

little arms stole up and clasped the woman's neck. With a swift, strong gesture of reawakened mother-passion, the woman strained the child to her breast and covered the sweet upturned face with kisses. Mrs. Thrall turned suddenly to her husband.

"Dan," she said, with certain intuition, "you told that woman what it is to be without a child!"

Thrall lifted his head from the chair-cushion and looked at her. Her eyes were shining, yet through their mist a fire flashed

—the light of her pride. He answered her accusation with his inimitable mingling of humor and tenderness.

"You would be surprised, would n't you, Cecily, if I should tell you that I left the other woman out of the story?"

There was another light in her eyes—a spark, this time, of his own humor flashed back to him.

"I suppose," she remarked, unshaken, "that there was another way of telling it." But she had been a lawyer's wife too long to press the point.



## "FRAIL SINGERS OF TO-DAY"

BY LEE WILSON DODD

FRAIL singers of to-day, your song is sweet;  
 The words that ye repeat  
 Are comely, making music as they pass  
 Faint as the singing glass  
 Rubbed by a moistened finger; round and round  
 Circles the rim of sound,  
 A thin yet poignant cry. But yesterday  
 Men sang a manlier way,  
 Plucking rough chords of strength from lyres too rude  
 Ever to be subdued  
 By this slight tinkling harmony of the hour.  
 Awake, awake to power,  
 Singers of songs—else die! Far better mute  
 Were the emasculate lute,  
 Far better silent, than thus chirping on  
 An echo of things gone—  
 Gone down forever with all those mighty hearts  
 Who brook no counterparts!



## “THE BATTERY FOOL”

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL



ANAGUCHI is such a tiny place that one might pass and repass it many times and never notice the little house just at the end of the single row of buildings, where the rice-paddies come right into the village. It is not very different from the other houses, with its low walls of paper squares and its heavy thatch, so thick that not even the summer sun of Japan can send its heat through. In front the old cherry-tree and the clusters of flowers make gallant show of imitating a garden, but the glory of the place is the great wistaria that hangs over the corner of the house and drapes it with festoons and garlands of purple beauty. If you saw Kadzu at work in her rice-field, with the sleeves of her kimono tucked up over her shoulders and her bare arms plunged to the elbows in mud, you never would think that she was the pretty girl who lived in the little house and tended the purple wistaria so carefully. But Kadzu does not mind, and her mother is feeble beyond her years and cannot help much with the barley and rice that keep them alive from year to year to love and reverence their Emperor, and be thankful they had had a man to give him when he fought his war with China.

Kadzu remembered very clearly how fine her father was the day she and her mother went with him to the barracks gate

and said good-by to him forever. It was a very sorrowful day for little Kadzu, in spite of the great honor she had had of carrying the little bundle of personal belongings he took away with him. One of them was the photograph of herself that they found in his pocket, with one of her mother, after the battle where he was killed. Working away in the mud and water, setting out her rice, Kadzu smiled now and then at the thought of that picture, and recalled very clearly the last time she saw her father, when she peered through the iron bars of the barracks gate and watched his company drawn up for final inspection before going away. How well he looked in his uniform, tall and straight and strong, a very ideal soldier, even though he had been a farmer all his life! And thinking of him, Kadzu would think of this new war that was eating up the lives and the fortunes and the hopes of Japan. They had told her, some of the men who had gone away, that this was to be a great war for the glorification of *Dai Nippon*. Now there was to be won the dear revenge upon Russia so long delayed. She was well grounded in the Japanese teaching that revenge is right, and she understood how grand it is to exact justice by strength. Her father had often told her that. But she wished it could be had some other way, without the war.