

THE  
CALL OF THE HOUR

**"OTHER FOUNDATION CAN NO  
MAN LAY THAN THAT IS LAID"**

# THE CALL OF THE HOUR

*By*  
LEWIS ALBERT HARDING

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
EVA M. TRUESDELL

WICHITA, KANSAS  
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## DEDICATION

To all witty men and splendid boys and  
merry girls and brilliant women and to every  
noble character, this little story, wrought for  
love and faith and told in carol and tale, is  
dedicated.

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## PREFACE

## PREFACE

The aim of this book is to afford some pleasure in reading the volume as well as to convey the meaning and message suggested in its title. The volume contains just a dozen articles including five sketches in prose and poems to the symbolic number of seven.

Five of the series of articles embraced in this work appeared originally in various magazines. Of

## PREFACE

the poems, "The Great Birthday" was printed first in pamphlet form, and in December, 1905, was again published in a magazine edition of THE DAILY STUDENT of Indiana University, under the title, "The First Christmas."

A second pamphlet edition of this poem in gift form was published in 1910 by The McCormick Press, of Wichita, Kansas. The poem was spoken of kindly by James Whitcomb Riley to whom

## PREFACE

the second edition of "The First Christmas" was dedicated.

In November, 1909, "The Choicest Flower" was published in THE TEACHERS JOURNAL, of (Marion,) Indiana. "The Great Foundation" was first printed the same year in the December number of THE MESSENGER, of (Wichita,) Kansas. The "Proem" appeared in the KANSAS MAGAZINE for December, 1909, under the title, "I Wonder Who Knows;"

## PREFACE

and the sketch, "Not Guilty," appeared in the same magazine, in March, 1910.

I am indebted to the kindness of the proprietors of those various publications for permission to reprint those selections. The rest of the articles included in this volume have never before been offered to print and are more or less new.

LEWIS ALBERT HARDING.

COLUMBUS, INDIANA,  
April 14, 1913.

THE  
CALL OF THE HOUR



I  
PROEM



I wonder who it is that knows just who old  
Santa really is.

I  
PROEM

A CHILD'S SOLILOQUY

I wonder who it is that knows  
just who old Santa really is; and  
after Christmas where he goes  
with those reindeer of his. If I  
could see an Esquimau who lives  
up North where it is cold, I surely  
think that he would know, for San-  
ta lives up there, I'm told.

He doesn't make a bit of stir, but  
always comes when I'm in bed; my

## PROEM

mamma says he's dressed in fur,  
and papa says his nose is red.

I thought I heard him at our  
door, or coming down our kitchen  
flue; and mamma saw him at the  
store,—I wonder who he is, don't  
you? If I'd sit up I might find  
out but papa talks so much of him,  
and mamma's seen him, too, no  
doubt, and so I think I'll just ask  
them!

II  
THE GREAT FOUNDATION



Planted deeply in the solid earth the great  
foundation still stands firm and strong.

## II

# THE GREAT FOUNDATION

WRITTEN ON THE BURNING OF A  
TABERNACLE

Hark!

The alarm!

It is fire!

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Look!

People run!

Hear the bells!

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

Oh!

See the smoke!

Can it be! But alas!

The Tabernacle!—The Tabernacle is on fire!

Ah! then men hurry quickly to and  
fro,

And desperate firemen dash in  
maddened flight

And pallid faces like the sullen  
snow,

In terror gaze on that unwonted  
sight;



## THE GREAT FOUNDATION

While every heart is strained with  
fear, for soon

Those clouds of black then whit-  
ening smoke, shall doom

It all to direful flames and ashy  
ruin!

Behold on yesterday what splendid  
pile,

When sunrise lit the windows of  
its dome

With all the fresh, fine beams of  
morning; while

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

At evening, all the twilight of  
the gloam  
Seemed caught and held up there  
in those rich panes  
To linger as the shadows  
mounted higher  
And then in silence when the west-  
land wanes,  
At last to mount toward heaven  
from the spire!  
But now behold what awful pity!  
Ah—

## THE GREAT FOUNDATION

Those sacred windows and the  
splendid wall,  
That lofty arch and all the fine  
éclat,  
Are scorching with the smoky  
heat; and all  
That splendid dome, with heaven-  
pointing spire,  
Is wrapt in smoke; and falling  
windows fly  
To pieces; while above, red  
tongues of fire

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

Leap wildly upward toward the  
darkened sky!

The scene is awful now! Those  
sheets of flame

Envelope roof and dome and  
spire, while clouds

Of smoke ascend—Oh! what could  
drown or tame

Those deadly flames that rage  
beneath the shrouds

Of bursting smoke! Behold! that  
splendid tower,

## THE GREAT FOUNDATION

Like some great martyr's sacred  
    head is lent  
Amid the withering flames; and  
    all the power  
Of that strong crest, now lost in  
    dire destruction!

A few hours do their work. And  
    after all  
That fearful spectacle of fire  
    and smoke,  
The only grandeur is the black-  
    ened wall;

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

The faithful clock has stopped  
upon the stroke  
Of time for service. All the power  
and worth  
Of art seems but an ashy heap  
ere long;  
But planted deeply in the solid  
earth  
The great foundation still stands  
firm and strong.  
  
O faithful man, renew that house  
of light

## THE GREAT FOUNDATION

Whose walls are built upon the  
solid rock;  
Uprear its columns to their ancient  
height;  
Secure its altar from the tem-  
pest's shock;  
Its beams and rafters anchor sure  
and strong,  
Restore its grandeur to the olden  
state,  
And let the cadence of its sacred  
song

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

Ascend high up to heaven's holy  
gate!

Methinks I see that temple all re-  
newed,

And throngs have entered  
through the open door,  
And all its sacred windows seem  
imbued

With holy light, that brightens  
more and more!

And then I see a wanderer come  
apart,



## THE GREAT FOUNDATION

And leave the world with all its  
gloom and night,  
Some holy book against his faith-  
ful heart,  
His face turned upward toward  
the Higher Light!

III  
THE BEAUTIFUL FACE



At length he spoke of his aunt again, and said  
she gave him some money.

### III

#### THE BEAUTIFUL FACE

One rainy day in the drives I overtook a little boy and stopped to let him ride. He had a beautiful face, but was pale and thin and wore ragged clothes over his frail little frame. He said he liked to ride, for his papa had no buggy and 'old Charlie' had died.

When I found out his name he told me about his brothers and sisters and said they were seven in all.

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

He said he had to be at home the most of the time to care for his little sister while the older brothers were working. The little boy's mother was dead; and it was sad to hear as the poor little fellow told, with an air of pain, the story of his father in prison.

"Aunt Mary, she says mamma is an angel in heaven," he said, "and can look down on us, and knows all we do. And yesterday the preacher was to our house, and he

## THE BEAUTIFUL FACE

asked God to save the drunkard; and I believe that was for papa."

I looked straight ahead and spoke to my horse. But the little fellow raised his hand to his face and when he dropped it to his lap, I could see the tears in his eyes. At length he spoke of his aunt again and said she gave him some money.

"How much?" I asked; and he said as he held it there in his little hand, "Only a penny."

We stopped then, at the corner

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

of the street; and my heart was full as the poor boy said good-by, and left me, with his sorrows and only a penny, but as he turned and smiled, his face the more beautiful and bright.

IV  
THE PLOWBOY'S EVENING  
SONG





There is no rest till the maiden's dinner call.

#### IV

### THE PLOWBOY'S EVENING SONG

Morning's tender, fairy rays  
Softly through my curtains  
peep;

On my lids a sunbeam plays,  
Startling off the nymphs of  
sleep.

Day has taken midnight's keep,  
Thought and deed are calling  
me,

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

And through heaven's boundless  
deep,

Larks are caroling in glee.

Hear now labor's rattling strains,  
Rustic cadence God has blessed,  
O'er the woodland vale and plains,  
While the shades are falling  
west.

Toil and toil! there is no rest  
Till the maiden's dinner call;  
Noon-day dazzles on my crest,  
At my feet the shadows fall.

## THE PLOWBOY'S EVENING SONG

Did I consecrate my day  
That my share is praising God  
For along the furrowed way  
As it cleaves the lowly sod?

Yes!—Then noontide from above,  
Looking down to smile on me,  
Tells me of a wondrous love,  
Wide as all eternity.

Flying cars and rolling wheels  
From the busy city's street,  
Echo till the vesper peals  
Chime the golden day's retreat.

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

Evening's slanting shadows now,  
Softly from the sunset fall;  
Plodding on I guide my plow,  
Waiting for the welcome call.

Day is done; the die is cast.

I have turned the stubborn  
sward

Meekly in my patient task:

Labor brings its own reward.

Duty's burden, wearisome

To the flesh and brain,

Lightens when the day is done,

Like the sunset on the plain.

## THE PLOWBOY'S EVENING SONG

Labor's turmoil dies away

And my patient heart is strong,  
For the dream of a new day  
Fills me with this evening song.

Fold me on thy bosom, rest,

When my happy labors cease;  
Fold me, on thy gentle, loving  
breast,

O thou paradise of peace!

V  
THE IMPERIAL BOOK



"Among the books I have," said a happy man  
on his birthday, "there is one which I treas-  
ure especially."



## V

### THE IMPERIAL BOOK

"Among the books I have," said a happy man on his birthday, "there is one which I treasure especially—'the imperial book'.

"It is not an attractive volume, only a small common edition bound in plain black, with no lettering nor any design whatever on the covers. The leaves are finger-worn and yellowed with age. On the different pages favorite pas-

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

sages are marked which I have often heard my mother quote. On one of the fly-leaves are the names and birthdays of each of us children, written in mother's careful German script. Tenderly pressed between the leaves is a pretty curl of golden hair, a memento of my little angel sister. And around the little volume is tied a string of calico, a bit of one of my long-forgotten baby dresses.

"I have this volume up on the

## THE IMPERIAL BOOK

book-case, near a picture of my mother. I shall not use it much, but I shall keep it and treasure it in memory of her."

VI  
NOT GUILTY



Anon Yip Se is traipsing down the street at a 'risky gait' and casts his cross-cut glance askance.

## VI

### NOT GUILTY

A TRUE FISH STORY OF A REAL FISH.  
TAIL

"Shape fish! Shape fish! Shape fish!"

It was a river or lake town, it doesn't matter much which. Near a busy crossing, Old Enrico, an Italian vender, imposed his cart and burden. In manner and person he betokened his nativity 'in some foreign port.' Italian sun

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

had tanned him dusky brown, and on his hands were shining scales, and even on his face.

"Shape fish!" he cries aloud.

A workman, child or woman stops to ask the price. They 'split the hair' and pay the cash and wend away to have their fry. Yip Se, Chinaman, in white vesture stands aloof by old Enrico's counter. The motley knot is waiting there to get their breakfast fry. Enrico is busy and Yip Se knows it.

## NOT GUILTY

"Fishee, me wantee fishee,  
goodee fishee!"

Anon Yip Se is traipsing down the street at a 'risky gait' and casts his cross-cut glance askance. Suddenly the Italian's two orbs look daggers.

"By the holy stars of Italy!" exclaimed the vender, "yonder goes a Chinaman, pig tail, and a fish!"

The fish market is tight there in a minute. A top trout has disappeared. That fish was in Enrico's



## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

cart two minutes before. And it was a fine one; half as long as yonder unwashed urchin and quite as broad as that Irish lass's shoulders. Some one had that scaly prize and held it secreted no doubt close to his anxious heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

This incident of the street was observed by a dentist from the second floor opposite.

In the next evening's edition of

## NOT GUILTY

THE DAILY REGISTER appeared, among other items of court news, the following:

### FROM LACK OF EVIDENCE

---

**Judge Pat Pelican Acquits Chinaman**

---

**UNDER CHARGE OF STEALING A FISH**

---

**Humorous Incident**

"This afternoon Judge Pelican's court heard the preliminaries in the case of Merrill W. Joslin vs. M. P. & W. R'y. The case of Enrico Sino vs. Yip Se, defendant,

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

charged with petit larceny, was then called. This case, for one reason, at least, may be noted as the remarkable one of the docket for this term.

"From the circumstances it seemed that one Yip Se, Chinaman, in a dark way had made theft of a fish from the street stand of one Enrico Sino, Italian. Estal Bigby, counsel for the defendant, argued that although the fish was on the cart before Yip Se passed

## NOT GUILTY

the vender, and not there immediately after, yet no one saw him take the fish, and urged that the evidence offered against Yip Se, was, for that reason only sheer—thin—circumstantial. The wily young attorney was just concluding his plea; and as he closed the case to the court, he struck a last lick for the Chinaman.

“‘Every iota of evidence,’ he said, ‘brought by the plaintiff against this yellow son of the Ori-

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

ent is weakly circumstantial, and as far as shown, either witness in that motley knot about the cunning Italian trader, might, at this very minute in this very court room have that very fish concealed under his very coat tail. My contention is that the defendant is not guilty. The case is yours.'

"Yip Se waited with some anxiety for the result. Judge Pelican briefly stated the case and pronounced the decision, 'not guilty.'

## NOT GUILTY

"In an instant there was a roar, a perfect broadside of laughter, which nearly set the symbolic balances atremble in their dignity above the bar. The son of Confucius, with a sharp air of absolute justification, exhibited his usual comic smile of the draw-string type, and as he attempted to make a quaint ado, lo, and behold a fish-tail there protruded from beneath his vest.

"But the decision cast the die,

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

and it was with a real twinkle in his Irish eye, that Judge Pelican concluded the proceedings with: 'Not guilty owing to lack of evidence. But, sir, I would advise you the next time you steal a fish to be a little bit more careful to keep the thing's tail out of sight, at least while you are in the court room.' "

VII  
THE CHOICEST FLOWER





About the dell the wild birds sing and near the  
golden cowslips spring.

VII  
THE CHOICEST FLOWER

It is spring,

The glad fields are green.

Down where a rivulet murmurs  
along,

Close to the bank a sweet flower  
is growing,

And from the fields full of glory  
and song,

Round it fond creatures are coming  
and going.

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

While from the meadow sweet  
    zephyrs are flowing,  
    Wafting the odor of clover and  
        wheat,  
Down by the brooklet the floweret  
    is blowing,  
    Hidden away in a quiet retreat.

O fountain meek of dewy sweet,  
Sequestered in a lone retreat  
    Where red-breast  
    Builds her nest  
In the verdant leaves above,

## THE CHOICEST FLOWER

Thy chalice is a soothing cup  
From which some tiny creatures  
    sup,  
    Humming thee their busy love!  
About the dell the wild birds sing,  
And near the golden cowslips  
    spring;  
    The hale boy,  
    In his joy  
    Whistling, brushes through the  
    dew;  
And gentle zephyrs as they pass,

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

Diffuse the sweets of tender grass,  
Thrilling earth with joy anew.

One morning as Minerva fair,  
Sweet goddess of the light of  
man,

Was strolling blooming valleys  
where

Life's stream of cool content-  
ment ran,

This lovely flower she saw was  
gone.

A humble spear at first it sprang,

## THE CHOICEST FLOWER

Then grew to tender branching  
leaves;  
A bud at length began to hang,  
And open in the dewy eves.  
Alas, it perished at its dawn!  
The tiny creatures though that  
quaffed  
From this meek fount their  
sweetened fill  
The floweret vanished from their  
draught,  
They hover round to seek it still;

THE CALL OF THE HOUR

But lo, the choicest flower is  
gone!

Dearly though the springtime  
cherish,

Flowerets sweet and newest,  
Early do the sweetest perish,  
Growing rare and fewest.

Floweret by the brooklet blowing,  
Richly hued and sunlit;  
Sudden when its bloom is growing,  
Loving stranger plucks it.

## THE CHOICEST FLOWER

Stranger, when the bloom was  
gushing,  
Gathered all the rarest;  
On his sweetened bosom blushing,  
Surely it was fairest.



VIII  
MORNING-GLORIES



With glory sweet and tender, the blushing  
sunrise treads the dew.

VIII  
MORNING-GLORIES

The night comes; and the twilight  
tender,

Upon day's glory settles gloom;  
Upon man's day, his God—de-  
fender

From death's fell power and  
sting—the tomb.

The Night comes; and the soul  
quite scorning

To tarry at the stilly hours,  
Awaits as does the bloom of morn-  
ing,

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

The waking in a Land of Flow-  
ers.

The morning comes. With glory  
sweet and tender,  
The blushing sunrise treads the  
dew;  
With dewy jewels bright, in splen-  
dor  
The morning-glory blooms  
anew.

The Morning comes. With holy  
splendor gushing,

## MORNING-GLORIES

Eternal morning's light is  
spread,  
Where wings of tuneful hosts are  
rushing  
To heights by happy comrades  
led.

And the bards in their songs to our  
being,  
As light to the flower of the sod,  
In the music shall always be free-  
ing  
And lifting us up to our God.

IX

SWEETLY O WIND OF MY  
HOMELAND



Pause now and whisper a message brought  
from the old scenes at home.

IX  
SWEETLY O WIND OF MY  
HOMELAND

Sweetly O wind of my homeland,  
Over the world where I roam,  
Pause now and whisper a message  
Brought from the old scenes at  
home!

Now in the notes of the wild wind  
Coming as down from above,  
Soundeth the heart of a mother  
dear,  
Bearing me ever her love.



## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

Far from the house of my father,  
Freedom invites me to roam,  
But a soft murmuring says, dear  
Father awaits me at home.

Blow then, O winds of my home-  
land, blow,

Far to the world where I roam,  
Sing me a song with a message  
sweet,

Brought from the fond scenes at  
home!

Hush now, a tender, soft zephyr,

SWEETLY O WIND

Playing a moment to speak,  
Wafts me the love of a friend dear,  
Kissed from a far away cheek!  
Blow, then, ye winds of my home-  
land, blow,  
Far to the world where I roam,  
Singing a song with a message  
sweet,  
Heard in the old scenes at home!

X  
THE CALLING OF KNYP-  
HAUSEN



And a smile, broad, long, and mellow, would  
spread over Mr. Knyphausen's face.

## X

### THE CALLING OF KNYP- HAUSEN

(A fragment of a sketch, according to tradition rummaged from the desk of Newton Irving, lately deceased, and who, tradition alleges, descended from the genial ancestor of Sketch-Book fame; a sketch, too, which has never before been offered to print, but the genius of Sir Newton's illustrious ancestor respectfully dedicates it to good-natured Germans and to all people good-humored and spirited.)

A pedagogue, whose father was a Dutchman, and whose mother was an English woman, was the master of a rural school in a quiet valley of Germany.

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

Through this peaceful valley flowed a gentle stream, and in the distance the roofs of the humble town of Muhlburg loomed up above the fields of flax and barley. The great over-looking sun, as it sank beyond the Zulpich Hills at the source of the Rhine, spread its evening glory over the rustic yet bewitching scene of the slowly grazing herd. The farmer, turning from his field of toil, was followed by his patient boy who car-

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

ried home an emptied jug. Plump little children played about the farm-house. And all the elements were present which go to make up one of those beautiful farm scenes into which the joyous country boy so eagerly delights to enter.

The beautiful summer gradually passed away, and in early autumn the ambitious pedagogue—Fritz Knyphausen, by name—who, although of very plain, common ancestry, had by the sheer bril-

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

liancy of his ability, made his summer's stay among the cultured and educated circles of Hamburg, now returned to his old place near Muhlburg and took up his duties for the term of the approaching winter.

The section in which Fritz Knyphausen worked was quite dilatory in its educational progress as compared with the better and wealthier districts of Germany. In fact, it was the most unlearned—



## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

though not in that mean, vulgar sense—of any rural district of Emperor William's great empire. On the other hand, however, its people enjoyed greatly the rich blessings of a sweet, contented, industrious life, which, Fritz Knyphausen said, was so much envied and so much longed for by the 'hot-headed and cold-footed students of learned society.'

And a smile, broad, long and mellow, would spread over Mr.

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

Knyphausen's face when some intrusive townsman, grown fat and rosy-cheeked from his draughts at the ale-keeper's bar, spoke of the cellar filled with apples and the pantry with its barrel of buckwheat flour, and other rarities, all to be had at the hospitable board of one Mr. Deidric Beckrum. For this was the German pedagogue's boarding and lodging place. And well might he claim, as he did, that in those parts a more fortunate lo-

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

cation could not be discovered; for there, through the long, long winter, was spread a lavish table with its great, rich puddings, its delicious apple cakes, its steaming pancakes, its stuffed goose immersed in milk gravy, and the delicious essence of sweet, tender roast pig. It really would make any one's mouth water to think of it.

Moreover, at Mr. Beckrum's, after returning at evening, Fritz would take the baby and trot it on

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

his knee. He would sing some old Dutch songs to young relatives visiting from the city; would bustle about and help his landlord, Deidric, feed the stock and would occasionally do the milking. And on vacation days the whole household would pile into the great family sleigh, and away they would fly, young ladies with rustic health mingling their laughter with the merry jingle of the sleigh bells, the great fat Deidric shouting at the

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

snorting horses, a swarm of village curs barking and yelping, and all the world overflowing with merriment.

One other element at Fritz's headquarters might not be improperly mentioned—the largest young lady, a maiden of nineteen. Though possessing scarcely a single trait of beauty to the eye of usual taste for beauty and grace, yet, probably according with the philosopher who said, that nothing

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

is ugly in the eye of the lover, the schoolmaster's heart, at his first sight of her, began to thump and flutter at a high pulse, and would not down at his bidding.

This young woman possessed remarkably every trait of a Dutch girl; she not infrequently assisted her father at out-door work, doing such matters as loading hay in the harvest field, hoeing in the garden and so forth; and perhaps my irony may be pardoned should I venture

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

to say that all this while she ran bare-footed, slopping in the mud after showers, so that when frosts came she had a nice little delicate foot to thrust into a number four shoe when in reality it took a large size in number sevens. She had light hair and large mongrel eyes, coarse features, rosy cheeks, and strong muscles. Mary Ann was her name; and it was known by all neighbors throughout her contented neighborhood as a strong

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

synonym of ruggedness, strength, and hardy, rustic manners. Perhaps she bore a strong resemblance to the lady's girls, who said, when discussing the fitness of her girls for a position demanding great bodily strength, "My gehurls ihs sthrang gehurls!"

It is needless to say that this hearty, rosy-cheeked Mary had a most bewitching attraction for the like hearty and rosy-cheeked Fritz. And although the children



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of his class were not of the closest observation nor of the quickest perception, they readily observed many a morning when he greeted them, often a few minutes late, a mood of drowsiness, indicated by sleepy eyes and gruff voice.

It would require many long paragraphs and many tender words to relate the amatory affairs of Fritz and Mary Ann. This private affair we shall not pursue farther at present in this brief chron-

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

icle except to say, as significant to the purpose of this sketch, that many an evening, when Fritz might have been in his room attentive to the duties for the next day, he and Mary Ann, with light turned low, would be nestling together on the plushy sofa in the cozy warmth of the snug Dutch parlor.

Now it was into this warm, genial hospitality and companionship that Mr. Fritz Knyphausen

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

entered at the jolly country home of Mr. Deidric Beckrum. As before mentioned, his duties were to begin in a few days after the master had returned to the humble town of Muhlburg. Upon arriving at Muhlburg at a late hour, he found his way to a tavern with its plenty of drink, tobacco smoke and cheese. Travelers who have passed through that town declare that its cheese is of the kind to which the Irishman referred, when remark-

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

ing upon his experience he exclaimed, "Begorra, the cheese was so good ye could walk right up to it the darkest night that iver wuz without a lantern!" The sign of the inn was the "Spitzenfaulk House" and here Fritz Knyp-hausen stopped for the night.

The next morning, in the golden beauty of autumn, Mr. Beckrum, the kind, jolly, free-hearted gentleman with whom his friend Fritz had heretofore staid during two

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winters, called at the Spitzenfaulk House, upon the pedagogue, and, after a hearty greeting, spiced with several draughts of ale, all baggage placed under the carriage seat, away they went, out from the suburbs of the drowsy city into the serene air of the beautiful country.

They approach a lonely, neglected graveyard, with a few broken or over-turned tomb-stones and some recently rounded graves. With a voice choked from sorrow-

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ful emotion and eyes moist in uncustomary tears, Deidric relates the loss of his favorite child, Johnie. They draw to a halt at the place where an unworn path leads from the road to a little hillock. Mr. Knyphausen alights; but a bereaved father sits in the carriage with a sad, far-away look, buried in his emotions. The pedagogue plucks a bouquet of late growing flowers and places them, no doubt with tender regards, on the grave

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

of his little friend and they drive away.

Mr. Beckrum had a head-stone with a little inscription erected in memory of his son. Some mischievous, vagrant artist wandering about the country, had disgraced the sentiment inscribed by the authority of Johnie's parents. They had caused this clearly lettered inscription to be engraved:

Little Johnie died at eleven;  
Surely Johnie went to Heaven.

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

Beneath these two lines the mischievous engraver had cut in rude letters:

May be you're mistaken; who can  
tell

May be—

(At this point the original manuscript is mutilated and illegible, and it seems best to give it in blank without attempt at emendation.)

However, Johnie's father and the pedagogue soon arrived at the good home with its kindly welcom-



## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

ing surroundings and its particularly sociable inmates. The few days before his work began, he spent about the genial hearth, where, as the soldier in his stories of war, shoulders his gun and fights his battles over again, so this talkative schoolmaster, in like manner, recounted his experiences in the society and University of Hamburg.

Fritz Knyphausen was now again in his old neighborhood

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

ready for his duties of the winter. Save two or three leading families like Mr. Beckrum's, the neighborhood was peopled with folks of mixed and degraded nationality. Being a district near the northern border of the great Mohammedan states in southeastern Europe, many outcasts, fugitives and vagabonds who in those countries had violated law or fallen from grace, here, in a quiet district peopled originally by undisturbed German

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

families, found a place either for refuge or further depredation. Through frequent association these German people and immigrant foreigners had become more and more adapted to each other. And through their inter-marriage, a young generation of what we might roughly term half or mixed breeds was growing up.

These youngsters indeed were of a rare composition. With a mother of Mohammedan descent and a fa-

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

ther, perhaps of Moorish ancestry, what more could be expected in the off-spring, than a strange, surly amalgamation of stubbornness, stupidity and degeneracy of intellect! Not only this, as to their mental nature, but a like coarseness and unrefinement in their physical makeup.

Indeed, to meet one of those surly little urchins in the pale dusk of evening, one's imagination would easily and irresistibly trans-

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

form him into a little monster of a young savage. His eyes would turn green and glisten; his hair, as coarse as hog-bristles, would stand erect like an Indian's; and his face and hands, sunburnt and besmeared with dirt, would shine like an African's.

Of such, at least, was Fritz Knyphausen's class largely composed. His work began with an attendance of twenty or two dozen such charges. Their master was a

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

person who assumed to possess some little breeding, and facts on hygiene. He had ample room to display all his excellence along those lines. Many times the boys came to class with sleepy eyes, with uncombed hair, and often with feathers in it from the pillow.

On some days the pedagogue occupied the most of his time in threshing and lecturing alternately. He constantly made attempts to remove from his pupils

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several freaks of expression and several peculiar bits of dialect; but his attempts were mostly in vain. Such was the case in several instances.

One day a little mischievous lad was splashing water on his inoffensive playmate, whereupon the latter exclaimed, "Stop! you splash me wet!" One presumptive little fellow unreservedly exclaimed to his master that he was "as-gin-a-big" as his brother. Evidently this

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form of expression was partly acquired and partly hereditary. And one day at noontime a dogged old Dutchman, without asking the master to excuse his boy, called to him, saying, "Kome, Czhon, let's kum by de woods, make up de fence and do otther dings like dose!"

With such events, time passed on and winter was at hand. The master was in the habit of having a part of some Friday once or



## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

twice in the year, for a sort of recreation and amusement. On such occasions the youngsters were required to speak, sing a song or write a story.

Fritz had some charges full of devilish spirits who would make some odd remarks and do some foolish things purposely; others again, who made great blunders, though in real earnest. On one of these occasions Mr. Knyphausen's program was in part as follows,

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

word for word, as here outlined.

Speaker number one, a recitation. This speaker had for a recitation a Dutch version of "Mary and her Little Lamb," which sounded something like this:

"Dot Mary haf got ein leedle  
schaf,

Mit hair schoost like some vool;  
Und all der place dot gal did vent,  
Das schaf go like em fool."

Speaker number three, a song.

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

This girl sang (how sweetly I can not say) a fragment of an old rhyme (perhaps now obsolete)—no one in the neighborhood knew who wrote it or where it came from. No one now should attempt to sing it. So far as it has been possible to determine, the tune to the thing is now unknown. It is doubtful whether even she, herself, knew it. She found the words though in the back of her great-grandfather's old spelling book. I fail to see the

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

point she wished to reach in rendering it. Here it is. (Judging by the spelling the lines are of Irish origin.)

"'Twas at the town of nate  
Cloghen,

That Captain Snap met Paddy  
Carey;

A claner boy was niver seen,

Brisk as a bee and light as a  
fairy.

His brawny shoulders four feet  
square,

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

His face like thumping red po-  
taties,  
His legs would make a chairman  
stare,  
And Pat was loved by all the  
ladies.  
Old and young, grave or sad,  
Deaf and dumb, dull or mad.  
Waddling, twaddling, limping,  
squinting,  
Light, brisk and airy,  
All the sweet faces at Limerick  
races,

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

From Mullinavat to Maghera-  
felt,  
At Paddy's beautiful name would  
melt;  
And sowls would cry,  
And look so shy,  
Ough! Cushlamachree, did you  
niver see,  
The jolly boy, the darling joy,  
the ladies' toy!  
Nimble-footed, black-ey'd, rosy-  
cheeked,  
Curly-headed Paddy Carey!

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

Ough! tight Paddy, beautiful  
Paddy,  
Nate little,  
Swate little,  
Paddy Carey."

And so forth.

Other like numbers may have been rendered on the day of such festivities, but here, as the saying goes, a word to the wise is sufficient.

Mr. Knyphausen was now getting into interesting circumstances, not only in his professional inter-

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

ests, but likewise in the rustic social circles of the community.

And when evening comes that day the key is turned for a week's recreation and merriment at the nearing Yuletide of peace and good will. At the season of the Great Birthday the home of Mr. Beckrum becomes the center of festivity and merriment for the country round.

The scholar now has dropped his student's book and pen, antici-



## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

pating as he lightly hies along beneath the portent, sunless sky, the merry circle at his landlord's radiant hearth. The leaden sky lets fall a few white flakes, increasing now apace, and ere he makes the Beckrum home, the brook along the meadow and the fading landscape and the quickly waning day have darkened into gloaming.

He pauses at the gate; and merry skaters halloo and shout their joy in sport upon the glassy ice.

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

But hark! a postman, muffled for the storm, draws up his rein at this unwonted hour, and places in the hero's hand a letter with a ponderous red seal, bearing the impress, *Dicite omnibus*.

The postman wheels about. Noisy hoofs clatter away and anon are gone. Presently the good landlady opens the door. Her countenance beams with welcoming hospitality not less than the great brilliant parlor glows with holiday

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

cheer and decoration within. She ushers Fritz Knyphausen into a goodly company of knightly gentlemen and gracious ladies.

But ah, in a moment the red seal has been slyly removed and the lover—a hero now too, must depart. The ample table arrayed with all its delicious edibles prepared by jolly country lasses, the cheerful hearth, with its cellared companions garnered from orchard and forest, and the kind,

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

lovely inmates of the home, all these must be sacrificed for a while to answer the call of the hour.

All his wardrobe left behind, a chuckled 'good-by till a day in June' to a merry girl in apron and kitchen trim, then mounted on a gray charger, a few last words to Mr. Beckrum as he loosed the bridle rein at the gate, and the Hamburg student galloped away to the station.

(The sequel it seems is deplor-

## THE CALLING OF KNYPHAUSEN

ably lost, and to solve the issue of the sudden departure, the reader, for the present at least, is left alone.)

XI  
THE GREAT BIRTHDAY



And lo, the wise men saw descended in eastern  
skies, an astral light.

XI  
THE GREAT BIRTHDAY

In ancient Bethlehem of Judea,  
A humble village meek and low,  
Our holy Christmas first was  
ushered  
One gladsome morning long  
ago.

Across the world the light terres-  
trial  
Was breaking at the hour of  
day;



## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

But ah, I ween a light celestial  
Was falling where an Infant lay.

'Twas Night; its somber pall en-  
shrouded

A sleeping world adark and  
lone,

Save in the spangled tent of heaven  
Where blessed twinkling jewels  
shone.

Nocturnal benisons were falling,  
Invoked by quaint and ancient  
towers;

## THE GREAT BIRTHDAY

And drowsy chanticleers were  
calling,  
Like olden guards, the passing  
hours.

The Holy Land was wrapped in  
slumber,  
But patient shepherds through  
the night,  
Their gentle flocks in silence  
watching,  
Were waiting for the morning  
light.

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

But night was swallowed up in  
glory,

And stars were paled in splen-  
dor then,

As haloed angels told the story

Of "Peace on earth, good will  
to men!"

And lo, the wise men saw de-  
scended,

In eastern skies directing them,

An astral light on high suspended

And moving on toward Bethle-  
hem.

## THE GREAT BIRTHDAY

There, in the stable's lowly manger,

Ere morning's light of day arose,  
The shepherds found a little stranger

Enwrapped in coarse and swaddling clothes.

Then praise and song to God were rendered,

From David's city, soon astir;  
And gifts to Mary's babe were tendered,

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

Of gold and frankincense and  
myrrh.

Anon the joyous day was ushered  
With tidings of the wondrous  
birth;

That was the grandest Christmas  
morning

That ever dawned upon the  
earth!

Oh! praise and song to God the  
highest!

And peace on earth, good will to  
men;

## THE GREAT BIRTHDAY

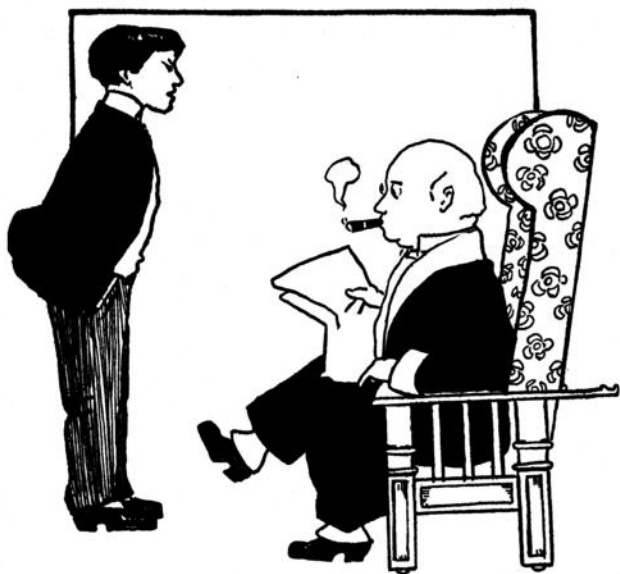
For unto man is born the Christ,  
Of love unknown to mortal ken.

Thus holy Christmas came of  
Heaven,

Of love divine, a day to give;

Thus, unto fallen man was given,  
The Son of God that man might  
live!

XII  
'CONCLUSIONS'



I kept a wise silence and a patient smile as he related the mystery.



## XII

### 'CONCLUSIONS'

My friend, Mr. Munsey, had been in Gaston only since September; and when I dropped into his cozy room just after the holidays, about a year ago, he smiled, closed his book tight, and threw it down on the table, as though he were very glad to see me.

It is always a treat for me to visit at Mr. and Mrs. Speed's. For two winters I had occupied the room

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

where we now sat, and had enjoyed the warm hearth and hearts of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Speed. My friend, too, had not failed to know the hospitality of that good home. Indeed, the name, Mrs. E. W. Speed, had become a synonym of good will and of special sacrifice to her neighbors and friends.

"Bert, you didn't get a pair of No. 7, slightly worn, Cinderilla shoes for Christmas, did you?" inquired my friend with a tone

## 'CONCLUSIONS'

of rather uncertain presentiment.

"No!"

"Well, sir," he went on then, "I made a purchase about a week before Christmas over at Hansen's Shoe House, but something certainly went with them, for I looked high and low here, but had to start for home without my Cinderillas. I don't know—Mrs. Speed was out in town that evening I left, taking some things around to the poor people—it was Christmas eve—

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

you know she's always giving something, especially about Christmas—she's such a great charity worker—I never said anything to the folks here about it. What are your conclusions, Bert?"

Just then the postman interrupted at the door.

"Here's a card for Mrs. Speed. O, Mrs. Speed!" my friend called.

"She's out in town. I just met her going up the street as I came down," I interposed in response.

## 'CONCLUSIONS'

I had had the same experience as my good friend, in the same room, at the same time of year, myself a year before; and I kept a wise silence and a patient smile, as he related the mystery.

"Well, Great Scott!"

This exclamation from my friend suddenly startled me. But I listened with an arch smile as he proceeded to read from the postal:

"Good Mrs. Speed—many, many thanks to you for them things

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

you sent to us by your nice little boy, Walter. such a nice boy. John and me and Sis'es little girl all went to meetin sunday and I wore the silk dress and it's just as good as new fur me, and Johns shoes are just as soft and nice. Thair the best shoes, he ever had awn.

very thankfully,

Mrs. John Winkil."

There was a hurried silence when I rejoined merrily, "Now,

### 'CONCLUSIONS'

my good comrade, I think we can state in just so many words what our 'conclusions' are;" whereupon the good gentleman only first took a deep breath and then smiled broadly.