

and leave him alone. They never nearly knocked the breath out of *him* with some rough and jovial slap of sheer exuberance. Why, even in names, *they* were Hal or Bud or Gums, or any rough, friendly nickname; while with him they minced out his full name always. Why was it? *Why was it!* Just because he had once fallen and hurt his back, why did they put him aside so, when he *felt* like them?

And now Hal and Jim Eckert had been kind, but what could he expect but that the others would vote him down. It was too much to hope for—to be one of the Knights of the great Three-cornered Table. To be a boy like other boys, without any special consideration due to his back! To be considered worthy of initiation! To share its secrets with the greatest! To be able to laugh knowingly when mention was made of the Thing initiates saw! Hope rose in him and fell so often that finally he could not speak at all, but sat, hardly responding to the efforts of these kind people to distract him, straining ears to hear some sign from below that would seal his fate.

At last each one of the others felt the strain of suspense and fell silent, too. Suddenly a great blast of noise came to them, an uproarious cheer, and then the stamping of many feet.

Father wheeled and took the little fellow's shaking hand in his. "I think you're in," he said, a surprising glow of gladness in his face. "Even boys could never get up all that noise over your defeat." And mother pulled him to her, and straightened his tie, and brushed his hair back gently. She wanted dreadfully to kiss him, but she was too wise for that.

Sibyl had bounced out into the hall to reconnoiter. "They're coming up!" she

rushed back to tell them. And, sure enough, with much pomp the committee of Bob Streeter, Jack Dobbins, and Jim Eckert were tramping up the stairs.

Like the rest of the uninitiated, we must remain in ignorance of the actual ceremonial that awaited. Father and mother, listening, commented that the noise was less than usual. Even if the candidate had shown the white feather when he saw the Thing, wild horses would not have dragged from the boys an acknowledgment of it. But when the doors were open, Percy's radiant face showed no sign of strain.

And soon refreshments were in full progress. Such piles of sandwiches as mother had provided; substantial ones; no thin-shaved bread for this function with crusts daintily cut off! And foaming pitchers of cocoa. And then the ice-cream! and the cakes—whole cakes with frosting in glorious masses on them, and little cakes, especially macaroons! And through it all the hero moved in a sheer trance of delight. Bob Streeter hissed confidences at him through the gaps in his teeth; Jim Eckert hovered awkwardly near him. Big Jack Dobbins, entirely forgetting the proscribed back, smote him lustily in fellowship. Some genius made out of his euphonious cognomen of Sinclair the informal name of "Sink," which he bore afterward with proud delight. And whenever he met a Knight of the Three-cornered Table that boy met him brusquely, casually. There was no allowance made for backs, no allusion to his being delicate. They talked to him with rough brevity, offhand abbreviations, sometimes with a surprising lack of refinement. In short, they communicated with him intimately, as man to man.

## Panthea

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

HER eyes are bluebells now, her voice a bird,  
 And the long sighing grass her elegy;  
 She who a woman was is now a star  
 In the high heaven, shining down on me.

# My Quest in the Arctic

BY VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON

FOURTH PAPER

MAY 15, 1910, was the third day after our discovery of the Dolphin and Union Straits Eskimos, who had up to that time never seen a white man. For two days they had entertained us with warm hospitality, and had already grounded firmly in my mind the impression which a year of further association with them was destined to do nothing to weaken—that they are the equals of the best of our own race in good breeding, kindness, and the substantial virtues. They were men and women of the Stone Age truly, but they differed little from you or me or from the men and women who are our friends and families. The qualities which we call “Christian virtues” (and which the Buddhists no doubt call “Buddhist virtues”) they had in all their essentials. They are not at all what a theorist might have supposed the people of the Stone Age to be, but the people of the Stone Age probably were what these their

present-day representatives are: men with standards of honor, men with friends and families, men in love with their wives, gentle to their children, and considerate of the feelings and welfare of others. If we can reason at all from the present to the past, we can feel sure that the hand of evolution had written the Golden Rule in the hearts of the contemporaries of the mammoth millenniums before the Pyramids were built. At least, that is what I think. I have lived with these so-called primitive people until “savages” and all the kindred terms have lost the vivid meanings they had when I was younger and got all my ideas at second-hand; but the turning blank of this picturesque part of my vocabulary has been made up to me by a new realization of the fact that human nature is the same not only the world over, but also the ages through.

I am not clear whether it was at my own instance or that of my hosts that we



THE COSTUMES OF THE VICTORIA LAND ESKIMOS HAVE A DECIDED “SWALLOW-TAIL” CUT