clear and defined. Joe was to become capable very soon of turning out pictures that old gentlemen with thin side-whiskers and thick pocketbooks would sandbag one another in his studio for the privilege of buying. Delia was to become familiar and then contemptuous with Music, so that when she saw the orchestra seats and boxes unsold she could have sore throat and lobster in a private dining-room and refuse to go on the stage.

But the best, in my opinion, was the home life in the little flat – the ardent, voluble chats after the day's study; the cosy dinners and fresh, light breakfasts; the interchange of ambitions – ambitions interwoven each with the other's or else inconsiderable – the mutual help and inspiration; and – overlook my artlessness – stuffed olives and cheese sandwiches at 11p.m.

But after awhile Art flagged. It sometimes does, even if some switchman doesn't flag it. Everything going out and nothing coming in, as the vulgarians say. Money was lacking to pay Mr. Magister and Herr Rosenstock their prices. When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard. So, Delia said she must give music lessons to keep the chafing dish bubbling.

For two or three days she went out canvassing for pupils. One evening she came home elated.

'Joe, dear,' she said gleefully, 'I've a pupil. And, oh, the loveliest people! General – General A. B. Pinkney's daughter – on Seventy-first Street. Such a splendid house, Joe – you ought to see the front door! Byzantine I think you would call it. And inside! Oh, Joe, I never saw anything like it before.

'My pupil is his daughter Clementina. I dearly love her already. She's a delicate thing – dresses always in white; and the sweetest,

simplest manners! Only eighteen years old. I'm to give three lessons a week; and, just think, Joe! $5 a lesson. I don't mind it a bit; for when I get two or three more pupils I can resume my lessons with Herr Rosenstock. Now, smooth out that wrinkle between your brows, dear, and let's have a nice supper.'

'That's all right for you, Dele,' said Joe, attacking a can of peas with a carving knife and a hatchet, 'but how about me? Do you think I'm going to let you hustle for wages while I philander in the regions of high art? Not by the bones of Benvenuto Cellini! I guess I can sell papers or lay cobblestones, and bring in a dollar or two.'

Delia came and hung about his neck.

'Joe, dear, you are silly. You must keep on at your studies. It is not as if I had quit my music and gone to work at something else. While I teach I learn. I am always with my music. And we can live as happily as millionaires on $15 a week. You mustn't think of leaving Mr. Magister.'

'All right,' said Joe, reaching for the blue scalloped vegetable dish. 'But I hate for you to be giving lessons. It isn't Art. But you're a trump and a dear to do it.'

'When one loves one's Art no service seems too hard,' said Delia.

'Magister praised the sky in that sketch I made in the park,' said Joe. 'And Tinkle gave me permission to hang two of them in his window. I may sell one if the right kind of a moneyed idiot sees them.'

'I'm sure you will,' said Delia sweetly. 'And now let's be thankful for General Pinkney and this veal roast.'

During all of the next week the Larrabees had an early breakfast. Joe was enthusiastic about some morning-effect sketches he was doing in Central Park, and Delia packed him off breakfasted, coddled, praised, and kissed at seven o'clock. Art is an engaging mistress. It was most times seven o'clock when he returned in the evening.

At the end of the week Delia, sweetly proud but languid, triumphantly tossed three five-dollar bills on the 8 by 10 (inches) centre table of the 8 by 10 (feet) flat parlour.

'Sometimes,' she said, a little wearily, 'Clementina tries me. I'm afraid she doesn't practise enough, and I have to tell her the same things so often. And then she always dresses entirely in white, and that does get monotonous. But General Pinkney is the dearest old man! I wish you could know him, Joe. He comes in sometimes

when I am with Clementina at the piano – he is a widower, you know – and stands there pulling his white goatee. "And how are the semiquavers and the demi-semiquavers progressing?" he always asks.

'I wish you could see the wainscoting in that drawing-room, Joe! And those Astrakhan rug *portières*. And Clementina has such a funny little cough. I hope she is stronger than she looks. Oh, I really am getting attached to her, she is so gentle and high bred. General Pinkney's brother was once Minister to Bolivia.'

And then Joe, with the air of a Monte Cristo, drew forth a ten, a five, a two and a one – all legal tender notes – and laid them beside Delia's earnings.

'Sold that water-colour of the obelisk to a man from Peoria,' he announced overwhelmingly

'Don't joke with me,' said Delia – 'not from Peoria!'

'All the way. I wish you could see him, Dele. Fat man with a woollen muffler and a quill toothpick. He saw the sketch in Tinkle's window and thought it was a windmill at first. He was game, though, and bought it anyhow. He ordered another – an oil sketch of the Lackawanna freight depot – to take back with him. Music lessons! Oh, I guess Art is still in it.'

'I'm so glad you've kept on,' said Delia heartily. 'You're bound to win, dear. Thirty-three dollars! We never had so much to spend before. We'll have oysters to-night.'

'And filet mignon with champignons,' said Joe. 'Where is the olive fork?'

On the next Saturday evening Joe reached home first. He spread his $18 on the parlour table and washed what seemed to be a great deal of dark paint from his hands.

Half an hour later Delia arrived, her right hand tied up in a shapeless bundle of wraps and bandages.

'How is this?' asked Joe after the usual greetings

Delia laughed, but not very joyously

'Clementina,' she explained, 'insisted upon a Welsh rabbit after her lesson. She is such a queer girl. Welsh rabbits at five in the afternoon. The General was there. You should have seen him run for the chafing dish, Joe, just as if there wasn't a servant in the house. I know Clementina isn't in good health; she is so nervous. In serving the rabbit she spilled a great lot of it, boiling hot, over my hand and wrist. It hurt awfully, Joe. And the dear girl was so sorry! But General Pinkney! – Joe, that old man nearly went distracted. He rushed downstairs and sent somebody – they said the

furnace man or somebody in the basement – out to a drug store for some oil and things to bind it up with. It doesn't hurt so much now.'

'What's this?' asked Joe, taking the hand tenderly and pulling at some white strands beneath the bandages.

'It's something soft,' said Delia, 'that had oil on it. Oh, Joe, did you sell another sketch?' She had seen the money on the table.

'Did I?' said Joe. 'Just ask the man from Peoria. He got his depot to-day, and he isn't sure but he thinks he wants another parkscape and a view on the Hudson. What time this afternoon did you burn your hand, Dele?'

'Five o'clock, I think,' said Dele plaintively. 'The iron – I mean the rabbit came off the fire about that time. You ought to have seen General Pinkney, Joe, when –'

'Sit down here a moment, Dele,' said Joe. He drew her to the couch, sat down beside her and put his arm across her shoulders.

'What have you been doing for the last two weeks, Dele?' he asked.

She braved it for a moment or two with an eye full of love and stubbornness, and murmured a phrase or two vaguely of General Pinkney; but at length down went her head and out came the truth and tears.

'I couldn't get any pupils,' she confessed. 'And I couldn't bear to have you give up your lessons; and I got a place ironing shirts in that big Twenty-fourth Street laundry. And I think I did very well to make up both General Pinkney and Clementina, don't you, Joe? And when a girl in the laundry set down a hot iron on my hand this afternoon I was all the way home making up that story about the Welsh rabbit. You're not angry are you, Joe? And if I hadn't got the work you mightn't have sold your sketches to that man from Peoria.'

'He wasn't from Peoria,' said Joe slowly

'Well, it doesn't matter where he was from. How clever you are, Joe – and – kiss me, Joe – and what made you ever suspect that I wasn't giving music lessons to Clementina?'

'I didn't,' said Joe, 'until to-night. And I wouldn't have then, only I sent up this cotton waste and oil from the engine-room this afternoon for a girl upstairs who had her hand burned with a smoothing-iron. I've been firing the engine in that laundry for the last two weeks.'

'And then you didn't –'

'My purchaser from Peoria,' said Joe, 'and General Pinkney are

both creations of the same art – but you wouldn't call it either painting or music.

And then they both laughed, and Joe began:

'When one loves one's Art no service seems –'

But Delia stopped him with her hand on his lips. 'No,' she said – 'just "When one loves." '

VI

The Coming-out of Maggie

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT the Clover Leaf Social Club gave a hop in the hall of the Give and Take Athletic Association on the East Side. In order to attend one of these dances you must be a member of the Give and Take – or, if you belong to the division that starts off with the right foot in waltzing, you must work in Rhinegold's paper-box factory. Still, any Clover Leaf was privileged to escort or be escorted by an outsider to a single dance. But mostly each Give and Take brought the paper-box girl that he affected; and few strangers could boast of having shaken a foot at the regular hops.

Maggie Toole, on account of her dull eyes, broad mouth and left-handed style of footwork in the two-step, went to the dances with Anna McCarty and her 'fellow.' Anna and Maggie worked side by side in the factory, and were the greatest chums ever. So Anna always made Jimmy Burns take her by Maggie's house every Saturday night so that her friend could go to the dance with them.

The Give and Take Athletic Association lived up to its name. The hall of the association in Orchard Street was fitted out with muscle-making inventions. With the fibres thus builded up the members were wont to engage the police and rival social and athletic organizations in joyous combat. Between these more serious occupations the Saturday night hops with the paper-box factory girls came as a refining influence and as an efficient screen. For sometimes the tip went 'round, and if you were among the elect that tiptoed up the dark back stairway you might see as neat and satisfying a little welter-weight affair to a finish as ever happened inside the ropes.

On Saturdays Rhinegold's paper-box factory closed at 3 p.m. On one such afternoon Anna and Maggie walked homeward together. At Maggie's door Anna said, as usual: 'Be ready at seven, sharp, Mag; and Jimmy and me'll come by for you.'

But what was this? Instead of the customary humble and grateful thanks from the non-escorted one there was to be perceived a high-poised head, a prideful dimpling at the corners of a broad mouth, and almost a sparkle in a dull brown eye.

'Thanks, Anna,' said Maggie; 'but you and Jimmy needn't bother to-night. I've a gentleman friend that's coming 'round to escort me to the hop.'

The comely Anna pounced upon her friend, shook her, chided and beseeched her. Maggie Toole catch a fellow! Plain, dear, loyal, unattractive Maggie, so sweet as a chum, so unsought for a two-step or a moonlit bench in the little park. How was it? When did it happen? Who was it?

'You'll see to-night,' said Maggie, flushed with the wine of the first grapes she had gathered in Cupid's vineyard. 'He's swell all right. He's two inches taller than Jimmy, and an up-to-date dresser. I'll introduce him, Anna, just as soon as we get to the hall.'

Anna and Jimmy were among the first Clover Leafs to arrive that evening. Anna's eyes were brightly fixed upon the door of the hall to catch the first glimpse of her friend's 'catch.'

At 8.30 Miss Toole swept into the hall with her escort. Quickly her triumphant eye discovered her chum under the wing of her faithful Jimmy.

'Oh, gee!' cried Anna, 'Mag ain't made a hit – oh, no! Swell fellow? Well, I guess! Style? Look at 'um.'

'Go as far as you like,' said Jimmy, with sandpaper in his voice. 'Cop him out if you want him. These new guys always win out with the push. Don't mind me. He don't squeeze all the limes, I guess. Huh!'

'Shut up, Jimmy. You know what I mean. I'm glad for Mag. First fellow she ever had. Oh, here they come.'

Across the floor Maggie sailed like a coquettish yacht convoyed by a stately cruiser. And truly, her companion justified the encomiums of the faithful chum. He stood two inches taller than the average Give and Take athlete; his dark hair curled; his eyes and his teeth flashed whenever he bestowed his frequent smiles. The young men of the Clover Leaf Club pinned not their faith to the graces of person as much as they did to its prowess, its achievements in hand-to-hand conflicts, and its preservation from the legal duress that constantly menaced it. The member of the association who would bind a paper-box maiden to his conquering chariot scorned to employ Beau Brummel airs. They were not considered honourable methods of warfare. The swelling biceps,

the coat straining at its buttons over the chest, the air of conscious conviction of the super-eminence of the male in the cosmogony of creation, even a calm display of bow legs as subduing and enchanting agents in the gentle tourneys of Cupid – these were the approved arms and ammunition of the Clover Leaf gallants. They viewed, then, the genuflexions and alluring poses of this visitor with their chins at a new angle.

'A friend of mine, Mr. Terry O'Sullivan,' was Maggie's formula of introduction. She led him around the room, presenting him to each new-arriving Clover Leaf. Almost was she pretty now, with the unique luminosity in her eyes that comes to a girl with her first suitor and a kitten with its first mouse.

'Maggie Toole's got a fellow at last,' was the word that went round among the paper-box girls. 'Pipe Mag's floor-walker' – thus the Give and Takes expressed their indifferent contempt.

Usually at the weekly hops Maggie kept a spot on the wall warm with her back. She felt and showed so much gratitude whenever a self-sacrificing partner invited her to dance that his pleasure was cheapened and diminished. She had even grown used to noticing Anna joggle the reluctant Jimmy with her elbow as a signal for him to invite her chum to walk over his feet through a two-step.

But to-night the pumpkin had turned to a coach and six. Terry O'Sullivan was a victorious Prince Charming, and Maggie Toole winged her first butterfly flight. And though our tropes of fairyland be mixed with those of entomology they shall not spill one drop of ambrosia from the rose-crowned melody of Maggie's one perfect night.

The girls besieged her for introductions to her 'fellow.' The Clover Leaf young men, after two years of blindness, suddenly perceived charms in Miss Toole. They flexed their compelling muscles before her and bespoke her for the dance.

Thus she scored; but to Terry O'Sullivan the honours of the evening fell thick and fast. He shook his curls; he smiled and went easily through the seven motions for acquiring grace in your own room before an open window ten minutes each day. He danced like a faun; he introduced manner and style and atmosphere; his words came trippingly upon his tongue, and – he waltzed twice in succession with the paper-box girl that Dempsey Donovan brought.

Dempsey was the leader of the association. He wore a dress suit, and could chin the bar twice with one hand. He was one of 'Big Mike' O'Sullivan's lieutenants, and was never troubled by trouble. No cop dared to arrest him. Whenever he broke a push-cart man's

head or shot a member of the Heinrick B. Sweeney Outing and Literary Association in the kneecap, an officer would drop around and say:

'The Cap'n'd like to see ye a few minutes round to the office whin ye have time, Dempsey, me boy.'

But there would be sundry gentlemen there with large gold fob chains and black cigars; and somebody would tell a funny story, and then Dempsey would go back and work half an hour with the six-pound dumb-bells. So, doing a tight-rope act on a wire stretched across Niagara was a safe terpsichorean performance compared with waltzing twice with Dempsey Donovan's paper-box girl. At ten o'clock the jolly round face of 'Big Mike' O'Sullivan shone at the door for five minutes upon the scene. He always looked in for five minutes, smiled at the girls and handed out real perfectos to the delighted boys.

Dempsey Donovan was at his elbow instantly, talking rapidly. 'Big Mike' looked carefully at the dancers, smiled, shook his head and departed.

The music stopped. The dancers scattered to the chairs along the walls. Terry O'Sullivan, with his entrancing bow, relinquished a pretty girl in blue to her partner and started back to find Maggie. Dempsey intercepted him in the middle of the floor.

Some fine instinct that Rome must have bequeathed to us caused nearly every one to turn and look at them – there was a subtle feeling that two gladiators had met in the arena. Two or three Give and Takes with tight coat-sleeves drew nearer.

'One moment, Mr. O'Sullivan,' said Dempsey. 'I hope you're enjoying yourself. Where did you say you lived?

The two gladiators were well matched. Dempsey had, perhaps, ten pounds of weight to give away. The O'Sullivan had breadth with quickness Dempsey had a glacial eye, a dominating slit of a mouth, an indestructible jaw, a complexion like a belle's and the coolness of a champion. The visitor showed more fire in his contempt and less control over his conspicuous sneer. They were enemies by the law written when the rocks were molten. They were each too splendid, too mighty, too incomparable to divide pre-eminence. One only must survive.

'I live on Grand,' said O'Sullivan insolently; 'and no trouble to find me at home. Where do you live?'

Dempsey ignored the question.

'You say your name's O'Sullivan,' he went on. 'Well, "Big Mike" says he never saw you before.'

'Lots of things he never saw,' said the favourite of the hop.

'As a rule,' went on Dempsey, huskily sweet, 'O'Sullivans in this district know one another. You escorted one of our lady members here, and we want a chance to make good. If you've got a family tree let's see a few historical O'Sullivan buds come out on it. Or do you want us to dig it out of you by the roots?'

'Suppose you mind your own business, suggested O'Sullivan blandly.

Dempsey's eyes brightened. He held up an inspired forefinger as though a brilliant idea had struck him.

'I've got it now,' he said cordially. 'It was just a little mistake. You ain't no O'Sullivan. You are a ring-tailed monkey. Excuse us for not recognizing you at first.'

O'Sullivan's eye flashed. He made a quick movement, but Andy Geoghan was ready and caught his arm.

Dempsey nodded at Andy and William McMahan, the secretary of the club, and walked rapidly toward a door at the rear of the hall. Two other members of the Give and Take Association swiftly joined the little group. Terry O'Sullivan was now in the hands of the Board of Rules and Social Referees. They spoke to him briefly and softly, and conducted him out through the same door at the rear.

This movement on the part of the Clover Leaf members requires a word of elucidation. Back of the association hall was a smaller room rented by the club. In this room personal difficulties that arose on the ballroom floor were settled, man to man, with the weapons of nature, under the supervision of the Board. No lady could say that she had witnessed a fight at a Clover Leaf hop in several years. Its gentlemen members guaranteed that.

So easily and smoothly had Dempsey and the Board done their preliminary work that many in the hall had not noticed the checking of the fascinating O'Sullivan's social triumph. Among these was Maggie. She looked about for her escort.

'Smoke up!' said Rose Cassidy. 'Wasn't you on? Demps Donovan picked a scrap with your Lizzie-boy, and they've waltzed out to the slaughter-room with him. How's my hair look done up this way, Mag?'

Maggie laid a hand on the bosom of her cheesecloth waist.

'Gone to fight with Dempsey!' she said breathlessly. 'They've got to be stopped. Dempsey Donovan can't fight him. Why, he'll – he'll kill him!'

'Ah, what do you care?' said Rosa. 'Don't some of 'em fight every hop?'

But Maggie was off, darting her zigzag way through the maze of dancers. She burst through the rear door into the dark hall and then threw her solid shoulder against the door of the room of single combat. It gave way, and in the instant that she entered her eye caught the scene – the Board standing about with open watches; Dempsey Donovan in his shirt-sleeves dancing, light-footed, with the wary grace of the modern pugilist, within easy reach of his adversary; Terry O'Sullivan standing with arm folded and a murderous look in his dark eyes. And without slacking the speed of her entrance she leaped forward with a scream – leaped in time to catch and hang upon the arm of O'Sullivan that was suddenly uplifted, and to whisk from it the long, bright stiletto that he had drawn from his bosom.

The knife fell and rang upon the floor. Cold steel drawn in the rooms of the Give and Take Association! Such a thing had never happened before. Every one stood motionless for a minute. Andy Geoghan kicked the stiletto with the toe of his shoe curiously, like an antiquarian who has come upon some ancient weapon unknown to his learning.

And then O'Sullivan hissed something unintelligible between his teeth. Dempsey and the Board exchanged looks. And then Dempsey looked at O'Sullivan without anger as one looks at a stray dog, and nodded his head in the direction of the door.

'The back stairs, Giuseppi,' he said briefly. 'Somebody'll pitch your hat down after you.'

Maggie walked up to Dempsey Donovan. There was a brilliant spot of red in her cheeks, down which slow tears were running. But she looked him bravely in the eye.

'I knew it, Dempsey,' she said, as her eyes grew dull even in their tears. 'I knew he was a Guinea. His name's Tony Spinelli. I hurried in when they told me you and him was scrappin'. Them Guineas always carries knives. But you don't understand, Dempsey. I never had a fellow in my life. I got tired of comin' with Anna and Jimmy every night, so I fixed it with him to call himself O'Sullivan, and brought him along. I knew there'd be nothin' doin' for him if he came as a Dago. I guess I'll resign from the club now.'

Dempsey turned to Andy Geoghan.

'Chuck that cheese slicer out of the window,' he said, 'and tell 'em inside that Mr. O'Sullivan has had a telephone message to go down to Tammany Hall.'

And then he turned back to Maggie.

'Say, Mag,' he said, 'I'll see you home. And how about next Saturday night? Will you come to the hop with me if I call around for you?'

It was remarkable how quickly Maggie's eyes could change from dull to a shining brown.

'With you, Dempsey?' she stammered. 'Say – will a duck swim?'

VII

The Cop and the Anthem

ON HIS BENCH IN MADISON SQUARE Soapy moved uneasily. When wild goose honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost s card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognizant of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to provide against the coming rigour. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific Southern skies or drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humble arrangements for his annual hegira to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the Island loomed large and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents.

In Soapy's opinion the Law was more benign than Philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Cæsar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of a private and personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which, though conducted by rules, does not meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs

Soapy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant; and then, after declaring insolvency, be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering café, where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the grape, the silkworm and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat black, ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing – with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demi-tasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the café management; and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard.

Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the coveted Island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

At a corner of Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People came running round the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

'Where's the man that done that?' inquired the officer excitedly.

'Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?' said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man halfway down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and tell-tale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

'Now, get busy and call a cop,' said Soapy. 'And don't keep a gentleman waiting.'

'No cop for youse,' said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. 'Hey, Con!'

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy travelled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fatuously termed to himself a 'cinch.' A young woman of a modest and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanour leaned against a water-plug.

It was Soapy's design to assume the role of the despicable and execrated 'masher.' The refined and elegant appearance of his

victim and the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would ensure his winter quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's ready-made tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden coughs and 'hems,' smiled, smirked and went brazenly through the impudent and contemptible litany of the 'masher.' With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps, and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said:

'Ah there, Bedelia! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?'

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically *en route* for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cosy warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat-sleeve.

'Sure, Mike,' she said joyfully, 'if you'll blow me to a pail of suds. I'd have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching.'

With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his oak Soapy walked past the policeman, overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets, hearts, vows and librettos. Women in furs and men in greatcoats moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent theatre he caught at the immediate straw of 'disorderly conduct.'

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and remarked to a citizen:

' 'Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin' the goose egg they give to the Hartford College. Noisy; but no harm. We've instructions to lave them be.'

Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

'My umbrella,' he said sternly.

'Oh, is it?' sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. 'Well, why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don't you call a cop? There stands one at the corner.'

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

'Of course,' said the umbrella man – 'that is – well, you know how these mistakes occur – I – if it's your umbrella I hope you'll excuse me – I picked it up this morning in a restaurant – If you recognize it as yours, why – I hope you'll –'

'Of course it's mine,' said Soapy viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two blocks away.

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into an excavation. He muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches, they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this toward Madison Square, for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For there drifted out to Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves – for a little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And

the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. To-morrow he would go into the roaring down-town district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him to-morrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would –

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

'What are you doin' here?' asked the officer.

'Nothin',' said Soapy.

'Then come along,' said the policeman.

'Three months on the Island,' said the Magistrate in the Police Court the next morning.

VIII

Memoirs of a Yellow Dog

I DON'T SUPPOSE it will knock any of you people off your perch to read a contribution from an animal. Mr. Kipling and a good many others have demonstrated the fact that animals can express themselves in remunerative English, and no magazine goes to press nowadays without an animal story in it, except the old-style monthlies that are still running pictures of Bryan and the Mont Pelée horror.

But you needn't look for any stuck-up literature in my piece,

such as Bearoo, the bear, and Snakoo, the snake, and Tammanoo, the tiger, talk in the jungle books. A yellow dog that's spent most of his life in a cheap New York flat, sleeping in a corner on an old sateen underskirt (the one she spilled port wine on at the Lady Longshoremen's banquet), mustn't be expected to perform any tricks with the art of speech.

I was born a yellow pup; date, locality, pedigree and weight unknown. The first thing I can recollect, an old woman had me in a basket at Broadway and Twenty-third trying to sell me to a fat lady. Old Mother Hubbard was boosting me to beat the band as a genuine Pomeranian-Hambletonian-Red-Irish-Cochin-China-Stoke-Pogis fox terrier. The fat lady chased a V around among the samples of gros grain flannelette in her shopping-bag till she cornered it, and gave up. From that moment I was a pet – a mamma's own wootsey squidlums. Say, gentle reader, did you ever have a 200-pound woman breathing a flavour of Camembert cheese and Peau d'Espagne pick you up and wallop her nose all over you, remarking all the time in an Emma Eames tone of voice: 'Oh, oo's um oodlum, doodlum, woodlum, toodlum, bitsy-witsy skoodlums?'

From a pedigreed yellow pup I grew up to be an anonymous yellow cur looking like a cross between an Angora cat and a box of lemons. But my mistress never tumbled. She thought that the two primeval pups that Noah chased into the ark were but a collateral branch of my ancestors. It took two policemen to keep her from entering me at the Madison Square Garden for the Siberian bloodhound prize.

I'll tell you about that flat. The house was the ordinary thing in New York, paved with Parian marble in the entrance hall and cobblestones above the first floor. Our flat was three fl – well, not flights – climbs up. My mistress rented it unfurnished, and put in the regular things – 1903 antique upholstered parlour set, oil chromo of geishas in a Harlem tea-house, rubber plant and husband.

By Sirius! there was a biped I felt sorry for. He was a little man with sandy hair and whiskers a good deal like mine. Hen-pecked? – well, toucans and flamingoes and pelicans all had their bills in him. He wiped the dishes and listened to my mistress tell about the cheap, ragged things the lady with the squirrel-skin coat on the second floor hung out on her line to dry. And every evening while she was getting supper she made him take me out on the end of a string for a walk.

If men knew how women pass the time when they are alone they'd never marry. Laura Lean Jibbey, peanut brittle, a little almond cream on the neck muscles, dishes unwashed, half an hour's talk with the iceman, reading a package of old letters, a couple of pickles and two bottles of malt extract, one hour peeking through a hole in the window shade into the flat across the air-shaft – that's about all there is to it. Twenty minutes before time for him to come home from work she straightens up the house, fixes her rat so it won't show, and gets out a lot of sewing for a ten-minute bluff.

I led a dog's life in that flat. 'Most all day I lay there in my corner watching the fat woman kill time. I slept sometimes and had pipe dreams about being out chasing cats into basements and growling at old ladies with black mittens, as a dog was intended to do. Then she would pounce upon me with a lot of that drivelling poodle palaver and kiss me on the nose – but what could I do? A dog can't chew cloves.

I began to feel sorry for Hubby, dog my cats if I didn't. We looked so much alike that people noticed it when we went out; so we shook the streets that Morgan's cab drives down, and took to climbing the piles of last December's snow on the streets where cheap people live.

One evening when we were thus promenading, and I was trying to look like a prize St. Bernard, and the old man was trying to look like he wouldn't have murdered the first organ-grinder he heard play Mendelssohn's wedding-march, I looked up at him and said, in my way:

'What are you looking so sour about, you oakum trimmed lobster? She don't kiss you. You don't have to sit on her lap and listen to talk that would make the book of a musical comedy sound like the maxims of Epictetus. You ought to be thankful you're not a dog. Brace up, Benedick, and bid the blues begone.'

The matrimonial mishap looked down at me with almost canine intelligence in his face.

'Why, doggie,' says he, 'good doggie. You almost look like you could speak. What is it, doggie – Cats?'

Cats! Could speak!

But, of course, he couldn't understand. Humans were denied the speech of animals. The only common ground of communication upon which dogs and men can get together is in fiction.

In the flat across the hall from us lived a lady with a black-and-tan terrier. Her husband strung it and took it out every evening,

but he always came home cheerful and whistling. One day I touched noses with the black-and-tan in the hall, and I struck him for an elucidation.

'See, here, Wiggle-and-Skip,' I says, 'you know that it ain't the nature of a real man to play dry-nurse to a dog in public. I never saw one leashed to a bow-wow yet that didn't look like he'd like to lick every other man that looked at him. But your boss comes in every day as perky and set up as an amateur prestidigitator doing the egg trick. How does he do it? Don't tell me he likes it.'

'Him?' says the black-and-tan. 'Why, he uses Nature's Own Remedy. He gets spifflicated. At first when we go out he's as shy as the man on the steamer who would rather play pedro when they make 'em all jackpots. By the time we've been in eight saloons he don't care whether the thing on the end of his line is a dog or a catfish. I've lost two inches of my tail trying to sidestep those swinging doors.'

The pointer I got from that terrier – vaudeville please copy – set me to thinking.

One evening about six o'clock my mistress ordered him to get busy and do the ozone act for Lovey. I have concealed it until now, but that is what she called me. The black-and-tan was called 'Tweetness.' I consider that I have the bulge on him as far as you could chase a rabbit. Still 'Lovey' is something of a nomenclatural tin-can on the tail of one's self-respect.

At a quiet place on a safe street I tightened the line of my custodian in front of an attractive, refined saloon. I made a dead-ahead scramble for the doors, whining like a dog in the press despatches that lets the family know that little Alice is bogged while gathering lilies in the brook.

'Why, darn my eyes,' says the old man, with a grin; 'darn my eyes if the saffron-coloured son of a seltzer lemonade ain't asking me in to take a drink. Lemme see – how long's it been since I saved shoe leather by keeping one foot on the footrest? I believe I'll –'

I knew I had him. Hot Scotches he took, sitting at a table. For an hour he kept the Campbells coming. I sat by his side rapping for the waiter with my tail, and eating free lunch such as mamma in her flat never equalled with her homemade truck bought at a delicatessen store eight minutes before papa comes home.

When the products of Scotland were all exhausted except the rye bread the old man unwound me from the table leg and played me outside like a fisherman plays a salmon. Out there he took off my collar and threw it into the street.

'Poor doggie,' says he; 'good doggie. She shan't kiss you any more. 'S a darned shame. Good doggie, go away and get run over by a street car and be happy.'

I refused to leave. I leaped and frisked around the old man's legs happy as a pug on a rug.

'You old flea-headed woodchuck-chaser,' I said to him – 'you moon-baying, rabbit-pointing, egg-stealing old beagle, can't you see that I don't want to leave you? Can't you see that we're both Pups in the Wood and the missis is the cruel uncle after you with the dish towel and me with the flea liniment and a pink bow to tie on my tail. Why not cut that all out and be pards for evermore?'

Maybe you'll say he didn't understand – maybe he didn't. But he kind of got a grip on the Hot Scotches, and stood still for a minute, thinking.

'Doggie,' says he finally, 'we don't live more than a dozen lives on this earth, and very few of us live to be more than 300. If I ever see that flat any more I'm a flat, and if you do you're flatter; and that's no flattery. I'm offering 60 to 1 that Westward Ho wins out by the length of a dachshund.'

There was no string, but I frolicked along with my master to the Twenty-third Street ferry. And the cats on the route saw reason to give thanks that prehensile claws had been given them.

On the Jersey side my master said to a stranger who stood eating a currant bun:

'Me and my doggie, we are bound for the Rocky Mountains.'

But what pleased me most was when my old man pulled both of my ears until I howled, and said:

'You common, monkey-headed, rat-tailed, sulphur-coloured son of a door-mat, do you know what I'm going to call you?'

I thought of 'Lovey,' and I whined dolefully.

'I'm going to call you "Pete," ' says my master; and if I'd had five tails I couldn't have done enough wagging to do justice to the occasion.

IX

The Love-philtre of Ikey Schoenstein

THE BLUE LIGHT DRUG STORE is down-town, between the Bowery and First Avenue, where the distance between the two streets is the shortest. The Blue Light does not consider that pharmacy is a thing

of bric-a-brac, scent and ice-cream soda. If you ask it for a pain-killer it will not give you a bonbon.

The Blue Light scorns the labour-saving arts of modern pharmacy. It macerates its opium and percolates its own laudanum and paregoric. To this day pills are made behind its tall prescription desk – pills rolled out on its own pill-tile, divided with a spatula, rolled with the finger and thumb, dusted with calcined magnesia and delivered in little round, pasteboard pill-boxes. The store is on a corner about which coveys of ragged-plumed, hilarious children play and become candidates for the cough-drops and soothing syrups that wait for them inside.

Ikey Schoenstein was the night clerk of the Blue Light and the friend of his customers. Thus it is on the East Side, where the heart of pharmacy is not *glacé*. There, as it should be, the druggist is a counsellor, a confessor, an adviser, an able and willing missionary and mentor whose learning is respected, whose occult wisdom is venerated and whose medicine is often poured, untasted, into the gutter. Therefore Ikey's corniform, bespectacled nose and narrow, knowledge-bowed figure was well known in the vicinity of the Blue Light, and his advice and notice were much desired.

Ikey roomed and breakfasted at Mrs. Riddle's, two squares away. Mrs. Riddle had a daughter named Rosy. The circumlocution has been in vain – you must have guessed it – Ikey adored Rosy. She tinctured all his thoughts; she was the compound extract of all that was chemically pure and officinal – the dispensatory contained nothing equal to her. But Ikey was timid, and his hopes remained insoluble in the menstruum of his backwardness and fears. Behind his counter he was a superior being, calmly conscious of special knowledge and worth; outside, he was a weak-kneed, purblind, motorman-cursed rambler, with ill-fitting clothes stained with chemicals and smelling of socotrine aloes and valerianate of ammonia.

The fly in Ikey's ointment (thrice welcome, pat trope!) was Chunk McGowan.

Mr. McGowan was also striving to catch the bright smiles tossed about by Rosy. But he was no out-fielder as Ikey was; he picked them off the bat. At the same time he was Ikey's friend and customer, and often dropped in at the Blue Light Drug Store to have a bruise painted with iodine or get a cut rubber-plastered after a pleasant evening spent along the Bowery.

One afternoon McGowan drifted in in his silent, easy way, and

sat, comely, smoothed-faced, hard, indomitable, good-natured, upon a stool.

'Ikey,' said he, when his friend had fetched his mortar and sat opposite, grinding gum benzoin to a powder, 'get busy with your ear. It's drugs for me if you've got the line I need.'

Ikey scanned the countenance of Mr. McGowan for the usual evidences of conflict, but found none.

'Take your coat off,' he ordered. 'I guess already that you have been stuck in the ribs with a knife. I have many times told you those Dagoes would do you up.'

Mr. McGowan smiled. 'Not them,' he said. 'Not any Dagoes. But you've located the diagnosis all right enough – it's under my coat, near the ribs. Say! Ikey – Rosy and me are goin' to run away and get married to-night.'

Ikey's left forefinger was doubled over the edge of the mortar, holding it steady. He gave it a wild rap with the pestle, but felt it not. Meanwhile Mr. McGowan's smile faded to a look of perplexed gloom.

'That is,' he continued, 'if she keeps in the notion until the time comes. We've been layin' pipes for the gateway for two weeks. One day she says she will; the same evenin' she says nixy. We've agreed on to-night, and Rosy's stuck to the affirmative this time for two whole days. But it's five hours yet till the time, and I'm afraid she'll stand me up when it comes to the scratch.'

'You said you wanted drugs,' remarked Ikey.

Mr. McGowan looked ill at ease and harassed – a condition opposed to his usual line of demeanour. He made a patent-medicine almanac into a roll and fitted it with unprofitable carefulness about his finger.

'I wouldn't have this double handicap make a false start to-night for a million,' he said. 'I've got a little flat up in Harlem all ready, with chrysanthemums on the table and a kettle ready to boil. And I've engaged a pulpit pounder to be ready at his house for us at 9.30. It's got to come off. And if Rosy don't change her mind again!' – Mr. McGowan ceased, a prey to his doubts.

'I don't see then yet,' said Ikey shortly, 'what makes it that you talk of drugs, or what I can be doing about it.'

'Old man Riddle don't like me a little bit,' went on the uneasy suitor, bent upon marshalling his arguments. 'For a week he hasn't let Rosy step outside the door with me. If it wasn't for losin' a boarder they'd have bounced me long ago. I'm makin' $20 a week and she'll never regret flyin' the coop with Chunk McGowan.'

'You will excuse me, Chunk,' said Ikey. 'I must make a prescription that is to be called for soon.'

'Say,' said McGowan, looking up suddenly, 'say, Ikey, ain't there a drug of some kind – some kind of powders that'll make a girl like you better if you give 'em to her?'

Ikey's lip beneath his nose curled with the scorn of superior enlightenment; but before he could answer, McGowan continued:

'Tim Lacy told me once that he got some from a croaker uptown and fed 'em to his girl in soda water. From the very first dose he was ace-high and everybody else looked like thirty cents to her. They was married in less than two weeks.'

Strong and simple was Chunk McGowan. A better reader of men than Ikey was could have seen that his tough frame was strung upon fine wires. Like a good general who was about to invade the enemy's territory he was seeking to guard every point against possible failure.

'I thought,' went on Chunk hopefully, 'that if I had one of them powders to give Rosy when I see her at supper to-night it might brace her up and keep her from reneging on the proposition to skip. I guess she don't need a mule team to drag her away, but women are better at coaching than they are at running bases. If the stuff'll work just for a couple of hours it'll do the trick.'

'When is this foolishness of running away to be happening?' asked Ikey.

'Nine o'clock,' said Mr. McGowan. 'Supper's at seven. At eight Rosy goes to bed with a headache. At nine old Parvenzano lets me through to his backyard, where there's a board off Riddle's fence, next door. I go under her window and help her down the fire-escape. We've got to make it early on the preacher's account. It's all dead easy if Rosy don't balk when the flag drops. Can you fix me one of them powders, Ikey?'

Ikey Schoenstein rubbed his nose slowly.

'Chunk,' said he, 'it is of drugs of that nature that pharmaceutists must have much carefulness. To you alone of my acquaintance would I entrust a powder like that. But for you I shall make it, and you shall see how it makes Rosy to think of you.'

Ikey went behind the prescription desk. There he crushed to a powder two soluble tablets, each containing a quarter of a grain of morphia. To them he added a little sugar of milk to increase the bulk, and folded the mixture neatly in a white paper. Taken by an adult this powder would ensure several hours of heavy slumber without danger to the sleeper. This he handed to Chunk

McGowan, telling him to administer it in a liquid, if possible, and received the hearty thanks of the backyard Lochinvar.

The subtlety of Ikey's action becomes apparent upon recital of his subsequent move. He sent a messenger for Mr. Riddle and disclosed the plans of McGowan for eloping with Rosy. Mr. Riddle was a stout man, brick-dusty of complexion and sudden in action.

'Much obliged,' he said briefly to Ikey. 'The lazy Irish loafer! My own room's just above Rosy's. I'll just go up there myself after supper and load the shot-gun and wait. If he comes in my backyard he'll go away in an ambulance instead of a bridal chaise.'

With Rosy held in the clutches of Morpheus for a many-hours' deep slumber, and the bloodthirsty parent waiting, armed and forewarned, Ikey felt that his rival was close, indeed, upon discomfiture.

All night in the Blue Light Store he waited at his duties for chance news of the tragedy, but none came.

At eight o'clock in the morning the day clerk arrived and Ikey started hurriedly for Mrs. Riddle's to learn the outcome. And, lo! as he stepped out of the store who but Chunk McGowan sprang from a passing street-car and grasped his hand – Chunk McGowan with a victor's smile and flushed with joy.

'Pulled it off,' said Chunk with Elysium in his grin. 'Rosy hit the fire-escape on time to a second and we was under the wire at the Reverend's at 9.30 ¼. She's up at the flat – she cooked eggs this mornin' in a blue kimono – Lord I how lucky I am! You must pace up some day, Ikey, and feed with us. I've got a job down near the bridge, and that's where I'm heading for now.'

'The – the powder?' stammered Ikey.

'Oh, that stuff you gave me!' said Chunk broadening his grin; 'well, it was this way. I sat down at the supper table last night at Riddle's, and I looked at Rosy, and I says to myself, "Chunk, if you get the girl get her on the square – don't try any hocus-pocus with a thoroughbred like her." And I keeps the paper you give me in my pocket. And then my lamps falls on another party present, who, I says to myself, is failin' in a proper affection toward his comin' son-in-law, so I watches my chance and dumps that powder in old man Riddle's coffee – see?'

moment immovable. For this odour belonged to Miss Leslie; it was her own, and hers only.

The odour brought her vividly, almost tangibly before him. The world of finance dwindled suddenly to a speck. And she was in the next room – twenty steps away.

'By George, I'll do it now,' said Maxwell, half aloud. 'I'll ask her now. I wonder I didn't do it long ago.'

He dashed into the inner office with the haste of a short trying to cover. He charged upon the desk of the stenographer.

She looked up at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned one elbow on her desk. He still clutched fluttering papers with both hands and the pen was above his ear.

'Miss Leslie,' he began hurriedly, 'I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my wife? I haven't had time to make love to you in the ordinary way, but I really do love you. Talk quick, please – those fellows are clubbing the stuffing out of Union Pacific.'

'Oh, what are you talking about?' exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

'Don't you understand?' said Maxwell restively. 'I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I snatched a minute when things had slackened up a bit. They're calling me for the 'phone now. Tell 'em to wait a minute, Pitcher. Won't you, Miss Leslie?'

The stenographer acted very queerly. At first she seemed overcome with amazement; then tears flowed from her wondering eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her arms slid tenderly about the broker's neck.

'I know now,' she said softly. 'It's this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at eight o'clock in the Little Church Around the Corner.'

XVI

The Furnished Room

RESTLESS, SHIFTING, FUGACIOUS as time itself, is a certain vast bulk of the population of the redbrick district of the lower West Side.

Homeless, they have a hundred homes. They flit from furnished room to furnished room, transients for ever – transients in abode, transients in heart and mind. They sing 'Home Sweet Home' in ragtime; they carry their *lares et penates* in a bandbox; their vine is entwined about a picture hat; a rubber plant is their fig tree.

Hence the houses of this district, having had a thousand dwellers, should have a thousand tales to tell, mostly dull ones, no doubt; but it would be strange if there could not be found a ghost or two in the wake of all these vagrant ghosts.

One evening after dark a young man prowled among these crumbling red mansions, ringing their bells. At the twelfth he rested his lean hand-baggage upon the step and wiped the dust from his hat-band and forehead. The bell sounded faint and far away in some remote, hollow depths.

To the door of this, the twelfth house whose bell he had rung, came a housekeeper who made him think of an unwholesome, surfeited worm that had eaten its nut to a hollow shell and now sought to fill the vacancy with edible lodgers.

He asked if there was a room to let.

'Come in,' said the housekeeper. Her voice came from her throat; her throat seemed lined with fur. 'I have the third floor back, vacant since a week back. Should you wish to look at it?'

The young man followed her up the stairs. A faint light from no particular source mitigated the shadows of the halls. They trod noiselessly upon a stair carpet that its own loom would have forsworn. It seemed to have become vegetable; to have degenerated in that rank, sunless air to lush lichen or spreading moss that grew in patches to the staircase and was viscid under the foot like organic matter. At each turn of the stairs were vacant niches in the wall. Perhaps plants had once been set within them. If so they had died in that foul and tainted air. It may be that statues of the saints had stood there, but it was not difficult to conceive that imps and devils had dragged them forth in the darkness and down to the unholy depths of some furnished pit below.

'This is the room,' said the housekeeper, from her furry throat. 'It's a nice room. It ain't often vacant. I had some most elegant people in it last summer – no trouble at all, and paid in advance to the minute. The water's at the end of the hall. Sprowls and Mooney-kept it three months. They done a vaudeville sketch. Miss B'retta Sprowls – you may have heard of her – Oh, that was just the stage names – right there over the dresser is where the marriage certificate hung, framed. The gas is here, and you see

there is plenty of closet room. It's a room everybody likes. It never stays idle long.'

'Do you have many theatrical people rooming here?' asked the young man.

'They comes and goes. A good proportion of my lodgers is connected with the theatres. Yes, sir, this is the theatrical district. Actor people never stays long anywhere. I get my share. Yes, they comes and they goes.'

He engaged the room, paying for a week in advance. He was tired, he said, and would take possession at once. He counted out the money. The room had been made ready, she said, even to towels and water. As the housekeeper moved away he put, for the thousandth time, the question that he carried at the end of his tongue.

'A young girl – Miss Vashner – Miss Eloise Vashner – do you remember such a one among your lodgers? She would be singing on the stage, most likely. A fair girl, of medium height and slender, with reddish gold hair and a dark mole near her left eyebrow.'

'No, I don't remember the name. Them stage people has names they change as often as their rooms. They comes and they goes. No, I don't call that one to mind.'

No. Always no. Five months of ceaseless interrogation and the inevitable negative. So much time spent by day in questioning managers, agents, schools and choruses; by night among the audiences of theatres from all-star casts down to music-halls so low that he dreaded to find what he most hoped for. He who had loved her best had tried to find her. He was sure that since her disappearance from home this great water-girt city held her somewhere, but it was like a monstrous quicksand, shifting its particles constantly, with no foundation, its upper granules of to-day buried to-morrow in ooze and slime.

The furnished room received its latest guest with a first glow of pseudo-hospitality, a hectic, haggard, perfunctory welcome like the specious smile of a demirep. The sophistical comfort came in reflected gleams from the decayed furniture, the ragged brocade upholstery of a couch and two chairs, a footwide cheap pier glass between the two windows, from one or two gilt picture frames and a brass bedstead in a corner.

The guest reclined, inert, upon a chair, while the room, confused in speech as though it were an apartment in Babel, tried to discourse to him of its divers tenantry.

A polychromatic rug like some brilliant-flowered, rectangular,

tropical islet lay surrounded by a billowy sea of soiled matting. Upon the gay-papered wall were those pictures that pursue the homeless one from house to house – The Huguenot Lovers, The First Quarrel, The Wedding Breakfast, Psyche at the Fountain. The mantel's chastely severe outline was ingloriously veiled behind some pert drapery drawn rakishly askew like the sashes of the Amazonian ballet. Upon it was some desolate flotsam cast aside by the room's marooned when a lucky sail had borne them to a fresh port – a trifling vase or two, pictures of actresses, a medicine bottle, some stray cards out of a deck.

One by one, as the characters of a cryptograph become explicit, the little signs left by the furnished room's procession of guests developed a significance. The threadbare space in the rug in front of the dresser told that lovely woman had marched in the throng. Tiny finger-prints on the wall spoke of little prisoners trying to feel their way to sun and air. A splattered stain, raying like the shadow of a bursting bomb, witnessed where a hurled glass or bottle had splintered with its contents against the wall. Across the pier glass had been scrawled with a diamond in staggering letters the name 'Marie.' It seemed that the succession of dwellers in the furnished room had turned in fury – perhaps tempted beyond forbearance by its garish coldness – and wreaked upon it their passions. The furniture was chipped and bruised; the couch, distorted by bursting springs, seemed a horrible monster that had been slain during the stress of some grotesque convulsion. Some more potent upheaval had cloven a great slice from the marble mantel. Each plank in the floor owned its particular cant and shriek as from a separate and individual agony. It seemed incredible that all this malice and injury had been wrought upon the room by those who had called it for a time their home; and yet it may have been the cheated home instinct surviving blindly, the resentful rage at false household gods that had kindled their wrath. A hut that is our own we can sweep and adorn and cherish.

The young tenant in the chair allowed these thoughts to file, soft-shod, through his mind, while there drifted into the room furnished sounds and furnished scents. He heard in one room a tittering and incontinent, slack laughter; in others the monologue of a scold, the rattling of dice, a lullaby, and one crying dully; above him a banjo tinkled with spirit. Doors banged somewhere; the elevated trains roared intermittently; a cat yowled miserably upon a back fence. And he breathed the breath of the house – a dank savour rather than a smell – a cold, musty effluvium as from

underground vaults mingled with the reeking exhalations of linoleum and mildewed and rotten woodwork.

Then, suddenly, as he rested there, the room was filled with the strong, sweet odour of mignonette. It came as upon a single buffet of wind with such sureness and fragrance and emphasis that it almost seemed a living visitant. And the man cried aloud, 'What, dear?' as if he had been called, and sprang up and faced about. The rich odour clung to him and wrapped him about. He reached out his arms for it, all his senses for the time confused and commingled. How could one be peremptorily called by an odour? Surely it must have been a sound. But, was it not the sound that had touched, that had caressed him?

'She has been in this room,' he cried, and he sprang to wrest from it a token, for he knew he would recognize the smallest thing that had belonged to her or that she had touched. This enveloping scent of mignonette, the odour that she had loved and made her own – whence came it?

The room had been but carelessly set in order. Scattered upon the flimsy dresser scarf were half a dozen hairpins – those discreet, indistinguishable friends of womankind, feminine of gender, infinite of mood and uncommunicative of tense. These he ignored, conscious of their triumphant lack of identity. Ransacking the drawers of the dresser he came upon a discarded, tiny, ragged handkerchief. He pressed it to his face. It was racy and insolent with heliotrope; he hurled it to the floor. In another drawer he found odd buttons, a theatre programme, a pawnbroker's card, two lost marshmallows, a book on the divination of dreams. In the last was a woman's black satin hair-bow, which halted him, poised between ice and fire. But the black satin hair-bow also is femininity's demure, impersonal, common ornament, and tells no tales.

And then he traversed the room like a hound on the scent, skimming the walls, considering the corners of the bulging matting on his hands and knees, rummaging mantel and tables, the curtains and hangings, the drunken cabinet in the corner, for a visible sign unable to perceive that she was there beside, around, against, within, above him, clinging to him, wooing him, calling him so poignantly through the finer senses that even his grosser ones became cognizant of the call. Once again he answered loudly, 'Yes, dear!' and turned, wild-eyed, to gaze on vacancy, for he could not yet discern form and colour and love and outstretched arms in the odour of mignonette. Oh, God! whence that odour, and since when have odours had a voice to call? Thus he groped.

He burrowed in crevices and corners, and found corks and cigarettes. These he passed in passive contempt. But once he found in a fold of the matting a half-smoked cigar, and this he ground beneath his heel with a green and trenchant oath. He sifted the room from end to end. He found dreary and ignoble small records of many a peripatetic tenant; but of her whom he sought, and who may have lodged there, and whose spirit seemed to hover there, he found no trace.

And then he thought of the housekeeper.

He ran from the haunted room downstairs and to a door that showed a crack of light. She came out to his knock. He smothered his excitement as best he could.

'Will you tell me, madam,' he besought her, 'who occupied the room I have before I came?'

'Yes, sir. I can tell you again. 'Twas Sprowls and Mooney, as I said. Miss B'retta Sprowls it was in the theatres, but Missis Mooney she was. My house is well known for respectability. The marriage certificate hung, framed, on a nail over –'

'What kind of a lady was Miss Sprowls – in looks, I mean?'

'Why, black-haired, sir, short and stout, with a comical face. They left a week ago Tuesday.'

'And before they occupied it?'

'Why, there was a single gentleman connected with the draying business. He left owing me a week. Before him was Missis Crowder and her two children, that stayed four months; and back of them was old Mr. Doyle, whose sons paid for him. He kept the room six months. That goes back a year, sir, and further I do not remember.'

He thanked her and crept back to his room. The room was dead. The essence that had vivified it was gone. The perfume of mignonette had departed. In its place was the old, stale odour of mouldy house furniture, of atmosphere in storage.

The ebbing of his hope drained his faith. He sat staring at the yellow, singing gaslight. Soon he walked to the bed and began to tear the sheets into strips. With the blade of his knife he drove them tightly into every crevice around windows and door. When all was snug and taut he turned out the light turned the gas full on again and laid himself gratefully upon the bed.

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It was Mrs. McCool's night to go with the can for beer. So she fetched it and sat with Mrs. Purdy in one of those subterranean

retreats where housekeepers foregather and the worm dieth seldom.

'I rented out my third floor back, this evening,' said Mrs. Purdy, across a fine circle of foam. 'A young man took it. He went up to bed two hours ago.

'Now, did ye, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am?' said Mrs. McCool, with intense admiration. 'You do be a wonder for rentin' rooms of that kind. And did ye tell him, then?' she concluded in a husky whisper, laden with mystery.

'Rooms,' said Mrs. Purdy, in her furriest tones, 'are furnished for to rent. I did not tell him, Mrs. McCool.'

' 'Tis right ye are, ma'am; 'tis by renting rooms we kape alive. Ye have the rale sense for business, ma'am. There be many people will rayjict the rentin' of a room if they be tould a suicide has been after dyin' in the bed of it.'

'As you say, we has our living to be making,' remarked Mrs. Purdy.

'Yis, ma'am; 'tis true. 'Tis just one wake ago this day I helped ye lay out the third floor back. A pretty slip of a colleen she was to be killin' herself wid the gas a swate little face she had, Mrs. Purdy, ma'am.'

'She'd a-been called handsome, as you say,' said Mrs. Purdy, assenting but critical, 'but for that mole she had a-growin' by her left eyebrow. Do fill up your glass again, Mrs. McCool.'

XVII

The Brief Debut of Tildy

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW Bogle's Chop House and Family Restaurant it is your loss. For if you are one of the fortunate ones who dine expensively you should be interested to know how the other half consumes provisions. And if you belong to the half to whom waiters' checks are things of moment, you should know Bogle's, for there you get your money's worth – in quantity, at least.

Bogle's is situated in that highway of *bourgeoisie*, that boulevard of Brown-Jones-and-Robinson, Eighth Avenue. There are two rows of tables in the room, six in each row. On each table is a castor-stand, containing cruets of condiments and seasons. From the pepper cruet you may shake a cloud of something tasteless and melancholy, like volcanic dust. From the salt cruet you may

~~'A very sad one,' says he, laying the points of his manicured fingers together. 'An utterly incorrigible girl. I am Special Terrestrial Officer the Reverend Jones. The case was assigned to me. The girl murdered her fiancé and committed suicide. She had no defence. My report to the court relates the facts in detail, all of which are substantiated by reliable witnesses. The wages of sin is death. Praise the Lord.'~~

~~The court officer opened the door and stepped out.~~

~~'Poor girl,' said Special Terrestrial Officer the Reverend Jones, with a tear in his eye. 'It was one of the saddest cases that I ever met with. Of course she was –'~~

~~'Discharged,' said the court officer. 'Come here, Jonesy. First thing you know you'll be switched to the pot pie squad. How would you like to be on the missionary force in the South Sea Islands – hey? Now, you quit making these false arrests, or you'll be transferred – see? The guilty party you've got to look for in this case is a red-haired, unshaven, untidy man, sitting by the window reading, in his stocking feet, while his children play in the streets. Get a move on you.'~~

~~Now, wasn't that a silly dream?~~

XXXIII

The Last Leaf

IN A LITTLE DISTRICT west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called 'places.' These 'places' make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a 'colony.'

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. 'Johnsy' was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine, the other from California. They had met at the table d'hôte of an Eighth Street 'Delmonico's,' and found their tastes in

art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy finger. Over on the East Side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown 'places.'

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by Californian zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, grey eyebrow.

'She has one chance in – let us say, ten,' he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. 'And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopœia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?'

'She – she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day,' said Sue.

'Paint? – bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice – a man, for instance?'

'A man?' said Sue, with a jews'-harp twang in her voice. 'Is a man worth – but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind.'

'Well, it is the weakness, then,' said the doctor. 'I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in five chance for her, instead of one in ten.'

After the doctor had gone, Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing-board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to

illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting – counting backward.

'Twelve,' she said, and a little later, 'eleven'; and then 'ten,' and 'nine'; and then 'eight' and 'seven,' almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half-way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

'What is it, dear?' asked Sue.

'Six,' said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. 'They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now.'

'Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie.'

'Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?'

'Oh, I never heard of such nonsense,' complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. 'What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were – let's see exactly what he said – he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street-cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self.'

'You needn't get any more wine,' said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window.

'There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go too.'

'Johnsy, dear,' said Sue, bending over her, 'will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out of the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light or I would draw the shade down.'

'Couldn't you draw in the other room?' asked Johnsy coldly.

'I'd rather be here by you,' said Sue. 'Besides, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves.'

'Tell me as soon as you have finished,' said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, 'because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves.'

'Try to sleep,' said Sue. 'I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move till I come back.'

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in anyone, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly-lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

'Vass!' he cried. 'Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I vill not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der prain of her? Ach, dot poor little Miss Yohnsy.'

'She is very ill and weak,' said Sue, 'and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old – old flibberti-gibbet.'

'You are just like a woman!' yelled Behrman. 'Who said I vill not bose? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf peen trying to say dot I am ready to bose. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go avay. Gott! yes.'

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit-miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

'Pull it up! I want to see,' she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

'It is the last one,' said Johnsy. 'I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time.'

'Dear, dear!' said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow; 'think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?'

But Johnsy did not answer. The lonesomest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

'I've been a bad girl, Sudie,' said Johnsy. 'Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and – no; bring me a hand-mirror first; and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook.'

An hour later she said –

'Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples.'

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

'Even chances,' said the doctor, talking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. 'With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is – some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable.'

The next day the doctor said to Sue: 'She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now – that's all.'

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woollen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

'I have something to tell you, white mouse,' she said. 'Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colours mixed on it, and – look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece – he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell.'

~~Presently Thomas moved tentatively in his seat, and thoughtfully felt an abrasion or two on his knees and elbows.~~

~~'Say, Annie,' said he confidentially, 'maybe it's one of the last dreams of the booze, but I've a kind of a recollection of riding in an automobile with a swell guy that took me to a house full of eagles and arc lights. He fed me on biscuits and hot air, and then kicked me down the front steps. If it was the *d t's*, why am I so sore?'~~

~~'Shut up, you fool,' said Annie.~~

~~'If I could find that funny guy's house,' said Thomas, in conclusion, 'I'd go up there some day and punch his nose for him.'~~

XLVII

The Poet and the Peasant

THE OTHER DAY a poet friend of mine, who has lived in close communication with nature all his life, wrote a poem and took it to an editor.

It was a living pastoral, full of the genuine breath of the fields, the song of birds, and the pleasant chatter of trickling streams.

When the poet called again to see about it, with hopes of a beefsteak dinner in his heart, it was handed back to him with the comment:

'Too artificial.'

Several of us met over spaghetti and Dutchess County chianti, and swallowed indignation with the slippery forkfuls.

And there we dug a pit for the editor. With us was Conant, a well-arrived writer of fiction – a man who had trod on asphalt all his life, and who had never looked upon bucolic scenes except with sensations of disgust from the windows of express trains.

Conant wrote a poem and called it 'The Doe and the Brook.' It was a fine specimen of the kind of work you would expect from a poet who had strayed with Amaryllis only as far as the florist's windows, and whose sole ornithological discussion had been carried on with a waiter. Conant signed this poem, and we sent it to the same editor.

But this has very little to do with the story.

Just as the editor was reading the first line of the poem, on the next morning, a being stumbled off the West Shore ferryboat, and loped slowly up Forty-second Street.

The invader was a young man with light blue eyes, a hanging

lip, and hair the exact colour of the little orphan's (afterward discovered to be the earl's daughter) in one of Mr. Blaney's plays. His trousers were corduroy, his coat short-sleeved, with buttons in the middle of his back. One bootleg was outside the corduroys. You looked expectantly, though in vain, at his straw hat for ear-holes, its shape inaugurating the suspicion that it had been ravaged from a former equine possessor. In his hand was a valise – description of it is an impossible task; a Boston man would not have carried his lunch and law books to his office in it. And above one ear, in his hair, was a wisp of hay – the rustic's letter of credit, his badge of innocence, the last clinging touch of the Garden of Eden lingering to shame the goldbrick men.

Knowingly, smilingly, the city crowds passed him by. They saw the raw stranger stand in the gutter and stretch his neck at the tall buildings. At this they ceased to smile, and even to look at him. It had been done so often. A few glanced at the antique valise to see what Coney 'attraction' or brand of chewing-gum he might be thus dinning into his memory. But for the most part he was ignored. Even the newsboys looked bored when he scampered like a circus clown out of the way of cabs and street-cars.

At Eighth Avenue stood 'Bunco Harry,' with his dyed moustache and shiny, good-natured eyes. Harry was too good an artist not to be pained at the sight of an actor overdoing his part. He edged up to the countryman, who had stopped to open his mouth at a jewellery store window, and shook his head.

'Too thick, pal,' he said critically – 'too thick by a couple of inches I don't know what your lay is; but you've got the properties on too thick. That hay, now – why, they don't even allow that on Proctor's circuit any more.'

'I don't understand you, mister,' said the green one. 'I'm not lookin' for any circus. I've just run down from Ulster County to look at the town, bein' that the hayin's over with. Gosh! but it's a whopper. I thought Poughkeepsie was some punkins; but this here town is five times as big.'

'Oh, well,' said 'Bunco Harry,' raising his eyebrows, 'I didn't mean to butt in. You don't have to tell. I thought you ought to tone down a little, so I tried to put you wise. Wish you success at your graft, whatever it is. Come and have a drink, anyhow.'

'I wouldn't mind having a glass of lager beer,' acknowledged the other.

They went to a café frequented by men with smooth faces and shifty eyes, and sat at their drinks.

'I'm glad I come across you, mister,' said Haylocks. 'How'd you like to play a game or two of seven-up? I've got the keerds.'

He fished them out of Noah's valise – a rare, inimitable deck, greasy with bacon suppers and grimy with the soil of cornfields.

'Bunco Harry' laughed loud and briefly.

'Not for me, sport,' he said firmly. 'I don't go against that make-up of yours for a cent. But I still say you've overdone it. The Reubs haven't dressed like that since '79. I doubt if you could work Brooklyn for a key-winding watch with that lay-out.'

'Oh, you needn't think I ain't got the money,' boasted Haylocks. He drew forth a tightly rolled mass or bills as large as a teacup, and laid it on the table.

'Got that for my share of grandmother's farm,' he announced. 'There's $950 in that roll. Thought I'd come into the city and look around for a likely business to go into.'

'Bunco Harry' took up the roll of money and looked at it with almost respect in his smiling eyes.

'I've seen worse,' he said critically. 'But you'll never do it in them clothes. You want to get light tan shoes and a black suit and a straw hat with a coloured band, and talk a good deal about Pittsburg and freight differentials, and drink sherry for breakfast in order to work off phony stuff like that.'

'What's his line?' asked two or three shifty-eyed men of 'Bunco Harry' after Haylocks had gathered up his impugned money and departed.

'The queer, I guess,' said Harry. 'Or else he's one of Jerome's men. Or some guy with a new graft. He's too much hayseed. Maybe that his – I wonder now – oh no, it couldn't have been real money.'

Haylocks wandered on. Thirst probably assailed him again, for he dived into a dark groggery on a side-street and bought beer. Several sinister fellows hung upon one end of the bar. At first sight of him their eyes brightened; but when his insistent and exaggerated rusticity became apparent their expressions changed to wary suspicion.

Haylocks swung his valise across the bar.

'Keep that awhile for me, mister,' he said, chewing at the end of a virulent claybank cigar. 'I'll be back after I knock around a spell. And keep your eye on it, for there's $950 inside of it, though maybe you wouldn't think so to look at me.'

Somewhere outside a phonograph struck up a band piece, and Haylocks was off for it, his coat-tail buttons flopping in the middle of his back.

'Divvy? Mike,' said the men hanging upon the bar, winking openly at one another.

'Honest, now,' said the bartender, kicking the valise to one side. 'You don't think I'd fall to that, do you? Anybody can see he ain't no jay. One of McAdoo's come-on squad, I guess. He's a shine if he made himself up. There ain't no parts of the country now where they dress like that since they run rural free delivery to Providence, Rhode Island. If he's got nine-fifty in that valise it's a ninety-eight-cent Waterbury that's stopped at ten minutes to ten.'

When Haylocks had exhausted the resources of Mr. Edison to amuse he returned for his valise. And then down Broadway he gallivanted, culling the sights with his eager blue eyes. But still and evermore Broadway rejected him with curt glances and sardonic smiles. He was the oldest of the 'gags' that the city must endure. He was so flagrantly impossible, so ultra-rustic, so exaggerated beyond the most freakish products of the barnyard, the hayfield and the vaudeville stage, that he excited only weariness and suspicion. And the wisp of hay in his hair was so genuine, so fresh and redolent of the meadows, so clamorously rural, that even a shell-game man would have put up his peas and folded his table at the sight of it.

Haylocks seated himself upon a flight of stone steps and once more exhumed his roll of yellow-backs from the valise. The outer one, a twenty, he shucked off and beckoned to a newsboy.

'Son,' said he, 'run somewhere and get this changed for me. I'm mighty nigh out of chicken feed; I guess you'll get a nickel if you'll hurry up.'

A hurt look appeared through the dirt on the newsy's face.

'Aw, watchert'ink! G'wan and get yer funny bill changed yerself. Dey ain't no farm clothes yer got on. G'wan wit yer stage money.'

On a corner lounged a keen-eyed steerer for a gambling-house. He saw Haylocks, and his expression suddenly grew cold and virtuous.

'Mister,' said the rural one. 'I've heard of places in this here town where a fellow could have a good game of old sledge or peg a card at keno. I got $950 in this valise, and I come down from old Ulster to see the sights. Know where a fellow could get action on about $9 or $10? I'm goin' to have some sport, and then maybe I'll buy out a business of some kind.

The steerer looked pained, and investigated a white speck on his left forefinger nail.

'Cheese it, old man,' he murmured reproachfully. 'The Central

Office must be bughouse to send you out looking like such a gillie. You couldn't get within two blocks of a sidewalk crap game in them Tony Pastor props. The recent Mr. Scotty from Death Valley has got you beat a crosstown block in the way of Elizabethan scenery and mechanical accessories. Let it be skiddoo for yours. Nay, I know of no gilded halls where one may bet a patrol wagon on the ace.'

Rebuffed again by the great city that is so swift to detect artificialities, Haylocks sat upon the kerb and presented his thoughts to hold a conference.

'It's my clothes,' said he; 'durned if it ain't. They think I'm a hayseed and won't have nothin' to do with me. Nobody never made fun of this hat in Ulster County. I guess if you want folks to notice you in New York you must dress up like they do.'

So Haylocks went shopping in the bazaars where men spake through their noses and rubbed their hands and ran the tape line ecstatically over the bulge in his inside pocket where reposed a red nubbin of corn with an even number of rows. And messengers bearing parcels and boxes streamed to his hotel on Broadway within the lights of Long Acre.

At nine o'clock in the evening one descended to the sidewalk whom Ulster County would have forsworn. Bright tan were his shoes; his hat the latest block. His light grey trousers were deeply creased; a gay blue silk handkerchief flapped from the breast pocket of his elegant English walking-coat. His collar might have graced a laundry window; his blond hair was trimmed close; the wisp of hay was gone.

For an instant he stood, resplendent, with the leisurely air of a boulevardier concocting in his mind the route for his evening pleasures. And then he turned down the gay, bright street with the easy and graceful tread of a millionaire.

But in the instant that he had paused the wisest and keenest eyes in the city had enveloped him in their field of vision. A stout man with grey eyes picked two of his friends with a lift of his eyebrows from the row of loungers in front of the hotel.

'The juiciest jay I've seen in six months,' said the man with grey eyes. 'Come along.'

It was half-past eleven when a man galloped into the West Forty-seventh Street police-station with the story of his wrongs.

'Nine hundred and fifty dollars,' he gasped, 'all my share of grandmother's farm.'

The desk sergeant wrung from him the name Jabez Bulltongue,

of Locust Valley Farm, Ulster County, and then began to take descriptions of the strong-arm gentlemen.

When Conant went to see the editor about the fate of his poem, he was received over the head of the office boy into the inner office that is decorated with the statuettes by Rodin and J. G. Brown.

'When I read the first line of "The Doe and the Brook," ' said the editor, 'I knew it to be the work of one whose life has been heart to heart with nature. The finished art of the line did not blind me to that fact. To use a somewhat homely comparison, it was as if a wild, free child of the woods and fields were to don the garb of fashion and walk down Broadway. Beneath the apparel the man would show.'

'Thanks,' said Conant. 'I suppose the cheque will be round on Thursday, as usual.'

The morals of this story have somehow gotten mixed. You can take your choice of 'Stay on the Farm' or 'Don't write Poetry.'

XLVIII

The Thing's the Play

BEING ACQUAINTED WITH a newspaper reporter who had a couple of free passes, I got to see the performance a few nights ago at one of the popular vaudeville houses.

One of the numbers was a violin solo by a striking-looking man not much past forty, but with very grey, thick hair. Not being afflicted with a taste for music, I let the system of noises drift past my ears while I regarded the man.

'There was a story about that chap a month or two ago,' said the reporter. 'They gave me the assignment. It was to run a column and was to be on the extremely light and joking order. The old man seems to like the funny touch I give to local happenings. Oh yes, I'm working on a farce comedy now. Well, I went down to the house and got all the details; but I certainly fell down on that job. I went back and turned in a comic write-up of an east side funeral instead. Why? Oh, I couldn't seem to get hold of it with my funny hooks, somehow. Maybe you could make a one-act tragedy out of it for a curtain-raiser. I'll give you the details.'

After the performance my friend, the reporter, recited to me the facts over the Würzburger.

racking, petitionary music of a violin The hag, music, bewitches some of the noblest. The daws may peck upon one's sleeve without in injury, but whoever wears his heart upon his tympanum gets it not far from the neck.

This music and the musician called her, and at her side honour and the old love held her back.

'Forgive me,' he pleaded.

'Twenty years is a long time to remain away from the one you say you love,' she declared, with a purgatorial touch.

'How could I tell?' he begged. 'I will conceal nothing from you. That night when he left I followed him. I was mad with jealousy. On a dark street I struck him down. He did not rise. I examined him. His head had struck a stone. I did not intend to kill him. I was mad with love and jealousy. I hid near by and saw an ambulance take him away. Although you married him, Helen –'

'*Who are you?*' cried the woman, with wide open eyes, snatching her hand away.

'Don't you remember me, Helen – the one who has always loved you the best? I am John Delaney. If you can forgive –'

But she was gone, leaping, stumbling, hurrying, flying up the stairs toward the music and him who had forgotten, but who had known her for his in each of his two existences, and as she climbed up she sobbed, cried and sang: 'Frank! Frank! Frank!'

Three mortals thus juggling with years as though they were billiard balls, and my friend, the reporter, couldn't see anything funny in it!

XLIX

A Ramble in Aphasia

MY WIFE AND I PARTED on that morning in precisely our usual manner. She left her second cup of tea to follow me to the front door. There she plucked from my lapel the invisible strand of lint (the universal act of woman to proclaim ownership) and bade me take care of my cold. I had no cold. Next came her kiss of parting – the level kiss of domesticity flavoured with Young Hyson. There was no fear of the extemporaneous, of variety spicing her infinite custom. With the deft touch of long malpractice, she dabbed awry my well-set scarf-pin; and then, as I closed the door, I heard her morning slippers pattering back to her cooling tea.

When I set out I had no thought or premonition of what was to occur. The attack came suddenly.

For many weeks I had been toiling, almost night and day, at a famous railroad law case that I won triumphantly but a few days previously. In fact, I had been digging away at the law almost without cessation for many years. Once or twice good Doctor Volney, my friend and physician, had warned me.

'If you don't slacken up, Bellford,' he said, 'you'll go suddenly to pieces. Either your nerves or your brain will give way. Tell me, does a week pass in which you do not read in the papers of a case of aphasia – of some man lost, wandering nameless, with his past and his identity blotted out – and all from that little brain-clot made by overwork or worry?'

'I always thought,' said I, 'that the clot in those instances was really to be found on the brains of the newspaper reporters.'

Dr. Volney shook his head.

'The disease exists,' he said. 'You need a change or a rest. Court-room, office and home – there is the only route you travel. For recreation you – read law books. Better take warning in time.'

'On Thursday nights,' I said defensively, 'my wife and I play cribbage. On Sundays she reads to me the weekly letter from her mother. That law books are not a recreation remains yet to be established.'

That morning as I walked I was thinking of Doctor Volney's words. I was feeling as well as I usually did – possibly in better spirits than usual.

I awoke with stiff and cramped muscles from having slept long on the incommodious seat of a day coach. I leaned my head against the seat and tried to think. After a long time I said to myself: 'I must have a name of some sort.' I searched my pockets. Not a card; not a letter; not a paper or monogram could I find. But I found in my coat pocket nearly $3,000 in bills of large denomination. 'I must be someone, of course,' I repeated to myself, and began again to consider.

The car was well crowded with men, among whom I told myself, there must have been some common interest, for they intermingled freely, and seemed in the best good-humour and spirits. One of them – a stout, spectacled gentleman enveloped in a decided odour of cinnamon and aloes – took the vacant half of my seat with a friendly nod, and unfolded a newspaper. In the intervals between his periods of reading, we conversed, as travellers will, on current

affairs. I found myself able to sustain the conversation on such subjects with credit, at least to my memory. By and by my companion said:

'You are one of us, of course. Fine lot of men the West sends in this time. I'm glad they held the convention in New York; I've never been East before. My name's R. P. Bolder – Bolder & Son, of Hickory Grove, Missouri.'

Though unprepared, I rose to the emergency, as men will when put to it. Now must I hold a christening, and be at once babe, parson and parent. My senses came to the rescue of my slower brain. The insistent odour of drugs from my companion supplied one idea; a glance at his newspaper, where my eye met a conspicuous advertisement, assisted me further.

'My name,' said I glibly, 'is Edward Pinkhammer. I am a druggist, and my home is in Cornopolis, Kansas.'

'I knew you were a druggist,' said my fellow-traveller affably. 'I saw the callous spot on your right forefinger where the handle of the pestle rubs. Of course, you are a delegate to our National Convention.'

'Are all these men druggists?' I asked wonderingly.

'They are. This car came through from the West. And they're your old-time druggists, too – none of your patent tablet-and-granule pharmashootists that use slot machines instead of a prescription desk. We percolate our own paregoric and roll our own pills, and we ain't above handling a few garden seeds in the spring, and carrying a sideline of confectionery and shoes. I tell you, Hampinker, I've got an idea to spring on this convention – new ideas is what they want. Now, you know the shelf bottles of tartar emetic and Rochelle salt Ant. et Pot. Tart. and Sod. et Pot. Tart. – one's poison, you know, and the other's harmless. It's easy to mistake one label for the other. Where do druggists mostly keep 'em? Why, as far apart as possible, on different shelves. That's wrong. I say keep 'em side by side so when you want one you can always compare it with the other and avoid mistakes. Do you catch the idea?'

'It seems to me a very good one,' I said.

'All right! When I spring it on the convention you back it up. We'll make some of these Eastern orange-phosphate-and-massage-cream professors that think they're the only lozenges in the market look like hypodermic tablets.'

'If I can be of any aid,' I said, warming, 'the two bottles of – er –'

'Tartrate of antimony and potash, and tartrate of soda and potash.'

'Shall henceforth sit side by side,' I concluded firmly.

'Now, there's another thing,' said Mr. Bolder. 'For an excipient in manipulating a pill mass which do you prefer – the magnesia carbonate or the pulverized glycerrhiza radix?'

'The – er – magnesia,' I said. It was easier to say than the other word.

Mr. Bolder glanced at me distrustfully through his spectacles.

'Give me the glycerrhiza,' said he. 'Magnesia cakes.'

'Here's another one of these fake aphasia cases,' he said, presently, handing me his newspaper, and laying his finger upon an article. 'I don't believe in 'em. I put nine out of ten of 'em down as frauds. A man gets sick of his business and his folks and wants to have a good time. He skips out somewhere, and when they find him he pretends to have lost his memory – don't know his own name, and won't even recognize the strawberry mark on his wife's left shoulder. Aphasia! Tut! Why can't they stay at home and forget?'

I took the paper and read, after the pungent headlines, the following:

'DENVER, June 12. – Elwyn C. Bellford, a prominent lawyer, is mysteriously missing from his home since three days ago, and all efforts to locate him have been in vain. Mr. Bellford is a well-known citizen of the highest standing, and has enjoyed a large and lucrative law practice. He is married and owns a fine home and the most extensive private library in the State. On the day of his disappearance, he drew quite a large sum of money from his bank. No one can be found who saw him after he left the bank. Mr. Bellford was a man of singularly quiet and domestic tastes, and seemed to find his happiness in his home and profession. If any clue at all exists to his strange disappearance, it may be found in the fact that for some months he had been deeply absorbed in an important law case in connection with the Q. Y. and Z. Railroad Company. It is feared that overwork may have affected his mind. Every effort is being made to discover the whereabouts of the missing man.'

'It seems to me you are not altogether uncynical Mr. Bolder,' I said, after I had read the despatch. 'This has the sound, to me, of a genuine case. Why should this man, prosperous, happily married and respected, choose suddenly to abandon everything? I know that these lapses of memory do occur, and that men do find themselves adrift without a name, a history or a home.'

'Oh, gammon and jalap!' said Mr. Bolder. 'It's larks they're after. There's too much education nowadays. Men know about aphasia, and they use it for an excuse. The women are wise, too.

When it's all over they look you in the eye, as scientific as you please, and say: "He hypnotized me." '

Thus Mr. Bolder diverted, but did not aid me with his comments and philosophy.

We arrived in New York about ten at night. I rode in a cab to an hotel, and I wrote my name 'Edward Pinkhammer' in the register. As I did so I felt pervade me a splendid, wild, intoxicating buoyancy – a sense of unlimited freedom, of newly attained possibilities. I was just born into the world. The old fetters – whatever they had been – were stricken from my hands and feet. The future lay before me a clear road such as an infant enters, and I could set out upon it equipped with a man's learning and experience.

I thought the hotel clerk looked at me five seconds too long. I had no baggage.

'The Druggists' Convention,' I said. 'My trunk has somehow failed to arrive.' I drew out a roll of money.

'Ah!' said he, showing an auriferous tooth, 'we have quite a number of the Western delegates stopping here.' He struck a bell for the boy.

I endeavoured to give colour to my rôle.

'There is an important movement on foot among us Westerners,' I said, 'in regard to a recommendation to the convention that the bottles containing the tartrate of antimony and potash, and the tartrate of sodium and potash, be kept in a contiguous position on the shelf.'

'Gentleman to three-fourteen,' said the clerk hastily. I was whisked away to my room.

The next day I bought a trunk and clothing, and began to live the life of Edward Pinkhammer. I did not tax my brain with endeavours to solve problems of the past.

It was a piquant and sparkling cup that the great island city held up to my lips. I drank of it gratefully. The keys of Manhattan belong to him who is able to bear them. You must be either the city's guest or its victim.

The following few days were as gold and silver. Edward Pinkhammer, yet counting back to his birth by hours only, knew the rare joy of having come upon so diverting a world full-fledged and unrestrained. I sat entranced on the magic carpets provided in theatres and roof-gardens, that transported one into strange and delightful lands full of frolicsome music, pretty girls and grotesque, drolly extravagant parodies upon humankind. I went here and there at my own dear will, bound by no limits of space,

time or comportment. I dined in weird cabarets, at weirder tables d'hôte to the sound of Hungarian music and the wild shouts of mercurial artists and sculptors. Or, again, where the night life quivers in the electric glare like a kinetoscopic picture, and the millinery of the world, and its jewels, and the ones whom they adorn, and the men who make all three possible are met for good cheer and the spectacular effect. And among all these scenes that I have mentioned I learned one thing that I never knew before. And that is that the key to liberty is not in the hands of Licence, but Convention holds it. Comity has a toll-gate at which you must pay, or you may not enter the land of Freedom. In all the glitter, the seeming disorder, the parade, the abandon, I saw this law, unobtrusive, yet like iron, prevail. Therefore, in Manhattan you must obey these unwritten laws, and then you will be freest of the free. If you decline to be bound by them, you put on shackles.

Sometimes, as my mood urged me, I would seek the stately, softly murmuring palm-rooms, redolent with high-born life and delicate restraint, in which to dine. Again I would go down to the waterways in steamers packed with vociferous, bedecked, unchecked, love-making clerks and shop-girls to their crude pleasures on the island shores. And there was always Broadway – glistening, opulent, wily, varying, desirable Broadway – growing upon one like an opium habit.

One afternoon as I entered my hotel a stout man with a big nose and a black moustache blocked my way in the corridor. When I would have passed around him, he greeted me with offensive familiarity.

'Hallo, Bellford!' he cried loudly. 'What the deuce are you doing in New York? Didn't know anything could drag you away from that old book den of yours. Is Mrs. B. along or is this a little business run alone, eh?'

'You have made a mistake, sir,' I said coldly, releasing my hand from his grasp. 'My name is Pinkhammer. You will excuse me.'

The man dropped to one side, apparently astonished. As I walked to the clerk's desk I heard him call to a bell-boy and say something about telegraph blanks.

'You will give me my bill,' I said to the clerk, 'and have my baggage brought down in half an hour. I do not care to remain where I am annoyed by confidence men.'

I moved that afternoon to another hotel, a sedate, old-fashioned one on lower Fifth Avenue.

There was a restaurant a little way off Broadway where one

could be served almost *alfresco* in a tropic array of screening flora. Quiet and luxury and a perfect service made it an ideal place in which to take luncheon or refreshment. One afternoon I was there picking my way to a table among the ferns when I felt my sleeve caught.

'Mr. Bellford!' exclaimed an amazingly sweet voice.

I turned quickly to see a lady seated alone – a lady of about thirty, with exceedingly handsome eyes, who looked at me as though I had been her very dear friend.

'You were about to pass me,' she said accusingly. 'Don't tell me you did not know me. Why should we not shake hands – at least once in fifteen years?'

I shook hands with her at once. I took a chair opposite her at the table. I summoned with my eyebrows a hovering waiter. The lady was philandering with an orange ice. I ordered a *crème de menthe*. Her hair was reddish bronze. You could not look at it, because you could not look away from her eyes. But you were conscious of it as you are conscious of sunset while you look into the profundities of a wood at twilight.

'Are you sure you know me?' I asked.

'No,' she said, smiling, 'I was never sure of that.'

'What would you think,' I said, a little anxiously, 'if I were to tell you that my name is Edward Pinkhammer, from Cornopolis, Kansas.'

'What would I think?' she repeated, with a merry glance. 'Why, that you had not brought Mrs. Bellford to New York with you, of course. I do wish you had. I would have liked to see Marian.' Her voice lowered slightly – 'You haven't changed much, Elwyn.'

I felt her wonderful eyes searching mine and my face more closely.

'Yes, you have,' she amended, and there was a soft, exultant note in her latest tones; 'I see it now. You haven't forgotten. You haven't forgotten for a year or a day or an hour. I told you you never could.'

I poked my straw anxiously in the *crème de menthe*.

'I'm sure I beg your pardon,' I said, a little uneasy at her gaze. 'But that is just the trouble. I have forgotten. I've forgotten everything.'

She flouted my denial. She laughed deliciously at something she seemed to see in my face.

'I've heard of you at times,' she went on. 'You're quite a big lawyer out West – Denver, isn't it, or Los Angeles? Marian must

be very proud of you. You knew, I suppose, that I married six months after you did. You may have seen it in the papers. The flowers alone cost two thousand dollars.'

She had mentioned fifteen years. Fifteen years is a long time.

'Would it be too late,' I asked somewhat timorously, 'to offer you congratulations?'

'Not if you dare do it,' she answered, with such fine intrepidity that I was silent, and began to crease patterns on the cloth with my thumb-nail.

'Tell me one thing,' she said, leaning toward me rather eagerly – 'a thing I have wanted to know for many years – just from a woman's curiosity, of course – have you ever dared since that night to touch, smell or look at white roses – at white roses wet with rain and dew?'

I took a sip of *crème de menthe.*

'It would be useless, I suppose,' I said, with a sigh, 'for me to repeat that I have no recollection at all about these things. My memory is completely at fault. I need not say how much I regret it.'

The lady rested her arms upon the table, and again her eyes disdained my words and went travelling by their own route direct to my soul. She laughed softly, with a strange quality in the sound – it was a laugh of happiness yes, and of content – and of misery. I tried to look away from her.

'You lie, Elwyn Bellford,' she breathed blissfully. 'Oh, I know you lie!'

I gazed dully into the ferns.

'My name is Edward Pinkhammer,' I said. 'I came with the delegates to the Druggists' National Convention. There is a movement on foot for arranging a new position for the bottles of tartrate of antimony and tartrate of potash, in which, very likely, you would take little interest.'

A shining landau stopped before the entrance. The lady rose. I took her hand, and bowed.

'I am deeply sorry,' I said to her, 'that I cannot remember. I could explain, but fear you would not understand. You will not concede Pinkhammer; and I really cannot at all conceive of the – the roses and other things.'

'Good-bye, Mr. Bellford,' she said, with her happy, sorrowful smile, as she stepped into her carriage.

I attended the theatre that night. When I returned to my hotel, a quiet man in dark clothes, who seemed interested in rubbing his

finger-nails with a silk handkerchief, appeared, magically, at my side.

'Mr. Pinkhammer,' he said casually, giving the bulk of his attention to his forefinger, 'may I request you to step aside with me for a little conversation? There is a room here.'

'Certainly,' I answered.

He conducted me into a small, private parlour. A lady and a gentleman were there. The lady, I surmised, would have been unusually good-looking had her features not been clouded by an expression of keen worry and fatigue. She was of a style of figure and possessed colouring and features that were agreeable to my fancy. She was in a travellingdress; she fixed upon me an earnest look of extreme anxiety, and pressed an unsteady hand to her bosom. I think she would have started forward, but the gentleman arrested her movement with an authoritative motion of his hand. He then came, himself, to meet me. He was a man of forty, a little grey about the temples, and with a strong, thoughtful face.

'Bellford, old man,' he said cordially, 'I'm glad to see you again. Of course we know everything is all right. I warned you, you know, that you were overdoing it. Now, you'll go back with us, and be yourself again in no time.'

I smiled ironically.

'I have been "Bellforded" so often,' I said, 'that it has lost its edge. Still, in the end, it may grow wearisome. Would you be willing at all to entertain the hypothesis that my name is Edward Pinkhammer, and that I never saw you before in my life?'

Before the man could reply a wailing cry came from the woman. She sprang past his detaining arm. 'Elwyn!' she sobbed, and cast herself upon me, and clung tight. 'Elwyn,' she cried again, 'don't break my heart. I am your wife – call my name once – just once! I could see you dead rather than this way.'

I unwound her arms respectfully, but firmly.

'Madam,' I said severely, 'pardon me if I suggest that you accept a resemblance too precipitately. It is a pity,' I went on, with an amused laugh, as the thought occurred to me, 'that this Bellford and I could not be kept side by side upon the same shelf like tartrates of sodium and antimony for purposes of identification. In order to understand the allusion,' I concluded airily, 'it may be necessary for you to keep an eye on the proceedings of the Druggists' National Convention.'

The lady turned to her companion, and grasped his arm.

'What is it, Doctor Volney? Oh, what is it?' she moaned.

He led her to the door.

'Go to your room for awhile,' I heard him say. 'I will remain and talk with him. His mind? No, I think not – only a portion of the brain. Yes, I am sure he will recover. Go to your room and leave me with him.'

The lady disappeared. The man in dark clothes also went outside, still manicuring himself in a thoughtful way. I think he waited in the hall.

'I would like to talk with you a while, Mr. Pinkhammer, if I may,' said the gentleman who remained.

'Very well, if you care to,' I replied, 'and will excuse me if I take it comfortably; I am rather tired.' I stretched myself upon a couch by a window and lit a cigar. He drew a chair near by.

'Let us speak to the point,' he said soothingly. 'Your name is not Pinkhammer.'

'I know that as well as you do,' I said coolly. 'But a man must have a name of some sort. I can assure you that I do not extravagantly admire the name of Pinkhammer. But when one christens one's self, suddenly the fine names do not seem to suggest themselves. But suppose it had been Scheringhausen or Scroggins! I think I did very well with Pinkhammer.'

'Your name,' said the other man seriously, 'is Elwyn C. Bellford. You are one of the first lawyers in Denver. You are suffering from an attack of aphasia, which has caused you to forget your identity. The cause of it was over-application to your profession, and, perhaps, a life too bare of natural recreation and pleasures. The lady who has just left the room is your wife.'

'She is what I would call a fine-looking woman,' I said, after a judicial pause. 'I particularly admire the shade of brown in her hair.'

'She is a wife to be proud of. Since your disappearance, nearly two weeks ago, she has scarcely closed her eyes. We learned that you were in New York through a telegram sent by Isidore Newman, a travelling man from Denver. He said that he had met you in an hotel here, and that you did not recognize him.'

'I think I remember the occasion,' I said. 'The fellow called me "Bellford," if I am not mistaken. But don't you think it about time, now, for you to introduce yourself?'

'I am Robert Volney – Doctor Volney. I have been your close friend for twenty years, and your physician for fifteen. I came with Mrs. Bellford to trace you as soon as we got the telegram. Try, Elwyn, old man – try to remember!'

'What's the use to try!' I asked, with a little frown. 'You say you are a physician. Is aphasia curable? When a man loses his memory, does it return slowly, or suddenly?'

'Sometimes gradually and imperfectly; sometimes as suddenly as it went.'

'Will you undertake the treatment of my case, Doctor Volney?' I asked.

'Old friend,' said he, 'I'll do everything in my power, and will have done everything that science can do to cure you.'

'Very well,' said I. 'Then you will consider that I am your patient. Everything is in confidence now – professional confidence.'

'Of course,' said Doctor Volney.

I got up from the couch. Someone had set a vase of white roses on the centre table – a cluster of white roses freshly sprinkled and fragrant. I threw them far out of the window, and then I laid myself upon the couch again.

'It will be best, Bobby,' I said, 'to have this cure happen suddenly. I'm rather tired of it all, anyway. You may go now and bring Marian in. But, oh, Doc,' I said, with a sigh, as I kicked him on the shin – 'good old Doc – it was glorious!'

L

A Municipal Report

The cities are full of pride,
  Challenging each to each –
This from her mountainside,
  That from her burthened beach.

R. KIPLING.

Fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee! There are just three big cities in the United States that are 'story cities' – New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco. – FRANK NORRIS.

EAST IS EAST, and West is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people; they are not merely inhabitants of a State. They are the Southerners of the West. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city; but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows Building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course they have, in the climate, an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coal bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them, and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad of the New World. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all (from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say: 'In this town there can be no romance – what could happen here?' Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance, and Rand and McNally.

NASHVILLE. – A city, port of delivery, and the capital of the State of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland River and on the N.C. & St. L. and the L. & N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational centre in the South.

I stepped off the train at 8 p.m. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, hie me to comparison in the form of a recipe.

Take of London fog 30 parts; malaria 10 parts; gas leaks 20 parts; dewdrops, gathered in a brickyard at sunrise, 25 parts; odour of honeysuckle 15 parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a moth-ball nor as thick as pea-soup; but 'tis enough – 'twill serve.

I went to an hotel in a tumbril. It required strong self-suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

I was sleepy and tired, so when I got to the hotel I hurriedly paid it the fifty cents it demanded (with approximate lagniappe, I assure you). I knew its habits; and I did not want to hear it prate about its old 'marster' or anything that happened 'befo' de wah.'

The hotel was one of the kind described as 'renovated.' That means $20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights and brass cuspidors in the lobby, and a new L. & N. time table and a lithograph of Lookout Mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite Southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good-humoured as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth travelling a thousand miles for. There is no

other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken livers *en brochette.*

At dinner I asked a negro waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute, and then replied: 'Well, boss, I don't really reckon there's anything at all doin' after sundown.'

Sundown had been accomplished; it had been drowned in the drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds; and the streets are lighted by electricity at a cost of $32,470 per annum.

As I left the hotel there was a race riot. Down upon me charged a company of freedmen, or Arabs, or Zulus, armed with – no, I saw with relief that they were not rifles, but whips. And I saw dimly a caravan of black, clumsy vehicles; and at the reassuring shouts, 'Kyar you anywhere in the town, boss, fuh fifty cents,' I reasoned that I was merely a 'fare' instead of a victim.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how those streets ever came down again. Perhaps they didn't until they were 'graded.' On a few of the 'main streets' I saw lights in stores here and there; saw street-cars go by conveying worthy burghers hither and yon; saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation, and heard a burst of semi-lively laughter issuing from a soda-water and ice-cream parlour. The streets other than 'main' seemed to have enticed upon their borders houses consecrated to peace and domesticity. In many of them lights shone behind discreetly drawn window shades; in a few pianos tinkled orderly and irreproachable music. There was, indeed, little 'doing.' I wished I had come before sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced against Nashville, where he shut up a National force under General Thomas. The latter then sallied forth and defeated the confederates in a terrible conflict.

All my life I have heard of, admired, and witnessed the fine markmanship of the South in its peaceful conflicts in the tobacco-chewing regions. But in my hotel a surprise awaited me. There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide-mouthed that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should

have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging, the enemy had not suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But shades of Jefferson Brick! the tile floor – the beautiful tile floor! I could not avoid thinking of the battle of Nashville, and trying to draw, as is my foolish habit, some deductions about hereditary markmanship.

Here I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend, A. Tennyson, said, as he so well said almost everything:

> 'Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
> And curse me the British vermin, the rat.'

Let us regard the word 'British' as interchangeable *ad lib.* A rat is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy, and with a kind of sleepy massiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue – he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of squirrel rifles; so I side-stepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologize to a non-combatant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a Southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by Sherman, and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays Dixie I do not cheer. I slide a little lower on the leather-cornered seat and, well, order another Würzburger and wish that Longstreet had – but what's the use?

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist, and the first gun at Fort Sumter re-echoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox

I began to hope. But then he began on family trees, and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of, he took up, to my distaste, his private family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve, and profanely denied any possible rumour that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact that he had ordered the drinks, on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he crashed a silver dollar loudly upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely; for I wanted no more of him. But before I had obtained my release he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received, and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously: 'If that man Caswell has annoyed you, and if you would like to make a complaint, we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer, and without any known means of support, although he seems to have some money most the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally.'

'Why, no,' said I, after some reflection; 'I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town,' I continued, 'seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?'

'Well, sir,' said the clerk, 'there will be a show here next Thursday. It is – I'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good night.'

After I went up to my room I looked out of the window. It was only about ten o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as currants in a cake sold at the Ladies' Exchange.

'A quiet place,' I said to myself, as my first shoe struck the ceiling of the occupant of the room beneath mine. 'Nothing of the life here that gives colour and variety to the cities in the East and West. Just a good, ordinary, humdrum business town.'

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centres of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the South, and does an enormous wholesale dry goods, grocery and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and assure you the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was travelling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a Northern literary magazine to stop over there and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clue to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art!) and poems that had made the editors swear approvingly over their one o'clock luncheon. So they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by contract his or her output at two cents a word before some other publisher offered her ten or twenty.

At nine o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers *en brochette* (try them if you can find that hotel), I strayed out into the drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Cæsar. He was a stalwart negro, older than the pyramids, with grey wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus, and a second afterwards of the late King Cetewayo. He wore the most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expect to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate grey in colours. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat, beside it, would have faded to a pale monochrome. I must linger with that coat for it has to do with the story – the story that is so long in coming, because you can hardly expect anything to happen in Nashville.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and tasselled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone. In their stead had been patiently stitched (I surmised by some surviving 'black mammy') new frogs made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and dishevelled. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendours, with tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed faithfully the curves of the long-missing frogs. And, to complete the comedy and pathos of the garment, all its buttons were gone save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other twine strings tied through the buttonholes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There was never such a weird garment so fantastically bedecked and of so many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half-dollar, made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might

have started a hack line with it after he left the ark with the two animals hitched to it. As I approached he threw open the door, drew out a leather duster, waved it, without using it, and said in deep, rumbling tones:

'Step right in, suh; ain't a speck of dust in it – jus' back from a funeral, suh.'

I inferred that on such gala occasions carriages were given an extra cleaning. I looked up and down the street and perceived that there was little choice among the vehicles for hire that lined the kerb. I looked in my memorandum book for the address of Azalea Adair.

'I want to go to 861 Jessamine Street,' I said, and was about to step into the hack. But for an instant the thick, long, gorilla-like arm of the old negro barred me. On his massive and saturnine face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning conviction, he asked blandishingly: 'What are you gwine there for, boss?'

'What is that to you?' I asked a little sharply.

'Nothin', suh, jus' nothin'. Only it's a lonesome kind of part of town and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The seats is clean – jes' got back from a funeral, suh.'

A mile and a half it must have been to our journey's end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the drizzle, now further flavoured with coal smoke and something like a mixture of tar and oleander blossoms. All I could see through the streaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of 10 square miles; 181 miles of streets, of which 137 miles are paved; a system of waterworks that cost $2,000,000, with 77 miles of mains.

Eight-sixty-one Jessamine Street was a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back from the street it stood, outmerged in a splendid grove of trees and untrimmed shrubbery. A row of box bushes overflowed and almost hid the paling fence from sight; the gate was kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate-post and the first paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that 861 was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. But in the story, I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary quadrupeds came to a rest I handed my jehu his fifty cents with an

additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity as I did so. He refused it.

'It's two dollars, suh,' he said.

'How's that?' I asked. 'I plainly heard you call out at the hotel: "Fifty cents to any part of the town." '

'It's two dollars, suh,' he repeated obstinately. 'It's a long ways from the hotel.'

'It is within the city limits and well within them,' I argued. 'Don't think that you have picked up a greenhorn Yankee. Do you see those hills over there?' I went on, pointing toward the east (I could not see them, myself, for the drizzle); 'well, I was born and raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see em?'

The grim face of King Cetewayo softened. 'Is you from the South, suh? I reckon it was them shoes of yourn fooled me. There is somethin' sharp in the toes for a Southern gen'l'man to wear.'

'Then the charge is fifty cents, I suppose?' said I inexorably.

His former expression, a mingling of cupidity and hostility, returned, remained ten minutes, and vanished.

'Boss,' he said, 'fifty cents is right; but *I needs* two dollars, suh; I'm *obleeged* to have two dollars. I ain't *demandin'* it now, suh; after I knows whar you's from; I'm jus' sayin' that I *has* to have two dollars to-night, and business is mighty po'.'

Peace and confidence settled upon his heavy features. He had been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance.

'You confounded old rascal,' I said, reaching down into my pocket, 'you ought to be turned over to the police.'

For the first time I saw him smile. He knew; *he knew;* HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that one of them had seen parlous times. Its upper right-hand corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle but joined again. A strip of blue tissue-paper, pasted over the split, preserved its negotiability.

Enough of the African bandit for the present: I left him happy, lifted the rope and opened the creaky gate.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint-brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not have bowled it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the trees that hugged it close – the trees that saw the battle of Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it against storm and enemy and cold.

Azalea Adair, fifty years old, white-haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen's, received me.

The reception-room seemed a mile square, because there was nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted, white-pine bookshelves, a cracked, marble-top table, a rag rug, a hairless horse-hair sofa and two or three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a coloured crayon drawing of a cluster of pansies. I looked around for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine-cone hanging basket, but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation, a little of which will be repeated to you. She was a product of the old South, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home, and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious, small group of essayists made. While she talked to me, I kept brushing my fingers, trying, unconsciously, to rid them guiltily of the absent dust from the half-calf backs of Lamb, Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne and Hood. She was exquisite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much – oh, so much too much – of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Azalea Adair was very poor. A house and a dress she had, not much else, I fancied. So, divided between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and essayists who fought Thomas in the valley of the Cumberland, I listened to her voice, which was like a harpsichord's, and found that I could not speak of contracts. In the presence of the Nine Muses and the Three Graces one hesitated to lower the topic to two cents. There would have to be another colloquy after I had regained my commercialism. But I spoke of my mission, and three o'clock of the next afternoon was set for the discussion of the business proposition

'Your town,' I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is the time for smooth generalities), 'seems to be a quiet, sedate place. A home town, I should say, where few things out of the ordinary ever happen.'

It carries on an extensive trade in stoves and hollow ware with the West and South, and its flouring mills have a daily capacity of more than 2,000 barrels.

Azalea Adair seemed to reflect.

'I have never thought of it that way,' she said, with a kind of sincere intensity that seemed to belong to her. 'Isn't it in the still, quiet places that things do happen? I fancy that when God began to create the earth on the first Monday morning one could have leaned out one's windows and heard the drop of mud splashing from His trowel as He built up the everlasting hills. What did the noisiest project in the world – I mean the building of the tower of Babel – result in finally? A page and a half of Esperanto in the *North American Review*.'

'Of course,' said I platitudinously, 'human nature is the same everywhere; but there is more colour – er – more drama and movement and – er – romance in some cities than in others.'

'On the surface,' said Azalea Adair. 'I have travelled many times around the world in a golden airship wafted on two wings – print and dreams. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours) the Sultan of Turkey bow-string with his own hands one of his wives who had uncovered her face in public. I have seen a man in Nashville tear up his theatre tickets because his wife was going out with her face covered – with rice powder. In San Francisco's Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch, in boiling almond oil to make her swear she would never see her American lover again. She gave in when the boiling oil had reached three inches above her knee. At a euchre party in East Nashville the other night I saw Kitty Morgan cut dead by seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had married a house painter. The boiling oil was sizzling as high as her heart; but I wish you could have seen the fine little smile that she carried from table to table. Oh yes, it is a humdrum town. Just a few miles of redbrick houses and mud and stores and lumber yards.'

Someone knocked hollowly at the back of the house. Azalea Adair breathed a soft apology and went to investigate the sound. She came back in three minutes with brightened eyes, a faint flush on her cheeks, and ten years lifted from her shoulders.

'You must have a cup of tea before you go,' she said, 'and a sugar cake.'

She reached and shook a little iron bell. In shuffled a small negro girl about twelve, bare-foot, not very tidy, glowering at me with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Azalea Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn in

two pieces and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue-paper. It was one of the bills I had given the piratical negro – there was no doubt of it.

'Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Impy,' she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, 'and get a quarter of a pound of tea – the kind he always sends me – and ten cents worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be exhausted,' she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet had died away on the back porch, a wild shriek – I was sure it was hers – filled the hollow house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's further squeals and unintelligible words.

Azalea Adair rose without surprise or emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse rumble of the man's voice; then something like an oath and a light scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

'This is a roomy house,' she said, 'and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps to-morrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me.'

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street-car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But to-morrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of iniquity that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph, and to be an accomplice – after the fact, if that is the correct legal term – to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpareil coat seized me, swung open the dungeony door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flirted his feather duster and began his ritual: 'Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean – jus' got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any –'

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. ' 'Scuse me, boss; you is de gen'l'man what rid out with me dis mawnin'. Thank you kindly, suh.'

'I am going out to 861 again to-morrow afternoon at three,' said I, 'and if you will be here, I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?' I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

'I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, suh,' he replied.

'I judge that she is pretty poor,' I said. 'She hasn't much money to speak of, has she?'

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Cetewayo, and then he changed back to an extortionate old negro hack-driver.

'She a'n't gwine to starve, suh,' he said slowly. 'She has reso'ces, suh; she has reso'ces.'

'I shall pay you fifty cents for the trip,' said I.

'Dat is puffeckly correct, suh,' he answered humbly; 'I jus' *had* to have dat two dollars dis mawnin, boss.'

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine: 'A. Adair holds out for eight cents a word.'

The answer that came back was: 'Give it to her quick, you duffer.'

Just before dinner 'Major' Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long-lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated, and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me; therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping thereby to escape another, but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising bibbers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched with a strip of blue tissue-paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, eventless Southern town had made me tired and listless. I remember that just before I went to bed I mentally disposed of the mysterious dollar bill (which might have formed the clue to a tremendously fine detective story of San Francisco) by saying to myself sleepily: 'Seems as if a lot of people here own stock in the Hack-Driver's Trust. Pays dividends promptly, too. Wonder if –' Then I fell asleep.

King Cetewayo was at his post the next day, and rattled my bones over the stones out to 861. He was to wait and rattle me back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at eight cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair.

Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian horsehair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee-coloured Pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him, he abandoned his team and struck off up the street afoot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned with a grave, grey-haired and capable man of medicine. In a few words (worth much less than eight cents each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately understanding, and turned to the old negro.

'Uncle Cæsar,' he said calmly, 'run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive – run. I want you to get back some time this week.'

It occurred to me that Dr. Merriman also felt a distrust as to the speeding powers of the landpirate's steeds. After Uncle Cæsar was gone, lumberingly, but swiftly, up the street, the doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

'It is only a case of insufficient nutrition,' he said. 'In other words, the result of poverty, pride, and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old negro, Uncle Cæsar, who was once owned by her family.'

'Mrs. Caswell!' said I, in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it 'Azalea Adair Caswell.'

'I thought she was Miss Adair,' I said.

'Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir,' said the doctor. 'It is said that he robs her even of the small sums that her old servant contributes toward her support.'

When the milk and wine had been brought, the doctor soon revived Azalea Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were then in season, and their height of colour. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and intentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

'By the way,' he said, 'perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Cæsar's grandfather was a king in Congo. Cæsar himself has royal ways, as you may have observed.'

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Cæsar's voice inside: 'Did he git bofe of dem two dollars from you, Mis' Zalea?'

'Yes, Cæsar,' I heard Azalea Adair answer weakly. And then I went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing fifty dollars, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Cæsar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about six o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Cæsar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his duster and began his depressing formula: 'Step right in, suh. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city – hack's puffickly clean, suh – jus' got back from a funeral –'

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of colour, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button – the button of yellow horn – was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Cæsar.

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was manna; so I edged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile Major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and ennuied citizens to the drug store. The late human being had been engaged in terrific battle – the details showed that. Loafer and reprobate though he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clenched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind-looking man said, after much thought: 'When "Cas" was about fo'teen he was one of the best spellers in school.'

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of 'the man that was,' which hung down the side of a white pine box, relaxed, and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly, and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object unwittingly and held it in a death-grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

'In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no-account niggers for his money. He had fifty dollars this afternoon which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person.'

I left the city the next morning at nine, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland River I took out of my pocket a yellow, horn, overcoat button the size of a fifty-cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow, muddy waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo!

LI

~~*Compliments of the Season*~~

~~THERE ARE NO MORE Christmas stories to write. Fiction is exhausted; and newspaper items the next best, are manufactured by clever young Journalists who have married early and have an engagingly pessimistic view of life. Therefore, for seasonable diversion, we are reduced to two very questionable sources – facts and philosophy. We will begin with – whichever you choose to call it.~~

~~Children are pestilential little animals with which we have to cope under a bewildering variety of conditions. Especially when childish sorrows overwhelm them are we put to our wits' end. We exhaust our paltry store of consolation, and then beat them, sobbing, to sleep. Then we grovel in the dust of a million years, and ask God why. Thus we call out of the rat-trap. As for the children, no one understands them except old maids, hunchbacks, and shepherd dogs.~~

~~Now come the facts in the case of the Rag Doll, the Tatterdemalion, and the Twenty-fifth of December.~~

~~On the tenth of that month the Child of the Millionaire lost her rag-doll. There were many servants in the Millionaire's palace on the Hudson, and these ransacked the house and grounds, but without finding the lost treasure. The Child was a girl of five, and one of those perverse little beasts that often wound the sensibilities of wealthy parents by fixing their affections upon some vulgar,~~

'P-pardon, lady,' he said, 'but couldn't leave without exchangin' comp'ments sheason with lady th' house. "Gainst prine'ples gen'leman do sho.'

And then he began the ancient salutation that was a tradition in the House when men wore lace ruffles and powder.

'The blessings of another year –'

Fuzzy's memory failed him. The Lady prompted:

'– Be upon this hearth.'

'– The guest –' stammered Fuzzy.

'– And upon her who –' continued the Lady, with a leading smile.

'Oh, cut it out,' said Fuzzy ill manneredly. 'I can't remember. Drink hearty.'

Fuzzy had shot his arrow. They drank. The Lady smiled again the smile of her caste. James enveloped Fuzzy and re-conducted him toward the front door. The harp music still softly drifted through the house.

Outside, Black Riley breathed on his cold hands and hugged the gate.

'I wonder,' said the Lady to herself, musing 'who – but there were so many who came. I wonder whether memory is a curse or a blessing to them after they have fallen so low.'

Fuzzy and his escort were nearly at the door The Lady called: 'James!'

James stalked back obsequiously, leaving Fuzzy waiting unsteadily, with his brief spark of the divine fire gone.

Outside, Black Riley stamped his cold feet and got a firmer grip on his section of gas-pipe.

'You will conduct this gentleman,' said the Lady, 'downstairs. Then tell Louis to get out the Mercedes and take him to whatever place he wishes to go.'

LII

Proof of the Pudding

SPRING WINKED a vitreous optic at Editor Westbrook, of the *Minerva Magazine*, and deflected him from his course. He had lunched in his favourite corner of a Broadway hotel, and was returning to his office when his feet became entangled in the lure of the vernal coquette. Which is by way of saying that he turned eastward in

Twenty-sixth Street, safely forded the spring freshet of vehicles in Fifth Avenue, and meandered along the walks of budding Madison Square.

The lenient air and the settings of the little park almost formed a pastoral; the colour motif was green – the presiding shade at the creation of man and vegetation.

The callow grass between the walks was the colour of verdigris, a poisonous green, reminiscent of the horde of derelict humans that had breathed upon the soil during the summer and autumn. The bursting tree-buds looked strangely familiar to those who had botanized among the garnishings of the fish course of a forty-cent dinner. The sky above was of that pale aquamarine tint that hall-room poets rhyme with 'true' and 'Sue' and 'coo.' The one natural and frank colour visible was the ostensible green of the newly painted benches – a shade between the colour of a pickled cucumber and that of a last year's fast-back cravenette raincoat. But, to the city-bred eye of Editor Westbrook, the landscape appeared a masterpiece.

And now, whether you are of those who rush in, or of the gentle concourse that fears to tread, you must follow in a brief invasion of the editor's mind.

Editor Westbrook's spirit was contented and serene. The April number of the *Minerva* had sold its entire edition before the tenth day of the month – a newsdealer in Keokuk had written that he could have sold fifty copies more if he had had 'em. The owners of the magazine had raised his (the editor's) salary; he had just installed in his home a jewel of a recently imported cook who was afraid of policemen; and the morning papers had published in full a speech he had made at a publishers' banquet. Also there were echoing in his mind the jubilant notes of a splendid song that his charming young wife had sung to him before he left his uptown apartment that morning. She was taking enthusiastic interest in her music of late, practising early and diligently. When he had complimented her on the improvement in her voice she had fairly hugged him for joy at his praise. He felt, too, the benign, tonic medicament of the trained nurse, Spring, tripping softly adown the wards of the convalescent city.

While Editor Westbrook was sauntering between rows of park benches (already filling with vagrants and the guardians of lawless childhood) he felt his sleeve grasped and held. Suspecting that he was about to be panhandled, he turned a cold and unprofitable face, and saw that his captor was – Dawe – Shackleford Dawe,

dingy, almost ragged, the genteel scarcely visible in him through the deeper lines of the shabby.

While the editor is pulling himself out of his surprise, a flash-light biography of Dawe is offered.

He was a fiction writer, and one of Westbrook's old acquaintances. At one time they might have called each other old friends. Dawe had some money in those days, and lived in a decent apartment-house near Westbrook's. The two families often went to theatres and dinners together. Mrs. Dawe and Mrs. Westbrook became 'dearest' friends. Then one day a little tentacle of the octopus, just to amuse itself, ingurgitated Dawe's capital, and he moved to the Gramercy Park neighbourhood, where one, for a few groats per week, may sit upon one's trunk under eight-branched chandeliers and opposite Carrara marble mantels and watch the mice play upon the floor. Dawe thought to live by writing fiction. Now and then he sold a story. He submitted many to Westbrook. The *Minerva* printed one or two of them; the rest were returned. Westbrook sent a careful and conscientious personal letter with each rejected manuscript, pointing out in detail his reasons for considering it unavailable. Editor Westbrook had his own clear conception of what constituted good fiction. So had Dawe. Mrs. Dawe was mainly concerned about the constituents of the scanty dishes of food that she managed to scrape together. One day Dawe had been spouting to her about the excellences of certain French writers. At dinner they sat down to a dish that a hungry schoolboy could have encompassed at a gulp. Dawe commented.

'It's Maupassant hash,' said Mrs. Dawe. 'It may not be art, but I do wish you would do a five course Marion Crawford serial with an Ella Wheeler Wilcox sonnet for dessert. I'm hungry.'

As far as this from success was Shackleford Dawe when he plucked Editor Westbrook's sleeve in Madison Square. That was the first time the editor had seen Dawe in several months.

'Why, Shack, is this you?' said Westbrook somewhat awkwardly, for the form of this phrase seemed to touch upon the other's changed appearance.

'Sit down for a minute,' said Dawe, tugging at his sleeve. 'This is my office. I can't come to yours, looking as I do. Oh, sit down – you won't be disgraced. Those half-plucked birds on the other benches will take you for a swell porch-climber. They won't know you are only an editor.'

'Smoke, Shack?' said Editor Westbrook, sinking cautiously

upon the virulent green bench. He always yielded gracefully when he did yield.

Dawe snapped at the cigar as a kingfisher darts at a sunperch, or a girl pecks at a chocolate cream.

'I have just –' began the editor.

'Oh, I know; don't finish,' said Dawe. 'Give me a match. You have just ten minutes to spare. How did you manage to get past my office-boy and invade my sanctum? There he goes now, throwing his club at a dog that couldn't read the "Keep off the Grass" signs.'

'How goes the writing?' asked the editor.

'Look at me,' said Dawe, 'for your answer. Now don't put on that embarrassed, friendly-but-honest look and ask me why I don't get a job as a wine agent or a cab-driver. I'm in the fight to a finish. I know I can write good fiction and I'll force you fellows to admit it yet. I'll make you change the spelling of "regrets" to "c-h-e-q-u-e" before I'm done with you.'

Editor Westbrook gazed through his nose-glasses with a sweetly sorrowful, omniscient, sympathetic, sceptical expression – the copyrighted expression of the editor beleaguered by the unavailable contributor.

'Have you read the last story I sent you – "The Alarum of the Soul"?' asked Dawe.

'Carefully. I hesitated over that story, Shack, really I did. It had some good points. I was writing you a letter to send with it when it goes back to you. I regret –'

'Never mind the regrets,' said Dawe grimly. 'There's neither salve nor sting in 'em any more. What I want to know is why. Come, now; out with the good points first.'

'The story,' said Westbrook deliberately, after a suppressed sigh, 'is written around an almost original plot. Characterization – the best you have done. Construction – almost as good, except for a few weak joints which might be strengthened by a few changes and touches. It was a good story, except –'

'I can write English, can't I?' interrupted Dawe.

'I have always told you,' said the editor, 'that you had a style.'

'Then the trouble is the –'

'Same old thing,' said Editor Westbrook. 'You work up to your climax like an artist. And then you turn yourself into a photographer. I don't know what form of obstinate madness possesses you, Shack, but that is what you do with everything that you write. No, I will retract the comparison with the photographer. Now

and then photography, in spite of its impossible perspective, manages to record a fleeting glimpse of truth. But you spoil every denouement by those flat, drab, obliterating strokes of your brush that I have so often complained of. If you would rise to the literary pinnacle of your dramatic scenes, and paint them in the high colours that art requires, the postman would leave fewer bulky, self-addressed envelopes at your door.'

'Oh, fiddles and footlights!' cried Dawe derisively. 'You've got that old sawmill drama kink in your brain yet. When the man with the black moustache kidnaps golden-haired Bessie you are bound to have the mother kneel and raise her hands in the spotlight and say: "May high heaven witness that I will rest neither night nor day till the heartless villain that has stolen me child feels the weight of a mother's vengeance!" '

Editor Westbrook conceded a smile of impervious complacency.

'I think,' said he, 'that in real life the woman would express herself in those words or in very similar ones.'

'Not in a six hundred nights' run anywhere but on the stage,' said Dawe hotly. 'I'll tell you what she'd say in real life. She'd say: "What! Bessie led away by a strange man? Good Lord! It's one trouble after another! Get my other hat, I must hurry around to the police-station. Why wasn't somebody looking after her, I'd like to know? For God's sake, get out of my way or I'll never get ready. Not that hat – the brown one with the velvet bows. Bessie must have been crazy; she's usually shy of strangers. Is that too much powder? Lordy! How I'm upset!"

'That's the way she'd talk,' continued Dawe. 'People in real life don't fly into heroics and blank verse at emotional crises. They simply can't do it. If they talk at all on such occasions they draw from the same vocabulary that they use every day, and muddle up their words and ideas a little more, that's all.'

'Shack,' said Editor Westbrook impressively, 'did you ever pick up the mangled and lifeless form of a child from under the fender of a street-car, and carry it in your arms and lay it down before the distracted mother? Did you ever do that and listen to the words of grief and despair as they flowed spontaneously from her lips?'

'I never did,' said Dawe. 'Did you?'

'Well, no,' said Editor Westbrook, with a slight frown. 'But I can well imagine what she would say.'

'So can I,' said Dawe.

And now the fitting time had come for Editor Westbrook to play the oracle and silence his opinionated contributor. It was not for an

unarrived fictionist to dictate words to be uttered by the heroes and heroines of the *Minerva Magazine*, contrary to the theories of the editor thereof.

'My dear Shack,' said he, 'if I know anything of life I know that every sudden, deep and tragic emotion in the human heart calls forth an apposite, concordant, conformable, and proportionate expression of feeling? How much of this inevitable accord between expression and feeling should be attributed to nature, and how much to the influence of art, it would be difficult to say. The sublimely terrible roar of the lioness that has been deprived of her cubs is dramatically as far above her customary whine and purr as the kingly and transcendent utterances of Lear are above the level of his senile vapourings. But it is also true that all men and women have what may be called a subconscious dramatic sense that is awakened by a sufficiently deep and powerful emotion – a sense unconsciously acquired from literature and the stage that prompts them to express those emotions in language befitting their importance and histrionic value.'

'And in the name of seven sacred saddle-blankets of Sagittarius, where did the stage and literature get the stunt?' asked Dawe.

'From life,' answered the editor triumphantly.

The story-writer rose from the bench and gesticulated eloquently but dumbly. He was beggared for words with which to formulate adequately his dissent.

On a bench near by a frowsy loafer opened his red eyes and perceived that his moral support was due to a down-trodden brother.

'Punch him one, Jack,' he called hoarsely to Dawe. 'W'at's he come makin' a noise like a penny arcade for amongst gen'lemen that comes in the Square to set and think?'

Editor Westbrook looked at his watch with an affected show of leisure.

'Tell me,' asked Dawe, with truculent anxiety, 'what especial faults in "The Alarum of the Soul" caused you to throw it down.'

'When Gabriel Murray,' said Westbrook, 'goes to his telephone and is told that his fiancée has been shot by a burglar, he says – I do not recall the exact words, but –'

'I do,' said Dawe. 'He says: "Damn Central; she always cuts me off." (And then to his friend): "Say, Tommy, does a thirty-two bullet make a big hole? It's kind of hard luck, ain't it? Could you get me a drink from the sideboard, Tommy? No; straight; nothing on the side." '

'And again,' continued the editor, without pausing for argument, 'when Berenice opens the letter from her husband informing her that he has fled with the manicure girl, her words are – let me see –'

'She says,' interposed the author: ' "Well, what do you think of that!" '

'Absurdly inappropriate words,' said Westbrook, 'presenting an anti-climax – plunging the story into hopeless bathos. Worse yet; they mirror life falsely. No human being ever uttered banal colloquialisms when confronted by sudden tragedy.'

'Wrong,' said Dawe, closing his unshaven jaws doggedly. 'I say no man or woman ever spouts highfalutin talk when they go up against a real climax. They talk naturally, and a little worse.'

The editor rose from the bench with his air of indulgence and inside information.

'Say, Westbrook,' said Dawe, pinning him by the lapel, 'would you have accepted "The Alarum of the Soul" if you had believed that the actions and words of the characters were true to life in the parts of the story that we discussed?'

'It is very likely that I would, if I believed that way,' said the editor. 'But I have explained to you that I do not.'

'If I could prove to you that I am right?'

'I'm sorry, Shack, but I'm afraid I haven't time to argue any further just now.'

'I don't want to argue,' said Dawe. 'I want to demonstrate to you from life itself that my view is the correct one.'

'How could you do that?' asked Westbrook in a surprised tone.

'Listen,' said the writer seriously. 'I have thought of a way. It is important to me that my theory of true-to-life fiction be recognized as correct by the magazines. I've fought for it for three years, and I'm down to my last dollar, with two months' rent due.'

'I have applied the opposite of your theory,' said the editor, 'in selecting the fiction for the *Minerva Magazine*. The circulation has gone up from ninety thousand to –'

'Four hundred thousand,' said Dawe. 'Whereas it should have been boosted to a million.'

'You said something to me just now about demonstrating your pet theory.'

'I will. If you'll give me about half an hour of your time I'll prove to you that I am right. I'll prove it by Louise.'

'Your wife!' exclaimed Westbrook. 'How?'

'Well, not exactly by her, but with her,' said Dawe. 'Now, you

know how devoted and loving Louise has always been. She thinks I'm the only genuine preparation on the market that bears the old doctor's signature. She's been fonder and more faithful than ever, since I've been cast for the neglected genius part.'

'Indeed, she is a charming and admirable life companion,' agreed the editor. 'I remember what inseparable friends she and Mrs. Westbrook once were. We are both lucky chaps, Shack, to have such wives. You must bring Mrs. Dawe up some evening soon, and we'll have one of those informal chafing-dish suppers that we used to enjoy so much.'

'Later,' said Dawe. 'When I get another shirt. And now I'll tell you my scheme. When I was about to leave home after breakfast – if you can call tea and oatmeal breakfast – Louise told me she was going to visit her aunt in Eighty-ninth Street. She said she would return home at three o'clock. She is always on time to a minute. It is now –'

Dawe glanced toward the editor's watch pocket.

'Twenty-seven minutes to three,' said Westbrook, scanning his timepiece.

'We have just enough time,' said Dawe. 'We will go to my flat at once. I will write a note, address it to her and leave it on the table where she will see it as she enters the door. You and I will be in the dining-room concealed by the portieres. In that note I'll say that I have fled from her for ever with an affinity who understands the needs of my artistic soul as she never did. When she reads it we will observe her actions and hear her words. Then we will know which theory is the correct one – yours or mine.'

'Oh, never!' exclaimed the editor, shaking his head. 'That would be inexcusably cruel. I could not consent to have Mrs. Dawe's feelings played upon in such a manner.'

'Brace up,' said the writer. 'I guess I think as much of her as you do. It's for her benefit as well as mine. I've got to get a market for my stories in some way. It won't hurt Louise. She's healthy and sound. Her heart goes as strong as a ninety-eight-cent watch. It'll last for only a minute, and then I'll step out and explain to her. You really owe it to me to give me the chance, Westbrook.'

Editor Westbrook at length yielded, though but half willingly. And in the half of him that consented lurked the vivisectionist that is in all of us.

Let him who has not used the scalpel rise and stand in his place. Pity 'tis that there are not enough rabbits and guinea-pigs to go around.

The two experimenters in Art left the Square and hurried eastward and then to the south until they arrived in the Gramercy neighbourhood. Within its high iron railings the little park had put on its smart coat of vernal green, and was admiring itself in its fountain mirror. Outside the railings the hollow square of crumbling houses, shells of a bygone gentry, leaned as if in ghostly gossip over the forgotten doings of the vanished quality. *Sic transit gloria urbis.*

A block or two north of the Park, Dawe steered the editor again eastward, then, after covering a short distance, into a lofty but narrow flathouse burdened with a floridly over-decorated facade. To the fifth story they toiled, and Dawe, panting, pushed his latch-key into the door of one of the front flats.

When the door opened Editor Westbrook saw, with feelings of pity, how meanly and meagrely the rooms were furnished.

'Get a chair, if you can find one,' said Dawe, 'while I hunt up pen and ink. Hallo, what's this? Here's a note from Louise. She must have left it there when she went out this morning.'

He picked up an envelope that lay on the centre-table and tore it open. He began to read the letter that he drew out of it; and once having begun it aloud he so read it through to the end. These are the words that Editor Westbrook heard:

DEAR SHACKLEFORD, –

'By the time you get this I will be about a hundred miles away and still a-going. I've got a place in the chorus of the Occidental Opera Co., and we start on the road to-day at twelve o'clock. I didn't want to starve to death, and so I decided to make my own living. I'm not coming back. Mrs. Westbrook is going with me. She said she was tired of living with a combination phonograph, iceberg and dictionary, and she's not coming back, either. We've been practising the songs and dances for two months on the quiet. I hope you will be successful, and get along all right. Good-bye.

'LOUISE.'

Dawe dropped the letter, covered his face with his trembling hands, and cried out in a deep vibrating voice:

'*My God, why hast Thou given me this cup to drink? Since she is false, then let Thy Heaven's fairest gifts, faith and love, become the jesting bywords of traitors and friends!*'

Editor Westbrook's glasses fell to the floor. The fingers of one hand fumbled with a button on his coat as he blurted between his pale lips:

'Say, Shack, ain't that a hell of a note? Wouldn't that knock you off your perch, Shack? Ain't it hell, now, Shack – ain't it?'

LIII

Past One at Rooney's

ONLY ON THE LOWER East Side of New York do the Houses of Capulet and Montague survive. There they do not fight by the book of arithmetic. If you but bite your thumb at an upholder of your opposing house you have work cut out for your steel. On Broadway you may drag your man along a dozen blocks by his nose, and he will only bawl for the watch; but in the domain of the East Side Tybalts and Mercutios you must observe the niceties of deportment to the wink of an eyelash and to an inch of elbow-room at the bar when its patrons include foes of your house and kin.

So, when Eddie McManus, known to the Capulets as Cork McManus, drifted into Dutch Mike's for a stein of beer, and came upon a bunch of Montagues making merry with the suds, he began to observe the strictest parliamentary rules. Courtesy forbade his leaving the saloon with his thirst unslaked; caution steered him to a place at the bar where the mirror supplied the cognizance of the enemy's movements that his indifferent gaze seemed to disdain; experience whispered to him that the finger of trouble would be busy among the chattering steins at Dutch Mike's that night. Close by his side drew Brick Cleary, his Mercutio, companion of his perambulations. Thus they stood, four of the Mulberry Hill Gang and two of the Dry Dock Gang minding their P's and Q's so solicitously that Dutch Mike kept one eye on his customers and the other on an open space beneath his bar in which it was his custom to seek safety whenever the ominous politeness of the rival associations congealed into the shapes of bullets and cold steel.

But we have not to do with the wars of the Mulberry Hills and the Dry Docks. We must to Rooney's, where, on the most blighted dead branch of the tree of life, a little pale orchid shall bloom.

Overstrained etiquette at last gave way. It is not known who first overstepped the bounds of punctilio; but the consequences were immediate. Buck Malone, of the Mulberry Hills, with a Dewey-like swiftness, got an eight-inch gun swung round from his