

he proved himself one of the most practical of men. What could have been more practical than his insistence that the Federal Reserve Bank law should be assured before any change was made in the Tariff? What more practical than his fearless support of the Selective Draft as essential to the successful prosecution of the war? What more triumphant than the way in which he led the whole country to "speak, think, and act together" (Speech of April 15, 1917), for victory?

He was a reserved man, but not cold. He was a resolute man, but he could compromise (as he did on the Versailles Treaty), for the sake of a vital principle like a League of Nations for the protection of world-peace. To this idea he clung. For it he laid down his life.

He once said of himself, humorously, "I have a single-track mind." But he did many things with extraordinary efficiency. It would seem to me more true to say that Wilson had a single star mind. That star is the hope of peace on earth.

## THE VISIONARY

BASIL THOMPSON

*Through night's moon-dusted maze to some bright dreamed-of dawn  
Baffled and dazed and caught in the shadowy mesh of the still,  
Sustained alone by that fixt and indomitable will  
Bequeathed him by a martyred god, he plunges on and on,—  
Blinded his eyes and his ears stopped and all his senses gone.*

*Himself both his creature and his creature's myrmidon,  
He fastens to a fancy as a child to a dime balloon  
Clutching the string that holds it against the draw of the moon,  
Hoping to save and see the thing by the glow of a risen sun,  
When the dawn that will never break breaks and the sought day is won.*

# The Little French Girl

*A Novel in Nine Installments—II*

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

*A*LIX de MOUVERAY, a French girl of sixteen, has been sent by her mother, Madame Vervier, to spend a winter in England with the family of Captain Owen Bradley, a young English officer whom Alix's mother had befriended during his furloughs in France in the months preceding his death. She is met at Victoria by Owen's brother, Giles, and taken to a country house where she is welcomed by his gentle mother and his noisy sisters, and where she meets Toppie Westmacott, a pale, saint-like creature who cherishes the memory of Owen, her dead fiancé, with an almost morbid constancy.

To Giles, Alix has confessed that her mother was divorced by her father, who died when Alix was a child, and that this incident embittered the last days of her grandfather's life at Montarel. Giles, who has shown himself kind and sympathetic, is strangely reticent about her mother, and this gives a tinge of wonderment and even resentment to Alix's otherwise friendly feeling toward him. In the present installment, the reasons for Giles' reticence are revealed in a painful scene that marks a crisis in Alix's life. As Chapter V opens, Alix is seeing Toppie alone for the first time.

## CHAPTER V

"TELL me everything; everything you remember," said Toppie. She was striding along over the heather, a gray woollen scarf tossed over her shoulder, a knitted cap drawn down closely over her ears, and she made Alix feel shy. She had seen that Toppie liked her, and she had foreseen that she would question her. But as she felt the pressure of Toppie's longing, she knew how little she could satisfy it.

"I think I remember him best of all as I first saw him," said Alix, searching her thoughts.

"Yes. As you first saw him. How did you first see him? He wrote to me often, from Cannes; so much about your mother; so much about you. He said you were the dearest little girl. I understand why he said it,—if you don't mind my saying so. But he couldn't tell me what I most wanted to know, could he? How he himself looked to you. What he said to you. How he seemed. You understand, I know, though you are so young, how one

longs for everything that remains on earth of anyone one loves. People's memories,—they are precious. You understand that," said Toppie, and Alix felt that only by the pressure of her longing was she thus lifted above her natural reticence.

"Yes, I understand," said Alix. "We saw him first on the great road that runs above the sea. Maman and I were going up and he was coming down, so that we saw him tall against the sky; limping a little as he came. He looked at us, and we looked at him,—it is almost as if one recognized the people who are destined to be our friends. It had been a mutual impression. We talked of it afterwards. We saw him against the sky and he saw us against the sea; as if we had risen from it like people in a fairy-tale, he told us; and Maman laughed and said that people didn't rise from the sea carrying parasols. I remember so well the expression of his eyes,"—Alix felt still shyer, but she forced herself through the shyness,—"gay and searching, like a dog's; out-of-door eyes. He had field-glasses in his hand. And