

darkens the shore to-night, was advancing over the sounding ocean the first time I ever held a jar of ctenophores in visible phosphorescence. And, upon that occasion, as now, when I held the vessel before me, hardly seeing it in the obscurity, when the mysterious bells glowed and flared again in intermittent fire, the dark, drifting curtains of the storm-clouds were themselves momentarily illumined by the lightnings' lambent glow. Within my hand's reach glowed the veiled, cloudy

tissues: out upon the dim horizon, upcast, irradiating reflections of interstellar fire brightened along the wind-swept borders of the storm. And, as I watched, again the ctenophore brightened; and once more the sky replied; for this life-cloud finds, in the vast, a great similitude to its fiery body of night, as to its rainbow-hued vestment of day, suggesting that greater similitude and veritable identity which our humanity believes it discovers in great powers not its own.

The City's Cry

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

THE City cries to me all day
And cries to me all night.
I do not put its voice away
When I put out the light.

With stars and frost and windy things,
Eternal things and still,
The City laughs and sobs and sings
Across my window-sill.

O Sky of Stars, how wide you are!
How swept with light you lie!
Yet never any leaning star
Can heed the City's cry.

I lay awake when past the roofs
The planets all were strange.
I heard the City's wheels and hoofs,
The City's shift and change.

The planets all were greater far
Than when I went to sleep;
And one long splendor of a star
Across the dark did leap.

But, oh, for all they were so proud
I heard the City cry,
And in my dreams I saw a crowd
Of wan folk herded by.

O Sky of Stars, though you are great,
Though dreams are heaven-high,
Monotonous and old as Fate
I hear the City cry!

The Eclectic

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

IT was already after ten, although no one had remarked it but Mrs. Archibald, who always impatiently lived a day ahead and who, even in this curiously intimate atmosphere, could not entirely surrender herself to the moment. To any one watching us, it would have seemed as if this group of men and women, talking, not in the least lightly, of other men and women, of the "adventure of life," and of the essential adventure of love—it would have seemed as if we were gathered about some common vessel, perhaps some invisible loving-cup, from which each eagerly drank, and which each in his turn as eagerly replenished. For it wasn't merely that by such participation thirst was stimulated rather than assuaged;—the desire, with each of us, to distil, and pour within the cup, the pungent liquid of his own experience, was no less obviously feverish. There was not one of us, of course, who did not suppose that he had effectually disguised his contributed essence. Yet it was almost like eavesdropping, I remember, to listen to the transparent generalizations of young Reese, who had been married only a year—and who, until the last absorbing hour, had found us rather an indifferent solace for his temporary bachelorhood. And once or twice I could see that discreet Mrs. Seabury's whole being was wrenched with the effort to translate an apposite bit of autobiography into something decently cloaked and impersonal. O'Neill, who was the only professional dinner-guest among us, did, as usual, a good share of the talking, but even he had yielded to the spell of veiled confession, and had laid aside his anecdotal habit. A remarkable and contagious intoxication prevails at such moments. One knows that he must speak; but does not ask himself why, and is far from considering what.

"That merely illustrates," Mrs. Seabury had offered, in her spirited way, in

comment upon a story of O'Neill's, "that our best energy goes to verify platitudes! We're all rebels when we're twenty. *Our* lives aren't going to swing tamely around the same old tethering-stake that kept our ancestors in that tiresome circular groove of theirs! But by the time we're thirty we see that our most profound experiences have had what result? Why, merely that of making some drab old commonplace stand out in letters of fire! It's so humiliating to have to rank oneself among the spiritual bourgeois. That's why the most ravaging experience is less painful than the sober, sensible conclusion it drives one to!" She looked about her in whimsical defiance.

Dwight, the widower, who was the only stranger among us, gave his hostess an understanding glance. "But that's not the whole story, Mrs. Seabury!" he reminded her, half lightly. "You know of course that there's an endless succession of such phases—rebellion and assent, rebellion and assent!"

"Oh, but I knew I had some advantage over you people who stop to think!" chattered Mrs. Archibald, within whose extravagant comments lay usually what to me was a quite fascinating kernel of truth. It had often been observed that ideas seemed constantly to be scampering through this vivacious lady's head like mice through an empty room; but she had no contrivance for detaining them. So she had to talk very fast and feverishly or the notion she pursued would escape her altogether. "I *never* think; and so, instead of having your morbid experiences, I have always the sensation of being original and unfettered. Reflection is the most unsalutary practice!"

"If we had all reached ninety," Sidney Reese gently ventured, "I suppose we couldn't disagree about these things; we couldn't even discuss them. Having had the same emotions and experiences, and reached the same conclusions—we should