

**ALL THE BROTHERS
WERE VALIANT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649295043

All the brothers were valiant by Ben Ames Williams

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

**ALL THE BROTHERS
WERE VALIANT**

**ALL THE BROTHERS
WERE VALIANT**

BEN AMES WILLIAMS has also written

SPLENDOR

A distinguished novel of newspaper life

"Mr. Williams demonstrates that realism need not be sordid or ugly. (His) Henry Becker is not the kind of American that Sinclair Lewis, for example, understands or even recognizes as existing, yet the country has vastly more Henry Beckers than it has of the people whom Mr. Lewis and his school have pictured to the world as typical Americans." *The Boston Herald.*

"He fairly jostles Mark Sullivan in the latter's pre-empted territory. . . . Fiction aside, Mr. Williams poses in his book some interesting journalistic questions." *—The New York Times.*

"I know of no book that I have read which reflects in such a true and unerring sense the home life of a family of moderate means in the suburbs. There are thousands of people of that kind, and no book could portray their lives as well as does this novel." *—Edward W. Bok.*

"The story is the kind of realism that keeps me reading into the night. It is a splendid book." *—George Ade.*

DEATH ON SCURVY STREET

THE DREADFUL NIGHT

THE SILVER FOREST

IMMORTAL LONGINGS

THE RATIONAL HIND

BLACK PAWL

THRIFTY STOCK

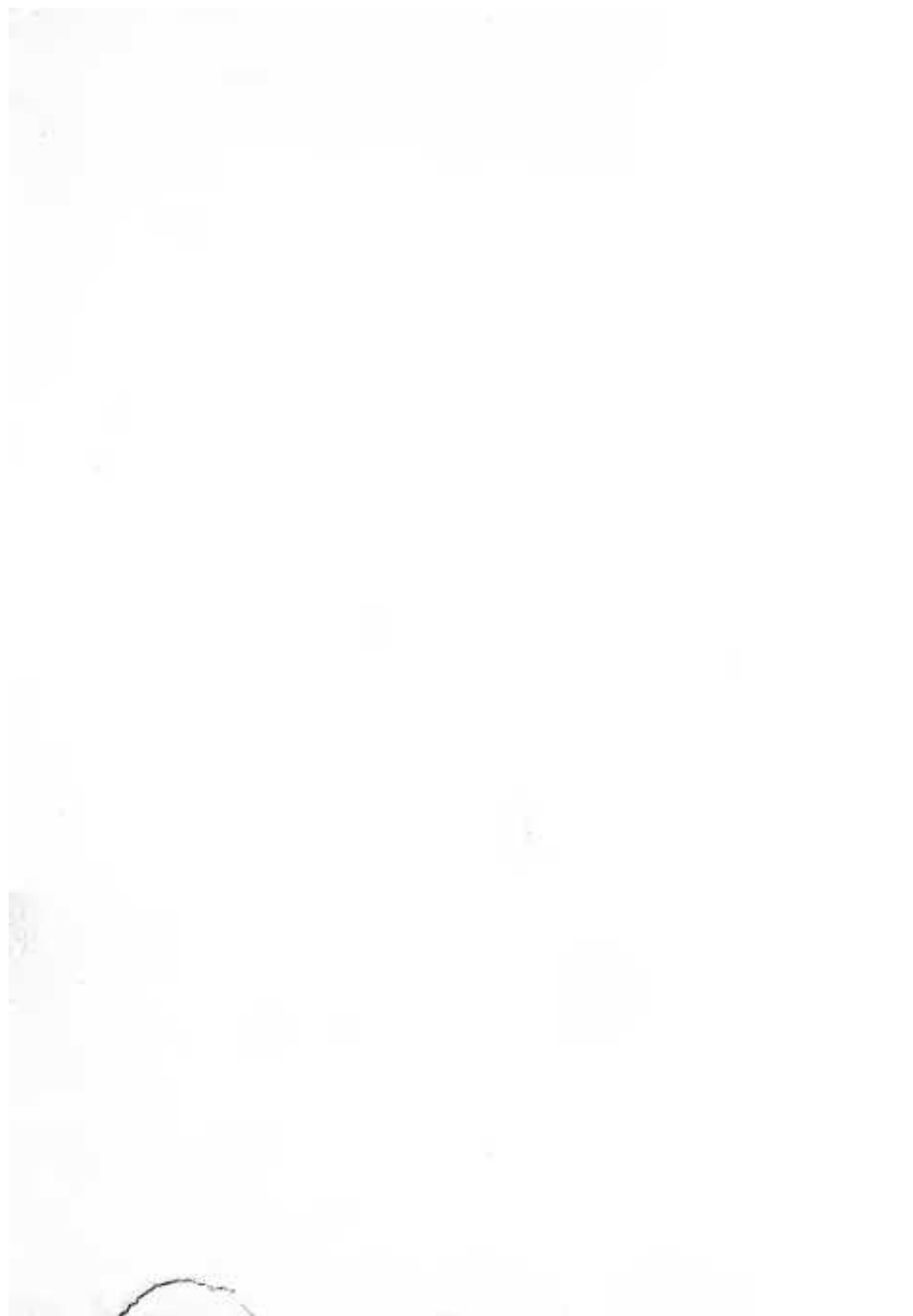
AUDACITY

EVERED

Published by E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc.

PS
3545
TS115
A7

**ALL THE BROTHERS
WERE VALIANT**



ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT

I

THE fine old house stood on Jumping Tom Hill, above the town. It had stood there before there was a town, when only a cabin or two fringed the woods below, nearer the shore. The weather boarding had been brought in ships from England, ready sawed; likewise the bricks of the chimney. Indians used to come to the house in the cold of winter, begging shelter. Given blankets, and food, and drink, they slept upon the kitchen floor; and when Joel Shore's great-great-grandfather came down in the morning, he found Indians and blankets gone together. Sometimes

All the Brothers Were Valiant

the Indians came back with a venison haunch, or a bear steak . . . sometimes not at all.

The house had, now, the air of disuse which old New England houses often have. It was in perfect repair; its paint was white, and its shutters hung squarely at the windows. But the grass was uncut in the yard, and the lack of a veranda, and the tight-closed doors and windows, made the house seem lifeless and lacking the savor of human presence. There was a white-painted picket fence around the yard; and a rambler rose draped these pickets. The buds on the rose were bursting into crimson flower.

The house was four-square, plain, and without any ornamentation. It was built about a great, square chimney that was like a spine. There were six flues in this chimney, and a pot atop each flue. These little chimney pots breaking the severe outlines of the house, gave

All the Brothers Were Valiant

the only suggestion of lightness or frivolity about it. They were like the heads of impish children, peeping over a fence. . . .

Across the front of this house, on the second floor, ran a single, long room like a corridor. Its windows looked down, across the town, to the Harbor. A glass hung in brackets on the wall; there was a hog-yoke in its case upon a little table, and a ship's chronometer, and a compass. . . . There were charts in a tin tube upon the wall, and one that showed the Harbor and the channel to the sea hung between the middle windows. In the north corner, a harpoon, and two lances, and a boat spade leaned. Their blades were covered with wooden sheaths, painted gray. A fifteen-foot jawbone, cleaned and polished and with every curving tooth in place, hung upon the rear wall and gleamed like old and yellow ivory. The chair at the table was fashioned of whalebone;