GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL

KERRY

Grace Livingston Hill

Kerry

Enriched edition.

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Introduction

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At its core, Kerry is a story about a young woman learning that the cost of keeping a clear conscience—measured in employment, security, and the approval of others—may seem steep in the moment, yet proves the only reliable path to a life marked by trust, love, and purposeful service, a journey that unfolds not through spectacle but through steady choices made in kitchens, offices, and city streets, where the pressure to bend principles is constant and subtle, and where quiet acts of fidelity become the most subversive and transformative deeds a person can offer.

Grace Livingston Hill, a prolific American author of inspirational fiction, wrote Kerry within the broad current of early twentieth-century popular romance shaped by an explicit Christian outlook and everyday realism. The novel belongs to Hill’s signature mode: domestic drama threaded with gentle Christian conviction, set in the contemporary American milieu of its time rather than in remote historical landscapes. Readers can expect recognizable urban and small-community spaces, workplaces, and households that frame moral decision-making. Without leaning on ornate description or experimental form, Hill builds narrative momentum through practical concerns, hospitality, and dilemmas of character, marking Kerry as part of a widely read, accessible tradition.

Kerry introduces its heroine at a moment when ordinary plans give way to unanticipated responsibility, and the need to earn, to choose trustworthy companions, and to navigate social differences presses in at once. Her path brings her into contact with people who test and refine her values—some generous, some opportunistic, some quietly searching—while a tender possibility of romance grows alongside a

clearer sense of vocation. The plot advances through decisions about work, loyalty, and the stewardship of limited resources, inviting readers to watch a character’s inner life translate into outward action without recourse to melodramatic shocks or sensational twists.

Hill’s voice is direct and companionable, favoring clear scenes, purposeful dialogue, and the cadence of everyday tasks rather than ornate set pieces, a style that keeps the moral throughline vivid without heavy-handed lecturing. The tone balances warmth with earnestness, presenting piety not as ornament but as the grammar of decision-making under pressure. Domestic detail—meals prepared, letters sent, errands run—becomes the stage on which character is proved. The pacing moves steadily, heightening tension through ethical dilemmas and the risk of misunderstanding, while maintaining a clean, hopeful atmosphere that welcomes readers who prefer romance interwoven with faith, restraint, and practical wisdom.

Among its central themes are integrity under duress, compassionate service, and the redirection of ambition toward the good of others, with special attention to the ways economic pressures shape moral choices. The novel reflects on mentorship, gratitude, and the risks and rewards of hospitality, while acknowledging the vulnerability that attends young adulthood. It also considers the boundaries and possibilities open to women in its era, honoring initiative and competence within the conventions of the time. Throughout, faith functions as a lived framework—spiritual practice and community support guiding action—rather than as an abstract topic, urging readers to see courage as ordinary persistence.

Contemporary readers may find Kerry newly pertinent in a landscape where expedience often masks itself as opportunity and where community can be fragile. Its insistence that character matters—at work, in friendship, in romance—speaks to ongoing debates about integrity in

professional life and about the social responsibilities that accompany success. The story’s economy of grace, extended through small acts and steadfast commitments, offers a counterpoint to cynicism and hurry. For those seeking clean romance, for readers exploring Christian classics, or for book clubs curious about moral imagination in popular fiction, the novel provides a humane, accessible entry point that still provokes reflection.

As an introduction to Grace Livingston Hill’s broader body of work, Kerry demonstrates how modest settings and familiar routines can carry weighty questions, resolving tension not through spectacle but through the tested hope that trustworthiness attracts trust. It rewards unhurried reading, allowing the interplay of conscience and companionship to gather force, and it invites comparison with other inspirational romances that link personal renewal to service. While the narrative avoids graphic content, it does not trivialize hardship; rather, it frames adversity as the workshop of character. Approached on its own terms, Kerry offers both a period portrait and a still-useful moral compass.

Synopsis

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Kerry by Grace Livingston Hill is an inspirational novel that follows its title character through a sequence of circumstances that test conviction, courage, and kindness. At the outset, the narrative presents Kerry's ordinary routines and an inner compass shaped by integrity, establishing a calm baseline before change arrives. Hill's measured pacing introduces a moral landscape where choices carry weight and character is forged under pressure. Without rushing, the opening also frames the story's central questions: how does one remain true when comfort, approval, or advancement invite compromise, and which loyalties deserve priority when needs and ideals seem to pull in different directions?

A sudden opportunity and an unforeseen obligation propel Kerry into unfamiliar circles, expanding the scope of everyday decisions. What appears to be a simple chance to be helpful develops into an ongoing involvement that demands resourcefulness and tact. Hill contrasts environments where appearances matter with spaces where quiet service speaks louder than display, situating Kerry at the seam between them. Early tests prove revealing—small choices that gradually define reputation, invite scrutiny, and attract the notice of people whose motives remain unclear. The novel's first movements thus set opposing forces in motion while keeping the stakes grounded in recognizable, human concerns.

Relationships form quickly around Kerry—some supportive, others ambiguous. A potential ally emerges whose outlook initially seems mismatched with Kerry's principles, hinting at friction and growth. Hill allows conversation, observation, and shared tasks to deepen

these connections rather than rushing toward declarations, creating a tone of mutual discovery. Subtle social expectations, unspoken debts, and hinted rivalries complicate the picture. Kerry’s calm competence attracts trust, yet that trust brings new burdens and the risk of misinterpretation. The narrative often pauses for reflection, showing how interior commitments guide outward conduct and how courtesy, patience, and steadiness can become catalysts for change.

The middle portion raises the stakes as a misunderstanding threatens to upend hard-won stability. A careless word or calculated insinuation disrupts the balance, and Kerry must choose between silence that protects appearances and truth that could cost position and peace. Hill emphasizes the struggle to do right when consequences appear immediate and severe. Acts of quiet aid—carried out behind the scenes and without fanfare—anchor Kerry’s responses. The tensions of reputation, gratitude, and responsibility converge, and the novel underscores how integrity can feel isolating even when it ultimately attracts trustworthy allies.

A public challenge follows, transforming private dilemmas into visible tests of character. Circumstances force swift decisions that place Kerry’s welfare at risk for the sake of others’ safety or dignity. The sequence is not sensational but tense, true to Hill’s preference for moral suspense over melodrama. As facts come into partial view, characters disclose more of themselves—strength, weakness, fear, and generosity—all refracted through the pressure of the moment. Kerry’s actions, consistent with earlier choices, begin to clarify who can be relied upon. Connections that once seemed tentative start to assume shape and purpose amid uncertainty.

In the late chapters, converging storylines move toward calm after turbulence. Misread intentions are addressed, and lingering questions of responsibility and trust are

weighed with care. Hill resists grand gestures, favoring steady, relational mending that respects conscience and circumstance. The resolution affirms the value of consistent goodness, showing how small acts accumulate into durable bonds. Without revealing final turns, the close suggests that honesty and compassion can coexist with prudence, and that genuine regard is proved through service. Kerry’s path, marked by thoughtfulness and resolve, points to a future grounded in shared respect and clearer understanding.

Kerry endures for its gentle yet firm insistence that character matters in everyday life and that ordinary decisions can bear extraordinary significance. The book’s resonance lies in its patient attention to motive, its portrayal of kindness as strength, and its exploration of how community forms around trustworthy people. Readers drawn to faith-inflected fiction and domestic realism will find in Hill’s work a narrative interested less in spectacle than in steady transformation. Without depending on intricate plot mechanics, the novel offers a reflective journey that honors conscience and hope, inviting consideration of how integrity shapes relationships and opens doors to promising, responsible futures.

Historical Context

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Kerry, a novel by American writer Grace Livingston Hill, appeared in 1931, during the early years of the Great Depression. Hill (1865–1947) was raised in a devout evangelical household; her aunt and mentor, the popular Christian author Isabella Macdonald Alden (“Pansy”), shaped her didactic style. Hill’s fiction typically uses contemporary American settings—northeastern cities, commuter suburbs, and small towns—with churches, missions, and boarding houses as key institutions. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company and widely reprinted, her books were staples of church and public libraries. Kerry draws on this milieu, presenting ordinary people confronted with moral tests amid economic and social uncertainty.

The novel’s time frame aligns with the steep downturn that followed the 1929 stock market crash. By 1931, U.S. unemployment had climbed sharply; by 1933 it would reach roughly 25 percent. Bank failures accelerated in 1930–1931, wiping out savings and shrinking credit. In many cities, breadlines and soup kitchens—sustained by churches, the Salvation Army, and community chests—supplemented limited federal relief under President Herbert Hoover’s voluntarist approach. Such conditions shaped urban daily life: rent arrears, precarious jobs, and heightened class contrasts. Hill’s characters navigate this climate, where ethical choices and mutual aid stand in tension with anxiety about scarcity and the social pressures of success.

Prohibition shaped American social life throughout the period in which Kerry is set. The Eighteenth Amendment took effect in 1920 under the Volstead Act, banning most manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages and fostering illicit speakeasies and organized crime. The policy remained

contentious until repeal by the Twenty-first Amendment in December 1933, with many counties remaining “dry” afterward. Temperance groups such as the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union continued to campaign for abstinence. Hill’s fiction consistently endorses teetotalism and warns against convivial settings linked to alcohol, using parties, clubs, and nightlife as moral crossroads that test loyalties, friendships, and personal safety.

Interwar American cities mixed new mobility with fragile security. Automobiles, streetcars, and expanding commuter rails connected downtown offices with emerging suburbs, while telephones sped everyday communication. For single women, affordable boardinghouses, the YWCA, and settlement houses offered lodging, training, and respectable social networks; clerical work in offices and department stores provided income, though wages were modest. These institutions form the social architecture of many Hill narratives, where chance encounters occur in lobbies, churches, and neighborhood streets. The contrast between impersonal urban crowds and tightly knit faith communities underpins the novel’s scenes, framing choices about friendship, courtship, employment, and protection.

The novel also emerges from an American Protestant landscape marked by the fundamentalist–modernist controversy. From The Fundamentals (1910–1915) to the Scopes Trial (1925), disputes over biblical authority, evolution, and higher criticism reshaped denominations, colleges, and pulpits. Conservative evangelical networks promoted Bible conferences, revival meetings, and intensive personal devotion. Grace Livingston Hill’s fiction aligns with this milieu: characters read Scripture, pray over decisions, and evaluate companions by shared faith commitments, while skeptical or nominal religion is treated as unreliable. Churches and missions are depicted as practical centers for aid and guidance, embedding spirituality in everyday routines rather than abstract doctrine.

Women’s public roles were changing after the Nineteenth Amendment (1920) granted suffrage, yet the Depression renewed emphasis on thrift and domestic stability. Advice literature promoted home economics, careful budgeting, and self-discipline; the “flapper” image of the 1920s met critiques that grew sharper as jobs grew scarce. Hill’s writing reflects conservative expectations—modest dress, courtesy, sobriety—while granting heroines practical agency: they work, choose companions, and refuse coercive social invitations. Needlework, cooking, and orderly rooms symbolize foresight and care, not mere decoration. Such choices resonate with contemporary pressures on respectability, highlighting how character, rather than display, determines security and trustworthy relationships.

Kerry circulated through mainstream and religious channels typical of Hill’s career. J. B. Lippincott issued first editions, while Grosset & Dunlap commonly produced affordable reprints, extending reach to circulating libraries and mail-order catalogs. Public libraries and church libraries stocked Hill’s titles as “clean” fiction suitable for mixed-age readers, and Christian bookstores expanded during the interwar years. Attractive dust-jacket art and uniform series formats encouraged collection. This distribution explains the novel’s broad audience: middle-class readers seeking uplifting narratives that affirmed duty, faith, and sobriety amid unsettling headlines, while avoiding the sensationalism associated with tabloids, pulp magazines, and hard-boiled crime fiction.

Viewed against its moment, Kerry exemplifies interwar evangelical middle-class storytelling that addresses economic fear, social display, and moral drift. The narrative valorizes integrity, hospitality, and courageous refusal of dubious entertainments, presenting church life and conscientious work as stabilizing forces. It implicitly critiques the era’s competitive consumer culture, the allure of nightlife under Prohibition, and the insecurity produced by

financial shocks. While offering courtship and suspense in restrained form, the book’s chief argument is civic and spiritual: communities are strengthened when individuals practice temperance, charity, and trust in God’s providence—an outlook many readers found consoling amid the uncertainties of 1931.

Kerry

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Chapter 1

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Kerry Kavanaugh thought when her beloved father died that the worst that could had come upon her**[1q]**. The day her mother told her, six months after her father's funeral, that she was going to marry again, and that she was going to marry Sam Morgan, the multimillionaire, Kerry knew that there were worse things than death.

Sam Morgan had been a youthful acquaintance of Mrs. Kavanaugh's—a sort of skeleton in the closet ever since Kerry could remember.

"If I had married Sam Morgan," Mrs. Kavanaugh would say plaintively as she shivered in a cold room, "we wouldn't have had to stop at such cheap hotels."

And Kerry's father would say in a tone as nearly acid as his gentle voice ever took:

"Please leave me out of that, Isobel. If you had married Sam Morgan, remember, *I* would not have been stopping at the same hotel."

Then Kerry's mother's blue eyes would fill with tears, and her delicate lips would quiver, and she would say:

"Now, Shannon! How cruel of you to take that simple remark in that way! You are always ready to take offense. I meant, of course, that if *I*—that if *we*—That I wish we had more money! But of course, Shannon, when you have finished your wonderful book we shall have all we need. In fact, by the time you have written a second book I believe we shall have more than Sam Morgan has."

Then Kerry's father would look at her mother with something steely in his blue eyes, his thin sensitive lips pressed firmly together, and would seem about to say something strong and decided, something in the nature of

an ultimatum. But after a moment of looking with that piercing glance which made his wife shrink and shiver, a softer look would melt into his eyes, and a stony sadness settle about his lips. He would get up, draw his shabby dressing gown about him, and go out into the draughty hotel hall where he would walk up and down for awhile, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his gaze bent unseeing on the old ingrain carpet[2] that stretched away in dim hotel vistas.

On one such occasion when Kerry was about ten, she had left her weeping mother huddled in a blanket in a big chair, magnifying her chilliness and her misery, and had crept out to the hall and slipped her cold unhappy little hand into her father's; and so for a full length and back they had paced the hall. Then Father had noticed that Kerry was shivering in her thin little frock that was too short for her and too narrow for her, and he opened wide his shabby dressing gown, and gathered her in close to him where it was warm, and so walked her briskly back another length of the hall.

"Mother was crying," explained Kerry. "I couldn't listen to her any longer."

Then a stricken look came into Father's eyes and he looked down at Kerry solicitously.

"Poor little mother!" he said. "She doesn't always understand. Your little mother is all right, Kerry, only she sometimes errs in judgment."

Kerry said "Yes" in a meek little voice and waited, and after they had taken another length of the hall, her father explained again:

"She is such a beautiful little mother, you know, Kerry."

"Oh yes!" assented Kerry eagerly, for she could see that a happier light was coming into her father's eyes, and she really admired her frail little mother's looks very much indeed.

"She's always the most beautiful mother in the world, you know, Kerry."

“Oh yes!” said Kerry again quite eagerly.

“You see,” said Father slowly, after another pause, “you ought to understand, little daughter, I took her from a beautiful home where she had every luxury, and it’s hard on her, very hard. She has to go without a great many things that she has been used to having. You see I loved her, little Kerry!”

“Yes?” said Kerry with a question in her voice.

“And she loved me. She *wanted* to come!” It was as if he were arguing over and over with himself a long debated question.

“But, Father, of course,” bristled Kerry, “why wouldn’t she want to come with you? You’re the bestest father in the whole wide—”

Then Kerry’s father stopped her words with a kiss, and suddenly hastened his steps.

“She might have had the best in the land. She might have had riches and honor!”

“You mean that ugly fat Sam Morgan, Father?” Kerry had asked innocently with a frown.

“Oh, not that man!” said her father sharply. “He is a—a—*louse*[1]!” Kerry remembered how her father had spoken the word, and then seemed to try to wipe it out with his voice.

“I mean, Kerry, that he was not worthy of your mother, your beautiful mother. But there were others she might have had who could have given her everything. It is true I thought I would be able to do so too, some day, but my plans haven’t worked out, not yet—. But Kerry, little Kerry, Beautiful Mother gave up all her chances in life for me. We must remember that. We must not mind when she feels the lack of things. She ought to have them. She was made for them. She is your beautiful little mother, Kerry, you will always remember that?”

“Oh yes,” caroled Kerry for she could feel that a different tone was coming into her father’s voice, the tone he wore

when he went out and bought Mother a rose, and made jokes and laughed and cheered Mother so that she smiled. Kerry was glad the cloud was passing, so she promised. But she always remembered that promise. And she never forgot the tone her father used, nor the look of his face, when he called Sam Morgan a *louse*! That was a word nice people didn't say. It was a word that she had been taught not to use, except when it applied to rose insects. It showed that Father felt very deeply about it that he would use the word, and she could sense that there had been apology to her in his eyes when he used it. She would never forget the thought of that great big thick-lipped Sam Morgan as a louse crawling around. Even as a rose louse he acquired the sense of destructiveness. Rose lice spoiled roses, and her beautiful little mother was like a rose.

After that Kerry's father worked harder than ever on his book. He used Kerry's little bedroom for a study, and his papers would be littered over her bed and small bureau, and Kerry never went in there except when she had to, to get something, while Father was working; and then she went on tiptoe. He was always deep into one of the great musty books he brought from the library, and he must not be disturbed. He told her one day that he was going to make Mother rich when his book was done, but there was still much work to be done on it, much much work, for it was to be the very greatest book of its kind that had ever been written, and it would not do to hurry, because there must be no mistakes in the book.

Kerry's mother read a great many story books, and ate a great deal of chocolate candy. Sometimes she gave some to Kerry, but most of the time she said it wasn't good for little girls.

Kerry went to school whenever they stayed long enough in a place to make it worth while, for Father had to go to a great many different places to be near some of the big libraries so that he might finish his book sooner. And then

when they would think he was almost done with the book, he would find out there was some other book or books he must consult before he would be sure that his own was complete, and so they would journey on again to other cheap hotels.

In this way they spent some years in Europe, and Kerry had wide opportunities of seeing foreign lands, of visiting great picture galleries, and wonderful cathedrals, and studying history right in the historic places. For often Kerry's father would stop his work in the middle of a morning, or an afternoon, and take her out for a walk, and then he would tell her about the different places they were passing, and give her books out of the library to read about them. He taught her Latin also, and to speak French and German and Italian. As she grew older, she would go by herself to visit the galleries and great buildings, and would study them and delight in them, and read about the pictures, and so she grew in her own soul. Sometimes, on rare occasions, her beautiful mother would go with her to a gallery, dressed in a new coat, or a pretty hat that her father had bought for her, and people would always turn to look at the beautiful mother. Once Mother told her that she had been called the most beautiful girl in her home town when she married Father.

And once, when Mother and she had gone to the Louvre together, Sam Morgan had suddenly turned up.

Kerry had not seen him for several years, and he had grown puffier and redder than before. There were bags under his eyes, and he wore loud sporty clothes. Kerry's mother was rapturously glad to see him, but Kerry hated his being there. He tried to kiss her, though she was now sixteen, just back from school in Germany. Kerry shied away, but he did kiss her full on her shrinking mouth with his big wet lips, and she hated it. She looked at him and remembered that her father had called him a louse! She took her handkerchief out and opening it wiped her lips,

hard, and then she walked away and studied the pictures until her mother called her and said they must go home. Even then Sam Morgan had walked with her mother down the street till they reached their own hotel, but Kerry had walked far behind!

Kerry had never mentioned this to her father, but somehow he always seemed to know when Sam Morgan had been around and Mother had seen him.

For two long years Kerry had been put in a school in Germany, while her father and mother went to Russia and China and some other strange countries because it had been found necessary for the sake of the book. They had been long years to Kerry, and she had worked hard to make the time pass. Her only joy during those two years was her father's letters. Her mother seldom wrote anything except a little chippering postscript or a picture postcard. Kerry sensed that her father had promoted even those. Yet Kerry loved her mother. She was so very beautiful. Sometimes Kerry took delight in just thinking how beautiful and fragile her mother was. It seemed somehow to make up for all the things she lacked, like not being well enough to keep house and make a home for them, and not being able to eat anything but the dainties, never any crusts. Kerry had been brought up to really like crusts.

The money to pay for Kerry's tuition ran out before the two years were over, but Kerry won a scholarship which carried her through to the finish of her course; and she stuck to her study in spite of her loneliness and longing to be with her father—and her beautiful mother.

When she joined them again it was in London, and she was startled to find that her father had been growing old. There were silver edges to his hair, and lines in his face that had been there only occasionally before she went away. Now they were graven deep.

The book, he told her, was almost done. It needed only copying. He must look up a typist. But first he must try to

write something for the papers that would bring in a little extra money to pay the typist. They really had spent a great deal that season because the mother had not been feeling well, and had to have a better hotel, and luxuries now and then.

Then Kerry surprised her father by telling him that she had learned typing at the school so that she might help him, and they only needed to look out a cheap second-hand machine to rent and she would begin the work at once.

It was a great joy, those days she spent working with her father. Neatly the pages mounted up, page after page, with all the little notes put in so carefully, just where her father had marked them on his diagram. She even managed to sketch a couple of diagrams for him and her cheeks glowed at his praise.

All the little scraps of paper on which he had written his notes, all the bits of yellow paper, white paper, blue paper, backs of business letters, even brown wrapping paper that had been scrupulously saved and used in the precious manuscript were marshaled, number by number, scrap by scrap, until they were all there in orderly array, the fruit of his labor and scholarship. Her father! How proud she was of him.

She was almost seventeen when she began to help her father in the final stage of his book. It was about that time that Sam Morgan had appeared on the scene.

But nothing could take away her joy in the life she was living with her father. Not even a louse! She brushed him off from her thoughts as she might have whisked away an insect.

Her mind was opening up now. She saw, as she copied, day after day her father’s great thoughts, how really wonderful he was. She began to comprehend what a stupendous work he had undertaken. She began to take a deep personal interest in it, and its success. She even ventured a suggestion one day about the arrangement of

certain chapters, and her father gave her a quick proud look of admiration. Kerry had a mind. Kerry had judgment. He drew a sigh of quivering delight over the discovery.

“Kerry,” he said to her one day, “if anything should ever happen to me you would be able to finish my book!”

“Oh Father!” Kerry’s eyes filled with tears of terror at the thought.

“No, but dear child, of course I hope nothing will happen. I expect fully to finish it myself. But in case the unlikely should happen, you could finish it. You have the mind. You have the judgment. You understand my plan, you can read my notes. You could even talk with the publishers and if there were any changes to be made you could make them. In a technical book like this there might be changes that would have to be made under certain circumstances, and it would be disastrous to the work if the writer were gone, if there were no one else by who could understandingly complete what had to be done. Listen, Kerry. There are some things I must yet tell you, and then I can go on with my work less burdened, knowing that if anything happened to me, you and little Mother would have plenty to keep you in comfort. Because, Kerry, I have assurance from other men in my line that such a book as this is going to make its mark, and to be profitable.”

Then Kerry, with aching heart, listened to his careful directions, even took down notes and copied them for future reference, “if anything happened.”

One day Kerry’s father looking up casually between dictation, said:

“Kerry, I’m leaving the book to you. Understand? If anything happens to me Mother will have our income of course. That is understood. But the book will be yours. I’ve filed a will with my lawyer to that effect. I think Mother will not feel hurt at that. She rather regards the book as a rival anyway, and she will understand my leaving you something on which you have worked. You see, Kerry, Mother would not

understand what to do with the book. Her judgment is not—just—well—she is all right of course, only I would prefer your judgment to be used in the matter of the book. And you will understand that whatever comes from the book in the way of remuneration is to be all in your hands. You are not to hand it over to Mother to handle. She is a beautiful little mother, and we love her, but she would not have the judgment to arrange about the book, nor handle any money."

Then Kerry put down her work and came over to her father's side.

"Father, are you feeling worse than you did last summer?" she asked anxiously. "Did you go to the doctor the other day when you went out to walk alone? Tell me the truth please."

"Yes, I went to the doctor, Kerry, but only to ask him to give me a thorough examination. I always feel that is a good thing once in a while. I wouldn't like to get—high blood pressure or anything—at my age, you know."

"And did you have it?" Kerry asked anxiously. "Tell me what the doctor said. Father, please! I've got to know."

"Why, he assures me that I am doing very well," evaded the father glibly. "Says I'm ninety percent better off physically than most men who come to him."

She was only half reassured, and went back to her work with a cloud of anxiety in her heart.

Six months later her father lay dead after a sharp brief heart attack, and the world went black about her.

The world went black for Kerry's mother too, in a material sense. She insisted on swathing herself in it in spite of Kerry's strongest protests.

"Father didn't like people to dress in mourning, Mother!" pleaded Kerry. "He said it was heathenish!"

"Oh, but your father didn't realize what it would be to us, Kerry, to be left alone in a world that was going gayly on, and not show by some outward sign how bereaved we were!

Kerry, how can you begrudge me the proper clothes in which to mourn your father. That was one thing about him, he never begrudged me anything he had. He always spent his last cent on me! You must own that!" And the widow sobbed into a wide black bordered handkerchief for which she had that morning paid two dollars in an expensive mourning shop in London, while Kerry sat in the dreary hotel apartment mending her old glove to save a dollar.

"But, Mother, we haven't the money!" said Kerry patiently. "Don't you realize it's going to take every cent of this three months' income to pay for the funeral? You've insisted on getting everything of the best. And violets too when they're out of season and so expensive—and such quantities of them! Mother, Father would be so distressed for you to spend all that on him now that he is gone! You know he needed a new overcoat! He wore his summer one all last winter through the cold because he didn't want to spend the money on himself—!"

"Oh, you are cruel! A cruel, cruel child!" the mother sobbed. "Don't you see how you are making me suffer with your reminders? That is just the reason I must do all I can for him now. It is all I have left to do for him."

It was on Kerry's lips to say: "If you had only been a little kinder to him while he was alive! If you had not thought so much about yourself—"

But her lips were sealed. She remembered her father's words:

"She is the only little mother you have, Kerry! And you will always remember that she was the most beautiful little mother in the world, and that she gave up everything she might have had for me!"

Well, she might have done it once. Kerry almost had her doubts. But she certainly had lived the rest of her life on the strength of that one sacrifice!

But the indignation passed away as her mother lifted her pitiful pretty face helplessly. Kerry turned away in silence,

and the mother went on ordering her black. Satins, crepes, a rich black coat, a hat whose price would have kept them comfortably for a month, expensive gloves, more flowers, even mourning jewelry and lingerie. Now that she was started there seemed no limitation to her desires. As the packages came in Kerry grew more and more appalled. When would they ever pay for them?

But over one matter Kerry was firm.

“Of course it is your money, Mother, and I’ve no right to advise you even, but you shall not spend it on me! Get what you want for yourself, but I’m not going to have new things! I know Father would tell me I was right!”

There was a battle of course, but Kerry could not be moved, though later she compromised on a cheap black dress of her own selection for the funeral. But the mother battled on every day.

“Of course, Kerry, I don’t blame you for feeling hurt that your father only left you that old book. It was such a farce! He knew that we both knew it was worthless. I’ve known it for years but there wasn’t any use in saying it to him! He was hipped on it, and wouldn’t have been good for anything else till it was out of the way. But it must have hurt you to have him leave it as a legacy, as if it were a prize. If I were you I would throw it in the fire. You’ll have to eventually of course when we pack, and it’s only around in the way, a lot of trash!”

“Mother!” Kerry’s indignation burst forth in a word that was at once horrified and threatening.

“Oh, well, of course! I know you are sentimental, and will probably hang on to the last scrap for awhile, but it is perfectly silly. However, you don’t need to feel hurt at your father for leaving you nothing but the old trash. He knew I would look after you of course, and he would expect me to spend on you what ought to be spent to make you respectable for his funeral. Your father, my dear, while a great deal of a dreamer, had the name in his world of being

22 A common pastime aboard ocean liners and passenger ships in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, deck tennis (often called deck quoits) involved tossing rings or quoits toward a peg or line on the deck as a leisure game.

23 A caldron is a large metal pot used in a ship's galley; a caldron of cooking oil spilling and upsetting near an open flame could easily start a dangerous fire aboard a vessel.

24 Reclining wooden or canvas deck chairs provided on steamships for passengers to sit or sunbathe; common on late 19th- and early 20th-century ocean liners as public seating on the promenade/deck.

25 A rooftop dining and entertainment venue popular in American cities in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, often on hotels or department stores and offering meals, music, or shows during fair weather.

26 A small close-fitting cap commonly worn by men aboard steamships in the late 19th and early 20th centuries; “steamer” refers to a steamship and “tweed” is a coarse woolen fabric often used for such caps.

27 A rod is a historical English unit of length equal to 16.5 feet (about 5.03 meters), so “a full rod ahead” means roughly sixteen and a half feet in front.

28 Refers to a specific earlier copyright dispute involving parties or works named Graves and Ransom; the publisher’s office records would have treated it as a noteworthy legal incident. The exact case is not widely described in the chapter and would require historical or archival research to identify precise details.

29 In publishing, a 'royalty' is the payment an author receives for each copy sold or as a share of sales income;

saying it was made 'five cents larger' means the publisher increased the per-copy payment by five cents compared with the previous offer, a typical way royalties were negotiated in the era.

30 Western Union was an American company that operated telegraph and later other communications and money-transfer services; in the late 19th and early 20th centuries it ran the nationwide telegraph network and employed operators who handled incoming coded messages.

31 A common name for New York City's major rail terminal in Midtown Manhattan (officially Grand Central Terminal); the current Beaux-Arts building that most people mean opened in 1913 and served as a hub for commuter and long-distance trains.

32 Refers to garments associated with the House of Worth, the Paris fashion establishment founded by Charles Frederick Worth (1825–1895), whose name signified high-end couture or styles modeled on that house.

33 A lorgnette is a pair of eyeglasses mounted on a handle that the wearer holds to the eyes; it was a fashionable accessory for close viewing in the 19th and early 20th centuries.

34 'Knickers' here refers to knickerbockers — short, loose trousers gathered at the knee — commonly worn by men and boys for sports (like golf) in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

35 Malines (often spelled maline) denotes a lightweight net, lace or decorative fabric used for ruffles and trimmings in women’s dressmaking, especially in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

36 A person who supported legal prohibition of alcoholic beverages, especially associated with the temperance movement in the late 19th and early 20th centuries in the United States and elsewhere.

37 The U.S. Constitution’s Amendment XVIII (ratified 1919, effective 1920) that established nationwide prohibition of the manufacture, sale, and transportation of intoxicating liquors; it was later repealed by the Twenty-first Amendment in 1933.

38 A musical style that emerged in the United States around the turn of the 20th century, characterized by syncopation, improvisation, and new rhythms; by the 1910s–1920s it was widely popular with younger audiences and sometimes criticized by older generations.

39 An Irish-derived colloquial insult used in late 19th/early 20th-century English meaning a scoundrel, rascal, or mean person; often appears in period fiction as a pungent exclamation.

40 A small, soft cap associated with travel on steamships ('steamers') in the late 19th and early 20th centuries; a common informal headwear for men while traveling.

41 A type of door latch or lock engaged for security at night (commonly a rim-mounted 'night latch' in the period), meant to prevent entry from outside when turned or locked from within.

42 An exclamation derived from Hiberno-English/Irish slang (often spelled 'scalpeen' or 'spalpeen') meaning a rascal or scoundrel; commonly used in 19th–early 20th century English-language fiction to express scorn or anger.

43 A biblical phrase originally referring to the cover of the Ark of the Covenant, later used in Protestant devotional language to mean the place of prayer or God’s presence where one seeks mercy and intercession.

44 Refers to Reims Cathedral in northeastern France (modern spelling 'Reims'), a famous Gothic cathedral traditionally associated with the coronation of French kings and noted for its medieval architecture.

45 Refers to the House of Paquin, a prominent Paris fashion house founded by Jeanne Paquin in the late 19th century; Paquin gowns and models were influential in early 20th-century couture and signaled fashionable, high-end dress.

46 Reno, Nevada became a well-known U.S. destination for obtaining divorces because of Nevada’s comparatively short residency requirements and more permissive divorce laws, especially from the early 20th century onward.

47 'Pennsylvania station' denotes a major railroad terminal (commonly called Penn Station), and a 'Ladies waiting room' was a separate, designated waiting area for women in large stations, a commonplace feature of early 20th-century railway travel.

48 A lightweight, plain-weave silk fabric of French origin commonly used for women's dresses in the late 19th and early 20th centuries; valued for its soft drape and slightly crepe-like surface.

49 Electric streetcars that ran on tracks in many cities in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, used for urban public transport (also called trams or streetcars in some regions).