

returned. But this daughter of the opera-singer had had the inner vision—the faith that sees below the surface—this girl had trusted her son while the mob howled. They sat without speaking; the young man thought his mother more quiet and repressed than usual, when suddenly she reached out her hand and drew him to her and began to

speak with the breathless eagerness of youth, her face for the moment transfigured:

“You must not miss it, son; it comes only once, the real call of heart to heart, and nothing else in life matters. You and the girl have found each other; love and life and the magic of eternal youth are yours.”

When I Go Walking in the Woods

BY *RICHARD LE GALLIENNE*

WHEN I go walking in the woods,
 I take one thought with me,
 And, unaware,
 I find it there
 Beside me in the sea;
 Yea! could I fly,
 I doubt not I
 Would find it in the air;
 Companion of all solitudes—
 It is the thought of her.

And, when I fall asleep at night,
 But for one thing I pray:
 The power that stole
 Away her soul
 To bring it back some day;
 And all my dreams,
 Till morning gleams,
 That through the day console,
 Smell sweet of her, with her are bright
 As with an aureole.

And, sometimes in the afternoon,
 When all is strange and still,
 When sunshine sleeps
 In the sea's deeps,
 And loiters on the hill,
 I seem to hear
 A footstep near,
 A sound of one who creeps
 Softly to listen—then, too soon,
 The sound of one who weeps.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

THE other day, or week, or month, while the European powers were driving their peoples to reciprocal slaughter on land and sea, the President of this unembattled Republic was addressing a meeting to promote the interests of Berea College. For such of our readers as may not know what or where Berea College is, we will explain that it is an educational institution in the mountain region of Kentucky, founded for the instruction of the white youth of the hills at a time when the ignorance of the colored youth of the South seemed to call for collegiate training. It appeared to the founders of Berea that their mountaineers had an equal claim with these colored youth to the sympathy of enlightened persons throughout the country, and Berea has sturdily persisted in justifying their belief through well-nigh a generation, by the excellent instruction which the students have shown themselves eager to avail of. "There are colleges and colleges," the President said. "Most of the pupils of most of our universities resist being taught. Here is a college filled with people hungry to learn. If I had anything worth their hearing I should love to address a body of people hungry to learn," he said; and he said also: "What America has vindicated above all things else is that native ability has nothing to do with social origin; . . . and when one thinks of that old stock in storage there in the mountains, for over a hundred years untapped, some of the original stuff of the nation"—one must burn with zeal for the work which Berea is doing. The President declared that he himself could not think of it without catching fire, and he did not find it irrelevant in another part of his discourse to observe: "It is very amusing sometimes to see the airs that high society gives itself. The world could dispense with high society and never miss it. High society is for those who have stopped

working and no longer have anything important to do."

In this observation he apparently wished to imply that if the Bereans were as hungry to learn as they seemed, they might be saved from the sad satiety of those graduates of other colleges who had no desire in them for anything but the vain distinctions of high society. But here we venture to have our doubts, except in the case of the exceptional few. We have not the statistics at hand, but we fear that if they could be collated we should discover in most of the Berean instances the same ambition ultimately to shine in the halls of pride that animates the average graduate, say, of Harvard, or Yale, or Princeton, or even Columbia. At first, no doubt, the young mountaineers who issue from Berea have the nobler longing to qualify themselves by usefulness to their kind in whatever sort, for the social superiority which all men—or at least young men, and certainly all women of every age—look forward to as the reward of their endeavor for learning. But very soon this glowing illusion falls from them. They learn to know later, if not sooner, what the youth of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, have imbibed with their Alma Mater's milk; and they perceive that social superiority requires no sort of achievement from them for the full usufruct of its honors and privileges. It does not exact any kind of doing—good, bad, or indifferent; it demands only being, or rather not-being, if the President is right in saying that "high society" is for those who have stopped working and have no longer anything important to do.

We ourselves think he is so right in this that we are glad to have had him say it. At the same time we should like to distinguish, at least, so far as to note that this thing of mere being, or not-being, is by no means a light or easy thing. We are all born with the pas-