

It was Packie who flushed now. Clifford gave him a look in which a dozen murders were concentrate. Then he read doggedly on: 'Get onto the movie dope, kids. He thinks he's Jack Dean. String him along; he'll be going to a beauty doctor next. Annette's dibs on it too; she's promised to tell

us the next time he—' Sudden sobs interrupted Clifford's reading.

'This case is dismissed,' said the judge.

It is recorded in the unwritten annals of the Jackson School that a fight was had that night behind Johnson's woodpile such as even William Farnum, in his screeniest wrath, never dreamed of.

## TO EVERY WOMAN

BY MARGERY SWETT

My years have walked through quiet ways  
That have not bruised my feet too much,  
And I have never seen my joys  
Turn black beneath my touch,  
Nor tasted wild, sweet, willful love  
And all its discontent;  
And yet, most strangely, on a road  
I walk not, I am spent  
By joys and agonies of which my years are innocent.

On golden hills the mad red grapes  
Press Bacchus' purple kiss against my mouth;  
The druid forests hold gaunt shapes  
That I have knelt to; and the south  
Pulls at my heart with every swallow fleet;  
Young children clasp my thighs, and all about  
The dust of Calvary lies hot against my feet.

I sometimes think all joys were mine  
That women ever knew,  
All woes and throes, all soft sunshine,  
All tears, all dreams, all dew,  
And all awakenings; that I  
A hundred times have climbed bleak hills  
To watch my lover die.

## FAIR ROSEMONDE

BY E. BARRINGTON

*In her little low house at Rouen the holy Canon of the Chapel of St. Nicholas noted down these words of Dame Petronille, woman formerly to Eleanor, Queen of Henry Fitz Empress, the Second Henry of England. Even then, at the end of her life, she trembled very exceedingly in revealing these secrets of the great. Yet, for admonition, they should be known. And what is here writ is true.*

### I

Of the Lady Queen Eleanor I would fain say little; yet must I, since all was of her shaping, and as she sowed so she reaped, and by the justice of God will so do for all eternity.

No greater Lady of birth and right dwelt ever in this world; for she was herself Duchess of Aquitaine, that land of the Trouvères and of song, and to the holy French King Louis was she wife, and after, wife to Henry of England, great lords both. Wherefore of this world's glories was she full fain and of them she fed full, and for this her immortal part mourneth in great torment.

I saw this lady first when she sat Queen of a Court of Love in Bordeaux, her chief city. By the river she sat, under a bower of roses — roses about her in myriads; and so strong was the scent of them that the Lady Alix de Coustances, seated at her feet, swooned from the heat and perfume. But the young Duchess drew it in smiling, and it flushed her face like strong wine. A rose herself, all color and bright flame she seemed among those other roses.

The Duchess Eleanor had plenteous hair, dark as night and braided about her head with jewels, for she would not follow the custom that a maid's tresses should fall about her shoulders or braided to her knee. On her head she had a garland of red roses and about her neck sparkling jewels set in fretted gold in the design of a peacock with spread tail, very precious, of Saracen's work, that her suzerain and lord to be, the holy King of France, had sent her. This lay on her bosom, splendid in the sun. She had a kirtle of cloth of silver that fitted her shape and full breast, and over all she wore a long white pelisson of great brocade from Byzantium, edged with fur of ermine because she was a sovereign Duchess. Very haut and proud was her face, and her long golden eyes that, seeming to see nothing, yet saw all. She had a trick of looking sidelong and smiling at a man beneath her lashes; and if on this he dared a return, she would flash a look at him that made him shrink. Yet a very magnificent lady, tall as a young poplar, and showed beneath her robe her silver brodequins that men said were the smallest in Christendom. But I have seen smaller.

Before her stood Bertrand d'Arles, the trouvère, and all round her sat the ladies and nobles to hear him sing, and the song he sang to his lute was a chanson of her own making. Wherefore she listened with a flush of pride and a musing on her that for once softened her into a girl.

And thus he sang: —