

in the midst of the elemental tumult, she had her first dim glimpse of responsibility. It was a blasting glimpse, that sent her cowering back to assertions of her right to her own happiness. Thirteen years ago Lloyd made those assertions, and she had accepted them and built them into a shelter against the disagreeable consciousness that she was an outlaw, pillaging respect and honor from her community. Until now nothing had ever shaken that shelter, nor had its dark walls been pierced by the disturbing light of any heavenly vision declaring that when personal happiness conflicts with any great human ideal, the right to claim such happiness is as nothing compared to the privilege of resigning it. She had not liked the secrecy which her shelter involved; no refined temperament likes secrecy. But the breaking of the law, in itself, had given her no particular concern; so that behind her excusing platitudes she had always been comfortable enough. Even that whirlwind of anger at old Benjamin Wright's contempt had only roused her to buttress her shelter with declarations that she was not harming anybody. But sitting there between William King and his wife, in the midst of decorously mournful Old Chester, she knew she could never say that any more; not only because a foolish and ill-balanced youth had been unable to survive a shattered ideal, but because she began suddenly and with consternation to understand that the whole vast fabric of society rested on that same ideal. And she had been secretly

undermining it! Her breath caught, strangling, in her throat. In the crack of the pistol and the crash of ruined family life she heard for the first time the dreadful sound of the argument of her life to other lives; and at that sound the very foundation of those excuses of her right to happiness rocked and crumbled and left her selfishness naked before her eyes.

It was so unbearable, that instantly she sought another cover: obedience to the letter of the Law—Marriage. To marry her fellow outlaw seemed to promise both shelter and stability—for in her confusion she mistook marriage for morality. At once! Never mind if he were tired of her; never mind if she must humble what she called her pride, and plead with him to keep his word; never mind anything—except this dreadful revelation: that no one of us may do that which it would not be best for all to do. Yes; because she had not understood that, a boy had taken his own life. . . . Marriage! That was all she thought of; then, suddenly, she cowered—the feet of the bearers again.

"I will be married—" she said with dry lips, "oh, I will—I *will*!" And Martha King, looking at her furtively, thought she prayed.

It was not a prayer, it was only a promise. For with the organic upheaval into her consciousness of the primal fact of social responsibility, had come the knowledge of guilt.

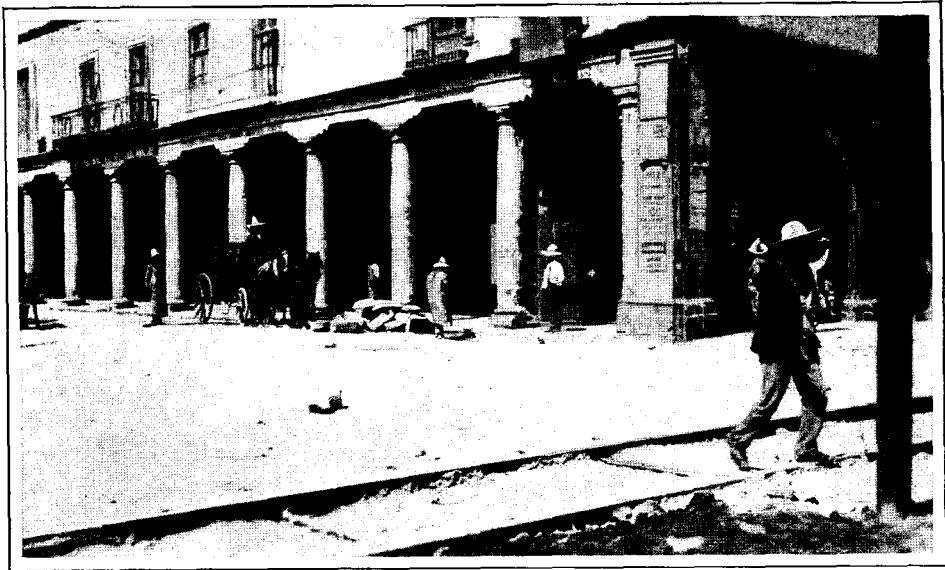
*But the Lord was not in the earthquake.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Nocturne

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

I WAKED from sleep, I knew not why;  
The air was with thy presence sweet:  
Yet no voice answered to my cry,  
Nor hand to mine outstretched to greet.  
The cold, dead moon hung in the sky,  
Wrapped in her misty, winding sheet;  
I listened and there loitered by,  
A footfall in the empty street.



THE PORTALES DE SANTO DOMINGO STILL EXIST

## A Return to Mexico

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

THROUGHOUT all my wanderings, byways and back streets ever have been most to my liking. On coming into a new strange country it is well enough, of course, to go a stage or two upon main highroads, and to be at least on nodding terms with city thoroughfares; but the folk frequenting such crowded places—having been rubbed into a sort of common smoothness by their constant jostlings—have ceased to be typical: and the traveller who would do more than tickle the surface of things must go aside a little—along the foot-paths where the common people walk, and into the little streets where in their own way they live their lives out—really to get into touch with that new strange country's heart.

Such browsings in nooks and corners have a pleasant flavor everywhere. Human nature is much the same the world over; and the world over—I generalize broadly from the few parts of it which I

have visited—the well-disposed stranger who stops in humble places to have a dish of friendly talk with casual humble wayfarers has no need to fear rebuffs nor coldness. For the good coin that he offers, honest change will be given him; and he is sure to pick up a store of intimate knowledge about the land in which he sojourns, and equally is sure to find himself engaged in many pleasing small adventures, if he will but make the most of his opportunities for wayside gossiping by clinging closely to the skirts of happy chance.

Here in the City of Mexico my most profitable prowlings still are—as in ancient times they were—away from the town's cosmopolitan centre into the outer regions where its truly personal life goes on. I confess that I had my hesitations about beginning them again; and even about coming back to Mexico at all. In the old years, when this city for a while