

**THE WOMAN
IN THE ALCOVE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649735303

The Woman in the Alcove by Jennette Lee & A. I. Keller & Arthur E. Becher

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

JENNETTE LEE & A. I. KELLER & ARTHUR E. BECHER

THE WOMAN IN THE ALCOVE



Wrapped in the coat, she seemed for a moment the woman
of the alcove [Page 103]

**THE WOMAN
IN THE ALCOVE**

BY
JENNETTE LEE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER
AND ARTHUR E. BECHER

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK : : : : : 1914

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Published September, 1914



TO
GERALD STANLEY LEE

"I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play!"

Gift of the
Blakes Family
3-29-82

ILLUSTRATIONS

Wrapped in the coat, <u>she seemed</u> for a moment the woman of the alcove	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
<u>She seemed</u> to sit in a dream	10
<u>She</u> was weeping, deep silent sobs	40
So <u>she</u> was like this—very still and happy— and he was shut out	108

△ 3-30-82 L. S. B.

I

"Room after room,
I hunt the house through
We inhabit together.
Heart, fear nothing, for, heart, thou shalt find her—
Next time, herself!—not the trouble behind her
Left in the curtain, the couch's perfume!
As she brushed it, the cornice-wreath blossomed anew;
Yon looking-glass gleamed at the wave of her feather.

II

"Yet the day wears
And door succeeds door;
I try the fresh fortune—
Range the wide house from the wing to the centre.
Still the same chance! She goes out as I enter,
Spend my whole day in the quest,—who cares?
But 'tis twilight, you see—with such suites to explore,
Such closets to search, such alcoves to importune."

I

ELDRIDGE WALCOTT paused in front of the great building; he looked up and hesitated and went in. He crossed the marble lobby and passed through the silent, swinging doors on the opposite side and stepped into a softly lighted café. He had never been in Merwin's before, though he had often heard of it, and he was curious as to what it would be like. There was a sound of music somewhere and low voices and the tinkle of silver and glass behind the little green curtains. He entered an alcove at the left and sat down. The restfulness of the place