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The Challenge

BY MELLA RUSSELL McCALLUM

PART I.

The iridescent stream of models that had flowed through Neilson's life meant no more to him than his palette, his easel, his colors.

One summer he and Hendricks had a shack in Maine together. They painted the sea and the rocks and the coast. They hired some fisher folk to pose for them.

One of Neilsen's sketches— a girl in coarse, dark clothes, looking at the sea—turned out rather well. Hendricks predicted greatness for the finished product; but Neilsen said he didn't intend to finish it. He had a different idea.

"I don't want to do a stupid figure in a sea setting," he said. "I want to do a girl—a gay young girl, in a bright blue shift, poised on that rock, with arms outstretched to the water—you'll challenging the sea. Only a very young thing dares to challenge a wide, wise, cruel thing like the sea, you know. The rest of us know better."

Hendricks nodded.

"She must be not only young, but [illegible] and extremely gay. A dancer, no, lighter than a snowflake. Absolutely. There's no [illegible] youth, Hendricks."

"I see, you're studies of this girl [illegible] the way I want. I can [illegible] them for light."

He set to work. He made careful sketches of the sea, also, for he had decided to paint the real picture entire in New York studio. Then he was eager to go back to the city.

He wanted him to stay. There were some girls staying up the bay who were willing to pose for him for two dollars a day.

Neilsen stared at them. The only one he could think about was the girl with the blue shift. He [illegible] New York at the end of August.

He viewed several models in the city. One was too blond. One was too [illegible]. One had lovely features and the right color—but she couldn't hold a dancing pose. She was a good-natured girl and tried to help him.

"Why don't you try Aimee? She's [illegible] work, and she's a medium [illegible]. She's broke now, too."

"Why is she broke?"

"She was with a musical road show [illegible] manager, and they didn't take her [illegible] when they signed them up [illegible]."

"Why didn't they sign her up?"

Hendricks shrugged.

"Many parties after the show, [illegible]."

"I don't want of her, then, if [illegible] lady? I'm looking for someone for me alone for several [illegible] months. I'll pay her [illegible] can't cut up on the job. Aimee'll be all right now. The [illegible] of her sails. She'll be a [illegible] horse for a long time. [illegible] Aimee came.

[illegible] at once that he wanted [illegible] was dressed as thousands [illegible] were dressed that summer—a short white skirt and a [illegible] sweater. It was [illegible] sweater—not the shade he had [illegible] for the picture, but sufficiently like it to make him sure that she [illegible] the right blue. Her face [illegible] reddish.

"I said you wanted a model."

"Will you stand over there by the window, please? Take off your hat. Turn so that I can get the profile. Raise your arms."

Aimee did as she was told, and something else—she poised on the toes of one foot and didn't wabble. It looked to be natural grace, but Neilsen knew it was largely the muscle control of dancer technique.

"This will do."

He was exulting inwardly. Her hair wasn't bobbed, thank God! It was brown and heavy. Her eyes were gray, and looked unnaturally large, because of the mascara on her lashes. He would make her leave that off. The features were the thing—eager, young. Her color wasn't as high as he wished. Aside from the mascara she had had sense enough to use no make-up. Her skin was cream smooth.

"Sit down, please. Now listen—I don't want to hire any model who won't stay until I'm finished."

"I can be steady, all right."

"And I don't want her to work for anyone else. I'll pay her so well that she won't need to. She must rest a lot and take brisk walks and eat beefsteak and drink milk. Your color ought to be better."

Aimee fidgeted, then giggled.

"Would I have to go to bed at 8 o'clock?"

Neilsen raised his chin.

"If necessary."

They talked about pay, and he offered her $30 a week. She was startled and didn't try to conceal it.

"It's certainly awfully kind of you, Mr. Neilsen!"

"Not at all. I expect you to take care of your health for me. It's just business." He did smile, however, his kind, impersonal smile. "Can you start to-morrow at 9?"

She promised and tripped away.

Neilsen was pleased with himself. He went across the hall, banging at Adam Beith's door, and dragged him away from his etchings. They went to the Revoy to dine. He told Beith about Aimee.

"I know the girl," Adam blinked through his glasses. "My nephew has a studio in the Charington. I saw her there once. A beautiful child!"

"Nineteen only looks young, but is young," sulked Neilsen. "Seventeen. Hear anything about her?"

The Scotsman laughed.

"She can't fail me. I've a feeling that she can [illegible]."

"Ah, well, don't borrow trouble. Perhaps she won't."

Aimee came at 9 o'clock the next morning, and they set to work at once. Neilsen told her to rest when she felt the need of it, as he was apt to forget.

She posed the pose extremely well, he found. Apparently she had no nerves. He made little drawings of her head, her hands, her feet. At 11 he told her to go and take a brisk walk, eat a good meal, and come back at one. She could rest on the studio couch if she wished, but he thought it would be better if she stayed out in the air.

He himself followed no such program. He brooded over the sketches until she returned. He was delighted with his beginning. He told himself that he would make a more thorough study of her than he had ever done before. He would paint her in a thousand poses before he set brush to the real picture.

That afternoon he made a figure drawing. Her body was immature, but it was what he wanted—young and thin and not too thin. Again he adjured her to walk and eat and to rest a lot before to-morrow. He wasn't afraid of her overeating, for she hadn't an ounce of spare flesh.

Thus the work went on. Aimee came punctually and behaved perfectly. She never seemed to be tired. She never complained. Her color improved.

One day she brought in an armful of blue silk scarfs. Aimee squealed over them. One length that she admired—and that he rejected—he gave her. She said she was going to make a party dress of it.

"Just straight, with straps, and a girdle," she explained.

"All right, but no late parties, mind! You're just beginning to get the role I want you to have."

She pouted a little, but he ignored that and went on trying the effect of the various blues against her. Finally he chose the one she would use. It was bluer than the sky in high, cold altitudes—an exotic blue sometimes found in Chinese embroidery.

He asked the rest to be returned to the dealer. Aimee wrapped up the length he had given her.

A month passed, and the studio became filled with studies of the girl. Neilsen was anxious to begin the final picture, but he held himself back. He wanted the drawing of Lerso to be second nature to him.

One morning, as he tried a profile with her chin at a different angle, he saw that there were rings under her eyes.

"Been wearing the new gown, have you?"

"Oh, yes! and it's grand! Every one feels it."

He went on painting. Suddenly he put down his palette. She tried to capture it again and wabbled.

"You aren't well. Let's stop."

If he had been ill from legitimate reasons she would have accepted his offer of a rest, but she braced herself.

"I'm all right, I tell you!"

Then Neilsen understood.

"You'd better go home to bed," he said, throwing down his brush.

Without a word she went out to the dressing room. When she came back, ready for the street, she was very meek.

"Shall I come back after lunch?"

"No—not until to-morrow."

He didn't turn around. She opened the door to go. A panic came to him. She might not come back to-morrow!

"Yes, Mr. Neilsen?"

"I didn't mean to be cross. I was disappointed—that's all. You won't fail me in the morning, will you? If you aren't up to it, telephone me."

"Of course I won't fail you." A tear rolled over one of her lids. She twisted it out and swallowed. "I—I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Neilsen, but—but I haven't had any fun in God knows how long. You see, Hortense's friend has a college chum in town, and—and we went out to a place to dance, and—I had a little too much to drink."

Neilsen said nothing. His ideas on such things were a generation back. He didn't want to discuss it with her. At the same time, it rather touched him to have her admit it.

"Well, please don't do it again," he said finally.

"I was afraid you'd let me go for good, if you found out."

"For good!" He swept a hand in the direction of the sketches. "Do you think I'd let you go now, after making all those?"

"I'm awfully glad! I told that fellow, those highballs had a terrible kick."

"Have you another date with him?"

"Y-yes, but it's for Saturday night, and we don't work Sundays. Anyhow, I'll be careful."

Neilsen sighed.

When she had gone he sat down and stared around. Hundreds of sketches of that girl! Any one of them was saleable as it stood. He knew they were good. Beautiful, little young Aimee! He was putting her into the best work he had ever done. He hoped, modestly, to immortalize her a little; and she could go out and drink too many highballs with somebody's college chum!

He felt a destructive mood descending upon him. He feared that mood; so he turned his back on the studio, clapped on his hat and went out. He had a vague idea of going somewhere to think.

He took the subway to 125th street and ferried to New Jersey. He rode on a trolley car to the top of the Palisades. Leaving the highway, he scrambled down the cliff and through undergrowth until he came to a comfortable ledge of rock.

Here he sat down and lighted his pipe. The October woods, the mild air, softened him. There was a violet-gold haze over the Hudson and Manhattan.

He was an artist, he told himself—an artist of worth. He had worked hard. If he should die to-day, his loss would be mourned in circles that he admired. Some of his work, he thought, would live.

And now he was doing his best. He knew it. It was one of those things a man is sure of—like his mother, yet in doing this, he was dependent on a brainless little butterfly.

He couldn't go on with "Challenge" without Aimee. If he should take another model now, all the work would have to be done over. Her beauty had become part of him. He had done her in every mood, with every medium he could command. He hadn't the slightest personal interest in her, yet she was a part of his life.

He thought to the side of the question. Damned how steel could be yoked to a [illegible] that had said that Aimee [illegible] under a cloud. She had no intellect [illegible] of usefulness, aside [illegible] would be to marry some nice, [illegible] boy and raise babies; but beautiful Broadway models do not have to take up with steady, stupid boys. There are too many brilliant youths of money or "family" ready to give them a good time."

What would the end be for her? Not nice, he thought. She could go on posing, using make-up more and more freely, for some years. For figure work she could go on indefinitely. Then—no, the end would not be nice.

No brains! No sense! A feather! Yet he, a man of steel worth, was dependent on her.

It did him good to think it over out there in the woods, even if he came to no conclusion. He realized that he had been working indoors too steadily.

(To be concluded.)

Walking; Right and Wrong.

Walking is such a mechanical performance that hardly anyone ever gives a thought to the manner of walking. But there is a right and a wrong way to walk.

To walk with the body bent forward from the hips, so that the head and shoulders are lowered and thrust forward, the chest sunken, is quite wrong. It means a neglect of the back muscles, which hold the spine erect, the contraction of the chest, with consequent compression of the lungs and an ill balance of the body, whereby undue strain is thrown on certain muscles, producing early fatigue.

It is equally wrong to draw the body up stiffly, with head and shoulders thrown back, and to thrust the legs stiffly forward, the knees rigidly locked as the heels meet the ground. Such a stride is very tiring, for it requires the expenditure of a great deal of energy at every step. Another fault is walking with the toes turned in or out.

In correct walking you carry the body so that there is no suggestion of stiffness, though the trunk should be well braced above from the waist, to prevent any sagging forward of the abdomen. From the knees upward the weight is inclined slightly forward. The chest, being lifted, allows deep breathing and the fullest expansion of the lungs; the knees are neither consciously locked nor left slack. Each step carries with it a full forward movement of the entire person without any "drawback." Few walkers contrive to get this forward movement, which permits the exercise to be long continued without weariness.

Examination of a walker's boots will very clearly indicate the nature of the faults to which he is addicted. If the rear edge of the heels is worn down, he walks with his body inclined backwards, so that the back of the heel strikes the ground before any other part of the foot—usually too hard. Such walkers very often wear away the toe of the boot sole very quickly.

If the sole wears away along either inner or outer edge, it proves that the feet are not put down flatly, and the body is continually dragged out of the erect position. Some walkers wear down the heels badly with only the smallest appearance of wear elsewhere. That is because they do not bend and straighten the knee with each stride. They keep the knee locked most of the time; the calf muscles do not take their full share of work. Such a gait tires speedily.

With proper body carriage the part of the foot first to meet the ground is the middle of the sole. The "tread" is then continued to the toes. The heels go little more than rest lightly on the ground. In consequence, there is no jarring of the spine. The continued repetition of even a very slight jar during a long walk is a matter of great importance when we consider the cumulative effect upon the nerves and muscles that are affected.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

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The High Road.

Have you the pride of ownership?
Let it be served;
I'll take the long white road, windwhipped,
Ribboned and curved.

What are the things pride holds so dear
To spirit's grace?—
To woods in spring, and freedom's call?
Why pump and place?

A bird sings now, a bird sings high
And I will take
Only as much as I carry along
For life's own sake.

George Elliston.

Friendship.

Perfect friendship is that of good men who resemble each other in virtue; for these, as regards themselves, are equal in their desire of good things for one another and they who desire good things for their friends, love them especially for the sake of these things. For they value them for what they are and not for something accidental. The friendship, therefore, of these men endures as long as they are good, for virtue is something stable. And each of them is good in himself and also in relation to his friend, for good men are both good absolutely and useful to each other.—Aristotle.

Sentence Sermons.

Seven Great Adventures. Trying to answer the deep questions of a little child.

—Watching the majesty of God through the glory of a sunset.

—Looking at the universe under our foot through the eye of a microscope.

—Standing alone under the stars and estimating the boundaries of God.

—Waking every morning to begin life all over again.

—Matching the powers of your mind against the ideas of some great book.

—Setting out to make a friend of an enemy.

Tortoises Can't Hear.

Tortoises are either deaf or stupid according to Popular Science Monthly. Most water snakes cannot hear at all, but land snakes often have acute hearing. These interesting conclusions were reached by Ryo Kuroda, of the College of Niigata, Japan, after extensive experiments with reptiles.

"SAFETY FIRST" FOR EYES

Are we becoming a spectacled race? More people are wearing spectacles to-day than ever before, and the wearing of certain types, notably those with tortoise-shell or horn rims is fast becoming a craze from which some opticians are reaping a rich harvest.

In many instances there is no doubt that these glasses are worn merely because the wearer thinks they enhance his or her appearance. At the same time, there is no denying that, as a nation, we are not so keenly sighted as we used to be. It is probable that oculists have never been busier than they are now, for eyesight and health, it is generally being realized, are very closely allied. Some interesting facts have lately come to light in this connection.

A Bad Temper Cure.

A recent case was that of a clergyman who, because of a health breakdown, had been obliged to resign his living. Someone suggested that he should consult an eye-specialist, although he believed his sight to be perfect. Glasses were prescribed with almost miraculous results—in a few weeks the patient's health improved so much that he was able to return to the Church; now he is working harder than ever.

Eyesight, it has been discovered, often affects the digestion. A woman patient of a famou eye-specialist found that the dyspepsia to which latterly she had been almost a martyr disappeared after only a week or two of wearing glasses. The malady returned when, by way of experiment, she left off using them for a short period.

Another case was that of chronic bad temper in a small boy; a doctor ordered him glasses, and his habitual irritability became a thing of the past.

Nature's Danger Signals.

Our eyes are, in fact, such complicated organs that it is possible that they are even more closely associated with health conditions. Already it is known that eyestrain, nowaadys a very common defect, plays a part in various diseases of the nervous system.

When we begin to have difficulty in seeing small print or our eyes ache after reading, the time has come to take stock of our visual resources. We must give our eyes the help they need in the form of suitable glasses, or we should give them a rest for a time.

Reading in a bad light is a potent cause of eye trouble; light for reading should come from behind, and, preferably, over the left shoulder.

Fine needlework should not be persisted in too much fewer women would need glasses if this were noted and acted upon.

Removing Eye Irritants.

When a foreign body lodges in the tiny groves of the upper eyelid, a good way of removing it is to take hold of the lashes of the upper lid between the finger and thumb and draw the lid outwards and downwards; the lashes of the lower lid, acting as a brush, sweep the offending object out of its bed, while your tears, brought about by the irritation of the eye, will do the rest.

When an object rests on the eyeball itself and is visible, the safest method of applying first aid is to take a strip of clean white blotting paper, moisten the tip, and apply it to the spot. The foreign body will probably adhere to the strip, its presence is readily detected.

No possible harm by scratching can be done by this means, as would be the case if one were to try to remove the speck with a sharp instrument. The latter practice is to bestrongly condemned.

An Old-Time Packet Captain.

The captains of the fine old Western packets of the Black Ball, Swallow Tail, Black X and other lines as famous in their day were, most of them, as Sir Basil Lubbock admits in a recent book, distinctly "hard-boiled" men of the old-time seafaring type, profuse and profane in sulphurous epithet, and handy with a belaying pin at need. But there were exceptions. One of these was Captain E. E. Morgan of the Black X, whose two finest commands were the Hendrik Hudson and the Victoria.

He was noted for the calm, unruffled way in which he took the trials of a packet captain's life. Instead of the usual flare-up of sea blessings, he would treat the mate who had neglected his duty to a sardonic: "Never mind; I'll attend to it myself." His voyage.

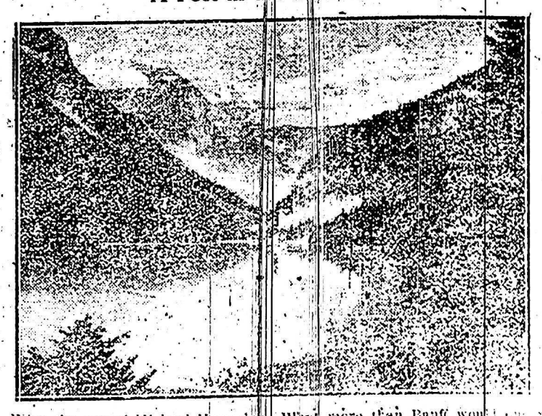
He was at his best when the weather was at its worst, and the sight of him swaying easily to the heave of the ship and chewing steadily at an unlighted cigar, put confidence into many a frightened emigrant. On one such occasion he so impressed Leslie, the artist, who with Thackeray happened to be making a trip as far as the Wight in Morgan's ship, that Leslie straightway made a sketch of the captain hailing the men aloft through his hollowed hands. With the exclamation, "Great heavens, what a picture!" the artist dodged the lee of the lee of the weather bulwark and dashed off a portrait of his skipper, which is still a treasured possession in Morgan's family.

On of the great games of the early Victorian period, especially on shipboard, was the game of draughts, at which Morgan especially prided himself. A bad draughts-player could do what neither an indifferent mate nor a gale of wind could do—he could fetch the old captain into a temper. Yet in the days when the generality of captains were inclined to be rough sea-beats Morgan was the equal of any courtier on an occasion of ceremony.

When Queen Victoria, in 1844, lunched on board the famous Black X liner that had been called after her, the Duke of Newcastle, who was one of the guests, asked Morgan—who was part owner of the line—why he had never called one of the vessels after Her Majesty before.

"Because," replied Morgan suavely, "we never built a ship that was worthy of her."

A Poet in the Mountains



From the pen of Michael Herrador, of Montreal, a trained and authentic poet, says J. B. Dollard in the "Catholic Register," comes this pretty volume "Among the Mountains," contains seven beautiful poems on the Canadian Rockies. Titles of the poems are: "Banff," "Lake Louise," "Maligne Lake," "Emerald Lake," "Glacier," "Waterfall," and "Camp Song." Above illustration is of Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies.

What better description, for instance, could be given of Lake Louise than the following stanza, taken at random from the poem of that name:

"In oval framing of the fairest hue
And best designing that the maker knew,
This Lake is God's best picture; that is why
He hung it on the mountains at the sky;
He wished it near, that sometimes He might show
The saints above His masterpiece below."

Here is the concluding stanza from a poem on Banff:

There is no grander place to live,
And when through death we go,
It would be sweet if we could come
To dwell along the Bow,
With all the luxuries of earth
And much that heaven supplies.

What more than Banff would one desire
To make a paradise?

A poem on a waterfall [illegible] Spear:

"Now hold your music ringing [illegible]
[illegible] the earth was shaking
[illegible] always to the swirling [illegible]
Of the mighty master waters [illegible]
In the Great Conductor's [illegible]

[illegible] other topographical [illegible] Canadian Rockies [illegible] Lear with them [illegible] their own [illegible]

[illegible] Valley [illegible] Coupe [illegible] Nakiska [illegible]

[illegible] Rocky Mountains [illegible] among the [illegible] is published [illegible] 1070 Bleury [illegible] 50 cents.

Surnames and Their Origin

WINTER

Variation—Winter's.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—An occupation.

If you jump at the apparent conclusion that the origin of this family name is connected in some manner with the season of the year, you will be wrong. It isn't.

As the name traces back to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it is found in the spelling "Wynter," "Wynters", and "Vinters." On does the modern word "winter" make it clear? Those who first used the surname were wine merchants and the name was at first descriptive of trade. It was, of course, prefixed "de" (meaning "the" or "of") at first. That is, it was when the spelling was using the Norman rather than the Saxon tongue. In the latter case he might simply neglect the prefix, adopting the Norman word in his Saxon speech, or else use the Saxon equivalent. But Norman-French was the dominant tongue in those days. It was just about the time the bulk of surnames were becoming hereditary as indications of the people themselves rather than their trades or peculiarities, that the Normans in England began to regard themselves as Englishmen, and there occurred that peculiar blending of tongues which resulted in modern English, a language quite different from either the Saxon or the medieval French, its two component parts.

Winter and Winters appear to be the only form in which the surname has survived, though originally there were several variations.

PULLINGER

Variations—Pollinger, Reylinger, Ballinger.
Racial Origin—Norman-French.
Source—An Occupation.

The only difference between Pullingers and Pollingers and Bakers was [illegible] across the family name with "[illegible]" [illegible] word "[illegible]" a woman, [illegible] at that early period [illegible] ultimately for [illegible] names Pullinger, Pollinger and Ballinger [illegible] of the Norman French, "boulanger," or [illegible] probably quite as [illegible] "balenger." [illegible] family name [illegible] developed [illegible] among [illegible] flourishing one in [illegible] of the same city [illegible] of his occupation [illegible] medieval times, of [illegible] there literally over the [illegible] of the stabilizing [illegible] tendencies of the [illegible]. It was natural that [illegible] "Bolinger" [illegible] as "Heaman's Bakery" [illegible] the appellation would [illegible] form one generation [illegible] all practical purposes [illegible] family name, long before [illegible] adopted conscious[illegible] The various occupations [illegible] trade, have furnished [illegible] of modern surnames [illegible] which have come down [illegible] which have [illegible] into modern [illegible] instances, "Andrew [illegible]

Daily Bread.

Thank God for little common things
Small, lovely things of every day
Grass that is green beside the door
And dandelions across the way
Candles that flicker in the dusk
And bright rooms where children play;

For silver fingers of the rain
Stroking a young tree's bending head,
For stars that prick through drifting cloud
And dawns that flame in gold and red.

Thank God for common, everyday things
That are the spirit's daily bread.

Eleanor Hammond in Youth's Companion.

Ready to Strike, Perhaps.

"You have, too," woman your eyes in the eye yesterday as if you were afraid not to."

"Well, didn't you see she had her hand over her head with a stick in it?"

Couldn't Gambol if He Did.

"And what is your reason for not gambling?"

"I'm not able to gambol after [illegible]

A Bridge Hard to Cross

[illegible] follows [illegible] by [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]