

The bed-rock, the granite formation, upon which great civilizations and powerful governments are built, is obedience to the law. That is the beginning and the end of all good government. Without it we cannot hope for happiness and prosperity at home nor for prestige and power abroad. We have arrived at the time when we can afford to, when indeed we must, invoke the old virtues, appeal again to the simple precepts of government, and make obedience to law a cardinal tenet of our political faith. We do not need a new faith. We need the simplicity, the directness, and the self-surrender of the old.

Throughout the land we need to preach the creed of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln with a tongue of fire. We need to have constitutional morality declared as was the Gospel of old to the high and to the low, for against this neither "things present nor things to come shall prevail." You can no more leave behind the fundamental principles of right and justice, of respect for and obedience to law, without paying the frightful penalty, than can a people, however high and strong in their material power, abandon the simple pronouncements of Sinai without sinking into utter degradation.

## A DESERTED GARDEN

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Some one living here—once long ago—  
Loved flowers well, I know;  
Through the gray crevice of a wall's decay,  
A red rose gleams to-day.  
The pink and blue of larkspur in the grass,  
Lift lightly as I pass,  
And bravely, bright—along the flowering walks,  
Still bloom the hollyhocks.

Some woman planted all of these, I know,  
And knelt to watch them grow;  
Something of her radiance and grace  
Still clings above this place.  
Surely I think the day she went away,  
She turned and wept to stay,  
Knowing how tender all the young plants were,  
And how they needed her.  
I wonder—is she living still—somewhere—  
And longs to give them care?  
Or, sleeping through the bright blue summer hours,  
Has she forgotten flowers?

# CIRCE

THEODORA DU BOIS

WARMTH of the summer afternoon lay upon him like soft silk coverings, and small dancing winds brought fragrances, pouring them about for his delight; the faint smell of salt from the south marshes, and cut grass from the lawn and roses from the moon-bowl on the terrace table. He was lulled by the hum and buzz of summer insects, and he swung the hammock drowsily as he read. Odysseus was in the hall of Circe, and her four handmaidens, they that were "born of the wells and of the woods and of the holy rivers that flow forward into the salt sea," were serving them. "Of these one cast upon the chairs goodly coverlets of purple above, and spread a linen cloth thereunder. And, lo, another drew up silver tables to the chairs, and thereon set for them golden baskets. And a third mixed honey-hearted wine in a silver bowl and set out cups of gold."

He was there himself in the halls of Circe, in that place with the "wide prospect"; and the walls of his mother's house of stucco and timber were gone, and there instead were walls of polished stone. And the wicker chairs of the terrace were silver, and the magazines on the table, with the wind idly flapping their pages as though trying to see if they held anything worth reading, were no longer magazines, but, miraculously, bas-

kets and goblets of gold. And the warm and somewhat melted "chocolate ammon' bar" he himself was eating was sweet honey-hearted wine and wheaten bread.

A cold nose poked itself into his hand, and for a second it was the snout of one of his enchanted companions; then, with a bark, it became the small black muzzle of Jock the terrier, Scot to the tip of his plummy tail. Shouts and tumult rent the spell of silence, and a whirl of lithe blue bodies and brown arms and legs burst from the house, slammed the screen door, leaped upon Derek's back, and resolved itself into Sonia and Charley, his young brother and sister just released from French.

"C'm on and be a brigand with us, Derek," Charley panted. "We're going to hide in the syringa-bush and shoot up some of the guys who come for tea and lift their jewels."

"No, no, not for tea, Charley, you poor cheese," Sonia objected. "Later on we said, don't you know, at night. It'll be more exciting. C'mon Derek, be a sport."

She draped herself over an end of the hammock, and her black bobbed hair swept the pages of Derek's book. The edge of the hammock must have severed her nearly in two, but she betrayed no inconvenience. And Charley bounced up and down on Derek's back shouting vehemently: