

Samos, in Russia and in Northern India.

The vast African deserts have probably afforded the only conditions which rendered it possible for the ostrich to survive. Its hardihood, its speed, its wonderful power of vision, and, above all, its fecundity, have enabled it to triumph over extraordinary difficulties. Probably a toll of four fifths of the young is paid to the skulk-

ing, loathsome jackals which dog their footsteps, in the breeding season, to the most remote and barren wastes.

The caprice of man has given the southern variety of the ostrich a fresh lease of being. And the foam-like plumes, the very incarnation of purity and loveliness, are as though blown like derelict blossoms hither and thither upon the unlovely, brown, rigorous face of the unregarding wilderness.

## THE BRIDE

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

*Farewell to himself  
That I left in his sleep,  
And God save him kindly  
And let him sleep deep.*

*And more shame to me,  
Creeping out like a mouse —  
A seven weeks' bride —  
From my husband's house.*

But I was born of the eastern world  
And I'll never be knit to the western places,  
And the hunger's on me, fierce and keen,  
For the morning look of the eastern faces;  
And oh, my grief, but himself is queer,  
With his cold, soft words and his cold, hard caring!  
(It must have been I was daft myself  
With the thought of the silks I would be wearing.)

Well, there'll be staring to see me home,  
And there'll be clack and a nine days' talking;  
But for all the binding book and bell,  
This is the road that I must be walking.

*And when they will ask him, —  
'But where is your bride?'  
Then he will be weeping  
The slow tears of pride.*

*And when they are prying, —  
'But where was the blame?'  
It's he will be blushing  
The thin blush of shame.*

But I'm destroyed with a homesick heart,  
And the likes of me would best bide single!  
I'll step it brisk till the evening damp,  
And I'll sleep snug in a deep, soft dingle.  
And I'll win back to the eastern world  
By a way himself could never follow;  
And I'll be lepping the streams for joy  
And lifting a tune by hedge and hollow.  
And if they'll look on the morning's morn,  
Rising up in the sweet young weather,  
Then they'll see me and the darling day  
Footing it over the Hill together!

# UNCLE SAM

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

THEY who grow sad over our lack of imaginative insight into the finer meanings of existence, and our consequent barrenness in imaginative creation, may find themselves rebuked, and delightfully rebuked, in looking at our cartoons in magazine and in newspaper. Can one be wrong in thinking that here, in these will-o'-the-wisp flashes of light and of humor on life, one finds a keenness of penetration, insight, and command of means of expression perhaps not found elsewhere in American life?

Best of all the cartoons which both reveal and point the way in our national existence, and certainly the best among the symbols which represent great nations, stands Uncle Sam. Delightful and inexhaustible is the play of imaginative conception in him and about him; in no other representative character is personality so clearly defined; in no other is the range of expression and of action so great. In his steady wear of stars and stripes, with his face constantly changing yet true to type, one finds in him much of the shrewd, old-fashioned Yankee, yet more of Don Quixote. How many are the pictures wherein these two chief strains in him struggle with each other, that keen, bargaining expression blending in puzzling fashion with the wistful look of errantry, of one who stakes all in a perhaps mistaken endeavor to help! Is it through a process of national growth in Uncle Sam, or a deepening penetration on the part of those who irreverently and affectionately in-

terpret him, that, as the years go on, the latter expression of chivalric quest seems to deepen and to gain upon the other?

Inexhaustible are his activities, and of endless variety the moments of thought and of action in which the soul of the nation has been thus caught and fixed. Uncle Sam, farmer, householder, and landed proprietor, has domestic responsibilities upon a scale never known before. One sees him, too complacently, — in a rich-Jonathan moment, — riding the reapers and gathering in inexhaustible harvests; one sees him waking sleepily from a Rip-van-Winkle drowsiness, to guard his forests and waterfalls from despoiling hands; or, with a face less firm than it should have been, settling a dispute among the children, perhaps in a threatened nation-wide strike.

There is often a fatherly or grandfatherly touch about him; guardian of western lands and seas, he has not only his own but his step-children to look after. Here he goes in the guise of a rich old gentleman, fantastic, almost foolishly good-natured, holding by the hand a small colored boy whom he has adopted, — the Danish West Indies, — promising him a gold watch and chain; there he sits, impatient, baffled, with fingers in ears, mouth grim, and hair in flying disorder, listening perforce to the children's row of Mexico, Cuba, and Santo Domingo dancing before him in the guise of sprawling infants, with toot, toot, toot of cymbal, drum and horn — Europe on the long-