

He stood erect over them and glared once more at the open lake. Grief had dulled his thoughts. It had numbed his hands, had stopped his ears to the thunder of the wind, had cast a film across his eyes, had silenced his mutinous tongue. The weariness of immense and unrewarded labors hung like great sea anchors upon his back.

Once he looked at his brothers, dripping and very still upon the sand.

Once he looked at the lake, once at the sky.

Once he shook his fist at the howling winds, a gesture of obstinate defiance hurled full in the face of Destiny.

And then he looked at his despised half-sister, who had moved closer to him upon the sand.

And her eyes were not the eyes of Levi, for Levi never wept. And her voice when she spoke was not the voice of Noah, for Noah never had sobbed between his words.

"Benjamin!" she said, and the winds caught up his name, flinging it mockingly into his ears. She pointed toward his father's house. "Come, bring them home."

A moment he did not answer. His mind was clouded with doubts, half-formed decisions, confusions, misty understandings. What he should do he did not know, until she laid a hand upon his arm, and he suffered it to stay.

"Come," she repeated, "bring them out of the storm."

With such crude gentleness as his hands could command, he lifted Levi first, because he had been elder, and carried him up the sand. Then Noah. The woman was waiting at the door of old Abraham Larkin's house. "Come in, Ben," she invited.

The door closed noiselessly.

It closed upon Josephine La Bonti and the brothers Larkin, Levi, Noah, and Ben. The sons and the daughter of Abraham's wife had come home.

A SONG AFTER FAREWELL

LAWRENCE LEE

O, long ago I thought I had forgot
Her beauty that was like a tree;
But every wind that blew said, "You have not."

The old men argued then that it was best;
Yet, even with their murmuring,
I dreamed of the young blossoms of her breast.

I tried to flee, behind the leafy grace
Of girls all cherries and white bloom;
But, as the moon, came her unvanquished face.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE USUAL SUBJECT

Sex Was Divinely Fearsome Once—and Charming

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

MY HAIR is gray. But then, it had begun to turn gray when I was twenty. My spectacles have tortoise-shell rims, but so, not infrequently, have the spectacles worn by youngsters. The combination of gray hair and big glasses, however, is serious, causing me to be addressed sometimes as Doctor and sometimes as Professor; and in consequence of my appearance things happen to me. One happened the other evening in a subway station at the hour when trains are few and far between.

I was returning from a journey, rather tired. As a train had just left, and as the next would not arrive for several minutes, I set down my suitcase and stood facing the tracks. I was quite alone on the platform. Because I was alone, and so tired, I fell into a brown study, very comfortable and soothing but at the same time perilous. In these days a man with gray hair and big glasses should keep his wits about him. I soon realized it, for suddenly I heard peals of girlish laughter, and an exquisite little creature of possibly nineteen spun past me, clearing my suitcase with a flying leap, and ran on.

Then came another as young, as mirthful, and as acrobatic. She,

too, leaped my suitcase. She, too, ran on. They stopped when they had gone a dozen yards or so, and wheeled about to survey the ruins of my dignity.

Now comes the interesting part. Feeling that I ought, somehow, to enter into the spirit of the occasion, I assumed an air of mock severity, which no one could have mistaken for the real thing, and exclaimed, "Oh, you naughty children!" At that, they looked horrified. Yes, shocked. A strange man had spoken to them!

Our train arrived. The mischievous young ladies entered one car, I another, and the affair ended, but not my astonishment. I, through no merit of my own, unless there is merit in gray hair and big glasses (which I doubt), had been privileged to discover something. Here I had witnessed a supremely audacious exploit of flapperism. Next moment I had seen how timid, how maidenly, and how all but mid-Victorian the flapper could be. I asked myself why we worry so much about flapperism. It is only skin-deep.

True enough, but the more I reflected, the more I seemed to find in the little occurrence on the subway platform a trace of the regrettable.