

**THE COCOON, A  
REST-CURE  
COMEDY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649551385

The Cocoon, a Rest-Cure Comedy by Ruth McEnergy Stuart

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**RUTH MCENERY STUART**

**THE COCOON, A  
REST-CURE  
COMEDY**



## The Cocoon



*"I am a cocoon; or must I say in a cocoon?"*

# The Cocoon

A Rest-Cure  
Comedy ◊

By

Ruth McEnery Stuart

*Author of "Sonny," "Sonny's Father," etc.*



McCLELLAND, GOODCHILD & STEWART  
TORONTO

1915

Oh, some seek bread — no more — life's mere subsistence,

And some seek wealth and ease—the common quest;

And some seek fame, that hovers in the distance;

But all are seeking rest.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.



## The Cocoon

# THE COCOON

Seafair Sanitarium, Va.,

Feb. 17, 1913.

*My dear Jack:*

I am a cocoon; or must I say *in* a cocoon? Is the cocoon the shell or the shell *and the worm*? Dictionaries are downstairs and "hours for consultation" limited. I saw that posted on the wall as I came through the corridors, but maybe it doesn't refer to the dictionaries. Anyway, I'm it — the poor worm going into oblivion to get its wings.

It's on the roof — the cocoonery — and the cocoons are of the long and narrow variety. Basically, they are single cots into which a certain youth of mountaineer suggestions and æolian drawl tucks every human worm which comes up for transformation. Officially he is "roof-steward."

When I reached his domain this morning I

fairly gasped over the wonder and beauty of the scene. All the south, sea-space, sky and water, "wedded in infinity." The east, nearly all sea. West, likewise. Then the solid north, a rim of vari-tinted green, vivid pines straggling down to the water's edge; hoary live-oak bearded with Spanish moss, dignifying without breaking the line, and offering a fine foil to the gnarled but resolutely young magnolias which stand around like the urban bachelors who live in our city clubs, groomed to the limit, erect, polished, even offensively redolent of the perfumes with which they naively embalm the cherished remains of their dead but unburied youth.

Between green of shore and blue of sea is a strip of gleaming sand, white enough to delight a dentist and, to my mind, grimly suggesting the perpetual border war between the two elements confronting each other, the sea tirelessly aggressive, the land showing its teeth and holding its own.

But the most wonderful thing of all is the smell — or, I do believe I must make that plural, for even now as I sniff, there come to me hints of mingled sweets. First, permeating all