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BRECKIE
Age Two Years and Nine Months

B R E C K I E

HIS FOUR YEARS

1914-1918

By

Mary Breckinridge Thompson

NEW YORK

PRIVATELY PUBLISHED

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BY MARY BRECKINRIDGE THOMPSON

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*What alchemy is thine, O little child,
Transmuting all our thoughts, thou that art dead,
And making gold of all the dross of lead
That leaves the soul's pure crucible defiled?*

—EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

PREFACE

In presenting this brief record of Breckie's four years to his friends and mine and a few others whom I revere as friends of childhood, I would like to call attention to the fact that much more of his short life was spent outdoors than in — something unusual I think in the annals of civilized infancy. For at least seven or eight months out of each year he spent about twenty hours of the twenty-four in the open air, and this was a tremendous factor in making his body sturdy and his nature sweet. I reared him as carefully as I could by those scientific laws of child development whose discovery in recent years has revolutionized the care of little children in body and mind, and this partly explains his wholesomeness and the growing reasonableness of his third and fourth years. But Breckie was a creature of higher endowments than my own and I early recognized in our comradeship together that I led only in maturity, for his were the larger possibilities. He was not my little child only but my master as well, and the best friend I ever had.

It will help those who have so tenderly shared Breckie's loss with us, and to them this is especially addressed, to learn that recently I have had good news of him through a friend who is, unknown to all but a most limited circle, a psychic of unusual gifts. That I should have this news will be no surprise to those who have been following the work of the Society for Psychical Research and especially the astonishing progress of the last few years. It has been an inexpressible blessing to learn from old friends on the other side that Breckie is with his sister and impressing all who meet him over there, just as he did us, by the wonder of his expanding mind and the radiance reflected from his happy heart. In addition I know that I am often with

him when I sleep and that the passing months are not so much severing as uniting us.

Now to all who loved Breckie, and they were many, and to those who love childhood who will see its pages, I dedicate this book. To those who have, like me, relinquished a loved child—whether to death or to human maturity—I especially dedicate it with the hope that in reading of Breckie they

“ . . . may chance to hear once more
The little feet along the floor.”

Washington, D. C.

August 1st, 1918.

FIRST YEAR

Out of the Everywhere into the Here.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

BRECKINRIDGE THOMPSON was born at the home of his grandfather and grandmother Breckinridge in Fort Smith, Arkansas, on the night of the twelfth of January, 1914, at eleven thirty-five o'clock. His advent had been so difficult that he was three days and nights in arriving and presented quite a battered appearance to those who first saw him. There was a big bruise on his head and over one ear and bad cuts in the neck in which an infection settled which kept his life in the balance above two weeks. He was an eight pound baby, well formed with an exceptionally fine head—but so wrinkled that he looked as if he had just terminated a long and philosophic existence.

For hours after his birth Breckinridge's hold on this existence was of the feeblest. At first he seemed quite lifeless, and over an hour was spent in resuscitation by the doctor and two trained nurses before respiration could be established in even a tolerable manner, so they told me afterwards, but I was mercifully unconscious then.

In one of his books, Sir Oliver Lodge, speaking of the arrival of each new life in an embodied form, notes that there are always loving hearts waiting to receive it and eager preparations for its coming. Not always, Sir Oliver; I have myself attended confinements where no preparations had been made and no love awaited the baby's coming. But for Breckie's advent, the first child, the first grandchild, a host of loyal hearts stood by, and such was his welcome that the morning stars seemed singing together and the sons of God shouting for joy.

The first two weeks after his birth were really the only hard ones Breckie ever knew, except the one preceding his death. While they lasted I lived from one nursing to the next, when every third hour brought the little bandaged head, so hot to the touch, and the pressure of hot little hands against my

breast. In a few days the wrinkled old-new face had given way to one baby-like and full, with a real hunger look thereon, and enormous eyes which seemed to me to harbor an expression like that of Rossetti's Blessed Damozel, for "the wonderment had hardly gone from that still look of his." Puzzled, he seemed, pondering, but "trailing clouds of glory," my little son.

Fortunately I had an abundance, a superabundance of milk and his appetite never flagged, so that at the end of the two weeks of fever he had gained in weight. His "immunizing fluid," the doctor called it; but you willed to live, my baby, and caught with mighty tugs at life.

The trained nurse who attended me was an old friend and classmate of mine from St. Luke's in New York, Breck's Auntie Biddle, and to her devoted care and the doctor's skill we owed Breck's life. It was two weeks after his birth before I could see other friends, even so dear a friend as his godmother, whom we called "Pansy." Nevertheless the friendship of many hearts there and elsewhere backed Breckie and me in our fight to pull through, and I wrote February third: "What would the world be without them? Friendship it really is which makes the closeness in human relationships. We loved my mother so much as children because she entered into our lives as a friend and I trust that Breck will be my friend from his earliest conscious moments."

Before he was a month old the baby's superb appearance compensated us for all the anxiety we had gone through in his behalf. On February fourth I wrote my husband: "Before your last visit, when Breck's fever ran high, and I was especially anxious, I often thought of Frazier and of how his mother had nursed him through all his childish illnesses but to lose him when and as she did. But I thought too that each day of a child's life from the earliest ones is its own blessing, even if the sum total of them all were never garnered in—and I would have gone through what I did to have our baby for only one week of him at my breast, if that had been all I could keep. . . . But now you never saw such a lusty fellow."

Later in the month I gave details about him: "He is adorable



BRECKIE
Age Six Weeks, with His Grandmother

in his bath and likes it . . . an exquisite baby, exquisitely clean, fragrant and well cared for." "He is a good baby—well trained that is—almost never frets at night—just wakens, nurses, and either goes right back to sleep or plays with his hands. He has never known what it is to be picked up and walked about, or rocked, and he doesn't expect it. His playing with his hands consists as yet in waving or sucking them." "He had his first real out-of-doors airing on the lawn in his carriage yesterday (Feb. 20th) between one and two in the afternoon. Alice was proud indeed to take him. I watched them from the upstairs gallery, which is still my only out-doors."

On February twenty-eighth I wrote: "If you were here now you would delight in your son who has been lying for an hour in his cradle cooing and waving his hands, and asking attention of no one. . . . Here he fretted and I went to him. While I was with him he broke into one smile after the other, his fat little face creasing. I have left him smiling and waving his hands. He is the jolliest, merriest, heartiest, hungriest fellow of his age I ever saw. Alice says a gentleman came on the place yesterday and called him a whale. He was weighed yesterday—thirteen pounds and five ounces, a gain of fifteen ounces in the past week. That is prodigious. I keep his weight on a weight chart that records the normal weight line of the average infant up to fifty-two weeks. Our baby's weight is nearly four pounds more than this normal average for eight weeks."

In my journal I wrote: "He is my life indeed, and his father too worships him—my longed-for baby, my despaired-of baby, my love-life, my great man in embryo, for whom high deeds are now preparing and a noble death attending a career of lofty services. For these an all-unworthy but humbly eager mother must prepare you, Breckinridge, by seeking to foster in you those ideals which are the best of us, by keeping your young body healthy and your will in your own control."

2

On March nineteenth when Breckinridge was two months and one week old we left the home of his grandparents where

he was born and carried him up into the Ozark mountains, to Crescent College at Eureka Springs where his father and I lived. With us went an old-fashioned negro woman, Aunt Alice, his first nurse. I was glad that my boy's first months were lived under her kindly influence and in the spell of her traditions, for the old South was his inheritance and I wanted him to drink at that spring. In my journal of that period I find I have written:

"I want many things for him and dream his future as once I dreamed my own, and all, all that I can gather in to glorify it will be gathered with the growing years. He must know the ways of all the little creeping things, of trees and birds, and he must have a garden plot and chickens. He shall ride and swim, fish and hunt. As he grows older I will open up the wonders of the dear tales I loved from 'Alice in Wonderland' to 'Ivanhoe.' He shall not want Ruskin's 'Sesame,' but shall learn under the 'wise of old.' Especially I want so to guide his growing tastes as to help him to develop himself—not to make him over; and the brother and sisterhood without which he would miss the give and take of nursery days shall not be lacking if I am equal to the bearing of them and Dick can make the money to feed and educate them. 'O, bonny brown sons and O, sweet little daughters' of my far dreams, I have realized one of you—and he is bonnier, better, dearer, than any I ever dreamed."

The chief characteristics of his first months were his immense appetite and his love of wind and fresh air. With the first warm nights we arranged a sleeping porch for him on a balcony off of my sitting room and he and I slept out there all summer, I on a mattress on the floor by his crib. Nearly all of his other hours were spent on the lawn in his carriage, or on the ground, tumbling about in grass and leaves. He grew brown as a nut and weighed at five months, naked, twenty pounds.

When he fretted he could nearly always be quieted by letting the wind blow on his face. Once on the sixteenth of April, when his nurse was ill with tonsilitis and his father in Little Rock, I left him, while I went to supper, with my friend Celia Brinson, later his devoted "B." He behaved well until just

before I returned, when he suddenly seemed to believe himself deserted by his own people. He looked at "B", saw that the face was not one familiar to him, and burst into the most desolate of sobbings and tears. Even after I had taken him he still sobbed a little until I carried him out on to his little balcony, hung in mid-air, with the lights of the valley below and the stars of the sky above, and there, where the wind blew full on his face, he soon fell quietly asleep.

I find the following brief records of certain phases of his development:

On April twenty-second, aged three months and ten days, he first demanded his food from Alice's arms at fully a yard's distance. From so great a distance he had not noticed me before.

On April twenty-fourth he first took hold of and shook loudly his dog-faced rattle.

On May tenth, a warm Sunday afternoon, we put on his first short clothes. He lacked two days of being four months old but weighed eighteen pounds and ten ounces and looked so huge that the short clothes became him better than the long.

On May twenty-third he first succeeded, after repeated efforts, in sucking his toe.

In his second month he was smiling, but unfortunately I did not record the exact dates of the first smile and laugh. He fairly beamed with smiles every morning upon Alice when she came into my room to lift him from his crib. She told me that out of doors when groups of students or strangers approached his carriage he would turn a really appealing look at her, "as if, Miss Mary, as if he was sayin' 'Alice save me.'" Again and again she shook her white head and said to me: "Miss Mary, he's de smartest child to his age I ever see."

He was the lustiest I had ever seen, accustomed chiefly to the sickly specimens of my hospital days and the far from perfect type of our average civilization.

Dear old Alice had to leave me, when summer came, for her daughter's confinement. She sent me her niece Adella to take her place until her return—but in the autumn she was ill and the next spring she died. I kept the niece until I could go

back to Fort Smith again, when Alice secured for me one of her friends—the “Mammy” of my baby’s second and part of his third year. With Adella, because of her comparative inexperience, I rarely left the boy alone for even a couple of hours—although she seemed reliable and willing. I find this note in my journal:

“I nurse him, boil his water, watch his dress, sponge for the heat, sleep on the balcony by him at night, keep him four mornings a week entire while Adella washes and irons his clothes—but also I try to rest, exercise when it is not too hot, to carry him as little as possible, and so order my own life as to keep healthy and rested for him; and to this end I am not with him always.”

It was nearly a year after his birth before I had really regained my strength, but I nursed him entirely for nine months. Anticipating a little I will add that in his tenth month he received one bottle of suitable formula from Holt, at ten months two bottles, in the eleventh month three, and at one year exactly he gave up his last breast feeding and was completely weaned, having by that time begun also to munch on pieces of unsweetened zwieback and to eat every day a coddled egg and strained cereals. When he was eight months old I gave him orange juice once a day between feedings. Because there were no certified dairies in our locality I pasteurized his milk every day from the time of his first bottle feeding until his last illness.

His first tooth broke through the skin on the nineteenth of July when he was six months and one week old, and dentition proceeded satisfactorily thereafter.

On July seventeenth, on my large, old-fashioned tester bed, he did his first real creeping and succeeded in reaching and grabbing the object of his pursuit. Until then such progress as he had made was achieved mainly by rolling from side to side.

3

We spent the summer at Crescent, used in the season as a large hotel under a manager’s care, and hard it was to suf-



BRECKIE
Age Five Months, with His Mother and Tidy

fer the intrusions of strangers everywhere out of doors on our family life. My mother and sister stopped with us on their way to Norway, where they were touring with my brother Carson when the great war thundered in upon a horrified world. I sat out of doors with my baby and read and thought of it until my mind reeled, and often I said: "Oh, little boy, what does the future hold for you and me—for would not the sword pierce through my own soul also?" It was to pierce indeed, but not for him the wars of this world—only for me, for me.

My mother and sister stopped with us again on their way back to Fort Smith after they had returned from Europe. At that time the thing Breck most wanted to do was to throw a rock (the name by which we designate stones in Arkansas from pebbles to boulders), but he could not, in his eighth month, compass the act.

My little fox terrier Tidy fairly gloated over having rocks thrown for her to pick up and bring back. She seldom saw one of us sitting on the ground without bringing a rock, laying it down beside us, and then standing by with the fanatical light of a single-minded enthusiast in her eyes and an ingratiating wag of her stub tail. As we threw the rocks Breck watched us with intense earnestness, then he would pick up a rock himself, grasp it tight, and throw with his arm—but he never let go the rock, kept it clasped tight in his moist little hand, and thereupon appeared utterly puzzled as to why it didn't spin off into space like ours. He wanted desperately to throw it and tried his hardest, but could not let it go.

On August twenty-third he spoke his first word, with knowledge of its meaning. The day before his grandmother had spent much time in showing him his celluloid duck and saying: "Duck, duck." On the twenty-third, upon his being shown the duck again, he at once called out: "'Uck, 'uck." In his eighth month he also began calling his father "daddy" and "dadda" and he knew Tidy by name but could not call her. Whenever he heard her called he tried to bark like her. He also waved "bye-bye" and shook his head solemnly sidewise at us when we said: "no, no."

But his most characteristic and growing trait, even at eight months, was his ready humor for all situations, even a bump on the head—and when he laughed his whole face creased, his mouth expanded broadly, and his eyes actually snapped with joy. One day he was sitting on the lawn in his wooden pen when Tidy came up on the outside and began digging a hole with her forefeet. Breck watched her solemnly for a moment and then began to laugh and laughed so hard he had to hold to the sides of his pen for support.

We often took him driving during that summer, usually to a small body of water hid against the side of a mountain and surrounded by tall pines, called the Sanitarium Lake. There we had picnic suppers and I always carried along his rubber folding bath tub for him to lie in, well out of reach of chiggers and ticks. Afterwards we drove back in the cool of night under the stars or moon with him sleeping in my arms. In the warmest weather he wore only a gauze band and diaper, the Arnold knit style of diaper. He had socks and linen bootees as well as thin cotton shirts and nainsook dresses for cooler days with long silk stockings and light wraps for the coolest. Sometimes he and his father and I drove alone, just with Tidy, but often a dear cousin, Katherine, and a dear friend, Eleanor, spending the summer at Crescent, were with us, and once or twice another friend who bore Breck's name.

Breckinridge early began climbing about and at eight months fell out of his carriage, the carriage falling on him, bruising and cutting his left cheek. He had awakened and climbed down to the foot of his carriage and out before Adella, sitting by, was aware of his being awake. Soon after this I bought a strap for him that fastened around his waist and then to the sides of the carriage, allowing him to stand up in it without its being possible for him to fall out. From that time on he usually rode in his carriage standing upright until early in his second year, when he discarded it altogether.

I find the following notes on my daily life written in October when Breck was nine months old, and just before I began the gradual weaning of him: "My family have all gone and I have



BRECKIE
Age Nine Months and Three Weeks

settled into a fairly useful routine which centers chiefly around my boy. His schedule is planned first and I tuck in the odds and ends of the rest of my life about that. When I go out to him after my breakfast, while Adella takes hers, I generally carry with me a book. Lately it has been one of the English reviews, yesterday and for some days before the *Nineteenth Century*. Its every war note is an inspiration in the September issue. Babekins is taking his first daily nap as I read. Suddenly he wakes, sits bolt upright in his carriage and laughs at me, his sunburnt little face peering over the side. Then we go in and he has his strained orange juice, his bath, and then his nine thirty nursing. He is such an early bird that he has risen and nursed before six and gone outdoors at six thirty. Next on four mornings a week, while Adella washes and irons his clothes in the laundry, he and I go out in the grounds again with my old brown traveling rug, many times washed, where he plays with acorns and sticks and stones and mother watches lest some find their way into his mouth. In between watchings and calls of Here, here, Tidy, which he now says quite well himself, I read over something for my lectures on hygiene or I sew. When he has his second nap I give more attention to the study or the sewing. In the afternoons Adella has him after his one thirty nursing and I take a nap and then get out for a walk. Five thirty is baby's nursing time again, and after that to bed on his balcony, where he is now sleeping—my own lamb."

One morning I woke to find it raining and, running out to Breck's balcony, discovered him sitting up in his crib with the rain falling gently on him, while he tried to catch its drops in his hands.

One afternoon this same autumn, when his father and I with him and Tidy were all driving together he seized the reins and shook them, making sounds to the horses. Whereupon Tidy began to bark and seized them too, so that it looked for awhile as if the dog and the baby were to do all the driving. Dick straightened out the tangle, saying meanwhile to his son: "Boy, there isn't anything about you I would change if I could."

4

On the third of December we lost our little dog Tidy, poisoned by strychnine, and I wrote the following brief tribute to the memory of one of my baby's earliest friends:

"In connection with the death of our little fox terrier, 'Tidy,' I want to write a few words—but they are not intended for those who already know and love dogs (and the man who knows dogs and does not love them is too bad to be reached by words), but rather for those who have grown up and are living in ignorance of dogs. I should like to open some hearts towards these loyal, kindly creatures by telling briefly a few things about Tidy.

"This little animal was a member of our household, welcomed and fondly greeted by every teacher and student, to many of whom she paid frequent visits of social affability. In addition she was a member, on intimate terms, of our family circle and showed in a thousand endearing ways her affection for us. During the long months before my baby came, she seldom left my side, taking all my walks with me, and curbing her own desires (when I could not walk) to curl her active little body down near mine. Other friends had often to go about their several ways, but Tidy's ways were always mine. There was never an hour's slackening of her constant devotion.

"After our baby had come, she extended her affection for her family to include her family's baby, not a touch of jealousy or envy marring its single-minded purity. When the baby grew old enough to creep on the floor, Tidy was always his playfellow, tumbling about with him, but so gently, and suffering excruciating liberties to be taken with her eyes and ears. Her only retort would be to kiss over and over his barbarous little hands. His fondness for Tidy was the strongest moral force we could bring to bear in rearing him, for he tried to imitate her and learned nothing but good in doing so. Observing that Tidy was obedient and desisted from whatever she did when one of us said 'no,' the baby would also desist. Even when traveling on all fours towards the coveted coal scuttle, he would stop promptly

when we spoke (as he had seen Tidy do), shake his head solemnly 'no, no'—and wave bye-bye to the coal scuttle. He likes to be called Tidy. We had hoped, as Tidy was young, for her help in training him for years to come. But the ready little paws have stiffened and the friendly eyes have closed in a sudden and violent death.

"The noblest minds of all ages have loved dogs, and the pages of those who wrote (Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, Mrs. Ewing—innumerable others and among the moderns Maeterlinck, Barrie and many more) are written large with the praises of them. But no love that we could bear him has ever equaled the love of the dog for us. From drowning, from death in banking snow-drifts, from desolation, from distress, in all the ways that he could compass the dog has aided man, has followed him living and guarded his corpse when dead—yes, and died of grief for him afterwards. The dog was never unfaithful to a love or trust. Such devotion as is his, such unconscious heroism, such fidelity, such gentleness to the weak and ferocity to the wicked, such utter forgetfulness of self, are elsewhere so rare that when we find them united in a man we call him godlike.

"And in return for the noblest attributes of the spirit, what material claims does the dog ask of life? Only 'the crumbs that fall from the master's table.' When we had folded up the blanket she slept on, put away her collar and brush, and emptied her bowl of drinking water, we had disposed of Tidy's worldly possessions.

"But we believe in the spirit of the ancients that she has gone to Sirius, the dog-star, 'the bright and happy star that gives good dwelling.'"

5

On December sixth, when he lacked a month and four days of being one year old, Breckinridge took his first two or three steps in the rotunda of Crescent College. On several previous occasions he had stood alone, but quite suddenly he decided on this particular day to cut loose from all his moorings

and put out to sea by himself. It was some weeks later before he walked habitually in preference to creeping.

Before the Christmas holidays had begun Breckinridge and I went down to Fort Smith for a visit, and great was the amusement of every one over the luggage with which we traveled. Besides the trunks (one of which held the indispensable pasteurizer), and baby carriage, which were checked, there was my handbag, Breck's lightweight suit case, a Walker-Gordon zinc lined traveling milk container filled with Breck's tubes of milk, boiled water and orange juice, all packed in ice, his folding bath tub and his clothes rack. My mother brought her house man, Alice's son Walter, to meet the train and assume the bulk of our supplies.

We stayed in Fort Smith until after Breck's first birthday and saw again several times his dear nurse Aunt Alice, who marveled over his growth and bonny face. I had to carry him to her cottage, for she was dying and could not come to us. We got news of her every day through her son. She told me that since she could not come back to me again she was sending me her friend "Mammy Jennie" to be Breck's nurse and take her place with him. Mammy was a dark negress, delightfully old-fashioned and simple-hearted and, barring rheumatism in her feet, a perfect nurse for a little baby. She was willing, experienced, and faithful in overwhelming measure. Breck and I both became devoted to her. She had a way, if I kept him longer in the family circle than she approved, of coming after him, saying as she came: "Dis chile's tired of white folks. Come back to Mammy." Months later, when he could talk fairly well, he used to echo this complaint: "Mammy, baby's tired of white folks." She never got over his size and splendid appearance, saying often: "Miss Mary, dis is de *biggest* baby I ever see."

My mother's dressing room was Breckie's nursery in Fort Smith, but he slept out on the sleeping porch by day and, by night, next my bed, in a little old crib which had been mine, while Mammy occupied an adjoining room. The doctor who had brought him into the world and who was immensely proud of him vaccinated him while we were there. It "took" well, changing

him for a few days from the cheerful, good-natured child he was habitually into a feverish, fretful one.

But he recovered soon and learned to dance. That is he danced up and down with quite evident delight whenever his grandmother or aunt hummed "Sho-fly" or "Turkey in de straw."

SECOND YEAR

He has seen the starry hours
And the springing of the flowers;
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

—STEVENSON.

ON January twelfth we celebrated Breckie's first birthday in the house where he was born. Instead of having a cake, which he couldn't even have tasted, we stuck one candle on an orange of which later he had the juice. We also ransacked the attic for such of the old toys, some of them over thirty years old, as might charm him. A little red bucket which had been given my brother Clifton nearly twenty years before in Finland was brought out and presented to Breck on this occasion. It stands now on the mantel in my bedroom where some one placed it when it was last carried in by his eager little hands.

I did not take Mammy back with me from Fort Smith but she followed me about a month later. I then resumed the long afternoon tramps in the woods which I loved and without which my health suffered, quite safe about the baby when I left him with this devoted woman.

There was a young married woman in the faculty at Crescent this winter who fairly radiated a loving comprehension of little children. She delighted in watching Breck playing about, intervening between him and his chosen tasks only when necessary to keep him from harm. She enjoyed especially his perpetual imitations at this period of sounds. When the elevator stopped with a groan he mimicked it and if a piece of furniture squeaked he at once squeaked as nearly as he could. He crowed when he saw birds and chickens. One day, upon first observing a print my mother had brought me, a copy of that Norwegian painting of the Resurrection which hangs above the altar in the village church of Molde, he seemed struck by the wings of the angel, looked at me and crowed.

During this winter of 1915 my cousin Frances came on a visit to us and wrote about Breck as follows to her mother in Kentucky: "Mary is so happy in her mammoth child. He

is a regular mastodon—one year of age and two year old clothes too small for him. He is good as gold, wonderfully well and healthy and beautifully cared for. Mary is mad over him, also his father and others seem somewhat idolatrous. He is not clinging or appealing like other children, but gorgeous and independent; never lays his head on any one's shoulder, has no caressing ways, but is cheerful and pleasant and grows on one's affections. I am getting a bit foolish on the subject. He is a very impersonal child and joyous."

Nearly three years later this cousin, who never saw him again, wrote me: "I shall never think of him without an impression of Bigness and Brightness."

Soon after this old Alice died. February twenty-fourth I wrote in my journal: "I have left what Frances calls my 'mastodon' out on the East Terrace, where I was keeping him while Mammy ate her dinner,—he playing with the gravel on the paths and I watching the buds on the maple and the green leaves of the early tulips. And as I watched my eyes were brimming with tears for the two quaint figures that shared that terrace with me last spring while baby, a wee baby, slept in his carriage. Of those two figures, one a dog and one an elderly negress, the one is now dead, the other dying,—and I had thought a second spring would find us grouped as before. But that kind old face of Aunt Alice's, her head bound in red flannel, will never bend again in loving care above my child—and the dear little, bounding, pulsating body of dog Tidy will not spring forward now at my call. How peopled the world is with those that were!"

On March second when Breckie was nearly fourteen months old I wrote: "Baby weighs twenty-five pounds and twelve ounces, and has just cut his tenth tooth, his second jaw tooth. He has recently evinced constructive tendencies, which please me, piling up his blocks instead of only striking them down after Mammy has piled them. He can pile up as many as four. He also tries to put on his own cap and sometimes succeeds. When he gets in my bed in the morning he pulls my handkerchief from under my pillow and goes through the motions of blowing his nose with it. He kisses himself in the mirror. His favorite toy

just now seems to be a wooden duck Caroline Gardner gave him, which he calls 'Guck,' but he loves sticks and leaves and stones and his blocks. He points to the radiator and what he calls the 'pire' and says 'hot.' He is passionately fond of the buttons on clothes, calling them 'baaton.' He is delectable, entrancing, trotting about on his sturdy legs, his pleasant red-cheeked face usually radiant with sunshine and good nature."

He was fond of turning up all the handles to the drawers in his father's Adam desk and of hanging my typewriter brush to a screw. Frequently when I couldn't find it in the drawer of my typewriter table I located it in the next room hanging from this screw.

Mammy had a way of exclaiming, when Breck cried, "Oh, he's throwing a fit!" This soon caught and fascinated his attention so that whenever she exclaimed his tears ceased. Later he began simulating the fit without a preliminary of grief, doubling his fists and shaking them while his face screwed up comically. He never emerged from this performance without the proud and confident look of one who has achieved.

2

In this spring of 1915 my parents broke up their home in Fort Smith and first my mother, later my father, came to stay at Crescent College. My sister came also for the spring and early summer, and great was the delight of all in Breckinridge and his satisfaction in them.

At about this time Dick bought a collie puppy for Breckie, black with white and tan markings like an idolized Shep of six years of my childhood. We called him Jock of Hazeldean and he and Breck were inseparable. He slept on the floor under Breck's balcony crib and hardly strayed ten feet from his side when they played out in the woods together.

As the quiet weeks of June, linking Crescent College with Crescent Hotel, weeks of dear domestic life to us, were passing all too quickly I wrote thus in my journal: "Our baby is the joy of our lives. I wish I could so visualize his sturdy little body and strong, cheerful face as to keep each stage

of him before it passes! Most blessed baby, seventeen months yesterday, with radiantly happy face, frequent laughter, eager little hands—he trots about everywhere, trying to say almost anything. Jock is ‘Gokkie,’ my mother ‘Hoho,’ Lees ‘Sheshoe,’ and I am ‘Bop.’ I held out for mother and Bop is his rendering of it. In the last two months he has gotten demonstrative and tender—often putting his arms about the knees of his loved ones (or their necks if he is high enough) and hugging and kissing them. This applies to all of us: ‘Daddy, Bop, Gokkie, Hoho, Mammy.’ If he thinks he has offended he rushes to do it. He is fond of saying ‘How-do’ to us and of bowing and shaking hands. It is an inspiring sight to see him and Jock solemnly shaking hands with each other. Now he begins to put two or three words together, as ‘Come along, Gokkie,’ ‘All gone.’

“But I hear him waking and Mammy is at church. He went to sleep late for his afternoon nap and has slept later. O, what do summer hotels matter when one has one’s best beloved close at hand, and when one’s child is a radiant manifestation of God! While over in Europe the sod was drenched this spring in blood—O, the poor souls,—and the bodies of other children wash up on the Irish coast from the sunken *Lusitania*.

“Now I will go to Breckinridge and he will stand up in his crib on the balcony and say: ‘How-do, Bop.’”

Jock did not remain long with us. We never knew the cause of his death as there was no veterinary to attend him, nor whether he had been poisoned or not. But he had two hard fits, in the second of which he died despite all Dick and I could do in his behalf. Of all the dogs I have owned and loved he was unquestionably the gentlest and the baby’s grief for him, though limited, was real. For some time afterwards he seldom went out walking or to the balcony for his naps without calling: “Gokkie, Gokkie,” and looking with anticipatory eyes for the little black playmate whose devotion for several months had shadowed him.

3

In the summer of 1915 my mother had to go to New York for a few weeks and during her absence the baby’s godmother, the

"Pansy" of my deep affection, came up to spend two weeks with us. Dick and I had asked her to be his godmother and Allen Kennedy of Fort Smith his godfather, and beautifully both filled that relationship which was in essence a bond though not in fact, for Breckinridge was never christened.

Breckie loved his godmother and when told, at the end of the visit, that she had to go he said: "Don't go, Go'm'r." He never saw her again but knew her well in her pictures. She only stayed ten days and as Mammy was called home at this time by the illness of a daughter we spent most of the visit dashing in Breckie's wake and saving his life a dozen times an hour. The monotony of daily routine was further broken by the need for toning up the physical well being of the new puppy, helping the kitty through a series of fits, and by the finding of two scorpions in my bath tub and a large snake, said by the men on the place to be a copperhead, just outside Dick's bedroom door.

I find by referring to my journal that Breckinridge at twenty months weighed naked twenty-eight pounds, seven ounces, and was thirty-three and three-fourths inches tall, hardy as a wild thing, walking two miles at a stretch, climbing the mountain up the Board Walk from Spring Street, never still except when sleeping, unbounded in his energy and his interests. I noted at this period that his moral nature was visibly awakening and that he could easily put several words together, such as: "Bop, gie baby baf." Nothing pleased him more that summer than to splash around in my big tub a half hour at a time and have the cold shower turned on him while he sat in the warm water. While I dried him on my lap he would beg for a hair pin. "Hair pie," he called it. Then he begged for another. Once I said: "You want two hair pins," and after that whenever one had been given him he smiled at me and said: "Two hair pies." He stuck one between the big and middle toe on each foot.

He liked to ride in his father's car, which he called: "Daddy's autote." Sometimes I rambled alone through the woods and had Dick and Breck and Mammy all meet me at an agreed rendezvous on a country road. I vividly recall the pleased, but never surprised, expression on the baby's face whenever he first saw

me coming towards the car. Comfortably seated on Mammy's broad lap he greeted me generally with "Howdy-do, Bop."

He grew very fond of balls at this period and usually went to bed with two large ones and took a tennis ball out walking, while to break into the bowling alley and throw around the smaller balls there was a keen delight.

At twenty months he was rhapsodizing over the moon, which he had only discovered three moons before. He called it "blessed moon" and it and the stars were friends ever after upon whose companionship he counted when he slept outdoors alone, which he did after the first summer.

A flock of pigeons had a way of descending on the campus lawn to feed and Breckie did love to chase them and stand in wonder as they rose, calling out like Mammy: "Pidgy, pidgy, pidgy." From this came one of the names I had for him.

Dogs held a high place in his affections and he always wanted to run up and hug strange ones. He called them "boo-woos" and "goggies." There were usually several on the place, belonging to the men, or strays that had taken up with us through our being kind to them. The houseman, George, had a hunting dog named "Lead" and a shaggy, black, guard dog named "Jodie." A yellow dog we called "Sandy" took refuge with us when hurt by an automobile and George called him, with unconscious humor, "an old-fashioned cur dog." But when he had recovered from his hurt Sandy went away. Still another dog, a hound whom the men dubbed "Queen," came to us and had fourteen puppies at one swoop, ten of them girls, in the barn. She only required our hospitality for a little while, leaving us later. Breckie loved all of these—but we wanted him to have a special dog of his own and made one more attempt to keep one. This third little companion was of all the dogs we had the hardiest, most roguish, most like Breck himself—a bull terrier, we called him "Camp" after a dog of that breed beloved of Walter Scott. Breckie adored him. "Baby kissee Camp," he would say, and hard it was to prevent each from kissing the other. If either were reprov'd and in disgrace the other sought to intercede, Breck crying out in real distress when Camp had to be house-



BRECKIE
Age Twenty Months, with Mammy and Camp

broken and Camp creeping up to me uneasily and apologetically whenever I spoke firmly to Breck over putting things in his mouth.

October of 1915 was a glorious month and "baby dear," as he then called himself, Mammy, Camp, and I spent the most of its afternoons together out on the campus, tumbling about in a crimson and yellow shower of maple leaves. I find some of these leaves in between the pages of my journal, leaves Breckie brought me then with: "Ta ta eaves, Boppie dear." Then off he would run, Camp bounding at his heels, to roll over and over in the wonderful heaps. Sometimes we picked greens together, Mammy and Dorothy helping, with Lead and Jodie looking on and now and then Queen coming up to be petted as though she had done a praiseworthy act in presenting us with fourteen mongrel puppies. Sometimes we planted narcissus poeticus bulbs on the lawn, Breck and Camp both clumsily assisting by scattering the dirt and sand and running off, the one with my trowel and the other with my dibble. As surely as I settled down to steady planting without them I could count on seeing Mammy's comfortable figure and kind, dark face surmounted by a large white cap looming up the walk with Breck and Camp fairly springing in ecstasy before her, Breckie calling as he ran: "Baby tumin', baby tumin'."

Sometimes we played in the sand pile I had built for Breckie under two of what he later called "pine comb chees." "Such golden October afternoons," I wrote in my journal, "such a happy baby and dog, such a radiant Bop!"

For Camp they were abruptly put to an end one day through his picking up and eating strychnine in some form not fifteen feet from Breck as they climbed the Board Walk with Mammy. He died in ten minutes and Breck, catching up Mammy's wail, kept repeating solemnly: "Campy's daid."

It was our last effort to have a dog for him. Three lost in one year with other dogs poisoned all around us made us realize that we could not at that time attempt to keep one in Eureka Springs. So Camp went after Jock and Tidy to the happy dog star and again, in his limited fashion, our baby mourned a friend.

It was weeks before Camp passed altogether from his memory, before he could see a bone without exclaiming: "Bone, Campy. Come gie bone, Campy dear." Many times he said solemnly: "Camp daid," once in a while adding: "Come back, Campy dear."

4

Breckie made mighty efforts this autumn of 1915 to tell things, his experience and thoughts about them always exceeding his vocabulary.

A few days before Camp was poisoned when he and Mammy and Camp came back from their early walk he appeared fairly bursting with excitement and exclamations. Mammy explained that they had been looking for the nanny goat that lived down below the Hardin spring on the eastern slope of the Crescent mountain and had finally seen her through the crack of a barn door with her head caught, and that she had directed some little boys to let her loose.

But Baby meanwhile was giving me bits of these matters in disjointed sentences: "Baby see Mammy goat fwough er c'ack."

"'Ittle boys, 'ittle boys! 'Et Mammy goat 'oose, 'ittle boys!"

"Mammy goat fwough er c'ack."

The goat so bewitched him that autumn that he talked of her nearly every day and sometimes at night when he woke I heard him calling out: "'Ittle boys, 'ittle boys, 'et Mammy goat 'oose, 'ittle boys!"

One night when it was raining I heard him singing the refrain of a song: "Oh, what a wet, wet day!"

On November third I wrote as follows in my journal: "Yesterday at about five in the afternoon Dick and I took the baby from Mammy and walked with him down the western slope of the mountain to Dairy Hollow and up by another road, reaching home at six, supper, and bedtime with Mammy ready for both. Down in the Hollow Dick gave the baby his first real lesson in throwing rocks at objects and we were enchanted when he hit a bucket at five feet. I shouted: 'Hurrah for baby,' and he repeated it, looking pleased. Indeed it was a good throw for

twenty-one months. . . . He lives out of doors, walking up and down the hills, his eager little feet never still except in sleep."

On November thirteenth he drew a mark for me and said it was "A.R.K."

He was interested in caterpillars this autumn and I told him they would be butterflies when the days got warm again. I showed him pictures of butterflies and said he should chase them. This so pleased him that he often spoke during the following winter of chasing them, and with the first gay butterflies of the early spring (and the butterflies in the Ozarks are very gay) he reveled in the fulfilment of my prophecy.

The first favorites among his picture books, and he had begun to love them in the summer, were two English publications called "Babes and Beasts" (which he called the Boo-cow-boo book) and "Babes and Birds" (Gobble-gobble book,) with charming illustrations. Other favorites were an old cardboard "Peep at the Animal World" which had been mine, and a cardboard copy of the "Three Little Pigs," graphically illustrated, which had belonged to my sister.

At twenty-two months Breck's naked weight was thirty pounds and his height in his stocking feet thirty-four and a half inches. On November nineteenth I wrote: "The past two days have been a bit too bleak for Mammy's rheumatic legs, especially towards night-fall, and I have had Breck out with me on the East Terrace from about four o'clock on until his supper time. We have been working in the flower beds together, I with trowel and he with a little 'shobel.' This tiny bit of sweet alyssum" (it lies between the pages of my journal yet) "he gave me the first afternoon—the only flower left blooming by the last frost, almost as hardy as an evergreen, sunny, clean, and sweet,—how like Breck it is! It has been for years one of my favorite flowers, that I grow wherever I am for a season. Eleanor (here the other day for a visit which was cut short in a day by the sort of appeal from absent friends in trouble she never denies) smiled when she saw my sweet alyssum and said: 'You are never without it.'

"Breck is getting most companionable. He rarely stuffs things

in his mouth now and when he does says quickly: 'Baby so'y.' He doesn't try to run away, but works contentedly along with me and the man I sometimes have to help me. Together we have pulled up all the dead scarlet sage bushes, cut off the tops of the cannas, transplanted several of the perennials, and cleared the beds of old marigold and zinnia stalks. To-day they must be spaded, in and out around the peonies, lilies, etc., and then I shall plant more bulbs in them: Emperor narcissus and Darwin tulips.

"Day before yesterday Dick told Breck to count and said: 'One!' Breck: 'Two.' Daddy: 'Three.' Breck: 'Four.' Daddy: 'Five.' Breck: 'Six.' Daddy: 'Seven.' Breck: 'Eight.' Daddy: 'Nine.' Breck: 'Ten.' This he has picked up from having his toes counted, I suppose, and from counting buttons, ribs, etc. The alternating counting is all he can do beyond two or three. He can't grasp a long sequence unassisted. He doesn't like his ribs counted and says: 'Gogo (don't) count baby's 'ibs.'"

When my mother got back from New York in the late summer Breckie was delighted. She helped a good deal in the care of him that autumn and he became especially attached to her so that when she ran down to Fort Smith for a brief visit in November he seemed to miss her. She got back one evening after he had gone to bed on his balcony and when he came in at ten for his bottle of milk and to sleep in his indoor crib the balance of the night, he saw her with apparent delight. He went to her in tenderest affection and kept holding out his hands to her before being tucked in bed, saying over and over: "How-do, Hoho, How-do, Hoho."

She often wore a dress in the evenings of which he was fond because it had buttons which attracted him. When she came in with it on he ran to her, climbed into her lap and began to count what he called the "bupons"—"two, fwee. . . ."

5

My journal is full of allusions to Breck's future, to some as yet unknown work for which I believed him to be destined. I wrote one day of my own bit of work as secretary for the Arkansas

committee of the Red Cross Nursing service and of the correspondence it entailed, and I added: "What a little backwater of a place I am living in now in these terrible times. . . . I devour newspapers, reviews, books, anything that tells of what is going on in this great and awful war. One feels as if one had no right to be out of it, to be planting bulbs, . . . while over there, oh, over there. . . . But my thoughts are never half a day from this crisis and if I am living in a backwater now I am rearing a man child who will emerge some day to lead the crisis of his age—and a backwater is a good place for the rearing of such a man child." But the destiny wasn't to be here, Breckie darling. That's what we didn't foresee, you and I, nor that it might perhaps be as great a destiny There as here.

Tenderness and demonstrations of affection once having begun their growth in Breckinridge he ever grew more demonstrative and loving with each month of his remaining years. At the period of which I am writing, shortly before he was two years old, he sometimes roused in the night sufficiently to say: "Bop, kiss your baby dear," dropping off to sleep again when I had roused sufficiently to do it. One night about ten, soon after he had been carried gently from his outdoor to his indoor crib, he sang out the usual: "Bop, kiss your baby dear." Now I had not been long abed and I had just been kissing him, so I didn't want to sit up in the cold to do it over. Therefore I said: "Bop is too cold. Baby go to sleep."

There was a moment's silence, then a thoughtful voice rose from out the neighboring crib. It said: "Bop too cold kiss baby dear."

Whereupon I sprang up, crying out: "No, she isn't," and Dick, snugly ensconced under the eiderdown comfort, laughed aloud.

On the Thanksgiving day of 1915 we put Breck in a little white wicker chair I had just bought for him, in front of a little white enameled table George had just made, and set before him his zwieback and broth in the silver porringer Breck Campbell had given him—all for the first time. Hitherto he had eaten on

Mammy's or his grandmother's or my lap, but he already handled his spoon well and spilled very little.

As our apartments were, though numerous and commodious, on the second floor in the southeast wing of a large building and very far from the service part of the institution, I had arranged for a sort of Milk Laboratory, as we called it, later Milk Room, for the baby, connected with our suite. Here we had a stove for him, first electric, then alcohol, then coal oil, on which I pasteurized his milk every day. In the darkest and coolest corner stood his own small refrigerator, presented by his grandmother, with room in the top for twenty pounds of ice, his bottles of milk (one for each of his four daily meals), and pasteurized creamery butter, and at the bottom space for baked apples, jellied broths, cereals, prunes, eggs,—and the other usual things making up the scientifically planned dietary of a very little child. An old marble-topped bureau that had been scrubbed and sunned and a table held the requisite pots, the oranges, measures, glass jars filled with graham and other crackers, the clean bottles, cups, etc. In the paper lined top drawer of this bureau I kept his special dish cloths, the non-absorbent cotton for stoppering his bottles, bread knife, etc. In a bread box on the table we put his special bread, wheat or rye or other dark bread, baked three times a week by a friend, a native of Switzerland. This same lady supplied us with fresh laid eggs. At no time did Breckinridge ever have anything to eat not scientifically planned as suited to his age and regularly served at correct intervals. He never ate between meals. He never had a piece of candy in his life, and, knowing nothing of it, had no desire for it. The machinery of his little body moved in almost unbroken harmony throughout his four years.

6

On December sixth I had taken Breckie with me between one and two in the afternoon down to the grocery known as McLaughlin's to get mints and lemons for one of a series of teas I was giving the students. In returning we took the grassy road by the beautiful memorial Catholic church set in a niche on the

side of the mountain below Crescent, its red tiled roof gleaming above gray stone walls. Its rose window Breck called a wheel. I decided we would go in. It was Breck's first entry into a church and I had him pull off his knitted cap as we opened the bronze doors. Then I showed him the little Christ and, as we left, he gurgled with delight over dropping a coin all by himself in the alms box.

A few days later I was, with Dorothy's help, making ready for another of these teas when an incident occurred of which I copy the account from my journal as I wrote it then: "The tea table was set out in my study in preparation. An exquisite little thing of mahogany it is with embroidered cover and doilies, big silver tray and service, and, arranged on the shelf below, were the cups and saucers. Upon these Breckinridge seized, dropping several on the floor and breaking one.

"I heard the clatter and ran in from an adjoining room, having ventured to leave him for a moment—or rather having ventured not to follow immediately when he left me.

"'Baby,' I said, when I saw the broken cup, and I said it sorrowfully, 'Baby has broken Bop's poor cup. Poor Boppie. Poor cup!'

"'Boppie fix it,' he replied, bringing me the pieces.

"'Boppie can't fix it,' said I, showing him how they fell apart when joined. 'Baby broke Boppie's cup. Poor cup. Poor Boppie. Oh, Baby, how could you break Boppie's cup!'

"In reply he burst out weeping and ran into my arms crying: 'Baby so'y, Bop. Baby so'y (sorry).'

"My lamb, my best loved treasure, how I gathered you in! How we clung to each other and how quickly the ever-ready smiles dispersed your tears!

"Oh, God, was I wise or cruel? Was I unjust? There came not a note of harshness in my voice, but was it just to make him sad? Of course I know that in breaking the cup he had done no shadow of wrong, had only been at his legitimate occupation of investigation. My purpose was to teach him so that another time he would recall the ownership of the tea table, the fragility

of china, and let them alone. Perhaps he won't do either! Then we can try again, always gently, always patiently. How easy it is to be patient with a creature dearer ten thousand times than all one's possessions! But did I do right, was I wise?"

I had not, I remember, then or at any subsequent time a single possession out in his sight that Breckinridge was not permitted to touch provided he asked permission. I had learned that an object lacks form to a young child until he has felt it, so many were the things I gave Breckie to feel and know. But I did, from the first, try at the same time to teach him that certain special things belonged to special people and that he should ask before he touched them. This was a long and patient lesson, but I ever kept the principle before him and to emphasize it we did not encroach upon his rights, his own possessions, without first obtaining his permission. His godmother recalls how on her visit in his second year he would point to his books and say: "Baby's books," and to mine on another shelf and say: "Boppie's books."

In his third and especially in his fourth year he came to know the lesson almost by heart and asked to play on my typewriter or to look in my desk drawer nearly always before doing either. With the greatest sweetness he accorded similar privileges with his things: "You can dwink out of my cup, Boppie." "Breckie, may I use your scissors?" "Yes, sir." And if he found any one making use of his belongings without permission he nearly always said reproachfully: "You didn't ask."

Needless to say in teaching him this tremendous lesson of the rights of ownership we never punished him for his innumerable failures. We knew that the principle could not be mastered without the failures and it was no part of our plan to penalize his immaturity. Punishments were not, in fact, at any time a part of our plan in rearing him, because we preferred the slower, deeper, juster way of reason hand in hand with patience.

I have recorded that the first question Breckie ever asked was on December fifteenth of this year when he lacked nearly a month of being two years old. He said to one of the men on the place, Dorothy's husband: "George, where are you going?"

7

Christmas of 1915 we had much sickness, but Breckie kept his usual perfect health. My father spent the holidays with us and had the grip, as did my mother. Dorothy had the grip too, which left me with the housework of my apartments, and Mammy was barely able to creep around because of a heavy cold, so that I dared not have her close to Breckinridge. What with housework, nursing and care of baby, mine were busy holidays, but precious ones in many years. My brother Carson, then a captain in the Marine Corps and stationed at Washington, came down for two and a half days and he and Dick decorated a little tree in my mother's room for Breckie. This was the last time he and Breckie were to meet, although the thought of this uncle in his country's service was to become one of the guiding forces in the nephew's life.

Under the tree stood the hobby horse Dick and I gave Breck from Santa Claus. He had been told he would get one and when he came into the room he made straight for the horse as though for a moment he saw nothing else. But there were a superabundance of other things as well, since many friends had been kind. I kept a list of his presents on this his second Christmas, thinking he might like to read it later. Carson had brought him from Washington a small basket ball, a push button electric light, and four rubber animals, a bear, a goat, a horse (Lady Light-foot), and a dog. Of the latter one remains, the "Mammy goat." Her face has been bitten off, but she continues to hold her own in the little master's toy box among later acquisitions. This toy box is a substantial one of wood, twenty-four inches long, nine and a half inches high and thirteen inches broad. It belonged to my father and came many years ago from Washington to Fort Smith packed with papers. Elbowing the nanny goat in it now are other toys dating back to this Christmas, notably a wooden horse called Kitchener, sent Breck from England by my friend Frances J—— in Sussex,—a flat horse, jointed, on which a gay pink coated hunter once rode manfully. He and the horse were both made under special circumstances for a war fund.

My sister Lees sent Breck a pair of boxing gloves and these are lying now in a drawer of an old mahogany chest where he kept his leggings and mittens and caps. His grandmother gave him a coat, to help me out, and for himself a large nickel watch, all his own, and never to be returned to an adult pocket until he had heard enough "tick, tick." This watch lies in a drawer of my desk, for he lent it to me two years afterwards, but only the minute hand is left intact, the crystal has long been broken, and the face is smeared from dirty little hands. In addition the mainspring must be broken for the watch has stopped.

From my cousin Anne came a pistol with holster and belt. For this he was then too young but it was later to become one of his dearest possessions and one of the last to be played with. In fact it is lying now just where he left it on a book-shelf in my study.

His godmother sent the exquisite Jessie Wilcox Smith edition of the "Child's Garden of Verse," but of his books I will write later for in his fourth year they took a firm hold on his affections. From his godfather came a silver knife, fork, and spoon which he used constantly. Then from many other friends there were blocks, books, a top, a rubber hammer which couldn't injure chairs be they never so banged upon, a little red coal scuttle from Dorothy that he left at "The Brackens" in Canada the following autumn, a sheepskin rug from old friends in North Carolina on which he slept outdoors in bitter weather, and two character dolls. One of them Mammy named "Jess" after her first husband. The other, "Tommy Tucker," minus both legs, lies on his back at this moment in the toy box in the company of Kitchener and the nanny goat.

Altogether Breckie received so many things this Christmas as almost to suggest the presents which poured in at the time of his birth, only those came from all parts of the globe, including, besides all the American things, a satin pillow from England, an embroidered cap from Italy, and a *crêpe-de-chine* coverlet from Japan.

Mammy named the hobby horse "Stacey" in memory of a defunct steed of that name which had belonged to her. Breckie

seldom used the reins in riding, but held on by the neck or mane. Stacey, a large, well-built horse, is still intact except for dents in the nose from a real hammer, but I find on examination that little hands quite lately had broken the reins and tied them to one forefoot, while a blue ribbon is tied about the left stirrup.

On the last day of the old year of 1915, so I read in my record, Breck and I took a walk together of two or three miles in the rain and he learned the difference between hog and barbed wire fences. He knew the names of mullen plants and buck-bushes, so I read, shaking hands with one mullen leaf as if with an old friend, and we hunted for crows. A rather remarkable incident occurred that afternoon which I carefully noted in my journal the next day. While we trudged along under one umbrella the sun shot out suddenly through the rain.

"See the glorious sun," said I. There was a short silence while Breck observed the to him hitherto unknown phenomenon of simultaneous sunshine and rain. Then he said:

"G'owious sun take a baf (bath)."

THIRD YEAR

In a wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die :

Ever drifting down the stream—
Lingering in the golden gleam—
Life, what is it but a dream?

—LEWIS CARROLL.

ON the twelfth of January, 1916, came Breckinridge's second birthday. I had been reading a number of authoritative books during the past year on both physical and mental development of children and I find, dated January eighteenth, the following notes in my journal: "His weight, naked, and height, in his stocking feet, are on his birthday almost exactly what they were at twenty-three months, viz.: weight thirty-one pounds, height thirty-five and a fourth inches. I ascribe the lack of his usual growth during the past month to his cutting two more big jaw teeth and necessary dieting. He now has eighteen teeth and his weight at two years is just one pound less than Holt gives as the average weight for boys at three years, and his height is one-fourth of an inch more than the average at three years. The circumference of his head, if I measure correctly, and I think I do, is normal for two years, viz.: nineteen inches. The circumference of his chest is three inches over normal, viz.: twenty-two inches.—A good start, my man. How I trust that I can so rear you that your possible attainments will never be handicapped by a physique in the smallest particular defective.

"It isn't enough to love one's child profoundly. One must put one's brains at his service in advance of his demands. As to the outcome—I never doubt it for a moment. There is the stuff of a great man in Breckinridge."

After all, Breckie fell heir this winter to another dog, a female fox terrier puppy, with a black patch over one eye from which she drew her name. She was given us by a butcher and as she is, though affectionate, not bright or pedigreed, or especially desirable, she has thrived down to this day. When Clifton at Cornell heard about her he wrote: "My condolences to Sister Mary over her new dog, for by the time this reaches you I presume it will have been poisoned."

Patch was never the companionable pet to Breckinridge his other little dogs had been and during the next summer she deserted him altogether for my father, to whom she has remained constant in her devotion ever since.

In January I wrote again: "In spite of all our care Breck meets with mischances occasionally, usually tumbles, but a few days ago during a recent bitter spell of weather he got frosted in both cheeks and chin. When the thermometer hovered around zero I was afraid of the outdoors for him late at night. I let him go to sleep out on his balcony as usual, on the sheepskin, in sleeping bag, tucked in wool comforts, in his all-flannel night-drawers with feet, and light silk and wool shirt and band; but I promptly brought him in when he had fallen asleep and put him in his indoor crib in my room, with open windows.

"It never entered my head, however, that it might be too cold for him outdoors in the day time, and I never heard of any one in Arkansas getting frosted. So on the first bitter day, with the thermometer just above zero, we went out as usual for a walk, he and Patch and I. (Mammy rarely goes out walking in bad weather and if she does venture she is ill.) There was a fine, driving snow with much wind and Patch looked so miserable I put her in my sweater. But Babekins, in leggings, overshoes, wadded coat with fur collar, fleece lined mittens, and wool cap pulled over his ears, did not look or declare himself cold, and his rosy cheeks appeared as usual. However, during the days following it has developed that they are tender to the touch and hard in spots. When Dr. Phillips examined him Breckie said: 'Gogo (Don't) pet Baby face, Gocker Phips. Baby face sore.' Mammy is putting on the cheeks twice a day some of the mutton suet dear old Alice got ready for him the summer at 'the Brackens' before he was born. The trouble seems to be slowly clearing up, but I blame myself for this accident to my lamb."

2

Some time before his second birthday Breckinridge was repeating fragments of Mother Goose rhymes. At two years he

could say quite accurately: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (Mammy's version, which concludes thus: "Pig got loose and killed ma goose, and dey put ole Tom in de callyboose."), "Ding, dong dell" (all but the last lines and insisting that Baby pulled pussy out of the well), "Rock-a-bye, Baby," "Bye Baby Bunting," parts of "The Three Little Kittens," and many other fragments. His "Ring around the Rosy" was also Mammy's version, characteristically modified in transmission:

"Ring around de rosy,
Pocket full o' posy,
Squat little Josie."

Breckie loved it and when he said: "Quat 'ittle Dosie" he ducked his fat little person down.

He also knew at this time several songs wholly or in part, such as:

"I won't have any your weevily wheat,
I won't have any your barley,"

"Where are you going, Billy boy, Billy boy,
Where are you going, charming Billy?"

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Johnny's so long at the fair,"

"Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little Brown Jug how I love thee,"

"I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,"

"Cheek or chin, knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?"

"Go tell Aunt Rhody de ole gray goose is daid,"

"I see de boat go round de bend,
Good-bye, ma lover, good-bye,"

"Ole Dan Tucker was a mean ole man,"

"De ole gray horse came a tarin' out of de wilderness,"

and

"Step light, ladies, Oh, Miss Lou,
Neber mind de wedder so de wind don't blew."

This last was an especial favorite of mine, so my mother says, and taught me at the same age by an old negro servant of ours, "Aunt Nancy."

One time during this third year, but I have unfortunately no record of the exact date, I sang to Breckie the second part of "Rockabye, baby, on the tree top," as follows:

"Rockabye, rockabye, mother is near,
Rockabye, rockabye, nothing to fear."

The tune is, I admit, a bit wistful, though not so much so as the negro melodies, and my capacity for carrying any tune in a pleasing fashion slender. As I sang this Breckie turned upon me his deep blue eyes in which tears were gathering.

"Dat makes Baby feel bad," he said, and began to sob. With caresses and tender words I asked him to tell me where it made him feel bad. He instantly put a hand on his throat, saying: "Dere."

At intervals of several weeks I tried the song again, but Breckie either began to cry or else stopped me at the first words of the second part, putting his hand on his throat as indicative of the place where it made him feel bad. Finally we agreed beforehand that when I began to sing this song I should never go beyond the first part.

He never objected to any other song on the score of its making him feel bad, and in his fourth year he ceased objecting to that one. I tried it after an interval of months, and apparently he took no more notice of it than of any other. It became his custom in his fourth year whenever I sang or told a rhyme he did not at that moment want, to say, very politely, "Please stop."

Shortly after his second birthday I told Breckinridge his first consecutive story, not in jingles, that of "The Three Bears." I wrote: "He grasped the elements of it at once and now asks for it often and interlards the recital with his own comments, such as 'No, no, Goldilocks, gogo eat bears' pease po'idge cold,' and (after she breaks the chair of the little bear, represented as being not much larger than his cherished Teddy bear) 'Bop, git George fix it.'"

3

On the night of February third in 1916 I put on a dress Breck had not seen before, a heavy dark green silk which had been one of my mother's Paris frocks in her Russian days, later remade by a St. Louis dressmaker, and that winter adapted to my figure by Dorothy!

Breckie lay in my arms just before my supper and his bedtime observing this historic garment. Then he touched the sleeve and said: "Bop's pitty dess. Bop got on pitty dess."

"Do you like it?" I asked, and he replied emphatically: "Yes, sir!"

He was from that time on and even earlier, as witness his interest months before in the buttons on a gown of my mother's, as observant of clothes as of everything else and frequently remarked upon his own and those of others. The summer he was eighteen months old, to go back a bit, after my sister had left, he often went into my mother's bathroom, touched a dressing gown of hers that Lees had worn, and said: "Sheeshoe, come back." Later in the year he said once, on touching this dressing gown: "Tell Sheeshoe come git her clo'es."

I find this rather exceptional note in my journal, dated February ninth, 1916, when Breck was nearly one month over two years old: "Yesterday morning Breckinridge awoke suddenly and sat up in his crib instantly, as is usual with him:

"'Bop,' he said, 'calfie sat down on de gbound' (ground).

"I saw at once that he had been dreaming, and this was the first time he had ever told me anything I clearly placed as a dream.

"'What did the calf do,' I asked, 'when it sat on the ground?'

"'Calfie eat birdies.'

"'Oh, no,' I said, 'Calf eats grass and flowers.'

"But he persisted: 'Calfie eat birdies on de gbound.'"

At about this time Mammy took a vacation of a few weeks to visit her daughter and granddaughter whom she spoke of as "Jinnie May" and "Liza" and whom Breckie considered as one person. Dorothy helped me with Breck during her absence.

Mammy's children made frequent demands on her. One incident, become famous in our family, is that of Mammy being called to the long distance telephone to talk to Kansas City where her married daughter lived. She couldn't take the call until she had first paid for it and she was so scared over the probable ill news such an exceptional and costly thing portended that I had to support her, in tears and trembling, into the booth. What was her wrath to find that the call came from her son-in-law, who wanted her to send him fifteen dollars so that he could go to the funeral of an aunt in Oklahoma. Mammy's daughter put in the plea for him, but all I could hear at our end was poor Mammy's tearful voice in rising indignation ejaculate: "But, I tells yer, I aint got it."

I have a note in my journal during the February of Mammy's visit to Jinnie May and Liza that Breck is cutting his last two jaw teeth and is a restless sleeper, but not very fretful. I added that he was quite ready to diet himself when teething.

I note that at two years and two months he "carries water from the bathtub to the hand basin or Patch's drinking pan and with such steadiness that he rarely spills a drop. And he can drink a glass of water as easily as I do except that he holds it with two hands."

He began going to breakfast with his father this winter, not that he ate his breakfast then, but he sat in a high chair by him and drank a full glass of water and sometimes, as a special treat, ate a little salt from the palm of his own hand! It was my custom to take breakfast in my own room, and a little later Breck invariably ate his with his father when the latter was at home—his bowl of cereal, cup of milk, and slice of stale brown bread and butter regularly served on a tray with his father's meal. He never expected anything but his accustomed rations and his other meals were always eaten at his own little table upstairs.

I find this characteristic note in my journal, written during Mammy's February, 1916, vacation: "I got in shortly before my supper and found Babekins eating his at his little white table, with Dorothy by, but feeding himself and doing it well. When

he saw me he smiled all over his charming face, saying: "Howdy-do, Boppy dear, Howdy-do."

One night in this same February I felt sure that his ear ached. He was restless anyway with his nineteenth tooth just about through and the twentieth not yet in sight through swollen gums. But the ear ache was over and above all that. He kept pulling at his ear and finally said there was a bug in it, and asked me to kiss it. Then he shook his head back and forth on his bed in a way I had often remarked in my training as a nurse at St. Luke's with babies with ear trouble. Next day Mammy, back from her vacation, and Patch and I went with him to the office of Dr. Huntington, an ear specialist.

"He will give you little funnels to play with," I said. "Won't that be fun?"

So he shook hands happily with Dr. Huntington, asked at once for the funnels, and while he sat playing with one offered no objection to having another put in his ear. There was a little redness, which cleared up promptly under treatment and never returned.

On February twenty-sixth Breck set up a row of blocks on end and I covered a few central ones, and said: "Now this is Stonehenge." Then I got out a volume of the eleventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which had been my father's wedding present to Dick and me, and showed him a good photograph of the wonderful old pile. He was intensely interested and often built "Ton-enge" after that, always asking to see the picture.

4

In this same winter of 1916 we began hoping for another little child to bless us with its presence as the first had done. I quote fragments in allusion to it from my journal of that February: "It is true that Breckinridge, so far as I know, represents out of all eternity the beginning of motherhood for me. Herein is a first baby always more marvelous than the others—but not dearer, I am sure not dearer. I want this new little creature that is coming—how I want it! Little baby, that is not yet, but

will be when the long, hard way is past,—it is awful to get you, little baby. I know now how awful since your brother came. But you, like him, will be worth it a thousandfold.

“But what else on earth is worth it? For what else but the creation of life would one voluntarily face such suffering? Even now, half-starved, weak, . . . I have crept out to the group of trees under Breck’s sleeping porch to write and ponder. What else is worth it?

“It is the balmiest of soft days, ‘so cool, so calm, so bright,—the bridal of the earth and sky.’ The ground is redolent. I worked in it yesterday for an hour with my trowel, and then grew so tired . . . so utterly tired. . . .

“But to-day I am starting in with a bit of strength renewed. I have been reading Jean Ingelow’s ‘Songs of Seven’ (which I love) to make me happy. I love also this group of trees: two big pines, a hard and a soft wood maple, an apple tree and a curious tiny tree with silver leaves, not indigenous, but whose name no one here knows. About its roots two years ago I planted crocuses. Before long they will be springing up and the apple tree will be white with blossoms. Then comes a hot summer . . . but in the early autumn, with the first red and yellow leaves, you will be here, my little second baby, my welcome little second baby.

“I was telling Breck the other day about ‘Hot Cross Buns,’ winding up, ‘If you haven’t any daughters then buy them for your sons.’

“‘Bop,’ said he, ‘Buy Baby a daughter.’

“‘That would be a little girl,’ I replied.

“‘Boppie,’ said he, ‘Buy Baby ’ittle girl.’

“Now nearly every day he begs for one and promises to share ‘Stacey’ with her, and, when he isn’t hungry, he agrees also to divide his food. But when a meal time comes around he often begins exclaiming: ‘No, ’ittle girl can’t have Baby dear’s pease po’idge cold. Mammy bwing Baby’s milk ’fore ’ittle girl gits it.’”

On March fourteenth I noted that Breck had cut his twentieth

and last tooth. On April first I wrote as follows: "Our wonder boy grows apace in the sweetness of his sunny nature, in vigor, in intellectual development. We tested his mentality a few weeks ago by the Binet-Simon scale and he was instantly and correctly responsive to the tests for three and four years.

"He is learning camp meeting hymns from Mammy of which his favorite is:

"Way down yonder by myse'f,
Couldn't hear nobody pray.

"He also sings with much patting of hands:

"Oh, sistern de bwidewoom-me done come,
Oh, sistern de bwidewoom-me done come,
Oh, sistern de bwidewoom-me done come,
Awise and twimme yoh lamps.

I am afraid that his conversation is chiefly a mixture of baby talk and darkey talk like Mammy's, though Dick is diligent in correcting both. The other night he woke me up to ask: 'Boppie, is yer got any owanges?'

"When I said I had he asked: 'Is yer got any for de 'ittle girl?'

"Then he counseled me to ask 'de good, kind moo-cow' to get oranges for the little girl.

"Mammy is absent again for awhile and Dorothy nurse. He speculated for awhile as to Mammy's absence, then asked me point blank: 'Bop, where is Mammy?'

"My little son, never yet have I told you even the faintest of white lies and never will I tell you one. When you ask for a cracker at a time when crackers are not distributed I never tell you they aren't there. I tell you yes, Boppie has plenty of them in the Milk Room and Baby shall have one for supper—but not now. Your candid eyes will never meet anything but equal candor in mine and you shall know that though the whole world deceived you your mother would not, that from her you must often expect mistaken judgments and false opinions (for our opinions are tentative and formative many times) but never an untruth, never, never an untruth."

Early in April Patch was taken suddenly and mysteriously ill. I worked over her and pulled her through, but suspected poison of some sort. Said Breck to me on April sixteenth: "Patchie sick."

"Patch is well now," I answered. He looked seriously at me while he replied:

"Mammy sho' did tell Baby Patchie was sick."

5

On April eighteenth I wrote as follows in my journal: "I am going to Fort Smith to-morrow to see Dr. Cooper and while there I shall make little visits to Caroline and Pansy, being gone in all six days. Never have I left my boy for even one whole day except that other time when I ran down to Fort Smith for two nights. I wouldn't make the trip and leave him now just for diversion—but I have to go and while there I shall take the change and relaxation I really need. Even so I must train my mind rapidly into acquiescence with its own plans, for I shall hunger for my son. He will be well off with my mother, Mammy, and Dick, with Dorothy coming over every morning to pasteurize the milk and help Mammy at his bath. But I shall so miss him. To-day Mammy said to him:

"'Shall we go in de auto to see Boppie go off on de choo-choo train?'

"His eyes filled at once and he said: 'Boppie, don't go off on de choo-choo twain.'

"One of his expressions when urging my nearness is: 'Don't weave Baby.'"

I have been looking over the letters from my mother and Dick written to me during this visit in Fort Smith and full chiefly of details of Breck. In the first one my mother says the baby had asked for me several times but was always comforted with the expectation of the shoe strings I promised to bring back to him. In the second one she writes:

"I avoided bringing you up as a subject of conversation last night but this morning thought I would risk it and said: 'Baby,

I am going to write to Boppie this morning. What must I tell her?" Between mouthfuls of pease porridge hot he answered: 'Tell Boppie to come back.' I said: 'Must I tell her to bring Baby shoe strings?' 'No, sir, tell her to bwing somefing else.' I said: 'Why, doesn't Baby want some nice, new shoe strings?' 'Ya, ma'am, and somefing else.' He was perfectly composed in speaking of you and very positive about the something else. He is sleeping soundly at present (on his balcony) while a storm rages about him."

During my absence it had been arranged for Mammy to sleep in my room by his crib when he was brought in at about ten each night from his outdoor bed. My mother writes that he did not awaken on being brought in as usual the first night of my absence but did wake up, according to Mammy, at twelve and stayed awake until three. Mammy reports, however, that she herself went to sleep. He asked for water once or twice and to be kissed and Mammy handed the water and gave the kisses in silence, hoping he would not notice she had taken Boppie's accustomed place. But she said that as she was dozing she heard an exclamation, which was of pleasure according to her, and Baby crawled out from under his cover and jumped on her, exclaiming: "It's Mammy wid a white cap." "He was," wrote my mother, "apparently, reconciled to the change."

When pressed frequently for messages to send me he gave them as follows: "Tell Boppie to come back," "Tell Boppie Baby got eyes and nose." "Tell Boppie to bwing somefing else." And, through his father, "Tell Boppie Baby good 'ittle boy." But when asked if I should be told that he loved me he said positively: "No, sir." However, a scrawled bit of paper is enclosed in one of my mother's letters, where she guided his hand in holding what he called a "pensule" and forming the words: "Dear Boppie, I love you. Baby," which she said were entirely his own.

Once, too, my mother asked him: "If Baby saw Boppie coming in the room what would Baby say to her?" The reply came promptly: "Boppie, take Baby out."

When asked what he had dreamed he replied with equal swift-

ness but briefly: "Jacob." (We had lately been telling him of Jacob's dream of the angels going up and down the ladder.)

The third night of my absence, and thereafter, his father took care of him at night, but said that he did not awaken at all when Mammy brought him in from outside at ten or later. At twenty minutes after six, however, he woke up for the day, turned over, looked up and said: "Howdy-do, Daddy Dick. How you feel? Baby good."

Easter Sunday during my absence he had an exceptionally happy day. I had left several toy chickens and rabbits for him and a set of eggs over which my mother wrote "he nearly lost his mind." In addition two charming children of about ten years old, Eleanor and Marsh, the children of members of the faculty at Crescent, shared their Easter eggs, rabbits, and chickens with him and let him join in their hunt—putting things just ahead of him where they knew he could find them.

It was during this same absence of mine that Breck startled a professor of English from the State University by asking: "How is yer, Mr. Jones," and stopped drinking his milk to say to his friend B. when she came in his room: "B., kin yer wead?" When she replied that she could he continued: "Wead about de kittens." This "B" and "Camille," which was Breck's name for my husband's private secretary, were among his earliest and most devoted friends.

My father had disposed of some interests he had on a plantation in eastern Arkansas at just this time and come to stay at Crescent, to Breck's manifest satisfaction. It is recorded in one of the letters that he asked his grandfather seriously one morning at breakfast: "Bobo, have yer got yer clo's on?"

His memory for people and names was extraordinary. Later he was nothing like so observant of people, en masse, and more dependent on the few that he loved. But in the early part of his third year he knew the faces and first and last names of over fifty of the teachers and students at Crescent College, and of many people in town to whom he always spoke cordially. What makes this remarkable is that he saw very little of them. It was rare for him to forget any name or face after an intro-

duction. When he was less than two and a half years old his father introduced him one day to a stranger named Clarke. The next day Breck, walking with Mammy, amazed this gentleman, who reported the incident afterwards, by singing out in passing: "Howdy-do, Mr. C'arke."

Mammy's friends among the colored people were his, and her especial friend, whom she called: "Sister Ritchie," he likewise spoke to as: "Sister Witchie." Another pleasant spoken colored woman, a very large one, who came to Crescent for laundry, he called: "Big Mattie." A tall negro man named Fred who drove a wagon was a source of special interest to him.

When I got back to Eureka Springs from Fort Smith Mammy fell ill with lumbago and stayed in bed a week, during which I nursed her and took care of Breck with no ill effects. One rainy afternoon early in May when Breckinridge and I returned from a walk through the dripping woods he carried a present, he had gathered himself for Mammy, pressed tight in one moist fist. It was a bouquet, consisting of three violets and a nail, and when he handed it to Mammy in bed I couldn't determine which of the two looked the prouder or more pleased.

6

On the night of May twelfth when he was two years and four months old Breck made his first inquiry regarding certain natural processes in his own body, using nursery phraseology of course. So I gave as simple an explanation as I could of the kidneys, omitting the bladder as too complicated for purposes of illustration then. I showed him where the kidneys were located. He already knew what he called his "Lumbar wegion" and named it instantly as the place where Mammy had pain when she was sick. The cord in the middle of his back he called the "pinal column" and often remarked in eating that the food went down into his "abdomen." A year later he took real interest in following the course of his food after he had eaten it, and had a rudimentary but not unscientific general conception of the digestive processes.

Early in May Breckinridge began again sleeping out all night on his balcony, instead of coming in at my bedtime as he did in the coldest weather. On the eighteenth, after he had been put to bed, he called me out to ask me to kiss his chin. "What is the matter with it?" I asked.

"Baby squatched it wid his fingers. Fingers bad. Fingers dangewous."

A few nights before this when I was out there putting extra covering over him he half woke up and spoke sleepily to me. At the same moment a bird twittered.

"Dat's a cat bird," murmured Breck drowsily, closing his eyes again.

When Breckie was out walking with me one afternoon we passed a group of school boys playing baseball. His eagerness to get in on the game was pathetic and often after that he took a stick and tried his best to bat his balls with it. When he heard Mammy and me discussing whether or not he needed his sweater on going out, he interrupted us to say positively: "He needs his ball." That was his real need.

Upon another occasion he heard me say to her: "Mammy, he can't be trusted," and said pleadingly: "Oh, 'et him be twusted."

Out in the sandpile one Sunday afternoon he was playing with Mrs. Franche's two little daughters, Juliette and Mary Gertrude, when he suddenly hugged and kissed the latter, who broke away from him and began to run. "Mawy Gertwude," he said, "Baby's so'y."

Another day he was out on the east terrace when he heard his grandmother calling to him. Looking up he saw her standing at an open window and called back to her anxiously: "Come down, Hoho. You will bwreak your bones."

We never let him climb into the window seats and had to be mighty careful not to sit there ourselves in his presence. One such example from us naturally undid all we might say, since he could not see why it would be unsafe for him if not for us. Once, at a somewhat later period, he ran in and found me sunning my hair in a window seat and cried out: "Boppie, dat's

dangewous. Boppie, get down." Needless to add I complied with all haste and acknowledgment of wrongdoing.

On June thirteenth I wrote: "About two weeks ago Breckinridge asked his first question about God. I had him in my arms one Sunday evening and said to him: 'God bless my baby, and help him to make himself a good boy.'

" 'Where's God?' asked Breck.

" 'Everywhere,' I answered vaguely. 'In the blessed moon, in baby's head and heart and little feet, in Boppie, in everybody, in the four leaf clovers and the little birds.' He appeared deeply interested but has not touched upon the subject since.

"Breck's schedule now is as follows: When he rises in the morning he has the juice of two oranges. Later he breakfasts in our little private dining room with his father and grandfather on a coddled egg and crisp toast. Afterwards he and Mammy sally forth for the morning, coming in before noon for his bath. Meantime his quart bottle of milk has come and I have pasteurized it and put it in Walker-Gordon tubes in the upper part of his own small refrigerator. After his bath he has one of these eight ounce bottles of milk to drink and a cracker or two of his own choice, viz: graham, arrowroot or bran, or a piece of zwieback. Then he goes to bed for his nap. When he wakes at two or thereabouts he has his dinner, prepared by ourselves, consisting generally of a bit of rare tenderloin steak, broiled on our little broiler, or young chicken, a slice of stale brown bread and butter, eight ounces of milk, and a vegetable, often beans or greens from our own garden, or asparagus tips, carrots, a baked potato, or beet tops. Then he and Mammy spend the balance of the afternoon out of doors. They are fond of going with a little cup to one of the springs, especially the Grotto, Crescent, or Hardin, where they drink any quantity of water. Sometimes they walk farther afield, or just play about the grounds where he has gardening tools, wheel-barrow, sandpile, etc. At six they come in and Babekins has a supper of rice and milk, or some other cereal and milk, and goes promptly to bed on his sleeping porch for the night,—after he has had hands and

face washed and often feet, for the dust sifts in through his sandals, and has brushed his teeth."

He loved brushing his teeth and in his fourth year could do it so well as to require little of the assistance we necessarily were giving in his third. In his fourth year he also learned how to gargle his throat expertly.

7

In the middle of June Breckinridge was ill with quite a high fever and a rash which my mother and Mammy pronounced measles, of which there happened to be a few cases in town. We will never know what he had because when Dr. Phillips saw him the rash had not come out in a definite way and early symptoms were not typical, and later, when it had, I could not locate the doctor.

This illness began in the night suddenly with vomiting and a high temperature, which in the morning had dropped a little. At the same time a small flat eruption appeared on arms, thighs, buttocks, back and lower abdomen and slightly on the chest. Under appropriate treatment the temperature gradually went down, was normal that day and rose the second, failing to go down even under treatment. The third morning a splotchy red rash appeared on his face and the back of his neck and the temperature promptly dropt to nearly a degree subnormal. It was subnormal for three successive mornings and did not rise above normal again. The rash gradually faded, but Breckie was, that rare thing for him, cross and fretful for fully four days following this illness. In less than a week, however, he was again the joyous, hearty boy to whom we were accustomed, and I find the following note in my journal dated June twenty-sixth:

"Yesterday afternoon late Dick, Breck and I had a happy walk and Breck climbed way up on a high ladder—with Dick standing by—and then down again, very smoothly, after a preliminary puzzling over hands and feet.

"He always speaks of himself in the third person, sometimes climbing into my lap, saying: 'Boppie, pet him.' The other day

he fell off a fence he was climbing and picked himself up with this query to his nurse: 'Mammy, did he hurt himself?' If he is interrupted in his play he says: 'Baby's busy.'

"The other night when I was out on his sleeping porch arranging his covers I called his attention to the stars, for the curtains of the porch had been let down and it was a bright night. He said: 'Dem's Baby's 'tittle stars.'"

He loved on this balcony at night to listen to the tree frogs and katydids, about which he often talked. The myriad sounds of a Southern summer night interested and pleased him. The wind too became as real a personality to him as to any child of a more primitive time. He learned to call the gentle winds Zephyr and the rude ones Boreas. On particularly wild nights when Boreas was storming all around the balcony Breckie talked to him with affectionate familiarity. In lulls we caught snatches of his end of the conversation.

No one who has not slept out of doors alone month in and month out as Breckinridge did can appreciate the charm of his bedtimes and his awakenings, the dropping off to sleep with the drowsy bird notes and rousing to their insistent calls. Grieg must have known about it, since he imitated the symphony of the birds so extraordinarily well in his Peer Gynt Suite. Breckie loved them. The two he observed most at this period, I suppose because they are conspicuous, were the red-headed wood-pecker and the "old jay." But he could not admire the jay because of its quarrelsome disposition.

I think one reason why Breckie had such a sweet and joyous heart was because of his nights out of doors and his matins with the birds after the sun had shot its first long rays across his opening eyes. I think the winds helped too, "winds austere and pure," and the waving boughs of the two tall maples which guarded his little crib.

8

One day in June Breck came to me asking for a story. I reversed the usual procedure by requesting him to tell me one.

He began with alacrity and delivered himself of the following, which I took down in pencil immediately afterwards: "One day 'tittle girl walkin' fwough woods and er ole snake bit her patellas and her muver had to put black salve on her patellas 'tittle girl cwied so one day."

He was two years and five months old when he told this story, his first. The following morning I questioned him further and he repeated the tale, but the villain in the piece had evidently experienced a change of heart for he added: "But er ole snake didn't *mean* to do it."

At about this time he had another vivid dream, waking up and calling out loudly that he didn't want to be taken by "de lady wid de black abdomen."

9

That summer was excessively hot and my mother and I often longed for the cool sweetness and solitude of her island home, the Brackens, in Canadian Muskoka. Our summers for many years had nearly all been spent there, but none of us had been able to go up since the summer before Breck's birth.

With the beginning of the extreme heat and the first crowds of summer vistsors to Eureka Springs my health was not so good as it had been and I was often tired, especially after Breck's little illness. I gave up working among my flowers and frequently felt discouraged and ill. But I continued to feel deeply the blessedness of my condition with one little child playing by me and another next my heart—and now, less than two years after, bereft of both, I sit with empty arms in a silent room recalling the promise life held for me then.

Dated June twenty-seventh I find the following in my journal: "In writing I do not often put down the troublous things, the every-day annoyances and deeper distresses which I do not want to associate indelibly with my life. It is an obligation as well as a desire for me to control my thoughts, cultivating wherever possible only the sweet and gracious ones. This I owe to those around me and particularly to my children, for already I think of myself as the mother of children, not just of one child.

"But there are inevitable annoyances—though not so many things in my environment annoy as once did. I have learned, in my condition, to be grateful, when so many are homeless, for shelter, when nations like Poland and Servia are starving for food. I feast my eyes on the beauty of this rugged country and shut my ears to the discords of a great crowded house. My own apartments are a sanctuary and so is much of the out of doors. It has been my privilege to rear my boy through his tenderest years in a land at peace, where the right food has been available and all he needed of sunshine and air. War and the evils of great cities have been far from us and if I am not carrying my second child in that dearest of quiet homes, that loveliest of islands, 'The Brackens,' I am at least carrying it in the fresh air, with pure water, good food, surroundings of physical comfort, and—all about me to look at—the 'hills of God.' I have flowers to work among, sweet, though not in a garden forever my own, and rambling, lonely walks. I have books, enough occupation, and no hard work. I have security."

All these blessings were not to avail in bringing me safely the chiefest of all blessings, another little child. The last of June Mammy was called home to Fort Smith by the illness of a daughter which seemed to be of indefinite duration. It became a question of another nurse for Breckinridge and there was only one person in that part of Arkansas I was willing to entrust with this precious responsibility. Already I had noticed that Breck was outgrowing Mammy, whose faithful devotion would have tended admirably my second little baby but whose rheumatic legs and substantial person could not keep up with a child of Breckie's large activity. I felt that he was not free enough. Neither she nor I, in my condition, could keep up with him.

The person I now wanted for his nurse was Juliette Carni, a French-Swiss woman with whom I had long been acquainted. Breck and I on our walks had often stopped at her house in Dairy Hollow to talk, the mutual attraction at first being that she came from a country where I had spent two years of happy girlhood at school, a country to the memory of which her heart, like that of every exiled Swiss, never ceased clinging.

Juliette had recently lost her little baby and was anxious to nurse another child. I therefore engaged her for Breckinridge to whom she was to become a second mother, for the devotion between them lasted unbroken to the day of his death.

It was arranged that Juliette continue sleeping at her home where she had a husband and nine-year-old daughter, but come to me every morning. Every afternoon Breckie, after his nap and dinner, went with her down to the Dairy Hollow to play. She brought him back at five thirty, gave him his supper and put him to bed. This plan suited us both and she was ready to stay at Crescent in the evening should I need her. She had every Sunday afternoon at home to herself and later every Thursday as well.

Between Mammy's going and Juliette's coming there were two days when I had no nurse and I overtaxed my already depleted strength. In addition Breck met with an accident which was an awful shock to me. His balcony crib was a model thing of its kind, the largest size made, plain iron white enameled, with the highest obtainable sides and smooth spindles closely spaced. The sides at that time reached up to Breck's chest and it had never entered the heads of any of us that he might possibly climb over them. This is just what he did, however, and met with a terrible fall. When I ran to him, climbing the stairs like the wind, he had picked himself up and was sobbing piteously, his poor head badly hurt above the eyes. I will never forget the look he gave me, it had so much assurance in it that I would understand and comfort, as I raised him in my arms.

Juliette came the next day and he took up with her at once in happy fashion, first with that cordial sociability with which he greeted everybody and soon in the special way of affectionate attachment. This was fortunate for I was soon past helping in his care. After I had been five days ill in bed, in spite of everything two doctors and a trained nurse could do to prevent it, my little daughter Mary was born prematurely at half past three in the morning on Saturday the eighth of July, and in six hours died.

IO

O little ship that passed us in the night,
What sunrise wast thou bound for, as we sailed
Our longer voyage in the wind that wailed,
Across dark waves with few great stars in sight?

Or wast thou bound for where, in dim half-light,
The Isles that None Return From lie thick-veiled
In their eternal mist; and shrunk and paled,
The sun of Ghostland shines from changeless height?

We had but time to hail and ask her name.
It sounded faint, like "Persis," and we heard
"God's haven" as the port from which she came;

Bound for . . . But in the sobbing of the wind,
And clash of waves, we failed to catch the word,
And she was gone; and we were left behind.

—EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

She was an exquisite baby with well shaped head, broad brow, and eyes set wide apart. Side by side with one of Breckie's yellow curls I have yet a lock of her straight brown hair.

With all the welter of woe in Europe it did not seem like a great loss, just one little girl baby. But she was my little girl baby, and I had been loving her from the very beginning. For nearly seven months I had carried her and now my body felt so still since she had left it and my very breasts were to throb for lips which could never suckle them.

From one dark cradle to another with hardly a break between! Only six hours—and then she had passed back into the great silence from whence she had come.

I grieved for the life which she had missed, the splendid work she might have done, the human motherhood she might not know in all its dearness as I knew it. But always through my grief there ran that ever-lasting hope of the soul of man, which spoke for my darling a continuity of life with possibilities so vast that this little episode of birth and death could not really matter, except in linking her to me forever, through a mother's imperishable love.

After she had died I lay for some time with the precious little body, which for months had been so close to me, tight in my arms. Then I heard Breckinridge outside and asked to have him brought in. When he came to the side of my bed I laid the little baby in his arms and said: "This is your little sister."

Breckinridge looked at me with radiant eyes. "Baby wants to see her," he said, trying to remove the handkerchief from her face. When he was prevented he petted her proudly.

Often during the days that followed, after she had been carried by her father down to Fort Smith and buried, in our family lot, her brother came to my bedside to talk of her. Once I told him that perhaps she lived among the stars his loving heart went out to every night as he lay on his outdoor bed. He replied, with evident recollection of the shrouded, still figure he had held: "Baby is goin' to get her and pack her to you, Boppie, and unw'ap her and wake her up."

II

A few pictures of Breckinridge at this period, while I lay ill in bed through long, hot hours, stand out with peculiar vividness although I find no record of them in my journal. One is of him coming in with Juliette after a visit to Mrs. Jordan, the Swiss lady who made his bread, and standing by my bed in a pink and white low neck suit without sleeves—yellow hair curling tight over his head, eyes very big and blue,—declaring: "Boppie, Puts was asleep under de stove." Puts was, so Juliette told me, the Jordans' gray cat.

Another is of his being brought in to me very early in the morning by his father, who said: "I asked him what he wanted to play with and he said 'Give him a belt,' but it doesn't satisfy him long." So then he was left, at my request, that morning and subsequent mornings too on my bed until my nurse came in to me and Juliette for him. The bed, a large old rosewood one with a tester, in which I had sometimes slept as a girl, made a fair sized playroom for him, and I let him ransack the contents of my work basket while he sat there by me. It was great fun

for us both and it eased the soreness in my heart to turn from the death of my baby to this remaining precious child.

Breck's curls, of which I have written, were not long ones. His hair curled naturally, especially in damp weather or when he perspired, in tiny ringlets all over his head. Mammy called them "drake's tails." I was careful to cut them back often enough to keep him from being bothered with tangles of hot hair on his neck. I have seven envelopes of these yellow "drake's tails" for I trimmed them back seven times.

While I was ill Breck began to pick up French from Juliette—bits at a time. A friend of mine told me later of his running into her house, followed by Juliette, and exclaiming: "Lanky, en haut is upstairs and en bas is downstairs." The first rhyme he learned was: "Un, deux, trois, nous allons au bois."

12

While I lay through these hot days my father, mother and husband began planning for my mother and me to take Breckie and Juliette and her daughter Liliane and go up to Canada as soon as I could travel. It was a wonderful plan. Always I seemed, in that hot room, to be hearing "Lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore," and at last the old dreams were to become again realities.

I left Eureka Springs Monday, the seventh of August, with Juliette, Liliane, and Breck, and with Dick taking us to Seligman to put us on the St. Louis sleeper. My mother had gone on ahead to do some necessary shopping in Toronto and engage another maid.

We were two nights and a day reaching Toronto, but Breck stood the trip well. I had tucked all sorts of new things for him to play with in the corners of his suitcase and Juliette produced them at intervals, thus enlivening the tedium of the day. I remember vividly awaking the first morning an hour or so out of St. Louis to find him already awake, sitting up and staring hard out of the window at the woods and fields past which we were rushing. In fact what woke me was his exclamation: "Oh, see de pine comb chees!"

Though he stood the trip well it proved too much for my returning strength and I had to lie over twenty-four hours in Toronto at the old Queen's hotel, of which I had always been fond because of my grandfather's having stopped there in the days of his exile. Juliette took Breck out walking and bought him a plaster pig, wearing a Prussian helmet, and sold for a Belgian relief fund. We named it "Junker" and it lies in the toy box now in far grander company than it ever deserved, to wit, with the English horse we called after Kitchener and other gentlemen. We met my mother at the Queen's and left for Muskoka the next day with a maid named Helen, who was to become one of Breck's many friends, and with a loved relative, my Aunt Jane, who had joined us in Toronto. On the journey down we met unexpectedly two favorite cousins from Mississippi and through the care of one of them I was able to continue on to the Brackens. I had become so very faint and ill that without his help from the berth in the train to the boat I could not have managed.

It was several days after we reached the Brackens before I could leave my bed upstairs and so I missed the joy I had anticipated of being the first to show the wonders of the place to Breckinridge. On the twelfth of August I wrote in pencil: "I have seen nothing of the islands yet except from the windows of the North Room, but that little is more beautiful than anything I have seen since I last was here. The moon reaches a long, silver arm across the lake and through the doors of my balcony nearly on to my bed."

13

By August eighteenth I was evidently able to be up and in swimming, for I find in a letter to my husband of that date this account of Breckinridge: "You would have been proud of the fearless and eager way in which he first went in the water. But he started to run as we were all splashing in the bay and fell over on his face. I caught him before his head went under all the way, but he got water up his nose. You

would have been proud of him again for he hardly cried a moment, seemed more shocked than grieved, and almost at once began again splashing water. That was two days ago. He has not asked to go in since and I have not suggested it. I am waiting for the suggestion to come from him as a sign that he is no longer frightened. He has a little wooden canoe that was Clifton's that he loves."

He often went in the bay again before the water got too cold and never seemed frightened, though the incident referred to made him cautious. He said the lake had choked him, and added with a charming smile to me: "Boppie, did you pull Bweckinwidge out by de hair?" He loved rowing and canoeing of all things and in the shallow bay where an upset would not matter I often let him sit alone in his bathing suit in one of the smaller boats and manipulate the oars or paddle, while I walked along in the water close to him. He really handled the oars well and I think had boat and oars been adapted to the size of a two and a half year old he would have succeeded with them admirably. He was never frightened on the water, even in rough weather, and no more disturbed when waves dashed over the boat, deluging him with their spray, than I was myself. When any of us started to push off in a boat we could usually hear him calling: "Wait for Bweckinwidge." When he went with us in the boats he sat on a cushion at the feet of whoever did the steering and was perfectly quiet, because we had explained the danger of moving in boats, trailing his little canoe by a string.

14

We were designedly a small household in the roomy house that in other years had ever been full of our kindred and friends. Aunt Jane and Eleanor were our only guests this summer, and they not really guests of course since they are one with us. Lees came up for a few weeks before returning to her work in Richmond, but my two brothers, whose fondest associations hung about the place, were far away—Carson as assistant naval attaché at Petrograd and Clifton in training at Plattsburg.

We turned Clifton's old room into a nursery where Breckie slept in a crib we bought in Toronto. I left him in Juliette's care at night so that I could sleep later in the morning, but this period succeeding my illness was the only part of his life when any one but his mother regularly had care of him at night, excepting right after he was born.

I wrote in my journal of our life on the little island: "It is simple, it is plain, it is heaven. We live in beauty and breathe in health with every breath. We linger on the water and I am in it swimming once or twice each day. We wander among the rocks and trees, and at night we gather about the lamp before the great fire of wood in the stone chimney and read aloud.

"From the open windows of the North room, which I occupy, I overlook that expanse of water over which the northern lights play often at night, and now and then I raise my grateful eyes to look across this loved spot. From a distance comes the voice of my little son at play—but close by me, closer than any but the dead can reach, is that other voice of my baby girl. I hear it in the lapping of the lake upon the shore, in the wind sighing softly in the cedar and hemlock trees; I feel it in the brave sunlight and the wide stretches of water and sky, and in the spicy odors of the forest. Perhaps that is why we are affected supremely by such things. Perhaps they are the voices of our dead, the voices of little children and babies who cannot reach us through any other language until we too are free.

"But I still waken at night and imagine she is a live baby and I am nursing her, and Breckinridge (to whom I talk of his little sister who has gone to live beyond the stars) has asked me for "anuder 'ittle sister" that won't go so far away. Beyond the stars! As if one 'knew! She is closer yet. I know it in my own 'body where she lived and in my heart that loved her. Somewhere her destiny is wrought out and my love gives me a claim to share it. This is my faith, my hope of immortality."

15

Breckinridge, in constant association with Juliette, soon picked up French. On August twenty-seventh I noted: "He is rapidly learning an excellent French but mixes the two languages at present." Once when I asked him for a message to his father he said: "Tell him Bweckinwidge had déjeuner and some fish;" and another time, as he splashed in his bath he said: "Dites-lui que le savon est un papillon (pronounced by B. papiwon) and Bweckinwidge is a bon garçon."

When we passed under a clothes line he exclaimed: "Fegardez (meaning regardez) le night gown de Tante Lees!"

Among the toys which had been Clifton's when he was little older than Breckinridge and which we found in the top of the boathouse were some soldiers, a fire engine, and a hook and ladder truck. With these soldiers for angels Breckie rehearsed Jacob's dream. One morning he said to me that Juliette called his angels "des soldats."

A month later and Breck had ceased to confuse French and English and from then on to the end of his four years he was equally at home in both. This was what I had expected from reading of how early the language centers develop in the brains of little children and from remembering how my brother Clifton at Breck's age, when we were living in Russia, had a fair nursery vocabulary in Russian, English, French, and German. The little Russians with whom I played in those days all spoke two or three other languages as readily as their own just from hearing them constantly spoken.

In other respects Breckie continued to develop with that extraordinary rapidity so characteristic of unhampered babies. At this time, and indeed always thereafter, I noticed an intense earnestness at play which contrasted strongly with the joyous flashes of light illuminating his face in conversation. Nothing could exceed the seriousness of his expression when he played—a seriousness almost stately in a child whose broad brow and deep colored eyes gave him a rather striking appearance at all times. Play was the real business of his life—as indeed we now

know it to be with the young of all highly developed creatures.

I recall standing with my sister one day at the Brackens and watching Breckie run around the table of our outdoor dining room with Liliane in pursuit. His expression was so earnest and grave that Lees exclaimed: "No matter what he is doing he looks like a senator."

As soon as he began talking with any one the smiles fairly chased each other across the face which had responded so seriously to play. I wrote of a steam launch full of old friends from other islands calling one day late in August, and added: "The whole party were charmed with Breck, who went up to everybody in his cordial way, repeating each name as he shook hands." A friend from Virginia who spent a few days with us early in September wrote nearly two years later: "I remember him as the most perfect blending of all that was beautiful and attractive in childhood, with an understanding and poise of mind seldom found."

Breckie's love for the lake grew to be almost as absorbing a passion with him as it had been for years with me and he became quite fanciful about it and about the sky. Once he said that there was another lake up behind the clouds and when on the water he often said he was behind the clouds. His mind was so full of water that when I asked one day what message I should send his father he said: "Tell him to take a baf."

16

On the first of September, fearing the threatened railroad strike, Aunt Jane left the Brackens and Eleanor, Juliette, Liliane, Breck and I went with her on the big boat as far as the locks at Port Carling. Then we walked back through the woods three miles or so to a sandy bay about two miles from the Brackens where Mr. Bissonette, our old French-Canadian caretaker and gardener, met us by appointment with two row boats.

Meanwhile a terrible wind had arisen and was blowing just across our course. I decided Breckie was safer with Mr. Bissonette than with me and so put him with Eleanor in Mr. B.'s

boat. That left Juliette and me to row the other with Liliane in the stern. Juliette had learned to pull a strong oar, which was certainly needed on this occasion as the storm fairly raged around us and I never had a worse pull. We finally tried tacking and made better headway, going against the wind to the shelter of an island, then following the line of the island on the leeward side and finally, having worked considerably to the south of the Brackens, coming down with the wind on the last stretch. It was an exhausting row but did me no harm and, except for blistered hands, I was none the worse next day. Of Breckie's conduct we were all immensely proud. He sat at Eleanor's feet, deluged often with the spray of waves breaking over the boat, but quite unafraid and much interested.

17

Many people said that Dick made the best father they ever knew. Even when Breck was a very little baby Dick gave him any amount of personal attention and the two were uncommonly chummy as Breck got older. During that summer at the Brackens Breck spoke frequently of him. Once when I was telling him good-night he said, almost tearfully and without suggestions on my part: "Tell faver he wants to sweep (sleep) wif him." When I reminded him that father was in Eureka Springs he cried out: "O, Boppie, take faver to Hoho's Island."

One day he began running round and round the big hall and when I asked him what he was doing he said: "Wookin for faver." He often sent casual messages, some of them unsolicited, such as: "Tell him to come to Bweckinwidge." "Tell him he (meaning himself) is playing wif soldiers and wagons." "Tell him he can wow (row) *fast* and *quick*"—which was an overstatement of facts. Once he said to Juliette: "Dites à son père de venir vers lui," and once, when he had picked a wild aster, he gave it to Juliette saying: "Il veut l'envoyer à son père." I pressed it and enclosed it in my next letter to Dick, where I was to find it again long afterwards.

One day late in September when Juliette, Helen, and Liliane had all gone to the county fair at Bracebridge, the county seat, and I was giving Breck his bath for the first time since my illness, I left the water running and he stuck his hand under the faucet. Instantly he came to me, calling out as he came "Boppie, c'est twop (trop) chaud. Il s'est bwûlé (brûlé)". He got caught in the bushes on another occasion and told me that his grandmother's island had "scwatched him." Sometimes as he ran up and down he exclaimed: "C'est Beckidge qui court." It was not until after his third birthday the following winter that he ceased speaking of himself in the third person.

I have the remembrance of his first impersonations associated with the Brackens, of his playing baby, sick soldier, and once of his descending the stairs in a fresh white suit below which the bloomers showed only a little, and saying to me with a shy smile: "It's a 'ittle girl."

Late in September I wrote his father as follows: "Yesterday I took the boy back into the woods behind old Captain Howe's hut to the swamp where the tamaracks grow, where the moss is deep and red and the rushes are tall. Quantities of spruce grow also in this swamp, and tall plants with a bloom like cotton. All around the edges of the swamp the deciduous trees were touched with yellow yesterday. The boy enjoyed plunging through the rushes, taller than his head, and sinking deep in the moss. You and I went to this marsh one windy day on our honeymoon and took a long walk on the old road off to the left of it. Do you remembér?

"Coming back yesterday the lake was entirely calm and the air had a wet smell. Breckinridge sat with me and rowed with me going over—really quite well. He can propel the boat a little, but of course doesn't handle his oars well, nor has he great force. His education is progressing—for he is learning how to row a boat, to hammer nails in wood, to be steady and sure-footed on rocks, to respect deep water and hot stoves, to sit still in a boat and why he does it, and many, many other things.

He is also becoming, among these Canadians, quite as pro-ally in his sympathies as even his parents could wish. He told me of a certain bee in the goldenrod that it was a 'dangewous bee—a German bee.'

"He is learning the Twenty-third Psalm and knows about half of it. We act it as he learns; then we tell it to the big hydrangeas down by the water's edge and they whisper it back to us. The grassy slope from the Southern veranda to the little bay is a 'green pasture,' the lake a 'still water,' and the little path back of the island is a 'path of righteousness.' We haven't gotten to the 'valley of the shadow of death' yet and I don't know how I shall depict that.*

"He learns eagerly and easily and it is so jolly to teach him. I hope he won't want to learn to read before he is eight years old because oculists unite in declaring the eye too unformed before eight to use print without risk of eye trouble later. So my eyes will have to serve him as long as possible and I will read a thousand delicious and noble things to him. I wonder what his tastes in literature will be. He accepts willingly enough all he is taught now. How wonderful it is to watch a remarkable mind in its early development and help in its education! We must be careful not to stifle it, careful to help it to follow its own bent, careful to fill it with tender and lofty images, careful to have only the best food accessible for it to seize upon. I suppose the education of a child is difficult chiefly because it is one's own education. We can't ram one moral into a child's head and live by another, tell it to keep its temper and lose our own. The other day Breckinridge struck at me with his open hand. I said: 'Breckinridge, does Boppie ever strike you?' Instantly with his quick catching at the right he threw himself upon me declaring in his broken way that he wouldn't strike either. How different would the feeling in his heart have been had I struck back!

"Old Mr. Bissonette is immensely proud of Breckie, says he is

* (Note—at that point Breckie lost interest and we did not pursue the subject further.)

the strongest child for his age he ever saw—says he reasons and that he never knew a baby to reason before. I don't suppose the reason of a baby is brought out as a rule and if it isn't appealed to how could it develop? Nothing develops until it is used."

Mr. Bissonette put Breckie through a military drill nearly every day, both of them standing upright, facing each other, and solemnly going through certain setting up exercises, some of which were hard for Breck's plump little person to execute.

19

Breckinridge's play room at the Brackens on stormy days was the top floor of the launch and boat house, a roomy space, all open but sheltered from the wet and full of all sorts of delectable things to delight the little boy: old boats and tools and camping outfits and, mixed in with them, Clifton's little red wheelbarrow, toy boats, tin dishes, soldiers and other pathetic reminders of his childhood. Soon, I felt, would Breckie be growing beyond them too. But now I know he never will—not that is in the world we know of. The old boats and tools and toys lie up there under the snow with the frozen lake all about, while the first little boy—grown a soldier—prepares to serve his country on a foreign shore, and the second—after a death as heroic as the bravest soldier's—sleeps under the grasses of a southern grave.

How Breckie did enjoy that old boathouse and its fascinating junk! Tired of my typewriter, I often left the house, and, wrapped in a long waterproof cape I had as a girl in Switzerland, I ran down to the connection between the two islands, stepped in the boathouse, and there, at the foot of its stairs, close by the slips of water, I stood and called. Instantly Breckie's sunny head appeared at the head of the stairs and in his gracious voice—a voice whose inflections were the sweetest I ever heard—he called back:

"You can come up here, Boppie. You can."

In my journal in late October I wrote: "Old Mr. Bissonette is usually there (in the boathouse) with Juliette, Liliane, and Breck, and he is mending rugs with a long sailcloth needle and

worsted and a horny protector in the palm of his hand, instead of a thimble,—which is sewing sailor fashion. The occupation charms Breckinridge, who adores Mr. Bissonette anyway, and he has promptly learned to sew. I have in my work bag a bit of lace in which he took his first stitches. Now he can sew a button on his shirt or romper, though I have to thread his needles with double thread, and fasten his threads when he has finished. Last night just before supper he came into the big hall where we were sitting around the fire, sat down and sewed on two buttons with much gravity. But of course they weren't in the right place for buttons and I had to cut them off later." He never sewed for more than a few moments at a time and I hardly think gave it enough attention to strain his eyes.

His appetite at this time, so I wrote, was stupendous and he had gained nearly seven pounds since we came up, weighing on the supply boat scales forty pounds—which was a little over thirty-eight without his clothes. I never recorded any but his naked weight. During the hot weather in Arkansas he had lost some of his high color, but it all returned at the Brackens and he was a splendid looking child, red-cheeked, hearty, his face alight with a succession of radiant smiles except when he engaged in the serious business of play.

He came into the big hall every evening while Juliette was getting ready his supper of bread and milk, and usually he rushed for Gipsy, our time-honored cat of many summers (the cleanest of cats, living on the islands with us and smelling of sweet balsam and pine) who was generally to be found at that hour dozing in a cushioned chair before the liberal fire. Breckinridge mingled his yellow curls with Gipsy's sleek, black fur and then grabbed him by the middle and, staggering over to me, exclaimed: "Vous pouvez avoir ce minet."

In talking French with him Juliette used only the "vous." She said she had found that if one *tutoies* American children, who are not likely to hear the language out of their homes, then "Ils tutoient tout le monde." So we all used the vous in speaking to Breck, except Lees, who could never bring herself to say "vous" to a baby.

A dominant trait in Breckinridge, in possessing which he resembled his father, was keenness of observation. That autumn at the Brackens he learned to know both the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes. There hung a photograph of the U. S. Alabama, on which Carson once served, by the tall clock in the big hall, with an American flag flying from it. The whole thing was not particularly vivid or strikingly apparent, and the flag in the picture was quite small, but Breckie called my attention to it one day by saying: "Fegardez ce dwapeau Améwicain!"

20

Breckie learned that summer and autumn many little French poems and songs from Juliette's well stored memory, such as: "Frère Jacques," "Quand j'étais dans ma chambrette," "Ainsi font, font, font, les petites marionnettes," "Deux Petits Yeux," "L'Ange Gardien," "Enfin nous te tenons, petit, petit oiseau." One day he was walking around the island with me when suddenly a bird flew up in the air from close by our feet. Breck watched it a moment, then burst out singing: "Enfin nous te tenons, petit, petit oiseau."

He called the bath house the bath tub house. One day he was playing on the edge of the little pier, the one for the small boats in the bay, with his wooden canoe. I said: "Be careful Breckinridge, or you will fall in." He replied: "And if he did would you put on your baving suit and catch Beckinwidge?" A leisurely mode of rescue, truly! Sometimes he called himself "Beckinwidge," then "Bweckinwidge," and occasionally "Beckidige."

That autumn was an exquisite blending of color and wind, spray, frost, and sunlight, on our dear islands of quietness. We had several small adventures, which greatly interested Breck. Eleanor and I routed out a large creature, too big for a mink, which we took to be a fox, one night as we returned in a boat from the mainland with the mail. On October fourth I wrote to Dick: "Eleanor saw a bear last night swimming over to 'Wistowe.' At first she thought it must be a great dog and it scared

her when she perceived what it really was, but the bear was worse scared. Breckinridge and I routed a big muskrat out of the rushes the other day. B. was excited. A wild duck took a bath this morning in the lake right under my window. Not for years have I seen the wild creatures as little shy. That is because of the comparative scarcity of tourists this summer, I suppose. O, it is heavenly quiet, beautiful,—a golden and red glory behind a soft haze."

From other October letters to his father I cull the following notes of Breckinridge:

October 6, 1916.

"I read your message to him this morning and asked him if he didn't want to say something for me to write you. I grieve to write that he replied: 'O, he doesn't want to say anyfing.' But soon after he seized your letter, held it in front of him and read out: 'Cher père, je vous aime de tout mon coeur.'"

"Eleanor, bless her heart, is making him two suits of clothes, which will be two less to buy. She is always making things for other people. Between her sewing machine and my typewriter there is an incessant racket upstairs all morning. We seldom indulge in the luxury of staying out until afternoon, except mother, who is improving these exquisite days by systematically gardening with Mr. Bissonette. It is so warm these last days we can sit out without wraps. In father's last letter he said: 'You will be wanting to come back now, for it must be doleful on the lakes since everybody left.' Doleful, doleful! with the forest a pageant of color, the air like wine, the sun divine in its radiance, the moon in untroubled splendor hallowing each night. Now that 'everybody' is gone and the lakes are preternaturally quiet, more so than I have known them in many years, the shy creatures that hid back in what the natives up here call 'the bush' are coming out a bit. Even the wild ducks approach near us. We are often apt at dusk to meet strange, wild things—blessed wild things. At night we have a roaring wood fire and 'Anne of Geierstein.' Then we sleep with the lap-lapping of the waves against our shores and even the fish (was it Euripides who so quaintly called them the 'voiceless children of the

deep?" I read of it in the Princess Priscilla's Fortnight), even the fish do not rest more tranquilly than we."

October 8.

"I have been romping in the pine groves with your son. As I came up to write I saw him running with a stick and heard Juliette calling: 'Que faites vous?' To which he replied: 'Il joue.' It has taken him exactly three months to acquire the French language, not indeed a very vast vocabulary, but as good in French as in English. I see no difference now between the two and he passes from one to the other with equal ease. You will revel in him. He will astonish you. In two months the difference in his development and conversation is marked."

October 15.

"Last night came the post card of the sow and her little ones you drew. I showed it to Breckinridge this morning, asking him what it was. Your art is natural for he replied at once: 'a pig.'"

"I have just shown him the post card picture of you on horse-back with the girls, and I pointed you out. Without a word he leaned forward and kissed the picture, then said: 'Beckidge a embassé faver.'"

Oct. 19.

"B. enjoyed your card and repeated gleefully: 'Faver calls Beckidge young buck!' He says: 'Faver will meet him in St. Wouis and take him to de wions and tigers.'"

21

In happiness and natural beauty did Breckinridge's opening personality continue to expand and on October 22nd he achieved a moral victory. I laid aside my preparations for leaving to record it in my journal as follows:

"Last summer once when he needed castor oil he rebelled and wept over the dose. I gave it anyway but resolved to see what training would do before there came occasion to repeat the dose. So I led some of the play to sick soldiers and the way they

take their medicine—for I am no pacifist and am lost in wonder every day over the way they take their medicine of every kind. Breckinridge has often been a sick soldier in the past months and has taken his imaginary medicine well. Yesterday morning and to-day there were evidences of a slight digestive disturbance—so our game had to stand the test of real life as games often must. Juliette had prepared Breck when he awoke and he came running into my room with a determined face:

“‘Boppie,’ he said, ‘have you some medicine for *dis soldier*?’”

He recognized the castor oil and took it without flinching. I did not soil the triumph by any external reward, only took his hand and said gravely: ‘Congratulations, soldier.’”

22

It was time to leave, to take Breckie away from the beautiful islands in which his body and soul had both grown larger. On Thursday, the nineteenth of October, I had written to my husband:

“This will be my last letter. It goes down on to-morrow’s boat and we follow on the next boat, which is Monday’s. Meanwhile it is storming outside, raging even. The waves break into white caps under my windows (and far out across the lake)—looking like lovely gulls alighting for an instant on the angry water. It will have to be angrier than it is to keep me from going for the mail to-night on the chance of a letter from you and to post this. I love the lake when it is all tossed about like this even more than I love its placidity, and I like to get out in a boat and wrestle with it as Jacob did with the angel. He said: ‘I will not let thee go except thou bless me.’ The blessing of an angry lake lies in the vigor and buoyancy one gets out of it—and those are blessings indeed.

“But we are leaving. All sorts of farewells from all sorts of loved places have been ringing for the past week in my ears. In the poignancy of good-bye there is always the dread that it may be final and therein lies its sting. Listen to a few examples:

“‘For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We’ll maybe return to Lochaber no more.’

“‘Some of us will never see you again, loved valley of Virginia.’ ‘Shall I ever forget thee, Jerusalem!’”

I can’t say that Breckie took the parting from his grandmother’s dear home as we older people did—but in effect it was he who was never to see it again. He had been radiantly happy at the Brackens. But then, he was radiantly happy everywhere.

We left Monday morning, October twenty-third—Helen staying behind to help Mr. Bissonette close the house. As our boat pushed off from the wharf they both stood waving and Breckie waved back at them until we had rounded another island and the Brackens, with the golden and red glory of its birches, maples, and oaks, and the darkness of its evergreens—with its lovely shores silhouetted against the lake’s blue and the homey smoke rising from its stone chimneys,—passed out of his sight forever.

23

On our return trip from Canada to Arkansas we stopped off for two days and a night at St. Louis, where Dick met us and took us to rooms he had engaged at the Planter’s—in which were fresh flowers. He declared that the sweetest thing Breck had learned in his newly acquired French was to answer, when he addressed him, “Oui, mon père.” That first afternoon while we shopped and Juliette visited two sisters living in St. Louis, Dick took Breckie, both overjoyed at being together again, to a toy shop and gave him the wholly novel experience of looking the place over and choosing what he liked. A diminutive tennis racket is the only thing left of several selections. Breckie paid for them all himself.

The next day we took him to a children’s photographer, who let him play at will in a room full of toys and got several natural looking poses. Then we went with him to an orthopedic surgeon that I wished to consult because of a tendency he had to walk with his toes turned out. He prescribed shoes built



BRECKIE
Age Two Years and Nine Months, with His Father

up a little on the inner sides, and, after we had ordered them, we went out to the zoo. Dick said all along that the chief reason he had met us at St. Louis was to take Breckinridge to the zoo. But it made no greater impression on him than a stable, and lions and tigers not a whit more than horses and cows. For some months afterwards he did indeed remember and occasionally allude to a certain savage pussy and the way she jumped on a shelf to eat her meat, after rolling over and over begging for it. And he remembered the monkeys even better and their diet of bread, apples, turnips, and carrots. He was interested—but not more interested in the marvels of the zoo than in the commonplace marvels which made up the wonderland of his daily life.

There was a donkey for him at Eureka Springs when we returned, which his father had bought, and which he bestrode on a little saddle that had belonged to Clifton some fifteen years before. His grandfather presented blanket and bridle and "Peter Pan" (his name was Pete, which suited him, but some one ran it into the inappropriate Peter Pan) with his equipment became a part of our establishment for a year. Breckie liked to ride him occasionally and to lead him now and then, and we found him most useful carrying provisions on picnics. But Breck tired of him. He was too active and eager a child to be willing to remain long on a donkey. A year later, when Breck was three years and twenty-two months old, he really ceased to care for Peter Pan at all and, as feed was very high, we sold him then. But before this happened Breck had learned to handle him alone, even at Peter's most rapid gait, with considerable ease, to guide him to right or left, to dismount, but not to mount, alone.

During our absence Patch had attached herself permanently to my father, who had been taking care of her, and through her own choice became his dog. Dr. Phillips' dog, Dixie, followed suit and the two little fox terriers were much about. Breckinridge had a pleasant acquaintance with Dixie, dating back to his earliest recollections. I remember once soon after he was two years old coming in with him and meeting Dixie standing on a

box on the Crescent west veranda, and Breckie's inquiring with sweet courtesy: "How do you do, Dixie? How did you get way up dere?" Occasionally when the dogs lay about on the floor of our study Breckie would stumble over them and several times we heard him exclaim: "Excuse me, Dixie."

He was always most courteous in his manner—partly, I suppose, because we never failed to thank him after he had obliged us or to preface a request of him with please. Once, several months later, when his father had taken something suddenly from him, he said: "You didn't say excuse me. You gwabbed." In his fourth year he had become quite thoughtful about pulling off his glove when he shook hands, pulling out a lady's chair for her if one sat with him and his father at breakfast (he wanted to do this because he saw his father and grandfather do it) and taking off his hat, if it wasn't snug fitting knitted headgear, when he spoke to people out of doors. These little things and his cordial manner in speaking made him a great favorite with his fellow townsmen. When I walked out with him many people whom I did not know even by sight sang out "Hello, Breck," to us in passing.

24

But to revert to the autumn of 1916. A dear young cousin had come to study at Crescent, Florence Carson,—a cousin I had loved from her earliest childhood on her father's plantation in Mississippi. Between her and Breckie that year and the next there grew up a happy friendship, so that she is reckoned as one of the factors in his life. I remember well a picnic he, she and I took one day in November, just after Breck's nap, with the dogs and Peter Pan. He was to have other jolly picnics later but this happened to be the first since he was old enough to take an active part in them. We went to the Oil and Johnson springs on a gray, rocky road leading down into Leatherwood valley, and, after we had unpacked the provisions carried there on Peter Pan's back and tied him, we collected dry wood and built a fire on a rock. Breckie helped in gathering the wood, and then lit the fire himself, his hands trembling with eagerness. We broiled a steak,

heated some ready cooked string beans and made coffee. Breck had his share of the steak and beans, his cup of milk and plenty of brown bread and butter. Then he fed the dogs and gave the left over salt to the donkey. Afterwards he played in the water from the spring as it danced over the stones and added another happy day to the bounty mother nature had ever in store for him.

25

When we first returned to Eureka Springs we found that our friends Dr. and Mrs. Phillips had a baby girl, just three days old, whose godmother I became and who was given my name. Breck and I saw much of her and to him as well as to me she brought up the remembrance of another baby we could neither of us forget. When she came to spend her first afternoon with us he said to his grandmother: "Beckinwidge has a 'ittle baby too. God is taking care of Beckinwidge's baby."

Sometimes, in fact nearly every day, he used to talk after this fashion: "Beckinwidge wants his 'ittle sister to play wif him. Beckinwidge is going to get a gweat big ladder and go up behind ze stars and get his 'ittle sister and bwing her to you, Boppie. Beckinwidge is going to wite his 'ittle sister a wetter: Dear Sister, come back. Beckinwidge's 'ittle sister is wif God."

26

In the reading on Child Welfare, which I had pursued in a desultory fashion since before Breck came, I chanced this particular autumn upon Herbert Spencer's Education, and I agree with Dr. Saleeby that this classic marks an epoch in the personal development of any one who first reads it. Much that I had been conscious of but dimly in striving to do right by my child became thereafter luminous as day. I turned the book over to Dick who was similarly impressed.

We found after we had returned from the Brackens that Breck thought Germans were dangerous birds—doubtless of the chicken hawk variety. He was shooting Germans with a stick gun one

day and Juliette noticed he pointed it up into the trees. She asked him what he thought Germans were and he replied promptly "des oiseaux." She explained about them and he came rushing to me shouting: "Boppie, les Allemands sont des gens comme nous." Whereupon I explained as simply as I could how in the matter of ideals we differed as widely as if we had really been of different species.

At about this time he said to Juliette, respecting the absence for a few days of his father: "Juliette, son père lui a fait de la peine. Il est allé sur le gwand twain sans lui."

One day in November I sang to Breckinridge. "Dormez, dormez ma belle, dormez, dormez toujours."

He had just arisen from his nap and looking at me said consolately: "Non, il ne veut pas dormir toujours."

A negro cook at Crescent named Jennie taught him a song she often sang, and the way in which he sang it was like this:

"Lord, I want more weligion,
Weligion makes me happy;
I'm weady for to go—
Leave dis world ob sowwow,
Twoubles here below."

An old verse he liked me to repeat to him in the early morning when he climbed into my bed, and which he sometimes repeated himself, ran as follows:

"Seven o'clock, says nurse at the door,
Kate lifts not up her drowsy head.
Eight o'clock, says nurse once more,
But Kate is still in bed.
Nine o'clock, says nurse with a frown,
Kate opens one sleepy eye.
Ten o'clock and Kate comes down,
And the sun is in the sky.
Alas and alas when the day's half done
Kate's work is just begun."

He was quick to notice any change in familiar songs and rhymes. I used to sing Cadet Rouselle "Que pensez vous de

Cadet Rouselle?" and Breckie corrected me, saying it was "Que cwoyez vous de Cadet Wouselle?"

Juliette had gotten him into the habit of folding his hands at night and repeating the verse she taught him of L'Ange Gardien, as follows:

"Veuillez sur moi quand je m'éveille,
Bon ange, puis que Dieu le dit;
Et chaque nuit quand je someille
Penchez—vous sur mon petit wit (lit).
Ayez pitié de ma faiblesse,
A mes côtés marchez sans cesse.
Parlez-moi le long du chemin,
Et, pendant que je vous écoute,
De peur que je ne tombe en woute (route),
Bon ange, donnez-moi la main."

He recited this with the sweetest inflections, but gradually dropped out of the habit of making it a part of his nightly routine.

I now had Breckie again at night, as Juliette went back after his bedtime to her little home in the Dairy Hollow. As winter set in he began sleeping indoors again in the crib next my bed, except for his daily naps which were always taken outside. Of course the large windows were wide open in our bedroom at night and the atmosphere breezy and cold, but Breck, if he happened to wake, always stuck one fat hand out from under his covers and said, in a smug voice, as he had evidently been saying to Juliette: "Prenez sa main." When I had held it for a moment he went back to sleep.

On the few rare occasions when I went out in the evening after he had gone to bed my mother or Juliette, or Florence or "Camille" would sit in the study next my bedroom with closed doors between until I returned, in case Breck should awaken and need something. He was never frightened at night, indoors or out, but if he awoke he called out from sheer sociability. I never left the place in the evening without telling him before he went to sleep that I was going and where, and who would be sitting near him should he need attention in my absence. This

satisfied him and he did not object either to my going or the attentions of my substitute if such were needed.

He still remembered his terrible fall of the previous summer, when climbing over the sides of his bed, and when I suggested that he might be trusted not to climb over again, because it wasn't right, he added: "And he would bweak his bones," which was quite evidently a more deterring thought.

On those afternoons when he woke from his nap and I instead of Juliette went out to his balcony to take him up, he said, almost invariably: "Boppie, are you going to take care of him?" and his face expanded into a pleased smile when I said that I was. That his smile was equally as pleased when Juliette went out I freely admit. If he woke up a little sooner than usual and she or I, as the case might be, questioned him: "Who woke Breckinridge?" he generally replied: "It was Boweas"—"C'est Boweas"—which indeed was often true. He liked the picture of the Sandman by Jessie Wilcox Smith and mingled the Sandman in his prattling with Boreas, the stars, the birds, and Jack Frost. When he felt sleepy he rubbed his eyes and said that the Sandman was coming.

27

Clifton came down from Cornell to be with us at Christmas. Breck still remembered a brief visit of his in the early summer when he brought the big gun with which he won a sharpshooter's medal on the rifle range. Now he had a commission in the U. S. Reserves besides one in the military at Cornell and Breck's interest in him was unbounded. His pride in being like a soldier was becoming more and more transmuted with the passing months into the sort of courage that had made him take willingly the castor oil. We taught him that the military trappings were symbolic of that sort of courage—as, at their highest, they are.

Clifton brought him a jointed wooden dog so plainly of the Dachshund variety that we named him "Pilsener." This beast promptly took his place among those loved playthings of Breckie's which he called his "cweatures."

My sister Lees was also with us this Christmas, but Carson,



BRECKIE

Age Two Years and Ten Months, with His Grandfather, Peter Pan and Dixie

off in Europe, had been transferred from the embassy at Petrograd to the post of naval attaché for the Scandinavian countries and could share only in thought the baby's Christmas.

We felt that it really was the baby's Christmas, that we wouldn't have had the heart to celebrate it otherwise. Breck had a tree again and sang very prettily as Juliette had taught him: "Voici Noël, O douce nuit." I did not keep a list of his presents this year and recall chiefly those still in our possession: a climbing monkey and a small iron from Juliette, nine pins, a Panama pile driver, a fascinating pair of riding boots from my father, a rubber swimming man for his bath, a metal donkey from his Swiss friend, Mrs. Jordan, which we named "Cadichon" after the donkey in "L'Histoire d'un Ane," and which survives to-day though with broken legs, a top, balls, books, and from his cousin Foncie a wooden duck which he called Jemima Puddleduck after the heroine of the book of that name.

This year Breckinridge gave a present himself for the first time. I asked him if he wouldn't like to give one to his father and the idea pleased him immensely. So he took five of the pennies out of his bank and we went down town together to a stationer's shop where toys were kept. I asked the clerk to put a row of things costing only five cents each in front of him and told Breck that his pennies would buy any one of those things and to choose. He was fascinated with some celluloid creatures such as float in baths, but the difficulty lay in taking only one when he wanted all.

"Now, Breckinridge," I said, "decide which you want—the swan, or the duck, or the turtle, or the fish."

One by one he picked them up gravely, saying: "De swan and de duck and de turtle and de fish."

At least he chose the duck and bore it home triumphantly. The secret was kept until he presented it to his delighted father, and then of course he had it afterwards, loaned by father upon demand, to play with in his bath.

Many things at one time or another shared his bath, but perhaps the one of most unfailing interest was a metal log cabin which had held molasses, given him by the neighbor he called

Mrs. "Rosy," and from the chimney of which he could pour the water in and out.

28

With the approach of the New Year I taught Breckie certain lines of Tennyson's beginning:

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky."

He delighted in them and in playing that he rang the bells. His favorite verse was:

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand—
Ring out the darkness in the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Once he said that he didn't want darkness to be in the land. When he did a generous action I told him his was the larger heart, the kindlier hand, and that when he was "bwave like a soldier" he became a valiant man and free.

Soon after New Year's in the space of one week we had the onset of three serious illnesses. Juliette fell ill and had to have an operation and after that caught the grip, which was followed by a severe neuritis. I kept her at Crescent where I could take care of her, and her sister Blanche came down from St. Louis to help me both with her and with Breck. The night after her operation Dick fell down the elevator shaft and when found was covered with blood, clammy, almost pulseless, and injured in many ways of which the most severe proved to be a badly sprained back. Before he could turn himself in bed unassisted Breck caught the grip, of which there was much in town, and a little in the school, and for several days anxiety for him was added to my other cares. He was only sick a few days, but looked a bit peaked and pulled down for several weeks afterwards.

FOURTH YEAR

And Nature the old Nurse took
The child upon her knee
Saying, "Here is a story book
Thy Father hath written for thee."

.
And he wandered away and away
With Nature the dear old Nurse,
Who sang him by night and by day
The rhymes of the universe.

—LONGFELLOW.

SO busy was I with ill people on Breck's third birthday that I did not make any note of it in my journal. My recollection is, and Juliette confirms it, that she, my husband, and Breck himself were all too down and out for any celebration except his presents and that his birthday cake, with its three candles, was made by Jennie, presented and eaten on the twenty-third of the month, which was his father's birthday. Breck's cake was a simple sponge, covered with powdered sugar, but Dick had a more gorgeous affair, iced.

For some days after his illness Breck used to get hungrier than his limited convalescent diet could satisfy. One day, walking in the woods with Blanche, he said, addressing promiscuously any listening birds:

"Petits oiseaux, Beckinwidge dois vous tuer. Il n'aime pas vous tuer, petits oiseaux, mais sa mere ne lui donne pas assez à manger."

Several weeks after Breckinridge's attack of the grip had disappeared he was troubled with a swelling in the glands of the neck—cervical adenitis—which had finally to be opened. We explained to him, Dr. Phillips and I, that it would hurt, but not more than a soldier could endure, and he submitted with only a moment's wailing when the scalpel went in. The wound had to be dressed and bandaged for several days and Breck's neck was exceptionally well swathed. He wore anyway on bitter days (pulled up over his knitted cap) a Russian "bashlik" which had been mine in St. Petersburg.

After his third birthday Breck gradually began to speak of himself in the first person, with frequent lapses for awhile into

the third. One day he heard it repeated that a woman had whipped her boy, and he said to me: "You wouldn't whip Beckinwidge, would you, Boppie?"

And when for reply I caught him in my arms and said: "No, my blessing, not Boppie nor anybody else shall ever whip my little boy. Boppie thinks that is cruel and wrong. She would fight any one who even tried to do it." He gave me a proud confident look and never alluded to the subject again. But months afterwards when he turned the pages of his Volland edition of *Mother Goose* and came to the illustration of the old woman in the shoe he said:

"She's a bad, wicked woman to whip her little childwen. Don't wead about her."

At about this time he began inventing nonsense sounds, and words without any meaning—sometimes, however, using them as if they conveyed a meaning to him. We told him he was talking polyglot and he used the expression frequently to describe his own jargon. Unfortunately I never made a note phonetically spelling any of these sounds and do not remember them accurately. Sometimes he used one in a sentence: "He' s toocha." Sometimes he strung a lot of them together without any English or French mixed in. He liked to do this, kept it up all through his fourth year, and seemed proud of it.

While Juliette lay ill with us he often ran into her room and, climbing upon her bed, made her the sharer, as much as possible, of his thoughts and games. We three played "*Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*," Breckie and Juliette taking turns at being the wolf. She was reading a book called "*L'Enfant des Bois*," when convalescent, with startling pictures in it of an ourang outang, and Breckie was full of eager interest over "*le gwand singe*."

Towards spring we passed on our walks, near an old stable, (where Breckie loved to go because of the friendly horse, the cows, and sometimes the sheep we found there) a small boy who called himself "W. P." He was a good-natured, agreeable small boy several years Breck's senior and inspired in the latter's breast a profound though fleeting admiration. At this time when Breckie climbed into my bed in the early morning he was apt to

say, with an air of stating all things needful, "Dis is W. P." He then asked me: "Who is dis?" I invented a name to give tone to the game: "Algernon Fitzgerald." Breck pronounced it with difficulty but played the game often.

Later he became fond of being a rabbit called "Bwright Eyes" and I was "Bobtail." His father, when present, was "Long Ear." Bright Eyes and Bobtail were usually put to it to escape the clutches of the fox, the same fox who nearly got Jemima Puddleduck and figured in another Peter Rabbit book as Mr. Todd. We dived into our holes under the bedclothes, sneaking out occasionally to find carrots and then eating them with much munching and nibbling.

When Juliette was able to get up and go about she and Blanche went down to her house in the Dairy Hollow and for several weeks, while she was recovering her strength, I took care of Breckie alone, neglecting the other things I had to do pretty much. We often went down to the Dairy Hollow for the afternoon and Breckie worked at "piocher" as he and Juliette called his attacking of the wintry garden with a pick, or he fed the chickens and ducks or piled stove wood on the porch. I remember seeing him poking into the dog kennel with a long stick and a moment later here he came running to us, exclaiming: "O, Juliette, Queenie a pondu un oeuf." Sure enough there lay a hen's egg on the straw of the dog's bed. Queenie was Juliette's dog, very gentle, and Breckie's stanch friend.

Breckinridge laid claim to many of the live creatures at Juliette's place, notably at this time to a black and white duck, which unfortunately it became necessary for the Carnis to eat. How Breck got wind of it we did not know, but he came running to Juliette in tears and saying: "Juliette, vous n'avez pas manger mon canard!" He was young enough to be soon consoled with another duck, a brown one with black stripes.

He learned a little poem this spring which he loved to recite:

"Petite poule, la blanchette,
Tu connais la vieille Lison—
Notre voisine est si pauvre,
Pond pour elle, c'est la saison.

Viens déposer chaque matin
 Un petit oeuf devant sa porte—
 La bonne femme n'est plus forte
 Pour gagner un morceau de pain.
 Petite poule, écoute encore—
 Le bon Dieu te bénira."

He liked me to recite the rhyme of the Jabberwocky for him, and a favorite Mother Goose rhyme of this period was the following:

"Leg over leg the dog went to Dover;
 When he came to a stile, jump, he went over."

A French song which he learned this spring and to which he was much attached ran like this:

"Le petit bossu s'en va au lait,
 Il n'y va jamais sans son petit pot.
 Arrivé chez la laitière,
 Tout en faisant ces petites manières—

(Here he shook his little body from side to side as Juliette had taught him.)

"Donnez-moi du lait,
 Voilà mon petit pot!
 Non, non je n'ai jamais vu
 D'aussi résolu que le petit bossu.
 Non, non je n'ai jamais vu
 D'aussi résolu que le petit bossu.

"Le petit bossu s'en va au pain,
 Il n'y va jamais sans son panier.
 Arrivé chez la boulangère,
 Tout en faisant ses petites manières—
 'Donnez-moi du pain, voilà mon panier,' etc.

"Le petit bossu sans va promener,
 Il n'y va jamais sans ses papiers.
 Arrivé chez la frontière,
 Tout en faisant ses petites manières—
 'Laissez-moi passer, voilà mes papiers,' etc."

3

The first of every month that winter and spring we took up a collection in the school for the Belgian Babies' relief fund. We added to it whatever funds the townspeople cared to contribute too and did what we could to stimulate such contributions by placards, notices in the papers, and an occasional public talk. The sum was always a small one (for people had not learned to give as they are doing now), made up mostly of nickels, dimes, and quarters—but it afforded an outlet for those who either could not, or felt that they could not, give much at any one time. Liliane gave a little every month and I asked Breckie if he did not want to contribute five of his pennies. Naturally enough it pleased him and of course meant no sacrifice whatever—not like the benefactions of "Mrs. Pardigle's Young Family" in Bleak House, over whom I laugh and cry to this day. On the contrary, next to putting the pennies in his bank Breck's greatest pleasure in saving was to take them out. But I think that he did grasp in a young way the thought of other little children like himself without cribs, warm milk, mittens and sweaters and things with which to play. He grasped too in a dim fashion the responsibility devolving upon us to give up a measure of our sheltered lives to them. He had a generous heart and was ever ready to give or share whatever he possessed with any one—if only they said please and didn't "gwab." He was a stickler even then as to his rights and if he found one of us making use of his possessions without his permission he would repeat the same expression we made use of in rebuking him: "You didn't ask." But sometimes he heaped coals of fire by saying with sweetness: "You can have my scissors (or my tway, or my cup)—you can." I never knew him, when requested, to refuse an immediate loan of anything he had and he always looked pleased and often a bit proud in granting the request.

Breckinridge's savings account began soon after he was born with a five dollar gold piece from his Aunt Lees. We gave him the pennies that came our way and the ten per cent profits from the long distance telephone booth in the institution. That was his

income, which was supplemented by an occasional gift from grandfather or grandmother. He was not allowed to receive money from any one outside the immediate family. He had an account at the bank and whenever his savings totaled a dollar he went himself with Juliette or me to the bank, carrying his own deposit book, and handed both over to the cashier, saying: "Mr. McCowoy, here are my pennies."

He had nearly fifty dollars saved at the time of the first Liberty Loan bond sale and bought his own Liberty bond. His grandmother presented him with another and, at the second sale, his father gave him two more. He had no conception of the meaning of any of this, but he did share in the patriotism of us all. Little child though he was I protest that he did understand that. We talked often to him of his country and told him that, next to God, his country had the first claim on him—a claim immeasurably greater than his father's and mine. Strangers were surprised sometimes when they asked him: "To whom do you belong?" to hear his quick response: "To God and my country."

We told him that he would have to decide for himself when he grew older what he wanted to do for a livelihood, and he often said that he would be a soldier. This was natural enough considering the times we lived in. But I explained to him that being a soldier wasn't necessarily, for every man, a calling in itself, that he could be something else for every day and still be a soldier too—so that if his country needed him he could defend her. To help him to grasp the idea of what his country was, to make the idea tangible, I told him that the trees and ground and rocks all about him were a part of his dear land. These he knew and loved already, and, though of course he could not love his country as he loved us, I believe nevertheless that he wished to serve her, and that he knew he was first of all her son.

As he grew further into his fourth year I sometimes led the conversation, when we were alone together, to the subject of other duties he owed the nation besides those of defense. Ever since I became a trained nurse the question of neglected children had troubled my heart, and after motherhood came to me

the sight of undernourished or misunderstood children was oftentimes intolerable. I did what I could, of course, in my own environment, but the thought was ever present with me that in rearing Breckinridge I was doing far more than my puny services could ever accomplish had I devoted them to nothing but Child Welfare. I felt that he, with his larger intellect and heroic cast of mind, could get at the causes of things, when he grew up, and rectify them. Even his sociability and charm of manner would help, so I thought, in bringing facts before others and securing co-operation. Where I could only have helped a little here and there he, in his manhood a leader of men, would strike at the roots of poverty, ignorance, and vice and rescue childhood—sacrificed from countless ages to these three evil gods.

I began to talk to him about it a little. I sometimes said: "Breckinridge, there are little children without beds to sleep on, without milk to drink, without trees to play under." At once he replied: "I will buy dem beds"—or else: "Boppie, buy dem beds." Then I explained that we hadn't but a very little money for that—and I often said: "But when you are a man, Breckinridge, you will learn how to help the little children and you won't let them be hungry and cold."

The students at Crescent had a big Christmas tree every year for nearly a hundred poor children in the town and adjacent country and to this Breck gave some of his toys. But I did not tell him the children were poor. I was anxious to avoid even a suggestion of condescension—to let him grasp as early as his mind could the fact that they were not so responsible for their circumstances as were we who permitted such distresses, and that the things they lacked should come to them as a right and not as a charity. He gave to his guests, his equals. He was too young for me to suggest more than that.

4

In March there occurred an incident I made use of later in an article on "The Child's Point of View." Breckinridge came to me one day with my hot water bottle in which he had stuck a pin, saying: "See, I can get de water out wifout taking out de

stopper." I did not, of course, blame him for this discovery—which was an achievement from his point of view—but I knew that the logical moment had arrived for explaining to him the nature, use, and limitations of hot water bottles, and so I showed him how he had spoiled the bottle, which couldn't be used any more because it would leak and wet his bed. I further reminded him that the only other one we had was metal and he didn't like it, but that now he would have to use it since there was no other. He understood perfectly and that night, when a cold March wind whistled over his bed and I tucked in the metal bottle, he accepted it without a protest, remarking only upon how hard he found it. Even at three his reason was so well developed that if he understood a thing, apprehending it as logical, that was nearly always enough.

Of course I do not mean that he did not occasionally fret or cry in that disorganized way of the very young. But there was always a physiological cause such as fatigue, sleepiness, a delayed dinner, a fall, not getting outdoors promptly—and he fretted rarely because we protected his immaturity, and rarely indeed was there any delay or break in the wholesome routine of his daily life. When he did cry unreasonably we did not attempt explanations, only sought to remedy the cause of his loss of self-control. We had learned that an occasional loss of control is to be expected, is normal with even the most cherished little children, and we were tender with him. If sometimes we failed in our endeavor and were impatient we begged his pardon—but ready as we were to acknowledge ourselves in the wrong we couldn't keep pace with him, for a sweeter or more generous spirit was never born and his "excuse me—I'm sorry" came unsought when he knew he had offended or trampled on the rights of others. He never bore a grudge five minutes against any one—and indeed had no occasion to, for none wittingly infringed upon his rights or coerced his will.

5

When Juliette had regained her normal strength she resumed the care of her nursling and at about that time moved to an-

other cottage across the road from her old one in Dairy Hollow. This second home of hers entered into the very fibers of Breckinridge's life, for he spent nearly every afternoon there and a morning now and then. It is a picturesque little house, set in a garden behind flowering shrubs and separated from the road by a stone wall and picket fence. At the back was a good vegetable garden and space to one side for the pigs, chickens, Belgian hares, and bees which formed part of the establishment. There was also a field of corn, and, just outside the property, a fragrant pine grove. A wooded mountain rose straight up at the back.

Breck had his own garden plot which he worked and planted himself and from which he gathered a few sickly beans and a handful of potatoes. Two of the latter were large enough to be baked and eaten for his dinner. His pride and delight when he brought them back to me in the early autumn fairly irradiated his dirty face. He nearly always came in with dirty face and hands and, though he had many suits and usually put clean ones on twice a day (on arising in the morning and again after his bath and nap), he never looked clean very long. He was not bothered about his clothes. They were all washable, chosen for their comfort primarily, and in summer consisted of only underwaist and drawers and a low neck, short-sleeved romper, with sandals and socks—which he took off whenever he felt like it. So far from interrupting his happy play with reminders of soiling or tearing his clothes, I should have been disappointed had he stayed clean long at a time, because I should have been fearful that he was not as spontaneously active as he might have been.

On the way down to Dairy Hollow by the shortest cut we passed through an abandoned park called Auditorium Park. The Auditorium had been torn down and the grounds given over to cows, except for one bit where stood the car barn, in which lodged the funny little street cars that made the tour from the station to the top of the mountain nearly every hour in winter (except on slippery days) and in summer at twenty-minute intervals. In this park was the Dairy spring, arranged to come out

of a sort of pump, and Breckie rarely passed it without pumping the handle and ducking his rosy face under the spout for a drink. He had a special fondness for the springs, those perpetually flowing like the Harding, turned on by a faucet like the Grotto, or worked by a pump as is the Dairy, and he loved to stop and drink whenever he passed one.

In addition to the Dairy spring the Auditorium Park held other attractions, notably several long ropes terminating in loops or knots and swung from the limbs of tall oaks. Breck delighted in gripping the knotted end of one of these ropes, taking a running start and swinging off into space above where the ground sloped off. He had a firm grip and the adventure of the thing appealed to him mightily.

I had constructed for him in the grounds of Crescent College near his sand pile a slide, trapeze, swing, see-saw, and jumping board. All this apparatus was designed and made by the houseman on the place, Joe Morris, himself a father and child lover. The slide gave the most pleasure. Breckie sometimes spent twenty minutes or more at a time in climbing up the ladder at the back of it and then joyously sliding down the polished surface in front. This apparatus attracted other little children in the neighborhood older than Breckie but friendly with him, and especially Juliette and Mary Gertrude Franche. In the summer when the Crescent was again turned over to a manager and became a hotel, the children on the place reveled in all these appliances.

6

We did not make an end of sickness that year until spring. A dear uncle of mine came on a visit and fell ill with a neuritis which kept him in bed for several weeks. Breck enjoyed running into his room once or twice a day or stopping by his bedside for the humorous, playful talk with which this great-uncle diverted him. His friend Camille was also ill and when she got convalescent I moved her to my apartments, where Breckie climbed up on her bed with his toys whenever he was in the house. After she had gone home for a few weeks' rest she sent him at

Easter a box of rabbits and chickens with one long-tailed rooster. He played with these happily for a few days and then I gathered them up and put them away. Several weeks later he suddenly asked for them.

"Dose fings I had, you know, what Camille sent me—fings wid a wooster . . ." he said. After he had played with them again they were once more set aside and this time he forgot them and it was I who brought them out one day when other more usual playthings had palled. Clothespins of two varieties, the more unusual kind discovered and presented by his great-uncle, were satisfying toys with him this spring.

7

When the dandelion season came in March Breckie, who liked greens of all kinds, went out every day with Juliette digging them. He brought in the leaves and stems for salads for us, presenting them proudly with: "Dere, Boppie." Some were cooked for his dinner. It pleased him to eat things in the providing of which he had had a part. Later in the year he frequently supplied his own vegetables, gathering beans or okra or greens himself. Sometimes he worked diligently for half an hour and then again his interest died out before the task was done and he began playing at something else. When the dandelions bloomed he brought me the blossoms, and when many of them were just white puff balls in the grass I drew his attention to the plant—its leaves such as he had eaten, its yellow flowers he had picked, and the flyaway seeds he blew from his hand—"souffler la lampe," Juliette said they called it in Switzerland. I explained as best I could its life cycle and he listened attentively.

He took the liveliest interest in Juliette's setting hens and great was his delight when she lifted one and let him see the newly hatched chicks. She even put one egg against his ear and let him hear the pecking of the little creature about to break its way through. This intimate knowledge of the hatching of little chicks bred a tenderness in him quite different from the destruc-

tive tendencies natural to him until he understood. Only the summer before, about the time Juliette first took charge of him, when he was two and a half years old, he had rushed at one of her newly hatched Brahmas and stamped the life out of it. Then when Juliette sat him down at a distance and told him he had killed the chick his only reply was: "Let him kill anudder one." Upon his return to the house he ran to me with an account of the affair—but after I had talked to him earnestly about the pain little chickens could suffer and how wrong it was wantonly to destroy life he was "so'y" and never tried to harm another little young creature.

A few hundred yards beyond the Crescent grounds, to the right, a forest began, but just before one reached it stood the house of those good neighbors and friends Breck called "Mr. and Mrs. Rosy." Their stable had a horse for a weather vane, and piles of wood lay against their fence, which nobody minded his using to make pig pens, criss cross, if we piled it back again carefully. In the woodland further on there was, this spring, a thrush's nest low enough for him to see when we tip-toed near it. In dark spots under the trees we found toadstools and I explained to him how poisonous they were. Hereafter he was generally the first to call attention to those we met and uproot them with a stick.

8

From Saturday, April twenty-eighth, through May fifth of nineteen seventeen we put on a big celebration of Child Welfare Week in the town. We had motion picture films from Washington, magic lantern slides from New York, exhibits of various kinds from various places, baby improvement contests, a model baby bath, several plays, talks by specialists, lullabys played on the organ or sung, Mother Goose rhymes in costume and other lighter pieces—all, except the motion picture films, in the Crescent chapel. We also had special services in the churches and the Saturday before began with a parade under the direction of the Boy Scouts and a committee of Crescent students. It was

really a pretty parade. All the school children in town took part in costumes representing the childhood of many nations, and the Crescent students went as babies and nursemaids, negro mammies and anything else their fancies hit upon. Other people took part, many banners with striking mottos were flaunted, and the whole thing was headed by Uncle Sam and Columbia in an automobile carrying a baby—Dr. Phillips' lovely little daughter, my godchild.

Breckinridge rode in this parade on Peter Pan attended by Juliette and me, and I felt in looking at his splendid body and brilliant color, his noble head and happy face, as he rode by on his donkey that nothing I could ever teach or write or talk on Child Welfare would ever make an impression equal to the appearance of my little son. I thought: "I am busy with small beginnings locally. You will carry on large conclusions nationally; and even now the best of all I do is through you."

An incident happened at this parade which both touched and amused my mother and me. Breck had never forgotten Mammy. A picture of Taylor's Southern Girl and Her Mammy hung over his indoor crib and he often said it was Boppie with Mammy. She had sent us this spring a big flour sack full of greens from her own garden and no one among us enjoyed them more than Breck. In the parade his eyes fell upon a Crescent student blackened with charcoal, stuffed out with pillows, and dressed like an old-fashioned colored nurse. He went up to her at once and said with his charming smile: "Fank you Mammy for dose gweens."

Breckie surprised his father one day this spring by announcing at the breakfast table, when he heard his elders discussing honey: "I'm going to have some weal countwy honey." He had walked with me out to a farm house to look for it, but it was not until late summer that we located honey at a place in town where a woman kept a few bee hives. Breckie did enjoy going after it with Juliette and bringing it home in the comb. He had plum and blueberry, grape and apple jellies also, put up as the fruits came in season by Mrs. Jordan and Juliette for his winter rations. His dessert at dinner was often a little country honey

or home made jelly on his brown bread. He knew very well the source of each product, saying that the bees made the honey and Juliette the jellies out of fruits and sugar.

Juliette, Liliane, a neighbor of hers, Breck and I picked lots of blueberries when the season came on. He liked to know that those he picked were going into his jellies and he was entirely trustworthy about not eating them raw. But sometimes he came to one or another of us with several berries clutched in his hot little palm—offering them. Incidentally we amassed ticks in the woods as well as berries and Breckie became fairly expert at locating those on his own person.

In this his fourth year he noticed that his diet differed in many ways from ours, but my explanations as to certain things not being good for him sufficed. He had never known any other way but the quiet serving of his food at regular hours and so ate it without questioning and with a large appetite. One day when the strawberries were coming in, as he, Juliette and I were walking together up the mountain road the other side of Dairy Hollow, he asked us: “*Est ce que les fwaises (fraises) sont bon pour moi?*” That was always his way of putting an inquiry about foods he heard discussed but had never tasted: “Is dat good for me?”

Although of course his diet excluded many things unsuited to his years it also included the special dishes that were “good for little boys” and he knew that we went to any lengths to secure these for him. Did not the hens he personally knew lay his morning egg in even the coldest weather when eggs were so scarce that grown people went without? Did not Mr. Ripply’s cows give him a quart bottle of milk every day? Even his bread, made from specially ground flour, was specially baked for him because the baker’s bread and the hot table breads were “not good enough” for him. He helped too in gathering and stringing the tenderest of the beans—for such only could make part of his dinner. Many were the things to eat “good” for him and he took a normal interest in each addition to his dietary.

His pleasure over the ripe peaches he was allowed this summer and the slices of uncooked apple in the autumn—the deli-

cious peaches and apples of our Ozark mountains—were only equaled by that with which he greeted crisp bacon the first time we gave it to him. Juliette occasionally made him little flat tea cakes she called “bricelets”—such as I had never seen before and made in a special iron Mrs. Jordan had brought from Switzerland. Breckinridge loved them and when he brought back a sack full from the Dairy Hollow to put in the glass jar in the Milk room he sometimes came to me to tell me Juliette had made them for him, adding: “Wasn’t dat kind of her?”

9

When the warm weather had definitely settled in and Breckie was sleeping outside all night again he got into the trying habit of climbing out of bed as soon as he was left alone and of making raids on my various possessions, carrying the booty back to bed with him to examine at his leisure. Sometimes I came up from supper to discover his crib littered with the contents of my portfolio or work basket and once, in addition to the usual loot, I found two American flags, a dish of prunes, and a raised umbrella. I remonstrated, reasoned, explained—but the exuberance of his spirits was at that stage too strong for reasoning. He had learned to let down the sliding side of his outdoor crib, so I tried putting him back in the indoor one. But here the sides were lower and he climbed over, or else climbed from his crib to the top of my chest of drawers—taking everything he found there. Back into the outdoor crib I put him, tying up the sliding side with a rope. But he was a far more agile youngster now than he had been the year before at the time of that disastrous fall, and scaled the high sides like a monkey—showing me with pride how he got up and over and slid down.

Not for worlds would I have punished the dauntless spirit which was, I felt, going to lead him to lofty heights some day. But I racked my brains for some measure of restraint that would keep him safe in bed without destroying his initiative. I tried tying one wrist with a large, soft handkerchief and the other end of the handkerchief to the bars of the bed—slipping

out on the balcony as soon as he fell asleep to untie it. But this fretted him and prevented his turning about in bed. Finally one night just after supper he came darting out onto the east veranda clad only in a little low-neck shirt, having removed his night drawers before leaving his own apartments. The hall leading into these apartments was shut off by a fence and gate, made by Clifton on one of his visits, which he could not ordinarily open—but he had gotten through by taking his little wicker chair to the gate and climbing up on it. This last escapade stimulated my brain and I sought out Joe Morris who cooperated with me perfectly. He made a top for Breckie's tall outdoor crib of chicken wire, set in a wooden frame, and fastened it securely to the side of the crib next the stone wall of the house. When the crib was unoccupied and the sliding outer side down, this top lay thrown back against the stone wall,—but when Breck had gone to bed and the side was up the chicken wire came down like a roof across the top of the crib and I fastened it in front with a rope fastener.

This device was open, airy, easy, cheap, and absolutely effective. After that when Breckie was put to bed he and the Teddy Bear, who always slept with him, had the range of a generous-sized crib and nothing more. Nobody blamed him, nobody was displeased—but he learned that the restraint was to stay there until he could be trusted to go to bed without it, and that it would be a proud day for his mother when he could be so honored. As a matter of fact this particular phase of his passed in a few weeks and I was glad I had restrained its dangerous aspects without crushing the gallant spirit which because of its untrained judgment, and only because of that, had failed in reliability. By the end of the summer the chicken wire top was no longer in use and it was never needed again. After that, though less than four years old by several months, Breck could be trusted to stay in his bed whenever put there and his daring and initiative had both emerged from that irresponsible period unimpaired.

He liked immensely to receive our congratulations whenever he had made a moral triumph—like that of taking the castor oil in

his third year. All through his fourth year the occasions for our so honoring him were legion and when he knew he had conquered himself, as in the crib episode, he was apt to say: "Congratulation me, Boppie. I didn't get out of bed." And, to Juliette: "Vous pouvez me féliciter."

10

One day early in June, in that delightful mid-school and hotel season of our domesticity, Breckie went fishing. I heard Dick and my father with others planning the trip to the reservoir and suggested to Breck that we go out there too, a little later, and fish with them. It was a matter of two miles or more out of town and we took Peter Pan, Breckinridge riding him sometimes and leading him sometimes but oftenest running on ahead or lagging behind as he liked to do—while I led the donkey. We hitched him just below the big dam and climbed up through the bushes, brambles and weeds to the picturesque body of water which lay in the hollow of the mountains with the sunlight dancing over it.

When we had passed the dam we followed the shore by a narrow path which took us too high above and seemed to lead off into the hills. While Breck and I were discussing the situation—his interest and suggestions quite as fertile as mine—we happened to look down and there sat my father by a vast rock, fishing placidly while Patch and Dixie ran excitedly about. Breck and I called to them. Both dogs at once darted towards us, crossing an inlet of the reservoir on a submerged stone emplacement, while my father shouted directions to us. We were to descend the hill to the very water's edge and follow a trail into the woods which came out by his rock. Breckie understood him as well as I and though descending the hillside through its tangle of brambles and weeds meant many lacerations on the face, hands, and knees of a person his size he plunged through without objection. He rarely objected to anything when he knew the reason for it. His eager activity brought him many falls and in summer his little unprotected knees were often

scratched and bruised. He always came with his injuries to be healed, first: "Kiss it, kiss it." . . . and then suitable applications and a sterile dressing.

We got down to the water's edge on this occasion without any large mishap and, following the trail into a bit of woods, came out upon the great rock beside which my father sat alone—for the others had wandered further on. Patchie and Dixie greeted us ecstatically. They were springing about my father begging for bits of the raw meat he had as bait. For Breckie there followed a thrilling hour. His grandfather gave him a rod, reel and all, and with it his first lesson in casting. Breck set himself to the business with the extreme gravity he bestowed upon all his play-life and of course with no realization of receiving his instruction from one of the most experienced fishermen in the land. He only knew that "Bobo" was, as always, very good to him and I deferred telling him of Bobo's catches, ranging from the Nipegon to the Gulf in our country, and as far as the Arctic circle in Finland in the old world.

Unfortunately Breck did not catch a fish—but even then it was a magic day. In many ways his life ran in an unbroken fairy-land—happy outdoor things to do succeeding each other kaleidoscopically without his knowing in one moment but that the next would reveal yet another wonder more delightfully, more peculiarly suited to a little boy's desires than the last. There came distressing accidents sometimes. One does not grow friends with nature without having to learn many hard things. Brambles tear when little hands and knees push through them, ticks stick all over a fellow and itch after you pull them out, the ground hurts when you tumble and fall against it, and when you light a camp fire the match will burn if you don't let go of it quick. Wasps and bees sting and a Belgian hare at Juliette's bit an inquisitive finger nearly to the bone. But for all that life was a wonder tale and its mischances but a part of its dear realities.

Juliette and I especially, his father, grandparents and Camille occasionally, were apt in devising new glories for the common day. When the hot afternoons were succeeding one another

he took off his rompers in the Dairy Hollow and played about in his little drawers and underwaist only. A favorite play was with a dishpan of water Juliette put on the grass, a hole in the ground and a kitchen spoon. He poured water into the ground and stirred up the mud. Then he filled and refilled his watering pot, sprinkling all around him. Just before his bedtime, at Crescent, when he was going to be undressed anyway, I gave him the hose to play with and let him water the flowers and grass as he had seen "Uncle Bill" do. Nobody minded his getting wet or muddy. Was not the body more than raiment? His unhampered little body throve in contact with the kind earth. On June twelfth at three years and five months old his weight was thirty-four and three-quarter pounds and his height thirty-eight and three-quarter inches.

His observance and remembrance of things seemed to me exceptional. One day he and I were about to leave Juliette down in the Dairy Hollow and climb back to the Crescent alone and we were in a hurry. Juliette asked me if I had ever taken the path which began at the edge of a field back of her neighbors the Hancocks (whom she and Breckie called 'Ancocks). I had not, but Juliette said: "Breckinridge le connait. Il peut vous le montrer." Breckinridge looked up, interested. "Oui, Boppie," he said, "je le peux."

So we started off, he leading. He passed down the Hollow, turned to the right, climbed the sloping field back of the "'Ancocks," and turned immediately into a narrow path tucked away in among the trees. On this path, crunchy with its old oak leaves, he led and I followed until it had wound over a ravine, which it circled, above where a spring dripped down into a barrel much frequented by the Dairy Hollow horses and cows. Beyond this the path came out into the open road again.

It was either that day or another at about the same time, for I made note of it in my journal in July, that Breckie and I were passing the garden back of the little house my father called his "shack" and I remarked casually that the beans looked wilted. Quite as casually he answered: "Potatoes, not beans——" and he was right.

He liked, as of course all children do, to help other people at their work, and when Juliette was busy putting up fruits and vegetables on her half holidays she often got things ready in the morning with his assistance. He handed her the peaches and tomatoes while she peeled them, helped in stringing and washing the beans and in shelling the black-eyed peas. In gathering cow peas and string beans he was as particular as a grown person.

When Juliette rinsed out any of his things he liked to wash too, using a child's board and standing on a bench we had made for him which put him on the proper level at the lavatory in my bathroom for performing his ablutions. He had a little shoe bag which hung on the closet door just below mine and in which he put away his own slippers, sandals, overshoes and shoes. A pair of felt bedroom slippers, red and with pussy cats around the cuffs at the top, are sticking over the edge of one of the compartments of this bag now. When he outgrew his clothes we usually gave them to Juliette's nephew, Edouard, who had once been to her on a visit and was a year younger than Breck. But Juliette and I made a point of asking Breck if he would give them and smiling at each other over his ready: "Yes, sir." He usually said sir to men and women both.

II

He was fond this summer and the next autumn of borrowing one of my typewriter brushes and taking it with a cup of water out to his sleeping porch or to a window sill and "painting" with it by dabbing the water over things with his brush. I showed him what he could paint and what not—explaining why—and he could generally be counted on not to damage anything.

One of his traits was an instant owning up to anything wrong he had done. If I said: "Breckie, did you paint father's desk?" He replied at once: "Yes, Boppie. Please excuse me." Or if I saw the door to the refrigerator in the Milk room left open and asked him if he had done it he said: "Yes, sir, I was eating



BRECKIE IN THE DAIRY HOLLOW
Age Three and a Half Years

pwunes." He knew of course that even prunes were not allowed except at the regular meal hours—but it never entered his head on those rare occasions when he raided the provisions to attempt concealment or denial. He was never punished for it. He knew no dealings with his people that were not loving and kind and it was not often he grieved them by transgressing the natural laws of health and conduct they interpreted to him. When he did we showed our distress and sometimes our displeasure, and were sorry we could not congratulate him. Then we patiently explained again the reasons for things. Gradually, slowly, but truly, he became more responsible, more trustworthy, more desirous of our approbation—and through all this process his integrity gleamed like a jewel untarnished. No pitiful need of self-defense had ever taught him evasions, no dread of punishment bred in him lies. He never obeyed me from fear of me, but often, when he could not understand the reason, he obeyed from love. Frequently he failed in obedience, but less frequently with every passing month. His obvious imperfections were plainly the results of his immaturity and in growing older he outdistanced them more and more. His virtues were the rather splendid ones of honor, courage, reasonableness, sweet temper, courtesy—such virtues as respond readily in a child's character to patient and honest dealings.

Breckie's courtesy was one of his marked features—I think because we were very polite to him. We did not take things from him without a thank you or ask for them without a please. When Juliette arrived in the morning and he ran into her arms she said: "*Comment allez vous, chéri?*" And he replied: "*Twès bien, merci, et vous même?*" If he thanked us and we forgot to reply "You're welcome" he remarked reproachfully: "You didn't say you're welcome." He did not forget to say it when we thanked him.

We noticed this courtesy in its especial contrast to the generality of little children coming to the Crescent Hotel in the summer. These children in the main lacked the amenities of life, even when naturally amiable and thoughtful, as many were—as all had it in them to be. Breck had just begun to enjoy com-

panionship in his fourth summer and so we let him play with the other children in the grounds when he seemed to wish it. I overheard him one day talking over his blocks with a six year old boy who had just announced that he would invite him to his block house, or some such civility, and I caught the sweet tones of Breckie's reply. "Dat would be vewy kind of you."

One little girl in particular of about Breck's age who was left chiefly to the care of a young negro nurse, attracted me because her clothes were exquisitely embroidered and her mind, as well as I could gather, as undeveloped as a little animal's. She was a pretty child with a face full of potential intelligence, but her manners were bad, her understanding meager, and her only idea of play seemed to be to establish a corner on her own possessions. We met her in the sandpile where Breck shared generously his trowel, kitchen spoon, and various vessels he carried out. The little girl had become the owner of a gay bucket and shovel, a sifter and tin shell dishes, upon which she kept exclusive control. Breckie continued sharing his belongings and I could see that he was puzzled over never being permitted to play with the shovel and sifter. Juliette and I watched but said nothing.

One day when Breckie came in off the balcony from his nap he found in a window seat a gay bucket, shovel, sifter, and shell dishes. His eyes took the wide open dreamy look I often noticed in them when confronted suddenly with a wondrous vision. He said nothing. Then he drew nearer the vision, still without speaking. Then he reached out his hand and took the handle of the shovel. It was real and he uttered this half doubting, half ecstatic exclamation: "Juliette, Juliette, c'est à moi cette pelle?"

12

A game the older children played in the long twilight after supper was Drop the Handkerchief without the kissing features, and several youngsters from the neighborhood joined in. Breck was considerably younger than the others but they were very good about letting him join in, and no other word than profound will

describe his interest. I kept him up until seven thirty because the light and noise prevented his getting to sleep on the balcony any earlier. Usually it was his dear friend Camille who finished supper first and got in the grounds to relieve Juliette for the evening. When I followed I found her with him in happiest companionship. Breckie was sliding or swinging or climbing as a rule. He was not partial to the seesaw after one hard fall, but when he did seesaw he generally sang softly:

"Seesaw, Margewy Daw,
Johnny shall have a new master.
He cannot earn but a penny a day
Because he can't work any faster."

Or:

"Seesaw, Jack in de hedge,
Dis is de way to London Bwidge."

Sometimes he slid down a grassy bank instead of the made slide. He and the little Franches were almost the only children who could play freely in the evening for the rest were generally so perishably dressed and so mindful of their clothes that they could not slide or climb after supper. But they were very good about letting Breck join in with such favorite old games as Pussy Wants a Corner played against the oaks, and Drop the Handkerchief, which I organized. He really impeded things quite a bit, never understanding perfectly the rules of the game—which he played with his accustomed gravity. He loved to join in singing:

"A tisket, a tasket, a green and yellow basket—
I sent a message to my love and on the way I dropped it."

Nothing could have been greater than his joy over having the handkerchief dropped behind him, unless it was the deep seriousness with which he walked around outside the circle when it was his turn to drop it and finally laid it on the ground behind one of his companions.

He brought me presents when he came back from his walks in the woods or up from the Dairy Hollow—or else he brought

back old rusty wheels, nails, bits of iron junk, horseshoes or sticks for himself. These he took to me at once with a proud: "Vegardez, Boppie, ce que j'ai." While they were in bloom he constantly came back with flowers: honeysuckle, roses, sweet William, snow-on-the-mountain, from Juliette's garden—which he presented proudly to either his grandmother or me. Above the nosegays his grimy little face gleamed with an expression some one described as "shining." It could not be said of him that he had "Moved about among his race and showed no glorious morning face," for the sunlight itself hardly seemed more dazzling than his common smiles.

His delight in mimicry expressed itself this summer in imitating the ways of a comical little fuzzy dog named "Dolly," who was stopping at Crescent and who, when told to patty cake, would perch on her hind legs and clap her fore legs together. If any one called her she pattered forward on her hind legs with the fore legs bobbing up and down. Breckie often became a little dog and when he did his name was "Toto" after the picture in a book of his by Anatole France called *Nos Enfants*—which Lees had given him. If we told Toto to patty cake he squatted a little and clapped his hands together, and if we called him he trotted forward in that position.

There had stood on the mantle in my study since before Breck was born a charming picture of a two year old baby holding a ball. This was Jim, a small Britisher, some six years older than Breck, the child of my friend Frances J—in Sussex, and my godson. Breckie loved this picture. He often talked to it and kissed it and at last he began calling himself Jimmie. Soon it came to be understood that Jimmie was a little baby, that he could hardly walk and sometimes cried. But Juliette early persuaded him that Jimmie was too good a baby to cry much, that he smiled a great deal instead—and so if Breckie gave way to tears about anything and she exclaimed: "Où donc est Jimmie?" he generally stopped crying to smile and reply: "Le voilà!"

But Jimmie's leading characteristic was his tenderness. It got to be almost impossible for either Juliette or me to caress

Breck very much and show him special tenderness without his at once beginning: "Dis is Jimmie—C'est Jimmie," and nestling up to us in the way he thought suitable to a baby, with the result that he became Jimmie many times each day. He told me that when he was Jimmie I must be "Sheepblossom"—a name entirely of his own invention. After that when he said: "Dis is Jimmie" to me he added: "Who is dis?" And I always had to reply that it was Sheepblossom. I was never Boppie to Jimmie and never Sheepblossom to Breckinridge, while to Bright Eyes I was always Bobtail.

Breck called a handkerchief a "hankispuss" and one day he said: "Jimmie is so little he can't pwnounce handkispuss. He says 'hankiker.'" He liked to mispronounce other words when talking as Jimmie and he always explained that Jimmie was too little or too young to do anything else.

14

During this his fourth summer Breckinridge was on even happier terms with the natural forces playing about his outdoor crib than ever before. He liked Zephyr, the gentle south wind, for all its gentleness, less than Boreas. Sometimes he said: "Boweas is my fwiend." They were all his friends—the birds, the katydids, the tree frogs, the waving branches of the maples, the sun's first rays. The lights way down in the valley, above which his balcony hung, mingled as one to his untrained gaze with the stars in the sky above him. He became more companionable than ever with the moon and often talked to me about Diana and the boy she had come down to kiss. But when I recited:

"The man in the moon came down too soon,
And asked his way to Norwich.
He went by the south and burned his mouth
With eating cold pease porridge"—

he caught me up at once and said the man wouldn't have burnt his mouth if the pease porridge had been cold.

"That was a joke, Pidgy darling," I answered, and explained it briefly. Afterwards he had me say it sometimes with the porridge cold and sometimes with it hot—but if we agreed to call it cold he explained over again about its being a joke.

On those rare occasions when any one tried to kiss him, before whoever was taking care of him could intervene, he drew back, saying: "I am not allowed to kiss stwangers," and when asked why he never kissed any one, even his dearest, on the mouth, he replied automatically: "Cause it isn't hygienic."

He knew something of bacterial life for I talked to him about the little invisible creatures and the different kinds of harm some of them could do. If we asked him why he washed his hands before eating he said: "To get off de germs and mi-cwobes and bactewia." They were as real to him as flies and he liked to question me about them.

15

When the eighth of July came around again, the anniversary of his only sister's birth and death, Breck was still talking of her occasionally—her image kept alive through her mother's perpetual remembrance. One of the things I quoted to him sometimes was that part of Rabindranath Tagore's *Crescent Moon* about the seashore of endless worlds where the children meet with shouts and songs and dances. He loved it and often spoke of his little sister Mary as being there, dancing with Tidy and Camp and Jock. The contemplation of so much jollity naturally led him into a wish to share it and sometimes he said he wanted to go to the seashore of endless worlds himself, but when I said I couldn't stay behind without him he replied either that I must go too or that he would come back.

Since our entry into the war¹ I had become so very busy that every hour of the day had to be mapped out pretty much into its routine duties and I gave up the long afternoon rambles in which I hitherto delighted. Instead on four afternoons a week through the summer I met with classes we were organizing for the making of surgical dressings. My committee work for the

Red Cross nursing service kept me many hours each week at the typewriter and the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, for which I was a state representative in Arkansas, took further time. In addition I had planned as a sequel to the interest excited among the students during Child Welfare Week a course in Child Welfare for our curriculum the coming winter—and to planning it, corresponding about it and reading more widely on the subject considerable time was devoted.

All of this meant giving up much leisure and accustomed occupations—but seldom did it involve abandoning one of my hours with Breckie. We began and ended each day together and throughout the intervening hours our lives constantly interwove. When he came in at eleven for his bath and long midday nap he ran like a homing bird into the corner of the room I had taken for my workshop—where I was the least liable to interruption. There I had a large office desk, my files, and on an adjacent table, my typewriter, and there it was understood Breckie could always come. He loved to rummage in the drawers of the desk of the typewriter table, after first getting permission, among the brushes, note books, keys, typewriter ribbon boxes, rubber bands, clips—all that sort of paraphernalia. Sometimes he didn't wait for permission, but if I saw him with my keyrings and said: "Breckie, you didn't ask," he put them back in the drawer and came to me, requesting politely: "May I please play wid your keys?" and then bounded off after them again.

The typewriter was a frequent source of delight. He enjoyed sitting in my lap and playing on the keys, moving the carriage back and forth and handling all of the other movable parts. It was clearly understood that there was to be no playing with the machine in my absence and he rarely transgressed that rule—because I had explained to him how easy it was to injure the machine. When he did transgress I explained all over again. A favorite play was to take my stamps and stamping ink down to the floor and stamp my address all over a sheet of paper.

But the thing he most frequently did on coming in at eleven and running to me was to climb in my lap and nestle against me with: "Dis is Jimmie. Look at him." Then perhaps he added: "He

wants to kiss you," or he would stroke my face with one chubby hand, saying: "He is petting you." After we had caressed each other for a moment he suddenly became Breckinridge and demanded: "Tell me about Fwed and Lucy and Bumbleton."

It was during this summer when he was three and a half years old that he began to love the continued story. I started one day a story about a little boy named Fred, a girl called Lucy and a dog—Bumbleton. This story was destined never to have an end. The doings of these three creatures pleased him and thereafter not only every day but several times a day he demanded fuller accounts of them. Long years before with my younger brother I had kept up such a sequel—for over seven years—about "Jack and Machinery Jim" and I now saw that the age of passionate love for continued stories had begun with Breckinridge.

At first Fred and Lucy did tame every-day things about their home and its grounds and at night, out on their balcony with the mountains, the lights, the stars, tree frogs and birds, they slept in twin beds with Bumbleton lying underneath as Jock had lain for Breckie. But gradually they fell upon wilder ways and faced sterner realities. In their walks through the woods they were frequently beset by savage beasts and had to climb the trees to escape. It was then that a fourth character, a big boy named Roger, began coming to their rescue in every crucial moment, like a medieval knight, always just in the nick of time. The usual procedure was for Fred and Lucy, when beset to extremities by the savage beasts, to give a loud call like this: "Ouououououou"—which was answered almost simultaneously by another thundering; "Ououououou"—and here would come Roger tearing through the underbrush. Then bang would go Roger's big gun, for he was old enough for a real gun, and the fiercest of the beasts fell dead.

Breckie's faith in Roger, his omnipresence and his ability to overcome all obstacles was invincible. Roger became his beau ideal and my highest praise of him, next to saying "soldier," was to call him a Roger boy. I did not neglect to have Roger shine in many aspects for the little hero-worshiper. Was there a sick horse by the roadside? If Fred and Lucy and Bumbleton

couldn't handle the situation Roger always could and did. A lost baby? A man with a broken leg? Roger, the good Samaritan, intervened if the matter overtaxed the obliging resourcefulness of Fred and Lucy and Bumbleton. In fact to Breckie's mind a problem was settled when Roger tackled it. One day I had Fred and Lucy and Bumbleton hanging midair on the edge of a precipice, unable to climb up or down. But an exit out of danger immediately suggested itself to Breckinridge "Here will come Woger wid a wope."

If I began the accustomed adventure like this: "When Fred and Lucy and Bumbleton were walking through the forest suddenly they heard a rustling in the sumach bushes and there sprang out in front of them four wild pigs"—Breckie gave me an uneasy look.

"Did dey call out 'ouououououou?'" He asked anxiously.

"Yes, and then they heard all at once, way off in the distance, an answering 'ououououou,' very faint and far off, and they knew Roger was coming."

A look of eager confidence succeeded the anxiety on Breck's face and he made little gurgling sounds expressive of relief and delight.

16

On July eighteenth I wrote in my journal as follows: "Yesterday Breckinridge climbed a peach tree over and over. He went up several limbs and out on others, handling himself with dexterity and grace.

"Last night he pulled out Cock Robin for me to read for his goodnight story—and then answered every query himself, as:

'I, said de wook,
Wid my little book,
I'll be de parson.'

He also brought the Pied Piper of Hamelin to me (the copies of both that and of Cock Robin were in our nursery in Washington thirty years ago) and turning to Kate Greenaway's charming pictures began:

'Wats! Dey fought de dogs and killed de cats. . . .'

When he turned the leaves he invariably stopped at the picture above the line 'Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering' and said, pointing to the tiniest child in dark green with a hood, coming out of a door, 'Dat's de little girl I love.' "

Other books, special favorites of his in his fourth summer, were *The Story of Jemima Puddleduck*, *Mr. Jeremy Fisher*, *Pigling Bland*, and *Mr. Todd*. He did not seem to care quite as much for *Mr. Benjamin Bunny*—which was another of the series his grandmother had given him. He was fond too of *Fanchon*, in the "Nos Enfants book" of Anatole France and of many French rhymes of which he was constantly learning new ones with Juliette. One often sung that summer, and which he had in a book of French songs Mrs. Jordan gave him, and later in two others his godmother sent him and in one I gave him, was: "Il était une bergère." Another loved song he sang after this fashion:

"Bon garçon, commençons notre marche et nos chansons;
Bien au pas, marchons bas, ne reculons pas."

He came back from Mrs. Jordan one day and said to me: "Boppie, nous chantons 'ne reculons pas' et Madame Jordan chante 'n'étourdissons pas.' "

He had never tired of the first song Juliette ever sang to him, "Dormez, petite fille," but she sang it of course:

"Dormez petit garçon
Mettez vous au dodo—
Dodo dodo, bien sage et bien gentil,
Endormez-vous bientôt."

I heard him once singing it to Teddy, "Dormez, petit ours . . ." He loved to climb into Juliette's lap and be rocked while she sang this and often he stayed there until she had sung over most of the songs she knew. Sometimes he interrupted her by patting her face with his hands, saying: "Juliette, je veux vous cawesser," or "Juliette, vous êtes si bonne." Occasionally he said to her:



BRECKIE AND JULIETTE

"Votre nom est Juliette Carni Bweckinwidge 'I hompson, parceque vous prenez soin de moi et vous êtes de la famille."

I think that his favorite French rhymes were three of those found in a collection called "Voyez comme on dance," illustrated by George Delaw and prefaced by Madame Edmond Rostand. After Lees had made us another brief visit and gone on to New York to study she chose this book for me at Brentano's. It reached us July twenty-third and from that time on was one of Breck's prime favorites. He did not care for some of the rhymes in it as much as for others, but of the three in question he never tired. They were "C'était un roi de Sardaigne," "Le Bon Roi Dagobert," and the Lorraine version of "La Légende de Saint Nicholas," beginning: "Ils étaient trois petits enfants qui s'en allaient glaner aux champs." When he looked at the picture of King Dagobert chased by the rabbit he chuckled and said: "C'est Bwight Eyes qui court apwès lui." His preference among the three was for the legend of St. Nicholas, the butcher, and the three little children. He frequently repeated it himself and when he came to the part where the saint brings the children back to life he always stuck out three fat fingers, saying: "Et le Saint étendit trois doigts." The speeches of the children he repeated in a voice pitched very high and thin:

"Le pwemier, dit: 'J'ai bien dormi,'
 Le second répondit: 'Et moi aussi—'
 Le twoisième dit: 'Je cwoyais être au pawadis.'"

Another book he was fond of in his fourth year and even before was "Slovenly Peter," of which he had copies in both German and English. He knew no German, of course, but the pictures in the German edition are more satisfying. The American edition contains a number of added rhymes of which "Old Doctor Wango Tango" was a favorite with Breck. Another one which thrilled him mightily was about "Idle Fritz" and his untimely end at the hands of a wolf:

"A wolf had made that cave his den,
 Fritz never saw the light again."

After a time Breckie began playing he was a little woolly wolf, and then he would promptly ask, nestling back in my arms: "Is dis de muver woolly wolf?" Usually he continued the play by adding: "Muver woolly wolf, I had Fwitz for my supper. But I didn't eat his shoes and his buttons. I spit dem out."

The story of Pauline and the Matches, in his Struvelpeter, made a wholesome impression and he thrilled over the Long Red Legged Scissor Man. As a smaller boy once, in his third year, he said, pointing down a dark hall, that he saw the Long Red Legged Scissor Man down there. So I explained very carefully that the man was only in a book and couldn't get out of the book to bother my lamb.

He was fond of his Little Pigs book, which had belonged to Lees, even in his second year, and in his fourth year he liked to act out the story of the three little pigs which built houses of straw, wood and bricks. Sometimes he was the pigs and I the wolf and sometimes he the wolf and I the pigs and he thundered "Little pigs, little pigs, let me in, let me in!" while I replied defiantly "No, not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!" Often he built the pigs' houses with his blocks and we had a real chimney through which the wolf climbed down into the pot of boiling water where he meets his end.

He often acted the stories I read to him. Once climbing up the steep mountain path from Oil and Johnson springs he preceded me with a long stick which he kept thrusting into the roots of the trees, quoting from his loved Pied Piper: "Go, said de mayor, get long poles—Poke out de nests and block up de holes." Then he turned to me with a charming smile and his hand outstretched as in the picture while he said: "First, if you please, my fousand guilders."

The Child's Garden of Verse, its pictures and rhymes, afforded him pleasure off and on and another favorite was an old "Nursery Colored Picture Book" which had belonged to my brother Carson before I was born and bore the date of its presentation—1880. He liked the tale of "Young Mousie Mouse" and the "Farmer's Cheese" and the rhymes about the "Robin Red Breast—" the same gentle robin who was cold when "the

north wind doth blow," who covered the Babes in the Wood with leaves and the story of whose sad death as Cock Robin he knew by heart. I tried to show the continuity of thought running through his stories whenever they were linkable, whether we recited or read or told or played or acted them. He often caught at this idea himself. Once, for instance, I was telling him about Fred and Lucy and Bumbleton and the yarn, as it spun itself, took the shape of having Lucy play with a baby bear and nearly get devoured by the mother bear before Roger could save her. A little later Breck nestled against me, saying that he was a baby bear, and "is dis de muver bear?" I took the cue of course and sprang to my part.

"Muver bear," he went on, "I was fwightened when Lucy picked me up."

"But she wouldn't have hurt you, darling," I replied. "She wanted to play with you. I didn't know enough not to see she wouldn't hurt you."

"No," he said, pleased, "you fought she would hurt me—but she wouldn't have hurt me. You didn't know."

When we found a real hollow tree not far out of town on the Blue Spring road, with a big opening in front for Breckie to get in and a little opening at the back, high up, through which I could shake hands with him, we often played Mother and Baby Bruin—after we had first poked out the dead leaves in a precautionary hunt for possible snakes.

Several natural histories were among Breck's most prized books and in especial one in five large volumes. He kept his books on the bottom shelf of one of the bookcases in our study and frequently I have seen him go there, pull out one of these natural histories, lay it on the floor and begin turning the pages with occasional comments on the creatures he found. He liked me to turn the pages with him and read him their names, giving bits of information about them.

Just at this time he began to love a copy of "The Jungle Book" my father had given me in London when I was thirteen years old. The story of Rikki Tikki Tavi the mongoose and the graphic illustrations fascinated him and later, in the autumn, he

liked parts of the tale of "Mowgli" and the wolves read to him. But he never wanted it read through. He grew tired after ten or fifteen minutes of it.

An "Arthur Rackham" and a "Kate Greenaway Mother Goose" were treasure-books—but as I knew the greater part of the "Mother Goose" rhymes by heart and Juliette as large a number of French nursery rhymes and songs he mostly learned these from us direct without the medium of books. Almost from the time he was old enough to climb into my bed in the morning he demanded rhymes of all sorts, and favorites were:

"What does little birdie say
In his nest at peep of day?"

and

"To whit to whit to whee,
Now will you listen to me?
Who stole the four eggs I laid
And the nice little nest I made?"

and

"Where did you come from, Baby dear?"

and

"Three Blind Mice."

In his fourth year, it is true, he grew to prefer Fred and Lucy and Bumbleton stories and to play at being Bright Eyes, the little woolly wolf, Bruin the cub bear, and Tweet Tweet—a baby bird—but he never ceased loving and occasionally demanding the old verses and songs. He was fond of several rhymes from Lewis Carroll's books, especially the "Jabberwocky," and "The Walrus and the Carpenter," and "I sent a message to the Fish—" the ending of which plainly left him puzzled, for he asked, when I first repeated it, "Is dat all?" He liked the song beginning: "Good Morning Merry Sunshine," and he sang a part of "Tipperary" this summer and the opening bars, and those only, of the "Star Spangled Banner."

He was fond of the story of "The Three Goats Gruff" and of acting it out, and of "Punky Dunk so fat, the black and white cat." He had once owned goldfish, like those which tempted Punky Dunk, but he did not care about them, except for want-

ing to catch them with his hands, and as they are the most uninteresting creatures on earth to me I suggested that he give them to Liliane. So they traveled down to the Dairy Hollow in their pretty bowl, where they gave much pleasure to Liliane, who was old enough to feed and care for them and not old enough to be bored, and where, just lately, they have been eaten by "Edna"—the Carnis' large sow.

One of the poems Breckie loved best was Tennyson's "Sweet and Low"—and I think this was partly because of the lovely illustration of it by Taylor which stood, framed, on my mantle. He frequently, in our half hour before bedtime together, climbed up on a chair or his toy box to get it down and then climbed into my lap before the fire with it, and, while I repeated the exquisite verses for him, his eyes never left the picture.

Another poem he occasionally asked for after supper is found in an English book called "Little Lays for Little Folk," published in 1882, which had been given me in Washington by my brother Carson. It is by Lord Houghton and begins:

"A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said: 'Dear work! Good night! Good night!'

"Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying 'Caw! Caw!' on their way to bed:
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
'Little black things! Good night! Good night!'"

Breck's father is very fond of the "Message to Garcia" and we told Breck about it, and often after that when we asked him to do anything we said: "Can you carry this message to Garcia?" Sometimes he came and told us of something he had done or could do, involving responsibility, and added: "I took dat message to Garcia."

One couplet which carried its heroic message to him in easily understood words was:

"Hurrah for Bobby Bumble!
Who never minds a tumble—
But up he jumps, and rubs his bumps,
And doesn't even grumble."

17

The middle of August I dropped my work of all kinds for three days and left Breckie with Juliette while I went out to three of the farmers' Chautauquas held in our county by the field workers of the Extension Division of the University of Arkansas. They were mostly dairy and machinery experts with a specialist to talk on Finance, another on Home Economics, and a third, the Field Secretary of the Arkansas Public Health Association, on Public Health. The last two were women with whom I was charmed. These workers let me handle the prenatal and child welfare subjects with the mothers and talk on the tremendous good public health nursing could bring to them and their little ones. I have always found eager listeners in mothers and these were most friendly and interested—but it went to my heart that all their devoted and so difficult maternity got them only a little on the way towards efficient motherhood—and some of them no way at all. I longed to show them how to make children healthy and happy with just the resources they had, and when each evening I came back to my own bonny boy and put him and Teddy to bed in the sweet solitude of his balcony I thought the old thought which had first come before his birth: "I do so little—but you, you will dispel ignorance—my great man that is to be."

18

In August Breckie had another dream—another that is which I have recorded with the date, for I find written in my journal on August seventeenth the following:

"Last night Breck woke up suddenly out on his balcony and called out that he didn't want to be fried. When I ran out to

him he said a man wanted to fry him. So I told him he had dreamed it and fell to wondering how soon children learn to recognize their dreams as such.

"He spun a top this morning, unassisted, for the first time.

"Yesterday afternoon, Thursday—Juliette's holiday,—Breck and I went to the woods together, he on Peter Pan and wearing my hunting horn on a red ribbon around his neck. He was looking for the fox in the "Story of Jemima Puddleduck" and frequently wound his horn to call up the "fox hound puppies." We did not find the fox, but spent interested moments by a puddle looking at dragon flies and near an ants' nest watching the ants carrying fat grubs from across the road."

19

My brother Clifton came to us August eighteenth for a week's visit before receiving his new assignment to duty. He had left Cornell, of course, as soon as we came into the war and now appeared before Breckie's dazzled eyes as a second lieutenant in the infantry of the Regular army. Breck hung about him worshipping. We have pictures of them taken together on horseback one afternoon when Clifton and I were starting off for a ride and Breck perched for a moment in front of his uncle, clinging to the pommel.

Another afternoon we all went out in Dick's car to the Sanitarium Lake, put on our bathing suits and had a fine swim. Breck wore his bathing suit too and splashed about the edge of the water with occasional excursions into the depths on his father's shoulders.

Our friend and physician, Dr. Phillips, had entered the service of his country and his wife and baby, Mary Catherine, came to visit us at about this time. The baby, just the age mine would have been, was too young for a companion for Breck but old enough for a very sweet relationship as of brother and sister to exist between them. Sometimes he was rough with her—a trick he had was of petting her gently on the head and, while she cooed

responsively, pushing her suddenly so that she had to sit down too abruptly for her comfort. But oftener he behaved towards her with chivalrous devotion and kept a watchful eye out to prevent her picking up and swallowing things.

Once in a while he forgot and put things in his own mouth—such as the end of a stick he was holding, for outdoors he nearly always carried a stick. But if I spoke of it he promptly took it out and if I asked: “Breckie, what are the only things we put in our mouths?” he answered at once: “Fings to eat and dwink and toof bwushes.” Sometimes I said: “Your precious little mouth is too sweet and clean for us to put dirt into it” and he agreed,—and also as to the desirability of denying entrance to such “germs and micwobes and bactewia” as might be harboring in the dirt.

20

My journal throughout this late summer and early autumn is so crowded with war details and impressions and with bits of special work Dick and I were doing individually that I have not as many records of Breckinridge as at an earlier period. Under date September thirteenth I find recorded, after a sympathetic allusion to Russia, home of my early girlhood, the following:

“I don’t write enough of Breck. His life and mine thread in and out at every turn, busy as I am and much as he lives in the Dairy Hollow with Juliette. The other day he said to me: ‘Boppie, I love you more dan I do stwangers.’

“He goes to bed at seven, gets up at six-thirty and takes a nap of about two hours every day. He is outdoors about twenty hours out of the twenty-four. He comes in at eleven for his bath and nap, all eager with tales of his explorations and nearly always carrying something. Yesterday he had acorns to plant and make oak trees, the day before an apple, the day before that morning glories and three rusty links of an old chain. He told me he was a morning glory and added: ‘Je dois gwimper (grimper) sur une palissade.’

“That evening when he built a more fantastic block house

than usual my mother said: 'Breckinridge, that looks like St. Basil's cathedral in Moscow,' and it did. But Breck replied:

"'But it isn't, Hoho. It's a hide-de-chain house.' We peeped through the crevices and sure enough there lay the rusty links of the old chain.

"I must find a *Geographic Magazine* of last spring, which I have packed away with others to keep until I can afford to have them bound for Breckinridge, because in it I remember seeing a picture of St. Basil's cathedral. I like when his building takes on even a faint resemblance to something greater to find and show him a picture of the something greater. The Encyclopædia Britannica helps out wonderfully in that. Long ago he strove to imitate the outlines of Stonehenge and now his light-houses and aqueducts bear a real resemblance to those illustrated in the Britannica."

Building with his blocks was a daily joy to Breck. I bought a large stout basket to hold them, which he could take up by the handle and carry from one room to another—though as the blocks accumulated the load got almost too heavy for him to lift. He had the large, flat blocks he inherited from our childhood (a quantity of them) and the square ones I bought for him, with several smooth pieces of wood of various sizes he had picked up and used for roofs. In some were brass headed tacks he had hammered in himself with his own tack hammer. All this he supplemented sometimes with kindling from the kindling basket on the hearth, out of which he made fences or with which he built pens, laying them criss-cross as he had seen real log pens, and as he had imitated them before with sticks from the woodpile in the woodland back of the "Rosy's house."

Building with blocks was, like all his play, a serious thing to Breck and sometimes he breathed heavily (like a runner) while building. But whenever he stopped to discuss his handiwork the dancing light of his smiles played over his rosy face. Later in the autumn he often said he was making a house to live in "and dis, Boppie, is our woom. We have de same woom but sepawate beds."

On September thirteenth I recorded this incident in my journal: "The other day, so Juliette tells me, Breckinridge, who was walking backwards, fell and lying prone addressed her thus: 'Juliette, je devvais (devrais) avoir des yeux par dewwière (derrière). Le bon Dieu devwait me faire encore des yeux dewwière.'"

He stumbled and fell constantly. His habit was to forge ahead with eager curiosity, bent on reaching some desired goal and utterly oblivious of the uncertain ground and its loose rocks under his feet. I never walked out with him, even in the latter part of his fourth year, that he didn't fall down several times. He did not cry over these falls unless they hurt exceptionally—when he ran to Juliette or me sobbing: "Kiss it—kiss it."

21

The summer hotel season came to an end, the manager left, and we had our usual brief period of precious domesticity before the opening of school. Breck remembered the former students by name—although he had seen very little of them except for breakfasting in the big dining room with them at his father's table. (These two did not make use of our private dining room for breakfast in the school season.) Breck's relations with the faculty and students were cordial—although his schedule and theirs rarely brought him in contact with them—which was much better for him. He never noticed that he was observed by many in his comings and goings and a real rabbit could hardly have been more unconscious of its ego than was the little boy who played at being Bright Eyes.

When Breck's cousin Florence returned in September she brought him an alert-looking little black and white toy dog with pop eyes which squeaked if one banged on its head. We christened it "Toto" and I found it after a few days with the head nearly severed from its body. Breckie, when questioned, gave just the reply I had expected: "I wanted," he said, "to find de squeak."

In the latter part of September the western section of Carroll county had a fair in the grounds of the Auditorium Park, which lasted three days. The first came on a Thursday and Breck and I went together. There were the usual stalls of fancy work and in them a Child Welfare Exhibit I had sent down, a good display of country produce, and cattle and poultry among which we recognized some of Henri Carni's Brahmas. His biggest Belgian hares were there too. Of course booths had been put up all over the grounds for the selling of deadly sweets, the letting off of noises, the telling of fortunes, and the shooting at marks. Breck and I took in as much as we wanted of everything but the food and drinks and made for the merry-go-round, which was our prime object in coming.

Here then into the fairyland of the little child's life appeared this wonderful new pleasure. He chose a brown horse and climbed up on it without fear. But the thing was slow in getting up steam and he got tired sitting there, so we took another turn around the familiar grounds and when we came back Breck's horse was bestrode by another rider. He tried to explain to the big boy on it that it was his—but gave it up after a moment with his accustomed good nature. Fortunately there was one remaining horse unoccupied, a white animal, and Breck climbed up on it contentedly. Then the music set up and the thing began whirling around with the horse going up and down and Breckie sitting upon it entranced, while I stood on the platform by him.

The remaining two days of the fair, Friday and Saturday, I sent Breckie back for more rides with Juliette and Liliane. He repeated slowly: "Amewican childwen call it mewwy-go-wound and Fwench childwen call it cawousel (carousel)—Swiss childwen too, Boppie." With Jackanapes in mind I told him that English children called it "giddy-go-round." His interest in this delight of many names grew; and then, as mysteriously as it had come, the wonderful creation of music and motion passed out of

his life. But there were always other pleasant things happening in this little boy's fairyland.

23

The next real event, however, was a tragedy. Dixie and Patchie were not Breck's dogs, although Patch had once belonged to him. But she had taken up permanently with my father as had Dixie, who deserted Dr. Phillips for him. My father paid their taxes, fed and fondled them, and they followed him everywhere—even through the mazes of a Virginia reel when he tried to dance it. During his absence from Eureka Springs for a few days the taxi drivers told us the dogs went to the station and met every train until his return. The two little fox terriers were so constantly together that it is not unnatural Breck, strumming a piano one day, should have replied to some one who asked if he were playing Dixie:

"No, I'm playing Patchie."

But Dixie fixed his affections early in October on a bull terrier belonging to one of our neighbors and her mistress shot him with a twenty-two rifle. Fortunately Breck was not by and did not see the death agonies of the poor little creature—but he was concerned over the whole episode and the feeling it aroused, and once or twice he objected to passing by the house of the woman who had done the shooting, saying in explanation: "She might shoot me." He had probably overheard remarks about the dangers to passers-by from guns fired in a town and this caused his objection, and I am confident too that he was only repeating the comment of others when he said: "If Mrs. X—— had fired in de air she wouldn't have killed Dixie."

The idea of shooting, which the visits of one of his soldier uncles and our daily talk of the progress of the war brought home to him, was undoubtedly more indelibly fastened on his mind by this household tragedy and he talked about guns, pistols, and cannon a great deal. Often he said, playing gun with a stick: "I will shoot de Germans." Once he said to me:

"Dere are some good Germans."

"Yes, my blessing," I answered, "there must be some." He considered a moment before replying and then said:

"I will shoot de bad ones only."

Juliette said that he went over with her the whole question of the treatment of Belgium by Germany. He said: "Juliette, c'est parceque le Kaiser n'a pas tenu sa pwomesse. Il a pwomi aux Belges qu'il n'allait pas passer dans leur pays, mais il est allé là et il a tué leurs femmes et leurs enfants. Juliette, je ne suis pas comme le Kaiser. Je tiens mes pwomesses."

When he came in at eleven every morning for his bath, milk, and nap, I could hear him climbing the stairs with Juliette and his eager voice talking rapidly, supplemented by her interjections.

Breck: "Juliette, quand je sewais gwand je vais tuer le Kaiser."

Juliette: "Vous allez!"

Breck: (With proud confidence) "Oui. Et je vais tuer des lions et des tigres."

Juliette: "Vraiment!"

Breck: (Still confidently and proudly) "Oui, je vais."

He overheard Juliette and Henri talking about the cow for which they wanted to save up money that they might buy her, and he asked Juliette:

"Pourquoi ne pouvez-vous pas acheter ça?" She answered:

"Parceque je n'ai pas assez d'argent pour acheter une vache, et ça coute passablement d'argent." Then he said to her, his face all eagerness and glowing with smiles:

"Et bien, quand je sewais gwand je demandewais mon livre de banque a Boppie et nous iwons a la banque chercher l'argent. Puis nous iwons vous acheter une vache. Parceque, vous savez, Juliette, j'ai beaucoup de pennies."

He often said to her: "Juliette, quand je sewais gwand comme mon pere j'auvais aussi une automobile comme lui, et vous n'auwez pas à marcher jusque dans le Daiwy Hollow. Je vais vous pwend'e dans mon automobile. Never mind, Juliette, vous westewez toujours aupwès de moi."

He talked frequently of when he would be a man. Evidently he had seen pies and questioned Juliette about them for she said he asked her once: "Juliette, quand je sewais gwand vous allez me faire des 'pies,' n'est ce pas?" and he seemed quite satisfied with her promise that she would.

He liked to be told little incidents of his babyhood which were too far back for him to remember, and went about repeating with a pleased expression: "When I was a weency, tiny baby I called duck 'guck.'" When he told it to Juliette he said: "Quand j'étais un tout petit bébé. . . ." Sometimes he said to me: "Boppie, don't you 'member when I was a weency tiny baby I called duck 'guck?'"

When he was only two and a half years old he had seen a woman nursing her baby and came to me, trying to tell me about it. He never forgot the incident and as he grew older I explained to him as well as I could the wonder and beauty of this natural function. "Was dere plenty of milk in your bweasts for me, Boppie? When I was a little baby?" he used to ask me in his fourth year and when I assured him that the supply had never failed while he needed it, he looked at me with an indefinable expression. It had in it a confidence that all the sources of life would be as ready for his needs as that had been, and even a partial comprehension of the imperishable bond which united him and me. Would the breasts of a woman have ever been anything but sacred to him afterwards? I had no fears on that score, little son.

24

His long mid-day naps out on the balcony were wonderfully refreshing. By the time they fell due such an early riser as Breckie had begun to get sleepy and fretful and, after splashing about in his tub, he began calling: "I want my good milk," and drank it eagerly. Juliette called his feet in his winter night clothes "des pattes d'ours," which pleased him immensely as he and Teddy went out to the Sandman together.

Two or three times it happened that he did not go to sleep and, after he had been out on the balcony an hour, he called to be

allowed to come in, saying: "Boweas disturbed me." On one of these rare occasions I replied: "But, Breckie, you haven't slept. You always come in after you have slept."

To that he answered: "I slepted alweady," and began to cry. Then I heard him stop and say in his natural voice to Teddy: "Boppie oughtn't to leave me out here, ought she, Teddy?" After which he replied in a small, high voice, intended for Teddy: "No, sir," and then resumed his wailing to come in.

I went out and said: "Teddy, won't you go to sleep like a good little bear?"

Again came the small, high voice adjudged suitable for Teddy: "No, sir—" after which Breckie replied in his natural tones: "He say he won't do it."

Breck loved mimicry and always spoke for a creature incapable of speaking for itself. If he had out Fanchon, Kitchener, Cadichon, Junker, or any of his "cweatures" and one of us addressed a remark to one of them Breck replied at once in the small, high voice he assumed they would use and kept up their end of the conversation.

He was fond of teasing now and then. I was ordering Juliette some new aprons and Breckie said to her: "Juliette, je vais vous acheter des tabliers noirs." Then, after she had exclaimed over not wanting black aprons, he chuckled and said: "C'est pour wire seulement que je dis ça," and again "c'est pour vous chicaner."

The colors I preferred for him, because of his fair skin and vivid coloring, were blue and dark green—but Juliette had set her heart on his having a red dressing gown and slippers this winter, and Breckie heard her persuading me to order them. I was demurring, preferring to duplicate the light blue ones he had outgrown. He decided the matter by throwing in his vote with Juliette, thus bringing a majority against me, and he said to her: "Il faut que Boppie achète quelquefois ce que vous pwéfêwez, Juliette."

When the red wrapper had come he said to her sometimes, as she put it on him: "Juliette, Boppie n'aime pas ça, mais il faut

que Boppe achète aussi des choses que vous aimez.”—That red wrapper—it is hanging now by my closet door.

Among his bibs were several feather-stitched in red and several in blue sent him by the mother of one of our “old girls.” I preferred the blue and Juliette the red ones. He appeared indifferent, for his own preferences lay with a bib which had a goose embroidered on it and another with little bears. But sometimes he pulled out a blue feather-stitched bib to wear, saying it was because I liked it, and again a red feather-stitched one, telling Juliette: “Maintenant je vais porter la bavette wouge pour vous faire plaisir.”

Some of his suits were middy blouses and when he saw me dressed for a mountain tramp in tweed skirt and middy blouse he usually wanted to wear one of his middy blouses, if he didn’t already have one on. He was delighted when I bought him a pair of Ground Gripper shoes like mine. His shoes and sandals wore out even before he outgrew them, so rocky is the Ozark country and so constant in their travels over it were his little feet.

25

Early in October Breck’s father went to Washington for a few days on business connected with the State Highway Commission. He had intended getting Breck a train and tracks while he was up there—for Breckie had been wanting them since early in the summer when he saw another child playing with them. But his father was hurried in transacting his business and getting back, so all he handed Breck on his return was a corkscrew—which he pulled out of his suitcase. However, this gave pleasure to a child as easily pleased as Breck, especially as he had not known of his father’s intention to return with the train and tracks. He was therefore all the more surprised when Dick brought back a train and tracks from downtown the next day and presented them to him. But his enjoyment of them was short lived. Like many modern toys they seemed made to fall apart. The tracks were so bent by Mary Phillips’s baby fingers

the first day as to be unusable and the train soon broke into many tin pieces.

Jack Frost as a character took the same personal hold on Breckinridge's imagination as did Boreas, though much less known and less loved. Still Breckie liked to see him on the roof in the early morning and snuggled down under his covers at night when Jack Frost was abroad in the land. He came this year early in October and I find the following record in my journal, dated October ninth, which begins with a reference to him and proceeds with an account of Breck's first notable drawing:

"This morning Breckinridge and I ran out to tell 'Uncle Bill' to be sure to cut the tops off the sweet potatoes—because they had frosted. Afterwards we went over to the bit of concrete sidewalk in front of Dr. Ellis's house for Breck to use a piece of chalk Camille had given him. I suggested he draw a circle—but the resultant object was rather angular and had two horns at an upper end and one leg at a lower. So I said:

"'Breckinridge, if you add another leg and a tail to that you will have a cow.'

"Very gravely he added the other leg and a long tail—then stood off and surveyed his work. Whereupon without a word he promptly drew two more legs. This followed exactly what I had read about the drawings of little children never being in profile, or if in profile showing all the legs just the same.

"Then Breck surveyed his work again and announced: 'I must put a head on dat cow.' So he drew a roundness in behind the horns, put a dot in it and said that was the eye. After that he stood off and looked some more, thus discovering another omission: 'She must have a bag for de milk.'

"So he drew one in the right place, looked at it and said: 'Dere have to be buttons on dat bag,' whereupon he added the teats,—then danced about the completed whole, exclaiming: 'See dat cow!'

"Of course it was on a large scale and he could never have done it on paper—but how I wish I could keep it. Greatly reduced it looked somewhat like this—but more angular. . . ."

(Here follows a tracing from the drawing made in my journal, which was copied as exactly as I could do it from the original drawing done in chalk by Breckinridge on the square of concrete sidewalk.)



26

Breckie's friend, Camille, breakfasted with him and his father every morning and usually kept him with her a few minutes afterwards before bringing him up to Juliette or me. Breck enjoyed the excursions he made with her into his father's offices or the college chapel where he delighted in playing on the pipe organ. It gave forth a much more bewildering range of sound than a strummed piano, when Breck climbed up on the long bench, touched the electric button, and alternately pressed the keys or pulled out the stops. The pedal tones were of course beyond the reach of his little feet.

In the school supply room, when Breck visited there, his father and Camille showed him over and over the different pieces of money in the cash drawers and he had learned them all by name from pennies to dollars—but not the value of course of any of them. A favorite reply of his in games, when asked the price of anything, was “a dollar and a quart,” although he did not stick exclusively to the one figure by any means. When he came upstairs to get ready for outdoors he climbed up on his bench in front of the lavatory and washed the “germs and micwobes and bactewia” from the money off his hands.

Camille sometimes told me the things he said at breakfast and afterwards. Once he said to her: “Camille, I have eaten my calowies (calories), have you?” Now as no one had ever

used the word calorie directly in speaking to him he must have gathered not only the word but a connection between it and food from overhearing a conversation, probably with the dietician and some other person interested in food values.

I was talking with the dietician one day about the Binet-Simon scale—in my study where Breckie, just up from his nap and waiting for his dinner, was playing with some of his belongings on the rug. We had been speaking of one of the seven year tests—that one which consists in handing the subject a picture lacking eyes, nose, mouth or arms, to see if he can detect the defect.

I said that I believed an intelligent child of less than four, like Breck, could pass that seven-year-old test—basing the belief on the fact that the children of the professional and university classes habitually test about two years older mentally with the scale than equally normal children less advantageously situated, and upon Breck's having passed easily in his third year the three and four-year-old tests.

I didn't have a picture at hand lacking mouth or nose but I suddenly thought of "Alice in Wonderland" and pulled the dear old volume down off its shelf, opening at the picture heading the "Pool of Tears" chapter, where Alice has the long telescopic neck. I then called Breck over to my chair.

"Breckinridge," I said, "this is Alice. Does she look like other little girls?"

He looked at the picture doubtfully and indicated that she didn't.

"What part of her is different?" I asked him.

He seemed at a loss for the words in which to reply, looking from me to the picture. Then I said: "Breckie, put your finger on the part that is different."

Without a moment's hesitation he laid one chubby finger on the long neck.

The question about the calories was only one remark among many indicating a previous assimilation of certain words or things. On those rare occasions when I went to a motion picture show I explained to Breck, before going, as was my custom

if at any time I left the house in the evening, where I was going and that some one else would be on hand in my study should he wake up and need anything. He questioned me closely about the motion pictures and asked why he didn't go. So I gave him several of the reasons. He had also seen peanuts and asked about them, and why he didn't eat them, and I had explained.

There came to the school this autumn the father of one of the students, who met Breckinridge and greeted him in a jolly, companionable way.

"You come off with me," he said, "and we will get some peanuts."

Breckie looked at him with serious eyes. "I don't go wif stwangers," he replied, "I don't eat peanuts, dey aren't good for me."

His friendly visitor appeared nonplussed for a moment, then tried again.

"Well, let me take you to the moving pictures," he said.

"I don't go to de moving pictures," said Breckie, still patiently explaining, "dey hurt my eyes."

At this the man, so Dick reported to me afterwards, doubled up and made no further advances, while Breckie, all unconscious of the sensation he had sprung, ran with Juliette out into the glorious world of rock and tree and garden—which was his nursery.

Though social and cordial still with those he met, Breck, in the latter part of his fourth year, objected to people more than he had done formerly. He never avoided an introduction or a greeting but was fuller of eager plans than of old and impatient of anything which detained him from the things that really mattered, the running and growing things, the things for digging and climbing and building and throwing and tooting and calling—the really worth while things whose music was the gladness of his world.

Then too he grew fonder of a few people. The little circle of adoring faces, grandparents, parents, nurse, cousin, a few dear friends who saw him every day, these symbolized love to him and he began consciously to seek love and return it. Often he

dropped his play to climb up in my lap and pat me with his little hand, saying: "Boppie, I want to pet you." Never a day passed that he did not slip up to me more than once with the exclamation: "Boppie, I love you." Whereupon I caught him to me, repeating all the endearments which came to me. Once I used the expression: "I love you stacks and stacks," and after that he often said: "I love you wif *all* my stacks." Once I was singing:

"Rise, Breckie, Rise,
Wipe out your eyes—
Fly to the east, and fly to the west,—
And fly to the one that you love best—"

when he said to me: "Boppie, you are de one dat I love best."

At night when I was tucking him in we sometimes vied with each other in large comparisons expressive of the magnitude of our affection. He slept out all night this year until the second week in December and I caught at natural phenomena, viewed from his balcony crib, for my imagery:

"Breckie Thompson, I love you more than the moon is far off."

"Boppie, I love you more dan de Cwescent is big."

One night in December, after he had come in to my bedroom to sleep and it was bitter cold, I threw open both windows and was about to slip out, having previously kissed him, when he began to cry and said: "You haven't loved me." That didn't mean so much the expressions of affection as a final hug. He liked, the last thing, to have me put my head down by him, he saying: "Boppie, I want to lie on your arm," and often whispering to me one or two special things. Every day and evening I let him know of his dearness to me and the high opinion I held of him: "He's so precious and good, this baby—such a dear little boy, such a brave soldier." We did not "run him down" ever. He knew, whether he understood it or not, that he stood well in the eyes of those who made up his world, and, quick as we were to beg his pardon if we had made a mistake, he, the ever generous, was even quicker to set himself right if he had offended

one of us. If I said: "Breckinridge, it wasn't right to do that and I am vexed, or provoked, with you about it," he begged pardon at once. Not from fear—he never had occasion to fear any one—but because he wanted a restoration of the harmonious relations which tied him to his people.

The same entire absence of any sense of fear governed his admissions of wrong doing. He never denied transgressing. Sometimes Juliette asked him: "*Qui vous à dit de faire ça?*" and he answered: "*C'est la terre,*" or "*c'est cet arbre,*" or, if in the house, "*c'est le plancher,*" or "*c'est la chaise.*" Sometimes he said: "*c'est Teddy.*" But he was willing to tell at once just what he had done. He made of course at times the most fantastic statements and went off into the wildest flights of imagination, after the manner of all normal little children,—but of deliberate deception, the seeking to hide a wrong doing or to deny it, there is not in all his history a single trace. Potentially fearless and honorable he came to us and his escutcheon was still unblemished when it passed out of our keeping.

His physical development during his fourth year continued to keep pace with his mental. At three years and nine months his weight was thirty-six and a half pounds and his height thirty-nine and three-fourths inches. I had weighed him every week the first year of his life, every month the second, and every three months thereafter—deducting always the weight of his clothes (which I ascertained by weighing them separately) before charting the pounds and ounces on his record. With his gorgeous color, straight back and broad chest, firm flesh, and face alight with intelligence and good humor from under its crown of yellow curls, he presented a superb picture of childhood—normal childhood, but so rarely seen in its perfection that among the ignorant there was often the impression that something must be wrong with him somewhere. A woman stopped Juliette once to tell her of a prescription which might get the red out of his cheeks and a laborer suggested that such a buxom child must be bloated. After he was dead his fine appearance was often

recalled and the comment made that "they had always said he couldn't be natural."

27

We wanted Breck to acquire early an appreciation of the dignity of labor and the value of earnings. I find the following brief record in my journal dated October eleventh: "Breckinridge worked this morning with Juliette's husband, Henri Carni, at digging potatoes and received for wages one for himself. This he will have for his dinner." I well recall his radiant delight over this potato when he brought it to me, full of eager explanations, and the pleasure it gave him to eat what he had won by the labor of his own hands.

Naturally he liked to do whatever any of us did. Juliette was learning the Marseillaise this October to sing on the evening of the twenty-fifth at a church social, while she waved a French flag. The idea seized instant hold of Breck's imagination and nothing answered but that he must learn the Marseillaise too. We called his attention to the Tri-color of France hung with the Union Jack and the Star Spangled Banner on our wall—silk flags his godmother had sent him—and told him of that wonderful land, whose language he spoke, which had always been friendly to ours and which suffered now so cruelly under the merciless attacks of Germany.

Breck learned the first verse of the Marseillaise with the ease with which he memorized everything that interested him, and sang it after this fashion:

Allons enfants de la patwie,
Le jour de gloire est awwivé
Contre nous de la tywanie—
L'étendard sanglant est levé—

(Here he repeated, rather short of breath)

L'étendard sanglant est levé—

(Sometimes he repeated this again, as if he couldn't quite let go of it—but he always skipped the next line, the one beginning

"Entendez-vous—" and came out deep and full, like the pedal tones of an organ, on this:)

Mugir ces foweces soldats?

(Then very rapidly he continued)

Ilz viennent jusque dans nos bwes
Egorger nos fils, nos campagnes.

(Here he stopped, got a new start, pitched his voice high, extended one arm and pealed:)

Aux armes! citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! marchons! qu'un sang impur abweuve nos sillons."

His voice ran away with him at the last and he stopped, quite out of breath. He liked to sing the Marseillaise, but needless to say he never sang that or anything else in public, and was never in his life kept up at night on any occasion for anything.

28

Breck and Juliette once in a great while went down Spring street in the little town for their morning walk on an errand for me. At such times, Juliette told me, if they had more than one thing to do, Breckie said to her: "Qu'est ce que Boppie pense que nous sommes? Elle nous tiens bien occuper."

He enjoyed stopping at the springs, en route, to drink—but on the whole liked to get back to more informal surroundings and those remoter springs which the tourists rarely frequented.

Soon after the first frosts a cricket took refuge in our apartments, to my great delight. Breck too was excited over his chirping and when I showed him the funny brown fellow he agreed that we should invite him to spend the winter with us. Unfortunately we forgot to tell Juliette of our invitation and she had no sooner laid eyes on the cricket, which she failed to recognize as a "grillon" of her native Switzerland, than she blotted out his too optimistic existence. When I heard of it I grieved

and Breckie said to her: "Ce n'était pas bien, Juliette, de tuer ce gwillon. Mais vous n'avez pas fait ça expwès. Vous ne saviez pas."

A few days later our joy was renewed with the advent of a second cheery intruder, which Juliette and the chambermaid, her sister Blanche, now cherished as carefully as Breckie and I. But the death of the first still weighed on Breck's mind, for he said again to Juliette: "Il ne faut pas tuer les bêtes que Boppie mette dans la maison."

He continued in the latter part of his fourth year to say on Thursdays and Sundays when I went out to take him up after his nap: "Boppie, are you taking care of me dis afternoon?" While I helped him dress (for he had not gotten very far along with dressing himself, and laced his shoes every which way, though he could undress himself nicely because of his underwaists buttoning in front) we sometimes discussed where we would spend the afternoon.

A favorite walk of his, which we took now and then on that account, although I was not partial to it myself, was down to the railroad station in the valley at the edge of town. He loved to explore there, visit the big water tank, climb the stacks of lumber, throw rocks in a creek bordering the railroad yard, examine into the coupling of the cars on the siding and investigate a thousand things of no interest whatever to me. But as, owing to the smallness and remoteness of our town on its one little road, there were no trains for hours at a time and we didn't seem in any one's way, I could not but take him to a spot so delectable to him and where there was so much valuable material for his education. I specified that we were not to cross a track, even the siding, without looking both up and down and listening for a possible train. This he never failed to do—his expression quite absorbed, his yellow head bent sideways, as he looked earnestly in both directions.

Below the station about half a mile was the septic tank where terminated the water supply of the town. Breck knew the city water works from A to Z in a general way quite as well as the city commission. We had gone more than once to the reservoir

in a basin among the hills two miles above the town. We passed along the winding rocky road by the Oil and Johnson springs to get there and, as we descended into the romantic looking valley, Breck liked me to repeat:

"Adown the glen came armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer."

He knew that the water in this reservoir was pumped by the big engine below it up into the standpipe on the mountain just above the town and that then it passed into pipes which carried it direct to his bath tub. He commented on this often when he turned on the faucets and it was after he had questioned me as to where the water went when he pulled up the stopper that we paid a visit to the septic tank and he learned that the water ran on down through other pipes, called sewers, into this receptacle.

Breckie liked variety in his walks and play as much as any child and had caught up an expression of Juliette's, when she suggested the substitution of one accustomed thing for another: "pour changer." One morning early I was preparing his orange juice in the Milk room when he came running in with his red wrapper and slippers on.

"I want my owange juice now, Boppie," he begged, "wight now."

"But, Breckie," I protested, "you know you never drink it until you have brushed your teeth and we haven't brushed them yet."

"O," he said, "let me have it first for a change."

He and his father had a sort of game which they called asking foolish questions. It developed out of Breck's saying, when he first saw his father after an absence of several days: "Faver, did you come back?"

Dick answered: "O, no, I'm still in Little Rock." Breck caught the point at once and after that if he asked: "Faver, are you shaving?" and Dick made an absurd, inconsequential reply he expected Dick to ask him something equally obvious, based on his occupation at the moment, such as:

"Breckinridge, are you building with your blocks?" Then he rejoined with quite evident amusement: "O, no, I'm playing tennis."

They had another game which they reserved for drives in the car with Breck sitting on the front seat by his father. This was to see which could first call attention to the passing objects. One would exclaim: "I see, I see a telegraph pole."

"I see, I see a bwooken fence."

"I see, I see a jack rabbit crossing the road."

"I see two men walking and I got dem first."

Breck seldom used, in fact I never remember his using, the words nobody, nothing. Instead, he said anybody, anything with a negative meaning. If I asked: "What did you bring back from your walk, Breckie?" and he had nothing, he replied: "Anyfing." If he wanted to tell me nobody was in a room he said: "Anybody in dere." He was speaking once to a guest at the breakfast table and didn't get a reply. Then he said: "Anybody at home."

In conversing with us at this period he frequently vouchsafed an "O" after any remark of ours which he seemed to be considering. For instance, if he asked for a cracker between meals and I said: "Not until supper," he replied: "O," and made no further comment. If I explained the meaning of something unusual he was apt to reply just "O"—questioning again later if he had not understood.

29

When I first put on the Red Cross cap and brassard with my white uniforms to give lessons in the making of surgical dressings and Breckie saw me he asked what they were. Then he went to Juliette and explained to her: "Juliette, Boppie est une garde malade de la Cwoix Wouge (Croix Rouge)."

Dr. Bolton, the school physician, introduced the innovation this autumn at Crescent College of inoculating the entire student body with typhoid and paratyphoid vaccine, as well as such of the

faculty and employees who desired it. Among others he inoculated Breck. I explained to him beforehand that it would hurt, but that all soldiers had to have it done, and he came up proudly with bared arm eager for the experience. However, it was a shock to him and he cried for a moment, saying with emphasis: "No, I don't like it."

That same night, Sunday, October twenty-seventh, I left for Fort Smith to give an address on Public Health Nursing before the State Federation of Women's Clubs. I had not left Breckie for a night since I went to Fort Smith a year and a half before, and I hated to do it even though I knew that with his grandparents, father, and Juliette he was as safe and as cherished as with me. I felt this to be an urgent matter for which the times were ripe, so I steeled my heart and went.

Daily letters came during my brief absence of less than a week, telling that Breckie continued in as glowing health and spirits as when I was with him and was constantly alluding to the overalls (his first pair) which I had promised to bring him when I returned. On the Tuesday after I left his father wrote me: "Breckinridge thrives quite as he does when I'm away. He occasionally forgets you are gone and then smiles and laughs at his mistake. He scarcely ever refers to your being in 'Smort Smiff' without mentioning the overalls."

My mother wrote the same day about his waking in the morning, which she could hear very well since one end of his balcony joined her bedroom: "He slept all night. This morning he called his father instead of you. I could not hear Dick's reply but suppose he said it was too early to get up. Breckinridge's reply to that was: 'Well, I heard a dwop of de bell.' Still Dick did not seem convinced, for Breckinridge said: 'But, faver, I heard a dwop of it.'"

She wrote the next day: "Breckinridge is as perfectly well and good as a boy can be. He has no trouble at all from his arm (the inoculation). I asked him what I was to tell you and he said: 'Venez et apportez mes overalls.' I am quite afraid the Father of his Country may be the occasion of confusing his morals. Dick was trying to have him tell the cherry tree

episode and Breckinridge wound it up after this fashion: 'I cut it down, faver. I cannot tell de twuf.'"

I had written that I would be back Saturday night and that Breckie would see me when he woke up Sunday morning. Of course I saw him as he lay sleeping but he did not awaken until his friends the birds had set up their early symphony. Then Breckie called me by name from his balcony, perfectly mindful of the fact that I would be on hand, and when I ran out to him his charming face, in its outdoor sleeping cap, beamed at me as he exclaimed: "Boppie, did you come back?"

30

I found my loved Aunt Jane and her little grandson, Brooke Alexander, here on my return—following the plan which had been formed months before of their spending the winter at Crescent College. She was ordered south by her physician for her health and brought Brooke, another only child, to be with Breckie that there might be companionship for them both. As a matter of fact, this companionship, daily and constant, was not interrupted while Breckie lived and it added the one thing he had begun to need to complete the normal tenor of his days.

Brooke was a year and a half his senior, better poised and more responsible, a highly imaginative and intelligent child—but not so robust as Breckie at the time of his coming south. He looked thin and pale and was just recovering from an operation for cervical adenitis. But in the bracing air and sunshine of our Ozark mountains, living in the rugged outdoors with Breck, he soon put on pounds of flesh and his cheeks glowed with deep red blood. He was as dark as Breck was fair, with a shock of thick brown hair to offset Breck's yellow curls, and the two Bs, as Aunt Jane called them, formed a jolly and well contrasted pair in their play together.

With them it was share and share alike in everything and we tried to duplicate the cherished possessions of each. The first rainy day disclosed the fact that Breckie had a little umbrella

with a dog handle and Brooke a new raincoat. We promptly ordered rain hats for them both and a coat for Breck so that they might play out in the rain as freely as on other days without the need of carrying umbrellas. Dick took out memberships in the Red Cross for them both at one and the same time and Breck wore his pin on the left side of his blue winter coat. They built marvelous houses with the contents of the basket of blocks and used the insets from Breck's Montessori cylindrical insets as men and creatures and the long pieces of wood for trains.

Brooke's more advanced mentality devised new games into which Breck entered with his accustomed seriousness. One they called a "monkey game," but my uninitiated eyes never saw them do anything except hold sofa pillows on their heads and run from the study into my bedroom and, through the bath room, into Dick's, calling out: "Bogieman, bogieman."

"Breckinridge," I asked one evening when this had filled in the interval between coming in and eating supper, "what is a bogieman?"

"He's a bad man," he answered, "Bwooke knows about him."

"Who told you about him?" I asked Brooke.

"Two children," he replied briefly, and the range of knowledge of the subject appeared to stop there. When I said: "But he isn't really a man, only a play man," neither child seemed concerned about it one way or the other.

Another game devised by Brooke and entered into with zest by Breckinridge was to take bits of Brooke's modeling clay, make it up into assorted shapes and carry it about on a box top, calling out: "Jewelry for sale, jewelry for sale."

Dick played with them like another boy. As I came in one evening I heard a roaring sound accompanied by scuffling and was made aware, even before I had heard an explanation, that all three were playing bear. As if further to emphasize the fact of its being a game Breckie ran by without noticing me—his face solemn as an Indian's. Then all three began rolling over and over.

31

Brooke's taste in books was decidedly more mature than Breck's. In fact there was hardly anything in the way of a story which he did not enjoy and his capacity for a more prolonged concentration kept him from getting tired of the same thing as soon as Breck did. One day I pulled out a copy of "Jack the Giant Killer," illustrated by Hugh Thomson, for which Breckie had not hitherto cared and began reading it to both boys. But I soon saw that Breck was not old enough for it yet. Not only did it fail in holding his attention but it made him distinctly uneasy. "O Boppie, don't wead about it," he begged. "I don't like giants."

Brooke took to the Fred and Lucy and Bumbleton stories with a zest quite equal to Breck's and I enlarged them considerably in my daily recitals of the interesting trio. A permanent villain in the piece now came to the front in the shape of a wicked radiator from their own home, who chased the children through the forest depths, breathing out hot steam as he ran. Bullets glanced off this desperado as did arrows (for Fred, though not old enough for a gun, could and did shoot with a bow and arrow and Breck's father made him one like it) but when Roger slipped up behind him with a long pole and turned him over, there he had to lie flat on the ground and would have lain so forever had not Mr. Todd, his friend the fox, sneaked along and turned him back upright again.

Down at the foot of a long flight of steps, which led out of the Crescent grounds into the road above the Catholic chapel, there was a leaky pipe connected with the radiation of the college out of which the steam poured on wintry days. If I passed there with Breckinridge he was instantly metamorphosed into Fred and called to me:

"Lucy, dat's de wicked wadiator, Lucy. Wun, Lucy, wun."

On the Thursday and Sunday afternoons when Aunt Jane and I took the children out with us our favorite rendezvous was a wagon on the edge of town near the standpipe just outside the

yard of a man and his wife we knew pleasantly. Our real acquaintance began over this wagon, which Breck and I had visited occasionally during the summer. It belonged to Mr. Baily, the owner of the yard, and he was always most kind about letting Breck climb in and out of it, work the brake, and have a delectable time with it generally. Near by it in the summer there lay a log on which Breck and I walked until he tired, balancing ourselves so as not to fall in the water we played flowed by on both sides. The Bailys had also a collie dog, a wonderful fellow who drove their cows in every night, and in appearance so strongly resembled the wise Kep in "Jemima Puddleduck" that when I first saw him I said aloud: "There's Kep."

"Yes, sir," said Breck, with emphasis, agreeing at once. But when we found his name was Mac we held Kep in reserve for other yellow collies. Never did we meet one that Breck or I didn't exclaim: "There's Kep."

To this delightful region of wagon, Mac, a pump, chickens and one guinea, horse, buggy, cows, and friendly faces who encouraged the play of little boys, Breck and I early introduced Aunt Jane and Brooke, and while she and I sat on a plank by the fence, planning the future of these children, or on the porch for a chat with Mrs. Baily, the two little cousins explored to their heart's content—and indeed nothing could have contented their hearts more. I meet Mac sometimes now, following his master on horseback over the country roads, and the sight of him recalls with singular clearness the details of those late autumn and early winter days.

One place we passed on our way to the wagon was a gully spanned by a little bridge. Here Breck and I had sometimes acted the story of "The Three Goats Gruff" and here we brought Aunt Jane and Brooke to act it with us. With them we did it in fine style. I was the Goblin under the Bridge and the voice for the Bridge, while Aunt Jane, Brooke, and Breck tramped solemnly over one by one as the Three Goats Gruff—Big Goat Gruff being of course the most favored part on account of the heavy way he walks across the Bridge and the fight in which he vanquishes the Goblin later. We kept up the game until both

Brooke and Breck had been each in turn all the Goats Gruff and the Goblin and Bridge. Breck as the Big Goat Gruff, walking heavily over the Bridge—trip trop, trip trop—with his earnest expression, and then darting out to butt me so that I blew up like a puff ball, caused me to quake in my Ground Grippers when I was the Goblin.

32

Brooke vied with Breckinridge in delight over the station walk and both were especially attracted to a heap of rusty scrap iron in that neighborhood from which they drew forth occasional treasures such as bent hoops, iron handles, spikes, and nails. Such trophies set me thinking of my younger brother at about the same age when he said: "These may seem like trash to you, but they're gold to me."

One afternoon we took the children to a blacksmith's shop where they watched with intense interest the heating and shaping of shoes in a forge and then the actual shoeing of a horse who stepped in opportunely. After we had thanked the blacksmith and were about to leave we noticed a bulging appearance about the sweater pockets of both little boys and an examination revealed that they had stuffed them full of nails.

In their relations with each other the children squabbled and fought at least once or twice a day and played together with the utmost sweetness the balance of the time. Aunt Jane was all for having Dick teach them to wrestle so that their quarrels could spend themselves in this manly form of sport, and, as Breck was usually the aggressor, we told Brooke, when attacked, to clinch quickly and throw him down. They were building with the blocks one evening and Brooke, a more rapid builder than Breck, had taken more than his share. Breck, who was lacking in subtleties, usually met such a situation by starting a fight, but on this occasion he said to Aunt Jane:

"Aunt Jane, do you know why I don't hit Booke in the head wif a block? Because he would fwow me down."

Another time after Brooke had again appropriated the lion's share of the blocks his heart relented at the sight of Breck's

unfinished mansion and he returned a portion of them. Breck instantly melted into sweetness and gratitude. "Dat was kind of him, wasn't it?" he said to Aunt Jane, "to give me my blocks."

Their affection for each other was tender and real. Breck careened into a zinc table one late afternoon when he was running after Juliette in the pantry and gave his head a terrific blow. He turned white and fell into Juliette's arms, but was able to cry and presently beg: "Embwassez—embwassez." Brooke's distress was keen and he kept begging: "Don't cry, Breckinridge, don't cry."

Another day when Brooke caught his finger in the toy pistol and snapped it he began to wail for help and as I ran to unloose it Breckie chimed in with his tears, saying: "O, I don't want Bwooke to cwy." (Sometimes he called him Bwooke and sometimes Booke.)

There was a marked tendency on the part of both to combine together upon occasions against adults. One afternoon after the snow had come they were climbing a hill with Aunt Jane and me and Breckie kept lagging behind. Ordinarily I let him go his own gait pretty much, but this particular afternoon was far advanced and we had barely time to go where we had planned and get back before night. So I explained to Breck why we hadn't time to linger, and when he dawdled anyway I went on without him. By the time I had reached the top of the hill he was calling to me to come back. I answered that I would wait for him but not return. Brooke, however, ran down a little way to meet him and Aunt Jane and I could hear them conferring as they approached us, Breckie verging on tears and explaining to a sympathetic Brooke: "Boppie went up de walk wifout me and it wasn't wight. I am vexed wif her." Brooke's solicitude was inaudible but it succeeded in drying his cousin's tears.

Brooke had to take the inoculations too and he did it with a fine spirit, stipulating only that his grandmother hold his hand.

33

The two little boys did not sleep together. Brooke had a bed in his grandmother's room. But Juliette gave them their baths at the same time in the one big tub and they took all their meals together. First they had breakfast (preceded before they were dressed by the juice of two oranges each) downstairs with Dick, who carried their bowls of oatmeal and cups of milk with him on a tray. Oatmeal, ten ounces of milk, and a slice of wheat or rye bread with butter formed their invariable breakfast. The next meal was eight ounces of milk and a graham cracker, at eleven thirty, just after their bath. Then came dinner at two-fifteen. This consisted of a poached or coddled egg with a bit of bacon, or a piece of broiled rabbit, young chicken or steak, a baked potato or boiled brown rice with butter, a green vegetable and, for dessert, a baked apple, custard, gelatine, a "bricelet" or tea cake or animal cracker made by Juliette, or a simple pudding. Their supper, served at five-thirty, was always brown bread and milk with either stewed prunes or apple sauce. Breck had only the pulp of the prunes but Brooke could eat the skins as well and the skins of the baked apples.

Breck's little white table was not large enough for both boys, so we had had sent up from Fort Smith a somewhat larger table and the chair that went with it which belonged to Clifton's babyhood in Russia. There was ample room on it for a tray for each boy and, as they sat at the ends, their feet didn't tangle up in the middle—thus eliminating scuffling at meals. Dinners and suppers were taken at this table.

34

Breck's fondness for rabbits and chickens as companions led me into the consideration of how to make them a part of his diet without fostering in him a callous indifference to eating his friends on the one hand or a morbid aversion to meat on the other. So I began explaining to him, even before curiosity about the matter had awakened in him, that when he ate a little

chicken or rabbit he let its body come into his and in so doing released its spirit for a higher form of life. I tried by every possible analogy which he could understand to explain to him that the life in the body was not all body with anything—not even with the trees. A fairy story I had read in my childhood and the source of which I have altogether forgotten gives as the chief ambition of a loaf of bread to be eaten by a good child. I could not truthfully tell Breckie that the desire of the chickens and rabbits was to be eaten by him (we did not go into particulars about the chops and steaks) but I did tell him that I thought it good for them as well as him that their bodies should enter his, else it wouldn't be like that, and that their life was probably as immortal, though less individual, than his. Sometimes I talked for the chicken, as he ate it, saying:

"Thank you, Breckinridge, for letting my body come into yours. Thank you, Breckinridge, for letting me go without my body to the seashore of endless worlds."

Breckie always answered most politely: "You're welcome," and several times he said: "Dat was kind of me to eat dat chicken, wasn't it Boppie?"

But often, after I had attempted these explanations and felt how floundering and inadequate they were to explain the mighty fact that all creation lives at the expense of life, I said to him: "O, little boy, this is what Boppie thinks—what she is thinking now. But you must think things for yourself when you get bigger." I had no doubt but that his thoughts, when he evolved them, would inspire and sustain him.

35

On Thanksgiving day I showed Breckinridge a colored picture by Ferris which had come out in a current issue of one of the magazines of the First Thanksgiving, and I told him the fine old story. I told him that the people thus rescued from starvation were early Americans and because they had fought hard fights with primal conditions (I enumerated the conditions in simple language) he could play happily in the woods to-day. I told

him that those particular men hadn't been his grandfathers because his grandfathers had landed further south, but that all of us made a special feast of Thanksgiving day in honor of them.

"Since that time, Breckie," I said, "when Thanksgiving day comes around every American thanks God for something he is glad to have, just the way these men in the picture are doing—thanking Him on their knees for something to eat. Since you came, Breckie," I continued, "I have thanked Him every Thanksgiving day for you. Now don't you want to thank Him this Thanksgiving for something you are very glad to have?"

Ever ready, he said at once, with his responsive smile: "I will fank Him for my shovels."

With that, down he flopped on his chubby knees and said: "Fank you, God, for dose shovels."

It was one of his rare prayers and like all he ever uttered, individual.

I did not write this down at the time, although I spoke of it to the other members of the family, but nearly two months later, on the seventeenth of January, when I happened to be writing in my journal, I recalled the incident and decided to record it then. It was the first evening of Breck's brief illness, when he only seemed a little unwell but was sleeping badly,—and while I was writing he called to me several times. Upon one of these occasions when I had run in to him and was bending over him I said: "What was it, Breck, that you thanked God for on Thanksgiving day?"

Instantly eager comprehension lit up his face as he replied: "For my shovels—I fanked Him for my shovels."

He did not then or on the previous occasion vouchsafe a reason for his exceptional gratitude for shovels and I never asked him. We had not, in fact, alluded to the subject at any time in the two intervening months.

Juliette and Henri had two pigs and each little boy laid claim to one and was much interested in the discussion as to what dis-

position was to be made of them. It was decided that Brooke's pig should be bred and Breck's killed, cured, and smoked. Both little boys were promised a pigling apiece from "Edna's" litter when it arrived and the black and white pig, Breckie's, was slaughtered early in December. Brooke was expatiating at length over his pig being chosen for the high office of maternity when Breck interrupted him with: "But Juliette will have much good to eat out of mine," and to Juliette: "N'est ce pas, Juliette, que vous aurez de la viande à manger du mien?"

All through November the joy of the two little boys was to go out in the woods with Liliane's wagon, which Breck had helped give her on her birthday, and fill it with acorns for the pigs. The feeding of pigs, chickens, and Belgian hares was a daily recurring delight. They liked sometimes to hunt for dry pieces of wood instead of acorns and to fill the wagon and load their arms with this kind of kindling. The Carnis bought a tall pine tree on the hillside back of their home for seventy-five cents, to cut down and use for firewood. But they didn't plan to cut it before February as they had enough to last until then. I grieved over the loss of the big tree, but Breckie was not troubled with sentimental regrets so long as the others in the forest remained, and he vied with Juliette in describing how fine and tall a tree this one was and how wonderful it was going to be to see it fall.

The satisfying regularity of the wholesome lives of our two little boys reminded Aunt Jane and me of a little book which gladdened the memories of us both called "From Do Nothing Hall to Happy Day House." In Happy Day House lived Lady Love, who looked at the children and all they did through rose colored glasses, and Dame Duty, whose work box was opened by a key called "Do It Yourself."

Another member of my family now went into war service when my only sister sailed from New York the day after Thanksgiving for a port in France. She was accepted by the

Y. M. C. A. for canteen work over there earlier in the month and when my mother learned of it she went on to New York to stay with her until she sailed. Before she left she made both little boys helmets such as she knitted in great numbers for the soldiers—except that theirs were dark blue instead of olive drab or gray.

The cold came swiftly about the second week in December, just at the time of my mother's return, and more terribly than any of us remembered it in this region. Breckie continued to take his naps out of doors, for he was equipped with all the suitable paraphernalia, but I became alarmed the second night of the first bitter spell lest his nose might freeze and brought him in. He had stayed out all night the night before when the thermometer tumbled below zero, but this second night when Dick came to bed after eleven with the information that it was already ten below and going down, we agreed that it would be better to bring the soldier in. His indoor crib had been taken to the attic, so he had to come into my big bed for the remainder of the night and was so excited over the novelty of the situation he found it hard to sleep. The next day the little crib came down from the attic to occupy its accustomed place next my bed and Breckie went to sleep indoors at night but with open windows and plenty of Boreas.

38

I mentioned a toy pistol as having been given Breck before he was old enough to play with it. He had a gun dating back to about the same period and was just beginning to enjoy them both, in the latter part of his third year, when his father asked me to put them away quietly as he was afraid Breck would learn from his play with them a careless sense of the use of fire-arms. So they vanished out of Breck's life but he never ceased to remember them. As the months passed he made guns and pistols for himself out of sticks of wood and often told Juliette and me that he had lost his gun and that he thought he left his pistol at his grandmother's island. His father promised him a real gun when he should be old enough to use it—but the de-

sire for its toy predecessor continued so pronounced that I suggested to Dick that if he would let me give the little gun and pistol back to Breckie I would, so far from letting them teach him a careless handling of firearms, make them a means of teaching him their real use and value. To this Dick readily agreed and so one day in December I appeared before Breck's dazzled eyes with the little old gun and pistol, and I told him quite truthfully that I had taken them out of my trunk where they had been lying all of this time.

"Now, Pidgy darling," I said, "you are going to have them both to play with so long as you don't point them at any one. Guns and pistols are dangerous. They kill people. So we never point them at anything we do not expect to kill. And you must be as careful with these little guns as you will be with the real one we are going to give you when you are bigger." I had a rifle and a shot gun with which I hunted in my girlhood and I often told Breckie they should be his some day. Meanwhile I began his education with the toys as I had promised his father, and as my own father and uncle had taught me when I learned to shoot. He could do anything he liked with either except point them, even in fun, at one of us. That was absolutely forbidden and the penalty for disobedience to this law was a forfeiture of the offending weapons.

They never had to be forfeited but once. Breck was as cautious and particular with them as if real shot poured out of the barrels. He and Brooke played alternately with pistol and gun and I think nothing Breck ever had gave him more constant pleasure than both. He came to me in triumph as soon as he could pull the trigger of the pistol, which was stiff, by himself. He shot all the chairs, killing imaginary lions and tigers, and Germans, including the Kaiser, over and over. But I cautioned him about not hurting German women and children. "It is they who kill women and children," I explained, "but we don't do that. Their women and children will always be safe with our soldiers."

One day when we started out and he and Brooke had pistol

and gun Breck announced that he was going to shoot birds. "Not the dear little song birds," I begged, and he replied:

"I will shoot a chicken hawk only."

One night he begged to take the pistol to bed with him and Teddy and I said he might if he wouldn't play with it in the night. I was afraid the unaccustomed privilege would excite him too much for continued sleep—and I was right. Some time before dawn he woke suddenly, perhaps the result of rolling over on his hard bed fellow, and began snapping the pistol. Naturally that wakened me and I requested him to desist. Temptation proved irresistible; the snapping continued, so I took the pistol away as I had said I would do. Whereupon Breckie wailed: "I can't defend myself wifout my pistol." But he did drop off to sleep again promptly and so did I.

He had gotten so that he could use his hands with some skill, not only in pulling triggers and hammering nails but in cutting with a pair of blunt pointed scissors. One day just about the time he was to come in I laid a large catalogue and the scissors on the rug in front of the door. He needed no other invitation. I heard him run in. There followed silence and I, looking through the doorway, saw him busily cutting—his face intensely serious, his mind absorbed. If the basket of blocks happened to be standing near the door when he dashed in, down he sat at once, pulled off his worsted gloves and, without waiting to be divested of coat, leggings, cap, helmet, and goloshes, he began to build. When he and Brooke came in together a sort of rushing sound accompanied them, like Boreas in the pine trees or a swollen stream down Leatherwood Hollow. Two tongues talking at once, four little feet pattering, and that general commotion which precedes the headlong entrance of two sturdy boys . . . well, it was a good sound, more musical to me than music.

Another recent source of development in Breck appeared to be his sense of smell. I could never notice until the last month or two of his fourth year that he had an acute sense of smell. Taste, hearing, sight, touch, all seemed pronounced enough—but he made no observations about smell. True he did some-

times even in his first and second year bury his nose deep in flowers—but that was because he saw us do it. I could not see that he got pleasure from their fragrance or that passing a decayed object in the woods afforded him any disgust. In fact he never volunteered an original comment upon either.

Quite suddenly in the latter part of his fourth year he began noticing all odors and was so quick at it that often before I had become conscious of an olfactory impression he exclaimed: "Boppie, what do I smell?"

This was his usual exclamation when we returned along the streets towards evening and odors of cooking came out of the houses. He couldn't always place them, his mind not consciously associating them with anything, but he had become curious about them.

39

I had begun my experimental class in Child Welfare with twenty-six enthusiastic students, all but two High School graduates and in the first and second year college work—which is all the college work given by our junior college. I was intensely interested in devising and planning this course as well as in the immense amount of reading I had to do in preparation. As the first semester's work pertained largely to the physical care of little children, the second being reserved for more general aspects of Child Welfare, I did a good deal of demonstrating—for which I needed live subjects. Baby Mary Phillips, while she stayed with us, supplied a perfect model for bathing and dressing and I had plenty of the best nursery equipment, while for modifying and pasteurizing milk and preparing diets we did not need an actual child to feed.

Later in the term, when I was demonstrating the care of sick children, Breckie became my willing patient. I asked him if he would let his temperature be taken and treatments be given him so that I could show the girls how to do it and he agreed at once. Clad in his red wrapper and slippers he accompanied me to the classroom, but when he saw among my equipment a bowl of steaming water he said: "Dat's too hot, Boppie," and eyed

it anxiously. After the demonstrations, when I had taken him back to Juliette, I thanked him for his courtesy in helping us and received his "You're welcome, Boppie," in return.

One day he saw a pair of woolen stockings belonging to me hanging out to dry on the white enameled clothes rack where his little white woolen stockings and his underwear dried. Both Juliette and I had omitted to ask his permission but he ran to her at once, saying: "Juliette, vous pouvez mettre les bas de Boppie sur mon wack—vous pouvez."

He heard his father questioning me about something and evidently thought his tone too serious for he went up to him and said earnestly: "Boppie is not to blame."

He was fond this December of imitating the bellow of a bull in words his father had taught him, like this: "I'm agoin' down yonder to dat man's field and get me some *new* gwass, *new* gwass, *new* gwass."

He learned a new song, a sort of dialogue in French which he recited with Juliette. I overheard them going through with it together one day, both gravely courteous, in the characters of shopowner and customer, and several times I begged them to repeat it for me. It ran like this:

"J. Madame, vendez-vous du café?

B. Tirelot lot lot j'en ai du tout bon.

J. Combien le faites-vous payer?

B. Tirelot lot lot trois fwancs (trois francs) le kilo.

J. C'est trop cher, Madame—

B. Ah, mais non, Madame.

J. Voyons, laissez-moi le café pour un sou.

B. Twès (très) bien, Madame, puis-ce-que c'est vous.

B. (extending one hand) Voici le café.

J. (ditto) Et voici le sou.

J. and B. together—Ah, ah, ah, ah—

Je vous recommande la bonne marchande,

Qui vous laisse tout, tout pour un sou."

On the sixth of December a girl of sixteen, the daughter of one of Juliette's neighbors in the Dairy Hollow, died after a

lingering illness. Breck told me of it. He said: "Ammeline Wobertson is dead, Boppie. You wegwet it?" (He frequently carried over into English Juliette's expression "vous regrettez?"

He heard Juliette and her neighbors discussing the death and mourning over the youth of the one who had died. Juliette, as he knew, sat up through the night with the family, and many of those neighborly acts of kindness which both soothe and glorify our human tragedies passed before his observant eyes. The day of the funeral as he went down into the Dairy Hollow with Juliette the hearse stood before the Robertsons' gate. Juliette took him into her garden before the coffin was borne out but she told me long afterwards of the questions he had asked her and her replies. The whole thing made a profound impression on Breckinridge's mind, but how deep an impression I was not to know until later.

41

Christmas was again approaching and the air of Crescent full of preparations for the big tree by means of which the Crescent students gave clothing and toys to the poorest children of the city. The thing began every year with Dick's reading aloud one Sunday night in chapel "The Birds' Christmas Carol." Then the school divided into committees which did the work. Breckinridge and Brooke both attended this tree and appeared pleasantly impressed with its towering appearance and with an excellent impersonation of Santa Claus.

In the evenings by the fire when I had my boy gathered in my arms I talked to him often of the meaning of Christmas and of the birth of the Christ Child. He had always liked a Murillo Madonna and Child which hung in my bedroom and sometimes he commented on it. This Christmas I told him the Bethlehem story more fully and graphically than at any previous time and when I came to the manger I said: "You don't know what a manger is, do you, Breckie?"

"Yes, sir," he answered at once, "it's selfishness—dog in de manger."

For the first time, this December, I spoke to Breck of Jesus

as other than a child, as One who had grown up but kept a love for little children, whom He understood and to whom He was kind. I told of His gathering them around Him and blessing them. But I gave no details of His life except those bearing on His childhood and His adoration of childhood.

Brooke's letters from his mother, always frequent, but at Christmas time so numerous and supplemented by so many gay cards from other absentees who loved him as to suggest a Pentecostal shower, excited Breck's desire for similar favors. "I want some mail," he pleaded whenever Brooke became the recipient of an adult's share. I began handing my own Christmas cards over to him unopened and I had a little talk with him besides in which I explained that Brooke had letters and cards from his mother because he was away from her—but that Breck had his mother close by, which he agreed was better yet.

Just before the holidays two of the teachers brought in a gray kitten—a waif—around whose neck they had tied a bow of lavender ribbon. I asked the boys if we should keep the kitten and when they decided they wanted to I suggested to Breck that we call her "Punky Dunk." Breck rarely failed to have a decided opinion pro or con for any suggestion. He replied at once: "No, I will call her Wibbon. Here, Wibbon, Wibbon." Later he said she might be "Wibbon Punky Dunk"—but the gray kitten showed a preference for the warm kitchen and the society of another cat residing there and soon deserted us.

Shortly before Christmas I suggested to the boys that they each buy their grandmothers a present with some of their own pennies. The idea pleased them and we went down town on this errand where, after much bewildered choosing, they selected jumping figures. We have no real toy shops in Eureka Springs—but several of the stores carry a large assortment of toys at Christmas—wonderlands they were to Breckie, who knew nothing finer, but not so imposing to Brooke, who could remember the Christmas shops of New York. Brooke on the other hand fairly reveled in the pigs, chickens, and other charms of the Dairy Hollow.

The day before Christmas Dick took the children down to the

shops and let them choose from among the moderately priced playthings whatever they liked best. Each boy chose a whip, a folding fence, and a cow bell. There they divided, Brooke selecting a horn and Breckie a small merry-go-round.

Meanwhile Breck had given some of his possessions to the Crescent Christmas tree and an armload more, including that one of his two boy dolls which still bore the name of Mammy's first husband, to a little girl named Montana whose mother cooked for us during the Christmas holidays. He chose himself the toys he wanted to give with only such help from me in deciding as he seemed to need. I was careful not to suggest the things he especially loved and which I knew were as strongly bound up in his associations as my dear possessions were in mine.

"Dat was kind of me," he said, "to give my fings to Montana —"—and he said it quite as naturally as he said "Dat was kind of Juliette to make me dose animal cwackers, wasn't it, Bop-pie?"—munching as he spoke on a fish or a bear.

Both children hung up their stockings Christmas night by the chimney in my study and dashed in, clad in wrappers and slippers, early Christmas morning to open them. They had many similar things, for Aunt Jane had given them both new buckets and shovels, Florence balls, Juliette little aluminum cooking utensils, Liliane small horses and wagons, and Dick and I sets of sailors and boats. But from others came separate things and Breckie was more taken with a diminutive cannon and a whistle which Brooke's mother had sent for his stocking than with everything which fell to his own share. He did not ask for them or appear to think himself unfairly dealt with because he had no whistle or cannon, but the wistful look on his face when he spoke of them so acted upon Juliette that she took him down town at once and bought a whistle for him quite as noisy as Brooke's and a goodly green cannon with a handle in its rear which could be pulled out and snapped back by investigating little hands.

In Brooke's box from his mother had come some candy which



BRECKIE AND BROOKE

went into his stocking and which Breck regarded with awe. Later, when he saw Brooke nibbling the end of a pink and white stick, he asked: "Are you eating poison?"

Several new books fell to the share of both boys. My mother gave Breck a copy of "Uncle Remus"—such as had gladdened our nursery when she read to us tales, some of which had been told to her on the plantation in her own childhood. We thought Breck old enough for "Brer Rabbit," "Brer Tarrapin," "Brer Fox," "Ole Sis Goose," "Miss Medders" and "De Gals" and all the rest and he did listen attentively to bits at a time—but, like the stories in the "Jungle Book" and "Hollow Tree Nights and Days" (which came to Brooke from his mother), they were still too far in advance of his development for him to give them prolonged attention.

He liked better the "Story of Little Black Sambo" which Brooke received and a copy of the "Volland" edition of "Mother Goose" sent him by his Uncle Clifton. He wanted this read to him every evening and often several times a day as well. One day he opened it up before Juliette and recited rhyme after rhyme, slowly turning the pages. But when he came to the old woman in the shoe he said: "I won't wead about her. She's a wicked woman."

Sometimes he sat in my lap while I read this loved book and laid one plump hand right over the print, then looked up at me and smiled to show me he knew which the print was and that I couldn't see to read when he covered it. He quoted from "Mother Goose" often. One afternoon he said to his Aunt Jane: "Teddy lives on fiddles and dwink and, Aunt Jane, he can never be quiet."

Three Mother Goose rhymes which he seemed especially to like were the one about the snail who "stuck out her horns like a little Kyloe cow," and this one:

Ride away, ride away, Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy cat tied to one side;
And he shall have little dog tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride to see his grandmother.

And this one :

There was an old woman
Sold puddings and pies;
She went to the mill
And dust flew in her eyes.
While through the streets
To all she meets
She ever cries
"Hot pies—Hot pies."

I wrote in my journal: "The thought of food runs much in Breckie's mind. Not long ago he sat in my lap announcing that he would have four children when he grew up. 'And, Boppie,' he said, 'I will give dem plenty to eat—and I will give my wife plenty to eat—and I will give you plenty to eat, too, Boppie—and I will have plenty to eat myself.'"

One day he was blowing his nose on a handkerchief of mine of which he had the use and remarked: "Dat's a big hankispuss for a little boy like me."

He heard the word "camouflage" used at about this time and asked its meaning. His father then told him that when a girl painted her face that was camouflage. "Did you camouflage your face?" some one asked Breckie, whose cheeks were like a Ben Davis apple. "God camouflaged my face," he answered at once.

42

The Christmas season changed for awhile the trend of the Fred and Lucy and Bumbleton stories. This adventure-some trio happened upon a cave in the forest inhabited by a gnome who was wholly good natured if only you didn't waken him when he wanted to sleep. He had a Christmas tree in his cave and all sorts of wonderful toys and when the children escaped in there from the sallies of the wicked radiator or the wild pigs they each chose something they wanted to play with while Bumbleton rolled a ball around with his nose.

Now when Breckie asked me to tell him about Fwed and Lucy and Bumbleton he added "Tell about de gnome's cave."

He often repeated these stories to Juliette—at first beginning them in English, because he insisted they couldn't be told in French, but later, when she insisted that they could be, he told them to her in French.

43

During all of the Christmas holidays the unusual bitter cold continued and far on into January. The children played out in the snow every day but one, when the temperature never rose above zero, with Breck's sled which held two nicely. The trains were running most irregularly and sometimes not at all, but the school re-opened on time and, amongst the other students, there came back Breck's cousin Foncie. She brought both little boys some tiny beasts from amongst which there fell to Breck's share a diminutive monkey. Late one snowy afternoon my aunt, sitting before her open fire with the children playing near her, heard Breck say to Brooke: "Why can't de monkey play wid de bear? He would be fwiendly."

They were fond of taking possession of every chair in her room except the one she sat on, even casting covetous eyes upon that (Breck suggested in a whisper to Brooke, on one occasion, "Let's gwab it away fwom her!"), inverting them and then covering them with a shawl for caves. From such a dark recess she overheard them confabulating one day, and what was her horror at the same time to see Brooke's large wooden cannon which shot real balls trained upon her and to hear Breck declare bloodthirstily: "She's de Kaiser, isn't she, Bwooke?" Here she raised an outcry and Breckie was the first to reach her and soothe her by saying: "You're not de Kaiser, Aunt Jane; we won't shoot you. I was playing only."

On another cold afternoon when we had to come in earlier than usual the children popped corn over the coals of my sitting room fire and ate what they had popped, honorably spitting out the hard centers of each grain.

Breck had a wholesome respect for fire. His attitude towards all blazes was one of caution, but he was still so young that we made it a law he should never try to take down the heavy screen

from in front of our sitting room fire. Once or twice I found him slipping the poker in behind it and held his hand close enough to the flames to show him how it would feel to burn. One day after breakfast, when he had run out of the dining room ahead of his father, Dick found him poking the big wood fire in the great hall. To his reproachful: "Breckinridge, you might fall in and burn up," Breck replied: "If I did Teddy would turn me into a bear and pull me out."

Teddy, in appearance as meek and unassuming a little brown Teddy bear as one could wish, had become a sort of omnipotent creature with Breckie, who exalted him on all occasions. Their relations were at first of a far simpler character. Teddy had been a loved possession since Breck's second summer, and his little master was quite content as he matured to call himself first Teddy's mother, then his father, to rock him, sing to him sometimes, talk with him often, and sleep with him always. But latterly he had begun to ascribe to Teddy superhuman characteristics. One day Brooke was talking of earthquakes and said he could shoot his pistol and cause an earthquake. Breck replied at once that Teddy could do that. Teddy, he said, could make the Crescent fall down and all the houses in Eureka Springs. He could make the houses fall in the ocean, and, reported Juliette, who told me of the conversation, "écwaser (écraser) tout le monde."

"Pourquoi laissez-vous Teddy faire ça?" she asked, when she had listened to this deification of Teddy.

"O, Teddy veut le faire," replied Breckinridge. "Il n'écoute pas. Il fait ce qu'il veut."

He and his father were one day working together and differed over some detail of construction about which each had positive convictions. Breck at once said that Teddy had told him to do so and so.

"But I tell you not to," said Dick, "and I say that I am the boss of this job."

"Teddy say he is de boss," replied Teddy's master, nothing daunted.

I find written in my journal: "The crisis does not arise which

Teddy can't meet nor the situation exist which Teddy can't duplicate or excel. When B, bless her, just before the holidays became Mrs. Paul, some remark was made to Breckie, always fond of her, that Dr. Paul had gotten ahead of him. He replied at once: "Teddy got ahead of Dr. Paul."

44

Soon after New Year's we began simple plans for Breck's fourth birthday on the twelfth, which led Brooke to describe the orgie of dissipation he intended to have on his birthday the following May. When the two children were in the Dairy Hollow with Juliette one day he began planning for this May festival and enumerating the things he would have to eat:

"Ice cream," he said, "and cake and candy."

"And castor oil," supplemented Breckie, looking solemnly at him.

A few days before Breck's birthday Juliette fell ill, first with a heavy cold and then with a frontal sinus infection which made it necessary for her to go to the hospital for a slight operation on her nose. Of course she was absent for the twelfth, but what hurt her most was the fact that the small drums which had been in town at Christmas time were all sold out and she couldn't get one for Breck. She had told him he was to have it on his birthday and although he, most reasonable of children, appeared satisfied with the finality of explanation that the drums were all sold out, she said she knew he had set his heart on one and she couldn't bear to have him disappointed. I told her we would send off and get one later and that he had so much he was not missing it now.

I explained to him, when Juliette failed to appear one morning just before his birthday, that she was sick.

"Will she die?" he asked, turning his large eyes full upon me.

"Why, no, my darling," I answered, "she is not very sick. Why did you think she would die?"

He answered: "Ammeline Wobertson was sick and she died."

OF THE FIFTH YEAR—ELEVEN DAYS

The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.

—*Tennyson.*

I

BRECKINRIDGE'S birthday morning was bitter cold but he went out with Aunt Jane, Brooke, and me in the snow. We came in at the regular hour and I gave the two boys their bath and crackers and milk, after which I put Breckie to sleep with Teddy out on his balcony, where a very icy Boreas tried vainly to reach his snugly enveloped little friend. It was only after his nap that the real celebrations for the day began.

The children had dinner as usual except that for dessert there was the birthday cake. Mrs. Jordan had made it, not the sponge of the year before but of war flour, covered with powdered sugar. I asked Breckie if he wanted me to light it before bringing it in or would he rather stick the candles on and light it himself. Naturally he chose to do it himself. He stuck the four candles on in their holders and then, his little hands trembling with eagerness, struck a match and lighted the candles. It took more than one match, for the lighter was not expert and had a wholesome dread of burnt fingers.

After we had all stood around the cake admiringly, came the added joy of blowing out the candles and cutting the cake. This Breckie did himself, with a little help, and then handed the slices around, beginning with the ladies and ending with his father and Brooke. Then he chose a comfortably spacious piece for himself and sat down in the chair that had been his Uncle Clifton's to eat it—his expression one of unmixed satisfaction.

When the dinner trays had been cleared away I brought out two bowls of warm water and Japanese flowers, presented by cousin Foncie, which delighted the children as they opened up before their eyes. Next I handed around (and there were enough for us all) a new variety of soap bubble pipe—and when this pleasure had been exhausted I produced two little books,

all by the same loving donor, with pictures to paste in them—one for each boy—and the pasting began.

Breckie's special birthday presents from the rest of us were also given him. First two dozen large new flat blocks, whose addition to the basket made it so heavy that Breck could scarcely lift it, in gay colored boxes. We handed one to each little boy to open. Next several new books, among them two his father and I gave him which we had had Brentano import from France. Both were illustrated by Georges Delaw—the one a collection of mythological tales, and the other the immortal *Contes de Perrault*. Breck had these books such a short time before leaving them that I can't say what impression they would have made on his mind. I read him "*Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*" and "*Le Chat Botté*," which he liked well enough, but not as yet in the adoring way with which he greeted Mother Goose and such jolly old French equivalents as "*Le Roi Dagobert*" and "*La Légende de Saint Nicholas*."

The day closed with a run out of doors and the usual bedtime stories. Weeks afterwards Brooke sometimes said reminiscently to his grandmother: "Didn't we do beautiful things on Breckinridge's birthday?"

2

The morning after Breck's birthday as soon as he waked, and while he still lay in his covers with Teddy, he asked me if a four-year-old boy was old enough to eat pie. Upon my replying in the negative he said: "Teddy made me a pie, but I didn't eat only de apple part. Teddy ate de wooden part."

The thirteenth was Sunday, with Juliette still sick, but I persuaded Aunt Jane to go to her church and let me scamper out in the snow with the two little boys. As we were returning to Crescent along the ridge of the mountain Breck suddenly announced: "Boppie, I don't want to die."

I turned to gaze at him in astonishment. There he stood, firmly planted in the snow, an embodiment of sturdy childhood, informed with life in every hardy fibre of his make-up. How could I divine that in less than twelve days he would be dead?

No psychical sense in me was stirred, I had no prophetic premonitions. On the contrary my first almost unconscious exclamation, as I looked down at him and smiled, was: "But, my darling, you aren't going to die."

Then I recollected myself and asked: "Why don't you want to die?"

"Ammeline Wobertson died," he replied at once, "and dey put her in de gwound."

"O, my baby," I cried, deeply moved, "it was only her body that they put in the ground and she didn't want it any more. She had left it behind her. She did not need it any more than you do the clothes that are too small for you. She went . . ."

"To heaven," said Brooke.

"To de seashore of endless worlds," said Breckinridge.

With all my heart in my voice I tried to put before these little children a vision of that principle of life "which does not admit of death." I reminded Breckie that his sister had died and what happy things we said about her. I told him again of the little dogs he had loved, and soon the thought of the baby and the dogs romping together wrought its old charm upon his imagination. But he hadn't finished with the subject. "Will you go dere, Boppie?" he asked.

"Pidgy, darling," I answered him, "it's likely Boppie would go ahead of you—but she doesn't want to go and she doesn't see why she should have to go before you are a man grown up and don't need her here. She isn't going to be separated from you ever if she can help it. If you ever do go ahead of her she is coming to you just as soon as she can. And everybody goes there, you know, some day. Nobody is separated long."

"Will my mother be there?" asked Brooke, "and my Jammie?"

"Will gweat faver be dere?" asked Breckie, meaning his great-grandfather Breckinridge, of whose picture in his uniform of a Confederate general he was fond.

I answered them as the charioteer once did Prince Sidhartha, that everybody not now living had died and that those of us

who lived would all taste of death. But I bore in concluding on the aliveness of being dead and the happy times people could go on having wherever they went. I could not give descriptions and the children did not ask for them. When I told them they would be happy I knew I had said enough, since both were happy children and would naturally translate the idea of a happy condition anywhere into such pleasing images as their lives had experienced and their minds could comprehend.

When we had finished talking about it and were nearing the house Breckie came close to me and, slipping his little hand in its worsted glove into mine in the way he so often did, said: "Bop-pie, I love you."

3

We had expected to inoculate the new students with the typhoid and para-typhoid vaccine that afternoon and I had gotten out a small electric sterilizer of Dr. Bolton's which we used for boiling up the needles. But the doctor telephoned that his little daughter Phyllis was too ill with pneumonia for him to be willing to leave her and the inoculations were deferred. Breckie had observed the sterilizer on top of a bookcase and with an anxious look at me asked: "Are we going to be stuck?" He was relieved at once when I told him that my soldier had finished with inoculations for some years to come.

Dick had planned to take both boys in his car that afternoon to get them out of the way of our little clinic, and when we didn't hold a clinic he took them anyhow to give me a couple of hours in which to get caught up with some important Red Cross nursing correspondence. They left the car about a mile out of town, he told me, on the site of the great highway soon to be constructed, and went on foot to a hog farm—both children collecting such treasures of nature as the snow-covered ground afforded en route. When they retraced their steps towards the place where they had left the car somebody dropped the supposition like a bomb in the group—suppose they didn't find it there? However, when they rounded a bend in the road it came in sight and Breck cried out: "Dere it is!"

The next three days continued cold—but ideally clear and invigorating. Our little boys coasted every day, especially down the road known as the Crescent grade. No automobiles were running and only a few wagons loaded with wood or coal interrupted their sport. Brooke sat in front on the sled and guided, while Breckie, with his serious play-expression, seated himself behind and planted his goloshes well up out of the snow on either side. I gave shoves or ran ahead with the rope to get a good start for them. Then the coasting began—only to terminate after a few feet in the snow drifts on one side or the other of the road. Sometimes I pulled them both on the sled or one of them pulled the other. Usually when the time came for going in and the children seemed a bit tired and fretful I enlivened the last few hundred yards of our way back with a Fred and Lucy and Bumbleton story.

These three immortals had lately taken to encountering floods of water and being carried off on driftwood and landed on tiny islands. Just as starvation would seem to be staring them in the face a basket or a small boat came floating by and in it they found prunes, bread, butter, sometimes even bottles of milk like those in which I pasteurized the two quarts of milk drunk daily by the two Bs. This unexpected succor, floated down to them often by the friendly gnome from the mouth of his cave, consumed and went again staring them in the face, suddenly one of them spied a white sail in the offing and Roger, like a glorious bird, came swooping to their rescue, or else they heard a sharp putt, putt, putt and Roger in a motorboat skudded across the water and took them in.

On the morning of the sixteenth there came an unexpected pleasure. One of the grocers' assistants in town, inspired by the protracted reign of snow and ice, made some runners for the body of his delivery wagon, hitched a horse to the combination and glided about town with his deliveries on the only sleigh I had ever seen in this region. This dazzling object dashed past us one day and I had made up my mind what I should do if we met it again. Sure enough on the morning of the sixteenth here it came and I hailed it, asking the good-natured driver if our

two little boys could not climb in with the groceries and take a ride. The words were hardly out of my mouth and permission had not yet left his before they had scrambled in and settled themselves in part on the seat beside him, in part among his provisions. He touched up his horse and away they glided over the snow on what was for Breck at least an entirely novel adventure.

Aunt Jane and I followed, dragging the sled, to join company with our enchanted boys at the last delivery in that neighborhood. It was a wonderful experience and Breck sang with me "Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle All the Way" when I was getting him ready for his nap. Another chapter had closed in his book of Happy Day House.

4

Word reached us one afternoon this week of the death by pneumonia at a camp in Arizona of a young cousin in the regular army, Lieutenant Breckinridge Ten Eycke, my father's great-nephew—the first of our family to give up his life since we entered the war. I was reading to the children before Aunt Jane's fire when my mother came in with this sad news. I had Breckie on my lap. Instinctively I held him closer while I tried to keep back the tears, so that he would see the glory rather than the pain in the explanation I gave him of a soldier's death.

5

The morning of Thursday the seventeenth Breckie woke in his accustomed splendid health, drank his orange juice and later ate his breakfast of oatmeal and milk and bread and butter with his father and Brooke with his usual full appetite. Afterwards Aunt Jane and I took the children out and they played as they had been doing at coasting on the sled down the Crescent grade. Often they tumbled off in the snow without feeling the least inconvenience or pain.

At the bottom of the hill I pulled them both on the sled and while I was toiling along I said "fiddlesticks" in reply to a

foolish comment of theirs. I heard Breck, sitting very complacent and fat on the sled, in his blue military coat and soldier's helmet, say to his cousin: "She's fiddlesticks herself, isn't she Bwooke?"

Everybody seemed very cheerful and well until we had climbed the mountain and were nearly home. Then we remembered that we had to stop at Mrs. Jordan's for bread. We turned into the little side street, much encumbered in its snow drifts with the sled, and I suggested to Breck that he stay there with Aunt Jane while I ran to the house for the bread. To my surprise Breckinridge began to cry in what seemed like the most unreasonable manner. I left him with Aunt Jane talking soothingly, saw Mrs. Jordan, got the bread and fresh eggs, and returned to find Breckie now crying loudly and beyond explanations. I knew of course that there was a physiological cause back of this unwanted outburst, though how grave a one I could not suspect, and my first thought was that he must be over tired and sleepy. I attempted to soothe him, but he wouldn't let me, crying out: "Boppie, I am ashamed of you." Then, as we moved on towards Crescent I tried to divert him with Fred and Lucy and Bumbleton, only to receive the retort: "Don't speak to me, Boppie, I am vexed wif you. I am ashamed of you."

I realized that he was not in a frame of mind to listen to me then but I thought that after he had slept we could talk together and come to an explanation of his exceptional conduct, and what had led to it. He had quieted somewhat before we reached the college but was still disposed to be contentious. As the children were undressing and I ran the water for their baths I remarked upon having overlooked weighing Breck on his birthday and said I must do it that afternoon without fail, and Brooke too.

Whereupon Breckie, not ordinarily in the least self-seeking, exclaimed: "Weigh me first."

"There is a verse in the Bible," I replied too sententiously, "about the man who wants to come first being last."

"In my Bible," said Breck, "it say weigh I first and Bwooke afterwards."

However, when he had had his warm bath and warm milk and graham cracker, and had been cuddled and loved a little with fond endearments, he seemed to feel soothed and went to sleep with Teddy out on his balcony in the cold, clean air.

He woke while I was at dinner and Blanche had him nearly dressed when I came up stairs. I saw nothing unusual in him and proceeded to get his and Brooke's dinner ready for two-fifteen. It consisted of rare tenderloin steak, baked potato, asparagus tips, with a cup of milk and a baked apple for dessert—such a dinner as Breck usually attacked with an irreproachable appetite. To my complete astonishment he refused it. He did not even want to taste it. I asked him if he felt badly and he said no—but naturally I did not urge his eating.

A little later he began to vomit and said that his stomach felt sick. I told him to put his hand on the place and he laid it over the pit of his stomach. I was not at all uneasy though perplexed as to what could have upset his perfect digestion. It had been arranged that Blanche was to take the children out that afternoon so that Aunt Jane and I could get some important letters written—but I sent her off without Breckie and dropped everything to take care of him. I suggested a dose of castor oil and he replied at once:

“Boppie, I will take it like a soldier.” Many hours later it was a relief to my mind to remember that he vomited it at once as well as a second dose for which he begged, thinking it would make him feel better.

This vomiting did not come quickly. He always had time to run to the bath room. I ran with him and supported his forehead, and once, when he got there ahead of me, I found him holding his own forehead with one little brown hand. He rinsed his mouth carefully every time afterwards and sometimes said: “Dat’s better, Boppie.”

He did not seem to be in the least pain or to be ill—but was listless and indifferent to his usual pleasures. I suggested his blocks, but he wasn’t interested in them. Then I tried books. He climbed in my lap and I began to read the Mother Goose rhymes for which his appetite was usually insatiable. But after

I had read only two he pushed the book away, saying: "Dat's all, Boppie."

All he wanted was to sit quietly in my lap with his head on my shoulder or, as he put it: "Boppie, I want to lie in your arms," and so we sat most of the afternoon. Once when his nausea seemed to have cleared up I suggested that we go downstairs and get weighed on the big scales. He consented, but they were locked up in the store room. So he didn't get weighed. The sight of Joe's plumber's fire in the pantry and Joe's work with it excited only a flickering interest.

I then brought him back, his little feet climbing the familiar stairs for the last time had we but known it, and undressed him, putting on his night clothes with the "pattes d'ours" and his fleecy red wrapper and Puss-in-Boots slippers. Then I held him again until supper time. I got Brooke's supper ready and offered Breck milk, but he took only a swallow or two before pushing it away.

During the remainder of this first evening of an illness that seemed so light and was to be so terrible I sat and held him, until it was time to lay him in his little indoor bed by mine, and as we sat we ran over in imagination some of our loved fancies. He was the little woolly wolf and I the mother woolly wolf in the cave, he the cub bear and I the mother bear in the hollow tree, he Tweet Tweet and I the mother bird—but mostly he was Jimmie, very cuddly and loving, and I Sheepblossom who petted him.

When I had put him to bed I sat in the adjoining room writing in my journal. I wrote: "My Breckie has not been well to-day, nauseated—so rare in his hearty life." I was not in the least uneasy about him. Although digestive disturbances were rare with him he had been nauseated before and at times equally without apparent cause. I recalled to mind and told my mother and Aunt Jane of a day in his third year when he had vomited off and on all day and had had no other symptom, not even a temperature or weakened pulse, appearing to be affected just about as he was now. The thing had cleared up of itself during the night and the next day found him as well as usual. Never-

theless I would have had the doctor look him over, as I had done on previous occasions of digestive disturbance, if Dr. Bolton's little daughter had not been dangerously ill just at this time and his mind and time wholly given over to her needs.

On the night of the seventeenth Breck did not rest well, waking several times to vomit or just to call out to me. I reached him in an instant. Upon one such occasion I said out loud: "Thank you, God, for giving me this little boy."

"You're welcome," came the response in a high-pitched small voice and then Breckie said in his natural tones: "Dat was God speaking in your heart."

A moment later he added: "Boppie, I love God."

At another time when I laid him down and was caressing him I exclaimed: "Such a dear little boy, such a good little boy." He said: "Boppie, I twy to do wight." (O, my imperishable child, the sustaining power which now raises me is just a simple trying to do right.) Often he pulled me down with "Boppie, I want to kiss you."

I went early to bed and we slept fitfully, for his nausea continued at intervals and he often woke and seemed in discomfort. About one in the morning he cried out for the first time that he was in pain—that his stomach hurt him. I put my hand over his abdomen and found on pressure that the pain and tenderness were both in the lower right abdomen. I took his temperature but he still had no fever, pulse but slightly quickened. The pain passed almost at once but I called his father and left Breckie with him while I went down to telephone the family physician and give him the symptoms. I told Breckie where I was going and why and when his father came in he vouchsafed the information: "I am not vewy well."

Dr. Bolton gave me directions and when he came later in the morning said that he would get the operating room ready at the little hospital so that he could operate at any time in the day if it seemed best. He could not make a clear diagnosis of anything on examination—although he suspected appendicitis more than anything else. The nausea meanwhile had stopped and the pain did not recur. Breckie seemed better. There were no

pronounced symptoms of any kind—only a local tenderness and a temperature and pulse slightly elevated.

Dr. Bolton told me to call him up every hour or two during the day and that early in the afternoon if not sooner he would probably decide whether or not to intervene surgically.

So Breckie and I passed a day together which I recall as having been inexpressibly precious in its early hours. He did not appear to be in any particular discomfort, and I sat by his bed with my head down by his as we both loved to be. I had given him a flat little pillow I always used and I said: "This four-year-old boy is big enough for a pillow. You can have this one, preciousness. Boppie gives it to you to keep. It's yours." His face lit up with a pleased smile and thereafter until he died he used it constantly.

One time when I had to leave him for a few moments and my mother had taken my place he asked her: "What are you knitting, Hoho?"

"Helmets," she answered, "for the soldiers."

"Did you knit a helmet for me?" he then asked her, and when she replied how happy it had made her to do it he said: "Fank you, Hoho, for dat helmet. It keeps my neck warm."

The latter hours of the day were hard. Although he had been given salines since two in the morning and had retained them all, Breck's thirst became excessive and he begged piteously for water—"a little only." I telephoned the doctor and he said that when he returned Breck could have water, since if he were better he might safely be allowed it in small quantities, and if he were not he could have a drink before his operation anyway.

I came back and told him he could have a drink as soon as the doctor returned and thereafter my little soldier, reasonable even in the pangs of his terrible thirst, ceased begging, and began instead to ask when Dr. Bolton would come. "O, Boppie, don't you hear his automobile?" "Isn't it time for him to come?" "Telephone him to come and give me water."

That was an agonizing afternoon for Breck and me. But never once did he try to climb out of bed, or even to raise himself, or make any effort whatsoever to get a drink. Even when I

stepped into adjoining rooms I knew he was to be trusted. "Boppie, I pwomise you I won't get up." A promise, my four-year-old, to be trusted unto death.

We spent the most of these leaden hours with my head down by Breck's as he liked to have it and both of us saying over rather often that we loved each other. The pain returned suddenly before the doctor's visit. I telephoned him and when he came he said it was essential to operate without delay and for us to get Breck to the little hospital at once.

He went to this hospital and to the operating table in his father's arms. I prepared him for the operation and he made no objection to having his painful side shaved after I explained to him that it was one of the things to do towards getting him well. When we took him into the operating room he cast rather a frightened look at the instruments and said: "Are dose fings to hurt me?" I reassured him and then told him that all he would have to do would be to breathe in a bad smell, that he wouldn't like it but that it was something to help him get well and that he could take it like a soldier. His only reply to this was: "I will smell it like a soldier," and he did. Not until he was partly under the ether did he struggle or cry out, for the reasoning habit of mind common to him did not fail him even here.

I stayed with him until he was anaesthetized and then left the room, only to be summoned back a little later and shown where the trouble lay. Not in the appendix—but so much more dreadful—intussusception, an abdomen already full of pus, general peritonitis.

When he came down from the operating room he was conscious and looked a little wild-eyed. "Boppie, Boppie," he said, "let's go home." I soothed and quieted him.

Then began our fight of nearly five days' duration with its alternations of hope and sinking fears—"the hopes and fears of all the years"—a fight in which we were to lose out at the last. We had two excellent nurses, both of whom had nursed at the college and whom I knew well. Miss Riley took day duty. The other nurse, who took night duty, Miss Booth, came from

Fort Smith and was twenty hours in reaching us owing to the heavy snow and consequent derangement of traffic on the railroads. I helped them both, resting at such intervals as Breck seemed at his best. The doctor seldom left the place and never for more than two or three hours. He told my mother, who stayed with Dick and me, that Breckie had the strongest powers of resistance of any child he had ever treated—more like a ten than a four-year-old boy. To me he said: "He has the finest constitution I ever saw and is putting up a wonderful fight."

But I think the thing which impressed both doctor and nurses more even than his vitality was his attitude of mind—its sweet reasonableness at all times, even the most painful. To this we were accustomed but others found it extraordinary in a four-year-old child and it was this which caused the doctor to tell me: "He is a marvelous child."

When his wound was dressed for the first time they fastened his hands and arms with a sheet. But I told them it wasn't necessary, that he wouldn't touch the sterile towels or the wound if they explained to him about them. To Breck I said: "The doctor has made a little window in your abdomen, darling, to let out some germs and microbes and bacteria which made you sick. Now he must clean out this window and you mustn't touch while he does it." He replied that he would not and I stayed at the head of his bed, gently holding his hands or petting and kissing his forehead.

In this supreme crisis of the little child's life he kept the simple ideal he had cherished every common day—that of being a brave soldier. Many a weak and selfish desire, many a dread of small pains and ills, had he sacrificed in acquiring an attitude of mind now so habitual that almost instinctively he "twined to do wight." Not once in all the days and nights of his desperate illness did he cry, or whine, or fret. Not once was he anything but amenable to reason. When his wound had to be dressed again and he objected the doctor said: "It's necessary, Breck."

"O," said Breckie, and made no further objection.

After his hypodermics, to which he submitted without a

shadow of resistance, he generally asked: "Was I bwave as a soldier?"

Once he said, thinking of Breckinridge Ten Eycke: "My cousin died, what was a bwave soldier."

Once he cried out when something hurt him very much and Dr. Bolton said: "You weren't really crying, Breck. You were just squealing."

"Yes," he answered, pleased to be restored to his ideal, "I was des squealing."

I am sure that he must have felt very ill and have been in frequent pain—but when the doctor asked: "How do you feel, Breck?" he generally answered: "All wight." Once I heard him reply: "O, not vewy well."

On the first night of his illness he recalled that I had told him the doctor's little daughter had pneumonia and asked: "Dr. Bolton, how is Phyllis?"

His individuality stood out almost until the end. When he vomited he sometimes wanted one pus basin, a curved one of Miss Riley's, and sometimes another—a little round basin we had brought with us. When he was allowed the small amounts of water with which his intense thirst was at intervals assuaged (O, my baby, did it make for the grandeur of your evolving soul that you should have been tortured thus? Ah, but you must have grown a thousand years—) he always had a preference in what he was to take it. "My little silver cup—" "A long glass wif a tube—" "De wed and white glass and a spoon—" "De little boat—" When I said once: "A drink of hot water is good for little sick boys," he repeated it, looking pleased.

Once he became interested in the proctoclysis with its tubing and I promised him that when he was better he should have it to hold and play with if he liked. On another occasion he told me his nail was "bwocken" and to trim it with the little scissors. Sick as he was few things escaped his observation. He noticed for instance that his arm was scrubbed with a bit of cotton before and after each hypodermic and reminded his nurse to "wash" his arm.

Upon one occasion I heard him pronounce an *r* distinctly—the first time he had done it. He said “already” and the *r* sound in the word was plain.

Two or three times with me he became alive to the flood of tenderness habitually passing between us in better days. Once, when I bent over him and whispered: “This is Sheepblossom,” he answered, “Dis is Jimmie.” Once he asked me to lay my head down by his, and once he looked up with a flash of his old radiance, saying: “Boppie, I want to kiss you.” Then I felt his lips brushing my cheek.

On the morning of the fourth day we were encouraged. Up until then he had held his own but on that morning certain favorable symptoms led us to believe that he was doing a little more than that. I said to him: “Pidgy, darling, when you are better Boppie is going to get you a drum.”

He looked at me seriously and replied: “De dwums are all saled.”

“I know, my blessing,” I said, “the ones here are sold and that was why you didn’t have one on your birthday. But Boppie is going to send off to a big city and have them send you a drum—all the way from a big city.”

Somehow, though it’s only a little thing, it hurts me to remember that he never had that drum. It’s the only promise I ever made him which I couldn’t keep.

His uncle Carson had sent a draft to buy him his Christmas present and it came during his illness. My mother went in to him the morning of this fourth day and told him about it, saying that when he was well he should take the draft to the bank and get money for it and then take the money down town and buy whatever he liked best in the shops. He looked pleased and he even smiled. Just before she left him she said: “May I kiss your hand, Breckinridge?” And for response he held it out to her.

About the middle of this day when we had been most hopeful and all the symptoms were growing favorable, except possibly the pulse, his poisoned, tired heart began to give way. If the infection had been a little less virulent, or a little less general,

he would not have succumbed to it. As it was he grew slowly worse that afternoon and with the coming of night hope folded her wings and prepared to take flight.

He had been so stimulated that in spite of morphine he was fearfully excited, and very tired from all the things we were constantly doing to restore him and from a little nervous cough that set in that last night. Even then he did not complain or fret, only once again he said to me: "Boppie, let's go home." It seemed to me that he thought, poor child, that if we were back in the old familiar surroundings things would be with him as they were before.

It became imperative for him to sleep. But he could not and always he kept picking at his coverings. At last I leaned over the head of his bed and, while the cool air blew in through an open window from the snowy night outside, I pressed the ice cap filled with snow against his hot little head and began talking in a low voice such soothing nonsense as formerly delighted him.

"Sandman is coming with a great big bucket of sand to put my baby to sleep. Boreas, blow on the baby and put him to sleep. All the little stars have gone to sleep in the sky. The little woolly wolf is curled up asleep in the cave with the mother woolly wolf, the little cub bear lies asleep in the hollow tree, the birdies are sleeping in their nests, the little tree frogs have gone to sleep in the trees. The Sandman threw sand at the little tree frogs and put them to sleep. Jimmie is asleep in his bed and Breckinridge is going to sleep too in his bed, for the Sandman has come with a great big bucket of sand to put my baby to sleep. Boreas blow on the baby and he will sleep."

I talked like this for a long time and my darling slept at last, except nearly always for that restless picking at the covers with his left hand.

Those were the last hours before hope left us altogether. I don't know just when, but some time before dawn I began to read in the sorrowful faces of my sister nurses and from the tears which stood in the doctor's eyes what was all too plainly written on the gallant little figure that lay before me dying.

Then I put my head down by his in the old familiar way and whispered: "This little baby will soon be well."

He died at five minutes after three in the afternoon—but I had lost track of time as I sat by him through the hours. Towards the last he was allowed to have all the fresh snow he wanted and so long as he could swallow I fed it to him, first with a spoon and then with my fingers. While he could speak he asked for it and seemed eager for it while he was conscious of anything. You little boy, who never passed one of your mountain springs without drinking, have you drunk of the river of life freely and shall you thirst now no more?

He wanted to be turned from one side to the other—but doing it hurt him. However he did not fret or complain but played his part of brave soldier so long as conscious life remained to him.

There followed the unconscious hours when he lay with one chubby hand under his cheek as I had so often seen him in his sleep. Like so many years they seemed to me, those hours, sitting there with the sword that was piercing through my own soul also. It came over me, as I sat there, how truly he had spoken when he said he "twied to do wight" and how hard it must have been at four years. But he had measured up to the magnitude of it. He had done right as he saw it. He had taken all the unaccustomed suffering terminating his happy life without questioning why it had come, because he believed it was right for a soldier to be brave.

I felt as if I were in the presence of a great law that had been obeyed and, further, that the laws of pain accepted and used might become a force as mighty as, for instance, the laws of fire which bless or burn according as we understand and obey them. With Breckinridge we had ever tried to teach him obedience to law, not blind obedience to us who only deserved his respect when we too obeyed the laws we interpreted to him. Now the little child had learned his lesson and I knew that only by becoming like him could I enter with him into the kingdom of heaven.

I decided then, in those vaster reaches of the mind where my

spirit seemed to be brushing his, that the Power which had placed him here had a right to withdraw him—a right exercised perhaps not the less purposefully because it operated through natural law—and that if I could accept the action of law as I understood it I might become worthy of being the mother of my son. When I came to this conclusion I leaned over to the unconscious child and told him that I too would try to do what was right.

By his bed at the last besides the doctor and trained nurses and his father and me were his grandfather and grandmother, Aunt Jane, his nurse Juliette, his cousin Florence, and those loyal friends of his—Camille and B. These were the people on our side, the human group, all that we, restrained by the limitations of our senses, could perceive; but who shall say that a valiant host of the heroes he worshiped were not present also to welcome my Greatheart when he passed over to the other side?

AFTERWARDS

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

—*Wordsworth.*

AFTERWARDS

WE, my father, mother, Dick, and I, carried the little body down to Fort Smith for burial by the side of our baby girl. All morning Thursday it lay in the home where he was born while inexpressibly tender friends gathered around us. Juliette had chosen the clothes to put on him—one of his white and blue middy suits and the sandals in which he had tramped about the hills through the summer. In his arms I laid the Teddy Bear that had slept with him for over two years.

He was not much less chubby, and though I had cut close his curly hair because of the fever and the gorgeous red had gone out of his cheeks and the radiance from his face and the eyes were closed and dead, yet it seemed a part of Breckie still which lay there—and this part I knew that I should never see again. Precious little body, eager little hands and feet,—I am glad I gave them freedom while I had them, if Breckinridge no longer needs them in his development then let them go.

He lay, with the flowers massed all about and the Teddy Bear in his arms, under the Sully portrait of his great, great, great grandfather Breckinridge who was a good and useful man in his day. I never saw marked likenesses in Breckie to any one—but something in the shape of the forehead as he lay there resembled the picture looking down at him and I was proud when I thought of their meeting that Breckie, like the soldier cousin just preceding him, had measured up to the best traditions of his race.

“Mammy” came, his negro mammy, and sobbed in Dick’s arms. She thought her baby had grown “awful long” since the days when she nursed him.

We had no services of any kind in our home or at the grave. God didn’t need to be told about Breckie. Friends carried the little casket across the grass and, with Boreas blowing over

him and the sunshine in which his short life had been spent sparkling down on the patches of snow,—with only the wind he loved speaking and the sunshine listening,—this child of the open air was given back to the Immensity from which he came.

On his grave and that of our girl baby the flowers were heaped, and there, on the high ground above the Arkansas river, facing its lofty bluffs, there stands my nursery. Let Boreas blow ever so wildly he cannot waken the little sleepers in my nursery, and I know that, whatever the ultimate outcome, my human children are dead. But sometimes I feel that subconsciously perhaps I come in touch with them and that even now, while one part of me sits crushed beyond the sound of sweetest voices and pattering feet, a larger and better part is playing with Breckie and his sister on that seashore of endless worlds where the children meet with shouts and songs and dances.

CONCLUSION

O sister, sister, thy first-begotten!

The hands that cling and the feet that follow,
The voice of the child's blood crying yet,

Who hath remembered me? Who hath forgotten?
Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,

But the world will end when I forget.

—*Swinburne.*

SPRING has come again to the Ozark mountains. March with warm light has dispelled the bitter winter. The red bud and dogwood are in bloom in the forests and underfoot the wild flowers. In my garden the crocuses have come and gone and the jonquils and yellow tulips are blooming.

The hens in the Dairy Hollow are sitting on their nests and the Belgian hares have new young ones. The process of smoking the black and white pig is long since completed. On many hill-sides are women picking dandelion greens and Juliette, with Brooke, is among them. The great tree the Carnis bought for firewood has been cut down—but Juliette says that she could not see its fall because of her tears. She and I are making Breckie's garden and planting it as he had planned. "*Le pauvre petit,*" she says, "*il faisait tant de projets.*"

There is not a rod of ground within miles over which I walk where his little feet have not trudged, not a spring at which his sunny face was not turned to drink, not a creeping thing, hardly a stone or bush or tree, or puff of wind which does not recall the gallant-hearted child who fraternized with them. At night on his balcony I look at the moon and stars thinking: "These perhaps we hold in common even yet."

And still, although my human heart is so broken as not to make the fragments worth gathering together again, my mind has accepted Breckie's death from the first and is not tortured about him at all.

It is otherwise of other deaths. No one has really been a mother who has not yearned over children everywhere. Breckinridge's happy childhood has passed indeed but left only golden memories. The brief suffering at the end cannot obliterate the joyous whole where one day of delight succeeded another in his fairyland.

But what of other children—the majority of all children?

What of childhood? From the desolated shores of Armenia to the Balkan mountains, from the plains of Poland to the Belgian and French coast and over at last to the streets of our great cities and the farms of our remoter hills travels that cry of childhood which throughout the ages has been the cry of martyrdom. This my reason cannot accept—this tortures the devout in my soul.

Is there not wrong too bitter for atoning?

What are these desperate and hideous years?

Hast thou not heard Thy whole creation groaning,

Sighs of the bondsmen, and the *children's* tears?

There is a work beside which all other strikes me as puerile—the work which seeks to raise the status of childhood everywhere, so that finally from pole to pole of this planet all of the little ones come into that health and happiness which is their due. If every one who had ever loved a child would but do his part this might come to pass. What if we do not understand? What if we cannot be held responsible for the way God has ordered His world? There lies nevertheless deep in the heart of every child lover a feeling of responsibility which will not let him put the thing aside. If God cherishes His little ones only in my breast, says the child lover, He cherishes them there, and I fight for them—fight until that ancient saying has come true, until He shall gather the Lambs . . . in His bosom, and gently lead those that are with young. And when the crooked paths are made straight and the waste places smooth it will be time enough for me to understand.

One morning, some days after Breckie's death, Brooke said reminiscently to his grandmother: "Once when we were coming back from the Dairy Hollow Breckinridge said that he was a bird and could fly." After a moment he added reflectively: "He was always falling down, but he said that he could fly."

Such was my Greatheart. Even so did his soaring spirit overreach the limitations of its embodiment. "He was always falling down—but he said that he could fly."



