

'I should think so! Jilted! If ever a man was sure and careful and warranted in speaking, I was. Why, she has gone about with me all summer, danced and walked and ridden, and—why, you must have noticed it, everybody has noticed it!'

'Yes,' said Harold, 'I noticed it. I'm awfully sorry.'

'It's more than the pain, Hal. It's the general disappointment. What is a man to expect, to hope for anywhere, when women are like this? And then we are blamed for not marrying!'

'Yes, that's what amuses me,' said Harold. 'We'd marry, be glad to marry, and marry young, too, if women were what they used to be.'

'And the wretched idiots that talk about it miss the whole point. It's not expense and frivolity and incapableness—those are bad enough—it's this cursed, double-faced dishonesty. Lead a man on with the openest, baldest encouragement, till he's fool enough really to show his heart, and then they're so sorry! Well, I'm twenty-eight, and this is my third lesson. If I need another, I shall deserve it.'

'And then they always offer to be sisters, and want to keep your friendship,' echoed Hal. 'Why can't they be honest even there, and show a little natural triumph, if that was their game?'

The girls at that resort were the poorer by two young men, which was a serious diminution where one had to cover so many.

Sherman finished his packing and his lunch, and left that evening. Harold went with him, disgusted with womankind.

'If they would only be consistent!' said he, 'that's all I'd ask!'

THE UNEXPECTED

I

'It is the unexpected which happens,' says the French proverb. I like the proverb, because it is true—and because it is French.

Edouard Charpentier is my name.

I am an American by birth, but that is all. From infancy, when I had a French nurse; in childhood, when I had a French governess, through youth, passed in a French school; to manhood, devoted to French art, I have been French by sympathy and education.

France—modern France—and French art—modern French art—I adore!

My school is the 'pleine-air,' and my master, could I but find him, is M. Duchesne. M. Duchesne has had pictures in the Salon for three years, and pictures elsewhere, eagerly bought, and yet Paris knows not M. Duchesne. We know his house, his horse, his carriage, his servants and his garden-wall, but he sees no one, speaks to no one; indeed, he has left Paris for a time, and we worship afar off.

I have a sketch by this master which I treasure jealously—a pencil sketch of a great picture yet to come. I await it.

M. Duchesne paints from the model, and I paint from the model, exclusively. It is the only way to be firm, accurate, true. Without the model we may have German fantasy or English domesticity, but no modern French art.

It is hard, too, to get models continually when one is but a student after five years' work, and one's pictures bring francs indeed, but not dollars.

Still, there is Georgette!

There, also, were Emilie and Pauline. But now it is Georgette, and she is adorable!

'It is true, she has not much soul; but, then, she has a charming body, and 'tis that I copy.'

Kate Field's Washington (at May 1890), 315-6.

THE UNEXPECTED

That Rare Jewel 'I should think so! Jilted! If ever a man was sure and careful and

warranted in speaking, I was. Why, she has gooc about with me all summer, danced and walked and ridden, and-why, you must have noticed it; everybody has noticed it!

*Ye said Harald, "I noticed it. I'm awfully somty.

"It's more than the pain, Hal. It's the general disappointment, What is a man to expect, to hope for anywhere, when women are like this! And then we are blamed for not mmning!

Yes, that's what amuses mg' said Harold. We'd marty, be glad to marry, and marry young, too, if women were what they used to be.

"And the weiched idiots that talk about it miss the whole point. It's not expense and frivolib and incapableness thosc are bad enough it's this cursed, double-faced dishonesty. Lead a man on with the openesi, buldest onopungement, ill he's fool enough really to show his heart, and then they're go sorry! Well, I'm twenty tight, and this is my third lesson. If I need another,

"And then they ways offer to be sistens, and want to keep your friendship,' echoed Hal "Why can't they be honest even there and show a batle natural triumph, if that was their name?"

The girls at the resort were the poorer by two young men, which was a scrious diminution where onc had to cover so many.

Shaman finished his packing and his lunch, and left that tyening. Harold weat with him, disgusted with womankind.

T they would only be consistent!' said he, 'that's all I'd asklo

'It is the unexpected which happens,' says the French proverb. I like the proverb, because it is true—and because it is French.

Edouard Charpentier is my name.

I am an American by birth, but that is all. From infancy, when I had a French nursc; in childhood, when I had a French govemess; through youth, paged in a French school; to manhood, devoted to French art, I have been French by sympathy and education,

Franco-modern France and French art-modern French -I adore!

My school is the 'pleine-aire,' and my master, could I but find him, is M. Duchesne. M. Duchesne has had pictures in the Salon for three years, and pictures elsewhere, eagerly bought, and yet Paris knows not M. Duchesne, We know his house, his horse, his camage, his servants and his garden-wall, but he sees no one,

speaks to no one; indeed, he has left Paris for a time, and we worship afar off.

I have a sketch by this master which I treasure jealously pencil sketch of a great picture yet to come. I await it.

M. Duchesne paints from the model, and I paint from the modd, exclusively. It is the only way to be fim, accurate, truc. Without the model we may have German fantasy or English domesticity, bat no modern French art.

It is hard, too, to get models continually when one is but a student after five years' work, and one's pictures bring francs indeed, but not dollars.

Sóll, there is Georgetted and she is adorable

There, also, were Emilie and Pauline. But now it is Georgette, body, and 'tis that I copy. .

"Tis truc, she has not much soul; but, then, she has a charming

Kate Fire's Washington (21 May 1899), 25-6