

**AN ESCAPE FROM
PHILISTIA: A NOVEL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649054183

An Escape from Philistia: A Novel by Russell P. Jacobus

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

RUSSELL P. JACOBUS

**AN ESCAPE FROM
PHILISTIA: A NOVEL**

An Escape from Philistia.

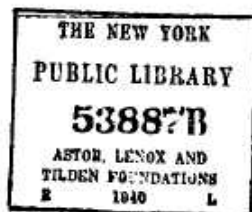
A Novel.

BY RUSSELL P. JACOBUS.

bleibe nicht am Boden heften,
frisch gewagt und frisch hinaus!
Kopf und Kent mit heitern Kräften,
Überall sind sie zu Haus;
Wo wir uns der Sonne freuen,
Sind wir jede Sorge los;
Daß wir uns in ihr zerstreuen,
Darum ist die Welt so groß.

Goethe.

BOSTON:
J. G. CUPPLES COMPANY,
250 BOYLSTON STREET.



Copyright, 1893.

By J. G. CUPPLES COMPANY.

All rights reserved.

TO
HARRY WHITELEY PATTERSON,
WITH A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT
OF HIS VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS.

1913 FEB 22



AN ESCAPE FROM PHILISTIA.

I.

"I see those Roxbury lots did go cheap," Mr. Martin Price—that man of affairs, that *savant* in real estate—observed, without looking up from his paper. He was a heavy man of twenty-seven years. His smooth, phlegmatic face was framed in close-trimmed side whiskers. Having dined out, he was in evening dress. A toothpick projected from his mouth.

His uncle replied with a sardonic "huh"; and cast a keen eye over the financial news, as he sat, cross-legged before his fire, under a cloud of Havana

smoke. Mr. Barret was thin and nervous. His grey-sprinkled hair exposed a well built forehead. The nose was large and aquiline; the mouth witty, under a moustache that formed an isthmus between the black bosage covering the cheeks.

Short as this dialogue had been, it elicited from Mrs. Barret a resentful rustling of her skirts. She was at her *escritoire*, writing for the "Friday Morning Club" a paper upon Ruskin, of whose works she had made a study that afternoon from a five page essay in a magazine. She nibbled her pen a moment irritably; then resumed her fluent flow of ink. She was still a handsome woman, stately in carriage, with her dark hair piled high upon her head. Her face, however, was growing sallow, and taking on an expression of fretfulness.

A piano lamp, with a shade of orange silk, stood by her desk. The lamp on the table was shaded with the same

color, which blended cheerfully with the light of the wood fire.

A young man of twenty-three, with his long athletic frame stretched on a lounge, his feet projecting into space, was reading. The healthy color of youth lingered on his cleanly fashioned face. He had the capacious forehead of his father, and the same brilliant eyes, but less keen, more intelligent. His form and features evinced a greater equanimity than he might have expected from his parents.

He closed the book he had been reading, and put it on the table. Then, after thoughtfully twisting his black moustache, he folded his arms under his head and looked up at the frescoed ceiling with a smile of satisfaction.

At last he had studied through the whole of Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy." His education was finished; now he understood the universe completely—matter, life and mind. For some time he lay thus, musing over that