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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume XII APRIL, 1915 Number 7

WOMAN'S NUMBER

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RUNDELL ON THE SQUARE

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

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Rise Up, and Give us Peace

By Belle Fligelman

Rise up, Ye Nations, give us Peace
While yet a heart remains
Unglazed by hate, with dreams still great,
And clean blood for its veins!
While yet an eye is clear and dry
And glimpses growing corn!
While lips can smile, unknown to guile!
While children yet un-born
May know a date of gentler fate!
Rise up, before it is too late!
Rise up, and give us peace!

Give us the stirring times of Peace
When star-light beams brings wondrous dreams—
When blades burst forth in grain!
When harvests thrive and earth's alive,
And song fills heart and brain!
When hands are skilled to make and build,
And wield a nation's trade!
And pulses beat like dancing feet!
And hearts are unafraid!
When mill wheels whirr, when ideas stir,
And nations dedicate
Their hearts and brains to wholesome gains!
Rise up, before it is too late!
Rise up, and give up Peace!

When aspiration's strong—
Give us the bouyant days of Peace,
When star-light beams brings wondrous dreams—
And Life's a splendid song—
When love wells up in each man's cup,
And kindness flies like chaff—
And mothers smile with joy the while
The little children laugh!
Let Joy and Love and Art create!
Give us a nation strong and great!
Wipe out the hate, ere it's too late!
Rise up, and give us Peace!

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"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

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A SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY

By Jeanette Munro

Received First Honorable Mention in Vilas Short Story Contest

"MOTHER," SAID the Judge, laying aside his book, "what that boy needs is a sense of responsibility."

Mother sighed and kept on with her darning. She wondered in a vague, subconscious way how long it had taken the Judge to find out just what ailed their son. There was a moment of comfortable silence between them and then the Judge began again, this time in a more decided tone.

"Yes, what Jack needs is something of his own——that he will take pleasure in being responsible for——some animal perhaps," his voice trailed off into indecision.

Then an inspiration, of mental telepathy doubtless, flashed instantaneously through both minds. To both there occurred the picture of certain late arrivals at Hiran Baker's old farm. Father and mother gazed at each other wide-eyed, and exclaimed in unison, "Why can't he have a pig?"

* * *

It was less than a week after this momen-

tous family conference that the Judge, with an immensely mysterious air, led his small son toward the back lot. "Your mother and I have planned a gift for you," he began impressively, "and we want you to feel a due sense of responsibility for its well-being." Then, realizing that he was perhaps not making himself thoroughly intelligible to his young companion, Father came straight to the point and marched him up to a newly-erected pig-pen with one curly-tailed occupant.

Son's comments were so rapturous that Mother came flying out and for the next fifteen minutes any passer-by might have seen Judge Ellis and family in profound and shameless adoration before—no, not a mere pig but something infinitely higher. To mother and son it represented the ideal of curly, rounded cuteness in animal form —to father the ideal of all that such an animal might mean in a well-regulated family. Son gazed at his new acquisition with the rapt gaze of romantic, imaginative devotion to the unusual. Mother was charmed with the little hoofs and tail. Father watched the group with inward satisfaction, counting another good movement started, for, from that hour, he dated the inculcation of Jack's sense of responsibility.

Jack's dreams that night were peopled with a shifting throng of animals and human beings, who changed shapes in the most unaccountable way, danced wild dances about a wooded enclosure, strangely resembling part of the back-lot, then, at the crack of a whip, all turned into pigs and scampered off between the trees. This drama kept repeating itself faster and faster until Jack all of a sudden realized that the person cracking the whip appeared to be Circe while the leader of the dance was his old friend, Ulysses, with large eyes and laurel wreath all complete, just as he appeared in "Stories from Homer."

Waking with a start, from a feverish whirl in which he even felt himself to be involuntarily joining, Jack found the calm light of dawn creeping into the room. For a minute he lay still, unable, after his exciting night, to connect himself up with common everyday reality. Then yesterday's happenings flashed into his mind and he was out of bed and dressing in an instant.

A little more than two hours later, mother, paying her earliest respects to the new member of the family, was delightfully surprised to find it already furnished with breakfast. Son had, it is true, forgotten to fill the waterdish. "But who would expect him to remember both the first day?" thought mother leniently, and she herself filled the dish at the garden hose. Father, a half hour later, appeared in the house rubbing his hands and extremely pleased.

"Who would suspect what sane, character-forming lessons the sense of proprietorship will teach a youngster?" he demanded in the tone in which he was accustomed to begin his speeches.

"Breakfast is ready, dear, anytime you are," announced Mrs. Ellis, hastily leading the way into the dining-room, and father did not finish his reflections on the formation of character.

Jack sat through breakfast, silent, wide-eyed and so absent-minded that he forgot

to put the coveted marshmallow into his second cup of cocoa. Mother thought uneasily that he must have gotten up too early, and father, if he noticed his son's peculiar manner at all, probably laid it to the sobering effect of a sense of proprietorship. In reality Jack was consumed with a great inner excitement. He could scarcely wait for the meal to be over and for the drama he had so carefully planned to begin. Scarcely were the chairs pushed back when, seizing father and mother each by a hand, he resolutely started them toward the back lot and the now all-important pigpen.

Jack's protege barely noticed the family with an indifferent grunt, then went on nosing about for bits of his breakfast which might have slopped over the edge of his trough. Seen now by father and mother in the candid light of practical early morning, there seemed little material for the imagination to work upon in the fat, slow-moving, sulky little animal. Jack, however, had not once thought of his pig as a mere pig. In its place he saw a wonderful, compact little organism, endowed with mysterious and inexplicable psychological processes, an interesting though puzzling companion—above all else a personal possession. How could a small boy hope for a more completely satisfying present?

"Father," said Jack earnestly, drawing him to the edge of the pen, "Will you be sponsor and see that everything is all right?" Then, before his surprised parents realized what was happening, Jack soberly reversed the water-dish over the important animal's left ear, uttering ceremoniously in an odd sing-song chant some words he had spent an hour before breakfast in choosing and arranging.

"Fleet-foot courser, thy name shall be
Ulysses,
Shall be the wise Ulysses for ever and
never,
A——men."

The ceremony was accomplished. Jack, his eyes shining with excitement, glanced triumphantly up at his parents, catching a look of shocked surprise on his mother's face and one of bewilderment on his father's. "It had to be Ulysses," he explained eagerly, "You know he would have made such an unusual pig." Father and mother gasped, not entirely following the chain of son's complicated mental processes.

"The boy has unusual imaginative powers," observed the Judge, retracing with Mrs. Ellis the path toward the house. "It is high time now that the practical side of his nature be developed by systematic training in the assumption of responsibility. I shall be surprised if the next few weeks do not show a substantial improvement in Jack."

"Of course Jack's still pretty young," put in his mother, thinking of the water-dish she had filled that morning and half-wishing she had left it empty so that the Judge might not expect too much—just at first.

As for Jack, who remained by the pen, his joy of proprietorship was, for the moment, overpowering all other feelings. Hanging over the edge of the pen, he followed, with rapt gaze, every movement of

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BLUE SKY ORATORY

By Belle Fligelman

ERE, YOU take these and hold them up high, and don't look as if you were on your way to the guillotine," and the president of the Equal Suffrage League in our little town in western Montana, thrust a good sized American flag and a yellow suffrage banner into my hand, and shoved me hastily into an automobile which was drawn up at the curb on the "busy corner" on Main Street.

"But—but, honestly, I can't make a speech today. I can't think of an earthly thing to say—not a thing," I pleaded piteously. "If the machine would only have an accident or something, and kill us all!"

"Speak for yourself, John," said the big woman, who had an apt memory for quotations, and who looked quite as terrified as I felt. "This is the time for all good women to come to the aid of the party."

"But you can speak. You always have something good to say. You don't have to be afraid. You——"

"Hush now," she said kindly, as she climbed in beside me. And I noticed that in spite of her cheery smile, her mouth was firmly set, and her knees trembled so that the purse on her lap fell to the floor of the car.

It was the second day of May—officially known as "Woman's Day"—and our suffrage league, numbering about a dozen members at the time, had had instructions from headquarters over in Butte, that no matter what happened, we must have an open-air meeting on that day to launch our suffrage campaign.

There were three of us to speak. And we had planned our meeting with great care and greater misgivings. For never before had there been an open-air meeting of any kind in our provincial little city, and we felt that this first invasion of the social proprieties of the town would either be a dramatic triumph—or a dismal failure. Such a flagrant violation of the staid traditions of the community could not be anything "in between." We choose noonday for the time, thinking to catch the attention of the "tired business man" on his way back from luncheon. And our talks were limited to five minutes each, so as not to keep this proverbial gentleman away from his business any longer than was necessary.

Fifteen minutes before the time set for the meeting, we decided to have an impromptu parade to attract a crowd to our meeting. For though it would be agonizing to have to stand up in an automobile and talk at a street-meeting, it would be agonizing plus humiliating to have to talk to empty side-walks.

Our parade consisted of two machines

full of us, each passenger carrying an American flag and a suffrage banner, and we felt that our parade could hardly escape notice as we dashed up and down Main Street, our colors flying, and our automobile horns tooting wildly all the way.

I have said that this performance was calculated to attract attention; its success was undoubted. The few shoppers and "tired business men" and loafers who were on the street at this noon hour, stopped and stared at our audacious procedure in open-mouthed amazement. Their eyes fairly popped from their heads, and their surprise registered neither horror nor approval—just vast, blank amazement.

Never before had respectable men—let alone women—dared to defy the smugly accepted conduct of the cocky little town with such outrageous temerity. (And I might explain here with all modesty, that we were all of the "best family" quality, we suffragists, most of us coming from families who had moved into the town when it was still teething on solid gold and silver mines a good many years ago.)

Up and down Main street we dashed, twice up and back again, and though our hearts quaked with the unholy terror of it all, our jaws were set with a determination to do and die if need be, outwardly we smiled with our lips, and turned piteous, beseeching eyes upon each other.

After our second trip, we turned off the main street, and drew up at the curb in front of the Postoffice. The occupants of the two machines, with the exception of the three speakers, got out and stood on the walk near us, to indicate to passers-by where the crowd was to stand. Several minutes we waited, and then slowly, two or three at a time, the interested citizens of the town—most of them more or less distantly related to some one of the speakers—gathered on the walk at a respectable distance from the car, all looking a bit curious, and at the same time a bit embarrassed to find themselves a party to such a questionable undertaking.

The automobile horn tooted, in an effort to enlarge the crowd. Small boys in the street made crude jokes about us. And the various members of the audience nodded uncertainly at the three of us, as we sat in the back seat and quietly prayed for death. We had all prepared "speeches," and I modestly admit that all of them were good speeches. But how we should ever get up out there under the noonday sun, in front of a group of people whom we had known all our lives,—many of whom had "dandled me on their knee" not a very great many years ago—was the problem that seemed to strike us all simultaneously. And with vast misery in our hearts and excruciating grins on our faces, we sat and waited while the seconds lagged along.

The fiery little speech with which I had planned to storm the citizens of my native town, and which was to convince them without a doubt that suffrage must carry in Montana at the next election, had slipped away somewhere. A great blankness gripped my brain, and desperately I prayed as I had never prayed in my life, to be instantly relieved of my mundane existence. The words kept beating through my brain: "I have nothing to say! I have

nothing to say! I have nothing to say!"

And then suddenly I realized that a hush had settled over the group on the sidewalk. Our first speaker was talking. Her voice quavered the tiniest bit, and her knees shook, as she stood up on the seat, so that I could feel the shaking at the other side of the car where I sat. I looked out over the audience, and dimly I noticed that the men were standing with their faces earnest—and their heads uncovered. It was not a dismal failure. It was a dramatic triumph. Something sang in my heart, and I forgot my fear.

I do not remember of being announced as the next speaker, but suddenly I found myself on my feet, my knees shaking so that I had to hold to the side of the car for support.

I had made suffrage speeches before in my life. I had even spoken before the Wisconsin legislature, and had lived through it. (The legislators also had survived, I remembered with a half-hearted returned confidence.) And yet, there was an awful baldness about making a street speech that was vastly worse than politely addressing a distinguished body of law makers. It took my breath away.

And then suddenly I found myself talking—talking passionately and with a fluency that surprised me. As I finished, I heard vaguely the applause from the little crowd on the sidewalk. It sounded very far away. My cheeks burned like live coals, and a violent trembling seized me—more violent than when I had been speaking—and I settled back into my place as the splendid woman at my side rose to make her plea.

Well—that was the start of our blue-sky campaign. I call it "blue-sky," not only because it sounds pleasanter than street-corner haranguing, but because we who spoke really felt a big, underlying significance in the fact that we did not wait till our audience came meekly to us in some rented hall, but instead, we came out to meet them in the open—"squarely and above-board, and under the wide blue sky" as we sometimes explained to them.

The effect of our meeting was interesting. Those who heard us seemed suddenly to realize that "suffragettes" were not necessarily boisterous or ill-mannered; that they really had something that they felt had to be said; and that women could be womanly under all circumstances if they chose to be.

On the other hand, those who didn't hear us (and there were many) felt that we were "brazen huzzies," and that our flagrant defiance of the accepted code of decency was an alarming symptom in the community. And polite-hearted men and women who came up to congratulate us after our achievement, and to tell us how proud they were to know us and that we had done ourselves proud, went home and told their daughters and wives and sisters that they were thankful it was none of their family who had so immodestly flaunted themselves before the rabble of the public streets.

We were still gasping over our own temerity some weeks later, when word came from headquarters: "Rosalie Jones and Ida Craft will be with you next Tuesday night. Work up a rousing street meeting, and have at least one local speaker."

More terror for us. And yet the terror this time was not as bottomless as it had been the first time. There was a certain calmness in the thought that these two veterans of blue-sky oratory would give a certain prestige to the meeting; that the responsibility would be theirs, not ours. And the thought helped to fight off the sickening, panicky sensation that had prevailed at the first open-air meeting.

We advertised the meeting thoroughly in the daily papers, and took pains to "play up" the facts of Miss Jones' enviable social connections in the east, of her great wealth and the splendid aristocracy of her family. We even sent special invitations to certain members of the "west side" elite, urging them to be present at such-and-such a street corner on Tuesday night at eight o'clock, to hear what Rosalie Jones had to tell them.

There were easily over a thousand people, and among them we recognized not a few of our convention-bound social aristocrats, who came, they told each other, be cause they thought it would be a lark; and more because, I felt sure, they were curious to see just what sort of freaks we were who would dare to say what we felt must be said wherever we could get the greatest number of people to listen.

The meeting was a great success. Miss Jones and Miss Craft were eloquent, and they held their audience wrapt for nearly two hours. The significant thing about it all to me was the confidence I had gained in the propriety of street meetings. After the first sickening flutter of stage-fright, as I arose to introduce the visiting speakers, I suddenly found that it was really not bad at all to be standing there, talking to that vast crowd like a collective good friend, and having them laugh back at me good-naturedly.

But at this meeting, too, there was to come a new experience,—not so terrifying as my debut into blue-sky oratory had been, but far more humiliating. Miss Jones called for a collection; and I had to pass the hat.

Now it is one thing to stand in a fancy church bazaar and ask your friends for money to buy a new church organ. But it is quite another thing to take a basket and go about among a "mixed" crowd of one's fellow townsmen, asking for contributions to a cause that most of them scorned as being unladylike and indecent. My cheeks burned and my jaws were set as I passed about among young men with whom I had gone to high school a few years before, and who now stood about in the street with well brought-up girls at their sides——young girls who thought, no doubt, that they were "real devilish" (if they ever thought in such violent terms) to insist on their escort's taking them to a vulgar street-meeting. And the young men would smile tolerantly as they dropped their coins into my basket, while their eyes shouted out their measurement of me, reckoned according to the standard of their social set. "Poor thing. She probably never had a chance to get married!"

But "taking up a collection" too, becomes commonplace after a sufficient number of performances, and before the summer was

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BEADS FROM SAMITURI

By Mary Morsell

DISH WASHING can be a rather interesting and poetic task when the morning sunbeams transform the soapy water into a miniature lake of rainbow tinted loveliness, and there is only the breakfast china to be washed at leisure. Amelia, however, found no poetry whatever in the task. She performed this duty as all others, with a sober conscientiousness. She was thinking, but no dreams or entrancing possibilities were intermingled in the drab skein of her thought which concerned itself only with a campaign plan for the day—rugs to be swept, the upstairs windows to be washed, and a batch of doughnuts and cookies to be made in the afternoon.

When she finished washing the dishes, Amelia put everything in its place with an expedition born of long practice. She was not an unpleasing picture in her pink gingham morning dress with the tendrils of her hair a little wavy from the heat of the dishwater and her arms bare to the elbow. Yet there was something dead about her, a spark which had either been extinguished by routine and monotony or else had never existed at all. Amelia was sweeping the kitchen when a knock at the front door caused her to stop. Usually there were few knocks in the morning; occasionally a neighbor dropped in or the monotony was varied by the arrival of the grocer's from Farrington.

She opened the door upon a swarthy, foreign looking man, who was smiling ingratiating and carrying a suitcase.

"Good morning, madam," he said with an accent which betrayed his foreign origin more by a certain anxious enunciation and unwitting stress of syllables than by any actual mispronounciation.

"What is it," demanded Amelia suspiciously.

"I haf here, not coffee, not tin-pans, not can openers" he commenced.

"I didn't ask you what you hadn't. What have you?" she demanded severely.

"Be calm, Madam. Here I haf things, not useful, but beautiful. Most beautiful, indeet. Come, here on the bench I will open them. In the country it iss seldom that you see such things; where it iss shady I will spread them out." He unlocked the suitcase and opened it upon the green bench which stood in the shadow of a beautiful clematis vine screening the left side of the porch.

"But I don't want to buy your things. I've got all I need." Amelia still stood forbiddingly in the doorway while the peddlar began to lift things coaxingly from the suitcase.

"No neet that you buy, madam. Pleas-

ure me by seeing vat I haf brought from far away—most lofly they are, from India, Persia, and Japan. Come!"

As if there were something really imperative in his summons, Amelia left the shelter of the doorway and walked toward the bench where the peddlar was spreading lustrous garments of silk, embroidery, and oriental tapestry.

"See here, a princess of Japan hass worn thees."

He held up a gray kimona almost covered by embroidery in the most vivid scarlet with great golden suns and shield-hidden warriors gleaming forth out of the design.

Amelia gazed at it scornfully.

"You think you c'n sell such things. Why just see th' sleeves—a body with sense would never trapse around with such foolish things always in the way."

The peddlar said nothing but folded away the gorgeous creation as if he were a high priest snatching away the holy of holies from the vulgar gaze.

"Can you not lof things because they are only beautiful? Must you people use all things? Iss it because here your fields are so calm that you do not feel the warm colors or things beautiful? It's use, use, always." He scarcely seemed conscious of her presence. Then he turned directly toward her.

"If I bring a new apple-parer, you buy it, iss it not so? But things beautiful, things that the soul neets——.His sentence remained unfinished, as he threw up his hands with a gesture of dispair.

"See this scarf, it iss of the shade of those flowers on the vine—I know not how you call them. In the efening at sunset, how lofly to wear the purple scarf. It would be what you call it? A-ah, a symphony—that iss it. The scarf, the flowers, the lafendar sunset ofer those hills. Say, would it not be a picture?" His black eyes glowed, as holding up the scarf, he leaned forward, absorbed, awaiting an enthusiastic response.

"You are crazy," said Amelia scornfully. She picked up the scarf from his arm and threw it down contemptuously.

For a moment the fires of the man's nature gleamed from his eyes. A single second, then he gained control of himself and the fire became changed to a hidden gleam of craft and malice.

"Perhaps you like something else. Here iss a necklace," he said gently, taking a chain of beads from an odd lacquer box. As he lifted them forth an alluring perfume came to Amelia. Ever since she had made dandelion chains or strung thornapples together, Amelia had gone through various stages of her infatuation for necklaces. The first signs of interest showed themselves unmistakably in her expression.

The peddlar quickly perceived his advantage. The beads were indeed bizarre; an odd pot-pourri of all colors, every bead fashioned in a fancifully dainty conceit and invested with a perfume more delicate than the fragrance of spice woods at twilight. He extended them toward Ameila with a smile which was reflected less pleasantly in his eyes.

"Here, allow me. I will clasp them for you." The fastening was a pair of tiny

sea shells fashioned of mother of pearl. Amelia glanced down on them adoringly; their perfume, rising to her nostrils, strangely fascinated her.

"They ain't very dear, are they?" asked Amelia, her Yankee shrewdness still governing her desire.

"Well madam, they are most beautiful and they are story beads, but still for you I will not make them much. A princess lady in Samaturi it was, who made them, by hand, all by hand. Each day she took opium and dreamed, long dreams, but beautiful and strange. Afterward each time she made a bead like the dream and perfumed it also like the dream. For opium dreams haf many different perfumes,—I know. The princess knew of all Eastern perfumes, how to blend just so. But she grew poor after while and could dream no more. So see, the necklace hass come to me. Strange, madame, strange."

The story terrified Amelia instead of increasing her attraction to the beads. She tried to unclasp them from her neck, yet her hands faltered and she could not. Their perfume cast a strange spell over her; she wished them off, but could not bear the thought of being without them.

"How much are they?" she asked anxiously.

"For you they will be one dollar and a half. How cheap, how cheap!" he exclaimed, smiling down upon her.

"How cheap?" she repeated. At Farrington I got a string of beads twice as long as this for fifty cents—crystal ones, too. But them——," she said, and the rest of her thought was not spoken as she went into the house for the money, while the peddler smilingly packed away his things. Amelia returned quickly with the required sum, and the peddler, after a hurried word of thanks, swung down the flagstone pathway toward the open gate.

Amelia returned to the kitchen, thinking of the waste of time the peddler's visit had occasioned her. She took up the broom resolutely, but it remained in her listless hands, until she finally put it back again in the corner. With the parlor rug unswept and the sunlight revealing dust on the polished surface of the table, Amelia went to her room for her garden hat. Nothing seemed to matter. She skipped down the flagstone walk while the phlox and gladioli on either side like prim little country girls dressed in their best Sunday bonnets, glanced disapprovingly at one another. What did it matter to Amelia.

As she strolled along beneath the shade of the great trees bordering the road, Amelia dreamed a strange thing, truly. It was her courtship she dreamed of. Poignant forgotten memories arose of twilight drives with her lover, but the memories were not as the reality had been and Amelia knew it. Now she idealized their homely matter of fact wooing into an idyl of sylvan romance. It became a blend of moonlight, of trees whispering in the night wind, and the soft voice of her lover. And all the time she dreamed and felt the ecstasy of romance, Amelia knew that she had been cheated, that she had never really loved, until the pain of memory became greater than the pleasure and she felt as if she were looking into the empty abyss of her own life.

But the mood finally passed, as if one bead had yielded up the influence of its perfume and another one was now using its charm. A restlessness seized her instead of the dreamy, yet painful introspection of her former mood. Far over the fields, blue hills rose up from the level stretch of country; hills that seem to beckon her to cool shades and pine trees on their distant summits. She cut across the fields directly toward the hills, her body rebellious of the will which made her climb under barb wire fences and stumble over the rocks and tree stumps in her path in her frenzy of desire to gain the distant goal. The soul of the adventurer became hers without any of the care-free joy in the pursuit of happiness. She plodded through the fields until a wood intervened in her path toward the hill tops.

How cool the woods were after the heat of the open fields, and how soft the ground. Everything was so beautiful and so still after the glare of the sunlight on the fields of stubble, that she longed to thrust the awful demon of unrest from her heart and to sink down in the shadows. Ahead of her, she saw a single wild rose with a milk-white butterfly faintly flecked with yellow resting in its heart. The light fairy thing in the cup of the rose smote her with a sense of inexpressible loveliness, and she longed to have it just as it was. She stretched forth her hands to take the rose without disturbing the butterfly, but it flitted lightly away. Helplessly, unthinkingly, she pursued the light-winged thing until it vanished. Amelia threw herself face downward upon the ground, and all the time she sobbed for the lost butterfly and ached for the beauty now fled, she wondered and scorned herself unspeakably.

Lunch time had passed long ago, but Amelia felt no sense of hunger. She emerged from the woods and entered another field, but her physical weariness overcame her, and she rested against a hay stack. The calm, blue sky with its leisurely floating cloud galleons, troubled her. She fingered the chain and longed for emotional excitement—for a chance to use her powers. Suddenly a scheme leaped into her mind; the hills ceased to call her, and she hastened toward home, the newly devised plan dancing about like an evil sprite in her brain.

It was after five when Amelia lifted the familiar latch of the gate. She was dust covered, footsore and weary, but she hastened inside to wash and put on her most attractive dress with pale blue ribbons. William would be home soon. She sat out on the porch awaiting his coming, expectantly, excitedly, knowing that he would be surprised and bewildered to find her there instead of busied in the kitchen. Soon she heard his footsteps coming from around the side of the house.

"Why, Melia?" he asked, "what's the matter? Why're you sittin' out here all dressed up? There ain't been a church sociable, has there?"

"Why, William, don't get heated up; everything's all right. Sit down and rest a bit." Her glance and manner revealed a calm mastery of the situation and a delight in William's bewilderment. He sat down as she bade him.

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FROM MY GARDEN

By Hildegarde Hagerman

CRIMSON RAMBLERS

Oh gypsies of the garden,
  Red wine is in your veins!
You fain would be a roaming
  Along the village lanes!
Your sweet and placid sisters
  Bask, in the sun content
They have no wish to wander
  Where never roses went.
Your wanderlust who brought you?
  A truant butterfly—
A gay young blade, who whispered
  Of curious things to spy?
Who set your heads to nodding?
  Was it a wandering bee
Who buzzed that in the wide world
  Are curious things to see?
Oh, happy scarlet flowers
  You heed the gypsy call,
And, struggling up, already
  Peep o'er the garden wall.
Oh, gypsies of the garden,
  With red wine in your veins
God speed you in your roamings
  With summer winds and rains.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

Sister Lily of the Valley
  Little saint of purity,
From the silence of your cloister
  Breathe a silent prayer for me.
Little nun, whose spotless vesture
  Only seeking eyes can see,
From the greenness of our cloister
  Breathe a tender prayer for me.
Saint of flowers, whose fair soul rises
  In pure fragrance, silently.
From your dewy, peaceful cloister
  Breathe a prayer of peace for me.

LILACS

I've traveled all about the world, and learned its varied scents
I've basked in flower fragrance, incense, musk;
  But the smell that stirs my heart strings is no Orient piquancy
I've basked in flower fragrance, incence, musk;
  When I smell it I can see again a streak of sunset sky,
And hear a robin calling to its mate.
See the lilac bushes quivering beneath their purple plumes,
And a small white figure standing at the gate.
Yes, to you the rose's perfume may recall a vanished love,——
Or the scent of forest pine trees, dark and slim;
But to me there's just one fragrance that has power to summon ghosts,——
It's the scent of the lilacs through the twilight dim.

COLLEGE WOMEN IN OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD

WOMEN STUDENTS AT OXFORD

Jean M. Douglas

ON WISCONSIN "school" begins and "school" closes. In England no one goes to school after the age of nineteen, and the distinction that we make here is based on something more than a mere word. Our Oxford is a university, because we learn there in a less formal and coerced atmosphere than in our school days. In comparison with an American university, too, there are fewer set tasks, less elementary teaching, and greater freedom of research for undergraduates. Graduate work is less developed, partly because the need for it is not so much felt.

Women are at a disadvantage with men at Oxford, to a slight extent in their work and more noticeably in their amusements. Oxford was originally designed for men's study and men's enjoyment; the great show places are the men's colleges, with their halls and chapels; the men's playing fields and gardens form the background of green turf and bright flowers on which the gray buildings stand. The women's colleges are modern, and have nothing interesting to show to the tourist. Everywhere in Oxford one sees the lordly undergraduate in his clumsy gown, the scholar flaunting his angel-sleeves, the don in decent black robes; and as they troop into the panelled college hall for a lecture, half a dozen women in heterogeneous clothes come after them, bringing in a note of modernity which is only incongruous.

In comparison with the historic glories of Eights and the Union and Commem, the life of women students at Oxford looks rather mild and uninteresting. Dances during term are forbidden them, and tea parties and hockey marches form the greater part of their amusements. Unless a woman definitely knows some of the men undergraduates from the start, she may never get to know any at all; for there is no official exchange of hospitality. Chaperoning rules are on an old-fashioned basis, owing chiefly to the suspicious attitude of the male university. A girl student may not walk or boat alone with a man who is not her brother. A girl student going to a lecture where she is the only woman is accompanied by a funny little old official chaperon, who generally knits all the time. Rather a quaint rule provides that the presence of a don from one of the women's colleges in the theatre chaperones all the women students who may happen to be there. On the other

hand, there is a group of girls who come up merely "to have a good time," and this fact proves that a good time is to be had. Few meals are pleasanter than those eaten in an undergraduate's rooms in one of the old college quads; and there is a good deal of hospitality in Oxford society, which is not, as in America, rigidly divided up into faculty, graduates and undergraduates.

The principal things that count in the average woman student's life, apart from work, are intellectual interests and sport. One works or goes to lectures in the morning; the afternoon is kept free for hockey, or tennis, walks or going on the river. After tea—if the tea party does not last too long—there are two or three hours for work before dinner; and in the evening one goes to the Dante Society, or the Philosophical Club, or gossips round the fire. Some people find their chief interest in politics, and are in their glory during a General Election; some thrill over the latest poetry and discuss Masefield and Tagore and Walter de la Mare by the hour together; many are vaguely stirred by the thought of social justice. At the time when I was at Oxford each of the four women's colleges was commonly supposed to bear a different characteristic; St. Hilda's was a glorified boarding school, redeemed by a riverside garden and a view of Magdalen Tower; St. Hugh's was just broadening out of its earlier Charlotte Yonge atmosphere; Lady Margaret Hall contained the largest proportion of well-dressed girls of the leisure class; and Somerville was divided between the Socialists and the Anti-Socialists.

Including the Home Students, there are perhaps four hundred women studying at Oxford. The majority stay up for three years and take the same examinations as the men, not, however, counting as members of the university or receiving any degrees. The work is, as I have said, not so much like school lessons as the undergraduate work in an American university; and there is no system of giving credit for attendance at lectures; it is the final examination which counts. Hence a student is much more free to take time for reading and less tied to attending lectures; hence, also, it is possible to do nothing for nearly three years and then work furiously for a couple of months. The terms are eight weeks long, and are so arranged that only six months of the year are spent at Oxford, a certain proportion of work being kept for the vacation. Most of the women take History, English or one of the language schools, comparatively few being well enough grounded in Classics to read for *Literae Humaniores*, which is considered the best that Oxford can give.

The war, which has altered the general aspect of Oxford so much, has had its slightest influence on the life of the women students. But, as nothing in England has been quite the same since the beginning of the war, it is certain that the atmosphere of our Oxford is changed with everything else. It is difficult to give, within the limits of a short article, any clear and at the same time truthful account of women students' life at Oxford. Far more difficult, then, is the rendering of the flavor that belongs in one's memory to that delightful time. To recall one's college years is to see again the fritillaries in the grass on May morning; to describe them is, I fear, to offer a handful of faded flowers.

THE EDUCATIONAL STATUS OF CHINESE WOMEN

By Flora M. Carncross

CHINA IS promising a most wonderful future, and that future is to include both sexes; for the women of China are emerging from the background of ignorance and superstition and filth which has claimed them these many centuries. The reserve of ability and power of which they have not been conscious is coming out now in this great upheaval as a surprise to the Chinese nation. They are suddenly remembering that they have not been living up to their ability or their rights.

By those who have had any real acquaintance with them these women are called modest, graceful, attractive, of much character and womanly.

It is a joy to see their handsomely done embroideries and a surprise to know of the really exquisite paintings that some have accomplished. They have made good contributions to poetry and the only daily newspaper in the world published exclusively by women was started in 1906 in Pekin by Mrs. Chang.

One series of Chinese books is called the "Four Books for Girls." The first of this series was written by Lady T'sao, a Chinese woman of official family, in the same era in which St. Paul wrote his epistles. The relatively small number of women who are able to read have studied these and the classics,—excellent literature to put into their hands. But the modern novel which is flooding the Chinese market in these latter days is perfectly vile. It and the cigarette are coming to mark a very large class of girls of the present day to whom liberty is so new and dazzling that it means license.

Western learning has come to them recently by leaps and bounds. There was suspicion and prejudice and credulity to be overcome, and there were suitable teachers to be secured and proper curricula to be fitted to their needs.

In 1906 when the committee of three Chinese men was sent to Europe and America, one of the injunctions given them by the Empress Dowager was to enquire especially into the education of girls in the United States, as she hoped on their return to be able to found a school for the education of the daughters of the princes.

Yuan Shih Kai, now president of the Chinese Republic, said at that time: "The most important thing just now is that the women be educated." Indeed, in many parts of China to-day, the officials in authority assert that they will not recommend a young man for official position unless he has an educated wife.

The following incident shows the energy with which the idea was taken up by the higher class as soon as the edict allowing girls' schools went forth. A Chinese lady

in Honan opened a school and easily raised the money for its support the first year. The second year it was not so easy. She sent letters to the officials, but they did not respond. She then cut a great gash in her arm and sat out in a public place at the temple fair to attract the attention of the passers-by. This also failed to secure the needed amount. She then wrote a letter to the officials saying, "I have already asked you for help for the support of my girls' school, but you have turned a deaf ear to my appeal. When this reaches you I shall be a corpse. I propose to take my life and try in this way to impress upon my people the importance of the education of girls." She took her own life and at once memorial services began to be held all over the empire. This publicity of course brought the needed funds.

China's impetus toward education for girls is largely due to the educational institutions established there in the last fifty years by missionary enterprise. She has shown her appreciation of them by adopting wholesale their ideas and their curricula.

It is a great satisfaction to see not only the primary and high schools, but the normal and kindergarten training schools, the medical and nurse schools, and the colleges being systematically opened in the various centers of the vast republic of China.

Because of their social customs there is very little co-educational work in China. In the colleges, if the men's and women's buildings are near the classes are sometimes united to save the time of an instructor.

This plan of having a boys' and a girls' boarding school in the same center is usually followed and the results from a missionary's standpoint are sometimes interesting. At Chinkiang, one school happens to be a Presbyterian and the other Methodist, and it follows that the Methodists are largely training wives for Presbyterian ministers and teachers. It seems to be a happy combination and therefore the principal of the girls' school is satisfied with the recompense of witnessing the proposals and hearing the shy "Okun" (I am willing). At the present rate of social advance where the lovers are beginning to follow the "foreign fashion" and get along without a "go-between," it is indefinite how long even this reward will be hers.

The teaching in nearly all of the schools, both government and mission is in the Chinese language with one hour or two given to the study of English as a "foreign language." This is not true of the higher schools where the best texts and references have not been translated. Neither is it true of the music because China has little to offer here and not much has been translated.

The mission schools there often have the fault of an overcrowded curriculum, since the temptation is to give in addition to the Bible studies and the Chinese readers and classics, a transplanted American or English schedule.

The Continuation Committee of China established at the Edinburgh Conference of 1912, and composed of Chinese, American, English and Europeans is the latest and greatest effort to solve these and many other problems, and it looks as if China might have the benefit of the valuable les-

sons that the more advanced nations have been learning by hard experience.

There has come to be a feeling of interdependence between the mission and the government schools in many sections. The government and the private girls' schools want the thoroughly trained teachers from the mission school and the graduates are eager to accept this opportunity for service.

There is excellent co-operation also between the different missions. Above and sometimes in the high school, the educational work is carried on by a union of the different denominations. An example of this is seen in the Woman's College, which is to open in Nanking this fall. Mrs. Thurston, a Congregationalist connected with the Presbyterian mission is to be President and each mission represented—I think seven have already pledged support—furnishes its instructors as needed. The Methodist Mission has Miss Elizabeth Goucher, daughter of the long-time president of Goucher College, as its able representative.

One likes to think a real beginning has been made, and when we see the splendid Chinese women already at work, as homemakers, teachers, doctors and nurses, there is encouragement even for the vast area of China.

The lack of teachers and the Revolution with its accompanying disturbances of the last few years have hindered progress, but the die has been cast and China's womanhood is to be counted on for good.

One now often hears: "Is it possible that Chinese girls are so bright and so good looking!" for the Chinese girl or woman educated in a Christian school stands apart in appearance from the other Chinese girls. The face of the latter shows the blankness of ignorance and superstition; that of the former the light of knowledge and of awakened responsibility.

WINKEN, BLINKEN, AND NOD

By Maude Louise Parker

"'Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,'"
And I cuddled close to my mother dear,
For I think that my baby-heart knew
Why sudden her arms grew tight about me
As she rocked and she sang, so tenderly.

"Sailed to the land of the crystal light,
Into a sea of dew—"
And the soft voice stopped, but I asked for more,
Murmering, 'I love you.'
And the song went on, and I grew content,
But I think that my baby-heart knew what it meant.

"And Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,"
And something moist fell on my soft brown hair,
As 'my little girl's sleepy,' she said.
So I cuddled close to my mother dear,
But my tiny hand felt for the warm, soft tear.

And I never heard more of the old song
Nor know why the wistful tears
Start, as it comes to me over again
Through all the long, long years.
But I think that my baby-heart knew long ago
When mother dear sang it, and held me so."

THE SENSE OF ROMANCE

By Miriam Hubbard

"The Year's at the Spring,
The Day's at the Morn,
Morning's at seven,
The Hillside's dew-pearled."
Pippa Passes.

OMANCE! SURELY this is an unbecomingly adventurous subject to interest earnest, young persons in search of Truth! But, mayhap, it is Romance in its relation to a stout and solemn discussion of 'Love and Marriage'? Or yet again, it may be Romance of the "Romantic Movement," a treatise on Hernani versus Athalie? If not these, what then? What is Romance?

Romance, I say, (and I admit there is a certain relish in the statement) cannot be defined. What? Cannot be defined? Indeed! This is certainly an unbecoming subject.

But let me explain. Romance cannot be defined because the very cast and form of language will not admit of the expression, in words, of pure emotion. Language is admirably fitted to the expression of tangible reaction and reasonable thought. But it is too stiff and rigid a stuff to adapt itself to all the sinuous curves and crevices of emotion. Can you define "joy" or the " spirit of religion" or the "fine frenzy" of an artist? You can give circumstances and perhaps some tangible reaction, but the essence of emotion is not caught in the web of words. For emotion in all its warm, colorful, changing, melting form, cannot be dissected, analyzed into cold statements. They are too chilled a medium.

How then to proceed? By a most circuitous route. I can compare and illustrate and then, perhaps, some glimpse of what I mean may come. But it may well be that it is this very illusiveness that gives Romance its charm. If one could flatly define it, if moreover, anyone could say, "Ha! Romance. I shall now proceed to be romantic," then Romance would surely have lost its essential characteristc.

But when I have said that Romance is indefinable, who, it might well be said, possesses this impracticable quality? Children, I should answer, as a rule, put more romance into their lives than do any other class of human beings. This is so, I suppose because in the first place, reason has entered so little into their experiences that impression is, more or less, their medium.

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THE LIGHTS OF THE ALTAR

Iva N. Ketcham

SOME OF the streets were lined with catalpa trees that had shaded the walks from the sun early in the afternoon, and honey-locusts, which filled the air with the perfume of their great clusters of drooping blossoms. Beautiful, old-fashioned residences were set back from the walks, almost at the fartherest edges of their wide lawns, upon which the new grass had just been clipped, and the flower-beds weeded and watered.

A curtain fluttered at the window in one of these secluded houses, and a pair of lovely dark eyes looked out for a single instant from between the heavy folds. It was the house near the end of the street, the one with a thick creeper, and the front of which was supported by massive white columns. The dusky newsboy coming down the street raised his voice to a shrill falsetto as he neared the house and cried:

"Extry papah, hyeah; extry, ex'try evenin' papah, hyeah!"

A tall man in a gray suit coming from the opposite direction paused also in front of the house and took a paper from the boy's eager, outstretched hand. He opened it with a deft snap and glanced at the black-typed letters, which stood out boldly across the top of the page. He stood quite still and read on, not noticing that his thumbs were becoming smeared with the fresh ink, as he creased the paper to follow the heavily italicized columns to the end. After a few moments, a smile touched his finely cut lips, a smile which was triumphant, yet tinged with a singular wistfulness, the wistfulness, which after the hurt has passed away, becomes stamped upon the faces of those who have met life and conquered it. As he turned the front page back and spread the paper open, he looked up. The newsboy was watching him with mingled surprise and anxiety. The man caught the expression upon the round black face and laughed, his eyes lighting up with a sudden roguish twinkle.

He thrust his hands into his gray serge pocket and drew out a coin, flipped it between his thumb and forefinger and held it out to the waiting boy. "Here's your nickle, Sammy. Why didn't you speak up when you saw that I'd forgotten you? Eh?"

The dusky palm closed over the nickle and then a grin showed all of Sammy's ivory teeth. "I was jes' a waitin' suh, till yuh looked up. I was mighty sho' you would when yuh finished readin' all about yosef in de papah, suh."

"Well, as long as you were certain I would look up, that's the main thing. But Sammy, don't forget to bring my morning

paper down to the office bright and early. That's the only time I get to read it."

Sammy dug his bare toe into the gravel walk and murmered bashfully, as the tall man took a step forward; "I'se powerful glad, Mistah Clifford. All de folks in dis yere town am glad, too. Dey say you'se a great man."

"Thank you, Sammy, that's the highest tribute which can be paid to a man, but—" and his eyes twinkled again. "You musn't believe all that your paper says. I don't."

He went on up the street, his shoulders squaring unconsciously, his head tilting back just a little, and his firm easy tread crunching the gravel. Sammy looked after him with an idolatrous admiration in his sooty black eyes. Then, he hitched the strap of his canvas bag a trifle higher upon his shoulder, glanced down at his slim bowed legs, attempted to turn his pigeon toes outward, and strutted off down the walk, muttering aloud:

"Dat sho' am de greates' man in de world. Golly, if jes' mah name was in de big lines ob de papah lak' his'n!"

The tall man had gone only a short distance when a smothered exclamation escaped his lips. His eyes had fallen upon the second page of his paper from which a pictured face smiled up at him. At that same moment the hand which held the curtain back from the window in the house at the end of the street, trembled slightly, then clutched the clinging lace for a long moment. A sharp sigh echoed through the room. A strange expression came into the dark eyes, and then the curtain folds settled back into place again.

The woman turned slowly from the window and pressed one of her arms against a tapestried chair which stood in a direct line from a round mahogany table in the center of the room. A book, bound in brown leather, lay upon the embroidered square which covered the center of the table-top and hid a small section of the rich wood. She bent forward just a little as though there was something out there, just beyond her velvet green lawn, which called to her with a voice stronger than her resisting will. She took a single step toward the window, her dark eyes lighting with a curious tenderness, her lips quivering and red, and then, as though impelled by some secret force, she glanced back over her shoulder. Her eyes lingered for a swift second upon the book lying upon the linen square. She looked away from it with a visible effort, and reached out toward the window with an uncertain movement of her slender hands. As if in spite of herself, her gaze was drawn back to the table again. She turned half-way around and stared at the brown volume as though she could see no other object in the room. Her pale face gleamed like a cameo in the half-light, as, without taking her eyes from the book, she crossed the room and went over to it with hesitating, silent steps, her silken gown trailing over the rug with a soft swishing sound.

One of her hands fell lifelessly upon the closed volume and a few murmured words, quite inaudible, died upon her lips, as she picked it up, held it tightly to her, and closed her eyes, so that she might not look

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PURELY EDITORIAL

Editor's Note—The columns of the Wisconsin Magazine are open to signed communications regarding affairs providing they are of moderate length. Literary contributions are welcome and should be addressed to the editor-in-chief. The price of this magazine is one dollar and fifty cents for the college year. Single Copies, 20 cents at the news stands.

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THE PLACE OF THE COLLEGE LITERARY MAGAZINE

EVERY COLLEGE or university which grants degrees puts forth at intervals various kinds of publications,—bulletins, catalogues, year-books, magazines, pseudo-newspapers. Some universities issue annually a "five-foot shelf" of literature; some colleges put out but two or three inches of printed matter per year. Some of this work represents administrative initiative, for instance, the college catalogue; some represents faculty production, as do bulletins containing the result of research work; still others are indicative of student effort, such as the year-book and the daily paper. But whether the institution be large or small it has, in an inconspicuous place, a slender periodical which is the repository of serious student effort along the lines of literary work. The smaller the college and the less bulky its output in print, the larger proportionate space this magazine occupies; the larger the university and the more varied its activities both inside and outside the class-room, the more obscure and unimportant the literary magazine tends to become.

And yet, the reverse should be true. Where the university is a large, vigorous,

high-voltage institution, where its staff for instruction numbers men and women of national and international renown, where the student-body is made up of all sorts of racial elements, and represents numerous geographical regions, as well as great individual variation,—there the intellectual life ought to be the strongest, and the visible expression of one side of that life most vigorous. Were the situation ideal, the literary magazine of such an institution would be swamped with material, would be able to exercise fine discrimination as to what it would publish, and would have a staff made up of students who felt that to be connected with the enterprise was one of the highest honors in the gift of their fellow-students.

Moreover, if the ideal condition existed, a "woman's number" would be superfluous; for men and women alike would submit material, and the contents of any one number would be selected for merit, and not simply because a woman did it! We have, fortunately, come to regard higher education for women as a matter of course, and to cease claiming peculiar virtue because lo! we possess a degree; but we still, alas, have "women's buildings" at world's fairs or expositions, and "women's numbers" of college dailies or magazines. When women students enter quietly and unostentatiously into all the finer and better expression of college life, achieving popularity through merit and through character, and bearing the burden of the day equally with the men students, learning "the give and take" of college life, they will be contributing their real share in coeducation.

What is their real share in the college magazine? Women are registered in relatively larger numbers than are men in many of the so-called "cultural courses,"—courses which should stimulate an output of literary effort both inside and outside the class-room. A short story, a poem, a one-act play prepared for a course and polished after the criticism of the instructor, should find its place in the college magazine. But besides this, why should one not strive to keep in practice after one has served such class-room apprenticeship, by continuing to write week by week and month by month? Surely ideas do not cease to come to a student when he has passed out of a course!

The truth is that in a large university, with its multiplicity of activities, curricular and extra-curricular, the intellectual interests which naturally find expression in a college literary magazine tend to retreat more and more into the background, pushed aside for more spectacular and—to the average student—more diverting expressions of the institution's corporate life. Writers like Mr. Kipling fear the "feminization" of culture; here and there a warning note is sounded against the tendency in our own country to leave literary interests too exclusively to women. It is not probable that such a situation confronts us; but if it does, let us prepare for it by doing work that is worth while. Let us serve our apprenticeship on college magazines not once a year, but month by month, using our influence for higher standards, finer discrimination, and greater interest in what ought to be representative of one

aspect of the intellectual life within the university walls.

Lois Kimball Mathews.

* * * *

THE SPIRIT OF PURPOSEFULNESS

If there is one thing more than another which has definitely characterized the activities of women in our University this semester, it is the spirit of purposefulness. We have at last awakened to the conception that every organization should have a purpose, a real purpose, or it should not exist. Following this ideal, honorary societies which have heretofore had no particular work to do, except the initiating of new members, have found something which needed to be done, and have set themselves to do it. Societies which in the past have been merely social are likewise following the gleam.

In our literary societies the same spirit is manifest. There was a time when the successful program-maker was she who could think of the "funniest stunts"—mock debates, farces, nonsense readings, anything to escape the "dry" programs which the term "literary" suggests to many people. But this year the situation has changed completely. The serious literary program, which at the suggestion of Dean Mathews, was adopted with so much doubt and trepidation at the beginning of the term has proved to be the one thing that has revitalized our societies. It really seems as though the Wisconsin woman's society is becoming too proud to be useless and too sensible to be entirely frivolous.

Ruth Boyle

A SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY

(Continued from page 5)

Ulysses, every flick of the curly tail, every twitch of the little ears. Then an impulse of adventure stirred him and slowly, experimentally, he put out a hand toward the enticing, bristly hide. What an unusual and delicious experience to touch something so living and breathing, and yet so alien, so different from himself, something he had never touched before, something which might turn round and bite him and yet would not do it because it recognized him as master. The novelty of the situation went like fire through the boy's imagination. With light, half-fearful touch, he began smoothing the animal's back, building up in his mind bit by bit, as he did so, a lively picture of what he intended Ulysses to be—at some time in the near future. He imagined the list of accomplishments he would teach his pet and the gentle yet masterful way he would care for it. Just as he began to picture Ulysses following him about like a dog, perhaps learning to sit up and beg for a cracker—any miracle was possible to the boy's active imagination—Jack started and the ungrateful little animal gave a surly grunt, shook himself out from his master's caressing hand and retreated to the other side of the pen. With a scarcely formulated sense of disappointment, the boy watched Ulysses nosing contentedly and unconcernedly among the leaves in the pen; then, slowly turning away, he followed the path toward the house. His mother found him, a little while before dinner, curled up in a corner of the Gloucester hammock, *Swiss Family Robinson* open be-

fore him. "Ulysses is doing fine," the boy replied loyally to her inquiry, "I just left him for a while so he wouldn't get tired of me." That afternoon Jack again spent some time alone with his prized possession, yet somehow he could not seem to call back the thrilling delight he had felt in the morning.

That night he did not dream of pigs but of a beautiful lady who kept offering him something and then taking it back again before he could see what it was. He woke with a vague sense of baffled discouragement and loitered nervelessly with his dressing.

"Hurry up so you can have Ulysses all fixed up before breakfast time," warned his mother as she passed the door.

Ulysses! Why, he had almost forgotten him. "How could I?" thought Jack with a pang of repentance, and he hastened down to tend his pet all the more affectionately to make up for the momentary neglect.

"Jack's doing well," observed the Judge after breakfast. "His memory is pretty creditable for a youngster." Mrs. Ellis was gratified and slightly relieved. "He must have remembered everything for himself this morning," she thought. "I am glad he's pleasing his father and I certainly hope he is really improving." Yet she could not help a vague uneasiness as the Judge reminded her of Jack's growing sense of responsibility.

The Judge took occasion to remark upon Jack's improvement many times in the next two weeks. Mrs. Ellis, however, was not quite so sanguine. In her mind was ever present the question of whether Jack himself was at all aware of this quality he was supposed to be cultivating. Helped by her frequent reminders, he did do fairly well in caring for Ulysses, but still there was an element of uncertainty about all his performances. More than once his mother filled water dish and food trough—to keep up a reputation, she told herself, to which Jack might very well live up—some time. Yet, though she kept excusing Jack's lapses as purely accidental, she at length began to realize dimly what the Judge did not even vaguely suspect; that any impulse to faithfulness on Jack's part usually came from his imagination rather than from his conscience.

And, do what she might, Jack's imaginative interest in Ulysses was inevitably waning. Hanging over the edge of the pen one morning, rather from habit than from any special pleasure derived from the position, his meditations were broken in upon by the cheerful, thin voice of Seth Baker, son of Ulysses' former owner. "Say kid, how's Merry Christmas getting along?" Jack looked up, puzzled, then, the truth suddenly flashing over him, he drew himself up with dignified superiority.

"His name is Ulysses now," he remarked cuttingly and distinctly, "and he's getting along fine, thank you, since he got here."

That noon during dinner, mother and father were thunderstruck by the calm speech: "I've decided to change Ulysses' name after all. The Baker's used to call him Merry Christmas and it was mean to change it. Anyway, Merry Christmas seems to be a pretty good name for him."

Next morning before breakfast, mother, making her habitual hurried visit to the back lot, found the water-dish empty. A few minutes later, returning toward the pen, whom should she come upon but the worthy Judge, bound in the same direction and actually carrying in his hand the very water-dish of Ulysses (or Merry Christmas as we should say now) which he had just been filling at the hose. The evidence was too complete. Both Judge and Mrs. Ellis looked at each other in surprise and alarm.

"Have you been doing Jack's work ever before?" Mother demanded incoherently and with an odd breathlessness.

"Have you?" returned the Judge. Reading assent in her eyes he felt all his cherished plans for forming Jack's character collapse into the merest weak theories and dreams. For full two minutes neither spoke. Mother, with a sudden realization of the inevitability of this scene, wanted to laugh but did not dare. Then the Judge burst out wrathfully.

"And what has Jack been doing all this time? What that boy needs is something to teach him a sense of responsibility."

BLUE SKY ORATORY

(Continued from page 9)

over we had held a great number of street-meetings and had taken up a great number of collections, with gratifying success.

After the terrifying experience of pleading for suffrage in one's native town, speaking in the small rural villages throughout the county comes easy. In fact, it was often a *delicious* pleasure, for we met many interesting and unique points of view among the alert ranchers and miners, and we had great fun on our novel trips. Toward the end of the campaign we invaded the little towns in our county with the nonchallance of the chief officer at a sheriff's sale. We would drive into a village with a commanding toot of our much overworked horn, summon our little audience together, and hold meetings wherever there were half a dozen votes to be won.

Most of us were professional women or women earning a living at some trade, and those last three weeks before election were a series of almost all-night dissipations.

(Continued on page 28)

THE FIREFLY

Mary Morsell

I sat one summer evening, a dreaming in the dark
When o'er the dusk lull'd meadows, an evanescent spark,
A fairy gleaming firefly with ever tempting light
Came like a mystic phanton, before my half dulled sight.
I stretched my hands to seize it, but the e'er flitting light
Fled with an eeyrie swiftness, envelopped in the night.

I sat one summer evening, a dreaming in the dark,
When to my spirit's vision, there came a wavering spark,
A half-clear revelation, which to my groping soul,
Seemed lighting there before me, a distant dremed of goal.
I stretched my hands toward it, the soul enkindling light,
But it too, fled before me, a firefly in the night.

We worked at our business all day until suppertime, and then we would leave our offices behind, and go forth to conquer. We usually went in two's or three's, and sometimes by train; sometimes by machine, and sometimes behind a pair of good old-fashioned horses.

There were nights when two of us would take a pair of stout horses and drive to the little mining camps some twenty or twenty-five miles up in the mountains, near the Main Divide of the Rockies; and there we would hold rousing meetings,—sometimes out in front of the village hotel-bar-room-postoffice, and sometimes, when it was too cold to keep an audience standing out under the chilly stars, we would make our pleas in some funny little hall, by the light of a smelly kerosene lamp. I remember one occasion when our little audience sat on a few back-less benches in a queer little hall in which two buggies, which had been stored for the winter, took up most of the floor space, and our only light consisted of two tiny little Christmas tree candles fixed fast to a board.

When we transferred our blue-sky talks indoors at these little mining camps, we would usually wind up with a dance. Some one in the village would have an instrument of some kind, and in rare instances there was a piano in the hall. And we would dance with all the unconvinced gentlemen, and would take our departure only when it was clear that we had discharged our social obligations creditably.

Experience soon taught us that we could attract a good sized audience at a moment's notice on a street corner; while no matter how well advertised an indoor meeting was, or how prominent the speaker of the evening we could never attract more than a handful of listeners, most of whom usually came because they were already in favor of suffrage and they wanted to encourage the speaker.

Yes, the campaign was strenuous. And now that it is all safely over, it seems vastly more amazing than it did while we were in the thick of it. The determined way in which the most fastidious of us calmly repudiated the needles of public opinion in our shocked little community strikes me now as nothing short of marvellous. The audacity with which we flung our glove into the ring, the desperate defiance of Dame Grundy's rules of order, and most of all, that first unique invasion of the little city's propriety when we prefaced our blue-sky debut with that absurd little parade, appeal to me as the most astounding performance in which I had ever indulged. And I am sure that I have the sympathetic endorsement of many of my co-workers when I say that nothing could ever induce me to endure the initial tortures and humiliations of it all again—unless it were a cause just as burning, just as dominant, just as vital to the interests of the community and to the principles of right and justice as the one for which we dared before.

THE SENSE OF ROMANCE

(Continued from page 20)

Their lives have something of a misty quality, shaded now with gladness and then tinged dark with not melancholy, for that implies "temperment"—rather miserableness. This is the soil for the romance peculiar to children.

And then children have so little influence over their environment that it holds little of adventure for them. They almost never feel the "wheel under their hands." So they live their lives in terms of magnificent, strange things that happen far away, in other countries, in other ages. The child can never be content to accept what comes to him just as it is. No, if it is to have interest for him, he must clothe it in strange colors till it loses all semblance of ordinary mien. If he wants to enjoy some lovely bit of scenery, if he looks down a long valley, threaded with a river, patterned with woods, he will people it with King Arthur's Knights all riding to the fray, he will fill it with lurking Indians, waiting in the shadows of the trees, bow in hand. Then will he thrill to the adventure of it all and probably slide down the bank to help.

I wonder what child has not mutilated the back-yard by digging pirates' caves. And I wonder if anyone can forget the thrill with which he buried "treasures" under the syringa bush behind the house to keep till spring? And can you not remember lying crouched in the top branches of a big tree, waiting for *Indians?* And did you never "make believe" that when you were scolded you were the youngest prince to whom all the others were cruel?

The first unpeopled romance that I can remember was one time lying in the tall grass at the end of the hay field that bordered on the brook. I had been making tunnels in the yellowing hay, something which I knew was very wrong, but which was too enticing a pleasure to forego. Lying there in the sunshine with the brook splashing softly to itself and the wind bringing the odor of the white violets that grew farther down, with the warm content there came a feeling of the remarkable peculiarity of *just being there*. What a strange and wonderful thing it was to be alive. But I suppose that soon I began to put fairies in the tall alder-bushes and gnomes in the swaying grass. And undoubtedly I listened for Pan to play his pipes farther down the brook, where the wild strawberry bed was.

But Pan disappears for most people when the Seriousness of Life first pounces down upon them. And for many he never returns. For some he survives the "Rubiayat" stage, when melancholy is the wonderful experience. Romance cannot live in that sad air. Of course this melancholy is not wholly sad, and there is romance for the desolate Hamlets of fifteen who stalk mournfully about, just as there was when King Arthur, of eight, meditated. But at the last, this is a more conscious and less interesting variety of the pirate-cave impulse.

If Romance does survive, it comes back with a rush, wondering passionately at the world, at people, at the longings of the human heart. The world is not filled with fairies nor with King Arthur's Knights. It is peopled with *human beings*. Human beings! What dazzling complexities, what infinite possibilities? What a myriad of unadventured seas? Columbus, sail on, and on, and on. Indeed, why, I, I, I am he!

And then there is the world! Sunshined California, glaciered Alaska, dreaming India, seething China, all await our exploration. And the cities, New York, San Francisco, London, Paris—Paris! Adventure? Why, there is nothing else. Atmospheres to revel in, people one may meet and talk with, infinite longings, hopes, desires, gladnesses, personalities, all these to see. And to be part of all this vast welter of breathing, sparkling life. Ah, that is the wonder of it all.

But it may be that even if the "Red Gods" do call, call, you cannot "go, go, go away from here." One has to work for these humans with their dazzling possibilities. And the possibilities reduce to an unutterable sameness. Perhaps one does "travel" when one reaches a discreet age. But the zest has gone.

And so the glamor fades from the world. The butterfly's wing is brushed. Life is a serious and drab affair. Romance is ended. The Lady has flown to other lands.

But why should it end thus? Why cannot one carry the spirit of adventure all through life? Why should a sunset become merely a dab of color in the west, and the wind on the mountaintops become merely "invigorating?" Why should the perfume and the relish die with youth? Indeed, why should it?

There is in the world so much of delicious strangeness, newness, that surely one

"might live out one's life in one small village and always find some new and startling aspect to delight the eye." As for adventure why for that matter, says Robert Louis, "we are all old and young on our last voyage and we sail in leaky bottoms." It is an adventure to be alive. There can be a zest in everything we do, from walking in the woods at twilight, to slipping into the mail box certain long, thick envelopes, which we know perfectly well will come back, envelopes containing what one might call potentially immortal literature.

I suppose one can stroll nonchalantly into the hotel dining room, for the first time, but once, but one can thrill in being "at *college*" a thousand times and at being alive infinitely. One can experience that tang of conscious relish in living forever. The world is a drab and leaden affair if one cares to let it be. And on the other hand Romance can touch it with the colors of the Dawn.

Are we nearer to a "definition" of Romance? We have found the Romance of the child who lives his life in terms of characters, far removed by time and distance. Then the Romance of the youth who, like the child, finds most delight in what is tangibly strange and peculiar. And there is the Romance that survives these two, to give wonder to the common things of life, to tinge each day with color, beauty and to give perfume to every part of living. There is in Romance the breath of the hilltops of an April dawn. With it one finds exquisite wonder in the world.

LIGHTS OF THE ALTAR

(Continued from page 22)

at it. A chill ran over her and she felt dumbly that her fingers clasped over the book were quite cold. There was a slight rasping noise as the slender chain which was fastened about her neck broke against her tense muscles, and a locket of old gold fell against the table with a faint ringing sound, then dropped soundlessly upon the rug.

She started and uttered a low cry. Her left hand flew to her bare throat and her fingers pressed the slight hollow where the locket had lain. After a moment she bent her head, crowned with its masses of dusky hair, down over the book. She raised it a very little, opened its padded covers, breathed in a faint breath of rich leather, and strained her eyes to decipher some of the words printed upon its thin leaves. A paragraph near the top of a page blurred before her, but the words were so familiar that she knew what they were without being able to see them distinctly:

"It is love that makes the world young with spring, my dear, and that is why even though I am no longer young, I have come to you.

"He looked down into the woman's eyes, as she answered him in a low voice: 'But I would love you even though the spring never came. Something within me says that although we are not young still we are not old, and love is not for youth alone. It may come with the springtime of our being, but it lasts until the hair is as white as snow. And I—I would give myself to you even though I were no longer in this

world, but in some other where there is no winter or spring, only the Light of Love, shining like the sun, through the quiet of its eternal summers."'

She laid her pale cheek against the words and the tiny mesh of wrinkles deepened about her eyes as her mouth tightened with pain. A strand of her hair fell over the cover and almost hid her face. Out in the spring twilight, young girls with rosebud faces clung to the arms of their lovers, smiling husbands guided their wives through the home-going crowds, and sweet faced mothers held fast to the small hands of pink-cheeked toddlers, who waved bye-bye's to the passing pedestrians and gurgled delightedly over the sleepy coach dogs and fat puppies lying in the door-ways of the shops, but the beautiful woman who stood in the dim light which came through her heavy curtains, was quite alone. Her hands had grown cold while she pressed the richly bound book against her throbbing heart.

A short space of time slipped away, but she did not move. Instead, she stood so still that the antique clock ticking upon the mantel over the fire-place filled the room with vibrant noises that echoed loudly in the corners. There was a flicker of light over the short grass upon the lawn, as the large arc-light at the corner flashed its white rays down the street. A moment later, a soft voice, strained to a shrill cry, called again:

"Extry papah, hyeah; ex'try evenin' papah, hyeah!"

It was Sammy returning from the cross

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BEADS OF SAMATURI

(Continued from page 13)

"I had a caller this afternoon," she announced. "Guess who it was, William?"

"Must a been someone mighty fine to dress up like that for," he said sullenly.

"Twas Jeffrey Hodges, William. You remember him, don't you? You were awful jealous of him when you both were courtin' me. He's been traveling way off in Japan and lots of queer places and——."

"And you put on your best dress for Jeffrey Hodges," he sneered. "No account fool! Always hangin' around every girl in the county! How dared he come to see you? Melia, answer me." William grasped the arms of the bench with his nervously working fingers, and leaning toward Amelia his hot breath felt on her cheek.

A tremor of joyous excitement passed over Amelia. She replied calmly, "Oh, he stayed a good long spell. In fact, I couldn't get rid of him. William, are my eyes very blue and my neck very white?"

"Melia!" he grasped her fiercely by the arm. "You let Jeffrey Hodges say things like that to you?"

"Why, William, don't get mad. 'Twas only a kind of compliment when he fastened the beads around my neck. Ar'n't they lovely, William? He brought them to me way from Japan." She held the beads up lovingly, knowing his torture, seeing his jealousy and distrust.

Quick as a flash he grasped the necklace, pulled it roughly off her neck, and threw the chain away with all his strength. A few beads fell in her lap. She tried to cover them with her handkerchief, then seeing

that William had noticed her action, held them tightly grasped in her hand. He mercilessly pried it open and threw the last beads far away.

"William," she gasped, "they are gone, they are gone. You don't know."

Her grief was only of a second's duration. She then came to herself with a start, as if from a dream.

"Was it a dream, William? I'm so glad they're gone." She felt at her throat. "Yes, I'm free. William, let me tell you. You don't understand. 'Twas all a lie about Jeffrey Hodges. A .peddlar sold me the beads this morning—I just had to have them, I don't know why. They made me so miserable all day. I even cried about a butterfly. Why, William, they even made me forget to pare the potatoes for supper. Ain't I the biggest fool ever?"

She arose with sudden decision and slammed the screen door behind her as she hurried impatiently into the kitchen, while William sat mystified on the green bench and ran his fingers through his hair.

he declared slowly. "It's mighty strange."

"There must a' been a charm in them,"

LIGHTS OF THE ALTAR

(Continued from page 35)

streets which formed a part of his evening route. She raised her head from the pages of the book with a quick movement of her lithe body. The cry of the newsboy came clearly through her partly opened windows. He was passing in front of the house, and, as she listened intently, she heard his bare feet scuffling the gravel upon the walk. His call came again, and it sounded a little farther away. Her mind's eye followed; he must be almost at the end of her lawn, in another moment he would be gone—. She dropped the book and it fell upon the table with a dull thud. Turning swiftly, she pressed her hand against the bare spot at her throat, and ran through the partly open door out upon the veranda. She darted down the steps and out to the walk. Sammy uttered a startled exclamation as she overtook him, but when he caught sight of her face, he stopped and looked at her with incredulous astonishment.

She held out her hand for a paper without speaking. Sammy took a long breath, and then a delighted grin parted his full lips.

"Wy—wy, if hit ain't Miss Cynthy! I doan believe mah eyes yit. Wy, I ain't sold yuh no papah for six yeahs. You'se been gone since I was seben."

She did not answer as Sammy placed a paper in her hand.

"Yuh remmbah I used tuh bring yuh papah ebery mawnin' dat summer at de big house back thar. Yuh remembah, doan you, Miss Cynthy? An' de brown cookies

yuh aunt Mandy used tuh gib me when it was a rainy mawnin'? Yuh remembah, doan yuh, Miss Cynthy?"

"Bring me another paper in the morning, Sammy. I'll give you the nickel for this one then." She turned quickly and hastened up the walk. Sammy heard her light steps echo across the veranda, then the click of the door as it swung shut behind her.

"Now, ain't dat funny? She knowed me, but she neber let on. Dat ain't lak Miss Cynthy, lak she used tuh be." He heaved a quick sigh. "She sho' am a beautiful lady. Dis yere town has got two folks hit can be mighty proud of, Mistah Clifford and Miss Cynthy. She done come back jes' in time to hyeah all about him."

Miss Cynthia crossed the thick rug which covered her library floor and pulled down the shades, shutting out the last vestige of gray light. She reached up for the small electric switch near the window, then leaned against the wall for a brief second before flooding the room with the brightness of the lamps. She turned the switch mechanically and drew a quick breath as the soft radiance from the chandelier filled every corner with a diffused glow. She went over to the table where the book lay and spread the paper open. The searching light touched the folds of her blue dress, brought out the creamy richness of her skin, and deepened the faint hollows beneath her eyes. The black letters swam before her as she saw they formed a name that was written in the hidden sanctuary of her heart before which the altar lights of her soul still burned, pure and unsullied. She placed

one hand upon the edge of the table to steady herself, as she read on. In some vague way, she grasped the meaning of what was written there without feeling more than a wondering, stunned surprise.

There it was, the story of his life. No one knew it better than she, and yet, it seemed something new, vivid, yet withal unreal. The story of his success was there also and the waiting world was applauding it that very moment. She turned the page back and spread the paper open at almost arm's length from her. A sharp cry tore itself from her white lips, for she saw her own face looking up at her; and, close beside it was another picture, a photograph of a family group. "Clifford Langford, Senator-elect, and his Family" was printed under the photograph.

It was ten years since her first book had drawn the attention of the nation to the secluded city in southern Virginia, and it was just ten years since she had weighed her future life in the balance and made her hasty, fateful decision. The gray-haired professor who had bent every effort to make her one of those rare women to whom the world is indebted, was dead, but memory had stamped her last interview with him indellibly upon her brain, for it had marked the turning point of her life. She seemed to see him run his fingers through his thinning hair again, push his bowed spectacles down to the tip of his nose, and look up at her searchingly as he said:

"A woman who marries must give her best to her husband, to her children. A wife cannot give her best to Art. You have

a great gift, my child. You must choose this birthright which has come to you as a heritage from long generations of men whose unformed thoughts have given you your thought, whose minds have molded your mind, and whose souls have caught only fleeting glimpses of the immortal fire which burns so clearly for you; or, you must take marriage,—marriage, love and home, which fill the life of woman from childhood to old age, in that they demand, aye, take the best."

She had left him and gone to the one man whom she loved with all the wealth of her dreamy, poetic nature, Clifford Langford, and told him on just such a spring night as this, that she was never going to marry anyone; that her whole life was to be given to writing books like the one she had just finished. Her dark eyes were shining with the wonder and joy of her triumph, her cheeks flushed with the warm beauty of youth, and, although a strange pain kept tugging at her heart, it only made her lips redder and the lights in her eyes brighter. He refused to listen to her, for he loved her as a man loves only one woman in his life. He had crushed her to him, while he pleaded with her, until the red tulip which she wore was a bruised, broken thing that lay like a crimson stain upon her white dress. When he found she was obdurate, and would not be changed from the sudden course which her fanciful impetuosity had mapped out for herself, he had snatched the blossom from her, almost rudely, and cried:

"Then you are free. You are free to go wherever you wish, all over the world, if

you must, for I shall never ask you to share anything with me again."

The years had gone since then, ten of them, and she felt, as she looked back over them, that a restless longing had driven her from one place to another as the winds sweep an atom through space. There was scarcely a spot in the Old World where famous men and women had lived, that she had not visited. She had wandered down the green lanes in England where the immortal Shakespeare had walked; climbed the rough hillsides where the fiery soul of Burns had wrestled with its pride and poverty; stood in great cathedrals where masses of stone were carved into delicate lace and a fairy network of spirals, and listened to the crashing chords of music until she fancied herself near to the throne of heaven. A slow barge had taken her down the Nile and a patient camel led by a black guide, had carried her to the bases of the ancient pyramids. She had seen the desert stretch away, burning with the glare of the sun, and watched the moonlight transfigure the scarred face of the Sphinx.

She had received a message one June morning while she was traveling in Italy that her father had been stricken suddenly and died. She hastened home and spent days beside his newly made grave which was close to that of her young mother. An overbearing sense of loss weighed upon her and she found that her thoughts turned to the man whom she had loved so passionately and had given up. She needed him, she told herself, more than she had during the lonely years that had just gone; needed him because her grief was so fresh and so

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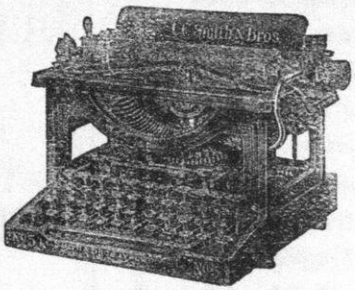

BALL BEARING; LONG WEARING

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bitter. One day she summoned courage to ask a maiden aunt a simple question concerning him. What she heard surprised her, but it also took away all the charm which the quaint old town had held for her. Clifford Langford had become a successful business man, and during the last two years had become manager of a branch office in Philadelphia, recently opened by the firm of which his father was president. She scarcely heard the rest, the story of his sterling worth, his masterful ability, and the kindly heart which had made everyone who knew him, a friend. There was only one thing that she realized clearly. She knew she had lost him forever; knew it then just as truly as she knew it three years later, when she read in a paper sent to her address in a secluded village in southern France where she was spending the winter, that he was married, and that his bride was a girl from this same northern city.

She started out of her reverie, for she heard the maid ushering some one into the hall. The door opened, and although he did not speak, her heart gave a great leap and she knew who it was. He still wore his gray suit and he held his hat in his hand. He crossed the room until he was within a few feet of her. Like a woman waking from a dream, she heard him speak her name.

"Good evening, Cynthia. I saw in the paper that you were home. We are neighbors, now, for I live just a short way down the street. I came in to wish you a happy home-coming. I wanted to be one of the first." His calm, friendly voice weighed upon her heart like ice. He spoke as though

he were greeting any one of his old acquaintances. She glanced at him quickly and she saw there was neither animosity nor sorrow in his face. There were a few new lines about his mouth, and stray threads of silver in his thick brown hair.

She tried to answer him in the same pleasant tone, but she could not utter a word. Instead, she glanced at the paper and forced a smile.

He did not seem to notice it; he, who had watched the lights and shadows in her eyes and tried to read her every thought.

"I believe you are, Cynthia. We have not seen much of you during these last ten years. I hope you will stay here during the summer. I should like to have you meet my wife. She has read all of your books and is one of your most ardent admirers. She told me tonight when she saw your picture that she did not quite understand how such a wonderful woman as yourself could live among such ordinary people as we are."

She did not answer for a long moment. The clock upon the mantel ticked loudly in the strained silence.

"Surely you won't refuse me your friendship. I have never done anything to deserve that. I have grown to think that perhaps you were right, hard as it seemed to me at first."

"I will be your friend, Clifford."

"Good night, Cynthia, and will you always remember that you have my best wishes and kindest thoughts?"

He extended his hand and held her own firmly in his. The color flamed into her cheeks and a shining light crept into her

eyes. He looked at her silently and it may have been that memory brought back a picture of her as she had so often stood before him with that same expression upon her face, in her girlhood, for a sigh broke from his lips and he turned toward the door.

"This is yours, isn't it?" He stooped and picked up the locket which had fallen from its broken chain.

"Yes." She choked back the sob that rose in her throat. The locket was one he had given her and it still contained a miniature picture of his boyish self, but he did not recognize it.

"Friend." The very corners of the room seemed filled with ceasless repetitions of it.

A vision passed before her eyes and she caught a glimpse of a bare white chamber down deep in her heart where a hidden altar had been raised, and, before which, her soul had knelt in adoration. The lights upon the altar flared up and revealed a word which her trembling fingers, with their frail strength, had tried to carve, "Art." Just above it was a name which had imprinted itself there and kept the tapers shining for years. Holding the locket tightly in her hand, like a crucifix, she saw the first word grow dim, and, as the lights burned low and flickered out, the name grew blurred and indistinct. Raising her hands, as if in supplication, she murmered something that sounded like a prayer:

"Friend! I leave this house tomorrow, never to return."