

28023

The Story of Blue Beads

North
Melbourne

Always try to do your best.

I expect to pass through this world but once
So therefore, there be any kindness I can
show to any fellow being, let me not defer or
neglect it; for I will not pass this way again

Home

Home is not merely roof and room
It needs something to endear it;

Home is where the heart can bloom
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it
What is Home with none to meet;

gone to welcome none so fearless?

Home is sweet, and only sweet;

Where there's one who loves to meet us!

For a New Year

With steadfast heart and will

Work on while life shall last.

God helps you in your labour still

As in the past.

A life on service bent

A life for love laid down

It is the life for others spent.

Which God will crown

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①

Peter Richards was the loveliest man in Town, on the day Jean Grace opened his door. You may have seen something in the newspapers about the incident at the time it happened, although neither his name nor hers was published, nor was the full story told as I tell it here. Peter's Shop had come down to him from his Grandfather. The little front window was strewed with a disarray of old-fashioned things, brooches and lockets worn a century ago, Gold rings and Silver Boxes, images of Jade and ivory porcelain figurines. On this winter afternoon a Child was standing there her forehead against the Glass, Earnest & Enormous Eyes Studying each discarded Treasure as if she were looking for something quite special. Finally she straightened up with a satisfied air and entered the Shop. The shadowy interior of Peter Richards' Establishment was ever more cluttered than his show window. Shelves were crisscrossed with Jewels, watches, dueling pistols, clocks and lamps and the floor was heaped with audubons and mandolins and things hard to find a name for. Behind the counter stood Pete himself, a man not more than 30 but with hair already turning gray. There was a bleak air about him as he looked at the small customer who flattened her ungloved hand on the counter. "Misses she began would you please let me look at that string of blue beads in the window." Pete parted the draperies and lifted out a necklace. The Serpentine Stones gleamed brightly against the palle of his palm as he spread the ornament before her.

"They're just perfect," said the Child entirely to herself. "Will you wrap them up pretty for me please?" Pete studied her with a stony air. "Are you buying these for some one? They are for my big sisters." She took care of me. "You see this will be the first Christmas since Mother died I've been looking for the most wonderful Christmas present for my sisters."

1881

How much money do you have asked Fete worried.
She had been busily untying the knot in a handkerchief
and now she poured out a handful of pennies on
the counter. I emptied my cart. She explained
simply. Fete Richards looked at her
thoughtfully then he carefully drew back the
necklace the price tag was visible to him but
not to her. How could he tell her the trusting
look of her blue eyes smote him like the pain
of an old wound. Just a minute he said and
turning towards the back of the store.

Over his shoulder he called. What's your name.
He was very busy about something from Grace.
When Fete returned to where Grace waited a
package lay in his hand wrapped in scarlet
papers and tied with a bow of green ribbon.

There you are he said. Don't lose it on
the way home. She smiled happily at him
over her shoulder as she saw out the door.

Through the window he watched her go while
resolution flooded his thoughts. Something
about Grace and her string of
beads had stirred him to the depths of a
grief that would not stay buried.

The child's hair was wheat yellow and her
eyes sea blue. and once upon a time not
long before Fete had been in love with a girl
with hair of that same yellow and with
eyes just as blue. And the turquoise necklace
was to have been hers. But there had come
a rainy night a truck skidded on a
slippery road and the life was crushed
out of his dream. Since then Fete Richards
had lived too much with his grief in solitude.
He was politely attentive to customers but
after business hours his world seemed
increasingly empty. He was trying to forget

In a self pitying haze that deepened day by day
 The blue eyes of Jean Grace jolted him into acute
 remembrance of what he had lost; the pain of it
 made him *forget the Embrace of Holiday Shoppers*
 During the next few days. Trade was brisk. Chattering
 Women swarmed in fidgeting tuckers trying to
 bargain when the last customer had gone late on
 Christmas Eve he sighed with relief it was over
 for another year. But for Peter Richards the
 night was not quite over. The door opened and a
 young woman hurried in with an inexplicable
 start. He realized that she looked familiar yet.
 He could not remember when or where he had
 seen her before. Her hair was golden yellow
 and her large eyes were blue without speaking
 she drew from her a package loosely unwrapped
 in it was paper a bow of green ribbon with it
 presently the string of blue beads lay gleaming
 again before him. "Did this come from your shop?"
 She asked. Peter raised his eyes to hers and answered
 softly. "Yes it did. Are the stones real?" "Yes not
 the finest quality but real. Can you remember
 who it was you sold them to?" She was a small girl
 her name was Jean. She bought them for her older
 sisters. Christmas present. How much are they
 worth? The price he told her solemnly is
 always a confidentially matter between the seller
 & the customer. But Jean has never had more than
 a few pennies of spending money. How could she
 pay for them? Peter was feeding the gay paper
 back into its creases newspapering the little package
 just as neatly as before. She said the biggest
 price anyone can ever pay he said. She gave
 all she had. There was a silence then that
 filled the little Curio Shop

In some faraway Street a bell began to ring
 The sound of the distant chiming the little
 Package lying on the Caunter. The question in the
 Eyes of the girl and the strange feeling of renewal
 Struggling unreasonably in the heart of the man
 All had come to be because of the love of a Child
 But why did you do it He held out the gift in his
 Hand Its already Christmas morning he said
 And its my misfortune that I have no one to give
 Anything to. Will you let me see you home and
 wish you a merry Christmas at your door
 And so to the sound of many bells and in the
 midst of happy people I see Dickens
 And the Girl whose name he had yet to learn
 Walked out into the beginning of the great day
 That brings hope into the world for us all

" " "

A Gentle Feast

When a man is harsh, cold, unfeeling, unkind,
 rude and rough in his manner, no one speaks
 of his fine spirit. When a woman is loud-
 voiced, dictatorial, petulant, given to speaking
 bitter words and doing unkindly things, no
 person is ever heard saying of her, "what
 a lovely disposition she has" She may
 have many excellent qualities, and may
 do much good, but her ungentleness mars
 the beauty of her character

" " "

He shall not cry aloud, nor lift up his voice
 for cause it to be heard in the street.

The bruised reed shall he not break
 And the glimmering wax shall he not quench
 He was so tender with fragile things
 He saw the sparrow with broken wings

" " "

69

Mr. L. Quinn

89 Cecil St. Sydney

9/4/37 Over his shoulder he called What your name 1 00
 6/4/37 He was very busy about something Jean Grace 1 00
 15/37 When Yete returned to where Jean Grace waited 1 00
 8/5/37 a package lay in his hand wrapped in Scotch 1 00
 7/5/37 paper and tied with a bow of green ribbon 1 00
 4/5/37 There you are he said Shortly don't lose it 1 00
 21/5/37 on the way home She smiled happily at him 0 0
 7/6/37 over his shoulder as she ran out the door through 0 0
 4/6/37 the window he watched her go while resolutions 0
 24/6/37 flooded his thoughts something about Jean 0
 28/6/37 Grace and her string of beads had stirred 0
 July 5 him to the depths of a grief that would not 0
 12 stay buried. The child's hair was wheat yellow 0
 19 her eyes sea blue and once upon a time not 0
 26 long before Yete had been in love with a girl 0
 Aug 2 with hair of that same yellow and with eyes 0
 9 just as blue. And the turquoise necklace was 0
 16 to have been hers. But then had come a rainy night 0
 23 a truck skidding on a slippery road and 0
 30 the life was crushed out of his dream 0, 00
 Sep 6 Since then Yete Richards had lived too much 0
 13 with his grief in solitude. He was painfully attentive 0
 20 to customers but after business hours his world 0
 27 seemed irrevocably empty. He was trying to forget 0
 Oct 4 in a self-pitying haze that deepened day by 0
 11 day. The blue eyes of Jean Grace faltered 0
 18 him into acute remembrance of what he had lost 0
 25. The pain of it made him, from the exuberance 0
 Nov 1 of holiday shoppers during the next ten days 0
 8 those who brief chattering women swarmed in 0
 15 fidgeting traders trying to bargain when at last 0
 24 customers had gone late on Christmas Eve he sighed 0

10/7/20 22 with relief It was over for another year 1.00
 11/7/20 29 But for Peter Richards the night was not 1.00
 24/7/30 6 quite over The door opened and a young 1.00
 31/7/20 13 woman hurried in with an inexplicable start 1.00
 20 He realized that she looked familiar yet he 1.00
 31/7/30 27 could not remember when or where he had 1.00
 7 3 seen her before Her hair was golden yellow, 00
 2/10/30 10 and her large eyes were blue without speaking
 2/10/30 17 She drew from her a package loosely wrapped
 4/9/3 24 unwrapped in it red paper a bow of green ribbon
 23/10/2 31 with it & generally the string of these beads lay, 00
 7 7 gleaming again before him but this came from
 14 14 Mrs. Stopped She asked Peter raised his
 eyes to hers and answered softly yes it did
 Are the stones real yes not the finest quality but
 real Can you remember who it was you sold them to
 She was a small girl Her name was Jean
 She bought them for her older sister's Christmas present
 How much are they worth The price he told Her
 solemnly is always a confidentially matter be-
 tween the seller & the customer But Jean
 has never had more than a few pennies of spend-
 money How could she pay for them Peter was
 folding the gay paper back into its creases
 rewrapping the little package just as neatly as
 before She paid the biggest price anyone can
 ever pay he said She gave all she had
 She was a little girl in a little shop
 In some faraway place a little way
 The sound of the distant chiming the little
 package lying on the counter the question in the
 eyes of the girl and the strange feeling of remorse

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 30/12/20

2/17/31 29 Behind the counter stood Yete himself 1.00
 6 a man not more than 30 but with hair 2.00
 4/8/30 13 already turning gray. There was a black 1.00
 1/8/30 20 air about him as he looked at the small 1.00
 1/9/30 29 customer who flattered her ungloved hand 1.00
 1/9/30 3 Opposite the counter. First she began would 1.00
 8/9/30 10 You please let me look at that string of 1.00
 5/11/30 17 blue beads in your window. 1.00
 124 Yete parted the droppies and lifted out 1.00
 1/1/30 31 a necklace. The Jewels Have Gleamed 1.00
 2/1/31 7 Brightly against the palls of his palms as he 1.00
 14 Spread the Ornaments before her 33.00 1.00
 2/1/31 They're just perfect. She said the child
 2/31 entirely to herself. Will you wrap them up pretty
 me please Yete studied her with a story as
 13/31 Are you buying these for someone. They are
 2/4/31 for my big sister. She takes care of me
 1/8/31 You see this will be the first Christmas
 2/7/31 since Mother died. I've been looking for the
 most wonderful Christmas present for my
 sister. How much money do you have
 asked Yete warily. She had been busily
 writing the knots in a handkerchief and now
 she paused out a handful of pennies on the
 counter. I emptied my cart. She explained simply
 Yete Richards looked at her thoughtfully then
 he carefully drew back the necklace. The price
 tag was visible to him but not to her. How could
 he tell her. The taunting look of his blue eyes
 smote him like the pain of an old wound.
 Just a minute he said and turned toward
 the back of the store.

69 25 Chestnut St Richmond

Jan 7

14 17 0

19/12/36		1.00
26/12/36		1.00
21/1/37	January 1937	1.00
	The Story of Blue Beads	1.00
	Feather Richards was the Conciest man in	1.00
23	Law on the day Jean Grace opened	1.00
30	his door. You may have seen something	1.00
6/2/37	in the newspapers about the incidents at	1.00
13/2/37	the time it happened. although neither	1.00
20/2/37	his name nor his was published nor	1.00
27/2/37	was the full story told as I tell it here.	1.00
6/3/37	Veter Shop had come down to him from	1.00
13/3/37	his Grandfather. The little Shop front	1.00
20/3/37	window was strewed with a miscellany	1.00
27/3/37	of old fashioned things brackets and	1.00
4/4/37	lockets worn a century ago. Gold	1.00
11/4/37	rings and silver Bow images of	1.00
18/4/37	Jade and ivory porcelain figurines	1.00
25/4/37	On his winters afternoon a child was	1.00
2/5/38	standing there her forehead against	1.00
8	the glass. Earnest & Enormous eyes.	1.00
15	Shearing each succeeded turned as	1.00
22	if she were looking for something quiet	1.00
29	Special. Finally she straightened up with	1.00
June 5	a satisfied air and entered the store.	1.00
12	The shadowy interior of Vete Richards	1.00
19	Establishment was ever more cluttered	1.00
26	than his show window. Phelms were	1.00
July 3	stacked with jewel caskets andling pital	1.00
10	Clocks and lamps and the floor was traped	1.00
17	with andirons and mandolins and things	1.00
24	hard to find a name for	1.00

33 17 0

79 Seal St. ^{of} Fifty

			20
9/3/32	22	A Minnetonka Calling on one of his	1.00
34/3/32	29	Passions a Garden Lake	1.00
20/4/32	6	She was making a pair of	1.00
18/5/32	13	parties what are you making	1.00
15/6/32	13	parties what are you making	1.00
4/7/32	20	Engaged to Minnetonka She	1.00
20/7/32	27	prepared a book cover for	1.00
17/8/32	3 1938	the Best Young Seal	1.00
	10		1.00
2/10/32	17	Old Gade Minnetonka Called	1.00
16/10/32	24	on Her She has seen	1.00
30/10/32	31	what are you making	1.00
13/11/32	7	I am making two pairs	1.00
27/11/32	14	for old my young & Seal	1.00
11/12/32			
24/12/32			

33.00