

the Greeks and Romans of the classical time and their successors of the early Middle Ages used capitals exclusively in writing their books. The development of small letters—the so-called minuscules—was a space-saving and time-saving invention of the monks of the seventh and eighth centuries. When the minuscule script had come into vogue, the capitals were retained at the beginnings of sentences, perhaps quite as much for their ornamental effect as for any other reason. And the same motive, perhaps, was instrumental in establishing the custom of paragraphing; but the need of word divisions and punctuation marks had made itself felt by scribes and readers who dealt with a language not their mother tongue, and these various accessories came in time to be regarded as absolute essentials.

The full elaboration of the system of punctuation marks now in vogue was, however, a work of even more recent centuries. No manuscript prior to the day of the printing-press is punctuated in quite the modern fashion; but, for that matter, the popular method of punctuating varies a good deal from generation

to generation. Just at present, for example, the colon is very much less in evidence on the printed page than it was fifty years ago.

But these are mere details. From a broader view it may be said that all of the modern aids to the reader had gained practically universal acceptance among the makers of books before the close of the Middle Ages. We have already seen that the books themselves at this period were almost exact prototypes of modern books as regards form and binding. Indeed, as already mentioned, the early printers made an effort to duplicate the written book. It may be added that it is sometimes difficult to tell at first glance whether a book of the fifteenth century is a specimen of early printing or a very perfect example of the writing of a scribe. It does no harm to recall that the connoisseur of the period regarded the printed book precisely in the same light in which a modern connoisseur of wood-engraving or etching regards a photo reproduction—as a cheap, meretricious, inartistic imitation, not to be countenanced by a person of taste or culture.

## A Pastel

BY MARGARET LEE ASHLEY

GRAY of the sand and green of the reeds,  
 Silver green, like a field afloat;—  
 Green of the water with tangled weeds;  
 Green of the moss on the gray old boat.

Gray of the sand;—and the fisher's hut  
 Leans as the gnarled beach cedars lean:—  
 How many years since your door was shut,  
 Little gray hut with your thatch of green?

Even the gulls have passed you by,  
 Hiding here in your veil of haze;—  
 Gray of the sand and gray of the sky,  
 And one late rose in a crimson blaze.

# Love, the Destroyer

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

THE story I am going to tell now is about something that happened to Mabel Blossom and me. It is very, very sad, but very interesting and instructive, and I hope frivolous readers will not turn from it because it has not a happy ending. It has wrecked our lives, Mabel's and mine; and as that is the saddest thing in the story, I will mention it at once, so my readers can get over it. Mabel and I know we can never get over it. We have come into our heritage of sorrow, and we realize that never, never again can we laugh, or share the careless pastimes of our young school-mates of St. Catharine's, or enjoy any more of Maudie Joyce's Welsh rarebits. But even though we are only fourteen we know that happiness is not everything. There is Development of Soul, and there is Fortitude under Affliction, and there are Heroic Endurance and High Nobility and Strength of Character; and somebody who knows life even better than we do said that no soul can be truly strong until it has been hammered good and hard by the blows of Fate.

So when I pointed out to Mabel how we had gained all these things, she admitted at once that they were better than mere thoughtless, girlish happiness, and that, as the poet says, we had climbed on our dead selves to higher things. Then we began to feel better right away, but we are not cheerful yet, and we are not going to be. We are just strong and calm and brave. That is more than most girls would be under the circumstances, I can tell you. I will now begin this story at the place where it begins.

For a long time I had been feeling unhappy. Sister Irmingarde thought it was indigestion again—she always does; and the girls thought it was a symptom that I was going to write another story. So Sister Irmingarde sent me to the Infirmary for some medicine, and all the girls let me alone, because they suspected

it was a plot, and they know I don't like to be interrupted when I am thinking of my Art. But this time it was neither a plot nor indigestion; and the strange part of it all was that I did not know myself what was the matter with me. I didn't know whether it was going to turn out to be a story or only typhoid fever or something. That was the way I felt when I went home for Christmas.

My presents cheered me a little. They were very nice, and a lot of them were quite grown-up things. For, as I have long pointed out to papa and mamma, I am standing with reluctant feet at the place where they cannot treat me as a child any longer. But even the presents did not help much, and I kept longing to go back to school. This was strange indeed, for though I strive to give my mind to studious pursuits when I am at St. Catharine's, I am always able to remember that the brain must not be constantly overtaxed, and that it is a comfort to forget all about the old books sometimes.

Well, one day I was at Grace's (she is Mrs. George Verbeck and the dearest sister in the whole world!)—one day I was at her house and she was at the piano singing for Mrs. Russell. Mrs. Russell was Grace's chum at St. Catharine's, and they are just as fond of each other now as they were in those olden times when they were girls. I remind Maudie Joyce of that sometimes when she seems to be afraid our friendship will not last till we die. Grace and Mrs. Russell have been friends for twelve whole years, and now Mrs. Russell's baby, Jack Russell, plays all day long with Grace's little boy, Georgie. Georgie is my nephew. He is 'most four, and that is another reason, I suppose, why my mind is so mature. Character develops under responsibility, and to be an aunt at ten was a great deal of responsibility.

Maudie and I used to plan how we