

CARRYING MAIL IN BY F. D. MILLET NORTH CHINA THE CLEVELAND POST-OFFICE

gether in Washington. The senator, knowing Mr. Millet's nature and peculiar capacity, casually mentioned the fact that on a certain part of a certain street there was a little oak tree, struggling to grow under the overshadowing branches of a larger tree. If it were moved, or if the shadowing branches above it were moved, it might grow into a splendid tree. Probably it was some one's business to give this little tree a chance, but it was neglected. Millet's note-book came out, the exact locality of the two trees was put down, and Millet said, "I'll attend to that." It was attended to. And so, wherever he went, with whomever he came in contact, no duty or obligation was too small or apparently inconsequential for his most earnest attention-wherein is the reason that he became known as "everybody's friend." "His work was pleasure, and his play was work . . . He made it his business to get the best out of everything."

In his art that same capacity and love for detail, for the "tremendous trifles" that characterized his daily actions, brought results in his painting. He was like the late Edwin A. Abbey in his accuracy in the costumes and other accessories in his pictures, and no detail was too small for his most careful and conscientious study.

This is readily illustrated in his painting, *Between Two Fires*, which is still a picture of wide popularity, and one probably better remembered and by more people than any other example of his work as a painter. It showed a dour and grim-visaged Puritan, seated on a wooden bench before a table, while two unquestionably comely and pleasing lasses, standing one on either side, are obviously twitting him on his unsociability. The delineation and expression of thinly concealed irritability on his part and trivial badinage on the girls' part is consummately rendered, while the



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