

opinion. Before there can be an intelligent public opinion to which appeal can be made and which will tolerate honest discussion, a revolution must take place in our methods of rearing the

young. The free citizen must be trained from his cradle. And this matter of the relation of private to public liberty must be left for a later essay.

Two Poems

BY W. H. DAVIES

EARTH LOVE

I LOVE the earth through my two eyes,
 Like any butterfly or bee;
 The hidden roots escape my thoughts,
 I love but what I see.

A tree has lovely limbs, I know,
 Both large and strong, down under earth;
 But all my thoughts are in the boughs,
 That give the green leaves birth.

My friend, his thought goes deeper down,
 Beneath the roots, while mine's above:
 He's thinking of a quiet place
 To sleep with his dead Love.

THE RIVALS

PLEASURE is not the one I love:
 Her laughter in the market place
 Makes every fool her echo there;
 And from her finger tips she throws
 Wild kisses in the open air.

Give me that little miser, Joy,
 Who hoards at home her quiet charms;
 And offers with her two soft lips
 A warmer kiss than any thrown
 By Pleasure, from her finger tips.

Affairs of the Morgans

BY EVELYN GILL KLAHR

"**H**ETTY!" Miss Alice Morgan called her niece.

There was a note in her voice that was not there when the world went well with Miss Alice and when her charming heart was free from worry. Not that you could call it irritability or irascibility or tartness or acerbity or protervity or any of the other words in your thesaurus. It was simply that, for a certain reason, her nerves were taut. So far, no one in the house had noticed it except the fourteen-year-old Hetty, who, spending the summer in the country home, being tutored in trigonometry and Virgil, had plenty of time to notice everything.

It was curiosity as well as obedience that brought her so promptly to the room they always called "Aunt Alice's room" whether Aunt Alice happened to be visiting them or not.

Miss Alice Morgan sat at her desk with a box of her best note paper before her—creamy, smooth, delicious white. She held a sealed envelope, creamy and smooth, in nervous fingers. She was slim and dark and more beautiful than she had been at twenty—now she was thirty-four—and was likely to be even more beautiful at forty, since hers was the sort that is derived chiefly from the spirit within.

"Hetty," Miss Alice Morgan began, and then stopped suddenly and thoughtfully as if she had half a mind not to say it.

"Yes, darling?" Hetty encouraged her, for after all it would be a pity not to hear what it was.

"Hetty, this is the morning you go in town to the dentist, isn't it?"

Yes, it was.

"James going to drive you in?"

Yes, James was going to drive her in.

"Now, Hetty, your father and mother are away to-day. So I am taking all the responsibility of this myself. I will explain everything to them. You won't even need to mention the matter to them. If they want to blame anyone I am the one they are to blame."

She stopped again.

"Yes?" Hetty encouraged her again. This sounded good, whatever it might be. Very, very good, indeed!

"After you go to the dentist's will you please have James drive you around to my apartment: Mamie is there and she will give you your lunch. But before you have your lunch there will—probably a—a gentleman will come. And I want you to give him this letter and tell him I was ill and could not come. You understand, Hetty? And I *am* ill. You can see for yourself, Hetty, that I am ill to-day."

Hetty regarded her with cool interest. "It isn't an awfully showy kind of illness, Aunt Alice," she admitted. "But I'll take your word for it. I would take your word for almost anything."

"Well, I am," said Miss Alice Morgan firmly. "I *am* ill. That is why I am sending this note instead of going in person. And there isn't any other way of getting word to him because he will already have started from Boston. And when you have explained all this and have given him the note, you are to ask him very politely if he will stay to lunch. I know he won't—after he reads the note. But he will have come expecting to stay, so you must at least go through the form of asking him. Do you understand, Hetty?"