

good-by—not really, I mean. Had to ring up Waterloo Station.”

“Oh, yes. I believe he’ll have his first tooth in a week or so. It seems a shame you won’t be here.”

It was a deliberate effort to make him unmask. He reflected that it was a shame. It is a wonderful thing for a baby to have a first tooth, very wonderful. But all he said was “Yes.”

A pause followed, and he gravitated toward the window, and looked out until the glass was blurred by his breath. She still seemed troubled with the knot of ribbon on her hat. Her back was still toward him.

At last he said:

“I’m awfully glad you’ll be all right about money.”

“Oh, I shall be splendid.”

“You’ll let me know at once if there is anything you want?”

“There won’t be. Are you—shall you be able to write every day?”

“I shall try. Dare say they keep you pretty hard at it over there. So, if I miss sometimes, you must n’t worry.”

“No; I shall understand.”

“That’s what’s so jolly about France, getting letters regularly.”

“I should have hated you to go anywhere else.”

“It’s a great piece of luck, the whole thing.”

“I’m tremendously pleased about it.”

“So am I.”

He was at the door now, swinging it backward and forward in his hand.

“Splendid; and I’m awfully, awfully happy, really.”

“Yes.”

From the street came the sound of a whistle, followed by a responding *honk-honk* from a willing taxi.

They both heard it, and suddenly his head pitched against the panel of the door, and he broke out with:

“O my dear—I’m—so—damned—wretched—so bloody—horribly—miserable!”

The *camouflage* was rent asunder, gone to the four winds of heaven, and there revealed were the naked, sobbing souls of two young people brokenly crying on each other’s shoulders, untidily knit in each other’s arms.



Verses for a Guest-room

By ANNE ARRABIN

I HAVE no pomp to offer thee;
Just my heart’s hospitality—
A little beam, but one to light
The lodging of an anchorite.

A slumber deep, a dreamless rest,
To thee within this room, dear guest!
’T is sweet to me that thou and I
This night beneath one roof shall lie;
For this I deem most dear, my guest,
In all the world, or east or west,
Where’er thy tarrying may be,
Blessed is the roof that shelters thee!



Europe's Heritage of Evil

By DAVID JAYNE HILL

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IN the retrospect of future historians the year 1914 may have a place not less important than the year 1453, which has been accepted as marking the dividing line between medieval and modern history. The fall of Constantinople and the establishment of the Ottoman Turks in Europe revealed the insufficiency of the bond that had held Christendom together. In like manner the present European War reveals the inadequacy of purely national conceptions for the complete organization of mankind; for as Christendom failed to unite the whole world by faith, so civilization has failed to maintain itself by force. Whatever the future of the world is to be, it cannot be a mere repetition of the past. There will be a new Europe, which will radically change the order of the old, and mark the beginning of another era in the development of mankind.

The great tragedy of history has been the conflict between the universal humanism that Rome endeavored to establish, first by law and afterward by faith, and the tribalism of the primitive European races. In the fifteenth century tribalism triumphed. In the twentieth, universal humanism may reclaim its own, and reassert the substantial unity of the human races.

In both instances there has been disillusionment. In the fifteenth century Christendom assumed the existence of a unity of belief that had not in reality been attained. Both the empire and the papacy, in which great minds had placed implicit faith, proved unable, in the face of racial conflicts, either to rule the world or to preserve the coherence of Christendom. All that had given grandeur to Rome seemed to have ended in failure when the

Greek Empire, the last bulwark of Roman imperialism, already long and bitterly alienated from the Roman Curia, paid the penalty of separatism, and fell before the Ottoman assault. With it the splendid postulates of the Roman imperial idea—the essential unity of mankind, the supremacy of law based upon reason and divine command, the moral solidarity of all who accepted the formulas of faith, and the effective organization of peace as a condition of human happiness—seemed to have suffered a fatal catastrophe. In place of the *Pax Romana*, *Faustrecht*, the right of the mailed fist, widely prevailed within the confines of Christendom. Slowly dying during a thousand years, the traditions of the ancient world, which the Greek Empire had endeavored to preserve long after they had been undermined by tribalism in the West, were now definitively abandoned. The future was seen to belong to the separate nations, which alone possessed a strong sense of unity. The disparity of races, the spirit of local independence, the conflict between the spiritual and the temporal forms of obedience, combined to render possible the development of powerful national monarchies, and dynastic ambition was eager to make use of them for its own designs.

It was Machiavelli who expounded the new theory of the state and the methods of securing its advancement; and in this he was inventing no system of his own, but merely stating in definite terms the principles which successful monarchs were already putting into practice. "The Prince," declares Villari, "had a more direct action on real life than any other book in the world, and a larger share in